



Green Girl – The Origin

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Smashwords Edition

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Just as Jennifer was finishing her shopping, she heard shouting from the cashier's desk:

"Put up your hands! Don't make any abrupt moves!"

The cashier pleaded:

"Don't shoot me!"

"I won't if you give me the money. Now, slowly. No tricks!"

Jennifer could feel her heart race. It was time! She crawled to the back door, slipped out and called the cops. Then, she took a plastic baggie full of large green spinach leaves from her handbag and unzipped it.

As she took it out, she was taken back.

A couple of months ago, she had been a simple college student. Actually, she still was, but her studies had lately taken a back seat. It all had started innocently enough, though. She had been researching on the effects of radiation on plant life, which was actually quite interesting because of the disaster that struck the power station down the river and hit the nearby fields with radioactive particles. Apparently, it hadn't been dangerous to humans, but the plants grown there still shouldn't be eaten. The farmers had abandoned the place, so it was up to Jennifer to pick up samples for analysis. The area had been fenced off, but budget cuts had left it in ruins. It was easy to slip through it.

The place had felt like in a post-apocalyptic movie. There were rusted tractors, collapsed barns and other farm equipment that had been left where it stood. She had been told that the place was safe as long as you didn't spend more than a few hours there. Her sample bags were filling up nicely. She stuffed the blades of grass into the zip-locks, jotted down the numbers and snapped the place she had taken them with her smartphone. She also entered some additional data and her thoughts.

In retrospect, she should have been more careful. She stumbled and fell on her face. She had somehow managed not to drop her phone but instead, she found herself face first in some herbs. She immediately got up and tried to spit it out, not wanting to have any of the radioactive stuff in her body. She cursed:

"Oh shit! It got in my mouth."

She shivered.

"I think I swallowed some of it."

She stuck her fingers down her throat to throw up, but didn't manage to do this. Jennifer dropped on her butt. What should she do now? She had

to get to a hospital as soon as possible. She got to her feet clumsily. It was really horrible to be so out of shape. She was so skinny, she was actually weak. She brushed the dirt of her clothes, noted that this was a waste of time and turned to get out. That's when she noticed that her nipples were poking through her shirt. She looked down and wondered. Why was that happening?

Her hands went to her chest. She felt her nipples harden in her training bra. It was ridiculous she was still wearing this thing, but her boobs, or rather her lack of them, simply did not warrant anything bigger. The tingling felt nice. It was unlike anything she had ever experienced before. Then, without warning, the bra became tighter and tighter. She wondered how that could happen. She looked more closely, pulling down the neckline of her shirt. There was something weird happening. Where there had previously only been two beestings, she could watch two bulges grow. Jennifer was confused. She had heard about late growth spurts, but this was ridiculous. Also, her newly developing breasts quickly surged forward, becoming rounder and fuller. Within moments, they reached the size of apples, then grapefruit. She squeezed them, surprised by their firmness. It felt incredible.

Jennifer pushed them together and was amazed by their firm tautness. It was nice to feel her skin touch. However, the growth spurt wasn't finished. The breasts suddenly expanded again, stretching the bra until it became a rather ridiculous little blind that barely shielded her hard nipples. Then, it was strained further. Soon, her clothes were very tight and her training bra had become like a rubber band. She felt that the fabric cut into her expanding flesh.

When it snapped, exposing her now melon-sized breasts, she sighed in relief. Moments later, she realized she'd been turned into a freak. She tried to cup her enormous tits and couldn't think of what to say. At that moment, her body suddenly started a complete expansion. She couldn't believe it. Jennifer felt her legs firm up. Her calves, which had been nonexistent before, abruptly ballooned outwards, creating twin plates of steel-hard muscle. Then, her thighs swelled, growing larger and larger.

Finally, the legs of her pants ripped, the denim losing its battle against her bulging flesh.

The growth spread further upwards, causing an uncomfortable tightness in her nether regions before firming up her previously thin and irrelevant waist. She could feel her abs emerge from under her skin, her obliques creating a fascinating frame for her ripped torso.

Jennifer's spherical breasts were propped up by ever-expanding pecs. Her shoulders and back joined them and she soon sported a true collar of rock-hard, powerful muscle that was literally inches thick. Finally, her arms followed suit, covering themselves in bulging power. She looked at her now supernaturally strong body and said to herself:

"I can't believe this!"

She walked over to a broken down tractor, its wheels sunk in depths of the soil. She took a good grip of it and pulled it out. This went so easily, she couldn't believe it. Smiling, she lifted the wreck up and brought it above her head. She laughed as little bits of earth snowed on her, the heavy machine resting like a feather on her hands.

"I'm like Supergirl! Yes!"

She tossed the tractor away, sending it flying for several yards. Enraptured, Jennifer caressed her insane biceps. She crouched down and examined the vegetables she had swallowed. It was some kind of spinach.

"Interesting. I wonder how that happened ..."

She couldn't finish. Suddenly, the growth reversed itself and she shrunk back to her normal size. Jennifer felt a pang of sadness. She already missed her shape and strength. Also, she only now realized that she was stark naked.

"Okay. It was the spinach. I know what I'm going to do. I wonder where I'd get a costume, because I'm going to be a superhero!"

Back in the alley, she gulped down the spinach pack and gasped as the power-surge hit. The feeling was incredible. Her entire body abruptly expanded, stretching her clothes until they couldn't take anymore and tore up. She ripped them off and exposed her superhero outfit. It was a skintight one-piece suit with a big green "G" on it. Green trimming had been added to the edges to enhance her silhouette further. Jennifer put her boobs in place, slung her utility belt over her waist and slipped on a pair of green gloves. Finally, she added a green domino mask. Time to fight!

She walked back inside. This time, she made no effort to hide herself. The robber stared at her.

"Who the hell are you?"

She decided not to get into a debate with this guy. With the absolute power of her perfect legs, she jumped forward and rammed her fist into his belly. The poor guy was thrown backwards, but Jennifer's other hand immediately shot out and caught him by the foot. He landed on the ground, not landing in the shelves. Jennifer had worked in retail and knew how shitty it was to clean up after such an "accident". The robber was stunned. She quickly pulled a pair of zip ties from her utility belt and bound him.

The cops would be here any moment. The relieved cashier stared at her superior body and asked:

"Thank you! Who are you?"

"I'm Green Girl!"

She shot her a million-dollar smile and flexed her massive biceps. The girl's eyes went wide. Jennifer sauntered out.

As soon as she was out, she wanted to take off, seeing if she actually could leap tall buildings. However, she was interrupted by an alarm

going off a few doors down.

She sprinted to the jewelry store and pulled open the door. A tall woman in a ski mask was holding up the salesperson. She looked at Green Girl and clearly wondered what was going on.

"What are you supposed to be?"

"As I told the other scumbag, I'm Green Girl!"

"Green Girl?"

Jennifer acted quickly. With a flick of her wrist, she pushed the robber's gun away, then punched her. The other masked woman landed on the floor. Jennifer followed up, but the robber jumped to her feet and clung to her. Jennifer easily extricated herself from the bandit's sad attempt to grapple her and held her at arm's length. The robber, clearly used to some kind of street fighting, kicked her, which prompted Jennifer to drop her. Before she could hold her down, the weaker woman had rolled and disappeared.

Only then did Jennifer realize that the attacker had taken her belt. She left as quickly as she could. The spinach would soon wear off and she was worried that she had just made a big mistake.

Isabell came home. She was sore, she was tired and knowing Eric was under arrest was another low point of their relationship. She had taken off the stupid mask as soon as she had blended in the crowd. She now examined the stuff in that weirdo Batman-utility belt.

Green bags? What the ...

She wondered what that could be. Isabell opened one of the bags and pulled out a large leaf, similar to spinach. Okay. She put a little bit in her mouth and chewed on it. It didn't taste too good. Nothing happened. She took another nibble.

Abruptly, her nipples hardened, poking through her shirt. Whoa. She touched her breasts and wondered what was going on when they suddenly started expanding. Within seconds, they had turned into nice d-cups. She gasped. That must have been that green girl's secret. She wondered whether ...

She couldn't even finish the thought when her body suddenly firmed up. The transformation rose through her body, her muscles becoming stronger and more defined. She immediately felt fit and strong. And she liked it.

Isabell grabbed the rest of the leaves and swallowed them eagerly. The transformation hit her moments later. First, her breasts ballooned outwards, stretching her shirt to a ridiculous size. She howled as her d-cups blasted through the alphabet, becoming larger and heavier within seconds. The feeling was incredible. The fabric grew sheer, then transparent and finally gave way. Her breasts broke through the shirt, two massive globes of flesh the size of her head now hanging from her body. She pushed her fingers into the taut flesh. It felt so good! She played with her now rather distant nipples, surprised by how large and hard they were.

Then, the muscles followed suit. It was as if a tsunami of strength hit her. Her leg muscles, well-trained from her sessions at the gym, blew up to insane size. The calves destroyed her pants, splitting the legs and sending little pieces of fabric flying. Next, her thighs followed suit, turning her outfit into daisy dukes only.

She laughed as the strength spread to her waist, turning her toned belly into a six-, then eight-pack. Her muscles were rock hard, with deep grooves between them. She looked like a model for an extreme fitness magazine. Her bellybutton emerged, standing out amidst the bricks of muscle.

The transformation hit her chest and back, building up a massive foundation for an eye-watering v-taper. She had never seen anything like it. Her waist was ridiculously small next to her wing-like lats. Beyond

these, her shoulders gathered mass like avalanches, eventually giving her a frame that would make a football lineman jealous.

Yes! This was strength!

Her now boulder-sized biceps and triceps expanded further. By now, most male bodybuilders would sigh with desire when watching her overloaded arms. Topping off these monuments of power, she sported a pair of traffic-cone-sized forearms that tapered to her small hands. Combined with her bulging neck muscles, she was a naked, mighty goddess.

She pulled off the rags that were left of her clothes and slipped her fingers through the red patch of hair that adorned her pussy and marveled at her herculean physique.

Isabell looked at the remaining leaves. She smiled at her musclebound reflection in her mirror. Her bad mood was gone and she saw so much potential in the little green bags in front of her.

Jennifer woke up early the next day. She had spent a horrible night, always waking up from horrible dreams. She had definitely screwed up. The robber had stolen her spinach and she had probably already figured out what it did. The idea of having a super-powered criminal on the loose in her town made her shiver in fear. She had to do something, but sadly, she was no master detective. Somehow, she wanted to be Batman right now. That would also involve being super-rich, another advantage that would allow her to replace the clothes she had already burst out of. It was pretty stupid and a kind of guilty pleasure, but the moment her body became so strong it just tore up her shirt and pants was the proof of her power and she absolutely craved that.

She'd have to think about that later. For now, she had to get some new spinach. She had tried growing the stuff in her bathroom, but

apparently, the soil was just as mutated as the plants, and it just produced regular spinach. The true power waited on the fields.

She got up, washed and put on her hero outfit. Then, she pulled on some loose shirt and pants. She didn't want to attract any attention.

All the way to the fields, she felt followed. She tried to look around and spot the person shadowing her, but there was no one. After a while she decided she could only bind her shoelaces so often and sped up, heading to the opening in the fence. She looked around once more. Nobody. Good.

She slipped inside and headed over the rough terrain. By now, she knew every spot in the area and advanced quickly. Jennifer reached the spinach field and looked it over. Perfect. The plants were in the shape she left them in. She had begun cultivating them once she realized their potential and had now set them up in neat rows.

With great care, she began harvesting them, filling her duffle bag with many small zip-locks. After a while, she was done and wiped the dirt from her hands. She still was unsure whether she should wash the spinach. She couldn't tell whether the soil also played a role. In the end, she just kept it as it was. She had even dropped her plan of breeding a stronger version of the spinach. She didn't want to screw this up.

Being Green Girl was just too good.

She closed the bag and lifted it. It was almost too heavy. It was really annoying how weak she was in her regular shape. Maybe she should join a gym after all. She wouldn't have to rely on turning into Green Girl whenever there was a problem. For now, a little piece of spinach would suffice. She munched it down and waited for the transformation when she suddenly felt a hand on her arm.

"Gah!"

"Relax, it's just me."

Jennifer turned around and almost knocked into Kate, a friend of hers. The taller woman smiled and said:

"You sort of dropped off the face of the earth and I was getting anxious. Are you alright?"

"Sure. I am. No problem."

"Okay. That's cool. What are you doing out here? Don't you know that this place is polluted?"

"Of course I do. It's for my thesis."

"Your thesis?"

"I'm looking into the long-term effect of radiation on spinach, er, herbs."

"Spinach? That's a weird idea."

"What do you want? It's science."

That was when Kate noticed that Jennifer's arm had gone from stick-thin and weak to toned and even rather muscular. Also, Jennifer's nipples had acted up, poking through her outfit like no tomorrow. Finally, her boobs and her butt had suddenly swelled up a little, turning the stick figure girl into a fitness model.

"What's going on with you?"

"Nothing."

"Don't bullshit me! I don't know what's happening, but you just went from waif to model in under a minute."

"I totally didn't. You're imagining things."

Kate squeezed Jennifer's toned arm. With a sarcastic voice, she replied:

"Definitely."

"Okay. I see. Well, you're dreaming right now. This is all just a dream. A lucid dream. You'll wake up in your room in ..."

"Jennifer, I've known you for ages. Stop that idiot 'dream' routine. I don't know where you got it, but you've been trying this since we were eight."

"Really?"

"Really. Come on. I was worried about you. You were out all the time and you spent your nights on arts and crafts. Also, you started blowing all your money on clothes. You! The least fashionable girl in town!"

"Hey!"

"It's true. So, what's going on?"

Jennifer hesitated for a second, then took a few leaves and ate them. Kate wanted to interrupt her, but then it happened. Instantly, Jennifer's body began its expansion. Her breasts swelled quickly to the size of handballs, her arms expanded to give her a mid-weight bodybuilder's physique and her butt turned into a pair of rock-hard hemispheres.

Kate blinked as Jennifer's clothes turned from wide and shapeless to skintight. Her shorter friend grinned and said:

"I'm Green Girl."

"Green Girl? The musclemom that beats up the criminals?"

"Yes. That's me."

"Whoa. And it's the spinach that does it?"

Before Jennifer could answer, Kate had already scooped some leaves into her mouth and swallowed them. The shorter girl cried out:

"Be careful! I have no idea whether that stuff is safe for anyone!"

Between munches, Kate replied:

"It's okay for you, so it's okay for me."

"I don't think that's how this works."

"Calm your tits."

"Calm your tits?"

In that moment, Kate's nipples got their boost and immediately hardened. They trust through her outfit, poking at the fabric with absolute, rock-hard pointiness. Kate gasped:

"Whoa! So that's what it does? Kinky!"

Her nipples grew and grew until they became thimble-sized. Kate's hands instinctively went to her boobs and she caressed her chest through the fabric. Jennifer said:

"You should get off your clothes while you still can. Otherwise, they're going to be ripped up in ..."

She couldn't even finish. Kate's already larger breasts abruptly ballooned outwards. Her outfit was definitely too tight to allow for much stretching. It wasn't skin-tight or anything, but growing breasts the size of soccer balls within seconds was a bit much. Kate shrieked as her shirt blew apart, the front part ripped off along the seams.

She immediately held to her swollen assets, shocked by their size and weight. Her bra's sad remains hung from her ample tits and she stared at them in utter disbelief.

"What the hell?"

Jennifer gave her a "I told you so" look, but also tried to calm her down:

"Don't worry. You're almost done."

"You mean there's more?"

"There are the ..."

Before she could say the word, Kate felt a terrible pain in her stomach. This massive cramp made her shudder. However, it also announced the start of the muscle growth. Jennifer had not yet seen this on another person and she was amazed.

It started innocently enough. Most of Kate's belly was covered by her round breasts that hung limply from her chest. Now that the transformation kicked in, she could see the spheres rise. The pecs did their job and pulled the boobs up, turning them into a pair of proud soccer balls, capped by the biggest and pointiest nipples she had ever seen. Kate groaned. Clearly, the transformation was beginning to be more pleasant. Her back expanded, at last allowing her to stand up straight. She did, still a little wobbly on her feet. Her legs did indeed look a little thin and stickish when compared to her tightening upper body. Now that her tits were aloft, Jennifer could spot her friend's eight-pack abs. They looked incredible. She smiled in admiration. The transformation continued all over her body, blowing up Kate's clothes as it went along. As her butt turned into twin spheres of steel, her panties finally gave up and dropped off.

Kate lifted her now massive arm and admired her hyper-jacked biceps.

"This is incredible. How did this happen?"

"It's the spinach. It must have mutated."

"It looks that way. Say, if you're Green Girl, are you looking for a sidekick? Most superheroes have one."

"I'm not sure that's a good idea."

"Oh, come on! I'd say stuff like 'Holy healthnuts, Green Girl! That spinach is really ironing out our fitness problems!'"

Jennifer looked exasperated.

"Seriously?"

A couple of hours later, Jennifer was in her room listening to the police scanner. She had managed to get rid of Kate, who had made their journey back a living hell by making one idiot pun after the next. She prepared her outfit for tonight's patrol. The missing bags still worried her, but she hoped that no one would find out about their potential.

That's when the alert came in:

"There's a report of a possible break-in going on at the art museum. Any available car to investigate?"

Jennifer got up, slipped her outfit on and ate up a few leaves before climbing out of the window. As she pulled herself upwards, the transformation took effect, giving her a lite and athletic physique ideal for rapid movement. Once on the roof, she ran, skipping from house to house until the museum came into view. There was no car in sight. Clearly, the cops had more important cases to handle.

She landed on the museum's roof and quickly found the window through which the burglar had entered. She slipped inside and hid herself in the shadows. Advancing carefully, she soon found the perpetrator in the gem room.

Jennifer was surprised:

This was the robber from earlier. She had clearly graduated quickly, from shops to museums in a day. Well, time to end this. She opened one of the baggies and quickly ate the leaves. Barely suppressing the need to gasp, she turned into her superhero shape and adjusted her outfit.

Green Girl stepped out of the shadows and said:

"Stop that. Do you really want to join your pal in prison?"

The other woman turned around. She wore a cat-suit and mask and chuckled:

"Seriously? I'm ready for you this time and girl, you're not going to like it."

She slipped her hand to her waist. She wore the belt! The burglar took out two of Jennifer's packs and quickly munched down the spinach leaves. Green Girl attacked. She charged at the other woman, but she just sidestepped her and said:

"Oh, girl, you're cute. You're all show and no substance. Did you even learn to fight before calling yourself a superhero?"

That was when the transformation started.

Isabell grinned wickedly. She had tried a single packet before. Two were an experiment and she seriously wondered what they would do.

For now, she noticed that her nipples had turned hard. They were really big and stiff. Like diamonds, if you could say so. She immediately felt an incredible energy surging through her body. Then, her breasts began their expansion, stretching her cat-suit until it clung to her body like saran wrap. She gasped and stared at her mutating body. Her breasts grew and grew. She said:

"This is incredible. Look at these! They must be the size of beach balls."

She almost fell forward, but managed to stabilize herself.

"I'm a freak, but just you wait. If those are my breasts, imagine what my muscles will be."

As if on cue, her body began to quiver and shake as the radioactive spinach did its marvel. The already overloaded cat-suit desperately tried to cope with the enormous influx of mass, becoming sheerer and sheerer. She laughed maniacally:

"Whoa! The power ... It's incredible. Unbelievable. Watch me! Watch my body! Look at my arms. Have you ever seen anything like them? Schwarzenegger ain't got nothing on me!"

Indeed, her body had become so massive that it was hard to still see her as human. Her shoulders had turned into soccer-ball-sized lumps of striated muscle and her arms hung idly from them, draped in the hardest and strongest tissue imaginable.

She lifted her bulging arms and flexed. Masses of muscles collided, the striated flesh almost interlocking amidst the ruckus. She looked at Green Girl and smirked:

"I can't believe you're still here. Shouldn't you be running, hoping for the cops to stop me?"

Green Girl was indeed unsure. The muscle-monster in front of her was incredible. Also, there was something strange going on. Was this woman approaching?

"Hey, Green Girl, what's happening? Are you shrinking?"

"No. What is going on with you?"

"No way ..."

Isabell looked down her incredible body and asked:

"I'm growing, ain't I?"

Indeed, she was. She was quickly gaining height and was now easily six feet tall. The growth wasn't stopping either. Her cat-suit gave up with a snap, revealing her outrageous, muscle-packed physique in its full glory. She laughed as she hit six feet four and said:

"Okay, now you're fucked. I'm going to kick your butt to next week!"

She ran at Green Girl and hit her with all her might. The blow connected and the heroine was thrown through the corridor, landing in a heap next to some very expensive exhibit. Before she could get back up, Isabell was upon her and slapped her in the face. Next came a veritable flurry of punches. The weaker woman howled as the blows rained down on her. Isabell laughed as she crushed her enemy.

Right at this moment, Kate showed up. She had followed her friend and stared at the devastating fury. Immediately she dropped the duffie bag and pulled out several packs of spinach, rabidly swallowing their contents. Immediately, the stuff kicked in. Within mere moments, her nipples had turned into diamond-hard points, almost ripping through her shirt by themselves. Then, the breasts followed suit. Kate actually fell on her face as they blew up, turning into masses the size of beanbag chairs.

“Whoa! That’s too much!”

The burglar turned around and saw the mutated girl lying on her face.

“Anything worth doing is worth overdoing, isn’t it?”

She ran at Kate, preparing to kick her in the face at full force when the muscle growth struck. Isabell’s foot roared at Kate’s head, but was suddenly stopped when it hit her hand. Kate smirked:

“Nice try, bitch!”

She stood up, growing as she rose. At seven feet tall, she towered over the thief. The tatters of her clothes fell off, showcasing her incredible, godlike physique. She pulled her up, dangling Isabell by her foot. With nonchalance, she threw one of the spinach packets at Jennifer. The bruised woman caught it and immediately munched it down. She felt the power of the spinach hit her, tightening and strengthening her body. The Green Girl outfit wasn’t made for such a strain and promptly gave way. It fell off, leaving her with her mask and boots.

The three enormous women now filled quite a large part of the museum’s hall. Kate said:

“So what do we do with her?”

Jennifer explained:

“We’re going to take the spinach and let the cops take care of her.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

Kate shook her victim until the belt and the remaining packets dropped. Jennifer stuffed them into the overloaded duffie bag and said:

“Got it. Could you hand her over?”

“With pleasure.”

Isabell shouted:

“Let me go, you idiots! I’m so going to kick your asses!”

“I don’t think so.”

Jennifer took her, pulled the firehose from its box and tied her opponent up with it.

“Let’s hope this keeps you occupied until the cops get here.”

As if on command, the sirens blared close-by.

Jennifer said:

“We should go now. Quickly!”

Kate scooped up the remaining clothes and the empty packets, then they headed out on the roof. The construction shook under their steps. Kate commented:

“We should be careful. This much mass on such an old roof ...”

“Let’s get going!”

They ran off, threading as lightly as they could and jumping to the next roof. The pair landed with a crash.

“Wow. Green Girl, I never would have expected to be so strong.”

“Yeah. Two packets is insane, but three is just too much.”

"Imagine this, having two superpowered giant naked women frolicking on your roof."

"That's stupid."

"Just as stupid as confronting such an enemy alone. You need a sidekick!"

"Maybe you're right ..."

"Awesome. I'm going to be 'Biceps Babe'."

"Ridiculous. And I'm stuck with Green Girl?"

"You brought this upon yourself. Besides, I'm going to hit the gym hard and bring my arms to shape so that when I'm in costume, they're going to blow your mind."

"Okay. Fine by me. But I'm going to train and be a beast!"

"We'll see about that."

"Also, you need to do your catch phrases."

"Seriously?"

"I insist."

"Okay, here goes: 'Holy biceps, Green Girl. We're going to be well-armed next time!'"

"Gah."

The pair disappeared in the night, dreaming of adventures and heroics. Little did they notice that their duffle bag had ripped open and was leaving a trail of baggies behind them.

The next morning, Michelle climbed out of the cardboard box she called her home. She scratched herself. Life was rough. She packed up her belongings. They all fit in a backpack. She pulled on her jacket and got ready for the day. It wasn't as if there was much to do anyway. After the problems with her boyfriend, she had been forced to live on the streets. It felt so much better; after all, she kept her pride. She didn't want to end up with another abusive asshole.

"Time to get some breakfast."

The life on the street hadn't been too kind to her. Whatever shape she might have had before, she was now strangely shapeless. The combination of cheap, unhealthy food and substance abuse had made her lose her looks.

She started her usual round on the dumpsters. The place wasn't too bad. There were a few venues around, most of them drawing young, hip people. They would give her some cash or smokes if she asked them. She checked her face in her mirror. Michelle had found out that having a certain style eased things. Thus, she kept her hair clean and open and tried not to look too much like a hippie. Also wearing a black beanie with "HMLSS" in big white letters seemed to help.

She passed the doors of the locations: One announced a gig by a seriously underground band, the second offered an improvisational cooking show plus theater and the final one a hipster bodybuilding contest. Whatever. Crazy people even offered five thousand dollars to the winner. No wonder the world was turning to shit. Michelle disappeared into one of the alleys and got her coat-hanger out. Time to dig for treasure in another man's trash.

Before she even opened the first bin, she found a packet with some green leaves in it on top. She examined it carefully. It wasn't weed, that was certain. Maybe it was something else. Well, no time like the present.

She opened the baggie, pulled one of the leaves out and ate it. After a second, she thought she maybe should have tried smoking it instead, but now, it was too late. Also, it didn't do anything. That was probably just as well. That's when she noticed a certain tightness in her bra. Were her nipples getting harder?

In the evening, Michelle smiled at the bouncer and explained:

"You see, I wanna participate. I got everything: The suit, the tan, I even got the starting money."

She pushed a handful of crumpled dollar bills into his hand.

"Yeah, maybe. But you read that this is a bodybuilding competition. You gotta be buff to win."

"I know, I know. Just let me do it. You'll be happy to have me."

"Whatever. Just don't mess up the show."

"Thanks a lot, big guy. You're the best!"

"Yeah, yeah."

She ran inside. The backstage area was quite crowded. There were a lot of huge, bearded hunks that were pumping up, some crossfit-looking women and a bunch of skinny, ripped fitness-type girls. Some of them looked at Michelle with curiosity, others ignored her, careful to stay focused. She smiled awkwardly and said:

"Hi."

There were grumbles, no direct reply. Eventually, a massive man with a well-groomed beard said:

"Looking for something?"

"Dressing rooms."

"There are none. Just change here. There's no point in being shy."

"Okay ... I'd really change in a separate place."

"Sorry. It's all taken up."

"Shit. Fine. Could you help me with the tan?"

"Why not? But aren't you a bit out of shape for this?"

"That's what everyone keeps telling me."

She opened her bag and took out the remaining leaves. She ate them and waited. She was pretty sure she'd get a bit more ripped than last time. Under all the layers she wore, no one would notice.

She felt her nipples harden. It was a weird sensation. Not bad at all. She grinned. Her bra got tighter and tighter. Oh, yes. Now, that felt awesome. She noticed her oversized shirt growing tighter. Her breasts had changed from handfuls to cantaloupes and were now easily visible under the fabric. She gasped:

"What the hell?"

The big guy looked at her, a little confused. Her bra gave out with a snap. She said:

"Err ... I didn't expect this to happen."

"What exactly is going on?"

"I'm not sure."

That was when her muscles started to grow. She had expected to end up at fitness model level. Instead, her arms quickly expanded, becoming larger, heavier and stronger within seconds. She stared at her tightening clothes. The back of her shirt began to tear, her tights were getting sheerer and sheerer.

The other athletes looked at her first in confusion, then in fascination. Michelle lifted her arms, surprised to find massive muscles encased in

the fabric. The shirt suddenly gave out. It just blew up. Her enormously muscular torso just continued expanding, turning her second-hand clothes into rags. She blushed.

When the growth died down, she was at least as big as the biggest guy in the room. Some parts of her body, especially her legs were way larger. She stood there in the remnants of her outfit, turning dark red from the embarrassment.

She asked:

“Could you help me with the tan?”

Later that night, she stood on the stage, her body glistening with sweat. She held the trophy in her hand, the men’s trophy, of course. The girls had helped her assemble a skimpy bikini, had given her some black stay-ups, a flannel shirt without sleeves and a big scarf. The big guy had helped her with the tan, careful not to spoil her tattoos and had given her last minute hints on posing. There was clearly a lot of envy, but the boys and girls were good sports.

Later, she took the money and walked to the exit. There was a guy who had cheered really loud when she had won. He asked:

“Hey, would you be interested in working for my modelling agency? I’m looking for special types and you’re just it. I could offer you a five digit contract.”

She blinked. Whoa. She nodded and said:

“I’m in. I’ll just have to get some more spinach.”

She took his card and left, leaving the guy with a look of confusion on his face.

Earlier that day, Aaliyah was struggling with her groceries and her daughter. The kid was really annoying, picking everything up and rummaging through the street vendors’ displays. She hated this. All the stuff in her bags kept slipping from her shoulders. Sometimes, she wished she were stronger. Of course, this was illusory. Taking care of five children and her husband was way too much work to find time for sports. Sometimes she envied the people who were more liberal. They just had all the time in the world. She adjusted her headscarf and called out her kid:

“Aisha, stop that!”

She turned to the vendor:

“I’m really sorry. I hope it’s not broken.”

She took the doll and sat it back on the stand. The vendor sighed. This was clearly not the first time:

“Don’t worry. Just don’t let her touch it again unless you want to buy it.”

“I know. I’m sorry.”

She pulled the girl away from the next idiotic thing. She had just picked up a flyer advertising a hipster bodybuilding contest. Aaliyah looked at the thing and shook her head. A bearded, naked man with huge muscles and a woman with multicolored hair, also in her underwear in some idiot pose. The woman had muscles like a man. Not like the man on the picture, of course, but most men would still be envious. She wondered what that was like. She put the flyer in the trash and admonished her kid to stop it.

They arrived home at last. Aaliyah put down the groceries and sent Aisha to the kids’ room. It was getting crowded in there, now that Maryam had started to buy more and more outfits for herself, but since they were all with her sister now, she maybe had a little time for herself.

Of course, Aisha didn't do as asked. Instead, she pulled a little plastic bag from her jacket and extracted a leaf from it. Before Aaliyah could act, the child had put it in her mouth and started chewing on it.

The mother, still trying to stash the groceries in the fridge, heard her munching and turned around:

"What are you eating?"

She let out a shout. What was this kid eating now? Where did she get that? Were those drugs?

She dropped everything and ran to Aisha, opening her mouth and pulling it out with her finger.

"Oh, no! What is that?"

She pulled her to the bathroom and brought her to the sink:

"Spit it out! Spit it!"

The girl did as she was told and sighed:

"I'm sorry, mom."

"You'd better be. Now stop doing this and go to your room. I haven't even had the time to take off my coat!"

"Yes, mom."

She sighed and left. Aaliyah looked at the green pieces in the sink. Were these drugs? She couldn't tell. She flushed the remains, then took the bag and dumped it in the trash. Kids.

Just as she was about to return to her chores, Aisha ran in again.

"Mom, mom!"

"What is it?"

Aisha pulled up her sleeve. Her thin arm had transformed. For some reason, she had a tiny, but visible biceps now. The mother looked at her and pinched the muscle.

"That's odd."

"I know. But I feel strong!"

Aaliyah hesitated: Should she get her to see a doctor? Aisha didn't look sick. She'd just keep an eye on her. Seconds later, Aisha was cheerful again, jumping around and even doing cartwheels. Aaliyah wanted to shout her down, but then she saw her happiness at being able to move with such ease. Maybe these herbs were good? She opened the trashcan and got the baggie out. She washed the leaves and examined them. They looked like spinach. She took one of the leaves and popped it in her mouth. Probably a dumb idea, but whatever.

She swallowed. At first, nothing happened. Then, she was surprised to feel something strange within her chest. She noticed that her nipples were hardening. She blushed. She was still standing there in her street clothes, headscarf and all and now, her body was, well, getting aroused. And for no reason. She said:

"Aisha, why don't you go over to the Hamiltons and spend some time with Britney?"

"I thought I should help you with the chores?"

"Don't worry, I'm going to take care of them. Go. Now!"

"Okay. Thank you, mom!"

As soon as the door banged shut, Aaliyah let out a sigh of relief. She stood up straight and rearranged her clothes. She had managed to hide it, but somehow, her breasts had started to grow. After five kids, they had grown large and heavy, hanging softly from her chest. That was over now. Instead, they were still expanding and growing fuller by the second.

She had no idea how this was possible, but they were stretching her outfit tighter and tighter. The shapeless stuff she was wearing was getting more and more revealing. She looked in the mirror and saw that she now sported a pair of breasts the size of volleyballs. The fabric sunk into her massive cleavage. She squeezed these hyper-boobs and wondered what to do with them. She looked almost slutty. No amount of clothing would camouflage those orbs.

She was still worrying when she noticed another change. Her butt, a sagging affair after years of neglect, was abruptly perking up. Her hands went to her behind and she noticed it was rock-hard. The growth spread to her legs, filling up her wide pants quickly. Soon, they were skintight. That was insane. She saw deep lines appearing in the fabric as her muscles expanded further. She had never seen anything like it.

Still, she started to enjoy this. She wondered what would happen next and was happy to suddenly feel her stomach tighten. Her abdominals, weakened by the pregnancies, had long given out. Now, they were rapidly reforming and she soon felt that her outfit hid a massive six-pack. She was pretty sure that she looked like a man now, but on the other hand, she had never felt as powerful and feminine before. She grinned and watched as the growth spread to her upper body and forced her arms apart. This was the moment her outfit chose to give up. With a series of pings, her now massive shoulders tore it apart. The buttons on her blouse grew more and more strained, then, the first flew off. The second soon followed suit, then the third. With every further button, her cleavage grew deeper and deeper. At last, it revealed her well-muscled chest and the tremendous pair of breasts she now had. She looked at her incredible physique in the mirror and flexed her arms, each one overloaded with muscle. The sleeves just exploded and she stood there topless.

She grinned and said to herself:

"That should make the housework much easier."

She stepped over to the heavy sofa made of dark wood and lifted it up with one hand. As she noticed just how strong she was, she smiled. Maybe she'd talk to her husband too. She'd have to get her hands on more of that spinach!

The night before, Chloe was clicking down the street in her high heels. She was late already and Connor, the producer, hated people who were late. He was moonlighting as a porn director and operated on a tight schedule. One that paid handsomely, though. Working with him was always a pleasure: There were no delays, nobody was drunk, unclean or drugged up to their ears. She always felt safe on set with him.

Had it been earlier, Chloe would have turned quite a few heads: She was really tall, a little over six feet, with the tight waist of a gym regular and the big, round artificial breasts that were almost required on her job. She also sported a big booty, courtesy of hours at the gym, a Brazilian butt lift and recently, a pair of rather painful implants.

At this hour, there wasn't much going on, which suited her fine. Some people mistook her for a prostitute and that made her really angry. Still, seeing her walk down the street in her black leggings and her oversized shirt with strategically placed cuts in it might suggest something like this. For Chloe, this was all part of the preparations of a shoot. She had to feel sexy to be sexy. That's why she wore her long straight platinum blonde hair open now and swayed her hips as she walked.

There was some weird noise above. She looked up. Nothing. She shrugged. A small pack had dropped into her bag unnoticed. She had to be quick now. She found the door to the location and walked inside. It was a former soundstage, used decades ago to film Blaxploitation movies. The style was still there, which was probably why Connor had chosen the place. He walked up to her, looking ridiculously small at 5'8" next to her. In her six-inch heels, she towered above him. The other actors were not here yet. Connor said:

"It's great you're there so early. You can get ready over there, I just cleaned the changing rooms."

She smiled and gave him a peck on the cheek.

"Thank you, Connor, it's always nice to work with you!"

"The pleasure is all mine. New lips?"

"Yes. I got them pumped up again. Some real dick-suckers. Awesome, huh?"

"Definitely. Now get ready. We've got the place for six hours."

Chloe dropped her bag on the table backstage and took out her make-up. Time to get ready. She pulled off the shirt and looked at her uber-bra. She was an absolute bombshell. She admired her look from all sides when her stomach growled.

All this stress had made her hungry. She checked her bag for a protein bar. Shit. She had left them at the gym. Okay. What else was there? She found a nondescript green bag. Where did this come from? She pulled it open: some weird leaves. Better than nothing. She took one of them and chewed on it as she went through the outfits.

"Hm. Disco cat-suit. Nah. Glam rock jacket. Nah. Schoolgirl outfit. Nah. What's that even supposed to be? Hrm."

She just wanted to call out to Connor when she noticed something odd. Her boobs had just become tighter. That's what they had felt like back when she had her latest saline fill-up. She looked down and noticed that her big, round tits had formed the tightest cleavage imaginable. They looked absolutely stuck together. She stood up and examined them in the mirror. She found out what was going on when she relaxed. Her pectoral muscles had grown. A lot. She had no idea why this would have happened, but they were there and they were big. Despite all the

training and torture at the gym, she had not managed to make them grow big enough. Now, that had changed. Her breasts hung from two massive slabs of muscle. She grinned and flexed them, making her boobs bounce. Left, right, left, right, now both.

Incredible!

All that fooling around made her horny. She noticed her nipples had grown tight and hard. They were really pointy now. She grinned. She had had them pierced years ago. With the bigger implants, the piercings had become uncomfortable, so she had taken out. Ever since, she had missed their hardness. Happily, this was back now. She played around with them.

As she did that, her breasts began to grow. She didn't notice that at first, but then she couldn't believe it. This was definitely weird. At the same time, her calves and thighs grew tighter and more toned. They really looked awesome in her leggings. She lifted her shirt a little and touched her tummy, noticing the faint ridges of emerging abs. Just as she tried to take that all in, her boobs popped her top buttons off.

Shit!

How could that happen? Maybe it was the leaf. She looked at the rest. It looked like spinach. She laughed and said:

"Whatever."

Then, she shoved everything in her mouth and swallowed.

The effect was incredible. The pectorals instantly grew, spreading in all directions. They collided in the middle of her chest and forced themselves outwards. Her large breasts were lifted up, and soon stood off as if lying on a shelf. She immediately started to fondle them through her shirt. However, the transformation was far from finished. Her breasts started to inflate quickly. The situation was weird. She had spent

thousands of dollars on acquiring a massive pair of tits and now, some weirdo herb gave her insane spheres and a cup-size smack at the end of the alphabet. They grew and grew, also becoming more and more spherical. If they had looked fake before, they now appeared to be completely artificial.

Her shirt was ripped open, her expensive custom bra gave out and her massive tits spilled out, turning into beach balls as part of the process. Her nipples were rigid, pointing up in the middle of half-dollar sized areolae.

At the same time, a large rip appeared in her leggings, rapidly widening as her strong, well-trained legs turned into pillars of power. They got so huge that her calves were easily visible from the front and her thighs had become so enormous that each muscle head was larger than a baseball.

Speaking of baseballs: Her arms were growing at an incredible rate. Her biceps had already left baseball levels and grew and grew. Soon, it reached her flexed fist, having turned into something out of a superhero cartoon.

She looked at her naked delicious shape. Her butt, already big due to all the procedures, was massive enough to warrant its own gravitational field. Her abs formed ripped eight-pack and her shoulders and back were wide enough to need a double door.

She grinned at herself and said:

“Holy shit. I’ve got to get me more of that stuff.”

She slipped her hand between her legs, her fingers touching the small blonde patch of pubic hair. The strength that emanated from her pussy was just as incredible.

She stopped herself at the last moment and said:

“No. Work first. No sense in spoiling myself.”

She quickly pulled some oversized daisy dukes and big t-shirt from the rack. The shirt was actually a man’s, but her ridiculous body really brought it to its limit. She stepped outside on the set and declared:

“Okay! Who thinks that he can handle me?”

She flexed her upper body, her arms tore the sleeves of the shirt to shreds while her chest pulverized its front. She stood there topless and grinned.

Lamar, the male star, looked at her, gasped and fainted.

The next day, three women converged on the alley. Michelle arrived first and started rummaging in the trash, looking for another bag of spinach. She was very careful and tried not to show that she had so much money on her. A part of it was already gone, but she sure hoped that the spinach would be her way out of the shit.

Just as she upended another trash-bag, Aaliyah approached. She saw the unkempt woman in her ripped, soiled clothes with the weird hair and hesitated. She didn’t want to get attacked. Aaliyah missed the strength already. Rakhman had been seriously surprised by her power and her inhuman body. She hadn’t made love like this in years and had easily forced him under her, making him actually work to make her come. She really couldn’t remember ever enjoying this so much. Now, she really wanted more spinach and this weirdo woman was preventing her from looking for it. She sighed and occasionally glanced around the corner to check whether she had finally left.

“Excuse me?”

Aaliyah turned around. She almost bumped into a pair of enormous breasts. With the exception of her own, spinach-fueled growth yesterday, she had never seen anything like these. She looked up and

saw a very tall, very ... bulging woman. She had huge, thick lips that reminded her of, well, sausages. Was this a prostitute? Probably.

She didn't know what to say. The big woman asked:

"Are you okay?"

Aaliyah lowered her eyes.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to stare."

The tall woman smiled, her lips weirdly bending.

"Don't worry. It happens all the time. Do you mind if I take a look in this alley?"

"There's someone inside right now."

"So you want to look too?"

Aaliyah blushed. This whole situation was getting more and more awkward. She had to get back home and do her chores, not waste her time talking with some tart in front of an alley. The buxom woman asked:

"You're looking for the spinach too, aren't you?"

"Err."

"I see. I can understand. We should ask the person inside. Maybe she's found it already."

The pair stepped inside and was immediately spotted by Michelle, who turned around angrily:

"What do you want?"

The tall woman replied:

"We're looking for the spinach!"

"What do you know about it?"

"Not much, but I want more. And so does she."

She pointed at Aaliyah, who tried to hide.

"Okay ... Well, I have bad news for you: There's nothing here."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. I've checked everything."

Indeed, Michelle had emptied the bags and cans and was now standing in a field of trash and stinking waste.

Aaliyah sighed. Deep down, she was relieved. Finding the spinach would probably have changed her life. That wasn't what she wanted. Or did she?

She turned to leave.

"Hey."

The group of women looked up. Above them, on a fire escape, sat a young, toned woman with flaming red hair.

"What are you looking for?"

Michelle answered:

"We're looking for more spinach."

"Really? Cool. So you discovered the secret too."

"Secret?"

"Haven't you heard of Green Girl?"

"The superhero?"

"Yeah. She uses the spinach to become strong."

Aaliyah's heart jumped: This was incredible. The red-haired woman continued:

"I have a proposition for you: We join together and try to find out where she gets her stuff. Then, we take it for ourselves. What do you say?"

The three women looked at each other and agreed. This was a weird group.

After exchanging their contact information, they left. Aaliyah had to look after her kids, Michelle was hungry and Chloe had her gym appointment.

Isabell waited until they all left, then grinned. She was going to have her own supervillain society. What a crazy situation!

A week later, Jennifer and Kate were at the gym, pumping iron as hard as they could. The pair had decided to take the superhero business much more seriously and their close encounter with the thief had really shown them their limits. Just eating more spinach was an option, but not one they could rely on. They had to be able to fend for themselves. As a result, they spent as much time training as they could with their college schedules.

When Kate was finished with her umpteenth biceps set, she said:

"This feels so good."

"I know. I never would have thought that I'd actually go to a gym."

"I'd never have thought I'd become a superhero."

"Shhh. That's a secret. Don't talk about it."

"Yeah. I know. By the way, I'm still going to need some help with the outfit."

"Can we talk about this later?"

"Okay."

They left the gym, went to the dorm to finish Kate's costume. The "Biceps Babe"-design was purple to match "Green Girl". It looked weird since it was clearly made for a much larger person. The top revealed her potential abs and her upper arms, to further push the "biceps" part of it.

As they got everything ready, the police scanner sprang to life.

"Suspected break-in at Coronetto's Antiques. Requesting a squad car to investigate."

Jennifer grinned:

"We're up!"

The pair stripped quickly. They had grown a bit more careful with their clothes. It was the end of the month and money was getting tight. This was another problem they had to take care of. Jennifer admired their bodies. The training had made them a little harder and they actually looked quite fit now. Still, being a muscle-goddess beat this every day. They put on their suits and ripped open their packs and swallowed the leaves. The feeling of anticipation was doubtlessly the best. Jennifer felt the slow build-up, then the bizarre feeling in her chest that announced her imminent growth. Then, abruptly, her breasts ballooned outwards, pushing tightly against the costume. She smiled blissfully as her large nipples grew harder and pointier, before her muscles started their journey towards immensity. She watched as Kate transformed into Biceps Babe, her muscles inflating rapidly and indeed giving her football-sized biceps.

The pair stood there in their ridiculous outfits, their Amazonian, hyper-muscled bodies bulging with power. This was an incredible feeling. Biceps Babe adjusted her large breasts in the sewn in sports bra and did a double-biceps flex, grinning as she twisted her forearms and made them grow even bigger. Green Girl put on her mask and handed her

companion her cowl. Just being so massive turned them on. They desperately longed for a confrontation now and quickly exited the dorm.

They reached Coronetto's a little later and dropped down to investigate. The police wasn't here yet. Green Girl pulled out a flashlight and looked inside. Somebody had forced the door and triggered the alarm. They looked around. Everything was in its place. That was unexpected. Maybe they had scared the thieves off?

Meanwhile, the four allies observed the scene from a car on the other side of the street. Isabell grinned:

"They're in. It won't take long now."

Michelle shrugged:

"I can't believe they fell for such a stupid idea."

"It's not stupid."

Chloe shook her head.

"It's stupid. But then again, these girls don't look to mature. I mean, they have big muscles and boobs, but there really isn't much to that once you use that spinach."

Isabell concentrated. They had to be really quick about this. As soon as the pair left, they had to follow them. Aaliyah checked her phone. Getting her sister to baby-sit was good, but trouble could strike at any moment.

Green Girl and Biceps Babe got out. They seemed confused. Chloe took a photo. She said:

"Look at those outfits. They're really trying to be goody two shoes."

Isabel grinned and replied:

"Ours will be way cooler."

Michelle interrupted:

"They're leaving."

"Go!"

Aaliyah put down her phone and started the car. The station wagon followed the two women. Michelle rolled down the window and looked outside, telling the driver where their targets went.

They reached the college area after a rather lengthy tour through the city. The two would-be superheroines had taken their time on their patrol. Aaliyah stopped the car and asked:

"Now what?"

Isabell was clear on the next step:

"We're going to take turns watching that place. As soon as they run out of spinach, we're going to find out where they get it."

Aaliyah and Chloe shook their heads. The tall woman said:

"I don't have time for this."

Michelle said:

"Don't worry. I'm taking care of this. I'm going to use my superpower."

"Superpower?"

"Just hanging around all day."

"Wow."

"Hey, Tits, cut me some slack. I'm really trying to make this work."

Isabell shouted them both down:

"Stop it. Michelle, you do this. We're getting there!"

There was a collective sigh as they imagined themselves turning into huge, powerful goddesses again.

They were really close now.

Three phones rang at the same time. As the three women picked up, they heard Michelle's first words:

"Can you hear me? Everybody?"

"Yes!"

"Sure!"

"Yeah!"

"Incredible. So, they're on their way. I'm following them, join me as soon as you can."

There were mumbles of affirmation as the three women started on their ways.

Michelle quickly followed the two students. The duffle bag fit the description. After a while, she reached the ruined farm. She watched as the two women entered and disappeared in the zone. She waited until everybody was there. Aaliyah asked:

"Isn't that place dangerous?"

Isabell nodded, but said:

"Sure, but what isn't?"

"Everything else, I guess."

"Do you want the spinach or don't you?"

Reluctantly, Aaliyah agreed. They hid and waited until the pair returned. The duffle bag was overflowing. They also noticed that both were much better than before. This was the right place. Now it was time!

They climbed inside and walked over the wasteland until they found a big spinach field. Clearly, Green Girl and her companion were doing this professionally. Before they could all start to pick some herbs and stuff themselves, Isabell interrupted:

"Wait. If we take this here, they'll know. Let's better take some 'wild' leaves."

Moments later, they had found what they were looking for. The four women immediately went into some kind of feeding frenzy, stuffing themselves with spinach as fast as they could. This was the moment they had been waiting for!

The first to notice the change was starting was Michelle. She felt her nipples harden abruptly and gasped:

"Oh, yes! It's starting ... This is so good ..."

She felt her breasts follow suit, growing quickly under her oversized shirt. She had dropped her bra, simply because her boyish figure had rendered it useless. Instead, she wore a broad bandeau. Now, her boobs were stretching the thing and it was quickly growing tighter and thinner. She squeezed her emerging tits through the fabric and declared:

"This is the best!"

Meanwhile, Aaliyah was struggling to get her clothes off. In her desire to grow, she had forgotten to take care of them. She was halfway out of her dress when her nipples turned rock hard. Her breasts filled out again,

swelling from her chest and quickly turning into round masses of soft flesh.

Aaliyah shouted:

“Wonderful!”

She had to close her eyes, the emotion was too strong.

Chloe was just standing there, admiring her mutating body. She had her nipples pierced again a few days ago and they were now always super-perky, but with the spinach, they were growing ever more erect. Her hands snapped to her nipples and she began playing with them, squeezing and pulling them through the fabric of her clothes. This was incredible. Meanwhile, her breasts began to grow. She felt that her arms were getting forced apart. The boob-flesh was growing and quickly overflowing her well-trained arms. The feeling was unbelievably intense. It was better than anything else.

For Isabell, the experience was familiar, but this made it only more enjoyable. Watching her chest expand to soccer ball size was a tremendous feeling. However, she only waited for the muscles. When the growth started gently in her legs, she smiled. When her thighs began to stretch her pants, she grinned. When her abs firmed up and turned into cobblestones, she laughed. When her pecs broadened and blew up, when her shoulders became bowling balls, when her arms turned into masses of muscle, she wept tears of joy. This was who she was.

She looked around and marveled at her companions' transformations. Michelle's body had become a mutant's anatomy chart, every line and striation visible under her stretched skin. Her entire body-fat seemed to have flowed to her massive breasts. This woman was built for speed.

Aaliyah's transformation was just as amazing. Her thickset body had gained more mass. She stood there, gigantic and broad. She had large hips that flowed into thighs that would put a speed-biker to shame. Her fist-sized abs and obliques created a lattice of power on her stomach. Her bulbous, swollen tits rested on them. Her shoulders spread out like a

mountain range. The remains of her clothes flapped in the rising wind as did her long black hair. The look fit her well. She seemed at peace with herself.

Next to her, Chloe stretched. The tall woman was now a valkyrian giantess. Never had Isabell seen a shape as extreme as hers. She had monstrous legs, a butt that warranted its own moon and breasts large enough to provide shade in the summer. She lifted her arms, causing collisions and rumblings of tectonic shifts. She said:

“Yes! This is what we should be.”

Isabell looked at them and said:

“What do you say? Are we queens?”

There were shouts of agreement.

“We will challenge Green Girl and we will defeat her!”

Oddly enough, there was more agreement. The women were now drunk with power.

Aaliyah said:

“I have made outfits.”

The three others looked at her in surprise. She explained:

“I thought it would be cool. I always liked science fiction, ever since Dune. And I like comics.”

Shrugs were followed by applause as she showed them the costumes.

At last, they stood together complimenting each other to their looks. Isabell's cat-suit had received a few extra details, Michelle's outfit really hugged her tight body and had a weird vintage feeling to it. Aaliyah had opted for a white body-suit that completely hid her face. No point in embarrassing the kids, she explained. Still, Chloe was the most

astonishing. Aaliyah had given her a Kirbyesque style in deep red that was so over the top it'd blew anybody's mind.

Isabell declared:

"The four queens will destroy Green Girl!"

There were more cheers.

###

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

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