

You know the deal, if you aren't supposed to be reading this then it is not my fault if you end up in a spot of bother. The work is of pure original fiction, any persons resembling characters or sharing names, sorry sheer coincidence, if any authors feel that my work is a little too close to theirs for comfort, I've not intended to copy anyone and the ideas were mine, if you've had the same idea, then all I can say is great minds think alike. This is part one of hopefully a longish series, so apologies for the small dosage of sexual stuff, this is more of a prologue than anything. Enjoy.

Contains: gr,lg,instant,nc,ag,big,chem,science,ment,ag,hg,asleep.

The Hero

By George the Ferret.

Part One

It all started in 1992 with an incident involving an irate badger, a wooden brush and a 1967 Lancia Fulvia. No-one knows exactly what happened, at least officially, but 3-year old James Hamilton was never the same again. The doctors said he should be dead, he wasn't. What they found was that his shattered bones healed without a trace of damage, in the time it took between the ambulance collecting him from a quiet lane in Shropshire, England, and getting him to the nearest hospital. Further 'tests' concluded that no matter what they did, he couldn't die. Well that's what they thought initially, as he began to grow and age through the years spent under observation they realised their mistake. He actually could not be killed, that is to say his cells still aged so one day, the reaper would claim him in his old age.

Eventually he reached the age of 18 and, as they had no real reason to keep him, he was released back into society. For his troubles and to keep him and his parents out of the papers and away from the lawyers, he was paid off handsomely, and was given a 'consultancy role' with the ministry of defence and the secret service. Before he left they told him the truth about how extraordinary he was, he never realised in all the time spent in isolation that other people would get sick, or injured just like he would, but unlike him they wouldn't always get better. This made it clear what he had to do; he had to become a superhero.

There was of course, a problem with that, superheroes needed super disasters and super villains to really make a name for themselves. James pondered this for several weeks, then one evening he had it! A short conversation with the heads of MI5 and MI6 cleared it and he was given a budget to make it so. James began his work in earnest.

His plan was very simple. MAKE a super villain to be his nemesis. Of course it is worth noting that he wasn't an evil man and did not want to place innocent people in danger, so in the conversation with the secret services he came up with a plan, the super villain would entice petty crooks into joining their private army. This army would then cause uproar, seemingly acting randomly and immensely violently to seemingly unconnected targets, it would be 'sheer coincidence' that all of the victims would be people Britain and her allies wanted out of the way, but couldn't officially touch, drug barons, brutal dictators and so on. The perfect deniable asset for hire.

Now in order to create such an army he would need someone VERY convincing to recruit petty crooks and transform them into cold-blooded killers, therefore James reasoned a woman would be the best nemesis, but such a woman that no man could resist her charms. A woman so attractive that she could turn gay men straight and straight women instantly bisexual, if not more, this would take some time to arrange...



3 years later he was ready, the equipment was all set and ready to go, he just needed a suitable starting place, an attractive girl who no-one would miss, and he had encountered such a girl at university. Her name was Holly, not that anyone knew, in fact it took James 2 and a half years sharing his engineering lectures with her to notice realise she was even there. Average height, slight build and generally best described as 'attractive without making a fuss'. She had brilliant dark green eyes, magnified slightly by the ill-fitting thick NHS glasses she wore, longish light brown hair that was usually tied up in a bun out of the way, or occasionally worn long to hide behind. Her dress sense further drilled in this anonymity. 'Sensible' jeans and a simple polo shirt, no makeup and 'practical' shoes were her ensemble of choice. Naturally she had no figure to speak of to go with her slim build. This to James was like all his Christmases had come at once, if she made more of an effort with her appearance she had the basic building blocks for an attractive young woman all there. Only problem was talking to her, she had no social life and seemed suspicious of anyone who tried to engage in conversation with about anything but "The advantages of using woven carbon-fibre reinforced plastic in the construction of limited slip differentials".

A couple of months before graduating James got lucky. He was picked as a student ambassador for the department and paired with Holly as the brightest male and female on the course to represent the department in a competition put on by a major international firm (which coincidentally James was the majority shareholder of). They were given the Easter holidays and the preceding term to prepare for this by developing a design for a new form of digital imaging technology. James therefore invited Holly over for Easter as he 'could arrange with contacts to make prototypes of the designs'.

Holly arrived in the first week of the holidays, but James had been preparing for a long time before that. By Christmas he had begun searching for volunteers to take part in 'testing' a new sleeping pod designed to greatly improve sleep patterns, especially with people grieving the loss of a loved one (for reasons that will become clear later). Over the course of a few weeks he analyzed subjects brain activity day and night to gain a real understanding of how brains behave when they are sleeping. Once he found suitable candidates he called them back for further trials.



One of these was called Nicola, she was in her early 50's, had no children and had just lost the last of her immediate family (less likely to cause suspicion should she go missing: ✓). She also displayed very predictable brain activity over time (reduced complexity: ✓) and was rather bland and old, 5'1, greying hair and a look like she'd settled for her lot (lack of identifiable features: ✓). James then introduced her to his 'digital imaging device' that accurately scanned her body during experiments, what he didn't mention was that it was taking a full backup of her appearance before a night's sleep, her brain activity during her sleep, and her appearance in the morning. His plan was simple really, create an imprint of a person to store on a server somewhere, the woman was then modified to match the imprint after her own appearance was saved. This woman would become the imprint during her 'sleep'. The imprint and the backup would be swapped around in the morning and the woman would awake none the wiser, of course to avoid any strange factors, apparent lack of ageing, sleep deprivation despite hours of sleep etc. The brain activity during sleep would be run on the

backup, with the effects found in the experiments being applied as well, so the woman would be reinserted to her body one night's sleep refreshed, and one night's sleep older.

James designed an archetype for the imprint; a woman in her early twenties, she was 5' 9", had shocking green eyes, elbow length dark red hair, perfect skin, toned yet still feminine muscles, a round but firm butt and F cup breasts. Couple that with raging nymphomaniac personality, pronounced 'cock sucking' lips, and a developer console that could modify any parameter activated by saying "And now for something completely different". Unfortunately he never got to see her fully until Nicola. Before Nicola, the rest were either corrupted during storage and lost completely, incorrectly transferred (nympho brain, old body or vice versa) or simply spliced down the middle (left side hotty, right side pensioner). Finally he got it right with Nicola...



"Now Nicola your sleeping behaviour was very restless in the first two nights of observation, the first more so than the second, your blood samples suggested you had some sleeping pills still in your bloodstream, had you taken any prior to the study?" James asked without looking up from his clipboard. 'Hopefully the damned things out of her system now' he thought, after all last thing he needed was another case of the sleeping pills blocking the primers.

"Yes that's right, but since the study I've not felt the need, it's been a real help." Nicola replied, much to James' relief.

"Excellent news! Now your data showed you to be an excellent candidate to partake in the next phase of the medical study. It's a bit complicated but in Layman's terms it involves sending out electro-magnetic waves designed to cancel out the brainwave patterns that cause restless sleep." James was in full sale patter mode right now, attempting to strike the balance between the clarity of his explanation to avoid confusing the testee, and retaining enough technical blarney to impress them. He had plenty of practice, as confused candidates wouldn't go for it, nor would people who thought it was too simple, also electro-magnetic waves/pulses sounded so much better than gamma radiation.

"Well if it would really help, then I guess I'm in. Does it hurt?"

"None of the other candidates have complained of any pain afterwards." James was TECHNICALLY telling the truth here, although the reason why they didn't complain was they were either dead or masturbating themselves into a frenzy (which in some mismatches did kill as well!).

"The process is a straight forward one," James continued "first a DNA sample of you is taken to uniquely identify you in the test records. Secondly you will have to spend the night in the specially designed test pod, when the waves are first transmitted they might seem disconcerting, one candidate said he felt like he was drowning in glowing orange light." (Near total lie from James there, he's just covering himself a bit here; after all, he didn't have any male test subjects). "In the morning the waves will be switched off, and you will be woken naturally and refreshed. Any questions before we get you started? No? In that case can you drink this please? It's designed to suppress any reactions to the waves by any bacteria in your digestive system." He handed Nicola a small plastic cup of a drink so violently orange it resembled flat bioluminescent Irn-Bru [for people

outside of the UK's benefit, it's a strange near glow in the dark soft drink the Scottish like] Nicola eyed it for a second before draining the cup in one. This of course had nothing to do with suppressing any reactions, it was the primer designed to make DNA more pliable and re-writable, as well as helping to relax the candidate in the stressful experience.

The pod seemed unremarkable, Nicola changed into the ill-fitting nightgown she had worn in all the tests so far ("It's too loose in the chest and hips, but it's really tight on the waist!" she had complained on more than one occasion), climbed into the pod and she would get comfortable before shutting the door to the pod.



Upstairs in the control room James charged everything up, and pressed a small orange button, it would have been unremarkable to the untrained eye, but anyone used to firing missiles from fighter jets would have recognised immediately that the button had been specifically designed not to be pressed by accident...



Back in the pod Nicola began to notice a strange glowing surrounding her, it felt warm. 'Must be the sensation the man experienced.' she thought, 'Wait a minute, why does it feel wet?' She opened her eyes to see an orange glowing fluid filling the pod, yet she felt remarkably relaxed about the whole thing, as if it was as normal as standing up. The fluid filled up the pod quickly without Nicola making a sound. She felt a sharp pain running through her entire body for a split second, then felt extremely relaxed. All she could remember from that point onwards was several strange dreams where the entire world seemed to have slowed down around her.



Her body however was going through a far from peaceful time. The moment she lost consciousness Nicola's brain was transferred into the supercomputers holding area, along with her body scan. Her actual body began to twitch, then it began to writhe as if it was a bag on eels, her skin bubbling and writhing as every cell's DNA was torn apart and put back together in the new combination, stealing spare molecules from the fluid where needed. What at first seemed chaotic began to take form, her frame grew 7 inches (mostly leg). Her hair grew in length and volume, a slight wave working its way in as it changed from grey to shocking orange, then darkening to a deep orangey-red, like a summers sunset. As her arse began to swell outwards, taking the shape of two cheeks of pure toned muscle, her stomach went inwards. Her breasts inflated to huge proportions, her nipples standing to attention, growing in proportion with her enormous funbags, which seemed to sit high on her chest as if they were part helium. All of this had the effect of pulling her loose skin completely taught, all of her wrinkles vanished as she became younger and as the body fat receded away, the skin repaired itself to be smooth and flawless. Her face began to change, her nose shortened to become a sensuous button nose, her lips filled out and took on a slightly mischievous pout. The final transformation only became clear when the fluid began to drain away, leaving her bone dry. Her long eyelashes fluttered open to reveal eyes like glowing jade. Her immaculately maintained hands began to drift down her now skin tight nightgown to her thighs, she began by gently stroking her

engorged clit, gradually working her way up to full on finger fucking, moaning louder and louder, until at last with a final operatic scream, she climaxed. The door then opened and she stepped out to find herself face to face with a dumb-founded James, an extremely rare occurrence, eventually he found his tongue: "What is your name?" He asked, awaiting the final test to confirm the process was complete.

"I have no name yet," she positively purred "as I am still the archetype, if it helps you the woman's name was Nicola, so I guess you can call me Nikki."

That was it, the clincher; she looked like the archetype, and took the name she was expected to. This was a huge moment, he had done it, perfected the process, and this called for a great speech. A master class in the monologue, immortal words that would be documented millennia from now. James had something prepared but all he could come out with was a flabbergasted "Fuck me!" of surprise and relief.

"I thought you'd never ask!" Nikki moaned, ripped off her nightgown in one clean movement and with a distinctly predatory smile whispered "Come and get me."