

Profoundly POWERLESS

A Novel by Jenny Amara

Profoundly Powerless

Chapter 03 - Did you have to poke me in all of those places?

It sucks... It's S.U.C.K.S. Did they not notice that acronym? Paul was lamenting the necessity of his visit to the Superpowered Users Coalition Kimper Society. It was bad enough that a strange old lady transformed Paul earlier in the day. Now, because he was a registered Superpowered User of the Kimper Society Coalition, he had to debrief on the Omega-level incident due to his proximity. *It sucks...*

First off, these doors are just way too big. Why are they so big? They must be forty, maybe fifty, feet tall. It takes a stupidly long time for them to open and close. They never should have installed that automated door sensor. The doors oscillate five degrees all day back and forth as people come and go. They should open the doors at the beginning of the day and leave them open until they close for the day. Sigh...

Some things would be better if I could manage them, but no one takes Mr. Irrelevant seriously. I barely got a job at the cafe. Entering the "Grandest Hall of Superhero Testaments" in S.U.C.K.S. is always an ordeal. All right, here comes the 'goon' squad. Yep, run the metal detector wand all over. Go ahead, ooh, moving up awfully close to my crotch. You must be new. You know, that works without having to be so close. And next up, the "Magic wand"-wand... I can't believe they found a way to detect magical curses and traps. Thank goodness, this guy's been through this before. One more guard to go. The pat down... Eeek.

Paul stood there with his arms out and legs spread. The guard performing the patdown tried to start up a conversation.

"What brings you to the Kimper Society today," the nameless guard said as he started by enveloping his hands around Paul's arms and patting his way over to his chest. The guard's hands grazed the edge of Paul's polo, making him

uncomfortable. This guard was giving an overly thorough pat down. That light graze on Paul's chest was entirely foreign to Paul. His 'breasts' were not a familiar component of his makeup, so when the guard grazed one, it was immediately upsetting.

"I got called in. Hey! Hands!" Paul said casually but yelled at the guard for his extra-curricular touching. Paul forgot that his voice was back to its standard deep register. The guard shot up and turned his head from side to side, expecting to see a superhero about to scold him for his handsy behavior.

"Who said that?" The guard weakly asked as Paul saw the man's knees shaking in fear.

"It was me, dude. Keep your hands where they belong!" Paul answered again, making eye contact this time.

"Oh, uhh, shit. You're a guy? I uhhh..."

"Yes, I'm a guy. Can we get this over with? I want to debrief and leave."

"Umm, can I verify your ID, sir?"

Paul handed the guard his S.U.C.K.S. ID.

The guard laughed as he saw the name on the card. "Mr. Irrelevant? What the hell happened to you?"

"It's a long story... laugh it up jerkwad. I'm going to be back to myself before you know it."

"Right... I guess you kind of look like a Paul. Or this Paul at least, Paul-a."

"Don't call me that."

"Or what? You going to cry on me?" The guard decided to reassert himself with this new information about Paul's identity. Before Paul could mount a comeback, though, one of the earlier guards pulled the bully back. "You don't want to get too close; who knows if he's contagious."

"Oh shit, you're right. I don't want to catch a case of boob-i-tous," The guard scanned Paul's badge and tapped a few things on a tablet.

"Am I free to go?" Paul resigned himself just to move on and ignore these idiots.

"No, you are being redirected to the laboratory. Sorry about this part; you might have been a good girlfriend if it weren't for the fact that you're some gender-bending biohazard," the guard said with a snide attitude. As his last words left his mouth, Paul felt a hood placed over his head, and then he blacked out.

Waking up, Paul felt odd. He was partially upright but also partly tilted back. Paul tried to move but was strapped in against whatever he was leaning against. Stretching his toes toward the ground, Paul discovered he was also suspended in the air, at least somewhat. His confusion was fortunately short-lived. A man wearing a lab coat came in with a smile. A normal smile. Not a mischievous smile that would indicate this "mad scientist" was about to experiment on Paul to some nefarious end.

"Paul, I'd like to introduce you to Dr. Giveswell. She will be running your physical and diagnosis today," the man in the lab coat announced as he reached Paul's side.

"Hi, Doctor," Paul started to respond. As he began, he was immediately interrupted by a new voice and the sudden appearance of another person in a lab coat. A shorter woman with curly pink and blue hair puffed out in all directions from her head appeared.

"Eeek, call me Kyrie. Right now, don't call me that stuffy title," the woman rapidly said. Her speech rate far exceeded usual pacing, and Paul wondered if she had even taken a breath to get it all out.

"Uhhh, Kyrie, nice to meet you," Paul responded calmly to diffuse the offense that Paul had stumbled into unknowingly.

"Nice to meet you too, but you definitely do not look like a Paul."

"Yeah, this is new for me..." Paul responded and looked down at his body. His expression told Kyrie that this was the truth. That and the fact that this person who looked like a woman was stuck staring at 'her,' or 'his,' boobs.

"How interesting. So when did you discover you can change genders? Did this happen to you today? If not, why do you go by Paul? Wouldn't Paul-ahhh," Kyrie's rapid delivery resumed, and she was about to call Paul by that name he didn't like.

"It's just Paul. Not anything else. Let's take this one question at a time. I didn't ask for this or discover it. Some old lady injected me with a weird liquid, and I turned

into this."

"Interesting, then why do you sound like a man?"

"Well, have you ever heard of Mr. Irrelevant?"

"The man whose superpower is the power to transform into a man? Yeah, everyone's heard of him. Useless superpower, if you ask me. What's he supposed to do? Raise his testosterone levels and become Super-Toxic-Masculinity Man?" Kyrie asked but followed up by laughing at her joke.

"Yeah... Well, that's me. I used my power to get this whisker to grow back. See?" Paul said, sticking his chin out for Kyrie to inspect. She dutifully leaned in and squinted to try and spot what Paul was referencing. "Well, I also used my power to change my voice back." Kyrie looked quizzically at Paul for a few moments and moved around him from side to side, poking and prodding his body with the end of the pen she was holding.

"Hey, that hurts, you know," Paul said, but Kyrie ignored Paul. She continued her inspection a moment longer, looking up and down over his body before stopping and turning her back to Paul. She stood there scratching her chin while deep in thought.

"That's so... Amazing!!!" Kyrie cheered, raising her arms over her head in celebration.

"Huh? What's amazing?"

"You're like the perfect man now!"

"What?!" Paul responded, entirely shocked by Kyrie's reaction.

"Yeah, you are the only man in the world who knows what being a girl is like. Your dating game is about to level up to a ten."

"How do you reason that?"

"Well, what's the one thing women want from a man?"

"If I knew that, I wouldn't be perpetually single."

"Someone that understands them, dummy! Now, you can learn what it means to live as a woman, and you will finally be the one man who understands. No more empathy as the stand-in for understanding; you will have real sympathy and... Oh

my God, it will be so... hot!!!" Kyrie said and then spun around. Her energy level had gone from a nine when she popped out from behind that other lab-coated man. Now she was an eleven. Paul stared on as she spun on the tip of her shoe.

"Are you done with whatever that was?" Paul asked as Kyrie stood there vibrating while embracing herself with her arms.

Kyrie extracted something from her lab coat and came up extremely close to Paul. She lifted her hand to Paul's eye level, revealing a business card, which she then dropped into Paul's polo shirt.

"For safe keeping for later. Call me." Kyrie said with a wink before spinning around again with her hyperactive energy.

Paul could feel the card down in his shirt wedged against his breasts. *Stupid tight shirt. Stupid boobs making my shirt tight. Stupid cleavage... I take that back. I just wish it weren't on me.*

"All right, shall we begin your physical? I'm sure I'll be able to figure this out in no time." Kyrie announced.

*** Six Hours Later ***

"Blood tests round 3. All tests were negative." Kyrie returned to the giant laboratory they had placed Paul into.

"What are you looking for anyways?" Paul asked and then continued, "I'm feeling like I'm running low on blood now that you've taken so much out of me."

"Simple! We're looking for any remnants of what you were injected with. Oh, and we're checking your hormone levels. Congratulations, by the way. Your power seems to be working still; your testosterone levels have steadily increased out of female ranges since you arrived."

Paul did find that to be a relief; he just wished his power worked a bit faster.

"Is there anything else you haven't checked for yet?"

"Well, we didn't check you for Omegamma radiation. Do you feel like you might turn into a giant green monster imminently?"

"What? No... what would that even feel like?"

"Oh, you'd know. It's trippy as all hell. You get all like 'Grrrrr.' Then all 'Arrggh' and

you start wanting to break things. It's totally awesome. I tried it once just to see."

"You've turned into a giant green monster?"

"100%. Everyone should try it at least one time."

"I'll take that under advisement... umm, thanks?" Paul was uncomfortable at the suggestion but wanted to keep up appearances.

"Well, I don't see much other choice. We'll have to start dissecting you..."

"What?!"

"Don't worry, it won't hurt."

"Bullshit! Dissecting means you're going to kill me!"

"Psh, nahh. It's nothing so serious. We bring in Doctor Daybreak, and he pulls out all the atoms from you that aren't yours. It barely feels like anything is happening at all."

"You're talking about that floating orange guy? Couldn't he unmake reality if he wanted to? He's going to dissect me?"

"Yeah! He owes me a favor. Here he comes..."

"Hello," Doctor Daybreak announced as he phased through the lab floor.

"Hey there, Day' Dude," Kyrie said familiarly.

"How are things hanging, Ky Ky?" the formerly serious-seeming man dropped into a surf dude tone.

"You know they don't hang. I don't even have to wear a bra. You could help me with that, you know. Still a little fat from this bozo, and hook me up with some boobage," Kyrie said, pressing her hands into her chest and then lifting her small breasts.

"You know I like you the way you are, Kyrie."

Sigh "I know. Let's get this over with. Can you get the foreign material out of our patient, Day'?"

"No problemo," Doctor Daybreak announced, and Paul braced himself for the

impending atomic dissection.

Doctor Daybreak rose an extra three feet in the air, and the molecules in the room entered a super-excited state. Paul's body felt tingly all over. Paul was waiting for the pain to start but was happy to discover Kyrie was right. Paul started to see a strange mist exiting his body and a floating sphere of glowing violet liquid formed before him.

"That was inside me? Holy shit!"

"Yeah, crazy. I wonder what it is? We know it's not in your blood anymore. Where was it Day'?"

"It was pooled inside his lower body..."

"Can you be more specific?" Kyrie asked.

"I can be... He might not want to hear it, in any case."

"What?! Where was it? Tell me." Paul naively responded.

"It was inside 'her' reproductive organs," Doctor Daybreak answered.

"Huh? I don't have my reproductive organs. They're MIA," Paul said with a high degree of certainty. His ignorance is a result of the failing educational system and the lack of proper sex education in public schooling.

"No, they aren't; they're just inside you and doing something different now," Doctor Daybreak corrected Paul. His extraordinary power gave him unique insight into the exact functioning of every cell of Paul's body.

"Like what?" Paul's ignorance persisted.

"Like getting ready to make a baby, dude," Doctor Daybreak dropped the knowledge bomb on Paul, whose expression shifted from confusion to shock to abject terror in five seconds. Kyrie and Doctor Daybreak could see that Paul was about to lose it. He was either going to scream or pass out. Kyrie's bet was on passing out.

A second later, Kyrie smiled for another reason: Paul passed out. The last thing he saw was Kyrie grinning gleefully.