

# Lady Atlas (Man to Superhero MILF TG AP)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commission for Camden Levy**

*Bill Baxter has it all: he's handsome, popular, has a beautiful girlfriend, and is the star quarterback of his college football team. But everything changes when Bill is accidentally bestowed the gifts of the goddesses and becomes Lady Atlas, a thirty six year old woman with superpowers. Not only must the new 'Birdie' Baxter contend with her new body and powers, but also with the fact that in this changed reality, her best friend Cody is now her own biological son!*

## **Lady Atlas**

### **Issue #1: Origin Story**

"That's it, go to your room!"

Birdie Baxter jabbed a finger up the stairs, staring down at her nineteen year old son with a glare in her eyes. This was the first time she had asserted authority like this with her child, and it felt like flexing a new muscle, painful but . . . necessary. But Cody just looked at her like she was mad.

"Are you kidding? I'm a nineteen year old man. And besides, I'm not your freakin' son, and you're not my freakin' mother! I don't have a mother!"

Birdie bit back the strange emotions that statement gave her. "Yes you do, and it's me. Whether either of us like it or not, I'm your mother now, and everyone knows it. There's a picture of me pregnant with you right here in the living room, and another with me teaching you how to ride a bike when you were five."

"But you don't want to stay like that, do you? You want to change back. You want to abandon me."

"I'm not abandoning you! But you said it; I'm not your mother!"

"You aren't if you go through with this."

Birdie folded her arms beneath her breasts. "I never was. I was just playing pretend for a while. God, I was even starting to like it, until everything with Rose happened! It's high time everything went back to normal, and if you're going to argue with me like that, then it's also high time you went to your room already."

"Why are you doing this? Why are you acting like such a bitch?"

"Because I guess I have to be one now, don't I?" Birdie exclaimed. She gestured to her body. "But I won't tomorrow. Not when I change back."

“But you were adapting so well! We were a family!”

“In case you haven’t noticed, I’ve had to adapt to a lot of things. Now, I’m over it. And I don’t want to get into this. I’m not staying. I’m going to be him again.”

“Yeah, well, I liked you better as you are now,” Cody said, tears in his eyes, and then he stamped up the stairs in anger, his footfalls heavy.

Birdie sighed, her son’s last words eating at her. She looked at herself in the living room mirror, and once again was confronted by the sight of her strange reflection. She was a beautiful, curvaceous, thirty six year old mother. A total MILF, really, with a thick figure that included wide, childbearing hips and a stout waist, not to mention a bosom that clearly had never deflated after breastfeeding. Her hair was black, thick, and slightly curly even in a pixie cut, and her dark eyes were kind with just the hint of crow’s feet around the edges. She was utterly beautiful, with the body one would expect of a particularly attractive soccer mom. In her blouse and high-waisted jeans she appeared casual, but her mind was anything but, and that was because even after all of this time, Birdie still barely recognised the woman in the reflection.

“I liked me better now, Cody,” she murmured to herself. “And that’s the fucking problem.”

The thick-waisted beauty was jolted from her thoughts by a sudden beeping on her wristwatch. She raised it and sighed. Another disaster in Gate City, this time some kind of rampaging solar-based villain. She moved and switched on the television, and straight away there was live footage from GateNews showing a number of heroes battling the villain. Her watch beeped again.

*B-TIER THREAT.*

“Damn it,” Birdie mumbled. “That’s not S or A-tier, but it’s not weak either. Shoot.”

She knew she had to act. It was part of her duty. But she hated to leave things like this with her son.

“Hey Cody!” she shouted aloud up the stairs. “I have to go, okay? I’m sorry, but it’s an emergency. I’ve left food in the fridge. I - I love you, okay?”

There was no response, but her watch was beeping again. With another sigh, she crossed her wrists together in front of her chest.

*“ALAKAZAM!”*

A radiant burst of celestial lightning exploded around her, shooting through the ceiling but doing no discernible damage. Her body crackled with energy, infused with the power of the goddesses who had blessed her. Her muscles expanded, her thighs thickened with strength, and her bust even grew further, while her pixie cut spilled out to fall in luscious dark curls upon her shoulders. Her clothes flashed, changing to her new costume; a blue dress that went tight around the bust and showed her muscles along the sleeves, with a skirt

hem that fell to just above her knees. A gold trim ran along the edge of her dress, and a belt in the same colour cinched across her thick waist, emphasising her hips. Golden braces and a pair of golden sandals appeared on her wrists and feet respectively, and the final touch was her symbol: a golden symbol of earth upon her well-endowed chest. A domino mask extended across her face, also golden, and then the lightning was gone, and her change was finished.

“Okay, time to go. Cody, stay safe, okay! Mom - I mean, I’ll be back soon!”

She ran through the door, her body radiating power, and then leapt into the sky, the wind rushing past her ears as she careened through the air as one of earth’s newest and mightiest heroes.

*Jesus, I can’t make sense of all this, she thought to herself as she stretched a fist forward in a classically heroic pose. One day you’re a twenty year old guy with a hot girlfriend, and the next your thirty six year old MILF whose best friend is now your own son. Oh, and you have superpowers. What even is my life?*

She could only hope she could get back.

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### **Two Months Earlier**

The crowd cheered as it always did when Bill Baxter scored yet another touchdown. He was the star of the football team as usual, the quarterback who simply couldn’t be stopped. He raised his arms to the air, basking in the crowd’s worship before returning back to his position. He could see Rose in her seat whooping and cheering, and she blew him a kiss. He pretended to catch it, then instead of leaving it there, he rubbed his nipples in an exaggerated fashion, to the amusement and contention of the crowd. Rose sunk further in her seat.

“Dude, can you be serious for one second,” Malcolm said beside him as they readied for their next play.

“Why, are we about to lose?,” he said, grinning. “Last I checked, we were up over thirty points.”

“Think about the dignity of the team, mate.”

Bill responded by slapping his teammate’s ass as he bent down in position.

“How’s that for dignity?”

“Goddamn it, Bill. You’re lucky you’re so talented.”

“Luck’s got nothing to do with it. It’s all skill, baby. All skill.”

The next play started, but it was all just to run out the clock. Bill decided, as usual, to be a bit silly with it, easily outrunning his competitors and then turning as if to offer them the ball as conciliation, only to then turn again.

*'PSYCHE!'* he mouthed to the cameras, before laughing as he zigzagged, eluding players left and right. .

The Gate Eagles easily dominated the Star Stallions, and in less than two minutes the game was theirs, the crowd erupting into an even bigger cheer. Bill rushed together with his team and they collided into a great celebration, he lifted above their shoulders to an impromptu singing of their college's anthem. The naughty variant, that was, with more than a few references to the cheerleaders who were coming out to dance. Bill spotted Rose slipping further into her seat, her hands on her face in embarrassment. He gave her a wave and kept singing.

As his wave morphed into a fist in triumph, Bill couldn't help but think how damn good his life was. He was one of the most popular people on campus, a nineteen year old star who'd already proven himself one of the team's best, and there was no doubting that he was damn good looking too: tall, with a manly jaw and attractively-scruffy black hair, and a muscular figure that some people could never achieve in a life of working out. He hoped that one day he might even get drafted into the league, and become a famous footballer. But even if he didn't, he was riding high on a wave of sports success, and it had certainly scored him an attractive girlfriend, even if she was embarrassed by him right now. He left the celebrations and clambered up the stands to see her.

"There's my sexy sweetheart!" he teased, picking her up by her waist.

"My hero," she said, somewhat sarcastically. Still, she kissing him as he held her. Her brunette hair flowed over him, and he enjoyed the feeling of her body against his, particularly her impressive C-cup breasts.

"Just wait until the celebrations tonight," he whispered back.

"You're not going to throw a custard pie in my face or something are you?"

"Is that a joke I'm not getting."

She pulled her face back. "Bill, you were acting like a clown out there. I keep telling you that you need to grow up a little, particularly when you might be scouted."

Bill shrugged. "Yeah, maybe you're right. Or maybe I'll get chemicals dumped on me one day and I'll turn into a powerful superhuman and join the Hero Society. Would you like that?"

"I'd like you to consider what I'm saying as a serious possibility."

Bill kissed her lips again, enjoying the taste of them. "For you babe, anything. I'd make a hot superhero though, right?"

"Oh, absolutely. The muscles alone! But trust me, Red Magnet's got nothing on you."

He waggled his eyebrows. "Then maybe you'll wear that thing I like tonight?"

"Only if you promise to tear it off me."

Rose kissed him again, parting only so that he could head back to his teammates for their final celebration before the crowd. The local superhero chapter had even sent Bug Boy to congratulate the winning team onstage and provide some vouchers for their local Hero Tower tours, but Bill wasn't too impressed with that. It was Red Magnet, Meteor Woman, or Blue Trident, or *nothing*, as far as he was concerned. But he did see an opportunity when Bug Boy presented a wine bottle as a present to the team coach. Instead of heeding Rose's words, however, he quickly grabbed said champagne bottle and proceeded to uncork it and spray it all over his teammates, only half of which seemed amused by the over-the-top gesture. Bug Boy definitely wasn't, and he at least had wings to flutter the champagne off of himself.

"WE WON!" Bill cried, covered in froth.

As he made his way off the field, he caught sight of his best friend Cody in the stands. His buddy was slimmer and shorter, with light brown hair. He was the kind of guy who could slip into the background of any crowd and become forgettable, but despite that Bill could always pick him out; he'd been friends with Cody since they could barely walk.

"Hey, nice job buddy!" Cody called out, voice barely rising above the din.

"It was a team effort! That is to say, the team made the effort to get out of my way so I could win this thing!"

"Yeah, real humble, you are!"

Bill threw his friend a middle finger. Cody threw it right back, and the pair laughed.

"I'll see you tomorrow for lunch, man. Try not to have a killer hangover!"

*I totally will, Bill thought. I'm gonna get fucking blitzed. Fake ID is already in play.*

"Pizza at *Super Sauce!*" he said. "Be there!"

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When Bill arrived, it was with Rose on his arm. The pretty brunette was in a pair of daisy dukes and tight red crop top that left her belly button piercing on display. Bill would have loved it, but his hangover was so crippling that she had to basically guide him forward.

*Ughhh. Maybe I went too far. How many times did I vomit last night?*

"I told you, you were an idiot," she said.

"Yeah, but I'm a cool idiot."

Cody had already got them a table, and was fidgeting as he waited. He often did that. He had a kind of nervous, hyper-aware disposition that Bill lacked.

*Probably because he was raised bouncing from one foster home to the next. Does the head in, I bet. Ngh. Like this fucking hangover.*

“Doesn’t he have a date?” Rose whispered in Bill’s ear.

“N-not so loud. Headache. And nah, him and Abby didn’t work out.”

“Poor Cody. I really wish he’d find a girl. He’s so sweet. Girls just don’t see it.”

“Well, don’t you go out with him?” he teased.

“I just might if you keep being a moron. Tell me you’ve finished your equations assessment.”

“I - I haven’t *not not* finished it, if that’s what you mean.”

Rose groaned. “If it weren’t for all these muscles, and that gun you’re packing between your legs, I just might go over to Cody there, I swear.”

Bill snorted as they moved to Cody’s table. “Hey man!” he said.

Cody was jolted from his thoughts. “Oh, hey yourself! And congratulations again, man. That was an epic play. A bit of histrionics too, I noticed.”

“Hey, it was for the fans. Rose enjoyed it.”

She folded her arms. “I pointedly did not. By the way, Cody, if you want to get angry at Bill today, shout in his ears. He’s got a hangover. It’ll stop him dead.”

“Don’t say that! Not even Meteor Woman herself can stop me right now, I’m on such a high. Speaking of, this Meteor Burger looks good. Oh, but the Trident Special is here. Hell yeah.”

*Super Sauce* was a themed restaurant dedicated to the very real superheroes that protected the world, chiefly the Hero Society but also the European Parahumans League and other minor hero groups. There were even ARTEMIS-themed plushies, and that was just a government organisation that existed to help oversee young supers who developed powers early through some accidental chemical dip or what not. There were even some dedicated to minor hapless villains, like the Toy Master and The Typo, but obviously bigger ones like Hyperion would never feature, what with their real life body counts and all.

“I’m gonna go for the Meteor Burger. How big do you think it’ll be, Rose? Pretty big, right? Should we get two of them, to complete the set?”

Rose rolled her eyes. “I get it, she’s got big boobs. Hilarious joke.”

“Hey, I for one champion all boobs. I don’t discriminate. I’m a hero that way.”

“You heard it here first, folks,” Rose joked. “My boyfriend is a member of the Hero Society! Hey, have you ordered yet, Cody?”

“Nah, was waiting for you guys. Also, I’m trying to weigh the menu a bit. Lots of choices, y’know?”

Rose took Bill’s hand under the table and squeezed it. Bill knew exactly what her concern was: as much as Cody tried to hide it, he clearly had ongoing money problems. Bill

had seen the tuition bills on his desk when he'd visited his little apartment a month ago, and it wasn't exactly like he could lean on anybody: Cody was an orphan who'd lost his parents when he'd been too young to remember them. After that, he'd been raised in a constant rotation of foster care, and it had left a mark on him. It was part of the reason he has such a small social circle, and why he'd attached so closely to Bill when they'd become friends way back in second grade, and stuck close ever since, even as their lives diverged; Bill had become a star athlete while Cody meandered a lot, working endless deadend jobs.

*Jesus, he just can't come out and say it.*

"I'm happy to pay," Bill said.

"You don't have to do that," Cody replied, his cheeks turning red. "I just feel like small fries. I can get that."

"Dude, I'm offering. I can easily pay for it. I'm absolutely flushed with cash right now. The old man just sent me more."

Rose kicked his foot under the table.

"But, you know, I'm using it wisely."

Cody looked uncomfortable. "Yeah. Okay. I'll take some of your father's money for it, then."

*Was . . . was that a jab?*

Bill's parents were indeed loaded. They were quite distant, though. Not terrible, but they didn't care for his sports career ambitions. They were also old; his mother had had him in her forties, and something about the generational differences meant they didn't exactly get along.

"Dude, I'm just trying to do you a solid here. I'm not asking for a handjob under the table or anything but that was not an honest thanks."

Rose kicked his leg harder.

"What?" he asked.

Cody became flustered. "I - nevermind. Shit. I'm sorry. I'm really stressed lately. I didn't mean that, dude. About your Dad's cash. Things have just been hard lately."

Bill nodded. "Yeah, sure man. Let's just forget it. I'll get three Flame Dancer's Scorching Pizzas and split them between us."

"I'll order for us," she said, kissing her boyfriend on the cheek. "Behave, you two."

She sauntered away, and Bill leapt on this opportunity.

"Cody, what's going on, man?"

His friend scratched his light brown hair in agitation, before sighing deeply. "I really am sorry, Bill. I shouldn't have said that."

"Yeah, but like, why did you say it? You know I don't speak much to my Dad. He sends the money anyway. I might as well use it. I haven't done anything to you."

“I guess . . . shit. Can we talk about this later? You know, like tonight? We can go for a drive or something.”

Bill nodded slowly. “That depends on how much I’m enjoying a little action with my Rose tonight. I gotta part her petals, if you know what I mean. Deflower her, and all.”

Cody screwed up his face in disgust. “You really do need to grow up.”

“And yet I never will! Hey, how are your assessments going?”

Cody clearly welcomed the change of subject. “Go my maths one and my chemistry done, but physics is fucking with me, man. I can get all the standard stuff, but then they bring in the Hero Society stuff and I just fizzle. Like, I don’t know *why* I need to learn how Lightning Lass’s electricity works, or in what way Ectoplasm defies the laws of gravitational physics, right? I thought they learned all that shit at ARTEMIS.”

“Beats me,” Bill said. “I reckon maybe there’s way more jobs dealing with superheroes and parahumans and all that than we reckon. Or maybe there’s a lot of money in it, or something.”

“Did you see that vid of Meteor Woman doing the flyby near the Daily Star building over in Star City?”

Bill smirked. He knew the video. A photographer with a very powerful camera had gotten into just the right place to get a really, really great cleavage show.

“They looked like a pair of the sweetest fruit I’ve ever seen,” he said.

“God, I’d love to find a girl like that.”

“Maybe lower your standards a little,” Bill said. “Meteor Woman is, like, the pinnacle. No one’s even close to her in popularity. And how many girls have boobs *that* big?”

Cody coughed, and his eyes wandered to Rose at the counter. Bill smiled.

“She’s no Meteor Woman, but she’s got a palmful. Trust me, they make her moan when I’m on them.”

“You shouldn’t talk about her like that.”

“She can’t hear. Besides, it’s true. You can treat your girl right . . . when you get one.”

Cody put his hands on his chin and leaned forward, his eyes dreamy. “Well, I’m not exactly pulling any girls at the moment, let alone Meteor Woman.”

“What are you boys talking about?”

The voice had come from Rose, who had come back from ordering. The two young men exchanged a look with one another, then burst out laughing.

“What? What!?”

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Bill slid out of Rose and lay on his back, panting.

“Fuck, that was good. You were good.”

She slid her hand over his muscled chest, sampling the muscles that were coated in a fine sheen of sweat, evidence of their intense lovemaking.

“Mhmmm, and you were amazing. God, I can’t feel my legs. They’re like jelly.”

“And you drained me. You’re so fucking tight. Jesus, I could fuck you forever, Rose.”

She licked her lips and curled against him, her legs crossed to prevent any leakage of his issue. “But then how could you become my champion footballer? Besides, if you were fucking me forever, I wouldn’t get to wear all those naughty things you love to rip off of me, remember?”

“Huh. You make a good point. Still, it’s a fantasy. Especially when I get to touch these.”

She chuckled in response to him cupping her breasts and jiggling them.

“Okay, stop that. You know they’re sensitive after.”

He jiggled them some more. *Fuck, these tits are great*, he thought.

She moaned. “B-Bill, I said stop.”

“Just a little more,” he said, making them wobble. He giggled like a schoolboy, but after several seconds she slapped his hand away.

“Jesus, Bill, can’t you stop being juvenile for one moment? I was enjoying laying here with you and you had to ruin it. I’m just asking you to act like an adult, maybe get in touch with your feminine side so you can realise your girlfriend likes these kind of quiet moments after sex.”

“Okay, okay!” he said, lying on his back again. “Fine. Sorry.” He waited a few moments, but couldn’t enjoy it like Rose clearly was. Instead, he ran his hand over her stomach. “I’m looking forward to Spring Break, y’know. We could go down to my family’s shack. You could go fishing. You could sit there in a bikini. I love you in that pink bikini. It makes these tits look fiiiine.”

He went to shift her breasts, but she instantly got up out of bed in a huff and began moving to the shower.

“Hey, what’s wrong? It was just one touch.”

“You’re so, so, so lucky you’re good at sex and have a winning smile, Bill, that’s all I’ll say!”

Bill sighed. “I don’t suppose there’s a chance I can join you in the shower, then?”

She reached a hand back and stuck up her middle finger.

“Yeah, thought so! I’ll go see Cody. I promised to catch up with him. He’s obviously on struggle street.”

*But maybe he’s still in a better mood than you*, he thought.

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Cody was not in a better mood. He was waiting outside of what Bill considered to be a *shitty little apartment*, one with the occasional roach and definite black mould. Bill pulled over to pick him up as they'd arranged.

"Ready to go for a drive?"

Cody got in and buckled his seatbelt. "Where to?"

"It's a secret. You'll like it."

They drove in silence for nearly twenty minutes, just occasionally commenting on the weather or something else banal. Bill had to try and force down his annoyance at all of this, biting his tongue. Something was clearly going on with Cody, and he wanted to be there for his friend, but he could also be patching things up with Rose and going for Round Two with her.

*Damn, I should be taking her from behind right now. This better be worth it, buddy.*

They passed the Hero Tower at the edge of town, where the local Hero Society members met to lock up criminals and plan their equipment and heroic crusades and whatnot, then continued further into the countryside from there. Overhead, something bright streaked past one road over, a bright plumage of blue.

"The Cobalt Speedster," Cody murmured.

"That'd be him."

"Do you ever get jealous of them, Bill?"

Bill shrugged. "Nah. They're superpowered. I'm not. But I'm an alpha male where it counts. For them, it's a different ballgame. I don't follow cricket, and I don't really follow superhero stuff. Except for the hot girl ones, obviously. Otherwise, they don't matter much to me so long as they stop the city from getting destroyed."

"Even though they could thrash you at football?"

"They wouldn't last against me, I'm too good."

Cody scoffed, but there was something derisive in the sound. Again, that twinge of irritation rose up in Bill.

"Dude, will you just stop being so silent on this and tell me what's up already?"

"I thought we were heading somewhere first?"

"Yeah, but this whole act is driving me up the wall! It's like you're on your period or something. A guy period. Seriously, I just had a big day yesterday. I just got done having some fine, fine sex with my girlfriend, and then I still reach out to you like the good friend I am because I sense you're off about something."

Cody was silent for a moment, and then he said, "I'll tell you when we park. I need fresh air."

“Me too. We’re here, anyway.”

Cody looked ahead as they took the turn off at the Greenfire Tree. Bill parked at the base of the hill and gestured for them to walk up to it. The tree was long dead, but was a titan of a thing, and a regular meeting place for kids who were scared of ghosts and following through on dares, as they had once. It had been that way ever since the villain *Greenfyre* had set it alight two decades ago, before being beaten by the Black Mirage. They moved up, the pair of them, until they were at its base, overlooking Gate City in the distance.

“Okay, we’re here,” Bill said.

They had snuck here once for underage drinking, as well as more than a few escapades. Back then Cody had even had a girlfriend, but it hadn’t lasted. Now, his friend finally spoke again. “You have everything,” he said, flatly.

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?”

“It means you’ve got everything,” he repeated. “Bill, you’ve got popularity, you’ve got good looks, you’ve got money and growing fame! You’ve got a girlfriend, the same girl I was crushing on way before you met her-”

“Hey, you never asked her out. *Once*. I did.”

“You didn’t ask permission! You knew I was interested!”

“God, is that what this is about? That Rose likes me and not you? Seriously?”

“Yes! No! Maybe! It’s about that and everything. You’ve got this whole goddamn life trajectory ahead of you. You’ve got the Hero Society giving sports sponsorships to your team! And what have I got? Nothing! You know where you’re going, and I’ve got no goddamn idea. I can’t even decide what job I want. I can’t, because I currently work *two* just to support myself.”

“Yeah, I know it’s unfair, but how is this my fault?”

“It’s not, it’s just . . . I see you joking around and acting silly and I know *I can’t do that*. I haven’t been able to do that in a long time.”

Bill shrugged, picked up a rock, and threw it. “That’s your decision, man.”

“No, it’s not! It was made for me. You may not have had the closest parents growing up, but at least you had some. You had support, you had opportunities. And seeing you out there on the field earlier today, Jesus, I couldn’t believe it.”

“You’re jealous,” Bill said.

“Of course I’m fucking jealous. You get to act like a big kid. Who gets that? And I know it’s all me, and not you, but man, I just wish I had what you had, man. You don’t know how good you’ve got it.”

*Great, a pity party*, he thought, but he knew that reaction was a little strong.

“Dude, it’s because I go for it. I swing for the fences. And yeah, I don’t give a shit. I’ll do a bit of underage drinking, blow up an illegal firework. It’s all just fun.”

“Because you can get away with it. I can’t. I lost the lottery, man. You were born with better genes and a better home life. I guess I just wish I had that. I never even knew my Mom.”

Bill pulled his hood on. “Fuck, it’s cold. Why did I come out here?”

“It was your idea, remember?”

“Yeah, because I thought it would cheer you up.

They reached the Old Tree and stood there, looking out at Gate City, including the Hero Tower. The Cobalt Speedster had long since reached it.

*Wonder what battle they’re getting up to now. Hopefully no more villain action until football season is over.*

“Look,” Cody said after Bill had waited him out. “I’m just in a funk, dude. I feel like you’ve got everything and I’ve got nothing. I just . . . I’m jealous, okay? I’m not resentful. I don’t hate you or anything. You’re my best friend, but . . . you just have it so good.”

Bill turned. Something about how pathetic Cody was acting was making him snap. He could have been fucking Rose by now. Hell, he could be doing whatever he wanted, instead of trying to lift his friend’s spirits down memory lane.

“Dude, you don’t get to tell me how good I have it. I earned this. All of it. I’m Bill fucking Baxter, man. Why can’t we just be up here, talking about hot chicks and superhero battles and trying to tip cows as if we were dumb country boys or whatever, like the old days? Hell, I’ve got some beer stashed in the car, we can drink that! But none of this sadsack ‘woe is me’ routine, okay? I don’t have time for that.”

Cody narrowed his eyes. A harsh wind hit them, but where the strong Bill staggered, Cody was still with anger.

“You’re never going to grow up,” he said flatly.

“Yeah?” Bill replied. “Because it feels like I’m your goddamn mother right now.”

*Fuck, why did I say that?*

But it was too late. Cody made a sound like a growl under his breath and began to walk back down the hill, away from the tree.

“Shit,” Bill said. *It’s not like it didn’t need to be said, he thought to himself. I can’t solve all his issues. But . . . fuck.*

He smashed his fist against the tree. Pride. That had always been his biggest issue. Pride, and a dash of immaturity. Well, a whopping dose of it. Bill stewed on that for a time, hoping Cody would return, not quite willing to be the bigger man . . . yet. Finally, after nearly ten minutes, he heard footsteps coming back up the hill.

“Finally,” he muttered.

*He can apologise first, he thought. Then I’ll say sorry second.*

It was childish as ever, but he clung to it. But in the mist that was gathering around Greenfire Tree, Bill failed to realise that this figure was just a bit too short to be Cody, their coat too long, their hood too ornate. Bill smirked and folded his arms as he looked down at the approaching figure.

*Go on then, he thought. Say you're sorry so we can patch this up already.*

But instead the figure extended a hand outwards, a rather pale hand with lots of jewellery jangling at the end of it.

*What the hell?* Bill thought, but the figure spoke before he could.

*"As ordained, we meet before the power-touched tree, Rosalyn. You have been chosen by the Goddesses, and they bless you with their powers, to join the ranks of super beings and bring wisdom and justice to the world! Now accept their gift, Rosalyn, and become the one who shall hold up the world! ALAKAZAM!"*

She stretched out her hands, and a bewildered Bill was too shocked to speak as radiant energy crackled around her palms.

*What the actual fuck?*

And then it happened. The sky *boomed*, and a pillar of celestial lightning *crashed* down upon Bill. Everything went bright white, and the young man screamed in horror, believing he was moments away from death. His body stretched in the brief second that followed, ballooning in ways that could only mean he was going to explode. His chest burned, his clothing seemed to ripple and shift, and his hair sizzled. He felt his bones pop, his flesh shift about, and the power flowed through and into him right to his core.

*I'm melting,* he thought.

The light faded, and the lightning was gone, not even leaving a scorch mark where he had stood. Bill exhaled, both shocked and joyful; he was exactly where he had been standing. But his relief didn't last long. Something was wrong with him. Something deeply wrong. A number of things, actually. His vision was partly blocked by his black hair, which had somehow grown and gained a slightly curlier style, but even as he went to move it out of the way, he could feel parts of himself shift and jiggle that hadn't been there previously. His ass felt huge, and his chest . . . had two weights upon it. Prominent ones. In fact, all of him felt thicker and curvier, even as a strange sense of power radiated through him.

"What's h-happened to me?"

*My voice!* Bill thought. *What's happened to my voice?*

His question was soon answered as he looked down, and saw that not only had his clothing turned into some kind of red cloth superhero outfit, complete with a symbol of a golden earth upon his chest, but that said chest was *big* in two particular places.

*Breasts. I've got breasts. Oh God, have I got -?*

He lowered his hands - rather feminine hands - down to his crotch, feeling against what appeared to be a skirt or part of the overall superhero dress. The poor *former* man squeaked as he felt nothing there but a slight mound and what had to be a feminine slit.

Bill Baxter was now a woman.

## **Issue #2: New Reality**

Bill ignored the power flowing through the female body he'd just transformed into. He felt like he could launch over treelines and tear mountains asunder. He *also* felt like he had a very large pair of breasts on his chest and quite the dumptruck on his backside, except that was because he *actually did*.

"Oh God," he murmured.

"Goddesses, I think you mean," the woman said. Bill had forgotten about her, but raised his head to take her in as she stepped forward, causing his black curls to spill upon his shoulders. "Well done, child. You are blessed with the gifts of the great goddesses, Rosalyn, and they have seen you fit to wield them."

There was a beat as Bill looked over his body again.

"What the fuck are you talking about!? I'm not Rosalyn, whoever that is! I'm Bill Baxter! Change me back, now! Whoever you are!"

The woman suddenly pulled back her cloak. She looked weathered and old, but dignified, with snow-white hair and an imperious nose. She blinked, taking in Bill's changed body.

"You're not Rosalyn? Rosalyn Evers?"

"N-no!" Bill shouted, still not used to his changed voice. It had a husky quality, and combined with his curves and his thicker waist it made him wonder how *old* this body was. "I'm not her at all!"

"But . . . this is the Warding Tree, is it not? The tree lit by ambient light of the Gods?"

"I - *what!*? I don't know anything about any gods, but this is the Greenfire Tree! Some crazy supervillain made it this way. It's got nothing to do with any fucking gods!"

She sucked in a breath. "Oh. Shit."

"Shit? That's all you've got to say? Why am I a woman? Why have I got big tits? Can you change me back?"

This imperious witch-like figure suddenly looked more than a little embarrassed.

"Oh, this is very bad. Very, very bad. I was assigned to provide the blessing, and now I've gotten the wrong person. You say you were a man?"

"Yes! I'm only nineteen years old!"

“Not thirty six?”

“NO!”

“Shit. Um, I’m very sorry about this. We don’t have much time. I’m meant to give a spiel before reality changes and everything settles in. Are we alone? Look, you’ve been given the gifts of the most powerful goddesses of ancient myth. The strength of Athena, the beauty of Aphrodite, a connection to animals from Artemis, the fury of Hera, the-”

“Oh my God, is this superhero stuff?”

“In a manner of speaking, now listen-”

I can’t take this! Just turn me back already!”

Things only got worse as a series of footsteps thudded back up the hill. Cody had obviously thrown off his sulking and ascended the hill to check out whatever was going on, and his eyes were wide as he took in the sight of Bill’s new body.

“Holy shit, it’s a new superhero,” he said.

“It’s me, Cody! It’s Bill! This lady fucking ambushed me and turned me into this.”

“What!?”

“Exactly!”

By this point, the witch woman was in a full blown panic, looking between the two. “No! No one else is meant to be here. Oh, Hera, it was meant to be just myself and Rosalyn, otherwise the new reality gets all mixed up. Listen, young man, you must flee! I am trying to instruct your friend on the new role she must take on-”

“I’m not taking on any fucking role!” Bill cried, smashing a fist into the Greenfire Tree out of frustration.

It exploded. Literally. The concussive blast of his superpowered strike obliterated a huge section of the dead tree and sent the rest flying. Cody yelled in shock, and so did Bill himself. He looked at his fist.

“Did I do that?”

“You did,” the woman said. “You have gained the great powers of the goddesses, as I keep trying to tell you. Listen, you must heed my words before the new reality sets in. The power and change is permanent-”

“PERMANENT!?”

“- and your power and costume are activated through the power of the gods-”

“Did she just say you’ve got the power of the gods?” Cody said, his voice full of awe and slight jealousy.

“- with the phrase ‘Alakazam.’ That’s my contribution. It seemed appropriate to a magic summoning. Remember, ‘Alakazam.’ Now-”

But Bill was in a panic. “I’m not sticking as a woman! I look like a - a -”

“A total MILF!” Cody said.

“Yeah!”

“You need to change him back, lady!”

“Yeah, listen to Cody! I’m not living as a goddamn MILF, superpowers or not!”

Something was happening. The land around them was beginning to glow, and the edges of Bill’s vision was turning white. The witch woman looked panicked.

“Seek me out with Athena’s wisdom! We shall talk again and I’ll help you with your powers. But send your friend away now!”

Cody stood stalwart. “I’m not going anywhere!”

The white made it impossible for Bill to see much, and Cody was becoming similarly blinded.

“But you don’t understand, young ones! Reality is being re-written, things could become-”

The world exploded into white.

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Bill woke up feeling refreshed but lumpy, like he’d had a great sleep but still had traces of a hangover. He took a deep breath, his chest weight down a little, presumably by the blanket, and then got out of bed.

*Must’ve been drinking or something. Feels like a weird hangover.*

A hangover with energy. He was in his bathrobe, having gone asleep in it, evidently. Gathering himself up, he walked downstairs to get to the shower, ready for more football practice and hopefully making it up to Rose.

*Followed by some sexy times, he thought, though it didn’t make him as excited as it usually did. God, I feel weird. Do I have water retention? I better not have the fucking flu, but at least it would explain those weird dreams . . .*

He made it to the shower, not really paying attention to the mirror, and then took off his bathrobe.

And then screamed.

And screamed at his own scream.

Someone ran straight to the bathroom to see what all the fuss was, and Bill spun on the spot to see that, for some reason, Cody had slept over here.

Cody screamed.

Bill screamed.

The pair of them screamed, with Bill turning back to see the late thirties woman in the mirror with a thick-waisted figure. She had wide hips, the kind that looked like they had definitely delivered a kid or were primed to do so when the opportunity arose, and a

backside that he would have referred to as a 'damn fine dump truck.' That wasn't even getting into her tits, which were easily double Rose's own size. They had to be *E-cups*, a big pair of palm fillers that were heavy and full on his chest. His stomach had a slight pooch from carrying an extra organ, and his face was definitely older, with an attractive maturity and slight wrinkles around the edges that added to the MILFy look. His hair was a pixie cut; short and black in an imitation of his old hairstyle, only perhaps slightly longer. But everything about his face was now female; his lips were slightly fuller, his nose a bit more defined, and his eyes had feminine eyelashes. And it was smooth, with a rounded structure and softer jawline. It couldn't be denied that the woman in the mirror was damn fine. Not a supermodel type, not at all, but with an attractive thick mommy bod. One that was completely naked but for a set of female underwear. One that was *Bill's body now*.

He screamed again, and that made Cody scream too.

"What the fuck!? I'm still a woman!? That wasn't a dream!?"

"Oh my God, holy shit, Bill, you're a lady!"

"An *older* lady!"

"With tits!"

"And a pussy!"

"And superpowers?"

Bill stopped his panic for just a moment. Concentrating, he punched the tiled wall of the bathroom. It hurt. It hurt quite a bit.

"Fuuuuck. I don't even have powers! Cody, what the hell am I going to do?"

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It turned out what Bill was going to do was have a shower after calming down a bit. Cody promised to make up some food; he didn't know why he'd woken at Bill's house, nor why the guest room was filled with his stuff. Bill didn't care; he was too busy trying not to touch his huge boobs or feel all his curves. His body was surprisingly sensitive, but more of all it was just *bizarre*. He was shorter than he was before, not about an average woman's height, but he'd certainly gotten wider, particularly around the hips. He cupped and felt over his form as the hot water ran over him, and despite his panic, his immaturity began to take hold.

"Mhmm . . . ohhhh f-fuck. These are b-big. Big and sensitive. Is this how R-Rose feels?"

He fondled his breasts, squeezing his nipples, which were large and pink, though darker than his girlfriend's. They felt huge on him, but as he wet his hair and felt the water slide off of his enlarged backside, he began to feel another alien sensation; a moistening between his thighs.

*Mhmmm. Do I? I'd have to be a real freak to try and - screw it. What better chance do I have?*

He slid his fingers down and felt his vulva, teasing his fingers over his new labia and clitoris. It throbbed, and that wet and warm sensation in his tunnel increased, causing him to exhale.

*Okay, just a little f-fun. Then get out and sort this sh-shit out. Ohhhh . . .*

But Bill had never been one for restraint, and soon he was moaning, barely keeping his voice down as he played with himself. He slipped two fingers into his tunnel and began an imitation of a thrust, leaving the new woman to bite his lip. His breaths came quick, his huge chest rising and falling, and he continued to grope his right breast.

“Yesssss,” he moaned. “Mhmmm! Ohhh! Yessss! Aghhhh!”

The orgasm came. He wasn't too practised, but it was *magnificent*. His entire body shuddered, his additional curves wobbling - hips, backside, chest, even his tummy a little. But in that moment, at least, he didn't much care. The ripple of feminine bliss coursed through him, and he cried out in lust.

*I'd love to have a man in me right now.*

The thought came out of nowhere right as the last orgasm hit, and Bill could *imagine* it; a guy thrusting into his - *her* - body. It was shameful, and yet arousing, and it was only when he turned the cold water on in a panic that he managed to collect his thoughts

*What the fuck was that?*

On the bathroom bench was a blouse, underwear and a pair of jeans. He wasn't sure if they were someone else's clothes or his, but he put them on. There was also a bra, and he held it tentatively, concerned.

“Shit, I need the support, and I'm not flashing my hooters at Cody, God.”

It took some doing to get on, but he sighed in relief once his big boobs were settled.

*That's a relief for my back. Jesus, but now I've got cleavage.*

He did up all the buttons on the blouse, pulled the jeans up over his wide hips and big derriere, and then stepped out of the shower.

“Okay, this shit is entirely weird,” he said. “These boobs are still bouncing, and I'm way older, but I have to say at least the orgasms are damn fiiiine, Cody. Now let's figure out how to -”

He stopped. Cody was in the living room, and didn't appear to be making breakfast at all. He was holding something in his hands; a photo frame.

“Cody, what is it? Is it because you could hear me masturbating? Look, I wasn't gonna give up on *that* opportunity!”

“You need to see this,” his friend said. “Right now.”

Bill marched over, annoyed that his boobs *still* wobbled on his chest despite the bra. He snatched the photo frame from Cody's hand and frowned. It was an image of Bill - well, his female self, that is. She was younger, perhaps in her mid-twenties, and she was holding up a cheerful looking young boy in a green dinosaur-themed shirt. He was doing the peace sign and grinning wildly, two front teeth missing.

"Weird," he said, passing the photo back to Cody. "Uh, am I missing something?"

"That kid . . . it's me."

"What?"

Cody nodded, white as a sheet. "I had that same shirt as a kid. That same long blonde haircut. I looked like that, missing front teeth and everything. Bill, that *kid is me*."

"I - I don't get it."

Cody shivered. "I think I do. Look at this, man."

He showed Bill a number of other photos and displays that were around the house, including some blown up ones in large photo frames on the walls. The house had changed; it was cleaner, no longer looking like a messy guy like Bill lived there. Instead, it was warm, with vibrant colours and careful displays like an actual adult lived here. Or a *mom*.

That last word rang in Bill's mind as he took in the images he saw. There was a photo of Cody's first day at kindergarten, with a younger but still curvaceous woman who looked like Bill kissing him on the cheek. Another had Bill and Cody camping, only once again Bill was a woman and Cody looked to be about thirteen.

"This . . . this can't be possible."

"There's more," Cody said. "I found your - your purse. And my wallet."

He handed the purse to Bill, and the embarrassed new woman brought out his phone - an older model, now - and with it the ID cards and bank cards and all the rest that were slotted into the case slips. He brought them out, his hand shaking. An ID photo of his new face was smiling back at him, though his hair was longer in that one.

"I'm thirty six years old? Jesus. I've just lost . . . fuck, I'm not good at math. But that's nearly two decades! Oh, I've got a new name. Birdie? My name is frickin' Birdie? At least I'm still a Baxter, I guess."

Cody held up his ID. "Yeah, but so am I."

The name was clear on the card: *Cody Baxter*. Not Cody Matheson. Cody *Baxter*, aged nineteen.

"This . . . what does this mean, dude?"

"I think I know. Let me call a number."

He typed into his phone and moments later Bill's phone rang in his purse. He fished it out; it read *Cody*. His friend ended the call, but then turned the phone's screen to face the changed man. Bill's heart practically *stopped*.

The screen read 'Mom.'

*No way. No fucking way. NO FUCKING WAY!*

"Bill. Birdie. I think . . . I think in this changed reality, you're my mother."

\*\*\*

Despite what Bill wanted to believe, the evidence was piling up. The pair continued to pile over it, finding new information. Bill was indeed Birdie Baxter, a thirty six year old single mom who'd given birth to Cody when she was just seventeen and raised him all by herself. She was, apparently, an elementary school teacher, which frightened the hell out of Bill.

*What the fuck do I know about teaching kids? I'm basically just an overgrown kid myself! Everyone was telling me to grow up!*

But then he looked down at his overdeveloped chest and MILFy body, and the reality was obvious. He was grown up, now.

"I can't be your Mom, I just can't be!"

"Dude, I don't like it anymore than you do! I always wanted parents, but that doesn't mean I wanted my best friend to be my Mom. That's just - that's weird!"

"Try having a pair of E-cups, man! These things are fun to play with, but I don't want to keep them. Oh God, I won't be able to party anymore. I won't be able to be the star football player. I bet hangovers will kill me now. This is a nightmare."

Cody raised an eyebrow. "Seriously? Those are your concerns."

"I'm immature, we all know that."

"Yeah, well you look pretty mature now."

"Dude, just don't! I'm so not being your mom. We need to fix this. Shit, what do we even do? What am I gonna do about Rose? She'll freak."

Cody went red. "I don't think Rose will be a problem. Um, there are other photos. On my phone."

He held it up, and Bill's breath went out of him. The photo had Cody with his arm around Rose's bare midriff in the same cute outfit she'd worn yesterday. Their lips were locked in a passionate kiss while Cody took a selfie. There was even a social filter on it:

*Love My Girl!*

*You've got to be joking me. I become a mom and he gets my girl!?*

"That's it! I'm turning back. You stole my girl, you dickhead."

"Hey, I didn't choose this. It was that old lady on the hill. And she said it's permanent."

"Like hell it is." Bill's eyes lit up. "Hang on, she said I could activate powers. I might still be a superhero or whatever, and I can track her down and make her change me back."

What was it she said I had to say? Whapow? Shazam? No, that wasn't it . . . it was something like . . . *Alakazam?*"

A sudden flash, a scream of celestial lightning. Bill's body surged with crackling power. His clothes flashed, and then they were the costume he'd briefly had last night again; a red dress-like uniform with a golden earth as its symbol. The sleeves were long and ended with golden bracelets, and the dress was cinched around his thick waist with a golden belt, the skirt ending in a similarly golden hem that was short enough to fall above his knees. His bare feet gained golden sandals, and his hair grew out long and lush, falling to his shoulders. But that wasn't the only thing; his body bulged with new muscle - not too much, but enough that he now looked like a different woman, a much fitter one - and his bust even expanded a whole cup size.

*Jesus, they must be F-cups by now! This is crazy!*

The surge ended, and now the new woman stood there looking like a very MILFy superhero, her strong thighs on display.

"Wow," Cody said. "That's something."

"Holy shit. What powers do I have?"

"Super strength, obviously. From last night. The tree."

"Yeah. God, why are my boobs bigger?"

"Your hair grew too. A secret identity thing?"

"Ugh, I can't keep up with all of this. I - NGH!"

Bill clutched his head. Information was trying to rush in. He caught brief glimpses of it; Birdie teaching elementary school kids a new learning song, a celestial blast emerging from her chest as she fought a villain, an image of a doorway opening up in the middle of an empty space, yet containing a vast cavern within. It was all a strange blur, and then it ended.

"Are you okay, man?" Cody asked.

"Y-yeah. Yeah," she said. "I just had some weird flashes. But . . . this is weird, I think I know how to get to that lady. I think I'm supposed to concentrate, and . . . *Doorway of the Ancients, open!*"

A door of violet light shimmered into existence near Cody, causing him to yelp and leap. It opened automatically, revealing an ancient cave with great statue carvings within.

"Do we go in?"

"Obviously," Bill said, marching on in, his skirt shifting in an unfamiliar fashion. His legs felt naked in it. "I can feel my superstrength, and I'm going to use it to throttle that lady."

### Issue #3: Blessings of the Gods

The cavern was lit by multicoloured braziers, bathing the enormous statues of the goddesses in vibrant, rainbow-like light. It gave the area an air of great mysticism, and that was only increased by the image of the witch woman sitting on a throne-like seat at the end of this hall. Bill marched forward, trying to ignore the itch of new super senses, and stood before the lady.

“I’m glad you found me,” she said.

“I wish you hadn’t found me!” Bill declared. “I don’t care if I’ve got superpowers, I’d rather have my dick back! So give it back, or I’ll crush you with my bare hands, I swear!”

The woman grimaced. “I think you’ll find that difficult. You cannot bring violence to this place, and I am the caretaker of the Temple of the Goddesses. Look, this all went very off the rails. My name is Malerna. I am older than I appear, but as you are now well aware, age does not always bring the wisdom to know where the right tree is.”

She gave a weak smile, but Bill wasn’t having it. He strode forth, very aware of the absence between his thighs and the weight upon his chest.

“This isn’t some joke! I need to know what the hell is going on here!”

“You deserve that, yes, and a thousand apologies from me. But we must make do: you now have the powers of the goddess, and you have the right to know what that means . . .”

She raised her hand, and it glowed with celestial light. The eyes of each of the goddess statues lit up, leaving Cody to gasp.

“Hey, no more magic! You already made me the mother to my own best friend!”

The woman raised an eyebrow. “Oof. That must be strange.”

“Very!” cried Cody.

“But that is why I warned him to leave. This whole venture is off to a bad start, so let me give you some context.”

*Oh no, not another magic flash that-*

Instantly, information flowed into Bill’s brain just as it had when he activated his powers, only this time it was clear, rushing in like a great river and pouring knowledge and understanding into him.

*Holy fuck, I really have been given the power of the goddesses.*

He could see it all: the goddesses watching over the world from time immemorial. The order of their lord Zeus, of their brothers and husbands to not interfere in their own grand design. The sadness in their eyes as they watched the world spin into misery and pain over and over again. And then . . . their conspiracy. A secret joining of the goddesses’

strength to bless a single champion with their powers, to bring enough strength to hold up the sky, and enough compassion to heal those beneath it.

And there was one who was worthy: Rosalyn Evers, thirty six years old. A teacher, and a woman of great compassion, love, and womanly virtue, but also the strength to make a difference. She possessed the right hardiness and maturity.

*Instead it went to me!*

The super strength and radiant energy of Hera.

The beauty and healing of Aphrodite.

The power to speak to animals from Artemis.

Divination from Hecate.

Knowledge and wisdom from Athena.

Even the green finger of Demeter.

They were all his powers now, and he knew how to use them, at least in theory. But that was not the only thing that Malerna's magic bestowed to Bill. As much as he tried to fight it, he could feel further changes to his mind as it rewrote itself to cope with this new reality. The talent to be a teacher was suddenly just *there*, along with his where school was and the names of his students. The same was true of feminine hygiene - he simply knew about it in an instant. But the biggest change was by far to his identity: like a switch being flipped, Billy suddenly found his own name ill-fitting, not to mention his gender.

*She was Birdie Baxter. She was a woman. A thirty-six year old woman, complete with a maternal instinct that swept over her.*

*This is weird. This is really, really freakin' weird!*

The light fizzled, the orb retreated into Malerna's hand.

"There," she said. "That is the best I can do to repair the situation."

"I - what the hell did you do to me?" Birdie said. "Why am I thinking of myself as a woman? Why am I thinking of myself as my best friend's *mother* now!?"

Cody gaped at that, and she couldn't blame him.

"Because you *are* his mother now, I'm afraid. As I said, this change cannot be reversed. But at least I have given you some necessary skills to help you adapt. It is the least I can do as a way of apology, but the rest you must do yourself."

Birdie looked down at her form, her rather curvaceous form, and then back to her son. *My friend*, her mind corrected. "I can't turn back!"

"Only to your regular human form as Birdie Baxter. Again, this blessing was not meant for you, but clearly you have some potential to be a great hero, because the blessings did indeed still work for you. Now, you must go into the world and secretly train, proving yourself one of its heroes to join the ranks or others and help lead the way to a better future."

Birdie scoffed. She pouted. She clenched her powerful fists.

“Fuck that,” she said. “I’m not gonna be stuck like this, but so long as I am, I’m gonna go masturbate.”

She stomped off with such anger that as soon as she re-entered her home she put a hole in the floor.

“FUCK!” she cried. “*Alakazam*, already!”

The lightning blast shot down, and the less superheroic but still voluptuous single mother stormed upstairs in a huff, leaving her friend-turned-son to go sit on the living room couch in shock.

Malern’s door closed.

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“I hate this.”

“I know.”

“No, I really hate this.”

“Yeah, I’ve heard you.”

“Did I tell you that I have to really focus to think of myself as a dude now?”

“You’ve said.”

“And the same for me being your mom?”

“That too.”

“God, how fucked up is that.”

Cody sighed as his ‘mom’ drove. “Not as fucked up as being an orphan all your life and suddenly you not only have a mom, but she can’t stop going upstairs to feel herself.”

Birdie stuck out her tongue. “Whatever. If I’ve gotta have tits like this for a while, then at least I can enjoy them. But . . . yeah, okay, I’ll try to be more discreet. I am your moth-shit! See? It just happens!”

Cody bit his lip, clearly made awkward by this. “You do . . . sort of look like me a bit, now. I mean, like you would be my mother, only with darker hair like you used to have.”

“Great. Just frickin’ great. Let’s not talk about this. I should be foolin’ around campus come Monday, but instead I’ve got elementary teaching to go to! That’ll suck ass!”

Cody’s phone buzzed, and he smiled. He began texting back with a grin on his face.

“Who’s that?”

“Oh . . . nobody.”

Birdie took the next corner. “It’s her, isn’t it. Rose. *My* girlfriend.”

*Except I can’t think of her as my girlfriend anymore. She’s my son’s girlfriend. Because this stupid body isn’t into women, and even if it was she’d be way too young for me! I’d prefer an older man and - shit!*

She made a gagging sound.

“What is it?”

“Nothing. Look, we’re here.”

She turned the car over to the abandoned power station past the edge of town. Gate City was almost entirely renewable these days, but this old coal-fire station was still standing, derelict and discrete. The perfect place to practice her powers and at least enjoy *one* aspect of this - according to Cody, at least. The pair of them got out of the car and moved around to the other side of the building, away from even the barely travelled roads.

“I still can’t believe you dragged me out of the house for this,” Birdie whined. “Bad enough that I’m wearing women’s clothing! I’ve got a damn bra on, son. I mean, dude.”

Cody made a face of discomfort. “Look, you’ve been sulking for a *week* now. You haven’t even tried using your powers!”

“Because that would be giving in to her! The Marlene chick.”

“Malerna. And no it isn’t! I know you’re stuck as an older woman - as my fucking *mom*, for whatever reason - but the least you can do is try your powers, Mom. I mean, Bill.”

Again, that discomfort between them.

“Besides,” Cody continued. “You can’t keep taking sick leave off work forever. You’ll get fired from your school, and then what are we gonna do? You can’t exactly go to university with bills to pay, and I live with you now.”

Birdie sighed. A half-shattered glass panel by the side of the derelict building showed her reflection: a beautiful full-figured thirty-six year old woman with a stylish dark pixie hairstyle. *That’s me now. For fucking ever. I haven’t even been able to contact Malerna again. God, I’m meant to be having young sex and partying like a mad lad, not being a Mom! Not working! Not being responsible. Hell, I’ll take superpowers over that.*

“Fuck it,” she said. “Get back, kiddo.”

“Kiddo?” Cody asked.

“I’m twenty years older than you now, aren’t I?”

“Seventeen, but sure, I guess.”

She smirked. “Then you’re a kid. And while I’m your Mom - which is not how we’re actually gonna treat this - I can give the orders. So scram back a bit.”

She squared her shoulders, then readied herself.

“Okay, super simple. Just a big bolt of lightning on me. Okay . . . alakazam.”

Nothing happened.

A nearby sparrow tweeted.

Birdie groaned. *God, even the birds are telling me what to do now.* “Whatever, fine, how would you even know?”

Another series of tweets in birdsong.

“Oh, sure, you’d want me to make a fool of myself, wouldn’t you?”

Cody was befuddled. “Um, are you talking to those birds?”

“Yep. They say I’ve got to be confident, I think. They’re not that bright.”

“I still can’t believe you can talk to animals, that’s wild. And out of costume, too!”

“Don’t remind me. My life’s freaky enough. “Time to shut up - I’m talking to the birds now. Jesus, this is fucking stupid. Okay . . . *ALAKAZAM!*”

A radiant bolt of lightning. A bright crackle. A surge of energy flooding through the body. Birdie’s body expanded, growing subtly taller, her muscles swelling to give her a much more athletic figure, though her stockier appearance did not diminish. Her breasts, as before, enlarged, and her red and gold superhero dress-cloak formed, along with her golden sandals. Her hair spilled forth upon her shoulders, and with eyes that were now a pale blue, she looked like a similar, yet certainly different person. Enough to keep her new secret - and unwanted - identity safe.

“That was *amazing*,” Cody said, jumping up and down on his feet. “Dude, you look *epic!*”

Birdie blushed, just a little. A sliver of pride that her son - her friend - was proud of her seeped through her defences. She flexed her muscles. “I certainly feel stronger. I could do without the freakin’ skirt. Or, you know, being a mature woman and all that. But yeah, I definitely don’t mind super strength, right?”

“Well, time to test it, right?”

“You got some ideas? Thought you’d be too busy texting *my* girlfriend.”

“Dude, let’s just focus on this. You promised you’d get out here and try.”

“Fine, fine. You chose this place. What’s the plan?”

Cody grinned.

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Over the next five hours, Birdie finally pulled herself out of what she playfully called her ‘early mid-life crisis’ and actually got down to business applying the superpowers she had been ‘blessed’ with. The first application, guided by Cody, was her super strength. There were numerous old bits of wreckage and knocked over pillars throughout and behind the station, and Birdie found she was able to pick them up and hurl them with relative ease, even *crumble* them with her bare hands! But her super strength didn’t end with her arms either; she could carry entire bits of heavy machinery with ease upon her back, and leap enormous heights into the air, stopping only when Cody suggested that a) she might be seen from afar, and b) she was causing a lot of tremors with her earthquake landings.

“Well, I’m not lying here, Cody. That was fucking awesome,” she said.

“See! I told you that you had to get out of our house.”

*Our house*, Birdie thought, but she put that aside for now. “Okay, what’s next?”

Next up was talking to animals. The overgrown forest around the powerstation had encroached on the area, and there were a number of deer, squirrels, insects, birds, and other critters roaming nearby. Birdie found that the animals were strangely not too afraid of her, often sniffing the air in her presence; one deer even came closer and made a small bleating sound.

“She’s asking me to stop making the loud sounds,” Birdie said with a laugh.

“I don’t blame her! Can you talk to the ants? What about that stick insect?”

The answer was ‘no’ to both. It seemed that insects weren’t the most chatty of creatures, but more mammalian and bird species worked. Birdie even cracked up laughing in mad giggles when she inquired after a squirrel.

“What? What’s so funny?” Cody asked.

“N-nothing! It’s just - hahaha! - he’s made this joke about nuts and a mate and-”

Cody slapped his forehead. “You’ve aged seventeen years and you still can’t grow up.”

“Hey, I can appreciate a good dick joke like anyone!”

More tests followed. Birdie was astounded to find that if she focused, she could gain visions from Hecate, just like Malerna had said. They were only brief flashes, and she couldn’t use them all the time, but they allowed her to execute something *perfectly*: like how to throw up a series of rocks and catch them all before they hit the ground, or how to predict how many fingers Cody was hiding behind her back.

“Damn, looks like you’re won the superpower lottery!” Cody said, grabbing a beer from the back of the truck. “Time to celebrate, Mom!”

Without even thinking, Birdie found herself snatching it out of his hand and shutting the trunk of the car.

“Hey, what’d you do that for?”

Birdie held the beer in front of her vision, wondering just that. *Did I just take that because . . . you’ve got to be kidding me.*

“Shit,” she said. “I got knowledge and wisdom from Athena, remember? And everything in her ‘blessing’ is telling me that you *are underage, mister.*”

“What!? *Now* you’re going Mom mode?”

“I can’t help it! Dude, I’d like to get totally piss drunk with you, but I can’t let a nineteen year old drink! We’re in public too, which is illegal!”

“Since when did you care about that fucking stuff?”

“Since I developed mom-thighs, goddamn it! And don’t swear!”

Cody paused. "Okay, maybe we'll leave this behind us before things get really awkward."

"Agreed. What's next?"

"Last two powers: lightning strikes and healing."

The lightning strikes were Birdie's favourite by far. All she had to do was grip onto something and say "*ALAKAZAM!*" loudly, and a huge shaft of radiant lightning would generate on that spot, creating an electric shock and a concussive blast. She kept warning Cody to get further away from her as she tested it, afraid that it would affect him.

*Great, now I'm being cautious. Since when was I cautious? Suddenly growing up sucks!*

Still, it was damn good fun, and she laughed heartily as she did it, not even caring for once how big her bosom clearly was in her tight outfit, or that she was wearing a skirt that flapped in the wind dramatically, revealing more of her thighs. *This* was power, and for the first time Birdie was actually imagining herself an even greater celebrity than she could have attained as a football player; she could be a damn *superhero*, just as soon as her gender and age were turned back.

*Yeah, I'm totally keeping the powers, though. The boobs, not so much, even if I've had fun squeezing them. I'd much rather have Cody as my friend, not my son.*

The last test up was healing. This was amusing, because it was damn hard for Birdie to injure herself at all. She tried for nearly forty minutes, with even Cody pitching suggestions forth, but unless she was willing to crumble the entire structure on her head, it wasn't exactly easy to hurt her rather invulnerable body.

"Thanks to Hera, I guess," she said. "And Artemis, too. She's a Goddess of War, not just Ares."

Cody whistled. "Look at you, suddenly being all academic."

"Shut up. Malerna fried my brain with knowledge. I'm still not reading books. And stop texting on your phone! It's her, isn't it?"

Cody blushed. "Sure. We're just . . . talking."

She snatched the phone off of him and her cheeks went red. Rose had sent a message . . . and an *image*. It was of herself from the waist up wearing just a lacy bra, her cleavage emphasised by the way she positioned her arms.

*'Missing my cute nerdy boy,'* was the accompanying message, followed by another: *'So here's a treat while I wait for you tonight.'*

"Hey, that's my phone!"

But Birdie was burning up, her heart pounded in a mix of rage, humiliation, and shame at what she'd become. Her muscles, flexed, and without even meaning to the phone shattered in her hands.

“Hey, Mom! What the hell?”

“I’m not your Mom! You’re taking to this way too much, and that text from her is entirely inappropriate!”

“Well, you’re certainly acting like a mom! Bill would never call a bit of flirty sexting ‘inappropriate.’”

“I - whatever! Stop texting her. Break up with her, right now!”

“You smashed my phone.”

“Then use mine!”

“I’m not using my Mom’s phone to text my new girlfriend.”

“I’M NOT YOUR MOM!” she screamed, gripping his hand. “And if you want to keep testing me, maybe we can try the healing on YOU!”

Cody winced, then squeaked, and something *crunched*.

*Oh. Oh shit.*

Birdie’s range dissipated immediately, replaced by sheer horror. Cody collapsed backwards, clutching a wrist that looked broken and bent at a very wrong angle.

“B-Bill?” he managed to wheeze.

Somehow, being called by her actual male name made it all the worse: this was exactly the kind of irresponsible, immature outburst that Cody and Rose were always calling Bill out for, and now Birdie had retreated right back to that place, only with the force of actual superpowers that could cause real, lasting damage.

“Fuck. Oh, fuck, oh shit. Shit! I’m sorry, Cody! I didn’t mean to.”

“I - ahhh! It h-hurts!”

Tears burned in her eyes. A flood of maternal concern washed through her. As much as she had fought it over the last week, it was impossible *not* to feel it now while her guard was down. *Her son* was injured, and it was because of her. Her heart was pounding in her chest, and despite all her strength she felt nothing but weakness.

“I’m sorry! I’ll fix it! I promise I’ll fix it!”

She clutched his arm as she knelt beside him, even as Cody whined in pain, unable to speak. *I have to be calm*, she knew. *I have to be calm to use this one. Calm down, Birdie. Just - just fucking accept what you are for one damn moment!*

And she found that she could, because she *had to be*. For her son.

Pink light emanated from her fingers and slowly crept beneath Cody’s skin. Birdie’s friend and new son exhaled.

“Ahhhh . . . that’s - that’s better. It’s like anaesthetic. It’s - oh!” His hand slowly shifted until the wrist was back in place. There was a brief *snap*, and then all was healed; Birdie could sense it. “Damn, that was incredible.”

Birdie literally pushed Cody over as she launched into a hug. She sobbed into his shoulder, uncaring that her very female body was right up against his. There was nothing sexual or weird in this moment; she was just relieved that he was okay. Slowly, Cody patted her back.

“Hey, it’s okay. Mom - I mean, Bill - Birdie, whatever - it’s okay.”

She drew back and wiped her eyes. “I’m sorry. I was so stupid, man. It’s like, I can see you as my son and my friend. I don’t want to, but I just got this rush of emotion.”

“Mama wolf instincts,” Cody said. “I . . . I always imagined if my Mom had lived, that she’d be like that.”

Bill nodded, cheeks a bit red. “Yeah, well, this one’s stupid still. Seems I’ve got a bit of growing up I’ve got to do. I’m sorry about your phone. I should have just confiscated it for the night.”

There was a beat, and then the two of them burst out laughing.

“Oh man, you *could* be a mom.”

“It was one joke! A deliberate one. Look, just text Rose an apology. Please don’t sleep with her man. It’s too weird right now.”

“Of course,” Cody said. “And I’m sorry too. I guess, after talking about how jealous you were, I suddenly had this weird fantasy playing in my head. You know, I now have a home, a life where I had a loving mom, a girlfriend who cares about me. It’s not fair on you.”

Birdie smiled and passed him the phone. “Thanks.”

Cody’s expression changed as he checked the phone screen. “Um, something’s going on in town.”

“What is it?”

Cody frowned.

“Dude, what is it?”

He held up the phone: the latest news showed some kind of super brawl in town. The Cobalt Speedster was already down, and apparently they were calling in the heavies.

“It looks like some kind of -”

An enormous explosion in the distance rose up with a crackling *boom*. It had come from the industrial district, which wasn’t too far from their location. Just at the edge of town, really.

“Holy shit, is that a -”

It was a kaiju. Some kind of big lizard thing with four arms loomed into view in the distance, roaring as the fire retreated into its body and then leapt from its mouth in a violet beam of searing power.

“Shit, are we in danger?” Birdie asked.

For a moment, Cody looked at her like she was an idiot. “Dude, you’re invulnerable! You’re a superhero! You need to get over there!”

“What - me?”

“Yes, you! This is what you’ve been blessed for! I keep telling you that you’re so lucky, so at least get out there and earn this!”

*No way. No way am I . . . ugh. But people are in danger. And it would be the right thing to do. The responsible thing. And if there’s one thing I need to do, it’s be responsible.*

“Fine! Fine, I’ll go. But you watch, this’ll be a disaster!”

Cody took a step back as she readied a leap. Athena’s wisdom and some Hecate vision gave her a nice trajectory to the creature.

And then she leapt, causing a thunderwave in her wake as she shot into the sky.

*Trial by fire it is, then.*

#### **Issue #4: Superhero Practice**

The trajectory was perfect. The angle was right. She even had a good sense to know how she could land. But Birdie was now also discovering that she definitely couldn’t fly. She was going to land with a bang, whether she wanted it or not.

*I guess I’m not that wise! I bet that Rosalyn girl would’ve done better!*

Still, there was something *magnificent* about soaring through the air, even if she clearly wasn’t a flying hero. The horizon was so much further, and Gate City was far below her. Her skirt flapped in the wind, and Birdie laughed, thrust out her fist, brought one knee up and extended her other leg, and just let herself revel in her superheroic pose for a few moments.

“YAHOOOOO!!!” she cried.

And then she began to descend, her arc bringing her right to the great lizard monster that was engaged with multiple superheroes, including Red Magnet, who was telekinetically hurling steel girder beams at it, piercing its flesh and seemingly doing nothing. Severance was teleporting left and right, slicing at the creature’s six legs with his sword, but that too appeared to do nothing.

*I’m gonna fuck this thing up, Birdie thought. Hell yeah. Just like on the football field. Be the star. Reclaim some of that glory, girl! Guy. Woman. Whatever!*

She retreated back to spontaneity, uncaring that her trajectory was bringing her straight towards the creature’s face.

*POW!*

She crashed right into the kaiju, sending it toppling over into an adjacent factory, crumbling it entirely. She fell down to the ground, but her Hecate divination let her land in a classic superhero pose: one knee down, one foot out, hand spread before her. Plumes of smoke rose from the wreckage as the creature writhed against it.

“Fuck yeah, that was frickin’ awesome!”

She leapt towards the creature before it could get up, knocking it over again, her superstrength causing literally ripples across its skin, which broke in many places. The beast fell over a second time, and this time tangled in a huge series of power lines, sending sparks of electricity everywhere.

*Damn, I should have saved my vision power for that.*

But she was on a roll. Red Magnet was flying towards her, and Severance and a hero she thought might be Power Surge were likewise looking at her with shock. The teleporting Severance blipped out of existence and landed next to her. She could feel his eyes taking in her bust now that he was standing before her, but he quickly corrected himself.

“Look, I have no idea who you are, and it’s great you’re helping, but we’re working as a team here. You need to back up for a moment and-”

“As if!” she cried, pushing the ninja-themed hero with his black garb easily to the side. “I’m on a roll here! A new hero’s in town!”

She launched forward, leaping yet again, her thick, muscled body slamming a third time into the creature, keeping it trapped. This time she aimed for one of its upper arms. It wrapped around her, flinging her with ease in a different direction. She crashed through a number of buildings, and screams resounded from workers as they fled.

“S-sorry!” she cried. “Fuck, that actually hurt.”

She jumped through the intersection of roof and wall, creating another hole in the structure. The creature shot forth a tentacled claw to grab her, but she was ready for it this time, and Severance was distracted as he sliced its toes. Knuckleduster was working with Red Magnet, but they were in the forest area for some reason, too far away.

“Let’s give them all a show!” she declared.

*After all, there’s a news helicopter watching. Catch my good side, why don’t you?*

She punched the claw out of the way, crashed into the creature’s head, and gripped on tight to its upper jaw, looking it right in the eyes. It was readying a powerful laser breath, or whatever it was, but she just grinned.

*This, this is better than any damn football game. Holy hell!*

“ALAKAZAM!” she shouted.

The creature vibrated in agony as the celestial light flung down upon it, the thunderous boom of the lightning strike smashing nearby windows. The creature jerked, eye

shut as it began to collapse, flesh sizzling like it had just been on the surface of a barbecue. It collapsed onto another evacuated factory, flattening it completely.

This time, Birdie's landing was not nearly so elegant. She'd used her last vision too recently and it needed a recharge, so she instead thudded to the ground on her ass and had to wipe the dirt off of her far-too-short skirt.

"Fuck yeah!" she shouted. "That was goddamn amazing! WOO!"

She paraded a juvenile little dance just as she had when she was the victor on the football field, though there was a lot more jiggling in her chest, thighs, and ass than there used to be. *Plus, I'm dressed like a MILF cheerleader. But so what! I just owned that thing! Just look at what I did!*

"What the hell did you just do?"

Birdie looked over to the trio of heroes who had been fighting it. No, a quartet; the Cobalt Speedster was recovered enough for Knuckleduster to help him stand.

"Didn't you see?" Birdie said. "I just crushed this thing."

Knuckleduster slapped her forehead, and Severance answered. "That *thing* is a poor victim of a transdimensional portal opened by the villain *Terror-Vision*. It's a poor child lashing out because it doesn't understand. We were trying to return it to its home dimension safely."

"Y-yeah, but it was hurting people, right?"

"Which is why we were trying to lure it out of the city, moron!" Knuckleduster said. "Instead of wiping out half the district and causing a fuckton of damage!"

*Oh. Oh, shit.*

Something exploded in the background, and Cobalt disentangled from Knuckle. "I'll put it out," he wheezed. "Before a big city fire starts."

He sped off, but not at his full speed, given his injuries. Something about that made Birdie even more embarrassed.

"S-sorry, I guess. I didn't realise."

Severance frowned. "You didn't listen. Who the hell do you think you are? I've never seen you before."

"Yeah, I'd recognise a hot figure like that," Red Magnet said. "I'd sear it straight into my memory, alright."

Knuckleduster threw him a look, but he just shrugged. Birdie could feel him staring at her ass and tits as he floated in a circle around her. *What a damn creep. I guess this is what chicks are always complaining about.*

"Okay, so I fucked up. But I took it down, right?"

"Yeah, but now we need to give it medical attention," Knuckleduster said. "And our return device is smashed. You - you're avoiding the question. Who are you?"

A hundred superhero monikers ran through Birdie's head: *Goddess, Power Woman, Thunder Bolt, Red Justice*, and so on. None of them seemed to suit. Instead, she gripped some of her hair and played with it nervously. "I, uh, don't really have one."

"Aren't you old enough to have a superhero name by now?" Severance said. "You certainly look older."

"I'm only thirty six, asshole!"

"*With a fine MILF figure,*" Magnet whispered. "*Thicker than oatmeal, goddamn.*"

"Dude, I can hear you, and I don't even have super hearing, you're just not subtle!"

He just smirked, continually to lecherously stare at her. Thankfully, it was Severance who seemed to settle down a bit.

"Look, you're new on the block to us, at least. Was this your first superhero jaunt?"

"I - I've done lots of other stuff!"

"But not this, right?"

*Fuck, he's good.* "Yeah, okay."

"Well, you're clearly very powerful. But with great power comes . . . sorry, I thought I saw the Mega Lizard twitch. I lost my train of thought. My point is, you need to practice this more. Start small: think robbers and burglars and the like. Master your ability to deal with little stuff and then work your way up big. We can't help you yet, but once you build more of a profile, we can probably help you out . . . and also once you choose a name for yourself. Just . . . don't go leaping into things."

He passed her a card, and for the first time in a long time, Birdie got the sense that she was dismissed. It was a far cry from being the centre of attention like she was as Bill.

*Stupid, stupid. I shouldn't have done that. He's right. This is bigger than football. I've got to be responsible.*

The realisation came in mid-air as she leapt back to Cody, who was still waiting at the power station.

*Oh my God, I am going to have to grow up. Just like they always told me!*

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Birdie was far more nervous about this than fighting a giant lizard.

"You'll be fine. Birdie. Bill."

"Birdie is fine," she huffed, looking at herself in the mirror again. "Just not Mom."

"I think I've got a hold on that one, now. I just need to get a hold on *this*."

She looked at herself in the bathroom mirror again. Her sweater and skirt covered much of her body, but she was still undeniably curvy and attractive.

*I'm rethinking my stance on MILFs. I would so date one, if I were a man again. Too bad whenever I masturbate - which is damn often now - I start thinking about silver-haired foxes instead. Ugh. Better not be a hot principal where I'm going.*

"You can do it," Cody said. He placed a hand on her shoulder. "You got this. You've got all of Athena's knowledge and wisdom in your head, so you use it."

"Me? Wise? That would be a first."

"Well, you gotta start somewhere, right?"

Birdie sighed, then readied her bag to head off. Her heels were unfamiliar but at least not impossible to walk in, though her butt shook more than she would have liked.

"Just so long as I'm not as much of a disaster at teaching as I was a superhero."

"You'll get there."

"Okay, well . . . bye."

"Bye."

That awkwardness persisted. Birdie stopped at the front door and hung her head.

"Look, you take care of yourself at college, okay? Stay safe."

"Of course!" Cody said, before frowning. "What's this about?"

"I don't know, man. I fought a monster on the weekend. I hurt you on accident. And I was worried about you, before all this happened. You know, when you were talking about how bad your luck was and what you never got. So . . . just stay safe, okay?"

Cody gave a slow, meaningful nod. "I will."

"Good. And pay attention in class," she laughed, before heading out.

Her first day of teaching followed, and it was a doozy. It was a deeply strange thing, to simultaneously have all the wisdom and knowledge of how to teach youngsters, and also be completely flustered and anxious in a room with them. Peterson's Elementary School was a facility that prided itself on its nurturing nature. It had bright, colourful classrooms with modern furnishings, and its pedagogy was centred on encouraging creativity and emotional intelligence as much as learning early sums and compound sentences. As 'Miss Baxter,' Birdie had to draw upon all the wisdom of Athena she could muster, and could only yearn for more aid in the form of Hecate's blessing of foresight, but that was locked to her superhero body. Instead, she had to rely on herself to deal with a crying boy named Dennis who'd gotten into a spat with Jennifer, who was hogging all the coloured pencils during a drawing exercise. When she accidentally bumped a vase off a shelf when she turned around too quickly, the students all laughed.

"Miss Baxter, you got that with your butt!"

The embarrassment flowed, but then curious Tony grabbed a shard and cut his finger, and started wailing.

*Jesus Christ, couldn't they give me an older class? Why do I get the soft kindergarten kids!?*

But as had happened with her own 'son,' Birdie felt a wave of maternal compassion flowed through her, and she set the class to continue their coloured drawings while pulling Tony to the side. She whistled for a bird to come down from a tree and entertain him ("Look at that! The bird heard my whistle, isn't that interesting?) and while he was distracted, she pulled out the tiny fragment on his finger and set the band-aid in place.

"There, there, all better now. Look!"

The warmth that seeped into her being when Tony began to smile again reminded her of just how damn female she was getting.

"Let's get back to class now," she said. "And you can show me how well you finish that picture of a firetruck for your mom, yes?"

That was the day. A classroom of kids all competing for her attention, all chatting and jumping about, their attention spans like goldfish, and yet all of them surprisingly . . . cute. Adorable, even. Loveable, even as they were acting like little scamps.

Not that she told Cody that when he got home from college. She was in the lounge room, preparing some lessons for the following day.

"How was work?"

"Terrible," she replied. "I barely got through. They were crawling all over me, calling me 'Miss.' And I'm pretty sure one of the janitors was perving on my ass. How was college?"

"Oh, it was also terrible."

She shut the laptop. "Don't lie for my sake, dude. I'm your mother now, I'm pretty sure I can always tell when you're lying."

Cody gave a sheepish grin. "It was good. I don't know how to describe it, but I was more confident today. I don't know, you called me a sad sack before all this went down, and I admit I was jealous of you, but I just felt . . . good about myself, today. And not because you weren't there! I mean, I just felt like I was okay."

Again, that damn warmth poured into her, and Birdie couldn't help smiling. "Good, I'm proud of you."

"What?"

"I'm proud of you? I can say that, right?"

"Yeah, you can. It just sounds . . . motherly."

They both blushed for a moment. Birdie decided not to inquire about Rose this time. She knew that Cody had probably met up with her, maybe even spent time with her, but it wasn't worth pursuing at the moment.

"So," Cody said, breaking the silence. "Are you thinking of suiting up again?"

"What's the point? I don't see any major disasters on TV or anything."

“Didn’t you tell me the local Hero Society chapter asked you to start small? Why not do that?”

Birdie huffed. *I guess I really don’t want to be doing this planning. Better the power to summon lightning than organise lesson plans for little kids.*

“Okay,” she said. “But not before I fix you some supper.”

Cody gave her a weird look.

“What? Demeter’s green thumb already makes me want to grow food in the backyard. The least I can do is make sure you’re not hungry after a long day. You look like you need some filling out anyway.”

*God, she thought as she sauntered to the kitchen. I’m starting to even sound like a mom.*

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Birdie easily caught up with the criminals. It had taken some waiting, but the Bowers area of town was always pretty seedy. Hell, a number of gross individuals had already catcalled her. She knew she was now a hot MILF, she just didn’t expect to hear it shouted her way, or comments about her ‘nice rack.’

*I’m wearing a goddamn sweater,* she had thought.

But then it happened: a break-in two streets across. The alarms blared, and she quickly ran down a thin alley. Halfway through she yelled her catchphrase.

*“ALAKAZAM!”*

And then she was her superheroic self again, domino mask and tight dress and all, her muscles enlarged - her damn bosom too - and her thick thighs working as she bounded forward at much faster speeds.

The thieves were just finishing up their smash and grab at a jewellery store.

“Hey, stop right there!” she called out.

*Damn,* her mind went, *what a lame fucking line.*

“Shit, a super!” one of them cried.

“Let’s see if she’s a good one,” their leader said, voice calm from across the street. They were all wearing balaclavas and looked fairly professional, but he also had a gun. He levelled it at her and fired repeatedly. By instinct, she threw up her hands, only to feel the bullets plink off her easily.

*Okay, so I’m bulletproof. Good to know that’s not a weakness.*

That got her blood pumping, and the excitement started. She ran forward, a smug smile on her features as they quickly poured into the car. It took off at high speed though, and that was one thing she couldn’t accommodate for as well; not without leaping and

causing serious property damage. She would have tried that once, but it was time to grow up. Besides, she couldn't fuck up twice in a row. The car sped around the corner.

"Shit, shit, what can I - hey!"

There was a pigeon up on a railing, and she quickly whistled to it. It whistled back, and she beamed.

"Thanks! You're a fucking legend!"

It took to the sky, keeping in view of her and telling her where to go. She ran down streets, past confused passerbys and astonished kids emerging from a restaurant with their parents. One she even recognised: little Stuart, the nervous boy in the back from her own class.

"Mom, Dad, look! It's a superhero! Who is it!"

"I don't have a name for myself yet!" she cried back. "But stay safe, kid!"

His beaming smile almost made her day, but then the task was ahead of her. She followed the pigeon's path, thankful for the first time to be able to talk to animals. Unfortunately, she still had to cross half the town to get to the thieves' destination: they had pulled into a chopshop and lowered the roller door. Clearly, this was a professional unit with their own cover.

*Time to fuck them up. I'm gonna smash in there like a goddamn legend and . . .*

Birdie sighed. No, that wasn't right. She'd done that last time, and it had been immature and dangerous. Instead, she opted for *guile*. She used the future vision of Hecate to conceive of the best possible opening, and quickly found it.

"Okay, this is still a cool entrance," she said. "Just not wrecking a load-bearing pillar or anything."

She launched herself up into the air and straight down onto the building, smashing through its skylight and right into the centre of the four men as they divided their winnings. Her fists were already out, and a grin was upon her face.

"Hello there, gentleman. Mind if I see if these diamonds are the real deal?"

*Better*, she thought. *But still pretty lame. Gotta go to Cody with this stuff.*

"It's her! Get her!"

That proved to be a stupid decision. One man smashed her harmlessly in the back of the head with a pipe, which only left his hands shaking in pain. Another brought out a weapon and fired; the bullets bounced embarrassingly off of her very full chest. She easily subdued them, not even needing to use her other powers, except for the healing of Aphrodite when she broke yet another wrist; this time a bit more justified since it held a gun.

"Sorry about that," she said, as she wrapped a steel bar around his waist and arms to subdue him. "I'm still pretty new to this."

The man huffed. "Lady, you're like forty years old and you're just starting this *now*?"

“Hey, screw you! I’m only thirty six! Fuck, I shouldn’t be telling you that.”

“How did you even find us?”

“Let’s just say a little birdie told me,” she said. *Okay, that was pretty clever. I’ll tell Cody about that one. Wait, he’ll probably think it’s a lame dad joke. Ugh, a MOM joke.*

She tied the rest up, then used one of the men’s phones to call the police.

“Rod, you said this job would be easy! Clean getaway!” one of the men complained while she waited.

“Yeah, how was I supposed to know that we’d get caught by a goddamn Super MILF?”

“Hey, that’s not my superhero name! I’m . . . still working on that one. And don’t call me a MILF.”

One of the men gave her a cheeky grin. “Why, are ya single? I could think of a few things to do with a body like yours, if ya ever want to go the supervillain route.”

She stuffed his sock in his mouth. Of course, she could tell the responding policeman was thinking the same when he turned up with his female partner.

“What do you mean you don’t have a superhero name?” he asked her once he had stopped checking out her legs. “I need something for my report!”

His partner nudged him when his gaze went southward again.

“I just . . . I’m still coming up with it. Look, can I go? This is kinda embarrassing but I’ve got washing I forgot to bring off the line and my kid - shit, I shouldn’t say that - but I need to get back to my kid.”

“Young, is he? He’s not alone”

She smiled. “College-aged. But I still worry about him.”

The woman smirked. “I get it, I’m a mom to an older one myself. You never stop worrying. Go on, we’ll take the rest from here. But next time, maybe have a superhero name?”

Birdie thought about that when she got home in her civilian self. *What the hell should I call myself? And am I really just taking on this new life? Why should I believe Malerna that this is permanent? Surely there must be some way to undo it all.*

But a small part of her didn’t want to . . . just yet. She’d had a good night, and done a good thing, and when she got home she snuck up past Cody’s room. The door was slightly ajar, and he was lying back on his bed with a smile on his face as he texted.

*Rose, she thought. He’s texting her. The girlfriend that should be mine.*

But the jealousy and frustration she expected didn’t come. Oh sure, there was a little embarrassment, but she didn’t feel jealous. Instead, there was something almost like *pride* in her once again.

*There’s my dude, she thought. Finally texting a girl.*

It was such an odd thought that she had to distract herself. She went and had a shower, looked at herself in the mirror, and then went “fuck it.” Birdie went to bed and let herself think about hot men closer to her new age, and began to feel up her large, warm, sensitive breasts.

*Mhmmm . . . I g-guess these really aren't that bad. Ohhhh . . .*

## **Issue #5: Meetings & Reunions**

Two more weeks passed, and Birdie found herself getting more and more comfortable in her new life, to her occasional chagrin and constant self-awareness. Her thicker figure became just *her* figure, and each morning she got up and showered and put on her bra with ease, not to mention makeup. The last was utterly routine by this point, and now she even put in earrings.

“Cody!” she called out sometimes. “I’ve made you breakfast!”

And her son would come down the stairs and thank her, and the two would eat together, a strange mix of best friends and mother and son, like they were caught between two worlds.

On this particular morning she’d done bacon and eggs on toast, and Cody was scoffing it down.

“Slow down, Cody, I don’t want you to choke for God’s sake.”

“That was a really mom thing of you to say, you know.”

“Ugh, I know. I swear, I’ve definitely got a thirty-six year old’s brain. And a *mom’s* brain.”

“You *do* wear sweaters now.”

“That’s a teacher thing.”

Cody’s phone dinged. He checked it, smiled, but put the phone down. Birdie felt a flush of impatience.

“For God’s sake, you can invite her round for dinner tomorrow night.”

Cody’s eyes widened. “What?”

“You heard me, and don’t make me repeat myself or I might die from embarrassment.”

“You’d be okay with that?”

“Of course I wouldn’t be okay with that. The last time I interacted with Rose I had *just had sex with her*. Now I’m her boyfriend’s *mom*.” She shivered a little at that thought. “But I can’t keep avoiding her, or . . . all of this. Jesus, that’s what the *old me* would do. Or light a

firework in my face as a distraction or something. Now I'm a grown woman with bills to pay and a superhero name I *still* haven't come up with, so yeah, I want her to come over for dinner. I miss her . . . even if I don't view her that way anymore."

"Thanks, Mom. I mean, Birdie."

"Yeah, no problem," she said. "Besides, it'll be a distraction from still not knowing a good superhero name. You'd think Malern could help me with that, but each time I try to summon that door again I'm just hit with a message that tells me I have to 'figure it out myself!' Bitch. Sorry, that's bad language."

Cody chuckled. "Man, you have changed, mo - uh, anyway, I think the public wants to know your new name too. You're starting to make some waves. Look."

He passed over his phone. A new message from Rose briefly popped up:

*'Looking forward to seeing my sexy . . .'*

She swiped it away, not wanting to think about *that*. Suddenly, the idea of playing wingwoman to Cody was way too weird, and matters of sex even more off limits. He was her *son!* But then the headlines behind that text also mentioned *sexy*, only it was in relation to her! She scrolled through them, viewing the first press images of herself.

*'Mysterious new beauty brings the power to local robbery groups!'*

*'Sexy new superhero with a thicker bod: a new icon for women past their twenties?'*

*'Hero Society has no comment on new superhero, comment 'We wish her well and look forward to working with her.'*

*'MILFy new superhero in Gate City is taking the internet by storm!'*

She clicked on that last link. It described her body in a lot of ways she did not care to be reminded of, particularly her hips, and then included a number of comments and reports of social media posts about her.

"Oh God," she said. "I can't believe guys are posting this! 'Yummy Mommy should be her superhero name?' 'Meteor Woman has bigger boobs, but this lady's hip game is no joke!' 'Finally, a superwoman for gentleman scholars of thiccyness like me to enjoy?' Who writes this shit?"

Cody looked down at his plate.

"Go on, spit it out."

"Um, *you* are, M-man. At least, you were. You can't tell me you wouldn't be the first to comment on your, uh, figure."

*Damn it, he's right. I'd be all over how curvy I am. Hell, I'd be bragging about how I'd totally give myself a wild night with a cougar like that.*

A realisation hit her. "This is a weird topic now that I'm your mom, right?"

"Very weird. Really fucking weird."

“Watch your lan - fuck! Yeah, super weird. Let’s change to other topics. How are your classes looking today?”

Somehow, the conversation that followed felt even *more* like a mom-son dynamic. She simply couldn’t get away from it. But it was simply too good to see her friend finally looking up. That almost made all the craziness worth it.

*I just hope I don’t give him a weird complex what with all this coverage on my body.*  
*Ha!*

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It finally happened: a big one. A big supervillain was rampaging through town, screaming about revenge on the city for taking his funding or whatever. He was a big dude, easily seven feet tall, with red skin and what looked like an overdose of steroids. Horns were sprouting from his head and wings from his back, and the full effect made him look like a demon in some kind of lab coat.

“Tis better to rule as Noble Demon than serve in the heaven of unlimited funding grants!” he roared as he conjured fire down the street, sending cars flying and crowds screaming as they ran away.

Her Athena wisdom told her that this was a reference to *Paradise Lost*, and not a good one. *Guess I’m not the only one with bad lines out here*, she thought as she raced into a nearby alley.

“ALAKAZAM!”

The magic rushed into her, and she ran out in her costume, thudding across the ground, a powerhouse of a woman. She didn’t even both to call out anything heroic; the mutated man calling himself ‘Noble Demon’ was in the air with his back turned to her, conjuring flames down the street. She jumped into the air and slammed into him with full force.

“ALAKAZAM!” she roared, and celestial lightning roared down upon him, making the villain scream out in agony. But he was stronger than he looked, and threw her down the street, ripping up entire sections of the asphalt.

“Ah, it seems another newcomer is here to take on the Noble Demon,” he said in a raspy voice, taking to the air again. “What is your new identity, luscious wench?”

*Wow, this guy is taking to this new role WAY too fucking hard.*

“I - um, don’t have one yet.”

There was a brief confusion on his face. “Seriously? I was forcibly mutated only five days ago, and I’ve got a name. How do you not have a name?”

“I - it’s been a whole damn thing, okay. Can we just fight so I can take you down?”

He grinned with needle-point teeth. "Gladly, my voluptuous foe. I shall enjoy corrupting your delicious form."

There was only one response to that: "*Ew.*"

The battle recommenced, and it was a brutal one. This man was no kaiju, but whatever powers an experimental gone wrong had infused him with, they were no joke. Birdie had to keep leaping into the air to reach him, but he was good at dodging, and only the foresight of Hecate allowed her to track him for a few good hits. She could get him to the ground by yanking on his wings, but his fire surge actually singed her flesh.

*Okay, so not totally invulnerable, at least to this kind of napalm.*

Still, she was heavily resistant to it, and could stay in the fight.

"Get out of here!" she cried to the civilians. "I'll keep him at bay!"

But without much experience fighting threats like this, that was all she could do: stay in the game. Birdie was able to use the healing of Aphrodite upon herself multiple times, but it left her open to being raked by Noble Demon's claws due to the time and concentration it took. Worse, he was doing a lot of damage to the buildings around him; fissures were opening in the ground and spewing hot air, the ground burning with what looked like freaking *magma*. She had to call upon the wisdom of Athena to battle on uneven terrain, jumping onto rooftops and leaping *through* billboards to take him from surprise.

*I am so grateful she's also a goddess of strategy!*

Unfortunately, her powers of Artemis went both ways: she could call upon animals, but now she also felt a damn duty to them! She tweeted, whistled, and growled for various pets and bird life to get clear before they burned up, much to Noble Demon's amusement.

"Ah, I see I am corrupting you! I look forward to resting my face in your maternal bosom, once this city is my devil's kingdom!"

"Dude, I'm just warning the animals! Stop being such a creep!"

*I'm not even sure he HAS a corrupting power. He's probably just a weirdo.*

She leapt at him again, colliding heavily this time and smashing right into a tree that the knowledge of Demeter told her could take the brunt of their force.

*Reminds me, I really need to get my house garden going.*

She summoned the celestial lightning again, but at the exact same time he caused more fissures in the ground, trapping her in it as he made an escape. He looked almost beaten, and began to pull herself out, when suddenly:

"Help! Oh God, please help us!"

Screams came from behind her, and she saw something horrifying: a large recreation centre that was filled with people, all of whom had gone there to escape the fight, was about to collapse. Its roof was already sagging, and large cracks were in the building walls, but the

whole thing could come down at any moment. The exit door was flowing with magma, as was the area before the window.

“Ha!” Noble Demon taunted. “Now you must make a choice, my seductive older heroine. Chase me and let the people die, or save them and let me go to fight another day. Which is it to be?”

“The people, asshole, obviously!”

She gestured for them to get out of the way, and then she smashed through the window, jumping over the lava. A support pillar was already gone, and another was crumbling. The whole thing was coming down, and there were easily fifty or more people in her, all of whom were about to be crushed.

*Christ, this is no joke. This isn't some joyride. This is real. I need to save these people.*

Her mind panicked, so she drew upon the wisdom of Athena. Hecate's vision could help her up to a point, but the real test would be Hera's strength and celestial radiance.

“Everyone, back up!” she cried. “I'm going to try something!”

The ceiling collapsed further down, and more people screamed. Birdie acted quickly, grabbing a pillar that had collapsed. It was one of those old fashioned sandstone-imitation ones; strong and cylindrical, and perfect for her purposes. She lifted it with ease and pushed it against the roof, but more of it buckled. There was no central point she could prop it against; she was only delaying the inevitable. Sounds of fire and battle raged outside, but she ignored all of it.

*I have to save these people. I have to. GODDESSES, GIVE ME STRENGTH!*

It was an instinct she had no idea what to do with, so she shouted it out loud this time.

“G-GODDESSES!” she cried, pushing the pillar against the ceiling, pushing with all her might. “LEND ME YOUR STRENGTH!”

And then . . . light. Power. Energy.

Godliness.

The crowd looked on in awe, many of them with smartphones in their hands, taking photos and video as she suddenly rose up, floating in place. From her hands extended the power of all the goddesses that had blessed her, and it formed a pattern of light. The roof collapsed completely, and for a moment everyone - including her - screamed. But then it halted against her power, smashing into that instead. She floated in place like a true superhero, easily twenty feet off of the ground, holding up the entire heavy concrete above her. Birdie groaned, gritted her teeth, and then for the first time reached out with Demeter's power in a way she never had before: the plants at the corners of the room extended,

growing vines and tendrils and roots. They weaved through the structure, binding it all together, clutching the collapsing masonry and concrete. It took every ounce of her being.

And then, it was done.

With a mighty sigh, this additional boost of power ended, and she fell to the ground with a thud, panting.

*God, I feel wrung out. Goddesses, I guess. Heh.*

She barely managed to raise herself up, at which point she realised she was still surrounded by people, all looking at her with awe on their faces.

“You saved us.”

“Oh my God, I thought I was going to die.”

“Thank you! Thank you for saving my family!”

More comments came, and Birdie had no idea what to say. A dark-skinned man grabbed her arm and helped her up, and a woman on her left did the same, getting her onto her own two feet.

“Th-thanks,” she said. “I think I can stand now. That just took a lot out of me.”

“Is it safe to go out now?”

“I’ll go check.”

She waded through the crowd and looked through the smashed window; the lava had cooled and hardened, and the fighting appeared to be over. She stepped out onto the street, gesturing for the civilians to stay inside, and that was when she saw them: the other heroes, including *the* hero, the one she remembered getting a lot of pleasure from over the years when it came to the sneaky paparazzi shots of her.

Meteor Woman.

She hovered in the air, carrying the defeated Noble Demon and placing him firmly on the ground, his body contained in bent girders of metal. Her leotard outfit was silver, her gloves and boots blue, her long cape also. The blonde bombshell’s hair was long enough to nearly reach her waist, and her smile was magnificent. Of course, as everyone knew, the most noticeable thing about her was her very ripe bosom; a window in her outfit showed off a deep, deep chasm of cleavage that even Birdie’s goddess form could not rival.

*Jesus, and I feeling jealous? What is wrong with me! Those things are way too big. Hell, mine hurt my back in my normal form as they are!*

Beside the powerful superheroine was another: Lightning Lass, in her electric blue and yellow outfit and domino mask. She was whispering to her partner, the crusader-themed Signet Lance, about something, and pointing towards Birdie. He appeared to roll his eyes.

“Wow,” was all Birdie could say.

“Wow yourself,” Meteor Woman said, landing on the ground. She stepped towards Birdie, and she realised just how tall the other woman was: she had to be six-foot-two! She

herself was far more average in height; albeit stockier. "It's good to finally meet the new superheroine who's been giving me a break from all the online creeps and obsessive fans."

Birdie actually laughed. "I . . . yeah, it is a bit much. I didn't exactly expect all of this."

"Trust me, it doesn't end. I love your costume, by the way. Did you make it?"

"It sort of just . . . comes to me."

Meteor Woman snorted in a rather ungirlish manner. "Oh, I get *that*. You've got a kind of female Captain Planet thing going on."

Birdie blushed. "It's, uh, it's the power of the goddesses. They give me strength. I can talk to animals."

*Jesus, I sound like a fucking teenager. Stop looking at her cleavage! You're not even attracted to it now, but damn if it isn't hypnotic!*

"That's pretty rad," the other woman said. "I'm just grateful you were here on time. I was busy with a volcano in Polynesia, so I had to kind of rush on back. You saved a lot of lives here."

"Looked good while doing it, too!" Lightning Lass called out.

Signet Lance slapped his forehead. "*Could you be any less subtle?*"

*"What? Look at her! Maybe she's the one? C'mon, at least let me talk to her!"*

*"No way, she's too old for you."*

Birdie had no idea what they were going on about and elected to ignore them. Most people thought the pair were a couple, but she was starting to think otherwise.

"I just tried to bring down that asshole before anyone got hurt, I guess."

"Well, you did a bang-up job, especially after that kaiju thing."

Her cheeks burned. "You know about that?"

"Cobalt is a gossipy fella. Don't worry about it. Trust me, I've screwed up way, way, way worse than that, and here I am. We'll take him back to the Hero Dome in Star City, but if you feel like going official, why not sign up to the local chapter? I'll be sure to put in a good word for you if you need it . . . ?"

Birdie blinked. "Oh, I see! Um, I still haven't thought of a name yet."

"The Goddesses didn't give you one? That's no fair. I got mine from an entity known as the Meteor. It's been the subject of . . . quite a few puns."

*Yeah, because you've got an amazing pair of huge tits. God, stop looking at them, you moron!*

"It's - it's a real honour to meet you, Meteor Woman."

She held out a hand, and the two of them shook, testing one another's strength.

"A real honour too," she replied. "Hit me up if you want to bust heads in Star City sometimes. And best of luck coming up with a name."

They flew off, taking Noble Demon with them. Birdie was left standing there, still being filmed, photographed, and thanked by the various citizens of her own city.

*Wow, I really did just save the day,* she thought. And then, a few minutes later after she'd secretly turned back, another thought came to mind. *I didn't think about motorboating Meteor Woman's tits even once. God, I have changed.*

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That night, Birdie Baxter brought out the chicken roast served with gravy, the table immaculately prepared for their guest. Rose looked just as Birdie remembered her; a beautiful dark brunette with an impressive yet athletic figure, and a winning smile.

"Thanks for the invite, Miss Baxter," she said. "It's been too long since we caught up."  
*A whole lifetime ago,* Birdie thought. *I was a lot younger, then. Literally.*

"Well, it's just good to see you, Rose. Really good. And I know that Cody thinks the world of you. He can't keep his nose out of the damn phone whenever you text. I see the way he grins when you message him too. You're a cheeky pair!"

Cody blushed. "Mom!"

She delighted in his awkwardness. She may be a woman in her mid-thirties now, but at least she could take the amusing wins when they came.

"I'm just observant, honey. How are things, Rose?"

The beautiful brunette was in a stylish yet casual black dress for the evening. "Oh, things are going so great, Miss Baxter!"

"Call me Birdie."

"Well, they're going great, Birdie. I just smashed my legal assessment, and Cody and I have been going to study for eco as well, and things are looking positive there."

She took his hand at the table, lacing her fingers into his. Birdie could tell there was a momentary hesitation from Cody before he squeezed her hand back. He was blushing, and that made Birdie blush.

*'It's okay,'* she whispered to him. After all, it was just good to see them both happy. They hadn't argued once, and that was more than she could say for herself and Rose.

"So, have you heard about that local superhero?" Rose asked. "The new one?"

"Oh yeahhhh," Birdie said, lifting her fork. "The lady with the black hair and domino mask, right? Gold and red."

"Yeah, it's all the campus is talking about! We think she's one of the humanities professors, what with all the mythic goddess powers she'd got. She saved a ton of people just earlier today, when a building nearly came down on them."

Cody got his food down. "She's a pretty cool lady, whoever she is."

“Hell yeah she is. Mind you, half the guys on campus are just talking about her total MILF bod. Um . . .”

She seemed to realise that Birdie - a woman with a kind of bod that was very MILF-like - was still present at the table. “But that’s just dumb boy talk. I wonder if she’s got a name. All seems pretty mysterious so far.”

Cody smirked in his new mother’s direction. “Yeah, I think it’s high time she got one.”

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“Good morning, class!”

*“Good morning, Miss Baxter!”*

The chorus was beautiful, and Birdie thanked them for it as they all sat at their tables.

“Max, Sammy, can you please hand these out to the class. Today we’re doing a fun little warm up activity. As some of you may know, there’s a new superhero lady in town, but she doesn’t have a name yet! So we’re going to come up with a new superhero name *for* her, and I’ll pass them on to the Hero Society to see if she’s willing to take one. What do you think?”

From the way they were instantly ecstatic and gossiping amongst themselves, she knew they were on board.

“My Dad says he’s going to marry her!”

“My Dad says that too and he’s married!”

Birdie bit her lip to stop from laughing. “Settle, everyone, settle. We’re just having five minutes to think in our little groups. Make a list, and then cut it down to one or two choices you like!”

The kids quickly got to work, and Birdie moved around the room, monitoring their progress and guiding them helpfully as necessary. A number of the more rambunctious boys were very keen on their choices.

“Hero Woman!”

“No, Woman Hero!”

*God, maybe this was a bad idea.*

“My dad says she should be called a Super MIL-”

Birdie clapped her hands together. “Okay, that’s enough for now, everyone! Can you turn in your suggestions for me please, and I’ll hand them on to our lovely new lady superhero. The class all did, and she prepared them for the alphabet progress tables they were working on next. It was little Madeline who was the last to come up to her desk and put her suggestion in. She was a shy girl, with thick glasses and adorable pigtails. She passed her note over to Miss Baxter.

“Um, Miss Baxter, I hear the new hero lady is powered by Greek gods.”

“That’s true, Madeline, that’s very smart of you to know that.”

She beamed a little. “I’ve chosen my name for her based on stories Dad told me about them. I saw her holding up the whole roof of that place and saving people on the television, and it reminded me of something from those stories. I hope she likes it.”

Birdie couldn’t help herself. She unfolded the bit of paper and saw the suggested name within. Slowly, a broad grin crept across her face.

*Yes, this is the one.*

“Madeline, I think she’s going to *love* it.”

## **Issue #6: Proper Debut**

Birdie was in a good mood. Her first period of her new life was behind her, and it had been a very unfun few days to go through *that*. When she’d complained to Cody about it, he just got all awkward about it before mumbling that it was ‘inappropriate.’ It made her think this mother-son thing was becoming just a bit too real that she couldn’t have a whine with her bestie about stuff like that. But she had been practising with her powers and making more of a name for herself, and the one-two punch of meeting goddamn *Meteor Woman* and then *finally* getting a good superhero name was enough to make her feel on top of the world.

Which she was, in a way.

The Gateway Tower was the tallest building in the city. Birdie hadn’t scaled it as her superhero self; she’d simply taken the elevator like any normal person. But once she had found a hidden closet it was time for ‘*ALAKAZAM*’, and then she was her empowered, muscled, and even curvier self. *Then* she was able to get to the balcony and literally leap to the top of the tower to look over the entirety of the city, east and west, north and south. One thing she’d found about Hecate’s power was that it worked best to predict things you could see or at least visualise before you.

*Well, now I’m seeing the whole damn city. What have you got for me, foresight?*

A vision flashed in her mind: an attack upon a corporate compound to seize volatile chemicals. The armed robbers looked to be suited up, and not in a business kind of way: real supervillains.

*Fuck yeah, that’ll do it. Time for a debut.*

She readied her power, concentrating all her energy into her super thighs, and then shot into the air in an enormous arc that was blistering in speed and momentum. She adopted her hero pose - that one was for her still-surviving male ego - and then roared down like lightning itself towards the ground over in the Springfern area of town, where ironically

almost all plants were stripped away. This was a concrete jungle, and she readied for landing.

*You've got this, Birdie. Get your timing right. You don't even need Hecate for this. Well . . . maybe a little of Athena's wisdom.*

"Goddesses!" she cried. "LEND ME YOUR STRENGTH!"

At the last second the golden celestial light shot out from her feet, slowing her momentum so that she landed with a powerful and intimidating thud, but not a cataclysmic one. A number of street goers screamed or looked at her in shock, but her focus was on the DynamicWare storage facility before her, which she'd landed perfectly near. The superheroine whistled, communicating to a number of rats near the gutter to pour into the building and give her an idea where the closest one was. One returned quickly, and gave her a very important bit of information: they were in a cold storage area deep within the facility, and one of them appeared to have powers with that very same theme.

*Great. I better not find out I'm vulnerable to that.*

The temptation to rush in and kick ass was there, but Birdie had to remind herself of her new mantra: *be responsible, damn it!* So instead she summoned the wisdom of Athena and a little bit of the future sight of Hecate, allowing her to input the lock code that gave her entrance to the warehouse. And she also did one other thing, just in case. Even if it wasn't a very *Bill* thing to do, Birdie thought it was a good idea. No alarms had yet been tripped, so clearly these guys were professional. The door opened, and the red-and-gold garbed superheroine entered with her fists at the ready, her natural glow diminished just enough to provide her with some stealth.

From there, she moved towards the cold storage area deeper within the facility. There were hushed voices in the distance, but without super hearing she couldn't make out who they were or what was being said. What she *could* tell was that a number of security guards had been incapacitated. With the healing and medicinal knowledge of Aphrodite she was able to determine they were largely fine, but definitely knocked unconscious. One had a broken wrist.

*What is with my crazy new life and broken wrists? What a shitty calling card.*

She healed it, as well as a few minor internal injuries both men had, and some small frostbite on their feet where some kind of ice blast had hit them. The darker-skinned of the unconscious pair had some of the worst acne she'd ever seen.

*Well, what's the point of crazy superhero powers if you can't help a guy with acne, right?*

She healed it right up. The poor security guard may have been knocked out, but he'd wake up each morning from now with the best damn looking skin a guy could ask for. Why should she be the only one looking fantastic, after all?

After this brief diversion she strolled forward. Stealth was not something that came naturally to her form, particularly given her frame, but this was where she learned of another blessing from the goddesses: the hunting skill of Artemis. Her eyes narrowed, and a supernatural sense came over her, one that allowed her to move her feet in near-silent shuffled footsteps, all while tracking a prey that was drawing ever closer.

*Couldn't I at least have stockings as part of this outfit. My bare legs are getting fucking cold this close to a giant freezer room. At least I don't have a boob window like Meteor Woman, I guess..*

The vault leading to the cold storage was now below the gantry she was moving across, and it was at this point that the villains made their appearance. There were three of them: a figure in a black exo-suit with a prominent scorpion tail that she recognised as Deathstalker. The second villain had an extremely basic costume: an almost comical lime green lycra body suit that covered their whole form. That had to be Imp.

*What the hell is his power again?*

Either way, it could only be as ridiculous and lame as his costume, she imagined. The last figure emerged behind them, barking orders. This one was a woman, and not a bad looking one either. She wore a revealing blue dress like an Indian sari, and her ethnicity seemed to match that description too, though her hair was white-blue and her eyes a chilling blue as well. There was a lot of icy blue, basically. She seemed almost to glide upon the ground, leaving a trail of ice in her wake that slowly dissipated behind her.

*Okay, looks like I'm not the only new super lady on the block. Who the hell are you?*

"Keep the item secure, Deathstalker," she said. "I don't want it damaged."

"Yeah, whatever," he said in his chilling robotic voice. "So long as you can do with it what you say."

"I can," she said in an imperious British accent. "I can enhance my powers ten-fold, and the intricacies of your suit. And Imp, I can cure you."

The green figure nodded, seemingly silent.

"I've heard that one before," Deathstalker said. "But if I don't get paid I'll smash your little science project to pieces."

"You wouldn't dare."

"I've been doing this supervillain shtick for years now, lady. You're just the new kid on the block wearing a slutty little costume, and I-"

The cold-themed woman crossed the floor so fast that Birdie almost gasped. In moments, Deathstalker was frozen near solid, a thin layer of ice encasing him. He struggled, the servos on his suit failing against the cold seeping through.

"Don't test me, Deathstalker," she said. An icicle formed from her finger, and she pressed it near the eye slit of his exosuit.

“G-got it,” he replied.

She pushed him backwards, and he toppled, the ice smashing. She had already turned away, uncaring.

“Now, it’s time to go and -”

Birdie was already acting. She leapt from the gantry and crashed down in a classic superhero landing before the trio, her body crackling with power. Deathstalker was still partially immobilised, and this ice lady was clearly a serious threat. She used the element of surprise to grip the woman’s leg before she could realise what was happening.

“ALAKAZAM!”

A bolt of radiant lightning struck her foe, and the ice woman screeched, howling and then literally evaporating into an icy mist that sent shards of icicles into Birdie, knocking her back as well. The woman materialised across the room.

*Goddamn, she can teleport! Fucking great! Don’t make a mess of this, Birdie!*

She kept her focus, dodging the immediate ice blast using the foresight of Hecate. Deathstalker was trying to get up, so she quickly grabbed his exosuit and used it to absorb the next ice blast, freezing it all over again.

“What the FUCK!?” he cried.

The tactical knowledge of Athena’s wisdom flowed through Birdie. She moved elegantly and powerfully, her muscled female form dodging another blast and leaping straight for the woman. She dodged effortlessly however, and it was then that the lame looking Imp revealed his true power: his body writhed, released an almost imperceptible whimper, and then a gnarly fleshy tendril covered in gnashing jaws and revolting eyes and writhing scilia *erupted* from his chest, bursting out to smash Birdie against the wall.

It was incredibly gross.

*The fuck!? He’s like a weird Lovecraft thing!*

Another tentacle ballooned from his shoulder, human fingers covering it, a hand made of melting, scarred hands gripped her as well. She grabbed them both.

“ALAKAZA-”

The hand covered her mouth, preventing her from finishing the phrase.

“Very good, Imp! Keep her mouth covered! So this is the new superheroic woman in our lovely Gate City. The one without a moniker, hmm?”

Birdie struggled. She was strong, damn strong, but Imp’s fleshy extensions were soft. Pushing them was like trying to fight against a mudslide; it just overwhelmed her.

“Allow me to introduce this city’s newest supervillain,” the gorgeous woman said, placing a hand on her hip. She was devastatingly beautiful, but appropriately icy in her gaze, her lip turned up at the left side in a haughty smile. “I am Winteress, and I long to have an icy domain to call my own. I’ve decided that Gate City, with its gorgeous bay views and brilliant

rural surrounds, will be just such a place for me. I'm not greedy, I don't want the whole country. I just want, ohhh . . . the state. And I aim to get it. I'm not . . . you might say, *accustomed*, to not getting my own way."

Birdie struggled. Hecate's vision was giving her something, but she just had to hold out.

"Something to say?" the woman taunted. "I don't think so, not with that nasty word that gives you so much power. Still, it will be a shame to kill you. Not just because I think your body type and age are underrepresented among super ranks, but also because, frankly, I do so love your costume. In fact, I was somewhat inspired by your dress aesthetic myself, after I got my powers so recently. Do you like it?"

She turned on the spot, and Birdie huffed. The lady did look fantastic, but she wasn't going to say it.

"Ah, I can see you don't appreciate it. Well, too bad. Thank you for the inspiration, and the surprise fight, but now I suppose it's time to die. This is why you shouldn't be irresponsible, dear. This is why you should plan ahead, something someone your age should know by now. This is why-"

Suddenly, the door caved in, and Knuckleduster was already running forward to literally hurl Deathstalker across the room just as he'd gotten up. The Cobalt Speedster burst into the room like lightning, and he easily knocked Winteress to the side, halting her monologue. Imp was silently surprised by this, and it gave Birdie the freedom she needed to stop pushing and start *pulling*. She yanked on his foul flesh, bringing the lime green figure straight to her, only to then throw him backwards as she spun around, turning his own arms into a long bungee cord that he was spinning from. His body crashed into a metal pillar and collapsed.

"What took you so long?" she called out to Knuckleduster.

"We have our own schedules, you know!" the woman cried. "Thanks for calling us?"

Winteress reformed, tripping the speedster up with her cold blast. "What manner of interruption is this!?"

Birdie grinned, grabbing Deathstalker dramatically above her head.

"*ALAKAZAM!*" she cried, and this time he was knocked out for good, collapsing down, his electronics wiped. She turned to Winteress, who was relying on Imp to keep the other two heroes busy. "Irresponsible, am I?" Birdie taunted. "Maybe I was, once. But I'm a mature lady now, Winteress, so I called ahead once I found out there were three supervillains raiding this place, and my new friends came knocking."

"You - you bitch!"

Birdie scoffed, tanking a blast of icicles by crossing her wrists before her head. Hera's power held out this time.

“Bitch? Maybe. But that’s not my name, Winteress. You’re messing with *Lady Atlas* now, and she’s gonna bring the whole damn roof down upon your head.”

*Now that was a good line. Fucking finally.*

Winteress examined the situation, and made a tactical decision: retreat. She glided to Deathstalker, grabbed a small cylindrical device, and then evaporated into an icy mist. She did not re-emerge in the room. Speedster and Knuckleduster were overcoming Imp, slowly but surely.

“I’m going after her!” Lady Atlas called.

“Take care!” Knuckleduster shouted. “Great name, by the way! Took you long enough!”

She ran, her heavy footsteps thudding on the ground. The guidance of Hecate brought her to the roof, so she leapt up through the skylight this time, landing right as Winteress was readying to leap to another building.

“You just don’t give up, do you?”

“Never did, lady. Not at football, and not at this.”

Winteress narrowed her eyes. “We’re both new girls on the block. We can call this a truce. A friendly understanding.”

“Yeah . . . fuck that.”

Lady Atlas launched head, but Winteress was faster, and the former man was a little too keen this time, however, because she spoke the word anyway.

*“ALAKAZAM!”*

Lightning crackled, and suddenly she was standing there not as Lady Atlas, thick and curvaceous and muscled superheroine, but as Birdie Baxter, the beautiful MILF who otherwise had *no fucking powers whatsoever*.

*And no protection, shit!*

Winteress’ momentary confusion was all that saved her. She was quick, lashing out with an icicle that pierced painfully into her shoulder. More were coming, and she could barely breathe as the icicle pierced close to her heart. There was only one thing to do: Birdie leapt off the side of the roof. She only just managed to say the word in time, whispered but truly meant: *“Alakazam.”*

Another celestial bolt, and she was Lady Atlas again, still hurting and wheezing from the ice. She had crashed onto her back, causing a crack in the pavement, but her focus was on the wisdom of Aphrodite to heal herself, which she slowly did. Winteress looked down at her from above, amusement on her features.

“Interesting!” she cried. “Very interesting! I think I shall keep that information for myself. How nice to have met and defeated you, Lady Atlas.”

Lady Atlas smiled back. "Defeated, huh?" she said, holding up a small cylinder device.

Winteress searched her own person, and realised her goal had been seized by Lady Atlas just moments ago. She let loose a snarl like an animal, a great contrast to her usually imperious demeanour. But the sounds of more superheroes coming clearly had her rushed, because she simply glared down at Lady Atlas, who was still recovering.

"It seems you win this time, Lady Atlas," she said. "But not the next. I have a feeling that you and I will be great foes to come."

With that, she disappeared into an icy mist.

*Great, Lady Atlas thought. Just fucking great. Now I've got an archenemy!*

She finished healing herself up, then leapt up to the rooftop where Knuckleduster and Cobalt Speedster had just arrived. She filled them in.

"I'm sorry she got away," she finished.

"It happens," Cobalt said. "More than you'd think, even for a guy as fast as me. You did good, Lady Atlas. Real good. Mind if we take the device now?"

"Oh, yeah. Sure." She handed it to him, and he zoomed off somewhere.

Knuckleduster placed a hand on Lady Atlas' shoulder and squeezed gently.

"Hey, don't take it personally. Cobalt's right, you did good. Real good. And it was a great debut for the papers, right?"

She had to admit it was.

"What did I miss?"

The voice came from Red Magnet, who was floating down from the sky.

"Everything!" Knuckleduster said, "including a new superhero debut. Magnet, meet Lady Atlas!"

The rather chauvinistic suited hero folded his arms, looking her up and down. Once again, he was clearly checking out Birdie's chest and hips. He even licked his lips.

"Nice," he said. "We need some mommy MILF types in the Society."

"I will seriously throttle him," Lady Atlas said.

"Trust me, you have no idea," Knuckleduster replied. "Not all celebrated heroes are actually heroes, if you know what I mean."

And Lady Atlas did. She really did, given the person she had been versus the person she had become. But she felt like a hero tonight. She felt like she'd really grown up.

## Issue #7: The Interruption

Birdie felt a little foolish: she couldn't stop reading articles or watching online videos about the new 'Lady Atlas.' It felt like an exercise in ego, but she had to remind herself that she was kinda an egotistic person, and had been far, far worse before her change. In a way, just feeling a little guilty about her constant self-searches was a pretty big improvement!

*Man, I am really blowing up online.*

There were reactions to her new name; they seemed universally positive, though some feminist groups were apparently annoyed that, despite being empowered by the goddesses, she had gone with a male mythological figure as part of her moniker.

*They're reaching. I think they're reaching. Shit, are the goddesses gonna be angry about that? That'd be stupid, right?*

But otherwise, it seemed that her debut, plus the security footage that had been released, had made her the hottest new thing in the online space. The Hero Society Forums were going nuts over her.

*'Anyone got pics of her fighting Dalliance the other day? She looked really hot and the lighting would be great!'*

*'Speaking as a woman in her early forties (I know she's probably not that old yet) it's really great to see someone who actually looks more like me. She's not some busty blonde twenty three year old bombshell like Meteor Woman or Lightning Lass. And she's not some supermodel like Flame Dancer. She's got curves! She's got a thicker waist! She looks like she's raised kids!'*

*'She has the coolest powerset. I mean, it's kinda random, but super versatile. Any confirmation she can actually talk to animals yet?'*

And so on. News articles were featuring her heavily as well, particularly after a big fight. It had been three weeks since she debuted herself fully as Lady Atlas, and it didn't seem to be slowing down. She continued to take the advice of the local Hero Society chapter, tackling more of the low level stuff, but increasingly they had called upon her to deal with a runaway villain, or a super they didn't have time to capture while they were off in space or Star City or something, and increasingly Lady Atlas was damn confident in herself, using her powers wisely to approach each situation. And in those moments where she had to work with a team, it was like a reversal from the person she had been: instead of hogging all the glory and playing to the cameras, she filled the function Knuckleduster and the others needed her to, even if it was crowd control and protection.

*God, there's even a poll between me and Meteor Woman for hottest supergal. Huh, she's winning, obviously, but . . . not by nearly as much as I thought she would. Jesus, that's over two hundred thousand respondents.*

Part of her felt strangely flattered by that, and she smirked to herself.

“What are you looking at, Birdie?”

She shut her laptop. It was her coworker, Devin, who taught the higher grades.

“Oh, just looking at the news.”

“And Lady Atlas, I see. She’s been all over the news. You’re a fan, I take it?”

She blushed a little. “I guess you could say that.”

He chuckled before taking a sip from his coffee. “She’s hot, I’ll give her that.”

“Men,” she replied, rolling her eyes.

“Guilty, as charged. Still, the kids really like her. I think it’s because she’s older; she’s got that maternal touch. Who knows, maybe we can get her in for a visit one day?”

Birdie considered this, an idea blooming in her mind.

“Maybe . . . one day.”

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She arrived home in good spirits after a long workday. As usual, the kids had been full-on, and she’d had to waste her two hours of midday planning time in order to don her alter-ego and go fight a weird velociraptor themed villain downtown, but on the whole it had been satisfying. Despite herself, despite all her embarrassment and previous shame over who and what she had become, she had found that she was really connecting with the kids now. They were *hers*, in a way, and the way they lit up when she gave some positive reinforcement was wonderful. It didn’t hurt that she was known as ‘that teacher who all the animals love,’ courtesy of Artemis’ gifts, of course. Nor was it bad that their class had the best veggie patch growing by *far*.

*Thank you Demeter. I’ve got to tell Cody about it. I wonder if he’s had a good day on campus. He really seems to be thriving lately.*

They both were, in fact. She was getting accustomed to her role as a single mother and superhero on the side, and Cody was . . . the only way to describe it was that he was *healing*. The young man had a stable home and wasn’t afraid of constant bills with no support, relieving a huge weight from his shoulders. Birdie hadn’t realised just how anxious he had been before until she had seen this new man slowly emerge from his cocoon. He was becoming vibrant, confident, and he was starting to get passionate about entering law as a future profession, whereas before he was simply trying to keep his head above water while working two jobs. And with no Bill around to be boastful and immature and, as she’d come to realise, more than a little *selfish*, there was also no one to be jealous of. Just as by growing up she’d learned to be more empathetic and understanding of the young man she was thinking more and more of as her son.

*I'm just so proud of him. I'm proud of us. I may not have wanted this, but goddamn if we haven't adapted well. And I'm a better friend now. Hell, I'm a Mom. I mean, I don't know if I'd stay like this, but I'd at least miss it if I had the opportunity to go back. I'd be a much better boyfriend to Rose now that I've got some womanly wisdom and intuition, that's for sure. Hm, maybe we'll get some nice takeout tonight, just to celebrate how well we're doing. We could even invite Rose. I'm still not super comfortable with them being together, but Cody is being good about that. Maybe with just a little bit more time, I could even learn to accept them. Maybe. Who the fuck knows with this weird life of mine?"*

She climbed the stairs to tell Cody the plan, opened the door with a beaming smile on her face, and then was greeted with a horror show: Cody, on his back, naked as the day he was born. Rose, naked and looking as beautiful as her Bill self remembered, riding him cowgirl, slowly gyrating her hips upon him and moaning with ecstasy.

"Ohhhhhh, Cody, mmmhmm . . ."

Neither had noticed: Cody was entirely focused on Rose, and her eyes were closed as she arched her back in bliss. She leaned forward, gripping her boyfriend's shoulders, sliding up and down on his pole faster and faster and faster.

*NO! Oh God. Oh GOD NO! GOD HELP ME NO!*

It was a sight that would have been terrible enough, but now she had the perspective of being a mother *accidentally walking in on her son having sex*. She let out an inadvertent squeak, and *that was* when Cody looked her way.

"MOM!?"

"CODY!?"

The entire scene had been less than four seconds, but it had been long enough. Rose threw herself off of Cody and covered herself with his blanket, and Cody likewise covered himself too, like the bed was some kind of protective bunker.

"SorryForInvadingYourPrivacy! I'll Knock Next Time!" she yelled, already slamming the door and running away. Birdie almost tripped down the stairs she was so overcome, the taboo image of her old girlfriend and her former best friend entangled together in passionate sex, and she the *damn mother* who had walked in on it.

*Fuck! It's like every son's worst nightmare! Their mom accidentally peeping!*

But as she struggled to control her panicked breathing in the living room, the shame of what she had seen turned to humiliation, and that humiliation slowly boiled over into anger.

"How - how dare he! In my house!" she muttered to herself, cleaning up some pillows and munchies the pair had clearly moved around while in the living space. "I'm his *mother!* He should know how damn inappropriate that is, and -"

*And what the FUCK is wrong with me?*

It all coalesced in that moment. The tears flowed. The anger with it. They mingled together, enhancing the strength of each, reminding her how much she had been changed against her will.

*How DARE he!? I've lost EVERYTHING. I lost my entire prime years. I lost my football future. I lost my damn dick! I've had to go through two damn periods and get birth control medication just to manage it! I've had to put up with being attracted to men my own new damn age, including getting wet and ready while watching George fucking Clooney in Ocean's Eleven! I've had to put up with catcalls, with the janitor at work staring at my ass, and being some kind of supermom - LITERALLY! I've got F-cup tits and people speculating online ALL about THAT! I love my girlfriend and my best friend, and he KNOWS it! And now he has the fucking GALL to have sex with her under MY roof while I'm stuck ALONE! RGHGH!!*

A series of footsteps followed down the stairs. A very embarrassed Rose gave a sheepish smile Birdie's way.

"Um, s-sorry Birdie, I've got to go! Uh, hope you've had a great day!"

She left out the front door. Not long after, Cody emerged, buttoning up the last of his shirt and looking very flustered.

"Mom! Look, I didn't mean for you to see that."

She squeezed her eyes shut, tears still flowing as she marched into the backyard. She could barely stop herself. Cody followed her.

"Mom! Are you hearing me? I thought you had a meeting tonight. Rose was just coming over and things just s-sort of happened. Mom? Are you listening?"

She turned on the spot, barely able to see through the tears and all the fucking damn hormonal emotion.

"I'm. Not. Your. Goddamn. Mom. ALAKAZAM!"

In moments, she was in her superheroic form. Somehow it now felt as insulting as it was empowering. Bigger boobs. Bigger hips. Bigger muscles, sure, but they were still *girl muscles*. She was a woman. *All* woman, right down to the suddenly longer hair and the dress outfit and the skirt and the hairless shapely legs and all.

"Mo - Birdie, can we just talk about this?"

But the fury was too strong in her. The wisdom of Athena wanted to break through it, but the former male didn't want to hear it right now.

"The name is *Bill*, Cody. And no, we can't talk about this."

She whistled to a bird, and it confirmed that the soccer field three blocks over was free from people. She leapt into the air with a powerful quake of thunder, landing down upon it. And then she kept on leaping, hulk-like, until she'd left Gate City behind her and had entered the wilds.

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Lady Atlas stretched out a hand and accepted the berries from the offering squirrel.

“Thanks,” she said, before chittering to it. “That should be enough.”

It chittered back, then took off into the forest. The superheroine laid back on the bed of leaves that a couple of bears had put together for her. “Thanks guys,” she said. “You can go now. I just want to be alone.”

She communicated that in several animal languages to the surrounding creatures, who all lowered their heads and returned to the wilds, away from the gentle clearing she’d found.

“I’m like a goddamn grown up Disney princess,” she muttered.

*What the hell am I gonna do? I have to turn back. What do I have to do!? Goddamn this. I’m not even meant to be Lady Atlas. That was the Rosalyn Evers woman, whoever she is! Ugh!*

She lay back, exhaling. The weight of her breasts on her chest were particularly noticeable. She’d gotten used to that feeling, just like the padding on her backside, but something had snapped within her and reminded her of who she was meant to be.

“Goddesses,” she whispered, pleading to them. “Lend me your strength.”

A golden light glowed, emanating from her. It was similar to the other times she had called on their blessings for her ‘power up,’ but different in a way. Softer, perhaps. The light coiled out of her, and she felt it tug on her, like a thread. She tugged back, and found she could control it.

“Open,” she said. “Give me that door.”

It manifested, the gold light turning violet as the door manifested. Lady Atlas leapt to her feet and burst through the door, finding herself in the impressive chamber of the goddesses once again. Malerna was there, her expression warm on her wrinkled face.

“Birdie! Welcome! I’ve been waiting for you to gain further control over this power.”

But Lady Atlas was stomping forward, angry. Her skirt swished on her legs, and her golden braces glowed with power.

“I just told my s - my *friend* this, if he even is still my friend: I’m *not* Birdie. I want to change back. I know you said it’s permanent, but I’m not fucking believing that. I want to be me again. I deserve that! I want my girlfriend back, and I want my life back! And if you refuse to give me that, then I’ll make sure you -”

Malerna put up a hand, silencing Lady Atlas. “I believe I can help you now, Birdie. Bill. Lady Atlas. It is a good name, by the way. The goddesses are pleased by it.”

But Birdie barely heard that last part. “Wait, you’ve got a way to change me back?”

“I believe I do. Come with me.”

She led Birdie to the side of the chamber, where an entrance led to an impressive yet ancient looking library.

“Okay, wow,” she said.

“Indeed, I have been doing a lot of private reading, in between watching your exploits through my crystal ball. You have done exceptionally well, Lady Atlas. You are truly worthy of the blessings of the goddess, even if you weren’t *quite* the intended recipient.”

“Yeah, I guess I wasn’t so bad. I - I even enjoyed it. But this shit is getting to my head now. I was starting to *like* being Birdie until I saw my own friend-turned-son fucking my old girlfriend in my house. I need to get back before I’m Stockholm Syndrome’d, or whatever.”

Malerna smiled. “Is it Stockholm Syndrome, or is it just that you have changed, and come to find new purpose as Birdie Baxter, mother and superheroine?”

Birdie looked away. “Look . . . just show me how I can change back.”

Malerna simply nodded and took her across the room to where a desk was piled up with old tomes. A huge hardbound one was open the desk. It was written in Ancient Greek, but Birdie realised she could read it, though what it *meant* was another matter.

“When a prophetic blessing is placed mistakenly upon the wrong person,” Malerna explained, “there is opportunity to place it back into the hands of the Gods, when willingly offered. There are a number of necessary ingredients for this, but your part is simple. You must simply stand before the sacrificial bowl up there, offer up apologies to the goddesses, and vocally relinquish the power.”

“I can do that now?”

“Once I’ve acquired the ingredients, yes. And *if* you really, truly wish to go back.”

Lady Atlas wandered, viewing this strange and mystical place. There was a large mirror upon a great load bearing pillar, and she took the time to look at the body she now possessed, the superhero identity she had taken on. She was beautiful, there was no denying it. She was healthy, fit, and mature. Not old, not really. Thirty six was still quite young! But older, certainly, than her nineteen year old self who had gotten up to all sorts of stupid young shenanigans.

*How did I get so used to being this?* she thought. She ran her hands over her form, fiddling with her red skirt with its golden hem.

“I need to go back home,” she said, turning to Malerna. She had to swallow her emotions down just to get control of them. “I have to go tell Cody that I’m changing back.”

## Issue #8: The Decision

“That’s it, go to your room!”

“Are you kidding? I’m a nineteen year old man. And besides, I’m not your freakin’ son, and you’re not my freakin’ mother! I don’t have a mother!”

Birdie bit back the strange emotions that statement gave her. “Yes you do, and it’s me. Whether either of us like it or not, I’m your mother now, and everyone knows it. There’s a picture of me pregnant with you right here in the living room, and another with me teaching you how to ride a bike when you were five.”

“But you don’t want to stay like that, do you? You want to change back. You want to abandon me.”

“I’m not abandoning you! But you said it; I’m not your mother!”

“You aren’t if you go through with this.”

The argument continued. Birdie felt the emotion welling up in her, as well as the anger and frustration.

“But you were adapting so well!” Cody continued. “We were a family!”

Birdie exhaled slowly. “In case you haven’t noticed, I’ve had to adapt to a lot of things.” She gestured to her body. “Now, I’m over it. And I don’t want to get into this. I’m not staying. I’m going to be him again.”

“Yeah, well, I liked you better as you are now,” Cody said, tears in his eyes, and then he stamped up the stairs in anger, his footfalls heavy.

That was when the B-Tier threat alert came in. Knuckleduster had given her a Hero Society pager to help coordinate them. She wasn’t a member *yet*, but it definitely came in handy. Unfortunately, this was a bad time. She wanted to talk this through with Cody, explain to him why she had to change back, because if she didn’t do it soon, she might never convince herself to do it at all.

“I like me better as I am now too,” she said to herself. “And that’s the problem.”

She donned her superhero alter ego in a flash of lightning, and took to the sky.

*I’m sorry, Cody. You had everything you wanted, but I . . .*

Lady Atlas couldn’t even finish the thought. Instead, she turned towards the fight to come, and steeled herself for that instead.

*One last hurrah.*

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It didn’t take long for Lady Atlas to realise who this B-Tier threat was. Winteress was back, and she was turning downtown into her own wintry wonderland. A blizzard was already

raging across the CBD, and it was extending outwards in enormous snowdrifts that blasted against Lady Atlas. Without flight like Red Magnet or Meteor Woman, she was forced to land and push against the wind one step at a time, occasionally leaping only when Hecate's wisdom allowed it. She didn't dare call upon the aid of the goddesses yet: that might be necessary later.

*Goddamn, did she find another way to amp up her powers? It's practically a hurricane here!*

Indeed, people were running indoors, and she had to stop to rescue a number of them, helping them get to safety.

"Thank you, Lady Atlas!" one father said. "If you weren't here . . ."

"It's okay," she replied. "I was. Just stay indoors and away from the windows, and try to rug up and keep as warm as you can."

The RadioVision News Tower seemed to be the epicentre of it. Lady Atlas pushed through, sliding backwards on the growing ice occasionally.

"Damn it, taxes are going up this year I bet," she said, and then she slammed her fists into the asphalt, digging holes and using her hands like pitons in rock fissures to keep going. She was starting to see flashes ahead; signs of a battle. It looked to be at the base of the tower, but enormous flashes of crystalline energy were zapping like lightning from above.

*Can't see a fucking thing. God, this is just what I need. Stuck in a blizzard as a MILFy superhero instead of sorting things out with my son. My friend. My . . . ugh! Whatever he is to me!*

The mist began to clear, but the frost increased. Her movements were slowing, and now the battle in full could be viewed easily. Things were not going well: she arrived just in time to see Cobalt Speedster skid across thin ice and smash out on the ground, unconscious. Knuckleduster was smashing through ice blocks that were forming around her faster than she could destroy them. Red Magnet was throwing girders and steel rebars up into the building, but the blizzard's wind was sending them right back down at him, forcing him to dodge.

"Lady Atlas!" he called. "Am I glad to see your fine bosom again!"

"Never pass down an opportunity to be a creep, huh, Red Magnet? What can I do to help?"

Knuckleduster smashed another ice sculpture, then turned to briefly consider her arrival. "She managed to take another one of those devices. I don't know it's done, but her power is tenfold, now! We can't even reach her. You've got superstrength, so you might have a chance. She doesn't know you're here yet."

Lady Atlas understood. These guys would hold out, distracting Winteress, while she scaled the building. She moved back into the mist and then around to the side of the building

until she couldn't see the direct glow of Winteress' power, then she leapt up. The storm roiled, and the glass and frame of the building was slick with ice.

*What is the endgame here, seriously? This is the shittiest winter wonderland ever.*

She continued to ascend, finding a good window to smash into. Several people shrieked within, but she quieted them.

"It's okay, I'm here to help. Do you know where she is?"

A shaking woman who looked utterly frigid managed to give a nod. "She's - she's up on the balcony. Twentieth floor. It g-gives a v-view."

Lady Atlas thanked her, then applied Aphrodite's healing to remove some of her frostbite and warm her internally.

*Wish I had more animals around to guide me but they're all hibernating.*

She smashed through the frozen emergency stairs door, then vaulted up one floor at a time. It was colder and colder the higher up she got.

*Feels like my nipples are freezing off.*

Finally she reached it. The chill in the air was intense, and it was only the warmth of the power of the goddesses that was keeping her alive, she suspected. This was a far cry bigger in stakes than any football game, but the excitement was not present for her; just a ragged determination to catch this woman. She crept forward as quietly as she could. Winteress was indeed on the balcony, and she was indeed glowing brilliantly with blue-white light. She was laughing as she conjured more and more snow and ice and wind, but her attention was clearly on the heroes far below.

"Paltry efforts," she mused. "If this is the best the Hero Society can offer, then I imagine my new domain will be secure for a lasting-"

The ice on the floor cracked audibly beneath Lady Atlas' feet.

*Fuck. I couldn't have a more dainty body!?*

But it was too late: Winteress turned immediately and lashed out with an ice blast before Lady Atlas could close the distance. Her fist ended up mere inches from the villain's face, but it might as well have been miles for all that it mattered, because she was frozen near solid, just her head free from the ice mass.

"Ah, just when I was worried things were going to be too easy. It is good to meet you again, Lady Atlas. What would my achievement be without a spectacular defeat of a fledgling archnemesi."

"We've met only once, lady," she replied, shivering.

"And yet you have handed me my only defeat. And worse than that, you *humiliated me*. Me, Winteress. That is just not done. It is a good thing that I had one other source of cold fusion energy to empower me further. And now you can see the world I am building."

"F-feels pretty cold t-to me. Couldn't be 'Tropica' or something?"

She gave a haughty laugh, moving to the balcony to throw some freeze blasts down. Then, she gestured widely.

“I have always admired frigid spaces. The desolate areas of the world. Now, I shall have this as *mine*, all mine. Complete with my adoring loyal subjects.”

Lady Atlas struggled. The ice was only growing, however. It was stronger than it should have been; connected to the villain’s power.

“If you don’t s-stop now, you’re going to kill a lot of those people. When does the storm calm?”

Winteress smiled. “Oh, I don’t plan to stop the storm for quite a while yet. It needs to reach the whole city.”

“But all the p-people-”

“Will die. Oh don’t worry, not *all* of them. But I don’t want a heavily populated space. I like *desolate* kingdoms. Perhaps fifty thousands survivors out of a million will be all I need. My power will be sufficient to hold off even the mightiest of heroes. After all, I’ve taken you out.”

Panic hit Lady Atlas. This was worse than she thought. Way worse.

“But - but my son! I mean-”

Winteress cackled, adopting a noblewoman’s posture as she laughed into her hand. “Oh, this is delicious! All those jokes in the news and comments online about your ‘Super Mom’ bod, and it turns out you really *are* a mother! I suppose it makes sense: I saw your alter-ego without powers. You look like you’ve been taking your child to soccer practice and seducing all the grey-haired, pot-bellied older men, especially with those absurd breeding hips of yours. Oh, did I hit a nerve? I suppose I would, when you compare a slender figure of regal beauty like my own to you.”

She grit her teeth. “No. My damn son, you bitch. That’s what hit my nerve.”

*God, he is my son, isn’t he? Here in this moment, when it all comes fucking crashing down, my mind is clear. He’s my son now. And this BITCH is threatening my son!*

The villain grinned. “You can tell me where he lives, if you like?”

“You won’t spare him. Don’t fucking lie to me.”

“You’re right. I think a hero should have more tragedy in their backstory. A dead son will be fantastic for that, I think. Not that you’ll live to confirm it. Goodbye, Lady Atlas.

Lady Atlas screamed, and then the ice blast took her right in the face, freezing her solid. Fury roiled within her, but the searing cold and lack of air was already getting to her. She could feel her body shutting down, her thoughts firing off madly, trying to think of what to do.

*You can't hurt him you won't hurt him I won't let you hurt my Cody he's my son and I'm his mother I'm meant to protect him and I won't let you fucking hurt him he's mine and he'll be safe and-*

And her thoughts were starting to fade. She couldn't speak. She couldn't use her power to free herself. Hera's strength was useless. There were no animals nearby for Artemis' blessing. Hecate's foresight requires a clear mind. Athena's wisdom was only telling her how to calm down and -

Wait.

She used the latter to meditate, even as her vital organs started to panic. It was just enough to bring forth Hecate's foresight, which told her that-

*You're fucking kidding. Demeter's power? But that's the lamest one. That - oh shit!*

Demeter was not just goddess of harvest. She was also connected to the *changing of the seasons.*

*And this season is unnatural as shit.*

Lady Atlas focused her power, keeping conscious long enough to feel the warmth tingle through her again. It bloomed, expanding, pushing out from her body to melt away at the ice. But she kept the majority of it within her, building and building and building like a reactor ready to burst. Winteress was starting to turn away; she was victorious, and in her victory she was smug and self-centred, like a certain someone on the football field in what seemed a lifetime ago.

*Looks like someone has some growing up to do,* she thought.

And then she let loose the warmth of summer. The ice *shattered*, smashing outwards to knock Winteress over. The woman was quick though, getting up and teleporting across the room in her blizzard form.

"How did you poss-"

But Lady Atlas had no patience for cat and mouse. Cody's life was in danger. Her *son* was in danger. She wasn't about to let that pass. She leapt straight into the woman, gripping her around the waist and smashing her through a wall. Winteress screamed in pain and anger.

*"ALAKAZAM!"*

One lightning blast.

*"ALAKAZAM!"*

Two lightning blasts.

*"ALAKAZAM!"*

Three lightning blasts. Winteress gave the thinnest of smirks despite her injuries and teleported at the last second.

“ALAKA-ahh, I’m not falling for that again, you bitch! And you’re not getting away!  
GODDESSES, LEND ME YOUR STRENGTH!”

Her radiant heat expanded in a wide arc, catching Winteress and knocking her aside. She tried to scream something out in anger as she shot more ice blasts, but Lady Atlas gripped her hand, her heat burning away this unnatural cold.

“No one threatens my kid,” she said, and somehow that line was the coldest thing in the room. Her power up from the goddesses never lasted long, but she only needed a little time to do what was necessary: she sucked the power of winter away from the villain, who cried out in agony as her enhanced abilities were stripped away from her.

“No! You can’t! Please, if you’ll just listen, we can rule togeth-”

Lady Atlas knocked her out with a single angry punch, and the woman fell to the ground. Her hair was now black, her outfit already beginning to melt away.

*Wait, she was fucking naked under that? Jesus lady, wear a thong at least.*

The superheroine collapsed backwards, her gaze never leaving the villain, even as the rest of the Hero Society arrived. There were even reinforcements: she noted Jester, looking comical with her oversized sledgehammer, and Blue Trident, looking very scuffed and very shirtless.

*Fuck me, he’s hot. I wish I could stick around.*

“Is it over?” Knuckleduster asked.

Lady Atlas dusted some ice off of her. The storm was already dissipating, and the warm sun shining on through.

“Yeah, it’s over. I think her power is gone too, at least for now.”

“You can do that?”

“I . . . I think only because the goddesses disliked an unnatural winter. Bad for the harvest, I guess.”

“Well, either way, damn good job. Can you help us get her to containment?”

Lady Atlas sighed. “Sorry, I’ve got to go. I need to check on my son.”

The Cobalt Speedster smiled. “We understand. Go to him.”

“Thanks.”

“And by the way, great work. You saved a lot of people today, Lady Atlas.”

*I guess I did, she thought. But only one matters to me above all.*

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When Birdie got home she didn’t remove her Lady Atlas form. Instead she burst through the front door, which had some minor ice still on it, and called out in a loud voice.

“CODY! CODY!? SON, WHERE ARE YOU!?”

"I'm upstairs, hang on, I'll come d-"

But she had already leapt up the stairs and burst into his room, before immediately feeling guilty. He was on his bed, wrapped in a bed cover to keep warm.

"Oh shit, I'm sorry for bursting in again. I'm meant to knock aren't I and - and -"

She burst into tears.

"Mom?"

And then she ran to him, embraced him. Held him. Cody hugged her back.

"Mom, is everything okay? I mean, sorry, Birdie. Bill."

She shook her head against him. "No, not Bill. And not Birdie either. I'm your Mom, Cody. And I was so, so, worried about you."

He squirmed a bit. "Mom, your superpowers are crushing me."

"Sorry! I was just terrified. I'll change back."

She did so, and then immediately held him again, having to wipe the tears from her eyes. And to think she ever wanted to change back.

"Mom, is everything okay?" Cody said.

She nodded, the tears becoming joyful.

"Everything is fine, kiddo," she replied. "Everything is fine. And I'm not going anywhere."

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Malerna was happy to hear that she had chosen not to give up the role. The witch woman had actually hugged Birdie and then imparted some further wisdom.

"The power wouldn't have bestowed to you if you weren't capable of wielding it appropriately."

"Well, I feel like I had to grow up a lot to use it well, to be honest."

"And yet you did. And now you are Lady Atlas."

"And Birdie Baxter. Single mom. Guess dating is off the books now, huh?"

At that, Malerna actually laughed. "Birdie, I am older than perhaps you would believe, but even *I* have a love life, believe it or not. And you should too. Go enjoy yourself. You may be surprised to find that a woman in her late thirties can easily have just as much wild fun as a man about to turn twenty. It's all about perspective."

Those words had stuck with her, even in the weeks after as life normalised. She was Cody's mom now, and would remain so for the rest of her life. She had to establish some boundaries, of course: if he was going to sleep with Rose he was going to use some damn protection and not do it around the house when she was present. *That* had been an awkward talk, and purely because she was his mom now. But Cody agreed, and moreover,

gave her little affirmations in the following days that let her know she'd made the right decision. The best came when she had just made up dinner for the pair of them.

"I know you'll probably be moving out in a few months," she said. "But I figure if I am going to live as Birdie for the rest of my life, I might as well get in as many motherly moments as possible, right?"

Her son chuckled, but then drew serious. "Mom . . . I want to thank you for this. I know how much you gave up. And I should have been more sympathetic to you. I just couldn't believe how much happier I was, and what it felt like to have a family again. I was always jealous of you, and then when the tables turned I should have understood more."

She just placed her hand briefly on his. "Hey, I'm happy as I am. And, not to complain, but you've got a pretty dynamite looking mom."

"Okay, gross."

"I'm just saying, I'm still a big catch. The forums online don't call me Super MILF for nothing."

"Okay, is this revenge?"

Her eyes gleamed, then she made a pinching gesture. "Just a smidge. But hey, I ended up with superpowers. That's pretty bomb. And I've got a great job with kids who think I *am* a superhero just because I'm a teacher. I wouldn't change back, Cody."

"Even though I'm with Rose now?"

"Please, you're a better boyfriend to her than I ever was. I'm rooting for you kids."

"And what about you, Mom?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean like . . . dating and stuff. You shouldn't be lonely."

It was the second time she'd been told that. "I'm fine as I am, Cody. You worry about yourself and that upcoming assessment due on Friday. I haven't forgotten that."

The dynamic returned, and they continued eating, but the next day Cody called her over for something after she'd come home from work and he from college. He had his laptop out, and she was surprised to see that he was on an online dating website.

"Did something happen with you and Rose?"

Cody laughed. "No! Not at all. This is for you, Mom."

"For me?"

"Yeah! This is how all you oldies meet."

"Hey, now. I'm only thirty six."

He pointed at the profile. He'd already started building it for her a little. "I took some liberty to add your info. I've got your height and hobbies - gardening, animal care, football - and your job and the like. You need to choose a photo and spice it up, but you can start

looking at prospective matches if you'd like. I figure . . . if you want to start looking for someone . . .”

Birdie smiled, and kissed her son on the cheek. “I'll consider it,” she said.

He left, off to do some study, and just out of curiosity, Birdie perused a few options.

*I'm not going to be doing this, obviously. That would be too much. Way too fucking much, but -*

“Oh,” she said, pausing on a man in his early forties with some lovely grey flecks in his dark hair. “That one's handsome.”

\*\*\*

Cody was at Rose's place, and that meant Birdie's own night was free. It had been a big Saturday - another Kaiju, this time at Star City - but thankfully this moment hadn't been interrupted, even if she had to get herself into her dress and made up with jewellery and makeup at the very last second.

*Damn, that was a big battle. I better not get another pager notification. Especially at a place this ritzy.*

It was a fine restaurant, which was the meeting place for her prospective dates. Birdie had been up against mighty football teams, supervillains, and a transformation in age and gender she'd never expected, but somehow this seemed more intimidating than anything. Robert was standing on the side of the street in a smart button shirt and nice slacks, and he looked even more handsome than the photos. She, on the other hand, was wearing a dress that conformed to her maternal curves rather nicely. It was a dark green, and because she was being a little daring, showed off a delectable amount of cleavage.

*I guess if you've got the curves, you better show them off.*

His face lit up as he saw her approach, her wide hips swaying.

“Wow,” Robert said. “Birdie, you look even more beautiful in person.”

She blushed. “You don't look quite so bad yourself. Love the shirt.”

“Please, I'm positively underdressed compared to you. Thanks for agreeing to this date.”

“Thanks for proposing it. Should we go in? Sorry, I'm a bit nervous. I've been out of the dating scene for a bit.”

He chuckled warmly - it had a nice gravelly sound that was doing things to her. Then he extended an arm for her to take.

“Let me take the lead,” he said. “The entrance is just around the corner.”

Birdie took his arm, and was reminded of just how horny her MILFy body was these days. She was finding this way too comfortable, and Robert had the kind of confidence that seemed to know it.

*You can do this, Birdie. You can do this. You like men. You know you do.*

Robert took her into the restaurant and they got their seats. He ordered some water for them, and then some rather expensive wine.

*I'll fucking need that.*

Her phone buzzed in her purse, and she briefly checked it. A warm smile lit up on her features.

*'Best of luck, Mom!'*

*Thanks, kiddo,* she thought. She put it away.

"Something important?" Robert asked.

"Very. A friend wishing me luck."

"Ha! Well, I have a good feeling about this, Birdie."

"Me too," she said, trying and failing to hold back her grin. She leaned forward against the table, deliberately showing off her cleavage a bit more. His eyes wandered, and she liked the wandering.

"I'm ready for another change," she said.

**The End**