

Goddesses (Men to Superwomen TG, Muscle Growth)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Wwkaye

Arthur is an older portly janitor at a research lab, working his way slowly to a meagre retirement. But when he ends up helping a nebbish scientist named Cecil finish a chamber designed to infuse one with godlike powers, he is shocked to see the scientist exit not only as a superhero, but an incredibly powerful female one at that! The new woman is high on her new, goddess-like status, and to thank Arthur, she is willing to let him be similarly transformed . . .

Goddesses

It was another regular evening shift for Arthur. The older man was in his late fifties and certainly feeling more than his age as he swept the floors and cleaned away the stains on the walls of the Havard Research Facility. It wasn't the worst job in the world, nor the one that required the greatest stamina or strength, but it certainly was monotonous, and he could feel it slowly putting his back out over time. It didn't help that he was a more portly man, middle-age having finally conquered a more vigorous youth long ago. The result was that he felt flabby and old and just plain over it. But the truth was, if he ever wanted even the most meagre retirement, then he still had another decade to go.

"Quite yer complaining thoughts," Arthur murmured to himself. "Just another half-hour to go."

He tried to keep any dark clouds out of his mind during that time, mopping up the floor to the end of hallway 7-C. All the halls in this place were named like it was some military installation, when really it was some high-minded billionaire's little testing ground for mad scientists, all in pursuit of a quick buck. Arthur couldn't understand all that kind of brilliance: he was a tradesmen by heart, and had worked as a mechanic for a long while before his body wasn't able to do it anymore.

It was just when he'd finished that final section for the day, at exactly 6pm on the dot as he always managed, when he heard something that caught his ear.

"Damn it! Damn it all! I was so close! How can it not be working? Is it a power issue? Are the infuser rays not aligned correctly? God, I was sure it would work this time! AGH!"

Arthur had never been one to eavesdrop or pry, but he couldn't help but look in the doorway in room 7-C12 just to see if whoever was shouting was okay. Thankfully, the man inside the laboratory seemed only to have injured his foot, having dropped a heavy battery of some kind upon it.

“Are you okay in there?” Arthur asked.

The man turned. He was in a white lab coat, and had a quite nebbish appearance. He looked to be no older than forty or so, but already almost entirely bald, and it wasn't a look that suited him, only adding to his nerdy appearance. His glasses were thick, and he had to adjust them as he looked at Arthur. The man was not that tall, and yet looked utterly rakish somehow, as if he had been working so hard and so long that he'd forgotten to properly eat for days on end.

“Oh, I just dropped this damn thing on my damn foot! Sorry, I didn't realise anyone else was here.”

Arthur smirked. “I thought much the same, lad. Usually the only people left are security and me.”

The scientist frowned and checked his watch. “God, I hadn't even noticed the time. But I can't leave now, not when I'm so close. I'm Cecil, by the way. I work in particle infusion.”

Arthur stepped forward and shook his hand. “I'm Arthur. I work in dust mote elimination sweeps.”

Cecil's eyebrows shot up. “Fascinating! I've never heard of this before! What does it entail, pray tell?”

Arthur grinned and held up his mop. “A lot of sweeping.”

Cecil's cheeks flushed red, and he put his face in his hands for a moment. “You must excuse me. I am far more tired than I thought. You're the janitor.”

“That's me, yes.”

“I didn't mean to offend-”

“Wasn't offended. I'll stop prying now, I just wanted to see if you were alright.”

“Just a bruise to the foot and ego, thankfully,” Cecil said in his reedy voice. “No help needed there. What I do need is help with my life's work! It should have functioned! And yet it keeps stalling.”

Arthur rested on his mop, looking up at the cylindrical chamber. It looked like it had a steel door that wrapped around it, closing it completely, but for now it was open. It looked easily large enough to fit an NBA player inside of it.

“Okay, I've got to ask, what is it? It looks like a giant vacuum cleaner chamber.”

Cecil grinned, clearly invested in being able to tell someone about his work. “Well, this is all very top secret, so please don't tell anyone, but it's about as opposite a vacuum as one can get. This chamber is meant to supercharge particles and infuse them into the subject's - the person in the chamber - body, effectively granting them a new stage in human evolution.”

“And, uh, what does that mean, exactly?”

“Think superpowers.”

Arthur blinked. “Well, that would be a thing to see.”

“It would, if the damn power regulators didn’t keep breaking up! I don’t understand it. The science is sound, but I can’t draw the damn power in effectively. You wouldn’t happen to know particle physics, would you?”

Arthur shrugged his shoulders. “No clue, sorry. Couldn’t help you there. I was a mechanic for many years though. I could take a quick peek behind the panel, if you want?”

Cecil smirked. “Look, no offence, I highly doubt that a simple mechanical error could - oh, you know what? Please do, I shouldn’t look a gift horse in the mouth.”

Arthur was directed to the various ports and wires and connections of the machine and was instantly bewildered. It was both astoundingly complicated and also utterly *stupid* in its design. At the end of the day, all machines needed power of some kind, so the concept wasn’t too hard to grasp. He could leave the physics behind and just get a sense of where the power needed to go, where the surges needed to be protected against, and where the changes to new feeds needed to be performed and when.

“No offence, but this design of yours is stupidly constructed. It’s like a moron did this work. Who did you hire?”

“Er . . . me.”

Arthur winced. “Sorry. It’s just . . . you eggheads are brilliant, and I admire you for what you can do, but you need to leave the mechanics to us tradesmen. Give me twenty minutes, and we might see some progress.”

Arthur worked, getting his hands greasy again. They were pained from his arthritis, but it felt damn good to be working with machinery again that he could ignore the shakes for now. When he was finished he rubbed his hands, cringing at the sharp edge in his back as well. But he stood back next to Cecil and gestured.

“There, you try that now.”

Cecil flicked a switch, and sure enough, the chamber lights switched on. He became glued to his monitor, and slowly his face became one of pure awe.

“My God. My God! You did it! Arthur, you’re far more brilliant than I!”

“Just a former greasemonkey.”

“Nonsense! I could kiss you! I won’t, of course-”

“Good.”

“But this is brilliant! Please, will you help me run my experiment? It will take literally only a minute. I am in your debt!”

Arthur wasn’t really a sciency guy, and never had been. But between what Cecil believed his machine would do and his own pride in helping fix it, he figured, why not?

“Sure. Need me to do anything?”

Cecil grinned, brimming with a new confidence. "Just watch. Oh, and if things go wrong, hit the red switch. But I don't think they will. I've got a feeling this could be the moment where it all happens."

He stepped forward into the machine's cylindrical chamber, having set the device on a timer. With a few seconds to spare, he shouted out to Arthur.

"Wish me luck!"

And then the cylinder closed over, and the machine began to whirl and hum. Numerous lights switched on as the machine began to draw power much more efficiently than before, all thanks to Arthur's involvement. His breath was nearly taken away by the energy in the air; various objects around the room rattled, and he could almost *taste* the thrum of energy in the room.

"Jesus, if it's like that outside, what's it like inside that chamber?"

His hand hovered over the red switch on the control panel, almost willing to hit it now out of fear. But Arthur knew he was no egghead, and so he stayed his hand. A full minute passed like this, the cylinder glowing along its seams ever brighter, a brilliant green glow that he had to shield his eyes from. Objects clattered to the floor, and Arthur himself nearly lost his footing.

"C'mon, please don't be a damn disaster. I'll be losing my pension if it is!"

One final high-pitched whine occurred as the machine reached its crescendo, the light so bright that even closing one's eyes wasn't enough; Arthur had to turn his head away completely.

And then it was over. The humming lowered, the energy in the air dissipated, and slowly everything came to a stop. With baited breath and heavily beating heart, Arthur watched the door to the cylinder slide open. Fog flowed from the interior, disguising Cecil within.

"Cecil? Are you okay in there?"

Two heavy steps thudded forward, almost shaking the room yet again. From within the expanding mist, Arthur could make out the silhouette of a figure, but it was not one that belonged to Cecil. This person was practically seven feet in height, eclipsing all but the very tallest athletes on the planet. Their form was rippling with muscle to judge from the arms and thighs, but something was off about the head, like it was framed by something.

"I'm more than fine," the figure said in a bellowing and beautiful *female* voice. This new person who had been Cecil stepped out of the mist. "I'm a *Goddess*."

Arthur's jaw fell. The person before him couldn't look anything less like Cecil than if he - no, *she!* - tried. She was immense, and most definitely appearing like a goddess. She was perfectly naked, a titanic Amazon of a woman, and easily at least six-foot-eight or so in height. But she wasn't just tall, her entire body was proportionate to said height, as if she

were a woman blown up in size rather than with a few extra vertebrae. Her head was no longer bald but flowing with light brown hair that fell all the way down to her rear. She had ocean blue eyes and a gorgeously pouty smirk on her lips as she looked over herself, and Arthur couldn't blame her for that voyeurism either, not with her incredible shelf of a chest. She had the largest breasts of any woman the janitor had ever seen, and they appeared to be all natural, or as natural as a scientifically transformed former male could be. They were ripe and full, lower on her chest than most women because of their larger size, but still impressively pert. And this was to say nothing of her perfect hourglass figure with her wide hips, nor her unbelievable musculature, which was beyond anything an ordinary woman could ever hope to achieve. This new Cecil had chiselled abs and thighs that looked able to crush any lover, and her biceps bulged as she flexed them. It was clear that even this new Cecil hadn't anticipated such a dramatic, powerful, or goddess-like change.

"Cecil?" Arthur ventured, stepping back a little. "Is that you?"

"Of course, friend! It's very much me," she said, her voice booming, authoritative, attractive. Like that of a queen's. "Though I didn't expect so much change as this! Perhaps only the female form can possess such power. How do I look?"

It was like looking into the sun to see this woman; he was afraid it might injure him to witness such perfection. The janitor had never been into muscular women in his largely single life, nor tall ones either, but now it was like his brain had shortcircuited, realising its mistake upon witnessing what appeared to be a divine ideal. *This* woman was supreme, and even an old man like Arthur was struck by the wish to be thirty years younger just to have the brash confidence of youth to approach her.

"You look . . . otherworldly," he said. "Like a powerful angel. I - I can't say I've ever seen anyone like you. But - but how do you feel? You're a woman! Er, a very naked one, in fact."

Cecil looked over herself and chuckled. "Whoops! I should have assumed that the chamber would atomise my clothing. I brought spares of course, but what will this body even fit into now? It's not like I can just conjure up some-"

And then, even as she said it, a strange golden glow surrounded her amazonian form, enveloping her in light. When it faded moments later, she was indeed adorned in clothing, though not the kind any nebbish scientist would have ever worn. Cecil now looked like a striking superheroine; her muscular and voluptuous body wrapped in a tight green leotard, one that had straps that went over the shoulder but otherwise halted midway around her bust, allowing her immense globular breasts to rise above in an arching curve. The material supported them, pushing them up to look even more spectacular, though their wobble and jiggle was still quite clear as she moved, ecstatically checking herself over. Her powerful thighs were bare, but she wore dark green boots and tights that went up above her

knees. The woman even had little green pearl earrings. All in all, she looked like a very curvaceous and awesomely built superheroine.

“Wow!” she exclaimed, checking over herself, leaning over so that her breasts threatened to spill out of her top as she inspected her boots, though the super-material of the leotard seemed to hold. “I didn’t expect that! I can clearly generate matter around myself! What else can I - WOAH!”

She placed a hand on a nearby metal bench, only to crunch it easily, her fingers leaving deep gouges in the steel from the simplest application of strength. In response she jumped back, only to crack her head against the ceiling - it clearly didn’t hurt her at all, though it broke through the ceiling to the outside world. It was a good thing this was the top floor of the facility, at least. But when she descended, it was far too slow to be obeying the laws of physics, and when she landed, she simply . . . didn’t. Instead, Cecil remained floating above the floor by about two feet, her toes pointed down, her hands on her hips in a newly heroic position.

“Oh my God,” Arthur said, witnessing this further display of power. “Are you alright?”

Cecil smirked, clearly finding this question amusing. “Arthur, I have never before in my life felt better. I can sense so many new powers, so many applications for what I can do.”

Her eyes glowed faintly blue, and the various objects that had fallen on the ground reassembled back upon their shelves. She shifted, still hovering in the air, and appeared to look *through* the console to the screen on the other side, taking information in at a rapid rate.

“I see, my Y chromosomes have been removed to give way to a sort of Super-X chromosome, with my remaining X’s similarly transformed. It truly did work! I just had to lose my male features.”

“Um, are you okay with that, Cecil?”

She grinned, flicked a hand, and the roof opened up, a large hatch flipping. It still had a hole in it from her own brief accident, but as the readout completed on the console Arthur noticed that ‘Accelerated Learning’ was evidently one of Cecil’s new talents.

“I am more than okay with it, Arthur!” she declared, grinning from ear to ear and looking all the more lovely for it. “I’m fitter, healthier, invulnerable, and . . . I can *fly!*”

There was a *BOOM* as she rocketed out of the laboratory, the various objects clanging to the ground again. She soared into the night sky above, but as Arthur approached further into the room and looked up through the now-open ceiling hatch, he could see her glowing form performing loop the loops and all kinds of tricks in the sky. She barrelled out of sight, and when she returned she appeared to be carrying a great desert rock that was easily the size of a mansion. Power radiated out from her hand, suspending the rock so it didn’t fall apart, and with one mighty hurl she appeared to send it into *outer space*.

“Now way,” Arthur said. He suddenly felt *very* self-conscious about his age, his arthritis, about his burgeoning gut. About his lowly status in general. He watched for a few minutes more, completely awed by the new goddess, until she returned, landing back down and using her telekinesis to restore the objects onto their tables . . . again. With one flip of her hair, her locks returned to the gorgeous long mane she had before, completely unfazed from her adventures in the sky. Now confident with her superpower, she appeared even more captivating than ever, as if she now truly inhabited her own skin.

“That was incredible, Cecil,” the janitor said. “I’ve never seen anything like it.”

Cecil took a deep breath from all the excitement, her immense bosom rising and falling like an empire. “Try feeling it. But don’t call me Cecil anymore, Arthur. I need a new name, one fit for a woman with the powers of a goddess. Call me . . . Callista.”

The name suited her instantly, and Arthur nodded silently, still not knowing what he could say. He almost had to pinch himself to make sure he wasn’t dreaming. To his surprise, Callista extended a hand. “Why don’t I show you how great it is to be a goddess, Arthur?”

“Wh-what do you mean?”

She smiled, and it was like being kissed by the sun’s rays for the first time.

“I mean why don’t you let me transform you. You are the one that made this happen, after so many failures. I owe you, and something about my new senses tells me you would be not just perfectly compatible with goddess-hood, but more than fair with such power. I can tell you’re a good person, Arthur.”

Arthur spluttered, putting up his hands. “Woah now. I mean, I’m not exactly happy with my life’s trajectory, and you sure are something, and flying is great and all, but becoming a woman? Even a goddess? That’s - that’s a lot to ask a guy.”

But she just beckoned him forth with a smile, floating up into the air again and gesturing to herself.

“Arthur, believe me, I didn’t expect this either. But I’m still me, and I wouldn’t change this for the world, especially now that I can change the world. Believe me, you won’t ever want to go back. My cells . . . I can feel their immortality. Their power. Their invulnerability. Nothing will ever bring me low again. You deserve that too.”

Arthur went to reject her a second time, but simply couldn’t find it in him to do so. To be young again, to be powerful, to not be in pain? To not have to worry about his own security! If being a woman was not only a side effect, but something to potentially prize, then for what reason could he refuse?

None.

The answer was none.

Arthur nodded. “Please. Please make me like yourself.”

“You will do it too, Arthur. You helped me make this dream a reality. Step into the chamber, and I’ll make you a goddess.”

Arthur went in before he could have second thoughts. The chamber closed not long after, and power began to radiate soon after as well. Within, the inner chamber rotated around him, and sure enough the power crackled throughout, energising his being.

“Good luck, Arthur!” boomed Callista, though it was almost as if she were talking into his mind instead of using her voice. Another power?

The thought was struck from his mind as the thrum of energy picked up, the inner chamber cycling even faster. He could feel it now, far stronger than it had ever been from outside the chamber. The particles were searing into his flesh, overcoming his XY chromosomes or whatever Callista had called them, and instead supercharging his very genetic makeup. What followed was a transformation worthy of any mortal that would dare to ascend to godhood. Or in this case; goddesshood.

“Ohhhh, h-holy shit, that f-feels d-different!”

And different he was becoming. As the particles poured into Arthur, injecting him with power, his body began to swell and grow. His spine extended, as did his limbs, and soon he was growing higher and higher until he was, impossibly, even taller than Callista perhaps. For a moment, he was strangely lanky but for the pooch of his belly, but the fat was soon redirected, and muscle growth began as well. He groaned, writhing on the spot as his stomach sucked in, excess fat replaced by chiselled abs that would be worshipped by the ancient Greeks. His thighs swelled, becoming feminine and lovely but ultimately muscular, and his calves were those of an Olympic athlete’s. These changes were mirrored by the transformation of his arms; his shoulders were not so broad in proportion to his body now, and indeed were rapidly losing body hair and slimming up in some respects, but this was only to give him a powerful set of female shoulders, like those of a professional swimmer. His hands shrunk in relation to him, even those he was overall expanding in proportion to everything else, and they took on a soft, slender quality, even his nails becoming perfect. He flexed his impressive biceps by impulse, feeling the biceps pop as they grew in ever more impressively. His clothing shredded off of his form, ripping to smithereens and falling to the ground.

“Y-yes!” he cried, voice becoming higher, rising in octave and yet sounding out like a powerful siren’s call. “I can f-feel it! I feel so - so *new!*”

The energy caused his waist to pull in somewhat, all while his hips stretched out wider. His buttocks, once a sad, saggy side, filled out to gain peachy proportions, pert and hot and with powerful glutes. Arthur couldn’t believe it when his hair began to extend, spooling out from his scalp and glowing golden like honey. He had been blonde once and now was again, but his hair shimmered, not obeying the laws of physics, and that golden

glow did not settle. It only added to the sensation of becoming a goddess, as did his plumpening lips and sharpening features. His eyelashes extended, his hair draped down to the bottom of his shoulders, and his jaw cracked, reshaping so that all in all he had a noblewoman's visage, the kind of face that could command entire armies, or that armies would be willing to die for.

But as immense as these changes were, not to mention the sheer strength and superpower that was flowing into the feminising man, there were two sets of other changes that were defining his future more than ever. The first was in his chest, where his sensitive nipples were expanding, gaining perfect pink areolas and then marshalling a great deal of tissue and fat behind them. Arthur had long since torn apart his clothing, which allowed him to cup his breasts as they surged forth. It was like he was actively being pumped full of contents, and it made him slide his hands over his mammaries as they continued to fill out, relishing every touch. He bit his lip, whimpering from sensations he'd never dared to dream experiencing, and it was positively *marvellous*.

"Y-yesssss, grow bigger, bigger! If I'm going to have melons, then I want them to be the biggest damn pair around! Sayonara, janitorial duties! Hello goddesshood!"

Arthur hadn't spoken like that about the human form since his flirtatious days of youth, and never so confidently. But then again, he was becoming something *more* than Arthur now, and more than a man, too. He cupped his massive boobs, feeling their heft and weight and ripe fullness, and while it was quite the initial shock, his exclamation had been honest: he *did* want to have a massive shelf jutting from his chest, a superwomanly rack. Already his nipples were stiff with arousal and delight at his own form.

No, that wasn't right.

Her own form.

There was a mental click inside Arthur's transition that signalled this change. No longer did the transforming statuesque stunner think of herself as male, even as her manhood began to wither and shrink under the intense bombardment of the particles. No, even with that one great change still to go, she was a female. A mighty goddess in the making. She raised her face to the strongest source of light above and basked in the cylindrical chamber's work, letting the rays of it flow over and into her. She moaned, voice rising yet higher in delirious bliss as her penis pulled back into her body, creating a womanly tunnel as it slid within her. There was a brief tension, and then her testicles also pulled back inside her body. Her superstrength was already gathering, and in brief flickers she could summon her X-ray vision, taking in the wonderful smile of Callista, smiling as she floated outside. But it was more than just the typical powers that she was being endowed with: Arthur had complete sensory knowledge over her own form. She was now immune to disease, impervious to injury, able to glow or go invisible at her own whim. And she could

even feel, just by closing her eyes and concentrating, her testicles transforming into ovary sacs inside her being, and her new uterus unfurling into place. Her womanly lips finished their development, and all that remained of her penis was a sensitive clitoris, one that throbbed with desire from all this stimulation.

“Mhmmmm,” she moaned, barely resisting the urge to touch herself. “To think that I hesitated! Ahhhhh!”

The machine whirred to a stop, its spin cycle winding down. The steam that resulted clouded through the chamber, but it was of little concern to Arthur: she didn’t need to breathe anymore, nor eat or drink if she didn’t want to. She could survive off of the sun’s rays itself.

The chamber opened, and she stepped out, letting the mist part as she took her place opposite Callista. The two were almost exactly on par in height, and both were Amazonian goddesses, but there were noticeable differences between them. Arthur looked a little more overtly muscular, and had shorter hair that was bright blonde instead of brunette. Her upper body strength looked to be greater than Callista’s, though the latter’s thighs were indeed out of this world, even compared to Arthur’s. For all her new goddesshood and sex appeal, Callista’s face was surprisingly cute, with a button nose and large blue eyes. Arthur was beautiful in a more regal way, her resting face more authoritative, her eyes slimmer. The two inspected each other for a moment.

“You appear . . . perfect,” Callista said, embracing the other woman.

Arthur embraced her back, and in that exact moment she summoned the particles around her to rearrange and position themselves upon her body, giving her an outfit to compare with her goddess peer, and new friend. Hers was a more traditionally superheroic outfit, with a long red cape and red boots that ended below her knee, as well as a blue leotard. She smirked a little, happy to show off her body for once, and let there be a cut out not only to reveal her perfect chiselled midriff, but also a low cut to reveal her deep chasm of cleavage, especially with her breasts pushed up magnificently. Finally, two blue cuffs appear on her hands, adding to her impression as a warrior goddess and superheroine.

The two were now floating in the air, and Arthur was amazed to find it was so easy. Her mind raced, its neurons firing faster than ever, already adapting to the powers she was now endowed with.

“What do you think?” she said, gesturing to herself as she parted a little from Callista.

The first goddess looked her up and down and responded with a lighthearted chuckle of approval. “One would never think you were ever a janitor!” she announced.

“Well, that’s kind of the point, I guess. I doubt anyone would view you as a scientist either, Callista.”

“They will, now that my brain is even more super. What about yourself, Arthur? Is goddesshood all that I promised you?”

Arthur took a deep breath, admiring her curves and muscles. She felt as if she could take on the whole world, except now she actually could!

"All you promised," she said. "And more. But I don't think Arthur suits me anymore. I'll probably need, uh, a little help coming up with a suitable name."

Callista floated nearby, running a soft yet powerful hand up Arthur's side. It sent warm thrills through the new woman.

"How about . . . Astraea?"

Arthur tasted the sound of the name upon her lips. "Astraea . . . Astraea. A bit different from my own humble beginning . . . but maybe that just makes it perfect, right?"

"I'd say so! We are, after all, immortal and perfect now!"

Astraea actually guffawed, twirling on the spot. She moved to pick up an enormous metal bench that was bolted to the floor, and found it shifted with utter ease, with nary an effort. She gazed across the room, donning her X-ray vision, and was shocked to find that she could see not just through the next wall, but the next, and the next, and then the rocky pillar nearly a mile away, and then beyond. She could see for *miles*. The new woman smirked as she noticed the various objects fallen upon the ground after the latest chamber experiment. Astraea carefully lifted her hand, and after just a moment's concentration, found that she could reach out and focus her mind upon the various ornaments, trays, cups, and measures. Each one rose back up into the air, restored to their original place.

"Wow," she said. "That's something else."

"And it's only the beginning of our power," Callista said. "We can test it as far as we would like, the two of us! If you'd like that, of course. I do owe you, Astraea."

Astraea, for all her goddesshood, found herself blushing. She was still just as attracted to Callista's female form as she had been before, perhaps even further, now that she could sense so much else with her powers.

"I'd like that, uh, very much," she said awkwardly. "Very very much. I want to explore everything. God, how did I ever think I wanted to stay a mortal man when I could feel like this?"

"My thoughts exactly!" replied the busty brunette superheroine. "But before we do, one last thing."

Astraea was shocked when her friend's eyes turned red. They shot forth a beam of intense red light, and in moments the cylindrical chamber, Cecil-turned-Callista's life work, melted into molten slag.

"What - what did you do that for?"

Callista smiled, folding her arms beneath her massive chest, which looked ready to burst out of her revealing green outfit.

“I never intended this company, especially not its crooked billionaire owner, to ever be able to profit or gain from such power. I wanted this just for myself, but it turned out that it took two to tango on this, and for that I’m exceedingly glad.”

Astraea considered Callista’s choice. “You’re right. I don’t trust others with this power. I don’t know if I even trust myself.”

But then Callista took her by the hands, and to the former male’s surprise the goddess kissed her, and she found herself kissing her back, their amazonian bodies pressed against one another, floating in the air slowly and circling as they rose above the hatch.

“Then we keep each other in check,” Callista said. “How about that?”

Astraea’s mind reeled, mostly from excitement. “I think I can get used to that, too.”

“Good,” Callista said, because right now you need to *check* if you can beat me to the moon. Time to find out what the most powerful women in the universe do for fun, huh?”

She shot into the air, cracking through the sonic barrier as if it were nothing and laughing the whole way. Astraea watched her go, unable to stop herself from laughing from amazement.

“Oh no you don’t!” she yelled, and then she boosted into the air as well, following her new friend, fellow goddess, and future lover.

The End