



Gold Digging

by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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The burial

As the mist on the cemetery slowly turned into a light rain, the heavy oak coffin disappeared into the grave. The winches creaked and shifted as the priest turned around to the other congregated mourners. They stood in grieving fashion, dressed in black and weeping gently. The deceased was no loved one. A cruel man of sharp intellect and utter ignorance of his fellow man's feeling. Still, these may have been the merits which eventually gave him the enormous fortune that is now to be inherited. Amidst the many prospective beneficiaries of this sad event stand the main heirs, the close family.

During his long and busy life, Walter C. Carland actually found enough time to become the father of two children, Jacob and Luisa. They were standing here, lost in thoughts and waiting for the ceremony to end. Jacob was tall, slim and athletic, but wore his black suit with a certain disdain. His hair was wet and uncombed, his face was only superficially shaven. He had been late for the funeral, having been held up at the airport due to a terrorist threat. His mourning felt to be genuine, but he seemed unhappy with the priest's words.

Luisa stood on the opposite side of the grave. Her lithe silhouette against the grey rain. The young surgeon watched the ceremony bitterly, clenching her fists in the folds of her jacket. A deep feeling of disgust showed on her face, and she looked angrily at the woman in their midst.

The widow, young, blonde, her skirt a little bit too short and her décolleté a slight too deep, stared at her feet. She couldn't suppress a little smile of accomplishment. At last, her hard work would pay off. She would get her share of the money. Finally, her years of sacrifice would make her rich. The priest gave her an odd look, then seemed to realise the meaning of the situation and finished his sermon.

"Ashes to ashes and dust to dust."

The mourners threw little shovelfuls of earth at the coffin, then returned to their cars. Some lingered to visit graves of their family, but most preferred the warmth of the promised reception later that day.

The meek shall inherit

The next day was a marvellous one. The city was submerged in a hopeful bath of bright sunlight, there was not a single shadow on the town square. Overlooking it, in a tall, gothic building opposite the city's cathedral, a long, thin man turned to his audience. The room was large, and contained all the comforts required for endless debates on money. Indeed, the aura of respect and finesse mingled with the stink of greed

and envy. William R. Sonborough, esquire, inspected the contenders. He has been at the funeral yesterday, just like most of the city's elite and recognised them all. At last, with all the gravity of a cold law professional, he opened the envelope containing Mr. Carland's will. He launched into his spiel.

"Ahem. Ladies and gentlemen, it fills me with grief and sadness to witness the last will and testament of Mr. Walter Charles Carland. By the responsibility invested in me by the state, I will now read his final wishes." He paused for effect. The audience craned forward. Clearly, their faces showed greed as much as curiosity.

"I, Walter Charles Carland, give all my worldly fortune, all my possessions and all of my rights and duties to my son, Jacob, for him to cherish and keep. However, my daughter, Luisa, and my wife, Kim, are to be guaranteed a grave at my side at no cost."

The lawyer folded the single sheet of paper, placed it in the envelope and handed Jacob a form to sign. Stone-faced, he complied, jotting his signature down. Immediately he stood up and left the room. The other members of the audience disappeared, murmuring and generally voicing their discontent. Finally, only Luisa and Kim remained in the room, aghast. The lawyer closed his suitcase, then prepared to leave. He looked at Kim with a dry smile, then said:

"Don't worry, next time, it will be better."

Luisa got up. Her face was contorted by barely suppressed anger.

"Let's leave. I need a drink!"

A simple plan

As the sun went down, the two women were still sitting on the big brown sofa in the Machacari Club. Kim was already quite drunk, Luisa was still angry and very sober.

"You know what, I hated every single minute of it." The widow slumped forward a little. "You can't possibly imagine the sacrifice I had to make. To be close to this fleshless, living corpse. And the smell ... I mean, did your daddy ever wash himself? I tried to check, but I couldn't find out!"

"You already told me. And yes, I'm also quite happy that he has passed on. But, as you are surely aware, all your efforts have been in vain."

"That's right. How could he have done this to me? I gave him three of my best years. That's more than most people would give, even without the prospect of money. I need to get a hold on my share."

The daughter smiled, wiping her ebon hair from her brow. That's where she wanted to get to all afternoon.

"We'll have to check up on Jacob. And yet, I doubt that he will give us our parts. He wouldn't act against father's wishes. Besides, he's stupid, but he's not dumb. I guess we have to make him give us the money. You know what? You could try the same thing that you did on my old man."

Kim stared at her, both drunk and dazed.

"You mean I should seduce him? I thought you hated me. I thought you hated what I did to your father."

Luisa gave her a grim look.

"Well, he's dead, and I think my sympathies have been buried alongside with him. Besides, his will is just about the biggest insult I've ever heard. I think we should do that."

"Any idea what he likes? With your father it was easy. He liked tall blondes with big breasts and guess what, I just fit the bill perfectly."

"I noticed. We'll just have to check on his stuff. As most men, he'll have his collection of porn on his PC, so we'll find out pretty fast. As I know him, he wouldn't have a password on his system. He's actually of the gullible kind. And you know, he probably has simple tastes, just like his daddy."

Meanwhile:

"There seems to have been a problem in acquiring the assets you promised", the voice stated in a matter of fact way. "Please attend to the headquarters immediately." The caller hung up.

When the going gets weird...

"He likes that? I can't believe it. Your family is even more messed up than I thought!"

Kim stared at the laptops screen in open disgust. They were in Jacob's old room at the family mansion. He had moved in there for the time after the funeral, but seemed to be prepared to leave soon. He had business somewhere in the Third World, some kind of investment project. The laptop computer's screen was showing series after series of bodybuilder pictures. Female ones.

"At least, he doesn't seem to be gay, huh?" Luisa was smiling triumphantly at her stepmother. "You won't need to have a sex-change surgery."

Kim still hadn't moved. Slowly, her drunk decision from yesterday was flooding in on her. Once again, she'd do it for the money. It's not as if she wouldn't need it. Her creditors were still closing in on her, occasionally asking about their cash. She guessed that she'd get a few weeks of respite on account of being a widow, but she could see herself back at the little house her parents lived in all their lives. She swallowed.

"Okay. I guess I'll do it. There's just one question: how can I possibly get it done. I've met one of these women at the gym where I work out, and

it must have taken her years to get this kind of shape. Besides, he seems to like big breasts too."

Just as Luisa wanted to answer, they both heard the shutting of the door downstairs. With a quick movement, they shut down the computer and left the room. Jacob was just coming up the stairs. They both fell into a casual stance.

"Hi Jacob. How do you feel?"

He looked at the women with a certain disdain.

"Not too well. Besides, I have my packing to do. Something has come up, so I'm leaving tonight. I'll be back in two months and a half. Maybe we can have a talk about the whole situation when I come back."

Luisa smiled at Kim.

"I think we can."

He gave them an odd look, than went into his room.

Timetables

The next day, Kim slept late. At 1pm, her phone rang.

"Kim, it's Luisa. I have wonderful news. Won't you come and meet me at my place?"

Kim got up slowly. She had had a drink too many yesterday and her memory was still a little fuzzy on the details. Apparently, Luisa had some friends from the university who were working on some oddball science projects that would be helpful. After this piece of information, Kim had seen her life flash in front of her eyes. She'd thrust a woman who was just as crazy as the rest of her clan with her future. And she'd become a muscle-freak. First, she would need a shower.

An hour and a half later, she arrived at Luisa's loft. It was a beautifully renovated 19th century factory, adapted for modern living and housing the daughter's private office and surgery. She rang. There was laughter inside. Luisa opened the door. She wore a tank-top and some fancy training trousers. Smiling, she bade her in.

"Have a seat." She showed her a white leather couch ensemble upon which four people were sitting, enjoying their drinks. She introduced them quickly:

"This is Diego, he's a bodybuilding coach and nutritionist. You could have guessed, I think. He even won some kind of trophy." The huge black-haired man smiled. He seemed to literally burst out of his clothes.

"These two are Frank and Taehan. They're the guys from college I told you about." Two young men, one of them Asian in appearance, grinned at her, apparently aroused by her mere existence.

"And that's Helena, my anaesthetist. She'll help me with your surgeries." The mousy, brown-haired woman smiled faintly.

"Surgeries?"

Luisa grinned broadly:

"Of course. If you want to seduce my brother, you'll have to look your best. And, wow, does that sound sick! Anyway, what we're going to do is set up a tight training regime, and our two friends here," she indicated the two scientists, "will whip up some concoction to help you do all this in two months and a half. I'll cover the expenses, and we'll both get half of my daddy's money."

With that, she took another line of cocaine and gave Kim a maniac grin.

"What are you waiting for? Get going."

Frank and Taehan got up, one of them had a sterile needle and drew some blood.

"We'll need this to organise your treatment. We'll be able to reduce side-effects to a minimum. Could you please stand up, so we can get our figures?"

Kim did as she was told. Finally, Diego got up and asked her if she could start right away. As she nodded, he led her to his car and they were off to his private gym.

Hard work

"And three more, two more, one more. Okay, you're done for today." Kim sat up from the bench. Diego smiled at her, waiting for her to catch her breath.

"That was very good. You seem to have quite a lot of stamina for exercising. That will definitely help build quickly. Now, the best will be to take a shower, and then, I'll give you a massage to ease the tension."

Oddly enough, this didn't sound strange to Kim. Diego was a huge man, with enormous muscles and an apparently larger than life penis which clearly showed through his tight pants. He was also gay, and had a rather marvellous collection of pictures of naked men in his studio.

After the shower, Kim enjoyed the massage, then went home. Regardless of the warm bath that she actually took afterwards, she still woke up the next day feeling horrible. Every single muscle in her body hurt and felt as if it were burning brightly. She got up, made herself some coffee and turned on the TV. The news anchor just tried to explain the recent terrorist threats. Jacob was definitely out of luck. Once again, his flight had been delayed. After a short glimpse of one of the supposed heads of the organisation, the host turned to his female associate and they smilingly showed the "Animal of the Day". Actually a cute spitz dog.

Kim tried to stretch. Just as every single part of her body went "click" and crunched along, the phone rang. She picked it up and quickly found

out that Diego was going to pick her up in twenty minutes. She readied herself for training and packed her things.

Half an hour later, she was once again pumping iron. Diego smiled relentlessly as he pushed her for more repetitions. During their lunch, the doorbell rang. Frank had arrived, carrying a suitcase. He sat down while Kim swallowed her concentrated energy food greedily.

"Hi there. We're done and guess what, you'll thank us!" He opened the suitcase, displaying long rows of pre-filled syringes. They contained a reddish liquid. "This stuff will help you build. It's specially prepared for your body and allows you to increase your muscle mass. This one," he indicated the next container "reduces muscle deterioration. And that increases your regeneration. The fourth one prevents masculinisation. You get to keep your beautiful looks, your soft skin, your sweet face and your lovely voice and..." He trailed off.

Diego looked sceptically at the syringe array:

"I'm not sure you should use this kind of chemical warfare, you know. I never heard of it, and it doesn't look very safe."

The scientist snapped out of his trance:

"It's perfectly safe. We developed it for the military, and it works! At least in animal testing, but you should have seen the chimp we built."

Kim and Diego exchanged some worried looks. She asked:

"So there was no testing on humans?"

"Of course not! You want cutting edge, you get it. But you know what, we're going to monitor you as close as possible and if anything is odd, we quit immediately. I tell you, you'll be perfectly safe, and as far as I can guess, you'll be able to increase your muscle mass by half in three weeks, given that you train and eat enough."

Diego stared at him:

"In three weeks? That's biologically impossible."

"Well, scientifically it is. Do you want to see a picture of the chimp?"

"Err... Okay."

Frank reached into his jacket's pocket and pulled out a planner. He flipped through a few pages, then showed them a photo. They stared at it.

"That's a gorilla, isn't it?"

"It must be."

"It's not. Convinced?"

Happiness is a warm gun

"So there's four injections a day. I'm going to look like a junkie!"

"Well, my beautiful, that's the price of power." Frank grinned maniacally. "Besides, I'm sure Diego knows a few places where it won't show."

The huge man shot him a malevolent glance. He then examined the syringes carefully.

"If you want it, Kim, I'll do it. But I tell you, it may not be the best idea."

Frank interrupts:

"But you'll save yourself a lot of work."

"Boys, I feel that it's best if I get to think about it. I'll be right back."

She rushed to the bathroom. Wincing in pain, she sat down on the toilet seat. Once again, her body was completely cramped. She was vaguely aware of the fact that her afternoon training session would start in some fifteen minutes, and the thought filled her with dread. The whole

situation reminded her of her breast enlargement surgery. Sure, now they looked good, but the first few weeks had been hellish. Silently, she weighed the choices she had. The injections would doubtlessly help her, and it all seemed pretty safe. However, the mere thought of some of the possible effects something like this could have made her stomach cramp.

Finally, she decided to give it a shot. She laughed at her internal monologue and found that a one-week-trial would be best. If there was no significant change, she'd stop it.

Diego accepted her decision silently, then proceeded to inject her with the first four syringes. She then resumed training. At first, the pain was mind-numbing, but oddly enough, she felt a burst of energy after an hour or so, just as she was slowly lifting some dumbbells to train her arms. She continued, feeling strangely invigorated. Soon, Diego realised that her movements had become easier and quicker. However, he decided to keep his thoughts for himself.

Later, when he gave her a final massage to complete the day of training, he finally asked her:

"Are you really sure that you are going in the right direction? You know, I get a lot of women, usually older than you, who train hard to keep their husbands, but normally, they fail. I'm not quite certain about your "plan", since Luisa didn't tell me everything, but it seems rather odd, doesn't it?"

She winced as he pulled a really sore muscle.

"Diego, I can tell you that I'm not so sure myself. I hope that this works, otherwise I'm in trouble. Believe me, I don't have much of a choice."

"What's up? Can I help?"

"It's about money. I owe the bank quite a sum, so I hope I'll be able to pay soon. Besides, I spent my time with Walter to get my money, so I just have to get this done. And guess what? I'm enjoying this training. It seems easier now."

Diego continued the massage, but remained silent.

"I think this stuff works."

Meanwhile:

The jeep roared through the undergrowth, tossing the passengers around. The heat was murderous, sweat was glistening on skin. Finally, the rag-tag building complex was emerging from the jungle.

Seven days later

"Hi Kim, over here!"

The friendly voice of a smiling redhead sounded over the café. Kim took a second to find Nina in the crowd. The blonde sat down. Nina called for the waiter, than gave her guest a good look.

"You've been working out, haven't you?"

Kim looked around conspiringly, then quickly flexed her right arm. A noticeable bulge appeared.

"Yes. What do you think of it?"

The waiter quickly jotted down their drinks, then disappeared back into the building. They were al fresco and enjoyed the growing warmth of late spring.

"I like it. What are you up to?"

"I shouldn't be telling you, but..." She quickly explained the whole thing.

"So you're going to be a bodybuilder. That's odd. Any idea how big you'll have to be to get him?"

"I'm not quite sure. I talked about it with Diego, and he said if my progress continued this way, I could be any size I want by the time Jacob comes back. Actually, I think that, since I only get one attempt to get him, the bigger the better. It seems odd, but I think I could get used to the strength. Yesterday, I carried my food home, and normally, I'm quite spent after that. But then, I only felt ready for more."

"Wow. Can I squeeze it? I just want to touch your arm. Please?"

"Go ahead."

Kim flexed again, the bulge in her arm was easily visible.

"Cool. I must say, I'm quite curious about your future look. By the way, did you hear that Colleen is coming back? You know, the girl who went overseas to become a fashion designer. I'm quite interested in what she looks like now."

Nina smiled mischievously. They had both been on the heavier side of the class and had spent a lot of time making each other's life miserable. She had kept her weight, but had improved her style. Her choice of profession as a tailor had been a way of maintaining the air of competition in Nina's life.

"I don't know, I haven't seen her since, and apparently, her designs were not quite as fashionable as she would have liked."

Kim had been Nina's "protector" in school and had introduced her to the in-crowd. She had followed their competition with a certain interest, but had never understood the actual problem.

"Anyway, tell me more about this Diego guy. He seems gorgeous!"

"Nina, he's gay."

"I want to see him, I don't want to fuck him. Get me a photograph!"

The first stage of growth

"OK, don't move. And smiiiiile ..."

Kim snapped a picture of the smiling giant in front of her. Diego posed for her in his training slacks. He grinned at her, baring his teeth, and flexed his arm and shoulder muscles. She couldn't wait to show these to Nina. The poor girl was completely overworked, following a big commission from the metropolitan theatre. They hadn't seen each other for two weeks and the surprise was going to be great.

"Wonderful. Now it's my turn."

She gave him the camera, then struck the same pose. All over her body, her muscles bulged. Indeed, the last two weeks' work had transformed her lithe frame into a powerful and shapely build. Her shoulders had broadened, her neck muscles had grown visibly, supporting her proud stance and noble attitude. Her long arms had become sinuous and strong. Most surprisingly, her pectoral muscles had evolved, pushing her implants outward, making them look strangely out of place. Below, a six-pack of abdominals was slowly becoming an eight-pack. Her legs had become strong and shapely, her knees slowly being overshadowed by her growing quadriceps. Finally, her calves were pushing outwards, showing first signs of splitting.

Kim relaxed, preparing mentally for the next part of today's training session. Over the last two weeks, Diego had relentlessly increased her workload, seeing that she was easily able to cope with the greater strain. As she pumped iron, feeling the tension build inside her, she noticed that her trainer was sweating more and more. Over the last week, she had felt a change in his approach. His coaching had become more "hands-on" and she noticed that his trousers had become wider. Just as he was counting repetitions, she had a faint impression of a growing hard-on.

Facing several months of abstinence (Walter had tried a few times, but seemed to be unable to perform), she had bought a dildo, but it had

never seen the action it saw in the last two weeks. Somehow, the whole situation was making her hornier and hornier.

Later, when they were done training, she sat up and gave him a good look.

"Diego."

"Yes?"

He paused as he replaced the barbells onto their racks.

"You seem to be really tense lately."

"It's just that your training is harder than I expected, so I have more work. You're growing very quickly, I've never seen anything like it."

"And you seem to like the look, don't you?"

"Well..." He looked sheepishly. "I must say that I'm surprised myself, but yes." The last word came like a whisper. She smiled, then took his hand and led it to her biceps. He touched it lovingly.

"We can turn off the lights if you don't want to see my face..."

They were now both speaking very softly, as if sharing some strange little secret. Inside Diego's mind, his thoughts were speeding. What was happening? All the pain and suffering of his coming-out was being put into question. Why did he want this woman? She held him closely now, rubbing herself against his growing erection.

Meanwhile:

The spectators screamed in elation as the duel between the champion's gigantic captain and the sorry challenger neared its zenith. Suddenly, the shorter opponent evaded his opponent's defence and shot.

A breach of taboo

As Diego's trousers quickly tented, she pulled them off and slid his dick out of his shorts. It surpassed even her most extreme fantasies. Deep down, she wondered if she'd be able to take it all in, but for the moment, the simple presence of a man was enough to make her hot. She licked lovingly along his shaft, increasing its hardness and making his cock-head bulge. Kim continued upwards along his member, circling it with her tongue. She could smell his pre-cum welling up. At last she took the head into her mouth, sucking it gently. Diego started grunting blissfully, then just as he seemed ready to blow, he pulled his penis out, calming down again.

He bent down, removed her training clothes and pushed her down on the bench. Noticing his uneasiness, she quickly worked herself up, rubbing her clit, then prepared for his entrance. Diego still seemed unsure. She caressed him gently leading him closer to her pussy. To entice him further, she flexed her abdominals, making a set of ridges appear where her stomach had been. She touched his muscles as he tensed, slowly pushing inside her. She felt a little uneasy as the huge monster inched inside her, when suddenly, something seemed to snap inside Diego's mind. Her tightness came like a wave over him and he gripped her firmly, losing his mind. Within seconds he prepared to ram his whole shaft in her. It started to hurt. She felt unable to move, to contort into a better position and panicked.

Twisting as good as she could, she pulled herself up, and bit him. Suddenly, Diego awoke from his passion, looked at her wide-eyed and asked:

"Did I ..."

He had jerked his head upward to look at her and hit his head on the weight stand. He was knocked out. Concentrating, she managed to lift

the giant a little bit, then rolled out from beneath him. As her mind grew fuzzy from the effort and her vision blurred, she decided that she'd get as strong as she could. This had been too close for comfort.

When Diego awoke, she was gone. Slowly regaining his senses, he went to the bathroom to throw up. After a while, he picked up his phone to call her, but there was no answer.

#### The strain

Kim continued training alone for the next week. She soon became adroit at giving herself the injections, even though it cost her quite a little effort to do so. She was very careful as she remembered the numerous horror-stories Diego had told her about bench-pressing without a spotter. On the fifth day, she tried to put on her shirt after showering. For a while, she had been unable to pull it down in one movement. She had to pull the neck-hole open, lower the shirt on her shoulders and then push her arms through one at a time. Even though the shirt was meant to stretch, it felt like it was glued on. Even her training slacks had become ridiculously tight.

This time, something incredible had happened. She had struggled with her clothes for a while. Once she felt all set, she flexed her back. Immediately, her latissimi blew apart into a large crab-like triangle, ripping her shirt to tatters. She looked at herself in the mirror, calmly removed the shreds of her garment and pulled out her cell-phone. Her recent visits to the clothes shop had led her to the conclusion that regular standards no longer applied. Men's shirts were okay for the shoulders, but hung in front of her tight washboard stomach like curtains. Even at the sports shop, she had only found training clothes, which were beginning to feel tight. Indeed, her response to the chemicals had grown stronger and stronger. And so had she.

"Nina, I need new clothes! Right now, I look awful."

And so do my breasts, she added mentally. Her implants were now sitting squat on top of her pectoral muscles, looking too small and bolted on. Luisa had been right: She would need some surgery.

"No problem, come right over. I just have to take a look at you."

As she left the mansion, wearing a large sweatshirt, she felt oddly watched. In the shadows, there was a faint clicking.

#### Measure of success

After a short jog over to Nina's house, Kim realised that she hadn't even broken a sweat. She felt light and easy as if she had had a walk in the park. Still, she had run a kilometre in less than five minutes. She rang, and was up at the third floor in seconds. The security guard recognised her vaguely, but went back to work. She knocked.

Nina opened the door in a flash:

"Wow! You look awesome! I couldn't have dreamt of anything like that. Come on in and... strip for me!"

Kim raised her right eyebrow, surprised at her friend's exhilaration. She took off her shoes and stepped inside. Nina's apartment was decorated in a strict Asian style, according to Feng Shui and Japanese culture. It was Spartan yet still lively, mostly due to the masses of textiles lying around. A kettle of tea was steaming on a hot stone, probably heated in her superbly expensive electrical stove in her high-tech kitchen.

Nina grabbed Kim's sweatshirt and removed it with a quick pull. Her friend stood there mighty and braless. (She couldn't find a fitting bra anywhere in town.)

"I guess I see the problem, or should I say, the revelation of your utter muscular stylishness!"

"Nina, are you all right? You're a little over-excited, aren't you?"

"I think I am, yes, but hey, look at you. You're no Schwarzenegger, but I never saw a girl like you in the flesh. Let me get my tape-measure."

She hurried off, leaving Kim flabbergasted. Seconds later, she emerged from her room and quickly danced around her friend, mumbling her measurements.

"Chest: 42 inches, waist: 26", hips: 36". That's not bad at all. You should lose the implants, though. They look stupid. Now, to your arms. Flex for me."

Kim did as asked, Nina wrapped the tape measure around her biceps than whispered:

"16 inches. That's awesome. And the calves are 16 inches too. Now come on, flex your thigh. Let me get the tape around it and, tadaaa, 22" of leg. You're huge!"

"I guess I am. Look, could you get me clothes that fit me... and make them stretchable. I don't think I'm done growing."

"I'll see what I can do. Have some tea and tell me about training while I do some sketches."

Tales to tell

As Nina started doodling, trying to find the right proportions, Kim had a cup of tea and began to tell her about the last week. After a second cup of tea, she moved closer to Nina, brushing aside the growing heap of sketches and hugged her. She started to sob. Finally, she told her friend about Diego. Together, they wept, when suddenly, the phone rang.

Kim inhaled, calmed down a little and fumbled to pick up the phone.

"Yeah. What's up? I'm not in the mood..."

"Hi. It's Frank. You know, from Frank and Taehan. Your pushers, you know."

"Fuck you, stupid, don't talk like that on the phone, we're going to get busted!" a smaller voice said, in the background.

"Anyway. We just wanted to tell you that we invented a bigger and better chemical, that will eventually.... Fuck this, come over already, and we show you."

"And bring some beer. I don't get anything to drink around here." The little voice added.

Something said "look?" on the phone, than they hung up.

Nina stared at her muscular companion:

"What was that?"

"The guys who invented the chemicals that made me grow so fast want to see me. Apparently, they've invented a better version."

"A better version..." Nina's eyes trailed out of focus. She was clearly imagining something.

"Can I come along?"

Meanwhile:

"We are unsure that your plan to recover our funding will succeed. It seems to be a little complex. Are you sure we shouldn't try to quicken the results?"

"That won't be necessary. I plan to force them into a dilemma, so please let me take care of it."

"What if they choose to expose you?"

"They won't. They're easily controlled."

The house that built Kim

Minutes later, Nina's cute little car stopped in front of an abandoned building in the older part of the city. It's two stories were dark, the shades drawn. Nina got out of the car quickly looking around to see if the area was safe. All around, dark shadows lurked. Kim was grumbling as she tried to extricate herself from the car.

"This stupid thing is definitely too cramped. How do I get out of this awful seat? Ah. Finally."

She stretched, lifting her arms above her head. Her chest surged out, showing off her huge pectoral muscles. Nina's look was frozen on her friend's body.

"Are you coming?" The widow walked briskly to the house and rang the doorbell. Nina followed her quickly, shaking her head to get rid of this vision.

A surveillance camera turned towards them, then a buzzer opened the door. The girls walked in, the door shutting automatically. In the darkness, they heard strange shuffling noises. Just as they wondered where to go next, a lit door-frame became visible. In it, Frank's silhouette appeared. He wore a white lab-coat, his glasses and short brown hair giving him a very professional look. Inside, grunts and screams were audible.

"Hi. You got the beer? We're fresh out." He paused. "Who's the fat chick?"

Kim shot him a scolding gaze, her neck bulging. Nina shrunk back into the shadows.

"No beer for you. I really don't want to see how insulting you get when you're really drunk."

Frank took a step back.

"I... Sorry. Just a reflex. A stupid one. I'm sorry."

"Oook!"

They walked in, Taehan was occupied with a huge beast, the aforementioned gorilla-sized chimp. It was even more muscular now, it's shoulders ridiculously large and broad. It was eating very fast. In cages all around the room, other animals were being held, each one a monstrous version of it's species. A huge, badger-sized rat sat in a dog cage, watching the new arrivals. The stench in the room was overwhelming. The scientists managed to find four clean chairs and put them close to a large lab table. Kim sat down calmly and introduced her friend. Frank looked down.

"You do have a new chemical, don't you?"

The two scientists instantly burst into a long-winded explanation of it's various and complicated properties, before being cut short by flick of Kim's wrist.

"Just the facts, please..."

"Basically, it increases the speed of muscle build-up, enhances nutrients absorption and allows for faster after-training recovery. And it makes your skin stretchier. That's good. You double your mass in three weeks. More if you were an ape. Which you are not. Not at all."

Taehan covered his eyes and sighed as his partner fumbled his way into a broken silence.

"But it's still needles, isn't it?"

"That's right. It works best that way."

Kim shivered. She casually glanced at Nina and suddenly noticed that her friend was staring into infinity. She seemed to be dreaming.

"What's up? Hey, girl, wake up!"

Nina jerked back into consciousness. She gave Kim a very determined look.

"I want some of this. Please."

This is the new sh\*t

"It hurts! Ah! Don't touch it!" Nina was lying on Diego's massage table. She was screaming in agony as Kim gently tried to relieve her soreness.

"I guess this isn't the right way to do it. Wait, I try it by pulling here..."

"Argh! Stop it. Stop it please, for the love of god!" Nina twisted around, her full, soft body moving with uncommon speed and agility.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. I just..." Her voice trailed off. Diego was standing in the door-frame. He gave Kim a weak look, as if ashamed of being in her presence, then stepped over to the table. With a few professional twists, he released the tension in Nina's aching muscles. Kim returned to her training.

Later, in the evening, Nina joined Kim in the Jacuzzi. As was fitting for Diego's home, the room was entirely decorated with statues of naked and semi-naked men. The full-figured woman lowered herself achingly into the warm pool, her naked body floating in the bubbling water.

"I can't believe how tired I am." She slowly submerged herself. Her broad-shouldered friend sighed approvingly. Nina reappeared, brushing her red hair from her face.

"I really hope I start to grow soon. It makes me giddy just to think about it. I just have to say thank you again for paying for the treatment and the

training."

"Actually, I'm not. Taehan and Frank said that they'll check it with Louisa and Diego seems to have a very bad conscience. Anyway, I'm quite happy to have a partner around when I'm with him. I know he's trying to be nice, but all this calmness gives me the creeps."

"Don't be so hard on him. I believe that he's just really sorry. I guess he just can't explain the whole situation himself."

"Whatever. It's good to have you around. By the way, how come you're into muscles?"

Nina grabbed slowly at the fruit juice bottles on the pool's sideboard and handed one to Kim for opening. She took a sip, then explained.

"It's really not surprising. I have two older brothers, they both played hockey for as long as I can remember. They look like young gods." Kim's eyes sparkled for a second. "Anyway, I always wanted to be like them. My mom hated the mere idea of me participating in a men's sport, so I was sent to do gymnastics. That sort of led me away from sports. Later, when we left school, I tried to train for a while, but there were no results. I quickly got frustrated and here I am. Also, I grew up with all the superhero comic books and they sort of inspired me to be a tailor. I even made my own superman suit complete with cape and logo when I was ten. I never wore it, of course."

"Superman?" Kim grinned stupidly. Nina punched her. "I'm just imagining. Sorry."

"I really hope this will work. It does for you, but you've always been easy with everything."

Kim splashed water at her.

Outside, the man in the bushes opposite Diego's house looked through his visor and hit the trigger.

#### Throwing your weight around

"Hooray! I've gained 15 pounds!" Three weeks later, Nina uttered the most unexpected sentence in her life. Instantly, she had to laugh. Kim just came in from the gym and stared at her desperately. Her best friend was slowly turning crazy. On the other hand, she was also turning into a broad-shouldered, muscular uber-woman, with large soft breasts, a fine belly and a posture a ballet dancer would kill for.

"Look at me! Will you just look at this?" Nina put her palms together in front of her huge chest and started bouncing her boobs around. "Left, right, left, right..." The last weeks had proven to be a catalyst for her sparkling personality, lifting the abuse fed weight from her mood. Actually, Kim found her friend a little too cheerful for her taste. Apart from training, they had spent most of their evenings at bars by the river, meeting young men and dancing with them. To be more precise, it was mostly Nina who danced, while Kim hid in the darker parts of the clubs they visited.

The last three weeks had changed her physique in an astonishing fashion: Her athletic build had grown into a full-scale musclewoman shape. Her shoulders had become as big as bowling balls, her arms were now huge, easily past the 20" mark. What worried her most was the speed at which her back was becoming broader and her chest deeper. At the start of the week, Louisa had called, scheduling an appointment for the removal of her implants. Three days later, her stitches were healed. Helena, the anaesthetist, had never seen anything like it. Also, Louisa had been confident that removing the implants under local anaesthetic would be possible. She had been right. However, Kim became increasingly intrigued at the changes in her body. Something strange was happening.

Kim had switched to more covering tops when she realised that her cleavage was now merely pectoral. Her abdominals and her legs had

become even larger, her calves swollen into a huge diamond shape. Somehow, she was turning into a sort of mini-Diego.

"Hey Kim, stop the daydreaming! Let's go jogging. I want to show off the new style."

Indeed, their clothes were the one major improvement in this situation: Nina was working overtime to provide them with a never-ending supply of figure hugging designs. Kim had never seen such a deep cleavage on Nina. Not even when she was wearing her underwear.

"I'm coming. I'll just switch the radio off."

She returned to the gym, found the remote and quelled the news anchor who was just telling the world that the zoo animals stolen a few weeks ago had been found dead in a forest close to the city edge. Oddly enough, only the male ones were found.

#### A walk in the park

A few minutes later, they were jogging along in the city park. They went past the fountain depicting a few lithe nymphs pouring water into the pool, forever locked in a pointless exercise. The people who were enjoying the lush evening stared in open disbelief at the two women running by. Nina was loving every minute of it, occasionally shooting seductive glances at suitable men. Kim was running along quickly, easily overtaking her friend before realising that her strength now sufficed to leave her behind without even thinking. She fell back, going along in what felt like a brisk walk. Her tracksuit seemed out of place next to Nina's tight sports top.

"You're having a good time, aren't you? All the boys check you out, you're getting the body of your dreams, while I'm slowly turning into a freak."

"Aw, come on. You're looking great. Jacob's going to love it. And by the way, you'll have to hold on tight on him."

"Why?" Kim was quite fed up with her friend's quickly changing lifestyle and outlook. Somehow she preferred the more reluctant Nina.

"Because I'm going to get bigger than you."

"You're crazy. Bigger than this? You'll be as large as Diego!"

"Exactly. Maybe bigger if I can fit it. I sure wish I were taller. On the other hand, I look tighter this way."

"Speaking of Diego, he still hasn't tried to say sorry. What's up with this guy?"

"I think he's not really sure about the whole thing. He just doesn't want to think about it. At least that's what I believe."

"I guess he got in trouble with his boyfriend. What's his name ... Craig? Or something like that."

Nina slowed down a little, catching her breath. Kim had accelerated to what felt like a slow jog, not realising that she easily outran her friend. Between sharp breaths, the shorter woman nodded.

"That's right. I'm going to see him tomorrow. We're going to the movies together. I'll try to convince Diego to clear this mess up."

"To the movies? You're really enjoying this, aren't you?"

"Definitely, I..." She was interrupted by Kim's phone.

"Just a second. Kim Carland?"

Louisa was on the phone.

"Hi. I've been busy the last few days, but guess what? Your new breasts have arrived. You're going to love them. What do you think about coming to my house tomorrow morning? Best before breakfast."

"Okay. Can I see them before they go in?"

"Tomorrow. I have a patient tonight. I'm quite sure this will take all night. But don't worry, I'll be fit in the morning."

"All right. See you tomorrow morning."

She hung up. Nina gave her a wondering look.

"It was Louisa. I'm not quite sure I really want this. She seems full of coke right now. I hope she calms down until tomorrow."

Actually, Louisa spent the whole night in the surgery, testing the implant substance. Her patients were rather pleased.

#### Getting work done

Kim's next day started at 4 am. She woke up from a very odd nightmare. She was back at her parents' house in the small town she had lived in until she could leave. Her parents were sitting at the kitchen table, staring at her disdainfully. Her mother gave her her best "it's not a proper way to behave" look, her father was staring at her in a confused and estranged way. They were completely silent. As their resentment bore heavily on her she felt despised and tried to retreat to her room. However, she felt that her body was too large and cumbersome for her to escape. She could not move. She started choking and woke up.

She got up and took a cool shower, spending a ridiculous time to clean her massive body. The sheer surface of her skin made her feel oddly out of place inside herself. While Nina seemed to enjoy her transformation, Kim felt lost. The deep cuts between her muscles were each meticulously cleaned until she finally felt at home.

Her skin still soft, she slowly shaved her body hair, which had grown sparse lately. Being a blonde, her hair had been difficult to see before, but now she only needed to shave her legs once every week. On the other hand, her legs were now much fuller than ever before, forcing her to check an increasingly large area.

After this, she anxiously watched TV for three hours, occasionally drinking a glass of water and trying to pass time. Nina was probably just returning home now, so she shouldn't call her either. Finally, she got up, put on her tracksuit and called a cab. Minutes later, she arrived at Louisa's home and office. She rang. Seconds later, the surgeon opened the door, asking her to come in.

"Hi and good morning! We're almost ready for you, Helena is just preparing the surgery, and then we start, so don't make yourself too comfortable."

She sat down on the sofa, surprised to see how deep she sank in it.

"I'll just show you the implants. They're from the south. I have a good friend there, he does advanced surgery implements." The dark-haired woman handed her two enormous transparent plastic packages. Each of them contained a huge round object, easily as big as her head.

"These are great: They can't break, feel like real and best of all, don't stop X-rays, so you don't risk undetected breast cancer. Also, they're bullet-proof. Cool, huh?"

"They are way too big, aren't they?"

"They'll fit you well, you'll see. Now, please strip. I have to see the area for surgery." Kim removed her tracksuit top and her bra, which wasn't doing anything anyway. Her chest was swollen, yet mostly muscles. Louisa pinched her breast-tissue, pulling the skin. It stretched perfectly. She smiled.

"Oh boy, this is going to be great. All cool and easy!"

She quickly jotted a number of lines on Kim's upper body, then led her to the preparation area. Inside, everything was ready. After disinfecting, they entered the surgery. Kim climbed on the table as neither of the two other women was able to lift her massive body. Helena and Louisa set up the sight-screen, covered their patient with green drapes, and finally gave her the anaesthetic.

After a while, Kim began to feel numb and relaxed. She felt that something was happening behind the screen, but her already distant relationship to her body was further increased by the anaesthesia, and so she barely noticed when the two women were done. Still groggy and hungry, she was pushed up into a sitting position. She drowsily witnessed as her enormously enlarged breasts were being wrapped in bandages, then laid back down. She quickly dozed off.

Hooray for boobies (I just had to)

Kim spent the next week eating ice-cream, watching TV and generally not training. She spent her time on the couch, slowly getting used to the fact that she was unable to see her feet when standing up. Indeed, Louisa had done some marvellous work. The bandages had come off after five days, showing perfectly healed scars. Kim was astounded, but still preferred to rest the whole week. Nina came by every other day, telling her about her various sexual adventures and conquests. Apparently, she had literally picked up a few guys and carried them home with her, subsequently enjoying their company all night long.

Examining her new assets, Kim slowly realised that her life had indeed changed. She started to like her new shape and enjoyed herself. When Nina brought her the newest outfits, it began to feel right.

"Now this next one is an evening dress. It's black, looks classy, and you can tie it this way to show off your shoulders and this way to show your

boobs. Here are a few bras, they should fit you nicely. Not that you need them, but since it's mostly for looks, they'll be perfect."

Kim tried everything on, admiring herself in Nina's tailor mirrors. She pushed her breasts together, showing a deep, swollen cleavage.

"Jacob will love this. I'm going to be rich. Wow."

"By the way, do you have any idea how exactly you're going to get his money?"

"I think I'll seduce him, then ask him for my share, and well, I can't imagine that he won't comply."

"That seems sensible, but where does Louisa come in? She engineered all this in the first place. She's not a very trusting person, so why should she help you without a guarantee?"

Kim looked at her friend, wondering. She had implicitly trusted Louisa to come up with a plan beneficial to both of them, but somehow it was coming apart now. What was she up to? She decided to call her partner-in-crime tomorrow. Meanwhile she concentrated on the job at hand.

She spent the next two weeks trying to maintain her shape, occasionally improving smaller areas which she had previously neglected. Nina had developed a fascinating ability to point out these spots. At the same time, her friend was slowly turning into a broad-shouldered monster. Since she was a little shorter than Kim, her muscles looked even bigger. Still, she showed no signs of being done. She still pumped iron every day, apparently fulfilling her life-long desire. Oddly enough, her ongoing preference for junk-food and sweets had not given her Kim's hourglass-like physique, but had rather maintained her overweight looks, complete with big breasts, proud belly and massive booty. Nina loved the sumo-style and radiated this enthusiasm in such a way that most men had a hard time resisting her.

Kim entirely forgot to call Louisa. When she tried after a week, Louisa's answering machine told her to call again later. A personal visit to her

home didn't yield anything either.

The return?

On the night of Jacob's expected return, Kim fell into an almost meditative state. She washed, checked her haircut (she had been to the hairdresser earlier that day), prepared her make-up and put some moisturising cream on to soften her skin. She had decided on a very reduced styling, so as not to detract from her tremendous physique.

After this, she put on her underwear, lifting her huge, soft breasts into her bra's cups one by one. She loved the feeling they gave her. They were warm, heavy and so oddly natural that she instantly hugged herself. She slowly realised that the last two-and-a-half months had been the loneliest time in her life. Even her attempted fuck with Diego had left her even emptier than before. Kim thought about her situation for a while, looking at her mirror dreamily. She had taken all this on her to please a man. Was he worth it? The prospect of wealth was still there, but had been forced into the background by her wanting to become Jacob's fantasy. She had definitely started to love him. A complete stranger so to say.

She put on a black silk robe with golden details, mostly depicting Asian dragons. Nina had been very strict on this one. She had talked about dragon-symbolism for an hour, before finally showing off her budding tattoo on her back. Since she still wanted to become larger, she had only a small part done to avoid further stretching.

Kim turned off the lights, went down to the living-room and laid down on the beautiful white leather sofa Walter had always been so fussy about. She seriously wondered why he hadn't wanted to be buried with it. She looked out of the window into the garden.

At eight pm, nothing happened. Jacob's flight was supposed to land at 7, so she started to wonder. She waited 15 more minutes, then checked

the arrivals on the television. Everything was perfect. The machine had landed on time. She sat back down, waiting.

After a while, she turned on the TV. She turned the volume down so she would hear him, but still nothing happened.

At ten pm, she got up angrily, turned off the television and went up to her bedroom. Fuck him, she thought. She stripped down to her underwear, laid down on her bed and tried to sleep a little. Still, she was too nervous to doze off. She looked at the ceiling, feeling angry. Suddenly, she heard a clicking noise. The front-door key? She got to her feet, put on the robe and opened the bedroom door. The noise came again, this time louder, then the front-door opened.

Kim let the lights turned off so as not to spoil the surprise and went down barefoot. All of a sudden, she heard two unfamiliar voices.

"Can't you open it a little quieter? Stupid fuck!"

"Aw, do it yourself if you're so smart."

"Shut up, I heard something!"

She sneaked downstairs to get the phone and call the police. She found it on the sofa-table, vaguely aware of the burglars' steps by the library door. She dialled the emergency phone number, not realising that the phone would play a fancy little beeping tune while connecting. Instantly, the voices in the library went silent. Just as she heard the operator's voice, the a shadowy figure appeared in front of her. The man pointed a gun at her and motioned her to turn off the phone. Just as she wanted to comply, another man rushed in, slapping the armed one over the head.

"You goddamn stupid fuck! Why the hell did you bring a gun with you? Do you want us to go to fucking jail? If the cops catch us with a bloody pistol, they'll get us life for attempted murder."

The first one ducked down, looking aghast in the darkness.

"I'm sorry. I just brought it for self-defence, I thought the house was empty..."

"If the stupid house is empty, you don't need any stupid weapon for self-defence!"

As the argument went on, Kim tried to retreat into the darkness. Suddenly, the first one screamed something about her getting away and charged at her. Kim lifted her massive arm as a reflex, the burglar hit it, let out a weak scream, and fell down panting. The guy at her feet desperately tried to get up, but apparently he was completely smashed. He wheezed a little while getting on all fours.

Suddenly the lights went on. The second one had turned them on. He looked at her and muttered a "shit!" under his breath. The two burglars ran as fast as they could, the first one significantly slower than the other one.

When the fuzz arrives

Minutes later, the police were there. They had located the Carland Mansion via the phone number and had sent a squad car to apprehend a group of criminals. When they got there, they found two rather pathetic burglars caught in the hedgerow. After capturing the two men, the police sergeant went to inspect the damages. He photographed the door, whose lock had been opened. After that, he went to see Kim. She sat on the sofa and had a drink to calm down. A young female officer was interviewing her. When the blonde told her about the burglars' dialogue, the novice policewoman had to stop herself from giggling. Kim looked at her oddly, mirroring the woman's occasional double-take at her body and lingerie.

The older officer, complete with moustache and pot-belly sat down opposite to her and waited until the younger one was finished. He then put on his glasses, gave Kim a good look than said:

"Well, miss, I must say you did impress me. Keeping your cool, leaving the phone on and taking care of one of the bad guys. Wow. Anyway, we might need you for the trial, so please stay around. We'll have two officers on patrol in the area for the next few days in case that more criminals were around."

Kim thanked him, smiling weakly. She was vaguely aware that Jacob still wasn't home, but the sudden rush of adrenalin had given her a boost. She was elated at her own strength and somehow, the older man's admiration increased her confidence. Also he desperately tried to ogle at her soft breasts but did it in a "I'm married, so I really shouldn't be doing this"-way. He actually blushed a little when she dropped one side of the robe, exposing just a little of her right breast.

"OK. I hope that you'll sleep well tonight. And don't forget, you we're very brave tonight, but you shouldn't take any risks."

In the end, the police left, occasionally giving her an inspired stare. She turned off the lights, desperate to calm down, then went to the kitchen to fix herself a night cap. She made a mental note of calling the locksmith tomorrow. The front-door had been broken open, so it would have to be fixed first thing in the morning.

She opened the fridge to see if there was any Bacardi left, feeling the cold chill on her bare skin. Her nipples got hard instantly, swelling to half-inch long bolts. She gently stroked her breast, when she froze. There was something at the door. She waited, lit only by the fridge's lamp. Suddenly she heard a familiar voice.

"Kim? Is that you?"

Jacob!

Kim turned around slowly, the fridge's light illuminating the soft ridges between her muscles. Jacob stood there, wearing a beard, his hair long

and unkempt, clad in torn jeans and a T-shirt with a southern football-club's logo on it. He seemed slimmer than before, and very tired. As he looked at her, his face brightened. She shut the fridge's door and walked to him in the darkness, seductively swaying her hips. She touched his cheek gently and whispered a perfect "Yes." at him.

As she moved ever closer, he started caressing her huge arms, feeling her powerful, hard muscles under her soft skin. She gave his trouser fly a pull, tearing it open, the button rolling away in the inky blackness of the kitchen. His hard-on literally burst free, his hands moved to her enormous breasts. He groped them, massaging the full softness gently. She turned him around with well-meaning authority until his back was to the kitchen table and lifted him on it easily. There was some clatter as a fruit basket fell to the floor, spilling its contents on the ground.

She knelt above him, quickly shrugging off the silk robe and flexing her pectorals to trust her breasts forward. He extended his feeling exploration to her neck, her massive trapezius muscles pushing upwards as she lowers her arms. Jacob moved his hands behind her back, fumbling for the bra's hooks. Finally, it came off. Kim pulled at her g-string, losing it quickly thanks to Nina's tailoring skills. She lowered herself on Jacob's erect member, feeling his welcome fullness in her. She intuitively started massaging him internally, making him grow further. He started to moan, pant and breathe heavily. She ground herself against his pelvis, almost causing him to come.

Before he could, she grabbed him firmly with her vaginal muscles, strong and perfectly controlled, and forced him into a calmer state. She then started to slide gently back and forth, caressing him both internally and externally, kissing him softly. Their tongues intertwined, and she realised that she loved this man. This unknown man. She allowed him to leave her, sliding down on him and grasping his member with her huge breasts. He looked at her, fascinated that her hands were still on the table and that she was massaging him by the strength of her pectorals alone. Then, she lowered her mouth on his dick and started suckling on it.

They got down on the floor, slowly moving into a 69er position and starting to please each other. Kim wrapped her powerful legs around him, forcing him into a lock.

At last they reached the peak and collapse. An enormous tiredness enveloped them as they laid side by side on the kitchen floor.

Meanwhile:

The police were called to the city's central bank. The woman stood before her peers:

"I have decided to provide for funds in my way. It will be an excellent testing ground for our projects. I very much regret your lack of support..."

"Miss Carland, we will judge the project by its success, not by fickle demonstrations of power."

"I see..."

Time of our lives

"Three strawberry shakes, please!" Diego smiled at the clerk, still all woozy from the love-drenched super-movie they had just seen.

"Sure thing, big guy." The cashier, an aspiring college athlete grinned back, handed him the shakes and took the money. Grasping the three paper cups with both hands, Diego waddled back to their seats, placing the drinks in front of them. Craig and Nina grabbed theirs quickly. The movie- jour fixe had become a wonderful way of spending their after-training times. Craig wasn't into the whole bodybuilding thing, but greatly enjoyed Nina's company. He had met Diego in high school, when

he still was a scrawny 140-pound 6'5" stickman. Their love had been short and true, but they broke up when Diego went to study abroad. When he returned, they had rekindled their relationship and found Diego's new found size rather appealing.

Nina was just as happy as the others. Spending most of her time training and meeting new guys (generally catching up on her wasted youth), she really enjoyed meeting people who were not after her. She wasn't all sure about Diego, but clearly was way too womanly for him. She was wearing a low-cut Chinese dress, accentuating her bulging shoulders and her milk-white chest.

Craig took a deep slurp from his shake, then rambled a little about the movie. It was one of this marvellous love stories cum romantic comedy, full of innuendo, puns and mix-ups. At the crucial moment, when most of the characters fell out of the bedroom-cupboard, Nina had laughed so hard that she'd spilled her cola on the bald Vin-Diesel-look-alike guy in front of them. He got up, turned around and decided to bash the living daylights out of whoever did this to him.

As he saw Nina and Diego, he sat back down, mumbling something and promptly getting more coke dumped on top of him as Nina exploded into hysterical laughter at his reaction. She spent the rest of the movie periodically throwing popcorn at him.

After a while, they got up, deciding to walk home together. The two guys took Nina in the middle, who was elated at the prospect of being walked home by two handsomes. As they walked across the city centre, they heard police sirens. Following the noise, they reached the eye of the storm. Five squad-cars were parked around the central bank offices. The policemen were standing around, apparently confused by their sudden arrival. One of the shouted: "She's coming back!" and the others got into cover behind their cars, readying their weapons. Nina stared at the commotion, unsure of whom they were shouting at. Finally, a consensus was emerging, suggesting that "she" was not coming back after all. One of the commanding officers ordered the policemen to lower their weapons and walked over to the three innocents.

"I'm very sorry, I hope that you were not scared." Nina recovered, answering:

"Not at all. I was very confused, though. What is all this about?"

"I probably shouldn't tell you, but a woman, slightly taller and much broader, walked in, knocked out the guards and emptied the cash reserves. She also did something to the computers. We thought she was coming back."

"And you were unable to stop her?"

"We tried, but she seemed unaffected, even by our guns." Nina shivered. What was going on?

"Anyway, we would be very thankful if you would keep this incident a secret. Don't want to have trouble with our bosses, you see?" She nodded, as did her companions. Another car stopped, apparently bringing analysts and their equipment to assess the damages.

The three bystanders left quickly. Walking away, Nina saw that Diego was pondering the whole situation as furiously as she did.

To bed

After fifteen minutes of exhaustion, Kim and Jacob got up and went to take a shower. As they left the moonlit kitchen, a shadowy figure outside ducked back behind the bushes. Richard "Snoop" Snobiev, paparazzo extraordinaire, picked up his camera and quickly extracted the film-roll with a few well-practiced movements. The roll disappeared into the folds of his jacket, to prevent their confiscation if he were arrested. He returned the camera to its case, left the shrubbery and went to his car. This whole story was solid gold. If he could only find out who his mysterious employer was, his scoop would be complete. He'd publish the whole mess in the yellow press and retire. "Muscle-mad millionaire incest!" Richard could see the headlines. Too bad the employer wanted

all the photos for herself. Probably just the same kind of pervert. He'd seen it all.

In the shower, Jacob saw his step-mother's new body for the first time. He was amazed. He helped her soap her perfect body, starting with her enormous calves and thighs. Each one was easily as big as her waist had been before she had started her work-out. Her quadriceps hung heavily over her knee, bloated and powerful. He moved further upwards, lightly stroking her minuscule clit and gripping her massive ass. The huge muscles pushed her already plentiful booty outwards, giving her everything a 90's rapper would crave. She smiled at him, lifted him up by his chin and kissed him as the warm water ran over them. She embraced him closely, her much larger arms wrapping themselves around his.

They kissed passionately, her engorged nipples and huge breasts brushing against his chest. He then proceeded to grind himself against her. After a few minutes of toying around, they got out of the shower and proceeded to make love on the bathroom carpet.

Comical relief was achieved when they managed to bump their heads against the toilet, slipping around on the wet floor. At last they managed to get into bed and laid down side by side. Jacob laid on his back, Kim at his side, playing gently with his now flaccid penis and occasionally stroking his balls. He looked at her as if completely enraptured, yet still doubting. The whole situation did not make a lot of sense to him. Enjoyable, yes, but still confusing.

Sensing his bewilderment, she looked him into the eyes and said:

"I love you." She was well aware that this was as corny as could be, but she actually felt it.

"And why did you change? How did you know? When did you find out?"

"It was not too difficult. I just checked your laptop. You should be more careful with what you store on your hard disk." She smiled gently, playing with his sparse chest hair, then gripped his nipple and said: "Gotcha."

His bewilderment turned into amazement. He bit his lower lip, pushed her on her back and sat on her washboard abdominals. He grabbed hers and said: "Got the both of them. Let's hear you talk yourself out of that one: And how the hell did you get as big as that?" He nodded at her breasts, but still stared at the visible separations of her pectorals.

"I trained hard for most of it. And these..." She let her huge orbs bounce. "...Are courtesy of your wonderful little sister." He fell silent.

"My sister. Why would she help you? Is it about the inheritance? I told you we'd talk about it when I come back. I don't want any trouble with any of you. I can give each one a third and it's okay for me. What were you after?"

His mood had changed: he was angry and seemed hurt. Kim looked at him sadly. She tried to justify herself.

"I'm sorry. At first, I just wanted the money. Louisa helped me. It was her plan. But it has all changed. I really love you. I actually find this look quite nice now, even though I was more than sceptical at first."

Jacob looked at her with disgust.

"You're trying the same thing as with my father, don't you? Why don't you just wait. I told you we'd sort this out. I just had to leave quickly. It was really important. I hate all this, and I hate the stupid money!"

He got up, searched for his clothes but was suddenly grabbed from behind. Kim picked him up easily, threw him on the bed and sat on him.

"Now you listen to me. I'm really sorry I couldn't tell you first and it's too bad that you've got trouble with your creepy sister. But listen up: I spent the last two and a half months getting this body just to seduce you. I worked out every goddamn day and got these huge monsters just for this. But what's confusing me is that I actually love you now. I hate to be honest, but I hated every second with your father. With you, it's different. I actually feel some kind of understanding for you, even though I hardly know anything more than your name. Maybe I'm crazy,

maybe I'm obsessive, but I can't explain it for myself and I don't want your money anymore. I want you, and that's going to suffice."

Jacob looked at the hulking woman sitting on his crotch and unsurprisingly got a hard-on. He tried to get up, but she held him down.

"I want you too", he muttered. She found back to her witty self and added: "I can feel that."

He grinned stupidly, she chuckled and they both laughed, embracing each other gladly.

#### Indecent proposal

They spent the next day getting Jacob's stuff home from the airport. Due to frequent terrorist activities in the last months, people travelling from southern countries ended up without their baggage more often than not. Once again, Jacob had ended up being a suspect and had to get his suitcases from the toll office. After five hours of bureaucratic combat, they went to a Chinese restaurant in the city centre. Kim was rather surprised at Jacob's luggage which consisted of bags of dirty clothes and several very small sports trophies. While enjoying her Szechwan chicken, she asked him what they were about.

"You may have heard of the work I do down south?"

"Actually, I heard you were in some kind of investment business. Which, if I understand correctly, doesn't mean anything, does it?"

"Not quite. I'm actually organising a local development project. It's not too expensive and is actually paying off for everyone. It pays nice dividends. Not in money, but in respect. And I get these little trophies."

"What do you get them for?"

"Soccer. Or as they call it there, futbol." He waived one of the little cups at her. "Actually it's a replica. I sponsor several soccer schools down there, and it's really fascinating how it pays off. Quite a few of the kids there will probably be playing major league soon. And it's definitely better than becoming street thugs."

"So, where's the catch? I'm sure there is one."

He smiled innocently.

"There is one, of course. It doesn't earn me any money. But it's something I'm quite willing to spend my dividends on. Also, I like good soccer."

"Maybe we should go to the park later on and give it a try. I haven't been playing for years."

He grinned, imagining her running at full speed, her powerful legs pounding the grass.

"I'm not quite sure I would stand a chance if you gave the ball a good kick. But okay, I'm game."

They finished lunch, went to the sports store and bought some training clothes and a soccer ball. Faced with the impromptu decision, Kim chose the only tracksuit that would fit her. It still felt tight, but had apparently been designed for a very short weightlifter. The employees looked at their customers oddly, but a male clerk, a regular gym-user, was quite fascinated by Kim's physique. He challenged her to a little flexing competition, instantly baring his chest and throwing a pose. She looked at him dumbfounded and realised that she had seen him before on one of Diego's posters.

Smiling at Jacob, she shot a double-biceps pose, letting her breasts jump up at the same moment. The challenger picked up his undershirt and walked away, still surprised at her sheer size. Jacob barely managed to hold the soccer ball in front of his crotch. After a few seconds for calming down, they went to the park.

Kim and Jacob spent a wonderful afternoon playing soccer (Kim was better), eating ice-cream (that's two points for Kim), running around (one for Jacob), hiding in bushes (one for Kim, oddly enough) and trying to make handstands (Kim's boobs obscured her vision, hence she panicked and Jacob proved his superior elegance by not falling into the duck pond).

In the evening, they prepared to leave, when all of a sudden, Louisa walked up. Kim hadn't seen her for a while, and she immediately recognised how tired she looked.

"Hello Kim. Hi Jacob. Enjoying yourselves?" They nodded, sitting in the grass and hugging. "It took me quite a while to find you. I wouldn't have expected to find you in such a public place. You certainly changed your body image, Kim."

"What do you want?" Kim felt angry when she recognised the derogatory sound of Louisa's voice.

"I want to show you something." She opened her suitcase and took out a big package of photographs. "Of course, these are only copies. But you'll like them none the less." The pictures showed Kim's training, her transformation over time, the injections, last night's sex. All the little private moments in the last months, perfectly documented. Louisa paused for effect, then made her point:

"If none of you want your little story published in the tabloids, plus a few juicy extra details, I'll definitely need your money, brother."

Kim wanted to explain the situation, but Jacob gave his sister a tired look and said:

"Why don't you ask nicely? You can have your share. It's okay for me."

"I'd rather have it all. Thank you. I have bills to pay, you know."

"I don't think dad would have wanted this."

"I don't give a shit about dad. He wouldn't have wanted this either." She pointed at Kim. Kim tried to interrupt her, but Louisa went on: "I don't think your little kiddies would get any more occasions for playing if it turned out that their main sponsor is a pervert. And that he fucks his own mother."

Jacob's eyes went blank, he jumped up, tried to rush her, but stopped in his tracks when she added: "By the way, you're being watched right now. So, what about their future? I'm sure I can give you a little left-over cash to get them through the winter."

#### Deal with the devil

It was easy to see Jacob's struggle with himself. He stared blankly at his sister, who barely managed not to laugh. Finally, he lowered his eyes.

"It's okay. You can have the money. Just leave us alone and don't destroy my project. It's not expensive, but I'm really fond of it."

"It's fine by me. I'm sorry it's so out of place, but if you could just step over to my car, we can sign the contract right away."

She led the way, showing them an older upper class limousine. They got in and found Helena and Mr. Sonborough waiting for them. Louisa signalled the driver to start the car.

"They're just witnesses, so let's get it done."

Minutes later, the papers were signed. Louisa smiled happily, then drove them to her father's house. As they got out of the car, she lowered the window and added:

"Thanks a lot. By the way, Jacob, I'd really like to see you out of the house by tomorrow and Kim, I heard the police are looking for a woman your size. I took the liberty of calling them, to clear this up. Enjoy the

anti-terrorist legislation and be sure to get a newspaper tomorrow!" The car drove away, just as the police arrived.

As the policemen desperately struggled to subdue the enormous blonde, she shouted for help and implored Jacob to see Nina. At last, a group of twelve policemen managed to tackle her and hit her with pepper spray. She howled and screamed, but Jacob couldn't help her since he was being watched by two police officers, waiting for the fight to end. He tried to get closer, but the policemen just pushed him back, occasionally lifting their truncheons.

Kim was carried into the meat wagon and driven away. She was quickly transported to the police station and identified. Her personal belongings were taken and registered and she quickly found herself in a single cell. She was not allowed a phone call due to anti-terrorist laws. After bringing her to her cell, the policemen left her there to get her to calm down and to make her "easier" to question later.

Kim calmed down quickly. She really wondered what had happened and why she was being arrested and shouted for her attorney. One of the policemen went over to the cell and explained the consequences of the current legislation to her, all the while staying at arms length of the cell's bars.

Meanwhile, Louisa was elated. It had all worked out perfectly. She had the money, she had disposed of her guinea-pig, and now, her master-plan would come to fruition. She ordered her driver to take her to headquarters. When the car arrived at the elegant domain outside the city, she recapitulated her plans for tonight. The massive cast-iron gate swung open silently. The order had provided her with excellent training grounds, but had been easily deceived into preparing subjects loyal only to her. As the limousine approached the main building, the distant sound of gun-fire was heard. Louisa's force was getting ready. She checked her make-up and got out of the car.

As she reached the council chamber, she quickly assessed the situation. The other members of the order were here, enjoying their wine and

cigars. She sat down, crossed her legs and asked the chambermaid to get her a glass of whiskey on the rocks. Hard facts needed hard drinks. After taking a sip, she turned to the rotund forms of her co-conspirators and smiled. They wouldn't put up much of a fight.

"Gentlemen. As you have seen yesterday, the project is ready. It has been tested, evaluated and successfully used in public. We are ready to strike." The audience was clearly happy about this and smiled gently at the young upstart. "Due to my preparations, funding is no longer an issue. Indeed, it makes me unsure whether your part in the whole operation is not over-valued." She smiled grimly. The elder members of the order stirred, one of them, Alphonse Mackham, actually got up and asked:

"What are you insinuating? We offered you all the support you needed. Of course, we expected such a talented young woman to cope with the fickle challenges of financing!"

"I'm very grateful for your compliment, my dear Alphonse, but still I am unsure whether your future involvement is necessary. Let me put it this way..." She pushed a preset dialing button on her cell-phone. Instantly, the whole area was bustling with activity. Seconds later, several agents secured the entrances to the council-chambers. They were invariably female, tall and dressed in wide urban camouflage suits. The expert eye would undoubtedly recognise that each one of them was well-muscled and trained to fight. They carried large rifles, modern and clearly too heavy for the average soldier. On top of their suits, they wore black combat harnesses, studded with several small steel containers, each one containing a dull red liquid. Their faces were covered by black gasmasks.

"...I think that it's time for you to retire." She turned on her heels and left the room. Inside, screams were heard, sometimes punctuated by gunfire. Everything was perfect. She called Helena, offered her a cigarette and smiled. They sat there smoking while they waited that the noise would calm down. Suddenly her phone rang.

"Yes? Oh, hello Frank. What's up? I'm just in the final phase of testing your invention."

"That's great. By the way, we're doing some further testing on our own."

"More animals?"

"No, no, we're done with that. We wanted to tell you about it, but we couldn't reach you. We have another human guinea-pig."

Louisa's mood fell.

"Another human? Who?"

"It's one of Kim's friends. A classy lady called Nina. She's cool. It's working perfectly with her."

"Are you saying that there is someone else who knows about the formula?"

Frank felt threatened and stuttered:

"Well, she doesn't know about the technical details, but she does know that it exists and how to use it. That's not bad, is it?"

Louisa recovered her composure as Helena held her free hand.

"No. Not at all. It's no problem that there is a person who knows about my plan. No problem whatsoever. Everything is perfectly fine!" The woman almost shouted the last words. A very intimidated Frank said:

"The worst is, I don't even know her full name. But I assure you, she doesn't give anything about your plan. She's all about looks. Very superficial. No problem at all. We'll see if we can find her, okay?"

"Definitely. As soon as you know where she lives, give me a call."

New body image

The woman's face was distorted by an expression of deep disgust. She sat on the hard Japanese cushion and stared at her ex-schoolmate with utter revulsion. She had expected the worst from Nina, but this had clearly astonished her. When she had opened the door, her obscene form had been somewhat disguised by the oversized kimono, but now, all those awfully ugly muscles were showing amidst layers of fat. Colleen had spent years starving herself and desperately eating right while spending endless days on fat-burning contraptions. She had achieved what none of her schoolmates would have thought possible. Her awkward, bulky form had changed into a thin, lithe and elegant look, her repulsively bloated face had become graceful and sophisticated. Her host smiled broadly at her, letting her powerful throat and neck muscles bulge.

"So you've made it big. That's cool." Nina was genuinely happy for her designer friend. The last weeks had fulfilled all of her life's wishes so quickly, she could hardly muster enough hard feelings to try bearing their ancient grudge. Colleen smiled weakly.

"You too. I mean, you're big. In a physical kind of way." She avoided Nina's gaze.

"Do you like it? Look at this." Nina flexed her enormous arm, showing a bowling ball-sized biceps. Suddenly, Colleen felt violently sick. She excused herself to the bathroom as quickly as possible. Nina felt strange. Her "nemesis" was no longer interesting, and creeping her out was hardly satisfying. Just as she thought about what she should do next, her phone rang.

"Hi Nina, this is Frank. We just wanted to tell you that we have a new version available, and that we can bring it to your place."

"Great. I can come and pick it up, if you prefer."

"No problem. We need to get out once in a while, you know. Where shall we bring it to?"

Nina gave them her address. Minutes later, Louisa received a text message, telling her what she wanted to know. She quickly walked over to her assembled troops and ordered two of them to get rid of Nina. The others were sent to the government district, the radio and television stations and to military command. They swarmed out quickly in teams of eight.

Seconds later, Nina's doorbell rang. Colleen was still in the bathroom, being sick. Jacob stood outside. As soon as Nina opened, his jaw dropped.

"Wow. Are you Nina?" he asked.

"I am, yes. And you are?"

"I'm Jacob."

"The Jacob? As in Kim's love interest Jacob?"

"Yes. Can I come in?"

"Sure. Make yourself at home." That's a pretty one, she thought. No wonder Kim eventually fell in love with him.

Jacob quickly walked in, then told her about Kim's fate.

"I already called a lawyer, but since our family advocate just betrayed me, it's no personal friend, and since I'm penniless now, he won't quicken his pace." Nina absorbed the information as quickly as she could.

"Do you know which police station they brought her to? We could go there and see if we can help her." Jacob nodded, but he had no idea about the policemen's destination. He suggested phoning the police stations, so as to find out where she had been brought to. Nina searched for the phone book and looked for the relevant numbers. Once she found them, she said:

"You call those, I call the other ones. Since she's easily recognisable, it won't be difficult to find out."

"Sure. By the way, who's in the bathroom? It sounds awful!"

"It's a friend of mine. She doesn't like my looks, I think." Jacob gave her a surprised look, which lingered longer on her amazing shoulders than necessary and started dialling the first number. After a dozen calls, they actually managed to find out that she'd been brought to the central police station. (There had been some bureaucratic mix-up which made them lose time.) At last, Colleen got out of the bathroom and asked:

"Who is this cute guy? What are you doing?"

"This is Jacob, and we're looking for..." She couldn't finish her sentence as her two main windows flew into shards.

Attack of the mutant killer assault commandos of doom and stuff!!!

In the middle of the mess, two muscular women had appeared, readying their weapons. Nina jumped aside, barely escaping the first salvo from their guns. The main room's furniture was quickly shot to pieces. Colleen backed into the bathroom, hiding as best as she could. Jacob dropped to the ground easily. Years of travelling the south had given him certain useful reflexes when faced with automatic fire. As he opened his eyes again, he saw Nina's massive form cast in the most dynamic pose. She had grabbed the large heating stone and threw it at the assailants with all her might. The perfect trajectory of her swaying hips, the masterfully unwinding muscles of her back and shoulders, all this fell into an elegant display of power akin to the Greek athletes of old.

The brick's trajectory ended quickly, namely in the face of one of the warrior-women. The muscular attacker collapsed. Her partner advanced, her gasmask cloaking her aggression. She fired at Nina, but the heavy-set woman had rolled into the kitchen. Her opponent went after her,

leaning sideways to shoot her target. Just as she pulled the trigger, a wok-pan struck her gun, disarming her.

Nina charged. She grabbed the powerful woman and started squeezing her in a bear hug. She wrapped her large arms around her enemy's waist and pressed. Meanwhile, Jacob crawled over to the prone woman and hit her again with the brick. He then took her gun away.

As Nina struggled with her opponent, she noticed that her would-be victim had thrown her head back. This caused the strange tube-like contraptions on her harness to empty themselves into her bloodstream with an audible hiss. Nina tried to maintain her grip, but noticed that the woman she was holding started swelling. Indeed, her foe's muscles grew harder and harder, forcing her arms apart. The red-head desperately struggled to keep the assailant under control, but was quickly forced to concede.

Nina dropped her, falling back a little. Behind the gasmask, an evil sneer leered at her. The camouflage-clad woman grew more and more powerful by the minute. Her once baggy clothes were now tight on her tall body, her back spreading enormously, more than twice the size of her waist. Thick slabs of muscles piled on her athletic frame, her trapezius muscles reaching to her ears. Nina was aghast. The woman roared with triumph, lifting her massive arms and charged.

Or rather meant to charge, for Jacob used this moment to hit her on the head with the rifle's butt. The woman turned around, throwing an off-hand punch at Jacob, projecting him neatly across the room. He smashed through the Japanese rice-paper walls, crashing into Nina's bedroom.

The bedroom's owner grabbed a large kitchen knife and tried to stab her foe into the bag. Her surprise was great when she noticed that the weapon had easily penetrated her clothing and upper skin, but refused to enter any further. She struck again, but the woman's flesh was too resilient. Once again, the woman whirled around and smashed her fist into Nina's bulging stomach. However, Nina had anticipated this blow

and had flexed her abdominal muscles. She felt nauseated, but held her ground. She advanced on her enemy, once again trying to grab her.

As they struggled, Jacob stirred, got up and looked around. The first thing he noticed was Nina's underwear, lying around in a basket. He shook his head, touching the spot where he'd been hit. He'd be sore in the morning. He picked up the basket, emptied it and ran at the soldier-woman. Being occupied with Nina, she didn't notice him. To her surprise, she found herself blinded by the tightly woven pattern.

Nina used her moment of surprise and smashed her fist on her opponent's chin. The masterful uppercut lifted her foe in the air, sending her crashing to the ground. Jacob then proceeded to beat her senseless with the brick. Nina leaned against the broken kitchen sink, catching her breath, watching the ordeal. Jacob got back up. He clapped his hands and said:

"I guess they'll be out for a few hours. We have to find Kim!"

"We can take my car, give me ten seconds to get some intact clothes and I'm with you." As she put on her hakama pants and a new T-shirt, Jacob removed the women's weapons. He put them into Nina's sports bag and examined their harnesses. The small containers were still intact, but one set was now empty. He decided to take the full one with him. When the bag was full, he could barely lift it with both hands.

Nina returned, took the bag easily and started running down the stairs. He followed her quickly.

When they had left, Colleen got out of the bathroom. She looked around, wondered where Nina and her guest had gone and left quickly and silently.

Rescue mission

Meanwhile, Kim was still sitting in her cell. She was bored and very annoyed with the whole situation. Indeed, her position was very awkward: she was sure to spend the next weeks in jail. Meanwhile, Louisa would do whatever she was up to and at the same time, destroy Kim's reputation permanently. Out of despair, she tried to bend the prison bars, but failed to budge them more than an inch apart. Since she was innocent, it seemed best not to pile on offences. Besides, she was vaguely aware of the fact that the police would lock her into a fully closed cell. This way, she could at least enjoy the sights. It wasn't much, but at least it helped fighting boredom.

Outside, more policemen were arriving. The officers who had arrested her were boasting about their desperate struggle. Somehow, Kim felt a touch of pride when she was described as a "powerhouse". After the big storytelling, some of the officers came to take a look at her. She felt like an animal in a cage. She looked at them in disgust, when she recognised two of the watchers: They were those who had interviewed her after the burglary.

Kim quickly approached the bars, forcing the policemen to recoil in fear.

"Hey! It's me. Kim Carland. You're the officers who saved me from the burglars. Can't you tell them it wasn't me who did whatever I'm in for?"

"You're accused of robbing the central bank yesterday. But say..." Her voice trailed off. She pulled out her cell phone and called someone.

"Hi, it's Mia. Weren't you put on patrol yesterday? In the noble district, that's right. What did you see at the house with the burglary? Yes, I know it's creepy. But you did see a blonde woman and a guy fucking all night? You did. Great. I don't care if it was a pretty sight or not. I'll have the captain call you later."

The policewoman addressed Kim:

"It looks as if you're lucky. A good friend of mine can vouch for your presence. I'll talk to the captain to get you out of your predicament as quickly as possible."

"Thanks a lot!" Kim was elated. Everything was going to work out. The officer left quickly to talk to her superior.

Kim sat back down, being gaped at by a growing mass of people. Apparently, the recent surge of musclemen had caused quite an uproar. Minutes later, officer Mia returned, pushed the audience aside and tried to make herself heard. She shouted: "Okay, you can go. It's been cleared up!" and pushed the opening button for the electric cell door. The door opened for four inches, when the lights went out. All electrical equipment stopped working. Instantly, the shouting increased. Flashlights went on, as did cell phone displays.

Outside, Nina stopped her car. They got out quickly, the city swathed into darkness. Jacob looked around, ran to the police station's door and opened it. He was greeted by a wave of utter confusion. Due to a total power loss, the phone lines were dead, as were the cell phone masts. Grabbing the next police officer, he quickly asked him about the cell block and ran down the hall. Nina came in seconds later, provoking instant hostile reactions. She put up her hands and shouted a short explanation of her innocence at her gun-toting spectators.

When Jacob finally arrived at the cells, the police officers had mostly left the area. Only the young policewoman remained, trying to get Kim out of the cell. As they pushed at the cell door together, it slowly started to give way. He joined in, helping them free his beloved. At last, the door was open wide enough for Kim to get through. She explained the situation as good as she could, while Jacob informed her about the attack. Finally, Nina arrived, screaming at passing officers that she was indeed innocent, that she was meeting a friend who was just as innocent as she was, and that it would be best for everyone to do their job and put the power back on.

Minutes later, they left the station, driving to Louisa's home. They had quickly decided to talk to her, and to stop her if possible.

Act of war

Louisa was enjoying herself endlessly. Her troops had seized all vital points in the city. All around her, civil order was caving in, yet widespread panic had not yet started. She was calmly rehearsing the speech she would give on the radio. Controlling the capital meant controlling the state, thus providing her with an excellent base for further expansion. Having cut off the state's government and its military and political elite (mostly by killing them at the order's headquarters), she had all the threads in hand. Louisa had clearly inherited her father's ruthlessness which had then be honed to perfection by the permanent repulsion she was met with after her mother's death.

Marrying Kim had only deepened the emotional chasm between her and her father. However, bringing this country to his knees would definitely qualify as a masterpiece of strategy. Still, there were two things that were bugging her. First, Nina. Apparently, she had repelled her agents' attack and even managed to defeat them. Clearly, Louisa should have monitored her accomplices more closely. The damage was done, and it was evident that she would have to face her three opponents later on. She was just getting everything prepared.

The second thing that made her wonder was that she slowly realised that she had no real plan for after the operation. She had devised an outrageous number of scenarios for escaping in the event of a premature discovery or failure, but oddly enough, she was unsure about what to do next. Her ideas had been quite vague on this subject. She could either proclaim herself mistress of the whole state and create a dictatorship, or just steal all the money she could find and most property certificates and be incredibly rich for the rest of her life. The problem was that she neither had any real interest in administrating a country (she couldn't care less about politics) nor was she in need of any further money.

Still, she could at least turn Kim and Jacob's life into an endless misery. She had already sent copies of the information to the local newspapers, who would probably run the story once this shock was over. The more

she thought about it, the clearer her goal became: She would show the world what she was capable of and vanish, but still remain a constant threat to everybody.

This was ideal: She would expand her army and keep all the options for herself. She would rule the world by fear. Best of all, she would get her revenge. Tomorrow!

#### The cavalry

Meanwhile, Nina was driving her car through the blackened city. First signs of beginning riots were visible. Some of the windows in the area had been smashed, sirens of the fire department were audible. People were on the street, trying to leave the city, but invariably getting stuck in the traffic. Luckily, Louisa's house was close to the old city centre, where no one wanted to go right now.

The two girls sat on the front seats of the car, horribly cramped together. Their shoulders touched each other every time Nina switched the gear. Seeing the enormous mountains of muscle quiver at every obstacle gave Jacob a very comfortable hard-on. He silently wondered if he would be able to convince the girls to have a threesome. Kim tried to turn around, but only caused Nina to protest loudly. Watching Jacob in the rear-view mirror, she scolded him and added:

"Did you know that I thought that you were the messed up kid in your family? I really couldn't have imagined that your sister was this crazy."

"I really don't know what got into her. She was always a scheming little monster, but this is way too large!"

Suddenly, Nina interrupted them:

"I wasn't aware that the whole area was enclosed. Look at this: they blocked the access road and these buildings actually look like watch-towers, don't they?"

Indeed, the whole area around Louisa's place was now joined together. This had always been the case, but the previously visible access ways had been shut by barricades and barbed wire, making an entry difficult. On the up-to-mention buildings, the dark shadows of further soldier-women were visible.

Nina stopped the car, hiding it in an alley. They got out, albeit slowly, and hid in the darkness. Nina wondered:

"How do we get in? This should have been easier. We're no secret agents!"

The other two nodded. As they thought about what to do next, the ground started to shake. At first only gently, it became stronger and stronger, until loud mechanical noise announced the arrival of the state militia. As the first tanks appeared in the distance, two of the warriors on the watchtower picked up a large weapon and opened fire. Instantly, the air was filled with explosions. Jacob and the girls hid further down the alley, but were suddenly faced with the option of climbing up a fire escape.

Minutes later, they were on the roof of a tall warehouse close to the compound. Below them, the first assault smashed into the fierce defence. The ground was shaking, explosions boomed and militia soldiers desperately tried to avoid getting killed. Watching the other side of the building, they realised that the assault was attracting the attention of the guards. They slowly started climbing down, thus entering the area. Once again, the girls' strength came in handy, allowing them to descend safely by using the various handholds of the ancient brick buildings.

#### Into the lair

Kim, Nina and Jacob ran quickly into the shadows of the buildings surrounding Louisa's home. The guards seemed occupied with the

assaulting militia, easily holding them off from even reaching the gate. The three intruders sneaked around the building, finally coming in sight of the loft. It's door was being guarded by two muscular women, wearing cumbersome suits of armour, composed of layers of impact-resistant plastic plates. This gave them a somewhat insect-like appearance. The matted black armour suits were completed by a fully enclosed helmet, including a large helmet. Each of them carried a large-calibre rifle, apparently designed to fire explosive shells similar to those causing mayhem outside the compound. Also, the strange tubes of red liquid were visible on their backs. They had not yet discovered the intruders. Jacob muttered:

"I don't think bricks will suffice this time..." Nina gave him a worried look. "But I guess I could cause a distraction. You could try to get in and stop Louisa."

Kim grabbed his arm.

"I won't let you. You'll get killed. Let's just wait until the military resolves this situation. They'll be in here any moment." Outside, a large cloud of smoke rose. Pieces of a large war machine, probably a tank, rained down. Nina looked at the pair sternly.

"I don't think they'll make it. But I have an idea: Jacob, if you could just lure them over there," she pointed at a large industrial age warehouse, "we could try to beat them. We just need to use the element of surprise."

Kim stared at her friend in disbelief. Nina had definitely changed during the last months.

"And how do we stop them? They wear armour! And they look as strong as me."

Nina lifted her sports bag, showing them the rifles and the harness she had brought with her. She pulled it out and took off her T-shirt. Her large, heavy breasts spilled out, instantly covered in goose bumps. She noticed the others' admiring stares, flaunting her full figure quickly. She

then tried to put on the harness. However, her enormously broad shoulders got in the way, giving Jacob the chance to help her while at the same time touching her muscular back. Finally, she closed the harness, arranging the broad strips of clothing that held it together over her nipples. She felt a little more dressed this way. She grinned broadly:

"I'm starting to look more like a superhero, don't I? Okay, Jacob, you can be on your way. Kim, I need you to help me. If they turn their backs on us, I'll lift you and you'll kick them in their heads as strongly as possible."

"And how am I going to get through their helmets?"

"You won't need to. I'll give you enough impetus to knock them out."

Jacob slowly walked away, desperate to keep an eye on Nina. He knew what was to come. Kim didn't, and asked:

"How exactly are you going to give me this impetus? You're strong, but I'm quite bulky myself!"

Jacob's near-permanent erection started to throb again.

"Like this!" With this, Nina thrust her head back, activating the harnesses' mechanism. She felt strange stings of pain in her bag as the little containers emptied into her already powerful muscles. She then looked down, waiting for the chemical to activate. Jacob was soon noticed by the guards, who quickly lifted their weapons. He dived into the warehouse seconds before they opened fire.

Suddenly, Nina was wracked by pain. She gritted her teeth, desperate not to scream. This was definitely working fast! All over her body, little electrical surges seemed to dance, causing her muscles to spasm. Every jerking movement caused her body to grow. The muscles on her body, already large and heavy, started to expand. She felt her chest inflate, slowly blocking her feet from view. She tried to watch her shoulders, but somehow found it difficult to turn her head as her neck muscles expanded, pushing against her ears. Her shoulders gradually became basketball sized, her arms pushed into a 45° angle by her now-enormous

lateral muscles. She admired her melon-sized biceps out of the corner of her eye, looking down on the massive cones of her forearms.

She felt that she had used up a lot of energy in her transformation, and was now hungry. She was also very horny. She lowered her hand to her crotch, ready to help herself, when she realised that Kim was staring at her.

"I have never, ever seen anything remotely like this!" Nina looked at her reflection in a grimy window and was awed. She was bigger than anything. Bigger than Diego, bigger than any living man on earth. She was quite certainly the most muscular human ever to exist. She stepped back a little to admire her whole body in the reflection. She had definitely lost a lot of her baby-fat, causing her baseball-sized abdominals to appear under the skin. She had, however, kept her large legs. They still brushed together when she walked, but seemed much more solid than before. She smiled lustfully at Kim:

"Me neither. And I love it!"

Just as she turned to the window again, they heard Jacob scream for help. Instantly, Nina grabbed Kim, easily lifting her, and started off to the warehouse.

Beat 'em up

As they came in, Nina quickly assessed the situation, saw that the two warrior-women had caught up with Jacob, and acted. She took both of Kim's wrists, threw herself around, and sent her friend spinning in a wide arc. Kim stared in horror as she left the ground, centrifugal forces propelling her towards her foes. They turned around, but everything seemed to happen in slow-motion. Kim hit the first one's helmet with her foot, pushed herself back while still hanging in mid-air, and did a big step to hit the second one as well.

As she completed this manoeuvre, she was pulled back by Nina, who still hadn't released her arms. She stopped, still groggy by the abruptness of the movement. In the same moment, the two armoured fighters collapsed into a heap. The kicks had clearly been strong enough to knock them out even inside their protection. Kim sat down, massaging her feet. They appeared to be quite bruised by the hard surface they had been struck on.

Nina walked over, removed the helmets and gave both of the guards a further slap to keep them knocked out. She then proceeded to strip the two women of their suits of armour. Jacob was still staring at his saviours, his mind only slowly understanding what had happened. He seriously wished this would end quickly and well, so that he could spend some time with those wonderful women.

When Nina was done, Kim had soothed her pain enough to stand. Clearly, the regenerative powers of the chemicals in her blood circuit were still at work. Any other person would have broken both of her legs in such an action. Meanwhile, her partner was busy putting the insect-armour on. In her now-expanded form, the plates were no longer layered, lying side-by-side instead. She looked like an enormous black ladybug. She then proceeded to get Kim to put the other suit on.

"Quick. We need to disguise ourselves. We'll walk in easily, pretending that we captured Jacob while he was lurking on the compound." Kim stared at her wondering as Nina strapped the armour plates on her back. She just had to ask:

"How do you know how to do something like this? I wouldn't even think of trying anything similar!"

"Well, I did tell you about me wanting to be a superhero when I grew up, didn't I? This is my chance. I have been practicing this in my imagination for decades! Also, it's rather standard action movie fare for now."

"Action movie? Nina, this is reality. Someone can get hurt. Seriously. Besides, it never works in the movies. The good guys always get spotted

when they try to disguise themselves as evil henchmen!"

"That's right, but as you noted, it is reality. It'll work, trust me."

Kim was clearly sceptical. Jacob just accepted his fate. Finally, they were ready for action. They walked out, doing their best to look like military precision. Kim whispered to Nina:

"How long do you think that you'll remain in this "enlarged" form?"

"I don't care. I hope it stays forever!"

"You're crazy. You can't even touch your armpits!"

"Right now, I don't need to, so please let me enjoy this."

#### Entrée

Taking Jacob in the middle, the two powerful women walked to the main building. They opened the door and walked in. Nina's heavy steps were quickly heard by two other guards who were standing in Louisa's living room. It had been turned into a command central for this operation, the walls of the office having been removed to make more room. Louisa turned to them, looked at Jacob and laughed.

"I can't believe you actually got in here. You're definitely the most stupid person I've ever met. It's hard to believe that you're my brother. You two..." She shouted at the guards. "Get out and watch the gate. We don't want any further intruders."

Kim shut the door behind them, while Nina scanned the room: They were now alone with Louisa, her assistant was in the rear of the building, apparently fetching something. Several large tanks of liquids were attached to one wall, including complicated machines, apparently meant for the liquid's distribution. Louisa was wearing a light grey bodysuit, apparently made from the same material as Kim's implants. On

it, several "ports", for lack of a better word, were visible. She still wore her black her short, but had now opted for some bangs.

Nina approached Jacob, pushing him forward. She asked:

"What should we do with him?"

As Louisa pondered his fate, Kim sneaked forward, walking idly to the place where the other guard had stood before. Jacob looked at his sister pleadingly and asked her if she could stop this madness. Louisa laughed on.

Suddenly, Kim jumped forward. She flew over the sofa were all this insanity had started, hit the ground and threw a masterful punch at her step-daughter. With a resounding crack, the surgeon was knocked over, hitting one of the chairs of the sofa and disappearing behind it. Kim massaged her knuckles, exhaled and added:

"This feels so good. I should have done this in the first place!" Jacob gave her an odd look, then suddenly realised that Helena had recognised them. He shouted at them and ran, desperately covering the distance as quickly as possible. Helena ran to the communication system, clearly to call reinforcements. The two women sprinted past him and Nina slammed into the anaesthetist at full speed.

Helena, who was just wearing her usual simple black jacket-and-trousers, went down instantly. It seemed that she was knocked out by the sheer impulse of Nina's charge, rather than the actual hit.

The two women gave each other a high-five and turned around to Louisa.

She had recovered from the blow and had staggered to the machine on the wall. She quickly connected some of the tubes to her suits "ports" and smiled grimly at her aggressors:

"I have something beautiful to show you, my friends. You should definitely try someone your size. Or rather me, for a challenge!"

With these words, she activated the machine, causing it to pump various fluids into her lithe body. She howled in pain, rolled herself into a ball, and...

This is the end, my only friend

Grew. As the three intruders watched, Louisa's body lengthened, filling up with muscle as it did. Her lithe form quivered as her proportions changed. Her arms and legs became long and spindly, until she seemed like an enormous, five meter (17') tall stickwoman. The clothing stretched, covering her in a tight, grey fabric. Seconds later, her back spread out, forcing her arms apart. Her screams of pain became more intense as her bones lengthened to support her enlarged frame.

Her arm muscles grew next, further straining the bullet-proof fabric. The growth spread to her body's front, giving her huge, broad pectorals and large abdominals. Her legs then filled out, giving her a monstrously athletic stature.

Behind her, the machine shut off, empty. Louisa, now gigantic, stood up, spread her arms, and howled in triumph.

Her soon-to-be victims were shocked. The giantess laughed throatily and quickly snatched Jacob. He was lifted in the air, screaming with horror. She dropped him, let him fall and caught him by his leg, shaking him. His protests were rather feeble, the contents of his pockets fell out, and he was tossed back at his companions.

"This feels great. I should have done this years ago. Father would have seen that I was the better one of us."

Jacob picked himself up and shouted weakly:

"You can't be serious! Do you actually do all this to prove your superiority? I always said that you were the bright one!"

The huge woman smiled benignly. She replied:

"Well, it is a difference whether someone tells you something or whether you actually believe in it. And it is definitely easier to believe this way, isn't it?"

Meanwhile, Nina desperately tried to figure out what to do. She saw no opportunity to tackle their enormous foe. Kim clearly saw something and charged, but was quickly brushed aside. She crashed into the command facility in the rear of the building, landing close to Helena's prone form.

Nina picked up her gun and shot. The bullet struck Louisa, but she just laughed, picking the flattened shell from her clothes and flicking it at her aggressor. Nina went down. Louisa lounged forward, trying to grab her. The thick-set woman rolled aside, evading her assault.

At the same time, Kim got up. She saw the fight and decided that she could not hope to match Louisa's strength or size. She had to find another way. Nina picked up the sofa, groaning. Clearly, her strength was starting to fade. She threw it at the giantess, but Louisa just turned her head aside. The piece of furniture landed in the background, breaking apart.

Louisa stuck her tongue out, kicking the couch table at Nina, who barely managed to jump away. In this moment, Kim understood. She tore the containers from her harness, binding them together with the straps. Soon, she had created a tight bundle of injection canisters.

Nina turned to her for help, rolling away as Louisa's huge fist smashed into the ground close to her. Kim made a few signs, which the red-head answered by rolling her eyes. She put her hands together, forming a makeshift step.

Jacob had recovered, and Louisa immediately noticed him. She stopped attacking Nina and stood up straight.

"Hey little brother. Look at you, trying to emulate your daddy. Guess what, I'll make mince-meat of your little fuck-toy!" She picked up two of the large, empty containers and lounged forward to crush Kim between them. The blonde buxom goddess ran between the approaching metal cylinders and stepped on Nina's waiting hands. The now-shrinking woman instantly tensed, throwing her partner in the air. Kim flew through the air, flailing her arms. Louisa turned to her and opened her mouth to scream.

Kim landed on her face, slammed the canisters' needles into her tongue and dropped down as rapidly as possible. The monstrous woman howled, noticing what had happened. Instantly, her tongue started to grow, the muscles in it filling her mouth. She toppled over, her face turning blue as her throat covered with thick muscle fibres.

Kim ran over to Helena, waking the still unconscious doctor.

"Is there an antidote? We need to shrink her, or she'll choke!"

Helena looked at her groggily, assessing the situation and pointing at a nearby cabinet. Kim opened it and found several self-injecting containers.

"Which one?" The anaesthetist indicated the biggest and passed out again. Kim carried it over to the suffocating titan and applied it with Nina's help. The red-head had shrunk back to her still muscular self and seemed quite dismayed by this development.

The monstrous woman started shrinking almost instantly, passing out from the strain. Finally, she went very pale, but was alive. Jacob approached her, looked at her in disgust, and went on to bind her.

Three strikes

Nina stepped over to the communications system, picked up the headset and ordered the fighters to retreat and surrender. She did her best to

emulate Louisa's stern voice, and was apparently successful, since a chorus of sceptical okays was heard over the PA. Minutes later, the militia soldiers overran the compound, capturing the surrendering warrior women. Soon, the soldiers entered the loft-turned-command-centre. They held everyone up, waiting for their commanding officers. They arrived seconds later and questioned the captives.

Nina, Kim and Jacob managed to explain their role in the capture of the insurgents and were escorted to waiting ambulances. As they were given blankets and tea, they noticed that the lights had been turned on again.

Suddenly, there was a commotion. Out of a melee of soldiers, Louisa emerged, carrying a handgun. She screamed, aimed at Kim, and shot. The soldiers seized her, but Kim toppled over, spilling the tea on the ground. Jacob and Nina dropped their stuff, called for help and pulled away the blanket. Kim looked at them blankly, staring at the small red wound on her bosom. The bullet stuck there, bent and flat. It had struck her massive breasts, but had been stopped by the implants.

She pulled out the projectile, stared at it, and smiled. Then, she fainted. As everything around her faded to black, she heard Jacob hold her, saying he loved her.

When she woke up again, she was at the mansion. In bed, actually. She rolled in the sheets, enjoying the fluffiness of the eiderdown. Slowly, she opened her eyes and recognised Nina. The red-haired woman sat there, covers draped over her legs. Her soft and heavy breasts rose and fell with her breath. She was naked, her big tummy displayed freely. She brushed a strand of hair from her face, her arm muscles rippling.

"You're awake. How do you feel? You've been out for a day. Must have been the shock, plus the exhaustion." She grinned mischievously and added: "You should get some exercise, you know."

Kim rolled over, propped herself up on her large forearms, and slowly realised that the whole situation was odd.

"Why are we in bed together?"

"That's easy: I wanted to be there when you woke up, and besides, I was quite tired myself."

"Where's Jacob?"

"He's downstairs. I sent him to watch TV. I wouldn't want him to see me naked without you okaying it." Kim gave her a suspicious look, wondered what to say, then settled for:

"Thanks. By the way, what became of Louisa and her soldiers?"

"You're quite curious for someone who just escaped death twice. They arrested her and locked all the people up. There's going to be a trial in a week or so. It was on the news."

"Wow. We did it, didn't we? Any word about it in the newspaper?"

Nina blushed, then picked up the paper from the ground.

"You probably won't like it. Louisa got the last laugh..."

Kim frowned and looked at the headlines. Her eyes went wide.

"MUSCLE PERVERT INCEST THREESOME SAVES CITY FROM GIANT SURGEON. This is the single most stupid sentence I've ever read!"

Nina pointed to some photos and added: "These are good, perfect side-shot."

"MAYOR EXPRESSES THANKS, OFFERS KEY TO CITY. So we're heroes, aren't we?"

Nina smiled, flexed her arm, making a huge biceps appear and answered:

"Definitely. And I have three more surprises, one for each of us: First, Jacob got his money back and gave you most of it. Second, I got Louisa's suit, and I'm planning to wear it at night as soon as my costume is ready. Third, I have a little something for Jacob..."

"What is it?"

"I called your two scientist friends and they gave me this:" She reached on the bedside table, grabbed a little pill-jar and shook it. "It's the special serum in pill form. Works just as well, only faster and without the needles. What do you say? For once, the stuff in the newspaper could be true. What about some MUSCLE PERVERT THREESOME?"

Kim stared at her crazy friend. All this was going way too fast. On the other hand, everything had come out fine. Also, she had always been a little bi-curious. Anyway, rich people had to behave like decadents, so why not?

"What's the dosage?"

"One is three weeks of growth. I'll take two." Kim could see Nina quivering with expectation.

"I'll have to take three to keep up with you, won't I?"

"Okay. I'll fetch some water, you call Jacob."

While Jacob walked up the stairs swiftly, the girls put on matching lingerie which Nina had brought, some nice black satin pieces, complete with lace and fitting their outrageous bodies tightly. As they wrapped their massive legs in self-holding stockings, Jacob knocked.

"Are you decent?" Nina answered:

"Not at all. Come in!"

They swallowed the little red pills, clinked their glasses and crossed them. They drank up as Jacob came in and glanced at him seductively. His jaw dropped. Kim nodded, luring him into the bed.

Instantly, the girls grabbed him, freeing his well-trained chest from its textile prison. Seconds later, he was covered in kisses, his trousers tenting gladly. He caressed the two powerhouses, feeling their laterals with incomprehension. Kim opened his fly, Nina pulled at his trousers, leaving him in his shorts.

Suddenly, Kim felt the pills kick in. She looked at Nina, who was clearly feeling the same. Keeping him down with their knees, they started embracing, kissing gently. As their tongues interlocked, Kim felt the growth coming. Nina's hands moved to her arms, touching her trembling biceps. Clearly, the formula had been improved. The pain Nina had felt the first time had been replaced by a slight tingling.

She closed her eyes as her back spread out once again, only wider. She felt her belly being lifted by her monstrous abdominals, her huge breasts pointing forward, brushing against Kim's humongous boobs. Gripping the other girl's biceps, she felt her fingers being pushed apart. Kim's back had grown in the same way, giving her a meter-wide lateral spread. They could hardly touch each other's armpits, let alone their own.

Jacob was completely ecstatic. His every fantasy seemed to be coming true at this moment. He had found two perfect partners, sharing his passion and enjoying each other. Kim grabbed Nina's still-growing ass and started massaging it. Her partner moaned sweetly, covering her massive pectorals in kisses. Finally, Kim noticed that her trapezius muscles overtook her ears. She wondered what she looked like now, but was still in complete rapture.

The girls lifted their legs, freeing their partner. He pushed Kim to the side, signifying that he wanted to try a position befitting them all. The girls complied to his panting orders, the three of them merging into a sexual triangle. Kim licked his penis, in turn feeling Nina's powerful

tongue on her clitoris. Jacob's face was now trapped amidst the red-head's monstrous legs, his tongue buried deeply in her snatch.

The circle now being closed, they brought each other to ecstasy. After a while, they shifted positions, taking turns at working one of them while the other two tried their best at pleasuring him or her. Indeed, the girls' massive forms allowed positions normally impossible.

Sadly, Jacob was soon exhausted, spilling his load and confining himself to watching the two women in their love-making.

Nina lifted her muscular counterpart over her head, licking the now seemingly weightless blonde to a screaming orgasm. The massive horseshoes on her back came out, but she went on until her friend went limp. Nina put her back on the bed, lay down and spread her legs. Jacob crawled over and gave her her share.

At last they were satisfied. The three lovers enjoyed the calm, Nina occasionally letting her masterful muscles jump.

Kim thought about the whole situation. There she was, lying in a bed with her stepson and her best friend, who was as enormously muscular as she was, having the best sex of their lives. After a while, she lifted her arm, flexed her handball-sized biceps and smiled.

It was alright.

Kim went on to have three children and become part of the nation's high society. She even spawned a short-lived muscle craze amongst her fellow upper class women.

Jacob stayed with his two girls for the rest of his long and enjoyable life. His "futbol" clubs played an important role in the world championships of the following decades.

Nina protected the city from organised crime and bizarre attacks as "Queen Crimson". She managed to shift the world's taste in women, at least for a while, giving the full-figured girls a little boost.

Frank and Taehan stayed on good terms with their patrons, eventually shifting to pharmaceutical research and finding a cure for muscular dystrophy and speech impediments. They were also bitten by a huge chimpanzee.

Officer Mia was promoted, married her boyfriend and was happily ever after. She also became "Queen Crimson"'s police contact.

William R. Sonborough choked on a fishbone and died.

Colleen followed every trend of the fashion industry and came full circle when Nina caused the full-figure revival.

Helena was acquitted of most charges, became good friends with Kim and stayed in public service until age 72.

Diego and Craig got married, divorced, married again and stayed together, writing a book about their life and becoming best-selling novelists.

Louisa spent two years in prison before she was acquitted and was sent to the south to put her organisational talents to good use. She modernised most of the states there and ended world hunger. Many cities built monuments to her achievements, making her a world-wide hero. She died at old age, penniless but strangely happy amidst her numerous grandchildren and the statesmen and women she had taught.

###

Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

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