

Ashley's Envy
by Hiker Angel

That bitch, Clare, had started her day off poorly. Clare, the assistant to the CEO, had only gotten her role for her looks. At least, that was the word around the office.

That may well have been how most of the office assistant pool had come by their jobs. Every woman there ranged from cute to gorgeous and dressed to show it off. Half of them could barely type, so Ashley was fairly certain that skills hadn't earned them their jobs. That left the temps, like her, to shoulder the workload.

As Clare looked down on Ashley from her nearly six-foot height, leggy and beautiful, she scolded, "You clearly need to work faster. I gave you that memo to type up an hour ago!"

"But you gave me 37 other memos to type up too! How am I supposed to get all of that done in an hour?!?" Ashley replied in disbelief.

"Excuses, excuses... I'm afraid this time I'm going to need to give you a formal reprimand," said Clare, gazing at her well-manicured nails.

As Clare gave Ashley one more condescending look down her aquiline nose, Ashley felt overcome with envy of the taller woman's height. If Ashley were taller, this insipid assistant at least wouldn't be able to look down on her as she issued her ridiculous reprimands. Ashley shivered as a slight chill ran through her, crossing her arms over her meager chest.

As Ashley shrank back into her chair, the unpleasant interaction at an end, as the sexy assistant sauntered away to confront her next victim. She turned back toward her monitor when she caught another of the assistants, Alexandra, strutting around the office, her full DDs leading the way, drawing the attention of every man in the room as she strode confidently by. Ashley wished that she could command that kind of attention, secretly envious of Alexandra's assets. *There was that chill again! They really needed to turn down the air conditioning*, she thought.

At lunch, Ashley noticed that she didn't have to get a chair to reach the last inch up to the cabinet with the condiments over the sink in the office break room. Had she grown taller?

Ashley had always wanted to be a proper knockout like her mother, but it had never seemed meant to be. Eighteen-year-old girls didn't typically have sudden growth spurts of that magnitude as puberty wound down, but maybe her growth wasn't over after all! Maybe she was one of the rare girls that continued to grow into her twenties. She hoped it was true. Today's realization of her increasing height gave her hope that it would be the case...

As she finished her lunch, Ashley fidgeted. Her bra felt uncomfortable. She walked into the women's room and unbuttoned her blouse. She pulled the cups of the bra away from her

breasts to see red marks where they had pressed into the sensitive flesh. She let the bra snap back to her breasts, cringing as the sudden, slapping movement stung her nipples.

Ashley went back to work for the afternoon, her chest growing more and more uncomfortable as the day went on. Her A-cup bra felt tighter and tighter as each hour passed, digging into her breasts and her back, until she finally succumbed and removed it, stuffing it into her bag. She must be a full B-cup now. She'd go shopping this weekend to pick up a new bra.

Eric rose from the couch to welcome his daughter home. As he approached, he noticed that Ashley's tight skirt showed off several inches of her thigh. Her nipples poked out through the fabric of her blouse as well, making it clear that she wasn't wearing a bra. *Was her chest bigger?* he wondered. Shaking off the thought, his visage grew stern.

"Ash, what are you doing? You should be going to work dressing like that! What are you thinking?" he demanded.

"Sorry, dad! I can't help it. I'm going through a growth spurt. My legs are getting longer, so my skirts are looking shorter. I outgrew my bra today too! If you gave me a few bucks, I could get some new clothes..." she trailed off, looking hopeful.

"Oh, alright. That's a heck of a way to con me into giving you some shopping money." Eric said. "What about the money you're earning from your job?"

"That's for school and books... and stuff," said Ashley, biting her lower lip. Would he go for it?

Eric relented, reached into his wallet, and handed Ashley \$300 for clothes—plus another \$100 after she gave him her best puppy-dog eyes.

Ashley quickly ascended the stairs before she couldn't hide her smile any longer, pleased that her quick thinking had resulted in a father-funded shopping spree.

Drifting off to sleep, Ashley thought about her second encounter with Clare that day. When Clare's face had been an inch from hers while chewing Ashley out for the single typo on the Phillips brief, she had wished that her face was twice as beautiful as Clare's. Since her professional skills never seemed to shut Clare up, maybe that would put her in her place. If nothing else, it had seemed to cool down Ashley's burning cheeks.

The next morning, Ashley awoke feeling wonderful. As she bounded to the mirror, her face lit up with excitement!

“Holy wow! I am HOT!” she said aloud, eyes searching along her beautiful reflection.

Her face, while probably not quite fit to grace a magazine cover, was significantly prettier. Her eyes seemed larger and brighter, teeth whiter, lips fuller.

Her body, however, had leapt ahead significantly further than it had yesterday. Her breasts were full and firm. Full Cs, probably, she thought. Her waist was the same as before, but it looked small and toned with her large breasts resting above them. Her hips were still narrow, but her legs were longer today, giving her additional inches of height. *If only I had wider hips like Melanie...* she thought, goosebumps running their length.

And a cuter butt like Linda, she mused, turning to see her profile. *And maybe some sexier abs like my friend Tiffany, who’s always at the gym...*

As she felt coldness in her stomach and derriere, she bounded toward the bathroom to get ready for the day, looking forward to the next round of changes that her second wave of puberty would bring. She might have to look for some clothes that were warmer when she went shopping for items that would fit her curvier profile.

As Ashley walked toward her desk, she felt the gaze of two of the attorneys follow her. Unaccustomed to the attention, color rushed to her cheeks. She hurried and sat down.

If only I had Alexandra’s confidence, she thought. ...or Clare’s seductiveness, for that matter. This time, the chill seemed deeper, coming from inside rather than out. Strange.

Linda, one of the nicest of the administrative assistant pool, sat down next to her, luxurious blonde hair cascading over her shoulders.

“Your hair looks really amazing today, Linda.” Ashley said. “I wish mine looked like that. Mine looks so dry and dull, and it’s always a tangled mess when it’s windy outside!”

Linda smiled at the compliment, before turning to her work. She was one of the few members of the pool that actually did work. Linda was really intelligent and capable as well as beautiful, taking night classes to become a paralegal after work each night.

I wish I had her ambition and intelligence too thought Ashley to herself, finally turning her eyes from Linda’s gorgeous locks to her computer screen.

As the day continued, Ashley’s cream-colored sweater pressed further than further out. She had chosen a sweater today in an attempt to hide her braless nipples, her old one even less fit for the task today than it had been yesterday. When she rose to go to the restroom, she noticed additional changes in the mirror.

Her breasts had grown again, by at least a cup size. Maybe two. They had distended her sweater to the point that it left three or four inches of her midriff bare. The sweater was one of those stylish give-a-hint-of-midriff-when-you-move types before. Now it looked like a clubbing outfit!

Her abs were starting to show some definition, svelte and sexy. She couldn't see it yet, but as she ran her fingers along her stomach, she could feel the abdominal muscles under her skin in a way that she never had before.

Her hips, their usual narrow selves this morning, had widened by an inch or two. Her butt had rounded out nicely. Her navy-blue skirt was riding to her upper thighs, straining around her to contain her latest round of growth. Her legs had grown another inch and looked more shapely and toned.

Ashley smiled at her beautiful reflection, then, after a moment, the smile faded to a frown. *Why was this happening so quickly?* she thought. This can't just be puberty... something else is going on here. She thought a minute longer, unable to puzzle it out, before shrugging her shoulders and leaving the bathroom.

Striding back to her desk, she noticed the eyes of three or four of the attorneys watching her from their offices. As her cheeks threatened to flush again, she forced the feeling of embarrassment back down. She would have to start getting used to this if her body was going to keep up this pace of development. She might as well enjoy it. A slight smile tugged at the corners of her lips as she sat down.

After work, Ashley joined her friend Tiffany for a workout at the gym.

Pulling off her ill-fitting clothes in the locker room, her friend noticed the substantial improvements to her body.

"Geez, Ash!" her friend exclaimed. "Your stomach looks almost as toned as mine. I come to the gym and work my butt off every day! I get you in here, like, once a month, and you're looking like a regular too! I wish I had your genes."

"I wish I had *her* genes," Ashley said, nodding to the cut, athletic 6'0" woman with bulging, defined abs and lean, striated quads at the other side of the locker room.

"That takes more than genes, Ash," Tiffany replied. "That takes dedication to fitness."

"Well, I wish I had that too," Ashley replied, feeling another slight chill as she spoke the words.

As they worked out, Ashley looked around the room at the variety of incredible bodies that the regulars had with envy, wishing she had their bodies, their toned, feminine muscles, their firm, sexy shapes.

By the end of her workout, her spandex workout clothes were pinching fiercely. Did she need new workout clothes too? This growth spurt was going to cost her a fortune!

Then, she remembered her father's money. It was time to get some new clothes!

Persuading Tiffany to join her for a quick trip to the mall, they arrived just before it closed. Forced to decide on a single store before closing, Ashley decided to head to Victoria's Secret.

One of her former classmates from high school, Janie, approached them as they entered. She was attractive, a lithely muscled cheerleader, she was one of the more popular girls at school. Her eyes widened in surprise. "Ashley?! Wow... you are looking GOOD."

"Yeah," said Ashley demurely. "I seem to be having a bit of a growth spurt."

Still covered in a thin sheen of sweat from her workout, her body had gained another pound or two of muscle and curves in the 15-minute drive to the mall. Unbeknownst to her, the speed of her transformation was accelerating rapidly as a result of her profligate envy at the gym.

Her bare abs looked carved as if from stone, surpassing Tiffany's in definition by a fair margin now. Her toned arms swelled and curved sinuously, looking fit and sculpted. Her sports bra, stretchy as it was, was taxed to the limit by her burgeoning breasts.

She was beginning to look like a fitness model... no, scratch that... she DID look like a fitness model. Maybe a bit sexier, though.

"Which size do you think I need now, Janie?"

"Hmm..." she mused. "Maybe a D cup? Let me get some."

Looking at the time, Ashley ran over the Pink section and grabbed everything with the largest chest and thinnest waists she could. Dumping the pile by the cash register, she slapped her father's plastic on the counter. "Could you toss in a few double D bras as well? Just in case..." she blushed.

Giving Janie a sidelong glance, Ashley thought she detected a sparkle of interest in the other girl's eyes. She filed the information away for later.

Arriving home, then climbing the stairs to her room, Ashley dumped the bags of clothes on the floor and collapsed into bed. Her body's quickening changes on top of her workout had exhausted her.

The next morning, Ashley awoke with excitement. She couldn't wait to see what she looked like now.

Bounding to her mirror, she gasped her new reflection. She looked like a human Barbie doll. The top of her head shown back from the top edge of the 6' mirror. Thick, satiny platinum hair fell in waves over her shoulders. Her breasts were huge, her torso muscled and sleek. Her hips, inviting. Her insanely long legs, slender, sexy, and sinuous.

"Man, if it feels this good to look like Barbie," she mused aloud. "I wonder what it would be like to look better than Barbie." She thought she felt a slight chill run down her body at the thought.

As she went through her bags of clothes, she began to realize that her proportions were too outrageously sexy to fit into most of them, even purchased, as they were, with her new curves in mind!

She eventually decided on a tank top over a stretchy cotton skirt. Dad would have a fit, but she didn't have many other options.

After showering and changing, she decided against using any makeup. Pursing her ruby lips and running a manicured nail along her flawless face, she decided that it would be a shame to cover her naturally beautiful complexion. Long lashes fluttering, she turned her gorgeous face away from the mirror to race down the stairs before her dad could see her.

No such luck. Eric took her lush body in, an unfamiliar feeling of appreciation welling at the sight of her lithe curves. Shaking the unwanted feelings away, his expression morphed from shock to disapproval. "What are you WEARING, young lady?"

As Ashley searched for the right words to say, Eric's phone rang. Looking down for a moment, he quickly looked back up. His daughter, however, had taken advantage of the momentary distraction to race out the door.

As Ashley sauntered to her desk, all eyes were on her. Every one of the men, and some of the women, watched her, eyes glued to her sensual strides, hips swinging like a runway model's.

As she passed the CEO's office, she heard the faint sound of Clare moaning through the door. *I wish I had Clare's skills in bed... or out of bed*, she thought with a smirk before continuing to her desk.

As she started to work, she realized she could think more clearly and work faster. Her brain seemed to be improving just as her body was. As she typed up the response to the plaintiff's motion for George, she noticed that he had made an incorrect case law reference.

She strode gracefully to his door, long legs carrying there swiftly, and knocked. As he opened his office door, George leered. Without trying, Ashley's innocent, effortless display of cleavage and coquettishness exuded a sexual magnetism that rippled through him as easily as did her perfume.

George ushered her in and closed the door. "Ashley, I was thinking... would you like to come on board full-time, as my personal assistant?"

Ashley considered. She hadn't even shown him the incorrect reference she had found yet! She was reasonably certain, however, that work wasn't what he was interested in at the moment.

She considered.

He was clearly willing, and she was more than a little tempted to see what this new body of hers could do, somehow feeling a bit of Clare's aggressive sexuality influence her in the moment.

She dropped her papers to the floor, wrapped her slender fingers around his tie, just below the knot, and pushed him back onto his desk. Straddling him with a sexy, satin-smooth leg on either side, she hungrily pressed her lips to his, sensing his thrilled shudder as she slipped her tongue into his mouth.

Thirty minutes and three George climaxes later, Ashley opened the door to his office, smoothing her wrinkled tank top over her flat stomach.

Yes, she definitely liked this new body of hers! As she walked through the cubicles of the assistant pool, she wondered what it would be like if every one of her features were twice as beautiful of the best of all of theirs combined. She shivered.

There was that chill again... maybe her dad was right—she should wear more clothes. A naughty smile crossed her luscious lips. *Not likely*, she thought. *Not with a body built for display... and so much more*. The thought seemed more like one of Clare's than her own, but she shrugged off any concern before it could bother her.

It was Friday night, and Ashley texted Tiffany as she left work.

"Movie?"

"Sure. Meet you at the theater?"

"K"

Tiffany's eyes widened as her friend approached. "This is crazy, Ash! You look like a damn supermodel... maybe better!"

"Are you sure you're alright?" she asked.

"Of course I am," Ashley replied. "Better than ever." She twirled. "You like?"

Tiffany felt a strange sensation and licked her lips. "Umm... yeah." Shaking her head clear, she asked: "So whatcha wanna see?"

Ashley didn't hesitate. "Sorority Slasher III"

Tiffany rolled her eyes. "You and your crappy horror movies... fine..."

As they bought tickets and took their seats, Ashley thought back to her astonishingly easy seduction of George today. The movie started, and as the Slasher chased the latest stable of young Hollywood hotties, she thought, *I wish I were so beautiful, so incredibly sexy, that even a monster like that would stop in his tracks with desire, unable to do anything to hurt me.* The chill she had been feeling was really strong this time. Did every place have the air conditioning on way too high these days!

As they rose to leave the theater, Ashley's bra strap snapped, and her cotton skirt split down the seam.

Looking *down* on her tall friend, she said "See you later, Tiff. I think I need some new clothes again!"

Tiffany stood there, dumbstruck, as Ashley skipped delightedly back into the mall.

After several hours and Nordstrom and Lululemon bags in hand, Ashley walked into Victoria's Secret just before closing again.

Janie's jaw dropped.

Ashley was a complete bombshell, pretty much her walking wet dream.

Janie approached her, trembling with desire. "D-do you n-need something else?"

Ashley, the seductress aspect of her personality growing within her, sensed her prey's arousal and went in for the kill. She closed the door to the store, turning the lock with a click, then turned her attention to Janie, who was quivering like a doe in a hunter's sights.

Ashley strode right up to the girl, pressing her lips to Janie's, letting her huge breasts press into Janie's smaller ones, forcing her back until Janie's firm butt pressed against the wall in the back of the changing room.

Ashley's aggressive display caused a completely awed Janie to arch in pleasure, wetness running along her inner thigh.

Ashley broke the kiss and smiled, brilliantly white teeth framed by plush, ruby lips. She went down on Janie, her long, dexterous tongue and perfect technique bringing Janie to orgasm after orgasm.

Janie, sitting on the little bench in the changing room, breathing heavily, was so exhausted that she couldn't move.

Ashley pulled the largest bras she could find from the drawer labeled "Extra Large: DDD and Up", threw them into her shopping bags and left the store, a spring in her step.

Ashley swept into her room with a dancer's grace to find Stephanie, her father's new girlfriend, sitting on her bed waiting for her.

"Now, Ashley," Stephanie started in a lecturing tone until her voice failed before the sultry vision, the whirlwind of sexuality stealing the words from her throat.

"Yes, Stephanie..." Ashley replied, leveling Stephanie with a smoldering gaze, crystal blue eyes tearing all thought from Stephanie's mind.

Ashley twirled in place. Firm, feminine muscles gave feline grace to her movements. "I've been going through soooo many... changes," she said, voice dropping into a husky purr on the last word. "I'm feeling soooo sexy. It's been difficult to... control... myself." Ashley enunciated every word, as Stephanie bit her lower lip.

"I mean, men are throwing themselves at me. Women are throwing themselves at me... it's a lot to get used to," Ashley said coquettishly, lips forming a sexy pout.

"I don't think anyone can resist me now. And I just keep growing sexier..." Ashley took a step toward Stephanie.

"...and sexier...." she took another step, her long, lean leg crossing in front of the other.

"...and sexier..." she crossed the rest of the distance between them with another step, towering over Stephanie, who was still sitting on the bed.

Ashley dropped to a crouch, her lips less than an inch from Stephanie's. "...and sexier..." Ashley whispered, her voice dripping with lust.

Stephanie lurched forward, devouring Ashley's scarlet lips, pressing her breasts into Ashley's and giving a desperate moan of desire.

"Oh, God," Stephanie whispered. "You are.... so much... can't help..."

Ashley tore Stephanie's clothes apart from the front, showing surprising strength, then gently pressed Stephanie backward onto the bed as her delicate lips trailed kisses down the older woman's chest and stomach, coming to rest on her slit. Ashley's nimble tongue flashed out, and Stephanie exploded into a toe-curling orgasm.

As Ashley went to work on Stephanie, the older woman released wail after wail of ecstasy, completely lost in desire.

Eric sat downstairs in the living room, waiting for Stephanie to come down and tell him how her little "talk" with Ashley went, when he heard her cry out in... pleasure?

He quietly ran up the stairs and cracked open Ashley's door, where he saw a sex goddess pleasuring his girlfriend. His eyes roamed her perfect curves until they spied her face.

Ashley? Good Lord!

More aroused than he had ever felt, his mind battled his body that wanted more than anything to embrace his ridiculously sumptuous daughter. His mind took control... barely... and he managed to close the door and stagger back down the stairs.

Have. To. Leave... Now! he thought to himself as his mind continued to battle his over-stimulated body for control, and he hopped in the car and drove away.

Stephanie let out a half-conscious moan as Ashley untangled her from her own silky-smooth body. Ashley rose effortlessly from the bed to the mirror. The top of her head extended beyond the reach of the 6' mirror, but from there downward was nothing less than perfection.

Her body had taken the leap from heart-pounding to heart-stopping.

Slim ankles swelled to muscled calves, striations appeared in her marble thighs at the slightest movement. Rounded feminine hips slimmed to a svelte, cobbled waist, abs sculpted in impossible relief. Perfect hemispheres of firm flesh stretched outward, succulent and lush.

Her face was angelic. Her plush lips, entrancing. The curve of her high cheekbones, both sultry and elegant. Her huge, luminescent blue eyes and extravagant lashes turned a simple wink into a sexual act. High, thin arching eyebrows completed the perfection of her face.

Her hair, voluminous and iridescent, flowed with every movement in a spellbinding display.

Her beauty was devastating. Absolutely devastating.

She giggled.

"I am a goddess. A fucking sex goddess," she said in joy, turning slightly from side to side to see her exquisite, sculpted ass.

If Michelangelo created an exaggerated sculpture of the hottest fitness model ever merged with the hottest supermodel ever, it might have held a candle to the exquisite perfection of her form.

Ashley pulled some yoga pants from her shopping bags and inched them up over her firm, rounded hips, taking care not to tear them as the threads were stretched their limit over her perfect ass before pulling back in when they reached her slender, muscled waist. The top was more of a problem. Pulling it over the swells her prodigious breasts, the material gave way at the seams, not equal to the task of covering her perfect physique. It would be enough, however, she decided. It covered her front, leaving a slight display of luscious side-boob to each side.

"Wow!" Ashley said toward the mirror as she admired the radiant display of sexuality that was her new body. "I'd better drive to Tiffany's. If I walk, I'll probably cause a few traffic accidents." She smiled dazzlingly at the thought.

The doorbell rang, and Tiffany opened the door. Ashley was speechless. Ashley was a vision of beauty, a work of art.

Firm-yet-feminine sexy muscle flowed throughout her body. Perfection.

Luscious, sensual curves swelled in an awesome display of femininity. Perfection.

Ashley's absurdly beautiful face smiled a sublime smile, large, expressive, luminous eyes met Tiffany's with a sparkle of amusement. *Sigh....* perfection.

Tiffany attempted to speak, but only a squeak came out.

"I know, right?" Ashley said in the understatement of the century. "I got a little bit hotter last night."

As Ashley hugged her friend in greeting, sensitive breasts pressing into hers, Tiffany couldn't help but feel overwhelmed with desire. Her friend's body was just so firm, so silky, so sexy, so... perfect.

Tiffany's lips pressed into Ashley's, causing Ashley's eyes to widen. Ashley hadn't meant to seduce her friend. She was just giving her typical friendly hug. Apparently, she was so sexy that she was seducing people—even straight women—by accident now.

She thought about it. There are worse things in the world to have to get used to, she thought.

She kissed her friend back, snaking sleek, sinuous arms up Tiffany's back as she walked them both, intertwined, into Tiffany's bedroom.

Sliding her flawless, silken skin through Tiffany's arms, Ashley sat down on the bed beside her. Tiffany was half-conscious, still writhing and quivering in the aftermath of twenty or so mind-blowing orgasms. A concerned expression crossed her perfect features, but it could do nothing to reduce her unearthly beauty.

As good as all of this feels, this really isn't normal. I've never heard of a growth spurt quite like this. Maybe I should see a doctor, and ask him what's going on? she thought.

Rummaging through her friend's closet, Ashley pulled a maxi skirt over her deliciously swelling hips, a heavy parka over her prodigious chest, and wound a scarf around her head and face, tucking her mane of champagne silk inside the parka to hide it. Putting on a pair of large sunglasses, she hid her soul-penetrating azure eyes from view as well. Looking in the mirror, she decided that it should get her in to see the doctor without drawing the level of attention (and sex) that her statuesque perfection would otherwise cause.

Ashley waited in the waiting room at the doctor's office, taking care to keep herself as covered as possible.

Finally, her name was called. The nurse dropped a hospital gown on the bed/table in the center of the room and told her to change into it, the nurse's eyes never leaving the clipboard in her hand. The nurse closed the door.

Here goes, Ashley thought, as she unwrapped her otherworldly curves from the confines of the clothes and pulled the hospital gown on. Turning her back to the door, she fumbled at the strings in the back, gown pulled tight against her huge, round breasts. She was trying to ignore the temptress fantasies of seducing a handsome doctor that kept playing through her mind. Why had she envied *Clare*?!?

The doctor walked in and looked up from his clipboard. The back of Ashley's gown was still open.

The doctor's eyes locked to the sight of Ashley's flawless flesh like a tiger's on a gazelle. The hard, feminine muscle of her back rising and falling in perfect artistic contours that did interesting things to his member. The sexy spherical swell of her heart-shaped ass swept down to the endless magnificence of her legs.

She turned, her luminous eyes mesmerizing his, the outline of her succulent breasts causing the doctor's now-iron phallus to poke above the top of his pants.

Ashley couldn't help herself, seduction coming as naturally to her now as breathing. Widening her eyes in feigned innocence, she approached him, slithered a graceful arm around him, and touched a fingernail lightly to his chest. She began to trace her fingernail around his chest in the shape of a heart. She let the hospital gown drop, exposing the bare majesty of her breasts, and pressed their ripe, fullness into him. "I'm glad you *came*. I need help with my body. It's becoming too sexy for my own good, and I'm starting to do *naughty* things with it."

She batted her long, bold eyelashes.

He exploded.

Moments after the male doctor left the room in quite a state, a female doctor and nurse entered. Twenty minutes later, they were left in a trembling tangle of limbs, Ashley's overpowering seductiveness having made short work of them both. She covered up and slipped away from the hospital room, knowing that there was nothing these people were going to be able to do to help her.

As she passed two children in the hallway, she overheard a little girl giving her younger brother her candy. "Here," she said. "You had to get a shot. I want you to have it. It will make you feel better." Her brother beamed in delight.

I wish I were that generous, Ashley thought with a shiver. You'd think the hospital would keep the temperature where it should be! There are sick people in here!

Ashley exited the hospital to the street. Thinking of the little girl's generosity led her thoughts to her dad. He had always been there for her, even when he had been overcome with grief when mom died. He was a good man, and he deserved everything she could give him. The seductress in her drifted to ideas about what that might be, but she shook them away.

Lost in thought, she nearly walked into the glass wall of a bus stop shelter. As she lurched to a stop just in time, something in the movie poster affixed the wall of the shelter caught her attention. *That Aquaman is something else*, she thought to herself, admiring the man's muscled, masculine physique. *I envy that actor's daughter. Seeing those abs every time my dad was shirtless would have been a nice bit of eye candy growing up!* she thought with a naughty smile. *I'm sure Stephanie wouldn't mind...* Another shiver of cold passed through her, and—unbeknownst to her—it passed through her father as well.

I envy daughters that can give their dad's exactly what would be best for them, she thought. *Like if I could give Stephanie my gifts so that she could give him the kind of pleasure that I can give a man.* A blast of frigid cold crawled along her skin, and, this time, Stephanie's as well.

Taking a last look at the poster, Ashley's thoughts took another mischievous turn. *I wish I had a chance to try to seduce someone with control of steel, like Superman.* That might be an actual challenge... Arctic cold crashed through her at that moment, and reality seemed to bend momentarily before snapping back into place. Wow! That was weird, Ashley thought. Maybe I need to rest for a bit... it *has* been an eventful day!

She continued walking to her friend Tiffany's house, considering the generous things she could do for her friend... or maybe *to* her friend...

As Ashley was leaving the hospital, Eric was returning home. He needed to man up and go confront his daughter. He would just have to find the strength to control himself. Something needed to be done. She was his responsibility, and he needed to deal with this. Steeling his resolve, he climbed the stairs to her room.

As he entered, he saw Stephanie, still on Ashley's bed, breathing shallowly in fitful sleep. She spasmed occasionally as her dreaming mind replayed flashes of the assault of pleasure that Eric's daughter had inflicted upon her.

As he surveyed Stephanie's naked form, Eric gasped. A cold chill went through him. He felt strange, a strong, tingling sensation covering his torso and upper body. Running over to Ashley's floor-length mirror, he pulled off his shirt to get a look at what was causing the sensation.

Rock hard muscle surged up from his arms, chest, and back. Cut, steel abs punched up from his stomach. Shocked, he flexed down. Bricks of power bulged, protruding a good half-inch from his stomach. He tested out his arm. Flexing, striations of defined muscle popped from his arms and chest. He suddenly had the body of a gym god.

Behind him, Stephanie suddenly screamed as her back arched in pure, unadulterated ecstasy. Turning, Eric watched in awe.

Stephanie's body erupted in concupiscent development. Her body bucked with lust and carnal pleasure as curves swelled along her profile. Her breasts surged upward in mountainous fashion, eliciting a gulp from Eric. Her abs contracted into sleek ridges of muscle. Her arms lengthened and filled out with shapely feminine muscle as they pushed against the bed to force her bucking hips even higher into the air.

Her hips flared out as fiery heat filled the space between them, undulating in an obscene display of eroticism. Her ass tensed into perfect, resplendent hemispheres of juicy flesh, sending an erotogenic shock through Eric's loins. Her legs bulged with nubile sinew as they grew longer and longer adding inch after inch to her height.

Stephanie's body tensed in one concluding clench, crying out in unbelievable ecstasy. Her back bowed to show her sizzling sexy shape to maximum effect. Eric's enlarged cock screamed skyward, virilized to phenomenal proportions by the lewd display of the nuclear sex bomb before him.

As she dropped to the bed with an inviting moan, her epic figure finally relaxing, Stephanie turned her mesmerizing eyes to Eric and scanned his shredded physique. She licked her vermillion lips and let out a soft purr, "Yummm..."

Eric leaped onto Stephanie and plunged his massive manhood into her tantalizing depths.

Perry came over to Clark's desk, and he slapped a pile of phone messages onto it. Pressing his index finger onto the stack he said, "Kent. I need you to get over to 999 Sedgewick St. There's some kind of sex goddess on the loose, and she was last seen there. That kind of story could sell a lot of papers, Kent, a LOT of papers. You never seem to get tongue-tied around those

beautiful celebrities, so you're the man for the job. Get me a great story, Kent. A GREAT story. And PICTURES!"

Clark gathered up the stack of messages, gathered his trench coat and fedora, and headed to the address in his hand.

Ashley, having arrived at her friend Tiffany's house, searched Tiffany's closet, her friend still asleep from Ashley's overwhelming ministrations a few hours ago. She found a stretchy cocktail dress that *might* be able to contain her bodacious form and put it on. As she inched it over her outrageous curves, she stepped lightly to the mirror.

Acres of flawless flesh led to a cavernous valley of cleavage. Perfectly formed hips pulled the fabric up, causing it to look like a micro-mini. The short hemline revealed nearly the entire length of her long, luscious legs.

As she admired her showstopping reflection, the doorbell rang. She strode to the door, hips swinging to each side, legs crossing in front of her. This catwalk motion seemed, now, to be her normal gait with her full hips and leggy build.

Ashley opened the door.

"Hello, miss," the man at the door said, "My name is Clark Kent, and I was hoping for a brief moment of your time to ask you about...." Clark trailed off, forgetting his rehearsed speech and losing his entire train of thought in the dazzling cobalt eyes that gazed directly into his.

"Clark. Kent... Seriously?" Ashley said, expressing her thoughts aloud in with her tantalizing, velvet voice.

She examined his thick, black hair, his piercing blue eyes, his broad shoulders. The man's muscular chest pulled his button-up shirt tight. Bulging biceps strained its sleeves. Maybe it really was... she considered. She had requested this challenge, after all.

Remembering her desire to put her enchantress abilities to the test, she kicked her seductive charms into full gear.

Interminably long lashes fluttered closed before rising slowly up in a half-lidded gaze, the brilliant blue of her eyes like smoldering embers, wordlessly promising the man in front of her unspeakable pleasures.

Shoulders drawing back to push her jaw-dropping expanse of cleavage slightly outward, Ashley watched as Clark's eyes, originally locked on her own, dropped to her full breasts, their perfect swells securing his ogle with ease.

Ashley worked with seductive skill to pull his attention down the rest of her superhumanly sensual body. A slight turn of the hips invited Clark's eyes into their voluptuous curves, a drop of drool escaping his trembling lips. An ever-so-slight undulation of her torso showed the ridges of unbelievably taut abs through the fabric of her tight dress.

Continuing to play the man like an instrument, Ashley slowly rubbed her slim, sinuous legs together in suggestive strokes, riveting Clark's attention further down her enthralling form.

"Come. In." she invited, her hypnotic voice emphasizing the first word.

Erotic sparks fired through Clark's brain, as his superhuman dick pressed his slacks up, up, and away. Spinning on her heel, she swung her rapture-inducing ass from side to side as she walked into the living room. The backless dress gave Clark a marvelous exhibition of flawless flesh before she sat down at the edge of the couch, dress riding dangerously high on her succulent thigh.

Clark gulped as he fought to exert his super-control over the molten hunger of lust that this young woman's simmering sexuality had awoken in him. He had never felt anything like it. Even Diana's ethereal beauty was nothing close to this girl's raw seductive power. He slowly walked toward her and sat down on the couch beside her.

Ashley turned her knees toward Clark and lightly touched delicate fingers to his thigh, holding them there for a bit too long to be merely a friendly gesture. "So what would you like to know, Clark?" she cooed, clicking her long, flexible tongue on the last syllable. "Did you just want to feel me out a bit? Or do you really want to get into my core?" Ashley said with exaggerated innocence, fluttering long lashes in a coquettish display that sent Clark's thoughts spiraling into libidinous territory.

Clark's rod of steel threatened to tear completely through his overtaxed pants. He could not speak, the remnants of his control fighting the last stand of a losing battle.

"I must admit that I have a bit of a... desire... to get to know you too." Ashley said in a voice dripping with flirtatious suggestion.

She licked her lips, as she ran a fingernail lightly underneath Clark's rigid cock to its tip. A tide of desire, of absolute need, rolled through Clark's very being. This irresistible temptress had utterly destroyed every ounce of his superhuman control, leaving him trembling and pleading to her with needy eyes, unable to speak. He needed to have her. He needed release. He needed her touch. He needed to be inside of her.

Ashley smiled a victorious, radiant smile at his unspoken plea. She slid her mouth to his, perfect white teeth biting down on his invulnerable lower lip. She swung her exquisite leg over his far hip as his shaft tore free of its cotton confines. Then, she slid slowly down his immense length. It was time to feel what a submissive Superman could do to her.

Clark was feeling things that he could not describe, as this pinnacle of feminine perfection showed him what lay beyond ecstasy. As he touched her depths, Ashley threw her head back and let out a husky moan, silken tresses of platinum tumbling all the way to her lower back. She began to undulate her hips in an opulent display of female dominance over the most powerful man on the planet.

As she felt the steely hardness of his tensing legs under her smooth thighs, Ashley gasped out a breathy whisper.

"I wish my muscles were as dense and strong as his..."

As he filled her, pumping into her, Ashley felt ice suddenly crackle through her veins, chilling her to the core. The perfect hemispheres of her ass rubbed against her silky calves as her hips rolled in time with his lunges. She could feel the muscles inside her grow harder and firmer with the rhythm of her body, strength pouring into them by the second.

It felt sooooo good.

A breathy moan rasped out of her full lips, her tongue pushing behind the inside of her teeth as the delicious sensation of power rippled through her being.

Clark felt her tighten around him, her smaller muscles contracting ever harder with her burgeoning strength. He slipped his hands along her polished thighs, snakes of liquid steel moving within, under the admiring touch of his fingertips.

Ashley, now lost in surges of her own pleasure, sumptuous body sucking in superhuman strength, couldn't help but want more. Panting in time with Clark's ever more urgent thrusts, she whispered.

*"I wish I had *all* of his powers. And Supergirl's as well..."*

Her delicate jaw clenched, her lower lip quivering, with a delicious mix of sensations as Clark's shaft continued to plunge into her and another massive burst of strength and power raged through her impossibly perfect body.

As Ashley's slender, bare thighs gripped Clark's hips, he began to feel uncomfortable pressure, his unsurpassable strength buckling under the incredible power of the ultrafeminine form that rode him.

His hands left her thighs, roaming upward to firm, supple hips. He pulled her hips toward him to power into her tightening canal. His vision dimmed with rapture as his climax loomed.

Ashley's slender fingers slid over his hands, pressing down on them with increasing force. Pain mixed with pleasure as Clark felt her impossibly strong fingertips applying absurd force on his whitening hands. Ashley's head rolled back, long eyelashes fluttering closed, moistened lips opening, as thick waves of platinum blond hair swayed behind her, tickling the diamond-hard bulges of her satin calves.

Unable to take the escalating sensation any longer, Clark's vision shook. His ears began to ring from his racing heart. His eyes rolled upward and squeezed shut as a tsunami of carnal ecstasy crashed into him. Ashley's toes curled and lips trembled as her womb erupted into mind-blowing, nuclear quakes.

Ashley let out a soul-emptying wail as he exploded inside her, shockwaves rattling everything in the room.

Time seemed to slow as the superhuman lovers quivered in climax, tensed, delirious and not wanting the ultimate moment to end.

Then it was over.

Muscles relaxed. Ragged breaths broke the sudden silence, beads of sweat formed on spectacular bodies.

Clark gulped oxygen as he attempted to get his heart rate under control in an effort to avoid losing consciousness. *Good Lord!* He had never experienced anything like it! He'd had sex with Lois before they'd broken up, but it hadn't been *anything* like this! He'd had to be so careful with her. This girl had felt even stronger than him!

Ashley dismounted him, moving with the languid, elegant grace that only a superhuman sex goddess could. She lowered herself next to him on the couch, a bare leg atop his thigh, dainty foot dangling between his legs, panting.

"Wow, Clark! That was really something! We might have to try that again sometime," she sighed with a tired but mischievous smile.

Clark returned a quick smile, not having recovered his powers of speech yet from the experience. She pulled in her splayed leg and curled up against him, flawless cheek resting on

his shoulder, then patted him on the shoulder. She closed her eyes, basking in the warmth of his overtaxed body.

As Clark's heart calmed down, he shifted slightly to see the beautiful girl curled next to him. Completely spent, he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

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