

He shook his head in an effort to stop the double vision.

No. Robert thought that wasn't an accurate analogy. He wasn't suffering double vision. The street he had been watching looked normal, his sight and senses were not misbehaving. Staring down at the street below through the forth floor window Robert calmed himself and sorted this new development out.

He'd gotten used to the layering of his senses. His eyes saw the world in front of him and the new sensory organs in his tentacles gave him a different view. An extra layer, with a different composition but complementary to the other was his thought. Yes, that was closer, his normal vision and new sight worked so as to compliment and confirm each other. His tentacles even provided a 360 degree perspective. Now though, it was almost as if another layer had been added.

A layer of potential.

Or at least that's what his instincts were telling him. It was coming into a sort of focus as the strangeness in his head cleared.

He'd slept too much earlier in the day. When he'd gotten up the light outside was already failing. Since then he'd roamed the forth and fifth floor offices, watching for hours. Most of the looting in this neighborhood was over with. There were still people looking for more though. Despite all his efforts to secure the building the wide ceiling to floor windows had been busted in and the lobby and a number of offices and shops ransacked.

The anger had smoldered for a bit but he had never been one to hold onto grudges. Besides, whatever they had taken, and even the stuff they'd left behind was useless now. Now the priority was staying alive. For Robert the best way to do that was to stay out of sight. Even though he felt more than capable of defending himself, even if he should face a mob bent on harming him, he doubted he could bring himself to actually harm anyone. So, he'd stayed above it all and watched helplessly.

Fortunately he hadn't witnessed any assaults.

As he watched a group of men reach the intersection and turn east Robert breathed deep and let it out in a sigh. Stepping back from the view of an empty street he focused on this new sense, a new ability if his instincts were correct. He walked out to the hall and looked down it seeing the elevator doors halfway down the hallway. Undecided, he stood at the edge of using this new ability. Instincts were assuring him it was safe, but to actually do what his mind was assuring him he was capable of doing, all he knew of science and logic demanded it was impossible.

Robert took one more breath and made the Jump.

In much less than the blink of an eye he went from standing at the end of the hallway to standing right in front of the elevator doors. He turned his head to look to where he had just stood. Everything looked as it had been. There was no sign that making the Jump left any trace. Still he wasn't sure if he wasn't deluding himself. Had he instead actually lost his mind?

Robert didn't think so but to be able to teleport, without any Star Trek transporters and any other device involved, that was impossible, right?

He shook his head and crossed his upper set of arms. To do something with his lower set he put his paws on his hips. It had turned out to be uncomfortable to cross both sets of arms across his chest at the same time. Not enough room to comfortably place all that muscle. He thought over the situation.

The trouble he was having wasn't that it seemed impossible, it was that simply put, it was too easy. All he needed to do was have a clear designation in mind, and with a mere flick of determination he was there. Not that it was really that easy. He could sense things going on in the background of his, ability? The real work was done behind the scenes deep within his subconscious mind. It was like magic. It just might as well be magic, Robert thought.

Okay, he reasoned, why not. It was previously impossible to change into a body with such a radical redesign. Why not also stack on magical powers while one's at it.

Chuckling to himself and walking away from the elevator Robert headed back to the office he watched 4th Avenue from. He considered a way to test his limits. He was reasonably sure he'd know beforehand whether it was safe to jump or not. Waiting wouldn't solve anything.

Robert set a destination in mind and after a moment Jumped.

He walked to the edge of the roof and looked down to the street. He'd just teleported more than a dozen floors to the roof. He wondered.

Pulling his tentacles in close to his body he Jumped again.

He looked around but his room mates were out. It looked like they'd come and gone in a hurry. He'd traveled miles this time. Kicking at a discarded shoe one of his room mates had left behind Robert picked a new destination and Jumped.

He stood in his bedroom, back at his boyhood home five states away. He jumped again.

Back in the office over 4th Avenue Robert smiled to himself. The exercise had given him enormous confidence. If he'd been at a location once before he could Jump there. He wondered if there was more he could do with his new ability. After a moment's thought and a bit of calculation he paused and listened to his instincts. With no sense that what he was about to attempt was dangerous he Jumped.

He'd imagined the pictures everyone had seen, postcards, TV shows and clips in movies provided plenty to visualize his next destination. Robert stood several hundred yards from the pyramids in Egypt. Looking around he realized his mistake. He'd forgotten the number of time zones between here and his starting point. It was apparently the middle of the afternoon. People were milling around everywhere. He was surrounded by excited and frightened tourists and locals. They were all backing away from the beast that had suddenly appeared in their midst.

"Sorry." He said and Jumped.

Back in the office Robert laughed. Lower hands on his knees and bent over from the sheer hilarity of his faux pas he laughed. He could go around the world without even breaking a sweat. He stood and looked at his reflection in the window. Did he even sweat any more?

Laughter came again, stronger this time. Yes, he remembered. He did sweat. The day before when the upper floor had turned into a hot box he had sweat a lot. He wondered how bad he smelled now.

With the laughter under control he Jumped to his apartment. He'd thought he pop in and take a shower. It was like walking into a room and flicking the lights on even knowing the power was out.

"Shit."

Still, this gave him so many options. He jumped back to the office overlooking 4th Street.

Making his way to where he'd stashed his horde of snacks and food he slung the first bag over a shoulder and lifted the other two with his lower hands. After a moment's thought he Jumped.