(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Takin' a shower~

-x-X-x-

Really, Jason had brought this on himself. Stuck between a rock and a hard place… but maybe, just maybe, there was a way for him to thread the needle. Reaching up he removes the domino mask and gives her a smile.

"Sure, I could use a wash. The name's Jason, by the way."

Sherrel perks up at that, her eyes alight with both gratitude that he would trust her with such a thing and excitement at his seemingly easy agreement to shower with her.

"Then you'll need to be naked too."

Jason just hums and nods.

"Yep. Go and get the shower started for us?"

The blonde bites her lower lip but moves to do as she's told, slipping into the bathroom. Jason starts to strip down as well even as he hears the shower turn on and the water start to hit the shower floor. Sherrel appears back in the doorway a moment later, eyes hungrily taking in every inch of his naked form.

He doesn't bother trying to hide from her… nor does he bother averting his gaze from her own nude form anymore either. Now that she's no longer a

shaking, spasming, pale-faced mess, she really does look gorgeous. And maybe just a little slutty.

That's not Jason trying to disparage her, even in his own head. It's just… something he can't help but notice. The way she moves, the way she acts, the way she poses. It's not just that she has the biggest breasts he's ever seen, it's that she knows it and is all too happy and willing to flaunt it.

"Like what you see, Jason?"

Chuckling, Jason sighs as he strides forward.

"You know I do, Sherrel. You're a very beautiful woman, especially without your previous vices tearing you down."

She blushes a bit, ducking her head for a moment. But when he finally gets within grabbing distance, she immediately tries to reach out and grip his cock. Jason doesn't let her, however. His hands intercept her wrists and he spins her around near-effortlessly, pinning her arms behind her back as she gasps in shock.

"None of that now, Sherrel. Into the shower with you."

"Oooh, so f-forceful. Mm, yes sir… happy to obey, sir~"

Jason sighs at Sherrel's teasing, horny tone. He'd expected as much of course, but still… he just shakes his head behind her, out of her line of sight. Frog marching the busty blonde into the shower, he's glad to see there's enough room for both of them under the hot water spray.

Still, he doesn't hesitate to give another gentle command.

“Hands against the wall, Sherrel.”

“Mm, o-okay…”

Jason knows what Sherrel is expecting him to do to her once her hands are on the wall. She makes it rather explicitly clear by thrusting her ass out in his direction. But he neatly side steps her rather large ass and instead reaches for the shampoo.

“Hair first, right?”

“Huh?”

“Just want to make sure I’ve got it right. Shampoo, then rinse, conditioner, leave it in, body wash, rinse, then rinse out conditioner. Sound good?”

Looking back over her shoulder at him owlishly, Sherrel blinks a few times before slowly nodding.

“I mean yeah that’s fine but-!”

“Alright then. Stay still, Sherrel.”

She shivers at the newest gentle command, even if she looks a lot less certain as he begins to shampoo her hair. Only for that uncertainty to fade away a moment later when his fingers really dig in all the way to her scalp. It’s not Jason’s intention to give her an impromptu scalp massage (or do anything sexual really) but the end result is still her eyes half rolling back in her skull as she gurgles.

“Oh my gooood~”

Jason just smiles, not really too embarrassed by the particularly heinous sounds coming out of Sherrel's mouth even as he shampoos her hair before carefully beginning to rinse it out. Her blonde locks were just as sweaty and dirty as the rest of her if not more so, but soon enough they're doing a lot better.

He makes sure to apply the conditioner after that, pulling Sherrel's head back from the shower spray so it gets a chance to sit and do its job amidst her hair for a while. Then, he gets the body soap. That's when Sherrel tries to turn around and face him.

"Sherrel."

Jason's commanding tone makes her freeze in place, but her hands are still off of the wall and it's obvious from how her fingers are twitching that she's eager to touch him. Eager to do a lot of things with him, no doubt.

"Portent… Jason… please. I need to… I w-want you to…"

Coming to a decision, Jason pulls Sherrel's arms back behind her again and with a touch of magic, he binds her wrists together. Then, he turns her to properly face him so that they can look into one another's eyes as the hot water cascades down her back without hitting her hair.

"I know, Sherrel. But we're not doing any of that right now."

Her eyes dart down to his crotch now that she can look properly… and her dismay as she sees that he's not even fully hard from all of this is palpable.

"W-Why not? I thought…"

Before she can spiral, Jason begins to lather up her body with the soap… including her chest. Sherrel's breath hitches as he fondles her rather large breasts, fingers digging into her ample mammaries.

"You're a very attractive woman, Sherrel. I don't dislike you. In fact, I like what I've seen of you so far very much. But you also just got out of a very bad situation. One where you were hurt, over and over again, by the last man who touched you this way."

Sherrel shudders and bites her lower lip, looking down as Jason continues to soap her up, his hands off of her suds-covered tits now.

"Skids… he never touched me this way. Never spoke to me like how you speak to me. He even called me his 'masochistic bitch' because I would c-cum no matter how rough he got with me…"

The urge to break into the PRT's holding cells and kill Skidmark rises massively in that moment as Jason pauses for a moment. He pauses with his hands on Sherrel's hips and lets out a low sigh.

"I'm not going to have sex with you today, Sherrel. You shouldn't let any man put their cock near you until you've had time to recover from the years of abuse you suffered. Can you promise not to try anything if I let you go?"

Sherrel bites her lower lip for a moment… before slowly nodding. Jason undoes the magic binding her wrists behind her back, letting her hands free again. They remain at her sides though, even as she squirms under his touch.

"Good girl."

Blushing, Sherrel squirms while he washes her up. Careful to avoid her hair, Jason washes her body off with the water. Only then does he go back for the conditioner, rinsing it out of her blonde locks until it's all over. The entire time, Sherrel looks like she wants more. And she's very clearly enjoying his gentle touches from how she leans into him as much as she thinks she can get away with.

Jason, of course, can see right through her… and by the time it's done, he wants to give her something of a prize for being so good for him.

"… Do you want me to make you feel good, Sherrel? I'm still not going to use my cock… but if you want it, I can use my hands."

Sherrel shivers, nodding so fast and hard he's afraid her head is going to bob clean off her shoulders.

"Y-Yes… please. I like it… w-when you touch me."

None of the crass, 'trailer park trash' remains in this moment. This is Sherrel rubbed completely raw emotionally. This is Sherrel to her core. Smiling softly, Jason runs his hands along her body, making sure to keep things slow and gentle and tender.

Firmly pushing her back against the shower wall, he runs one hand over a breast, grazing a nipple in a way that makes her moan. At the same time, down below, his other hand comes up between her thighs, caressing her pussy mound.

Sherrel's breath hitches as Jason begins to touch her with true sexual intent. It couldn't be helped before when he was just cleaning her up, but he really hadn't been aiming to arouse her while washing her off. Now though… now he is.

His fingers dance across her slit, moving amidst her folds. His thumb plays at her clit, pressing in but never too rough, never too hard. Meanwhile, his other hand remains on her chest. Not groping, not kneading, not mauling. Instead, he dances his digits across her sensitive breast, paying special attention to her nipple as he rolls it between the pads of his fingers.

Sherrel moans, arching her back into his touch, bucking her hips at the feel of his digits. Maybe she wants more. Maybe she wants it harder and faster. Or maybe her body has merely been conditioned to that sort of thing by the man who ruined her, the man who turned her into Squealer.

Squealer is gone now though. Gone and never returning, especially if Jason has anything to say about it, which he does. Sherrel can put the past behind her and focus on getting better and being better. And Gearshift, hopefully, can rise again with Covenant's complete and total support.

With that in mind, Jason can't help but smile as he teases and draws out a shuddering, shattering orgasm from Sherrel over the course of several minutes. When she finally cums for him, his fingers are burrowed up inside of her, though not moving around too much, merely feeling up her insides as he continues to brush his thumb oh so gently over her clit.

"J-Jason!!!"

His name from her voice as she has to put her hands on his shoulders just to steady herself is… music to Jason's ears. He lets out a shuddering breath of his own as she bucks her hips and whimpers and moans for a long moment. Then, she finally recovers and slowly comes down from the high, even as Jason draws his fingers out of her sex with a sigh.

He gives Sherrel a smile, even as she whimpers and looks at him with hooded eyes.

“I guess… I’m part of the team now, yeah?”

Jason blinks before slowly nodding.

“I mean, as long as you want it yeah. There’s definitely a place in Covenant for you-mmph!”

Sherrel wraps her arms around her neck and smashes her lips against his, kissing him deeply for a long moment before pulling away again and huffing.

“Of course I fucking want it you idiot.”

Heh, it looked like her usual personality was starting to reassert itself. She glances down at his cock one more time before just sighing and slipping out of the shower. Grabbing a towel, Sherrel looks back at him as she starts to dry off.

“You’re a real gem, Jason. Not sure there’s another man in this forsaken shit dump of a city that would waste his time pleasuring a woman like me rather than just using me and tossing me aside.”

Jason winces.

“I’m sure I’m not the only one who would…”

“Nah. I’m trash man. Always have been really, even before Skids got his hands on me. But you know what? For you… I’ll try to be something better.”

Her eyes dart down again and then back up with a determined glint in her eye.

“You ARE going to fuck me with that thing sooner rather than later though. Alright?”

Snorting in amusement, Jason just nods as he steps out of the shower and begins to towel off too.

“Sure. In the meantime, should I start looking into getting you some resources… Gearshift?”

Sherrel’s eyes light up at that and she nods eagerly.

“Fuck yes. Now that my own brain isn’t trying to claw its way out of my fucking skull, I’m going to build me some sick-ass babies! Though where the hell are you going to source stuff from for me?”

Jason hums as they both depart from the bathroom to get dressed.

“I’m sure we can grab some stuff from the Boat Graveyard, maybe. And if not that… well, we’ve got some credit with the PRT and Protectorate, maybe they’d be willing to sell us some things.”

Alternatively… Jason’s mind goes to the power he knows he needs to train up the most as soon as possible.

Chaos Magic – Source – 1000 Points

You are now a natural wielder of Chaos Magic, akin to the myth of the Scarlet Witch, allowing you to warp reality. You can wield Chaos Magic subconsciously without needing constant concentration to sustain the

magic, essentially able to do magic on autopilot. Your potential is limitless and you will eventually grow into one of the most powerful beings in the multiverse, even without any training.

It had cost him a thousand fucking points, the most that any pull had cost so far, and he'd been training it from practically nothing ever since he picked it up. But once he made it strong enough... he was pretty sure the sky was the limit, especially when it came to 'reality warping'.

"You don't have to worry about supplies, Sherrel. Just start thinking about designs and make me a wish list alright? I'll get back to you about procurement once I know what you need."

"… Heh, if you say so, Fearless Leader. You're the boss."

He hadn't ever intended to become the boss… but by now, Jason knows he can't claim to be anything but.

Still, he has to bite back a groan when he grabs his phone from where he left it and finds out that Miss Militia is apparently requesting a meeting with him as Portent. He'd been intending to do a training session with Chaos Magic for the next several hours so that maybe he could try his hand at helping Lisa either tonight or tomorrow…

Hm… he COULD push Miss Militia back a day. She probably wouldn't make a fuss… right?

-x-X-x-

A/N: Remember to go back and VOTE!

-x-X-x-

A/N: Will try to keep this up to date at the end of every chapter, get on me if I forget please. Though if it gets too out of hand, I might have to change it at some point.

Jason's current banked points:

200 Celestial Points

Jason's current banked power:

N/A

Jason's current powers:

= Flash Air (Gained in Chapter 1
= Transformation Pendant (Gained in Chapter 4)
= Keen Eye (Gained in Chapter 4)
= Blood, Death, and Demons (Gained in Chapter 6)
= Alchemical Prodigy (Gained in Chapter 8)
= Staff of Magnus (Gained in Chapter 13)
= Bind and Seal (Gained in Chapter 17)
= Hero of a Hundred Faces: Everyone's Leader (Gained in Chapter 20)
= Minor Regeneration via Blood Empowerment Ritual (Gained in Chapter 23)
(Taylor got Major Agility, Vicky got Major Intelligence)
= Restraining Order (Gained in Chapter 25)
= Focus (Gained in Chapter 28)
= Scarborough Fair (Gained in Chapter 30)
= Chaos Magic (Gained in Chapter 36)

= Major Regeneration via Blood Empowerment Ritual (Gained in Chapter 40)
(Taylor, Vicky, and Amy all got Minor Regeneration)
= A Collection of Magic Rings (x6 Cursed Rings, x12 Drawback Rings, x6 Buff Rings) (Gained Chapter 44)
= Jason: T3 Armor Ring + Blue Ring, Taylor: T3 Armor Ring + Expert's Ring, Vicky: Red Ring + T2 Heart Ring, Amelia: T3 Armor Ring + T2 Heart Ring (Handed out Chapter 46)
= Lucky Charm (Gained in Chapter 51)
(Currently worn by Jason as of Ch. 51)
= Presidential Suit (Gained in Chapter 52)
(Currently reshaped to be Jason's new costume while still looking like the old costume Parian made for him as of Chapter 56)
= Taylor, Vicky, and Amy all get Major Regeneration via Blood Empowerment Ritual (Gained in Chapter 57)
= Jason gains Major Intelligence via Blood Empowerment Ritual (Gained in Chapter 58)
(Crystal and Lisa both get Minor Regeneration)
= Second Skin (Gained in Chapter 58)
= Iron Fist (Gained in Chapter 63)
= Exceptional and Lucky (Gained in Chapter 69)
= Safety Minded (Gained in Chapter 72)