

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

A/N: Contessa Time~

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Her name is Fortuna, though nobody actually calls her that anymore. Even her closest allies refer to her as Contessa. Meanwhile, the rest of the world knows her as 'the woman in the fedora' or 'the boogeyman' or 'that fucking terrifying bitch'.

As Contessa, she has controlled the trajectory of the world for decades at this point. Or at least... her power had. By way of her paths, Contessa had been the most influential figure on Earth Bet for the past thirty years. And most people didn't have a clue.

... But where did her power end and she begin? Fortuna had been forced to confront that question more and more over the past couple of days, ever since things had started to get more and more difficult, ever since the paths she'd spent her entire life relying on became murkier and murkier.

It was one thing to have blind spots. She'd always had though. Scion himself, the Endbringers, Eidolon just to name a few. There was even a Case 53 down in their prison called Mantellum who had a power which made himself and everyone in his radius a blind spot to her.

So yes, blind spots were nothing new to her and her power. She could even work around them through the use of hypotheticals; it was why she was of use in their clandestine fight against Scion in the first place.

However, what had been happening to her ever since the defeat of the Simurgh and the other Endbringers was not... not a blind spot. It was something else entirely, even if it shared some minor similarities. Rather than being blind to it, it was more like she could see TOO much when she used her power in that direction.

And by direction, she meant the hero known as Portent. The one who had revealed Eidolon was subconsciously behind the Endbringers and then defeated their threat once and for all. Any time Fortuna tried to create a path focused on Portent, or even tried a hypothetical of him, her power didn't just go blind... it shut off completely.

This was both frustrating and intriguing in equal measure. On the one hand, the more involved Portent became with bigger picture things, the more Fortuna's power, the one way in which she was useful, simply stopped working. On the other hand, Portent had already dealt with the Endbringers in a single sitting without breaking a sweat. What if he could do the same for Scion? Wasn't it worth trying?

Fortunately, she'd at least been able to deal with the Dragonslayers without issue. Portent wasn't quite a global phenomenon yet and neither Dragon nor her self-righteous would-be jailors had any contact with him so pathing out their deaths and recovering Dragon's... controls had been simple enough.

Now though... well, Fortuna had agreed to this, hadn't she? And so here she and Alexandria were, waiting in an empty part of the Rig that the Protectorate used as a base out in the bay of Brockton Bay, Portent's home city. No one else was around. The cameras were turned off. Instructions had been given to ensure Portent would come to them alone.

Finally... he arrives. As he steps through the door, Alexandria straightens up and Fortuna does the same. She tries not to stare too hard, but it's rather difficult given just how... intensely she already feels about him.

"Portent, thank you for agreeing to meet with me. This is my associate Contessa."

The number of people who learned the name 'Contessa' without already being a member of Cauldron was next to none. But then, Portent was not like most people. Not like most men. He was a real hero... and a bonafide leader besides. Contessa gives him a nod as he looks her over for a split second.

She knows what he sees, of course. A pale-skinned woman with black hair that had never quite decided whether it was more wavy or curly wearing a tailored black suit with a white dress shirt, black tie, and a fedora perched atop her head.

Of course, she's also a little over forty years old at this point, the years having passed her by bit by bit. However, she'd long since ran paths that kept her healthy, fit, and in perfect shape. While her power technically allowed her to do anything she needed to do in order to achieve her goals, Fortuna had learned a long time ago that the healthier and fitter she was, the easier the paths became in some ways.

So yes, she was probably doing better physically than most athletes were at her age, Olympic or otherwise. She likes to think Portent can see that. Hopefully he can, given Alexandria's plan for today.

"Of course Alexandria, given what happened with the Simurgh the other day, it felt... appropriate to get back together as soon as possible. Well met, Contessa."

He inclines his head in her direction and Fortuna instinctively finds herself trying to run a path to get on his 'good side'. Of course, her power immediately shuts off in response, leaving her to tense up and then slowly untense afterwards. She was more than blind here... she was blind, deaf, and dumb. Fortunately Alexandria was doing most of the talking, as she was supposed to.

"Indeed. Please, let's move somewhere with a bit more security and privacy, shall we?"

Alexandria gestures with her hand to the door and after Portent nods in easy agreement, they all move towards it.

"Right through this Door."

The command, hidden among the sentence, makes sure that the door they step through is actually a portal in disguise, one that takes them to the Main Cauldron

Compound on another Earth entirely, albeit one that was completely empty and bereft of human life.

Portent doesn't hesitate before the semi-hidden portal. He doesn't stutter step or stop or pause or call them out in any way. He walks right on through... and yet, Fortuna can't help but think he notices anyways.

She can't say that with any certainty, to be fair. Her power isn't working after all. But when she looks at Portent, the impression she gets is one of pure competence. This right here is a man who knows what's going on. A man who knows what to do. A man who can get things done and won't be taken for a fool.

Again, without her powers she has no way to confirm that whatsoever. It's just how she feels. Even if he's probably only half her age and just barely in his twenties from what little information Cauldron has put together, Fortuna finds herself already convinced that Portent can handle everything better than they ever could, despite decades of their best efforts.

Once they're safely ensconced in the depths of the Cauldron Facility far, far away from Earth Bet, Alexandria turns to Portent... and steps forward, placing a hand on his shoulder, just below one of his armor's pauldrons.

"I wanted to thank you again for what you did, Portent. WE wanted to thank you."

Hearing the 'we', Fortuna steps forward to Portent's other side, placing a hand on his opposite shoulder. Its... more awkward of a motion than she would have preferred. Alexandria doesn't notice, she's too focused on Portent, but Fortuna is confident Portent notices. How embarrassing. Perhaps the other idea would have been better.

Alexandria's other idea, the plan they hadn't gone with, was to have her meet with Portent in her civilian identity, as Chief PRT Director Rebecca Costa-Brown. Fortuna would have played the role of the Chief Director's secretary, and there would have been a bit of office play involved.

But no, in the end with Fortuna's power unable to tell them which idea would actually work best for seducing Portent, Alexandria had considered matters for a long moment and then made the judgment call herself that this way was better. To be fair, it's not like Portent is pulling back yet at least... even as he looks between them, smiling softly.

"I was just doing what anyone would have done in my position."

Alexandria lets out a soft, airy, wholly uncharacteristic laugh at that.

"Please, don't sell yourself short. There are many men and women in this world who would have done things differently. Hot headed individuals who would have immediately killed Eidolon in your position. Or even assumed I knew about it and tried to kill both of us. There's also plenty of schemers and devils out there who would have definitely taken control of the Endbringers and then used them to further their own agenda, even trying and likely succeeding at conquering the world. You haven't done any of that."

Alexandria wasn't wrong. They'd gotten extremely lucky that Portent seemed to be the best of them. A good man in a world gone to shit. That was the only way to describe him. But of course, what did that make Fortuna and Rebecca? What did that make all of Cauldron?

"... Well it's only been a day."

Alexandria scoffs at his self-deprecating mannerisms. Truth be told, Fortuna can't help but smile and shake her head as well. He's so unwilling to accept praise for how amazing of a man he is. It's funny... and a little sad as well.

"You're not going to abuse this power, Portent. I know that because I know you understand. You know what we're really up against, don't you?"

The smile on Portent's face drops and he clenches his jaw, suddenly serious as a heart attack as he nods sharply in response.

"I know. I just... don't fully understand the breadth of things yet. I was hoping you could help me with that. Tell me what's going on and what needs to happen next."

"And we will. Of course we will. But before that... please, have a seat."

Portent hesitates but ultimately lets Alexandria guide him over to a nearby chair. Fortuna follows along, watching as they stop for a moment.

"Do you think you trust us enough to remove your Power Armor, Portent? I don't imagine it would be comfortable to sit in..."

"You'd be surprised. But I suppose... well, I should be honest with you. It's not a matter of trust, Alexandria. You simply can't harm me, Power Armor or not."

A shiver goes through Alexandria's normally unmoving figure at that and Fortuna can't help but smirk a little bit. Portent's confidence could be easily mistaken as arrogance... but she didn't think it was. He was probably right... even Alexandria and her combined can't do anything to him.

Portent's mask remains on, but his Power Armor is abruptly replaced by more comfortable attire, a simple shirt and pants as he sits down in the offered chair. One might assume some of the grandeur and mysticism would be torn away by the loss of the armor, but truth is... even as she gets more of a look at his actual body type without the Power Armor in the way, Fortuna is still impressed by what she sees.

He's exactly as young as they'd theorized, definitely in his early twenties... and yet, there's just something about him that can't be denied. A power that causes her to shiver in... anticipation.

Once he's seated, Alexandria doesn't hesitate. She drops to her knees right between his legs. One of the most powerful heroines in the world, wearing her all-black costume with its skirt, knee-high boots, elbow-length gloves, and steel helmet that evoked a feeling of Ancient Sparta in design... kneels before the man who brought the end to the Endbringers.

Fortuna's breath hitches in response, even as Alexandria rests her gloved hands on Portent's legs.

"We wanted to show you just how grateful we truly are. Isn't that right, Contessa?"

That last part, directed rather pointedly at Fortuna, makes it clear that Alexandria expects her to follow along. That was the plan that the other woman had come up with after all. For them to both kneel and... service Portent with their mouths. To be fair, the idea wasn't unappealing or anything like that.

And yet... despite having no path to follow, despite feeling like she's completely out of her depth and drowning in this complex social interaction... Fortuna has this impulse to do something else. And she... she follows it.

Moving behind the chair instead of kneeling in front of it, Fortuna runs her hands down across the front of Portent's chest, sliding fingers over pecs and abs as he grunts from her touch. At the same time, she brings her lips to Portent's ear. Her words... don't come as easily as they would if she were on a path. But she speaks from the heart all the same.

"She... looks good like that, doesn't she Portent? She looks good on her knees for you."

Alexandria stares up at her for half a moment before going along with the change in script. After all, the beautiful flying brick of a woman has spent the last thirty or so years trusting Fortuna and following HER scripts. For all she knows, Fortuna's power is suddenly working again and they just have to follow it to successfully get Portent under their thumb.

Her power is not suddenly working again, to be clear. And that's not what they're doing anymore either, Fortuna has decided. After all, why bother with getting Portent under THEIR thumb... when it would all be so much better if they were under HIS thumb instead?

“Would you like to see her put that mouth of hers to good use, Portent? Would you like to see the strongest woman in the world choke on your cock?”

Portent’s breath hitches and Fortuna’s lips curve into a wide smile. Alexandria hears it too, her eyes sparking with excitement. Moving her hands forward slowly, carefully, she begins to pull open Portent’s pants and extract his cock as she speaks up again.

“I will show you how deep my gratitude runs, Portent.”

As Alexandria wraps gloved fingers around Portent’s hardening cock, Fortuna watches with a smirk. All that’s left... is to advise Portent on just how to dominate the gorgeous woman kneeling in front of him.

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A/N: Remember to go back and VOTE!

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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:

300 Celestial Points

Jason's current banked power:

Darkin Weapon (400 Points)

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)

= Oathsworn – Deathless Knight (Boosted by Major Regeneration) (Gained in Chapter 81)

= Covenant Connected to Endbringers – Taylor/Behemoth, Vicky/Leviathan, Amelia/Simurgh, Crystal/Unnamed Endbringer, Lisa/Unnamed Endbringer, Sherrel/Unnamed Endbringer (Gained in Chapter 82)