

Exponentials.

Part 1, "Pajama Party"

"Meanwhile, back at Paul Smith's Extreme Strength writing contest...Wasn't quite prepared for the subject shift. Paul told me the cosmic theme would win, and I had 'Blackblade' done and ready to go. I see my competition's already trying to get the drop on me. No matter. Consider Blackblade just practice. Due to my work/homework/real life schedule, I'll have'ta run this one in serial. Here's the prelude...more of it in a bit."—V.E.

"Where ya' been, tiger?" Her shrill voice echoed off the bedroom walls.

"Um, what are you doing?" Steve froze at the bedroom door, tie half undone, shirt already half unbuttoned.

"What's it look like, lover boy?" Cindy posed for him at the closet. His long red jumpsuit settled oddly on her boyish figure. "Thought we'd have some fun tonight." She winked.

"Cindy, I—"

"Whoosh!" She giggled as she leapt into the air—and fell unceremoniously onto the bed in a pile. "I'm Power Chick!" She peeked out from under his satin cape. "Please me!" Her best attempt sultry breathing came out more as a bratty pout.

Steve sighed. "You're in the wrong costume, love."

Her eyes narrowed on him mischievously. "Wanna see you in the wrong costume..."

"Um...I bought the Wonder Chick outfit--for you."

She pouted. "I don't have any where near the curves for that! This fits better." She giggled and rolled over. "You can have your Power Guy outfit back...if you can get it off me."

"Now you're just asking for it." He threw his jacket aside and stalked the bed.

"Grrr! You can't stop me, I am the invincible Power Chick!" She flexed her svelte frame, giggling.

"Stand aside, for the real Power Guy!" Steve jumped up to the bed---

Caught his foot in the duvet—

Careened out of control...

And heaped on the floor against the dresser.

"Fuck!"

"You ok, big guy?"

"Ow. No! SFFFFFTSH!"

"Ok, hang on!" She stumbled off the bed in the out-sized pajamas. "Hang on honey!" She took him in her arms on the floor, rocking back and forth. "Sorry, honey! Poor guy!"

"All fun and games until—" Steve bit his lip.

"Maybe we should leave the costume party to the *real* professionals for a while."

"Damn that hurts!" Steve held his head and whimpered as she rocked him.

"But...I like you in that Wonder Chick outfit."

"We'll see, honey." She wiped a tear from his cheek. "Maybe later-- and a little less jumping around, ok?"

“And a little more...snuggling?”
“Of course, honey bunny. Of course.”

*<Meanwhile in a dark warehouse...
“You lost it WHERE?!?”...>*

“You ok?” Steve whispered into the dark, empty half of the bed.
“Just feel a little dizzy, that’s all.” Cindy sat on the edge of the bed, gripping the covers.

“K.” He squinted at the clock.
Three in the morning.
Steve rolled over, fluffed his pillow, and pulled the covers around his ears.

Part 2: Morning Groceries

“Thanks, Sam.” Cindy took her receipt and the groceries from the mini mart counter.
“You are very welcome.” The man grinned, nodded...and returned to his newspaper.
“Hold it!” A masked man burst through the store’s entrance brandishing a shotgun. “Nobody move!”
Nobody did.
“Empty the register!” The robber tossed a small duffle bag over the counter.
Cindy’s heart raced in fear as the robber stuffed his pockets with twinkies.
“What!?!” The robber waved his gun in her face. “You want a piece of this, lady?”
Cindy cringed and shook her head no.
“That’ll be far enough, citizen!” Power Guy stood in the door, hands braced to his hips.
“Fuck!” The robber squeezed off a shot in his general direction...and sorta missed.
“Only making this harder on yourself, citizen.” Power Guy had the robber pinned to the ground in the next instant.
“Shit, man!” The robber spat across the dusty menolium. “Ow! Excessive for—“
“Sorry!” Power Guy had the robber’s mouth stuffed with Twinkies.
Cindy blinked. Power Guy glowed with a purple aura she’d never quite seen before.
“Need help?” Wonder Chick alighted on the doorsill, tossing her hair back.
No, Cindy had seen that purple halo somewhere before...
“Everything’s under control here, Wonder Chick!” Power Guy beamed from his seat on the robber as she sauntered up to him.
Cindy squinted at Wonder Chick. She had a red aura about her.
“You’re so strong.” Wonder Chick braced herself inches before him, legs spread so he was staring straight into her huge cleavage as she breathed his name. “Power Guy.”
Cindy stared dumbfounded at the store clerk. No aura.
“Oi, here we go again.” The store clerk sighed as he finished dumping wads of cash from the duffle bag back into his register. “Take it outside, you two.”
Cindy knew where she had seen that purple aura before...last night...
“Ma’am.” Power Guy’s eyes widened nearly as wide as the nipples that pressed through Wonder Chick’s outfit as he licked his lips.
Cindy’s eyes opened. She could see...auras of...super powers.
“My hero.” Wonder Chick melted onto Power Guy in a molasses kiss.
“Mmhph!” The robber spat out the half eaten twinkies. “Damn!”
“Steve?” Cindy whispered.
Power Guy froze, hands well into Wonder Chick’s scant costume.
Cindy rose and approached the pair of lovers, eyes narrowing.
“Steve!”

Wonder Chick's lips withdrew from Power Guy's in a trail of spit as Wonder Chick's eyes slid to Cindy in disdain. "Excuse me, Ma'am." Wonder Chick popped Power Guy from between her breasts and swung them around to face Cindy. "Mind if we say our hellos?"

"Steve! That's you isn't it?" Cindy was nearly on top of them. "Get off of him, you slut!" She reached to try and pry them apart, hands diving into both their auras. "That's my hus---"

Darkness.

Cindy awoke 1 second later well impaled into the dairy cooler, legs sprawled out before her.

"Bitch! Did you just---" Cindy stopped short at the new feel of her body.

...

"Yes." Wonder Chick straightened her monumental bra. "And you'll keep your hands to yourself if you know what's good for you.

"Holy..." Cindy's mind shot through elsewhere, eyes fluttering as she drew breath and stood absently from the milk-dripping wreckage of the dairy case. "...shit."

"I'm sure Wonder Chick..." Power Guy gave Wonder Chick a slanted glare. "...Would be happy to apologize and cover any medical expenses, ma'am."

"That's not going to be necessary." Cindy flexed her fists before her wide eyes. "Tell your mistress..." Cindy's eyes rose to meet Wonder Chick's glare. "...That she should be more concerned for her own health."

"Um, Cindy?" Power Guy blinked. "She's as strong as I am."

"Yeah, Steve?" Cindy strutted through the smashed wreckage of the snacks aisle. "Strong as you eh?" She picked a can of peaches off a nearby shelf. "Is that what it is? Afraid of hurting me as Power Guy so you go round up this hussy to play Power Guy with?"

"Um,..." Power Guy scratched his head. "...yeah, I guess."

"I don't buy it, liar." Cindy grabbed Power Guy by the collar and hoisted him eyes wide and stunned into the air. "What, no 'gosh, are you ok, honey?', or even a 'I'm so sorry'?" Cindy tossed a look over her shoulder at Wonder Chick. "She just swatted me through two rows of grocery store, honey...aren't you going to do something?"

"This the sweet little thing you cover with, Power Guy?" Wonder Chick Eyed Cindy coldly.

"Oh that's rich, Steve." Cindy crushed the can of peaches like a zit in her other hand. "Told her about me? What did you say...'stupid housewife;...' or 'don't worry, Wonder Chick, her breasts are way too small to fill your bra, darling...'"

"You were right on both counts, Power Guy." Wonder chick flexed her chest.

"Ladies, ladies..." Power Guy took hold of Cindy's arm, to gently...no...that didn't work.

"What's gotten into you, Cindy?" Trying harder, he wielded more metal-ripping strength than a hundred "jaws of life"...still nothing. "I was going to tell you..." Muscles straining, bulging, both hands on Cindy's arms...nothing.

"Put him down." Wonder Chick scoffed.

"Holy crap, Cindy...honestly...where'd you—" Power Guy's brow dripped with thick beads of sweat—yet her arm hadn't moved further than the Rock of Gibraltar. "I mean...damn!"

"Make me, bitch."

"Asked for it that time, honey." Wonder Chick bore her incisors.

<Krack!>

A shower of shattered glass fell on the floor like a receding ocean wave. All the cooler cases breathed open into the room as paper posted adds fluttered to the ground on the suddenly open-air storefront's sidewalk.

"Fuck!" The criminal gripped a stack of newspapers as far as he had gotten by the door, wincing and holding his ears in bleeding pain.

Peach juice drained down Wonder Chick's leg.

Wonder Chick bit her lip in obvious wincing as Cindy's unimaginable grip held her ankle unmoving at eye level.

"That all you got chickypoo?" Cindy winked. "Fought many stupid housewives lately?"

"Um..." Power Guy's face was turning pink from fruitless exertion.

"This tramp ain't worth your time, Power Guy." Cindy licked her full, red lips.

"Shit!" Blood mixed with peach juice draining up Wonder Chick's leg.

“You know what, Steve?” Cindy drew him close and whispered in his cherry red ear. “I’ve got an idea.”

Steve’s eyes looked more and more alarmed.

“I’ve decided to get even with you.” Cindy’s eyes narrowed. “With my own affair.”

Cindy’s curling grin and her penetrating gaze struck fear into him as Wonder Chick disappeared in a clap of thunder.

“I’ll deal with her later. As for you...” Cindy’s eyes rolled. “I’m going to fuck Power Guy’s brains out...”

There was nothing he could do against her grip as she...damn she was way hotter than he had remembered...she held him between her immensely strong legs as she tore her blouse off before her face.

She slammed his head through the hot dog oven, plowing his wrists into the store’s solid concrete foundation—against his struggling, mountain-moving will.

“Cindy, please! I—“

“You what, play’a?” She ripped off a scalding hot hot-dog roller from behind him—and bit it sizzling in half. “Like my new powers?”

“Where did—how?”

“Powers are yours love.” Cindy ripped his shorts in half with her...wait a minute, she’s holding both wrists...”Don’t know how. “She spat out a chunk of metal at super sonic speeds that ricocheted around the store like a bullet. “And her’s.” She scoffed. “Didn’t know how bad aluminum tastes. Sorry.”

“Holy sh—“

“I know what you’re thinking...” She sunk onto his throbbing harder-than steel...”Twice as strong, eh?”

Power Guy’s frame jolted like taking a defibrillator. “Oh god.” He breathed as his pelvis began thrusting like locomotive...slowly at first...and with more power than a five-mile-long train of nothing but locomotives.

Cindy giggled. “Oh that’s nice.” Her pelvis lunged over him and soaked up enough thrust and torque from his member to tow a fleet of supertankers. “Come on, Power Guy! I’ve at least twice your power! Want me, you little monster!”

“Oh damn.” Power Guy moaned in electric pleasure as she released his straining hands to rub like a stampede over her bare skin.

“That’s it, you thunder god.” She leaned in to whisper over the straining veins in his neck as his hands went super sonic. “Want me like I’ve wanted Power Guy all these years...totally dominated...utterly helpless to resist.”

Shockwaves of his thrusting pulverized the mini mart to rubble and blasted it in mushrooming waves into the air over the neighborhood.

“Now see what you’ve been missing at home...running around with that weakling scamp...” Her hair raked across his cringing face. “Could she satisfy you in this kind of frenzy, my love?”

Power Guy was a blur of hands and throbbing.

“Now experience how I would have felt...Steve,...against Power Guy...my god you’re really huge, Steve! Titanic down there...no wonder you didn’t want to...share with me...would have tore me to shreds”

Power Guy’s breathing spun tornadoes through the wreckage. His laser eye beams shot through the sky like search lights as his eyes involuntarily rolled.

“Like this.”

Muscles exploded like popcorn on nitroglycerine beneath her flawless skin as she popped a power flexing pose. Boulders everywhere on her body rolled like ocean waves to the slow undulation of her body over Steve’s frenzied groping. Her breasts popped out to monumental proportions, arcing as sky-darkening blimps of flesh well over his head as she sat up over his pelvis.

“Would’a been bad, alright, Steve.”

What once felt like flesh to Power Girl turned to smooth, polished granite, cut through in deep riverlets of muscles and popping veins.

“Like this.”

She lowered onto him, burying him in massive breasts as she crushed him bent-backwards through solid concrete several feet in by the time she was laid out flat over him.

“Mmf—“ The massive span of his arms couldn’t embrace the girth of her breasts, let alone the boulderous frame of her chest that backed them up.

His member jammed deep inside her, like being caught between stone gears.

“How you like them guns, Steve?” She palmed her basketball dwarfing biceps with an evil grin. “Truth is...I don’t have your powers *and* hers...I have your powers *by* hers. I could crush you to atoms with a thought.”

Power Guy’s arms flailed through the concrete dust he was impaled into as she slowly squeezed him inside her, chuckling deeply.

“No.” She suddenly righted herself, pulling him up with her to his feet with the grip of her monster-frightening cleavage. “I can’t.” She swung her massive breasts to the side so she could reach him to stroke his stunned cheek. “I thought I could...you really really pissed me off...but—“

She inhaled like a jet engine...air, concrete dust, mini mart debris and all.

“I need a moment to think, Steve. I still love you...This is all just too sudden.”

She raised her arms and the incredibly firm boulders of her breasts for a power flex.

“I’ll be back for you...” She winked. “And *her*.”

<FFFFWBBBBBBBMMMMM!!!!>

Her mere flex of her mind-boggling muscles blasted Power Guy straight back at super sonic speeds into the wreckage of the neighborhood and mulched the neighborhood in an expanding throb of a shockwave across the town.

And she was gone.

“More later, after the deadline, at my uberdrive site...but that should be enough for this contest.”—V.E.