

Rewind Time

In a world where fantasy elements like magic and elves were commonplace alongside remarkable individuals born with unexplainable powers ranging from superhuman strength to the ability to manipulate mind. Earth as a whole would have to take an entirely different approach altogether if the disparate races had any hope of coming together to maintain a peaceful multi-racial society.

And so laws and restrictions would be put in place; from tagging individuals born with powers to registering magic practitioners under a government body that could keep a close eye on them. Despite the initial outcry and backlash from outliers with no interest in joining hands with this new 'coalition. Things proceeded rather smoothly with little to no accident besides a few protests here and there.

Pretty soon after the governing bodies from each race had come together on the agreement, a vast capital city given form by the collective minds of humanity and their otherworldly neighbours would rise as a symbol; as proof that the different races could come together without friction...more or less, for there really was no such a thing as an idyllic life.

With a rise in crime to match the prosperity, the law enforcement would have to up their game if they even hoped to contend with robbers. While anti-magic technology was remarkable, they still had to deal with robbers that could flip a car over without a sweat or break into banks undetected through natural camouflage bestowed by their natural born gifts. But the answer to that was a simple one; setting up a force to respond to these super powered criminals...with a little help from the local citizens.

When the police were stretched too thin to respond, vigilantes were there to stamp down crime wherever it appeared like a scene out of a comic book, with the heroes coming out on top most of the time, only being matched by some of the strongest individuals to walk the path of crime..

One such individual was a rather humble man known by many as **Benedict Stanforth**, or Ben by his closest companions in the villain circle. Famed for his rather innocuous demeanour and slick charm that few could resist, not many knew that his true worth lay in his ability to control time itself. But he had no offensive capabilities outside of the weapons he had on hand, so if his partner at the time was ever knocked out of the playing field, he was helpless. Considering the overwhelming might one would have with an iron grip over the flow of time itself, that scenario seemed far-fetched, maintaining a constant streak of victories against the law as they fought against what they saw as an oppressive ruling body.

Until their actions drew the attention of **Gerald Danzig**, better known as the strongest hero the government had at their beck and call, and the only one that could resist Ben's influence over time through what seemed like sheer willpower, taking him down first before finishing off

whoever was unlucky enough to be partnered up with him. It didn't take long for the black hearted villains to see Ben as an ill omen to tag along with on gigs with how often Gerald had begun to show himself at the mere notion of Ben being there at the scene. Almost overnight, his status as a surefire addition that could guarantee success had dropped to a 'Gerald-Magnet', only ever asked to do a gig by those with a bone to pick with the famous hero.

It left Ben bitter and frustrated, plotting night after night, whether he was in prison biding his time to escape or back at his quaint apartment, to take down the man that had become a thorn in his side. Training to master his powers with his mind razor focused on Gerald; his one and only rival after one too many one-sided clashes, humbled by the thought that maybe this was what his victims had felt whenever they were caught in his time locks...he had to get stronger.

But training wasn't all the villain had done in preparation for his ultimate revenge plan, scouring the net for anything that could be used to his advantage against Gerald, scoffing to himself once he figured out the hero was a massive mommy's boy just from the magnitude of his mother being mentioned in interviews and speeches.

"The thought of my mum watching me on TV keeps me going...is this man for real?"

A few months would fly by, with Ben undergoing a repeat routine that involved banging his head against the wall that was Gerald, testing his skills each time he faced off against his overbearing rival with little to no change in the status quo. Sure, he would flinch or react whenever Ben threw out a new move like accelerated ageing on anything caught within his sphere of influence to speeding himself up through boosting his own flow of time, but nothing seemed to work.

With his stock of swindled goods and ill gotten gains fading ever since his crime streak had been put on hold, Ben was beginning to reach his wits end, unsure of what to do and left in a deep dark pit as his other 'Gerald-free' colleagues ran their own gigs. Sure, they failed every so often and the stakes weren't too high, but at least they weren't being hounded by the great saviour of the town.

That is, until another night of drinking when a mysterious woman approached him during another night spent at a bar, taking a seat beside him until a few minutes flew by in silence.

"Here to poke fun at me ma'am? M'afraid the goon squad left about an hour ago..."

Chuckling softly to herself, the lady leans into the table as Ben turns his head to face the owner of that charming voice. "You misunderstand me...you seek to topple him, am I correct? Gerald Danzig, the man all the wicked fear?"

Eyeing up his unexpected companion, Ben was captivated by her alluring figure and seductive face, but something in her eyes chilled him to the bone, it was like an ire more brilliant than any he had seen before, more furious than the urge for revenge burning inside him.

"W-What do you know about that anyway...if you're familiar then you already know it's pointless to do anything...the man's a walking powerhouse!"

Clicking her tongue, the lady takes another swig of her drink before staring right into Ben's eyes with that piercing gaze of hers. "But that's where you're wrong~ I assume you are familiar with his source of power? What gives him the strength to defy the odds and save the day?"

"You can't mean...is it seriously what I think it is?"

The incredulity in Ben's voice is enough for the lady to divulge her words, affirming what Ben had already suspected in the back of his mind for months now.

"So the man's literally fueled by his devotion to mommy...Jesus..."

"But...what if 'mommy' wasn't there to begin with? What would happen if say...his mother, or maybe even his father had turned out differently? Would he still be the same virtuous oaf the populace admires so much?"

"What are you saying?"

Hearing the way she had said the words sent a chill down Ben's spine as he swallowed down the beer he hadn't realised he was bottling up in his throat. Wondering if like him, she was someone who had her plans foiled by Gerald one too many times. Watching her rise off her seat, a flowing raven black dress falling down around her deathly pale legs as she stands to her full height.

"What I'm saying is; join hands with me. Together, we can put an end to that fool's interference entirely...and that skank he calls his mother..."

'Jeez lady...what did she ever do to you?'

The way her last words were spat with a sizzling aftertaste of hatred was beginning to make Ben think it wasn't Gerald she had beef with but his mother.

"You want to know what she did to me?"

Hissing the words down his ears, Ben jumps from his seat, startled by the fact that she had read his mind and the fury now showing clear in the woman's eyes. Bracing himself as she begins a tirade about how she had supposedly 'stolen her man' back when they were all young adults. About an oath she'd sworn to leave her man be even as he walked away in her rivals arms etc etc

By the end of it, the lady, calling herself Minerva, had fallen back to a calm composed state, determination now in her eyes as if reminiscing her life had given her the resolve to fix it.

"B-But if that's the case...what good am I? From what I hear...Alex...isn't around anymore...what do you gain by helping me take down Gerald?"

"You haven't heard what I have to say yet..."

Swallowing down the rest of her drink, Minerva takes a seat once more. "With my magic...and your control over time...I'm certain I can send you back in time, far enough for you and I to get what we want..."

Raising a brow at the ridiculous yet intriguing proposition, Ben stays silent as she begins her explanation in detail, sipping on his beer to help digest Minerva's plan.

By the time she's done, Ben was already halfway through a second cup.

"So what you're saying is: I go back...seduce Gerald's mother before she meets Alex...and you swoop in to reclaim your stolen love? And that would in turn remove Gerald from the picture?"

"Not quite...assuming you manage to steal Ashley's attention which I'm quite certain will be a cinch for a man of your calibre...Gerald would still exist...albeit in a position that benefits you instead of weighing you down at every given opportunity."

"Is it safe to assume your personal vouch means you have the hots for me?"

"Don't push your luck kid...if you're done fooling around, we can begin right away. I assume you have nothing to anchor you dear to this timeline?"

Laughing as he looks down at the swirling yellow beer in his hands, the seasoned villain had to admit that Minerva's plan was eye opening. Never once thinking to manipulate the flow of time itself because he never could do it. A few minutes back in time? Sure. But years ahead and warping the events to ensure he ended up in another school entirely with his memories and powers intact? If she really could make it happen, then she was someone he didn't want to mess with...and someone you wanted on your side.

And besides, being raised an orphan meant he didn't have anything to hold him dearly to this life. If it meant a better outcome? Then he was all in for it.

"Alright then Minerva...I'll help! You get the life you've always dreamed of...and I get rid of that annoying asshole!"

"I sense your determination to commit to this...either you're foolishly trusting or stupidly brave enough to leap into a pit of unknowns at the chance of victory...prepare yourself; Benedict Stanforth."

With her cool hands wrapped around Ben's own, a brilliant orb of multi colored light sparks to life as the sorceress and superhuman funnel their powers together, hiding them from view as the orb expands into an all consuming ball of wild energies, drawing the attention of the bartender just as the roof to the shady pub explodes, a familiar man already rushing forth to stop his nemesis.

"Benedict! Whatever you're doing stop this in-"

But the hero would never get a chance to finish before the orb vanishes as fast as it appeared. The villain and his accomplice nowhere in sight...

The Past

"Uggh...Minerva?"

Stirring from what felt like a thousand year slumber, Ben rises off soft bedding and warm sheets, the chirp of a bird outside the window grabbing his attention as his blurry view slowly clears up to reveal a normal bedroom with some items lying around that were no longer in production by the companies that made them.

"Hmph...a Qualico Clock huh? Could fetch a pretty penny in the future... "

Rubbing his throat at the sound of his livelier voice free of the gravelly voice caused by his smoking addiction in his later years, Ben kicks off the sheets as he shuffles to the toilet, already noticing just how much lighter and energetic his body was.



But seeing the face of his younger self he hadn't seen in so many years was still a shocking thing to view up close, a broad smile breaking across his youthful face as he examined himself in the mirror. Satisfied his lady killer face had carried over well into this new world. "I've still got the looks~"

"Are you done fawning over yourself '*brother*'? I really would like to use the toilet..."

The voice was much younger, but in the short time he'd spent conversing with her, Ben had found it hard to forget who was speaking as he turned to face a younger Minerva, leaning against the doorway with a pleasant look on her face.

"Wait...brother?"

"Indeed, I took the liberty of altering some events so my parents ended up adopting you instead of the trash that you ended up with all those years ago so I suppose you're now my adopted brother...you'll find Mother to be an exceptionally pleasant individual to be near~ Now...don't you have a job to do?"

Planting a finger over Ben's head, it was like a tunnel had widened in his cranium; letting in a torrent of information vital to his revenge mission in this new timeline. Widening his eyes in disbelief when the location of Ashley, her habits, her likes and dislikes along with every other thing that most people would prefer to keep private became known to him.

"Y-You're something of a stalker aren't you?"

"Shut up and get out, I wanna wash up now..."

Slipping outside as Minerva levitates into the toilet, Ben takes one last look around the now familiar Sylvestia household thanks in part to the compartmentalised information his new sister had given him. Giving him a good idea on how his target looked as he whistled internally at the beautiful young woman in his mind with scarlet hair.

'Ash should be leaving in about 20 minutes or so...plenty of time to get washed up with some breakfast.'

Not one for conversation, Ben would have had some difficulty adjusting to the fact he now had a kind mother looking after his well being, but thanks to Minerva's magic, saying 'morning ma' was as easy as slipping into the chair he could vividly remember sitting in ever since he had arrived here as a member of the family. Munching on toast while wondering just what else Minerva had done to his mind if he was taking things this well. But he still had a mission to carry out, smiling as he clenches his fist, feeling a new surge of confidence flowing through his heart; Gerald didn't exist yet, and that meant once he had secured Ashley, he could get straight to work robbing banks and making sure important government assets *'went off the grid'* with no one around to stop him.



"I've gotta pay sister Minerva back too..."

Leaving the house after saying goodbye to his new family, Benedict would soon cross paths with the target he was supposed to seduce, watching as she leaves the house next door in a hurry, tying on her hair with her bag laid out on the sidewalk. Catching sight of her neighbour as they wave each other hello, a subtle blush on her face at the sight of the handsome young man walking by.

'Like she said...this'll be a cinch..'

From that day on, **Benedict Sylvestia** would seamlessly slip into his new role of a second year student at the local highschool he could clearly remember holding some students ransom for years into the future. With his cunning and smarts earned from a lifetime of crime already helping to establish a reputation for himself as one of the school's most popular boys. With an endless line of girls looking to get to know him better. And with how his time stopping abilities basically rendered anyone besides his nemesis helpless, Ben had become a protector of the weak of sorts, taking out bullies and defending himself just fine in turn. Funny considering how he would soon be back to taking up a life of crime once this was all over.

Ashley however, didn't seem impressed enough to join in the mindless horde of ditzy girls clamouring for his attention. Only ever greeting him when the two met on the streets or when the time came for their duties to help the faculty move stuff around. The best notion Ben got that she had any interest in him at all were a few sneaky glances she would steal whenever she thought he wasn't looking.

'Strange...didn't sister Minerva say she was the bitchy type?'

But something would begin to eat away at Ben, he wasn't sure if it was Minerva's intervention or something about being a goody two shoes, but helping people, stopping crime with his abilities and even preventing accidents before they could happen was beginning to have a profound effect on the age regressed criminal. And with the familial warmth showered on him by his mother, Ben was beginning to lose that criminal edge that once had him turning cops into dust without even blinking an eye.

Every act, no matter how small, had him feeling giddy inside, remembering how people fled in terror at the mere mention of his name. Only instead, people were cheering and smiling his way when they called his name.

But it also made doing his job much harder. Ben's initial plan had been to manufacture an accident that would leave Ashley in harm's way, only to swoop in at the last second to save her,

starting a gradual degradation towards forced love where he would cause more 'accidents' or coincidental situations that would leave her fawning over him.

Now though? He could barely fathom the thought of slipping aphrodisiacs into her drink when they were alone without feeling incredibly guilty or hesitant. With the only few occasions they had spoken being few and far between despite being classmates. And as he walked a few feet away from her after school on the way back home since she lived directly opposite the Sylvestia's, his mind was reeling with how to engage her directly without sounding like a goof. If it was Ben from a few weeks ago, he would've swooped her up in his arms a long time ago. But the Ben of today now had trouble even looking her in the eyes without shying away like some lovestruck teen.

'Shit...where's sister Minerva when you need her...'

Until a scream interrupts his thoughts, looking back toward the road to see Ashley cornered against the wall with a thug about to plunge a dagger into her side. Without wasting a breath, Ben had time frozen before the sharp blade could go any deeper than it already had, speeding forward before carefully removing the dagger, breaking the man's arm before smashing the weapon to pieces.

With time flowing once more, Ashley's panicked cries were drowned out by the man's own as he clutched at his ruined arm, struggling to maintain standing as he stared back at Ben in fear, accelerating the remnants of the dagger into oxidised scrap before directing his steely gaze into the thugs wide eyes, turning tail like a coward with the message to scam clearly received.

"Looks like he's gone...you alright Ash? Ashley?"

Turning back down towards her after not hearing even a peep, Ben kneels down at the sight of Ashley collapsed on the floor, a small speck of blood leaking from the tiny point on her navel where the dagger had sheared clean through. Carefully suspending her in stasis while carrying her in his arms to prevent what he was beginning to suspect was poison from circulating throughout her system.

But even with Ashley now laid out on his bed, Ben had no idea what to do. Wondering why he even brought her over to his place when her own home was right next door.

'Hoh~ Eager to get started now are we?'

"S-Sister?! Where are you? A-Ash, she got stabbed earlier and-"

'Easy on the reins there Ben-mpff!-she's just fainted from the shock is all...now if you'll-ahn!-excuse me~ I'm a bit preoccupied right now with dear Alex...thank you for helping me...'

So that explained why he hadn't seen her at all around the house lately...with the alteration to the timeline caused by his interference; Ben had gotten in the way of Ashley ever being able to meet Alex with how often he found himself paired up with her...unaware of Minerva's machinations swapping Ben and Alex's positions around so the fated couple would never be, leaving the man ripe for the taking when he ended up in her class instead.

And now she had gotten what she wanted after all those years spent alone, presumably spending a hot afternoon back at Alex's place. Looks like she hadn't been slacking ever since getting the opportunity to get what she wanted.

But that still left Ben's part to play in this...glancing down at his weary palms as he let out a despondent sigh, taking a seat on the bed while wondering what to do next. He could technically leave Ashley but would that really get the desired effect of removing Gerald from his troubles? While he still felt pissed about all the foiled gigs and ruined robberies, the 'good' side to Ben he had nurtured in the few weeks he had been here was beginning to grow on him.

"What the hell's wrong with me..."

That was when he felt the sheets behind him stir, turning to see Ashley moving in bed as she woke from her slumber, wincing as she clutches at the right side of her hips, shuffling over onto her good side, purple eyes roaming over the unfamiliar room she found herself in until they meet the nervous gaze of Ben.

"Uhh...hi...you feeling better?"

"Y-Yeah...is this...your room Ben?"

Nodding silently before turning away from her, Ben's mind rushes with thoughts on what to do or say next, twiddling his thumbs with the cold edge of his villain persona all but broken and left in shambles. Jolting when he feels sharpened nails probe into his back.

"Thank you...for saving me earlier, that was you...wasn't it?"

"O-Oh? Yeah, it was no big deal...sent him packing with one punch and everything!"

Another round of awkward silence would follow soon after, interrupted every now and then by clothes ruffling around and a slight creak of the bed going ignored by Ben, who was still deciding on what to do; let her go back home, or try and get her engaged in small talk to build up some more trust in a possible relationship? He just couldn't make up his mind...

"H-Hey Ash? I-I-If you're fee-oh..."

"Close your eyes~"

Silenced the instant he feels a warm mass press into his back, Ben's body stiffens up as soft hand slips it's way over his eyes, sliding them shut as hot hesitant breaths begin to blow down his ears, tenting his pants upon the realisation of what Ashley was doing; pressing her generous breasts against his back, subtly grinding her hips against his waist while blindfolding him as she gently pulls him back over onto the bed, letting himself go as she lays him out over the sheets while stripping him down to the nude, unable to resist the moment he feels Ashley's heavenly ass push down on his waist, straddling him with her fat thighs on either side of his body.

By the time she gives him the go ahead with an awkward murmur, Ben couldn't believe the sight before him as he gazes up at Ashley's voluptuous figure, naked in all her glory for him to take her in. Searing in every detail: from her lustrous head of red hair falling down around her soft shoulders to a curvy figure that made it easy on his eyes to follow as they scoured her modest B cup tits, down over a tight heaving navel and down between plump cushions where a hairless runway leads into a moist twitching snatch, eager to fill itself with Ben's enormous pecker rubbing up and stimulating her folds, unable to stop himself as his hands roam over Ashley's porcelain smooth skin, giving a firm breast a squeeze before diverting his attention back up to his unwitting lover, trying her best to stifle her moans as another trickle of juices leak down to the bed.

"B-But Ash...since when? I...I thought you didn't have any interest?"

Giggling to herself before a moan breaks through as she lowers herself to lay over Ben's broad chest, she wraps her hands around his shoulders in a hug, sighing when she feels him return her embrace with a hand over her arched back and another over her thick butt.

"I've never had the chance to admit it Ben...I mean...I never had much interest like you said...but ever since i noticed you...helping people...things just changed I guess...gosh, this is embarrassing!"

'And now here we are...' Thinking things over, Ben couldn't help but sigh before laughing weakly to himself. Ironic with how giving in to a whim with a side of mental alterations had led to where he was now; pinned down under a smoking hot girl he would've felt nothing for besides lust. But looking upon her now, with her lovely face torn between modesty and a look that made it clear she was doing her best to restrain herself. Ben could feel what felt like joy in his heart, like he'd done amazing well on a test or something. *'Shit...am I actually doing this?'*

"D-Do you not...love me?"

"W-What? No! No of...wait, what I mean to say is...I do! I love you too Ash! A-Always have!"

Pouting in a cute look of disbelief, Ashley rises back up to her full height, planting her small hands over Ben's chest with her breasts pressed up tight between them, pink areola erect and just begging to be pinched. Redirecting an arm meant to caress her face towards the hardened nubs, pinching before giving them a gentle tug, loving how firm and gelatinous they were.

"Mnahn?! B-Ben, You idiot! I'm being serious here!"

"I am too."

Looking deep into Ben's serious gaze, Ashley could tell the young man meant the words, letting his dexterous hands ravish her breasts as he raises himself up against the headrest before placing both arms around her handlebar hips, feeling Ashley tense up in preparation for what she knew was about to come next after their love for each other had been firmly set in her heart.

Ben on the other hand, was wondering what Minerva saw in Ash to make her a *'bitch'* in her eyes. A lovely girl that seemed meek in bed with nary a peep about a bad record in school. If anything, he was unable to believe such a girl had fallen for him.



"W-Well then...b-be gentle with me..."

"I can't promise that Ash...you're way too good to let down."

"Ben?-"

Before she can finish her question or stop him however, Ben triggers a momentary time stop, grunting as he raises Ashley up so his member can spring to full mast, positioning her virgin snatch over it before pulling down gently on her hips, feeling her warm innards slowly engulf him, the tightness of her pussy making it hard to focus with his hips beginning to buck and thrust, his vision going blur with the image of a petrified Ashley making it all the more harder to stop as he gives his frozen girlfriend the fucking of her lifetime, subtle grunts, gasps and moans leaking out of her lips as her body reacts to the pleasure, building up load after load of cum, ready to squirt as the timer counts down to zero...

"-what did you mean by-UGH?!"

By the time she could register her boyfriend's pulsing warmth stuffed deep inside her along with the motherload of baby batter sloshing in her womb, Ashley could do nothing but brace herself as her back arches in the overwhelming force of multiple orgasms rocking her body and mind, screaming in ecstasy with her tongue lolling in the air, coating Ben, his bed and the floor in a liberal spray of vaginal juices before collapsing over Ben's chest in a sloppy mess, struggling to catch her breath from her mind bending first time with the man she would come to call her husband in a few years time while he strokes her head lovingly, both lovers falling asleep in each other's embrace...

Elsewhere in another part of town, Minerva likewise, was finishing up with her own sexual escapades, lying back in bed with her boyfriend's dick still stuffed inside of her, watching her 'brother' finish up inside of his new girlfriend before falling into bed fast asleep. While she could wake him up and get him to wear some clothes to make introducing her to Mother a respectable introduction. A part of her wanted to see how he'd react once she found him naked and sweaty in the arms of the innocent girl next door.

"Mother's going to be a very happy woman tonight once she sees this~"

Back In The Present

“And you’re sure he was with someone else?”

“Y-Yeah! I ain’t lying! Knew it was a bad idea havin’ him ‘ere!”

After witnessing Benedict’s escape with an unknown accomplice he had never seen before, Gerald had taken to subduing the bartender who was reaching for a particle gun along with any other villains in the bar unlucky enough to be around at the time.

But unbeknownst to the hero who’s mind was churning with the possible whereabouts of his great nemesis that damnable hunk he somehow couldn’t stop thinking of, reality begins to change to fit the new precedent set in the past. Warping his thought processes and rewiring loyalties as Gerald’s memories, his very essence, changes under the temporal influence of Time; the weapon his nemesis commandeered.

“You only have yourselves to blame! Don’t bring Benedict Daddy into this!”

Stomping off with the villains tied up and bagged, the oblivious hero begins to change, slowly and subtly losing muscle and height as each step changes Gerald, the manly aura he exuded fading away as wide set hips begin to gyrate, swaying hypnotically with each step as the scornful look in the villains eyes begin to change, noticing the appeal of a huge bubble butt wrapped in red spandex jiggling before them with an enticing cameltoe squishing between long fattened thighs that led down to muscled calves and slender feet. Unaware of the impressive pecker that had used to dangle down there, reduced to a twitching clit as Gerald’s testicles finish reforming into a pair of ovaries, pumping estrogen throughout her body and preparing a fresh egg in her womb beneath a soft belly, ready to be impregnated as thoughts of a girlfriend she’d been meaning to introduce to her mother ripple and ebb like disturbed water, shifting into the face of a striking young man she now registered to be her stud.

Flicking aside her growing head of hair, Geraldina turns around, sticking her hips out in an overtly feminine pose oozing with sexuality, noticing her audience being less than subtle with their stares.

“What’re you looking at me like that for? ~~I’m not gay you know?~~ I’m not into guys like you, sorry not sorry.”

But despite her word of warning, she could sense the greedy hands of an eager slimeball reaching out with his elasticity powers, itching for a grope that he would never get to enjoy as ~~he snaps the joint in his hand with a brutal kick~~ she uses her powers to freeze time, huffing as she grips the villains extended limb before tying it into a huge knot.

“I warned you...”

Met with jeers, cackles and catcalls, Gerina moves away to a more private spot out of the prying eyes of those perverts, not like they could go anywhere, uncaring of the ropes shifting into a girly knot like the villains were presents. She ~~couldn't wait to get home and take a bath~~ wanted to get back home as fast as possible and tell her papa all about how she single handedly took down a roomful of thugs and villains. Twirling an auburn lock of hair in manicured digits as she lets out an excited giggle, slinging around the girders on the ceiling that supported the makeshift base before hovering in the air, humming the tune of her favourite song while enjoying the cool evening air against ~~his well built body~~ her nubile figure, flexing long limbs with an impressive bosom rising and falling atop her chest as long hair flutters in the wind, tickling sensitive skin. With ~~his handsome face~~ her beautiful visage scouring the cityscape below, the city she protected.



“Ah, the cops are here...time to get moving!”

Perking her ears at the sound of incoming police sirens, **Sabrina Sylvestia** shakes off her thoughts as she flies off into the night, swiftly headed back to her quaint little house in the suburbs with the lights in the house already on.

But before she fully turns the doorknob, Sabrina catches sight of her reflection in the front window, cocking her head to the side as she raises a brow in confusion. Something about it seemed to tick her senses off. Like something was terribly wrong. Inspecting the hair and eyes that she took after her papa from. Sporting similar brown eyes and hair with a tiny hue of crimson from her mother.

“Mmm~ Am I forgetting something? Daddy’s always been going on about about my appearance while I’m out there...maybe it’s getting to me...oh well~”

Stepping inside the family home with cheerful greetings toward her parents with a pleasant surprise visit from her aunt, Sabrina joins them for a hearty dinner over the table while boasting of her latest adventures while upholding the mantle her father had set for her...

Epilogue

The years following the first time Ben had lost his virginity were some of the best years in his life, nothing like the hollow joy accrued from robbing a bank or pulling off a hostage negotiation with the cops. This was something fulfilling he never would have felt in his old life; a life of crime and neglect.

After getting a more or less rude awakening from his screaming mother, Ben had a more or less *'fun'* time explaining the circumstances, introducing her to his girlfriend as she waved weakly from the bed, still too weak from the afterglow to stand. With the proceeding meet-and-greet going far smoother than Ben had expected from the tales he'd heard of introducing one's lover to a family from his classmates giving him the impression of a tense meeting similar to being interrogated in a police station. In fact, his mother seemed overjoyed at the news, bursting into dramatic tears as she cuddled her new granddaughter.

Then as if to follow it up like a knockout punch, Minerva had returned home not too long after with her boyfriend slung under her arms, much to her mothers overjoyed wailing.

Needless to say, the house was bustling that evening with their father joining in over a video call since he was stuck overseas.

The events afterward were a blur, with the pair graduating from high school, going to the same college, studying and struggling through the same courses, Benedict and Ashley did everything together before the plans for marriage soon popped up in their lives along with the news that, after a lengthy period of time spent rutting like dogs in heat almost every night, Ashley was pregnant, with Ben becoming an overjoyed mess as the news graced his ears.

And as the pair laid in bed after the night of the momentous marriage where everyone; from Ashley's parents to Benedict's sister, Minerva, and her husband were invited to join, they quietly discussed the name they would bestow upon their first child.

"Have you got a name in mind dear? If it's a boy...i think i'd go with Gerald."

"Sounds nice but...if it's a girl...how does Sabrina sound?"

It didn't even come to his mind then when Ash had suggested the name that usually incited his fury, having long since forgotten that petty grudge after taking in the joys of a rather normal life free from superpowered crime...except the times when he froze his wife in bed before forcing her through twenty orgasms in one go...he was pretty sure that was a crime in and of itself, not like she seemed to mind.

But despite being a graduate from college, the ingrained sensation of being on the move from a previous life better forgotten continued to gnaw at him, soon urging him into picking up the profession of crime fighting as a vigilante. Being paid handsome sums for his contributions

toward the protection of the city and its people. And with how strong his time manipulating powers had become, Ben was virtually untouchable...not like that stopped villains and thugs from trying their hand though. It just meant more pay for the newly wed man.

Fast forward a couple of years, and Sabrina Sylvestia was soon born much to the joy of her parents. But as they raised her, they would soon come to realise she had inherited her father's ability to manipulate time in addition to her own mutations granting superhuman strength and durability. It was a challenge raising a young girl but with constant practice provided by her father and aunt under the supervision of her mother, Sabrina could safely go to school without fear of ageing the building into dust or destroying everything with a simple touch.

Growing up to become a fine young woman who took after her father in more ways than just her powers, Sabrina had taken up the mantle of a crime fighter despite his objections in an effort to make him proud.

"You're still in college! What about your studies?"



"I'll be fine~ Don't worry so much alright? I'll make you and mommy proud!"

But while Sabrina's problems were more or less solved, Ben had a new one to contend with; his wife Ashley. Ever since he had taken up the habit of using his powers to freeze time during their fun moments at night together, she had begun to 'change', with her already voluptuous figure gaining extra curves in all the right places that drew the eyes to her hefty D cups and over the hairy bush of pubes that lined her tight snatch. It was like a gradual transformation had been triggered that slowly turned her from amazing looker to drop dead gorgeous gravure model every time he decided to resort to the trick when regular sex just couldn't cut it for him.

And now, after years of avoiding Ash and refraining from using his powers the few times they slept together now that they had Sabrina, it seemed his wife had had enough, locking the door to their room one night with their daughter gone on a sleepover last week. Licking her cushioned lips as she eyes her husbands engorged pecker at the sight of the

erotic nightwear she secretly bought a few days ago, lace threads exposing her fat milkers tipped with pink nipples and a window for easy access to her dripping pussy. Something told him that once the night was over, he'd better start making preparations for a second child...

"Uhh Sab? Are you sure about this?"

"Shh! You'll wake them up!"

Unbeknownst to the pair however, Sabrina was hovering right outside the window with her boyfriend in a bridal carry, preparing to bust in to announce this momentous event to her parents, unaware of the steamy moment they were in the midst of with her own belly stuffed full of the young man's semen after using the *'trick'* her father had used...like father, like daughter.

But for the foreseeable future; it seemed the Sylvestia bloodline was guaranteed to be a prosperous one indeed.

THE END