

# Profoundly POWERLESS

A Novel by Jenny Amara

## Profoundly Powerless

### Chapter 15 - Ch Ch Changes

*Readers Note: This chapter begins after the events of Profoundly Powerless - Changes. You can read it here: <https://tgcomics.com/tgc/portfolios/septrender-2024/septrender24-jenny-amara/>*

"What did they do with the... umm alien?" Annie asked cautiously, not to upset her brother too much. She wasn't sure how to handle hearing the news that he had been abducted, impregnated, and returned to his apartment to rapidly grow an alien like a pregnant woman would a baby.

"How should I know? S.U.C.K.S. never tells me anything. Maybe Mom knows. But I'm not talking to her, as you know."

"Still?"

"Yeah, Annie. Still. I don't know if you've noticed, but Lee is still missing, and Mom hasn't been particularly helpful in getting him back."

"I thought that was all The Roman's fault, though?"

"It is! But, Sorceress's message said Mom was the only one who could make the trade to get Lee back."

"And she still won't budge?"

"No! She's refused every time I ask. So, I finally stopped asking. That's why I've been working this

from my side."

"What?! You're trying to rescue Lee on your own."

"Yeah! He would do the same for me. I know it."

"Okay, but how are you planning on going about this? It's not like you have a network of informants feeding you information or anything."

"No, I don't. But you wouldn't believe what I learned when I went to get my hair done."

"You went to get your hair done? Umm... why?"

"It looked messy; I needed to get it cleaned up since I've been stuck this way while..."

"While what?"

"While my body adjusts to growing a baby alien, alright?! Is that what you wanted to hear me say?"

"I mean, you're the one who went through it. You can call it whatever you want!"

"Well, it sucks. My powers start changing me back, and then I feel my whole body get all tense, and things start hurting just above... a very sensitive place."

"Ooh, like a cramp! You know, lots of women deal with that every few weeks. I'm sure you'll manage."

"It's not a cramp! It's worse than that."

"Uh-huh, sure."

"Give me a break, Annie. I'm just making the best of a tough situation."

"Right, yes. Of course. Sorry, go ahead and tell me about what you heard."

"Well, you know how I told you that Sorceress looked really different than anyone remembered?"

"Yeah, you said she was all buff like a bodybuilder. Doesn't really match her M.O."

"Right, but it does make her stand out if she goes out. Which she apparently does regularly."

"That's what the hot gossip from the salon is?"

"Yeah, the ladies there were making fun of the woman with the crazy thighs. They kept puffing up their faces like they were making impressions of her muscles or something."

"Sure..."

"What?"

"You're sure they were talking about Sorceress? Not that you're still holding onto some of the baby weight?"

"Yes, Annie! It's just water weight. Kyrie said it was to be expected under the circumstances."

"Right. So, back to Sorceress. Did you learn something useful other than the beauticians like to make fun of her?"

"Well... no. But maybe if I go back, I can ask?"

"You're asking me? It's your plan."

"Well, it's just... I don't know what I'd say to them."

"Maybe, 'Do you know where the lady with the massive thighs lives?'"

"Yeah, but what would I say when they asked why I was coming in?"

"That you want to ask them questions?"

"But I'm not a cop or a licensed hero. They wouldn't have to answer my questions, and something tells me they would tell me to get lost asking about their clients."

"Why don't you just try and see?"

"I can't take that risk. They could ban me from coming back."

"Oh? I see. I guess I shouldn't get between Paula and her hairstylist."

"Exactly!"

"I'm teasing you, idiot. Or are you serious?"

"Oh... uhh. Never mind."

"You are! You liked getting your haircut. Ooh. This is getting good, finally. Do you want me to give you tips on low-maintenance braids or—"

"Nope, we're not doing this. Unh-uh."

"Sorry, sorry. I didn't mean to upset you."

"You didn't upset me. I have enough going on already. I don't need you teasing me about my gender. You know, all I've been able to think about is how to rescue Lee. He's been gone for so long."

"I know. Sorry, Paul..." Annie answered, putting her hand to her chin and trying to think of a way to help her brother. After a brief pause, she looked at her hand, which she had extended her arm out fully to look at. "I've got it!"

"You do?"

"Yes, grab your purse."

"Purse?"

"Really? How do you... never mind. Grab your keys. We're going to the salon."

"But what are we going to say? I don't want them to get suspicious."

"Why would they be suspicious? We're just two sisters who want to get our nails done."

"Oh no..."

"Oh, yes! Get ready for some sister-to-brother/sister bonding time!"

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"These delays are insufferable! When is that vase going to be delivered?" Laurie Awl asked her assembled directs.

"As you know, everyone who has come in contact with the vase has had some sort of disaster befall them," Primer answered.

"And for the last time, I refuse to accept these excuses! We are so far off our original roadmap that I doubt we will ever succeed! Don't you want me to have my prize? It's what Call of Beauty exists for in the first place!" Laurie Awl said exasperatedly. Her identical clone leaned in and wiped a bead of sweat from her forehead to provide some comfort amidst the stressful situation.

"Thank you, Mabel. I know you understand... So, why do I only hear excuses from the rest of you?!"

"You're absolutely right, Ms. Awl," Foundation took the lead.

"That's the right spirit, Foundation. But don't start thinking I'm happy with you either. You haven't solved this problem, and we've already had to dig into our backlog more than twenty times to pull forward experiments that we weren't ready for. Paul has shaken them all off in the blink of an eye. If we're going to get to the core of the understanding we need, then we have to make a plan and stick to it!"

"I'm so sorry, Ms. Awl. The vase will be delivered today, or I'll turn my resignation in by morning," Foundation answered.

"Then I'll expect to see you at 9 with a smile or your badge in hand."