

# Profoundly POWERLESS

A Novel by Jenny Amara

## Profoundly Powerless

### Chapter 05 - Sisterly Love, Dummy!

"I... did not... see that coming. Hi, Annie."

"Hi Paul-ahhh, I guess it's Paula now? When did you do this? Why didn't you tell us? Is this why you bailed on dinner? How long have you known you were a woman?"

"One question at a time, Annie. Remember?"

"Hrmph, fine. Yes... When did you get all this surgery done? You look fabulous, by the way."

"I haven't had any surgery," Paul responded but was interrupted.

"This is all you? Wow, I guess you were meant to be a woman. Your body took to it like a fish to water. Oh, this is so exciting. I always wanted a little sister."

"Now, just hold on a minute there, Annie. I'm not your sister, little or otherwise. I don't even want to be a woman. This was done **\*to\*** me, not by me."

"What? What are you saying? People don't just turn into a woman overnight."

"Neither did I; it took about three minutes, I think. That old lady that I've been accused of abducting did this to me. She injected me with a weird liquid, and then I fell down the stairs. When I came to, I looked like this."

"Hold on. You were chemically transformed into a woman? And the woman that is missing is the person who did this to you? And you didn't push someone down the shelter stairs, and it was you that fell down the stairs?"

"Again, with the multiple questions, but this time my answer is 'Yes.'"

"'Yes' to which one?"

"Yes to all of them. You got it all right."

"That's absurd."

"And yet here we are."

"Well, what do we do now?"

"Hey! That's my question. I went to S.U.C.K.S. because of everything that happened today. They were not especially helpful. That said, I did debrief with them, so there shouldn't be any criminal warrants for my arrest based on these news reports. They checked the cafe CCTV streams by the shelter to confirm my report, and they saw everything go down just like I said."

"Well, that's a relief, at least. I guess my **\*brother\*** isn't the criminal I imagined him to be."

"Thanks... Annie, you know I've been keeping my head down and maintaining a low profile. Today has been a nightmare."

"I can see why. This is a crazy story. Tell me more about this old lady. Did she say anything to you? Would you recognize her if you saw her again?"

Paul huffed again at the rapid questions. Annie couldn't help herself; she was brilliant, so her mind and questioning moved faster than conversational speed. "That old lady said the usual kinds of things until she stood up and injected me. She went from trail to imposing in a split second. As she did this, she told me she knew who I was and then indicated that I wouldn't be a man anymore. It made no sense to me at the time, but I understood when I woke up a few minutes later and caught sight of... all of 'this,'" Paul concluded his first answer with a hand gesture pointing at his breasts and then motioned further down moving his hands in and out in an hourglass shape. "If I saw that imposing face again, I'd definitely recognize her, but it's clear from what she looked like originally that she's some sort of master of disguise."

"Anyone who could do something like this will be well-funded or at least highly capable. Mastering disguises would be child's play. A transformation like the one you've undergone is just shy of being a medical miracle."

"Seems pretty miraculous to me, Annie."

"I agree; it's just that I know that there's a lot of progress being made in organ regrowth," Annie said, then paused as she held her chin in an inquisitive pose. Theoretically, they could grow you a whole new female body. Or a male one..."

"Well, I don't need anyone to regrow me a body. My powers are working, just a bit slowly."

"Oh? Oh! That's right, your powers!"

Paul sighed, realizing that his sister had forgotten about his superpowers. That was how irrelevant they were. "Yeah, as you can hear, my voice is already back to its usual range. Additionally, I've got a few whiskers growing back," Paul said, sticking his chin out. Annie leaned in and grabbed his chin, then turned his head side to side so she could inspect his face.

"Hmm, how can I know that you did this? Maybe the syringe's contents weren't as potent as we thought?"

Paul doubted himself for a second. Just for a second, however. He puffed himself up and responded, "If you don't believe me, then I guess a demonstration is in order!"

"Hang on a second, Paul. That's not what I was suggesting..."

"I'll show you. I'll change back a little more, and you'll surely know that your brother has a superpower."

Annie stepped back, unsure about what was happening before her. She considered for a moment whether she needed to take cover. Paul positioned himself in the center of his tiny living space. Annie looked on anxiously, and Paul noted her worried expression. He assumed she was just concerned for him or his mental health, not that she was afraid of something blasting out of him and hurting her, as was actually the case.

Paul centered himself and focused all his energy and attention on activating his power again. A slight tingle was felt throughout his body. Paul became excited as he felt a more considerable swelling of energy than he had previously felt when he tried this earlier in the day. His facial expression lit up, and he looked at Annie, who seemed to have turned from anxious to terrified.

"Your... Your face!"

"What about my face?"

"Rather your jaw and chin! You look ridiculous now, hahaha!"

Paul rushed out of the room and back to his bathroom. He saw it right away. The lower half of his face had transformed back to their male attributes, and he looked ridiculous. Apparently, his skull size was one of the things impacted during his transaction, so he now had a face that was wider and larger on the bottom than on the top. Paul reluctantly returned to the living room, where Annie was working to regain her composure. It was no use. As soon as Paul was back in eyesight, her chuckling resumed.

"Yes, it's very funny, but at least I proved my point. I have a superpower, and it works—if a little unevenly," Paul said as Annie tried to stop laughing.

"I... I... believe you," Annie said, struggling to get the words out. "What is your next move then?"

"Next move? What do you think I am some superhero?"

"Well, it seems like you have a new archnemesis. Is it such a strange question?"

"Yes, Annie. I don't go around chasing people down. Even ones who do things directly to me."

"Well, I would probably if I were you. How do you know this lady won't just change you back into a woman when your powers finally get you back to being male?"

"What? What are the odds of that happening?"

"She knows where you work, who you are, and how to change you. What will you change to invalidate one of those points?"

"Uhhh, nothing?"

"That's exactly my point! She could easily return and try another scheme—or even the same one! You need to come up with a plan..."

"That's ridiculous. She probably saw the news report, like we did, and will lay low now. S.U.C.K.S. knows the truth, so I'm guessing that old lady will steer clear of me for a long time. I bet you I won't ever see her again. Five dollars?"

"Oh, you are one hundred percent on," Annie said, shaking Paul's hand. "You're

right; your power is working; these aren't quite a woman's hands either," Annie teased.

Paul broke the handshake and frowned at Annie, "Not funny! I don't want to be a woman, so that's actually a compliment." Paul hoped to flip the script around and gain the upper hand.

Annie was having none of it, however. She continued to make fun of the situation. Paul was tormented for the next twenty minutes about having boobs, the need to wear dresses, and, lastly, having to sit to pee.

"Your words can't hurt me, Annie. I know who and **\*what\*** I am."

Annie finally relented, "All right. You're right. That's probably enough for one day. Are you going to go to work tomorrow looking like this?"

"I don't see what other choice I have."

"And you're going to go wearing what clothing?"

"My work uniform, of course. I have to wear it. It's required."

"That's 'Paul's' work uniform, a man's. But despite that jawline, you still look like Paula."

"Well, maybe not by morning! Maybe I'll change back more!"

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"Shit, I look exactly the same as last night," Paul said as he inspected himself in the bathroom mirror.

He had finally gotten over his fear of seeing his female body enough to take a shower before work. Paul would have preferred not to, but he could smell his body odor. So, finally fully nude, Paul stepped into the shower. His body sang out as the calming warmth of the water rushed over his body. Then he noticed it. All the little places and variations in sensation that Paul was unfamiliar with. Despite his willingness to shower, he had avoided visually inspecting his body below the neck. The jets of water hitting his skin made that very difficult to maintain.

Paul looked down and caught his first glimpse of his breasts. They were teardrop-shaped and about a full hand's worth in size. They were their own source of discomfort for Paul's mental health. Still, this concept was quickly discarded by the shocking reveal that the water jets hitting his nipples caused a painful

reaction. Paul turned his body away from the water to protect himself. The sudden movement caused his chest to wiggle and jiggle in ways he wasn't comfortable with. So he wrapped his arms around his chest to stop the movement, but this caused his breasts to form an ample amount of cleavage, further causing Paul more distress. "Stupid body! You can't be attracted to your own **\*female\*** body, Paul."

Paul quickly went through the motions for his shower. His longer hair was a hassle to wash, causing him to spend more time in the shower than anticipated, and he was thusly rushed through his morning rituals and routines. Paul realized he would have to forego breakfast and coffee due to the extended time required to dry his hair. "Stupid body! I can't believe how fussy this all is. My hair feels like it weighs twenty pounds!" Paul braced himself for getting dressed. He had managed to wash himself... down there, but he had avoided looking or paying any attention to his lower half. He was going to try the same while getting dressed. Boxer briefs in hand, Paul rapidly pushed one leg through and leaned forward to follow through with the second. When leaning forward, Paul felt the shift in weight on his chest and nearly fell flat on his face from the unfamiliar sensation. Pulling the briefs up his legs, he shuddered as he felt the fabric run against his legs and then get a little stuck at his larger thighs—however, the material of the briefs expanded to accommodate this. With one final tug, he pulled his briefs over his posterior and let out a sigh of relief. His polo shirt went on quickly but chafed a bit over his sensitive frontal appendages. Paul ignored this and resolved that, as a man, it was the manly thing to do to let things chafe. His pants were on, his belt buckled, and his shirt tucked. Paul was finally back in his work uniform. Accepting that this was as good as he was going to be able to do for the day, he grabbed his keys and set out for the day.