In a divergent present, nudity has become the norm, and the age of consent has lowered once more to thirteen. Age Cards are used to determine viable sex partners, and universal birth control allows people to have sex with whoever they like, whenever they like. Welcome to Naked Sex World.
When the parahuman known as Scion first appeared, he was naked. No-one attached any particular significance to this fact: if the most powerful being in the world wished to go naked, then who was to gainsay him? And in fact, over the next few years, as he saved people from disasters large and small, not one person in authority attempted to make him cover his nudity, despite the fact that his very appearance needed to be censored in news footage. Those few times that a covering has been offered to him, he has discarded it after just a few days.

When the first parahumans appeared, it was not particularly notable that their powers were far weaker than those of Scion, until the more daring capes, wearing ever skimpier costumes, discovered by trial and error what would be called the Kovalenko effect. This was named after the Russian researcher Anton Kovalenko, who studied its limits, and derived the famous Kovalenko Formula.

Put simply, the effects of a parahuman’s ability, no matter how they appear to actually manifest, are diminished by body coverings of virtually any sort. This is exacerbated by the thickness and heaviness of said coverings. The diminishing effect is related to the percentage of the person’s body that is actually covered – note that body hair does not count as 'cover' – adjusted according to which body parts are actually covered.

The Kovalenko effect differs from body part to body part, and from parahuman to parahuman. Each body part expresses a modifier, or 'Kovalenko coefficient', which affects the area percentage of that part of the body. Each parahuman has a different range of Kovalenko coefficients (known in general parlance as K-numbers), but they tend to fall within a certain set of limits. A fractional K-number means that to cover that body part will reduce powers by less than the percentage of skin covered; a K-number greater than 1 means that powers will be reduced by more than that percentage.

Roughly speaking, the feet and the back of the head have K-numbers between 0.1 and 0.3. The neck, top and sides of the head, the calves, and the forearms have K-numbers between 0.2 and 0.5. The face and the back have K-numbers between 0.4 and 1.0. The upper arms, the shoulders and back, and the outer thighs all have K-numbers between 0.8 and 1.5. The stomach, ribs, inner thighs, and the chests of male parahumans all have K-numbers between 1.2 and 2.0. The buttocks of both genders and the breasts of female parahumans – except for the nipples – have K-numbers between 1.75 and 5. Nipples of female parahumans, and the genitalia and anal regions of both genders, have K-numbers between 4 and 10.

This is considering the very thinnest of modesty coverings, equivalent to light spandex or silk. Thicker clothing multiplies the K-number by the square of the difference in thickness. Even body paint has a K-number, equivalent to half the standard.

Those parahumans with higher power overall tend to have lower K-numbers, but this means little; covering up just a small amount means that they will still tend to lose more power than their less fortunate brethren.

The revelations about the Kovalenko effect has had a rather bizarre effect on worldwide parahuman activity; the nickname 'cape' has taken on a new meaning, as more parahumans have taken to wearing them; they must be free-flowing enough as to not cover the parahuman whilst using their powers, but can be used to cover them afterward. Other parahumans have taken to wearing 'public' costumes that are held together with Velcro, for ease of removal in a hurry.
“Initially, most parahuman heroes went with 'skimpy, but not scandalous'; covering up just enough to maintain modesty. But after a few mismatched battles against less modest villains, most of them discarded all but their masks. Super-powered battles quickly grew to resemble extremely violent soft-porn movies.

“This has had a knock-on effect in the public at large. Quite a few heroes have opted to appear in public in their 'heroic guise' – that is, a mask and little else. Daring members of the public began to emulate this trend in the first few years after the Kovalenko Formula was first expressed; as time went on, 'public indecency' laws were reduced, modified, and then repealed altogether. Currently, clothing is usually worn for hygiene, utility or protective purposes only; nakedness is far more common than prudery. All beaches are by definition nude beaches, and public venues only request that patrons wear shoes. It is entirely normal to see a beautiful woman walking down the street wearing sandals, her handbag and a thong, and quite often she won't even have the thong.

“Following the loss of the nudity taboo over the last twenty years, the public sex taboo has also taken a huge hit. Scion himself has been noted on occasion to be sporting evidence of physical excitement; unconfirmed rumours has him visiting lucky women here and there around the world. With the explosion of skin in public, displays of affection have grown from kissing and cuddling, to heavy petting, to actual sex in public.

“Even since this has been de-criminalised, it is still seen in most places as somewhat crass, and most public venues still post signs requiring patrons to refrain from engaging in sex on the premises. But it is not uncommon to see couples in public parks engaging in a little quiet l'amour upon the grass, quite often with interested onlookers. Subway sex is almost a given; in any subway car at any time of day, it is a running joke that one can find two (or more) people enjoying one another. The rule of such situations, of course, is that one cleans up any mess that one makes. Yes, that means you three, up there in the back row. Please keep it down.

“Excuse me. How has this affected public life, with the advent of parahumans in the world? Interestingly enough, fashion has not taken much of a hit. However, today’s fashion mavens create items which are intended to highlight and enhance one's beauty, rather than actually conceal any part of it. Conversely, there are underground 'unstrip clubs', where ugly women (and men) compete to put more and more clothes on.

“With the shedding of clothes, we can be said to have shed many of the pretensions of our culture; gotten in touch, it might be said, with the naked ape within all of us. Fancy clothing no longer separates rich from poor; the naked man strolling down the street might be a penniless bum, or a Fortune 500 contender. People seem to be more at ease, more accepting of one another.

“Where this will take us in the future, where we will be in another ten or fifty years, I have no idea. For myself, I intend to wait and see, and enjoy the scenery in the meantime.”

- one of a series of speeches given on Trends in a Parahuman World, by Professor Thomas Landon, Harvard University.
Introducing the Age Card.

“… with the advent of our new permissive age comes a piece of Tinker tech which is almost universal in nature. The Age Card, the size of a credit card, is powered by body heat, and can only be activated by the person to whom it is keyed. Biometric readers in the card allow it to identify its owner, and to measure their current state of health on a day by day basis.

“Legally imposed age limits have gone by the wayside; with a valid Age Card in hand, any person of any age can drink to their legally mandated limit; for some people, this is less than one glass of beer, but they are allowed to drink that much. Age limits on sexual activity have also been relaxed; if a person is deemed to be psychologically and physiologically capable of having sexual relations, then there is no barrier to them doing so. Easily reversible fertility treatments, for both men and women, have ensured that the predicted explosion in unwanted pregnancies simply will not happen.

“The back of the Age Card is contoured so that it can be pressed up against another Age Card, and the sexual compatibility of the two people can then be measured. The cards compare data – input by the user, and measured via biometrics – regarding the age, height, weight, fitness, fertility, sexual preference, preference of orifice, physical capacity for penetration and so on. If the two are incompatible, or only partially compatible, then the Cards will indicate as such.

“The Age Card, although it can be used as a form of identification, is not intended as a universal identity card. Normal forms of identification, such as a standard driver’s licence, still work just as well. However, the Age Card can contain (for instance) your driving history, as well as any convictions for driving offences. This is only accessible to a police reader; all data on an Age Card is of course encrypted and can only be decrypted by an appropriate reader.

“Banking and finance details are not stored on the Age Card, although more and more cards these days are using biometric data to secure those details, as well as standard PIN codes.

“Despite the initial outcry when it was first introduced, the Age Card has reached nearly every level of our society, and has become the underpinning for many of our social interactions.

“By which I mean, of course, sex.”

-excerpt from another lecture by Professor Thomas Landon, Harvard University.
I sat up and stretched, a second before the alarm clock went off. I could hear my Dad starting the shower. Yawning, I put my legs over the edge of the bed and stood up. Pulling on a pair of running shoes, I donned a light jacket against the predawn chill, then slung my purse-belt over my shoulder.

Letting myself out the back door, I felt my naked thighs goosepimple as the cold air hit them, and my nipples crinkled erect before I zipped the jacket up. I grinned at the briskness of the air; pre-dawn was the best time to go jogging in Brockton Bay.

I started off slow and easily, pacing faster and faster until I was jogging slowly down the street. My thighs whispered past one another, goosebumps no longer in evidence as I was warming up. My pussy was still a little cold, but the increased blood movement was starting to warm it up as well.

I was glad that I didn't need a sports bra to go running; I hated anything covering my breasts. Even the jacket was only a necessary evil; I unzipped it farther and farther as I warmed up, until I was running with it hanging open. My breasts, I knew, bobbed gently with the pace I was running, but they didn't have the weight to bounce up and down painfully.

The sun was starting to rise now, and the air was starting to warm up. I stopped, unslung the purse belt, took my jacket off, and tied it around my waist so that it hung down behind my ass. Above it, I buckled the purse belt, settling the purse over my right hip. Then I started off again.

Gusts of chill air still made my nipples perk up, but I enjoyed the tightening sensation; jogging, for me, was a whole-body experience.

I had paused to retie the jacket around my waist when a voice addressed me. "Hey."

I looked around, pushing my glasses back up my nose. "Hey."

The speaker was a young man, mid twenties, who had come out to pick up the paper. He was wearing a dressing gown, but it hung open. Underneath it, like me, he was naked.

He was looking me up and down, frankly and openly. Which I appreciated. I looked him up and down as well, and liked what I saw. As I watched, I saw his penis start to stir, rise to erection. I smiled and cocked my hip, letting one knee thrust out slightly, to give him a glimpse of my teen pussy.

"I'm Joe," he told me, his eyes wandering over my body.

"Taylor," I replied; my eyes did the same for him, as the dressing gown came farther open.

He raised his chin slightly. "Are you of Age?"

It was a fair question; I was tall for my age, and skinny. I might not be able to accommodate him. So I fished out my Age Card.

He pulled his from his dressing gown pocket, which made me wonder if this was such a chance meeting after all. He's probably seen me run past before. The thought made me smile.

We fitted our Cards together, back to back, and I pressed the tab that allowed him to see my sexual specifications. His showed up on the LCD screen of my Card at the same time; the processors in each Card conferred, and then gave us a green light, with an 86% compatibility rating. The missing
fourteen percent seemed mainly to be due to the fact that he had a propensity toward anal sex, but I had chosen to set that as 'close friends only' until I was a little older and more able to take it.

I smiled and tucked my Card away in my purse. "Where should we do it?"

He tilted his head. "Come on in."

I followed him into the house. It was a nice place, but the decor was all masculine. He gestured me to the large sofa. "Is that good enough?"

I smiled. "Yeah. Definitely." Shrugging out of my jacket, I lay down on the sofa, enjoying the feel of the velour on my back and thighs.

He had read that I liked oral to begin with, so that's where he started; I arched my back and groaned as his tongue finished the job of warming my pussy up. I felt him flicking my clit, and nearly came right then, before he slid his tongue inside me.

I did come then, feeling his fingers and lips and tongue working over my now very moist pussy. He penetrated me with his index finger, sliding in and out of me; I groaned and reached down to grab his hair. "Come on!" I urged him. "I've got to get home yet!"

He grinned and climbed up over me. I kissed him, tasting my juices on his lips, as we carefully guided his penis into me. He was thick, but I could handle thick. His length was almost too much for me, but again, the Card had both our specifications just right.

I moaned and arched my back as he thrust into me, gritting my teeth with the intensity of the sensations. My nails dug into his back as his ass clenched over and over, driving his thick penis deep into my hot liquid depths. I knew I was tight, especially with the chill of the morning, and he groaned over and over as he fucked me, proving me correct.

I hit a second, third and fourth orgasm before he came; I felt him tense, then he thrust into me and the warmth of his cum bloomed deep in my pussy. He came again and again; I arched my back and bit his neck, which seemed to increase his enjoyment.

Finally, he was finished, and I was coming down from my last orgasm as well. I kissed him as he rolled over, his now-flaccid cock sliding out of me.

"Fuckin' wow," he groaned. "I thought it would be good, but not that good."

"You're not so bad yourself," I told him with a giggle, raking my nails over his chest. "Do you come out for the paper this early every morning?"

He turned his head and kissed me. "I will from now on," he promised.

I giggled again, and climbed up off the sofa. "Well, I've got to get going. Dad'll be waiting breakfast on me."

He got up too, and I picked up my jacket. Tying it around my waist, I kissed him. "See you around, Joe."

He fondled my breast, and squeezed my ass as I turned away. "See you around, Taylor."

I smiled at him; as I went out the door and jogged off down the street, I felt the telltale trickle of semen escaping my pussy.
Well, I thought with some amusement, *at least my pussy's not cold any more.*

I'd have to remember Joe, and run this way more often. That had been very nice indeed.
Amy and Vicky

Chapter Summary

In which we see how Panacea and Glory Girl get along

Amy Dallon stretched, feeling content and satiated. She was pressed up against Vicky's naked body, as they had fallen asleep the night before. And what Vicky had done to her before they had drifted off ...

"Mmm."

She smiled as she caressed her sleeping sister's flank. She slept naked - they both did, as it was so convenient - and she never, ever got tired of looking at Vicky's firm, perfect body. Perky breasts, flat stomach, taut globes of buttocks, creamy thighs ... and what was between them ... mmm. She felt a tingle of arousal in her stomach.

Lowering her mouth to Vicky's, she kissed her sister tenderly. *I love her so dearly. I will never want another.*

Vicky's tongue slid into her mouth; startled, Amy opened her eyes wide, to stare into Vicky's vivid blue gaze.

She felt her sister caressing her body, cupping her buttocks, squeezing them ... she caught her breath as Vicky dug her nails in. Vicky did so know what she liked.

Vicky's mouth descended upon Amy's nipple, and Amy arched her back as Vicky nipped playfully at the sensitive, engorged flesh. "Oh god, Vicky," she moaned, arousal blossoming in her gut and flowing throughout her body. "Oh god, just like that."

It was her not-so-shameful not-so-secret that she enjoyed it far more than she should when Vicky was rough with her. Pushing her just a little harder than she really wanted to go, a little beyond her limits; it fed some deep dark desire within her, sent her into screaming transports of orgasmic delight.

Abruptly, she was flat on her back, and Vicky was atop her, straddling, pussy pressed to moist pussy. Her wrists were held up over her head, and Vicky's breasts hung down so temptingly, so tantalisingly. She whimpered with want, with need.

"Vicky ..."

Vicky lowered her face to Amy's, curtains of blonde hair hanging down. They kissed, hard. Vicky bit Amy's lip; Amy felt the pain, tasted blood. She thrust her pussy up toward Vicky's. "Please," she breathed, a catch in her throat.

Vicky smiled. "I want you to do *it* to me again, Ames," she whispered.

Amy blinked. "You want *that*?"

Vicky nodded.
Amy licked her lips. She nodded. "Okay."

Vicky let her up, rolled over, lay back with her legs spread. Amy climbed between her thighs, admiring her perfect, sweet, adorable pussy. Between them, they could spend hours of pleasure just teasing one another's pussies. But Vicky wanted something special. She swallowed.

She began to eat Vicky out, an activity of which she had never tired. Her tongue hit all of Vicky's hot spots, subtly enhanced by her own power at work. Vicky arched her back, moaning loudly as Amy nibbled at her labia, sucked on her clit, and drove her tongue deep into Vicky's wet vaginal canal.

"Do it ..." gritted Vicky.

Amy nodded, and attached her lips to Vicky's swollen clitoris. She began to suck, and to exert her power. Slowly, steadily, the penis began to emerge from Vicky's loins; Amy made sure that the swollen testes beneath were well-stocked with semen.

She knew her own capabilities, of course, both anal and vaginal, and she formed Vicky's new penis to be just outside those specs. A little too thick, a little too long. A flutter of apprehension, of anticipation in her gut increased her arousal until she could hardly stand it.

Slowly she drew her mouth off of the head, letting it slip from between her lips with a lewd pop. Vicky admired it, running her hand up and down the shaft.

"Are - are you going to fuck me with that, Vicky?" Amy asked.

Vicky smiled. "Oh, yes," she breathed. "I'm gonna hold you down and fuck you till you scream. Till you beg me to stop."

Amy scrambled off the bed, still naked. "No - please -"

Vicky caught her before she reached the door. Amy wanted her to, of course. But that was the plan. She wanted to be forced.

Amy felt herself forced to her hands and knees, and Vicky pushed the thick head of her new penis between Amy's labia.

"Oh god," whimpered Amy. "It's too big."

"Should've thought of that when you made it," grunted Vicky, thrusting hard to get it into her.

Amy arched her back and cried out as she was stretched unmercifully, as Vicky's penis penetrated to the very depths of her being. The sensations blasted through her mind as the thick cock pummelled at her tight, overstretched young vaginal canal. She couldn't believe how hard Vicky was fucking her; it was blowing her mind.

Vicky gripped her hips and thrust the thick cock deep inside her sister's yielding pussy, feeling the tightness, glorying in it. She thrust harder, knowing that Amy liked it that way, trusting in her to have gauged it just right. Lubricated by Amy's slick juices, the heavy cock rammed all the way to the hilt inside Amy's tight pussy, the tip just nudging her cervix, before Vicky started fucking her in earnest.

Amy cried out again and again as Vicky rammed it into her, taking her, violating her, owning her, possessing her completely with that enormous cock. She felt her orgasm approach, and then burst upon her, sending her into one climax after another as Vicky just kept driving that monster into her.
And then Vicky arched her back and began to cum; semen spurted from the thick cock, deep inside Amy's womb. Over and over it jetted into her, filling her up, overflowing her, and Vicky still kept fucking her. Amy came again and again, even as Vicky's cum dribbled around the edges of her overstretched pussy, and ran down her legs.

And then the bedroom door banged open. Brandish stood there, dressed for battle; a couple of curlicues helping support her still-firm breasts, another couple framing her shaven pussy, and nothing else. "What the fuck do you two thing you're doing?" she snapped.

Vicky and Amy looked up at her, even as Vicky shoved the thick cock deep inside Amy one last time.

"Uh, fucking, Mom?" asked Vicky.

Brandish rolled her eyes. "Yes, you're fucking. But if you paid attention, you'd hear that your phones are going off."

And now that the room was not filled with the squish of flesh against flesh, of teenage lust and orgasm, they could hear the phones ringing mournfully in their purses.

"We've got an alert," Brandish told them. "Come on, you can fuck her ass later."

Vicky nodded. "I know," she sighed. "I was looking forward to it now."

As she pulled out, Amy put a hand on her arm; the thick penis retracted into Vicky's body, scrotum and all. She smiled. "In case you run into Dean."

Vicky grinned and kissed her. "Thanks, Ames. You're the best."

Amy got to her feet, feeling the cum running down her legs from Vicky's spectacular climax. "I'll hold you to that, later."

Hand in hand, the sisters followed Brandish out the door.
"Uh, Lisette?"

Lisette Dubois looked around from her computer screen. She was more conservatively dressed than most of her fellow office workers; her sheer black underwear almost concealed her nipples, and the stockings were real silk. The heels of her shoes were only of a modest height. Her beret sat on her desk beside her.

"Yes?" she asked.

"Someone to see you," Helen told her, gesturing at the window, trying hard to be casual. She was going with a body-paint look today, with an entire suit and tie painted onto her body. It needed renewing around her crotch area, but then, it was after lunch. She'd probably had sex three times since she'd gotten to work.

"Thanks," Lisette told her. "Shut down for me?" She rose from her chair and picked up her beret. Fitting it carefully on top of her pixie cut, she strolled over to the window, where the glowing golden man hovered in midair.

Her eyes were irresistibly drawn to the huge erection that jutted from his loins. It was more than just 'large'; it was proportionately larger than a normal man's would be. She felt herself grow wet. Oh my. He really has been missing me.

Everyone was staring now, as Lisette reached the window. It was not designed to open, and it didn't; the single large pane of glass simply ... vanished. Lisette half turned her head, giving her bottom a naughty little wiggle. "Don't wait up for me," she told them, and stepped out through the window, into Scion's arms.

She had lost count of the number of times that she had done this, simply trusting her well-being to Scion's willingness to catch her, his continuing need for her. He had caught her, every time. She had to believe that he would continue to catch her.

His arms folded warmly around her, and she was being carried bridal-style. The glass reappeared behind her, and then they were moving, faster than sound. But only a mild breeze ruffled her hair, and her beret was not disturbed at all.

She had once left the beret off, deciding that it lent an inappropriately whimsical air to their ... romance? Relationship? He had retrieved it, reaching through a portal, and placed it on her head. She got it. I wear the beret.

She put her arms around his neck and pulled his head down toward hers; he let her do this, of course. If he did not want to move his head, then it would be more immovable than Mount Everest. As his face lowered to hers, she kissed him. He kissed her back, his lips and tongue and teeth moving carefully. His lips were warm and soft against hers; she felt the familiar thrill of arousal.

Tonight, I make love with a god.
For the longest time, Scion had been cold and unfeeling, almost depressed. But then he had encountered a drunk Lisette, nearly thirty years ago, wandering home from a party, the beret perched whimsically atop her hairstyle, the pixie cut which she still maintained.

She had seen him, hovering naked, a few feet off the ground, and she had giggled at him, then laughed out loud. He had looked at her, his expression never changing, but she got a hint of puzzlement. This made her laugh even more. Staggering up to him, she had literally climbed up him until she was clinging around his neck with her arms. Then she had planted a wet and sloppy kiss on his firm, set lips.

His air of puzzlement grew, as he lowered his body to the ground. She had kissed him again, then had pulled her top up and rubbed her breasts against his chest. She had already had unprotected sex with three people at the party, and she figured there was a good chance she was pregnant, so she may as well do something else wild and stupid.

"You're supposed to be soft and warm, not hard and stuff," she had chided him, and had kissed him a third time. "Like me."

The next time she kissed him, his lips were soft. The time after, they were warm. And then he was learning to kiss her back.

When his arms went around her for the first time, she was momentarily terrified. But he only held her close, as she was holding him, and kissing her.

"At's pretty good," she congratulated him, with her already-smeared lipstick now partially smeared on his face. "But there's more to lovin' than kissin'." She pushed at his chest. "That's still like gold rock. You need to be softer."

His skin softened, and she rubbed her breasts over his chest again. This time, it felt more like normal skin, like someone she'd like to cuddle up to. She smiled and kissed him again; he responded, placing one hand under her jaw. His fingers were warm and soft; she felt a thrill of arousal.

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She kissed Scion again, looking around to see where they were going. Already, they were in the stratosphere, and looping down toward ... "Is that Paris?"

He nodded once, silently. She smiled and leaned against his warm, soft-but-firm chest. She did so love going back to Paris.

They came in for a screaming re-entry over the Eiffel tower, then looped around, swooping through the Arc de Triomphe; Lisette snorted. "Showoff," she told him fondly, and kissed him again. Unbidden, her hand stole down and grasped his length; it throbbed under her hand. "Oh my, you have been missing me, haven't you?" she purred.

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"Well, you're learning," Lisette told him. "But there's more than kissing, and being warm and soft.
Some parts of you need to be hot an' hard." She slid to her knees before him, and began to lick and caress the flaccid penis that dangled before him. Before she had spoken to him, the genitalia had been of a piece with the rest of him, but now it dangled free. She took him into her mouth and began to suck on him.

Perhaps he had to take a moment to recall how normal people reacted in this instance; whatever he did, he was soon swelling and enlarging within her mouth. She kept sucking and licking it. "It's gotta be sensitive," she told him. "Fairly sensitive around here, an' real sensitive up around the head. Can you make it sensitive?"

His expression did not change as she began to suck on him again, but his body twitched toward her. She giggled, with a mouthful of penis, then sucked harder. He swayed toward her again. She cupped his testicles, feeling the balls within the scrotum, and licked that as well.

"Come on down here," she invited him; obediently, he knelt. She kissed him; he was getting quite good at kissing her back. And for the first time, his expression was no longer blank, or even depressed. He was ... interested.

"Now," she told him, "I need to show you how to make a woman feel good ..."

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The restaurant was so highly regarded that the pundits of Paris had awarded it an extra, sixth, star. There was a permanent twelve-month waiting list, and it was not possible under any circumstance to reserve a table with less than three weeks' lead time.

There was a table reserved for them.

They sat on the balcony over the Seine, and a waiter (dressed in the old fashioned 'fully clothed' style) obsequiously poured wine into both rosebud crystal glasses. She sipped it; it set her tastebuds on fire, and sent pleasure throughout her body. She very nearly had an orgasm on the spot. She suspected that the wine did not taste like that at all, that Scion had manipulated its effect on her. She did not complain.

The food was served, again, to both of them. She chattered brightly as she ate; he sat, watching her, a faint smile upon his face. The food was beyond sublime; she suspected, again, that Scion had done something to it with his powers. Or perhaps the restaurant was just that good. By dessert, her panties were sodden.

The waiters pulled their chairs back and they stood; there was no thought of asking for a check. The restaurant's reputation would be utterly made by this one night. The waiting list might be pushed back to another year.

Scion gathered her into his arms and flew upward, up into the night sky.

"That was a wonderful dinner," she murmured, kissing him once more. "Thank you. Where are we going now?"

To bed, soon, she hoped. She wanted him so very, very badly.
But they flew upward, ever upward. She gasped as she realised that they had to be leaving the Earth's atmosphere. But the air was still warm, fresh, scented slightly with fragrant candle smoke. He was carrying a bubble of it with them, she realised. *Just for me.*

Eventually, with the Earth a distinct ball far below, he pulled to a halt, at least as far as she could tell. She looked at him quizzically, around at the stars that surrounded them. "And what is here?"

He let her go; she floated to an upright position before him. With his right hand, he waved; she looked that way, just as the sun peeped up over the horizon of the distant Earth. A more spectacular sunrise she could never see.

"Oh my," she breathed. "Oh, my, that is so beautiful."

And then he waved his left hand; she looked that way. And so big, so close that she thought she might reach out and touch it, was the biggest, roundest, most beautiful full moon that she had ever seen. Her eyes went wide, and she looked at him with a melting expression. He pulled her close and kissed her; she responded avidly. His lips, warm and soft, burned on hers. She closed her eyes, enjoying the kiss.

The return of gravity startled her; she opened her eyes to see that they were standing in her own modest apartment. In the bedroom, to be exact. She smiled. "Now, *mon cheri,* the main course, no?" she murmured. Dropping to her knees, she caressed his engorged shaft, and began to suck on it.

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Lisette lay back on the river bank, gasping. Scion had learned very quickly indeed; he was still working at her, driving her wilder with every touch, every caress.

"No more," she groaned. "Now, come here and love me."

He looked up; floating into the air, he moved forward and drifted down over her. "That," she instructed him, "goes in there. Don't break me, I'm fragile. You move it in and out - oh!"

Her eyes widening, she felt him sliding into her, enlarging still farther to fill her utterly. And then he began to thrust into her ...

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As she sucked and licked at his erection, it subtly reduced in size to less ridiculous proportions; this one, at least, she was able to get properly into her mouth and partially into her throat. He made small noises in his throat; for him, this was the height of wild abandon. She sucked steadily upon him, until he firmly removed her mouth from his penis, and lifted her on to the bed. Her underwear vanished, as though it had never been; however, her beret remained.

As he had on that first day, he then began to go down on her. She grasped the bed-rail, arching her back and thrusting her streaming vaginal opening toward his plundering mouth. "Oh god, oh yes, oh do it to me, please yes," she begged. She had no idea how he did it so very well, but she felt that her brain was fusing into one solid lump from the sheer, blinding pleasure.
And then, one long orgasm later, she felt him stop. *Now,* she thought. *Now it happens.*

He climbed up over on top of her. She kissed him; he caressed her breasts. She enjoyed it when he played with her nipples, and so he made sure to do so each time they did this. But then, she felt him pressing at her soft, wet, willing opening. She opened her legs a touch more, kissed him, and whispered, *"Now. Please - now."*

And he entered her.

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Lisette clung to him as he thrust into her, over and over again. She felt that he had been screwing her on the riverbank for hours; in point of fact, it had been three-quarters of an hour, without pause. However, she was not protesting. Every thrust struck to her very centre, and sent waves of pleasure throughout her body.

An hour passed; he kept fucking her. She suggested a different position; they changed, and he kept going. And going. And going.

And she noticed something; long past the point when she should have been feeling pain, exhaustion, even a cessation of the pleasure, none of this happened. He kept plunging into her, and she kept enjoying it.

"Oh yes!" she gasped. "Yes! Keep doing it! Oh god, yes, do it to me!"

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Even reduced, his erection was really too large for her. But he did something with his powers, and she felt him slide inside her, sparking every nerve ending that she had, and a few she hadn't known existed. He began to thrust powerfully, his hips slapping against her; she met every thrust joyfully, feeling him plunge to the very hilt within her body. Over and over and over again.

A couple of hours in, she diffidently suggested a shower. They made love standing up beneath the spray of water; she kissed him with abandon, her legs wrapped around his hips. After another hour like that, they changed to doggy-style; her hair miraculously dry (and wearing the beret once more), she bent over the bed while he thrust powerfully into her still-tingling pussy from behind. His hands cupped her breasts and squeezed them; she thrust back at him while his cock drove into her with what should have been bruising force.

Next, he lay back on the bed while she climbed on top; feeling none of the exhaustion that she should, she rode him hard and fast, dipping down to kiss him and let her breasts brush across his chest, before sitting up and grinding her crotch down upon his. She thought back to the first time that they had done this ...

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Lisette slumped over Scion's prone body, his erection still firmly impaling her. She was starting to
feel the pace, now.

"It has been hours, my dear," she gasped. "You can come inside me any time that you wish, you know."

Scion pulled her close, and kissed her; his thick penis pushed deeply into her, and ... he came.

And everything changed.

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Hours later, they were still going. She had lay down beneath him once more, and they had continued to make slow, unhurried love, sharing kisses and caresses like normal lovers, rather than a god on earth and his consort. She giggled playfully, kissing him, nipping at his earlobes, wrapping her legs around his waist.

Once more, they began doggy-style once more, but she noticed a difference. His thrusting was a little more urgent, a little harder. She moaned as she felt the power of him, pushing her forward with each thrust. Looking over her shoulder, she opened her eyes a little wider. "Do you want ... the other?" she asked coquettishly.

He had been too rough, too untutored in their first few times for her to dare this, but as he learned to please her, and leave her without bruises, she had offered him one more thing.

And then she felt him pull out of her vagina, and press against her tight anal sphincter. Oh, yes. He wants it.

"Be gentle, please," she whispered.

And he was gentle; she barely felt the stretching as his oversized phallus wedged its way between her soft, tender buttocks. There was no pain, no tearing. But she felt him pushing into her, opening her up, and the pleasure began to well through her once more.

Slowly at first, but with gathering speed, he began to thrust into her ass. She moaned and braced herself, feeling the power in his thrusts already. Oh my. We may have waited too long.

She cried out as he rammed all the way into her yielding ass, over and over again. Again, she should have been bruised, broken, crushed, by his relentless assault. But with all the power and force that he used, she found that she could take it, that she enjoyed it, that it sent her to the very heights of pleasure, and kept her there.

Face-down over the bed, hips held in an iron grip by her otherworldly lover, she felt the glowing golden cock plunge into her ass over and over again, and she came, again and again.

Somehow, on the edge of consciousness, she knew that he was close. With a huge effort, she clenched her anal muscles around his invading penis; in the next moment, he had rammed into her so hard that she was sure he had broken something. And then he started cumming inside her.

As with every other time this had happened, the explosion of his orgasm inside her dwarfed the actual preceding sex for sheer, mind-blasting pleasure. It also sent golden light streaming from her
skin in every direction.

Still climaxing, he pulled from her ass and slid into her vagina; she felt the explosion once more, and knew she was on the verge of passing out.

As consciousness slipped away, she was only vaguely aware of being placed on the bed, and soft, warm lips pressing on hers.

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When she awoke, hours more later, just as had happened all those years ago, Scion was gone. Left in his place was a sense of tingling well-being, and a faint golden glow that would take about a day to dissipate altogether.

She was sore, of course, in every orifice. One could not make love for twelve hours straight without some sort of penalty. But it was a good kind of sore, the type one gets after a really, really good session of lovemaking.

Not that she had ever made love with anyone else, since the first time with Scion. She had tried, a couple of times, but it had turned out to be so thoroughly mundane that she’d had to give up before even attempting penetration.

Not that she was entirely normal, herself. Not any more. Not since the first time.

When she had met Scion for the first time, in 1985, she had been twenty-three. Twenty-six years later, she still had her firm figure, and she had yet to suffer a grey hair. Others wondered at her youthfulness; she thought she knew exactly what it was.

Making love with Scion had its penalties and its prizes. She suspected that she would be his consort for a good many years yet.

* I showed a god how to love, she mused. *And in return, he changed me forever. I suppose that is fair. *

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Many miles away, Scion accelerated through the stratosphere. There was a bushfire in Angola, and after that, an impending bank robbery in Des Moines. A smile curved his mouth; he had purpose these days. Doing this kept Lisette happy. And Lisette kept him happy.

And that worked for him.
Introducing the Wards

"Much controversy has surrounded the creation of the junior superhero offshoot of the Protectorate, known as the Wards. Often wielding as much or more power than their adult counterparts, the Wards are bound by the same constraints; that is, in order to get maximum use from their abilities, they must be partially or fully naked.

"Even with the nudism craze sweeping the world, laws have remained in place to protect children; those under a certain age must remain clothed at all times while in public. Note that, however, the age of consent itself, having taken three hundred years of legislation to get up to sixteen, has now dropped; in some places, it is once again as low as thirteen. However, whatever one does behind closed doors with one's sexual partner of choice, those under the age of eighteen may not engage in public sex of any kind, and children under the age of fifteen may not appear naked in public.

"Many child protection agencies have protested vigorously over the years at the lowering of these ages, but one fact is clear; no matter what the laws say, these things are going to happen. As has happened with many things of this nature, so long as we pretend not to break the law, they will pretend not to notice.

"And what of the case of the Wards, where children as young as twelve and thirteen are required to strip to the buff in order to use their powers to the fullest? Quite often, those same children are the most powerful of them all. To force them to remain clothed, to curtail their power, may well quite literally endanger their very lives, the next time they face a powerful threat. Whichever way this decision went, it was bound to be unpopular; the lawmakers eventually came down on the side of saving lives.

"When not in combat, of course, they wear their designated costumes, but when danger calls, our child heroes will strip down, just as much as the adults do. Is it indecent? Perhaps. Does it save lives? Almost certainly. The controversy goes on, but one thing is clear. The Protectorate is a very powerful organisation, and it has a very strong voice in the disposition of its child heroes. And it will not allow them to be rendered powerless by the stroke of a legislative pen."

- Professor Thomas Landon, on the Wards controversy

Vista pouted. "It's just not fair!" She flounced across to a chair and sat down, spreading the skirts of her costume carefully. "Why do you have to be so ... manly?"

Dean made a helpless shrugging motion. "I'm sorry. I can't help it. It's the way I am." He went across and patted her on the shoulder; she slapped his hand away.

Aegis entered the room at this point; he was wearing just his mask and boxers, and wrist wallet. Dennis was sitting at the comms console, wearing his helmet and white boots, along with the wrist wallet; he was apparently paying close attention to the screens.

"What's going on?" asked Aegis.

Vista pointed at Dean. "Ask him!" she declared. "It's his fault!"
Dean, whose helmet was sitting on the table, and whose only other items of clothing were a wrist wallet and boots, spread his hands helplessly. "Missy, it's no-one's fault. It's just that ..."

"Once more, from the top," Aegis overrode him. "What's going on here?"

Dean drew a frustrated breath. "Missy wanted to have sex with me."

Aegis shrugged. "And the problem with that is?"

Dean pulled out his Age Card and tapped it significantly. "We're physically incompatible. I'm too big for her at the moment."

"Horsecrap!" snapped Missy. "It's not fair! Glory Girl gets to fuck Dean all she likes! Why can't I?"

Aegis sighed. "Vista, can I see your Age Card?" He produced his from a wrist wallet.

With an aggrieved sniff, the teal-and-green clad Ward pulled her Age Card from her wrist wallet. She mated it, back to back, with Aegis'.

Red lights sprang up in most of the 'compatibility' sections. The readout on each card read COMPATIBILITY: 16%.

Aegis put his Card away, as did Vista. "See?" Aegis told her. "It's not just you and Dean. It's you and me, too. And I bet if Armsmaster matched Cards with you, you'd get about a five percent compatibility score." He reached into his boxers and pulled out his currently-flaccid member. "Once erect, this just will not fit inside you, kid. You're thirteen. Dean and me, we've had four years of growing. We're just not in your size range."

"Still not fair," grumped Vista. "I finally turn thirteen, I'm allowed to have sex, and I'm still too small for Dean."

Aegis hid a smile as he tucked his penis back into his boxers. "It's the way it goes. You'll get there. We aren't likely to get any bigger, so you will catch up." He paused. "What I am curious about is why exactly you're wearing your dress costume?"

Vista rolled her eyes. "We're going on some sort of school visit, so I have to costume up. Not like you; you're over fifteen."

Dean frowned. "But what if you have to get it off in a hurry? Like in combat?"

Vista grinned. "Thought of that. Got micro-explosive charges off of Armsmaster. I tap this panel in the middle of my chest three times, and boom; the costume falls apart around me. Leaves the visor behind, of course."

"Have you tested it?" asked Aegis practically.

"Not yet," Vista admitted. "But even if that fails, I'll just make the costume really big and climb out of it."

Aegis nodded. "That sounds like it should work." He dusted his hands off. "Okay, so you've heard about the school visit. Show up, give the spiel about how great life in the Wards is, show off a little, field a few questions, and get out, hopefully before Kid Win shoots someone."
"I never shot anyone," protested Chris, appearing at the door to his workshop, wearing only a pair of protective goggles. "I just drew my pistol. They were heckling us!"

Aegis rubbed his forehead. "... right. Okay. We'll be wearing light field costumes. Kid Win, of course, you've got your full armour; that'll look impressive. So long as you don't have to actually do any Tinkering while you're there, we should be fine. And guys, seriously, if you feel the need to get it on with anyone while you're there, don't do it in front of the cameras. Not in public means not on live TV. We're supposed to be superheroes, not sex idols."

"Can't we be both?" asked Clockblocker, standing up and stretching.

"What was that?" asked Aegis, one hand to his ear. "'Can I volunteer to stay and man the base while you guys go and kick back with a bunch of extremely sexy and mostly naked teenage girls?' Was that what I just heard?"

Clockblocker cleared his throat; the noise echoed hollowly inside his helmet. "Uh, no. No that's not what you just heard. What you heard was, uh, message received and understood, chief."

Aegis grinned and patted him on the shoulder. "Good man. And by the way, I've been thinking about your idea to swap costumes to confuse the bad guys. Not a bad idea, but you'd better work on your all-over tan first. And maybe dye your pubes."

Clockblocker removed his helmet and nodded glumly. "Oh well, it was a good idea while it lasted."

"Yeah. Now go get your light field costume on. Remember, we're trying to make a good impression here." He headed out of the room, toward his quarters.

"My light field costume looks weird," complained Clockblocker.

"You look weird," Missy retorted.

"Says the girl wearing full dress costume," Dennis grinned. "Seriously, I just can't recognise you in that. I'm used to seeing your sexy little butt running around, not all that paraphernalia you've got loaded on you."

Vista coloured slightly. "You really think my butt's sexy?"

Dennis nodded. "Hell yes. I mean, yes, you're skinny, but that's a girl's butt for sure." He tilted his head. "Didn't you say you were allowed to actually have sex now?"

Vista grinned. "Yeah. I've already had it with Chris. It was good."

Dennis pulled out his AgeCard. "Wanna match?"

Vista shrugged. "Sure." She pulled out her Card, and they slotted them together. Moments later, their faces fell.

"Darn it," muttered Vista. "Three lousy percentage points."

"What do you mean?" asked Dennis. "We match up perfectly. I'm a little big for you, but not overly."
"No," explained Missy. "I was hoping for some anal. Chris did my ass real good. I think I like it."

"Ah, no." Dennis shook his head. "I don't do anal."

"Darn," sighed Vista.

"Look on the bright side," offered Dennis. "We can still do vaginal."

Vista smiled. "Sure. Want some now?"

Regretfully, Dennis shook his head. "If I don't go costume up, Carlos'll ground me for sure. And I like my naked high school girls."

Vista grinned. "And I like my naked high school boys."

Dennis echoed the grin. "Think you'll get any?"

Vista indicated the panel in the centre of her chest. "After I blow this - hell yes." She indicated the direction of the Wards' quarters. "Go get your costume on, before Carlos rips you a new one. Again."

"Yes, boss." Dennis grinned as Vista stuck her tongue out at him, and went to put on the constricting light field costume.

Not a moment too soon; just as he disappeared, Aegis emerged, wearing a lightweight costume, patterned in the same rust-red, held together with velcro tabs.

"So what school are we going to?" asked Vista cheerfully.

Aegis straightened a tab. "Winslow, if you can believe it."
When the nudist movement started sweeping the nation, Winslow put up signs stating “NO NUDISM ON SCHOOL GROUNDS”.

Once it became clear that nakedness was here to say, and the laws against indecency were beginning to be repealed, the signs were altered to read “STUDENTS WILL REMAIN FULLY CLOTHED. STAFF WILL NOT DISPLAY BREASTS, BUTTOCKS OR GENITALIA.”

Later, the signs were altered once more, to read “STUDENTS UNDER SIXTEEN WILL REMAIN CLOTHED AT ALL TIMES. OTHER STUDENTS, AND STAFF, WILL COVER BUTTOCKS AND GENITALIA AT ALL TIMES.”

These days, they read “STUDENTS UNDER FIFTEEN WILL REMAIN CLOTHED AT ALL TIMES. OTHER STUDENTS, AND ALL STAFF, WILL KEEP GENITALIA COVERED WHEN POSSIBLE.”

The one that was never displayed, which was perhaps considered implicit, but which would have been broken most of all, was "No sex in the school."

Some of us were having sex as early as thirteen. For others, such as myself, taking off my clothes on my fifteenth birthday was the liberating factor. I had sex with three boys in my first week back at Winslow.

Most students obeyed the signs, most of the time. Boys had a harder time getting away with it, but from time to time, someone would slip into class with it all hanging free, usually with a goofy grin on his face. Boys and sex, really. They act like they invented it.

Girls could get away with it more often, especially if they shaved. I had done a few 'naked days' at school, just for fun, and the thrill of adventure. No-one had really noticed. The standard practice was to use a marker pen to draw a couple of lines over your hips from your crotch back to the crack of your ass, and everyone pretended that they were thong straps. Like when boys lost their pants during sex, no-one took any official notice unless it became an ongoing thing.

Most other girls, when they weren't wearing pretend-thongs, tended to wear frilly panties, real thongs or some other brief underwear. Sophia liked this tiny apron thing made of beaded strings. Technically, it obscured the view of her pussy from in front. Of course, when she was on all fours – which was amazingly often – it did nothing to get in the way of anything that anyone wanted to do to her.

Emma, on the other hand, either wore red frilly knickers, or drew thong-lines on herself. She once got away with the latter for a good two weeks. Personally, I think that's blatant favouritism. Just because she's got bigger tits than half the class, and the looks to outdo the other half, that's no reason to let her get away with shit like that.

Madison, in keeping with her 'petite cutie' image, tended to wear animal print panties, and the matching animal ears in her hair. I don't know how she managed it, but that managed to make her look even cuter than normal.

Personally, I actually preferred to wear pants; those plastic seats could get cold, especially during
winter. A common prank was to hold a girl down, take her pants, and throw them into the boys’ bathrooms. She either had to go without, or go in there and fuck or suck all the guys there before she could get her pants back.

I'd had that done to me last winter, and I'd been halfway through when the bell went. I decided, *fuck it*, finished off the guy I was fucking, and went to class without my panties. That was a mistake; once I cooled down, I damn near froze my labia to the seat.

Anyways, I usually went with boxers, athletics shorts or normal panties. However, on this day, I had decided to go the whole hog, and came in wearing cargo pants.

What? They're handy. I like them. Lots of pockets. For once, I didn't have to wear my purse-belt.

People blatantly turned to look when I walked by; I was actually covered from waist down to knees, by something that wasn't see-through. I was definitely the most-dressed girl in school, by a huge margin. Even those girls going through their period just wore a slightly thicker pair of panties for the duration; my cargo pants were in a whole 'nother category.

Emma was the first to comment. She was wearing just 'thong-lines' on this day, and she came to a halt before me, hands on hips, and thrust out her crotch toward me in a challenging gesture.

“What's the matter, Hebert?” she sneered. “Finally come to your senses, and realised that nobody here really wants your pussy?”

I had been having problems finding sexual partners at school, at least ones that I liked, over the last few months. I had assumed that it was a side-effect of the general bullying campaign that Emma and her friends were running against me. That she was specifically turning the guys against me was something I had not considered.

“No,” Madison added with a giggle, “it's just that everyone's realised she's got VD.”

That caused a general, if unconscious, shuffle away from me. While medical technology had gone a long way – especially with Tinkertech assistance – to eradicating the most common venereal diseases, there were a few that were still stubbornly hanging on. Worse, it was suspected that some sick individual had created more, that resembled the common types, but were harder to get rid of.

However, fortunately, the Age Card was able to pick up any such diseases in a person with its biometrics scan, so I pulled out my Card. “I'll match with anyone here!” I stated quickly. “I'm as clean as anyone at the school!” I had to nip this in the bud, and fast.

Suddenly, the Card was plucked from my fingers; I whirled around to see Sophia holding it high. There was a general gasp; no-one stole someone else's Age Card. It just wasn't done.

But Sophia had done it to me, and no-one was protesting. “She's probably hacked it,” she claimed. “Tell you what, Hebert, you go get a full medical checkup, and when you come back clean, I'll give you your Card back.”

Hacking an Age Card was another urban myth. The best minds on the planet had tried it. *Dragon* had tried it. All had failed. But the persistent rumour was out there, that someone, somewhere, could do it. And if one person could do it, anyone could do it.

But even if it was possible, what Sophia was doing was so far beyond the pale that I couldn't
comprehend it. “Give me back my Card, you thief!” I yelled.

“Card?” she asked. “I haven't got your Card.”

“That's because you just gave it to Emma,” I charged her. “Emma, give me back my Card.”

Emma stared at me coolly. “Are you going to call me a thief, Taylor?” she asked. “Go on. Please do it.”

I swallowed. Emma's dad was a lawyer. I didn't know that he'd sue me if I accused Emma of theft, but I knew Dad couldn't handle the costs if he did.

“Please give it back to me,” I begged. “I'll do anything. I'll get down and eat you out in front of the whole school. Just give it back.”

“Medical certificate,” she told me. “Posted on the bulletin board. Then you get it back.”

The medical certificate would have on it that I had been tested for venereal diseases. It wouldn't matter that I had been found clear of them; the stigma would be there. No-one got tested these days, except to check their Age Card's verdict; essentially, getting tested would be a general admission that I had the disease, or at least, that I had had it. I wouldn't be able to get sex in school from anyone. And for those few who weren't that picky, all the Trio would have to do was spread the rumour that I had faked the certificate.

Adults, I understood, were a lot easier about VD. It was curable; you got treated, it was done with. But teenagers can be downright cruel about something like that.

She turned and walked away. And with her went my last chance at getting in a nice soothing fuck before the first bell rang.

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The PRT van rolled toward Winslow High School. Vista fidgeted in her seat.

“Damn,” Dennis told her from the opposite seat, “you look kinda weirdly sexy in that, Missy.”

“Fuck you,” she retorted. “I have to wear it in public till I'm fifteen; you don't have to make fun of me.”

“I'm not, I'm not,” he protested. “I'm looking at you, and I'm imagining your body under that costume, and it's even sexier than if I could actually see you for real.”

She looked sharply at him; his faceplate was closed, so of course she couldn't see his expression. “Are you being serious, right now?”

“He's right,” Kid Win put in, from across the aisle. “It's like you're teasing us with clothes. You look sexy as hell.”

“Wow, do I really?” asked Vista.
“Sure do,” confirmed Dennis. “In fact, right now, I've got a woody, just trying to imagine what you're wearing under that.”

Missy looked; indeed, Clockblocker was solidly erect, showing plainly through his light field costume. She smiled. “Do you want to see?”

He leaned forward. “Would you?”

She scooted her butt forward, spread her legs, and lifted her skirt. Her smooth thighs were revealed, all the way up to her tight young pussy, totally uncovered by anything whatsoever. She lifted and spread her legs a little more, affording him a glimpse of the shiny moist pink flesh between her outer lips.

“Oh god,” breathed Dennis. “That is so damn sexy, what you did just then.”

“No underwear?” blurted Chris. “Really?”

Vista grinned. “She said I had to wear the skirt. Said nothing about anything under it.” Getting up, she pulled at the Velcro tabs on the front of Dennis' costume. The part covering his groin came away with a ripping noise, and his erection popped out.

“Now,” she purred, caressing his rampant phallus with her fingertips. “Want to see what we can finish up before we get to Winslow?”

He reached for her, but then Aegis spoke up. “Whatever it is you're doing back there, get it done and get covered up in the next thirty seconds. We're almost there.”

Vista dropped her skirt and flopped back on to her seat, her head falling back with aggravation. “Fuck,” she growled. “I need a good solid fuck in the worst possible way.”

“You think you got troubles,” Dennis groaned. “I gotta fit this back in my costume, and I'm not sure if the Velcro will hold.”

Kid Win thought quickly. “Get the driver to do a lap!” he told Aegis. “Dennis has costume problems.”

Aegis leaned forward and spoke to the driver; the van, which had been slowing down, picked up speed once more.

Quickly, Missy slipped to her knees before him. She took his throbbing penis in her mouth, and began to suck on it in her most determined fashion.

He groaned, arching his back, as her mouth consumed him, her well-practised tongue flickered around his shaft and up over the head. “Fuck,” he groaned. “Fuck. Oh god, yes, just like that.”

As the van continued on its lap of the school, Missy lapped and licked and sucked on Dennis' cock; he groaned and panted and held her head close to him. Abruptly, he jerked his hips and came, spurtling wads of semen directly into her throat. She swallowed as much as she could, but some splattered on her face as she pulled back.

As she wiped the residue from her face, and checked her costume for stray drops, Dennis tucked his cock away and re-set the Velcro tabs. “Thanks, Missy,” he told her sincerely. “I owe you one.”
She grinned as she sat up again. “I know,” she told him. “I will collect, believe me.”

The van pulled to a halt in front of a large set of grandstands, holding what had to be the entire student body of Winslow High.

Mrs Knott had Computer class, and was my home room teacher, and was my favourite of all those at Winslow.

Anyone looking at her face, at the breadth of her shoulders, might make the mistake of thinking she was a guy trying to pass as a woman. But the rest of her body belied that; truly Amazonian breasts, a narrow waist, and generous hips told the story of someone who was all woman. Her preferred mode of dress was a pair of lacy knickers, through which her labia could easily be seen.

She knew what she had, and she flaunted it; each movement was a lesson in sensuality and sexuality. She could make turning on a computer into an invitation for sex. Nearly all the boys in the class lusted after her, and not a few of the girls; I'd had sex with her once, just to see what it was like, and I had enjoyed it immensely. I still preferred boys, of course, but if she ever invited me for a repeat engagement, I would take her up on it in an instant.

It wasn't her that I had my main problems with. It was Mr Gladly.

When I walked into his class that morning, he had Madison bent over the desk, her animal-print panties around her ankles, and he was fucking her like there was no tomorrow. “Oh god yes,” she groaned. “Fuck my ass, you dirty bastard. Fuck me hard.”

It didn't bother me that he fucked Madison, or even that he fucked her in the ass. I like a good ass-fuck myself, on occasion. What bothered me was that he tended to fuck the most popular girls, a lot, and then showed them favouritism. I had sucked his cock once, to shift my World Affairs grade from a D to a C-, and had found the whole exercise to be totally unrewarding. I liked my sex to be uncomplicated, no strings attached.

It was typical of Winslow that no-one else took a blind bit of notice at what he did. There were laws against using sex in that way, but the offence had to be reported first. There were also laws about teachers having sex with their students; so long as no-one complained, no-one took official notice. Especially in a place like Winslow.

I had to admit, though, fucking her over the desk was a new low, even for him. He could at least have taken her into the stock room, at least tried to hide what he was doing.

As I sat down, Greg Veder reached across to fondle my breast; his other hand was busy on his cock as he watched Mr Gladly giving it to Madison. “Hi, Taylor,” he greeted me.

I slapped his hand away; Greg didn't have titty-touch privileges, but I hadn't managed to get that through to him yet. We had fucked once, when I was horny and feeling in a what-the-hell mood, and he had somehow gotten the impression that I liked him.

He really wasn't good at sex, which was kind of impressive in a negative way, given that he had
every opportunity when growing up to improve his technique. Apparently he spent a lot of time online, playing eroge, and got a lot of his ideas about sex from there.

If I let him, I knew Greg would happily fuck me, Age Card or no Age Card. I briefly considered it, then decided that the loss of self-esteem was not worth the satisfaction of sex. Especially given that Greg probably wouldn't last long enough for me to cum, anyway.

“Leave me alone, Greg,” I told him wearily.

“Want to fuck?” he asked, eager as a puppy. The sort of puppy that messed on the carpet, and never, ever realised his error.


“I swapped with Rob,” he informed me airily. “He wanted to sit next to Kate.”

I rolled my eyes. Rob would be happy, and so would Kate. I knew them; they were fucking regularly. Rumour had it that she was petitioning to have her fertility treatment reversed, so that she and Rob could have a kid. I wished them the best of luck with that. But this was at the expense of my happiness; what there was left of it after Sophia stole my fucking Age Card.

Mr Gladly fucked Madison to a screaming orgasm, then came himself; she got off the desk, pulled her panties up, and went down to her seat with a satisfied smirk on her face. She usually sat with her fuck-buddy Julia; they were no doubt going to sneak off someplace for sex before the end of the period. Or, you know, do it right there. Mr Gladly would probably punish them by making them stay back after school and make them ‘write lines’. Yeah, you know where I'm going with that.

Not bothering to put his briefs back on, Mr Gladly faced the class. Greg was still vigorously masturbating, his hand whacking away under his desk, his face red with the effort. I wished he'd either cum or give it up and pay attention; it wasn't attractive enough to watch, and it wasn't quiet enough to ignore.

“As some of you may have heard,” Mr Gladly began, “the Wards are going to be paying us a visit today. So I want you all to be on your best behaviour.

“After the arrival,” he continued, “they will be splitting up so that you can show them the school. This will allow you to talk to them one-on-one. No mobbing them, and no hitting on them. These are superheroes. Show some respect.”

I tried to ignore Greg's frantic movements.

“After lunch,” he told us, “you will all gather in the auditorium, where they will demonstrate their powers, and take questions as a group. They will also talk about the ramifications of having powers. Any questions?”

There was a murmur of confused questions, then Madison stuck her hand up. “Mr Gladly,” she asked, “is it possible to call ahead and ask a particular Ward if he's, uh, free to go out for dinner?”

I shook my head. Which means having sex. Trust Madison to want to jump the queue. I had no doubt that at least some of the Wards would be having sex with some of the students, once they got here, but who the lucky students were, no-one knew.
Mr Gladly smiled, but shook his head. “Sorry, Madison,” he told her. “I already checked.”

Really? I asked myself. *Unless Gladly's suddenly got the hots for boys, that means he wants to fuck Vista. That's what I call ambitious.* Mr Gladly’s cock wasn't the largest, but Vista was fairly petite. Unless she was gifted in the pussy department, there was no way in hell they'd be compatible. I wasn't even sure if she was of Age yet.

There were no more questions; Greg Veder suddenly gasped, and his cock splattered cum all over his desk and legs. “Whew,” he grunted with relief, then turned to me. “What did I miss?”

I rolled my eyes. *Typical fucking Greg.*

“Come on now,” Gladly urged us. “They'll be arriving soon. Go out on to the sports grounds, and join your other classmates on the grandstands. And Mr Veder, put your pants on, please. You're not impressing anyone with that.”

Abashed, Greg found his shorts and pulled them on. I joined the others on the way out the door; hopefully, he wouldn't be able to find me in time to sit next to me.

I was almost at the grandstand when I realised something else. *Fuck. Emma's got my Age Card. I won't even be able to have sex with any of the Wards.*

*Fuck.*

It wasn't as if I’d been planning to, but it *was* just one more kick in the teeth, in what was promising to be a very long day.
“Amy, could you come here a moment, please?”

Amy looked around; Carol Dallon was standing in her bedroom, wearing what Amy privately thought of as her 'court clothing'; a suit jacket, open wide enough to show a decent cleavage, a tie, and a pair of severe black panties. Stockings and heels completed the ensemble.

“Sure thing, Mom, what's up?” Amy entered the room, looking curiously at her foster mother.

“Well, for one thing,” Carol told her tartly, “you could tell me what the hell it is that you're wearing.”

Amy looked down at herself. “Uh, a T-shirt and shorts. Why?”

“Since when do you wear clothes in the house?” demanded Carol. “No, wait; let me guess. You're waiting for Victoria to come home, so she can rip them off you. Am I correct?”

Amy blushed, confirming her suspicion. “It feels so good when she does it,” she mumbled. “Uh, is there something wrong with her doing it?”

Carol snorted and pulled her tie off. The suit jacket soon followed, placed on a hanger. “The problem, young lady, is that items like that are getting harder and harder to find. Children under fifteen still wear clothes, certainly, but you are past that age, and those shorts would be very expensive to replace; the shirt as well.”

“Oh. Oh shit.” Amy's hand went to her mouth. Guiltily, she recalled all the clothing that Vicky had ripped from her quivering, compliant body since they had begun their tempestuous relationship. “I – I'm sorry.”

Carol shed the shirt, leaving her clad in a lacy bra to match the panties and stockings, then took Amy's chin in her hand. “I don't mind you wearing them on special occasions, but please do not put them in peril at your sister's hands,” she advised her foster daughter with a smile. She drew a deep breath through her nostrils, and her voice was hard when she spoke. “But you should really ask permission to do so, even then.”

Amy's voice dropped, as did her gaze. “I'm sorry.”

Carol shook her head. “Sorry doesn't cut it. Take them off, at once.”

Amy reached down and pulled the T-shirt over her head; the cloth pulled her firm young breasts up, then let them jiggle to rest, the brown nipples poking out slightly. She placed the shirt carefully on the dresser, then eased the denim short over her firmly curved buttocks, and down her legs. Placing them on top of the shirt, unselfconsciously naked, she faced Carol once more.

While she had been disrobing, Carol had been removing her underwear and heels, leaving her clad in just stockings; she eyed Amy with some semblance of disapproval. “Still not good enough,” she declared. “I'm going to have to punish you.”

“P-punish me?” squeaked Amy, her voice rising with dismay.
Carol nodded, sitting down on the edge of the bed. “Come now; you remember being spanked before, don't you?”

“Yes,” Amy replied carefully. “But I'm sixteen now.”

“And do you think that you're too old?” Carol's eyebrow quirked dangerously.

“N-no!” protested Amy. To show that she was willing, she moved forward and lay down across Carol's lap, supporting herself on her elbows on the bed. She felt Carol's hands on her body, moving her into a proper position; the hands caressed and squeezed her thighs, cupped her breasts, ran over her smooth buttocks.

“M-mom?” asked Amy, a doubtful tone entering her voice.

“Sh!” snapped Carol, and a moment later, the first slap arrived on her upturned backside.

Amy yelped in surprise and jumped slightly; Carol's arm held her tightly in place.

Another slap arrived, and another, and another; Amy twitched and jerked and yelped as her ass was punished, over and over again. Her buttocks began to grow warm with the spanking, and the warm feeling spread.

Eventually, Carol stopped, panting. Amy lay limply over her lap, whimpering slightly. Her hand caressed Amy's well-reddened ass, soothing by its very touch, squeezing ever so slightly.

“How do you feel, Amy?” she whispered.

“I'm not sure,” Amy moaned. “I feel … funny.” And indeed, feelings were roiling in her body that had little to do with being punished. She could also feel, via her contact with Carol, what her foster mother felt … and that made her own feelings stronger.

Carol hoisted her up, then lay back on the bed with Amy beside her. She traced tear tracks on Amy's face with her fingertips. “You know why I had to punish you, don't you, Amy?”

Amy kissed her fingertip. “So I would remember.”

Carol nodded. “So you would remember. Do you think you will?”

Amy nodded. “I will. Thank you.”

Carol leaned in and kissed her, a gentle pressure of lips on lips. “Do you want me to kiss it all better now?”

Amy's arms slid around her and pulled her close. Mature breasts pressed against Amy's smaller ones. Their lips met again, melded together. Tongues clashed. Amy's nails dragged over her foster mother's back. “I think I'd like that very much.”

Carol helped Amy up the bed until they were both lying full-length; they kissed again and again. Hands caressed bodies; Amy lowered her mouth to Carol's breasts and suckled on her nipples until Carol arched her back and drew air in through her teeth.

Rolling Amy on to her back, Carol slid down the bed until she was level with Amy's groin. She
parted the teenager's soft, smooth thighs, and admired the soft, delicate pussy lips she found there. Sparse brown hair sprouted over a pronounced mons veneris, and below … the promised land.

Amy arched her back and gasped at the first touch of Carol's lips on her labia. She felt the tongue touch, probe, and part the fleshy lips, drawn unerringly to what lay beneath.

Carol parted Amy's labia, and began to show her how a woman is to be loved. Amy gasped and moaned and writhed by turns, as Carol's tongue delved into her very secrets, elicited pleasure that Amy had not thought was possible, even at Vicky's hands.

She felt Carol bite the inside of her thighs, the unfamiliar sensation erotic and amazing. She groaned as the older woman inserted a carefully-lubricated finger into her butt, working it in and out gently while still pleasuring Amy's throbbing vagina more and more.

With two fingers sliding insistently in and out of Amy's pulsating vaginal canal, and her thumb rubbing over Amy's clit, Carol moved up the bed to lie beside Amy once more. On the way, she continued to educate her on sexual pleasure; kissing, licking and suckling on Amy's breasts, her teeth and tongue driving Amy nearly out of her head with the sensations.

Amy could not move, could not speak, as Carol pushed her to the very brink of orgasm – then kissed her forcefully, pushing her fingers deep into Amy's pussy as she did so. A fingernail raked across Amy's clit, and her orgasm exploded through her body. She arched her back and cried out, her eyes rolling back in her head from the force of her climax.

Carol kept it going, expertly tweaking Amy's nipples, and continuing to work her sensitive groin and clitoris, until Amy slumped back, exhausted. She took pity on the younger girl then, allowing her to rest and catch her breath.

“Oh … oh my god …” moaned Amy faintly. Carol kissed her, and was kissed in return.

“Now,” she murmured. “Do you think you can do the same to me in return?”

Amy nodded. “Yes, I think I can.”

Carol nodded and smiled. “Let's see how you go.”

Amy kissed her then, and slid down the bed. On her hands and knees, she began to pleasure Carol in much the same way as Carol had done to her. A little uncertain, she tried out the things Carol had done, and was surprised at how well her foster mother responded.

“Well, well,” commented a new voice. “Is this a strictly girls' time, or can anyone join in?”

Carol raised her eyes from the curly-brown mop of the girl currently between her thighs, and Amy looked around; both saw Mark Dallon, standing there with more than half an erection.

“What do you say, Amy?” asked Carol softly. “Can Mark take up the invitation you are offering him?”

For an answer, Amy reached up under herself, and spread the lips of her pussy wide; Mark saw the pink flesh gleaming within, and his cock hardened considerably.

Carol gasped as Amy went back to eating her; the girl was a fast learner, she had to admit. Her
tongue was naughty and adventurous, sliding into her crevices, delving into sweet depths. She grunted and clutched at the bedclothes as Amy found all of her buttons, and hit them time and again.

Amy felt Mark's hands caressing her butt, squeezing her recently-spanked buttocks, and running between her labia. She pushed back at him as he rubbed at her pussy, and then she felt the head of his penis pushing at her tender entrance.

Despite her occasional sex sessions with Victoria, it was still an amazing sensation to have a penis inside her, and she gasped as he began to penetrate her tight young pussy. She worked harder at Carol's streaming sex, licking and lapping at the flooding juices, as she felt her foster father's penis sliding into her.

Grasping Amy's hips, Mark pushed his erection all the way into her; then, moving carefully, he began to thrust into her hot slippery depths. He heard her moans, felt her pushing back to meet his thrusts, even as she pleasured Carol with her fingers and lips and tongue.

On top of what Carol had already done to her, Amy was already highly aroused; when Mark began to make love to her, his solid thrusts, his thick penis, didn't take long to push her over the edge once more. Her face half-buried in her mother's sopping vulva, Amy came again and again as Mark's cock stretched her slippery young pussy repeatedly, thrusting deep inside her.

When he came, it was just the icing on the cake; she cried out as she climaxed one more time, and then went limp. Mark held her by the hips, his penis spurting the last few wads of semen into her tender young pussy, then eased her down on to the bed.

“Damn,” he commented. “That was … Amy girl, if you ever want to do that again, I'll be willing to help you out.” He leaned over and kissed her tenderly. “I was just going for a shower. See you ladies later. Enjoy yourselves.”

Weakly, Amy crawled up alongside Carol, who kissed and caressed her gently.

“Damn, but if that wasn't the sexiest thing I ever saw,” she observed. “Mark really did a number on you, didn't he?”

Amy kissed her and smiled wearily. “I can't believe how good that felt.” She snuggled up to her foster mother. “I can't wait to show Vicky what I've learned, when she gets home.”

Carol shook with silent laughter. “Boy, is she in for a surprise.”

Amy kissed her again. Her eyes were starting to close. “I really do love her, you know.”

Carol held the sleeping teen in her arms. “I know,” she murmured softly. “And we love you for it.”
"Maybe you should put some pants on," Sophia suggested to Emma as they trooped outside. She caressed Emma's naked ass, and was caressed in turn. "After all, it is the Wards."

Emma grinned. "Nope. I'll be sitting there in the grandstand, and they'll be looking at everyone, and they'll be asking themselves, is she really wearing anything, and I'll open my legs, and the guys will be going, nope. And then all I have to do is get next to one of them."

"Did you know they were coming today?" asked Madison. "I didn't."


I sat in the grandstand along with the rest of my class. We watched the van approach, then do a lap of the playing field, before pulling up in front of the grandstand. Emma was one row down and several along, with Sophia on one side of her and Madison on the other. Julia was sitting next to Madison, and their other cronies were also sitting nearby. I grinned; the wood of the grandstands was rough and tended to be splintery; sitting on it with a bare ass, such as Emma and Sophia were doing, was slightly hazardous to tender parts of the anatomy. My cargo pants protected me just fine, thank you very much.

The van door slid back, and the Wards got out; Aegis took to the air, but didn't fly very high. I could see he was struggling to maintain altitude; this was due to the fact that he was wearing a full-body costume of some light material. As each of the other Wards emerged, I heard the undercurrent of groans of disappointment; each of them was fully clothed. Vista, getting out last, wore a proper, detailed costume, all in teal and green, with a full skirt. Kid Win was also fully costumed, wearing his armour. He put down a flying board of some sort, and took off, to circle the grandstand.

*He* could do this, of course. He had created the tech, and it worked whether he was clothed or not. Everyone else, with their innate powers, had to suffer reductions to their powers while wearing the costumes. In the getup Vista was wearing, I wasn't sure if her powers would work at all.

"Good morning, everyone!" Aegis addressed us; he had some sort of amplifier on a mouthpiece. "I am Aegis, of the Wards. We're very pleased to be here today!"

I clapped, as did everyone else.

"With me today are Gallant! Clockbocker! Kid Win! and the incomparable Vista!" With each name, he indicated a different teammate, who took a bow.

"Now, before we go any farther, Principal Blackwell is going to say a few words."

He drifted to the ground, and they walked toward where our Principal was standing at a temporary podium. Blackwell normally got around in a skirt and heels; today, she had added a jacket and tie to her ensemble.

"Thank you, Aegis," she said into the microphone. "Now, I'm sure you all would like to welcome
the Wards to Winslow, but I'm afraid that they may feel a little overwhelmed by so much attention. So, I will be picking out a few of you to each give a Ward a guided tour of the school. The rest of you will go to the gymnasium, to help set up the after-lunch presentation."

She paused. "Hands up for volunteers to give Vista a guided tour!"

Hands shot up all over; many of the younger students, the ones still clothed, were volunteers, but not a few of the older ones also put their hands up. I saw Mr Gladly lean in and say a few words to her. She nodded, and spoke into the microphone.

"I'll take you, you, you ... all you four, and you. Also, Mr Gladly will be along, to act as a chaperone."

Several of the younger students came down to the front, as well as a few of the older ones. I noticed without surprise that Greg Veder was one of the volunteers. They seemed a little crestfallen that Mr Gladly was coming along as well.

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"Wow, hi," Vista greeted the students and teacher who had been assigned to guide her around the school. "I'm Vista, but you knew that. It's really good to meet you all. What are your names?"

"Well, I'm Mr Gladly," the teacher told her, taking her by the hand. "And these are Graham, Laurence, Madeline, Henry, Greg, Philip, Ken, Leslie and Donna."

"Hi," she replied. The teacher was kind of hot, but he was an adult. Probably too big. The others were either not so great, or under-fifteens, so she couldn't tell what sort of bodies they had. "So, where do we start?"

"Why don't we start at the top floor and work our way down?" suggested Mr Gladly.

Vista shrugged; it seemed to be as good an idea as any.

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I put my hand up to volunteer to guide every member of the Wards. Kid Win got a bunch of cheering fangirls, some of whom had gotten body paint, and had daubed it on their breasts in red and gold. Clockblocker got more girls, all of whom tried their best to cuddle up to him at once. Madison was one of those.

I was beginning to lose hope when I found myself being picked to escort Gallant; to my surprise, I saw Principal Blackwell pointing straight at me. And then my heart fell; she also picked Emma and Sophia. I climbed down from the grandstand, and tried to get close to Gallant, but every time I did, I found either Emma or Sophia, or one of their sycophants, edging in front of me.

With a sigh, I resigned myself to being left out once more, and trudged along with the rest of the group.
"As for Aegis," Principal Blackwell decided, "I will escort him around the school myself. We have matters to discuss, regarding the after-lunch presentation." She waved a hand. "The rest of you, go to the gymnasium. There is setting up to do."

Taking the senior Ward by the hand, she led him down from the podium and toward the school proper.

"So what do you want to know about me?" asked Vista, as they wandered through the upper floors of Winslow High School.

"Are you of Age?" asked Greg Veder, at once.

Vista smiled. "Of course." She pulled out her Age Card. "See?"

"Do you like boys or girls?" asked Donna, one of the younger girls. The other girl, Madeline, looked at her curiously.

"I've kissed a few girls," Vista told them frankly, "but I prefer boys."

"Do you like older guys?" asked another boy; Vista thought his name was Ken.

"I like one older guy," she replied. "But I can't be with him."

She noticed Madeline and Donna slipping away, holding hands, then she looked at Greg. He seemed to be a little creepy, and the way the teacher was staring at her was a little intense as well.

"Why are you wearing that costume?" asked another boy. "I thought superheroes all went around in the buff."

Vista shrugged. "I'm only thirteen," she reminded him. "Unless there's actually a crisis, I'm not supposed to go nude in public."

"But we're not in public here, are we, Mr Gladly?" the boy pressed.

Mr Gladly looked around, then opened a classroom door. "Not in here, we're not," he told them. Everyone trooped inside, and he shut the door.

Vista looked at the boys around her; clothes were being shed, and firm young bodies coming into view. Even Mr Gladly had discarded his briefs, revealing quite an impressive erection. She licked her lips, and began to unfasten her costume.

"I'm really impressed that you got body paint to welcome me to Winslow," Kid Win told his adoring
fangirls.

"Oh, that's actually food colouring mixed with flour," one girl told him. She thrust out her perky breasts toward him. "Here, have a taste."

Never loath to turn down such an inviting offer, he closed his mouth around her nipple, and suckled gently, then hard. She moaned, reaching into her brief panties, and rubbing herself. He switched to her other nipple then, causing her moans to increase in intensity.

"Here, taste mine!" shouted another girl.

"And mine!" a third insisted.

A fourth cleared her throat, sounding altogether too pleased with herself. "Why don't you have a taste of this instead?" She pulled her panties down, revealing red and gold 'paint' over her crotch.

"Well now," he grinned. "To give that my full appreciation, we're going to have to find someplace more private. Do we have any suggestions?"

As it happened, they did.

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Dennis grinned. His 'tour group' was apparently willing to go to quite impressive lengths to get his attention; not five minutes into the tour, they were all in the buff, and ostentatiously making out with one another, all the while shooting coy glances at him.

One of the places that they seemed intent on showing him was the girls' bathroom; he did not object. Not even when his costume started coming off. As one girl started to suck on his already-erect penis, he leaned back and groaned with enjoyment.

He didn't even mind when they figured out how to take his helmet off; he had thought ahead, and was wearing a mask under it.

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Aegis smiled at Principal Blackwell. It was obvious what the woman wanted; the want had been boiling off of her ever since she had taken his hand. She let them into her office, then locked it firmly behind her.

"So," he murmured, "what did you want to talk about first?"

She stepped up very close to him, her small breasts pressing against his chest. Her hands ran over his body, tugging gently at the Velcro tabs that held his costume together.

"Is it true," she purred, "that you can exert yourself for hours and hours without tiring?"

"I can," he affirmed. "But I have to be ... unclothed ... first." His hands found the button holding her jacket closed, and released it; it fell open, revealing her naked breasts. Cupping them in his hands, he
squeezed gently.

She breathed in sharply, and tugged on the Velcro closures. His costume began to come away from his body.

Lowering his lips to hers, he kissed her. She closed her eyes, while still pulling at parts of his costume. His hands roved around to her back, found the skirt closure, and undid it. When it fell to the floor, she was naked underneath.

She pulled the tab that released his throbbing erection from confinement. With a stifled gasp, she slid to her knees, and took him into her mouth. As she suckled on his rock-hard cock, he let his head fall back with a groan.

_I love school visits._

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"So, Gallant," Emma asked, all but blatantly rubbing her nude body against him, "is the thing you have with Glory Girl exclusive, or are you allowed to sleep around?"

"And how do you feel about threesomes?" asked Sophia, rubbing against his other shoulder.

I trailed behind, feeling as if I wanted to die. Here I was, within arm's reach - almost - of a Ward, and I couldn't even get a word in edgewise. Each time I tried to speak to him, one of the girls would interrupt with a bright observation.

"No, we're not exclusive - " began Gallant with a grin, "but -"

He was interrupted by a loud ripping sound. "Oh, I'm sorry!" gasped Emma, in badly simulated horror. "I didn't know that would tear away so easily." She admired his broad chest, the rippling muscles, and the half-hard erection now shown to one and all. "Here, let me fix that."

'Fixing' it seemed to involve getting really close and fondling his penis; I had no doubt that they would disappear into some private place very soon ...

"Wait," Gallant commanded. "Stop right there. I couldn't feel it before, but I'm getting some nasty emotions from you girls. Pleasure at someone else's misfortune. And one of you is feeling really depressed and unhappy." He pointed directly at me. "I don't think I got your name."

"Oh, she's nobody,." Emma interrupted. "Come on, let's -"

She tried to kiss him, but he pushed her aside, gently but firmly. I tried to step forward, but one of the girls blocked me again; that is, until Gallant physically stepped around her. "What's your name?" he asked gently.


"And what's the matter?" he asked. As he spoke, he pulled more of his costume off, until he was standing before me, naked but for his boots, helmet, and a wrist wallet.
"I - I just wanted to meet you," I mumbled, somewhat overcome by the magnificent specimen of manhood before me. I could feel myself getting wetter by the second.

He shook his head. "There's more to it than that."

I drew a deep, shuddering breath. "Bullying." Behind Gallant, I saw Emma and Sophia staring at me; Sophia drew her finger across her throat in a warning motion.

"Bullying?" asked Gallant. "Who's been bullying you."

Throwing caution to the winds, I indicated Emma and Sophia. "They've been bullying me for months. Today they took my Age Card."

Gallant turned to them; the girls in between decided that anywhere else was a better place to be. "Is this true?" he asked quietly.

"Uh, no," Emma blurted. "She's lying!"

Sophia tried to hush her as soon as she realised what Emma was saying, but failed.

"One of my powers," Gallant informed Emma, "is to read emotions. Now that I'm battle ready, I can read yours very well indeed. You just lied to me. She didn't. Lying to a Ward is the same as lying to a police officer. You want to try that again?"

Emma stared at him, eyes wide. She didn't answer.

"One more time," he told her. "Or I arrest the both of you on suspicion."

"You can't do that!" burst out Emma.

Gallant smiled coldly. "With my powers, I can do 'reasonable suspicion' really well. Now, last chance."

Emma rolled her eyes. "Okay, fine!" she flared. Bending over, she plucked a Card from where she'd had it tucked into her sock. "It was just a joke, is all!"

I stepped forward and plucked it from her hand, then slapped her as hard as I could. Her head rocked back, and she sat down on her bare butt, her legs spread wide. I was turning toward Sophia, who was staring at Emma, when strong arms encircled me from behind.

"Enough," Gallant told me, his breath tickling the back of my neck. I could feel his erection prodding the back of my cargo pants.

"You don't know -" I burst out, struggling to get free. "What they've been doing -"

"I can feel your emotions, so I do have an idea," he told me, not letting go. "But it's not up to you to punish them. We have laws for that."

"They'll get away with it," I told him bitterly. "They always do. Emma's dad is a lawyer."

"Not this time," he told me. As if by accident, one of his hands was cupping my breast. I didn't object. "The PRT has really high-powered lawyers."
Things moved quickly after that; Gallant made a call to the police on his helmet radio. When they arrived, they did not seem overly surprised to see him naked and holding a teenage girl; he hadn't let me go, and I hadn't wanted to be let go.

"That one is called Sophia Hess," he told the officer in charge crisply. "She's the one who stole it. She passed it on to that one, Emma Barnes, who knew it had been stolen. Only gave it back to Miss Hebert here under protest."

The officer whistled. "Age Card theft, huh? Been a while since we saw a case of that." He observed the two disfavourably, then turned to me. "Are you pressing charges?"

I hesitated. "I don't know. My dad can't afford -"

He shook his head. "The state'll be taking this one. Age Card theft is illegal everywhere."

I nodded. "Then yeah. I'll be pressing charges."

"What about her?" yelled Emma. "She hit me!"

The officer turned to Gallant. "Is this true? Did Miss Hebert strike Miss Barnes?"

Gallant frowned. "Strike her?" He turned to me. "Taylor, did you strike Emma?"

I shook my head. "No. That would be against the law."

Gallant turned back to the officer. "And there you have it. In my opinion, Miss Barnes is attempting to make up countercharges."

Emma stared from one to the other of us. "But - but -" Her eyes were wide with outrage. I could not help but feel savage satisfaction. How does it feel now, Emma?

The police officer nodded. "Not uncommon. Well, we'll be taking them away to be charged now."

Gallant nodded. We watched them walk away, Emma still struggling and protesting, Sophia strangely subdued.

"Wow," I murmured. "Are they going into lockup like that? No prison uniform?"

He nodded seriously. "Until they're charged. They go in as is."

"Emma's naked. Sophia's almost the same," I observed. "The seats in lockup - are they metal?"

He nodded, a grin spreading across his face. "And cold. Very cold."

I kissed him; he looked surprised. "What was that for?"

"For helping me," I told him. "For doing that. For being there."

He smiled, and slid a hand down inside my cargo pants, cupping my naked ass cheek in his large, strong hand. I murmured and pressed against him. "Want to find someplace private?" he breathed. "You feel like you could use some cheering up."
I kissed him again, rubbing my bare breasts against his oh-so-manly chest. "I know just the place," I assured him.
"Whoa, guys," Vista declared, holding both hands up. She hopped up to sit on one of the desks. "Before we get all ambitious; I'm thirteen, for fuck's sake. I'm not all that big, and I sure as fuck don't intend to take you all on at once. So let's not go overboard."

She held up her Age Card. "Match me; let's see what you've got."

There was a brief flurry of cards in return; she shrugged and mated hers to the teacher's first. Red lights glowed.

"Sorry, Mr Gladly," she told him, "but you're a non-starter. I couldn't fit you for vaginal, definitely not anal - which I see is your preference - and I'm marginal for oral. Next."

"That can't be right," he blustered. "Try it again."

"Mr Gladly," she told him patiently, "the Age Card doesn't lie."

"But those things have a little margin built in. We could still manage -"

She resisted the temptation to roll her eyes. "For one thing, Mr Gladly, that 'margin' is there for my safety. For another, once I got my Age Card, my parents knew full well I would be having sex with boys. So I promised to never ignore what it said. For a third thing, twenty-four percent compatibility is not 'just a little margin'; it is a clear sign that your penis does not belong anywhere near my vagina."

She knew his type well; every time she stripped off to work with the Wards, there would be someone in the crowd, eyeing her undeveloped body with more than the normal amount of interest. Nudity had become far more permissible than it had been thirty years ago, and people were having sex younger and younger, but that didn't mean creeps did not still exist. They were just harder to spot.

"Now," she told him tartly, "would you mind getting your dick out of my face? If you want to get your rocks off, I suggest you go and match cards with someone a little older than me."

*Creep*, she did not say, and was quite proud of herself.

Looking not at all thrilled, Mr Gladly stepped back. Vista held her card up toward the next contender, the kid called Greg. He looked taken aback.

"Card?" she prompted him.

"Uh … I haven't got it," he confessed. "The girls here don't usually -"

She shook her head. "Uh uh, boy. No way. No match, no snatch. That's the way it goes."

"But -" he protested; she held up a hand to stop him.

Taking a deep breath, she raised her voice a little. "Let's get one thing clear. If I'm gonna fuck any of you guys, it'll be on my terms. Simple as that. Yes, I like having sex. Yes, I'm interested in having sex today. But that doesn't mean I'm willing to take on just any dick. So if I say no, I fucking well
mean no. Does everyone understand this, or do I have to put my costume back on and walk out of this room?"

There was a murmured round of agreement. She put one hand behind her ear. “Sorry, I didn't hear that.”

“Yes, Vista,” came the mumbled reply from each of them.

“Good,” she declared. “Now, who's next?”

One of the younger students stepped forward. “I'm Ken, and it's a real honour to meet you.” He proffered his Age Card.

She mated it with hers, and his stats appeared. “Huh. Ninety-one percent compatibility. Stick around, Ken.”

Several more of the boys washed out – two because she just didn't like them – until she was left with three contenders. She smiled at them. “Okay, boys. How's it gonna go; one at a time, or a triple-banger?”

Briefly, they conferred between themselves, then a coin was flipped, and flipped again. Ken came back to her. “One at a time. I won the toss to go first.”

Sliding her butt forward to the edge of the desk, she lay back and spread her thighs. “Okay, Ken. Let's see how good you are at making me feel good.”

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Dennis grunted as he stroked hard and fast into the petite brunette's tight wet pussy. She clung to him, crying out as he penetrated her deeply over and over again.

“Fuck my … fuck my ass,” she moaned.

“Not … really … my … thing,” he panted, hips pumping, his cock driving hard into her tight slippery depths.

“I need it,” she groaned. “Need a hard cock in my ass.”

He kissed her and upped the tempo. “Sorry, not a turn-on for me.”

She pulled back and stared at him. “The fuck? Every guy likes anal!”

He slowed down so he could pay attention to what she was saying. “Not everyone,” he corrected her. “Sure it's tight and all, but so's pussy. Just doesn't do anything for me.”

“But I can't cum without anal,” she whined.

He drew a deep sigh. “Sorry. Can't. I don't do anal.”

She shook her head, almost dislodging the animal ears that she wore. “I don't fucking believe this. I
get Clockblocker fucking me, and he won't do my ass!”

Dennis had had enough. He pulled out and climbed off of her. “You don't agree with the way I fuck, go someplace else. I'm sure you can find someone else to stick his cock where you shit.”

The girl, incensed, swung a slap at him. He intercepted it with his hand.

“Don't do that,” he told her mildly.

She tried again, with her other hand. This time, he exerted his power. The instant her hand touched his, she froze, staring sightlessly, hand in mid swing.

He smiled and turned to the other girls who had been enjoying one another while he had been fucking the girl who wanted anal. “So, is anyone up for plain old vanilla sex?”

He wasn't short on volunteers.

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Kid Win had shed almost all his armour, and had licked all the makeshift body paint from his personal fan group. This had led, of course, to extremely vigorous sex in the womens' bathrooms. He was blessing his youth; it was only taking a few minutes for him to recover between encounters.

They were gathered around him as he took the latest girl from behind; she braced herself and pushed back at his invading penis. Their hands caressed his body and hers indiscriminately, their lips kissed his, licked the sweat from his body, and nibbled his fingers.

His eyes crossed as he felt the final climax on its way. “Oh god,” he grunted. “Oh god, yeah, that's it.”

With a muffled shout, he rammed his cock up to the hilt in her, and let go. She cried out as he spurted wad after wad of semen into her tight pussy; she seemed to be cumming again.

Finally, he was finished, slumped over the girl, panting hard. “Wow,” he groaned. “Don't know if I can go there again. I'm kinda fucked out.”

Those girls that he had not yet blessed with his penis looked downcast. “Aww,” they chorused.

He mustered a tired grin. “Hey, all is not lost. There's more than one way to bring off a sexy pussy. Gather round and we'll see what I can do.”

As one girl put it later, “When they called him Kid Win, they weren't kidding!”

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The phone on Principal Blackwell's desk rang. She ignored it. Currently, she had her legs wrapped around Aegis' waist; she clung to him, seated on the edge of her desk, as he drove his long penis deep into her welcoming vaginal canal.
From her reaction to his lovemaking, Aegis decided that she hadn't had really good sex in some time. Which was fine with him; the better he brought her off, the better the report she would submit to the PRT regarding the visit to the school.

So he nipped the side of her neck, causing her to clench around him and straighten her back, and then he pushed her over to lay on her back. Lifting her legs up to his shoulders, he grasped her hips and proceeded to fuck her so hard that her eyes crossed.

_She's getting off on it, and she's actually pretty good at it. There could be worse duties._

Blackwell thought she had died and gone to heaven; a hunky young superhero had her spreadeagled on her desk, screwing her like there was no tomorrow. She wasn't really the type to get offers of sex from casual strangers, so this visit had been a godsend. And Aegis … oh god. _I think I'm going to be one huge bruise below the waist tomorrow. And it'll be so worth it._

_I wonder when I can get the Wards to visit again?

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“Seriously?” asked Gallant. “Since September last year?”

I shook my head, holding close to him. “Year before last.” I slid my hand up and down his erection; he drew his breath in sharply.

“Fuck,” he murmured. His fingers caressed me, probed between my labia, rubbed at my clit; it was my turn to arch my back and bite my lip.

I kissed him, then slid down his body to where his penis stood proud. I began to suck and lick at it, tasting the precum, slurping at his manhood before engulfing it between my lips. He groaned and arched his back; I sucked harder.

“No,” he grunted. “Stop. Don't want to waste it in your mouth.”

Obediently, I pulled away. “It wouldn't be wasting it,” I informed him with a grin.

“I want to save it all for you,” he told me, pulling me up alongside him again. He kissed me, apparently not at all put off by the fact that I'd just had his cock in my mouth. Some guys were put off by that; Gallant, not at all.

And then I was lying flat on my back, my legs open, while he showed me what he could do with his mouth. It was all I could do to breathe; the pleasure blasting through my body wasn't letting me think coherently, let alone move with any coordination. I arched my back and came, again and again; I think I may have made a noise, but what it was I would never know. They may have heard it in Boston.

When my vision cleared, he was lying alongside me, kissing me gently. My heart rate slowed back down from infinity to somewhere near normal.

“Holy fuck,” I mumbled. “What was _that_?”

I think I'm going to be one huge bruise below the waist tomorrow. And it'll be so worth it.
"That was what I like to do with girls I really like," he murmured back. "Do you think you're up to some sex now?"

My vagina physically twanged, right then; if he could do that to me with his mouth, what could he do with his cock?

“Oh yes,” I whispered. “Oh, yes, please.”

He grinned and kissed me again. “Politeness,” he breathed, “will get you anywhere.”

I'm not going to try to describe the sex I had with Gallant. There aren't enough adjectives. We can start with 'superlative' and go from there.

He began on top of me; I felt his penis pushing slowly, gently, steadily in toward the core of my being, and then he began making love to me in a way I had never experienced before. His entire focus was on making me feel good, and if I live to a hundred, and have sex ten times a day, I will never have sex like that again.

Somehow, I ended up straddling him, while he held my hips and steadily thrust up inside me; I'd ridden astride before, but that was nothing like this. He had a large penis, sure, but the way he used it, it could have been a Tom Thumb and still blown my mind into a thousand pieces.

I came in every single position we tried. Sometimes two or three times.

We did it lying, sitting and standing. Up against the wall, bent over a desk, doggy style on the floor. No matter how we did it, he did it exactly right, filling my mind and body full of unimaginable pleasure.

We finished up on the floor once more, where we had started. I lay under him, gasping as he powered his amazing cock into me, digging my nails into his back as I felt yet another climax starting, and then he came. He kissed me hard, holding me tight, as he thrust his cock deep inside me, pumping his semen into my tender young womb.

Right then, right there, I would have reversed my fertility treatment. I wanted to have Gallant's baby. I clung to him, sobbing, as he spurted his seed into my belly, and I came yet again, leaving me weak and shaking.

Not only did Gallant make love like a god on earth, but he also cuddled. Actually cuddled. We lay there on the floor, after the shakes had come and gone through my body, his arms holding me tenderly.

He didn't even question me when I began to cry. He just held me close and soothed me, kissed my tears away. The warm, loving security of his arms was where I wanted to be. But I had something to tell him.

“Thank you,” I whispered. “Oh god, thank you. That was … beyond wonderful.”

He kissed me gently, tenderly, but without passion. The time for passion was past.

“Are you all right?” he asked.

“Yes,” I replied. “No. I don't know. What you just did … oh god. You just gave me something that
I've needed for a long, long time.”

He brushed hair back from my glasses. “You're not exaggerating,” he told me.

I shook my head. “No. I … there's something I need to talk to you about. I'm a cape.”

He went very still, just for a moment, and then he shook with silent laughter.

I frowned. “What's funny?”

Grinning, he kissed me. “I'm not laughing at you, dearest sweet Taylor. I'm laughing at myself. Here I was, thinking I had you figured out, and then you drop that bomb on me. Well done. Not many people manage to blindside me like that.”

I snuggled against him. “Can we stay like this forever?”

He kissed me; I felt lost in his embrace. “I know I'd like to,” he told me. “But you were talking about how you're a cape.”

I nodded. “It happened a few months ago. Just before we came back from Christmas Break.” I drew a shuddering breath. “I told you that Emma and her friends have been bullying me. Well, it eased off just before the break, and just after Christmas, Emma called me. She said that she was sorry, and that if I'd come meet her, she'd explain what it was all about.”

“And you went to meet her.” It wasn't a question.

“I went to meet her.” I let my breath go out in a long sigh. “Could you please just hold me? Just for a moment?”

He held me, just for a moment, and I let myself pretend for that moment, that it would be like that for the rest of my life.

But of course, it would not.

“I went to meet her;” I repeated. “Sophia and Madison were there too. It was an empty house. Emma told me that it had been an initiation, and all I had to do was pass the final test.”

Gallant didn't say anything, but his arms tightened around me fractionally.

“I was stupid. I believed them. I _wanted_ to believe them. I let them tie me down, to an old bed.” I stopped talking.

“What did they do next?” His voice was almost too quiet to be heard.

“They had sex with me,” I told him frankly. “They had dildos and vibrators, clips and other things I'd never heard of. First they tied me down face down and spanked my ass with a horse crop. They didn't go too far, and I was actually kind of getting into it by the time they finished. Then they tied me face up, and spanked my belly and pussy and tits with it. Not too painful, and kinda kinky.”

He kissed me again, gently and lovingly. The shakes I hadn't known I was starting to have died away again.
Drawing a deep breath, I kept going. “Then they used other things on me. Started getting me really excited. They took turns at fucking me with the strap-ons. Emma kissed me and called me cute names. Sophia was rough, and called me dirty names. Madison fucked me up the ass. Then they put a vibrator in my ass, after Madison had opened it up.”

I began to shake again. He held me, kissed me. Surprised me by suckling on my nipple; the sensation made me gasp, brought me back to myself.

“What happened next?” he asked softly.

“They left me there,” I told him. “Nipple clips in place, tied to the bed, with a vibrator up my ass. They walked away, laughing. I thought, okay, they'll be back in ten minutes. Or an hour.”

“They didn't come back.” He was good at guessing what had happened.

“They didn't come back,” I confirmed. “I lay there for four fucking hours, right on the edge of climax, unable to come down, unable to cum and get it over with. Four fucking hours.” I choked off a sob. “And then the vibrator's batteries ran out. I managed to work the ropes loose after that. Then I grabbed the vibrator and masturbated with it till my pussy bled, until I finally came.”

By now I was crying again; he soothed me, holding me in his strong arms. I felt his hands caressing me, awakening arousal in me once more.

“Ever since then,” I told him in a broken voice, “I've needed sex, daily. Before that, I could get by with having sex weekly, but afterward, if I don't have it two or three times a day, I start getting desperate. It's like I've needed that really big release, the one that was still bottled up inside me.”

He kissed me. “Well, I hope I helped,” he murmured.

I nuzzled his neck. “It certainly feels like it,” I replied.

“You were telling me about being a cape,” he prompted me.

I nodded. “Partway through that eternity, while the vibrator was still making my eyes cross, something happened. My brain broke. Because there's a time I don't remember, and then I could do … things.”

He stroked my jaw; I kissed his hand. “Things?” he asked.

I took a deep breath. “I can cause … vibrations. At range. In air or solid materials. They have various effects. I used them to get loose by making the bedframe shake itself to pieces. I can break windows. And I think I can hurt people with them. So I haven't done anything really big with them.” I kissed him under the jaw. “And there's one other thing I think I can do with them.”

“Oh?” he asked.

I nodded, and rolled on to my back. “Make love to me one more time?” I asked him softly.

He climbed atop me, and kissed me gently. Spreading my thighs, I welcomed him into me.

This time around, just as he had penetrated fully, I started humming, deep in my throat. Above me, I saw his eyes go very wide.
“Fuck,” he grated. “Oh holy fuck.”

I eased off on the humming for a moment. “Like it?” I asked teasingly.

He kissed me urgently. “Do that again,” he whispered, his voice rough.

I did it again. I had found that I could maintain the humming, no matter how I was otherwise distracted, which was a good thing. Because what Gallant did to me then was incredibly distracting. I bucked under him, making other noises, meaningless noises, but keeping up that humming.

Gallant fucked me hard and fast, plunging his rampant erection deep inside me, never pulling all the way out, as if we were melded at the waist. I clung to him as my climaxes blasted through me, turning my bones to water and my mind to mush. But I never stopped the humming.

We lay side by side after, his strong arms about me. I snuggled into the warmth of his body.

“You can … make your pussy vibrate,” he marvelled. “How does it feel to you?”

I shrugged. “Like nothing. My power has no effect on me. Just on others.” I grinned. “I could do the same with my ass, or my mouth. It's easy.”

He went silent, imagining the ramifications of that. “I've never felt anything like that. Never in my life. You could command a fortune as a courtesan.”

I shook my head. “I don't want to. I don't really want to use it for sex at all. I just did that to thank you for what you did for me.”

He grinned. “Well, you were fairly vocal, so I guess you got a good deal out of it too.”

I nipped at his earlobe. “That's the understatement of the year. Anyway, I want to be a hero. Would I be accepted into the Wards, with a power like that?”

He considered. “Is it sound based? Can you modify sounds?”


He drew a deep breath, and I began humming again, changing the pitch slightly. His mouth opened, and … nothing came out. Silence fell over the room; silence total and utter. I couldn't even hear my own humming.

I stopped, and sound came back; distant cars, other noises that were otherwise below the threshold of attention. He looked at me with some respect. “What sort of a range do you have?”

I shrugged. “Couple of blocks, I guess. Maybe more if I'm stressed. Why?”

He kissed me hard. “When I tell Piggot what you've got, she's gonna be beating your door down with an offer.”


“Have you ever heard of Shatterbird?” he asked.
I nodded. “She's a member of the Nine, right? Glass manipulator?”

“Yeah. Our best guess is that she uses sound to do it.”

The penny dropped. “And you think I can cancel her out.”

He nodded. “If they ever come to town, yeah.”

I paused, trying to absorb that. “Wow.”

“Note that you aren't required to do anything you don't want to,” he told me hastily. “But … if you were willing to join …”

I put a hand on the back of his head, and moved it around to face me. “If I joined, would I get to make love with you again, or does Vista have a prior claim on you?” I asked bluntly.

He blinked. “How do you know Vista has a crush on me?” he demanded.

I grinned tightly. “Most any normal woman would fall in love with you, after about ten minutes in your company.”

He sighed. “I guess I am too much of a nice guy.” A grin. “I'm sure you two could work something out.”

I smiled. “I guess that's good enough for me,” I decided, and kissed him again.

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Neither Gallant nor I were walking too steadily when we exited the classroom. We had made love one more time, and it had been a doozy. This time around, he had taken my ass, and I had given him the vibration treatment again. My ass was sore from the reaming he had given it, but I was fairly sure his cock wasn't much better off. He held my hand; I didn't object.

We met Clockblocker, walking jauntily down the corridor, and fell into step with him. Moments later, as we passed a bathroom door, it opened, and Kid Win emerged. I glanced curiously at the door; it had the symbol for 'female' on it.

“Kid Win, Clockblocker, I'd like you to meet Taylor,” Gallant told them, after glancing around for eavesdroppers. “She's our new prospect for the Wards.”

“Wow, damn,” replied Kid Win. “Pleased to meet you, Taylor.” He looked around. “Where's the others?”

I took a deep breath, unfocused my eyes, and started a gentle humming, deep in my throat. Gallant looked at me sharply. Kid Win looked around. “Anyone hear that?”

“Hear what?” asked Clockblocker.

“Not sure,” Kid Win confessed. “My sensors picked it up. Some sort of subsonic vibration.”
I stopped humming. “Vista, or someone her size, is having sex in a classroom on the third floor. There’s three kids with her. And Aegis is banging Principal Blackwell in her office. On her desk.”

“And you know this how?” asked Kid Win sceptically.

“Told you,” Gallant told him laconically. “Prospect.”

Kid Win stared at me; Clockblocker looked in my direction, so I presumed he was staring also. I cleared my throat. “I filled the school with subsonic vibrations and found the shapes that felt like people having sex. Then I cancelled out the ones that felt like people I already knew.”

Gallant tilted his head. “You never told me you could do that.”

I shrugged apologetically. “Still working out what I can do.”

He grinned. “So I see.”

I grinned back, leaned in, and kissed him. He kissed me back. Kid Win and Clockblocker watched with interest.


“Not a word,” Gallant told him warningly. “Not a single word.”

Clockblocker held his hands up disarmingly. “You got it.” He snickered. “You get to break the news to Vista.”

I looked worriedly at Gallant. “I don't want to hurt anyone ...”

He squeezed my hand reassuringly, and gave Clockblocker a dirty look. “We'll deal with that when we come to it.”

At that moment, the bell rang. They all looked up. “What's that for?” asked Kid Win.

“Lunchtime,” I told them. “Come on, the cafeteria's this way.”

Obediently, they followed me.
Wards at Winslow, Part 4

Missy braced herself against the desk and pushed back against Graham's powerful thrusts. For a fourteen year old, he certainly knew what to do with his penis, and she had cum three times already. "Change position," she gasped, and let him pull out. "Lie down," she ordered him. He obeyed, and she climbed on top, impaling herself on his rampant erection.

Ken and Phil were still recovering; she had given them quite a workout. But now they were starting to show signs of life once more. Phil stepped over Graham's recumbent body, and offered her his penis; obligingly, she began to suck on it. At the same time, she felt Ken caressing and fondling her butt. She knew what he wanted, and tilted forward, lifting her ass for better access.

So, a triple bang after all, she thought. A nice way to end the session.

As Ken carefully inserted his penis into her from behind, she continued to rock back and forth on Graham's firmly erect cock, and sucked hard on Philip. The sensations flooding through her body sent her into one climax after another ...

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She was fully costumed when she walked into the cafeteria; her three consorts were also dressed. But the smile on her face was wide and sunny; it did not even dim when she saw the girl sitting next to Gallant. Clockblocker and Kid Win each had a girl sitting next to them, and Aegis had none other than the principal at his side. All of the guys were wearing their light field costumes, although she was certain that this had not always been the case.

She slid into the seat beside Gallant's companion; Ken sat beside her at her urging, while the other two peeled off to sit with their friends.

"Hi," she offered, holding her hand to be shaken. "I'm Vista." She grinned. "But you knew that."

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I grinned back, and shook her hand. "Hi, Vista," I greeted her. "I'm Taylor. I'm really pleased to meet you."

"Likewise," she acknowledged, inclining her head. "Has Gallant been treating you okay?"

I nodded, a little dreamily. "Oh, yes," I breathed. "Oh my, yes."

She raised an eyebrow, visible behind her visor. "Wow, that good, huh?"

I nodded again. "Yeah. Plus, he got a couple of girls arrested, who had stolen my Age Card."

"Stolen?" interrupted Ms Blackwell, jolted from her involvement with Aegis. "Why was I not told of this?"
"I, uh, believe they tried to ring you, ma'am," Gallant informed her, his face carefully blank. "They said you weren't picking up."

Aegis chuckled, and she blushed vividly. "I.. uh .. all right. Who was it?"

I took a deep breath. "Emma Barnes and Sophia Hess."

She blinked a couple of times. "You are aware of who Emma Barnes is, yes? Specifically, who her father is?"

I nodded. "Yes. And I don't care. I really don't. They've been bullying me for more than a year. Them and Madison Clements."

She eyed me narrowly. "Do you have proof?"

I looked her squarely in the eye. "I've been writing it all down since September just gone. After they'd already been doing it for a full year."

Implicit in that statement were the words and you didn't stop them. She didn't like that; her head jerked back, as if I'd slapped her.

Gallant cleared his throat. "She's telling the exact truth, ma'am. If she says those girls have been bullying her - and from what I saw, that's no exaggeration - then they have definitely been bullying her. Severely enough to perhaps warrant criminal charges."

She gritted her teeth. "If you have proof -"

"Gallant does not lie, Principal Blackwell," Aegis stated, quietly but firmly. "I trust him implicitly in this matter." As he spoke, he shifted away from her, ever so slightly. Distancing himself from her.

She stared at him, stricken, then back at me. "I, uh - I'll need to see what you've written down, Ms Hebert. As soon as possible. I will give it all my consideration."

I nodded. "Thank you. I'll bring it in tomorrow."

Aegis put his arm around her and squeezed her shoulders; she leaned into him. See, that wasn't so hard, was it? He put a finger under her chin and turned her face to his; gently and lingeringly, he kissed her, right there at the table. She more or less melted on the spot.

I shared a grin with Gallant, and went back to my meal.

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"Who does she think she is?" demanded Madison in a furious undertone, staring daggers at Taylor's back. Taylor, who was sitting with the Wards, where Madison deserved to be. She couldn't believe that Clockblocker had frozen her. The other girls were already starting to laugh at her behind her back. Only Julia stood beside her.

"I don't know," muttered Julia. She was still upset because she hadn't been picked to accompany the Wards at all. "I'm surprised he can even look at her body without puking."
"Maybe it's just a pity thing," Madison muttered spitefully. "No-one else will touch her, so he put it in her, just to make her feel good."

"Maybe she didn't beg him for anal," another girl jibed at her.

"What the fuck did you say?" snarled Madison, swinging toward her.

The girl grinned back at her. "Just that Taylor Hebert wasn't the one turned down by a Ward, and made into a statue for five minutes."

Julia glowered at her. "You take that back, or -"

"Or what?" snarked the girl. "You do know that Sophia Hess was arrested for stealing Hebert's Age Card, right?"

Madison nodded. "That'd be right. She ran straight to the Wards and snitched on them."

"Nope," another girl contradicted. "Gallant asked first. Specifically asked her. Then she told him. I know; I was there."

"Whose fucking side are you on, anyway?" flared Madison.

"The winning side," the girl retorted. "Emma and Sophia aren't here right now. And Hebert's the one who's cuddling up to Gallant. Face it; your friends fucked up. You lose."

Madison looked to Julia, who shrugged. I got nothing.

Furious but impotent, she subsided and began to eat her meal.

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"So what happened to turn Emma and Sophia against you?" asked Gallant. I looked around; everyone else was chatting noisily.

"Sophia was never my friend," I told him. "Emma was my best friend since about first grade. We did everything together. When I turned thirteen, we started fooling around with each other. Just fun stuff, playing with each others' bodies, going down on each other a little bit for fun."

I paused; he didn't comment.

I took a deep breath and went on. "We had it all planned out; when I turned fifteen, we were going to take each others' virginities. We were going to rent a honeymoon suite, have matching lingerie, strap-ons, vibrators, sexy board games, the lot. We were going to do everything with each other. To each other. Fuck each others' brains out, every way we knew how." I bit my lip. "We liked each other so much, we wanted to see if it could be love. But we were willing to wait. I was willing to wait."

He held me close, kissed my neck. I shivered. "What happened?"
"I was on summer camp. She met Sophia. They must have started having sex in the first week. I tried calling, and Emma kept hanging up. And then when I got back, I went around to her place, and Sophia turned up, and Emma just ... rejected me. We went back to school soon after that, and they started bullying me, and I have no idea why."

Gallant nodded. "I have an idea."

I stared at him. "What? Why?"

He kissed me gently. I closed my eyes and leaned against him.

"Sophia saw you as a rival for Emma's affections," he told me softly. "It was in her best interests to keep you shoved down, so that Emma wouldn't leave her to go back to you. So she denigrated you in every way possible. And Emma ... well, she felt guilty. And guilt quite often turns to anger at the wronged party; people don't like to admit they're in the wrong, so they work out reasons why they're not. And it was a very short step from deciding that it was your fault that she left you for Sophia to 'punishing' you for your imagined slights. And of course, Sophia kept it going. She couldn't have Emma feeling sorry for you and reconsidering."

I squeezed my eyelids tightly shut, but tears leaked out anyway. "How could they do that to me?" I asked, a catch in my voice. "Why?"

His arms went around me, holding me close. "Because it's not only villains that are mean, and cruel, and heartless," he told me. "Sometimes ordinary people do amazingly mean things to those around them, for the most commonplace reasons."

His tone was so matter of fact ... suddenly, the lightbulb burst into light above my head. "You can see all this, all the time, can't you?" I asked. "You can't get away from it. What people do to each other."

He shrugged, gently, so as not to jolt me. "Just a little. When I'm costumed up, it's a lot less obvious. But I know what to look for, yes."

"Wow," I marvelled. "So how does it not send you insane?"

He turned my face toward me and kissed me, long and lingeringly. By the time he finished, my eyes were no longer focusing. "When I meet people like you, and help them," he breathed. "It makes it all worthwhile."

I didn't eat much more of the meal; I was too busy floating on air.

Afterglow? I was a fucking supernova.

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"So what's it like being a Ward?" asked Aegis rhetorically. He was stripped down for action, floating about six feet above the stage, arms up and out, at ease in the air. "It's the best job in the world. I get to use my powers to help people, to save people who would otherwise die, or be horribly injured."

"What's the pay like?" called out one kid; I couldn't see who it was.
"Very reasonable, even given the fact that we're under eighteen," Aegis replied. "When you start as a Ward, you have probationary status for a year, and your pay is less. But once that year's up, your pay doubles." He grinned. "It's a fair incentive to keep up the hard work."

"Do you get much sex?" someone else called out.

"What do you think?" he shot back straight away. Then he waited for the laughter to die down. "Actually, not as much as you'd think. While I'm in the field, I'm on duty. Also, we're not allowed to have public sex until we're eighteen."

"How about in private?" someone else called out.

"Well, I'm not going to kiss and tell," he responded. "But I can tell you this; I'm hetero oriented, and while it's not exactly illegal for Wards to have sex with serving Protectorate members, it's a kind of tradition that we don't. And as the only girl in the Brockton Bay Wards is Vista, and we aren't compatible, I've basically got to keep it in my pants. While I'm wearing any."

A third boy yelled out, "Have you had sex with Miss Militia?"

He frowned. "Now, do I come to your school and ask who you have sex with? No. That sort of thing is personal. Even if I had - and I haven't - I wouldn't be telling you. Any other questions, not about my sex life? No? Okay, Gallant, you're up."

He drifted to the ground and started putting his costume on again. Gallant stepped forward. "Okay," he addressed the crowd with an easy smile, "What do you want to know?"

"Is it true that you can read peoples' minds?" asked a girl.

He shook his head. "No. No-one that we know of can directly read peoples' thoughts in real time. What I do is see your emotions. And just so you know, covered up like this, I can barely see anything."

"How about your stun bolts?" asked a boy. "Do they make people unbearably horny?"

There was laughter at that, and he chuckled along with it. "No, not really. They work on more basic emotions. Anger, fear, calmness." He paused. "But even if I could, even if my stun bolts could make someone horny for me, I wouldn't ever use them."

"Why not?" yelled the boy. "That sounds like an awesome power!"

"What, to make someone semiconscious and willing to have sex, all at the same time?" shot back Gallant. "That's so ethically wrong, it's not funny. I don't work that way, and you should be ashamed for even thinking it in fun."

Subdued, the boy shrank down in his seat; the girls near him gave him glares of death.

"I have a question," a girl called out. "Are you naturally a nice guy, or does your power force you to be one?"

He stopped and considered that one. I found myself holding my breath; I wanted to know as well.
"Call it ... a little from column A, a little from column B," he answered at last. "I like people. My power gives me the means to understand them, how they're thinking. How they tick. It gives me a little more incentive to be nice, especially when I meet someone who really needs help." Across the audience, his eyes met mine for a brief moment, and I felt warm all over. "But I like to think that if I had never had my power, I would still be nice to people."

There was applause as he stepped back, and Clockblocker stepped up. Stripping to the buff, to whistles and catcalls from the audience, he used a pack of cards and other paraphernalia to built sculptures in midair, demonstrating that a single playing card would support his whole body weight off the ground. As fast as people threw questions at him, he answered just as quickly, drawing laughter with his irreverent wit.

Kid Win went next, zooming around the gymnasium over our heads on his hoverboard, before coming to a halt over the stage,

"I love being in the Wards," he announced in answer to a question. "I've got friends who like and respect me, and the funding to make the things that I want to make." He tapped the side of his visor with a gauntleted finger. "I'm a Tinker; this means that I'm always thinking of new things to make, new ideas for improvements and upgrades to what I've already built. If I was at home, I'd be scraping to save enough money for the materials that I needed. In the Wards, they give that to me." He shrugged. "Sure, I gotta account for the money, and I have to be sure not to build anything too dangerous, but that's a small price to pay. I get to be a superhero and build awesome stuff. There is no downside."

When Vista stepped forward, the whole gymnasium went quiet. We all watched as she undid the clasps on her costume, and let it slide off of her. Slender and petite, she looked almost lost on the stage in just her boots and visor, naked body white under the harsh lights.

Slowly, she raised her arms and turned a full circle, showing off her tiny, immature breasts and her small, hard buttocks. I got the message, along with everyone else; This is my body. I'm not ashamed of it.

"I manipulate distance and, to a minor degree, gravity," she informed us. With a gesture, she raised the roof of the gymnasium until there was a ten-storey space between the audience and the ceiling. The walls receded in all directions, until we sat in a huge structure, more akin to an airship hangar than a high school gym.

She stepped forward, and with an eye-twisting lunge, she was standing at the far end of the gym; I guessed that she had compressed the space directly in front of her. I began to hum, deep in my throat, but the harmonics of the space defeated my vibration power; I could not tell if it was as big as it seemed to be, a thousand miles across, or the size of the original room.

As we craned our necks to watch, she reached up, caught the rafters that were still hundreds of feet above us, and swarmed up to crouch on one. Then she hopped down, on to the stage. Every time she twisted space, people gasped, and more than one looked green around the gills.

All of a sudden, the gym returned to its normal precautions, and Vista began to put her costume back on. "Questions?" she asked sweetly.

"Can you do that with people?" called a girl.

Busy with her clasps, she shook her head. "No. I cannot affect living things at all. In fact, I can't
affect the space that a living thing is in."

"So you can't make a guy's dick get bigger, then?" yelled a boy.

"Only in the normal way," grinned Vista. "Why? Does yours need enlarging?"

That brought a wave of laughter, leaving the would-be heckler hunched and red in his seat.

Principal Blackwell stood up and cleared her throat. "Boys and girls; kindly remember that the Wards are here as superheroes. Kindly respect their privacy, especially where it comes to bedroom matters."

Which was a little hypocritical of her, I thought, considering what she'd been doing earlier with Aegis, but I nodded anyway.

"So how long have you been in the Wards, anyway?" called a girl.

"A bit over two years," Vista replied. "I joined around the same time as Gallant, and I've been in longer than Clockblocker and Kid Win."

"Isn't it a bit strange, given that there's more female capes than guys, that there's only one girl in the Brockton Bay Wards?" called another girl.

Vista shrugged. "These things happen. It might be that more girls turn to villainy, or we just have an unusual sample here. It wasn't so long ago that Battery left the Wards, remember."

"Have you ever wondered what it would like to be a villain?" asked a boy.

Vista laughed. "No. I can't imagine it. I've only ever wanted to help people."

"For which many people can be forever grateful," agreed Aegis; dressed now, he stepped forward and put his arm over Vista's shoulder. "Thank you for being a great audience. We have to be going now, but you'll see us around the city."

Kid Win led the way, flying on his hoverboard, as the others trooped out through the gym and outside. As one, we left our seats and followed them. I wanted to get close to Gallant one more time, but the press was too thick; I could see over most peoples' heads, but I couldn't get near enough. But I saw him climbing into the van; I hummed briefly, and he turned at the illusory caress on his cheek. I saw him look directly at me, and he smiled and waved. I waved back, as did every girl around me.

The van door slammed shut, and it started off, moving slowly as the students reluctantly got out of the way. I watched it go, feeling the pang in my heart at being separated from someone with whom I felt I had forged a real connection.

*Am I fooling myself, or does he really like me?*

Right then, I didn't care. I had the memory of that day to carry me through.
Emily Piggot looked up from the report at the tap on her office door.

"Enter!" she called.

The door opened, and Aegis entered; at her gesture, he took a seat.

"You asked to see me, Director?" he asked.

She nodded. "I've just been reading the report of your visit to Winslow. Reading between the lines, it's quite ... interesting."

To his credit, he did not so much as blink. "Interesting, ma'am?"

"Yes," she replied. "Interesting. For instance, where she includes comments from other members of the staff, they are universally approving, save for this one Mr Gladly, who found the Wards in general 'standoffish and unapproachable', and was 'offended' by Vista and the way she 'flaunted her nakedness in front of the student body in a most indecent fashion'."

Aegis cleared his throat. "Uh, yes. She had to dress down, to use her powers to the fullest, during the demonstration." He paused. "What was that name again?"

"A Mr Gladly," Piggot informed him. "It says here that he's a teacher."

Aegis nodded grimly. "Yes, he is. Vista had a talk with me on the way back. He forced his way on to the group escorting her around the school. Said he was along as a chaperone, but all he wanted was to have a crack at her himself."

"Really," she replied flatly.

"Really," he confirmed. "She told me - in strictest confidence, of course - that he matched Cards with her with every expectation of having sex with her, and then tried to argue the point when they came up incompatible. And that another boy didn't even have his Card, and still expected to have sex with her."

"Did they now?" she asked dangerously. "I presume that Vista sent them packing."

"Yes, ma'am," he agreed. "She called them both creeps."

"Not to their faces, I hope," she commented.

"No, ma'am," he confirmed. "Only once she was back in the van."

She nodded. "Good. She's showing good judgement." She eyed Aegis, and pulled a page from the report. "Now, this is the personal report, from Principal Blackwell about her interaction with you. " She smiled dryly. "You will be pleased to hear that she speaks about you in the most glowing of terms."

He nodded. "That's ... good to hear. I hoped that I'd made a good impression on her."
“Yes. She actually asks when the Wards can make a return visit to Winslow.” She cleared her throat. “But it's some of her phrasing that gets my attention.”

“Phrasing?” he asked.

Her smile turned just a little sharp-edged. “Why, yes. Let's see now … ’deep and meaningful conversation’ … ’the inevitable thrust of the discussion’ … ’completely open to further visits’ … ’got right to the bottom of the matter’ … “ She looked up at him. “You had sex with her, didn't you?”

He swallowed slightly. “Uh, yes, ma'am. She more or less cornered me in her office and tore my costume off of me.” He paused. “We did match Cards before we actually had sex, of course.”

She raised an eyebrow. “And you didn't try to dissuade her?”

He gestured at the page she was holding. “What sort of report do you think you would have in your hand if I had?”

She considered that. “Just out of curiosity, how many times … “

“Did she come? Not sure. I think I lost count. I came once in her mouth, four times in her vagina, and once in her ass.”

Piggot raised an eyebrow slightly. “'Right to the bottom … ' I see. So she's into anal?”

“I don't think so. It seemed to be a spur of the moment thing.”

“Which she has heartily endorsed,” the Director noted. “Well, the visit was apparently a resounding success by all accounts -”

“... except this Gladly creep -” interjected Aegis. “If I'd known he was going to try to force himself on Missy ... “

“I'll mention it to Principal Blackwell,” she noted. “If he did that with her, he may be playing fast and loose with other girls there.” She paused. “Also, I hear from Gallant that we have a new prospect?”

“I … yes,” he agreed. “She's fifteen, her name's Taylor Hebert, and she was forced to trigger via sexual torture. Deprivation of climax.”

She winced. Torture was torture, no matter how it was applied. “From the tone of his report, he seems rather taken by her.”

He nodded. “Yes, but that could be because of her current needy status. As soon as she gets her feet under her, he may back off. Or it could be real attraction between them. She certainly seemed to be seriously interested in him.”

Piggot waved that away. “Your relationships are of little importance to me, so long as they do not interfere with your effectiveness in the field, or cause PR nightmares.” She paused. “Although … doesn't he have an ongoing relationship with Glory Girl?”

He nodded. “Yes, but she's firming up her relationship with Panacea, so that they might be cooling that one down now.”
She shook her head. “So long as it doesn't bounce back on my head. In the meantime, this Hebert girl. Power set, in thirty words or less.”

“Vibration control,” he responded concisely. “Ranged, area, controllable, variable intensity and utility. Possible offensive and crowd control use. Also, she thinks she can break things with it. Plus, sonar.”

Her eyes widened. “I am impressed. Please tell me that she's interested in joining the Wards.”

He nodded. “I think so. I hope so. Gallant seems to think she is.”

“And he's committed the PRT to prosecuting these two girls who stole her Age Card?”

Aegis took a deep breath. “Yes, ma'am. He told me that their intent was direct and malicious. It was no schoolyard prank, but a direct effort to humiliate and hurt her. He says we need to send a message, and I concur.”

Reluctantly, she nodded. “I'll sign off on it, but be aware; this sort of thing normally needs to go through channels. Wards do not set PRT policy.”

He breathed a sigh of relief. “I'll let Dean know. Thank you, Director.”

She nodded. “Well you've done good work, with the school and with the Hebert girl. Just be aware, I do not officially condone you using your body and your powers to secure a more positive report for the Wards from this Blackwell woman. Whatever you did there is between yourself and your own conscience.”

He swallowed. “Yes, Director.”

She cracked a very faint smile. “Unofficially – good work. Dismissed.”

He stood. “Thank you, Director.”

She watched the door close behind him, and thoughtfully mused about exactly how much of an abuse of her power it would be to order him to give her the same treatment that he had given Principal Blackwell.

It was a nice daydream, but that was all it could be. Dismissing it from her mind, she turned to the next item of paperwork. Just one thing after another.

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The rest of the day passed in a blur; I may have seen Madison in the halls, and she may have made snide comments, but if she did, it didn't register on me. I was uplifted, buoyed, exalted, by the experience I'd had with Gallant. What he had done with me, for me, to me, was so far beyond anything I had done with anyone else to date, I could not believe it.

Perhaps this was love, or something closely akin to it. Or maybe just a teenage infatuation. I didn't care. Gallant had done more for me in one hour than anyone else had done for me in a lifetime. He
wanted me to join the Wards, to put my powers to effective use.

On the bus home, I had a slight smile on my face, thinking of Gallant, when a voice disturbed my reverie. “Hi. Are you of Age?”

I looked into the smiling face of the man sitting next to me; he had quite an impressive erection going on already. Automatically, I pulled out my Age Card, and matched his. They showed a compatibility in the high eighties; we could go for it.

But as I put my Card away, I reconsidered. I didn't have to have meaningless sex with this total stranger. I didn't feel the overriding urge to do so. The orgasm would be great, sure, but it wasn't something I needed to do, right then and right there.

“Sorry,” I told him. “Maybe another time.”

He shrugged, grinned, and turned to the girl sitting on his other side. They matched cards, and she climbed on to his lap. I watched her take his thick penis into her willing vagina, and begin to slide up and down on it. I was aroused; it was a sexy sight. But nor did I feel the burning desire to do something similar with someone else on the bus, or even to join in. Apart from caressing her breasts a little, which was only common politeness. I'm mainly hetero oriented, but a nice girl is still a nice girl, and I don't know anyone who doesn't like touching a girl's breasts.

They were still going for it when I got off the bus; as I squeezed past them, I gave her a kiss, which she returned. And then I was walking home, my feet six inches off the ground for all I knew. I was bursting with the news I had for Dad.

He looked up as I entered the living room. “Hey Dad, guess what?”

“I'm not sure,” he replied carefully. “Want to give me a hint?”

Grinning widely, I slipped out of the cargo pants and bounced on to the sofa beside him. He looked at me askance. During my worst times after the vibrator incident, I had been so desperate for sex that I had offered myself to him on several occasions, just to gain some relief from the urgent cravings. I'm not going to say that he resisted every time, but my Dad is a little old-fashioned, and has strong feelings about incest. So he wasn't the most comfortable when I flaunted my body in his general direction.

“Taylor,” he began, “I don't think ...”

I grabbed him and kissed him soundly. “I don't need it any more!” I enthused. “Not like I did before!”

He frowned. “You … don't?”

“No, I don't,” I affirmed. “Look, you're wearing boxers, and I'm wearing nothing. I can sit beside you like this and not come on to you in any way. Watch me.”

He snorted. “Back when I was your age, kiddo, sitting next to someone while wearing nothing was basically the most direct come-on a person could make.”

“Okay, fine,” I agreed. “I'll put my cargo pants back on.” Pulling them up, I flopped back on to the couch. “See? I'm dressed now.”
“Your breasts are still in plain view.”

I spread my hands. “And …?”

He shook his head gently. “Different times, I guess. I have to admit, though, yes, you seem to be exhibiting more self control than normal.”

I coloured slightly. I guessed that I had been teasing him more than a little, from time to time. “But I mean it, Dad. I'll probably still be having sex from time to time – I mean, I can't go totally without – but not anywhere near as frequently as before. Maybe once a week, or so.”

He blinked. “I'm impressed. What happened?”

So I told him about the Wards visit, and what happened between me and Gallant. He started showing signs of discomfort during my enthusiastic description of the act, so I eased off on the raw details, just a little.

“Oh, and there's been something I've been meaning to tell you,” I informed him brightly. I was feeling so bouncy that I got up on the sofa beside him on my knees. “I've got powers, Dad. Gallant wants me to join the Wards.”

“Powers?” he responded, blinking. “When did this happen?”

“Beginning of the year,” I told him. “A thing with Emma and the others.”

He frowned. “Emma? Isn't she still your friend?”

I shook my head. “No. She's been having sex with Sophia for the last eighteen months. Dropped me totally. They're the ones who've been picking on me at at school.”

He put his hands on my shoulders. “Taylor,” he told me. “You should tell me these things. I could have a word with Alan.”

“No, Dad,” I interrupted. “I don't want to make it worse. Please, just leave it be.” I paused. “Besides, they've already been arrested.”

He blinked at me, so I backed up and told him what had happened before all the sex with Gallant.

“Wow,” he muttered at the end. “Wow. He did that for you?”

I nodded. “He really did.” I found it weird that Dad thought it was more important that they had been arrested for the Age Card theft than that I had finally gotten over my fixation on sex, but then, Dad has always had weird priorities.

“Okay,” he replied. “Powers. You have powers.”

“Yeah.” I grinned and jumped off the sofa and stripped out of my cargo pants.

“Taylor …” he protested.

“No, no, this is so I can show you what I can do,” I told him. “I can control vibrations.”
“Oh?” he asked. “Like how?”

I began to hum, deep in my throat. “*Like this,*” I told him, but my voice was right next to his left ear. His head whipped around, then he stared at me. “*Or like this,*” I added, putting my voice next to his right ear.


“- is the least of what I can do,” I informed him with a grin. Picking up my cargo pants, I emptied the pockets and then held them up. Deep in my throat, I began to hum again. A fine fog of dust appeared around them, drifting to the floor. I shook them out, folded them, and put them on the sofa.

“Cleaned,” I told him. “I shook the dirt particles clean out of them.”

“Yeah,” he told me. “But that still -”

“Come over here. Pretend to hit me,” I suggested, taking a few steps back.

Shrugging, he got up and moved toward me. He paused, frowning.

“What the hell is that?” he asked, shaking his head. “I really don't want to come any closer.”

I stopped humming. “Certain subsonic frequencies can induce feelings of intense dread and revulsion. We did it last semester in science.”

Unexpectedly, he grinned. “So, a go-away field.”

I nodded. “Oh *hell* yes.”

“So can you do other things?” he asked, sitting on the sofa again.

I nodded. “All sorts of things. I just have to figure them out.” I decided not to tell him about how I made my ass vibrate for Gallant. It just might short-circuit his brain.

“So what happens now?” he asked.

I sat on the sofa next to him. “Now, I ask you if I can pretty-please join the Wards.”

He frowned. “I don't know. It's not exactly safe … “

I rolled my eyes. “It's not exactly safe at *Winslow.* And with the Wards, I'll have people around me who will be there to help.”

“And with whom you will be having mindblowing sex.” His voice was dry.

I grinned unselfconsciously. “Sounds like a good reason to me.”

He rolled his eyes. “Well, far be it from me to get in the way of my daughter's sex life.”

I straddled his lap, still naked, and rubbed my breasts against his chest. “You could still be part of it, you know,” I purred. “I'm infertile, you're infertile, we both know we're compatible … “
He shook his head. “No, Taylor. Sorry, but your old Dad is still a little old-fashioned in his ways, and having sex with you still feels really, really wrong. Besides, it's still illegal.”

I rolled my eyes. “Only technically. So long as you make sure you're compatible first, and don't do it right in front of a cop, no-one's gonna bust you for it. Half the girls I know at school are fucking their dads.” I wriggled my bare butt against his boxers. “And besides … “

He sighed. “Yeah, I know. You caught me at a weak moment.”

I wriggled my butt again, grinning mischievously. “Wanna try for another one?”

He gently lifted me off of his lap and placed me on the sofa beside him. As if in apology, he kissed me, and if the kiss was a little deeper and a little more drawn-out than his actions indicated, neither of us commented on it.

“I'm not going to have sex with you,” he announced. “But I can drive you in to the PRT building right now, if you really want me to.”

I bounced up from the sofa. “Ooh, could you? Please?”

He grinned and got up from where he was sitting. “Sure. Just let me put some clothes on. You too, young lady.”

I paused, blinking. “… clothes?”

He nodded firmly. “Clothes.”

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I fidgeted in my seat, pulling at the sweater I was wearing. “Is this really necessary? Nobody wears clothes any more.”

“You'll see,” he told me. He was wearing, I had been surprised to see, an actual shirt and jacket, as well as jeans and shoes. It was more clothes than I had seen on him in my entire life. He looked weird. “When we get there, Director Piggot will also be covered up. She'll have a top and a skirt on. It's about respect.”

“I hate covering my breasts,” I complained. “It's bad enough that you made me wear the sweater, but did I have to put on a t-shirt and underwear as well? Where did you get all this stuff from, anyway?”

He shrugged. “I never threw them away. They belonged to your mother.”


He reached across and ruffled my hair. “That's okay, kiddo. I miss her too.”

I leaned against him for the rest of the drive.

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Dad had called it; Director Piggot was dressed in navy-blue skirt and top. She rose when we entered the room. “Mr Hebert, Ms Hebert, I presume?”

Dad nodded, and held out his hand to be shaken. “Call me Danny, Director. Thank you for seeing us on such short notice.”

She smiled; it was a brief smile, and I gathered she didn't do it much. “If you had not contacted us, we would have gotten in touch with you.” She switched her gaze to me. “Taylor, I have heard good things about you from Gallant. Enough to know that we want you in the Wards. Now, can you give me a more complete run-down on your powers?”

I took a deep breath. “Well, to start with ...”
I was in the girls' bathrooms on the third floor, just in the process of washing my hands, when the door opened and Emma entered, followed closely by Sophia.

"So this is where you've been hiding," hissed Emma. "I should've known."

"Uh, no," I corrected her. "I've just had a free period. I've been in home room." Looking up stuff online, but Emma didn't need to know that. Or exactly what I was looking up, or why I was looking it up.

"Fuck your free period," growled Sophia. "You ratted us out. We spent fucking hours in the lockup. Emma had to blow someone to get a blanket for us to sit on."

"- only because you refused to do it," snapped Emma. This was obviously not the first time they'd had this argument.

"Never mind the fucking whys and wherefores," Sophia interjected. She glared at me. "You put us there. You ratted us out. I warned you what'd happen if you told them."

I shook my head. "You're not gonna touch me. Principal Blackwell knows all about the bullying. I get beat up, who are they gonna be looking at?"

Emma sneered. "Madison will give us an alibi. No matter what you say, she'll say it's a lie."

I grinned slightly. "I don't think so."

Emma frowned. "You don't know shit."

My grin widened. "Where's Madison right now? I bet she's not answering her phone."

Sophia glared at me while Emma pulled her phone out. After two minutes of ringing, Emma gave up. "Okay, what did you do to her?"

I showed my teeth; it might have been a grin. "Me? I did nothing."

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Earlier

He had been fuming as he reached school that morning. He was a teacher, a person of importance at Winslow, and that little bitch, that jumped-up child, had turned him down. Worse, she had chided him, had sent him away, as if he were the child, and not her.

Ever since he had learned of the visit, he had determined that he would have Vista, would feel her tight little thirteen year old pussy hot and slippery around his cock. And in his private fantasy, he would screw her so well that she would beg him to take her in the ass, to drive his manhood to the hilt between her tight, rounded buttocks. He had imagined every stroke, every thrust, every moan of
gratified pleasure from the pubescent Ward. It had become so real to him that he could not imagine it not happening.

And yet, it had not happened. He had not achieved compatibility with her, and she had rejected him solely on that account, as if his wants, his needs, meant nothing at all.

So what if he liked teenage girls? He had only been a teenager himself just a few years ago. They were almost in his age group, and if he found bodies developing in the first flush of puberty to be sexier than those who had already grown in their adult bodies, that was his business and his business alone.

He wasn't really aware of it, but he found mature women to be a little intimidating. His attempts to date in the adult scene, once he left school, had fallen flat; the popularity of his school days had not followed him, and he was at a loss as to explain why. Those women he had set his sights on had turned him down, often somewhat abruptly; it was no real surprise that he had returned to the age group with which he had met the most success. The fact that he no longer belonged to this age group was not a factor for him.

When the students started arriving for his morning World Affairs class, presenting their smooth young bodies and their swelling breasts, he could not take it any longer. "Madison Clements!" he snapped.

"Yes, Mr Gladly?" she asked, turning from her desk. She was petite, almost as petite as Vista herself. Brunette, not blonde, but that couldn't be helped. Her breasts, as attractive as they were, were larger than the Ward's. But he could imagine anyway.

"I need to speak to you, privately, in the stock room."

Obediently she went to the stock room door; today, she wore Hello Kitty panties, with cat ears attached to her hairband. He followed her in, and closed the door behind them.

Immediately, she was in his arms. "Oh, Mr Gladly," she murmured. Her body pressed against his, her lips hot and demanding.

He pulled her hairband off, pulling a few hairs with it. She cried out at the unexpected pain. "Mr Gladly?"

He held her shoulders tightly, his fingers digging into her flesh. In the half-light, he could almost imagine that the little bitch herself wax in front of him. "Shut up, Vista," he growled, "and suck my cock."

"Vista?" she repeated, then light dawned. "Oh, you want me to pretend to be her."

He slapped her; her head jerked to one side. "I told you to suck my cock."

He obediently, a little frightened, but more than a little turned on, she went to her knees and began to suck on him. He was more erect than she'd ever seen him before; she had trouble fitting her mouth around his erection.

Gladly groaned and leaned back against the wall; Vista certainly knew how to suck a cock, once he showed her who was boss. But he couldn't cum quite yet; he had a class to teach, so he had to move things along.
"On your feet," he grunted; before she had the time to do more than stop sucking his cock, he wrapped his hand in her hair and yanked her to her feet. He kept his eyes mostly closed, ignoring the yelp of pain from the rough treatment; his other hand traced down her slim body, until he found the panties. Vista did not wear panties; he hooked two fingers through them and tore them from her hips.

"Bend over," he snapped, forcing her head down with the hand still tangled in her hair. Whimpering, she obeyed; his other hand pulled her hard back against him. She felt him line his erection up with her vagina; despite the rough treatment - or in fact, in some small part, because of it - she was slick wet and ready for him. All the same, when he thrust hard into her, she could not help crying out at his violence.

Gladly knew, on some level, that the slim body he was grasping by the hair and ramming his cock into was in fact Madison Clements; however, on another level altogether, he was fully engaged in fucking the little Wards bitch just as hard as she needed to be fucked. Every time he twisted his fist in her long hair, she cried out and clenched her oh-so-tight pussy around him, and he drove into her all the harder.

He would cum before long, he knew. But he didn't want to cum in her pussy. He wanted to conquer her, possess her ass, before he came. He wanted her to feel his sperm in her tightest hole.

She gasped as he pulled out of her, and even let go of her hair so that he could hold her hips properly. And then she realised what he intended, and tried to gasp an objection.

"Mr Gladly! No! There's no lube -"

She cried out, then, as he ruthlessly thrust his hard cock at her tight little rosebud anus. Again and again he thrust at her, prising her ass cheeks open with his thumbs. She'd had him in her ass before, quite a few times; she knew how to relax her sphincter. It was, after all, the only way she could really achieve a satisfying orgasm. But the way he was trying to force himself into her, it was hard for her to relax and let it happen. The battering-ram of his cock was bludgeoning its way past her defences, not allowing her the time to open the gates and let him through.

His cock was halfway up inside her, and he was driving farther in with every stroke, when her legs gave way, and she fell to her knees. He went down with her; she ended up with her head on the stock-room floor, face turned to one side, sobbing with the pain of Mr Gladly's relentless assault.

I thought he liked me, that he thought I was special.

And then the door opened.

<<>

Principal Blackwell strode down the corridor toward Mr Gladly's classroom, lips pursed in a thin line. She had received the reply from Director Piggott, thanking her for Winslow's hospitality. The content of the message had caused her to sit up straight and re-read it carefully. If Gladly is breaking the school rules so blatantly …

Even before she got the message, she had been reading through the list of offences committed by Emma Barnes, Sophia Hess and Madison Clements upon Taylor Hebert. The first two were facing
criminal charges already, but Madison had not yet been made to face up to her crimes.

_Gladly is having sex with several of the popular girls, including Madison Clements, and then showing them favouritism. I know that Winslow has sunk low, but this is lower than I am willing to countenance._

And so she strode along the corridor, metaphorical smoke drifting from her nostrils. Both Mr Gladly and Madison Clements were to be found in one location; Gladly's World Affairs class.

_I will not let this go on for one moment longer._

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The entire class, including myself, had been fascinated by the sounds emanating through the stock-room door.

“Wow,” commented Julia. “Sounds like he's being really rough with her.”

The boy beside her shook his head. “Nah, she's got to be playing a part. No adult would be stupid enough to be that rough with a kid. It'd be asking to have your Age Card sex permissions limited.”

That was true enough. No-one would want to have sex with someone whose Age Card had “Sexually Violent” as a mandatory warning attached to it.

The door to the corridor burst open, and Principal Blackwell stormed in. She scanned the room, and looked frustrated. “I'm looking for Mr Gladly, and Madison Clements,” she announced.

We all pointed at once, at the stock-room door. She looked that way, and just then Madison cried out again; she hurried to the door, and flung it wide open.

Treating everyone with a good line of sight to the picture of Madison, deprived of all but her shoes, kneeling on the floor of the stock-room with her face on the ground, sobbing loudly; and kneeling behind her, Mr Gladly, equally naked, with his erect penis buried balls-deep between her tightly-stretched buttocks.

The question that had to be asked was rhetorical in the extreme; everyone there could see the answer, even Blackwell herself. But she asked it anyway.

“Mr Gladly,” she shouted, “what in heaven's name do you think you're doing?”

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After Gladly was separated from Madison, Blackwell gave rapid-fire orders.

“Gladly, come along to my office; we need to have a long discussion about what is, and is not, appropriate behaviour for a teacher in any school, anywhere. Dryden, Roberts, make sure that Miss Clements gets to the school nurse so that she can be examined for damage. If she's fine, then she must go to my office and stay there until I can get to her. Everyone else, this World Affairs class is cancelled. You have a free period until lunch. Dismissed.”
Now

I leaned against the wall, careful to keep an eye on both Emma and Sophia. “Last I heard, Madison was under sedation in the infirmary. Once she gets better, then she's gonna be facing other problems. But the one thing she isn't gonna be doing is backing up any lie you'll be telling Principal Blackwell.”

Sophia clenched her fists. “I beat you up good enough, you won't be able to tell anyone shit,” she threatened. “Not that anyone would care.”

I shook my head slightly. “I wouldn't. I've got Gallant's number on speed dial. We're sort of going out. So if you lay one hand on me, it'll be like you beat up on a Ward. Do you really want that sort of shit coming down on your head? You're already up on those other charges. Beating up on the plaintiff? They'll throw the fucking book at you.”

I had a humming going on at the back of my throat; my cargo pants were blunting my power somewhat, but the tiled walls and floor were adding a little resonance, giving back some of what I was losing.

*... certain low level frequencies have been known to reduce the critical faculties in listeners, making them less able to judge the truth of what they are hearing...*

Emma shook her head. “It'll never make it to court. Dad'll have it squashed first.”

I hooked my thumbs in my waistband, ready to drop my pants at the first sign of trouble. “The PRT's taking this one up, Emma. They've got lawyers that will chew your dad up and spit him out. How about you try playing a different tune? That one's out of date.”

They hesitated, irresolute; I decided to change tacks. “Anyway, Sophia, I don't know why we're fighting. You can have Emma; I don't want her.”

Sophia's head jerked and she stared at me. “The fuck are you talking about?”

I spread my fingers without moving my thumbs from my waistband; I edged the pants down an inch. I felt my power pick up a few percentage points. “You're doing all this to keep Emma, to stop her from going back to me, right? Well, sure, you can have her. I got no claim. I don't want her, seeing as she stabbed me in the back as soon as she met someone cuter.”

Sophia glanced from me to Emma, then back again. “No,” she muttered. “That's not right.”

I nodded earnestly. “Sure it is. I was away; she met you, you were hot and sexy and willing to jump into bed. But now she's probably getting tired of you. Looking for someone else. When Madison gets better … she's pretty cute, isn't she? Ever wonder why Emma let her tag around with you?”

This time, the look that Sophia gave Emma was longer, and full of dawning suspicion. Emma stared at her, and then at me.
“No,” she blurted. “That's not true. I left you because you were **boring**. Wanted to wait till you were fifteen. Like it was a special date. Sophia did things with me that you never even considered.”

I smiled. “Just keep telling yourself that, Emma.” I glanced at Sophia. “So, when's she gonna decide that you're too boring for her too?”

I strolled past them then, toward the door.

“She's full of shit,” Emma protested. “She's lying!”

“Well, **I** don't want you back,” I interjected from the door. “So why would I be lying about anything?”

I pushed the door open and left; just as it began to swing closed, I heard a meaty **smack**, as of fist hitting flesh. I didn't look around.

*That felt good.*
A Ward Am I

One Day Later

I looked around at the tap on the door frame. “Oh hey, come on in.”

Missy, naked except for shoes and visor, ventured into the room. “I'm not intruding?”

I shook my head, and finished zipping up the costume. “What do you think?”

She looked me up and down as I turned to show off the skin-tight body-stocking. I rather liked it; midnight black as a base, with curves and intersecting concentric circles of silver glitter. Strategic cutouts showed enough of my body that people definitely knew there was a girl underneath, without giving away all my secrets.

“Sexy,” she approved. “I like the goggles.”

I grinned and pushed them up to rest on my forehead. “Optically corrected so I don't need my glasses. Kid Win says Armsmaster's going to fit electronic optics into them, so I can see in the dark and stuff.”

“Not that you need it,” she snorted with a grin.

“Not that I need it,” I agreed. “But hey, they're so anxious to please. I'd feel bad to turn them down.”

She nodded. “I know what you mean. It's been a while since we've had a second girl in the Wards. You're probably going to get treated like a princess for a while, till they get used to you being here.”

I smiled. “It's already started. And yes, I could definitely get used to it, after the shit I've been through over the last year and more.” I took a deep breath. “But that's something I've been meaning to raise with you.”

She tilted her head. “Oh?”

“One moment.” I unzipped the costume and handed it back to the costumer. “That's absolutely perfect. I love it.”

The middle-aged lady smiled. “That's wonderful, dearie.” She caressed my butt; I leaned in and kissed her. She giggled, pleased. “Get along with you, now.”

Strapping my purse belt around my waist and pulling the goggles down over my eyes, I turned to Vista. “Shall we walk?”

Arm in arm, we strolled out into the corridor; PRT troopers passing by nodded respectfully to us.

“So what's the problem?” she asked, once we were in the elevator.

I punched the button for the sub-basement. “I'm worried that I might be the problem.”

She stared at me as the elevator whipped its way downward; before she had a chance to frame a
reply, the doors were opening on the Wards' level.

Vista leaned close to supply a retinal scan, and the door opened for us; we entered. Chris was at the monitor station. He turned and waved; he was wearing his own visor, and not much else. “Oh, hi, Taylor, Vista.”

“Wow,” I told him jokingly. “It's as if I didn't have a code name.” I tapped the goggles. “Masked up, here.”

He coloured. “Oh, sorry. Harmonic, I meant.”

I went over and kissed him gently. “That's okay. I'm sure I can figure out a way for you to make it up to me later.”

Missy grinned at him. “Wait'll you see her costume. It'll knock your eyes out.”

“Knock Dean's eyes out, you mean,” he retorted.

I pulled off my goggles and cleared my throat. “Uh, this is kind of what I wanted to talk to you about, Missy,” I stated.

Taking the hint, she removed her visor. “What, you and Dean?”

I nodded. Leading her over to the sofa in the TV nook, I sat her down, and then sat beside her. “Look, I know that you've got a thing for Dean. That you've wanted to be with him for a long time now. But you're just not physically compatible, yet.”

She gazed at me steadily. “Dean told you, didn't he?”

“In his defence,” I confessed, “I did ask.”

Closing her eyes, she nodded. “Yeah, it's true. I want him so bad, but we just … can't. Not till the Cards say it's okay.”

I leaned back, closing my own eyes. “I'm sorry,” I told her. “I'm so sorry. He would have been there for you, but then I came along.”

She rested her head against my shoulder. “That's okay, Taylor. He's his own man. He can make his own choices. And he really likes you. Like, a lot.”

I put my arm around her. “Do you want to know why he likes being with me?”

She looked up at me, her eyes soft and doe-like. I kissed her, gently, and then again, a little more firmly. Her arms went around me.

“T'm mainly hetero oriented,” she murmured, before kissing me again.

“Me too,” I told her. “But check this out.” My hand cupped her soft pussy, and I added just the slightest amount of vibration.

Her eyes went very wide indeed. “Oh god,” she gasped. “Oh god.”
I rubbed her soft lips, parting them to find the hard little bud beneath. My finger circled her clit, as the vibration ramped up.

“Oh god,” she moaned. “Oh god, don’t stop, don’t stopppppppp!”

As Chris watched in fascination, I kissed her once more, then moved my lips to her nipples. Changing the humming deep in my throat slightly, I set my lips and tongue to vibrating as well; she arched her back and cried out as I fastened my mouth to her immature nipple.

She was already slippery wet when I slid my finger carefully inside her; she was jerking and bucking as if I were applying direct electrical current to her body. Carefully lubricating a finger with my saliva, I slid it into her ass. That did it; arching her back until her butt was no longer touching the sofa, she came violently, over and over again.

I eased off on her for a few moments, to allow her to recover, then I started on her again. This time, I had my face between her thighs. She clutched my hair in her hands, pressing me into her groin, as my tongue vibrated hard on her clit. I tasted her streaming juices as she moaned and cried out and writhed on the sofa, and climaxed repeatedly. By this time, I was working my finger – also vibrating, of course – in and out of her ass, and when I moved my tongue down to her quivering vaginal canal, she nearly levitated straight off of the sofa again.

I felt hands caressing my butt and out-thrust pussy, and moaned; the sound, translated into vibration, only made Missy's pleasure all the more intense. I pushed my butt backward at the caressing hands, and then felt the penis pressing against my proffered pussy.

As Chris slid into me, I began to eat Missy in earnest; I'd done this a few times with Emma, more than a year ago, but we'd never gone all the way to orgasm. She tasted different to Emma as well; I couldn't quantify it, but I enjoyed her taste more.

Chris grasped my hips and thrust steadily into me as I drove Missy from one earth-shattering climax to another, to the point that she could no longer articulate coherent words. And then I started my pussy vibrating as well, just for Chris.

He gasped and started fucking me a lot harder and deeper; I groaned, feeling my own climax starting to mount. Missy was still bucking and cumming under my lips and tongue and fingers, even as Chris drove me forward at her with one powerful thrust after another. I came then, my pussy clenching around his deeply driving cock. He was still pumping hard into my pussy when he came; I felt him ram hard into me, just before he unleashed his semen, spurtling directly into my womb, filling me with his seed. From the very sensation, I came again, and ran my tongue over Missy's clit, giving her one last explosive climax.

I stopped humming then; panting, I slumped to the floor beside the sofa as Chris pulled out of me. Missy was splayed out, eyes unseeing, utterly shattered. I smiled at Chris and pulled him down to me for a kiss.

“That was really good,” I told him. “Feel free to do that any time.”

He was staring at me. “That … what you did with your pussy … “

I nodded. “Yeah. That's what I did with Gallant.”

He shook his head. “No wonder he's over the moon about you.”
I smiled. “It's also because he's a nice guy and I still need a little tender loving care,” I assured him. “But I suppose it didn't hurt.”

“Well.” He kissed me again. “That was … fuck, that was so awesome. Can you do that for anyone?”

I grinned and indicated Missy, who was making soft whimpering noises. “You tell me.”

He shook his head. “Wow, fuck. You messed her up good.”

I grinned. “I know. Now don't you have a comms panel to watch?”

He looked around guiltily. “Shit. Sorry. Uh, thanks for the fuck. That was insane.”

We kissed one more time, then he hurried back to the panel. I climbed on to the sofa with Missy, and cradled her in my arms. After I kissed her a few times, she gradually began to come back to herself; her eyes focused, and she looked up at me.

“Holy fucking Jesus H. Christ on a pogo stick,” she murmured; I giggled. “Taylor, was that … you?”

“My power, yes,” I told her. “Did you like it?”

For an answer, she grabbed me and kissed me deeply and passionately. I replied in kind; she was a little impetuous, but still very nice to kiss. Her body, sweat-slicked from the sheer intensity of her orgasm, slid against mine in a rather sensual fashion; her thigh pressed between mine, and rubbed at my pussy.

Pulling back eventually from the kiss, she smiled at me. “I want more of that,” she declared.

“… you know that Dean is my boyfriend,” I reminded her.

“So I'll be your girlfriend,” she insisted. “We can be a threesome. You can be the meat in the sandwich.”

I kissed her again. “I kind of like that idea,” I agreed. “And when you're big enough to take Dean, we can make it full circle.”

She giggled and snuggled in to me. “I really like that idea,” she murmured, her hands wandering over my body.

I kissed her again. It seemed the thing to do.

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**One Week Later**

“Harmonic, look out!”
I ducked, and the blade hissed over my head. Cursing myself for the moment of inattention, I concentrated and ramped up the deep-throat humming. My sonar sense expanded outward, and then I 'saw' the flickering form of Cricket, her naked form ducking and dodging the attacks of my teammates. Turning my head, I looked at her, while not taking my attention from Stormtiger and Hookwolf.

Deep in my throat, the humming changed frequency slightly. Cricket stumbled, shaking her head. All she wore was a metal cage around her head, and a bandoleer of throwing blades. But up till now she had been moving with purpose, evading attacks with ease. She had also evaded my vibratory sonar; I guessed that she used sound in the same way that I used vibration. But I was able to damp out sound; in doing so, I removed her advantage. Clockblocker leaped in, taking advantage of her momentary distraction, and froze her.

I sensed Hookwolf coming in for an attack – no, it was a feint. He blocked my vision just long enough for Stormtiger to get in close and lash at me with his telekinetic air-claws.

Fortunately, I wasn't using vision to watch him.

However, I didn't want to mix it up with either one of them; close in, I was a better lover than a fighter. “Vista,” I projected, right next to my teammate's ear. She heard me and responded; I stepped back, through compressed space, which immediately expanded after I moved. The two Empire capes were left dozens of yards away.

Given a breathing space, I began lashing Stormtiger and Hookwolf with different frequencies and intensities of vibration. Stormtiger seemed particularly vulnerable to inner-ear fluctuations; he dropped to his knees, clutching at his head. Hookwolf was more problematic, until I hit on the resonant frequency of the steel that he was growing from his very body. It all started to vibrate, faster and faster, chiming at a higher and higher rate. He stumbled to a stop, unable to move. Then one piece fell off, a second, and a third. Blood dripped to the ground. Where the metal was growing from him, I was forcing it to vibrate fast enough that it cut his flesh, deep inside the metal body. In short, I was making his strength into a weakness.

But I didn't want to kill him, so I changed tactics, and frequencies. He started to move again, but only briefly. Abruptly, he hunched over and threw up; I kept up the humming until he was in a fetal position in a pool of his own vomit, unable to fight back any more.

“Nice one,” Clockblocker said from behind me. “Seriously, Harmonic, you're scary when you pull that shit on the bad guys.” He shivered. “After what you did to Lung the other night...”

I grinned at him, then stepped up and kissed him. “You love me, and you know it.”

“Can't I be terrified of you and still love you?” he asked plaintively.

I slapped his butt as I turned away. “Whatever, bitch. Freeze those suckers. We're done here.”

Vista grinned as I rejoined her. “He really is your bitch, isn't he?”

I slipped my arm around her waist; she leaned into me. “Not my fault he's terrified that I'll do to him what I did to Lung.”

She put her arm around me, then pulled me down for a kiss. “Well, at least he's stopped trying to rename you Sound Job.”
I kissed her back, and giggled, then sobered. “I didn't really mean to make Lung's testicles explode. I was just trying to hit the right frequency to make him fall over and give up.”

“Well, he sure as shit did that!” she declared. “And don't worry. They'll grow back. Eventually.”

I sighed. “At least Gallant still likes me.”

She squeezed my waist. “He adores you, and you know it.”

I smiled. “Yeah …”

“Which reminds me,” she interjected. “How's the braid going?”

I felt up behind me. Vista had volunteered to braid my hair before each mission, so that my hair would be less recognisable. It felt weird, but I looked totally different. “Holding well.”

“Good.” She giggled. “I still wish I could have seen the look on Armsmaster's face. Him riding up to find Lung clutching his groin, you standing there like what do I do now?, and Clockblocker pointing at you shouting, She did it, not me!”

I kissed her again. “It was kinda funny, but can we drop it now?”

She fondled my butt. “Sure. But you're gonna owe me when we get back to base.”

I grinned. “You just can't get enough, can you?”

She squeezed harder. “Nope.”
Explosions

Several Nights Ago

Saddles, Lisa decided. *That's what we need.* She clung to the massive dog, trying to keep the sensitive skin of her butt and pussy from being abraded away by the rough flesh and bony plates that had formed when Rachel made them bulk out. Brian was in front of her on the same dog; stripped down for action as they were, he wore just his helmet, while she wore her domino mask and utility belt. Her breasts brushed against his back; she was pulled away from him when the dog leaped, and squashed up against him when it landed.

She could see Regent riding his dog, behind Bitch, alongside them. On the other side, the third dog, which was riderless, easily kept pace. She grinned as Regent held on to Rachel; both of them were naked except for their masks, of course, and it was no surprise to her that Alec occasionally slipped Rachel a length when neither of them thought anyone else was watching.

She and Brian were fucking; that was not a secret in the group. He was fixated on getting Aisha clear of her mother, and Lisa was helping him in between her own projects; in addition, he needed a release of tension every now and again, and if she was to be honest, so did she. Her power made it difficult from time to time, so she tended to dress up in whatever concoction of straps and buckles and spikes that turned him on this week, and then get him to cloak her in his darkness, grab her, and ravish her until she was helpless with pleasure. He enjoyed it, as did she. It was just something they did, and then got on with business.

However, the problem with Lung was not business as normal. The ABB was setting up to hit them, and hit them hard. The unwritten rules were out the window; not that the ABB tended to follow them all that much. Lung wanted the Undersiders dead, and he had set out to bring the whole weight of his organisation down on them.

But something had gone wrong; when Brian and the others had hit Oni Lee, the teleporter had panicked and run, rather than stand and fight. Which halved the problem that the Undersiders were facing. But it left the question; why had Lung not backed his man up?

Following the direction that Lung would have come, they found the answer to the question. Lung had found someone else to fight; or rather, someone had found him.

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"I'm calling this in," Clockblocker announced. "We need backup on this."

I shook my head. "They'll never get here in time. We need to act now. You heard him; they're gonna be killing *kids.*"

"There's only two of us," Clockblocker protested. "I knew I never should have let you talk me into coming this far into the Docks. There's a dozen of them, plus Lung. We'll be toast."

I shook my head again. "Nope. We'll hold here, and deal with it ... my way."
Clockblocker began to protest, but then shut up. He opened the radio channel; I could hear him calling it in. As I could have predicted, the answer came back; message acknowledged, Protectorate notified, do not engage.

Clockblocker looked at me; I had started humming.

<>>

The first inkling that Lung had of anything going awry was when his men started drifting away from him. They could not look him in the eye, and the ones on the outskirts of the group were positively hurrying into the darkness.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Come back here! Where are you going?"

There was no answer; they ran faster. Even his most loyal men, made suddenly cowards, turned tail and retreated from him.

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"What the hell?" muttered Clockblocker.

I grinned. "Localised subsonic field. Causes feelings of dread and revulsion. I made it so all but Lung felt it. Now it's just us and him."

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Lung glared around at the surrounding darkness. "Where are you?" he bellowed. "How did you chase my men away? Show yourself! I demand it! Face me!"

His body began to grow; flame wreathed his skin. Metal scales started sliding into place.

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"Wow, he figured that out fast," I muttered.

"He's a gang lord, but he's not stupid," Clockblocker reminded me.

"Let's see him figure this one out," I grinned.

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Lung felt a sharp pain in the middle of his abdomen; metal skin or not, the cramp doubled him over. He went to one knee, then gritted his teeth. Inch by painful inch, he straightened up, then stood. The cramp grew stronger; he defied it, ignored it. Felt the pain fuel his anger, increasing his growth.
"I am LUNG!" he roared at the sky. "Mere pain cannot defeat me!"

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"He figured it out," Clockblocker pointed out.

"Fuck, what is this guy made of?" I asked rhetorically. Taking a deep breath, I resumed humming.

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Lung's ears rang, then his eyes began to blur and water. He could not see, could not hear. And then he heard a voice in his head. "I'm right here, stupid," came a girl's voice. "Can't you see me?"

He lashed out with steel claws, and felt a tearing pain as his talons buried themselves in his leg. Wrenching them out with a roar, he swung again and again at the elusive, annoying voice. Time and again, he struck himself, but he kept swinging. She couldn't duck every blow.

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"Holy shit," marvelled Clockblocker. "You're making him hit himself. How are you making him hit himself?"

"Lowering his critical faculties, so that he doesn't think too hard about what he's doing," I told him tersely. "Giving him audio ghosts to swing at. But this is just stopgap. It won't stop him for good. I'm trying to figure out how to nail him to the wall."

Clockblocker shook his head. "You're already fucking him over harder than basically anyone in Brockton Bay's managed to do yet," he informed me. "If we can hold him till the Protectorate gets here ..."

"No," I snapped. "We can take him down. I can take him down. I just have to figure out how."

"Maybe you can give him a sound job," he jibed. "Make him stay here while he gets over it."

Behind my goggles, my eyes opened wide. "That's it!" I gasped. "When we get back to base, I'm gonna give you the biggest ..." I fell silent, except for my humming. I had to get this just right.

"Biggest what?" he asked, curious. "Kiss? Blowjob? Hug?"

"Sh!" I enjoined him, concentrating hard.

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Lung felt the vibration start in his man parts. Even in his human form, he was bigger than most, and
took pride in it. When grown, he got even bigger. The sensation of the vibration was strange; at first, it was pleasurable, but then the intensity became too strong. It felt as though he were being kicked in the testicles a dozen, a hundred, a thousand times a second.

Summoning all his strength, all his resolve, he stood straight, and roared his defiance at the sky again.

<><> <><> <><> "Fuck," muttered Clockblocker. "What the fuck do we do now?"

"We try harder," I muttered grimly. I amped up the vibration even harder; I would never have used this level of amplitude with a normal human, but Lung was tough. *He can take it. Can't he?*

<><> <><> <><> The pain increased tremendously; Lung was strong, but even such a one as he had his limits. Still, he only fell to his knees, rather than on his face. "FACE ME!" he screamed. "FACE ME, YOU COWARD!"

The pain was a white-hot bear-trap clutching his masculinity; he fought not to throw up. He fought to stay upright. He was *Lung*; no-one brought him to his knees without a fight.

And then he felt the most intense pain that had ever befallen him; the wave of agony blasted through him, crumbling his last resistance. As he toppled sideways in a dead faint, he looked down and knew that his testicles were no more.

They had exploded.

<><> <><> <><> We edged out cautiously, but Lung had reverted to normal human size; even in his unconscious state, his hand protectively cupped his ruined scrotum.

"Oh fuck," groaned Clockblocker, looking away. I didn't blame him; throwing up in his helmet would not be a good experience. "What did you fucking do?"

"Ew," I noted, looking Lung over carefully. "I think I made his balls explode."

"What?" he yelped in horror. "Please tell me you're joking."

I shook my head. "Nope. His balls are history."

"Oh god," he muttered. "Oh god. Uh, Harmonic?"

"Yes?" I asked absently. *What are those people doing up there on that rooftop? Are they going to attack us?*
"All the inappropriate comments I ever made, please accept my profound apologies. I mean it."

The Undersiders had halted their dogs on the top of a three-storey building, and had more or less seen the whole show. Lisa had narrated what was going on, up to and including how Lung's testicles had exploded. Both the guys had reflexively clutched at themselves at that point; Lisa grinned to herself.

"Holy shit," muttered Brian. "So, this is all this new cape. Harmonic, right?"

Lisa nodded. "Yeah. She - uh, oh shit."

"Oh shit what?" asked Brian tensely.

"She made us. She knows we're here."

"Fuck," muttered Brian. "Okay, we're done here. Let's go before this scary new Ward decides to see what she can explode on us."

"Sure," I agreed. "Just don't call me Sound Job any more, okay?"

"Deal," Clockblocker agreed fervently. He looked down at Lung's hunched form. "I don't think the PRT's gonna be too pleased with this. Capturing a major crime figure, yes. Emasculating him ... no. A really big 'nope' right there."

"But he wouldn't give up," I argued.

"That's Armsmaster's bike," he told me, as the engine noise became audible. "Talk to him about it."

I sighed. It seemed that even capturing the bad guy came at a price.

A Few Days Later

"Taylor!" announced Aegis. "Everyone! Listen up!"

The Wards looked around curiously; I glanced up from the game of cards I was playing with Dean and Missy. So far I was ahead two foot massages.

"What's up?" I asked. "What did I do now?"

"It's the result of the inquiry that was held into how you captured Lung," Aegis revealed. "They've decided that you were using reasonable force, especially against a Brute of his caliber and potential
power. Especially since he'll grow his balls back. Eventually."

There was clapping and cheering from the other Wards; Missy grabbed me and kissed me, hard. I didn't object.

"... right," I agreed, after the kiss ended. Missy settled herself on to my lap. "But I can't help feeling that the other shoe's about to drop."

"Well, the Director did append a note just for you to the file," Aegis told me.

"Yeah?" I asked. Here it comes.

"Yeah," he revealed. "It says, and I quote, "Don't do it again.""

Laughter broke out all over, and this time it was Dean who kissed me, very thoroughly.

"And so," went on Aegis, "the Director has kindly donated us a bottle of champagne, for us to imbibe by way of celebration."

"And in the hope that Taylor never gets that mad at us," interjected Dennis.

"Oh, I'd never do that to you," I told him sweetly. "Your eyeballs, maybe. But never your testicles."

"She's joking," Missy hastened to assure him. He didn't look so sure.

Carefully, Aegis worked the cork from the bottle, and poured into the glasses he had brought down with him. Each of them drank; I thought it tasted far too bitter for my liking. But I drank it down anyway.

"Hey," Missy pointed out belatedly, "Taylor should have seen if she could vibrate the cork out of the bottle. Or, I dunno, fizz the champagne enough to make it blow out."

I shook my head. "Too much chance of miscalculation. We don't want glass shrapnel everywhere."

"Oooh, ooh, ooh," Missy grinned, and ran to the fridge. When she returned, she held a can of soda. "See if you can make this fizz enough to make it pop its tab."

I frowned. "I dunno ..."

"Come on!" urged Chris. "Carlos, this is okay, right?"

Carlos grinned. "Sure. Let's see what happens."

"Do it! Do it Do it!" chanted Missy. Chris joined in, then Dean.

"Okay, fine, I'll do it," I acceded. "Just let me concentrate for a moment."

I focused my attention on the can as it sat innocently on the table. Dean had his arm around my shoulders on one side, and Missy clung to my arm on the other. I began to hum ...

Everyone stared at the can. It didn't seem to be doing anything. I kept humming, deep in my throat.
"Are you sure -" began Chris, and then the can exploded.

The contents, brought to a high foam by my power, tore free of the seams of the can, and sprayed in every direction. The can itself, opened out like a flower, sat in the middle of the table still, devoid of most of its contents. This was because the Wards were wearing a majority of them.

Chris wiped his eyes free of soda foam, and looked around at the spray pattern. It was impressive.

"Holy shit," he managed. "That was fucking awesome!"

Dean kissed me. His lips tasted of soda. "I have to admit, that was pretty damn impressive."

Aegis looked at everyone. "Okay, now we're all covered in soda. We have some cleaning up to do. But first ... I think we should take our champagne to the jacuzzi and finish our celebration."

So we did that. Rescuing our glasses and refilling them with the champagne - which, I had to admit, was tasting a little better this time - we headed for the jacuzzi. It was big enough to fit all of us, but it was a little bit of a squeeze. Which was perfectly okay; we were all fine with being really close to each other.

They toasted me, and we drank more champagne. By the third glass, I was really enjoying it. I was also really enjoying the closeness, and the way Missy was starting to shamelessly molest my body.

And then I felt Dean's erection starting to probe at my pussy. I emptied my glass, put it down, grabbed him and kissed him. Then I reached under me, and guided him home. He slid into me with startling ease, and I gasped. Slowly at first, and then with increasing urgency, he began to thrust into me; his hands were doing all the right things, and I was feeling blinding waves of pleasure through every part of my pussy.

And then I felt Carlos' hands on my breasts, and his cock sliding up and down between my ass cheeks. I moaned and leaned forward slightly, giving him better access to my ass.

When he entered me, I came right then and there, and then kept cumming, as Dean was doing magic to my pussy with his penis and his fingers. Carlos began to thrust into me from behind, and I opened my eyes wide as his thick erection gave my asshole a whole new series of delights. Dimly, off to the side, I saw Missy between Chris and Dennis, presumably with Dennis' cock in her pussy, and Chris' in her ass, from the way they were placed. She was moving up and down - or being moved, I couldn't tell - with every expression of delight on her face.

Somewhere along the way - I was a bit fuzzy, between the amazing sex, and the champagne - we moved out of the jacuzzi, and on to the floor. I knelt over Carlos' penis, letting it impale me all the way, while Dean got down behind me and took my ass so tenderly and gently that I could have cried, if I were not riding on an orgasmic wave of pleasure.

Not that I was the only one; my pussy and ass were vibrating just fine; Carlos had cum in my ass before we even got out of the tub, and I knew Dean wasn't far behind. I watched Missy, on her hands and knees, being vigorously sodomised by Chris, while she suckled on Dennis' cock; she moaned with every driving stroke of Kid Win's penis between her taut young buttocks.

Carlos came inside me again, and Dean followed shortly after. I took to sucking on Dean's cock to revive him, while Carlos started butt-fucking me again. It was amazing; he was a machine. My ass cheeks spread wide to accommodate him, and he stroked his cock into me tirelessly. My eyes rolled
back in my head, and I came, again and again.

I remember sucking on Carlos' cock, the head right at the back of my throat, while I slid up and down on Dennis' erection, and Chris pumped his member into me from behind. But I wasn't leaving Dean and Missy out of it; while she lay with her legs spread wide, he slid the shaft of his cock up and down between her tight young pussy lips. My hand on his cock imparted vibration to both her pussy and his cock, making them both feel almost as if they were indeed having sex.

He thrust hard, and she clung to him, and while she wailed out her climax, he spurted wad after wad of cum over her belly and breasts. As his cock was spasming out its last load of jism, I pulled it back so that the head was pushed directly up against her soft pussy lips, and his cum jetted up inside of her.

We switched again; Carlos and Dean were stroking into me once more, Dean in my ass and Carlos in my pussy, while I gave hand jobs right and left to Dennis and Chris. My hands, vibrating as they were, gave them far greater pleasure than would normally have happened. Not to be left out, Missy was on all fours over Carlos' head, where he and I could share the duty and pleasure of eating her delicate young pussy.

I'm fairly sure that I had cum in both my holes from every guy there before we were finished, and I'm fairly sure that I sucked all of them off before the night was over. I do know that Chris had Missy in every way that he could, and that Dennis came inside her several times also.

I lost count of the number of times that Carlos came inside me. I asked him later; he told me that his balls had given up the job of producing semen, and for all he knew, his kidneys had taken over. All I knew was that if Dean had not had a previous place in my heart, I would have seriously considered making a play for Carlos; also, I knew exactly why Principal Blackwell had fallen so hard for him.

I woke up the next day, cuddled up to Dean. Behind me was a warm lump, which turned out to be Missy, fast asleep. I rolled over and took her in my arms; she was so very cute, just lying there, that I just had to hold her.

Slowly, she woke up and smiled at me. I kissed her. She smiled again, and kissed me back.

"Morning, sexy," she murmured. "Did you have as good a time last night as I did?"

I grinned. "I hope so. You had a pretty damn good time."

I felt Dean's arms go around me from behind. He kissed me on the back of the neck. "I think we all had a good time last night," he told us.

When I moved, I felt my pussy and ass throbbing gently, reminding me that I had overused them somewhat. But it was a good kind of throbbing. I hadn't had that much stimulation since what Emma and her friends had done to me, and this time, I'd had serious orgasms to go with it.

I looked at Missy. "I seem to recall being eaten out by you while someone fucked you from behind," I commented, memory slowly returning. "Who was it?"
"Must've been Chris or Dennis," she answered, playing idly with my nipple.

I shook my head. "They were sucking on my tits, and I was jacking them off. Someone else was playing with my ass, but you were getting a cock in you from behind." I turned my head. "Dean, did you ...?"

He blinked, dawning worry clouding his brow. "Oh fuck," he breathed. "Oh shit, Missy, I'm sorry. I think I did."

"Wow, really?" asked Missy. Carefully, she felt herself. "I do feel a bit tender."

"Let me see," I urged her. She scooted up the bed and opened her legs wide. I pulled her labia apart, and inspected her. Over my shoulder, Dean did the same.

"She looks a little chafed," he allowed. "Like if a cock too big for her had gone into her." He knuckled himself in the forehead. "Fuck! I'm so, so sorry, Missy!"

Missy shook her head. "That's not what I'm pissed off at!" she told us. "I'm pissed that Dean finally fucked me, and I don't recall it!"

"Well, we're not gonna repeat that in a hurry," I told her. "Special circumstances, and you were kinda lubed up, after Chris and Dennis had their way with you. You're gonna wait till your Card says okay. And we don't talk about this to anyone."

"Don't talk about what?" asked Carlos, opening the door.

"Nothing, nothing," I told him hastily. "What's up?"

He sat on the edge of the bed and ran his hand over my ass. "How do you feel this morning? Ready for action?"

I pulled his head down for a kiss. "Try me."

He grinned. "You know Sophia Hess and Emma Barnes, right?"

I nodded. "Emma got the shit beaten out of her last week in the girls' bathroom. The beating was severe enough to put her in the hospital. She hasn't been talking, but Sophia hasn't been around, and we all think it's her who did it."

"Yeah," he agreed. "Well, she actually started talking coherently this morning. She said it was Sophia who beat her up."

I looked at him. "Uh, not exactly news. So what's the big deal?"

His grin widened. "She didn't just say it was Sophia Hess who did it. She also said it was Shadow Stalker."

My eyes widened. Sophia Hess is the vigilante Shadow Stalker. It all made sense.


Carlos nodded. "Exactly. Now, given that there's still an outstanding charge of Age Card theft, not to
mention more cases of assault than I can poke a stick at, pending over her head, the Director wants her brought in. Immediately.” He raised his eyebrows. "Think you're up to it?"

I grinned at him, or perhaps I just showed my teeth. "Fuck yes.”
Shadowfall, Part 1

Sophia knew that she had made a bad mistake in beating Emma so badly. But she hadn't been able to help herself, not really. At first, she had been driven by righteous anger; how dare Emma even consider throwing her over for a cutesy little nothing like Madison? And then, as Emma tried to fight back, she had been consumed with the need to make the bitch submit, to force her to admit what she had been planning.

Finally, it was the savage joy of physically mastering another, the almost sexual pleasure of beating the faithless bitch to a pulp, and far beyond, that had her kicking and punching Emma's unconscious body as she lay in a pool of her own blood.

It was only her innate animal caution that caused her to draw back before she took that last irredeemable step, to cease the assault before she quite literally beat Emma to death. Severe beatings, though rare, were not entirely unknown in Winslow, especially between gangs. However, even the gangs didn't set out to kill one another; just getting the other guy down on the ground and playing a tune on his ribs with the toe of one's boot was usually enough to settle matters of honour.

And Emma Barnes was no gang member; Sophia recalled how fiercely protective Alan Barnes was toward his daughter. If she killed Emma, he had an entire law firm that would be willing to nail her to the wall for it.

So she had left Emma a beaten, bloody wreck on the floor of the girls' bathrooms. Barring extensive medical intervention, or a parahuman healer, the redhead would never turn heads again; Sophia knew that Emma's sexy body would never be hers again, so she had set about making sure that no-one else would want her either, not even that snivelling little cow Madison.

Emma's nose had been comprehensively shattered, until it was spread over most of her face. Her lips were a smashed ruin, over teeth that Sophia had broken off, or knocked clean out. Sophia had pummelled her until the skin had split over her eye-sockets and cheekbones, then rubbed her face on the grimy floor until the tiles were slick with her blood. Those scars would be visible and prominent, and would be with Emma until she died.

With every punch, with every groan of pain, every time Sophia felt Emma's flesh quiver, bruise and split under her relentless assault, Sophia had felt more and more aroused, more and more alive. She had considered holding Emma down, forcing the other girl to pleasure her, perhaps forcibly penetrating her with something suitably large and painful, but Sophia's instinct was to get out, and so she did not give in to her impulses.

Knotting her hand in Emma's hair, she had raised the unconscious girl to her knees, and kissed her on the split and torn lips.

“If I can't have you,” she murmured, “then no-one's going to want you.”

Pushing Emma back savagely so that she sprawled on the floor, she stood over her victim for a few moments. She wanted to kick her in the face one more time, but there existed the possibility that any more injury there could cause breathing problems. She didn't want to murder Emma, just to teach her a lesson. And so she kicked her between the legs, hard, until the delicate flesh split and blood flowed. Emma was so far gone that she didn't even react to this. Sophia spat on her, then washed Emma's blood from her hands and left the bathrooms.
She had walked out of Winslow, discarding her tiny beaded apron on the way. Sophia Hess would face the world in the only way she knew how; naked and unafraid. She had burned her bridges; she knew this. After the beatdown that she had inflicted on Emma, there would be no going back, no place at Winslow for her.

It was time for her to take her place in the primal jungle that was the Brockton Bay underworld. But first she had some needs to take care of.

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We paused outside the house on Stonemast Avenue. “Think she's in there?” asked Chris. Of the three of us, he was of course the most fully dressed.

I frowned, then unzipped my costume and stepped out of it; underneath, of course, I was naked except for the goggles. Almost immediately, I felt Dean's hand on my ass; I pushed back, enjoying the contact.

At the back of my throat, I started the almost subliminal humming, tuning it to our surroundings, feeling out the interior of number 33.

“Adult woman,” I reported, wriggling with pleasure as Dean caressed me, “young adult male, infant child. Possibly a girl. Sophia's not in there.” Turning to Dean, I leaned in to kiss him.

“Could she be in there, in shadow form?” asked Chris.

I finished kissing Dean, then turned to answer him. “Possible, but I doubt it. I don't think she's home.”

“Her mother might know where she is, though,” pointed out Chris.

“Good point,” allowed Dean. “I'll go ask her.” He began pulling the Velcro tabs on his armour.

“I'll go with,” I volunteered. Gathering up my discarded costume, I handed it to Chris. “Hold on to this for me, please?”

Chris rolled his eyes behind his visor. “That's me, Tinker and costume holder. Okay, fine.”

I leaned in and kissed him. “I'll make it up to you later,” I purred. He brightened right up.

As we strolled up the front path, Dean put his arm around me. “Kid Win's a good guy,” he observed.

“I know,” I told him. “I like him. I like all you guys. You're a lot of fun.” And awesome in bed, I didn't have to add; Dean caught that bit loud and clear.

“We like you too,” Dean stated. “Well, I really like you, but everyone else does, too. Even Vista, which I find kind of awesome.”

We were at the front door by then, so I held up a finger. “Finish this conversation later,” I suggested, and knocked.
The front door opened a few moments later; the woman standing there had skin of Sophia's complexion, or maybe a little darker. There was enough family resemblance in the features that I was reasonably certain that I was indeed looking at Sophia's mother.

Dressed in a bra and panties, she looked a little askance at us; it probably wasn't every day that she opened the door to a pair of naked teenagers, wearing masks.

“Can … I help you?” she asked.

“Mrs Hess?” asked Dean. “Mrs Naomi Hess?”

“That's me,” replied Sophia's mother. “Who are you? What's going on?” She stared at Dean. “Aren't you one of the Wards?”

Dean smiled his best let-me-put-you-at-your-ease smile, and I saw her relax ever so slightly. “Yes, ma'am. I'm Gallant, and this is Harmonic. She just joined.”

“Oh, uh, I'm very pleased to meet you,” replied Mrs Hess; I saw her eyes track down Dean's body and up again; when she met his eyes again, she flushed darkly. “What can I do to help you?”

“May we come in?” asked Dean. “It's about your daughter, Sophia.”

I hadn't spoken so far; that was mainly because I was humming, ever so slightly. Not so much as to be noticed, but just enough to affect her critical faculties, rendering her just a little bit suggestive. I felt slightly bad, using it on her, but we did need answers as to where Sophia might be, and it wasn't as if she was being harmed by the process.

“Of course, of course,” she agreed. “Come on in. Is that your friend at the gate? Kid Win?”

Dean nodded. “That's him, ma'am,” he confirmed. “Can he come in too?”

She smiled and opened the door wide. “Of course,” she told him.

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Over the last thirty years, prostitution had almost died out as a profession, given the relative ease with which the vast majority of the population could get access to a sexual partner. But there were still those who could not get some the normal way, or could not get it off with straight vanilla sex. And then there were those who wanted more from their sexual experience than most girls – or boys – were willing to give. Those that catered to the fetish trade had come out from behind closed doors, taking the place of the casual streetwalker. For the most part, these were licensed in their profession, and subject to regular medical checkups. But some didn't bother, or didn't care, and these were the ones that lurked in the back streets for the customers who wanted to live right on the edge.

Sophia had her tastes, ones she had carefully hidden from Emma. While the redhead had reacted well to a slap on the ass or a pinch of the nipple from time to time, Sophia had instinctively known that any attempt to convert her to a full appreciation of the sexual aspects of pain would not go well. So when she had seduced Emma, she had been relatively gentle, with just a hint of the depths to which she was willing to descend. It had been that suggestion of wildness, of risk, that had drawn
Emma to her as much as the gentleness and sensuality that Sophia had used upon her.

**But she couldn't take the rough stuff,** Sophia told herself with contempt.

The cute little blonde was still working the same corner; Sophia slid up behind her, putting one hand around her to squeeze her breast and the other between her thighs to cup her pussy through the flimsy white thong she wore. At the same time, she pushed her crotch forward, pressing on the girl's ass.

“Hi,” she murmured. “Remember me?”

“Oh,” responded the girl in a well-rehearsed imitation of fear, “please don't hurt me, I'll do anything you want.”

Sophia grinned; the way Carla said that always turned her on. She licked the girl's neck and then bit her, feeling the slim young body stiffen and then melt into her arms as her teeth scored the delicate white skin.

“You really want it, don't you?” murmured Carla, twisting around in her arms until she could kiss Sophia. “You really want this bad.”

Sophia kissed her, hard, their lips crushing together. She felt the smaller girl's arms go around her, nails digging into the skin of her back, as their breasts pressed together.

For an answer, she hooked two fingers in the thong and tore it from Carla's hips, her signal that Carla was hers until further notice. Carla gasped as Sophia's hand cupped her buttock, digging her nails in deeply, savagely.

“Oh,” murmured Sophia, “yes.”

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“So why couldn't I have gone with Gallant's group?” asked Vista reasonably.

“Because you would have spent more time looking at his ass than where you were going,” Clockblocker pointed out, just as reasonably. “Ow! You hit me!”

“And I'll hit you again,” Vista told him sweetly. “That was a mean thing to say.”

“Enough,” Aegis told them mildly. “We're nearly there.”

Only Clockblocker was wearing his full costume; Aegis, stripped to mask and boots, was flying overhead. Vista, wearing just her visor and a pair of sandals, was stretching and squeezing space, moving them forward at a vastly accelerated pace, when compared to the outside world.

“Anyway, you can't talk,” Vista told Dennis as they entered the main doors. “You've been ogling my ass and tits ever since I stripped down.”

“How did you know?” he protested. “You can't see my eyes!”
“I didn't,” she informed him smugly. “Until you told me just now.”

Clockblocker groaned, then cut it off as they encountered Principal Blackwell, coming the other direction.

This time, Winslow's principal was wearing her usual attire of skirt and heels; she smiled as she greeted Aegis, giving the other two perfunctory greetings.

“We can go and talk about this in my office,” she suggested, “while your friends ask the other teachers what they know.”

Aegis considered this. He well knew what she wanted; on the one hand, he wanted to find out what was needed and then move along. On the other, she was remarkably uninhibited for an older woman, and he had rather enjoyed the interlude during the visit.

Vista grinned wickedly; she knew what was going on as well.

“You go ahead,” she told her team leader. “Clockblocker and me will be fine.”

Dennis, somewhat distracted by Vista's hard little breasts and taut buttocks, hadn't picked up on the signals, but went ahead with it anyway. “Uh, sure,” he agreed. “We'll ask around.”

Dean and I sat side by side on the sofa, while Mrs Hess took one armchair and Chris took the other. While the teapot was heating up, she served cookies; Dean and I each took one.

“Wow,” I murmured, trying not to spill crumbs, “these are delicious. You make these?”

She flushed again. “It's just a little recipe I have,” she told us modestly. “If you want, you can take some when you go.”

“Yes please,” Dean told her enthusiastically, finishing off his cookie. “Those are great.”

She flushed again, more darkly. Her eyes found Dean's body again, roving over his broad chest and washboard abs. He was getting erect just from her obvious attention; I grinned to myself. I could see her licking her lips as she tried not to stare.

The young guy I had 'seen' in the house wandered in, carrying an infant child in his arms. She wore a diaper; he wore nothing at all. I caught my breath at the size of his endowment; it wasn't as long as Dad's, but it was a good bit thicker.

“Uh, hi,” he greeted us uncertainly. “Are you guys the Wards?”

Dean nodded gravely, taking another cookie. “Yes, I'm Gallant, that's Kid Win, and this is Harmonic, our newest member.”

“Oh, right,” he replied. “I'm Terry.” Stepping forward and shifting the infant to his left arm, he leaned down and shook Dean's hand, Chris' and then mine. In the process, he got a good look at my body; I leaned back slightly and spread my legs just a bit, to make sure he could see all of me.
“Mom,” he went on, “I've changed and fed Cassie, but she doesn't want to go to sleep. What do you want me to do with her?”

“Let me,” suggested Kid Win. He rose from his chair, and picked up the hoverboard that he'd carried inside. At some kind of command, it began to float on its own, humming slightly, the anti-gravity panels underneath it emitting their characteristic red glow.

“It's not very big,” Naomi Hess noted with concern.

Chris grinned at her. “I'll let you in on a little secret. I'm not really good at balancing, so I built in a force field generator. It's almost impossible to fall off this thing.”

Taking Cassie from Terry's arms, he sat her gently on the board. She gurgled and waved her hands excitedly, especially when he set it moving, guiding it remotely, around the living room. As it neared its first turn, Cassie shifted her weight, lunging sideways; Naomi cried out in alarm. But, just as Chris had assured her, just as the little girl reached the point of no return, some invisible force gathered her up and pushed her back to the sitting position, safely in the middle of the board.

“See?” Chris told her. “Safe as in your arms.” He guided the board around so that it hovered before Naomi, and she studied her happily chuckling baby.

Eventually, she nodded, smiling back at Cassie's evident enjoyment. “All right,” she told him. “But don't frighten her.”

“That's the last thing I want to do,” he assured her, and the board hummed off again.

Mrs Hess looked back at Dean. “So what did you want to know about Sophia?”

“Do you know where she is?” asked Dean bluntly.

She shook her head. “She's her own girl. Has been for years. Normally she sleeps at home, but not always. Last few nights, she hasn't been here.” Her expression clouded. “I was told about the assault at school. I know she's angry, but I have no idea where that came from. I thought she and Emma were happy together.”

I tilted my head, and increased the intensity of the humming slightly. I wanted to be sure that she would answer candidly. “So you're unaware of her … extracurricular … activities, Mrs Hess?”

“Going out and having sex, you mean?” she replied. “She's been doing that since she was thirteen.”

Dean shook his head. “I don't think she's been having sex, Naomi,” he told her. “Or at least, not just having sex.”

She frowned. “What else would she be doing?” she asked.

Dean and I shared a glance. She doesn't know.

“Uh -” began Dean, but just then, the teapot began its shrill whistle.

“I'll just get the tea,” Mrs Hess suggested, getting up.
“I'll help you,” Dean told her, rising to his feet.

She smiled. “Thank you, Gallant. That would be most appreciated.”

Silence fell over the living room as they exited; Chris was giving little Cassie speed runs up and down the front hall, to squeals of childish enjoyment.

I looked over at Terry. He looked at me.

“Would you, uh, be able to show me the bathroom?” I suggested diffidently.

He nodded quickly and got up; I stood up also.

“It's just through here,” he told me; as I followed his instructions, he moved along close behind me.

I was very wet indeed.

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Sophia could not see, as the blindfold blocked out all vision. Breath hissed in through the gag she wore, and she tugged uselessly at the ropes that held her arms tied firmly up to the head of the bed. She was on her knees, with her ankles secured to the bottom rail of the bed, and several pillows under her stomach.

Carla's hands gripped her hips tightly as the thick rubber dildo rammed into her tight young pussy, reaching her depths and filling her, overfilling her, over and over again. The whip-marks on her back and butt smarted; some had drawn blood, she knew. She had sobbed and begged and screamed while Carla had beaten her, but she had wanted it. Oh, she had wanted it.

She felt the dildo slide out of her abused pussy, and then the probe was rammed into her ass, roughly spreading her buttocks, penetrating her deeply and painfully. She cried out and writhed in her bonds, but to no avail. And then the current hit her, biting at her most sensitive flesh, deep within her ass, spreading to every part of her body, causing her to twitch and quiver uncontrollably.

Carla fucked her ass unmercifully with the probe, the electrodes jolting her over and over again, ensuring that she did not simply phase away from the punishment. But she didn't want to phase away from it. She enjoyed it. The pain reached something deep inside her, some hidden savage beast that could only be tamed by hurting it.

She felt the probe being shoved as far up into her as Carla could manage, almost so far that her ass swallowed the whole thing. She's going to fuck me again, she thought dazedly. Good.

But she heard the door open, muted voices sounding, then it closed again.

“I've brought some friends over,” Carla announced. “They know you like it rough. I'm just going out for a while. They can take care of you in the meantime.”

Sophia's eyes opened wide behind the blindfold. “No!” she tried to shout. “No! This isn't what I want!”
But all that came out of her was a muffled mewling sound, and she heard cruel laughter. A rough hand, a workman’s hand, caressed and then squeezed her breast painfully. Other hands traced the weals on her back and butt. Someone slapped her ass, hard.

And then the first penis pushed its way between her labia.

The man liked it rough, she could tell. He gripped her hips tightly, and thrust into her with all the care and finesse as a bull rampaging through a china shop. She cried out into the gag as he pummelled her vaginal canal with his rampant erection, driving deep inside her, over and over again. He was too big for her; she felt herself being forced to stretch just to accommodate his thickness. The pain brought tears to her eyes.

And she gloriéd in it.

◊◊◊

Aegis and Principal Blackwell pushed in through her office door; she was frantically kissing him, her hands caressing his body and stroking his already impressive erection. He found the waistband of her skirt and tore it from her body; she cried out in surprise and arousal.

She cried out again when he took hold of her arms, turned her around, and bent her over her own desk.

“Have you been a naughty girl?” he asked her, stroking her ass, spreading her buttocks with his strong fingers.

“Oh!” she gasped. “Oh, yes! I’ve been a very naughty girl!”

“Then I’m going to have to punish you,” he told her, and slapped her ass, hard enough to redden it.

She jerked and cried out once more, but did not try to pull away. After half a dozen slaps, she was lying limply over the desk, moaning and twitching slightly.

Spreading her thighs, he slid his penis between them, pushing gently at her swollen, arousal-slick labia. They parted, and she gasped as he began to penetrate her slippery depths.

“Oh yes,” she murmured. “Oh yes. Punish me with your big rod.”

For an older woman, she didn’t get much sex, Aegis decided. Good god, she was tight.

Holding on tightly as she began to buck, he started to pump his erection into her, deeper and deeper, harder and harder.

◊◊◊

The classroom was empty; Vista and Clockblocker looked around in puzzlement.

“Who’s supposed to be here?” asked Dennis.
Missy consulted the class list in her hand. “Says a Mrs Knott.”

Dennis looked around. “Nope.” He looked back at Vista. “But while we’re waiting …”

Vista raised an eyebrow. “Yes?”

“I have been staring at that sexy ass of yours since we left, and Aegis is almost certainly getting laid right this second, so I was thinking we might improve the shining hour too.”

Missy giggled, reached out, and ripped the front of Dennis' costume off of the Velcro tabs. He assisted her; moments later, he was as naked as she was.

Hopping up so that she was perched on the edge of the desk, she opened her thighs invitingly, then spread her labia with her fingers. The sight of her pink moist inner folds galvanised him, he needed no farther invitation.

Removing his helmet to show a simple domino mask, he dropped to his knees and began to eat her out in style. She lay back on the desk and wrapped her slim thighs around his neck as his tongue hit every button she had; she gripped the edges of the desk and bucked her tight young wet musky vagina up at his face.

Her juices began to flow in earnest as his tongue delved into her secret depths and flicked across her tightly erect clitoris; she cried out and came, hard. Sucking on her clit, he gave her another orgasm, and then a third, before he gently disentangled her legs from his neck and stood up.

She gasped as his erection slid into her, sheathing its modest length within her slim young body; he lifted her up so that they could kiss and caress one another as he pumped his hips in a steady rhythm. Her vaginal canal was already on fire from his previous attentions, and the harder and faster he thrust into her, the higher her pleasure mounted.

Her nails dug into his back; he groaned and kissed her, and renewed his assault on her wet and willing sex. She had her legs wrapped around his hips as he fucked her, their bodies slapping together with the arousing noise of two young lovers in the throes of passion.

He could feel his climax approaching; his hips pumped faster, driving his slim erection hard into Vista’s tight wet depths. She moaned in counterpoint, clinging to him as her own orgasms blasted through her again and again. Her vaginal canal clenched around him as she came, finally driving him over the edge. He shouted as he ejaculated, his cock pumping his spurting seed deep into her belly, filling her with the warm thick hot liquid. She felt him cumming inside her, over and over, and her eyes rolled back in her head as she imagined the semen filling her womb, the image arousing her intensely.

Slowly they came down from the not-quite-simultaneous orgasm, to find a woman standing in the doorway of the classroom, watching them quizzically.

“Can I … help you?” she asked, a smile of amusement on her lips. “Or would you prefer some more alone time?”

“Uh, no, uh, we’re just waiting for a Mrs Knott?” ventured Vista, as Clockblocker pulled out of her. She felt the treacherous trickle of semen down her leg as she hopped off of the desk.

“That’s me,” replied the teacher. She was tall and broad-shouldered, with a truly impressive bosom.
Her waist was narrow and her hips generous; the most dainty pair of transparent lace panties was her only item of clothing. “How can I help you?” she asked, entering the room, her eyes roving over both Dennis’ and Missy’s body in a most direct fashion. Vista felt a flush of arousal begin deep within her.

“Uh, it's about Sophia Hess,” Dennis began. “When was the last time you saw her?”

“This isn’t the bathroom,” I murmured, as I opened the door Terry had indicated.

“No,” he breathed, his hands around my body. I mmmmed as he cupped my small breasts, and pressed back against, feeling the thick erection fitting into the crack of my ass. “It’s my bedroom.”

I reached down behind me and began to fondle his penis, running my hand up and down it. “Now why would I want to see your bedroom?” Half-turning my head, I raised my face to his, and he kissed me.

“I have no idea,” he grinned, and began to rub my shaven pussy slowly, in such a way as to drive me utterly insane in a very short time. “It just seemed like a good idea at the time.”

I kissed him again and fell back on to the bed, dragging him with me. “It did, did it?” My thighs spread wide, invitingly.

As he got up above me, I reached down and guided him home; I gasped as I felt his head push between my pussy lips.

“Oh god,” I groaned. “Fuck, you're enormous.”

“Am I hurting you?” he asked, biting his lip to try to stay in control.

I shook my head wildly. “Fuck no, keep going.”

We were compatible, but only just. If we'd taken the time to match Cards, we probably wouldn't have been more than sixty percent. But I didn't care. I was a woman, he was a man, we were both horny, and he was on top of me. That was about as far as my thought process went, right then.

As he drove his thick erection into my tender, tight, young pussy, I arched my back and groaned at the sensations. It felt as though I were being filled up to the brim, and he still had half of his length to go yet.

“Oh god,” I whimpered. “Oh god, oh god, oh god.” There was no way he was ever going to fit that in my ass. But that was okay, I had Dean for that.

Slowly, but with more and more force, he began to thrust into me, each time wedging a little more of his monstrous erection into me. I couldn't believe how good it felt; even without the overriding drive for sex that I had suffered for so long, I was still going out of my mind with the sensations.

When his belly met mine, I let out a tiny squeak of pain. I was stretched to my limit, and perhaps just a little beyond. But then he continued stroking in and out of me, and I could only gasp and hang on,
my nails raking his back. I could not articulate, could not speak.

But I could hum. And I began to hum, just for him, as I had done for Dean.

His eyes opened very wide indeed, and he markedly increased his tempo. I cried out, clinging to him, as the first orgasm blasted all coherent thought from my mind. But I never stopped humming.

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“Milk is in the fridge,” Mrs Hess told Dean, as she assembled the teapot and more cookies on a tray.

“Got it,” he assured her, turning to open the fridge. When he turned back, he blinked. She had removed her bra, revealing still-firm breasts, and was in the process of stepping out of her panties.

She met his gaze and flushed again. “I -” she began. “It’s been a while … since Cassie was born.”

She looked down at the floor. “I’ll understand if you … if you don’t want to … “

Placing the milk on the bench, Dean stepped forward. Reaching out, he placed a finger under her chin and raised her face to his. She let out a tiny sigh as he leaned forward and kissed her. Her lips were warm and responsive on his.

She leaned back against the bench as he knelt and pleasured her orally; her hands were clenched in his hair as she tilted her head back and gasped for breath. One leg was thrown over his back; the other was locked tight so that she did not fall. Between her thighs, his lips and tongue were busy, sending bolt after bolt of pleasure through her.

When she thought that there was no more to be had, that the best was over, he proved her wrong once more; standing, he lifted her on to the counter top, and got between her thighs. As he slid into her, she clasped him to her not inconsiderable breasts.

“Oh yes,” she groaned, as he made love to her, slowly and gently. “Oh, yes, oh yes, oh yes. Just like that.”

He kissed her and nuzzled at her neck, as his hips pumped back and forth, gradually driving Mrs Hess to new heights of orgasmic bliss. She clung to him, urging him onward with broken words of encouragement, mixed with whimpers and sobs of sheer pleasure.

When he finally came inside of her, she was shattered, wrecked. She had not had sex this good since her teenage days, when she had become pregnant with Terry. The young man between her thighs had reawakened old memories, had made her feel things that she had thought dead and forgotten.

Gently, he kissed her and helped her down from the counter top. Together, they carried the tea things out from the kitchen, to find the living room empty, except for Chris, still giving little Cassie her impromptu joyride.

“Where’s Harmonic?” asked Gallant.

“And where’s Terry?” echoed Mrs Hess.
At that moment, they heard from above, the unmistakeable sounds of passion amid squeaking bedsprings. Both of them laughed at the same moment, and Naomi snuggled up to Gallant, laying her head on his shoulder. “Thank you,” she murmured. “I really needed that.”

He put his arm around her. “I know,” he assured her. Above, the noise seemed to reach a crescendo. He chuckled; she giggled.

“You think we were that noisy?” she asked him.

He shook his head, and kissed her tenderly. “Nope. You were a perfect lady.”

She was still laughing when Harmonic and Terry trailed down the stairs, looking more than a little wrecked themselves.

Sophia moaned softly. Her ass and pussy felt raw, abraded; warm liquid trickled from each one and down her thighs. She devoutly hoped that it was just cum. They had taken her roughly, one after the other, driving deep inside her tight wet pussy. And then, when she was too far gone to do anything about it, they had taken the probe from her ass, and taken her there as well. She had no idea how long the gang-rape had gone on, but for now, there was nothing in either of her orifices, for which she was profoundly grateful.

At the same time, on a whole other level, she was incredibly aroused. The whipping, the dildo, the probe, and then the unwanted sex, had all added up to give her a series of teeth-rattling orgasms, even as she protested the penetrations. Carla had read her perfectly; being tied down and forced to submit to that sort of degradation had driven her into the heights of her perverted pleasure.

She felt the ropes being loosened, and the blindfold and gag were untied. Groaning as limbs uncramped, she rolled over on the bed to look at her blonde tormentor.

“Well?” asked Carla, looking very pleased with herself. “How did it go?”

She had trickles of cum on her chin, and what looked like fresh bruises on her small breasts, so Sophia assumed that she’d been dealing with another customer, or perhaps even taking up the slack on some of the guys who’d been using her, while Sophia was being raped so thoroughly.

Sophia’s first punch caught Carla just under the eyesocket.

Carla stumbled back, too dazed to even cry out. Sophia came off the bed, swinging her fist again; this time, her fist caught the smaller girl in the solar plexus, and she doubled up, gagging. She hauled Carla upright, and slammed her knee up between the blonde’s thighs, eliciting a cry of agony from the girl.

Sophia was in pain from her breasts, her back, her buttocks, and her pussy and ass. She had just been tied down and raped by a series of men; she was hugely aroused, and wanted to take that out on someone else. That someone else was Carla. The sexual pleasure mounted in her as she assaulted the blonde, but this time, there was nothing holding her back. Nothing to make her stop.
Grabbing the smaller girl, she threw her on to the bed, then snatched up the dildo and strapped it on. Carla cried out as she was penetrated savagely, her buttocks spreading wide under Sophia’s anal assault. The dildo drove deep on its first thrust, and deeper again on the second.

This was not the one that Carla supplied for anal sex with her, but Sophia didn’t care; she was causing pain to Carla, and that was all that mattered. “If you can’t stand it, you shouldn’t have started this,” she muttered.

Carla stared up at her. “Stop,” she moaned. “Please stop.” She took a deep breath. “Protectorate.”

That was their safe word. With that word, Sophia was supposed to back off, stop doing what she was doing.

She didn’t.

Carla screamed as Sophia’s hands closed around her throat.

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Principal Blackwell wondered vaguely what her students would think of her; bent over her desk, panting with lust, even as a strapping young superhero vigorously sodomised her quivering asshole. His cock pumped in and out of her, she moaned and whimpered and clench her sphincter around him, feeling her next climax approaching.

She had never had a tendency toward anal before she met Aegis. She had tentatively suggested it on their first meeting, and had been spectacularly rewarded for her daring. He had already cum twice in her pussy, before she had begged him to do her this way again. Her eyes were nearly crossing with the sheer blinding pleasure that was blasting through her body with every powerful stroke.

If this boy went to Winslow, he’d be in my office every morning for detention, she told herself, and imagined being willingly bent over her desk on a daily basis by Aegis. The thought turned her bones to water, and propelled her into another searing orgasm.

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Mrs Knott’s panties had long been discarded. She lay back on the desk, with Vista straddling her face. Her talented tongue drove the young Ward into heights of ecstasy, even as Clockblocker thrust into the teacher’s wet and willing vagina from the edge of the desk. He held her shapely thighs on his shoulders, as he pumped his hips; her vaginal canal was almost as tight, and just as slippery, as Missy’s had been. He groaned as he thrust into the older woman, rubbing her clitoris with his thumb as he had been shown.

Gladys Knott could not believe her luck. Returning to her classroom from the staff break room, she had not expected to find two teenagers rutting on her desk. And she certainly had not expected to join in a repeat performance. The boy’s cock wasn’t the largest, but he certainly knew how to use it. And the girl’s pussy was the sweetest and most delicate that she had tasted for quite some time. Clenching her vaginal canal around the boy’s thrusting erection, she clasped Vista’s thighs as she flickered her tongue between clitoris, labia and vagina, driving the girl into yet another orgasm.
Terry and I stumbled back into the living room; he had to assist me, because I was having trouble walking. I saw Dean's eyes flick down between my legs, and I knew he could see how reddened I was down there. We had washed away most of Terry’s cum, but it felt like he had pumped a gallon of the stuff up inside me when he came.

Gingerly, I sat down on the armchair, spreading my legs as much as possible to give my pussy access to the cool air. Dean imperturbably handed me a cup of tea; gratefully, I accepted it, and sipped at the hot, sweet beverage.

“So, you were saying about Sophia?” prompted Mrs Hess, as Terry sat in the other armchair; he was equally as careful as I was, for similar reasons.

Dean and I shared another glance. From the way Mrs Hess was snuggling up to him, Terry and I had not been the only ones getting some, and I gave him an encouraging nod. Better she hear it from someone she'd just had sex with.

Dean took a deep breath. “Uh … Sophia had a secret. She was actually the vigilante known as Shadow Stalker.”

She drew back and stared at him. “You're joking.”

Terry shook his head. “No, Mom, he's not.”

She switched her stare to her son. “Terry? What do you know about this?”

We were all looking at him by this point; he cleared his throat uncomfortably. “I, uh, caught her with her crossbows.”

“Why didn't you tell me?” she demanded.

“She, uh, offered to suck my cock every night for a week,” he confessed.

Dean nodded. “Ah.”

“Why didn't you just have sex and be done with it?” I asked bluntly.

He shook his head. “Not compatible,” he explained. “I wouldn't have been able to fit.”

That, I could believe. “Ah,” I agreed, in my turn.

“So has she been home since the incident?” Dean asked.

Naomi shook her head. Terry hesitated.

“Terry?” I asked him.

He ducked his head. “She came home the night after, to grab her crossbows. I happened to catch her
in her room. She, uh, persuaded me not to tell Mom.”

“Sucked you off again,” Dean translated.

He nodded, colouring dark. “Yeah.”

Naomi rolled her eyes. “Terry, seriously. You should have told me. Why didn't you just say no?”

“If you were a guy, and your cock was being sucked by Sophia, you wouldn't be asking that,” Terry mumbled.

“He has a point,” Dean assured her.

She grimaced. “Okay,” she agreed. “But is there anything else that you know about where she was going?”

He shrugged. “I followed her once. She met this girl in a back street, and they went back to the girl's place.”

“See, I told you she was having sex,” Mrs Hess stated triumphantly.

“Would you be able to give us the address?” I asked.

“Yeah,” he confirmed. “I wrote it down.”

Dean grinned. “Excellent,” he told Terry. “That's our first break all day.”

<><> We met outside the address that Terry had given us. Aegis, Clockblocker and Vista had obviously made good time from Winslow; Clockblocker, like Aegis and Vista, was stripped down for action.

Glancing at Vista's expression of extreme self-satisfaction and the dried shiny streaks on her thighs, I burst out laughing.

“What?” she demanded, just as Dean began snickering as well.

“You three have been going at it, haven't you?” I asked. “Vista looks like the after picture in a sex aid commercial.”

Missy blushed vividly; I couldn't see Dennis' face through the helmet, and Aegis' face refused to react.

“Maybe,” observed the leader of the Wards, “but it's probably not a good idea to talk about having sex on the job. Piggot would ground us, hard. So, about this address?”

I cleared my throat. “Sophia's brother gave it to us. We've been observing. I think there's one person in there, probably not Sophia, asleep.”

“Time to go in, then,” he responded. “Vista, Kid Win, the back windows. Harmonic, with me.
Gallant, Clockblocker, watch the exits in case she makes a run for it.”

I nodded, and we waited for the others to get into position. Then I headed up the stairs with Aegis floating alongside.

The humming I was working on put a zone of silence around us; if the stairs creaked, no-one heard a thing. Nor did the door make a sound, even though it moved when I prodded it.

He entered the room first, slamming the door open and launching himself into the room. I followed more circumspectly, only to find that neither boldness nor caution was of need at the moment.

Sprawled on the bed, awkward in death, was a blonde girl, a little over five feet tall. Her features were distorted and swollen, but I figured she would have been cute, before the savage beating.

She was naked, and her body had been attacked, almost mutilated. Her small breasts had been savaged by someone with sharp nails, almost torn from her body. Other indignities had been inflicted upon her, but the cause of death, as far as I could tell without touching her, was the heavy bruising on her throat. Still without touching her, I held my hands over the bruises. They were caused by hands narrower than mine, but longer.

I met Aegis’ eyes. “Sophia's got hands that shape.”

“Fuck,” he muttered. “We have to call this in, now. It looks like Shadow Stalker's not just a wanted criminal.

“She's a murderer.”
Hannah sat astride Colin's lap, her only item of clothing being her sash, which was pushed up above her waist; he was wearing exactly nothing. Slowly, she rocked back and forth, his erection moving deep within her in a way that made her bite her lip. Colin held her hips and pulled her down on to him, suckling on her proud, outstanding nipples as her breasts bobbed before his eyes.

Leaning down, she kissed him hard, then ground down on him even harder. He groaned as he penetrated her to his full length. "Gonna cum," he grunted.

"Good," she breathed. "Me too."

Just then, his comm went off. He didn't pause in his caressing of her breasts as he grabbed it up. "Armsmaster."

"Sir," reported Aegis. "We followed up a lead on Shadow Stalker, and we just found a dead body. We're going to need forensics techs here, but I think she's responsible."

Above him, Hannah was doing something entirely too distracting with her hips; he could feel his climax fast approaching. "Alert PRT. Send request. I'll - ungh - okay it."

"Thank you, sir. Are you all right?"

"Personal time," grunted Armsmaster, propping the comm between his shoulder and ear so that he could grab Miss Militia's hips with both hands, and thrust hard up into her. She arched her back and groaned as he pumped his thick penis deep into her slippery wetness, over and over again.

Aegis obviously recognised the popular term for 'I'm having sex right now'. "Gotcha, sir. I'll get off the line." And he hung up.

Letting the comm drop to the floor, Colin arched his back and drove his erection hard up into Hannah's soft, tight, wet vaginal passage; she cried out as she came again. Moments later, he felt his own climax begin, his cock spurting thick wads of hot semen deep into her pulsating womb. She raked his chest with her nails as he pumped his cum into her, rocking back and forth so as to get the very best sensations out of her own orgasmic blast.

As he slumped back, panting, she eased off of him. His deflating penis slid out of her freshly-fucked pussy, and flopped to his thigh.

"So what was that about?" she asked, as she strapped on her gunbelt again, and pulled her sash down so that it almost covered her ass and pussy.

"Wards found a body," he told her, still catching his breath. "They think Shadow Stalker might be the perpetrator."

"Huh," she commented. Leaning in, she kissed him. "We're getting better, I think. That was better than last time."

He fondled her ass; she let him. "Well, it's good to have a close working relationship."
She smiled as she took her scarf from the table and tied it around her neck. "So, how close a working relationship do you have with the Director?"

He grunted. "We fuck every few months. She seems to enjoy it."

Pulling the scarf up so that it covered her mouth and nose, she nodded. "I'm not surprised. We're going to have to do this again soon."

He nodded. "It was good. But right now, I need you to brief the Protectorate and the Wards on Shadow Stalker. We need to bring her in, and soon."

Hannah nodded. "On it." Turning, she left the room.

Almost before she was gone, Colin was concentrating on business again. Sex was all well and good, but maintaining a reputation as a serious superhero was a whole different ball game.

I need to talk to the Director about this ...

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Chris eyed Vista's butt as they made their way back to the base; the PRT forensic techs had taken over the crime scene, and Armsmaster had issued an order to return to base.

He had to admit, he was getting more sex these days than he had for quite a while. Between Vista coming of Age, and Taylor joining the Wards - he recalled, oh so vividly, the threesome he'd had with Taylor and Vista - and the visit to the school, he'd rather gone up in the world.

He'd had sex before, of course; even at home, he'd fooled around with his sisters, and his mom had shown him a few pointers about pleasing a woman, but taking Missy's virginity had been a special time for him. She had come to him on the day before her birthday, and asked him if he'd do it for her. She'd been naked at the time, of course, and he had agreed immediately. He suspected that if he had suggested doing it then and there, she would have immediately climbed into bed with him.

But they'd waited, and her birthday was a fun day for her. The cake with the penis-shaped candle in the middle was a nice touch, and Dean had given her an adult vibrator to replace the trainer dildo that underage girls were allowed to buy. And then she had gotten up on the table and lain back with her legs spread, and each of the Wards had eaten her out, one after the other. She'd been climaxing even before Aegis finished on her, and by the time Chris got to her, she was a limp puddle on the table. So he had helped her up, and they had gone to her room.

She had wanted to suck on his cock, although he was fairly sure that he would come with the slightest provocation. But she had been so sweet about it that he had let her do it. He'd come, of course, and she'd done her best to swallow all of his semen, although some did dribble on to her tiny, hard breasts, which made her more appealing than ever.

Once she had fondled and sucked him back to full erection - with her naked in the bed with him, that didn't take long - he had lain back and invited her to get on top. They had matched Cards, of course - all the Wards had matched Cards with her, as part of the birthday celebrations. In fact, Miss Militia and Battery had made a point of coming by and matching Cards with her as well, just to show her that she was indeed a sexual adult now.
Slowly, carefully, she had lowered her thoroughly-aroused vagina down on to his strainingly-erect penis. He had groaned as she had slid on to him, engulfing his teenage manhood. She had no hymen of course; her trainer dildo had taken care of that, long ago. He understood she had named it 'Dean'. Gallant apparently wasn't sure to be embarrassed or amused.

He had reached up and caressed her small breasts, pinching her nipples gently. She had groaned, and slid down farther on to him, until she was fully impaled upon his shaft.

Slowly, teasingly, she had begun to move up and down upon his penis. He had slid in and out of her; exciting them both more and more. Leaning down, while still bobbing her hips, she had kissed him; he had returned it, giving her tongue, as he had learned to do.

After she came for the first time with a penis inside her, they had rolled over and he had begun to thrust into her with more and more assurance. She had clung to him, urging him on with broken cries. Harder and harder he stroked, louder and louder she cried out, until she came again, explosively. And again. And again.

It took a little while for him to get to the point where he could cum, and in the meantime, she enjoyed herself immediately. She suggested doggy-style, which he found very kinky, and putting her ankles on his shoulders, which blew his mind with the depth that he could now penetrate her to. They finished off in that position; his penis deep within her, spurting his seed into her tender young womb, as she begged him not to stop, to keep doing what he was doing.

That thundering orgasm had left them both shaken and spent; she had snuggled up with him for the rest of the night. In the morning, they had fucked again, once in the bed and once in the shower. Sex, she had agreed with him, was a great way to wake up.

Since then, she had had sex with Dennis and Taylor, and the boys at the school. He'd had Taylor in every way that a boy can have a girl, as well as those sexy, insatiable teen girls at Winslow. But he still had feelings for Missy. Maybe it was because he'd had her cherry. That was a special time for the both of them.

In the meantime, she carried a torch for Dean, despite the fact that Taylor was now with him. Still, they'd managed to work out a threesome agreement.

Oh well, he decided. Even if she won't be my girlfriend, we can still have sex. At least that's something.

And in the meantime, he could watch her sexy little butt.

<><><

"Shadow Stalker is a Breaker 4, with a Stranger/Mover rating," announced Miss Militia. She wore a brief camouflage bikini top, and an extremely abbreviated camo-patterned skirt, under her flag-print sash. "She can attain an insubstantial state, while carrying equipment. Her chosen weapons are paired crossbows, with which she is quite accurate. She uses razor-tipped arrows, so do not get in the way of these, people."

Kid Win raised his hand. "I guess Aegis and I are taking point, then."

"Something to note," Miss Militia went on, nodding to show that she'd heard. "Her Breaker capabilities mean that if she drops or throws something while in her shadow state, it takes a
measurable interval for it to become solid again. So yes, she can shoot through a brick wall to hit
someone on the other side. Or, with even more precise timing, shoot you inside your own armour."

I raised my hand. Miss Militia nodded my way. "Yes?"

"Can she time it?" I asked. "Or does she have to stand off a certain distance to make sure it goes
solid before it's gone right through?"

"You mean, can she make it hard before it penetrates too deeply?" quipped Clockblocker.

Everyone groaned.

"Yes, Clockblocker, we got the sexual metaphor, thank you," Miss Militia replied, rolling her eyes.
"And no, we don't know for a fact whether she can time the return of her arrows to a solid state, so
be careful there too. Just try not to get in the line of fire. Aegis, we do not know the effect of an
arrow materialising inside your brain, but it can't be good, so don't chance it."

"Is she going to be shooting to kill?" asked Vista.

"She's already killed one innocent, and beaten another to the point that she's suffered permanent
injury," Miss Militia pointed out. "Right now, she has nothing to lose."

"What are the rules of engagement?" asked Assault. "Contain, capture or kill?"

"Ideally, we're going for a capture," Miss Militia informed him. "Only if someone's life is in danger
do we progress to lethal force. Am I understood?"

Everyone nodded.

"Does she have any weaknesses that we know of?" asked Battery.

"None that we've been informed of," Miss Militia noted. "Guns don't really bother her, in her
shadow state."

"How about fire?" asked Velocity.

"Or lasers?" added Kid Win, pulling out his pistol and putting it on the desk.

"We don't know," Miss Militia stressed. "They may have no effect. They may be instantly lethal. No-
one's gotten close enough to her to find out her weaknesses."

I put my hand up again.

"Yes, Harmonic?" queried Miss Militia.

"One person has," I informed her. "Emma Barnes. The girl she kicked the, uh, beat up. They were
best friends for over a year."

Everyone turned to stare at me. I flushed. "Well, it's true," I finished lamely.

"You're certain of this?" asked Miss Militia.
I nodded. "Absolutely certain." I took a deep breath. "I've only told Gallant this. I was bullied by them, up until I was recruited into the Wards."

"For eighteen months, more or less," Gallant added. I put my hand on his thigh and squeezed; a thank-you. He squeezed my butt in reply. On my other side, Vista put her hand on my leg. I put mine on hers.

"She could be an invaluable source of information into Shadow Stalker's methods and capabilities, then," Miss Militia observed.

I nodded. "She could. She's got guards on her?"

Miss Militia went very still. "Just standard police. We haven't informed them yet of Sophia Hess being a cape." She pulled a comm off of her gunbelt and hit a few buttons. "Excuse me."

Turning away, she started talking rapidly into the comm. I turned to Gallant, whose hand on my butt was getting very personal indeed. I couldn't say that I minded, or that Vista was easing her hand down between my thighs. I kissed him, then her, before Miss Militia turned back to us.

"PRT are on the way to the hospital now," she informed us crisply. "Gallant, you and Harmonic go there now as well. Vista, you can get them there fastest. Velocity, you go ahead and make sure nothing happens to Ms Barnes before the PRT arrives. Go!"

There was a whoosh of air, and Velocity was out of the room, the door banging shut behind him. I stood up, as did Gallant and Vista. I unzipped my costume, stepping out of it, until I was naked except for the goggles. Vista unhooked the tabs of her own costume, more substantial than mine, while I helped Gallant strip out of his. The sight of his naked body stirred feelings in me, but I tamped them down. *Superhero stuff now, fuck my gorgeous boyfriend later.*

"Time to go to work," I told them. Vista took one hand, while Gallant took the other. Together, we ran from the room.
Velocity ran through the streets of Brockton Bay. He wore just his mask and a pair of sturdy running shoes, the latter essential, given his personal powerset. As it was, he went through a pair a week.

People so often got it wrong about him. They thought he sped himself up, moved faster. They couldn't figure how he could corner at three hundred miles per hour without having to take half the city to turn, or breaking an ankle. It wasn't as if his shoes had perfect traction, after all.

What they failed to understand was that he didn't speed himself up. What he did was alter his own personal time rate. It might seem to be the same thing to the man on the street, but there was a very important distinction between the two. When he ran, the speed of his footsteps did not crack pavement; the pavement was experiencing time at the same rate that he was, so that it only experienced a footfall at the running rate of a normal man. On the downside, nor could he punch a man at three hundred miles an hour; to him and the man, it would feel as though he was moving at normal speed. He would just punch the man a lot before he could respond.

He supposed that it was a good thing that he wasn't moving at half the speed of sound when he did hit something; he wasn't superhumanly durable, and punching someone at that speed would probably break every bone in his arm. Nor would the soles of his shoes last long at the impacts he would otherwise be subjecting them to. A blowout at several hundred miles per hour would be disastrous, to say the least.

It was a little uncomfortable to run everywhere with his wherewithal hanging in the breeze; the constant flopping was kind of a problem. So he had invested in a snug little nylon pouch; it held his package firmly without clenching too tight or covering too much, and allowed him to run with ease. Occasionally, he found that it constricted certain blood vessels, which led to him running with an erection, but that was a small price to pay for the use of his powers. And once in a while, he found a grateful damsel no longer in distress who was willing to help him do something about it.

It wasn't far to the hospital; he turned the corner and bolted down the street. Up the steps. Through the manual door, because it was such a pain waiting for electric-eye doors to catch up to his movement. The elevator was right out; he could read three novels, do a crossword and catch a short nap before the car reached the right floor. So he took the stairs.

That was the other thing that people misunderstood about his powers. They thought that just because he was quick to them, that time passed quickly for him too.

They were wrong.

When he ran across the city, he ran at his speed. It might take him two minutes to cross Brockton Bay, but to him, it was an hour-long slog. When he did a lot of work in a short time, people saw the work had been done, but did not consider that he might have been bored to tears before it was halfway through; never mind that 'halfway through' was thirty seconds to the outside world.

So yes, climbing stairs was a drag, too. But waiting in an elevator was a bigger drag; he could speed up his own time rate, but he could do nothing to speed up the actual mechanism.

He was still musing on that, and thinking about how he might write up something for his own amusement, maybe research the unseen downsides of other powers and see if other people got as
frustrated with their powers as he did, when he exited the stairwell.

Slowing down as he went along the hallway, he stopped outside the door to Emma Barnes' hospital room.

Looking down, he saw something that should most definitely not be there, in a hospital or anywhere else. A trickle of blood, just making its way under the door.

He went to open the door.

It was locked.

Briefly, he considered going back to normal speed and making a report, but that would waste time. Time which Emma Barnes, if she was still alive, could not afford.

He rattled the door handle again; yes, it was locked.

Locked doors; the Achilles heel of a speedster, so to speak.

He considered the problem, then looked around. Down the hallway, he spotted a solution.

A candy-stripper, young and quite pretty, was pushing a lunch cart along. It was metal, and probably quite heavy.

A fraction of a second later, from her point of view, it was no longer in front of her; it had been whipped from her hands and was travelling at a frankly astonishing speed down the hallway. She began to open her mouth, to frame a question.

By the time she uttered it, the action would be more or less over. Later, tucked into her bra, she would find a note with a phone number on it; Velocity was a man who didn't believe in wasting time.

But for now, he was going to make use of physics.

<><>

It was true that he could not impact the door with all the inertia of an object travelling at several hundred miles an hour. But he could take something quite heavy, and impact it at a rather lower speed, but one that would overcome the door's natural inclination to stay closed. He trundled the cart up to the door, then backed up as far as he could go. Then he broke into a run, pushing the cart at the door.

The first impact did not open the door, but he thought he saw damage. So he backed up and did it again.

This time did the trick; the lock tore loose from the door, which banged open. Beyond, he saw, was a dead police officer, a ghastly wound in his throat. It had bled quite profusely.

He let the lunch cart go as he stepped into the room; it rolled on, dropping out of his time-field, seeming to stop instantly.
Velocity's interest was more to do with the girl lying in the hospital bed; several cords and lines attached her to various mechanisms and bags of fluid.

Is she even alive?

Stepping forward, he looked around warily. There seemed to be no-one in the room, apart from him and the girl in the bed. He glanced around; there was no-one in the tiny bathroom, and no-one behind the curtain. He even bent over to look under the bed. No-one there, either.

She must have lost her nerve, or realised that I was on my way.

Taking a deep breath, he went back to normal speed; trying to feel someone's pulse at his accelerated time rate would be a waste of time. He'd be there for ten minutes before he felt anything.

He felt something, all right. Just as he put his fingers to Emma's neck, there was a blaze of agony in his leg and he stumbled back, staring down at the crossbow arrow embedded in his thigh. As he fell on his butt, the tearing agony making it hard to concentrate on speeding up again, the naked girl rolled out from under the bed.

But I checked under there, he told himself. I checked.

Coming to her feet, Shadow Stalker levelled a crossbow at him. She looked at him, her gaze merciless, and he realised that whatever was behind her eyes, it wasn't really human any more.

She squeezed the trigger; the arrow leaped out at him. Frantically, he called on his time-field, slowed time down, reached up to deflect the arrow before it could strike him, do more damage.

But he didn't see the second crossbow come out from behind her back, not until it was too late. Even while all his focus was on catching the one arrow, the second was on its way.

He knocked the arrow aside an instant before it would have punched into his chest, but even as he heard it clatter to the ground, the second one slammed into his shoulder.

She's too good at this.

Fuck.

Her eyes were utterly expressionless as she began to reload her crossbows.

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The three of us travelled across the rooftops as fast as Vista could move us; space compressed before us, and relaxed into its normal shape behind us.

"Which floor?" she asked as we got closer to the hospital.

"Fourth," answered Gallant. We looked up; there was a balcony there, perhaps for the patients to get a breath of fresh air. It was ideal.

"Hold on," she told us. Space twisted; the balcony leaped toward us. We scrambled over the rail, looked around. At the far end, an orderly had a nurse up against the wall. She wore suspenders and stockings; her panties were around one ankle, her short skirt around her waist.
"Excuse me," called Gallant.

The nurse, face flushed with passion, looked around at us. "What?" she gasped. Vista licked her lips as she watched the man's thick erection plunging into her. I had to admit, it was an arousing sight.

"Could you tell us where room four-thirty-four is?" asked Gallant.

The nurse clutched at the orderly. "To the right -" she gasped. "Oh god yes! To the right, halfway - oh god! - halfway down!"

Gallant nodded. "Thanks," he replied. Turning, he opened the door. I lingered, wanting to see more; Vista had to tug at my hand to remind me to follow.

Vista crunched space down the corridor; we travelled a hundred feet in a second. Suddenly, Gallant winced, and pointed. "There!" he snapped.

We were at the door in an instant; I was first through.

I saw Sophia Hess.

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There was more in the room than her, but she was all I saw, right then. Slim, deadly, carrying two crossbows. Bolts tucked into holders strapped to her ankles and thighs. Pushing an arrow into one crossbow as I entered the room. She turned fast, aiming the crossbow.

"Give it up!" I shouted, starting the humming, as hard as I could, trying to confuse her critical faculties. If I could get her to surrender ...

She hesitated for a split second, then Gallant pushed into the room; he shot one of his emotion bolts into her.

Or rather, into her shadow form; as fast as he fired, she turned shadow just as fast. It barely seemed to faze her.

I changed the tone of my humming, trying to see if I could pick her up with my sonar effect.

I couldn't, but I could 'see' another person; half-turning, I looked.

Velocity sat on the floor, against the wall. An arrow stuck in his thigh, another in his shoulder. Blood pooled around him, the pool growing larger by the second.

If we didn't do something to help him soon, he would bleed out and die.

But if we took our attention away from Shadow Stalker, one of us would certainly die.

_Fuck, _I thought. _What do I do now_?
Welcome to the Parahumans Online Message Boards
You are currently logged in, XxPussyCowboyxX (OfAge)
You are viewing:
• Threads you have replied to
• AND Threads that have new replies
• OR private message conversations with new replies
• Thread OP is displayed
• Ten posts per page
• Last ten messages in private message history
• Threads and private messages are ordered by user custom preference.

Topic: New member for the Wards?
In: Boards ▶ Wards ENE

ICanHazCheezeburger (Original Poster) (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Posted on March 10, 2011:

So, I hear that the Wards have a new member. A chick called Harmonic, or Harmonica or something?

(Showing Page 1 of 5)

Aegis (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (Team Leader) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
We have a new member, yes. Her name is Harmonic.

BiCuriousGuy (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Yeah, seen her around. Tall, skinny chck in the goggles? Tits are a bit small for me, but I wouldn't mind tapping dat ass.

KidWin (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
I've tapped dat ass. It was all that. Seriously. All that.

Gallant (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Hey, don't you go talking about my girlfriend like that. We're exclusive, I'll have you know. j/k.
Seriously, she's got some major pussy mojo going on there.

Harmonic (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Wow guys (blush)
Yes, I'm the new member.
Yes, I'm getting along with everyone just fine.
And yes, I know my tits are small. (sigh)

**Vista** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Bigger than mine.
And just to note, guys. Of Age now. Yay!

**ClitLicker** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Hey, wasn't Gallant fucking Glory Girl?
Better watch it, Harmonic. You might be getting a tap on the shoulder any day now.
Cape fight for Gallant's favours! Pay per view, anyone?

**Gallant** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Nah, it's all good. Vicky's with Amy now. They're very happy together.

**ThatsNotAGun** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Wait, so Glory Hole is fucking Panacea?
Wow.
Did NOT see that coming.
PS: Vista, if you're free on Tuesday night, I can PM you a place to meet.

**Vista** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Not really dating outside the team yet, Gun. But thanks for the offer.
Besides, Gallant is the guy I'm interested in. If only we were physically compatible ... sigh
On the other hand, Harmonic is willing to share. And ... wow. Does she share.

**Clockblocker** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Okay, just to answer the original question, re Harmonic and Dat Ass.
Yes, we have all tapped Dat Ass.
And it was good.
And is it true, Vicky, that you and Amy have something special in your sex play?

**GloryHole** (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Yeah. Let's just say that when a biokinetic decides to have some fun, the sky's the limit.
I'll give you a hint: futanari.
I am in love, folks. Love.

**ClitLicker** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Oh god. I am officially jealous, right now.
Pussy? Ass? Both?

**Panacea** (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Yes.
Oh my god, yes.

**KapeGrrrl** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Well, congratulations.
So, Vista. Had it in the ass yet?

**Vista** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Oh yeah. Kid Win took my cherry on my 13th birthday. Both ways.

**ThatsNotAGun** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Darn. There goes my fondest wish.
Seriously, that cute little butt features in some of my best fantasies. My girlfriend owns a Vista costume, just because of you.

**Vista** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
You do know I was underage until just recently, right?

**ThatsNotAGun** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
And?

**TinMother** (Moderator) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Let's not have any more inference of sex with underage partners, shall we? I don't want to have to temp ban anyone.

*End of Page. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5*

*(Showing Page 3 of 5)*

**ThatsNotAGun** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Sorry. I'll drop the subject.
So, Harmonic. Prefer girls? Guys?

**Harmonic** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
I ... guess I have to say, it depends on the person.
I like beefcake, a lot. Aegis really does it for me; I'll bend over for him any day. Kid Win and Clockblocker are really nice too. But Gallant ... he's in a league of his own. I'd pick him over any combination of a group fuck with the rest of them.
But I'd much rather have Vista in the bed too. Because she's cute and fun and sexy, and she makes my tits look big.

**Vista** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Aww, thanks Harmonic. I wuvs you too.
(Just by the by, I'm guy oriented, but Harmonic in bed? Something else altogether. Seriously)

**Gallant** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
What Vista said. In spades.

**CumGuzzler** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Uh, what's the truth behind the rumour that you made Lung's balls explode, Harmonic?
(Please don't make my balls explode)

**Harmonic** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
(sigh)
It was ONE TIME, okay. I didn't really mean to make it happen like that. But yeah, that happened.

**Aegis** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (TeamLeader) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Harmonic, you don't have to answer that.

**Aegis** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (TeamLeader) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
... too late.

**Harmonic** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Uh, sorry.

**Aegis** (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (TeamLeader) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
(Sigh)
It's all right. It would have gotten out anyway.

**End of Page. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5**

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**KapeGrrrl** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Wait, the fuck? You DID that?
Wow, fuck me.
No, I mean it. Come over and fuck me any time.
That's some serious badass, right there.
I am so wet, just thinking about it.

**TakesCapeCock** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
If you had a cock, Harmonic, I would suck it, right now.

Panacea (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
I can arrange that for you, if you want.

Harmonic (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Uh, no, I'm good.
KapeGrrrl, TakesCapeCock, feel free to PM me for off-duty meetings. Threesome, maybe?

KapeGrrrl (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
PM sent

TakesCapeCock (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
PM sent

Gallant (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Wow, I'm almost jealous.

Harmonic (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
You can come too.

Gallant (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Woo hoo!

Vista (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
What about me?

**End of Page. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5**

**(Showing Page 5 of 5)**

Harmonic (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
The more the merrier.

KapeGrrrl (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Woo hoo! Cape orgy, my place, tonight.

TakesCapeCock (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
I'll bring the lube.
KapeGrrrl (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 11, 2011:
Dealio.

End of Page. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

[PHO generator created by Conceptualist. Link to download here.]
"Velocity!" gasped Vista, darting over to the fallen hero. Falling to her knees beside him - I could not help admiring her sexy little butt as she did so - she examined the bloody wounds, each with the arrow that had caused it still in place.

"Don't pull them out," Gallant warned her, his eyes fixed on the insubstantial form of Shadow Stalker. Of Sophia Hess. The girl who had helped make my life a living hell, had nearly killed her lover and confederate Emma Barnes for imagined infidelity, and who had killed another one of her sexual partners in the most grotesque way possible.

This was the person that we were trying to stop, before she killed again.

"Wasn't going to," Vista replied, without looking around. "Get me something I can use to stop the bleeding."

I increased my humming, turning my eyes back to fix on Sophia. “I've got her,” I assured Gallant. He nodded, went to a closet, opened it to find sheets. I didn't care; he and Vista could help Velocity. I took a step toward Sophia.

“You're done,” I told her flatly. “You're finished. You killed that girl.”

Her smoky form wavered, and I thought her mouth might have moved, but I heard nothing.

Abruptly, as Gallant worked to tear a strip from a sheet, Sophia turned solid.

“You're nothing,” she gritted. “You can't stop me.” She had an arrow in her hand; turning, she swung it overhand down toward Emma's chest, at her heart.

For a split second, I wanted to let her do it. Kill Emma. Remove her from my life altogether. But I couldn't do it. Not and be able to look Dean in the eye again.

I launched myself forward and tackled her. Our naked bodies crashed together, hit the bed, hit the wall, bounced off, landed on the floor. She tried to stab me with the arrow; I gripped her wrist. She was stronger than me, and the razor point edged toward me. I changed the tone of my humming; she gasped, and her back arched.

Now she was shuddering, and I was able to hold her arm back. I banged her wrist against the floor once, twice, three times. She let go, the arrow skittering away. My thigh was between her legs, and she was grinding her crotch on to it. I added a little more intensity to my humming; she clawed at my back.

And then I threw myself aside as she came so close to spitting me with another arrow. Even as she climaxed, she'd been trying to kill me. I drew back my fist to punch her, and she went insubstantial again, changed form, went to her feet.

I was still on the ground; she could stab me, or Emma, at will, once she went solid. My humming was no longer affecting her; I tried changing frequencies. *Maybe a higher pitched one, to affect something that's not truly solid?*
Even as she moved toward Emma's bed, I saw her form waver once or twice as I hunted for the right frequency. And then I had it; a tone that caused her form to ripple like a pond in a high wind. I focused on that frequency, and gave it all that I had.

She screamed as she was forced out of her shadow form, hands over her ears, blood coming from her nose. I came up off the floor and punched her hard; my fist caught her on the point of the jaw and she went over backward. She tried to go shadow form again, but the frequency I had settled on wouldn't let her, and badly hampered her even while in normal form. So I settled for straddling her and punching her in the face until she stopped struggling.

I'm not going to lie.

It felt great.

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Director Piggot rarely beamed. She hardly ever smiled. But the expression that she was showing us now was less disapproving than most I had seen on her face.

“Panacea says that she'll be able to get around to Velocity in a couple of days,” she began. “In the meantime, he's out of danger and getting better all the time.”

I smothered a grin; I had visited him that morning, and found him getting a blow-job from a pretty candy-striper. I guessed that it wouldn't be long before they were pushing that dalliance to the next logical step. Yes, he was certainly on the mend.

“Emma Barnes has spoken to us, and has confided that electricity is something that can affect Shadow Stalker, no matter what form she is in. So her restraints will be electrified from now on.”

That was good; I hadn't been sure about the ability of a Tinker-built device to replicate all the overtones of which I was capable. And I certainly didn't want her getting out in a hurry.

“Gallant and Vista, you are to be commended; your prompt actions very likely saved Velocity's life.”

Not to mention, their sheer faith in me that allowed them to turn their backs on Sophia while the fight was still ongoing. I had tried to tell them how much that meant to me; Vista had merely grinned and kissed me.

“And last but not least, Harmonic. Your actions not only saved Ms Barnes' life -” An action about which I was still conflicted. “- but also brought a dangerous criminal cape to justice. You are to be congratulated.”

Applause broke out from the other Wards; we were all wearing our dress uniforms, so that I couldn't grope Gallant in the way we both wanted me to when he hugged me. Still, he kissed me, and I kissed him back quite avidly.

“So how does it feel to be a bona-fide kick-ass hero?” asked Kid Win, moving up to give me a high-five.

“I dunno,” I told him, then gave him a kiss. “Tell you when I get around to being one.”
He squeezed my ass in the skin-tight costume. “Sure feels like a hero’s ass to me.”

“Want to watch it, or I might just give you a show,” I purred. “How much room does that codpiece have, anyway?”

“Okay, fine, you win,” he conceded; Vista giggled, grabbed me and kissed me again. I kissed her back; she was fun to kiss.

“So did you really give Shadow Stalker a sound job?” asked Clockblocker, squeezing my breast through my costume.

I sighed. “You’re back on that again? Yes, I did. It served to distract her. Though she nearly broke out of it again, and did her best to stab me in the back with another arrow.”

“But she came,” Clockblocker pressed. “You caused someone to have an orgasm while in the middle of a fight with them. That’s all kinds of badass.”

I rolled my eyes. “The kind of badass that has people lining up to fight me, more like.”

Gallant chuckled, and put his arm over my shoulders. Vista lined up on my other side, her arm around my waist. “Well, then,” Gallant suggested. “Maybe you should explode more scrotums, as a way of suggesting that people not seek you out for a fight.”

“Sure,” I agreed. “Or if they just want to fuck, I can do that. Say we had a fight, and they got away after a terrible struggle.”

“Hmm,” Vista commented. “More orgasms, less bruises. I can live with that.” She tightened her arm around my waist. “Don’t forget the orgy tonight.”

I grinned. “As if I would.”

Aegis arrived just behind me; I felt his hand cup my ass cheek. “Did I hear your name connected with an orgy?”

I grinned and turned my head to kiss him. “You know you did.”

He sighed. “I remember the one we had last night. That was … something.”

“And we can have another one any night you want.” I pushed my ass back against his hand. “You know that.”

He grinned and squeezed my butt. “I know.”

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**Monday Morning**

I pushed open the door to Velocity’s hospital room, then stopped. “Wow,” I murmured. “I am impressed.”
Panacea looked around from where she was watching the show on the bed with interest. “Oh, hi. I don't think we've met.” She wore nothing but a pendant with a red cross on it.

I moved up beside her and kissed her; she responded with equal interest. “I'm Harmonic. I see Velocity's all better?”

The question was an understatement; Velocity had the candy-striper on the bed, wearing nothing but her provocative stockings. Her ankles were up on his shoulders, and he was steadily thrusting his swollen member deep between her arousal-slick labia, to her enthusiastic encouragement.

“Oh, you're the one who saved his life?” She gave me another look of interest. “Want to have a threesome, sometime?”

I tilted my head. “With you and your sister? That could be interesting. Do you really grow a cock on her?”

She grinned. “Oh yeah. If you want, I can grow one on you, too. I've never been double penetrated by two girls.”

I raised an eyebrow. I had turned down the offer online, but to have it made to my face … “I have to admit, I'm intrigued. You can reverse it after?”

“Well, duh,” she told me. “I'm Panacea.”

I nodded. “Oh. Right.”

“Oh, and later on this year, we're both going to get pregnant,” she added. “Want in on that?”

I blinked. “Who are the fathers going to be?”

“Well, Vicky for me, of course, and me for Vicky.” Panacea giggled. “I'm so looking forward to it.”

I thought about it, then shook my head. “I don't want kids for another couple of years. At least not until I've put enough away to take care of them. And then I think it'll be with Gallant.”

She nodded. On the bed, Velocity had given the shuddering nurse another orgasm, and had turned her over for doggy-style.

“Wow,” I observed. “He must have been really going without.”

“I guess you could say that,” I heard a voice from the doorway. I looked that way; standing there was a gorgeous blonde, wearing a gold tiara and nothing else. If I looked carefully, there were trickles of cum oozing from her shaven vaginal slit. She did have that look of 'I just had a great fuck' about her.

Panacea obviously noticed it as well. “Huh. You get lucky again?”

Glory Girl smiled as she strolled forward. “Oh yeah. A couple of those hunky doctors. If I ever get sick, I'm coming here.”

Panacea rolled her eyes. “As if you'll get sick around me.”
Glory Girl smirked. “I could pretend real good.”

A teenager popped his head in the door. I noticed that he had bright blue hair, and a pendant that resembled a medieval shield on it. “Amy, have you seen – oh, there you are.”

Glory Girl turned and grinned at him. “Yup, here I am. Looking for me?”

He entered the room, rolling his eyes. “Well, yeah. I'm getting a snack from the machine, and all of a sudden you're not there. For a while, I thought you'd ditched me to head home with Amy.”

I frowned. “Oh, wait. You're Shielder, right?”

He nodded. “Yeah, that's me. Do I know you?”

Panacea spoke up. “Harmonic, meet my annoying younger cousin Eric, otherwise known as Shielder. Eric, meet Harmonic. She's the one who exploded Lung’s nuts, so don't go getting ideas.”

I raised my eyes to heaven. “God. Seriously. You explode one supervillain's testicles one time, and all of a sudden it's a thing.”

Eric's eyes got really wide. “Holy shit. That was you?”

I nodded. “Yeah, that was me. Feel free to cringe in fear, I get that all the time from Clockblocker.”

He shook his head. “No, wow, that was awesome. It's all over the PHO boards.”

I nodded wearily. “Yeah. I saw.”

He was fumbling something out of a wrist wallet. “Could you sign this? Like an autograph?”

I took it; it was a card for New Wave. Shrugging, I accepted the pen that he handed me, and signed it. Treating it like it was the holy grail, he stowed it away again.

I grinned a little self-consciously; I was used to the deprecatory humour that the other Wards used in fun; this hero-worship, from another hero, no less, was kind of … interesting.

Then he pulled something else out. “Could we … match Cards?” he ventured hopefully.

I grinned. I had half an hour to kill before Vista picked me up. He was fairly attractive, looked like a young, energetic type. And his penis showed promise.

“Sure,” I agreed, and pulled out my own Card.

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I made Eric lie back on the bed while I kissed him; he'd wanted to get straight into the sex, but I wanted to make this last, make it special for him. Sure, he'd had sex before, probably even with Panacea, but he was so sweet, I wanted to give him memories that would last till … oh, next month.
When I had agreed to match Cards with Eric, I had suggested to Vicky and Panacea that I'd get Vista to drop him off. They had agreed and left, with Panacea reminding me about the threesome suggestion. Vicky also agreed to the idea, with the proviso that she got to have my ass at least once. I wasn't averse, so we parted ways on good terms.

Eric was trembling with arousal as I kissed and stroked my way down his body. His young prick was standing up rigidly; I knew damn well that if I let him put it in me now, he'd last about two and a quarter seconds. So I took him in my mouth, instead.

His eyes rolled back in his head, and he groaned loudly, as I tasted the salty precum; he was just seconds from blowing, so I went for broke and sucked hard, running my nails up the underside of his penis as I pulled my lips back.

He arched his back and grunted as he came; his cock jerked in my mouth, and I swallowed his cum. He was definitely young and virile; I had to swallow a couple of times before he was done. Semen isn't my favourite beverage, but some guys taste better than others. Eric’s was more palatable than most.

Eric was slumped back, gasping. I kissed my way back up his body, finishing by slowly and luxuriantly kissing his lips. At the same time, I was leaning over the bed, fondling his now-flaccid penis.

“Oh god,” he groaned. “Oh god. That was … wow. I've never had one like that.”

“You'll have better ones,” I promised. “Now, get off the bed. I want you to do the same for me.”

He got off the bed, readily enough. I climbed up and lay back, my legs spread.

He was willing and eager, although woefully under-tutored in the matter of properly pleasing a woman. I wondered if his mother or sister had featured in his sex life; probably his sister Laserdream. They probably had sex furtively, just in case their parents heard.

I patiently showed him what to do, and he rapidly got the idea; pretty soon, I was gasping myself, and arching my back as he worked away at me with his tongue and lips and fingers. I came explosively, then looked down at him with proprietary pride.

“Wow, did I just do that?” he asked.

“You did indeed,” I told him, pulling him up to me for a congratulatory kiss. “Now you know how, I expect you to do that for every girl you match Cards with.”

“Oh, I will, I will,” he enthused; I felt very much more mature than him, despite the fact that I was only a year or so older.

We lay side by side on the narrow hospital bed; I caressed his body and he caressed mine. It wasn't hard to get him back to full erection, and I held him close and kissed him while it pressed up against my belly.

“Do you want to be on top?” I breathed.

He nodded, convulsively. And so I spread my legs and let him climb on top.
He kissed me as he carefully pressed the head of his rampant erection against my soft, yielding entrance. I sighed as he slid into me; his attentions had assured that I was well and truly aroused. Tensing certain muscles, I clamped down on him; his eyes opened wide.

“Oh, god,” he groaned. “Oh fuck, you're so tight.”

I kissed him again. “Well, you're on top. You set the rhythm.”

He started out slow, sliding in and out of me, sending shivers of pleasure darting through my loins. And then he speeded up, taking the time to lower his head to my breasts, sucking and nibbling at my nipples. I arched my back and groaned to show him how much I appreciated this.

When he sped up the tempo again, I thought the top of my head was going to lift off. I dug my nails into his back and bucked my hips up to meet him; his cock thrust into me deeper and deeper, harder and harder, all the time.

He had an expression of extreme concentration by this point, and sweat was running down his brow. I was more or less covered in it as well, and our bodies slid together in that ancient dance, as sensuously as Adam and Eve must have done it.

I came, abruptly, and spectacularly. My hand was down between my legs, and I rubbed hard at my clit, to give me a second climax, and a third. And Eric, that teenage sexual dynamo, just kept on going.

I had my legs wrapped around his waist, and he had, amazingly, increased the speed and power of his thrusting yet again, when all of a sudden, he stiffened, and rammed his cock all the way into my slippery depths. I recognised the signs, and clenched down on him all the harder; he started cumming, and the feedback sent me into another climax.

I wasn't sure; I suspected that he actually came more that time than when I gave him head, but it certainly felt as though he was filling me up. And he just kept on fucking me, thrusting his erection deep into my hot tight wetness, even as he spurted his semen into me.

Eventually, however, he had to stop, panting for breath, his balls drained of all cum for the moment. He slumped on top of me, holding me close. I leaned down a little – he was a few inches shorter than me – and kissed him tenderly.

“Oh god,” he mumbled. “Oh god. Did I die and go to heaven?”

I chuckled fondly. “No, sweetie. We had heaven right here on earth.”

He kissed me back. “Did I … was it good for you?”

I had to laugh; he sounded so anxious to please. “You were very good indeed, Eric.”

“Oh,” he managed. “Good. Wow. That was. Fuck. I've never. Had one. So good.”

I sat up on the bed and swung my legs over the side. He moved to sit beside me.

“Well, Eric,” I told him honestly, “that was really good. I enjoyed it, a lot.”

He put his hand on my thigh. “Do you want to wait and try it again?”
I had to chuckle. “Wow, you really do bounce back fast. No, I’ve got to go home. I’ve got a friend who'll give us a lift. Maybe you could ask her if she wants to match Cards? You can show her what I taught you.” And I didn’t even need to use my vibrations to make it your best yet, I thought complacently.

Though, to be honest, it was probably a good idea not to. I didn’t want to ruin him for life from other women.

“Ooh,” he murmured. “I think that might be cool.”

I nodded. “Now, it might be a good idea if we went out front and waited for her. I think the hospital people want their bed back.”

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As we walked out of the hospital, his hand found mine. I grasped it and squeezed gently.

“Thank you,” he told me sincerely. “That was … I'll always remember it.”

I smiled and kissed him. “Well, I might drop by sometime, and refresh our memories, if you want.”

He kissed me back. “I think I'd like that.”

I think I might, too, I decided. Eric’s a sweet kid, and he'll make one hell of a lover, in years to come. I may as well contribute to his education.
Welcome to the Parahumans Online Message Boards
You are currently logged in, XxPussy_CowboyxX (OfAge)
You are viewing:
• Threads you have replied to
• AND Threads that have new replies
• OR private message conversations with new replies
• Thread OP is displayed
• Ten posts per page
• Last ten messages in private message history
• Threads and private messages are ordered by user custom preference.

Topic: Shielder
In: Boards ► Brockton Bay ► Sexy Doings ► Who's Fucking Who

Vista (Original Poster) (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Posted on March 12, 2011:

Well, I have to say, I've had a bit of sex since I got my Age Card, but fuck, Eric Pelham is one go-getter. It felt like I was in a gang-bang, even though there was only the two of us. I can't remember the last time I came this hard with a guy.

(Showing Page 1 of 3)

LaserDream (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 12, 2011:


Vista (Original Poster) (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 12, 2011:

I shit you not. He's a regular fucking machine.

LaserDream (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 12, 2011:

.... fuck.
Holy shit.
I will never doubt your word again.

Vista (Original Poster) (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 12, 2011:

I know, right? My pussy's still tingling.

ShieldDude (Verified Cape) (Cape Son) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 12, 2011:

Uh, it's not just me. Harmonic gave me some pointers (as well as the best sex I'd had all year), so if
you're looking for someone to thank, thank her.

**Vista** (Original Poster) (Verified Cape) (Wards ENE) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 12, 2011:
Thank you, Harmonic.

**LaserDream** (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 13, 2011:
Thank you, Harmonic

**TakesCapeCock** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 13, 2011:
Thank you, Harmonic.

**KapeGrrrl** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 13, 2011:
Thank you, Harmonic.

**ClitLicker** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 13, 2011:
Thank you, Harmonic.

**End of Page. 1, 2, 3**

*(Showing Page 2 of 3)*

**CumGuzzler** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 13, 2011:
Thank you, Harmonic.

**AnalBabe** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 14, 2011:
Thank you, Harmonic.

**Leela** (Cape Groupie) (OfAge)
Replied on March 14, 2011:
Thank you, Harmonic.

**Brandish** (Verified Cape) (Cape Wife) (New Wave) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 14, 2011:
Thank you, Harmonic.

**Panacea** (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 14, 2011:
Thank you, Harmonic.

**GloryHole** (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 14, 2011:
Thank you, Harmonic.

**LaserDream** (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 14, 2011:
Thank you, Harmonic. (Seconds. Wow. Just wow.)

**LadyPhoton** (Verified Cape) (Cape Wife) (New Wave) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 15, 2011:
Thank you, Harmonic.

**LaserDream** (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 15, 2011:
Surely you haven't all fucked Eric?

**LadyPhoton** (Verified Cape) (Cape Wife) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 15, 2011:
No, dear. I was just thanking her for doing something so nice for Eric. Though I hope you're being careful with him.

**End of Page. 1, 2, 3**

(Showing Page 3 of 3)

**LaserDream** (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 15, 2011:
Yes, mom. Anal only. Just in case.

**ShieldDude** (Verified Cape) (Cape Son) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 15, 2011:
... no complaints here.

**Panacea** (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 15, 2011:
I just thought it was a nice thing for her to do.

**GloryHole** (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 15, 2011:
I was just glad that with Eric out having sex all the time, he's not in my hair. (Okay, we might have fucked. Once.)

**LaserDream** (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 15, 2011:
Aunt Carol?

**Brandish** (Verified Cape) (Cape Wife) (New Wave) (Veteran Member) (OfAge)
Replied on March 15, 2011:
Well, I had to find out what all the fuss was about, dear.
And oh my, but Eric has grown up to be a fine, strong young man. Oh my, oh my, oh my. (Just so you know, I gave him some more pointers for improving his technique.)

**LaserDream** (Verified Cape) (Cape Daughter) (New Wave) (OfAge)
Replied on March 15, 2011:
Can't argue with that.
Whoops, Eric's here. Gotta go.
I knocked on the front door of the Dallon household. Due to the slightly chilly weather, I was wearing a light coat. Due to my own preferences, it was open, and I was wearing nothing under it.

When the door opened, I found myself facing a tall man of mature years, sporting a very impressive erection. Behind him, I spotted a naked buxom woman, still extremely attractive for her age, still kneeling on the floor. His cock was still shiny with saliva; I connected two and two immediately.

“Oh, sorry,” I told him. “I didn’t mean to interrupt your blowjob. Are Amy and Vicky at home?”

The man, I recognised as Mark Dallon, otherwise known as Flashbang. The woman was his wife, Carol; she was known as Brandish. I immediately felt bad at intruding on a special moment like that.

“No, no, come on in,” Mark told me. “They called me a while ago, said they'd be a little delayed. They should be here in ten minutes or so.”

I entered. “Like I said, sorry about the interruption.” Taking off my coat, I hung it on the stand. “If you want to keep going, feel free.”

“Actually,” Carol murmured, climbing to her feet, “I’m wondering if you want to join in. Would you like to have sex with my husband?”

I blinked a couple of times. I had come here expecting to have sex, so I was somewhat aroused already. But this offer had come a little out of the blue.

Still …

I smiled. “Why not?” Opening my purse-belt, I pulled out my Age Card. “Match me?”

He produced his Card, and we matched. He would be marginal, but still viable, for anal, but he was right in the zone for standard vaginal sex.

I put my Card away, and kissed him. He kissed me back; masculine smells, and strong hands on me, made me think of Dad, and the few times I had been able to coax him into sex. I was suddenly much more turned on.

His hands roamed over my body, squeezing my ass and cupping my breasts. And then I felt another pair of hands; Carol's. She pulled me around for a kiss as well, and I felt her large breasts pushing against mine. Her hand slid between my thighs, and I felt her test my wetness.

“Mmm,” she murmured. “She's ready for you, dear.”

Carol sat on an armchair, and I straddled her so that we were face to face. Pushing my butt out backward, I kissed Carol again as she caressed my breasts and body.

“You're so firm and muscular,” she purred. “If I had a body like yours, I would hire myself out as a Pet every weekend.”

“I've thought about it,” I confessed, as I felt Mark's large hands caressing my ass. He rubbed his
erection between my labia, coating it with my juices; I felt the head of his cock running over my clit, and I gasped.

Carol kissed me again, squeezing my breasts in her hands. I kissed her hard, sucking her tongue into my mouth; she dug her nails into my breasts. I felt Mark's thick penis pushing at the entrance to my hot wet vaginal canal, spreading my labia, entering me.

“Hng,” I grunted as he pushed into me. “Oh god. Big.”

“I know,” murmured Carol. “I so love it when he bends me over the bed and takes me from behind so roughly. Or catches me in the shower.”

I couldn't answer, as he was thrusting into me, deeper and deeper, harder and harder, and the pleasure was scrambling my brain.

Carol reached under me to rub my clitoris, and then lowered her head to suckle on my small breasts. I grunted and pushed back at Mark; he took the hint to thrust harder, and suddenly I was cumming hard, and loudly.

He kept fucking me; I whimpered with every thrust, until he made me cum a second time. And then he was cumming, spurtling, driving his cock into my pussy with solid force, making me climax a third time.

Slowly, he pulled out of me; I felt the semen oozing from my pussy and trickling down my thigh. This, at least, was nothing new.

Carol smiled at me; I kissed her. She kissed me back.

“Wow,” I murmured. “That was awesome. So, you want me to eat you -”

The front door opened, and Amy appeared, followed by Vicky.

“We're home,” Amy called, then did a double-take as my head popped up over the top of the armchair. “Oh, you're here already, Taylor?”

“Yeah,” I replied as I climbed off of Carol. “Your mom was nice enough to let your dad fuck me before you got home.”

“That's Mom all over,” Amy declared. She came over to embrace her mother; if I was any judge, they had sex at least semi-regularly, from the way Carol shamelessly groped Amy. Or the way Amy groped her back. “But I'm gonna have to steal her away, okay? Vicky and I want to give her a threesome.”

Carol nodded. “That's fine.” She smiled at me, then pulled me to her very warm bosom and gave me a kiss that spelled a lot of promise. “But we're going to have to finish this, some time.” Her hand on my ass told me exactly what she meant.

I grinned and kissed her back. “Oh, most definitely.”

Vicky rolled her eyes. “Come on, Taylor. Some of us want to fuck today.”

Laughing, I went with them.
The bed was freaking enormous. Seriously, it was larger than my bedroom, back at home. There was room for a dozen people to fuck on it at once; more, if they were into threesomes or moresomes.

There was just the three of us on it, and we were definitely into threesomes.

What I'm saying is that there was a fuck-load of room for us to roll around in. Pun intended.

Not that we were rolling around very much; I was currently sandwiched between two of the sexiest girls I have ever had the pleasure of rubbing my body up against - Missy not included; she's a special case.

On the one side, I had Victoria. Or she had me; it was difficult to tell. Her hands were caressing and fondling my body in a manner that was both highly arousing and highly distracting. Currently, she was cupping and squeezing my breasts from behind, while she pushed her firm, rounded breasts up against my back and her crotch up against my butt. I pushed back, of course; her legs were twined around mine, and I could feel her wet pussy rubbing hot and moist against my butt cheek.

Amy was in front of me; I kissed her, slowly and passionately, while her full breasts competed with Vicky's hands for the title of 'most arousing thing touching my tits'. Her one hand was draped over my hip, digging her nails into my ass, while the other one was down between my legs, rubbing at my clit. My hands were doing similar things to her; three of my fingers were now wet to the knuckle with her pussy juices. Her leg was thrust between my thighs, intertwined with Vicky's, feet rubbing over calves. At the level of arousal I was feeling, even that was unbearably erotic.

There was a tingle through my nervous system, and I felt Vicky gasp; Amy was exciting our pleasure centres in ways both amazing and arousing. I felt myself growing wetter by the second, and Vicky's hands on my body were becoming ever more wanton.

Not that I was complaining.

I shifted position, moving down slightly, so that I could wrap my lips around her nipple; she gasped again as I suckled hard, scraping my teeth over the delicate flesh. And then I started humming.

I targeted both Amy and Vicky, of course. Breasts, especially nipples, vaginal areas, buttocks, all the erogenous zones I could think of.

By this time, Amy's power was making my nervous system light up like Times Square on New Year's Eve, and I was so close to climaxing that I could taste it. Every part of me that could feel pleasure was feeling it, and wherever anyone was actually touching me, the pleasure was increased exponentially.

I didn't need to touch Amy or Vicky to make them feel pleasure, of course; my power worked differently. But work it did; Amy was almost literally arching clean off the bed as the subtle vibrations targeted her most sensitive areas in ways both irresistible and spectacular. Her pussy clamped down on my invading fingers, as I felt her nipple stiffen within my mouth to diamond-hard levels.
Behind me, Vicky was getting it from both of us. I heard her scream as she climaxed, mere seconds before Amy or I got there; convulsively, she humped her crotch forward into my ass, almost as if she was fucking me. I ground my crotch on to Amy's thigh, feeling Amy's nails clawing at my back, as she could no longer reach my pussy or ass.

Vicky's aura lit off as she orgasmed; I felt the wash of love and desire blast through me. I loved Vicky; I loved Amy. I wanted them both, so badly.

My hand clamped on to Amy's ass. Two of my fingers slid into her already-lubricated butt-hole, fucking her ass even as three more drove into her heavily-juicing pussy from the front. My lips sucked hard on her breast, and I sank my teeth into her softly yielding flesh. She bucked and wailed, climaxing loudly, her body sliding against mine; I felt her pussy and ass clamp around my intruding fingers.

And then Vicky's aura, her hands on me, Amy's power, and my own arousal all combined to send me over the edge. Amy's thigh rubbed hard against my labia and my clit, sending sparks throughout my body. I squeezed my legs around hers, arched my back, and abandoned myself to the pleasure.

I'm not sure how many times I came, but I came back to myself lying spread across the bed, drooling from one corner of my mouth. My body was still throbbing from the intensity of the orgasms.

Amy rolled over and kissed me. "Holy fuck," she murmured. "That was fucking insane. Is that how it feels when I do that to you?"

I felt Vicky's hand smooth its way over my stomach, then settle on my breast, squeezing gently. My nipple tingled pleasantly as she brushed it with her thumb. "I got it from both of you," she told us softly, "and it was the most mind-blowing experience of my life."

Amy giggled, her hand wandering down my stomach to my thigh, to caress it with teasing, feather-light touches. "What, better than the time Gallant and Aegis double-teamed you? I remember you telling me that nothing could top that."

"Oh, yeah," sighed Vicky. "That was good. This was better."

I'd been there, between Dean and Carlos. It had definitely rated as one of the all-time best fucks of my life. But, like Vicky, I decided that this one topped the bar. "I know, right?" I agreed.

Vicky nuzzled my neck; I shivered in pleasure as she pinched my nipple lightly. I turned my head, pulled her face to mine, and kissed her deeply, sensuously.

And then Amy nuzzled me from the other side, and nibbled on my earlobe; it was almost as if she knew exactly what would turn me on the hardest.

Oh, wait. She does.

"Do you want me to grow you and Vicky your cocks now?" she murmured. Her hand cupped my pussy and rubbed gently, sensuously. I felt the heel of her hand grind down on my clit, while two fingers parted my labia and slid inside me; I moaned softly and pushed my pussy up against her hand. "Because Vicky says there's nothing like bending me over the bed and fucking me from behind."

Vicky's face left mine, migrated to my chest, where she began to lick and nibble at my breasts.
“There isn't,” she purred. “But I'm looking forward to doing it to you, too.”

I couldn't speak; between what Amy was doing to my pussy, and Vicky to my breasts, I was feeling my arousal staring to peak again.

Then Vicky lifted her lips – her sweet, tempting, teasing lips – away from my very erect nipples. “While you're at it, Ames, why don't you give her a couple of cup sizes? Maybe a few more curves? Give Gallant even more reason to keep her on.”

I was about to protest that I was fine the way I was – Gallant's reaction to my body was quite adequate, thank you very much – when Amy pulled my head around to face her once more, and kissed me once more. “I think that's a great idea,” she murmured. “Taylor?”

I blinked. “I, uh … can you?”

Of course she can; she's about to grow a cock on me. For a few seconds, I tried to look at the problem analytically. Was it right for her to do this? Should I accept?

And then Vicky started sucking on my nipples again, and reason and logic vanished without a trace.

“Uh, sure,” I agreed. “Just … not too silly, okay? I don't want a couple of zeppelins pushing out my costume in front.”

Amy giggled; Vicky snorted without taking her mouth off my breast. It felt amazing.

“Oh, okay,” agreed Amy. “Hold still.” She leaned over; Vicky lifted her lips from my nipple to give her a kiss, then they both started suckling on me. It felt awesome.

And then it started feeling even better.

I could feel their lips, their tongues, even their teeth, working on the sensitive flesh of my nipples, and it was driving me wild. For my part, I was reaching under them and caressing their breasts, squeezing them in turn. But there was also something else. A feeling of expansion. Looking down, I could see my breasts swelling. And the skin over them was so damn tender, so sensitive …

Oh shit, she's increasing the nerve endings in my tits.

Combined with what Amy was doing to my pussy, I didn't have much choice in the matter; about halfway through the process, I arched my back and came again, explosively. And again. Lightning lanced through every part of my body, washing coherent thought out of my head. I consisted of pure pleasure, nothing more.

When my eyes refocused – as much as they were able to – Amy and Vicky were giving me identical looks of smug satisfaction. “Job done,” Amy told me, and kissed me. I kissed her back, of course. I let go of their breasts and felt my own; after I disengaged from the kiss, which took a little time, I had to look down to confirm what I had felt. My breasts were indeed bigger; not so much that they would draw too much comment, and not so much that they would bounce uncomfortably when I was dressed down for combat, but definitely bigger than they had been before.


“I know, right?” Vicky replied. “I've let her make my tits a whole lot bigger, just to see what it's like.
But I like mine at this size.”

I got up on one elbow and fondled them. “They are pretty nice,” I agreed.

Amy's arms went around me from behind, and she squeezed my newly-grown assets. I gasped at the sensation. “Now you're big enough to give Vicky a titty-fuck if you want,” she pointed out.

I blinked. “That's something I never thought of,” I admitted. “So how are we going to do this? Grow us both a dick at the same time? Or her first then me? Or vice versa?”

“Me first, then you after I've had a chance to fuck you properly,” Vicky suggested. “Your pussy's so soft and sweet, I really want to feel my cock inside you.”

“Will I still have a pussy, after you grow me a cock?” I asked Amy, lacing my fingers through hers, pressing her hand down harder on my breast.

“If you want,” she confirmed. “But it'll be tighter, and so will your ass. There's only so much room down there, after all.”

I smiled and kissed Vicky. “I can't really see that being a problem.”

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Vicky sat on the edge of the bed, thighs apart, leaning back on her arms. Amy knelt between her legs; I knelt beside her, caressing her body, feeling up her ass. She pushed back against my hand, then turned to kiss me. My tongue meshed with hers, as my finger pushed past her anal sphincter.

She moaned as I slowly invaded her tightest hole, then turned back to Vicky's inviting pink pussy. Leaning in, she began to lick and lap at the soft folds.

Vicky let her head fall back and groaned as Amy continued to run her tongue up and down between the arousal-slick labia, nibbling at her clit, then drinking deep of her flowing juices. All the while, I slid my finger in and out of her ass, in and out, in and out.

Gently, I pushed Amy aside for my turn at Vicky's pussy. Her juices were sharp and musky; I lapped at them with abandon. Vicky had fallen back on to the bed, and was now arching her back and moaning loudly, squeezing her own breasts repeatedly. I teased aside the delicate folds, and slid my tongue into her tight, hot vaginal canal, causing her to tighten her thighs around my head. When I nibbled on her clit, she arched her back and came hard, unleashing her aura on us again.

Reluctantly, I took my finger out of Amy's ass and climbed up on to the bed. Straddling Vicky's face, I lowered my pussy on to her mouth as I watched Amy begin on Vicky once more. I felt Vicky's arms go around my thighs, her tongue begin to work on my hot wet centre. My eyes almost rolled back in my head at the sheer pleasure she was affording me, but I wanted to see this.

Amy's tongue teased Vicky's upstanding clitoris from out of its hiding place, and then she placed her lips around it. Vicky's whole body arched as she groaned; my hands found their natural places on her breasts, so while she ate me out, I squeezed her feminine assets, and pinched her nipples. From the way the tempo of her cunnilingus increased, she liked that.
I watched Amy draw her lips away from Vicky's pussy, and a shaft of flesh came with it. Jutting proudly out from Vicky's loins was now a cock, thick and erect, almost big enough to rival her father's. Amy suckled on it as it grew, just as she had done with my breasts. Vicky's groans grew louder and more pronounced as Amy ran her hand up and down it, masturbating her brand-new cock, even as she grew it to its full size.

For just a moment, she took her mouth away from the thoroughly erect penis, then she wrapped her lips around it once more. Inch after inch of thick cock disappeared into her mouth, while Vicky's shuddering moans increased once more, along with the thoroughly gratifying intensity of her oral attention to my tingling vaginal area.

I watched in admiration, shot through with liberal helpings of arousal, as Amy deep-throated her sister's newly-made cock. Under me, Vicky groaned and writhed as her sensitive member disappeared entirely within Amy's mouth. I groaned also, because Vicky had just begun to play with my ass; breathing a sigh, I leaned forward, the better to give her better access to my tight anal sphincter.

As Vicky slid a finger into my rear, I let myself fall forward; Amy, divining my intention, lifted her head off of Vicky's prick, to allow me to go down on her. Completing the sixty-nine, my lips enclosed her hot, straining erection. It tasted almost the same as her pussy had; this was not really a surprise to me.

I had spent a long time learning to deep-throat since I had come Of Age, given that Dad had refused to teach me, and most of the boys at school just wanted to cum and be done with it. But since joining the Wards, between Dean, Carlos, Chris, Dennis, Colin, Ethan and Robin, as well as half a dozen obliging PRT soldiers, I had pretty well perfected my technique. Thus, when I felt the thick head of her penis nudging at the back of my mouth, I relaxed the appropriate muscles, repressed my gag reflex, and let it slide into my throat.

Vicky's assault on my pussy had redoubled, and my ass was also under attack from her fingers. She slid another one into me, driving them deep between my buttocks, twisting them in a way that made my eyes open wide. And then she latched on to my clitoris, and I nearly levitated clean off of the bed.

I sucked harder on her cock, gently rubbing her scrotum, and pushing a finger between her own buttocks, teasing her anus. I could feel the shaft throbbing, tasted the precum dribbling on to my tongue as I pulled my mouth up.

Abruptly, I felt hands and a tongue on my ass; I didn't look around, but I knew it was Amy, working away at me, trying to make me cum before Vicky did. I sucked her cock even harder, scraping my teeth over the underside, wriggling my tongue into the slit at the tip, all the while feeling my own orgasm pushing ever closer.

As it was, I managed to push Vicky into a climax just before mine went off, but only just. Her loins jumped upward, and I braced myself, swallowing the first spurt of hot, salty semen that jetted from the tip of her cock. And then I went off myself, arching my back and pulling my head off of Vicky's cock, so that the next few spurts sprayed all over my face and tits. I didn't care; I was cumming with everything I had. Vicky's tongue was buried in my streaming pussy orifice, and Amy had three fingers up my ass.

I rolled off of Vicky and lay with my legs and arms spread wide, panting heavily. “Fuck,” I muttered. “That was amazing.”
“Oh god, yes,” Vicky groaned, sitting up. “Ames, gonna need a wake-up call, here.”

Amy giggled and scrambled down the bed to where Vicky sat. Gently, she took the now-flaccid member into her mouth; as she pulled away again, it was once more rock-hard. Then she looked at me and giggled again. “Fuck,” she told me, “you took a faceful then.”

I wiped at some of the warm droplets I could feel. “Not the first time, won't be the last,” I replied with a grin. One drop slid down near my mouth; I curled my tongue out and caught it. “Mmm, Vicky cum. My favourite sauce.”

“As for that,” Vicky told me, “it's time I gave you some more.”

I giggled. “Oh, yes please.”

Once more in the middle of the bed, I lay back and opened my legs. Amy lay alongside me, kissing and caressing my body, and not coincidentally, licking her sister's cum off my face, while Vicky poised between my thighs. I looked down at the thick, rigid penis, at the droplet of precum on its tip, and I swallowed, licking my lips.

“Amy,” I whispered. “Can you make me a virgin for this, please?”

She frowned. “Uh, sure I can. But why?”

I took a deep breath. “Because I lost my virginity to someone I didn't love. Just a guy who wanted to get his rocks off. I want to lose it again to someone I like and love and respect. Please?”

Amy smiled at me, and leaned over to kiss my lips. I kissed her back, feeling her tongue against mine, her hand sliding down to cover my shaven pussy. There was the strangest sensation, inside my body, and then the kiss was over.

“It's done,” she told me. “You're a virgin again.”

I kissed her again, the smiled bravely up at Vicky. “Please be gentle,” I asked her softly.

Vicky nodded. “I've never taken anyone's virginity before. I will. And thank you, for letting me do this.”

Amy helped her guide her cock to the entrance of my now-virgin pussy. I was, of course, so aroused, so lubricated, that she would be able to penetrate me totally with no effort at all. But before she could, there was my hymen to get out of the way.

Slowly she slid into me, carefully. I gasped as her cock spread my labia, stretching my virginal orifice. And then I gasped again, as I felt her encounter my maidenhead.

“Hurts,” I whimpered. “Be careful, please.”

Vicky nodded; with the utmost care, she pressed forward, while Amy held my hand, murmuring
encouragement. She could have taken the pain away; she could have taken the hymen away. But she knew that I wanted this. I wanted our time together to be special.

I felt the stretching, the tearing, of the flimsy barrier within me. I let out a sob of pain; Amy kissed me, kissed my tears away. But then it was gone, leaving only a vestigial ache, an echo of pain passed by.

Vicky pulled partially out of me; I saw the blood on her cock. She looked down at it, in bemusement. “Wow,” she muttered. “That’s … wow.” She began to push forward once more, and this time she slid into me, past where my hymen had been, deeper and deeper, stretching my elastic vaginal canal.

I arched my back and groaned as she slid all the way into me, her balls contacting my ass gently. She settled down on top of me; I pulled her down for a kiss. Her cock throbbed, deep inside me. I moved gently, flexing muscles that made Vicky’s eyes open wide. She kissed me again and again.

“Oh god,” she groaned. “You’re so tight.” I grinned and clamped down on her; she squeaked.

Slowly, but with ever-increasing speed, she began to stroke into me; I lifted my legs and wrapped them around her waist. She paused, and Amy helped her to lift my ankles on to her shoulders. In this way, my butt was lifted and my pussy and ass were both totally open to whatever she might want to do with them.

I was so turned on.

Pressed down into the bed, I felt Vicky’s thrusts begin anew. They were harder, deeper, faster than before; I gasped as each thrust rammed into me, sending sparks, blasts, tsunamis of pleasure throughout my body. I had made love, had sex, and fucked before. This was fucking, pure and simple, and Vicky was doing it well.

Amy got up above me; even as I gasped with each thrust, each driving stroke into the centre of my being, I kissed her, licked and sucked on her nipples. My hands ran down her body, caressing her, teasing her, seeking the secret parts of her. I slid a finger inside her, and she bit my lip. I kissed her harder, of course, and rubbed her clit.

Amy reached down between my legs and rubbed my own clit; I arched my back, kissing her as hard as I could. She rubbed it harder, then suddenly pinched it. I arched my back and came, hard; my pussy spasmed, clamping down on Vicky's thrusting erection.

I came again and again, my climax nearly taking the top of my head off. I thought my toenails were about to catch fire. Vicky drove her thick cock into me over and over, her every movement striking sparks off of my nerve endings, pushing me through one orgasm after another.

I only stopped cumming when she pulled out of me; I looked up at her and groaned in vague disappointment. “I wanted you to cum in me,” I told her.

“I will,” she assured me. “I want you to bend over the bed for me.”

That prospect cheered me up immensely; Amy and I scrambled for the edge of the bed. Amy and Vicky had obviously worked this out beforehand; Amy lay back, a little way from the edge of the bed, her thighs invitingly open. I bent over the edge of the bed, going down to eat Amy out, while Vicky got behind me.
Amy looked up at me, her eyes glowing. “I have been so looking forward to this,” she whispered. “Do you know, you're the first person we've asked to share with us?”

“What, really?” I asked, a little startled.

She nodded seriously. “Yes, really. Can you do that humming thing again? That was awesome, before.”

I grinned; just before I lowered my face to the soft, tantalising flesh between her thighs, I began to hum, deep in my throat.

Amy cried out as the vibrations started up in her pussy, her ass, her breasts. She ground and kneaded her breasts between her strong fingers. I exacerbated this with my tongue on her clit, my finger as it intruded into her ass. She was starting to cum even before I had properly gotten started.

I felt Vicky's hands on my ass, rubbing between my labia, and I groaned at the sensation of her finger on my clit, another sliding into my freshly-fucked pussy. But then she parted my buttocks, and I felt the tip of her cock pressing on my tiny brown rosebud, the entrance to my tightest hole. I relaxed the muscles there, felt my sphincter part, open up, admit the invading penis.

As she entered me, slowly and carefully, gliding smoothly on the lube which I had previously applied, she felt the vibrations begin; my entire anal cavity was one huge vibrator for her cock. They went farther; another vibration began in her ass, and more in her breasts and nipples. She gasped and thrust farther into me, pushing her cock deeper between my taut buttocks. I groaned and lapped harder at Amy's twitching pussy, tasting her flowing juices, flickering my tongue over her throbbing clitoris.

I felt Vicky grasp my hips, and then she pushed hard, thrusting into me. My eyes rolled back in my head as she took me deeply, thoroughly, almost roughly. Her length was inside me, impaling me, sheathed within my tight, twitching asshole.

Amy came again as I licked the length of her labia, from her asshole to her clit; two of my fingers were sliding in and out of her butt as she bucked and heaved. I lapped at her streaming pussy, nibbled at her labia, and suckled on her clit.

And all the while, behind me, her sister, the superhero Glory Girl, reamed out my ass with her freshly-created cock. She hammered it into my tight, yielding ass, spearing between my buttocks, holding me tightly as she fucked my tightest orifice. I felt her plunging deep inside me over and over again, and I reached down between my own thighs, rubbing hard at my clit as I nibbled at Amy's.

I felt Amy's biokinetic power at work again; all of my nerve endings were sparking off, making me so much more sensitive to what Vicky was doing to me. It felt like her cock was the size of a man's arm, even bigger, that she was stretching me so widely, fucking me so deeply. I sobbed with arousal as I worried at Amy's delicate labia with my teeth, removed my finger to worm my tongue up her ass, and slid three fingers into her pussy.

Vicky fucked me to three more orgasms before she finally exploded in my ass. I felt her pull me hard on to her, burying her length deep inside me once more, so that her balls banged on my still-wet pussy. And then she cried out, and came. Spurt after spurt, wad after wad, of her hot jism sprayed into my bowels, coating my insides with her hot semen. She didn't stop fucking me, even when I had collapsed over Amy with my own climax scrambling my brains, until my pulsating asshole had milked every last drop of cum from her cock.
I could feel, literally feel, my ass slowly contracting, with Vicky's hot semen still dripping out of it. But I couldn't move. I could barely even think. My whole body was twitching as the echoes of that mind-melting orgasm rippled through it. Under me, Amy wasn't in much better state; I had really gone all-out in the last few moments before I started cumming, and for a little bit after that, too.

Vicky helped me up on to the bed beside Amy, and waited until our eyes uncrossed. I slowly turned my head to look at her; she was stroking her cock back into life as I watched. She grinned at me. “How do you feel?”

In place of an answer, I reached up and pulled her down for a kiss. She accepted it readily enough; we lay together, arms around each other, kissing and caressing. I could feel her cock sliding up between us as it became more and more erect. Reaching down, I stroked it, feeling the heat radiating off of it. Vicky inhaled sharply as I gripped it and squeezed gently.

“Wow,” I told her, feeling almost normal now. “Just wow. Seriously. What you did to me with this … wow.”

A hand brushed the hair from the back of my neck, and Amy kissed me there. “You were pretty damn good yourself,” she murmured, running her hand over my ribs and down to cup my now somewhat larger breast.

“Mmm,” I purred, as she squeezed gently; the extra-sensitive skin meant that this was guaranteed to get my attention.

I felt her move her body up behind me to complete the sandwich; her hand moved down my belly to the juncture of my thighs. “So,” she asked softly. “Ready for a cock of your own?”

I felt my heart rate speed up. It was weird; bigger tits were a thing for me now, but being given a cock to fuck Amy (and Vicky) with? It was still 'holy shit, I don't believe I'm doing this' territory. Even though I'd seen Amy make it for Victoria.

Taking a deep breath, I nodded. “Yeah, let's do this.”

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Lying back on the edge of the bed, I lifted and spread my thighs. Amy and Vicky, standing beside the bed, smiled at the total exposure I was giving them; my pussy and my ass, both so recently penetrated by Vicky's now-erect penis, were open to whatever they might want to do to me.

I so wanted them to do stuff to me.

Vicky knelt before me first; she began to lick me, sending blazing sparks of pleasure through my body. She had a different technique to Amy's, but I had absolutely no complaints either way. Her tongue was quick and demanding, and I found myself panting with arousal very quickly indeed. My own hands found my breasts and I discovered that the pleasure I got from squeezing them was dramatically increased. And the nipples … oh my god. I might just invest in a lifetime supply of nipple clips.

Vicky slid two fingers into my ass, and I moaned, then arched my back as she sucked hard on my
clit; before I knew it, I was cumming. And then she stood up, and I felt her erect cock sliding into my pussy; I gasped out loud and came again. And again, as she thrust hard into me. My pussy, still tender from my previous orgasms, responded almost immediately, and I wrapped my legs around her waist as I climaxed heavily.

Grinning, she stopped thrusting; reluctantly, I opened my legs and let her go. She stepped back; Amy bent over to get her head down between my thighs. I watched with some curiosity; I had seen this with Vicky, but not been in the hot seat myself, so to speak. Also, I was wondering why Amy hadn't knelt, as she had with Vicky.

The question was answered quickly; Vicky stepped up behind Amy, and I saw her sister's eyes widen as Vicky obviously took advantage of Amy's position to slide her cock in. Whether it was in Amy's pussy or ass, I wasn't sure; I guessed pussy, as it would have taken a little more time to get it into her ass. Whichever one it was, Amy was gasping as Vicky started thrusting into her. I watched Amy's dangling breasts wobble, and thought it was the most erotic sight I had ever seen, especially with Victoria naked behind her, steadily fucking her tight pussy.

And then Amy's mouth descended on my still-wet pussy, and I stopped thinking about much at all. Her tongue had been inside me before, and it had been good then. Now, it was nothing short of spectacular. Her power was doing things to me; every part of me that she touched sang out across my nervous system, making me jolt as if my pussy were plugged into a live current.

I panted and gasped, clutching at the covers, as jolt after jolt of pleasure went through me; disbelievingly, I felt the strange sensation, watched as an undeniably male penis rose from my loins, stretching upward from my previously flat belly. My back arched as wave after wave of pleasure racked through my body; Amy grunted and pushed back as Vicky's belly slapped against her buttocks, the thick penis driving deep into her slippery wetness.

I felt Amy sliding two and then three fingers into my pussy, even as her lips shaped the final length of my brand-new cock. I writhed and moaned, then as her lips engulfed it once more, my head fell back and I came.

Cumming as a guy is different to cumming as a girl. I found that out, and wow, did I appreciate the difference. All of my existence was focused on my cock, and what was happening to it. I felt my balls, deep inside me, sending semen to the base of my cock. A line of fire traced the length of my erect penis, and then hot sticky fluid sprayed from the tip. Amy caught it in her mouth; she had known I was about to climax, of course. My hips bucked a few times, trying to fuck her mouth, as spurt after spurt jetted from the tip of my cock. And then it was over; I slumped back on the bed, panting heavily.

Amy finished sucking my cock, drinking the last of my cum, and then she came herself, arching her back and crying out as Vicky's driving erection slammed her into a quick and brutal orgasm.

Once I caught my breath, I sat up. Gingerly, I handled my new cock. It felt weird. The tip was really sensitive, but even the shaft, though less sensitive than the tip, was more sensitive than I would have expected.

Vicky sat beside me and kissed me; I kissed her back. She reached across and began to stroke my cock; I felt it start to respond to her attentions. I did the same for her; she was still erect, and my stroking merely made her penis swell slightly; air hissed between her teeth, and she kissed me again, hard. She was just exploring the smaller vagina at the base of my new cock, and I was about to lie back to let her do so, when Amy wrapped her arms around both of us from behind.
“I know that having a cock's a wonderful thing,” she told us with a giggle. “And I look forward to seeing you two do all sorts of fun things to each other with them. But I was thinking we could get the main event underway. Now, there's one question left to answer.”

Vicky and I looked at each other, and shrugged. “What question?” Vicky asked.

Amy smiled. “Who gets my pussy, and who gets my ass.”

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In the end (pun most definitely intended) we decided that, as the girl with the least experience at having a cock, I would be underneath, and thus Amy would be on top, with her vagina wrapped around my penis. Behind her, straddling my legs, would be Vicky; she would have the job of completing the double penetration by inserting her own penis between Amy's taut young buttocks, and giving her a thorough ass-fuck.

Once more in the centre of the bed, I lay back. Instinctively, I spread my thighs, but Amy gently pushed them together again. “You're going to be between my legs,” she reminded me. “Not the other way around.”

It felt kind of weird, but I went along with it; it felt a whole lot better when Vicky and Amy worked between them to get me back up to full erection; of course, Amy could have done it with a touch, but where was the fun in that? When first Amy's and then Vicky's lips slid down over my cock, I felt myself achieve full erection in considerably less time than I had expected. I had my hands on their butts as they did so; Vicky groaned as I slid two fingers into her.

“I'm gonna want you to follow that up sometime,” she growled, as she lifted her mouth away from my cock.

I groaned. “Oh god yes, any time.”

Amy lifted her mouth off of my cock, then let her breasts rub against it; the soft pressure, with the strange sensation of her nipple scraping over the sensitive flesh of the head of my cock, brought me to absolutely full, rock-hard attention. She giggled. “I think she's ready.”

Vicky nodded. “I think so too.” She watched as Amy climbed on top of me, kneeling up so as to bring the head of my cock in line with the soft, moist entrance to her hot slippery depths. I felt her take my erection in her hand, and guide it into place, and then, ever so slowly, she bore down.

My head fell back and I groaned as I felt myself penetrating her, my length slowly sliding into her sweet young vagina. Lifting my head with an effort, I looked; I could see my cock being engulfed, swallowed, by her swollen, slippery labia. The sensation was incredible.

Again, I was faced by a fundamental difference between having sex as a woman and having sex as a man. Being a woman, letting a cock inside me, was an amazing sensation. Feeling a man thrusting into me, fucking me, cumming in me, was something I never wanted to give up. Sex was amazing.

But … this was a whole new way to have sex. Having the cock, feeling it penetrate into the woman, enfolded, engulfed by her warm, slippery pussy … it hit entirely different notes in my pleasure.
centres. Notes which probably hadn't been there before Amy grew the cock on me.

She was almost all the way down on to me; I grabbed her hips, thrust upward into her.

“Oh!” she cried, not displeased. “Oh, wow, Taylor, you're really getting into this, aren't you?”

“Oh god,” I grunted, thrusting upward again and again. “Oh fuck, this is fucking awesome.” My cock impaled her again and again, driving into her warm wetness, her tight sweet pussy. I felt like I wanted to fuck her all day.

She leaned down and kissed me; her lips burned on mine. “Keep doing exactly that,” she murmured. “It feels amazing.”

I needed no encouragement; her pussy juices were hot and slippery on my shaft. I kept pumping my hips, stroking upward into her tight wet vaginal canal.

From behind her, Vicky approached. Amy moaned as Vicky slid first two and then three fingers into her butt. I saw Vicky stroke her cock a few times, then she leaned forward and pressed it between Amy's taut buttocks.

Amy gasped, and her eyes opened wide. I kept kissing her, kept holding her hips, kept thrusting into her. And then I felt the other cock, also intruding. Sliding into Amy's tightest orifice, deep into her secret depths. Vicky, fucking her ass, just as I was fucking her tight hot pussy.

“Oh god,” moaned Amy. “Oh fuck, yes. Just like that, both of you. Fuck, I can't … fuck, god, this is … oh fuck, yes, Taylor!”

As Vicky grasped Amy's hips in her turn, and began slowly thrusting between her inviting buttocks, I reached down and began to rub Amy's clitoris; this caused her to arch her back. I thrust up into her even harder than before, and between us, Vicky and I soon had her climaxing.

Even as I thrust into her pussy, I could feel Vicky's cock thrusting as well, just on the other side of the thin membrane of flesh separating Amy's pussy from her ass. Feeling that contact, that friction, turned me on all the more; I was fairly sure that it had the same effect on Vicky. Amy certainly wasn't complaining either.

I could feel my own orgasm approaching; I knew that after this one, I would not be good for much. So I determined to give Amy the best possible fuck I could. So I concentrated on keeping her cumming, caressing her body everywhere she liked to be touched, and rubbing her clit.

She came again and again, crying out my name and Vicky's, over and over; however, when she lowered her head and began to suck on my nipples, that's when I knew I was gone.

So I gave it all I had; all the energy I could muster, I put into those final strokes. I must have done well; Amy cried out as she hit orgasm again … and then I came inside her.

My cock pulsed, throbbed, and then exploded, deep inside her tight, hot, slippery pussy. I must have been spurting my cum directly into her womb. She clenched her pussy around me, which didn't make me cum any less, and arched her back upward. I thrust into her again and again, feeling the cum spurting from the tip of my penis. My body was afire with the sensation; I could not recall ever having had a more spectacular orgasm.
Amy slid off me; my cock plopped out of her pussy, utterly spent. Vicky pulled out of her as well; I heard the *pop* as her penis slid free of Amy's well-fucked ass. We lay side by side, panting and sweating. I could hardly move.

Amy rolled over and kissed me; I kissed her back. Arms slid around me from behind; Vicky caressed my breasts. I felt Amy reach down and take my now thoroughly used-up cock in her hand.

“I think that's a dead loss,” I mumbled. “I'm fairly certain I'd need CPR if I tried to get it up again.”

She giggled and kissed me again; I wasn't averse.

“No, silly,” she told me. “I'm going to put it away now. I'll grow it again for you the next time you come over.”

That there would be a next time, I was certain. There were certain things that Vicky and I had yet to do to, and with, each other. With a little bemusement, I watched as she caused my penis to shrink all the way back down to being my clitoris. Then she kissed me again.

“Well,” I murmured. “Suppose I should be getting home.”

Vicky chuckled and caressed my breasts again. “I could fly you,” she offered. “And on the way, we could … “ She didn't finish the offer, but I could think of all sorts of things we could do.

I felt a certain warmth spread through my body. “I don't see why not.”

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Dad opened the back door, and blinked. “Oh, hi, Taylor,” he greeted me. “I was wondering what the noise back here was.”

Bent over the porch railing, I nodded, and grunted as Vicky thrust into me from behind. Her cock stroked deep into my pussy, over and over again, as fireworks went off inside my brain.

“This is … Vicky Dallon … “ I told him between thrusts. “Glory Girl.”

He nodded. “Ah. Hello, Glory Girl. A pleasure to meet you. Would you like to stay for dinner?”

“I appreciate it, Mr Hebert, but Amy expects me back soon,” Vicky told him. “I'll just finish fucking your daughter, if that's okay?”

“Fine by me,” Dad replied. “Come on in if you want. The sofa's more comfortable.”

Which led to Vicky fucking me over the couch, then staying on to talk to Dad while I had a shower. When I came back downstairs, I found *Vicky* bent over the sofa, while Dad thrust his cock deep inside her tight young ass. He grunted as he came inside her; she seemed to have already cum herself, from the spurt of semen on the sofa cushions.

I watched in fascination as he pulled out of her; it amazed me how much cock she could fit inside her ass. “Well, that was fun,” she declared as she got up. She gave Dad a kiss, which he returned. “If you want, I could come back sometime with a pussy.”
“That would be nice,” he agreed gravely, picking up his discarded boxers and putting them on again. “Sure you don't want to stay for dinner?”

“No, I've got to get going,” she told us. Pulling me into a hug, she gave me a very definite kiss. It had the promise of further sex all over it. I kissed her right back. “See you soon, sexy,” she told me.

“See you soon, you smooth talker,” I replied with a grin.

Dad and I watched her walk out the door; he looked at me. “I'm guessing you had sex with more than just her?” he asked.

“Well, first her parents, but then her and Amy, yeah,” I agreed. “A threesome. Two threesomes. Amy grew a cock on me. Having a cock is weird but awesome.”

“I can't disagree,” he murmured. “Lasagna all right for dinner?”

“Lasagne,” I told him, “would be wonderful.”

“Excellent, because that’s what we're having.” He turned to go back into the kitchen, then stopped. “Uh … am I imagining things, or are your breasts bigger?”

I grinned. This would be *some* explanation.
Chapter Summary

Taylor and Amy visit Emma in hospital, while Glory Girl goes back to see Danny again.

Hand in hand, Amy and I approached the hospital room with the police officer standing guard outside. Even before we got to the door, I could hear rhythmic moaning and squeaking from within. Huh, I mused. *Emma must have recovered faster than I thought.*

The guard outside was superfluous – Shadow Stalker was under secure lockdown, pending her final verdict – but he checked me out anyway. I checked him out as well; despite that concealing uniform, he looked nice and fit, and the way he looked at my body, I figured him for at least a seventy-five percent chance of being oriented toward my type. I cocked my thigh slightly to give him the message that I was willing, and his eyes wandered that way as if drawn by a magnet.

I was naked save for my panties and sneakers, of course; I could have dispensed with the panties as well, but Aegis and Gallant had given me a good going-over back at the PRT building before I left, and I was leaking slightly. This was also the reason that I was walking a little stiffly; between the two of them, they could certainly hit all my buttons.

Next, the guard looked Amy over; she was in full Panacea regalia, which in the event was her red-cross pendant and sandals. She cocked her leg also; I winked at him. “We do threesomes,” I suggested.

“I get off at six,” he responded.

I considered that; I wasn't busy at six. Amy glanced at me and shrugged; apparently she wasn’t either. “Sure,” I told him. “It’s a date.”

Opening the door, I saw that Emma had visitors. Her father, Alan Barnes, her mother Zoe, and her older sister, Anne. Alan was dressed in a tie; Zoe wore a short skirt that didn't quite cover her ass, with nothing on under it. Anne was the one making the noise; she was on the other bed in the room, under what looked like a doctor. She had her legs wrapped around his waist, and was encouraging him on with throaty moans, as he thrust vigorously into her willingly-presented pussy.
Alan and Zoe were paying no attention to the doctor or their older daughter; they were standing by the bed with Emma in it, talking to her in low tones. Alan turned as we stepped in through the door; the look of surprise on his face was quite interesting.

“Taylor,” he greeted me. “I, uh, didn't think you'd be visiting.”

I smiled, or at least showed my teeth. “Just to show that I've got no hard feelings for Emma stealing my Age Card,” I told him meaningfully, “I thought I'd show up. I brought a friend.”

Alan's gaze switched to Amy; he looked at her body, then her face, then her breasts, and finally focused on the pendant. “Panacea?” he asked.

Amy smiled. “That's me,” she agreed. “May I see what the damage is?”

They stepped aside as the passion on the other bed seemed to rise to a crescendo; from the noises that Anne was making, the doctor certainly seemed to know his business. I made a mental note to look him up the next time I was in this hospital.

Emma was, put simply, a mess. She'd had her nose broken and reset, it looked like she had a broken cheekbone, and there were nasty marks and bruises all over her face. Amy, now in full Panacea mode, stripped back the sheet to show her naked body, including blackened bruises all over her pussy and lower belly.

“Kicked you in the vagina, huh?” she murmured, touching Emma delicately here and there.

Emma moaned. “Don't … don't look,” she mumbled. I looked again; broken jaw as well.

“Fuck my ass, but Sophia did a bang-up job on you,” I commented cheerfully.

Alan winced. “I don't see why you're even here,” he stated heavily, “and if you're going to make insensitive comments like that … “
I shrugged. “Fine, I'm gone.” Turning, I headed for the door. Amy followed. On the other bed, the doctor and Anne finished fucking, subsiding side by side with satiated groans.

“Wait, where are you going?” exclaimed Zoe Barnes. “Our daughter needs medical attention!”

Amy turned to her and smiled brightly. “You're in luck. This is a hospital. I was only looking at Emma because Taylor asked me to. You don't want her here, that's fine. It means that you don't want me here either.”

Alan came closer. “What can you do for Emma?” he pleaded. “I have money … “

“Well, I can tell you that she'll never see properly out of her left eye again, and her nose has been more or less shattered,” Amy recited. “Also, there's infectious material in those wounds on her face, so she will scar. A depressed cheekbone, missing teeth … she's lost her looks, I'm afraid. Also, there's a clot forming in her left breast, which will require surgery to clear, or gangrene will set in. She'll lose about a quarter of it, including the nipple. And the damage to her vaginal area is extensive. She might be able to have children, with assistance, but she'll probably never enjoy sex again.” She shrugged. “Except anally, of course.”

Anne sat up on the bed, running her hands through her hair. On the other side, the doctor stood up, buttoning up his lab coat. “I didn't know about the clot in the breast,” he noted. “We'll have to X-ray her for that, maybe do some exploratory surgery.” He looked at Amy. “Or you could clear all that up, right?”

Amy smiled. “Well, I could, but these people just told me to leave.”

Alan Barnes shook his head violently. “No, no, we didn't.”

“Uh, actually, you did,” Amy contradicted him. “You told Taylor to leave. I'm here as a favour to Taylor. She leaves, I leave.”

Zoe Barnes looked to me. “Taylor, please come back.” Her voice was urgent. “Emma needs help.”

“One condition.” My voice was firm.
Alan stared at me. “Name it.”

This time, when I bared my teeth, I doubted that it looked anything like a smile. “Emma confesses everything. Everything she ever did to me, over the last eighteen months. You admit her wrongdoing and don't contest it in court.” I stepped over to him and prodded him in the chest with my fingertip. “You don't even consider taking it to my dad. Emma goes down for what she did. That's my condition. You agree to that, Amy has another look at her.”

Alan looked wildly from me to Amy. “That – that's blackmail! Extortion!”

I raised my eyebrows. “Really? I'm not forcing her to do anything except own up to what she did.”

“For heaven's sake, Alan,” snapped Zoe. “Do it. If Emma was as bad as she says, she needs to own up to it.”

Finally, Mr Barnes nodded. “Okay, fine, she'll do it,” he agreed reluctantly.

“Great,” Amy told him. “Quickie to seal the deal?” Reaching out, she stroked his half-hard penis.

He cupped her breast in his hand, and squeezed gently; she licked her lips. “Pussy or ass?” he asked. “And don't we need to match Cards?”

She smiled. “I kind of like it in the ass. And I can take whatever you've got.” Dropping to her knees, she took him in her mouth, and sucked gently; I knew exactly what she could do to his nervous system, so I wasn't surprised when he reached full erection in seconds.

When she went down on all fours, he got down behind her, holding his rigid erection in his hand. “Uh, lube … ?” he asked.

She shook her head, the motion making her delicate breasts bob gently below her. “Don't bother.”

I knew what she was doing there as well; she was full well capable of causing the bacteria inhabiting her anal region to produce all the lube she needed.
I watched, biting my lip in arousal, as he pushed his long cock at the tight pink rosebud of her ass. Her buttocks spread apart, and I saw the head pop inside her; she grunted at the sensation. Zoe Barnes knelt beside her, caressing her dangling breasts and leaning down for a kiss; Amy returned it, moaning as more of Mr Barnes' penis was pushed into her ass.

Gripping her hips tightly, he began to thrust into her, deeper and deeper with every stroke. Amy pushed back at him, grunting as his erection impaled her thoroughly, forcing its way into her liquid depths.

He didn't last long; she was crying out with climax as he jackhammered his rock-hard cock between her yielding buttocks, fucking her ass the way I knew she liked it. When he came, he pushed himself all the way up inside her, and let out a strangled groan. I saw his ass-cheeks clench as he pumped his cum deep inside her bowels, spraying her guts with his seed.

At the first opportunity, I decided, I would get Amy to grow me a cock so that I could do that to her. It looked so hot.

Getting up, Amy smiled at Mr Barnes. “Okay, that's settled then.” Even as the cum trickled out of her slowly closing asshole, she leaned over Emma. “This will only take a moment. Did you want me to do any alterations while I'm doing this? Bigger breasts? More sensitive clitoris? Increased ability for anal sex?”

“Make her a virgin again,” I suggested, from where I was standing next to the doctor. I had his lab coat open, and I was stroking his penis to erection; he had my panties around my thighs and was caressing my pussy.

I didn't know if she took me up on my suggestion – well, it had worked for me – because the doctor turned me around and bent me over the bed where he and Anne Barnes had so recently been fucking. I grunted as he took me from behind, his penis sliding deep into my slippery wetness. I'd had sex in a hospital before, but not with a doctor; I supposed that this was a first.

As Amy healed Emma's wounds, the doctor steadily fucked me toward a blinding orgasm; I clutched the sheets and pushed back at him as hard as I could. I just hoped that he was half as good a doctor as he was a fuck, because at that he was spectacular.

As he worked his long penis in and out of my pulsating vaginal canal, I heard Amy announce, “Okay, done. Now, remember … “
I had no idea what she was telling them to remember, because at that moment, my orgasm hit, and fireworks lit up my pussy and half my nervous system like the Fourth of July. Dimly, I felt him cumming inside me, spurting his hot seed into my delicate womb, as he pulled me back on to his throbbing erection.

I came to sprawled across the bed, panting heavily. The doctor was just pulling out of me; courteously, he even pulled my panties up for me. “Thanks,” I mumbled, pushing myself to my feet. My head was spinning; that was the second major orgasm I'd had in less than an hour.

Not that I was complaining.

Emma was definitely well again; she and Anne were sixty-nining it on the bed, while Zoe watched with interest, and even Alan seemed to be trying to get it up again. I turned to see Amy, waiting at the end of the bed.

“Yeah, I've had him before,” she answered my unspoken comment. “He's pretty good. Lights me up like a Christmas tree.”

I grinned and leaned on her just a little bit as we exited the hospital room. “I'm gonna have to come back here some time.”

“What, Vicky and me and Gallant and Aegis and Missy don't wear you out enough?” She cupped my ass cheek through the panties, squeezing it gently.

I giggled, pushing back at her hand. “Let's just say … not all the time.”

“So how do you think Vicky and your dad are getting along?”

My hand found its way on to her ass. “Judging from the last time they got together – pretty well, I'd say.”
Danny Hebert heard the knock on the back door, and frowned. Getting up from the sofa, he wandered through the kitchen to answer it. Opening the door revealed a vision of loveliness; Victoria Dallon, naked except for her tiara and silver sandals.

"Good afternoon, Mr Hebert," Vicky greeted him. "I told you that I'd come back with a pussy, and I have. What do you think?"

Danny watched as she rose gently into the air, spreading her legs and lying back, so as to present him with an ideal view of her soft, delicate, pink labia. His penis swelled to erection within his boxers as he stared at the enticing view.

"I think ... " he responded, reaching up to part those tender nether lips with his fingers, "that I rather prefer you with a pussy. It suits you."

She moaned softly as he rubbed her pussy gently, locating her clitoris and freeing it from its hood. "I thought you ... Oh yes! ... you liked fucking my ass."

"Oh I did, I did," he agreed. "Where are my manners? Come on in."

She landed beside him, holding his hand to her pussy with her own, and went inside with him.

"So," she ventured, "do you and Taylor fuck much?"

He shook his head as he pushed down his boxers and stepped out of them. She took hold of his penis and began to stroke it; he groaned deep in his throat. "Ngh ... no, I've only had sex with Taylor a few times. To be honest, I'm a bit old-fashioned, and even though I know it's more or less commonplace these days, it feels wrong to put my cock in my daughter's pussy and cum inside her."


"Just once," he admitted, his eyes downcast. "It was when she was really begging for sex. She was teasing me all day, every day, until I grabbed her, bent her over the table, and put it in her. Her ass was so hot and tight .. oh god. I still can't believe how good it felt, to force her to take my cock like that. I fucked her till she screamed, and then came inside her ... later on, she told me it was okay, that she'd enjoyed it as much as I did, but I still felt bad about it."
"Mmm," purred Vicky. "I need to introduce Amy to you. She's got a little bit of an ass fetish, and she likes to be held down and forced a bit. In the meantime .. " She rubbed her body up against his. "Where do you want to fuck me?"

Danny's penis was now rock hard. “Uh, do you mean, where in the house, or do I want to fuck your pussy or your ass?"

Vicky rubbed her firm young breasts on his chest once more, the erect nipples scraping over his skin. “Yes,” she breathed.

He kissed her; her lips were warm and spicy, and her naughty tongue flickered against his. Lifting her by her waist was easy; he seated her on the edge of the table, and she readily opened her thighs to him. Kneeling before her, he began to taste the musky juices of her sweet young pussy.

She lay back on the table, moaning as his tongue touched her in places that sent sparks of pleasure throughout her already-overheated body. He lapped at her flowing juices, and wormed his tongue between her labia to flick at her stiffly-standing clitoris.

“Oh fuck,” she groaned. “Fuck, yes. Oh god, you're good at this.” She clutched her breasts in her hands, moulding and squeezing them as she arched her back in response to his ministrations. Her legs went around his neck, pulling him closer; he reached up around, and began to rub at her clit with his thumb as he licked and nibbled at her labia.

When he slid his tongue into her tight young slit, she literally levitated off the table with the strength of her orgasm; he kept it up, squeezing her ass cheeks, licking and nibbling at her, and rubbing her clit, until she subsided back on to the table, panting heavily.

She opened her eyes to see him standing between her legs, poising his long penis at the entrance to her still-tingling pussy; lifting and spreading her thighs, she hooked her elbows behind her knees to make his entrance all the easier. She had already felt his cock in her ass; she was looking forward to a good hard pussy-fuck from Taylor's dad.

When he entered her, she couldn't believe the feeling. She was already well-lubricated from the spectacular cunnilingus session, and it felt like his erection was just going to keep sliding into her until she was full up. I really have to introduce him to Amy. I want to watch him fuck her ass.
His hands on her breasts were gentle, teasing, arousing. She felt him start to thrust into her, and already the pleasure was beginning to mount once more. He groaned as she clenched her pussy around him, heightening his own pleasure to nearly unbearable levels.

His long cock stroked into her, his hips beginning to move faster; she let go her legs and wrapped them around his waist, so that she could reach down and rub at her clit. “Oh god -” she gasped. “Oh fuck yes. Fuck me … fuck me like that.”

Reaching down, he picked her up, still impaled deeply on his cock; she wrapped her arms around him, kissing him passionately. His cock plumbed her hot tight wetness with every step as he walked through into the living room and laid her down on the sofa. On top of her now, he began to thrust again, this time putting everything he had into it. She appreciated the concern; the sofa was much more comfortable than the table had been.

But even that went out the window as his cock began striking sparks off the inside of her vagina once more; his pubic bone was pushing against her clit with every stroke, and she was feeling another climax coming on hard.

And then she arched up against him and screamed as she came, digging her nails into his back. He grunted, but kept thrusting, as her vaginal canal contracted around his driving cock. There was nothing for it but to keep fucking her, to keep stroking his rampant erection deep into her slippery wetness. It felt like the top of his head was about to come off; this was possibly better than when he had fucked her in the ass.

She rocketed into another orgasm, and another, and that was it for him; he came. Ramming his cock hard up inside her, he let go, spurring wad after wad of his seed into her delicate pussy. He kept thrusting, his hips moving of their own volition as he pumped her full of his hot sticky cum. She moved with him, kissing him, holding him close, as his cock jetted its load into her womb.

At last he subsided on top of her, panting hard. She helped him roll to the side without pushing him off the sofa; they lay, cuddled up to one another, skin to skin, sweat drying on them.

“Wow,” he murmured. “I'm really glad Amy gave you your pussy back.”

“Oh yeah,” she giggled. “I like fucking her and Taylor with a cock, but I also like a good hard pussy fuck too.” She raised on one elbow and kissed him gently. “That was really nice. I enjoyed it, a lot.”
He returned the kiss, caressing her body. “Oh god yes. I needed that. I really did.”

“You should really have sex with Taylor more,” she urged him. “I know she's not averse. And there's nothing wrong with it, really. Even if you got her pregnant, Amy could look the baby over in the womb and make sure there isn't anything wrong with it.”

He sighed. “I guess I'm just old-fashioned. I have my hangups, and that's all there is to it.”

“But no hangups that stop you from having sex with sixteen year old superheroes,” she retorted with a giggle. “Including fucking me up the ass when I had a cock.”

“Well, yeah,” he admitted. “That was kind of weird, but I really enjoyed it.”

She smiled and moved against him. “Well, tell you what. I've got the afternoon free. Why don't we work on your hangups, and maybe give Taylor a surprise when she gets home.”

“I, uh -” Danny began to protest, but her hand on his penis forestalled him. He'd thought himself played out, but there was a distinct response, and he felt himself hardening once more.

“Well?” she asked sweetly, pressing another kiss to his lips. Her breasts moved against his chest, eroding what little willpower he had.

With a sigh, he surrendered himself to his fate.
Foursome

Chapter Summary

Taylor and Danny entertain Vicky and Amy Dallon, in bed. Taylor reconnects with her Dad, while Amy gets what she wants.

I kissed Amy again as I unlocked the back door of my dad's house. She giggled and squeezed my butt. Turning, I kissed Vista as well; she returned the favour, caressing my breasts and pinching my nipples. Her other hand teased my clitoris; between her and Amy, I had lost my panties on the way over from the hospital. The orgasms had been mind-blowing.

“Did you want to come in?” I asked Missy. “Amy can grow a cock on me, or on you, and we can fuck each other, and Amy too.” I really wanted to try out double-penetration again.

She looked rather tempted. “I'd love to,” she told me, with another kiss, “but I have to be on patrol in another half-hour, and I've still got to sign in.”

Amy nibbled at her neck, and Missy's eyes grew wide; I knew Amy was giving her a teaser of her ability to excite orgasmic feelings in others. “Any time you want,” Amy purred. “Any way you want. I've got a kind of a thing for blondes, and Taylor likes you, so there's that too.”

I nodded, cupping Missy's immature breasts in my hands and squeezing them gently. “Also, Amy could make you just a little more mature, where it counts,” I pointed out. “She grew my tits to this size in seconds.”

“Oh,” Vista moaned, mainly because Amy had two fingers knuckle-deep inside her. “Oh. Could you. Make it. So I. Can take. Gallant in me. Please?” She was whimpering from the pleasure, but that didn't stop her from gasping out her request.

Amy smiled. “I can do that. But when we see each other next, I'm going to require at least ten minutes of cunnilingus from you. Deal?”

“Deal,” moaned Vista; I had my hands squeezing her taut young buttocks, rubbing at her tight little ass. And of course, I was humming. The vibrations were concentrated in Missy's pussy and ass, as well as her breasts, so it was little wonder that she was mere seconds from climax.

When she came, her cry echoed from nearby houses, and her juices soaked Amy's hand. She slumped against me; I copped a feel, of course. Several feels. She didn't seem to mind, given that she copped a few back.

“Done,” Amy told her. “Unless Gallant's cock has a Changer or Brute classification of its own, that should work for you.”

Vista smiled and kissed her; Amy, of course, responded rather enthusiastically. I watched with interest; new technique was always fun to pick up. This kiss seemed to have Missy almost on the verge of another climax by the time they separated.

“Fuck you then,” I told her, just before she stepped away over the rooftops.

“That was nice of you,” I told Amy, taking her face in my hands so that I could kiss her. Her hands snaked around me, and between my legs, and I felt her practised fingers touching me in ways that could excite me so quickly.

She kissed me back, and held me close. “I also upgraded her ass so that she can take Gallant that way, too,” she murmured. “Boy, will she be surprised.”

I squeezed her ass cheek. “Not as much as he will be,” I responded with a grin. “Wanna come inside and meet my dad? He's already fucked Vicky.”

“Yeah, Vicky told me,” she agreed as I opened the door. “She was kinda enthusiastic about his technique. Said she's never been done up the ass so good before.”

“Oh, I know he's good at that,” I told her, leading her inside and shutting the door. “I once had him hold me down and fuck my ass into quivering jelly.”

“Really?” she murmured, sounding rather interested. “I thought you told me that your dad wasn't into incest.”

“He's not,” I confirmed. “Want something to eat, or do you want to fuck again first?”

“I'm a bit hungry,” she decided. “Do you have any strap-ons, for after?”

I shook my head. “I've never had any girlfriends come over. Never really had any girlfriends, after Emma, before you and Missy.”

“So you'll be fucking me, then,” she decided. “I like that idea. I like it a lot.”

“Me too,” I giggled, opening the fridge. “Having a cock is just so weird. And so much fun. No wonder guys are so willing to stick it into anything with an orifice and a pulse.”

“And sometimes the pulse is optional,” Amy snorted.

I rolled my eyes. “You're not wrong.” Opening the fridge, I picked out two apples, and tossed one to her. “Here you go.”

“Thanks,” she told me. “So, about the time your dad held you down and fucked you.”

I grinned. “How did I know you were going to get back to that topic? Okay. Come on, let's sit down. You can grow me a cock while I'm telling the story.”

We sat on the sofa, and Amy started molesting my pussy. I didn't mind in the slightest; Amy knew exactly where to touch me, and my eyes started crossing within seconds.

“So it was about a week after my trigger event,” I told her, in between pants of arousal. “You know about that, right?”
“Yeah,” she murmured, leaning down over my crotch, where my clitoris was gradually swelling and growing into an erect penis.

“Oh god,” I groaned. “Well, anyway. I came out of it with a massive need for sex. I needed to fuck basically hourly. Apparently, in the hospital, I propositioned the entire staff, singly and en masse, to do to me whatever they wanted, so long as they got me off.”

Amy lifted her mouth off of my slowly growing cock long enough to make a comment. “But they didn't.”

“No,” I groaned. “Oh god, don't stop. Against some rules or other.” I took a deep breath, started humming to put a vibration into Amy's pussy and ass, and continued. “If Dad hadn't kept me in the house, I would have been out there, naked, offering my pussy and ass to anyone or anything that could possibly satisfy me. I know that because before he dragged me back home, that's exactly what I was doing. He won't tell me much about where I was and what I was doing, but there are some Dock Workers who won't look me in the eye even today.”

Amy lifted her mouth off of my growing prick, and rubbed it with her hand. “Okay, wow. Now I want to know what you got up to.”

I giggled. “So do I. But Dad won't tell me. Anyway. After a week of it, I was basically throwing myself at him. Literally lying on the kitchen table, masturbating, while he was having breakfast. Climbing into bed while he was asleep and sucking his cock. Walking around the house, naked, with a dildo in my pussy, and asking if he wanted seconds. Begging him to fuck me.”

Amy didn't answer, because her mouth was full. To be honest, I didn't want her to stop what she was doing.

“So he's a guy, right? He's trying to do the right thing, but there's such a thing as going too far. Something I did pushed him over the edge. I don't know what it was. But he grabbed me, threw me to the floor right about there, put me on to all fours, got down behind me, and put his cock into my ass.”

I groaned, feeling the sensations of what Amy was doing to my cock. She was deep-throating me now, letting my newly-grown erection slide into her throat as she sucked on me.

“I can still remember how awesome it felt,” I went on, trying to keep my voice level. “I'd kept my ass lubricated for a week, just in case. He was out of control, not even trying to be gentle. Just rammed it in there. Held me down. Fucked me till I couldn't move. My ass was sore for the next week, but it was so worth it ... oh god ... oh god ...”

Amy took her mouth off of my cock, but that was only so that she could straddle me and mount it for herself. I guided it into her; as in a dream, the tip parted her labia and found her soft, sweet, yielding entrance. Slowly, she slid down on to me, as I leaned forward and suckled on her rock-hard nipples. She arched her back as I amped up the vibration in her pussy and ass, and started pushing my erection upward into her tightly clinging hot wet pussy.

We rolled off of the couch, and ended up on the floor, with me on top. Her legs twined around my waist as I began to thrust into her; slowly at first, and then harder and harder. Under me, she urged me on with broken moans and gasps; her pussy clenched around my cock, as my balls slapped her on the ass, again and again.
“Oh, Taylor,” she whimpered as my cock found her centre, over and over again. “Fuck me … god yes … you're so big … take me hard … cum inside me … “

Her nails scored my back as I did my best to do what she was telling me; this was exactly the second time I'd used a cock to have sex with, and the sensations were amazing. I hunched my back, driving my penis deep between her labia, into her secret depths, filling her to completion with each stroke. She urged me on, her fingertips on my back now leaving streamers of pleasure that found their way unerringly to my erogenous zones. I pumped my hips faster, feeling her heaving under me as she came around my driving erection.

My climax took me by surprise; Amy cried out as I gathered myself and penetrated her fully, then I felt my cock begin to spurt hot semen deep inside her. My hips were out of my control; I drove my penis into her, over and over again, filling her womb with my seed, my erection twitching and jerking with each spurt.

Breathing raggedly, I rolled sideways off Amy, to hold her close to me, even as my penis slowly shrank and slid out of her. “Oh my god,” I groaned. “That was even better than the first time we had sex.”

“What, the threesome and all?” she asked with a grin, kissing me.

“Not the whole thing,” I panted. “Just … the first time I had sex with you. This was better. Wow.”

“It was pretty damn good for me, too,” she agreed. “When you've got control, when you're on top … wow.”

“I might have a little bit of a control issue going on,” I offered.

Amy kissed me again. “More than a little bit, if that was any indication,” she murmured.

“We can always go for seconds, and see if it's the same way,” I suggested.

“Mmmm,” she murmured. “I like that idea.”

She was just reaching down to bring my cock back to life, when we were both interrupted by a bright, chirpy voice. “Hey, how long have you two been down here?”

Amy and I blinked and looked upward; there stood Vicky, naked of course, with Dad behind her. He was naked as well. And currently staring at my cock.

“Oh, hi?” I greeted them.

“Hi, Taylor,” Dad greeted me, stepping forward and giving me a hand-up. “I see Amy grew a cock on you again.”

“Oh, yeah,” I replied with a grin, giving my hips a wiggle. “Isn't it cool?”

He coughed and grinned. “I've never really been into penises, but it looks reasonably accurate. Does it work all right?”

“Oh my god, does it ever,” Amy enthused. “Vicky, you have got to try this. When Taylor gets on top, she's a monster.”
“I dunno,” Vicky commented, though her eyes never moved from my penis. “I kinda like being on top myself.”

“Except for the last three times with me, you mean,” Dad pointed out. “And the time I took you in your ass.”

“Wow, Dad, you stud,” I observed. Looking more closely, Vicky’s pussy was looking a little red. Though her hair was wet, which probably meant that they’d been fucking in the shower. “You've already fucked her four times today?”

“Only three,” he corrected me. “The time with her ass was when she had the cock, remember?”

She smiled and caressed his long cock. “You know, you don't have to wait till I have a dick again to fuck me in the ass,” she pointed out. “I'm good for that any time.”

His hand cupped her ass cheek and squeezed. “So am I, Vicky. So am I. But wasn't there something you were telling me about Amy?”

“Oh, yeah,” she recalled, turning to Amy. “I've been telling him how much you'd enjoy being held down and fucked up the ass. Hard. Rough.”

Amy squeezed her thighs together and let out a tiny whimper as she looked down at Dad's now-hardening cock. “Could you do that for me?” she asked, in a small voice. “I love it when Vicky does it, and Dad, and Mom, and Eric too, but none of them has a cock as long as yours.”

Dad frowned slightly. “I don't want to hurt you,” he countered. “When I get going, I get sort of enthusiastic.”

I grinned. “You don't have to worry about that. Amy can make sure you fit just right. It's kind of her thing.”

“And besides, she likes it to hurt, just a little bit,” Vicky went on cheerfully. “That's also kind of her thing. She thinks I haven't noticed when she grows me a cock that she makes it so it's just a little bit too big for her to fit comfortably.”

Amy turned red; I held her close and kissed her. And pinched her clitoris, of course. She whimpered into my mouth as she kissed me back, and more or less melted into my embrace.

“Wow, I never really knew that about you before,” I murmured. “I think we can have a lot of fun with that.”

“I'm pretty sure that we can all have a lot of fun with that,” Vicky announced. “So I'm calling it. Foursome, upstairs, right now.”

I started, and looked at Dad. He looked back at me. “Foursome?” I asked. “Like … everyone fucks everyone else?”

Vicky nodded. “That's the general idea, yes.”

“So … Dad will be fucking me?” I wanted to make this absolutely clear before I got my hopes up.
Dad cleared his throat and nodded. “I … yes, Taylor. It took some doing, but Vicky finally convinced me to give it another shot. So yes, I will be fucking you, in the ass. And if and when Amy gives you your pussy back, there too. If that's okay with you?”

Was it weird that my cock went to immediate attention at the thought? I wasn't sure; Dad blinked, and Vicky laughed out loud. “I think that's a yes,” she replied cheerfully.

I rubbed Amy's pussy. It was even wetter than before. “You do realise that this means there's a good chance you'll have three cocks in you at some point, two of them belonging to girls?” I murmured.

She nearly dislocated my shoulder, dragging me toward the stairs.

I lay back on the bed with Vicky sucking on my prick. This was something I could really get used to; Glory Girl no doubt practised on every man she fucked, and her mouth was very talented indeed. My cock was already at full erection, and she was doing things to it that made me want to throw her back on the bed and screw her senseless.

As my hands tangled in her hair, I watched Dad with Amy. His large hands caressed her firm young breasts, ran over her body, cupped her taut buttocks. She moaned as he ran his fingers between her thighs, parting her labia, rubbing at her pussy and her clitoris.

Her own hands were busy on his body, tracing his muscles, and stroking his long penis. He was already erect; his gasps as she touched him let me know that she was using her power to inflame him even more. “Dad, just by the way?” I gasped, arching my back as Vicky continued to deep-throat my cock. “Her ass is lubed. Always.”

“Good to know,” he grunted as she began to suck on him. She wasn't quite as talented a cocksucker as Vicky – there was a reason that Glory Girl had more fellatio pictures up on her PHO page than any other teen hero – but she was still very good, as I well knew.

“Sixty-nine,” I moaned, and Vicky heard me. Her aura was flowing at full strength now, arousing all of us to a new level, and she moved around until she could straddle my face. I wrapped my arms around her waist, and raised my face until I could taste her running juices.

She was already thoroughly aroused, not least because I was running a low-level vibration in her pussy and ass, Amy's pussy and ass, and Dad's cock. Not so much his balls; there was no way I wanted a repeat of the Lung incident.

My tongue stroked over her labia, then parted them, to her moans of obvious enjoyment. Her musky juices ran over my tongue as I lapped at her, flicking now and again at her clitoris to make her whole body clench in enjoyment.

Not that she was the only one getting any action. Her own tongue and lips and teeth were driving me insane; I was sure that if she put her mind to it, she could convince even Legend to turn straight, or at least give it a shot for a weekend. I know that I would bend over for him.

When I slid my finger into her ass, at the same time as I nibbled on her clit, Vicky arched her back
and came explosively; I thought she was going to suck my cock right off of my hips. I was perilously close to climax myself, so I pushed her away.

Slowly, she let her mouth slide off of my erect penis, looking at me with heavy-lidded lust. “Fuck me,” she growled. “Or I'll rip your dick off and use it as a dildo.”

I pushed her back on to the bed, enjoying her momentary startled look, and climbed on top of her. Lowering my face to hers, I kissed her hard, forcefully. Our breasts brushed together, then melded as she wrapped her arms around me and held me close, her mouth surrendering to mine. Our tongues meshed, swirled together, our bodies pushing at one another. My cock rubbed at her belly, between us.

I lifted myself up; she reached down, cupped my urgent erection, guided it into place. I paused a moment, teasing her, feeling her hot juices boiling around the very tip of my penis as it hesitated at the very entrance to her soft, wet, yielding vaginal canal.

On the other side of the bed, Dad was fucking Amy. They were clinging together as he drove his long penis into her vagina; her arms were around him, and he kissed her every time he drew out of her. She whimpered every time he thrust into her, and my groin clenched in sympathy.

And then I thrust my penis into Vicky’s hot, slippery vagina. She was unprepared for it, and I felt her clench around me. Arching her back, she cried out as I penetrated to her very centre; I nearly came, then and there, as she enveloped me, squeezing my erection tightly, making my eyes cross with the sheer unadulterated arousal.

I started thrusting harder, deeper, more forcefully; under me, Vicky moaned and clutched at my back, at my ass, as I drove myself into her. I knew she didn’t like it too rough – which was interesting, because Amy did – so I kept myself in check. Lifting myself up, I put Vicky's ankles on my shoulders, and started fucking her in earnest.

She cried out again and again as my thick penis stroked into her slippery wetness over and over again, my breasts bobbing with the force of my thrusts. In the position she was in, I had full access to her pussy and ass, and I intended to make full use of it.

On the other side of the bed, Dad pulled his penis out of Amy's pussy; she had just cum, repeatedly, and was lying there dazedly. Rolling her over, he lifted her ass; she responded willingly. When he began to feed his cock into her tight teenage asshole, she gasped out loud. Her sphincter opened up willingly enough for him, but I knew that she was being stretched by it as she had rarely been stretched before.

I watched my Dad slowly fuck his thoroughly erect penis into Amy’s ass, as she moaned and gasped and clutched at the sheets; sweat broke out all down her back. His grimace of concentration never wavered; nor did his slow, steady thrusts, gradually introducing his cock into her tightest hole.


He glanced at me, then nodded. Grasping her hips more tightly, he pulled back, and pushed harder than he had done before. His cock drove a little farther into Amy than she had expected, and her eyes opened wide. And then he thrust again, and he was all the way into her; she gasped, eyes and mouth wide open.
“Oh god … oh god … oh god … “ she moaned.

Under me, Vicky squirmed and bucked and came as my cock drove into her; aroused beyond belief by the sight of my father fucking one of the girls I truly loved in her oh-so-tender ass, I started upping the pace again. It wasn't long before my own arousal caught up with me, and I felt myself on the verge of cumming.

Letting Vicky's legs fall off of my shoulders, I fell forward on top of her, just as Dad began fucking Amy's ass in earnest. Amy cried out as Dad's cock slammed into her ass, driving her forward on the bed, over and over again. Vicky clutched at me, kissed me, as I put my all into fucking her as hard as I could. My cock slammed into her tight pussy, deeper and deeper, until I came; her nails dug into my back as she wailed out her own climax.

Even as I came, as my cock spurted its hot semen to the collection already inside her pussy, my hips were still jerking, fucking her hard, rubbing my pubic bone against her clitoris. I felt my sperm fill her tender womb, wad after wad of it, until I slumped on top of her, panting and breathless.

Beside us, Amy was still getting her ass reamed out in fine style by my Dad. He was holding her tightly, his balls slapping into her labia with every driving thrust; she was gasping, grunting as he fucked her. As I watched, her eyes rolled back in her head as she came again; she must have clenched her ass, because Dad actually upped his tempo.

He didn't last long after that, as Vicky and I lay there and teasingly played with each other; Amy came several more times before he finally emptied out into her ass. She slumped forward on to the bed, utterly shattered, as his long cock slithered from her rear passage.

“Oh god,” he muttered, looking almost as wrecked as she was; sweat streaked his hair, and ran down his face. He lay on the bed beside her, holding her gently. “I wasn't too rough, was I?”

She rolled over to put her arms around him. “Never,” she assured him. “You were just right. Oh god, were you just right. I might not walk straight for a week.”

Vicky grinned and kissed me, her hand on my flaccid penis. “You can still walk, sis?” she asked. “Means we're not finished yet. Grow me a cock, and we'll give you a triple-banger.”

“I think I need to rest a little first,” Amy suggested. “Have a breather.” She licked her lips. “And then I'm all yours.”

“If we're going to have a breather,” Dad noted, “I might have a shower. Freshen up a little.” He began to get up.

Vicky nudged me, and suddenly I realised what she meant. “Oh, uh, I need one too,” I exclaimed, jumping up too.

Dad looked at me, and I looked at him. We both knew what was going to happen in the shower. Finally, he nodded. “Yeah, that's probably a good idea,” he decided. “Come on.”
The hot water sluiced over the both of us as we stood in the shower together. Slowly, tentatively, he reached up and caressed my breasts.

“You can squeeze them harder, Dad,” I told him, running my hands over his ribs. “They’re not made of china.”

“It wasn’t how fragile they were,” he murmured. “But that they’re yours.” But he squeezed them anyway, and I caught my breath.

“Oh yes, Dad,” I told him softly. “Touch them any way you like.”

My hands were busy with his penis; between his hands on my body, and my hands on his manhood, he was already most of the way to erection again. Of course, my own cock was starting to wake up again, which threatened to complicate matters.

Tilting my head up with a finger under my chin, Dad leaned down slightly. I caught my breath again, closed my eyes and opened my lips. The kiss began gently, tentatively, but as I responded, it firmed up nicely. His lips were warm and soft on mine, and my arms went around him as my tongue touched his. He held me tightly, as we kissed, our bodies pressing together, his penis hard against my belly, and mine against his thigh.

As if the kiss was a dam broken, a test passed, a door opened wide, Dad's hands were suddenly all over me. My nails scored his back as he cupped my ass, spreading the cheeks, rubbing against my tight asshole. He reached between my thighs, caressed my scrotum, caressed my swelling erection.

When we broke the kiss, I was panting with arousal. He seemed to be in a similar state, from the way he was squeezing my breasts.

“So,” he murmured. “Cock but no pussy, huh?”


“It's weird,” he admitted. “You're my daughter, I know you're my daughter, but here you are with a cock, wanting to have sex with me, wanting me to fuck you in the ass. And you've got an erection over the idea.”

I grinned and raked his chest with my nails. “ Weird is a pretty good descriptor of sex around Amy. Like when you fucked Vicky in the ass. She had a cock then, too.”

“She did,” he agreed. “And I really, really want to fuck you in the ass, too. And in the pussy, when you get it back. But first, there's something I want to do for you, just because you're my daughter and you're special to me. There's no-one else I would do it for.”

“I, uh, what would that be, Dad?” I asked.

For an answer, he lowered himself to his knees, and took my swollen, erect penis in his hand. And he closed his eyes and began to suck on it.

I gasped; I couldn't believe it. Dad was as straight as straight got. He just didn't go for cock. He obviously wasn't a veteran cocksucker, but he still did his best, and right then, and right there, his best was plenty good enough. I gasped and moaned and held his head, and his warm mouth moved
back and forth on my pulsing shaft. I felt my cum rising, gathering at the base of my cock.

“Gonna cum,” I groaned.

At the last moment, he pulled his mouth off of it, and masturbated it briskly; I arched my back and felt my semen explode from the tip, splattering all over Dad's face and chest. I grunted with the release; it was amazing. And, if I admitted it to myself, spectacularly kinky. Not many girls can say that they'd had their cocks sucked by their own Dad.

“Oh, wow, Dad,” I murmured, dropping to my knees before him. My cum was washing off of his face and chest, but I licked as much as I could off before it escaped. It was salty, but had a taste all of its own. Then I kissed him; he kissed me back, and we embraced. The embrace went on as we kept on kissing, and I slowly lay back, with him on top of me, in the tub, with the water pounding down on top of us.

He stopped kissing me long enough to raise my legs high enough that he had access to my ass, and I stared up at him. “You really love me that much, Dad?”

“Yes, Taylor,” he told me. “I really do love you that much.” I felt him separating my butt cheeks, and rubbing something between them; lube, I supposed. His finger penetrated into me, and I bucked up my hips to meet it; it slid into me all the way to the second knuckle with ease.

And then he pulled his finger out, and I felt his cock pressing against my asshole.

I have had my ass fucked many times, by all of the male Wards, by a few of the Protectorate members and PRT guards, and by quite a few other guys I know, in Winslow and out of it. The very worst ass-fuck I have ever had was with Greg Veder; he simply did not know what he was doing, and he came and pulled out before I was halfway to orgasm.

The best ass-fuck I have ever had … well, the one I had with Dad wasn't the very best, strictly speaking, but in terms of sheer physical enjoyment and long-awaited anticipation, it would be hard to beat it.

He slid his cock into my ass slowly and tenderly; I felt myself fill up with his long cock, his hands cupping my ass-cheeks, lifting me so he could more readily thrust into me. And thrust he did; I felt him withdraw, and then push deeper into me, and then deeper, and deeper yet again. By this time, I was gasping with pleasure, moaning while I squeezed my breasts, and crying out his name.

Dad took my ass in that shower, slowly and steadily at first, and then hard and fast. At some point I got up on all fours so that he could fuck me from behind, and then we really got down to business. I felt his cock drive into me from behind again and again, penetrating to the very depth of my being, filling my tight, hot ass, until my entire universe was composed of my Dad's penis and what he was doing to my ass with it.

I came; of course I came. I had one hand under me, masturbating my own cock, as hard and as fast as Dad was pounding my ass. My balls bunched up and I spurted white all over the floor of the tub. But Dad was still fucking me. I couldn't believe how good it was. My erection began to swell again, and I stroked it frantically. I couldn't do anything else.

By the time he finally pulled me back hard on his cock, rammed himself all the way up inside of me – and I swear his penis tickled my tonsils – and unleashed his climax inside me, I had cum three times in the tub. I felt every hot spurt of incestuous cum as it bathed my bowels; it felt as though he
was trying to fill a gallon jug as he continued to thrust into me, each jet of semen exciting me anew.

When he finally pulled out of me, I slumped to the floor of the tub, almost as wrecked as Amy had been, in the bedroom. My ass was throbbing, and I wasn't quite sure how my hips were supposed to work, but I did not regret one second of what had happened.

Dad knelt beside me, and pulled me on to his lap. “Oh god,” I groaned. “That was so good. Holy shit, that was even better than the last time you did that to me.” I looked up at him. “I love you, Dad.”

He held me tightly. “I love you too, Taylor. And it was good for me, too. Maybe I can learn to open up a little, learn a few new tricks.” He leaned down and kissed me. “And maybe the next time, you can coax me into bed without having to bring two friends over.”

I kissed him back. “It was their idea, but I'm really liking the way it's turning out so far.”

I was still a little wobbly when, showered and dried, we made our way back to the bedroom. Vicky was lying back while Amy sucked on her brand-new cock; they both looked up as we entered.

“Hah, told you they were screwing in the shower,” Vicky charged Amy.

“I never said they weren't,” Amy defended herself. “I just thought they might wait till they got out.”

“Nope,” Dad confirmed Vicky's assertion. “I fucked Taylor's ass, right there in the tub.”

“That he did,” I agreed. “I think he gave my ass a concussion.” I leaned up and kissed him. “And just as soon as I have my original equipment down below, he's going to be filling me up with cum the old-fashioned way.”

“Excellent,” Vicky responded with a smile. “Actually, Danny, I was just thinking. If Amy turned you into a woman, Taylor and I could fuck you. You could see what it was like for us.”

Dad blinked. “I … that's something I hadn't thought of,” he confessed. “Have you done it with anyone else?”

“Changed Mom and Dad around for a day,” Amy informed us. “Made him a woman, and her a guy, with all the changes.” She giggled. “Turns out that Dad really likes it doggy-style from Vicky, and Mom likes to bend me over the sofa. They've been talking to Uncle Neil and Aunt Sarah about it, and they're going to get me to change them all for next weekend.” She rolled her eyes. “Uncle Neil is going to have the biggest set of tits. Mom can't wait to put her cock between them.”

Danny blinked. “That's … different,” he admitted. “But I don't think I really want to try too many things at once. Just having a regular sexual relationship with my daughter is probably enough at the moment.”

“That's fair,” Amy agreed. “So, do you think you're recovered from your shower sex, or do you need a freshen-up?”
“Freshen-up, I think,” I decided. Dad nodded in agreement. Amy laid her hand on my arm, then on his; I don’t know what it felt like for him, but it was like a torrent of cold water had washed through me, flushing out all the fatigue. Then a torrent of hot water, refilling me with energy. And with a certain level of desire.

I smiled as I climbed on to the bed, my cock already rising to erection. Amy gulped as Dad got on to the bed as well, his eyes fixed on her body. Vicky put her arms around her sister from behind, caressing her breasts. I leaned in to kiss Amy, as I ran my hand between her legs; her thighs parted as she moaned helplessly. Her pussy was streaming with juices.

“Looks like you’re ready for all three of us at once,” I murmured, as Dad leaned down to suckle gently on her nipple; at the same time, I pinched her clitoris, not hard. All the same, she arched her back in arousal.

“Yes,” she whispered. “Oh god, yes.” Her hand found my cock, and grasped it; I was quite hard.

“So,” Vicky purred, digging her nails into Amy’s breasts, and making her gasp. “Any preference as to who goes where?”

Amy swallowed, and looked at all three of us. Her grip on my penis did not loosen. “Perhaps you could take turns?” she suggested diffidently.

Dad smiled. “Excellent idea,” he told her. “You might want to brace yourself.”

Amy licked her lips, and parted her thighs some more. Her anal sphincter relaxed, allowing my finger entry. “Bring it.”

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“Of all the bad ideas you’ve ever had, in the history of bad ideas,” Regent told Tattletale, “this is one of the very worst.”

“What, worse than you fucking Bitch?” asked Grue with a grin.

“What’s wrong with me fucking Bitch?” Regent retorted. “She’s not after any sort of commitment, she likes the way I fuck. We screw, we’re done, we get back to business. Not like you and Tattletale.”

“What’s wrong with the way we fuck?” asked Grue.

Regent rolled his eyes. “Bondage and a gimp mask, and your darkness? It’d be like doing it in a bag of cotton wool.”

Tattletale sighed. “You know I need to do it that way. Otherwise I’d never be able to fuck at all. Do you have any idea how crazy I nearly went before I found Grue?”

Regent chuckled. “Bet you wore out a few vibrators.”

“More than a few,” mumbled Tattletale.
“But that doesn’t explain why you want to do this fucking insane thing,” Regent went on. “You saw what she did to Lung. You might be willing to chance it, but I’ve got balls that I’m very attached to, and so does Grue.”

“He does have a point,” Grue noted. “We’ve only seen her in action once, with Lung. And that would be enough to make me very wary of her. I’d rather keep my balls where they are, thanks.”

“She’s been out and about before and since,” Tattletale told them. “Those times just didn’t make the news quite as spectacularly.”

“What did she do those times?” asked Regent suspiciously.

“Well, one time,” Tattletale elaborated, “she stopped Shadow Stalker from murdering the only witness to her being an utter psychopathic bitch, in hospital. Word is, she gave her an orgasm mid-battle.”

Regent blinked. “She had sex with her while fighting her?”

Tattletale shook her head. “No. Without touching her. Using her powers. Brought her off, while fighting her.”

Grue whistled. “That’s kinda kinky, right there.”

“Also, there was a bunch of Merchants who had a bit of a bad reaction to a drug. They were attacking a supermarket, trying to get munchies. She calmed them down. Made them all horny as fuck; by the time the cops got there, they were all screwing like bunnies.”

“Yeah, but what if her power doesn’t let her enjoy sex?” objected Grue. “It would make the whole exercise pointless.”

“Not according to the boss, and the PHO boards,” Tattletale informed them smugly. “Even discounting the obvious bullshit, she’s screwed all the Wards, all the Protectorate, and a fair number of the guards. Plus New Wave.”

“Who in New Wave?” objected Regent. “There’s a few of them.”

“Most of them,” Tattletale told him. “All the Dallons, plus Shielder, from what I hear. And that’s just since she joined the Wards.”

“Christ,” muttered Grue. “Making up for lost time.”

Tattletale grinned. “So yeah, I’d say she enjoys sex. A lot.”

Grue nodded. “Okay, you’ve made your point. It’s time we met Harmonic, and see what she’s made of.”

Tattletale’s grin widened. “Make sure you bring enough lube.”
Vicky helped Amy up off the bed. The brunette's eyes were still a little unfocused, and she was liberally splattered with the last time we had cum all over her, but she managed to stand unaided.

“Oh god,” she mumbled, semen drooling down her chin. “Oh god. So good. So good.”

I kissed her, tasting who-knew-whose cum on her lips. She'd had my cock in her mouth, as well as Vicky's and Dad's, before the foursome had concluded. I knew what it was like to fuck her ass and cum inside it, more than once, just like I knew what it was like to have Vicky take me from behind by surprise. I'd been on my face on the bed before I knew it, with her cock in my ass. The sex had been short and sharp and insanely enjoyable; I had cum all over the bedclothes.

“That was so awesome, Amy,” I told her sincerely. “I want to do it all over again, real soon. But could you give me my pussy back? I know Dad wants to fuck me there.”

She nodded, and kissed me back. “Okay, Taylor,” she told me. “Wow, fuck. I can't feel my legs.”

But her hand found my crotch, and I felt the now-familiar sensation of my cock retracting into itself, pulling back up between my thighs, and my vaginal canal being recreated inside me. Amy tweaked my clitoris, then slid two fingers inside me; I moaned and kissed her again.

“Yeah, all there,” she decided. “You'll be nice and tight for him.”

“Thanks,” I murmured, rubbing her clit for her; her legs nearly buckled, and Vicky had to support her.

“Thanks for that,” Glory Girl told us. “I really got a kick out of watching you two screw her. And out of fucking your ass, Taylor.”

“Still gotta fuck yours, Vicky,” I told her.

“Next time for sure,” she agreed. “You know, the offer's still open to have a baby with us, next year. If you're interested.”

“Dunno,” I hedged. “If I was gonna have a baby, I'd want it to be with Gallant. Or maybe Dad. With Amy checking for genetic problems first, of course.”

Vicky nodded. “That's fair. But you can still have it with us.”

We exited the bedroom, and she helped her still-groggy sister downstairs. “Is she going to be okay?” asked Dad, indicating Amy.

“Oh, she'll be fine,” Vicky told us airily. “She gets this way when she has a really massive series of orgasms. Her brain just can't process this much pleasure, and shuts down on her.”

“Not how it works, an' you know it,” Amy chided her sister.

“Well, okay, you overdosed on cum then,” Vicky corrected herself with a grin.

“Whatever,” Amy murmured, and resumed staring into space as Vicky guided her outside and down the back steps.
“Well, see you around,” the blonde told us, and gathered her sister into her arms.

“You bet,” I told her; she leaned in to kiss me, and Dad as well, before rising into the air with her well-fucked burden.

Dad and I turned to go back inside. “Having a kid, huh?” he asked. “Did you think of asking me first?”

“Nothing’s set in stone yet,” I told him defensively. “Just thinking about it, you know. And you can always say no.”

He took me into his arms, and kissed me, slowly and tenderly. Against my leg, I felt his penis slowly start to rise. “I never said I’d say no,” he breathed, as he lifted me and carried me into the living room. “Because now that we're going to be having sex, the idea of you having my baby is suddenly quite a turn-on.”

“It is?” I asked, as he laid me down on the sofa. I felt a sudden surge of arousal myself, at the sight of my Dad, leaning over me with his erect penis, at the idea that he might make me pregnant. Of the thought that if I had my implant disabled, I could carry his baby to term.

“Oh, yes,” he murmured, slowly and erotically licking and caressing my breasts. My breath came more sharply, and I arched my back. By the time he climbed on top and slid into me, I was wet and ready for him.

This was the first time we had ever made love like this; both of us willingly giving and receiving the gift of love, of sex.

But it would not be the last time. As he thrust deeply into me, exciting every nerve in my body with his driving penis, I knew that for a fact.
Encounter with the Dark Side

Chapter Summary

When Taylor finds herself facing the Undersiders, the end result is never in doubt ...

After the advent of the Age Card, and universal reversible sterility, even the nature of super-battles between hero and villain began to alter subtly.

Earlier battles, fought either in the skimpiest costumes possible, or entirely naked save for mask and boots, were said to resemble extremely violent soft-porn movies. Given the tendency for such skimpy costumes to give way at the wrong moment, or under stress from an opponent's attack – either deliberately or otherwise – such battles often shifted from MA to R-rated at a moment's notice.

Once sex and sexuality became less of an intrusive social issue and more of a personal option, the battles changed once more. There was no sudden shift, however; heroes and villains who had liked each others' looks were meeting for private 'engagements' long before this became publicly common, and some heroes and villains still battle it out for real today.

I will mention Parian here, because even in today's laissez-faire atmosphere, the cloth manipulator of Brockton Bay remains the scariest cape in New England. Capes whom she encounters have been known to surrender before her cloth ever touches their skin. It is rumoured that she keeps a full-body snowsuit handy for anyone who dares commit a crime in her preferred area of operation; the criminal capes of Brockton Bay have declared it a no-go zone.

The majority of capes today are young, fit and healthy; heroes and villains alike are, on the whole, both attractive and interested. And so, an unofficial tradition has formed in cities with significant numbers of teenage and young adult capes; once in a while, they will leave word with one another that they will be 'patrolling' in an area. Two groups will engage one another, pair off, and 'fight'.

Or, to put it rather more bluntly, they will screw one another's brains out. There may be a tussle or two, in order to determine who's on top, or who goes down on whom first, but it's all about the sex.

The unwritten rules are in force here, of course; if anyone, of either side, wishes to opt out of the ongoing orgy, they merely need give the word, and they will be left alone. Of course, given the general understanding of the tradition, if someone does not wish to take part, they don't have to come along on the 'patrol'.

Once in a while, this pretext is used by members of a team as an initiation for a new member; again, the unwritten rules apply. However, according to anecdotal evidence, the subject of the initiation very rarely, if ever, invokes those rules.

While it may seem counter-intuitive for our heroes and villains to be 'fraternising' while on duty, it does make a certain amount of sense. After all, when a hero and a villain are enjoying 'personal time' together, that's another step toward the villain going straight, so that they can enjoy that all the time. Also, while they're getting hot and heavy together, the villain certainly isn't out and about, committing crimes.

And for those of us who like to watch, it makes for great daytime TV.
“So what are we out this way for anyway?”

Clockblocker looked around at me. There was the hint of a smile on his lips, but that didn't mean anything. He nearly always had a prank going at one time or another. “There was the report that a couple of the Undersiders were seen in the area. We're just checking for them, making sure they aren't committing a crime here.”

“Hm, okay,” I replied, and started humming, deep down in my throat. A moment later, I frowned. “That's funny.”

“What's funny?” he asked immediately.

“Something up on that roof that isn't there.” I pointed at the building opposite.

He tilted his head. “You're not making sense.”

“There's a gap, a void,” I tried to explain. “My vibrations are telling me that there's nothing there. Not even air.”

“Oh, yes, that fits the definition of 'funny.'” Clockblocker followed me as we crossed the street. “Another damn fire escape. I hate fire escapes.”

I shook my head. “I have an idea. Hold on to me tightly.”

“As if you have to tell me.” Clockblocker stepped up behind me and put his hands around me. His hands cupped over my breasts and squeezed, as he nudged his half-hard erection up between my buttocks. I knew he wasn't into anal, but he liked doggy-style just as much as I did. I put my hands over his, and pushed my butt back at him.

I shivered as he bit my neck gently. “Mmm, that's nice.”

His penis was sliding up and down between my buttocks. “Hell yes. So why am I holding you tight, again? Or did you just want a quickie?”

“Maybe later,” I assured him. “But in this particular case, I have a trick I'd like to show you.”

“You have my attention,” he responded.

“I know,” I agreed, squeezing my butt cheeks together. “I can feel it.”

Taking a deep breath, I concentrated. I had done this before, but just with me. However, I was sure I could pull it off.

“Whoa, hey!” he yelped as the vibration built beneath our feet. But he didn't let go, and he didn't step back. I ramped the power up until we were hovering, three feet above the ground, on a blanket of pure kinetic vibration.

“Whoa,” he muttered, looking down at the faintly hazy sheen between us and the ground. “That's freaky.”

“No freakier than you with your playing cards frozen in midair,” I retorted, leaning back against him and letting my ass cheeks caress his erection for a moment. “And is that Armsmaster's halberd
between my butt cheeks, or are you just happy to see me?”

He snorted at my joke. “I'm pretty sure his halberd doesn't have an attachment for that,” he observed, while running one hand down my stomach to my crotch.

“You'd lose the bet,” I told him, then gasped as his fingers did something rather nice. “I walked in on him using it on Miss Militia the other day. Wanted to – ooooh! - stick around and ask for seconds, but I thought they might like their privacy.”

Increasing the humming, I raised us farther off the ground, until we were hovering next to a fourth-storey roof. Tilting the effect allowed us to slide sideways until we were six inches over the rooftop; I let it go, and we dropped to the ground.

Before we even had a chance to look around, darkness rolled over us; darkness so intense that I could see nothing. Worse, my vibrations were cut off altogether. Dennis had let me go and stumbled back on the landing, and I didn't know where he was. I didn't know where anything was.

Clockblocker looked around wildly and saw the Undersiders. All four of the Undersiders.

“Oh, shit.”

“Oh shit is right, Clockie,” a voice sang out. All four Undersiders were advancing on the two heroes; Grue was controlling the size of the blob of darkness around Harmonic so that his teammates could find her easily enough. However, it was Tattletale who had spoken.

She strutted toward him, flaunting her firm breasts and her shapely hips; all she wore was a mask and a lascivious smile, and the mask wasn't all that big. Her long blonde hair – along with everything else – hung loose in the breeze. Her intentions were obvious; she wanted a good hard fuck in the worst possible way.

Clockblocker swallowed. “I … we're not getting out of this, are we?”

“Unless you want to tap your teammate out, no,” Tattletale told him, licking her lips. “And you aren't about to do that, are you?” Her hand came up to caress his cheek; he twitched at the contact, feeling his erection twitch at the same time. The only answer he could muster was a whimper. Yes, he could freeze Taylor. But that would leave him at the mercy of all four Undersiders, and Taylor would unfreeze soon enough.

“It's simple,” she told him. “You know we aren't going to hurt you, or her. You know that she's going to have a very good time indeed. I know you've fucked her every way she wants to be fucked … huh. Not into anal, huh? Well, well. Strange days.”

He dared not move as her hand trailed over his bicep, down over his back, clutched gently over his ass – and didn't his cock jump at that – before sliding up over his ribs once more. Her breasts were larger than Taylor's, but not by much, not since Amy had given her the treatment. He ached to taste them in his mouth, to kiss those inviting lips.

He knew he'd never be so lucky.

“No, I'm not going to be with you today,” she murmured. “You're going to be Bitch's chew toy. But she's gonna be gentle. Mostly.”
Rachel stomped across the rooftop behind Lisa. She couldn't figure out the blonde's obsession with Harmonic; all this work, setting up the trap, so that she could get next to the skinny girl. What the fuck, *they're paying me to do this, so whatever.* She eyed Clockblocker. He was a bit on the skinny side; hopefully he'd be a good fuck, or she was gonna be pissed. *If he can't do it for me, I'm gonna want double pay.* She wondered if Coil would lend her a couple of his soldiers for some good hard rough sex. The rougher the better. *Fuck, this better be worth it.*

She watched Tattletale talk the weed into giving up; he'd been pretty well pissing himself – well, not literally, thank fuck – to start with. By the time she had finished with him, he wasn't even considering fighting back. Bitch felt a cruel smile twist her lips. *Let's see how hard I can own him.*

“Hey, Bitch.” That was Lisa. She shoved Clockblocker at Bitch, who caught him. “Have fun.”


“Wh-what?” the teen hero quavered.

Rachel rolled her eyes, and pushed him to his knees. She aimed his face at her pussy. “Eat,” she ordered. “Then fuck. And you better be good at it.”

He set to his task with gratifying enthusiasm; Rachel felt her knees weaken as he hit her buttons hard, one after the other. And he didn't even have Alec's advantages. *Maybe this won't be so bad after all.*

laşong my body more times than I could count.

And then someone else was in the darkness with me. A wall of solid muscle, pressing against me from in front. Large, gentle hands, tilting my head upward. Instinctively, I knew what was coming,
and I opened my lips for the kiss. It came; warm, gentle, but becoming more demanding by the second. My hands roved over the torso before me, confirming my suspicion; this guy was beefcake to the max. I slid my hands around to his back, and ran my nails over his muscle definition there, as he continued to kiss me, and the guy behind me kept on playing my pleasure centres like a Stradivarius. He was also pressing up against me now; I could feel an erection rubbing against my buttocks. Not as intimately as Dennis' had been, but not far off it.

It was mid-kiss that I realised that I was not being restrained, just held gently, that the hands now roving over my body were exploring and arousing me, rather than attacking. That I was rather enjoying it, actually. Enjoying it very much indeed. I felt a feather-light kiss to the side of my neck, followed by a more insistent nip, and a shiver of arousal went all the way down my body. God, this guy knows my body better than I do.

And then I twigged to what was going on. I'd been set up. I'd heard this sort of thing happened – heroes and villains getting together to fuck rather than fight – but I never thought it was going to happen to me.

If I say 'no' now, unwritten rules say they have to let me go.

I considered it for all of half a second. Hell with that, I wanna see where this is going.

Breaking off the kiss for a moment, I drew a deep breath. Sure, I'd had a bad fright to start with, but now I knew what was going on, I decided to show them what I could really do. Cut off my harmonics from the air? Fine, I'll send them through my own body. Ask Missy how much she likes a vibrating tongue. The lips returned to mine, and I kept kissing with a will. Let 'em think I'm their willing sex slave, just for the moment.

I could turn this around. I could take charge. I was the one who took down Lung and Hookwolf, gave Sophia an orgasm and beat the crap out of her in the same fight. Everyone I've ever had sex with has begged me for seconds. The PHO boards has entire chat threads dedicated to me and who I've fucked. Because I'm that good, bitches.

I'm not the helpless girl tied to the bed. I'll never be that girl again!

Rallying my confidence, I ran my hands down over their bodies; my right hand in front, my left hand behind. As they closed over the erect penises of the men bracketing me, I started humming, setting my hands to vibrating. Both of them jumped, and no wonder; their erections suddenly became a lot more erect as I caressed them with softly buzzing fingers. I smiled in the darkness at their reaction, but I was also somewhat startled; the one in front had a penis thicker than nearly anyone I had met. I'd seen longer – well, felt longer – but this one felt even thicker than Terry Hess' had, and I'd had a struggle to fit him inside me. I quite literally had trouble wrapping my hand around it.

I shivered with anticipation and apprehension both; I wasn't sure which emotion made me wetter, but I was feeling very moist about then; I wanted that thing inside me. Mr Monster Cock kissed me again; I moaned into the kiss as Virtuoso behind me started in on my neck and shoulder muscles once more. I ramped up the vibration on their penises just a little to show my appreciation.

And then a third person joined the party, as another pair of hands started to roam my body, touching me just where I desperately needed to be touched. This one was a girl, as I felt breasts touching me, as a warm body pressed against mine. Her hand roamed over my body, touching me here and there, setting my nerve endings on fire, pleasure sparking through my brain.

I didn't know where Clockblocker was, but I was beginning to figure out what was going on here. Three villain capes had me surrounded, quite literally. That darkness field was screwing with my
harmonics, and I could neither see nor hear. The only sense I could depend on was touch. And if they got the better of me so easily, I'd never live it down. They want a fuck, I'll show them a fuck.

Virtuoso's hands played on my back and neck muscles again; I felt my knees buckle once more. He was too damn good at touching me where I wanted, needed to be touched. And the girl's hands were even worse, or was that better? My eyes rolled back as I groaned at her touches; a tweak of my nipple, a brush against my clitoris, a nip at the side of my neck. Every move calculated to drive me to a higher state of arousal, to drive me further and further out of my mind.

And the big guy in front of me wasn't letting up either. While kissing me, he was using his large hands to gently squeeze and tease my breasts and nipples; it was almost as if he knew how freshly-enlarged they were, and how damn sensitive. While he wasn't kissing me, it was because his mouth was down there instead of his hands, sucking and licking at my nipples. I was so glad that the darkness stopped all sound, because by now, I was letting go a gasp or a sigh or an even louder sound with each new touch, each new sensation.

“Fuck yes,” I groaned, as his hands squeezed my breasts with gentle roughness, “oh god, yes, just that, do that.” And when he suckled hard on my nipples, I couldn't help but let out a long, intense groan; I could feel that one all the way down to my toes.

Amy, seriously, when I see you next, we're gonna have words. You would make my breasts and nipples so sensitive so you and Vicky could make me jump and twitch in bed when you suck and bite on them. And you would leave them that way when you're finished. Oh god, oh god, oh god.

Oh yeah. We're gonna have – ooooooohhhhhhhhh – words.

And those words are gonna be 'thank you'.

It was a funny thing about Amy. She liked to look at legs; long, slender legs, for preference. Which was why she liked me and Vicky so much; we've both got legs that go all the way up to there. But to touch and play with, she was a breast girl all the way.

Not that I was complaining; I got a great set of breasts out of the deal. Amazingly sensitive breasts. Which my 'attackers' were taking full advantage of.

And I was enjoying the hell out of.

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Brian grinned. Maintaining the darkness as he was, he was the only one getting the full effect of what was going on. Trapped between the three of them, Harmonic was getting very vocal indeed. It was quite a turn-on, and he wondered where she'd learned some of the terms that were spilling from her lips in her heightened state of arousal.

And it was just as Lisa had told him; her breasts were massively sensitive; to touch, to suck, whatever, she would go off like a skyrocket.

He lowered his lips to Harmonic's breast again, even as the vibrations from her hand nearly made his eyes cross. Oh god, this is amazing.

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I was barely holding it together before the girl joined in on the act; once she started hitting all my buttons, all bets were off. The guy behind me was still sending waves of pleasure through my body just by touching my back and neck muscles just so, and the guy in front was suckling on my left
breast, which I wasn't objecting to at all, oh god no. So it must have been her that latched on to my right nipple, her teeth and tongue and lips doing something to it that should have been illegal. Pleasure burst behind my eyes like fireworks; I felt the climax approaching.

And then she bit down on my nipple; just hard enough to be pleasurable in the extreme, not quite hard enough to hurt. That was it; that set me off big time. I came, very vocally. My vision whitened out, my back arched and I let out a scream that would have been audible in Boston, were it not for the darkness field. Pleasure blasted through my body and brain; all conscious thought ceased for a long moment. My knees stopped working altogether; the only thing holding me up were the guys and girl currently affording me such pleasure.

_Oh god, oh god, oh god. That was amazing. And they haven't gone below my chest yet. Holy crap, these guys are experts. I thought I was good. They just made me come like a steam train. My chest heaved as I tried to catch my breath. I can't win here. It's three to one. They're gonna fuckin' own me._

I took another breath. _Fuck it. They might win, but they haven't won yet. They're gonna know they were in a fight by the time I've finished with them._

I had to decide which cock to let go of; with a silent sigh of regret, I released the monster erection in front of me. It wasn't as though he was gonna go down any time soon. I knew exactly where the girl was. _Payback time._ Even as I cupped her pussy, and slid two fingers into her, I started the vibrations once more. Bingo. She stiffened and arched her back; her muscles clamped down on my fingers. Even with just the sense of touch, I knew that she'd just had a major orgasm. Hah. One for one. She's either really sensitive, or really worked up.

Lisa's own knees buckled; she only stayed upright by leaning on Brian and Alec. Her eyes rolled back in her head as the massive orgasm crashed through her. _My god, it's even better than I expected._ It had been worth it, abstaining from sex since last night, and refusing to even masturbate. _I wanted to be ready for her. Oh god, yes. I want more._

I felt a sudden surge of confidence; I was back in the game. I had to capitalise on my advantage. The girl was the weak link; she had to be. I leaned in; Amy had shown me, with devastating effect, what a common erogenous zone the neck was. My lips latched on, and I bit gently, changing the tone of my humming so that both hands and lips were vibrating. At the same time, I ramped up the vibes on the fingers that were inside her, and slid them deeper into her, pushing them in and out of her wet vaginal canal.

She came again, explosively; my fingers were soaked in her juices by now. Hah, two for one. _How do you like them apples, Minute-Maid?_ I knew I could win this; if I could put the girl out of commission, I could concentrate on the guy currently … currently …

I realised what he was 'currently' doing when I felt his arms encircle my thighs, parting them, and his tongue gently tease between my arousal-slick labia. I wanted to stop him, wanted to take control … but the part of my mind that took over at times like this told me _hell no!_ And then it was too late. He was eating me.

I had, of course, been eaten out before. Gallant was an expert, and even Missy was really enthusiastic, once she got going. Cunnilingus from Amy was, of course, on a whole other level of experience, given that she cheated with her powers. So this guy wasn't the very best that I'd had. But
he was really, really good. And while he didn't have the laser-guided accuracy that the other two seemed to possess, it wasn't as though he was spoiled for choice as to where to lick and nibble and tease. My eyes rolled back, and I knew that there was another orgasm on the way.

“Come on, you can do better than that. Fuck me like a man, not like a little boy.”

Dennis grunted and gripped Bitch's hips as he thrust into her. She was taut and powerful and muscular, and turned him on in ways that he couldn't even name. Her pussy gripped his cock like a fist, and every time he drove between her labia, he wondered if he'd get it back again. Even though they were fucking doggy-style, with him nominally in charge, there was no doubt that she was the one in control, telling him what to do and how to do it.

Experimentally, he slapped her ass; she grunted and pushed back against him. He did it again; she clenched her vaginal canal around his driving prick.

“Now you're getting the idea.”

He spared a glance for Taylor, still enshrouded in Grue's blackness. Regent was behind her, pressing up against her back – he presumed it was her back. Tattletale was up against her side. And Grue ... Grue was kneeling before her, his face in close to her crotch.

It was dark, the irreverent part of his mind filled in, then the Grue ate her. And then he called his friends.

Bitch got his attention with a twist of her ass. “What the fuck are you doing back there?”

Reaching forward, he grabbed her hair and pulled, as he thrust into her again. Bitch grunted as he ramped up the tempo.

“Oh fuck yes.”

He wondered how long he would last like this.

She just thought up a nickname for me. It's not complimentary. Lisa ran her hands over Harmonic's body, while her mouth was busy on the taller girl's oh-so-sensitive breasts. She didn't have these when she started her career. She's friendly with Panacea. Panacea gave her a boob job. They fuck regularly. Panacea gets to do this with her all the time. Lucky bitch.

She began teasing Harmonic toward another climax. Give me a mocking nickname, will you? Just for that, I'm gonna give you all the orgasms you can handle, plus two more.

I couldn't focus, couldn't retaliate. 'Good' was relative when it came to cunnilingus; Amy was spectacular, Gallant was awesome, Missy was really nice ... and this guy was lighting me up pretty damn hard too. I almost didn't notice when Virtuoso started running his hands down my back.

Almost.

I couldn't not notice when he hit those spots next to my spine that I never knew were there, playing
my body like a finely tuned instrument. *Fuck*, I groaned to myself as my eyes rolled back – again – and my pussy clenched for the want of something that wasn't in it. *This guy's an artist. He's playing me like a musical instrument. And thank fuck this darkness is here, otherwise they'd be able to hear the tune he's playing in New York. If I didn't know for a fact I've never met this guy before, I'd swear I'd been fucking him for months, the way he knows my body.*

And then he went from massaging my butt to playing with my asshole. I'd thought he was driving me up the wall before. I'm not averse to a good ass-fuck, but not many people know how to play with my ass just right. He was parting my buttocks – no argument from me there – then rubbing, sliding his finger in a little bit, pulling out again … *Fuck, he's making me ready without any lube, even.*

I groaned again as Muscles in front of me went for my pussy all over again, lashing my swollen clit with his tongue. At the same time, Minute-Maid was doing things to my breasts and nipples that should have been illegal, or at least heavily taxed. And at the very moment that I thought of that nickname, she latched on to one of my nipples and gave a little bite-twist that made my eyes cross and my pussy clench. *Fuck, it's like she knows what I'm thinking about her.*

I was gonna cum again, and soon. There was nothing I could do to stop it, and I wasn't really sure that I wanted to try. It was just that they felt so damn *good*, all three of them, treating my body as I wanted to be treated. But I decided that I was going to give as good as I got, even if this one finished me.

Well, I was going to try.

These guys – and girl – were a team, sure enough. Their coordination was pure bullshit; just as Virtuoso behind me – and I do mean *behind* me – slid his finger all the way up inside my ass, in a way that had me gasping and crossing my eyes, Muscles latched on my my clit with his lips and sucked hard on it in just the right way. And the girl pinched one nipple, and bit the other one, in perfect unison. Three massive waves of pleasure, rocketing through my body, smashed into one another and the already-present massive amounts of arousal. Result: one *motherfucker* of a climax.

For all that it was dark all around me, I saw enough stars for a medium-sized galaxy, and I let out a scream of pure release that I'm pretty sure they heard in Chicago. Or would have, if not for that bullshit no-harmonics field.

I gasped for breath, trying to get my brain the right way around in my skull again. *Fuck me, that's two for two, and I think they're ahead on points. This is insane. What did I do to incite this? I haven't even gotten a cock inside me yet and I've come like a skyrocket twice, on just the foreplay.*

The last time I'd come this hard was with Dean and Carlos double-teaming me, and that was with penetration. In fact, not even Amy and Vicky, using their powers, had managed to take me to orgasm so hard and so thoroughly.

Two blinding insights came to me as the tsunami of pleasure receded, allowing me to think clearly, however briefly. *So this is what it's like to be on the other side of what I do to people. Fuck. Wow. And I know why they've come after me. It's because I'm so damn good at fucking, with my powers. They've already set me off twice, and they won't leave it there before they let me go.*

*If they let me go.*

I had a brief fantasy of being kidnapped by these villains, carrying me off and keeping me as their plaything to use whenever they felt like it. I imagined myself in a fanciful dungeon lair, the girl visiting, teasing, making me writhe and scream in pleasure, entertaining the other two, before all
three converge on me and fuck me senseless. Leaving me a shaking mess, knowing that they would be back, to do it again. And again. And … oh god … again.

It was actually … quite appealing. A better fate than befell most people kidnapped by villains, by far. If they did that, and treated me like this every day … I could actually live with that. Really, really easily.

I shuddered then, as the girl's mouth – she must have moved while I was having that nuclear-grade orgasm – stopped nibbling on my neck, and sank her teeth in with a growl that I could feel rather than hear. Even the bite was just hard enough to be intensely pleasurable without being painful, or breaking the skin. She's good.

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Fuck, now she's fantasising about being kidnapped by us and kept as a sex pet. Lisa stopped nibbling and bit her on the neck, hard enough to get her attention. Dammit, it took the guys five straight hours to convince me that kidnapping you to keep for my own was a bad plan, and now you tempt me by fantasising about it while vulnerable and helpless in my arms. Bad harmonic. Bad superhero. For that, you get three orgasms past your limit.

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As my heart rate slowed a little, and the tremors stopped quivering through my body – those that I wasn't deliberately maintaining, that is – I managed to get my bearings and take stock of exactly what was happening to me, and by whom.

The guy I called Virtuoso still had his finger up my ass, stroking and rubbing so gently, so smoothly. I couldn't believe it; the way he was doing it, it felt even better than having a good hard prick up inside me, and there wasn't even the slightest hint of discomfort, even without lube. He was massaging my buttocks with his other hand, as well as kissing his way across my neck and shoulders, in a rhythm so calming and gentle that I was about melting under his touch. With this guy's magic touch, I could only imagine what it would be like to make love with him, and how I would keep coming back to him. It would be all too easy to be totally ruined for all other guys, the way he could utterly destroy my concentration just with his hands and lips, from behind.

Minute-Maid, on the other hand – I jerked as she bit my neck and pinched my nipple, sending a spike of pleasure straight down through my guts, making my pussy clench in sympathy – was licking and nibbling my neck. Fuck, she did that just as I thought of her, using that nickname. One hand was on my breast, caressing it in utterly distracting ways, and pinching the nipple at random intervals. The other … was between my legs. Rubbing my labia, stroking my clit. Everything she was doing to me – everything – sent wave after wave of pleasure through my body. Just like everything she had done since she first got her hands on me.

Wait a minute … if she's rubbing my pussy, where's Muscles? Wasn't he licking me?

A traitorous thought added in, and why has he stopped? I liked that.

He wasn't mauling my breasts (I liked that too) or licking me … so where was he?

And then I got my answer, as strong hands – I had very quickly learned to tell one set of hands from another, in the darkness, which by now felt almost comfortable – grabbed me by the hips and pulled downward. Downward? What the -?

I realised that the last huge climax had allowed them to guide me to my knees, straddling Muscles all
unaware, and that Minute-Maid – I grunted as she nipped my neck and twisted a nipple – was spreading my swollen, slippery pussy lips with her fingers. Nudging against my opening was something that felt akin to the front end of a 747. Failing that, I guessed it was the business end of Muscles’ cock. Fully erect. I was about to be impaled by the thickest damn penis I had ever laid hands on.

I had about half a second to realise this, and decide what to do about it, before the decision was taken out of my hands. Muscles had never let go of my hips, and now he pulled down again. As the head of his cock popped inside me, my head fell back and I let out a scream – thankfully silenced – that might have been mistaken for an Endbringer siren. In *Omaha*. It was all I could do to hold on to the girl in front of me.

I could barely think as he gently thrust into me, slowly sliding a little farther into my depths with each thrust, while my widely spread pussy lips were explored by the skilful fingers of …

… of the girl who I don't dare think of by her nickname because if she bites me now I might clench and it would hurt so badly instead of the mild discomfort from being stretched to my limit that I'm feeling right now.

Inch by inch, his thick endowment filled me up, every contour and vein standing out in sharp relief in my mind as I focused what little remaining brainpower I had left on staying as still as I could, and being as relaxed as possible. *Relaxation, yeah. That's the ticket. Oh god. That's not a cock. That's a weapon of pussy destruction. Fuck, I have never been so stretched as right now.*

I could feel my mind babbling as he slid into me, inch by amazingly overstretched inch. I had never been so overwhelmingly *aware* of a penis inside me as I was right now. Even my very first fuck, such as it was, wasn't etched as sharp in my mind as this one would be in years to come.

*What's this far across and will bring tears to your eyes? Trust me, it's not a fucking onion.*

All too soon, my downward motion ceased. I came to rest, his scratchy pubes pushing against my mound. *Holy shit, he actually managed to get it all inside me. If he isn't dead on, or just outside, my compatible size, I will be fuckin’ astounded.*

I let out the breath I hadn't realised that I was holding; carefully, I took another, and another, acutely aware of the log-sized cock inside me, trying not to squirm, or even twist, until I got used to being so utterly stuffed and stretched. *How do you have sex with a penis this size inside you? Very, very carefully.*

*Fuck, I'm glad that these aren't villain villains. I mean, villains, sure; only villains would pull this sort of shit without matching Cards.*

I tried to imagine the shit-fit my Card would have when matched with this guy. It would probably rewrite its programming just to say “FUCK NO” across all the LEDs.

*But he got it in anyway. And that was only because of how relaxed and wet they got me before he even tried. Two orgasms was just about what I needed, all right. And he went so slowly, so gently, letting me adjust, letting me stretch and open up for him … fuck, if they hadn't taken all the care in the world, I'd be in a fuck-load of pain right now.*

I felt myself relaxing further under the skilful nips and kisses by Virtuoso to my neck, back, and shoulders, as well as his finger still probing my rear entrance. The girl – *don't use her nickname!* - was still giving me tender kisses and rubbing my overstretched pussy lips, touching me so gently and almost. … lovingly?
It was so hard to concentrate with all the feelings and sensations they were inflicting on me; when I tried to focus on one, they would send me back off-balance with something else. They're a team, all right. They must be used to working together, to do me so well in unison. For a moment, I almost felt wistful. What would it be like working with them? I wonder what would have happened if they had found me before Gallant did?

As a reward for that thought – I couldn't help seeing it that way – I received a deep and loving kiss; this was from the girl, who I realised must be straddling Muscles' stomach; her breasts squeezed against mine most pleasantly, as she pressed against me, holding me closely. More kisses followed, making me wonder if she really could read my thoughts, and was pleased by them. I kissed her back, of course; she was a really good kisser, and her body against mine was raising all sorts of pleasant sensations.

Can she really read my mind? Is this what it's all about? Are they trying to poach me? Does that even happen? I don't even know who they are, what they look like.

For just a moment, I imagined the more obscure 'hero' and 'villain' teams meeting like this and swapping members, who enjoyed the company more on the other side, still meeting their old teammates for drinks out of costume, and everyone pretending they didn't know what was going on ...

But I'll think about that later. Like, when I'm not in the middle of the strangest orgy I've ever been at.

Feeling more comfortable with the massive slab of meat inside me, I kissed Minute-Maid again, deliberately testing her, taunting her, by thinking of her with that nickname. Reprisal was swift and immediate; I groaned into her mouth when she bit my lower lip, and then I yelped when her fingers – rubbing me so gently and tenderly up until then – suddenly flicked my clit harshly. Involuntarily, my pussy clamped down on the impaling monster cock, sending a sudden spike of pleasure and pain through my body and making my hips jerk.

Well, question asked and answered. I shuddered as her punishing finger went back to tenderly stroking my extremely tender – and slightly sore – clitoris. Carefully, I began to grind against Muscles, essaying tiny back and forth motions of my hips. I was way too tight for him to actually thrust in and out of me – he'd fuckin' turn me inside out – but even those small movements were enough to start stimulating the inside of my oh-so-deliciously stretched pussy. “Oh god,” I tried to groan out loud. “Oh fuck yes. That's a fucking cock.” As I moved, I felt entirely new types of pleasure shooting up my spine.

As M-the girl's lips kissed mine, over and over, I felt them twist into a smirk. When her finger went from firm pressure to feathery strokes over my clit, I almost whined in my disappointment. Up until then, she had been giving me immense pleasure; now she was teasing me, with touches I could barely feel. It was enough to make my hips move almost without my volition to regain the lost sensation, enough to make me grip the girl more tightly as the desperate thrusts of my hips also increases the friction on the cock inside me.

Panting, even as I moved back and forth on the impaling slab of cock, I tried to understand how they were able to make my body react just so for their pleasure. Is it their powers, maybe some sort of Striker ability channelled through Minute-Maid's fingers or -

My thoughts were cut off as I was punished once again for my unthinking use of that nickname. That teasing finger turned in an instant into a firm grip on my clit, pinching just below to the point of pain. I could feel my own heartbeat throbbing in the restrained nub. I squeaked involuntarily, but I didn't make the mistake of thinking of her like that again.

Slowly, she pulled back from the kiss and nipped her way down my jaw and on to my neck. I
whimpered and shook a little with each nip, anticipating and fearing the now expected bite that the girl inflicted whenever I used that nickname.

_Sorry. I'm sorry. I won't do it again. Sorry._ I hoped that she could really read my mind; I could only imagine what one of those teasing bites would do to me if she was still holding my clit, and that monster cock was embedded so deeply inside me.

She kissed down my neck to a particular spot, then slowly and deliberately opened her mouth, her lips warm against my skin. I didn't know what her intentions were. _Is she going to bite, or …_

She bit. I didn't even _know_ that spot was so sensitive. It sent another jolt of pure pleasure through my body. The shock made my hips jerk forward; I may have made a sound. I had no idea what it might have been. My world narrowed down to a pinpoint; focused on her fingers pinched on my clit, as they moved forward with my hips.

My arousal was building once more; I was going to climax again, and soon. It was going to be a big one, one that was going to make the previous two look like firecrackers. I wasn't sure if I could take one that big, not right now. _Maybe if we eased off, took a breath …_

No such luck. Her fingers moved _back_ against me again, sliding along my hyper-sensitive clit and forcing my hips back to try to escape the sensation. All I succeeded in doing was shifting along the dick inside me; and then, of course, the fingers reversed direction, pulling me forward again.

I was just trying to prevent her fingers from tugging on my tender organ and setting off the explosion that I could feel building even further. But I was just a puppet dancing on her strings; back and forth her fingers went, forcing me to move my hips, sliding my pussy up and down her partner's enormous erect cock. With just two fingers, she was controlling my every motion, while her lips and teeth toyed with my neck, and I clung to her, trying to find some sort of stability amid the ocean of pleasure in which I was submerged.

_How is she even doing this?_ I wondered hazily, in that small part of my mind that had not yet succumbed to drooling imbecility. _I should have come long since. How is she stringing me on so well?_

I had no idea how she was doing it, but somehow each touch was just a little too light, each thrust was just barely short of what would be needed to send me over the edge. Worse, now that it had built up to this point, I couldn't bring myself to set it off, because I was just a little afraid of what an orgasm that potent would do to my mind. All I could do was hold on, as the girl's fingers moved me just a little bit further each time, deepening the stroke of my hips little by little, until I was slowly sliding at least a full inch of that punishing cock in and out of my tender pussy, building the incoming storm even further.

And then a new sensation hit me. _No, not a new sensation. Virtuoso's finger. He's had it in my ass all this time. I got so used to it that it felt so natural to have it so far up my ass. He was so good at using it on me that I forgot it was there._

Slowly, teasingly, he pulled it out of me, raising an entirely new series of sensations. The strange feeling of emptiness in my ass, when something I was used to had been removed, was still blowing my mind – along with everything else – when I felt his hands on my ass, spreading my buttocks. And then there was the feeling of what could only be his cock, pressing against my tight little pucker. Before I could process this, before I could protest – as if I _would_ protest – I felt him push into me.

My breath hitched as he slowly entered me, sliding so smoothly and easily into my tightest hole that it felt like he belonged inside my ass and was simply returning home. _The fire inside my body_
multiplied with each inch that his length slid home into me; so smooth was his movement that even being anally penetrated – usually one of my triggers – didn't push me over the edge. Smoothly, slowly, gently, he slid into me, until his belly pressed against my back; he was as deep inside me as he was going to go. My hips trembled with unfulfilled need as that blinding, terrifyingly massive climax remained on a hair trigger.

I clung to the girl as she slowly kissed her way down from my neck, down onto my breast, and then gently, teasingly, layered kisses around my rock hard nipple. It was aching to be sucked; I wanted her to suck it. I just didn't know what was going to happen to me when she did. And then she did suck it, carefully easing her mouth over it, and suckling far too gently to set me off. It was deliberate, it had to be.

By now, I was babbling, soundlessly in that dark fog of nothingness; “Oh god oh god please please oh god please please oh god please … “

Even I was unsure if I was asking them to stop or to let me cum; I remembered all too vividly the last time I felt the need to cum this badly. *Tied to the bed, a vibrator in each orifice, slowly going insane with the need to climax.* It took me back there, begging and pleading for an orgasm that would never arrive. I was scared of what would happen if I was given that orgasm; I fist ed my hands into the girl's hair, wanting to pull her away or hold her close, unable to make up my mind. I needed to do one or the other, desperately. To let it happen, or to reject it.

The decision was taken out of my hands, once again. She bit down on my nipple; gently, but in my hyper-aroused state, with the ultra-sensitivity of my nipples right then, it was enough. It sent a lightning bolt of pleasure down into my guts, enough to make me cum, let me cum, *let me cum …*

And then she pinched my clit at just the right time, increasing my arousal yet again, contracting the ball of arousal in my stomach even harder before letting it explode. Increasing the effect on me by what felt like an order of magnitude.

I came. Oh god, I came.

My mind went utterly blank; I couldn't even cry out as my body convulsed, forcing the air from my lungs in one huge gasp. Pleasure streamed through me, a firehose filling a teacup, blasting away through my every sensitive spot; my lips, my neck, my nipples, my pussy, my ass. I was pleasure, incarnate. I lived it. It was my breath of life.

*This* was the climax I had been waiting for, all this time.

I had no idea how long this went on for, but when my brain finally rebooted, I was still straddling Muscles, still impaled upon his oh-so-wonderful endowment. Virtuoso was still steadily thrusting into my ass with smooth steady strokes, while his hands held my otherwise limp body upright against him. And the girl … the girl was still suckling gently on my breast, and rubbing my still twitching pussy, ever so gently. I gasped again, trying to catch my breath, and wondered at the feeling of *completeness* within me. *It's like a pressure that I've had on me for months has suddenly just … gone.* Vanished.

My thoughts were interrupted when the girl gently disentangled one of my hands from her hair and placed it between her legs, letting me feel the wetness leaking from her down onto Muscles' toned stomach. Her lips, on my nipple, vibrated as she began to hum gently.

For a moment, I was puzzled, my orgasm-sodden mind unable to make the connection. *Why is she even trying that? Doesn't she know that with my powers, vibrations just don't affect me that … oh.*
Oh.

This isn't just a 'meet and fuck'. This isn't even just about giving me that one great orgasm. I'm supposed to be fighting them, opposing them. Not just giving up and letting them have their way.

Gathering my wits as best I could, I set my ass and pussy to vibrating. I had to hand it to Virtuoso behind me; he only missed a second in his stroke before continuing, gripping me by the waist and thrusting into my ass the way I really loved it. Taking me hard and fast. Oh god yes.

I could feel the guy under me already throbbing angrily inside me; so intimate was our contact that I could literally feel his pulse via his penis inside my vagina. Oh god, when I came, I must have come so close to setting him off, but finished before he could cum. What's he going to do -

I got my answer when his grip on my hips became bruising; he held me hard and thrust up into me, as deeply as he could, over and over again, as my pussy vibrated around him, driving him toward climax.

And then he came; the throbbing became pulsing, and I could swear he got bigger, just before he arched his back, lifting me upward, and thrusting even more deeply into me. My eyes opened wide, as I let out a soundless scream as I felt his cock letting go, jetting his copious seed into my pussy. I groaned as I felt his hot semen spurting directly into my tender young womb; what with the seal his massive cock formed within my barely-large-enough vaginal canal, there really was only one way for it to go.

I was exhausted by this time; three orgasms, each one bigger than the last, but I still had it. That's three for three. And as for you … Three of my fingers slid deep into the girl before me, with a thumb on her clit, and I set them all to the highest pitch of vibration of which I was capable.

She arched her back and came explosively; I couldn't hear the sound she made, but I could certainly feel the reverberations of it through her body.

I've lost here; I've got nothing left. But I'll keep fighting anyway, keep giving them pleasure, in way of thanks. Thanks for giving me what I didn't know I needed. For doing this to me. For me.

I wrapped my free hand around Minute-Maid's neck, bringing her mouth back to my breast just in time for her to bite my nipple again in retaliation. I didn't care; I wanted her to do it to me. Just as I wanted Virtuoso to drive me insane with his cock in my ass. If I'm gonna lose, I'm gonna lose in style.

Muscles, under me, had finished cumming but was still hard inside me. I supplied vibrations there, and started moving my hips with as much energy as I could muster. Maybe he's got one left in him …

Clockblocker lay on his back, with Bitch on top of him. Her muscular thighs gripped his body, and she worked back and forth as if she wanted to rip his cock off with her pussy and keep it. He did his best to keep up with her, thrusting upward into her as hard as he could. He'd already cum inside her once, and she had brought him back to erection, pushed him on to his back, and mounted him.

Yeah, I'm the bitch here, he realised. But holy fuck, I am never gonna forget this day.

Releasing her hips – holding on to her was pretty well immaterial anyway, as she was holding him down – he reached up and grasped her large, solid breasts. Digging in, he squeezed her breasts as hard as he could, pinching and pulling her nipples. She seemed to enjoy herself,
reaching down to rub hard at her clit as she clenched around him and arched her back.

“Fuck yes,” she growled. “Just like that.” He dug his nails in harder, and she groaned and came. It didn't stop her moving; if anything, she ground down even harder on to his urgently thrusting erection.

Thus occupied, he wasn't exactly sure when the black cloud around Taylor and the others dissolved, just that it had. Bitch was riding him hard, going for another orgasm, and from the expression on her face, she was going to get it, one way or the other.

With one hand, he dug his nails into her breast; with the other, he reached under her, found his way past her never-shaven bush, and pinched her clit, hard. She let out a guttural scream that lifted birds off of nearby rooftops, and arched her back as she came. Her pussy, as hot and wet and tight as any he had had the pleasure of having his cock inside, pulsed rhythmically around him, driving him over the edge as well. He would have kept thrusting into her, but the truth was, he was shattered; all he could do was lie back and let his penis pump the last few spurts of semen into her pussy.

Sex with Bitch was exhausting; there were scratches on his chest and arms – and if she’d allowed him to get on top, he had no doubt he would have them on his back as well – even though Bitch's nails were trimmed short. He was pretty sure his cock was bruised from the pounding she had given him.

Turning his head, he saw Regent, flat on his back, just now starting to show signs of life. Beside him, Grue was sitting up, also looking somewhat dazed. Hah, he thought. That's what you get from messing with Harmonic.

And then he looked farther, and saw Harmonic cradled in Tattletale's arms; to his astonishment, it was Harmonic who was barely able to move, curled up against the blonde girl. Harmonic's legs were open, and Tattletale's hand was moving against her slit, gently, repetitively, as Harmonic moaned softly. He could just hear Tattletale's whispering to her; "Come on sweetie, just one more. One more for me, it's ok just one more, that's right just let it go."

And then, obviously exhausted, Harmonic whimpered as she climaxed one last time, her hips twitching and thrusting blindly, pushing weakly against Tattletale's hand. Tattletale leaned down and kissed her gently, stroking her hair equally gently. Softly, she murmured, “Good girl. Good girl.”

Even with the daily happenings around him, this was the single hottest thing he had ever seen.

As he watched, jaw still dropped, Tattletale carefully laid Harmonic down and stretched, looking more smug and satisfied than was probably legal. She looked over at Bitch. “You done there?”

Bitch nodded, having recovered from that last climax. “Just about.” She looked down at Clockblocker as she climbed off of him, releasing his cock from within her vagina at last. "You know," she allowed, "that wasn't too bad. You got potential." She leaned toward him, and for a frozen moment, he thought she was going to kiss him – that would just about put the cap on today – but all she did was cup his cheek almost gently, nearly a caress.

I feel like I just got patted on the head for learning a trick.

"Yeah," she decided. "I think we're gonna have to do this again, sometime."

She seemed to be expecting an answer. "O-okay," he ventured, this being the safest response he could think of. He just wasn't sure if he was scared of a rematch, or looking forward to one. Or maybe both. She got up then and wandered off; he heard her whistle shrilly, but he was staring
again at Harmonic as the two guys got to their feet.

“She’ll be fine,” Tattletale observed, and Clockblocker realised that she was addressing him. “But you should probably call for pickup; it’ll be awhile before she can move under her own power.”

Dennis’ jaw dropped again. **Holy shit! Nobody can withstand Harmonic! The entire Wards working together can only barely match her and those three not only screwed her to a quivering mess in less than an hour but they’re still able to walk afterwards?**

For a moment, he wondered what exactly went on in that cloud, then he wondered if he really wanted to know. Looking at Tattletale’s expression was no help; she just smirked even more smugly.

“The dogs are ready,” Bitch called from the far side of the rooftop. “Can we go now?”

“Sure,” Tattletale agreed. She and the guys moved off to join Bitch; Dennis climbed to his feet and stumbled over to check on Harmonic. As he did so, he touched his radio earpiece. “Clockblocker to base, Clockblocker to base.”

The answer came back in seconds. **Roger, Clockblocker. We read you.**

“Base, we’ve just had an encounter with the Undersiders. Harmonic is down. Repeat, Harmonic is down. We’re going to need flyer evac.”

The reply was even quicker, this time. **Please detail injuries. Repeat, what injuries?**

He cleared his throat. “Uh, no injuries, base. Repeat, no injuries. She just can’t walk, over.”

There was a long silence, which gave him the chance to check on Harmonic properly. She wasn’t responsive, but her breathing was steady, if a bit rapid. Her pulse was strong, so he relaxed again.

Across the rooftop, he could see the Undersiders chatting among themselves as they climbed on to Bitch’s monster dogs.

**Base to Clockblocker. Homing on your locator. Fliers are inbound; repeat, fliers are inbound.”**

“Roger that, base,” he replied. “I’ll be waiting on them.”

For a few minutes, he wondered what the Undersiders were doing; they seemed to be in no hurry to move along. Finally, Grue cloaked them with his darkness before the giant dogs leaped off the rooftop, just moments before Aegis and Glory Girl angled down to land on the rooftop.

**It’s almost like they were guarding us until our backup arrived, keeping an eye on us while Harmonic and I were vulnerable.** He didn’t know what to think about that.

Vicky and Aegis went straight to Harmonic, whom he had put into the recovery position while he waited. “Who did this?” demanded Glory Girl, looking about as angry as he had ever known her. “What did they do to her?”

“Uh, it was the Undersiders,” Dennis told her. “They, uh, ambushed us. We, uh, ‘fought’.”

Aegis looked up at that. “‘Fought or fucked?’ he asked quietly.

Dennis nodded reluctantly. “Yeah,” he agreed. “Fucked.”

Aegis stared at Harmonic. “Holy shit,” he muttered. “I’ve **never** seen her like this.”
Dennis nodded. “I know, right?”

Amy looked up from the landing stage of the PRT building as Aegis and Glory Girl came in for a landing. Aegis carried Harmonic, while Glory Girl carried Clockblocker; the New Wave heroine did not look thrilled at this, but as Wards leader, Aegis had apparently pulled rank.

_I’m just glad Vicky had brought me here before the call came in_, Amy mused, stepping forward as they landed. “Let me see,” she ordered Aegis. “Lay her down here.”

Carefully, the older teen placed her on the rubber matting. Under the floodlighting, it was clear what had happened to Harmonic. There were teeth marks decorating her neck, shoulders and breasts; while her eyes were open, they were unfocused. Her hair, normally in a thick braid, was in a wild mess about her shoulders.

As she came to rest, her legs fell open; her pussy was reddened, the labia still quivering and glistening with the juices of arousal, even after the wind-rush of the return flight. She mumbled now and again, disjointed words. Amy leaned in to catch them. “So big … oh god, so big … bite … no … don’t bite … please …. no … don’t pinch me … not there … “

She was, in short, the very picture of a girl who had just been ravished senseless. Amy could sympathise.

Carefully, she laid her hand on Taylor's shoulder; immediately, she got the entire picture of Taylor's body, what state it was in, and what had been done to her.

“Is she all right?” asked Aegis.

“She's all right,” Amy assured him. There was a general sigh of relief among the group; not least from Clockblocker.

“What happened to her?” demanded Glory Girl.

“Well,” Amy reported, “she’s just had a penis inside her that would have just about been at her limit to accept, but she’s also got the remains of massive amounts of endorphins in her body, which means that whatever else they did to her, they made sure she had several truly impressive orgasms. I’m figuring that she had at least one, maybe two, before the penis even penetrated her, or she wouldn’t have been able to accept it.”

Glory Girl frowned. “So, it wasn’t rape, then?” She seemed ready to fly off into the gathering dusk, find the Undersiders, and exact a very personal justice if Amy said that it was.

Amy shook her head. "There's absolutely no sign of resistance, no tearing, nothing to indicate that this was not consensual. Also, a large amount of DNA in her vagina, and some more, from a different person, in her colon. At a rough guess, she not only went along with it, but she also cooperated enthusiastically.”

“Fuck,” muttered Gallant. “So she just got DP’d by the Undersiders. Willingly.”

“Don’t forget me,” offered Clockblocker. “I just got used as a chew toy by Bitch.”

Kid Win turned to him. “I’m gonna want details. Lots of details.”

Amy lowered her face to Taylor's, and kissed her tenderly. Looking up, she added, “She'll be fine.
All she needs is a good night's rest, some water for her dehydration, and maybe a massage when she wakes up.”

“Me!” Vista stated at once, just ahead of Kid Win and Gallant.

Amy smiled at them. “Why don’t you take turns. Just be gentle with her. She’s had a really exhausting time.” She shot an amused look at Vicky. “The last time I saw someone in this state was when you dared her to do her worst. As I recall, the term you used for the state she left you in was ‘fucked stupid’.”

Vicky grinned. “Yeah, but it was worth it.” She stroked Harmonic’s hair back from her forehead, then looked up at Aegis. “If we get the okay from Mom and Dad, can we sleep over? I want to be there to help in the morning if we’re needed.”

Aegis sighed. “Sure, why not.” He frowned. “What I’m interested in is why the Undersiders would have targeted Harmonic like that.”

Vista cleared her throat uncomfortably. “I might have an idea about that … “
Lisa's Story

Chapter Summary

A flashback to explain why the Undersiders ambushed Harmonic.

Note that this chapter contains semi-forced sex, and rape and murder in a Coil alternate.
You have been warned.

Just Before Taylor Joined the Wards

It was a good day to be out and about on the Boardwalk. The sun was shining, seagulls were coasting the on-shore breeze, kids were eating ice-cream, and a teenage girl was being double-teamed by a couple of guys on a blanket down on the sand. One guy was fucking her doggy-style, while she sucked the other guy's cock.

Lisa slowed in her stroll; people were walking back and forth as if it wasn't happening, and indeed it was a not uncommon occurrence; she had already passed by two hetero couples … well, coupling, on the grass, and one homosexual pair. In the latter case, a mother and her son had been observing with interest, the woman pointing out to her son the specifics of what the men were doing. “ … you see the importance of lube when you're doing anal?”

*The girl's tall but skinny … not over sixteen … no, fifteen. Intent expression. Not really into it.
Forced? No, consensual. She approached them. Just wants the release.
Desperate for the release. Some sort of sex-related trauma in her recent past. Not rape. Something odd going on here.*

She glanced around; no police officers were in view – public sex under the age of eighteen was, of course, a misdemeanour – so she leaned her elbows on the rail to watch and wait. She herself wore G-string and sandals; stripped down enough to be comfortable, but not an open invitation to sex.

All the same, it wasn't long before a man in his twenties turned up alongside her; a woman of about the same age leaned on the rail on the other side. Neither wore more than a pair of sandals.

“Hi,” the woman greeted her, glancing at the action below. “You like threesomes?”

Politely, Lisa shook her head. “Not really into the group stuff, sorry,” she demurred. “Just waiting for my friend to finish.”

“Aww,” the woman pouted. “And you've got *such* a sexy ass, too.”

*She wants to run her hands all over me. She's strongly into teenage girls. A very aggressive lover.
Her boyfriend likes to watch. He's into anal. I could take him. They're both into bondage. I could close my eyes and pretend -*

She broke the thought off. “Sorry. Maybe another time.”
The woman lingered; she wanted to touch her, Lisa knew. But one of the paradoxical mores of the free-sex society was that where nakedness meant that almost any touch could be sexual in nature, touching without explicit permission was frowned upon. 'Look, but don't touch' was very much the order of the day.

Lisa sighed. “You can kiss me but that's it. No more.”

A moment later, she was in the woman’s arms. The woman was very good at kissing, and Lisa found herself becoming aroused, almost despite herself. Perhaps if I -

But no. The girl down on the sand was almost done. The guy behind her was grunting as his belly slapped into her ass, over and over again, driving his cock into her clinging pussy. The other man had already finished; there was come on her face and in her hair. Once this one came inside her, she would wander off, probably to beg sex off of some other stranger. Perhaps even off these two.

We could make it a foursome. But again, no. Whatever this girl's underlying problem was, she wanted to talk to her about it first.

She decided to reward the woman for her amazing kisses, and stroked her clitoris very gently, in just the right way. The woman gasped and shuddered against her; when they disengaged, she had a heavy-lidded look to her eyes. “What did you do?” she breathed.

Lisa tilted her head and smiled. “Just got lucky, I guess.”

“Come home with us?” The desire was strong in the air. “Please?” The woman was already, unconsciously, stroking her boyfriend's penis. It was rising hard and stiff into the air.

“Sorry.” Lisa shook her head, and turned back to watch the girl. She was just in time; the man was pulling out, offering his cock for her to lick clean. She did so in a perfunctory manner, then got up. The man put his hand on her shoulder; Lisa knew that he was offering her the same deal as she had been offered by the couple. She could go home with the two of them, and they'd keep having sex there. She shook her head and turned away. No thanks. She doesn't want a long term relationship. She doesn't know or even like him; it was just the sex. And the sex wasn't that great either.

Gasps and moans beside her alerted her to the fact that the couple had begun without her; she was braced up against the rail, and he was sliding his cock into her pussy from behind. He was good at it too; she groaned as he teased her body. He'll fuck her through a couple of orgasms, then he'll put it in her ass.

“Have a good fuck,” she told them, then turned away to head along the Boardwalk; the girl was moving toward the stairs that would bring her up to Lisa's level. Behind her, the men settled down to lie side by side on the large towel. One began to suck the other man's penis. Bisexual couple, couldn't believe their luck when a teenage girl offered to let them fuck her.

Oh well, good luck to them.

<<<

“Hi, I'm Lisa.”

The tall teenage girl – long dark curly hair, long serious face, round glasses, barely A-cup breasts,
smears of semen between her thighs and glopped on to her face – paused at the top of the steps and looked at her incuriously. “Sorry, not really into girls.” That's a lie, she wanted to be with one girl, but was rejected? Betrayed? Serious emotional trauma, right there. Trying to fill it up with sex. Like a junkie trying to get that one big fix.

“That's great, nor am I.” Lisa kept her voice bright, her expression sunny. “I was watching you with those two, and thought I’d say hi. I take it you're into the casual?”

“I guess.” The girl started walking down the Boardwalk; Lisa matched her pace. “You want something?”

“Actually, I was wondering what it was like, just doing it casual.” Lisa shrugged. “I can't really have sex very much. I get the urges, I just can't follow through.” Except with Brian, which still leaves me tender for days after, even when he's careful.

Finally, she had captured the girl's attention. “Wow, that must suck.”

Lisa rolled her eyes. “Tell me about it.”

A slim hand was offered. “Taylor.”

She shook it. “Lisa, like I said.” Leaning in, they kissed; Taylor was aiming for the cheek, but Lisa steered it to full lip contact. She gave it a bit of tongue, and Taylor responded briefly. Nice.

They separated; Taylor tilted her head slightly, quizzically. “Not into girls, huh?”

Lisa grinned. “No, but I like a good kiss. Hey, you want ice-cream?”

“Sure, if you're buying. Hang on, just wait a second. Hold my glasses?”

“Sure,” agreed Lisa, accepting them from her. The tall brunette moved over to one of the beach showers that dotted the Boardwalk and turned on the spray. Stepping under it, she washed the semen from between her thighs and off of her face, then examined her vagina as closely as she could from that point of view.

“It's a bit red,” Lisa supplied helpfully, “but not too bad.”

“Thanks.” Taylor let the shower turn off, and squeezed handfuls of water from her hair. “He was a bit rough, but not too bad. They wanted to double penetrate, but I don't do anal except with close friends.”

And she doesn't have any close friends. She's done anal a few times and doesn't mind it, but prefers vaginal.

“I've never had anal.” Lisa let a trace of wistfulness seep into her voice. “What's it like?”

Taylor shrugged. “A little bit of an acquired taste. But it can be really good, with the right partner.” She frowned. “Not even with a training dildo?”

A shrug. “Kind of awkward, even with lube. Especially if you're not really sure what you're doing.”

“Ahh. Mom showed me how, before she -” Died. Accident. Taylor was in her early teens. Just a
couple of years ago. Ouch. “- passed.”

Lisa put her hand on Taylor's arm. “Sorry. Ice cream?”

Taylor's smile was brave, but Lisa could see the sadness, the depression, behind it. There's more going on here. “Sure.”

They sat on a bench, looking out at the ocean. Taylor had chocolate ice cream. She gets a guilty pleasure from eating anything with chocolate. She thinks it'll make her fat. It won't. But she eats it anyway, and punishes herself with the feeling of guilt. Because she thinks there's something wrong with her. Because she craves sex. She wasn't always like this. It has to do with the traumatic event.

“Why can't you follow through?” asked Taylor abruptly. “With sex, I mean. If you don't mind me asking.”

Lisa nibbled at her raspberry swirl. “It's not a medical condition, if that's what you're wondering,” she replied, and Taylor jerked her gaze almost guiltily from Lisa's crotch. “It's a psychological one. I have trouble getting into it. Nearly anything can distract me.” A shrug. “And besides, I've got to be totally at ease with whoever I'm with. Really got to be able to trust them. I don't know many people like that.”

“Damn,” muttered Taylor. “That has to suck. I don't know how I'd get through the week without a few good orgasms.”

“I get by,” Lisa replied. “I can masturbate, but … “

“… but it's like drinking warm tap water when you could be having an ice-cold fruit juice or a hot cup of cocoa,” Taylor finished. She peered at Lisa sideways. “And you've never had anal? Really?”

Lisa finished off the ice cream and crunched up the cone. “Really.” She knew what was coming next.

“Want to find out what it's like?”

Feigning surprise, Lisa stared at Taylor. “What?”

Taylor stood up. “I said, want to find out what it's like to have anal sex?”

Standing up, Lisa let hesitation creep into her voice. “I – I'm not sure.”

“Relax.” Taylor smiled at her. “It'll be fine. I bet you'll love it.” She captured Lisa's hand and tugged on it.

Lisa allowed her to be towed along. “Where are we going?”

“Home,” Taylor told her over her shoulder. “Dad was going to be out all day, so we'll have the place to ourselves.”

“… wait. You're inviting me back to your place to have anal sex with me?”
Taylor stopped. “If you don’t want to go, you don’t have to. I just thought you were curious.”

After a carefully calculated pause, Lisa raised her eyes to Taylor’s. “I am curious, yeah.” She raised her chin. “Let's go do this.”

Taylor smiled.

“This … is … very … weird.”

Taylor, her body sheened with sweat, paused in her regular thrusting movements. The strap-on dildo, half-buried between Lisa's buttocks, slowed to a stop. “What is? The fact that we're fucking so soon after we met?”

Lisa bent over Taylor's bed with her head wrapped in a towel, snorted. “Fuck, no. It took you forty-five minutes to talk me into letting you put that thing in my butt. No, it just feels weird, what you're doing. It feels like it should go in my pussy.”

“Is it painful?”

“No. You lubed it up really well. It just feels odd.”

Taylor began to thrust again, stroking the plastic phallus in and out of Lisa's receptive asshole. “I can rub your clit if you want. I haven't done this side of things for a really long time.”

“Yeah, please, rub it if you can?” asked Lisa; she felt the touches on her vagina, then the spikes of pleasure as Taylor began to rub her sensitive nub. *She's really unpractised with girls. But she likes me as a person, and wanted to see if I was interested in becoming her lover. She wants me to fuck her when we're finished. She wants to be tied down, but she also wants to be in control. This is part of what's got her unhappy, and unsatisfied.*

Taylor decided to increase the tempo; the sensation of it pumping in and out of her butt was actually somewhat pleasurable, as was the feeling of Taylor working to stimulate her clitoris. *Alec could do this so much better, but then, he knows the nervous system like nobody else on earth. The trouble with fucking Alec is that then I'd be ruined for everyone, ever again.*

She began to hump back at the invading dildo with short grunts of simulated pleasure, gasping louder and louder as Taylor fucked her ass harder and harder. She was actually doing a good job, but not enough to get Lisa off, not with all the other information that was spilling in on her, even without the towel wrapped around her eyes and ears.

“Oh! Oh yes! Taylor! Oh yes!” she cried, arching her back in the most convincing simulation of a climax that she could manage. It seemed to fool the tall brunette, for after Lisa slumped down on to the bed, she lay down beside her.

“So how was it?” Taylor murmured, pulling the towel from Lisa's head and kissing her gently on the lips. “You seemed to enjoy it at the end there.”

“It was enjoyable,” Lisa allowed. “Don't think I'll make a habit of it, though. I know you were
careful, but my ass is a little bit on fire, right now.”

“Yeah, you get used to that,” giggled Taylor. “How are you feeling?”

“Like I need to use the bathroom,” Lisa told her frankly. “I'll be back shortly.”

In the bathroom, she inspected herself in the mirror; her anus was a little reddened, but she already knew that Taylor's care had ensured that she had an event-free loss of her anal virginity. She peed, wiped herself, then returned to the bedroom. Taylor had removed the strap-on and was cleaning it down with a handful of wet-wipes.

“Did you want to have a return engagement in my pussy?” asked Lisa. “Because I guess I wouldn't be unwilling. That would be a first for me too; I mean, having a girl do it to me that way.”

Taylor smiled and handed the strap-on to her. “Nope,” she replied. “I was hoping that you'd want to do me instead.”

“What, you want me to put it in your ass?” Lisa asked, pretending surprise. “I thought you reserved that for close friends.”

Taylor leaned in and kissed her. This time there was no hesitation; the kiss landed on Lisa's lips, and the tongue was unmistakeable. “Well, I've already fucked you in the ass,” she murmured. “How close did you want to be?”

Lisa grasped Taylor's hips and thrust firmly between her buttocks, the way she knew Taylor wanted it. In front of her, Taylor gasped and moaned and clawed at the bedclothes. She arched her back when Lisa reached under her and rubbed her clit hard, and let out a little *yip* when Lisa smacked her straining buttocks.

Flesh smacked against sweaty flesh as Lisa steadily fucked Taylor into a daze of orgasmic pleasure. It was fun in a weird way, knowing that what she was doing was improving Taylor's day; watching Taylor cum around the plastic cock was a memory that she'd come back to, when she was masturbation alone at night.

After Taylor's third orgasm, Lisa decided to have mercy, and slowly pulled the strap-on out of Taylor's well-fucked butt. Taylor slowly subsided on to the bed with a long, satiated groan, while Lisa removed the strap-on and joined her.

“So did I do okay?” asked Lisa, brushing Taylor's hair back from her forehead.

“Oh god,” groaned Taylor. “I've *never* been ass-fucked that good before.” She paused. “Okay. Once. But that was a special case.”

Lisa's eyebrows rose. “Really?” *Oh. It was her dad. She teased him into it. She enjoyed it, a lot.*

“Uh huh,” panted Taylor. “Really. But only once, ever. That was … that was world-class. You say you've never done this before?”
Lisa leaned in and kissed Taylor on the forehead. “Nope. First time. I guess I was just making it up as I go along.”

“Wow,” Taylor told her. “Just wow. You think we could do this again sometime? Because that was awesome.” She pushed herself up on one elbow. “I can fuck your ass again, if you want.”

“No, I'm good,” demurred Lisa. “I'm not really into anal, I guess. But next time around, we can try my pussy, if you want.” She rested her hand on Taylor's waist. “And sure, I can try to see if today was a fluke or not.”

Taylor pulled her close and kissed her, a little harder. For someone who's not really into girls, she's certainly getting some practice kissing me. Lisa responded, holding Taylor close.

And then, in Lisa's discarded ankle-holder, her phone went off.

“Dammit,” she muttered as she let go of Taylor and rolled off the bed. Retrieving the phone, she answered the call.

“Yeah, boss? Right, yeah, I can be there in sixty. Okay, see you soon.”

Shutting down the phone, she turned back to Taylor. “Sorry. Work calls, even on a Saturday.”

“Wow,” Taylor responded. “Your boss must be a real hardass.”

Lisa rolled her eyes as she put one foot up on the bed, to strap on the ankle holder. “You have no idea.”

“I'd like to get together again.” Taylor's hand caressed Lisa's calf. “This was fun, today. On the Boardwalk and here too.”

Lisa covered Taylor's hand with hers. “I had fun too. And I found out what anal was like, so thanks.” She put her foot down, then located her G-string and stepped into it. After that came her sandals, and she was dressed.

Together with Taylor, who was dressed as she had been on the Boardwalk – sandals, glasses and wrist wallet – she went downstairs. “Which way's the bus stop?”

“Two blocks that way,” Taylor told her. “I'll walk you.”

They strolled in that direction, taking their time; Lisa had deliberately overestimated how long it would take to get to Coil's base, by a good fifty percent. She admired how the sun shone on Taylor's long dark curls.

“I'm glad I met you today, Lisa,” Taylor told her at last. “Were you actually picking me up for sex? Because I really don't mind if you were.”

Lisa chuckled and shook her head. “No, I just thought you looked interesting.”
“Interesting?” Taylor frowned. “I had a cock in my mouth and another in my pussy. How is that interesting?”

“I have no idea.” Lisa shrugged to emphasise her point. “But it turned out okay. I got to find out what anal was like with someone I trusted.”

“And I got to have a mind-blowing fuck with my new best friend,” Taylor replied with a grin. “And you kiss pretty nice, too.”

“So do you.” Lisa leaned in, and Taylor responded. The kiss was long and mutually satisfying; lips on warm lips, and tongues duelling sensuously within. When it was over, Lisa felt her head spinning slightly, and she wondered if she shouldn't have kissed Taylor some more before starting the sex session; she may have even managed to climax for real.

“Whew.” Taylor sat down on the bus stop seat, as if her knees had given way. “Damn. I'm starting to re-evaluate how I feel about girls.”

“Me too.” Lisa sat beside her. “I don't know all that many, but they're not like you. I told you that you were interesting.”

Taylor ducked her head, blushing. “I'm not all that. I'm no-one special.”

_Wow, fucked-up self-esteem much? She's been hammered down by someone. Someone who hurt her. Someone who did whatever it was to her. The reason she wants, needs, desires sex._

_Fuck, I wish I had more time to spend with her. Maybe I could get to the bottom of this._

But the bus was even now pulling up at the stop. Standing up, she gave Taylor a quick kiss. “I'll see you again soon.”

Taylor hugged her tightly. “Sooner the better.”

Lisa climbed on to the bus; no sooner had she found her seat than the doors hissed closed and the bus started moving off. But then she realised that Taylor was running alongside the bus, shouting something.

_Oh crap, I never gave her my number._

Sliding the window open, she called back to Taylor, “I'll contact you!”

It was the best she could do for the moment.

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“Boss.”

The diorama of Brockton Bay was, Lisa thought, an unnecessarily dramatic touch. It was accurate, her power told her, down to the placements of every tiny street-light. The figure of Coil brooding over it, bathed from below by the dim light emitted by all the minuscule LEDs emplaced in the diorama, was entirely too pretentious. She had to restrain herself from smirking at the thought; Coil did not take kindly to anything he perceived as a threat to his authority or dignity.
He turned to face her as she entered. Like her, he was stripped down so as to get the maximum possible use of his powers, although she had yet to figure out exactly what those were. His only adornments were a domino mask, military boots, and a snake outlined in white body paint, curling up his leg and body to rest its head on his shoulder.  

“Tattletale,” he greeted her. “You’re prompt. I like that.”

The words meant nothing; he could have recited the day's headlines and meant it more. Behind the mask, his eyes were roaming over her body, as they did each time she had a 'private meeting' with him. He just called me here to fuck. Why am I not surprised?

“Yeah, well, here I am,” she replied, resigning herself to the inevitable.

Moving over to her, he leaned down to kiss her; she responded, running her hands over his body in imitation of his groping of hers. She gasped as he squeezed her breasts, tweaking her nipples, then ran a hand between her thighs. She was wet there, or at least lubricated; it hadn't been hard to guess what he wanted with her.

Putting his hands on her waist, he lifted her on to the edge of the diorama table, the part where the Bay intruded on the city. Obligingly, she spread her legs as he stepped up to her. Lying back, she felt him press into her, relaxing as much as she was able. It wasn't exactly painful, but … I enjoyed it more when Taylor was fucking me in the ass.

With her legs raised and spread, she was totally open to him, and he took full advantage of it. His long skinny penis slid into her, over and over again, and she made sure to give him the appropriate sound effects. “Oh … yes, please … oh … god, yes … fuck me … “

It was odd, she realised part way through. When she had faked it with Taylor, she felt guilty, but pleased that Taylor had been happy to have given her a 'climax'. With Coil, she had no problem with faking the climax, but she felt dirty about making him think that he controlled her body to that extent.

With the rhythmic clenching of her vaginal muscles, she felt him coming to the boil rather quickly. Thank fuck for that. Sex, I don't mind. Sex with the one man I despise over all else … yeah, that I can do without.

She gave him the same basic faked orgasm that she had with Taylor; she had to act more for him, because although the sensation of his penis within her vagina was more to her liking, she was in no way blocked off from any stimuli. To even get close to climaxing would have required a lot more effort on his part than he was giving her.

With a final ragged shout, he rammed himself deep inside her body, to a well-concealed wince from her, and released his semen inside her belly. She felt the hot jets and resisted the urge to cringe. To have any part of his DNA inside me … I need to wash myself out, and soon.

“Wow, Boss, that was the best yet,” she panted. “I really needed that.”

He allowed himself a tight smile as he pulled out of her. “As did I, Tattletale. As did I.” He began walking around the perimeter of the diorama, giving her time to sit up and slide off of the table. “I'll be needing the services of the Undersiders sometime in the next week. Keep yourselves ready and available.”
She followed him around, and looked at the area he was indicating. “Okay, sure. Am I allowed to know why?”

“Loose lips, and all that,” he cautioned her. “I'll tell you more when the time comes.” His hand caressed her buttocks, sending a chill up her back. “You will be contacted in due course.”

She made sure to give him a sultry look. “Sure thing, boss.” Her saunter was calculated to look unhurried, but got her out of his sight just as soon as she could manage.

At least he's reasonably gentle about it.

 Coil grinned savagely as he rammed his cock brutally into Tattletale's bleeding asshole. She choked audibly, trying to cry out in pain, as his hands squeezed her throat. In this timeline, he had lasted much longer than in the one where he had straight vanilla sex with her, and it was far more enjoyable. Her hands fluttered at his wrists, trying to pull them free of her throat, but he was too strong, and she couldn't breathe any more.

As he watched the last of the life flee her body, her face empurpling and her tongue protruding from between her lips, he came inside her, again and again.

He savoured the moment of sheer atavistic pleasure, and then he collapsed that timeline.

Just After Taylor Joined the Wards

A dozen naked teenagers faced each other across a rainy street, outside the Brockton Bay Central Bank. Above, Glory Girl cradled Panacea in her arms as they traded kisses and watched the show.

“AREN’T you going to go down there and help?” asked Panacea idly, caressing Vicky in a most indecent fashion.

“WHY bother?” Vicky responded. “They’ve got no Brutes worth my while.”

“THERE are those big dog things,” Amy pointed out.

“Dog drool, yuck,” shuddered Vicky. “Nah, the Wards have got them outnumbered, without me. Even if they’ve got Circus on their side.”

“Now that’s what I call a sexy butt,” purred Amy. “Second to yours, of course,” she added, after just enough of a pause to allow Vicky’s eyes to widen in mock outrage. “I'd take a walk on the wild side to get a taste of that.”

“I’d come along, just so I can get photos,” Vicky suggested. “Mom and Dad would love that.”

“I had a threesome with them the other day,” Amy informed her. “Has Dad fucked you yet?”

Vicky hooded her eyes. “No, but I live in hope,” she murmured. “What’s going on? Has anything
happened?”

“No, they're still talking.”

“Huh. Well, you know, there's a nice flat roof over there. What do you say we take some private time?”

Amy smiled and wrapped her arms around her sister's neck. After bestowing upon her an extremely deep and meaningful kiss, she breathed, “My thoughts exactly ... “

Even as Vicky flew her over to the roof of the bank, Amy was growing a penis on the blonde. After all, she could watch just as well over the edge of the roof, with Vicky behind her. Very definitely behind her. Braced up against the parapet, she felt Vicky's hands on her back, her buttocks. Felt the thick head of the brand-new penis pressing against her tightest hole.

“Ooh, Vicky,” she groaned. “You want my ass?”

“You know I do,” was the growled answer; the hands on her hips pulled her back almost roughly. She felt the head pop inside of her and she bit her lip to avoid crying out.

“Oh, Vicky,” she panted, even as she caused skin mites to produce more and more lube in the area of her tightly-stretched anus. “Be gentle with me.”

_I don't want you to be gentle._

Vicky, via long association with her sister, heard both messages, and heeded just one.

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A thin, high cry of pleasure drifted down from above. Circus smirked; no-one else reacted.

“So tell me, Aegis,” called out Tattletale. “why did you find it so necessary to bring out the big guns? And do you think it'll make a difference?”

Aegis folded his arms. “Better give it up, Tattletale. We've got you outnumbered and out-powered.”

“Yeah, but I'm still smarter than any three of you,” Tattletale taunted him. “How about it, Gallant? Ready to match wits with me again?”

“This isn't a game, Tattletale,” Gallant admonished her. “You could have hurt people in there.”

“Not a hair on their pretty little heads,” Lisa retorted. “Ask 'em. The worst we did was cover them in Grue's darkness, which I'm told the Surgeon General recommends for glowing, healthy skin.” She paused. “Talking about pretty little heads, where's your newest member?”

“What do you know about our newest member?” asked Aegis.

“Quite a bit, actually,” Lisa told him. “Tall, skinny, uses vibrations. Her name's Harmonic, right?”

“You leave Harmonic out of this!” shouted Vista.
One of Lisa's eyebrows hitched up very slightly at that. *Well, well. Interesting reaction to the mention of a new member. She likes Harmonic. She's protective of her. Why?*

“Maybe I will, and maybe I won't,” Lisa replied teasingly. “I might even show up one day and recruit her. Steal her from under you.”

Vista's voice was even shriller. “I said *leave her alone!*”

**Whoof. She's **_**really**_** protective. Attracted to Harmonic. It's a sexual thing. Wow, and I had her pegged as straight. She is, but Harmonic’s that good. Shit, Gallant's also in on it. Who else?**

“Vista.” Aegis' voice was firm. “Cease engaging with Tattletale. She's baiting you.”

**Aegis. He's fucking Harmonic too. She saw flickers of eye movement. Christ, everyone in the Wards has had sex with her, and they're willing to fight to protect her from me. How good is she in bed?**

Aegis' body language just changed. *He's not willing to just talk any more. He's going to make a move.*

“Ready,” she murmured. “Like we planned.”

“Ready,” replied Grue.

“Yo, yo,” Circus responded whimsically.

Neither Regent nor Bitch had the chance to also respond, because at that moment, the Wards attacked. The Undersiders reacted, and the battle commenced.

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The last of the darkness dispersed, and Lisa and Rachel were left standing on the pavement with Brutus. The dog was once more a normal size for a dog; Rachel knelt and buckled a collar around his neck before any of the people standing around noticed anything wrong.

“Where did Angelica go?” Lisa asked in an undertone. She didn't worry about being recognised; her mask was in her wrist wallet, the eye makeup wiped away, and her hair was neatly braided. She was just one more mostly-naked teenage girl in a city full of them.

“Where I told her to go,” Rachel replied, sounding mildly annoyed. Lisa took no real notice; annoyance was Rachel's ground state. “She'll be waiting for us near the base.”

"Good,” noted Lisa. “Just by the way, I think we need to talk about putting saddles on the dogs,” She was careful not to limp, even though no-one was really going to pay much attention to a teenage girl walking carefully due to chafing between the legs. On the other hand, riding as far and fast as they had just done was not something she wanted to repeat in a hurry. Especially without anything to protect her pussy and ass.

"Why?” asked Rachel bluntly.

"Because I'm *chafed,*” Lisa pointed out.
"So wear something to protect you."

"But that blunts my powers."

"So make up your mind what you want and stop bothering me."

Rachel turned away; Lisa looked hard at her ass. The skin there and between her thighs was like leather. *She must have been toughening up since she got her powers. No wonder she doesn't care.*

"Alec better be up for a fuck when we get back," muttered the auburn-haired girl. "I got an itch in my snatch that needs scratching."

Rachel would get her fuck, Lisa had no doubt. She could be very ... forceful ... in the matter. Not that Alec would complain; he liked his sex strings-free and relatively frequent, which was the same way Rachel liked it. Lisa didn't care either way, so long as they didn't get in the way of her watching TV.

*This was actually a pretty good day. I might call up Taylor, see if she wants to take in a movie or a meal. Or see if she wants to fuck or something. She seems to enjoy it, and I don't mind. And I might find out more about what hurt her so badly.*

*If I had her number. Crap.*

*What if I went to her house?*

*No, her dad might think I'm a creeper.*

*I think I'll head down the Boardwalk tomorrow afternoon, see if she's there.*

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"Taylor, hey."

The tall brunette spun around, her face lighting up. "Lisa!" Beside her, the petite blonde, wearing shorts and a singlet top, turned as well.

Lisa and Taylor came together for a hug and kiss; Lisa felt Taylor's hands caressing her ass.

"So how did you know I was going to be on the Boardwalk?" asked Taylor, after they separated. As she spoke, the petite blonde grabbed her hand and held it tightly, almost possessively.

"Oh, I come down here most every day," Lisa lied easily. "If I didn't catch up with you, I would've come to your house." She looked curiously at the blonde. "I don't think we've met."

"Oh, sorry." Taylor put her arm around the blonde's shoulders; the girl snuggled into her. "This is Missy. Missy, this is Lisa. She's pretty good with a strap-on, if you're interested."

"Nice to meet you, Missy," Lisa responded.

"Same to you, Lisa." The blonde's tone was polite, and her expression friendly, but her body language shouted *I am so in lust with this girl.* "That's nice to know. I'll keep it in mind."
Lisa blinked, as a whole lot of pieces fell into place at once. Even wearing clothes, the posture was unmistakable.

Missy is Vista. Taylor is fucking her. They've only been fucking for a short time. They're both hetero-inclined, but they're making an exception for each other. Taylor is the one that Vista was being protective about, and Taylor's just as protective about her. Taylor is Harmonic. She fucked Vista so well this morning that she couldn't walk for half an hour. Harmonic has vibration powers. She uses her powers to enhance the sexual experience.

Missy's young, Lisa gauged. I doubt she's had her Age Card more than a month or two. She would have had relatively few sexual experiences at this point in her life, and so her first partners of either gender would be very special to her. Taylor was her first girl. As she got older, she would realise that jealousy had no part in a sexual relationship; if someone was willing to share their body with you, then it didn't matter what else they did with whom. As it is, she's kinda cute. Like a kitten snarling and baring its little claws.

“Well, anyway, I've got to get going,” Lisa told them; she wanted to go and think about what she had learned.

“Not so fast,” Taylor told her. Pulling Lisa to her, she shared another lingering kiss. “Also, phone number. You ran off last time without giving it to me.”

“I kinda did,” Lisa admitted. “Got a pen and paper?”

Taylor nodded and pulled both items from her pouch belt. She jotted down the number that Lisa gave her, then recited what Lisa recognised as a landline number. Taylor and her father don't use mobiles. Connected to the accident that killed her mother?

“I'll see you around,” Taylor told her. “Maybe you and me and Missy and a couple of the guys could have a sleepover some night?”

Lisa blinked. Did Taylor just invite me for an orgy with the Wards? That could be interesting. But what I want to know is, how good she really is in bed. She's certainly a lot more self-confident, and she doesn't have that air of sexual desperation that she had before. Missy must be good for her. From the look on Missy's face every time she looks at Taylor, Taylor's good for her too.

“Sounds like it could be fun,” she temporised. “Let me know the next time you're having one.”

“Will do.” Taylor kissed her once more, then took Missy's hand and strolled off. Lisa watched them go; there was definitely a bump and a grind in Taylor's step that hadn't been there before.

Whatever she's got, I want to try out.

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Kenta stretched out on the lay-z-boy and groaned. Small wonder; the tip of his rigidly erect penis was being delicately nibbled upon by none other than Bakuda. Naked, her body was as magnificent as the effects of her bombs; he trusted that she wasn't bringing any of those to this particular private party. Long dark hair, with brightly coloured electrical cabling woven into it on one side of her head, hung down and almost obscured her gently bobbing breasts. Both breasts and hair gently brushed his thighs as she gradually moved her lips farther down his powerfully throbbing shaft.
“Bakuda,” he rumbled, “keep doing just that.”

She made some indecipherable noise, not bothering to remove her lips from his rampant manhood, and continued to suckle upon him as if her life depended upon it. He relaxed, feeling the heat rising in his loins. She and he had been fucking since almost the first day that she had entered his employ, and he had never regretted it. Of course, he had refrained from seeking out other female companionship since that date as well; he was formidable, but true wisdom lay in not enraging someone who built bombs capable of twisting the very fabric of space-time.

She made another sound, deep in her throat, and her lips twitched on his erection. He slitted his eyes open, and realised the reason for her reaction. Behind her, bereft even of his demon mask, was Oni Lee, the third parahuman member of the ABB. Lee's hands were running all over Bakuda's out-thrust buttocks, caressing and groping her most lewdly. Kenta tensed; if she reacted badly now, he may well be within the blast radius of whatever ordnance she used to chastise Lee with.

But she did not appear to be reacting badly. In fact, she was making very pleased noises in her throat, all the while driving Kenta to near-distraction with her lips and tongue. Oni Lee was kneeling behind her, holding her hips; it seemed that he was thrusting into Bakuda from behind.

This posed a problem. Oni Lee was Lung's subordinate; to allow Lee to be the first to penetrate Bakuda's incomparable vagina would be to knuckle under him, to allow him pre-eminence in the threesome. But it seemed to be a done deal; from the slapping sound of flesh on flesh, and the grunting noises audible from Lee, he was indeed fucking her from behind.

**Kenta does not accept sloppy seconds.**

“Bakuda, stop sucking,” he growled. “Lee, lie down so that Bakuda may ride you from above.”

Both of them looked at him, uncomprehending for just a moment, and then they hastened to obey. Lee pulled out of Bakuda and lay down, allowing her to impale herself upon his rigid shaft. Slowly, then more and more quickly, she began to work herself back and forth, grinding down upon Oni Lee's rampant manhood.

Kenta did not waste time; he rose from the lay-z-boy and rummaged through a drawer. Upon finding what he needed, he knelt astride Lee's legs, behind Bakuda. She gasped as he began to massage the lube into her perfect Asian ass.

“Oh, Kenta,” she murmured, pushing back at his invading fingers. “I never knew you wanted me this way. I always thought my ass was below you.”

“Lung takes what Lung wants,” he grunted, pushing the head of his penis at her tightest hole. She cried out, but softly, as he penetrated her. Deeper and deeper he pushed into her yielding orifice, feeling the heat around his invading shaft that almost matched his own.

“Oh, yes!” she cried as he took her from behind. “Conquer me, Lung! Conquer my virgin ass!”

Of that he had his doubts – she had been fucking Oni Lee almost as long as Kenta had been bedding her – but he chose to believe her. It made the sex even better.
Lisa climbed the last of the steps to the loft area of the Undersiders' base. As she entered the living area, she could hear grunts and moans and the squeak of bedsprings through the wall. *Rachel and Alec. As if I even needed my power to figure that one out.*

Brian was leaning back on the sofa, naked as usual, his oversized endowment lying across one thigh. Lisa always felt a tiny flutter in her heart, every time she saw it; it looked far too large to ever fit into a girl's vagina. But she could fit it into herself, if only just barely. This required her to be as aroused as she could get, and for him to be careful, but they could manage it. Whatever bondage gear he wanted her to wear at the time, and his own darkness, completed the requirements. It had taken her some time to convince him to try, but convince him she had. Despite the fact that she wasn't particularly attracted to him, or vice versa, it was a welcome release for the both of them, and so they had continued the practise.

“Oh, hey,” he greeted her. “Meet your ass-buddy again?”

She grinned. “Yeah, but no sex this time. She had a friend. Looks like she's into girls after all.”

“Huh.” As she sat down beside him, he leaned across and kissed her casually; she responded by putting her hand on his thick penis. If he wanted to fuck, they'd fuck. “Oh hey, you know that Harmonic chick? The new Ward?”

That got her attention. “Yeah?”

“She's gonna be at the Weymouth Mall tomorrow. Big public appearance. Meet and greet the public.”

Lisa sat up. “Really?”

He nodded. “Really. What's your deal with this chick, anyway? The Wards got another member; so what?”

She wasn't quite sure why she had held back the information that she had. Or why wasn't telling him the data she had gleaned from the meeting on the Boardwalk. “Oh, nothing. Just something I want to look into.”

Raising herself up, she swung over on to his lap. Her bare breasts brushed his equally bare chest as she leaned close to him. “Got your straps and buckles ready?” she asked throatily.

Under her, between her buttocks, she felt his thick cock begin to stir. “Oh, yeah.”

Gathering her into his arms – which elicited a muted squeal – he picked her up bodily and carried her to his room. She did not resist as he strapped the restraints on her; the warm leather and cold metal felt familiar, as if she were coming home. The small vibrator he inserted into her ass was new, and sent pleasant sensations through her groin. Finally, with her only able to move in certain ways, he held up a ball gag. “Yes or no?” he asked.

She lowered her eyes, knowing which answer he wanted. “Yes,” she whispered submissively.

As he strapped it on to her, rendering her unable to even speak, she felt yet another thrill of dangerous pleasure. His darkness began to spread out, filling the room, cutting off her sight, her hearing. Ninety-five percent of her sensory input dropped away to nothing, and with it, her power
was also curtailed.

The vibrator in her rectum buzzed away silently, allowing his ministrations to bring her to full arousal all the more quickly; she struggled as she liked to do, as he liked her to do, uselessly of course. Expertly, he teased her, raising her arousal, her desire, higher and higher. Finally, when she could not stand it any longer, she nodded her head once. Yes. *Now. Do it.*

Bent over in a most submissive posture, she awaited his penetration of her slippery-wet vaginal canal. Slowly, it came, pushing into her, spreading her arousal-slick labia, opening her up. She could take him inside her; she knew she could. But, as always, it felt at first that she would not be able to do this. And, as always, she proved herself wrong as her vaginal canal stretched around the invading penis.

As he slid into her, she was reminded suddenly of allowing Taylor to sodomise her with the strap-on, in a very similar posture to this. The memory converged with the vibrator in her butt, her otherwise total lack of input, and she imagined that it had been Brian behind her at that time, pushing his enormously thick erection between her buttocks. Despite the fact that she knew it would be impossible, that her ass would never take him – they had matched Cards at his insistence, and gotten a sixteen percent viability rate – the mental image heightened her already fever-pitch arousal, and she climaxed before he had even quite finished penetrating her.

And then, his strong hands grasping her hips, he began to thrust into her, and she gave herself over to the pleasure.

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*They lay side by side, one of her arms thrown over his chest, her head resting on his shoulder. Oni Lee had decamped after the sex, in a cloud of ash.*

“How was that?” she murmured. “I’ve never been double-teamed like that before.”

“How not even at college?” he asked, a little disbelievingly.

“How not even,” she confirmed. “I was always spending too much time studying to really get into sex. To be honest, I spent most of my college time fucking girls. They’re less demanding than guys.”

“So, was it good?” he rumbled. “Well, it was good. You want to do that way again, we can do it.”

“Mmmm,” she murmured, and snuggled up to him. “So, when we gonna hit the Undersiders?”

“Undersiders?” he asked sleepily.

“For robbing that casino, remember?”

“Oh, yes,” he recalled. “That.” He paused; it seemed like too much work right now to get up and plan revenge. “I’ll get to them. Later.”

“Okay, cool,” she agreed.

“The revenge of Lung will be terrible,” he mumbled.
Her only answer was a faint snore; she was asleep.

He was not far behind.

Lisa pushed her way through the crowd. There had to be at least a thousand people there, all gathered to see the official debut of Brockton Bay's newest Ward. While she had a good view of the stage from where she was, she needed a better one. She needed to be up close.

As it was, she managed to get to within a couple of yards of the stage by the time that Aegis strode out from behind the curtain, holding a cordless microphone. As he reached the front of the stage, naked but for rust-brown boots and domino mask, he drifted into the air.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he declared, the speakers amplifying his voice. "How are you all doing?"

A cheer greeted his words, and he nodded and smiled before continuing. "That's good to hear. My name is Aegis, and I'm the current leader of the Wards in Brockton Bay. With me today are Clockblocker ... "

The curtains parted, and Clockblocker leaped out on to the stage. Wearing just white boots, a white helmet with a clock on the forehead, and a broad grin, he was greeted with whistles and cheers by the girls in the audience.

"... Vista ..."

More whistles and cheers, this time from the boys. Vista strode out from behind the curtains, to stand beside Clockblocker, taking the older boy's hand. Unlike the other two, she was wearing a light version of her dress costume with a knee-length skirt; Lisa could pick out the velcro attachments that held the costume together. Upon reaching the front of the stage, she gave the audience a curtsey; this gave those close enough – including Lisa – a clear view up her skirt, showing that she wore nothing under it. More whistles and cheers ensued.

"Take it off!" called out someone behind Lisa.

"Sorry," she called back. "Under fifteen!"

"And?"

This reply raised a general wave of laughter. Aegis cleared his throat. "Be aware that even the Wards have to follow the rules. Vista isn't allowed to strip down unless she is required to use her powers for some reason." He paused, then went on. "Gallant ..."

To more cheers from the female contingent of the crowd, Gallant made an appearance; he wore silver-grey boots, and a light metal helmet of the same colour, with subtle LEDs adding highlights. Reaching the front of the stage, he took Vista's hand and bowed to the audience.

Vista has the serious hots for Gallant. They aren't fucking. They aren't fucking because she's too small for him. She is fucking Clockblocker though.

“... Kid Win couldn't be here, because someone had to man the phones, but I'll tell him that you
Another cheer arose. Some girls started chanting, "We love Kid Win! We love Kid Win!"

Aegis waited for the noise to die down before clearing his throat again. "And now, the one you've all been waiting patiently to meet, our newest member – Harmonic!"

Wild cheers arose from all parts of the crowd as the curtains parted one more. Harmonic, clad in goggles, slippers and a neck-to-toe costume of black and silver, with suggestive cut-outs here and there, strolled out on stage. She looked uncertain at first, but the waves of cheering, as well as the whistling and clapping, brought out a smile on her face. However, she hung back a little until Vista darted back and grabbed her hand, dragging her forward to stand at the front of the stage. The other Wards gathered around her.

That's Taylor all right. And I was right. Vista is fucking her. So's Clockblocker, and Gallant, and Aegis as well. Before, it had been surmise; educated surmise, but surmise all the same. Now, it was as near to being concrete fact as Lisa could manage with her powers. If she's fucking them all so good, I want some of that.

Aegis handed the microphone to Harmonic. "Hi, everyone," she greeted them. "It's great to be here."

Another cheer arose. A girl nearby screamed out, "We love you, Harmonic!"

"Aww, I love you too," Harmonic replied. "Okay, because I know you'll be asking this, yes, I have vibration powers. Would you like me to demonstrate them?"

The resultant uproar could not have been interpreted as anything other than as an answer in the affirmative. Harmonic smiled, handed the mic back to Aegis, and unzipped her costume. It slid off of her body; she stepped out of it, naked from neck to feet. Holding her arms out to the sides, she slowly turned, so as to give the crowd their first good look at her naked body. From the whistles and the cheers, it appeared that she met with their approval.

"Thank you," she told them, upon reclaiming the mic. "Now, for this demonstration, I'm going to need … ah, thank you, Vista."

She held up what looked like a wine glass; Vista had handed it to her. Ah – she got it from down beside the stage.

"Now, if I could have some quiet, please?"

Swiftly, silence fell over the crowd. Harmonic held up the glass; Lisa fancied that she heard a faint humming. And then it was overridden by a long, pure chime that rose in volume. It was coming from the wineglass, upon which Harmonic's gaze was fixed. For a long, long moment, the chime rang out, echoing sweetly across the large empty space. Spellbound, the audience made not a sound.

And then the chime died down. Taylor handed the glass back to Vista, and bowed slightly to the crowd. "Thank you."

Cheering and clapping broke out. Someone yelled out, "Could you have shattered that?"

"Sure," she agreed. "But I'm pretty sure we don't want glass shrapnel everywhere. Okay, for my
next trick, I'm going to need the permission of the whole crowd to use my powers on them.”

“Why?” asked someone. “What are you going to do?”

“Just a little something that I call a 'crowd pleaser'. Note that you have no cause for alarm; this has been vetted for general use by the PRT.” She paused. “If anyone specifically does not want to be affected by this, please put your arm up, and I'll wait until you have withdrawn beyond the perimeter of the crowd.”

Lisa glanced around; no-one moved, and no arms went up.

“Excellent,” Harmonic went on. “Okay, it'll be a few seconds before it takes effect, so please be patient.”

Moving the microphone away from her mouth, she stood still, gazing out over the crowd. Lisa knew the moment that Taylor saw and recognised her, trying to conceal her start of surprise.

She didn't expect to see me here. She's pleased that I came to see her. Happy to see me.

Further analysis was cut off by the beginning of a strange sensation. Throughout her whole body, it was as though she was getting a soothing massage; gentle, easy vibrations that relaxed tense muscles and relieved bone-deep aches. She heard the ghosts of sounds, that vanished when she tried to listen to them; kittens mewing, puppies yapping. Soft, illusory, relaxing music.

She found herself swaying, along with everyone else, to the non-sound that was Harmonic's vibrations washing through her. Her nipples and clitoris were hard, she realised; while the humming wasn't specifically intended to arouse, those parts of her were feeling the pleasure and were reacting accordingly.

And then the vibrations eased off, slowly tailing to nothing. The real world intruded once more upon Lisa, although she still felt a measure of the ease and calmness that had been bestowed upon her by what had to be the best all-over massage that she had ever been given. For a long moment, stunned silence reigned, before the audience clapped and cheered feverishly.

“Can you do more?” someone shouted. “Can you bring someone off?”

A dozen other people in the audience echoed the sentiment, shouting encouragement.

“I can,” Harmonic agreed with a smile. “But for the sake of safety, I think I'll call for individual volunteers.”

Before she even finished speaking, Lisa had her hand in the air. “Me! Me!” she called. “Please! Me!” This is what I want. Please, oh, please, oh, please.

Taylor was apparently taken aback by the forest of arms before her; behind the goggles, she blinked and hesitated. She's trying to figure out who to pick. Look my way, please look my way.

And then, Taylor did look her way. She pointed at Lisa, and beckoned. People turned to look as she made her way forward to the stage; Lisa didn't care. She was grinning all over her face as Aegis helped her up on to the stage.

“Hi, there,” Harmonic greeted her, as if they had never met, although Lisa spotted an incipient grin
trying to break through. She's looking forward to giving me payback for the great anal sex I gave her. Doesn't know I know it's her. She's getting a real kick out of this.

“Hi,” Lisa replied, as the mic was held toward her. “Thanks for picking me.”

“That's okay,” Taylor responded, with a twinkle in her eye. “Would you like to tell everyone your name?”

“Hi, everyone,” Lisa told the audience. “My name's Lisa, and I'm really looking forward to this.”

More clapping and cheering arose. Lisa gestured at her G-string. “Do I need to take this off?”

“No, that's fine. Though you might want to lie down.” A moment later, Vista had produced a padded mat from somewhere, spreading it out across the front of the stage. Carefully, not knowing what to expect, Lisa lay down on it. Harmonic knelt beside her.

“Okay, now what I want you to do is relax. You will feel certain sensations, and I want you to just go with them. Do you get much sex?”

You know I don't. “Not really.”

A grin. “Well, you may want to brace yourself. Now lie back and relax. I'll start slow and easy. Are you ready?”

“Yes.” Lisa lay back, legs up and a little apart.

Again, she heard the very faintest of humming noises from Harmonic. Again, the sensations within her own body distracted her. But this time, they were aimed directly at her erogenous zones. All of them.

The pleasure spread throughout her body; as Taylor had promised, it was slow and gentle, easing her into it. All the same, she gasped from the sensations, beginning to pant heavily. This is so good. But it can be better.

“How are you doing?” asked Harmonic quietly. Lisa could tell how much she was enjoying this, enjoying making Lisa feel good. However, she was also holding back just how good she could make it go.

“Really, this the best you can do?” Lisa taunted.

Behind the goggles, Taylor blinked. “I … are you sure you want more?”

“Bring it,” Lisa stated boldly. “I'll tell you when I've had enough.”

“Really.” Harmonic's voice was disbelieving.

“Really.” Lisa's was flat.

Harmonic smiled slightly. “Well, okay then.”

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Taylor considered her options.

Lisa wants me to go all out. Okay, let's see what I can do.

She started the vibrations once more, but this time, they were much more intense. Lisa's eyes opened wide almost immediately, and then her mouth, as Taylor ranged the sensations through her body.

She's been so deprived for so very long … pretty sure I didn't give her a proper orgasm when I fucked her in the ass … let's see if I can't do better now.

This time, the sensations were … mind-blowing. Her breasts shivered and her nipples hardened again, almost to the point of pain. She felt feathery, illusory hands caressing, inflaming, molesting her breasts, arousing her within just seconds. But there was no person attached to the touch, nothing for her to get a read off, nothing to distract her. Just the pure, exquisite pleasure.

Forcing her eyes open, she managed to focus on Taylor.

“Is … that … the … best … you … can … do?”

Just barely, she caught the narrowing of Taylor's eyes behind the goggles before the humming altered very slightly in pitch and volume. Whatever it was that was working on her breasts continued to do so, while a wave of sensation travelled down her taut belly. Involuntarily, she gasped and opened her thighs, letting them fall flat to the floor on either side, as the sensations cupped, caressed, surrounded her delicate pussy lips. At first, it was teasing, the caresses running over her thighs and belly, slowly zeroing in on her vagina, her clitoris. She found herself panting, even as the stimulation on her breasts slowly ramped up.

Lisa was responding well to her breasts being stimulated, but she considered that this still wasn't enough, apparently.

Well, then, let's see how she likes this.

She focused the vibrations even more, pushing deeper, harder, than she'd ever done before. Careful not to reach the pain threshold, or to do actual damage to Lisa's body, she began to zero in on Lisa's sensitive centre. Let's see how hard I can make you cum.

When the vibrations found her clitoris, she arched her back so hard that her buttocks left the mat altogether; another moment, and her labia were afire with a sensation that she had never felt, not with the best sex that she'd ever had. She came then, explosively, crying out incoherently, as Harmonic's effect seemed to slither deep inside her vaginal canal, finding her G-spot – or creating one, she didn't care which – and utterly blowing her mind.
Huh, so that's what it looks like when she climaxes. I was right; she faked her orgasm then. Well, she's not going to do that here.

Taylor wasn't even paying attention to the crowd; for their part, they were rapt in watching the girl writhe in ecstasy on the stage before them. Her entire attention was set toward making this experience not just good, but great.

The vibrations spread farther and farther through her body; she felt as though she were being kissed, caressed, soothed, over every inch of her skin. Her neck tingled at the touch of illusory lips; her sensitive underarms sent spikes of pleasure through her entire body. And when the vibrations spread back from her vagina to her ass, she began to get an idea of what the little anal vibrator that Brian had used on her should have done for her.

She couldn't believe how good it was; she knew that she was tremendously aroused; her vagina was slick, her nipples rigidly erect. Even her asshole, twitching and clenching, was sending spikes of pleasure to her brain. Convulsing on the mat, she came again and again, her brain a white-hot ball of ecstasy.

All of her inhibitions were gone; she scrabbled for her humming, buzzing vagina, to add her own fingers to the mix. And then, the oddest feeling began in her fingertips; when she touched her clitoris with one, she jolted and climaxed right on the spot; Taylor had somehow made each of her fingers into a vibrator on its own.

Okay then, if I lower the pitch on her clitoris, and raise the amplitude on her nipples and labia just a fraction … oh yeah, there she goes again. And she's a squirter. Who knew?

Okay, put those in a holding pattern, raising intensity ever so slightly in about thirty seconds, and see how she likes that.

Best I can do, hah.

To the immense approval – and somewhat arousal – of the audience, she thrashed as she climaxed again and again, her busy fingers adding just that little extra to what Harmonic was doing to her. To her, it was the very best of every time she'd actually had sex, magnified by a thousand. No fumbling touches, no wrong moves, no discomfort, no distraction.

This is what sex should be like, every time.

Taylor eased off the vibrations, then blinked as she focused on the rest of the world once more; she had been so intent on giving Lisa the very best experience that her powers could manage that she
had totally tuned out everything else. The crowd was stunned, even awed, staring at Lisa, who lay panting on the stage. Her eyes were open but unfocused, her limbs slack. Occasionally, she twitched.

“You okay?” she asked softly, reaching out to touch Lisa’s shoulder. Lisa shuddered, her back arched, and she climaxed weakly.

“Wow, damn, what did you do to her?” Aegis was crouching beside her.

Taylor swallowed. “I may have … overdone it slightly. Overstimulated her. Just a little bit.”

“Hnnnng,” groaned Lisa. “Fuck … yes … fuck me … “

“Hmm, seems like it,” Aegis noted. He reached down to feel her neck for a pulse; she spasmed and came again. “Wow. Okay, pulse is strong and steady. Breathing is slowing down.” He raised his head and looked over the audience. “It’s all right, folks. Lisa here’s apparently not used to too much sex. It looks like Harmonic made her cum so hard she’s not quite sure which way’s up.”

“Wow,” asked a girl. “Can you do that with anyone?”

“I guess,” Harmonic replied, as she watched Lisa’s eyes slowly come back into focus. “Lisa, how do you feel?”

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Slowly, the world came back to her. She lay on her back, panting, exhausted, her skin sheened with sweat and her hair soaked with it. Within her was a sense of immense satiation; she had lost track of her orgasms, lost awareness even of the fact that she was still climaxing. Now, it was over, and she blinked as she looked up at the face of the girl who had just given her the very best sex of her entire life, without ever touching her once.

If she had been touching me, how good would that have been? Holy shit, I'm not sure if I could have survived. But what a way to go.

“I … guess I'm okay,” she ventured raggedly. “Fuck, what did you do to me?”

Harmonic grinned. “My best. What you dared me to do.”

“Yes, well, you're not going to do that much to anyone again,” Aegis noted. “I think that was a little too much for a first appearance.”

“Yeah, I think I'll give it a pass,” decided the girl who had spoken up before.

“Well, we weren't going to be doing it for anyone else today,” Aegis told her, “but why are you saying that?”

The girl pointed back into the crowd. “My girlfriend. I – if that's as good as it looks, I might not want her any more. I don't want to do that.”

Lisa had just enough of a vantage point that she could see when the two girls went back into each others' arms; the embrace and kiss were intense enough that tears came into her eyes; more than one
person around her looked a little misty-eyed as well. Phones were being held up, and she was sure that the moment would make its way on to Youtube. Along with everything that had happened on stage.

“All right, everyone,” announced Aegis. “Show's over. Let's give Lisa time to recover.”

“That's right, everyone,” Clockblocker announced. “And let's give Sound Job, I mean Harmonic, a big hand.”

The applause was almost as loud as the laughter; Harmonic shot him a dirty look. The crowd began to break up, people drifting off. More than a few remained, but not the crush that there had been before.

After a few moments, Lisa tried sitting up, but needed help to do even that. Harmonic, still kneeling beside her, provided a steadying hand. “Hey,” she whispered. “You're doing good.”

“God,” grunted Lisa. “How long was I out?”

“About five minutes,” Harmonic told her. “You went off like a skyrocket. I think you really needed that.”

*I think I needed it too.* “Oh wow. Thanks.” She lifted her hand, to trail over Harmonic's cheek. “Can I … can I see you again?”

Harmonic smiled. “I'll see what I can do. Think you can stand?”

Lisa moved her legs, aware of the slickness coating her thighs. Even lying down, her knees felt wobbly. “Yeah, no, probably not.”

“Well, at least you're not cumming every time we touch you,” added Clockblocker brightly.

“Please tell me he's joking,” murmured Lisa.

Harmonic shook her head. “Nope.”

“Oh god,” muttered Lisa. “I'm gonna go viral, aren't I?”


“I've got attention issues,” Lisa told her. “Unless I'm with someone I trust utterly, and there's absolutely no distractions, I can't get into it. Has Harmonic used her powers to fuck you like that yet?”

“Just with her lips and tongue and fingers,” Vista confessed. She gave Taylor a steady look. “I didn't know you could do it *that* way.”

“Oh, maybe we don't want to do it that way too often,” Harmonic protested. “You saw how it left Lisa.”

Vista nodded emphatically. “Yes. Why do you think I want to try it out?”
Lisa reached out weakly and grasped Vista's chin, turning the younger girl to face her. “I am so jealous,” she murmured. “You get to experience this and know that it's coming.”

Lisa knew about being smug; she was rather good at it. The look that came over Vista's face was as smug as any that Lisa had ever seen in the mirror.

“Okay, I'm good from here,” decided Lisa.

Aegis lowered her to the ground. “Are you sure?”

Lisa nodded. “I'm sure. Not far now. And I probably need to walk a bit.”

“You're still wobbly,” Aegis noted.

“I'll manage,” Lisa insisted.

He nodded. “Well, if you're sure.”

“I am.” She pulled him close and kissed him, gently, on the lips. “Now go back and give that to Harmonic for me.”

“I will.” He smiled. “I think she likes you.”

“I know I like her,” she replied. “Do you fuck often?”

“Pretty regularly,” he admitted.

“Good. Give her a good one for me.”

He chuckled. “They're all good. But I'll work at it.”

Kissing her once more, he lifted into the air. But she waited until he was out of sight before she started walking.

Panting, Carlos slowly pulled out of Taylor and got off of her. She rolled over to face him. Some of her hair was across her face; he reached out and brushed it aside.

“Taylor, we need to talk.”

She nodded meekly. “Yes, I know.”

“What you did to Lisa was dangerous and irresponsible.”

“I know,” repeated Taylor. “I'm sorry.”

Carlos sighed. “What made you push so hard? Why did you drive her so heavily into climax?”
Taylor looked up at him. “Because she dared me. Because I know her, and I know how hard it is for her to enjoy sex, and I wanted her to have a really good time. Because the last time we had sex, she faked her orgasm to make me feel better, and I was fooled. So I wanted to make absolutely certain that this time, she wasn’t faking anything.”

Carlos raised an eyebrow. “You know her.”

Taylor nodded. “Yeah. We met down on the Boardwalk before I joined the Wards.”

“And you had sex.”

“Yeah, we took turns fucking each other up the ass with a strap-on, back at my place.”

“And she faked her orgasm.”

“Yeah.”

“And how was it for you?”

“Oh god.” She rolled her eyes. “Pretty damn awesome.”

He leaned down and kissed her; she reciprocated, with some interest. When they separated, he nodded. “Well, I’ve read you out on it, and are you going to do it again?”

“No.” She snuggled up against him. “Thanks.”

His hand strayed down her flank. “So you like anal, then?”

She leaned up and kissed him again. “You know I do.”

“Vista has a strap-on with your name on it. She asked me to tell you.”

Taylor’s eyes widened somewhat. “Ooh.” She scrambled out of bed. He lay back and closed his eyes.

“Lube’s in the bottom drawer.”

She chuckled. “Where else would it be?” It was a moment before he got the joke, and chuckled in reply.

He heard the drawer open and close, and her footsteps padding out of the room.

It’s good that we get along so well. I’ve heard of places where the Wards hardly fuck at all. Though I am going to have to talk to Clockblocker about that ‘Sound Job’ nickname. Before Harmonic decides to do something dire to him in retribution.

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“The fuck?”

Brian looked up at Alec’s startled question. On the screen, his electronic soldier ceased to move,
forgotten. Lisa leaned on the doorframe, her eyes not entirely in focus. She stumbled across the room, acknowledging neither one of them, and headed down the corridor.

Dropping his controller, Brian followed her. “Lisa, you all right?”

She didn't answer; still moving like a sleepwalker, she pushed open the door to her room and entered. He moved to the open doorway; she was lying half across her bed, spark out, dead asleep.

Alec appeared at his shoulder. “The fuck happened to her?”

“No fucking idea.” Brian entered the room and lifted and moved Lisa so that she was lying properly on the bed. An odour reached his nostrils, and he sniffed. “Sex. She's been cumming, a lot.” A touch to her thigh confirmed it; she was covered in her own juices.

“How the fuck did that happen?”

It was a cogent question. Lisa did not, could not, have casual sex. If she could, if she could wring an orgasm out of a simple spontaneous encounter, she wouldn't need to go through all the rigmarole of letting him tie her up in restraints and fucking her. He was well aware that the only reason that she was fucking him was that he was the only person who could fuck her, and get her off. But here she was, showing all the signs of having had extended and amazing sexual congress.

“Fucked if I know,” he confessed.

“Gangbang?” wondered Alec.

Carefully, Brian spread her thighs, moved the G-string aside, then investigated her labia. There was no evidence of semen, no evidence that she had even been penetrated at all. A moment later, he checked her ass, just in case. No hint of lube, no reddening. Whatever had happened to her had not left a trace.


“Okay, this has got me fucked,” he admitted. “From the way she's talking, the way she's cum, I'd say she's had some serious heavy-duty sex. But nothing's penetrated her. I have no idea what's been going on with her.”

“So what do we do?”

Brian shrugged. His first aid course had not covered what looked like extreme sexual exhaustion. “Let her sleep. Leave a bottle of water beside the bed; she's gonna be thirsty.”

“What if the boss calls?”

“We deal with that when the time comes.”

They left the room, leaving the door open.
“Okay, let's go over this one more time.” Brian gestured with his can of soda. “Lisa doesn't do casual sex. So something happened to her. Something amazing.”

“We already know that.” Alec sounded bored. “What we don't know is what happened.”

“So let's track it back. Where was she before she got home?”

Alec shrugged. “Fucked if I know. She didn't have tickets or nightclub stamps or anything on her. Did she say where she was going?”

“No. Yes. Wait.” Brian rubbed his forehead, as if he were attempting to jump-start his brain. “Yesterday. While you were fucking Rachel.”

Alec made a rude noise. “You mean, while she was fucking me. I didn't really have a choice in the matter.”

“Whatever.” Brian was staring into the middle distance. “I was watching TV. There was an announcement on that she was interested in. Something about the Wards.”

“What about the Wards?”

Brian shook his head. “I can't remember. We decided to fuck.”

“Okay, that's a start.” Alec opened his laptop and went online. He typed up a query for Wards events into PHO. “Oh, wait. Check this out. Yesterday. The boards are alive with stuff about their latest member, Harmonic.”

“That's what she was talking about!” Brian slapped his forehead. “She was interested in this Harmonic person for some reason.”

“It's a chick.” Alec was still reading off the screen. “She did an appearance in the Weymouth Mall. There's a couple of Youtube clips.”

“Let's have a look. There might be a clue in there.”

Alec clicked on the link. It loaded and began to play. Brian noted the hit counter; it was scrolling upward faster than he could keep track of.

“Shit, is that Lisa?”

Brian stared. “Fuck, it is.”

They watched the video from end to end. Then Alec replayed it. After the third replay, they stared at each other. “Fuck …” breathed Brian.

Alec shook his head. “You're not wrong.”

Brian stared at the screen, where Alec had paused it; the image of Lisa was frozen in mid-climax.

“Well, that's different.”
“So what do we do?”

“Wait till she wakes up,” Brian decided, “and see if she wants to talk about it.”

“Works for me.” Alec picked up the controller. “Deathmatch?”

“You're on.”

Lisa blinked her way awake. She was stiff and sore and her mouth tasted like an old gym sock. It took a couple of seconds for her to register why this was so, and then she sat bolt upright in bed.

“Fuck!” There was a clatter and a thud beside her. She looked around; Brian was picking himself up off the floor, beside an overturned chair and a face-down book.

“Brian?” she asked. “What are you doing reading in my room?”

“Waiting for you to wake up.” He pointed at her alarm clock. “You've been asleep for twenty hours straight.”

“Christ.” She rubbed her hand over her face. “Did I say anything when I got in?”

“No. You just went straight to bed and collapsed. Water?”

“Thanks.” She accepted the bottle and greedily drank it down, droplets spilling from the corners of her mouth. “Fuck, that's better.”

“Good. Now, you want to talk about it?”

“Mind if I shower first?”

“Go right ahead.”

The hot shower unlocked her muscles, and also helped with her thought processes. By the time she emerged into the living area, her nostrils twitching at the scent of hot food, with a towel wrapped around her wet hair, she knew what her next move was to be.

Brian, however, was less sure.

“Not a good idea,” he insisted for the tenth time.

“I don't give a shit,” she insisted right back. “It's gonna happen.”

“No. It's not.”

“Yes. It is.”

“What's going to happen?” Alec wandered into the living area. “Oh, hey, Lisa. Recovered from your
She coloured slightly. “You saw that?”

“Us and about five hundred thousand others,” he confirmed. After a beat, he went on, “in the first hour, that is.”

“Oh god,” she muttered. “I’m going to forever be known as the girl that Harmonic fucked into a drooling puddle, aren’t I?”

“Without laying a hand on you, no less,” Alec confirmed with a grin. “So, what were we talking about?”

“Harmonic,” Lisa told him. “We’re going to kidnap her so she can do that to me again. And to you guys and Bitch, if you want.” It was so simple. She wanted that sensation again; Harmonic could do it for her. So, kidnap Harmonic. There were no flaws in the plan at all.

“Lisa, what did she even do to you?” asked Brian.

“Vibrations, right where I needed them the most, as powerful as she needed to make them,” she explained succinctly. “Direct stimulation of all my erogenous zones. I need it again. So we're going to kidnap her and I'm going to talk her into doing it to me again.”

Brian turned to Alec. “Please, tell her how bad an idea this is.”

Alec shrugged. “Hey, if she could do that to Lisa, imagine what she could do for us,” he suggested.

“Be serious.”

“Okay, fine.” Alec sighed and turned to Lisa. “She's a Ward. Kidnapping those is kinda bad news.”

“Don't care. We'll get around that.”

Brian groaned and held his head in his hands. “This is like talking to Aisha when she's at her brattiest. She just says no for the sake of saying no.”

“I want Harmonic. I need Harmonic.” Lisa looked at them. “Are you guys gonna help me make a plan to get hold of her, or am I going to go it alone?”

“Can you even hear yourself?” asked Brian. “You sound almost like someone who's been Mastered.”

“Don't care.” Lisa shrugged. “The way she made me feel … I need that.”

“How are you even going to get hold of her?” asked Alec practically. “It's not like you can walk into the PRT building and carry her out under your arm.”

“Oh, that bit's easy,” she replied blithely. “I know where she lives. I'll go there and kidnap her.”

“No. No. No no no,” protested Brian. “All of the nope. Kidnapping a cape out of her own home? So far against the unwritten rules that they'll Birdcage you for it.”
“If they can catch me,” she retorted. “Anyway, if I can get her to do that for me again, it'll be worth it.”

“Wait a minute.” Alec raised a finger. “How do you know where she lives anyway?”

“Oh, that's easy.” She grinned at him. “She's the one I went home with. We fucked each other in the ass. I gave her a good hard orgasm, but she didn't do much for me. It was kind of nice, though. But now I know what she can really do … ”

“Wait. I have an alternate suggestion.” Brian took a deep breath. “Instead of kidnapping her and forcing her to pleasure you, why don't you approach her, and do the same thing to her that she did to you?”

Lisa blinked. It was a stroke of sheer genius. She could see it now, meeting with Taylor, talking to her, suggesting a little private time, getting the strap-on out, bending her over the bed, fucking her to a drooling puddle … Now, she would say. If you want me to do that again, this is what you have to do for me …

“Lisa? Lisa? Earth Bet to Lisa; come in Lisa.”

She became aware that Brian was waving his hand in front of her face. “What?”

“You zoned out there,” he told her. “Just stood there, making little moaning noises.”

She blinked, and glanced at the clock. He was right; that compelling little fantasy had just consumed several minutes. And she hadn't even gotten to the good bits.

“Oh, I'm all right now,” she assured him. “You're right. You're perfectly right. If I want to get her to do that to me again, I have to give her quid pro quo. I have to fuck her senseless first.”

“Excellent,” he declared. “Now we're getting somewhere.”

“Okay,” she mused. “The first thing I've got to do is convert the spare room into a sex dungeon, with a four-poster bed. We'll have restraints, but tasteful ones. Then we'll lure Harmonic into the warehouse downstairs, bundle her into the sex dungeon, and I'll pleasure her until she agrees to stay and fuck me all day long.”

Brian blinked. “What?”

Plans were unfolding behind her eyes. “Now, I'm just wondering if I should approach her in her civilian or cape identity … ”

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Several hours later, they were still arguing.

“It's a really, really bad idea.”

Lisa followed Brian into kitchen. “You already said that. We do things that are bad ideas all the time.”
“Name one.”

“Ruby Dreams casino,” supplied Alec, slipping past them and heading for the fridge. “The ABB’s still pissed at us for that.”

“Alec, stop taking her side,” Brian snapped. He rubbed his hand over his eyes. “Lisa, you’re not kidnapping anyone.”

“If you’re not going to help me do it, I’ll do it on my own.” Lisa turned and headed for her room. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got a kidnapping to plan and a sex dungeon to outfit.”

Brian grabbed her arm. “No, you don’t.”

She yanked her arm free. “Yes. I do. Unless you’ve got a better idea?”

“How about not kidnapping the Ward?” Brian raised his eyes to heaven. “Why is this so hard for everyone but me to grasp?”

“Okay, fine,” Lisa began. “I’ll go to her house … “

“For fuck’s sake!” shouted Brian. “No, Lisa. You will not go to her house. You will not turn your room, my room, Rachel’s room, Alec’s room or the spare room into a sex dungeon. It’s not going to happen.”

“It’s my money,” Lisa retorted stubbornly.

“She's a Ward.”

“She doesn’t have to be.”

“And you’re not going to frame her for a crime so she gets kicked out of the Wards,” he went on. “That’s just wrong. She seems like a sweet girl. And I’m ashamed of you, Alec, for suggesting it.”

Alec looked up from his video game. “Well, it's a solution.”

“It's a bad solution.”

“Okay, how about we hire her away from the Wards?” proposed Lisa.

“What, pay her for sex?” asked Brian, frowning. “Who does that these days anyway?”

Footsteps clattered on the stairs, and Rachel entered the living area, her three dogs collapsing on the floor in apparent exhaustion.

“We could do it,” Lisa pointed out. “She could probably do with the extra money.”

“Are you still talking about kidnapping Harmonic?” asked Rachel. “Fuck, I took the dogs on a walk just to get away from that.”

“Now she wants to pay Harmonic to fuck her,” growled Brian.

“Actually, I got an idea,” Rachel stated.
Lisa stared at her, as did Brian. “What is it?” he asked cautiously.

She shrugged. “While ago, I ran into Browbeat. Independent hero around town, right? Grows his muscles real big.”

Brian nodded. “I know of him.”

She tilted her head. “Turns out his muscles aren’t the only thing he can grow big. We ended up fucking for half the day.”

Lisa blinked. “Fuck – you’re right!” Her eyes went wide; she grabbed Rachel and kissed her hard. “I love you. I could eat you out right now.”

Rachel shrugged. “Sure, but I’m all sweaty from the walk.”

“I really don’t care. You just solved the problem.” Lisa pushed Rachel back on to the couch, and knelt between her legs. She looked up at Brian. “Do you have any problem with me arranging a little hero-villain time with Harmonic? All of us on her? Because trust me, if she can make her pussy vibrate like I think she can, she’ll make your brain drool out your ears.”

Brian blinked. “But no kidnapping.”

Lisa nodded, already beginning to stroke Rachel's labia. “No kidnapping, fine. Alec, you in?”

“You said she likes anal?” Alec noted, discarding the controller and kneeling up on the couch so that Rachel could suck his cock.

“Sure she does,” Lisa noted, leaning down and teasing Rachel with the tip of her tongue.

“Then I'm in,” he agreed. “Rachel, you want a piece of her too?”

Rachel shrugged. “I'll fuck whoever she's with,” she decided. Grasping Lisa's head, she pushed it down to her crotch. “You said you'd eat me out. So get to eating.”

Obediently, Lisa bent to her task. As her tongue slid around Rachel's labia, as the heavyset girl sighed and groaned and spread her thighs, she tasted the sweaty, musky juices. But in her mind, she was elsewhere, with a skinny girl with long brunette hair, round glasses. Arching her back in ecstasy as Lisa fucked her into insensibility.

I can't wait.

After the Encounter with Harmonic

Brian staggered up the stairs, stumbled into the living area, and flopped on to the sofa. “Oh god.”

Alec, not far behind, didn't even make it to the couch; he collapsed on to the floor, where one of Rachel's dogs licked his face. “Pff, get off. Oh god is right.”
Lisa was walking carefully when she entered, and Rachel had an actual spring to her step. “Well, guys,” the blonde commented. “How was it?”

“Holy shit,” Brian managed. “And you want to fuck her like that all the time?”

“Well, yeah,” Lisa confirmed. “Wouldn't you?”

There was a hollow groan from Alec. “If she wanted sex more than once a day, I'd be fucked. And not in a good way. When I came, I came with everything I had. I got nothing left.”

Brian waved his hand weakly. “What he said.”

Lisa sat down on the couch next to Brian. “Wimps. How did you go, Rachel?”

“Not bad, not bad at all, for a Ward,” the auburn-haired girl replied. “I figure with a bit more training, I could make him into a reasonable fuck.”

Lisa grinned. “So you're interested in doing this again?”

Rachel nodded. “Next time, maybe Aegis? I figure he could really give me a good hard fuck.”

“Excellent. Guys, you up for it?”

The only response from Brian and Alec was another hollow groan.

Lisa’s grin merely widened.
**All Together Now**

Chapter Summary

While waiting for Taylor to wake up, the Wards decide to pass the time with the Dallon girls. Lots of sex happens.

“So wait,” Carlos interrupted with a frown. “You're saying that you think the girl you saw on the Boardwalk was the same girl who Harmonic gave the treatment to on stage.”

“Pretty sure of it,” Missy stated. “And if that was Tattletale -”

“Which we can't reveal to anyone, for reasons -” Carlos cautioned her.

“Well, no,” agreed Missy. “But if it was, then it makes sense. Taylor and her had already fucked each other in the ass with dildos, and then Taylor gives her an utterly mind-blowing -”

“- sound job,” Dennis interjected from where he was sitting at one of the tables in the Wards' general area.

“Shush, or I'll tell her you said that when she wakes up,” threatened Missy.

He raised both hands to signify surrender. “I give, I give.”

“As I was saying, Taylor gives her an utterly mind-blowing orgasm, or ten, or twenty – was anyone actually keeping count?”

“Not sure if that's possible, as far as Harmonic's concerned,” Vicky noted, putting her arm around Dean's neck and twining one leg around his.

“Good point,” Missy noted, sliding her arm around Dean's waist from the other side. “Okay then, so Tattletale gets the orgasm of a century from Taylor, so she decides to get her own back. Ambushes the patrol, and sets it all up so that Taylor can't orgasm them into compliance. Result, utterly mind-blowing sex all round.”

“Except for me,” Dennis objected. “Hellhound just forced me into sex. Forced me, I say. I'm all chafed. You wouldn't believe how rough she likes it.”

“Let me guess,” Chris suggested, swivelling his chair around from where he was watching the monitors. “She likes it doggy-style?”

“No, wait, wait,” Amy interrupted, coming out of the cubicle where Taylor was sleeping more or less peacefully. “Dennis, I want to hear more about this rough sex that Hellhound allegedly inflicted on you. How rough did she make you go?”

“Really? You like it rough?” asked Dennis. “How rough?” His cock, belying his tale of hardship, began to react and stiffen.

Vicky grinned and licked her lips. “Oh boy, now you've asked the sixty-four dollar question. Turns out that my sister likes it rough, all right. Remind me to tell you about the foursome we pulled the
other day. Me, Amy, Taylor, and Taylor's dad. Amy grew cocks on us two, so we had her in every hole. And you've never had anal till you've held Amy down and fucked her in the ass with a cock she just now grew on you. Just a little bigger than she's really able to take comfortably."

“Oh, uh, not really into anal,” Dennis protested. “Vaginal, sure. Oral, not a problem. I just don't like putting it in the ass.”

“Well then,” purred Amy, dropping to her knees before him. “You're going to have to fuck my pussy extra hard then, aren't you?” Spreading his knees, she leaned in and took his already-hardening penis into her mouth; he groaned and slid his ass forward on the chair to give her extra access.

“Wow,” commented Missy, watching with interest. “She's almost as good as you, Vicky.”

“As if.” Vicky dismissed the concept with a gesture. “She cheats, makes her powers make you feel good.”

“And you don't?” asked Dean. “You use that aura at every opportunity.”

“What, this aura?” she replied sweetly; the sensation that swept through everyone raised libidos and caused heart rates to quicken.

Still on her knees, Amy sucked harder; Dennis panted as his now rock-hard erection slid in and out between her talented lips. He could feel his manhood enlarging, even though it was at full arousal as it was; to his disbelief, each time her lips withdrew, he was thicker, longer, more engorged with blood than before. And the nerve endings … “Oh god,” he moaned. “Oh god.”

Letting the now somewhat-larger penis slip from between her lips, Amy straightened up, letting it trail down between her breasts. “So tell me, Dennis,” she breathed, “just how rough do you like it?”

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To her delight, Dennis took the hint and pushed her down on to all fours. She was panting with anticipation as she arched her back, spreading her legs slightly so as to display her arousal-swollen labia all the more prominently. Dennis got down behind her, thoroughly erect cock in hand; he rubbed it up and down between her pussy lips, grinding it over her ultra-sensitive clitoris, driving a moaning whimper from her. When he put it to where she needed it the most, she gasped; when he took hold of her hips and thrust firmly into her tight, hot, wet vaginal entrance, she cried out in pleasure rather than pain. She braced against his driving cock, her breasts swinging wildly, then she cried out again as he grabbed her hair and pulled her back against him.

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As Dennis thrust deeply into Amy's slippery wetness, Missy licked her lips and caressed Dean's already-rampant penis. At the same time, she felt both Vicky and Dean caressing her body; her breasts and buttocks were being thoroughly molested, and she loved it.

“Doesn't that hurt?” asked Dean, wincing at the sight of Amy's hair being pulled.

“It must, a bit,” admitted Vicky, “but she likes it that way. The harder I fuck her, the more she gets off on it. Me, I like it a bit more gentle.”

“Which reminds me,” Missy told her. “Amy made it so Dean and me could fuck. And we've been fucking. Oh my god, how good is that?”

“Pretty damn good,” admitted Vicky. “Not as good as an Amy-gasm, or even a Taylor-gasm. But
damn good all the same.” She reached across and squeezed Missy's firm little breast. “And good for you. Congratulations for reaching the big leagues.”

“Thanks,” Missy told her, reaching down to caress Vicky's shaven vagina. “But I've got a favour to ask. You were fucking Dean for a long time. Would you be able to show me what gets him off the best?”

“Hey,” protested Dean. “I'm right here. And I've got no problems at all with how we fuck, Missy. I mean to say, it's awesome. No complaints whatsoever.”

“Hush, you,” Vicky ordered him imperiously. “Girl talk here. Okay, Missy, how are you at sucking him?”

“Well, I haven't really learned how to deep throat yet, except with a training dildo, and that really doesn't cut it when compared to Dean's cock,” confessed Missy.

“Okay, let's see if we can't fix that. Also, have you been doing muscle exercises in your pussy and ass? I assume he can take you in the ass?”

Missy and Dean looked at each other. “Uh, we didn't think about my ass,” Missy confessed. “I've just been laying back and opening my legs, or climbing on top, and oh my god.”

Vicky rolled her eyes. “Wow. Seriously. Amy!”

Amy looked up, whimpering as Dennis' oversized phallus reamed out her sensitive pussy. “Wh-wh-what?” she managed.

“Did you make it so that Missy could take Dean in her ass?”

“Well – uh – uh – yeah,” grunted Amy in reply. “Oh – god – yes – just – like – that.” Dennis had reached under her, and was now digging his fingers into her firm breasts, pulling back hard as he thrust into her. She reared up a little, so that he could get a better purchase, and Chris stepped up; his cock was at her mouth level, and she wasn't objecting.

“So you could've been fucking my ass all this time, and we didn't know?” Missy groaned. “Oh god. We have got to do that.”

“Well, we've got lube around here somewhere,” Dean pointed out.

“Bottom drawer, my bedside table,” Carlos offered.

“Okay, Missy, do you and Dean like it with you on top, him on top, or doggy?” Vicky was back to business; if 'business' meant caressing Missy's taut young body as if she meant to buy it.

“Oh, uh ….” Missy's reply was cut off as Vicky drew her in for a kiss. She returned it avidly, her hands twining in Vicky's hair. Their tongues duelled, as the older girl's hands drove the younger to higher and higher levels of arousal.

“I do like being on top,” panted Missy, after they separated. “Haven't really tried doggy.”

“Well, first off, I want you to suck on him. See how far you can get his cock down your throat – I mean, if Taylor can deep-throat Armsmaster and then take him in her ass, then surely you can learn to do the same with Dean – and suck him all the way off, then get him interested again, and get down on all fours for him. See how you like it from behind. And Dean, while you're there, I'm pretty sure you can figure out what to do with her ass once you've given her pussy a good workout.”
"Oh god, yes," agreed Missy immediately. "Should I get the lube now?"

"Not yet," Vicky advised her. "Wait till you've gotten a good cum out of him first. Carlos, come here a moment, please? I need to demonstrate deep-throating on you."

It would be hard indeed (pun intended) to find a heterosexual male, or even a homosexual one, upon whom that statement would not have an immediate and direct effect, depending on who was asking. Carlos was not among that number; he stepped up, in every sense of the word.

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Dennis was lying down on the floor now, and Amy climbing on top. She pushed herself down upon his thick, rigid penis with every evidence of pleasure, despite how wide it spread her delicate labia; once she was fully astride him, she began to ride his rampant manhood, encouraged on by his hands on her body. At her insistence, he continued to maul her breasts, when he was not grasping her hips to pull her down hard on to his oversized cock.

She cried out when Chris, getting down behind her, began to insert his still-rigid shaft between her luscious buttocks; encountering an entrance lubricated and ready for his invasion, he thrust deeply into her tightest hole. As he penetrated her as far as he could go, her eyes rolled back in her head and she climaxed dramatically. Under her, Dennis groaned and thrust hard up into her, as her already-overstuffed pussy tightened deliciously around his rock-hard member.

***

Missy went to her knees before Dean, mirroring Vicky's action before Carlos. Each girl took the rigid erection of her chosen lover in her delicate hands, and began to lick the head before taking it between her lips. Missy had done this part many times before, albeit with younger boys; she had never tried it with a cock so magnificently erect as Dean's was, right now.

However, as Vicky suckled sensuously on Carlos' straining penis, Missy did her best to follow suit with Dean. She had a good teacher; Vicky had been on her knees before perhaps every male in her life except for her father, and that only because her mother's mouth was generally occupying her father's penis at the time.

Nearly every male Ward, and more than a few Protectorate members, from as far south as Savannah, and as far west as Chicago, had had his cock sucked by her at one point or another. Those few that she had not sampled were either too large for her, in the case of Campanile, or not interested, as in Weld, or were firmly same-sex-oriented, and she'd even had a few of those.

Suffice to say that Victoria Dallon was well-experienced in the matter of fellatio; her online handle of 'Glory Hole' was a simple statement of what she enjoyed participating in as a hobby. Not that she was averse to the distaff side of the action as well; as Amy could attest, Vicky enjoyed indulging in a good meal of fish taco with the best of them. But the simple fact of the matter was, she enjoyed sucking cock more than eating pussy. Which was why she couldn't wait until Amy found someone who could grow a cock on her.

***

Following Vicky's lead, Missy slid her lips farther and farther down Dean's erect penis until the blunt head was nudging the back of her throat. She kept sucking, hearing his groans of pleasure, echoing Carlos' noises of enjoyment as the other blonde fellated his teammate. A couple of times, she tried to push it farther, but she just couldn't make it work. Finally, she pulled her mouth off of Dean's cock, but kept caressing and stroking it as she asked the question.
“Vicky, I can't get it to go into my throat. I just keep closing up. What do I do?”

Vicky removed her mouth from Carlos' equally erect endowment. “That's your gag reflex,” she advised the younger girl. “You'll learn to relax your throat muscles with practice.” Pausing, she glanced up at her partner. “Carlos, can you hold on for just a moment?”

“I'm fine,” affirmed the Hispanic boy. “I might just see if the others need a hand over there while you're showing her the ropes.”

***

Vicky looked over at where Amy was enthusiastically bouncing up and down on Dennis' erection, while Chris sodomised her with equal energy and verve; her head was thrown back and her eyes were closed in an ecstasy of orgasmic pleasure. Dennis was holding her hips, adding force to his thrusting motions into her tight, hot, wet pussy, while Chris had taken over squeezing her breasts and pinching her nipples. Her ass clenched around the Tinker's driving cock, and her power lit up both boys' nervous systems as she climaxed again and again.

***

“Go,” Vicky told Carlos. “Have fun.” Getting up, she knelt behind Missy, pressing her body up against the younger girl's back, moving it back and forth sensuously. Her hands went around Missy's body; one went up to caress Missy's budding young breasts, while the other slid down to cup and squeeze her soft delicate labia, already slippery with the juices of arousal.

Missy groaned and pushed her buttocks back at Vicky's crotch. “I'd love for Amy to grow a cock on you so you can fuck me like this,” she murmured.

“I'd like that too,” Vicky replied, humping her pussy at Missy's proffered ass in a most direct and suggestive manner. “But right now, let's get your cock-sucking technique down.” She leaned down and nibbled at the side of Missy's neck, at the same time gently pinching a nipple and sliding a finger into her receptive vagina; Missy arched her back and let out a long, shuddering moan.

***

Amy was enjoying herself immensely; Dennis had taken her suggestion of roughness to heart, and he was fucking her pussy with his enhanced erection just as hard as she might wish. Behind her, Chris had his cock in her ass, and was pounding it in fine style, driving it all the way to the hilt in her tightest orifice with every stroke. His hands on her breasts were driving her wild; for partners who weren't Vicky or Taylor, they certainly knew how to fuck her the way she liked it.

And then a third cock nudged at her lips. Opening her eyes, she looked up at Carlos, and his proffered manhood. It was long and thick; the largest penis in the Wards, except maybe for Dennis', at that moment. She didn't hesitate for an instant; opening her lips, she accepted it into her mouth, sucking on it avidly.

***

With Vicky behind her, holding her body and molesting her in various thoroughly indecent ways – all of which she rather enjoyed – Missy opened her lips for Dean once more. She felt Vicky humping her ass again, the solid pushing of the older girl's groin against her buttocks arousing her with its very promise of what was to come later. At Vicky's encouragement, she swirled her tongue around Dean's shaft, sucking on it, sliding her lips down the shaft. But all too soon, it touched the back of her throat.

Vicky nibbled on her earlobe and rubbed at her clit, causing her to arch her back in pleasure. And
then Missy felt Vicky's other hand, rubbing at her throat, massaging the muscles there, all the while kissing her on the side of the neck. She leaned forward slightly, opening her jaws a little more, and suddenly he was sliding into her throat. Startled, she choked; immediately, Vicky helped her pull back, and Dean let his cock slide from her mouth.

“Are you all right?” murmured Vicky, holding her close.

“Yeah, it was just a surprise.” Missy turned her head and kissed Vicky. “I'm all right now.”

“Want to try again?”

Missy looked at the length of Dean's penis. “Oh hell yes.”

This time she knew what to expect; Vicky's caresses relaxed and aroused her, and she once more accepted Dean's erection all the way into her mouth. Again, she leaned forward and opened her jaw a little farther; this time, when the thick phallus slid into her throat, she controlled the urge to gag and choke. She pushed onward, feeling his cock sliding into her mouth, down her throat, until she was sure he was going to hit her lungs. But her lips came to rest on the base of his penis first.

Slowly, but with growing confidence, she began giving Dean the best blowjob that she'd ever given him, deep-throating him before pulling out to take a breath, then taking him all the way into her mouth once more. Behind her, Vicky murmured encouragement, all the while rubbing at her pussy and molesting it with two and three fingers, squeezing her breasts, and humping at her butt. Dean, above her, had the expression of someone entering the Promised Land; he'd had his sword swallowed by Vicky many times, of course, as well as Miss Militia, Battery, and more than a few girls at Arcadia, but Missy had never done it this well before, and this sort of blowjob never got old.

Glancing across, he saw Amy, still being pile-driven by Chris and Dennis, and somehow managing to swallow Carlos' cock at the same time; the three lengths of man-meat disappearing into her various delicious orifices, to her enthusiastic approval, drove him over the edge.

“Oh god,” he groaned. “Gonna cum.”

“Oh, Missy, pull it out a little, but work the shaft,” Vicky advised her. “You want him to cum on your face or in your mouth?”

Missy didn't care; either way sounded hot. She'd already had him cum in her mouth before; despite her tender years, and the fact that she'd only been fucking for a few months, she was no stranger to swallowing cum. This time, she decided, for sheer aesthetic purposes, she would let him decorate her body with it.

***

Under Amy, Dennis groaned and thrust mightily up inside her wet and willing vagina, she groaned around Carlos' intruding cock and clenched her muscles around him. He thrust again, pulling her down on him, and then he came, spurting his hot seed into her body. She felt his cock twitching and jerking inside her, and prolonged his orgasm, enhancing it powerfully, so that he kept fucking her harder and harder, even as Chris reached his own climax.

The erection ramming into her ass was turning her on so hard; she would have a sore butt for a day or so, but that was a small price to pay for such awesome sex. Chris was turning out to have unexpected talents; she decided that she would have to have a return engagement with him. Or two, or three. On this occasion, he held her breasts tightly as he pumped his manhood deep inside her hot, liquid depths, taking her so thoroughly, owning her body.
And then he began to cum as well, filling her bowels with spurt after spurt of his semen; she heightened the experience for him too, giving him an absolutely unforgettable climax. At the moment that Carlos ejaculated into her mouth, she came again, arching her back, still impaled on three rigid erections.

***

Once he was ready to cum, Dean didn't take much encouraging; Missy sucked on the head, licking around the sensitive tip, and stroked the shaft. Her hand caressed his balls and the inside of his thighs, and all of a sudden, he was cumming. She pulled her mouth back and felt the first spurt hit her just below the right eye. More hit her, in the face, in the hair, and on her cute little tits. By the time he finished, cum was all over her face, over her breasts, and trickling down her belly. She looked, Vicky decided, exquisitely slutty.

***

They took a few moments to recover; Carlos and Missy got mattresses from the sleeping cubicles and spread them out in the middle of the living area. Chris went to the monitor station and checked to ensure that nothing had gone amiss while he was balls-deep in Amy's ass; nothing had. Vicky went and checked on Taylor; she was still asleep, with a slight smile on her face. Gently, tenderly, Vicky kissed her; the smile grew wider.

At Missy's request, Dennis fetched the lube from Carlos' drawer. There were drinks in the fridge; everyone took a moment to rehydrate and relax from their exertions. Amy, after licking some of Dean's cum from Missy's breasts, gave them each a refreshing burst; they felt as though they could go all day.

“So who wants to do who now?” asked Dean idly, caressing Missy's ass suggestively.

“Yes,” agreed Amy.

“Uh, yes, what?” asked Dennis.

“Yes, to anything,” Amy expanded.

“You enjoyed being double-teamed by Dennis and Chris, didn't you?” asked Vicky, currently lying between the aforementioned pair. Their hands were not idle; nor were hers.

“Oh god yes,” Amy agreed. “That was just what I needed.”

“Carlos, Dean, you think you can give her more of what she needs?” suggested Vicky with a wicked grin. “Or don't you think you can take it, Ames?”

“Uh, I was going to give Missy some doggy-style,” Dean pointed out. “And see how we went with anal.”

“Oh, right,” Vicky agreed. “Ooh, Dennis, do that again.” Dennis did that again; Vicky hissed with pleasure and opened her thighs a little more. “Okay, how about this. Ames, you grow me a cock the size of Dean's. Me and Carlos double-team you while Dean fucks Missy.”

“And what about us?” asked Dennis. “I mean, giving each other hand-jobs passes the time -”

“- and there was that one time I sucked Dennis' cock, but that was just because we were bored.” added Chris. “We both prefer pussy.”
Vicky looked to Amy. “I have a suggestion. That weekend Mom and Dad had.”

Amy licked her lips. “I think I like the way you think.”

Dennis and Chris looked at her. “What?” asked Chris.

***

“Okay, so this is officially weird,” Dennis decided. He was lying back as Amy knelt beside him, her hands on his body.

“Hold still,” she told him. “I have to make sure everything goes together properly.”

“I will get it back, yeah?” he asked anxiously. “I'm kind of attached to it.”

“I can make it any size you want,” she assured him.

Under the influence of her power, his body was changing and warping. His hips widened, his thighs became more shapely; the entire form of his – or rather, her – body was becoming more curved, more feminine. No more did she possess a penis; instead, a rather sexy-looking set of labia decorated her groin. Even the shape of her face had changed; less square-jawed, more heart-shaped.

“Okay, how large do you want your breasts?” asked Amy. “Missy-sized, my size, or full adult?”

“I get breasts too?” asked Dennis, or rather, Denise.

“Well, yeah,” Amy told him. “If you're gonna be a girl for the duration, you're gonna be a girl with tits. So how big?”

“Go for gold,” Chris told her, watching avidly. “Big as you want 'em.”

“Really?” asked boy-turned-girl.

“Fuck, yes,” Chris assured her. “If you're gonna get tits, may as well get big ones. After all, it's not like you're gonna be running around.”

“He's got a point,” Denise decided. “Sure, give me big ones. Well, not so big they look silly.”

Amy smiled. “I like breasts too. I'll make 'em sensitive, and I'll change your hormonal balance so that you like boys and girls more or less equally. Also to make you feel comfortable in your body.”

Chris leaned in and murmured something in her ear; she grinned.

“What? What was that?” asked Denise.

“Oh, you'll find out,” Amy told him with a smile. “Nothing harmful, I promise.”

Denise glared at Chris. She looked adorable. “You're planning something.”

“Well, yeah, my best bud's now a sexy chick. Of course I'm planning something,” agreed Chris.

“But why did I have to be the one made into a girl?” asked Denise plaintively.

“Because when we asked you two, you put your hand up and said, and I quote, 'hell yes, make me into a sexy chick', unquote,” Carlos reminded her, grinning.

“Oh yeah,” agreed Denise, subsiding. “Now I remember. I really need to learn to not let my mouth
“run away with me like that.”

“Pretty sure we're going to find other uses for your mouth,” Amy pointed out. “After all, Chris has sucked your cock before now. Pretty sure you can return the favour.”

“Among other things,” Chris grinned. “Wow, your breasts are awesome. Can I touch them?”

“You better,” Denise warned him. “I didn’t volunteer to get turned into a chick just to get looked at.” She looked down at her newly-formed endowment. “Wow, they are pretty awesome, aren't they?”

“I gotta try this,” Chris told her. Lowering his mouth, he licked Denise's nipple and began to suckle gently on it.

“Oh god, oh god oh god,” groaned Denise. “That feels so fucking fantastic. Why didn't it feel so good when I was a guy?”

“Nerve endings,” Amy told her. “You now have them. Lots of them.” Leaning in, she kissed Denise gently, sliding her tongue into the newly-made girl's mouth. Denise responded avidly, tangling one hand in Chris' hair and the other in Amy's. Featherlight touches on her body from Amy's hand had her back arching, and then someone got down between her legs. Denise's eyes opened wide when the tongue touched her labia for the first time, even as Vicky fastened her mouth to her other breast.

As Dennis, he'd had his cock sucked many times. It was a sensation with which she was familiar. But this was something totally different, and she could not believe how amazing it was. Tongue, fingers and teeth, all found her sensitive spots, and she arched her back as her very first climax as a girl built inside her.

***

Dean and Missy watched as Carlos ate Denise out, licking and slurping avidly at her fresh virginal juices. He went at it with a will, not once coming up for air, and Denise bucked wildly as the orgasm blasted through her. However, they didn't stop pleasuring her, didn't stop touching and caressing, kissing and licking. When Carlos fastened his lips to her clitoris, Denise came for a second time, then a third and fourth.

Dean kissed Missy; she returned it, her mouth melding to his, their tongues battling inside their mouths. His hands roved over her body, caressing, touching, their mutual arousal heightened by Denise's muffled cries of passion. She moaned softly as his lips found her nipple and teased it; gently, he guided her down to all fours. His fingers found her buttocks; she felt the coolness of the lube on them as he pressed them into her ass. Her anal sphincter relaxed, and she allowed his digits entry, biting her lip at the sensation. “Do you want to fuck my ass right now?” she panted.

“No, I want to do doggy-style first.” His hands caressed her body again, cupping her breasts, squeezing her taut thighs. Lifting her up for a moment from her position, he kissed her once more; she felt her body melting to his, accepting. Acquiescing. Whatever he wanted to do to her, he could. She would not only allow it, but would enthusiastically partake of the pleasure with him.

Standing, he guided her to her feet. Although puzzled, she did not question him as he led her over to a table. When he pressed her to bend over the table, she understood, and assumed the position that he wanted, her legs spread and her butt pressed outward invitingly. Unfortunately, she was a little short for him, so he lifted her so that she was kneeling on a chair. This put her at just the right height; looking over her shoulder at him, she licked her lips sensuously. “Do it to me,” she whispered.

***
Denise lay back, panting heavily. She couldn't believe the sensations that had blasted through her body; her breasts, her pussy, even her lips had given her so much pleasure. As a guy, she was used to cumming once, then waiting awhile before it was possible to do it again. As a girl, multiple orgasms were definitely a thing. “Oh god,” she groaned. “I may never change back.”

“Oh, I'll be changing you back,” Amy promised her, bestowing a light peck on her lips. “Just to make sure you know what you want. But not right now. Right now… it's you and Chris.”

“Hi, sexy,” murmured Chris, crawling up alongside her. “How are you feeling?” He put an arm around her, pulling her close to his body – and she found herself welcoming the contact, enjoying it, becoming aroused at the touch of his naked flesh to hers – and kissing her. She kissed him back, the first time she had ever kissed a boy, enjoying it. Running her hands over his body. Caressing him. Arousing him.

Desire bloomed within her. He's going to take my virginity as a girl. I want him to.

***

“So, Ames, are you ready for this?” asked Vicky. Amy didn't reply; she lowered her mouth to Vicky's proffered pussy, and began to lick; shortly thereafter, Vicky lost the ability to form complete sentences. She felt her clitoris begin to enlarge and expand, and Amy's mouth so hot and wet on her newly-forming penis. She was deep-throating Vicky, allowing the enlarging cock to slide down her throat, just as she had with Carlos, earlier. The sensations were incredible.

When Amy finally had to take a breath, she pulled her head back, and the length of Vicky's brand new, and somewhat impressive, penis came into view. It was at least as long and thick as any cock that Amy had grown on her before; Vicky looked at her sister as her mind cleared. “Are you sure you're ready for this?” she asked again.

In reply, Amy grabbed her and kissed her, hard. Vicky felt sparks of arousal blasting through her body; her cock, previously merely erect, took on the properties of tungsten steel. “Don't ask stupid questions,” breathed Amy, and pushed Vicky down to lie on her back.

She knelt above Vicky, and guided the head of the newly-grown cock to the entrance of her arousal-slick vagina. Ever since Taylor had come back in such a state, she'd wanted to be fucked into the same state. Dennis and Chris had failed to do so, and now it was up to Vicky and Carlos. Vicky was as big as Amy had ever made her, and Carlos' cock was larger than she'd ever had in her ass before. This was going to hurt, just a bit. Good.

***

Missy, bent over the table, felt Dean grasp her hips. His penis prodded at the entrance to her slippery wetness, prodded and slipped into her. She gasped; since Amy's work on her, she'd had him inside her, but this felt totally different.

“Are you okay?” he asked, concern evident in his voice.

“Oh god yes,” she panted. “More than okay. Keep going. Keep going.” Reaching back under herself, she began to rub at her clitoris. Dean's cock slid into her tight young pussy, spreading her open, taking her, possessing her. Owning her. Her back arched and she groaned involuntarily as she felt him filling her up, more deeply than she had ever felt before.

Slowly, carefully, he began to thrust into her; she panted and moaned and pushed back at him. This felt awesome beyond belief. I am so going to have to give Amy that ten minutes of cunnilingus, she
decided. And Vicky too, for suggesting doggy-style. Maybe I'll get Vicky to fuck me like this while I eat Amy. That way I can do them both at once.

Her first orgasm caught her by surprise; Dean was a considerate and experienced lover, which she was used to by now, but he could still draw her out of herself, push her beyond what she considered her limits. Rubbing harder at her clit, she felt her whole body pulsing with orgasmic pleasure; another climax followed in short order, her tight wetness clenching around Dean's invading cock.

***

Denise kissed Chris again, then slid her hand down to his solidly-erect penis. “How do you want to do this?” she murmured. “Me on top, you on top, or doggy-style?”

“Well, seeing as this is your first time as a girl,” Chris replied, his hands caressing her breasts and massaging her nipples – which she didn't object to, not at all - “maybe you should be on top. So you can control how deeply it goes, and how fast.”

That earned him another kiss. “Thank you,” she whispered, then kissed her way down his chest and stomach to where his erection awaited. Slowly, carefully, she enfolded her lips around it, sucking his cock for the first time, surprised at how easy it was, even more surprised that she wasn't feeling awkward about it. *This must be what Amy meant. I'm attracted to Chris like this. I like sucking his cock. I want him to fuck me.*

Chris groaned as Denise sucked on his cock. She couldn't quite manage a deep-throat – not altogether disappointing, as this was only her first time – but she still made it feel very good indeed. All too soon, she lifted her mouth from his erection and straddled him. Seen like this, legs open, virginal pussy poised over his rampant erection, firm young breasts on a thoroughly curvy body, it was hard to see his buddy Dennis in this girl.

“So, let's see how this goes,” murmured Denise. Reaching down between her legs, she felt for his penis. “I've done this any number of times before, only I was on the other side of things.”

“Yeah, I was there, remember?” Chris prompted her. “Like the time we double-teamed Missy till she couldn't walk straight.”

Denise smiled. “Oh hell yes. Or the time Taylor had us take turns on her till we couldn't walk.” She had hold of him now, and was guiding him into place. “Okay, I'm gonna take this easy till I'm used to it, okay?”

“Take your time,” Chris told her. “No hurry.” Reaching up, he cupped her breasts and gently squeezed them. “Wow, these look so awesome on you.”

She actually blushed. “Thank you, Chris.” Slowly, she began to press down on him. He felt himself press at her entrance, then suddenly the head popped inside of her. “Oh!”

“You okay?” he asked.

“Y-yeah,” she confirmed. “It just surprised me, is all. Being a girl is weird. And awesome. I think I kinda like it.”

“Remember, Amy said she was making you feel that way? But I like you as a girl too,” Chris told her. “You are all kinds of seriously sexy.” He could feel her still sliding down on to him, the almost unbearable tight hot wetness of her doing amazing things to his erect penis.

Carefully, she leaned down and kissed him. “So are you, Chris. I can see that, now. If I had to stay
this way ... " She trailed off, carefully guiding herself down a little more. "God, you feel big inside me."

"If you had to stay this way ... ?" he prompted.

She blushed. "You'll think I'm being stupid."

"No, I won't. I think you're so sexy it hurts. Even though I know you're also a guy, and my best bud."

Her eyes opened wide. "Ah."

"Ah, what?" He looked down at where they were joined. "Ah. Wow. All the way inside you. Wow. Fuck, you're tight."

"Oh god, you're big," she panted. Slowly, she began to lift up and down, her lubrication allowing the movement, although her labia clung to his shaft. He helped her with his hands on her hips. "Oh fuck, this is awesome."

"Uh huh, oh god yes. You're as tight as Missy was, when we first fucked."

"Chris?" She leaned forward and kissed him. "I know you meant well, but comparing one girl to another during sex? Kind of not the best thing to do." Her voice was playful.

"You've done worse," he accused her.

"Yeah, but now I can see where I've gone wrong. Being a girl gives you a whole new perspective." She paused in her movements, her labia once more firmly wrapped around the base of his cock. Slow, subtle movements of her hips kept him well and truly erect.

"Oh ... oh wow," he groaned. "This is so damn awesome."

"Fuck yes," she agreed. "I want this to last. I want every time we fuck to last, to be this good."

"Every time?" he asked. "Is this what you were talking about before?"

She blushed again. "Uh, yeah. If I had to stay like this, I'd be happy so long I was with you. Because I could fall in love with you so easily."

"Oh. Oh wow." He grasped her hips, began to thrust up into her, gently, carefully. She murmured, leaned forward a little, her breasts bobbing seductively. They began to move together, faster, more surely now. She kissed him again, wrapping her arms around him. He held her tightly as they made love.

***

Amy felt tears come to her eyes as she worked Vicky's cock up inside herself. She had always felt a little guilty at her wanton desires, and how they clashed with her self-imposed duty to be a 'good girl'. Using her powers to get her sex, opening her legs for her sister, her foster father, her cousin, any member of the Wards who wanted her; she felt that she needed to be punished to expiate her imagined sins. So she sought pain in sex, pushed the boundaries so that it hurt even as it felt good.

However, what had begun as a little sexual self-flagellation had become a means to sexual pleasure in and of itself. Being held down and forcibly sodomised by Danny Hebert had blasted her mind with pleasure in unbelievable amounts; having Taylor hold her down and fuck her was almost as
good. She wanted, needed, to be degraded, to be fucked, to be hurt just a little. To be used. If others choose to do what they want to me, then I'm not choosing it. I'm still a good girl.

Her power would not let her damage herself; thus, she was stretched to the limit by the oversized phallus, but no more than that. It hurt, but not so much that she could not look over her shoulder at Carlos, waiting expectantly. “So what's keeping you?” she asked softly.

Vicky's cock was already filling her, stretching her, to her limits. She felt impaled by it. Her labia were stretched around the base of it, hard against Vicky's groin. “Fuck,” groaned her sister. “This is the tightest you've ever been, and you just got fucked by Dennis and Chris.”

Amy would have answered, but at that moment, Carlos' thick penis began to intrude into her tightest orifice. Her buttocks parted and he pressed against her anal sphincter, forcing it open, pushing himself into her. “Oh my god,” she panted. “Oh fuck. Oh god, that's so big.”

“Do you want me to stop?” asked Carlos in concern, from behind her, just a few inches of his engorged phallus buried between her buttocks.

“No, no, no,” she grunted, pushing back. “Fuck me with all of it. I want you to put it all in me.”

She cried out then, as he took hold of her hips, and thrust; half of his cock was now inside her, and she felt as though she would split open if another inch intruded. Looking over her shoulder once more, she licked her lips. “Come on,” she taunted him. “I know you can do better than that.”

***

“Oh, Dean, oh, Dean, oh, Dean,” panted Missy, as Dean thrust into her from behind. “Oh fuck, this is so awesome. I love you.”

Dean looked around as Amy cried out again; Carlos had just sheathed the remainder of his not inconsiderable erection between her shapely buttocks. She was panting and sweating, but she wasn't telling either him or Vicky to take their penises out of her. As he watched, she began to move, slowly at first, but more and more firmly.

The sight was amazingly arousing, as was that of Denise sliding her pussy up and down the length of Chris' cock; her breasts bounced seductively with the movement. He turned his attention back to his own lover, caressing her body as he pumped his own manhood deep into her soft, sexy vagina.

“I love you too, Missy,” he grunted. “Fuck, you're so tight like this. I could fuck you all day.”

“I want you to fuck me all day,” she moaned. “Do you want to cum in my pussy, or finish in my ass?”

"Oh god, decisions, decisions," he grunted, thrusting into her tight pussy as hard as he dared. Looking down, he spread her taut young buttocks with his thumbs; her tight little rosebud asshole winked at him, shiny with the lube that he had applied before.

Before he could talk himself out of it, he slid his length from her hot, wet vagina, and began to rub it over her ass. Even though she was relaxing herself for him, the move took her by surprise and at first he failed to penetrate; his cock slid off of its mark, slithering up between her sexy young buttocks.

"Oh god, Dean," she gasped. "Are you doing what I think you're doing?"

"Uh huh," he replied, guiding himself back to target. This time he got a better purchase, and she felt her tight anal opening beginning to spread for him, along with her buttocks.
"Fuck, you're huge!" she blurted as the blunt head of his penis popped inside her butt.

"Want me to take it out?" he asked, concerned. Her could feel the ring of her sphincter around his erection; it was like a tight hot rubber band.

"N … no," she managed. "Oh wow, that's so big inside me. Just … take it easy. Careful. I'm not Amy. I don't like it rough." She paused for emphasis. "But I do want your cock up inside me."

Slowly, carefully, he began to penetrate her ass, feeling the heat of her bowels soaking into his penis as he slid into her. She bit her lip as he pushed deeper and deeper into her secret depths, her hot tight little ass trying to push out the invader and being overcome.

"Fuck," she whimpered. "Oh god, fuck yes. Oh god, my ass is on fire."

"Wait'll he gets it all the way up inside you, Missy," Amy told her. "Then you'll know what 'on fire' means."

Missy glanced around; as she watched, Carlos grasped the biokinetic's hips, and thrust his cock all the way up into her ass in one smooth movement, causing Amy to grunt in reaction. "Fuck yes," she groaned. "Like that. But harder."

Missy swallowed. "Okay then. Uh, Carlos?"

"Yeah, Missy?" he asked, pulling his hips back for another thrust.

"You won't be too offended if I don't let you do anal with me for the time being, right?"

He snorted. "Uh, yeah, no. I'm astonished you can take Dean in your ass."

"Well, yeah," groaned Dean. "Chalk that up as a 'just barely'." He pulled out a little, and then thrust forward slightly, getting another inch of his rigid penis between Missy's buttocks and into her ass.

She gasped at the sensations. It felt like there was a wooden log rammed up into her bowels, but the movement of Dean's cock inside her was doing incredible things to her groin. "Fuck. God. Dean, don't stop. Whatever you do, don't stop."

***

Denise lay on her back, her legs wrapped around Chris' waist, as he thrust steadily into her tight wet ex-virgin vagina. Her nails dug into his back, and she bucked her pelvis up toward his thrusts, her groin meeting his over and over with a meaty slap. They kissed frantically, passionately, her breasts squashed against his chest.

Her back arched and she cried out in climax, her tight pussy clamping down on his driving erection. Close to orgasm himself, he panted and grunted as he felt her juices flowing once more, making her tight pussy ever more slippery with their passion. Over and over they rolled, with first him on top and then her. Neither one cared who was on top, just that his cock remained buried within her slick-wet vagina.

And then they fell off of the mattresses, on to the floor. Jolted apart, they stared stupidly at one another for a moment, then he reached for her.

"No, no," she urged him, and got up on all fours. He didn't need any special persuasion; with some alacrity, he got up behind her. She gasped as he mounted her once more, his urgent erection sliding with ease into her well-lubricated vagina. Grasping her hips, he pounded into her from behind; she
braced herself and pushed back at him, her firm breasts swaying beneath her. One hand reached back under her, and she rubbed frantically at the clitoris which she had not had an hour before.

As she felt her next climax coming over her, he grunted and thrust hard into her; she felt, for the first time, the spurt of a man's seed inside her once-virginal pussy. This did not hinder her orgasm in the slightest; if anything, it heightened it. “Fuck yes, Chris,” she sobbed in her passion. “Fuck me. Cum in me. Fuck my pussy.”

***

Amy wailed as she came; her overstuffed pussy and ass sent spikes of pleasure throughout her entire body. Under her, Vicky pulled her down for a kiss that had them tangling their tongues in pseudo-incestuous lust; the oversized cock which she had bestowed upon the blonde filled her pussy to the very limit and a little way beyond.

Carlos was really getting into it, aided by the flashes of pleasure that she was giving him by way of his nervous system. Her ass would be red for a week, but it would be worth it; she couldn't believe how hard he was fucking her. His cock was bigger than normal, of course; she had decided that she wanted one big enough to fill her ass to capacity and more, and so, as he had pushed it into her, it had become so.

“Hey, Amy,” grunted Carlos. “Ever been double-teamed in midair?”

“What?” yelped Amy. “No, what, no!”

But it was too late; both of her lovers lifted off of the ground. Impaled as she was upon two oversized penises, she perforce went with them. Before she knew it, she was ten feet off the ground, and her entire body weight was resting upon the two cocks that were most definitely as far up inside of her as they could get.

Oh god oh god oh god oh god

Vicky grinned at her, then pulled down a little; her erection slid a little way out of Amy, and so Carlos' penis took the full weight of her body; Amy's eyes opened wide as she realised exactly how far up inside her his cock was.

And then Vicky moved up, and Carlos down, and Amy's pussy was suddenly full to brimming as Carlos pulled a little way out of her abused rectum. Up again, down again; they got into a rhythm, and Amy found herself being fucked as thoroughly as ever she had dreamed or fantasised of doing. She was helpless in their hands, their toy, their plaything. All she needed now was …

Faster and faster they used and abused her, until Vicky came, spurting gouts of hot seed directly into Amy's womb; moments later, subtly encouraged by Amy's power, Carlos also came inside her, painting her bowels with enough cum to temporarily satiate even her lustful appetites.

Semi-conscious from the rough handling, and the multiple orgasms that this had occasioned, she barely felt herself being lowered to the mattresses, much less the penises being removed from her well-used orifices. Her nether regions were one huge throb, but that was the way she liked it.

***

Missy clung to the table as Dean steadily fucked her ass into one climax after another. He was gentle but forceful about it; every time he bottomed out in her ass, her eyes opened wide and all she could manage was a startled squeak. But the pleasure blasting through her entire body was wrecking her brain; all she could thing was, why didn't I do this sooner.
Gradually, groggily, she became aware that he was gathering himself for a final effort. *Oh god, he's gonna cum in me. Yes, please.*

She braced herself, and felt his tempo increase; although she knew her tender ass couldn't take it for long, the increased friction was *amazing.* She panted for breath, still unable to hold in that squeak as he filled her ass with each stroke. Another climax flattened her, and she clawed for sanity. *Oh god, yes please -*

And then he came, filling her ass with spurt after spurt of semen. She arched her back as he slid all the way into her once again, eyes rolling back in their sockets as her body bucked in orgasmic pleasure. He kept thrusting, kept putting it into her, until the last droplet had been milked from his balls, and then finally, he pulled out.

She was more liquid than solid at that point; he caught her as she oozed off of the table.

“You okay?” he asked, as he half-carried her to the mattresses.

“Oh god, yes,” she mumbled. “Just roll me over an' bury me, 'cause I'm in heaven for sure.”

***

“Well, fuck,” Denise observed. “That went a lot better than I would ever have imagined.” She was still entwined with Chris; the two of them were gently kissing and caressing one another.

“Yeah,” agreed Vicky. She was sitting up between Amy and Missy, her penis currently flaccid and soft. “It's a bit of an eye-opener to be on the other side, isn’t it?”

“Fuck yes,” Denise agreed. “I'm a real fan of sex this way. I really am.” She stopped talking to kiss Chris. “I'll fuck other boys, of course. But I think I'll be mostly exclusive with sexy here.”

“Even when you change back?” asked Carlos with a grin.

“Well, I'll get Amy to change me back, sure, but I want to be this way again,” Denise assured him.

“Wow, fuck.” Missy sat up, and Vicky handed her a bottle of spring water; Dean was lying back alongside her, arms behind his head, looking almost indecently satisfied with himself. “Holy shit, that was awesome. And I owe it all to Amy.”

Everyone looked at Amy, who was still lying there with eyes half-closed, legs apart. Semen leaked out from between her reddened labia.

“She is gonna be *sore* tomorrow,” Vicky grinned. “And it'll all be her fault.”

“Well, I'm gonna help her out,” Missy declared, and got down between Amy's legs. “Besides, I owe her ten minutes of cunnilingus for making me able to take Dean.” Carefully, tenderly, she began to lick and lap at the abused flesh. Amy groaned and shifted, but did not close her legs; Missy kept it up.

Vicky leaned over and began to caress Missy's body; Missy wriggled in pleasure, but didn't cease her attentions on Amy's ravaged pussy. Amy was starting to respond now, making small moans of pleasure, letting her legs fall more open as Missy worked on her.

“So, you know how I said I wanted to fuck you from behind … “ murmured Vicky.

Missy looked up for a moment, her face shiny with Amy's juices. “Not the ass,” she told Vicky.
“That's a bit sore right now.” Then she returned to her self-appointed task. From the way Amy was reacting, it was working.

“Mmm,” Vicky agreed, stroking her penis to get it erect. “A little hand, anyone? I'm having trouble getting it all the way up.”

Denise rolled over. “Sure. Last time you sucked my cock, I had a blast. So I'm just returning the favour.” Getting up on her elbows, she lowered her mouth to Vicky's semi-hard cock, and began to lick and suckle on it. Vicky closed her eyes and groaned; her penis began to return to full hardness with amazing rapidity, despite the fact that she'd just helped screw Amy into a hot mess.

“Oh, man,” she purred. “You've definitely got a talent for this. Want to fuck, after I've finished with Missy?”

Denise couldn't answer, her mouth being full at the time – what it was full of, of course, was Vicky's hardening erection – but she waggled a hand in the air. Coming up for air, she grinned. “I'll have to see if Chris is up for another go around first, sorry.” Then she went back to sucking Vicky's cock.

Amy was starting to show signs of coming around – and coming in general – by the time Vicky could bring herself to get Denise to stop fellating her. The boy-turned-girl definitely had an unexpected talent for oral sex, girl-on-boy, and she hated to make her stop. Or rather, she was tempted to forgo the pleasure of Missy's pussy for that of Denise's mouth.

But she had kind of promised, so she left Denise to Chris' attentions, and amorous they were, while she got up behind Missy. The younger blonde was still avidly slurping and lapping at Amy's flowing juices, giving her all to give Amy a good time, and it seemed to be working; Amy's back arched and she came with a whimpering cry.

Behind Missy, Vicky caressed the taut young buttocks, and stroked her thighs; Missy shuddered and opened her legs a little wider. Moving closer, Vicky slid her erect penis up between Missy's buttocks, humping the girl's butt firmly. Missy whimpered, but did not stop licking at Amy's streaming pussy.

Carefully, Vicky moved her penis to aim at Missy's well-fucked pussy, and pressed into her. As she slid between the girl's delicate labia, she heard Missy moan; the tight slippery warmth that surrounded her intruding erection might well have been her own fist, so hard did it clench on her cock. Holding Missy's hips, she pushed deeper into her, thrusting gently, groaning from the sheer pleasure of the act.

Missy was caught up in the cunnilingus that she had promised Amy; giving it was also arousing her, and also apparently turning Vicky on as well. Being caressed was one thing, but to be fucked by one girl while eating out her sister was quite another. By the time Vicky lined up her cock on Missy's tight hot little pussy, Missy was already wetter than she had been before Dean had started fucking her.

She couldn't believe how huge Vicky's erection felt inside her; she had thought that Amy had made it to Dean's size, which was why she had agreed to it. But either her pussy had contracted while Dean was reaming her ass out (and what a reaming he had given her) or this one was significantly bigger. And oh my god, but Vicky could handle it like a maestro.

Amy gradually came back to herself. Her ass and pussy were as sore as they'd ever been – a double team from Vicky and Carlos; probably a bad idea, in retrospect – but the former was being dealt with by Missy, who was industriously soothing her delicate flesh with an even more delicate – and considerably more naughty – tongue. She was really quite good at it, too; Amy felt another climax building inside her. And behind Missy … huh. It was Vicky, quite obviously making good use of the
penis with which Amy had gifted her. Missy seemed to be enjoying it, given the verve with which she was lapping at Amy's flowing juices.

Amy lay back to enjoy what Missy was doing, Missy did her best to make Amy's pussy sing with pleasure, and Vicky fucked Missy from behind. On the other end of the mattresses, Denise found herself to be the centre of attention from three boys, all of whom were turned on by the threesome between Amy, Missy and Vicky. Not at all averse to this, she found herself sucking on Carlos' cock, which wasn't something that she had anticipated herself doing, that morning.

Dean ended up under her, and between the kisses and caresses, she found herself being lowered on to his now-rampant erection. It rather surprised her, being larger than Chris', but not painfully so. In fact, as she responded to all the caresses and kisses, and began to move up and down on the intruding shaft, she found that Chris had not been a fluke; she rather enjoyed having a pussy.

What surprised her, as she continued to accept as much of Carlos' cock into her mouth, was the sensation of having lube poked into her butt. And before she was able to register a protest, a penis followed very shortly afterward.

Dennis wasn't one for anal sex. It wasn't that he didn't enjoy the sensation; he'd never tried it, so he didn't know whether it was better or not. He just couldn't get past the fact that the anus was where waste came out. Penises didn't belong there.

However, what he didn't expect, when Chris' cock came sliding between her shapely buttocks, penetrating into her hot liquid bowels, was how much she enjoyed the sensation. She moved up and down on Dean's thick erection, which was amazing in itself, but with Chris behind her, sex was pushed to a whole different level. She found herself leaning forward and pushing her buttocks backward, submitting her ass to Chris for the plundering.

Fuck, this is what Chris asked Amy for. To make it so I'd enjoy it.

The bastard of it is, I love it.

Carlos didn't take long to cum; Denise swallowed her first load of cum as a girl. It didn't taste too bad, she discovered. Some dribbled out of her mouth and down on to her bouncing breasts; Dean reached up and caressed them, pinching the nipples. Denise nearly came right then and there. She did cum when Dean reached down and began to rub her clitoris.

She rode Dean until he gave her the second ever load of cum that she had taken into her pussy; she was a good bit more sore after he was finished with her, but it was a good kind of sore. Chris took a little while more to cum, but when he did, it felt as though her ass was filling up. She slumped forward on to the bed, feeling the sucking sensation as Chris' cock slid from her newly-deflowered bottom.

“That was a dirty trick,” she groused.

“Yeah, it was,” Chris agreed. “But did it work?”

“Give me my cock back and I'll show you,” Denise retorted.

Chris chuckled.

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Missy slumped forward over Amy's body, groaning with pleasure. Slowly, Vicky pulled out of her, a long string of semen connecting her softening penis with Missy's well-fucked young pussy. Amy put
her arms around Missy and kissed her.

“Well, how was Vicky?” she murmured.

“Oh god, I want to go again, but I don't know if I'd survive it,” groaned Missy. “I am, to coin a phrase, well and truly fucked.”

Amy smiled. “Well, you know, now that you've gotten me up and around again, we can change things up. How would you like to fuck Vicky?”


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Taylor sat up and looked around. She seemed to recall sounds of orgiastic pleasure, which had fuelled some remarkably lubricious dreams, but they had died down now. Carefully, she got to her feet; she was stiff and sore all over, particularly between her legs.

Oh god, now I remember. Monster cock. Fuck, that thing was huge.

Someone had thoughtfully left a bottle of water on the table beside her; she uncapped it and drank half of it down in almost a single swallow. The rest of the contents followed shortly after. Tossing the bottle into the trash, she wandered out into the general living area, to see if anyone was around.

They most certainly were. They were lying all over the place, on mattresses and off, and it looked like a good time had been had by all. More than a good time; Taylor began to regret having slept for so long.

Someone who she presumed was Dennis, albeit in a rather feminine body, but with a very masculine cock, was still feebly screwing a rather feminine Chris; if she wasn't much mistaken, Chris was being taken in the ass. Missy, with a penis, was lying entangled with Vicky, who didn't have one. Carlos, who had also made the transition to feminine form, including a rather impressive pair of breasts, was entwined with Dean, who had not. And in the middle of it all, Amy was lying back with streaks of cum all over her, giving an extremely good impression of the centrepiece of a gang-bang.


Missy opened one eye and smiled tiredly. “I think the question you should be asking is, what didn't happen.” Vicky moved, holding Missy a little closer; Missy smiled and kissed the older blonde. Vicky murmured in pleasure.

“Okay, I'll bite,” Taylor responded, looking around at the wreckage. “What didn't happen?”

Missy stretched in satiation. “Very, very little.”
Chapter Summary

Taylor comes to terms with her new circumstances

[A/N: Sorry about the very delayed and rather short chapter. Just couldn't get my head around it.]

“Okay, wow.” I looked around at the human wreckage that adorned the room. The smell of sex was still heavy in the air. A day ago, it would have turned me on somewhat; before I met Gallant, it would have had me diving on the nearest naked body and demanding that they do me any way they could. Now … well, I had an idea what had happened, although finding out exactly who had done what to whom, and how, would probably require a forensic pathologist or, failing that, a few late night nail-painting and mutual masturbation sessions with the girls.

Even the thought of that didn't stir me as much as it would normally have done so. The thought was just … there. I knew that if I invited any of these people, in any combination, to have sex with me, the response would be positive and as immediate as their refractory periods would allow them to. But … as with the guy on the bus, immediately after Gallant had so thoroughly fucked my brains out at Winslow, I didn't feel the need. It was more like 'oh yeah, I can do that'. Followed almost immediately by 'maybe later, if I feel like it'.

Which, when I stopped to think about it, was an astonishing thought for me to have. I wouldn't have said that I was the Winslow slut, but I couldn't name many other girls who would have opened their legs for just about any guy who asked, back when I was really suffering the cravings. Except for Greg Veder. He'd had sex with a few girls in the class – what boy hadn't? - but word had gotten around about his lack of sexual prowess and he was reduced to pity-fucks, girls who didn't know him and those few who got off on that sort of thing. I'd heard he was experimenting with guys, but I had no idea how far that was going to go and I didn't really care.

Disentangling herself from Vicky, Missy got up and strolled over to me, swaying her hips to accentuate the not inconsiderable penis currently decorating her groin. “So, what do you think?”

I tilted my head, still somewhat amazed by the fact that I wasn't automatically taking her up on the unspoken but rather explicit offer. “Well, from the looks of it, Vicky's a lucky girl. You going to let her return the favour?”

Missy giggled. “This was me returning the favour for her.” She shot a glance over to where Amy was still lying semi-conscious, bespattered with semen; I'd been there, more than once. I had once skipped a period of Math in favour of being the centrepiece of such a gang-bang in the boys' bathrooms. On that particular episode I'd relaxed my usual rules and ended up with more cum in my pussy and ass, not to mention all over my body and in my hair, than I would have believed possible. In fact, I wasn't absolutely sure that some of the male teachers hadn't taken the opportunity to slip one in on me; I certainly hadn't cared at the time and I had been very sore afterward. Not that it had slowed me down.

“Huh.” I eyed the penis. It was a good size. “So, are you going to give one to Amy before you have her take it away?”
She smiled broadly. “Give her one? I’ll give her several. And I think I might keep it for a while. It’s kind of fun, and different, having a cock. I’ve got a whole new viewpoint on the subject of fucking girls now and I think I might explore that for a while.”

I raised an eyebrow. “This might cause comment when you go out as Vista.”

“So let ‘em comment. I might get offers.”

She wasn’t entirely wrong there. “So you might.” I looked around at the somewhat-altered Wards. “In fact, if word got out that Amy could do sex changes so easily, I think she might become a whole lot more popular. And I’m talking on a nationwide scale.”

“I’m thinking you might not be wrong.” She reached down and stroked her penis. “So, want to take it for a ride?”

I smiled and leaned in to kiss her gently. “Sorry. Right now I’m all fucked out. Later on, if you’ve still got it, sure.”

“Wow, you’re fucked out?” Missy’s eyes were wide. “I’ve never seen that happen.”

“Yeah, well. It took some doing.” I stretched. “I’m not sure exactly who did this to me -”

“Dennis says it was the Undersiders,” Missy said, nodding at the entwined couple of Dennis and Chris. “He claims to have been taken advantage of by Hellhound.” She sighed, looking satisfied. “If the way he did me is anything like the way he did her, I’m not surprised.”

“Right, so, wait, Minute-Maid must have been Tattletale. And …” I tried to think of the members of the Undersiders that I knew. “Big guy, wears a helmet?”

“Grue,” Missy supplied with a nod.

“Yeah, him. He’s got the biggest cock I’ve ever had inside me, bar none. I’m pretty sure my tonsils are bruised. And I guess it was the last guy, uh, Regent?”

“Regent, yeah.”

“He was fucking me up the ass. And doing it so smoothly that I almost forgot he was there till I came.”

“Wow, holy shit, you got gangbanged by the Undersiders.” Missy looked positively jealous.

“What’re you complaining about?” I gestured at the various masculine appendages visible around the room. “Pretty sure you could organise a gangbang here without much trouble.”

She giggled. “Well, that is true. And since Amy so very nicely made it so that I could take Dean on, I’ll have more takers, too.” A glance at me. “Uh, you are okay with me seeing just how hard Dean can take me, right?”

“Oh of course.” I smiled at her. “I still like him a lot – more than a lot – but when it comes down to it, sex is just sex. And don’t forget, now we can share him. Or you two can share me, whichever way you want to put it.”

She shimmied her hips again mischievously, making her brand-new – though well-used – penis waggle a little. “Well, I was thinking we could put it in a double penetration. You can be the meat in the sandwich.”
Once again, the suggestion caught my interest, but more in a *that sounds like fun* kind of way than in a *let's do that right now* kind of way.

“I wouldn't say no, but right now, like I said, I'm kinda sore,” I temporised. “Though it does sound very tempting indeed.”

“Wait a minute, wait a minute.” This was Dennis, sitting up from where he had been nuzzling against Chris.

“What?” I looked them over. Both of them had a rather impressive set of breasts, along with a feminine body form. Chris, however, now had a vagina while Dennis had kept his penis. “Wow, Amy has been busy, huh?”

“More than you'd think,” Missy said gleefully. “Dennis was a chick before. She kind of got triple-teamed by the guys. That was some kinda hot.”

Having been in that exact position more than once, I knew exactly how hot it was. I did begin to feel a little aroused, but not enough to want to do anything about it right then. “Wait a minute what, Dennis?”

The red-headed guy/girl was looking at me accusingly. “Taylor. You're the raunchiest Ward we've ever had, bar none. You've beaten Vicky in cocksucking competitions. The list of people in this building who haven't fucked you is shorter than the list of those who have.”

“Yeah, so?” I looked at him, admiring his breasts. “Nice tits, by the way.”

“Thanks. I'm thinking about keeping them.” He paused to regain his train of thought. “What I'm trying to say is, you're naked, you're awake and Missy is obviously ready for sex. Why aren't you already fucking her?”

I rolled my eyes. “Because I don't feel like sex right this second, duh.”

“Okay, that's it, I'm calling Master/Stranger protocols.” Dennis' voice was matter-of-fact. “The real Taylor would never say that.”

“Wait, wait,” I protested. “It's me but … well, after that fucking the Undersiders gave me, I feel different. Like, I don't need sex anywhere near as much.” I looked over toward where Dean and Carlos were beginning to stir. “Dean, you remember when we first fucked?”

“Hah, god, yes,” my boyfriend replied. “You were kind of insatiable.”

“Yeah, well, you remember me telling you how I got that way?”

“Yeah, I do,” he said. “It was like you were always chasing that one big orgasm.”

“Yeah, I was,” I agreed. “And you gave it to me. Or almost. You made me cum harder than I ever had before.”

“I could've done it harder,” he admitted. “But … well, I was worried. I didn't want to push you too hard.”

“I still say she's Mastered,” Dennis stated.

“No, I don't think so,” Dean told him thoughtfully. “Her emotions are more like she's coming out from under a Master influence. Like we're seeing the real Taylor for the first time.”
“What, no more sex?” Dennis’ expression was almost comically chagrined. “Say it ain't so.”

“Oh, Dennis, sweetie, of course we'll have sex again,” I assured him. “I've just had the edge taken off, that's all. We'll fuck all you like. I mean, I still like you all and I want to keep on fucking you. It's just that I don't feel the overwhelming drive to have sex every hour of the day like I used to. Now it'll be because I want to.”

“Wait, so all you've been doing up till now is because you needed to?” Missy looked a little taken aback. “Not because you wanted to?”

“Oh, I wanted to, that's for sure,” I said. “But I did it more than I'd normally want to. Because of the pressure. And now it's gone. And you know, it's a weird kind of relief. Knowing I don't need to be fucking every chance I get.”

“Like having an ingrown toenail removed,” Dennis put in.


“But it's relevant,” Dennis told her. “Trust me, I've been there. You have an ingrown toenail, the pressure isn't much, you get used to it.”

“Like I got used to fucking anyone who was willing to put it in me,” I agreed, seeing where he was going with this.

“Exactly.” He nodded to me. “But once it's gone, the relief is enormous. Just knowing that it's gone … it's amazing.”

“Amazing is definitely the right word,” I said feelingly. “I mean, don't get me wrong, I like sex and it's gonna keep happening. But I won't be making it happen just because.”

“So what the Undersiders did with you is what caused this change?” Dean got up, while Carlos made her way toward Amy. “What did they do?”

“Fucked me into a soggy mess,” I told him frankly. “Grue's got the biggest cock I've ever had. Him and Regent double-penetrated me while Tattletale … well, she kind of owned me. We were in Grue's darkness so I couldn't just …” I paused, trying to think of the right phrase.

“Pfft, yeah,” I scoffed. “But basically, that's true. So she hit every one of my buttons, then got me on top of Grue with Regent behind me. And then they fucked me to the point that my brains were dribbling out my ears. Where Dean stopped, Tattletale just kept going. Pushed me over the hump. And now … whatever it is inside me that makes me absolutely want and need to have sex at every opportunity … it's kinda satisfied, right now. For the moment, anyway.”

Missy got down behind Chris and began to caress the boy-turned-girl's brand-new pussy. Chris mewled around Dennis's cock but did not stop sucking even as Missy slowly began to penetrate her. I watched for a moment then turned back to Dean. “At least, that's what I think happened.”

“It makes sense,” he agreed. “Your emotional aura is reading at a level of serenity that I’ve only seen in you just after sex.” Reaching out, he caressed my breast. “So when do you think you'll be up for more?”

I kissed him, softly and lingeringly. “Not long,” I said. “But right now, I've been stretched pretty
tightly. I'm still a bit sore. I'd like to let that ease off before starting up again.” My eyes flicked over to Missy, her taut young buttocks pumping as she industriously fucked Chris from behind. “In the meantime, I'm pretty sure Missy won't object to some close and personal attention. Or maybe Carlos and Amy would like a third.”

He returned my kiss, then smiled. “Sure. Just let me know when you're up for some more sex.”

“Trust me,” I assured him. “You'll be the first to know.”
Taylor is adjusting to her lowered sex drive, but it appears that sex has not abandoned her yet. From screwing Glory Girl in the bathroom, to a chance encounter in a park, to a gangbang in the boys' bathrooms, to finding an old enemy's lips around her cock, she still has plenty of chances to get off.

I woke up to Amy sucking my cock.

This is an extremely pleasurable way to wake up. I highly recommend it, and it's one of my top five reasons as to why every girl should experience having a cock at least once in their lives. Since finding out for myself, I've been quite willing to give morning head to whoever I wake up with. Usually that's Dad, which works out fine for the both of us.

I mean, I'm a lot mellower about fucking these days. Some days I don't get laid at all. And it doesn't bother me. Seriously. I can walk down the Boardwalk and step around couples getting some open-air fucking in, and not feel like joining in. I mean, I'll watch – who won't? - but the itch just doesn't need scratching as much any more.

Not that I'm turning into some kind of virgin; heaven forbid. And while I'm just as inventive about sex as I've always been (Denise and Chris call it 'kinky', but I notice that they don't complain) I've found that I don't need to push the envelope as much to get to that same level of pleasure. Sex is just as much fun, and the pleasure is at least as intense as it always used to be, but the irresistible cravings just aren't there any more.

Still, it doesn't mean that I'll turn down Amy sucking my cock. It doesn't even mean that having a cock has turned down my enjoyment of being bent over and fucked hard; I still have an ass, and Amy's made sure I can take cock with the best of them. But she likes me with a cock, because that means I can use that cock on her. As often as possible, if she has anything to say about it.

She could, of course, tell that I was getting close to cumming. Reaching down, I manoeuvred her so that we were in the sixty-nine position, and then I went to town on her. She moaned around my swollen appendage as I started humming; her nipples, ass and pussy were all getting the full benefit of my harmonics. Of course, she retaliated with her power, sending wave after wave of pure orgasmic pleasure through me.

This was the sort of 'fight' that I was good at. The gangbang that the Undersiders had inflicted on me actually made me better at keeping my head, even while fireworks were going off in every erogenous zone I had, including a few I hadn't known about. I doubled-down on my humming, while my tongue and fingers caressed her soft, yielding flesh in the most erotic way I could manage. She arched her back and came heavily when I nipped at her clit, and two of my fingers delved into her ass.

For my part, I was right on the edge. Her mouth and tongue were doing amazing things to me even without the use of her powers; with them, I was seconds away from joining the Simurgh in the upper atmosphere.
When I came, it was *spectacular*. My balls drew up and a streak of white-hot pleasure shot up my shaft, into Amy's waiting mouth. I could feel my hips pumping, totally out of my control, as I tried hard to give Amy somewhere near the pleasure that I was feeling. She sucked avidly on me, gulping down my cum as it spurted heavily from the supersensitive tip of my cock.

Not that she was totally successful, of course. She knew that I found the sight of her with cum on her face to be irresistibly sexy, so she let some splatter on her right at the end. I lay back, panting, as she rolled off of me and turned to lie alongside me. I kissed her, enjoying the taste of my cum in her mouth, then slowly licked the white streaks off of her face. She moaned softly, closing her eyes and cumming again as I did so.

“That was very naughty of me, wasn't it?” she purred in my ear. “Do you want to hold me down and punish me for that? Maybe in my ass?”

Of course I did. And of course she wanted me to. She *liked* it when I held her down and forced her to accept my cock inside her. But right then, I knew that I had to get up. “Gotta go for a run,” I grunted regretfully. “Go see Dad. You know he likes to fuck you in the ass.”

“But Vicky's with him,” she pouted. “He's been fucking *her* ass all night.”

Which was true, as we both knew. It turned out that Glory Girl and Dad were extremely compatible in bed, whether she had a cock or not. He had a thing for rough sex, and Glory Girl's power let her handle whatever he could do to her.

“Well, if she hasn't got a cock right now, you can grow one on her, and they can double-team you,” I pointed out. It wasn't a new suggestion; Amy had had our three cocks in her at the same time, on more than one occasion.

“Ooh,” she murmured. “Oh, I like that idea.” Stretching like a cat, she rubbed the length of her body on mine. “Come on with me, and we can make it a foursome again. Maybe we can finally convince your Dad to let you and Vicky fuck him in the ass.”

That was actually something I had been looking forward to, ever since Dad had sucked my cock that day in the shower. I actually wanted him to take that extra step and let Amy make him over into a woman. Just as Vicky had done for me, I wanted to take his cherry and let him know what it felt like to be loved from the feminine point of view.

However, to be honest, I couldn't be sure that it hadn't happened already, with Vicky. Amy's sister could be very persuasive (she had bent *me* over the table, or the sofa, or the bed, more times than I could count) and they *were* spending a lot of time together in bed and in the shower.

Not that I'd be feeling particularly jealous if Dad was taking it up the ass from Vicky. After all, at the end of the day, he was still my Dad, and if I wanted him to fuck me, all I had to do was ask. And in the meantime, Amy was certainly willing and eager enough to let me do whatever I wanted to her.

I was tempted. With Amy displaying herself like that for me, I couldn't be alive and not be tempted. But as I'd said, I wanted to go for a run. While my powers as Harmonic provided me with a versatile and powerful defensive and offensive ability, there was always the chance that I'd run into someone who could nullify it, so I wanted to be able to run away if I could. “You could come with me,” I suggested. “We could shower together, after.” Shower sex with Amy was a treat.

She considered that. “… nah,” she decided, rolling off the bed. “Think I'll go see if Vicky or your dad wants to screw my brains out instead. Just as sweaty as running, and it's a lot more fun.”
“Have fun,” I told her, and pulled on my socks and shoes. My Age Card went into an ankle-wallet, so I was naked from there on up.

I trotted downstairs and let myself out the back door. The air was brisk and invigorating, and it wasn't till I was a good hundred yards down the road before I realised one important fact. *I've still got a cock.*

I slowed to a stop, looking down at the anomalous appendage. It had shrunken a little from its normal size because of the slight chill in the air, but was still going to flop around a bit while I ran. For a moment, I considered going back and getting Amy to revert it for me. However, I soon saw the flaw in that idea. *She'll be getting fucked by now, and she'll invite me to join in, and I'll never actually get out for the run.*

For a moment, I imagined Amy being double-teamed by Vicky and Dad – not hard, as I'd been there when it was being done to her, on more than one occasion – and my cock started to harden. The temptation to go back and just let things happen was powerful, and I nearly gave in to it.

*Argh. No.* I clenched my fists. *I'm not like I used to be. I have more self-control now.* Breathing deeply, I steered my mind away from that image. Almost magically, my erection subsided and the temptation just faded away. I blinked; normally, that wouldn't have worked. *Wow. It's really true.*

I looked down at my penis again. “Well,” I muttered, “it looks like we're stuck with each other.”

Slowly, I started off again, trying to work out a rhythm that took my cock and balls into account. *Guys do it, so it's gotta be possible.*

It was indeed possible; however, it took me most of the run to get the hang of it. On the way, I got a few startled glances, which I tried to ignore. Now that Amy was branching out, futanari was going to be an ongoing fad in Brockton Bay; I was just ahead of the trend. I did take pleasure in the fact that because of Amy's work on my breasts, I was definitely noticeable as a girl with a dick, rather than an effeminate boy.

However, my new additions made it harder to get into a proper rhythm, which was why I stopped in the park on the way home. Breathing a little more heavily than normal, I leaned over one leg and then the other, stretching out my calf muscles. *Five minute breather,* I told myself. *Then I'll keep going.* Plopping myself down in one of the swings, I began to push myself idly back and forth, more to keep my leg muscles active than for any other reason.

That was when I heard the panting and moaning coming from behind a small gazebo, situated in the far corner of the park. I knew those sounds; or rather, I knew what those sounds meant. Curiosity got the better of me, and I got up to go and investigate. However, I wasn't careless about it; a burst of harmonics gave me a sound-picture of the park and surrounding environs. There was only one person behind the gazebo; unless my powers were steering me wrong, it was a girl of about Missy's age.

Strolling in that direction, I rounded the gazebo to find that I was correct. The girl was about twelve or thirteen; contrary to the laws of the land, she was as naked as I was, her clothes folded neatly beside her. Lying on her back, she had her legs spread wide in a way that made my cock harden immediately. In her cute little hairless pussy, she had a training dildo, which she was working into herself with every evidence of pleasure.

I was aroused; of course I was. But where I would normally have started planning to match Cards with her as soon as possible, I merely looked her over. Her breasts were only tiny nubs as yet, which probably meant that once she started developing properly, she'd outdo Emma. She had the cutest
flower-petal labia, stretching just a little around the training dildo, shiny with her sexy lubrication. I wondered how she tasted.

From where I was standing, I could see her hard little buttocks, clenching and straining as she lifted herself off the ground with the intensity of her pleasure. My mind flipped back to the last time I'd bent Missy over the Wards console and fucked her up the ass; I wondered if this girl would enjoy it quite as much as my other sexy little girlfriend did.

I couldn't see the colour of her eyes, as she had them clenched shut, but her hair was long and brown; a lighter shade than mine, but straight instead of curly. Her teeth were clenched, her lips slightly parted as she panted and moaned on the dew-wet grass before me.

She slid the dildo deeper into herself, in and out with a spasmodic motion, while her free hand alternated between rubbing at her clit, and pinching and pulling at her tiny erect red nipples. Again, she arched her back and moaned, lifting her butt off the ground again. It looked to me like she was trying to hit orgasm, and not quite getting there.

Well, that was something I was familiar with, and definitely something I could do something about. Softly, I began to hum in the back of my throat. The vibrations were almost imperceptible to begin with, centring on her nipples and pussy and ass, gradually ramping up in intensity. She cried out softly, redoubling her efforts, fucking herself with the dildo harder and harder.

I wanted her badly. I imagined myself on top of her, my cock replacing the plastic dildo, her nails digging into my back as I forced myself deep inside her. Her cries in my ear, our sweat mingling, as I drove her to one spectacular orgasm after another, before I finally filled her delicate womb full of my copious seed. It came as no surprise to me to look down and realise that my cock was absolutely rock hard.

However, I didn't do anything except hum. She came explosively, writhing in a most erotic fashion as my vibrations took her over the edge and granted her orgasm after orgasm. She panted as she rubbed her clitoris hard, pushing herself into a couple more climaxes. I eased off on the vibrations; as young as she was, I didn't want her pushing herself too hard.

While she recovered, I lowered myself to a seat on the steps of the gazebo. My erection jutted out from between my legs, but I decided to let it alone for the moment. If it doesn't go down soon, I might have to jump Amy when I get home.

The girl let out a long shuddering sigh, and slid the dildo out of her sweet young pussy. “Wow,” she muttered as she sat up. “That was kind of awesome.” Then she opened her eyes, and saw me.

“I'm the one who should be asking you to excuse me. I mean, I'm seriously not old enough to be naked in public, much less fucking myself with a dildo.”
Which begged the question. “Uh, so why …?”

She giggled. “It's a fetish of mine. I'm not old enough to undress in public. Just between you and me, I'm not old enough to be having sex at all.” She waved the training dildo. “Except with one of these, of course. But doing it in my room just isn't exciting enough. So I ride the bus to some out of the way place in the early morning, get naked, and bring myself off. I get some pretty good orgasms out of it, though this morning was off the scale. I mean, seriously, wow.” She gave me a sideways glance that I found adorably cute. “It's like I got off on being watched even though I didn't know you were there.”

“Uh huh,” I said, impressed by her calmness, if nothing else. “You should be more careful. There are some guys around who don't bother matching Age cards, you know. I mean, it's rare as hell, but it's been known to happen.” My desire for her was falling off with the admission that she wasn't old enough to have sex yet; while my cock wasn't that big, I would've been surprised if she could take it without a lot of effort.

“Well, those guys aren't here,” she purred, getting up and moving over to where I was sitting. “But you are.” Sitting down beside me, she put her hand on my leg. Despite myself, I felt excitement in my loins as she ran her hand up my thigh. For a twelve-year-old, she could certainly put the moves on me.

“I, uh, I'm pretty sure we aren't supposed to be doing this,” I blurted.

Her small hand wrapped around my amazingly hard penis. “Oh, I don't want to have sex with you,” she confided. “Well, okay, I do, but it would probably be a really bad idea. But you were nice enough to watch me, so I want to do something nice for you.”

Before I could react, she moved around until she was kneeling before me. I gasped as her hot little mouth enfolded the head of my penis. Her tongue should've been made illegal from the way she flickered it over the sensitive tissue, making my eyes roll back in my head.

She couldn't take the head of my cock far into her mouth, and there was no way she was going to deep-throat the whole lot in one go, but she still did her best to bring me off. And her best was very good indeed. Her head bobbed up and down on the tip of my penis, her hands stroked my shaft and caressed my scrotum, and her tongue … well, it was no surprise to me that less than thirty seconds after she started sucking my cock, I came.

I clenched my fists and tried to grunt a warning, but it was too late. She sputtered and gasped as the hot sticky liquid spurted into her mouth. Despite her best efforts to swallow all of my load, my cock escaped her lips just in time to splatter her face and breasts with my cum.

Tension I hadn't known was there oozed out of my body as my cock began to soften. “Oh, wow,” I groaned. “That was … that was a pretty good blowjob. Do you practice much?”

“Not really,” she admitted, as she tried to wipe the semen from her face and body. “Not with guys. You're my first, actually.”

At first, I felt awed and humbled. To be chosen as someone's 'first' for anything sexual these days was pretty special; that was why I'd asked Vicky to retake my virginity. But then suspicion reared its ugly head. “Really.” Reflexively, I checked my surroundings again, but there were no cops or outraged parents waiting in the shrubbery to leap out at me and accuse me of underage dealings.

“Really,” she assured me. “Darn, do you have a tissue … or … anything …” Her question died away as she looked down at my ankle-wallet. There was manifestly not enough room in that for
anything other than an Age Card and a phone.

I sighed. *Might as well be done for a sheep as a lamb.* “No, but hold still.”

“Okay,” she said. There was that unreasoning trust of me again. I couldn't figure it out.

Taking hold of her arms, I laid her down on the grass and began to lick the cum from her body. I could feel myself beginning to harden again, but I concentrated on ignoring that. She twitched and giggled and writhed under me, especially when I suckled on her nipples for maybe a few moments longer than I should have. Finally, I licked her face clean, savouring every drop.

“Done,” I breathed, holding myself above her, my breasts just brushing her chest. We looked into each others' eyes; the connection was deep and immediate. I wasn't sure who initiated the kiss first, but her arms wrapped around my neck and pulled me to her.

We kissed for the longest time, her hands wandering over my body, and mine over hers. My cock was more than half-hard by the time we pulled away from each other; I recognised the smouldering look in her eyes; it was very likely reflected in mine.

But I was older than her, and had to be more responsible. Besides, I was a Ward, and while letting her suck me off wasn't *technically* illegal, given that she had initiated it, definitely skirted the bounds of the law. Also, I should've made her stop masturbating and get dressed as soon as I found her.

“Look, I have to go,” I panted. “School and all that.” I gestured at her clothes. “You should get dressed, too.”

She heaved an unhappy sigh. “Yeah. I guess.” Climbing to her feet, she started pulling her clothes on. I got up and brushed grass off of myself, combing it out of my hair with my fingers. I was just turning away when she spoke again. “Uh …”

“What?” I asked, turning back.

“Can I see you again?” she asked shyly. “This was a lot of fun.”

I frowned. “Also kind of against the law. And if we kept playing around like this, then my cock would end up inside your pussy at some point, and that's *definitely* against the law.”

“My birthday's in two months,” she pointed out brightly. “Won't be against the law then.” She gave me a beseeching look. “Would you be able to pop my cherry then?”

How could I say no to something like that? “Uh, okay, sure,” I agreed. “Till then, we're just gonna have to make rules and stick to them.”

“Okay,” she agreed happily. “So, what's your number?”

I leaned up against the gazebo while I unzipped the ankle-wallet and extracted my phone. She pulled a notepad from her purse – and I noticed that she did indeed have a pack of tissues in there, the sneaky little minx – and wrote down the number that I recited. In return, I tapped her number into my phone. It was my Wards phone, but she wasn't to know that.

“And your name?” I asked, somewhat amused that I'd gotten a blowjob off of her, as well as some very steamy kissing and fondling, before I ever learned who she was.

“Oh, it's Dinah,” she told me cheerfully, putting her notebook away. “Dinah Alcott.”
“It’s nice to meet you, Dinah,” I said, entering the name. Carefully, I zipped the phone back into the wallet.

“You too, Taylor,” she replied, putting her hands on my shoulders and pulling me down for a kiss. “I didn’t know who I was going to ask to be my first, so I’m glad I met you.”

I returned the kiss, but made sure not to let it get out of hand. The curves of her body under the clothing were fascinating, and I had to consciously work at not undressing her again.

We left the park hand in hand, and strolled along to the nearest bus stop. Two ladies were waiting there, and I figured that I was pushing for time a little, so I waved her goodbye and started running again.

It was a good five minutes later before I realised that she had not once asked me how I had ended up with a penis.

There was more to Dinah Alcott, I decided, than met the eye. Not that this would stop me from seeing her again. In fact, it made me want to see her more.

By the time I got home, Dad had already left for work, and Vicky had Amy bent over the end of the sofa with her hands tied behind her back. I called out hello to them as I ducked into the shower; it would have been tempting to join in, but that would have definitely made me late for school.

I lingered in the shower, running the soap over myself and recalling my encounter with Dinah. Despite the fact that it was illegal, if she had given me any encouragement at all to take her cherry then and there, I may well have done it. As it was, I had the promise of doing that for her in two months’ time, and any number of meetings between us in the meantime. But again, even as my hand stroked over my hard cock, I puzzled over what it was about her that didn't sit right. The fact that she hadn't been surprised to see me? The fact that she hadn't shown the least curiosity about my penis? The fact that -

The shower door opened. “Hi,” murmured Vicky. She was naked, of course, and sweaty. The best way I like my blondes. Her golden hair was disarranged, and her impressive breasts jutted out almost aggressively. The long slender cock between her thighs wasn't erect at the moment, though my asshole clenched slightly as I recalled her taking me with such sweet roughness on so many occasions.

“Hi,” I greeted her, pulling her into the shower with me. This close, I could smell the sex on her. Our breasts squished together as she pressed against me, although there was enough room in the cubicle for us not to need to be so close. “Where’s Amy?”

“Comatose on the sofa,” she replied with a giggle. Reflexively, I kissed her; just as reflexively, she put her tongue in my mouth. I tasted Dad's cum. We moved against each other, her hands cupping my ass as I squeezed her breasts. “Me and your dad took turns fucking her till he had to go to work. I think it's gonna take her a week to close her legs again.”

“And her butt cheeks,” I murmured, leaning in to bite her neck gently. Gradually, I began to hum, sending vibrations to her ass and cock and nipples. She moaned softly against my chest. “I saw what you were doing to her.”

Her cock was on the rise; so was mine. She panted helplessly against me. I wanted to fuck someone so badly, right then. “Vicky, you know how I've never taken your ass?”
“Uh huh?” She looked up at me, her pupils huge with desire.

“It’s time.”

She didn't protest when I led her from the still-running shower. Nor did she protest when I bent her over the wash-basin and liberally smeared her asshole with lube. She could've sucked my cock first, but I didn't want to take the edge off.

Glory Girl cried out when I first started to push my thick cock between her firm ass cheeks. I wondered if her grip on the wash-basin would break it when the head popped inside her; she arched her back and cried out even more loudly. She was so hot and so tight, the lube facilitating passage but doing nothing for the pressure that her asshole was putting on my cock.

When I rammed myself all the way up inside her, she groaned and pushed back at me. “Please,” she whispered huskily. “Take me. Fuck me.”

Taking a firm grip on her hips, I began to do just that. My breasts wobbled as I fucked her ass, my hard erection sliding in and out from between her delectable buttocks. I could see why Dad liked this so much; I resolved to have a repeat performance some time soon. As soon as possible, and as often as possible.

Closing my eyes, I imagined having Dinah bent over the same wash-basin, my cock inside her instead of Vicky. Immediately, my arousal peaked, and my cock got even harder, which I hadn't thought possible. My hips pumped, my rigid penis slid into her, and she gasped out loud.

“Fuck, Taylor! Oh, god, yes! Do it just like that!”

I didn't need any more encouragement. Images flashed through my mind; Dinah sucking me off, Dinah, seated on the hand basin, accepting my cock inside her. Dinah, bent over the same basin, encouraging me to fuck her in the ass. Despite my knowledge that she almost certainly wouldn't be able to take me (absent assistance from Amy) the fantasy held strong, such that I fucked Vicky to several screaming orgasms before emptying out inside her ass myself.

Panting, I slowly slid my reddened cock out of Vicky's tight butt. She whimpered slightly at the loss, but I led her to the shower, where we cooled each other off with gentle sex play.

“So, how was my ass?” she asked cheekily as we dried each other off.

“Well worth waiting for,” I assured her. “Any time you want to go again, I'm good for it.”

She grinned. “Well, you're definitely in my top five for fucks, and that's without the vibrations. Any time you want to bend me over anywhere at all, I'm game.”

“Good.” I leaned in and kissed her; she responded enthusiastically. “Shall we go scrape Amy off the sofa?”

Her giggle was pure sunshine and sexytimes. “Let's.”

While Vicky flew Amy to school – with a quickie or two along the way if I knew that pair – I caught the bus to Winslow. Yay. Groan.

I decided to wear a pair of shorts, just bulky enough to hide my cock, without being so over the top that anyone would really question why I was wearing them. I'd worn cargo pants that one time, after
They got a little attention, but not much. I caught the boys eyeing me off, checking out my tits and other assets in the way that boys do. Several offered me sex, which I would totally have taken them up on before the Undersiders and their little gang-bang. It wasn't that I was uninterested, but that … I wasn't interested right then. I did give one guy a blow-job, but that was only because he had a nice cock and he complimented my breasts.

Wiping my mouth off, and wondering if I should've offered my cock for him to suck in return, I saw Emma wandering through the halls. She looked fully healthy, which was only to be expected; Amy did good work. I knew that from extremely personal experience.

But she was … dressed. In fact, she was wearing a skirt and a top, which was more than I had on. Okay, the top was unbuttoned so that anyone could look at her perfect breasts, but that was only to be expected. However, she wasn't flaunting herself to anyone. In fact, she seemed to be avoiding the popular groups, or they were avoiding her. I wasn't sure.

She was just passing the boys' bathrooms when a group of three girls descended on her. Two grabbed her arms while the third stripped her of her skirt, opened the bathroom door, and threw the skirt in. When the girls let her go, she shrugged, turned, and entered the boys' bathroom.

I knew what was going to happen there. She was going to have to suck or fuck every boy in there, and every boy who came in after she got in there, before she got her skirt back. It had happened to me more than once. If you were in the mood for a gang-bang, then it was fine; you started taking cock. If you weren't, you went without, or just endured it anyway.

The thing was, the old Emma, the one I'd known before, would never have had that happen to her. Nobody would've dared. Anyone even thinking about it would have been opening themselves up for day after day of retribution. And yet, it had happened, right in front of me.

I sighed; there was nothing for it. I'd have to go to her rescue.

When I entered the boys' toilets, my shorts hooked over one arm, they were already busy. Emma was on all fours, sucking one guy's cock, while another was balls-deep in her pussy from behind. Six more were waiting around for their turns, fondling their cocks and making comments about Emma. They had taken her top off and tied it around her head as a crude blindfold, possibly so that they could fuck her more than once and get away with it.

One of the boys waiting for his turn looked around at me. “What the fuck?”

I sashayed up to him, wiggling my tits in his face. “What the fuck is that? I'm here to fuck. Or did you want to stand around holding your cock until they're through with her?”

He pointed at my groin. “But you've got a cock!”

I rolled my eyes. “Ever hear of Panacea? Anyway, my pussy's still there, just under it. And it's a lot tighter than it used to be. And I've still got my asshole, if anyone's into that.”

The words 'pussy' and 'tighter' worked their magic, as usual. I let him bend me over the wash-basin bench, while he probed between my legs. His fingers found my pussy and slid into it; I grunted and spread my legs. I also felt my cock swell and grow harder.

Foreplay was something this guy had decided could wait; about twenty seconds later, he was behind
me, pushing his cock deep inside my somewhat-tighter pussy canal. I'm not gonna lie; it felt good. It felt really good. I was used to being fucked in the ass while I had a cock, but my pussy was still there, but couldn't take anyone like, say, Carlos. Or Armsmaster. Which didn't bother me, because both heroes were perfectly willing to fuck my ass all day long.

I rubbed my clit hard as he pounded my pussy; once I had my first orgasm, I started to cheat, adding a smidge of vibration to my tight vagina. I heard him grunt, then he started fucking me harder than ever. I felt my knees weaken as he pushed me through my second and third orgasms, my cock painting the floor with white, until he finally came inside me.

No sooner had he finished than another guy was lining up behind me. The hand soap in the bathrooms was formulated for use as lubricant, because that was what it got used for so often. But even as he was rubbing it into my asshole, a third guy came up and started squeezing my tits.

“Okay, bitch, down on all fours,” he ordered me. “You're gonna suck my cock and take my load.”

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes, and got down on all fours. But I started vibrating my hand as I touched him, then added the vibrations to his cock itself. Before it ever touched my lips, he blew everywhere, spurting all over the floor. And all over my face, too, but that wasn't exactly a new experience for me.

“Holy shit, Lance, that was fast,” laughed the guy who'd already had my pussy. The one who wanted my ass wasn't talking at all; I concentrated on loosening my sphincter up so he could get his cock inside me. He was thicker than normal, not enough to cause me any discomfort, but enough to get my attention.

“Shut the fuck up,” grunted Lance. “Bitches still owe me a blow job.”

“Don't owe you anything,” I told him. “Not my fault if you go off at the slightest touch.”

I grunted then, as the guy behind me started to fuck my ass like a jackhammer – I'd have to get his name, after; he was good at this – and opened my mouth to take in another guy's cock.

“But -” began Lance.

“Shut the fuck up, Lance,” one of the other boys told him. “You came, you're done.”

Once again, I cheated a bit with the guys on me. The one in my ass came first, then the one in my mouth. Two boys who had come in while this was happening took over; one got me to straddle him and slide my pussy on to his cock, while the other took my ass. The guy I was straddling complained a little when I came all over his belly and chest, but not too much; after all, he got to shoot his load off into one of the tightest pussies in the school. I sucked the last guy off, and we were done.

I splashed water on my pussy and ass, then cleaned off my face. Heading over to where Emma was still on all fours, head hanging down, I helped her up and pulled the blindfold off of her head. Her skirt was on the counter beside her; she stood there as I wrapped it around her waist.

“Come on, Emma,” I told her almost kindly. “It's over. Let's go.”

She followed me out of the bathrooms; I stopped to pull my shorts on, then led her off down the corridors. “Where are we going?” she asked.

“Somewhere private,” I told her. At the back of my throat, I was humming a double tone. The first was to dull Emma's critical faculties, while the other was to find an empty classroom.
“Oh, okay,” she said. I got the impression that I didn't need to dull her faculties all that much.

I found the classroom that I was looking for, but it was locked; changing the tone of my humming, I shifted pieces inside the lock until it clicked open. Opening the door, I towed Emma inside, and shut it behind us.

“Oh, okay,” I told her. “Spill.”

“Spill what?” she asked. I stopped the humming, leaving her brain alone.

“Why are you so … placid now?” I asked. “So damn docile? The toilet prank? Yeah, normally I'd stand by and award points, but … fuck, Emma, even as a bitch you were better than this. What's wrong with you?”

She looked at me, her eyes full of pain. “How the fuck can you do this, Taylor?”

I wasn't sure what she was talking about. “Do what?”

“Just … go on, after someone betrays you so massively. Sophia left me in the hospital. The only reason that I'm not a hideous freak right now is that you brought Panacea to see me. I can't sleep, I don't know what to think. The only people who want me around are people who want to fuck me. And I can't blame them. I'm a fucking awful person. I must be.”

I blinked. What had happened to Emma was … not so different from what had happened to me. Minus the powers, of course. *And if she doesn't even have powers to fall back on …*

Still, she'd kind of brought it on herself. Even if I'd been the one to precipitate it. I remembered hearing Sophia land the first punch, and walking away. *That … led to this.*

“So, now you know what it feels like, Emma,” I said quietly, “what are you going to do about it?”

She blinked. “Huh?”

“What are you going to do to fix the shit you did to me?” I asked, enunciating my words carefully.

That elicited a further look of confusion from her. “I … I don't know. I wouldn't even know where to start. I mean … shit, if you felt one tenth as bad as I do, I'm so fucking sorry. But … it's done. Isn't it? We can't change what's happened.”

Two words stood out from the rest of what she had said. *I'm sorry.* But she was still talking. “And … and you went in there, just now, and took on some of the boys to get me out of there. So I didn't have to fuck them all. Why would you do that, Taylor? Why would you do any of that?”

*Because if I didn't, you'd still be in there.* “Well, Emma, I'm fucked if I know. I'm trying to be a good person. A better person that the people who made me what I am. And yeah, that includes you. So, am I succeeding?”

She looked at the floor and mumbled something. I reached out and lifted her chin with one finger. “Sorry, didn't hear that.”

“I said, *I don't know,*” she blurted. Tears were running from her eyes. “You said that stuff to Sophia, and she put me in the hospital. But I deserved it. I deserve everything that fucking happens to me. Because I did all that shit to you.”

I spread my hands. “So how are you …”
“I don’t know!” she screamed, making me jump. Immediately, I started humming, nullifying all vibration at the walls of the room. If Emma shouted again, nobody would hear it. Emma squeezed her shaking hands together. “We were going to … try to see if we wanted to be together,” she went on. “But then Sophia showed me … so much more. How to cause pain. How to enjoy pain. When she was there, I … couldn’t think about anything but what she was going to do to me next. And I knew that you didn’t like causing pain. Sophia said that meant you were weak.”

Silence fell in the room; utter, total silence. I stepped closer to her, until our noses were inches apart. “Do I look weak to you, Emma?” I whispered.

She shook her head, hesitantly at first, then more firmly. “No,” she replied just as quietly.

I leaned in, until my nose was almost touching hers. “Where’s Sophia now? Is she coming back? Is she ever going to want to touch you again?”

I was cheating again; my humming backed up my words, giving them a feeling of authority, of authenticity. Tears filled her eyes; again, she shook her head.

“Do you have any friends at all?” My voice was barely a breath.

The answer was self-evident; the minuscule shake of her head was all that I needed.

Her eyes were huge, her pupils dilated. I closed the gap another inch, turning my head so that my lips were almost touching hers. “What if I said that I would be your friend … ?”

There was no answer. I waited for a long moment, then turned away. Two strides to the door, a turn of the knob to open it -

“Wait.”

I turned, looking back. She had her hand out to me. Reaching. Pleading.

Pushing the door shut again, I walked back to her. Stood there. “Well?”

“If … if you said that …” She hesitated. “I … I would say yes. Please. Yes. I want to be your friend.”

I tilted my head. “There’s some who might think that you’re just saying that. How can you prove it? Make it a real thing? What can you do to fix what you’ve already done?”

She looked up at me. With a shrug, she let her top slide from her shoulders. A pull, and her skirt joined it on the floor. Naked, she stood before me. “Hit me. Slap me. Punch me. Whatever you want to do, I won’t stop you.”

I leaned forward and kissed her.

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At first, she was passive in the kiss, letting my lips press on to hers. But then she began to respond; her arms went around me, and she pressed her body to mine. Her tongue snaked between my lips, and I responded in kind. We kissed like I had wanted to kiss her, back when we were still just learning about sex.

I had kissed many people since then, boys and girls, men and women. She had kissed quite a few as well, I gathered. She was a good kisser, but not a great one; I resolved to give her some instruction in
the matter. In the meantime, what she had would do. I was enjoying it, as well as the feeling of her
firm breasts pressing against mine.

When we finally separated from the kiss, I was breathing rather heavily. So was Emma. She looked
at me with heavy-lidded eyes. Leaning in, she kissed me again, this time drawing out my bottom lip
with her teeth. I found it rather a turn-on.

I leaned back against a desk as she kissed her way down my body, paying particular attention to my
breasts. Her hands and lips and teeth teased and played with them in a way that made me arch my
back and bite my lip; by the time she finished with them and moved farther down, I was fully erect
inside my shorts.

She left my crotch until last, which led to a rather startling surprise for her when she dragged my
shorts down with her teeth, only to have a seriously erect penis literally spring out at her. If it had hit
her in the eye, I would have burst out laughing, but instead it slapped her in the forehead. With a
muffled yelp, she jerked backward, landing on her bare butt on the floor. My cock wobbled at her as
I finished stepping out of my shorts.

“The fuck, Taylor?” she demanded. “Where did you get a cock from?”

I grinned at her. “Panacea is a close and personal friend of mine. She likes cock, so I've got a cock. I
cum inside her regularly.”

She blinked. “I thought she was with Glory Girl -”

“Who also has a cock, these days. Or haven't you heard of double penetration?”

“Oh. Wow.” From the look in her eye, her worldview was shifting somewhat. But then her gaze
came back to my penis. “So it's real?”

I read her meaning in her words. “Realer than the dildos we were gonna fuck each other with.”

“Oh.” Her breasts wobbling enticingly, she shuffled on her knees over to where my cock still jutted
out arrogantly. “I have to say, Taylor, I never thought I'd be sucking your cock.”

“I never thought you'd be sucking it either,” I confessed. “But just so you know.”

“What?” She was caressing and stroking it now, almost possessively.

“Two things. If you suck my cock, I will be fucking you over this desk. And even if I fuck you, we
still won't be even. But it will be a start.”

She looked up at me for a long moment, then she nodded. “That's fair.”

Her mouth enveloped my erection. I closed my eyes, leaning back and groaning with the sensation.
Emma could suck cock; really well, as it happened. In fact, she was a better cock-sucker than a
kisser. Somehow, I'm not surprised.

Opening my eyes again, I looked down at her bobbing breasts as she suckled on my throbbing hard-
on. She was rubbing her own clit as she did so, which meant that this was turning her on. Her lips
crept up my shaft, farther and farther, as she swallowed more and more cock.

Wow, I thought. What a day. Three blow-jobs, an ass-fuck and a gang-bang, and it's not even
midday yet.
And here I thought that I'd be cutting **back** on the sex.

And of course, I hadn't even **started** with Emma.
More people are about to join Taylor's sexual orbit ...

As Emma sucked my cock, I arched my back in pleasure. *She really is very good at this.* Then I decided to add a little positive reinforcement; each time she sucked my cock in as far as it would go, I hummed a note. For Emma, this translated as a wash of pleasure from the back of her throat down to her breasts, then all the way down to her freshly-fucked pussy. With a muffled grunt, she started sucking me off in double time, doing her best to deep-throat my admittedly impressive endowment.

Don't blame me; Amy likes 'em big. About the only thing she enjoys doing more than bending over for my cock is bending over for Vicky's cock. Or maybe Dad's, but that's because Dad's just so damn good at fucking.

The other thing that Amy likes is lots of cum. She may have tweaked me and Vicky and Dad so that when we do cum, it's kind of a flood. This is no problem for me or Vicky (or Dad, for that matter); when we fuck, we know we're gonna end up as a sticky mess, no matter who fucks whom, and how. Newcomers to our little group may tend to be a little overwhelmed by how much we cum, and how often. Dinah hadn't been, but then she probably didn't know what to expect. I was, however, rather looking forward to teaching her all about sex in as many positions as possible.

That mental image pushed me over the edge, and I came. My balls (thoughtfully tucked inside by Panacea) clenched up, and I felt the searing pleasure as my … what was it? Sixth orgasm of the day? Well, whatever, as my cock spurted into her throat. Her eyes opened wide and I cheated a bit by giving her pussy another jolt as I came in her mouth, wad after wad of hot white girl-semen making her cheeks bulge.

My cock escaped from her mouth, the last few spurts painting her face and tits with my cum, even as she swallowed what was in there. For a few moments, she panted for breath, looking up at me. “Holy shit,” she breathed. “That was the best time I've ever given head. Like, ever. It was like … like a religious experience. I swear I came when you did.”

“It was pretty damn good for me too, Ems,” I said, offering her a lecherous grin. “Come up here so I get a good look at you.” It *had* been a really good orgasm, so I decided to give her a reward. As she rose to her feet, looking up at me hopefully, I caressed her breasts, letting my palms brush her nipples. Just for fun, I added a little bit of a vibration to them, so that she gasped and her knees nearly buckled from the pleasure.

“Oh, Taylor,” she murmured. “I'm a fucking idiot. I should've stayed with you.” Standing all the way up, she pressed her body against mine. But when she went to kiss me, I put my hands on her shoulders and held her back. Just for an instant, I enjoyed the hurt in her eyes, the echo of every time she'd rejected me and made our previous friendship out to be one stupid girl pining after another. But then I relented.

“It's not that easy, Emma,” I said softly. “I told you that I forgave you, not that I forgot what you've
done to me. You have to earn that. You have to earn me. Do you understand?”

Her expression cleared. “I … I think so,” she said softly, uncertainly. “Do you still want to—”

I surged forward, taking her by surprise. My lips clamped over hers and I kissed her hard, demandingly. Every erogenous zone she had lit up at once and her eyes rolled back in her head. She would’ve had to have been made of iron not to melt under my assault, and she wasn’t made of iron. My tongue intruded into her mouth, and she let it, her body surrendering to me without a fight. I made sure to give her a good kiss though; in time, I would teach her how to kiss me properly.

By the time I lifted my lips away from hers, Emma was more liquid than solid. Her eyes, as they came into focus on me, were dreamy. My hands roamed over her body as I licked my cum off of her face; she shuddered with pleasure each time I touched her. I was strongly reminded of how I’d sent Lisa about ten orgasms past her limit, and what she’d done to me in return. Which reminded me; I did want to get back in touch with Lisa. I had an ass-fuck I wanted to treat her with. Along with a side order of ‘world-shattering orgasm, to go’.

“Oh course I’m going to fuck you,” I said firmly. “Put your skirt and top on. Now.” I wasn’t really used to play-acting the dom, but a little bit of harmonic went a long way to making her less likely to argue. Of course, by this time she was so much in lust with me that she probably didn’t need any nudging, but it was always good to keep in practice.

Obediently, she bent over to pick up her clothing. Emma being Emma, she added a bit of a bump and grind to her performance, which caused my erection to jerk noticeably. Her still-wet pussy drew my eyes like a magnet, along with the way her perfect ass cheeks drew apart as she leaned down. I had ambushed Amy more than once in that exact position, pushing her to the floor and taking her hard and fast. Amy hadn’t objected in the slightest; in fact, bending over in front of me and Dad and Vicky had become something of a habit for her. One for which she had been amply punished. Or rewarded, depending on your perspective.

Despite my absolute certainty that Emma would welcome being taken by me in such a way—the lingering glance she sent me over her shoulder as she took her time about picking up her clothes sealed the deal for me—I controlled my impulses. After all, I wanted Emma coming back for more and more, and a quick fuck like that would be over almost before it began.

When she stood up, still unmolested, I thought I saw a look of disappointment cross her face. I ignored it. “Put them on,” I ordered her a second time. Arms crossed under my breasts—I wasn’t going to hide my nipples just for a bit of play-acting—I watched sternly until the skirt was fastened and the top had been shrugged on over her shoulders. Stepping forward, I turned her around and pushed her to bend over the nearest desk. She submitted with a gratifyingly prompt gasp of excitement.

Running my hands up the backs of her thighs, I shoved her skirt up so that her ass was no longer covered. As Amy and Vicky had discovered long since, uncovering nakedness by force was quite often more exciting than being naked in the first place. Her accelerated panting was a sign that she found it that way as well. Slowly I cupped her ass cheeks, then squeezed hard, digging my nails in. She arched her back, crying out in pleasure rather than pain. “Oh god, Taylor! Yes!”

I slapped her ass, wringing another cry out of her, then pulled her top down from her shoulders. It wasn’t a proper restraint, but it trapped her arms behind her back. She struggled against it uselessly, deliciously. Reaching forward under her with my erect cock pressing up against the cleft of her ass, I cupped and squeezed her breasts the same way. She cried out again, pressing herself back against me
convulsively. I maintained the sound nullification; the last thing I wanted was a teacher coming to see what was going on, and wanting to join in.

“So, Emma,” I purred, leaning forward so that my weight rested on her body, “what would you like me to ruin first? Pussy or ass?” To emphasise my words, I bucked against her ass, sliding my cock up and down between her cheeks. Again, I squeezed her breasts, pinching her nipples and feeling them swell and harden between my fingers.

Biting her lip, she whimpered in confusion. “I … I don't know. Both?”

I rolled my eyes and gave her a burst of pleasure in her nipples, ass, clit and pussy all at once. She arched under me, crying out as she climaxed heavily. “I'd need to go back to Panacea for that,” I said, not unkindly, as she panted underneath me, I waited until she was lucid once more, then rubbed my cock against her pussy and ass again. “Which one do you want me to fuck first?”

She bit her lip and hesitated. “Please don't … fuck my ass?”

The ploy would've been obvious to a blind man. She wanted me to fuck her ass, but she wanted to pretend it wasn't her idea. That was fine to me. I really, really wanted to give her a good butt-fucking, and I was pretty sure only one or two of the guys in the bathroom had managed to cum inside her ass, so she'd still be nice and tight there.

It's amazing the perspective having a cock gives you; until Panacea made it so I could pee standing up—and fuck her into an amazing series of orgasms—I'd never considered the tightness of my sex partner's butt to be a major selling point. Amy's ass was very tight when she wanted it to be, to the appreciation of all, especially her. So was Vicky's, for that matter. Dad and I enjoyed that, a lot. Deep in my throat, I began to hum, sending an intensely pleasurable sensation spreading between her pussy and ass. Emma squealed as I began to wedge my now rock-hard penis between her perfect ass-cheeks. “No, don't!” she babbled. “Please, don't fuck me in the ass!” Of course, the fact that she was spreading her legs as far as they would go and pushing back at me had nothing to do with her real feelings in the matter. Inch by inch, I wedged my lubricated cock into her, groaning at the intense heat of her bowels. Abandoning all pretence, she bucked back against me, forcing herself on to my shaft. “Fuck me, Taylor! Oh, god, yes! Fuck my ass!”

Taking hold of her hips, I surged the rest of the way into her ass until my smooth belly rested against her equally smooth buttocks. Emma bucked under me, her ass clenching around my impaling cock as another orgasm blasted through what was left of her mind.

I kept up the harmonics, playing her body like a fiddle as I began to fuck her pliant asshole. Her butt was amazingly tight, so much so that it was almost an effort to fill her up with my cock. Well worth it, though; the sensations I felt when I was buried all the way inside her were insane.

Emma grunted and writhed and climaxed under me as I drove my rock-hard erection deep inside her soft, tender ass, over and over again. With the harmonics I was giving her, I could probably have tickled her foot with a feather to the same end. But I wanted my satisfaction too; Emma had needed an in-depth ass-fucking from me for far too long, and now that I had a cock, I was determined to make it happen.

Between the tightness of Emma's ass and my slightly reckless pace, my penis was feeling like it had been skinned by the time I felt my own climax approaching. I didn't care; doubling down, I grasped her hips and began to up my tempo. Her litany of dirty words had ceased to be anything but babbling
for some little time now, but this seemed to revive her. “Fuuuuck, Taylor. Oh, FUUUUCK!”

Driving myself to the hilt inside her yielding butt, I felt myself begin to cum. Throwing my head back, I lost myself to the sheer blind pleasure that cumming inside Emma’s ass was affording me. As each spurt of cum blasted into her bowels, the waves of pure ecstasy whited out every other thought in my brain. I kept fucking her until every last drop of semen I had was inside her butt, then kept going for a little while after, just in case.

By the time I pulled out of her butt, Emma was slumped bonelessly over the desk. I felt much the same way; fucking her had taken more out of me than taking all the guys in the bathrooms had. Slowly, I pulled her top up until she could move her arms again. At the same time, I pulled her skirt back down. Not without copping another feel, of course; some things would never change.

By the time I located my cargo shorts and pulled them up, she was standing by the desk, leaning against it in an unsteady fashion. Wide-eyed, she stared at me. “Holy shit, Taylor. How did you … fuck, how …?”

I smiled at her, then stepped close and kissed her tenderly. I could do that now that I’d butt-fucked her into a quivering puddle. “It’s a secret technique that Panacea and Glory Girl taught me. You want to have any more, come on over sometime. I’m sure everyone will be pleased to see you.” Dad and Vicky especially. I looked forward to gangbanging her with their help. And, of course, bending over for her once Amy grew a cock on her.

“Oh huh,” she mumbled. “Holy fuck, that was … that just took all the sex I ever had and made it look like a middle-schooler using her first training dildo.” I saw her pupils dilate and she licked her lips. “So … you can do that again?”

I had to laugh. “I’ve fucked Dad, Glory Girl and Panacea to a standstill, all at the same time. You have no idea what I can do.”

She let out a tiny whimper, and I suspected she’d just cum a little bit at the thought. “So … I can come over?”

Leaning in, I kissed her again, tasting my cum on her mouth. “Any time.”

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The Next Morning

Coil

Thomas Calvert coughed up blood and instantly regretted it as the sludgy mass stuck to the inside of his mask. From the feel of it, several important organs had ruptured, and the warmth spreading up his stomach was probably blood from his exploded testicles. Being able to feel nothing below the waist was probably a blessing, right now.

If so, it was one of very few. His men were either dead or decamped, and the base was in ruins. Worse still, he had no idea where Harmonic might be. If he could be certain that she was dead, and that he might survive the day, he might have opted to save this timeline. But as it was, there was nothing to save. Grimacing, he discarded the timeline and reverted to the one where he’d made no
move on the newest Ward.

Three times he'd tried to get a line on her. First he'd attempted persuasion. Then he'd gone with bribery. Lastly, he'd employed brute force. All three attempts had failed, with varying levels of fallout, all centred on him. There was nothing for it but subterfuge. Picking up his desk phone, he made a call.

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Lisa

"Up for a fuck?"

Lisa looked over at Brian, who had his more than half-hard erection in hand. Normally the sight of his cock, and the memory of what it could do to her, would've had her agreeing immediately. But since her encounters with Taylor, she had a whole new set of standards. So while she did want to get laid, and soon, the idea of Brian's BDSM gear just didn't do it for her any more.

"Sorry, Brian," she said regretfully. "Rache, you want to fuck him?"

"Sure," Rachel agreed at once. "If Alec wants to stick his dick in me too, we can make it a threesome." Getting up off the couch, she went to her hands and knees on the rug. "Just remember, I like it rough."

Lisa saw Brian's cock jump at that. "Alec, get the lube," he directed. "And the blindfold, and the choke collar. Also, the paddle."

Lisa was still deciding whether to watch Rachel get comprehensively fucked by the guys or go to her room when her phone rang. Picking it up, she checked the number. Shit, what does he want now?

As Brian grabbed Rachel by the hair and pushed his erection into her mouth, Lisa stood up. She had no doubt that between them, Brian and Alec could treat Rachel as roughly as she wanted, but she didn't really want to watch right now. Heading down the corridor to the kitchen, she sat down at the table and swiped the phone to answer it. "Yeah, boss?"

"I have a job for you," Coil's too-smooth voice answered. "It regards the Ward called Harmonic."

There was no accusation in his voice, but that meant nothing. He knows I've been in contact with her. Wants to take advantage of that.

There was a heavy grunt from the lounge. Brian just shoved his cock into Rachel's pussy. It's a bit big even for her, but she's enjoying it. "Uh, yeah. What about her?" She found her own pussy tingling in sympathy with the pounding that Rachel's delicate folds were about to get.

"Now, let's not be coy." Coil sounded amused. "I know you've had direct contact with her." Lisa felt a sudden surge of panic. Did he know about her and Taylor and the afternoon of ass-fucking? Or the meet-and-fuck that they'd staged? Or about her abortive plans to abduct Taylor for a sex dungeon? Over the phone, he chuckled. "I believe nearly everyone in New England has seen the footage of her giving you a spectacular orgasm without ever touching you. What I want you to do is get back in contact with her."
More grunting came from the lounge. It was a little muffled, but was unmistakably the sound of Rachel having her vagina being royally reamed out by Brian's monster endowment. She's sucking Alec's cock at the same time. Wondering why she never did this before. That last one was a guess, but it felt right. “I, uh, I can try. What do you need me to do once I've contacted her?”

Coil chuckled. “Why, I want you to seduce her, dear Tattletale. Become her best friend. If she's open to the idea of having sex with you, do that too. And find out all of her secrets for me, if it's not too much trouble. Having someone who can one-shot Lung running around the city could put a serious crimp in my plans if I don't have something I can use to keep her in check, if necessary.”

Which meant that he wanted something he could blackmail Taylor with, and which he would not hesitate before using. For Coil, ‘if necessary’ meant ‘as often as possible’. She swallowed the bile rising into the back of her throat. “Uh, that's a little extreme, isn't it? And a lot skeevy. I mean, casual sex is fine, but using that to get information on her? Plus, I'm not great at sex with strangers, if you hadn't noticed.”

He sighed. “Ah, Tattletale. So very predictable. Raising objections before I even set a price. So shall we say, a hundred thousand? Does that answer your objections?” Implicit in his tone was the belief that a hundred thousand should make her abandon all principles.

While there was quite a lot that Lisa would do for a hundred thousand dollars—including bending over for Coil and pretending to enjoy it—betraying a friend was not one of them. And despite the extremely odd turns their relationship had taken, and the fact that she'd very nearly set up a sex dungeon in which to imprison Taylor, she still considered the girl a friend. After all, friends helped friends get laid, right? Also, friends let friends fuck them in the ass with dildos, to make them feel better. Actually, I kinda want a return engagement there. I bet she'd be a fuck-load better at it now.

“Yeah,” she replied with a sigh that wasn't entirely feigned. “It does. You want me to find out her civilian identity too?” Well, I already know it, but he doesn't know that.

“Yes,” he snapped. “Or did you mistake the meaning of 'all' when I said 'all of her secrets'? Not one of your little band of miscreants has the wherewithal to oppose her, so it's better that you find out what will stop her, ahead of time.”

“Yup, got that,” she replied. “Find her, fuck her, learn all her secrets. Piece of cake. Anything else?” She did her best to keep the sarcasm out of her voice. In this specific instance, she wanted Coil to believe that she was actually going to do what he said. Which she would, up to a point.

“I couldn't have put it better myself. I'll want a report back by the end of the week.” He hung up before she could reply; she sagged back against the chair, feeling dirty. She wasn't feeling horny any more, which was somewhat of a bonus, considering the sounds of sex filtering through from the lounge.

Standing up, Lisa went to her bedroom to find her ankle holder and a pair of clean panties.
The mornings were becoming warmer now; I didn't have to put on a jacket for my morning run. Thankfully, Amy had made sure that my breasts didn't bounce too much when I jogged; I had the sneaking suspicion that she didn't want me wearing a sports bra, or anything else that would come between her and my nipples.

My suspicion was borne out when I awoke in Dad's bed; Amy was kneeling over me, suckling contentedly on my left nipple as Dad took her from behind. Amy and Dad had really hit it off; Vicky and I were sure that Dad liked rough sex, even though he was gentle with us, and Amy provided him with that release.

I ran my fingers through Amy's hair, lifting her face so that I could kiss her. She clung to me tightly as Dad's cock rammed into her tight ass over and over again. I could hear her whimpering with the force of his thrusts, but she never asked him to be more gentle. If anything, she always tried to goad him into being rougher with her.

With a groan, Dad came hard; I could feel the tremors of orgasm through Amy's body at the same time. My kiss turned forceful and I reached down to pinch her clit; she cried out, her eyes opening wide, as she came spectacularly. Dad groaned loudly, which meant that she must have clenched her ass-cheeks in the process.

I couldn't really complain about Dad fucking my girlfriend while I was asleep; my pussy and ass still had dried semen from where Dad and Vicky had held me down and double-teamed me the previous night. After Vicky went home, Amy had grown me a penis so that Dad and I could double-penetrate her in turn. She really did enjoy that. Mind you, I loved every second of whatever we did.

Nor would I say it out loud, but I was kind of glad that Vicky was off with her actual boyfriend and girlfriend. Who'd been my girlfriend and boyfriend not so long ago. And, of course, probably would be again, if we decided to swap partners again. Not that I didn't thoroughly enjoy fucking Vicky and being fucked by her, in every way possible – and watching her screwing Amy's ass off was almost as hot as doing it myself – but her not being present meant that Dad and I could focus our attention on Amy. Who kind of lapped it up.

Who am I kidding? She dived in and paddled around in it. Which, given how often she could make Dad and me cum inside and over her, was almost not a metaphor.

In any case, as far as I knew, Vicky and Missy were a threesome with Dean. Vicky had a pussy, Missy had a cock, and the last I'd heard, they were experimenting to see just how many ways they could enjoy that situation.

It wasn't even so weird anymore that Missy had a penis. I'd had the opportunity to test it out for myself, and yes, oh my god, it worked. Missy had a certain amount of enthusiasm about how she used it, which I didn't mind in the slightest. Nor did Amy, Denise, Vicky, Carla (who was currently in a threesome with Chris, who had his cock back but still had tits, and Denise, who was undeniably female, and loving it), Crystal, Lady Photon, Brandish and none other than Parian.

There were also rumours that she'd squished tits with Faultline, Spitfire, Rune and Squealer, though she denied that last one. I was pretty sure that she was bending over for Chris, Eric, Velocity and maybe Flashbang too, along with any of her boy fans she met while out and about. And some of her girl fans were undoubtedly getting some close and personal attention too.

Which was perfectly fine. She was a growing girl, and so long as she matched Age Cards and only had sex when and where she wanted to, then there wasn't any real problem with it. I wondered if she...
wanted to try matching with Dad; there might be some serious chemistry there. She was into daddy fantasies in a big way, after all, so I was pretty sure that she hadn't fucked her own parents yet. I was equally sure that Dad could scratch that itch for her in a nice safe environment.

Of course, once she found out just how good Dad was with his cock, we'd have five people in one bed (including Vicky), which I figured might be a bit crowded. Fun, but crowded. Though crowded could be fun; I had a fantasy where I was shoved into a phone booth with half a dozen guys, all naked and erect. Being held so tightly, with cocks forcing their way into my slippery orifices …

“Are you okay, Taylor?” Guiltily, I opened my eyes, to see Amy smiling at me from just a few inches away. She was still on her hands and knees, but Dad was gone from behind her. I could hear the shower running, so I knew where he was. “I was just wondering. You were moaning slightly.”

“Just a fantasy I'd like to try out someday,” I explained, then leaned forward and kissed her. Because that's what her lips were for, after all.

She seemed to think so as well, the kiss went a little longer than I had anticipated, and it devolved into a cuddle and caressing session. Which I didn't object to.

“So, what was your fantasy?” she murmured, two fingers lightly stroking my labia.

Between kisses, I told her about it; she groaned in appreciation. “Oh, yeah. That's what I want, all right. Being made to suck on a cock, almost choking on it, and a cock is ramming into my pussy, and another one is forcing its way into my ass, and then they spread my legs even wider and push another cock into my pussy, and I'm so stretched …”

“Whoa, wow.” I blinked. “Okay, that's more than kinda hot, and I really wanna see that happen, but you were asking me about my fantasy, remember?”

She giggled and kissed me. I kissed her right back. “Yeah, I guess. I kinda hijacked your fantasy for a bit there.” Slowly, she licked her lips. “Maybe you should punish me for it.”

My nipples were all the way erect now. She knew for a fact that I wanted her badly. All she needed was for me to give the word, and I would have a penis, and I'd be holding her down on the bed and fucking her as hard as she wanted me to.

But no. I had other plans. Plans which she didn't know about, but which I had to not think about, or she would get an idea that something was up. She was no Lisa, but she could still read me like a book.

“Later,” I purred, with that heavy-lidded look that turned her on so hard. “Right now, we need to go for a run.”

“I can think of other ways to get our exercise.” She pouted, which looked adorable, and stretched out on the bed … which looked fucking sexy. I nearly jumped her bones right then and there.

“Up you get, lazybones,” I ordered her. She tried to pull me into an embrace, which would have scuttled the whole 'morning run' thing then and there, but I scooted off the other side of the bed.

“Let's get out on the run, then if you want to fuck me, you're gonna have to catch me.”

Fortunately for my cunning plan, I knew exactly where my running shoes were. While Amy searched for hers, I had the chance to make a single phone call. “Forty-five minutes,” I said. “Be
As I had already noted, it was nice running weather, even this (relatively) early in the morning. All I had on were my shoes and an ankle-wallet, the latter containing my Age Card. Amy didn't even have the wallet; from the ankles up, she was delectably nude.

Her breasts were a bit larger than mine, and bounced a little when she ran, which I enjoyed watching immensely. Her butt also bounced, which was equally arousing for me. She could feel my eyes roving over her body, and I saw her nipples hardening beyond what the cool morning breeze should have managed. I swallowed as I saw her burning gaze devouring my own naked body.

We paused at the halfway mark of the run. I was breathing hard, but not overly so. Amy was getting by; we had been running more often than not, and our marathon sex sessions were actually good for the endurance.

“There's a park over there,” she said.

I looked in that direction. “I see it. What about it?”

“I've never had sex on a playground swing.” Her voice sounded a little wistful. “We could go over there right now …”

I was so very, very tempted. Especially if I used the swing chains to 'tie' her arms over her head. But no. I shook my head. “Maybe later. We can always come back.”

“Oh okay.” She smiled and caressed my breast. “Oh, and my seventeenth birthday's coming up. You're invited, of course.”

Leaning in, I kissed her. “Thanks. Dad too?”

“Oh, yes.” Her voice was kind of breathy. “I'm going to make it an Amy's ass party. Everyone who shows up has to fuck my ass at least once.”

I giggled. “I can't see that being much of a problem.”

“Me neither.” She joined in with my giggles. “More than once is perfectly okay. Trust me on this. Maybe I'll make it a bondage thing. Let them tie me up and then let everyone do whatever they want to me.” She bit her lip, shivering slightly. I was pretty sure it wasn't from the cold. “I can't wait.”

“And then on your eighteenth, do it all over again, but in public?” I suggested lightly.

“For my eighteenth,” she declared, “I'm going to spend the day as a wall girl.”

I blinked. “Wall girl?”

“Locked into a box so that only my lower half is showing,” she explained. “So that anyone can touch me or finger me or fuck me, and I won't know who's doing it. Maybe in the Market somewhere. Or in front of the Forsberg Gallery.”

“Hmm.” I felt a shiver of arousal at the thought. “I might just show up with a strap-on. Or with a cock, if you want.”
She grabbed me, kissing me hard. “Please. It would mean so much to me.”

I returned the kiss. “Okay, I will. And in the meantime, we might just … practice. Lock you into the box and then get some random stranger to come in and fuck you.”

She let out a happy little moan and her knees went wobbly. “I just came, thinking about it.” Grabbing my hand, she began tugging me toward the park. “Come on. I want you to fuck me really hard, right now.”

I shook my head. “Later,” I insisted. “When we're back at home. We'll drag Dad back into bed, you can grow a cock on me, and we'll fuck you silly.”

She bit her lip, still eyeing the park. “… okay.”

Finally. We started back toward home, following the second part of our course. Amy was starting to tire just a little, but me running in front of her seemed to give her sufficient motivation to keep up. Until, of course, we were running down the right street, not far from home. The front door of a particular house opened, and a naked man stepped out. He was fully erect, and it was a very impressive erection indeed. I trotted to a halt, and turned to face him. Almost instinctively, I cocked my hip out, letting him see my swollen labia. Oh yeah, I am so turned on right now.

Amy came up beside me, face flushed from the running and from her arousal—why yes, I had been giving her erogenous zones a little tweak every now and again, why do you ask?—and stared at him. As if drawn by a magnet, her eyes dropped to his thick endowment, and she licked her lips.

“Hi, Joe,” I greeted him, stepping forward to kiss him. He returned the favour, his hands cupping and squeezing first my breasts and then my ass cheeks.

“Hi, Taylor,” he replied; his cock was even more erect than before. “Who's your friend?”

He knew, of course, but this was part of the charade.

“Oh, this is my friend Amy,” I said. “Amy, Joe. Joe, Amy.”

“Hi, Amy,” he said politely. “Would you like to come in for … refreshments?”

Her eyes jerked to his face, then back down to his throbbing member. I could see her breathing in tiny jerky pants that had nothing to do with how tired she was. “Yes,” she murmured. “Yes. Oh, yes.”

“Come on in then,” he invited. Turning, he led the way into the house. I gestured Amy forward with a slap on her bare ass – she giggled as she trotted forward – then I followed on.

“Amy,” I said, as we entered the house.

“Yes?” Her eyes had not moved from his butt.

“Copacetic.”

It was our safe word. The one word we did not utter in sex play, unless we wanted the other to stop right now. But I was using it in a different sense now; it took her a couple of seconds to get it.
During which time, as she entered the house, a black bag went over her head, blocking out all sight.

She screamed then, and struggled; two other men, equally naked except for long gloves, grabbed her hands and fastened them behind her back with soft restraints.

Abruptly, she stopped struggling, realising what I'd meant. Then she started again, but this time it was play-struggling. The jerks were just as hard, but her harsh breathing meant that she was getting more and more aroused by the second.

The two men—one tall and black and bald, the other shorter and white but both with thick erections—held her between them. One squeezed her breasts, pulling painfully on her nipples. The other rubbed his fingers between her legs; when he felt her wetness, he pushed his digits inside her, making her arch her back and moan loudly.

Joe came up to me, and we kissed again, more slowly and arousingly than before. His fingers sought my labia, and my legs more or less fell open of their own accord. “Pussy or ass?” he murmured in my ear.

“Ass. Please.” I nipped at his ear in return. “Do me hard, then come in my pussy.”

This was the first time that Joe was going to be doing me anally; I was looking forward to it. Amy, restrained as she was, cried out over and over again as she was brutally molested by the two men. From what I could tell, she was cumming a river, and they hadn't even put their cocks in her yet.

Joe fetched lube from the sideboard; I bent over the end of the velour couch, biting my lip as he prodded the cold slippery liquid into my tight young butt.

At the same time, Amy was also bent over the couch; her legs were pushed far apart and the black man's cock ploughed into her tender pussy. She cried out again and again, broken profanity and wordless shrieks taking the place of anything coherent. He rammed it all the way inside her, then started fucking her like a machine. In the meantime, the white man moved around to her head; he lifted the bag slightly, to give her lips access to his own erection. She pretended reluctance, then began to suck on it avidly.

I groaned softly as Joe eased his thick cock between my well-lubed buttocks. I'd had many cocks, including Armsmaster's, in my ass before now, but a nice thick cock always made me feel like I was being opened up in new and interesting ways.

I liked that feeling.

Amy's muffled cries changed pitch, and I saw that the black man had shifted his cock from her pussy to her ass. My careful instructions had paid off; he was being just as rough with her as I'd told Joe. From my experience with her, she was going off like a string of firecrackers; the white guy had his eyes rolled back in his head as she sucked on him like there was no tomorrow.

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young buttocks. She arched her back and froze as he came inside her, no doubt filling her bowels with his hot cum. White Guy pulled his cock from her mouth, and she whimpered from the loss as Black Guy slid his softening erection from her ass.

She wasn't long in waiting, however; White Guy grabbed her hips and placed his cock at her slowly-closing ass, then rammed it home. She cried out in mixed pain and pleasure, pushing back at him as he began to fuck her as hard as his partner had. In the meantime, Black Guy had wiped his cock off—I made a mental note to thank him for his thoughtfulness—and was pressing the tip against her mouth. Again, there was the briefest play of reluctance, then she was suckling on it, drawing as much of it into her mouth as she could.

Joe fucked my ass hard, as I had asked him to. I came over and over again, partly from his cock inside me, partly due to my hand on my pussy, but mostly due to watching Amy being fucked like a stuffed dummy and loving every second of it.

I was taken by surprise when Joe slid out of my ass and pushed his cock into my sopping-wet vagina. I was so aroused right then that I could've taken Manpower without too much trouble, which allowed Joe to take me all the way in one smooth stroke.

I came, right there, so hard that I nearly levitated off the couch. By this time, White Guy was hard again. He pulled his cock out of Amy's mouth, then sat on the couch. Black Guy moved Amy around, mainly by tugging on her hair—which, if I was any judge, she enjoyed immensely—and made her straddle White Guy. Her well-fucked pussy ended up on top of his cock; before she had a chance to react, he pulled her down on to it, filling her up hard and fast. As his cock impaled her thoroughly, she arched her back and came violently. Black Guy, who had never removed his cock from her ass, went back to driving it into her as deeply as he could manage, and mauling her tits while he was at it.

When Joe came inside me, I felt my eyes cross with the intensity of my orgasm. He pounded my hips almost as hard as his friends were servicing Amy, and I cried out with my climax. Pleasure wiped everything from my mind for a few minutes.

When I came to, Black Guy was pulling out of Amy's over-stretched ass, cum seeping around the edges of the seal. White Guy was still pumping into her soft tender pussy, but from the look on his face, he was just about finished.

Dropping to my knees, I suckled on Joe's cock. Predictably, although he had just cum inside me, the action with Amy had him almost hard once more. It didn't take long to get him aroused again, and I sat on the couch, butt forward and legs spread.

Amy, whimpering softly in the aftermath of repeated orgasms, was guided down to where her uncovered mouth found my exposed—and cum-filled—pussy. She immediately began to lap and lick and suckle at it, making me arch my back as yet more orgasms loomed. In the meantime, Joe got down behind her; she stiffened slightly as he slid into her, but did not pause one instant in her ministrations.

I kind of lost count of the orgasms she caused to blast through my body; at one point, I realised that I had pulled the bag from her head, but she had her eyes tightly shut as she single-mindedly ate my pussy, with a tongue that felt far too agile for its own good. Behind her, Joe fucked her steadily through a series of her own orgasms, first in her pussy and then in her ass. While initially reluctant to be overly rough with her, he soon warmed to the role, especially as she responded harder and harder to his thrusting.
It took him a while to finish the second time around, by which time I was a drooling puddle on the couch. Black Guy and White Guy offered their cocks to me, so I sucked on them each in turn; it was only polite. When Joe came inside Amy, she crashed, as did he. I still had some left, so I let the guys fuck me, one at a time. They were good fucks, and knew how to use their cocks properly. White Guy—he said his name was Gavin—came in my pussy, then asked if he could see me again. Black Guy—Liam—talked me into letting him fuck my ass. It wasn't usually my policy, but he'd certainly given Amy a good few orgasms so I got up and bent over the couch again.

Well. Wow. I was lucky that Joe had extra lube on hand. We managed it, but only just. By the time he came inside my well-fucked asshole, my knees were about to give out.

I helped Amy up, and Joe got the restraints off of her. She was still wobbly around the knees herself, but her eyes were bright and her colour was high.

“Are you sure you're all right?” asked Liam, in a concerned voice. “I don't usually get that rough with anyone.”

“Oh … yeah,” she breathed. “Oh, man. Joe, is it?”

“Yeah, that's me,” Joe said. “Taylor did say to be that rough with you.”

“Oh, god, yes,” she murmured. “That was exactly what I needed. I want to do that again. Soon.”

I grinned, thinking of Grue and the Undersiders. “I might just be able to help you out there.”

She kissed each of the guys in turn, making it so long and lingering that I wondered if she just wanted to stay and be tied up again. Then I stopped wondering; I knew that she wanted to stay and be tied up again. “C'mon, Amy,” I reminded her. “Dad'll be wondering where we are.”

“Aww.” She knelt and suckled briefly on Joe's cock. “Mm. Yum. Go on without me. I'll be along shortly.”

“Well, actually, we have to be at work soon,” Gavin told her apologetically. Joe looked as though he wanted to skip work altogether. Gavin looked pointedly at him. “All of us.”

“Okay, fine.” Amy sighed in mild disappointment. “Mind you, I'm gonna be a bit sore for a while. So I suppose we should get going.”

I kissed her and fondled her ass. “When we get home, you can describe it to Dad, then we can go for a replay.”

Her eyes lit up. “Oooh.”

<<>

Emma

Standing on the sidewalk outside the Hebert house, Emma swallowed hard and doubled-down on her resolve. Stepping out of her designer-brand panties, she tucked them into the small satchel
hanging from her left wrist, leaving her clad in just sandals and the aforementioned satchel. Last chance to walk away. She'd never imagined herself doing what she was about to do in a million years, but something deep within her said that it was the right thing. Besides, it would put her in close proximity to Taylor. And she might even agree to fuck me again.

Before she could chicken out, she strode up to the front door of Taylor's house. Tears filled her eyes as she remembered every time she'd come up this same path and entered the house as a welcome guest. It had been her own choice that had steered her away from Taylor; a choice that was endorsed and abetted by Sophia, but still her own choice. Closing her eyes for a moment, she recalled that afternoon in the alley, the gang members holding her down and making her choose. Choose between being fucked by all the men there, or being fucked by her own dad. She'd only been fourteen, still a virgin in every way that counted.

She didn't know what was worse, the tears in her father's eyes as he prepared to violate her body with his own, or the knowledge that she'd had a screaming orgasm when he filled her pussy with his cum. He'd drawn the line at fucking her in the ass, so the gang members had prepared to do the job for him. Right up until Sophia had attacked. Emma had watched the slim dark-skinned figure dispatch the ABB thugs, her naked body moving with speed and precision. By the time the fight was over, Shadow Stalker had replaced Taylor in her mind as the girl she wanted to give her body to.

That moment had led to many bad decisions. She felt regret for all of them, except the ones that had led her to this very spot. When Taylor had led her into that classroom and fucked her into a higher plane of existence, she'd come out of it with a single burning thought. I was wrong. Taylor had not been the nonentity Sophia had claimed her to be. Now, all she wanted to do was redeem her wrongs. And, if possible, persuade Taylor to fuck her again. Somehow.

Stepping over the lower step, she climbed the stairs to the front door. This close, she thought she could hear muffled grunts and cries of pleasure from within. This made her pussy moisten up slightly, but did not reduce her resolve. From the satchel she drew one other item, and carefully fastened it into place around her neck. Then she reached up and pressed the doorbell.

The sex noises paused. Emma waited, belatedly hoping that she wasn't interrupting something special between Taylor and one of her other friends. Then the front door opened, revealing a naked Danny Hebert. His long penis was fully erect, and shiny with sex juices.

“Emma?” he said, as if not believing his own eyes. “What are you doing here?”

Taking a deep breath, Emma held out the end of the leash attached to the collar she was wearing. “Hello, Mr Hebert. I am your Pet for the weekend, if you will have me. Is Taylor home?”

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