

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

**A/N: Felicia has heard weirder.**

**-x-X-x-**

As soon as he's done speaking, Cameron grimaces.

"... Look, I know it sounds crazy. I understand if you don't believe me..."

But Felicia immediately shakes her head.

"No. I believe you."

It's cute how surprised he looks.

"You do?"

Leveling an unimpressed gaze in his direction, Felicia arches a brow.

"Did you really think I wouldn't? Cameron, we live in a world where gods and mortal men regularly duke it out on Main Street. And I literally already saw your new 'powers' in action up on the roof. Plus, the horse-headed cane is brand new as well."

"Ah, right... it's not just a cane by the way."

Felicia watches as Cameron gives the artifact a twist and pulls a beautifully crated rapier straight out of the cane's depths. She whistles appreciatively as he holds it up for her to see for a moment before putting it back in its sheath.

"Right, so a horse-headed sword cane. Yeah, you definitely ran into something back at the museum... it being a female version of the God of Mischief who named you her Champion is pretty much par for the course, really."

Cameron blinks at that and Felicia winces.

“... I should have warned you to be more careful. This is really on me. I figured for your first outing, you didn’t need any sort of lesson on avoiding obviously cursed artifacts or anything like that... after all, we were going to be together the entire time. But clearly I was wrong. We were separated for a half hour and you went and got yourself saddled with this mess.”

Her protégé’s eyes dart to the side for a moment, his brow furrowing.

“Ah... well, Lady Loki is taking offense to being deemed a ‘mess’. She also wants to make it clear that the figurine I picked up wasn’t cursed either.”

Felicia snorts derisively.

“Yeah? Well if she didn’t want to be labeled a mess, she should have kept her hands off of you.”

Cameron arches both brows at Felicia’s possessive tone and very pointedly doesn’t tell her whatever his new ‘patron’ is saying in response. The ensuing silence is awkward as Felicia wars with herself for a moment before her shoulders slump and she lets out a sigh.

“So... I should probably come clean, since you’ve been honest with me. No secrets, right? And... well, there’s another way this is probably all my fault.”

“Huh? What do you mean?”

She’d grown close to Cameron in the past few months, ever since taking him under her wing. And yes, that involved sexual intimacy. But that didn’t mean Felicia had told him everything. He knew her true identity and she’d taught him everything he knew, but she hadn’t taught him everything she knew. More than that, she hadn’t told him everything she was capable of.

“... Pretty lucky how Ghost-Spider tripped like that and dropped the statuette at the right time back there, huh? And then when you were running away with it...

lucky how you stumbled just in time to duck beneath that blast of webbing she sent your way.”

Cameron is a smart guy. Felicia isn't surprised in the slightest when his eyes immediately narrow in suspicion at the way she's talking.

“Yeah... lucky.”

Smiling, Felicia shrugs.

“That was me, just to be clear. It's the work of my QBP, otherwise known as a Quantum Probability Pulsator.”

Cameron stares for a long moment before answering the only way he probably can answer.

“What.”

Felicia snickers at his deadpan.

“I know, it sounds ridiculous doesn't it? I'm sure there's plenty of rumors out there about me and my motif and the ‘bad luck’ that seems to follow me around...”

Slowly, he nods.

“Yeah... I may have heard something about that once or twice. But nothing ever conclusive. There were just as many times where your enemies didn't suffer bad luck for debaters to point to.”

“Right. Because ultimately, my superpowers have kind of been off and on. I didn't have them, then I did, then I didn't, and then I did again.”

Cameron furrows his brow at that and Felicia understands why... she's sounding incredibly vague. So, she lays it out for him. How back when she was just

getting her start, her first 'bad luck powers' were given to her by scientists working for Kingpin as part of a deal she regretted making with the bastard.

They'd eventually been removed, which was a relief because she wanted nothing to do with the Kingpin after how he'd used her... but of course by that point Felicia had gotten used to them. After a handful of extremely close calls where she'd instinctively relied on bad luck that simply wasn't there, she'd gone looking for a solution.

That solution came in the form of Doc Tramma, who charged Felicia a pretty penny in order to graft cybernetic enhancements into her body... most importantly of all, the Quantum Probability Pulsator.

"I can focus its effects if I try, but that's just it... sometimes its not really in my control. Most of the time, it's completely subconscious. Earlier, back at the museum, I made Ghost Spider trip... and then I made her miss you. But to make her miss, I made you trip... meaning I gave you some bad luck in the process. It's not wonder you wound up stuck in a concealed goddess' domain. It's all my fault, Cameron."

He's quiet as her confession hangs in the air, Felicia averting her gaze, not willing to meet his eye. Until finally...

"Lady Loki insists on pointing out that she's in no way a form of bad luck given without her I would have been arrested."

Blinking, Felicia looks up as Cameron shrugs.

"Honestly, I kind of have to agree with her a little bit there. If it wasn't for her, they definitely would have found me... and considering SWAT was armed with rifles, I might have wound up shredded rather than arrested. Hell, the fact they thought I was Loki was the only reason that they retreated rather than shooting me on the spot. I don't think I'm bulletproof... though I am stronger than I used to be."

Hm, both him and this 'Lady Loki' might have a point there. Though Felicia was loath to admit it. Instead, she tilts her head to the side, latching onto that other part.

"How much stronger than you used to be?"

Cameron winces in remembrance.

"... I may have mule kicked a SWAT officer across the length of an entire room."

Felicia lets out a startled bark of laughter at the mental imagery that invokes. Cameron smiles sheepishly, letting out a chuckle of his own. In that moment... she reacts on impulse and promptly climbs into his lap.

"Wha- Felicia, what are you doing?"

Straddling him, grinding her crotch against his, Felicia caresses Cameron's face with her claws, smirking as she looks into his eyes.

"What does it look like I'm doing? What does it *feel* like I'm doing?"

Cameron's breath hitches as she grinds down particularly hard upon his growing bulge.

"You know she can see everything, right?"

His voice sounds strangled, his hands hovering over her hips like he wants nothing more than to grab on and reciprocate. Ah, but he's so shy... the very idea that some goddess in a hidden pocket dimension might watch them have sex has him embarrassed.

Well, as far as Felicia is concerned...

"Let her watch if she so desires. She might have put her claim on you, but she needs to learn that I sunk my claws into you first. You're mine, Cameron. *Mine*."

Cameron hesitates... which on the one hand is fair given he's stuck between her and a literal goddess. On the other hand, it's a little insulting. But then his expression firms up and he gets this determined glint in his eye that has Felicia grinning as he nods in response.

"Yours."

His hands fall upon her then and Felicia moans as she smashes her lips into his lips, kissing him deeply. Suffice to say, things quickly escalate after that, with her catsuit coming off and his clothing following as well.

The idea that Lady Loki might be watching them doesn't really disturb Felicia in any way, even as she grabs hold of Cameron's cock and proceeds to impale herself on his dick. Arching her back, she gives him full access to her tits and probably the goddess watching an eyeful as well. Only, just as she's starting to ride him, Cameron makes a noise in the back of his throat.

"... She's stopped watching."

Felicia blinks... and then lets out a chortle, even as she drapes her arms around his neck and starts to bounce.

"Well now. Seems that your new goddess is a fair bit shyer than us. I suppose we'll have to teach her the joys of modern day sexual freedom, won't we?"

Cameron gives her a distinct Look at that, even as he thrusts up into her from below.

"I'm not sure that's accurate... she mentioned something about Odin's favorite steed being her son, after all."

Oh, wait. Yeah, Felicia wasn't extremely well-versed in Norse Mythology, but that was right wasn't it? Loki was supposed to have a bunch of freakish kids, wasn't she? So then why had she gotten embarrassed at two mortals going at it?

Felicia doesn't have much of a chance to consider it, because all of the sudden Cameron grunts and stands up. A slightly undignified squeak leaves Felicia's lips as she's hoisted into the air, her flexible long legs winding around his waist and gripping down tightly even as his hands move to her ass to grope and squeeze her perfectly sculpted derriere.

A moan leaves her lips as Cameron begins walking them towards the bedroom from the living room, showing off his newfound strength in the process. There's no plodding, no hesitation, no signs that holding her aloft is difficult even in the slightest. And to be clear, Felicia is in great shape, but she knows she's not lightweight. She's no mere waif.

Cameron doesn't care though. He reaches the bedroom in record time, having bounced her up and down on his dick every step of the way, and he drops her on the bed before following after her. Moaning, Felicia lifts her legs into the air as Cameron fucks her on her back, pounding away at her pussy.

She finds herself looking up into his eyes, and even though he's plowing her with all he's got... she sees uncertainty and worry in his gaze.

"... She wants me to find out what's going on with Odin at the moment, Felicia. She wants me to find out if its alright for her to leave her little hidey hole or if she's just going to get smacked down the instant she tries."

Felicia blinks as she realizes Cameron is using the female Loki's decision to back off as an opportunity to express his concerns to her. Not like he has anyone else to talk about this with.

"I don't know what I'm going to do... I don't even know where to begin with something like that."

She marshals herself even as he continues to fuck her, pushing aside the pleasure to focus on his words. It's not exactly an easy situation he's found himself in. Messing around with the Norse is never a good idea... hell, messing around with anyone outside of your weight class is a bad idea.

You weren't going to catch Felicia going toe to toe with the likes of the Avengers, after all... even if Peter had teamed up with them plenty of times as Spider-Man. But he didn't count, even if she'd always known deep down inside that *he* was out of her weight class too. He took it easy on her though. It was fine.

Ugh, thinking about another man while getting drilled by Cameron. She really was the worst. Especially since there was nothing between her and Peter anymore. They were through. She needed to get her head out of the fucking past and think about the future. About Cameron's future, in particular.

"We'll tackle it together, Cameron. You and me... and your patron goddess too. We'll figure out our next steps together and make it work."

Cameron looks both surprised and touched, even as he looms over her, still thrusting away at her cunt.

"You would seriously do that for me? This is... all a bit much isn't it? It was one thing when I was just some snot-nosed brat you decided to take pity on and train... I have no clue what's going to happen next at this point."

Well... neither did she, but Felicia did know one thing. Cameron was still that guy she'd decided to take pity on. And he needed more help than ever from her.

"We just have to take it one step at a time. For right now... just fuck me and don't stop until we're both satisfied. We can figure out what we do next tomorrow morning."

Cameron hesitates for a moment more before finally nodding and focusing all of his attention on her body. Felicia moans as his mouth falls upon her breasts, sucking and slurping and biting as his cock continues to drive in and out of her cunt.

He definitely knows how to concentrate, if nothing else. Still, Felicia's mind is already working overdrive, trying to think up ideas. How in the world did you get a status update on some God King on an entirely different planet without raising suspicion? Hm...



**-x-X-x-**

**A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!**