

Full Bloom

Story by Akane

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PART 1: FAMILY

Pop

The impressive sphere of pink bubblegum deflated rapidly, and Dee sucked its remnants between pink, Maybelline-coated lips. Shuffling around the table, her prodigious cleavage bounced in her tight, lycra top with every movement. Her blue eyes glowed with pride as she watched her family wolfing down their bowls of Frosted Flakes. Reaching to the counter for the worn tupperware pitcher half-filled with tepid tap water, she squished a melting can of Minute Maid into it and began to stir the slimy mixture with a bent fork.

"No juice for me, dear. Just coffee. I didn't sleep so good last night," said Harold absently, eyes never leaving the sports section. He turned the page of his newspaper, the motion allowing a curly-haired roll of his jiggling beer belly to escape the tight confines of his stained white undershirt.

Examining the dark circles beneath his father's eyes, Johnny commented. "You never sleep good, Harold. I think I have a can of Jolt in my backpack," he said, sliding out of his chair to retrieve the soda. "Stuff's pretty rad. I always keep a can handy so I can stay awake in Mr. Matthews' class."

"Call me 'dad', boy," Harold grumbled, still engrossed in an article about the Mets historic losing streak.

"Speaking of class, how did you do on your history test yesterday, hun?" asked Dee, taking the opportunity to glide in and fill his glass with some orange sludge.

"Flunked it," said Johnny, pulling wadded-up papers and ziplock bags of powder from his bag before raising a can of Jolt Cola above his head with a victorious smile.

"Oh, dear! I'm going to help you with your homework tonight. We can't have you repeating the eighth grade, now, can we?" said Dee, her heavily made-up skin crinkling around concerned eyes.

"Oh, mom. I know you mean well, but let's just say homework isn't your strong suit," piped in Joy. "I'll help him tonight."

Dee's expression softened as she turned toward her daughter. "Oh, would you? You're such a good sister, my little college grad. I'm so proud of you..."

As he came back to the table, Johnny smacked Joy on the back of the head, sending a lock of dull-brown hair flying into her face.

"What was that for?" asked Joy, incredulous.

Johnny slammed the can of soda on the table by his dad with a tinny thump, then rolled up the sleeves on his Member's Only jacket. "For being a show-off. We all know you're smartypants little nerd, okay?"

"I'm just trying to help you, rodent!" said Joy, pounding her pudgy arms on the table in exasperation.

"I don't need no help. I mean, mom and dad didn't graduate high school, and look how they turned out?" said Johnny, running a hand over his hairspray-drenched spiky blond hair.

"I beg your pardon," said Dee, garish red press-on nails rising to cover her plump cleavage. "I'll have you know that I *did* graduate high school, young man. Right before I took up lingerie modeling."

Harold snorted. "You make it sound so elegant, Dee. Wearing granny underpants and fifties-style bras for the Sears catalog..."

Dee glanced at the mirror, using a hand to fluff her frizzy blonde bangs. She'd put on some pounds over the years, but the figure inside her skin-tight v-neck blouse and leggings remained lush and sexy. "Well, it helped pay the bills while you worked your way into a management position at the Wal-Mart, honey."

Harold finally set down the paper, red-cheeked face settling in its typical scowl. "Speaking of which, I gotta get to work. Those endcaps to promote our 88-cent-a-can baked bean sale won't set up themselves!"

"But I haven't made the bacon yet! I know how much you love pork with your cereal, hun..." said Dee, forehead creasing in distress as her false eyelashes rose.

Einstein, the family's rotund sheepdog, jumped onto the counter, belly swinging beneath him, and began wolfing down the raw strips of bacon. In his haste to get to the food, the greasy-haired mutt flung bits of packaging flew all over the kitchen.

Harold yanked up his threadbare khakis with two large thumbs, then stretched a wrinkled blue short-sleeved shirt over his gut before gravely announcing: "It's okay. These are the Goddamn hurdles every working man's gotta face."

"Oh, shit! The bus!" cried Johnny, running to his backpack and stuffing the plastic baggies and wads of paper back into it. He ran out the door, Harold right behind.

"Language, dear!" called Dee after them as the door closed with a wobbly-hinged clap.

Joy rolled her eyes as quiet replaced the manic morning energy in the room. "I don't know how you *stand* them."

Plopping into a chair, Dee reached into her mouth and removed her pink bubble gum, sticking it to the edge of the bowl with her thumb. She downed a spoonful of Johnny's leftover sugary cereal, and sighed wearily. "Stop it, Joy. They're our family."

"Yeah," said Joy wryly. "They're definitely that."

Johnny burst through the door and flung his backpack to the shag-carpeted floor, drawing the startled gazes of his mother and sister.

"Missed the fucking bus!" he huffed.

"Language, dear!" Dee repeated, rising wearily to her feet and reaching for the car keys. "I'll take you."

The engine of Dee's '79 Oldsmobile turned over on the fourth try with a chorus of whinnies over a deep rumble, rattling a few flakes of rust free. Johnny wound the rubber band that held together the finicky passenger-side seat belt buckles until he could release it without worrying about the nylon band snapping back upward.

"How are your math grades doing, dear?" asked Dee.

"I wish you'd stop fucking asking about my damn grades, Dee!" asked Johnny, words echoing those he'd heard his father utter a thousand times.

Chastened, Dee pursed her lips in frustration, and mother and son rode to the school in silence, every bump sending the rusty brown car into a series of squeaky bounces.

After a moment, Dee attempted to strike up conversation once more. "So are you and your friends ready for high school next year? Linda Morelli tells me that her son Rick just *loves* it at East Concrete High."

Johnny said nothing, staring straight ahead at the passing trees and garbage cans in icy silence.

"You know, Rick Morelli? He used to babysit you when your father and I went out for a date at McDonald's."

The silence continued.

As she pulled up in front of the school, two large, well-built boys in parachute pants and black, studded leather jackets strolled over. "Hi there, boys," said Dee brightly. The taller of the two nodded, rolling a toothpick from one side of his mouth to the other and pushing his aviator sunglasses to the top of his head as if it were a headband. The other simply ogled her.

"So does Johnny have the best-looking mom around or what?" Dee chortled, thrusting out her buxom chest and fluffing her teased-out hair.

"Jesus, mom! Do you have to act like such a fucking slut in front of my friends?" seethed Johnny, slamming the car door loudly behind him, his friends doubling over in laughter.

Dee's face fell, and her eyes grew glassy as she watched her son join the other two boys, walking up the steps to the school. She sniffed twice, wiping away her welling tears before they fell and ruined her heavily applied mascara, and drove home in contemplative silence.

As she entered the house, Joy looked up and instantly identified the look in Dee's quivering eyes. She rose from the table and gave her mom a warm hug. The loving gesture made Dee's tears well up once more. This time, she let them fall.

"Sometimes, I wish I knew what to do, you know?" Dee told her daughter, voice thick with emotion. "I try so hard, but our family just isn't the way I wish it was."

"I know, mom. I know," Joy comforted her mother, patting her back as they held each other.

"I guess I just wish that Harold and Johnny were more appreciative sometimes," she said, voice shaking as she attempted to regain control of herself.

Joy released the hug and pulled back, searching her mother's eyes. "You need to stand up for yourself, mom. Dad totally takes you for granted. And Johnny's just a little punk sometimes."

"You know, you're right, Joy," said Dee, setting her jaw resolutely, spine straightening even as tears glistened on her cheeks. "I *do* need to stand up for myself."

Joy smiled and nodded as her mother marched over to the dining room table and cleared off the dishes with a new sense of purpose.

As she heard keys fumbling at the lock of the front door, Dee thought of Joy's words with a smile. Fighting her practiced urge to pull a cold beer from the fridge for Harold, she instead approached the front door with nothing but a purposeful smile.

Harold flung open the door with an overly hard swing to eye Dee suspiciously. "Where the fuck is my beer?! I had the day from absolute hell! Some stupid teenager knocked over my bean display the moment I finished it, I have another two employees pregnant, and all I want right now is my damn beer, so I can sit down and watch the friggin' Mets game!"

"Actually, I was thinking that we could spend some time together. You know, maybe go to the bedroom a little early for some evening fun..." Dee batted her eyes hopefully.

"Pfft," said Harold, rubbing his balding head as he walked over to the fridge and extracted a frosty PBR. "Sex stopped being fun when you gained ten pounds about twenty years ago, Double Dee," he said, mockingly using the bra size that doubled as her high school nickname. He pulled the tab on his drink and took a long swig. Belching loudly, he staggered to the den, where he kept his 27-inch TV, and slammed the door shut.

Dee looked stunned as Joy entered the room. Brows furrowing at her mother's hurt expression, Joy marched to the den and knocked loudly on the door. Harold appeared, beer in hand, giving his daughter a "this had better be good" look.

"Dad, apologize to mom *right now*," Joy's words were surprisingly commanding. But they seemed to have no effect on Harold.

"Kiddo, those physiology courses are never gonna help you get inside *my* head," he chuckled. Then his voice rose to a shout. "Buzz off, little bee."

The door slammed behind him, and the volume of the ballgame emanating from inside rose. "It's *psychology*, dumbass," Joy said under her breath before turning to her mother and shrugging apologetically.

"Thanks for trying, anyway, Joy. Means a lot," her mother said, squeezing her daughter's shoulders in gratitude.

A knock at the door interrupted the moment. Dee hustled over to open it. In the doorway stood Carl and Linda Chapman.

Carl wore a shiny-threaded powder blue suit, the top three buttons on his cream button-up shirt open to expose a tanned expanse of hairy, well-muscled chest. One hand smoothing back his thick brown hair, he extended the other to rest on his wife's lower back, which was bare in the short, tight cocktail dress she wore.

Linda looked like a younger version of Dee, albeit with smaller, significantly perkier breasts. Her perfectly coiffed, puffy blonde bangs hung lightly over bright blue eyes. Her wrinkleless, high-cheekboned face seemed to delight in tormenting Dee with visions of what hers used to look like back in her Miss Trenton contestant days.

As Linda leaned forward in her stilettos to give Dee a hug, Carl pinched his wife's firm, rounded ass. Linda drew back, slapping his hand away with a smile. "You brute!"

Carl gave his wife a lopsided grin, then took her hand as they walked in the door.

"Dad! Chapman's are here!" Joy yelled at the door to Harold's man cave, a look of satisfaction at having interrupted his game again clearly written on her face.

"What?! What the fuck are they doing here? I thought they weren't coming over 'til Thursday!" came an annoyed voice from the other side of the flimsy fiberboard door.

"It *is* Thursday, dad," Joy laughed, delighted at the opportunity to expose his stupidity before the neighbors.

Harold pulled open the door, crushing the beer can in his hand and flinging it into the den behind him. He stumbled out of the room, stretching his arms, crinkled shirt unbuttoned and dangling crookedly over his dirty khakis.

"Hi, Carl! How's it hanging?" he yawned.

"Never better, Hare. 'Course it helps to have a wife with a hot-as-fuck body that's tighter than Fat Albert's pants after lunch," he grinned. "Check out the new toy..."

He held up a hairy arm, and a heavy gold Rolex slid halfway down its length.

"Good lord, is that a *Timex*?" asked Harold in an awed tone.

“Nope. It’s a Rolex,” proclaimed Carl with a satisfied smirk.

“Well, that’s probably almost as good,” replied Harold dismissively, losing interest in Carl to focus his beady eyes on Linda.

The attractive blonde was giggling as she fingered Dee’s new leopard print blouse, her nubile body clearly on display in her curve-hugging white cotton dress as she giggle-gushed about shopping with the middle-aged mother of four.

After two hours and twice as many bottles of expensive wine—courtesy, of course, of the Chapmans—the two couples called it a night.

Dee cleaned up downstairs while Harold spent thirty minutes in the bathroom. When Harold finally staggered out, leaving a trail of hiccups as he went, he collapsed onto the bed face first, like a tree crashing down in the forest.

Dee slipped under the covers next to him, cuddling close to his warm, mushy body. “Want to, you know, *do* stuff?” she prompted, a mischievous look in her eye.

“Fuck no,” came a muffled voice from the pillow beside her. “I already whacked off to the Polaroid of Linda and Carl we took.”

He turned his head to the side, so that his speech was no longer muffled, only slurred. “She’s so fuckin’ hot. Kinda like you used to be...”

Dee shot back, away from her husband, as if bitten by a snake. Slipping out of bed, she went into the bathroom and closed the door.

Tears fell for the third time that day as Dee examined herself in the mirror. Her face was still attractive, but its deepening wrinkles could no longer be completely covered, no matter how much makeup she caked on. Her breasts were still large, but they seemed to sag, just as her spirits did when she compared them to Linda’s perky pair. Her waist was still thin. But, she lamented, leaning forward and pinching a small roll of fat on her belly, not as thin as it used to be. She looked at the photo of her younger friend on the counter, then at her reflection in the mirror. Not as thin as Linda’s either.

Crumpling the picture in one long-nailed hand, she stared at the mirror, frustration and sadness bubbling in her eyes. Letting out a long sigh, she quietly opened the door and went back to bed.

Harold was already snoring.

Say “ahhhh” directed the doctor the next day, placing a dry wooden tongue depressor over Dee’s tongue as he did so.

He proceeded to poke, prod, and carefully examine every part of her body. Dee looked up at him hopefully, wanting to see a spark of desire in those cold, gray eyes, searching for something to make her feel wanted again. She found nothing there but clinical detachment, however.

“You should get a mammogram,” said the doctor, flatly. “Women your age are at increased risk of breast cancer.”

Women her age? Way to make me feel good about myself, Dr. Downer! Dee frowned.

“And you’re officially entering menopause.”

And the good news just keeps on coming... thought Dee sarcastically, swallowing hard. As the man began to list the various symptoms she should be experiencing—hot flashes, weight gain (joy!), missed periods, mood swings—her attention drifted, and her frown deepened. She couldn’t think of a single time she’d exhibited any of those symptoms. Except the weight gain. But even that had been gradual, over the course of the last ten years.

Buoyed only slightly by the fact that she had yet to show any of the symptoms of menopause, she left the doctor’s office wishing she could feel more like she had when she was younger and had her pick of the boys in her high school. She had felt attractive back then. Desired. Powerful.

A shiver passed through her as she walked to her tanklike Oldsmobile, goosebumps rising on her olive skin. *Hot flashes? She was having cold flashes?* she laughed bitterly. It was just her luck to have everything work out the opposite of how it should.

PART 2: CHANGES

“Stacy’s coming home this evening, Harold,” said Dee on Saturday, pulling her trademark dish—her mother’s lasagna—from the oven and waving the oven mitt over it to cool the bubbling mozzarella.

“Great,” replied Harold enthusiastically. “I’m going to watch some football. The Jets are playing the Dolphins tonight.”

“But I made your favorite! Lasagna!” Dee interjected, smile faltering.

“I’m good. Having a liquid dinner tonight,” replied Harold, raising a beer and rattling it above his head as he walked away from her. “You’re always telling me to go on a fuckin’ diet, anyways.”

“Well, *I’ll* eat it,” said Johnny, plopping into a chair at the kitchen table as the door to Harold’s man cave shut.

Dee tossed the lasagna to the table in frustration, sliding it across to her son, then walked toward the stairs.

“Aren’t you going to have some?” asked Johnny.

“Not hungry,” replied Dee stone-faced, beginning to ascend.

“Mom?”

Dee paused. It was rare for her son to call her that.

“Joy never helped me with my homework. She said I was an ungrateful little monkey boy who was hopeless anyway. Can you believe that?”

Dee suppressed a smile. “That’s terrible dear.”

“Anyways, I thought about what you said. About not being able to go to high school next year?” Johnny’s eyes grew grim. “And I was wondering if you might help me a little.”

This time, Dee did smile, a bounce in her step as she flounced back down the stairs. “I’d love to, little Johnny-wonny.”

“Mom, you know I hate it when you call me that! I’m not six, you know.”

Dee's smile simply broadened in response. "Now, I'm not sure if I'm as good at this stuff as Joy, dear, but I'll do what I can..."

Johnny smiled and opened his math book. The pages gave a tearing sound, and Dee caught a whiff of "new paper" smell as he pried it open. Come to think of it, it was the first time Dee could remember seeing him with his math book open—maybe this was the first time he'd opened it!

Brows scrunching in concentration, Johnny looked in his notebook for the assignment, then flipped a few more pages in the book until he found the correct page.

"So they're starting to put these weird letters like x and y into the math problems, and I don't have a fucking clue where to begin!" Johnny confessed, fingers fiddling nervously with his pencil.

"Oh dear," gasped Dee. "*Letters?* You're into the complicated stuff, aren't you?"

Dee reached out a trembling hand to the book and spun it toward her. Her eyes scanned the page, fully expecting to be completely confused.

But, much to her surprise, she *wasn't*.

As she read the chapter, the lesson was actually making *sense* to her!

"Well, let's see. See this first problem here? The one that says $3x + 5 = 17$?"

"Yeah, what about it?"

"Well, all you have to do is the opposite thing to the other side!" Kind of like her life, she thought, remembering her cold flash after the doctor had told her she should be having hot flashes.

"So just subtract five from each side, and you get $3x = 12$, right?"

Johnny scribbled the step into his notebook eagerly.

"Then just divide by three!" said Dee, clasping her hands together delightedly. "Because dividing is the opposite of multiplying!"

"What the hell is *dividing*, again?" asked her son earnestly.

"It's where you say how many times one number goes into another."

"Oh, yeah. Right..."

Johnny scribbled furiously for several minutes, scratching out his work several times, then working the problem again. Finally, he looked up at her questioningly.

"So it's four? This fucking 'x' letter is like the number four in disguise or some shit?"

"Exactly!" said Dee, so delighted that she'd helped her son that she didn't even chide him for his language.

"I can *do* this!" said Johnny in a hushed voice. Then he continued, his surprise so great that he didn't stop to think about what he was saying. "Thanks to you..."

Dee was practically floating. Her son was actually *complimenting* her. On something other than her cooking, even!

Johnny quickly looked away, clearing his throat. "I mean, it's about *time* you friggin' helped me instead of being so, like, overbearing and shit."

"Language..." Dee reminded him in a singsong voice, unable to continue to let language like that slide.

"See? Like *that*," Johnny harrumphed. But he closed his book over his notepad and took it up to his room to continue working on this math assignment.

The doorbell rang as Dee sat at the dinner table, beaming. She shot to her feet, then shuffled to the door, wearing heels tonight because she'd been feeling a bit sexier lately.

She opened the door to find her oldest daughter Stacy twirling a lock of crimped blonde hair, fingers emerging from her fingerless sequined gloves to intertwine with those of a tall, strapping, clean-cut young man with a chiseled, masculine jaw and a sexy twinkle in his crystal blue eyes.

"Nice to meet ya, Mrs...."

"D'Amico," whispered Stacy. "Same last name as me. She's my mother, remember?"

"Mrs. D'Amico," said Chad, sounding out her last name hesitantly. He took Dee's hand in his and brought it up to his smoldering eyes. "It's so cool that you have the same last name as your daughter here. I'm Chad. Pleasure."

Stacy smiled perfunctorily, then pulled Chad's hand away from her mother's, pressing full breasts that bulged over the neckline of her slinky clubbing dress into his muscled tricep.

Chad looked down at her, eyes drinking in Stacy's impressive cleavage as she pressed upward onto her toes to give him a lewd, open-mouthed kiss.

The den door swung open with a wheezy squawk. Blinking, Harold stumbled out of the den with an empty, half-crumpled beer can lodged in the folds of his faded green Jets sweatshirt, a line of half-crusted yellowish drool dried onto the corner of his mouth. The right side of his face looked irritated and red, as if he'd recently peeled it from the cracked pleather surface of the easychair in his man cave.

"Who's this fuckin' guy? Captain America?" Harold belched, giving the tanned, muscular blond in the doorway a skeptical once-over as he frenched his eldest daughter.

When Stacy finally pulled her lips from Chad's, licking away a thin line of saliva that continued to connect their mouths post-kiss, she turned to her father. "Dad, this is Chad."

Turning back to her boyfriend, pressing a finger to his nose, she continued. "Sexilicious Chaddykins, this is my dad."

Harold wiped his meaty paw on his shirt, causing the beer can to fall to the floor with a soft clatter, and extended it. Chad smiled as he shook Harold's hand, then leaned in conspiratorially and whispered. "Thanks for being cool about me fucking the shit out of your daughter and all."

Harold's lips thinned, and he increased the pressure of his grip, but he said nothing.

Chad eyed Dee as he released his grip on Harold's sweaty palm, pulling back his hand to wipe it on his pants. "You're a lucky man, Mr..."

"D'Amico!" chided Stacy in a loud whisper. "*Same. Last. Name.* Remember?"

"D'Amico... right..." said Chad slowly, nodding his head as the wheels turned at glacial speed in his mind.

"Why the fuck do you say I'm lucky?" asked Harold, scratching his bald spot, honestly baffled.

"Because, I mean, just *look* at your daughter here," he hugged her curvy body into his side. "And your sexy-as-hell wife! She's like the hottest 40-year-old I've ever seen!"

"Actually, she's almost fift—" Harold's breath whooshed out, putting a sudden end to his sentence, as Dee elbowed him.

"That's so kind of you to say," said Dee, fluffing her hair, batting her eyelashes, and staring at Chad's lips, still moist from the kiss he'd given her daughter..

"I mean it. I mean, you're totally friggin' smoking, Mrs..."

Stacy simply shook her head in disgust this time, not bothering to fill in her last name for a third time, having realized the futility of her previous efforts.

Dee blushed and giggled in delight. "Well, I *have* lost a few pounds these last few days..."

As Stacy watched her boyfriend ogle her mother, she cleared her throat.

Chad didn't take the hint, continuing to stare at the older woman. "You must have been, like, nuclear hot back in the day because you're still, like... *nuclear hot!*"

Brows furrowing, Stacy elbowed him in his cobbled stomach. He startled and turned to her, then began to stammer. "But, I mean, you're like... *super* nuclear hot, babe!"

He beamed, marveling at his own off-the-cuff cleverness with words.

"Come on," said Stacy, pulling a small bag of white powder from her bra to dangle it before her imbecilic boyfriend. "Let's go to my room."

"Yes, ma'am," said Chad, stumbling behind her, eyebrows rising, his gaze drifting downward to the hypnotic sway of her perfectly shaped ass.

Harold turned to his wife and lowered his own gaze down her shapely form. Her body seemed tighter, sleeker than he remembered.

"You been taking them diet pills again?" he asked her, cocking his head to the side.

"No! You know we can't afford that kind of thing. Not with the way gas prices are headed these days!" said Dee, secretly pleased by her husband's lustful gaze.

"Well 'cause you're just looking especially hot tonight is all."

"I am?" Dee replied, biting her lower lip.

"Yeah. But don't get like a big head about it or nothin'. Jesus."

"So you wanna have some *fun* tonight?" asked Dee, twirling a lock of golden hair around her finger, hands clutching her husband's plump arm.

"Yeah. Alright. But don't expect no foreplay, capiche?"

Dee simply gave him an evil smile and took him to the bedroom by his sweaty hand.

Harold rolled over groggily in the morning to find his wife up and already dressed in a tight pink leotard, white tights, and lemon yellow leg warmers. She smiled at his slack-jawed face as she snapped her headband into place.

"Where you goin' dressed like that?" he mumbled, rubbing his eyes.

"To aerobics class, Hare." Dee said, admiring how her shapely body filled out the exercise outfit in the cracked floor-length mirror next to her worn vanity.

"Seriously? Since when do you do *aerobics*?"

"Since Maria Dantonio invited me." Dee said, doing a bit of final primping, then fetching the keys from the dresser.

"You mean that crazy fitness instructor lady across the street?"

"Yeah. Her. You got a problem with it?" Dee said in uncharacteristic challenge to her husband, crossing her arms under the ample swells of her voluptuous breasts.

"No..." said Harold, scratching at his crotch. "Say, how's about we, you know, *do it again* tonight?"

Dee smiled, eyes twinkling. "We'll see."

Dee strode into her neighbor's aerobics class with a lively bounce in her step.

Mrs. Morelli and Mrs. Dantonio gawked at her increasingly toned body as she set down her duffle bag. "You been doin' secret workouts or something, Dee?" asked Mrs. Morelli, sucking in her own flabby belly.

"No, I haven't exercised in years. Why?" asked Dee nervously, finding a place in the front corner of the room.

"Cause you're lookin' like you dropped a few pounds," said her frumpy middle-aged friend.

"And a few years..." muttered Mrs. Dantonio as she took her place at the front of the room.

As the class started, to her amazement, Dee discovered that she could not only do the exercises, but she was doing them faster and with more range of movement than even Mrs. Dantonio, the instructor!

As the class set up their benches for the step portion of the class, Dee realized that she'd hardly even broken a sweat. Deciding to take the intensity up a notch, when the music resumed, Dee leapt a full two feet into the air before landing on her bench with every jump. She swayed to the beat of the music as she twirled through every movement with almost casual ease. Not even breathing heavily, she hummed to the Madonna song blaring over the speakers as she lunged twice to the rest of the class' every one.

Soft murmurs began to make their way across the room as Dee continued to pick up speed and height while the rest of the class began to tire.

Maria Dantonio gave Dee the stink eye as the energetic woman launched herself into an extra three sets of jump-squats during the class' second five-minute break with glee.

As the class ended, Dee leapt *three* feet into the air, kicking her leg up so far that her legwarmer-encased shin met her nose at the peak of her jump. To the astonishment of the rest of the class, Dee looked like a tall, extremely voluptuous cheerleader.

When she landed with a broad smile, all the other women crowded around Dee, eager to speak to her.

"What's your secret?" asked one of them.

"Have you taken up jogging? I heard Sue say jogging is the best way to lose weight..." said another.

"Are you having an affair?" arose another voice.

"You should be *teaching* this class," croaked an aged voice, eliciting another nasty glance from Maria Dantonio.

"*Goodness*, girls! I take one little bitty aerobics class, and everyone's all a-titter!" said Dee, blushing but happy for the positive attention as she towed off.

As she walked through the door, cheeks flushed from the attention as much as the workout, she found Al, her oldest son, lying on the floor of the man cave, hands casually resting under his head, talking with Harold.

"...Guy's a total meathead. So I tells him to add another two plates, so's I can show him how it's done," said Al, gesticulating excitedly as he told his father one of his gym stories, the long black hair at the back of his mullet swishing over the carpeted floor.

“So I deadlift the damn thing, and the guy goes all fucking ruby and starts yellin’ at me and shit. So I clock him. Right here,” Al said, pointing at his jaw.

“Proud of you, son,” said Harold absently, eyes on the football game. “You’re really gettin’ good at the whole bouncer thing, huh?”

Al lay back smugly, crossing his beefy arms behind his head, huge pecs rippling. “I suppose you could say that. But you know the best part of workin’ at the club?”

“What’s that?”

“The fucking tail, dad! I mean, there’s like hottie after hottie struttin’ around that place. Tits as far as the eye can see. It’s fuckin’ dope as hell!”

Dee cleared her throat, alerting the two men to her presence.

“Hey, ma!” said Al, rising to his feet to give his mother a hug.

“Finish your aerobics, hun?” asked Harold, eyes still glued to the television.

“I did. And you know what? I was the best one in the class!” she beamed.

“Pfft,” laughed Al. “That’s great, ma, but that Jane Fonda shit’s for pansies. Real exercise means fuckin’ sweat and iron, baby.”

Dee frowned, her son stripping her of the source of pride she’d found over the course of the morning. Then she thought of Joy’s advice to stand up for herself. And the ease with which she’d executed every exercise this morning.

“Well, I think I can lift weights just like you can,” she blurted out.

Her son blinked twice, then broke into guffaws of laughter. Harold joined in the laughter from the den.

“I’m *serious!*” Dee insisted, and her son laughed even louder, slapping his knee.

When he began to calm down, tears in his eyes, he panted. “Okay, okay. Let’s see what you got, ma...”

Dee scowled, crossed her arms, and followed him into the garage where Harold kept his weights.

Al blew a thin layer of dust off the 25-pound dumbbells and handed them to his mother. To his surprise, she handled them with ease, beginning to curl them casually.

"Well how do you like them apples, guys?" Dee beamed, setting down the weights and doing a little dance before the two men.

Al smiled, then put a 45-pound plate on each side of the cobwebbed barbell in the corner. Grunting, face reddening, he curled the heavy weight to his chest, then dropped it to the floor.

"Now *that's* what a real *man* can do, ma!" he said victoriously.

Dee frowned, and strode over to the weight, wrapping her long-nailed fingers around it and pulling upward. She began to curl the bar, feeling her arms burn slightly, but the pain quickly vanished, the bar rising and lowering easily a dozen times before she set it back down.

Al and Harold blinked, mouths open. "How did you—?" asked Al.

Dee's brow furrowed in concentration, and she added another two plates to each side of the bar. She took two deep breaths, then began to pull the bar upward.

It rose to her hips...

...then her chin...

...and a moment later, strength pouring into her feminine muscles, she held it over her head. Arms wobbling at first, she straightened until she held the weight proudly over herself with apparent ease.

Al and Harold's tongues practically lolled from their mouths.

"That's. Not. Possible," whispered Al, clearly awed.

"It must be some kind of trick. Those must be made of plastic or somethin'," said Harold. He marched over to Dee as she set down the weight, and leaned over.

"Outta my way," he cried and tugged at the bar.

It didn't move.

"Here, let me, dad," suggested Al. He lifted it to his hips, breathing loudly, then dropped it.

"I don't know how, but you're cheating or something, ma! Very funny!" Al yelled, pointing a finger at his mother, then whirled to face his father. "Come on, dad. Let's go watch the game at the fuckin' bar. I'm outta here."

Dee watched them go, smile fading.

How had she done it?

Walking slowly up to her bedroom, she stared at herself in the mirror. She looked even better than she had before she went to aerobics.

Significantly better.

The creases around her eyes had faded to the point where they were barely noticeable. Her skin looked healthy and smooth, better than it had in years.

She felt her large breasts through the thin fabric of her leotard. They seemed firmer, riding higher on her chest than they had even yesterday.

Her waist looked slimmer, more toned. And her legs... gone was the cellulite she'd been battling the last few years. As she rolled down her tights, she ran her hands along their long, tanned surface. It was sinuous and smooth.

She didn't look a day over 35.

She shivered. An insanely hot 35.

How was this possible? Here she was, nearly 50 years old, hitting menopause, and all of sudden, it was like her body was caught in a time warp, aging backwards.

Her eyes rose once more to her face, when she noticed something else. Her irises were no longer blue...

...they were *purple*.

Gasping, she leaned closer to the mirror, examining her eyes closely. The change was unmistakable. They had changed color.

Did this have something to do with her new strength? She shifted her jaw, considering. She didn't know.

She removed the leotard, turning her body from side to side, giving it a thorough look in the mirror, butterflies fluttering her stomach.

She was definitely more attractive. Her body was near it's peak, close to as stunningly gorgeous as it had been in her youth. Stacy, her 27-year-old daughter, didn't have much of an edge on her now, she noted in satisfaction.

She pinched her nipples, feeling electricity surge into her already aroused body. Hands drifting lower along her firm curves, down her taut stomach, arriving at her suddenly dripping sex, she began to finger herself.

From his room, Johnny heard something. It was faint at first, then grew louder and louder, until he heard his mother's cries from the room above. Looking up to his ceiling a bit of plaster cracked, showering him in white dust. Brow furrowing, he set down his homework and left his room, climbing the steps. As he neared the top, he felt the house shaking beneath his feet as if it were sitting on a gigantic laundry machine on a spin cycle. Oh, God! Was this an earthquake or something?

He sprinted to his mother's room and pounded on the door. "Dee? Ma? You okay in there?"

Pressing his ear to the door, he heard panting inside. Then a thump. Then footsteps. Then his mom opened the door, cheeks flushed, tossing her wild, disheveled blonde hair to the side.

"Yes?" she said, breathlessly.

"Um, I was just checkin' to see if you's okay. I thought we were havin' an earthquake or somethin'."

Dee tried to suppress a smile as she tugged her robe around her more tightly. "No, no, dear. Everything's okay. I'm fine."

"Well, okay then." He eyed her suspiciously as he descended the stairs.

Dee closed the door, then leaned against it, biting her lower lip. *No, son. Not an earthquake. Just your mom having the best orgasm of her entire fucking life!*

A few hours later, still in her bedroom, Dee heard Joy come home. *That's odd*, she thought. *Normally I can't hear the front door open from way up here.* She supposed that if everything else about her was improving, her hearing may as well improve too.

Rising to her feet, she set down the romance novel she'd devoured over the last two hours, and made her way to Joy's room.

“Joy Toy? You in there? I’ve got something to talk to you about...”

“Yeah, mom. Come in.”

Dee entered her daughter’s room, surveying the comic books and psychology reference materials strewn over her desk.

Dee looked up at her, startled, then craned her neck for a closer view. “Mom! Your eyes! They’re *purple!*”

“I know, hun. That’s why I wanted to talk.”

Joy closed her mouth promptly and stared at her mom wide-eyed, blinking as she absorbed her mother’s altered appearance.

“Something’s happening to me. Something *amazing!*” said Dee, beginning to pace Joy’s room. “This morning I went to aerobics and could go harder and faster than anyone else in the class—even the instructor! And I haven’t been to an exercise class in *forever!*”

Dee looked at Joy, who wore a blank expression, before continuing.

“Then I get home, and Al is being all macho with your father. It made me mad. But then I remembered what you said about standing up for myself, and I... I challenged him. In *weightlifting.*”

Joy blinked several times, her expression shifting from surprise to disappointment. “Mom, that’s not exactly what I—”

“But I *beat* him!” Dee interrupted, knowing what her daughter was about to say. “I lifted more than he could!”

Joy looked skeptical.

“Come on. Let’s go down to the garage. I’ll *show* you...” Dee’s violet eyes sparkled as she led her daughter to the garage, imagining her daughter’s reaction with gleeful anticipation.

“Ew. This place is so disgusting,” said Joy, flinching and waving away a cobweb that she’d walked through while making her way to the back corner where the weights were.

Dee gave her daughter a meaningful glance, then reached down and lifted the barbell over her head. It seemed even easier than it had earlier this afternoon. *Far* easier!

As Joy watched in astonishment, Dee set down the weight, then picked up one of the plates. Putting one hand on each side of the thing. She squeezed, as if testing its solidity. Releasing the pressure, she saw a thumbprint in the iron on either side.

Dee re-gripped the plate and pulled her hands back and inward before her. She felt her heart flutter in excitement as she saw the plate begin to bend. Further and further it went, the metal straining to resist her powerful fingers and failing with a high-pitched groan. Finally, it snapped, breaking cleanly in two.

Surprised, Dee dropped the two halves of the plate to the ground, where they struck the concrete with a loud *da-ding* before rolling in a circular pattern to a stop. Looking sheepish, Dee shifted her gaze to her daughter. Joy simply stood there, transfixed, staring at the two halves of the plate on the ground.

"I bet I could do pretty well in one of those strong man competitions, huh?" joked Dee, attempting to break the silence with a little levity.

"Yeah," said Joy in a hushed tone, eyes still glued to the plates. "For sure."

After a long moment, the pudgy brunette looked up at her mother. "Mom?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you think you're becoming a superhero or something? Like in the comics?"

Dee considered. "Maybe? Wouldn't that be something?!"

She puffed out her massive chest, breasts straining the fabric of her tight top, and put her hands to her hips, adopting a superhero pose. Then she doubled over in laughter.

"I'm kinda serious, mom. You're going through some kind of scientific breakthrough or something! Did anything happen to you? Like being bitten by a radioactive spider or having a witch cast a spell on you or something?"

Dee thought about it for a moment. "Not really, Joy. The only thing that's any different is that the doctor told me I was hitting menopause."

"Menopause..." Joy repeated, smiling. *That* couldn't have anything to do with it. Could it?

Dee was already in bed, nearly finished with her third romance novel of the evening, when Harold opened the door to their bedroom, back from the bar. He stumbled to the edge of the bed, then did a double take in slow motion.

“Jesus, Dee. You get plastic surgery or somethin’? You look like a fuckin’ million bucks!” he slurred.

Dee smiled, then rose languidly to her knees, sliding across the bed to wrap her arms around him. She gave him a long, deep kiss.

“Jesus...” whispered Harold in an awed voice when she withdrew her lips from his. “That was...”

He trailed off as Dee pulled off her nightgown, eyes following the bounce of her large breasts as if they were a hypnotist’s pendulum.

Dee smiled mischievously, and pulled him in for another kiss. His body bulged over hers as she wrapped her long legs around his plump hips and used them to guide his lower body into alignment with hers. Already hard, she used the strength of her shapely legs to pull him into her. As he penetrated as far as he could, she felt him spasm.

He had come? Already?

Dee bit her lower lip and used her strong core to flip her heavy husband over onto his back. Breathing heavily, he lay there, beginning to tremble as she slid her smooth, curvy body over his until her right breast hovered over his drooling mouth.

She lowered it to him, and he reached out his tongue to lick her nipple. Dee gasped in pleasure.

Encouraged by her reaction, he craned his neck upward until his lips closed around the hardening tip of her breast. Dee threw her head back, delighting in the sensation of his hot mouth around her aroused nipple.

She pushed her breast deeper into his mouth, undulating her ample hips over his sloshing stomach. Feeling his rapidly inflating member against the inside of her lower thigh, she slid the toned flesh of her leg against it until she felt hot, sticky fluid splash against it.

He had come *again!* Already!

Pulling back, she watched his eyes flutter shut as he drifted into unconsciousness.

Damn, she thought. *He hadn’t even gotten her off once.*

She rose, went into the bathroom, and cleaned herself off. Then, she wandered over to Joy's room and sat silently at her desk as her daughter slept. She glanced at the clock. It was 11:03 PM.

She opened one of Joy's comic books and read it. Then she read another. She repeated the process until she'd read them all. Then, she cracked open one of her daughter's psychology books, and read it from cover to cover. Then she read another.

As she finished the last of her daughter's college textbooks, she glanced over to the clock once more. It was 2:37 AM. She just read a dozen comics and four college textbooks in less than four hours.

She realized something else...

...She'd read them all *in the dark!*

As she rose and walked back to her bedroom, she found that her mind could bring up each page in her mind as if she had stored a photo of it in her brain. Smiling, she slid under the covers next to her husband and closed her eyes.

She couldn't wait to see what she could do tomorrow...

PART 3: SUPER

“There you are, dear,” said Dee with a wink as she slid the last plate of hot, steaming pancakes before her youngest son. His eyes lit up as he took his first bite, then quickly dove in again to wolf down another bite.

“Theesh are sho good, ma!” said Johnny, his words muffled by the mouthful of food he was busily chewing.

Dee smiled, clapping her hands together happily, then walked around the table, pausing next to her husband. As his gaze traveled up her incredible legs, which had grown two inches over the past week, they paused at her hips, which were encased in absurdly tight Daisy Dukes under her white apron. He licked his lips, imagining what was inside.

Dee reached down, and put a long, violet-polished fingernail—natural this time—under his chin, lifting his gaze over her taut tummy to her massive breasts, at least a cup size or two larger than they had been last week but seeming to defy gravity despite their heft. She continued to raise his chin until his eyes met hers, which now almost glowed an iridescent shade of purple. She leaned down and gave him a sumptuous kiss, feeling his body stiffen under the touch of her lips.

Smiling, she rose again, strolled past Joy, and took a seat before her own stack of steaming pancakes.

“Geez, mom! You look even better than Stacy now,” said her youngest daughter.

Dee beamed with the compliment, knowing it was true. She didn’t look a day over 25 now, nearly supermodel beautiful. She was certain that she could win the Miss Trenton pageant this time, looking even better now than she had when she had actually been 25.

Dee took a bite of her own helping of pancakes as her eyes scanned around the table, watching each member of her family hungrily chomping away at their delicious breakfast.

As Johnny leaned back in his seat, chewing the last bite from his now-empty plate, he looked at his watch. “Time for school!”

He rose from the table, put his books in his backpack, and left, closing the door gently behind him.

As Joy and Harold began to discuss the health benefits—or lack thereof—of the ingredients in their faux maple syrup, Dee’s delectable body suddenly went rigid.

Joy caught the sudden change in her mother's posture out of the corner of her eye. "What is it, mom?"

"I-I don't know. I just had this feeling that Johnny's bus is going to hit a truck!"

"What?! But how do you know—"

Before Joy could finish, her curly brown hair swirled into her face, and Dee was gone, the door swinging on its squeaky hinge behind her.

Dee sped out of the house and ran down the street faster than the speed of sound until she spotted the yellow school bus that her son was on. Her eyes focused on a semi truck just ahead, swerving into the bus' lane.

Zippering forward, the two huge vehicles about to collide, she did the only thing she could think of. She reached under the side of the bus, and, just as she had with the barbell, lifted it over her head and leapt toward the sidewalk.

The truck whooshed by, swerving back into its lane and continuing on as if nothing had happened.

Dee breathed a sigh of relief, then carefully set the bus back onto the pavement. Two dozen pairs of shocked, youthful eyes stared at her through the windows of the bus. Dee smiled and waved, just as bedazzled by her actions as the children were. Then, she disappeared, in a swirl of air, to reappear in her seat at the dining room table.

"Wha—? Did you—? Is Johnny—?"

"Everything's fine, dear," said Dee, giving her daughter a long-lashed wink.

That evening, Joy flipped on the local news, her eyes widening in shock. "MOM!!!!!"

"What is it, Joy?" asked Dee, instantly appearing by Joy's side in a rush of air with a puzzled expression on her face.

"Look!" said Joy, pointing to the television.

They were interviewing a school bus driver outside Johnny's school.

"Yeah, she just lifted the whole thing up like it wasn't nothin' and the truck blew past us. It's a good thing too. There's no way I coulda gotten outta the way of that truck. A lotta kids woulda been injured if it weren't for that lady," said the driver.

The camera zoomed in on the pretty reporter. "Who is this mystery woman, you might ask? Well, several of the students on the bus identified the woman as one of the students' mothers, however there were conflicting reports as to her actual identity," she announced.

The door swung open, and Johnny rushed inside, then slammed it shut.

Leaning his back into the door, Johnny looked at his mother. "Mom, all these reporters tried to talk to me about what you did with the bus! All the kids are talking about what you did, and the news people are trying to find out who the mysterious superwoman in an apron actually is! It seemed like such a big thing, I didn't want to tell them it was *you*."

Suddenly, the phone rang. Dee walked over to the table and picked it up. "Hello?"

"Hi, it's Maria. You know, Maria Dantonio? Anyways, my son is telling me that he thought it was you that picked up his bus! I told him not to make stuff up, but then I saw it on the news! But he said that the woman who did it looked like she was twenty-five. So then I thought it might have been your daughter Stacy. But I'm very concerned about her, you know, 'cause I had a cousin Walter who thought he could fly, but when he jumped off a building... let's just say it didn't end well. They had to scrape him off the pavement. Can you believe that? They had to have a closed casket and everything. So anyways, I just didn't want anything like that to happen to your little girl, sugar. So I just thought I'd call you and see what all the fuss was..."

Dee tuned out the talkative woman's words, her attention turning back to the television.

"Sources say that the U.S. military has taken an interest in this mystery woman but declined when we asked them to comment. Back to you, Greg," said the reporter, turning the camera back over to the anchor.

Mind already spinning with the implications of what she'd done, Dee's eyes widened at the mention of the military, and she dropped the phone, Mrs. Dantonio's tinny voice still rising from the speaker as it clattered to the floor. *The military?*

The next day, tired of avoiding the phone calls from reporters and neighbors wondering if she might know something about the mystery savior of the schoolbus, Dee decided to get some air. As she walked around the yard, she sighed. Harold had been neglecting his chores around the house again, and the grass was beginning to get *really* long.

She pulled open the rust-stained garage door, and rolled the mower out on wobbly wheels. She pulled the cord to start it, nearly breaking off the handle despite the fact that she was only using a small fraction of her prodigious strength.

As its aged engine sputtered to life, Dee pushed the mower to the grass and began to roll it around the yard, she yawned. This just felt so *tedious*. An idea occurring to her, she stopped, switched off the mower, and rolled it back to the driveway, chasing down one of the wheels as it detached from the rickety machine.

She looked around the garage until her eyes landed on a machete sitting on top of the dusty toolbox. "I wonder..." she mused aloud.

Instantly the long knife was in her hand, and she was racing around the yard, whipping the blade this way and that, tufts of cut grass flying everywhere. She finished less than five minutes later, standing on the sidewalk to admire her handiwork.

The lawn looked perfectly manicured, each blade of grass the same length—a feat that their ancient mower never seemed to manage in ten times the time it had taken her with the knife.

"Wowzers, Mrs. D'Amico!" came a voice from behind her. "How'd you *do* that?!"

Dee whirled to find a group of five high school students admiring her from across the street.

Giving them a brilliant smile, she clasped her hands demurely before her, causing her cleavage to bulge dangerously over the top of her tight, low-cut blouse. The wide-eyed young men wore expressions ranging from lust to awe, as their eyes drank in her incredible curves.

Dee cocked her head to the side as something occurred to her. "Shouldn't you be in school?"

The leader of the small group, the one who had spoken earlier, replied in a hushed voice. "Yeah. You got us, Mrs. A. But it's such a beautiful day that we just wanted to, um, enjoy the view, if you know what I'm sayin'."

Dee returned his lecherous gaze, and her broad smile widened. "Well, in that case, why don't you come in for some lemonade?"

The five young men nodded eagerly and followed her inside like a train of panting puppies. Dee decided to have some fun as she poured their drinks.

"So I guess you really like our yard, huh?" she asked in a singsong voice, turning away from them to put away a dish on the top shelf, stretching languidly to give the boys a perfect view of her long legs and voluptuous derriere.

By the time she turned around, the bulges in their pants were visible. Dee smiled mischievously.

“Because you all skipped school to see it, right?” she winked at them knowingly, then leaned deeply over the counter to give them a clear view of her sumptuous cleavage.

One of the boys fell over backward, hitting the ground with a small yelp.

Instantly, she was by his side, using her superspeed instinctively. She grabbed his arm and pulled him to his feet so hard that he flew a foot into the air before landing back on the ground.

“Oops! So sorry. Supermom doesn’t know her own strength sometimes!” Dee realized her error as soon as she made it, hand rising to cover her mouth. She’d give away her secret!

“So you *are* the supermom! I *knew* it! Pay up, guys!” the boys’ leader stuck out his hands, palms facing up, and looked at the other boys expectantly. Each of them slapped a dollar bill into his palm before turning to leave.

Frustrated by her slip up, but wanting to measure the progress of her abilities and see how fast she truly was, Dee went to the YWCA after the boys’ left. She stepped onto a treadmill and pressed the start button. Pressing the + button until it reached its absolute max, she jogged at a leisurely pace.

Pulling the panel from the machine, her eyes surveyed the wires and circuit boards inside. She pulled one wire from the edge of the plastic box and reconnected it in a different place, then closed the panel.

She pressed the + button again, and the machine responded, adding another mile per hour to its speed.

It was still *far* too slow.

She pressed the + button again. And again. And again. The pace was still far beneath what she knew she could actually do. Using her superspeed, she pressed the button 1,000 times in rapid succession.

As the machine whirred to a high-pitched whine, Dee’s legs easily keeping pace with the sound-barrier breaking speed she’d set the machine to deliver, the engine beneath the tread suddenly exploded in a shower of sparks and flames.

Leaping from it, Dee scanned the room, but there was no fire extinguisher in sight. Giving a small shrug, she decided to do something she’d seen in Joy’s comics. She sucked in a lungful of air, formed a small circle with her luscious lips and blew as hard as she could.

A stream of air whistled from her mouth, like water from the nozzle of a firehose, blasting the burning machine with supercooled air. The fire went out in a puff of smoke, and a thin layer of ice formed over the surface of the half-melted treadmill.

Satisfied that she'd put out the fire and that the building would be safe, Dee clasped her hands behind her back, and slowly backed out of the gym, looking skyward and whistling innocently.

Not wanting to return home just yet and curious whether there was any sort of record of anyone else spontaneously developing into a superhero, Dee sped to the library.

As she sauntered to the librarian's desk, all eyes in the library turned toward her. She was hardly surprised any longer. She seemed to attract eyes wherever she went these days. With a figure like hers, she supposed it was to be expected.

"Hello, there," she said, giving the young man at the front desk a sultry smile. "I was wondering if you could direct me to the books that cover how people become superheroes."

He simply stared at her, eyes roaming her spectacular body, blinking his spectacle-magnified eyes.

When it became obvious he wasn't going to speak, Dee prompted him again. "Superheroes?"

The repeated question seemed to snap him out of his dazed ogling, and he cleared his throat. "What? Oh! Yes. Superheroes? How people become..."

His eyes turned apologetic, and he gave an exaggerated wince, as if not wanting to give her an answer she didn't want to hear. "Um, I don't think we actually have anything like that, Miss..."

"Mrs. D'Amico," Dee corrected. "You don't?"

Dee's expression turned into a pout. "Oh, fooley."

Then, her expression shifted into one of hopefulness. "Well, do you mind if I check anyway? I mean, there's only one way to be sure..."

"Mind? Of course not, but what do you plan to do? Read every book in the library?" he scoffed.

"How did you guess?" Dee said, with a twinkle in her violet eyes.

The man's papers flew in a miniature cyclone above his desk as Dee used her superspeed to take her to the "A" section of the library in a heartbeat. Flipping through the pages faster than the librarian could see, she scanned through the contents of the book in seconds.

She proceeded to the next, reading it even faster. Then the next. And the next. Two hours later, she placed the final volume in the “Z” section back on the shelf.

Drat! She hadn’t managed to find anything on the process of superhero creation, outside of writing and illustration of comic books, but she *had* learned a few things. Finding that she could recall every detail of every word she’d read, she took a moment to muse over the unique sexual positions in the Kama Sutra as she walked back to the librarian’s desk, fanning herself as she imagined herself using her newfound flexibility to entwine her body around Harold’s.

She sighed as she approached the librarian’s desk.

“You’re right,” she said, touching the man’s hand with her satin fingers. “No books on becoming a superhero. Thanks, anyway!”

She felt the librarian shiver under her touch as she withdrew her hand. Still feeling vaguely turned on as she wondered which technique she should try on Harold first tonight, she noticed a strange smell in the air as she left the library. It was honey sweet and hung heavy in the air. Funny. She hasn’t smelled it on the way in.

Unbeknownst to Dee, the pheromones that she’d released into the air in the library began to circulate, and the librarian gave his pretty assistant a lascivious stare.

Arriving back at home, Dee found Joy watching the news again on the couch.

“I’m home!” Dee announced with a brilliant smile.

“Where’d you go?” asked Joy, eyes glued to the scene on the television, a dozen flesh-colored blurs writhing in the picture.

“The library,” Dee responded, making her way to the kitchen.

“The Trenton library?” breathed Joy, turning to her mom, a horrified expression on her face.

“Yeah, why?”

“Cause... look!”

Dee turned her attention to the TV.

The picture shifted to a pretty reporter, who stood before the entrance to the library, police rushing by her on their way inside. “Apparently, the people at the Trenton Public Library burst

into a spontaneous *orgy* this afternoon. No one is certain as to the cause, but the police are on scene attempting to, um, *untangle* things.”

Joy pursed her lips to look at her mother scoldingly. Dee simply shrugged.

“What?” she said innocently. “Wasn’t me!”

Joy’s lips twisted into a skeptical frown, and she gave Dee an “I’m not buying that for a minute” stare. Dee wondered if she *had*, in fact, done something. If she had, it certainly hadn’t been intentional!

“But I did start a fire at the Y,” Dee admitted sheepishly, remembering her first stop on her trip into town.

Dee told Joy about the lawn, the treadmill, and finally the reading frenzy at the library.

“You really *are* becoming a superwoman,” said Joy, slightly dazed by the rush of information that Dee had imparted, excitement in her eyes. She took her mother’s hands into her own. “Do you know what this means?”

Before Dee could answer, the door burst open. Chad stood in the doorway, a terrified expression on his handsome features, Stacy’s limp arms and legs dangling over his outstretched arms.

“Help! I need some help! I mean, *Stacy* needs some help!” said Chad, voice high and shaky.

“Okay, Chad. Just calm down,” said Joy, rising from the couch. Dee was already at his side, pulling Stacy into her arms.

“What happened?” asked Harold, appearing at the entrance to his man cave in the den.

“Sh-she overdosed. I told her she was doing too much, but she—” Chad said, nearly in tears.

“Overdosed?” said Harold, features twisting in anger. “Give her to me!”

Harold marched over and took his daughter in his hands, then turned to Dee. “Dee, stay here. Wait for Johnny. Joy and I will take Stacy to the hospital. Bring Johnny as soon as he gets home.”

“But I could get her there—” Dee started, before seeing the look in Harold’s eyes. She decided not to argue. He needed to be there for his daughter right now. He needed to help her, to protect her.

Harold and Joy left, Harold giving Chad a death stare when he attempted to join them.

As Chad re-entered the house, he found Dee pacing the room, hands fidgeting, eyes darting nervously about the room. She spoke quietly without even looking at Chad. "How much did she, you know, take?"

"I don't know. She gets a little carried away sometimes, you know? I left the room while she was doing lines and when I came back..." Chad's voice cracked, and tears began to run down his cheeks.

Dee looked at him for the first time since Harold had left, her shining violet eyes finding his midnight blues, and her eyes softened. She walked over to give him a friendly hug. She rested her head on his shoulder as she held him, comforting him.

"I just feel so guilty, you know?" said Chad, voice thick, words drawn out as he fought to control his emotions. "Like I should have stopped her or something."

His emotional distress made Dee lose it, and she began to cry. The pair of them shook as they held each other.

"Don't feel guilty," said Dee shakily after gathering herself from a moment of quiet tears.

Pulling his chiseled body closer to hers, Dee continued. "Thank you for bringing her here."

She withdrew her head from his shoulder, his handsome, tear-streaked face scant inches before her own. "You did the right thing."

Chad seemed mesmerized as their gazes met. Their lips hovered, inches apart. He smelled something sweet, intoxicating. Leaning forward, Chad pressed his trembling lips to hers.

Dee stiffened, long fingers tightening over the hard muscles in his back, gripping his fit, masculine body with suddenly surging desire. She kissed him back. *Hard.*

She began to walk him backward until the wall stopped their movement. Chad's hands began to roam her superhumanly firm body. She squeezed his muscled ass hard enough to elicit a yelp of pain. Pink lips curling upward in a vacant half-smile, she ran a finger from his collar downward, tearing his shirt in half as easily as if the cloth were wet paper. As it fell away, her hand continued its descent, her fingernail slicing through his belt and zipper. His pants dropped to the floor.

Stepping back, Dee drew back her shoulders. Her mammoth breasts tore through the tight fabric of her overtaxed top, immense spheres rising from the thinning cloth as if emerging from neon pink water. She wasn't wearing a bra, not having one large enough to accommodate the

growth of her awesome curves over the past week, so she was fully exposed as the cloth of her blouse fell away. Chad sucked in a deep breath as Dee tensed her glutes, shredding her purple leggings against her sensual hips. Dee could see arousal raging through him as she revealed her spectacular body to him, his eyes drinking in the vast expanse of creamy, flawless flesh before him.

She bit her lower lip as he leapt forward, throwing himself against her gorgeous body like a raging bull. Needing release from the stress of the moment, Dee let herself go. She flung Chad's 200 lb. frame to the couch with casual ease and jumped atop him, her long, sexy legs straddling him, feeling his hardness against her svelte abs.

Shifting her weight, she aligned their bodies and pressed downward with her hips, feeling him enter her. He was huge. Hot. Hard.

Closing her eyes and exhaling with a soft purr, Dee continued to push downward. She felt Chad shudder beneath her, climaxing immediately, before he had completely entered her.

Her eyes reopened to find an apologetic expression on his dazed face, and she lifted herself off him. She wriggled her smooth hips down his tensing quads, then smiled as she lowered her full, pink lips to his softening member.

Tongue darting out to dance along its salty tip, she swirled around it and felt it surge into full hardness once more. Withdrawing her tongue, she used it to lick her lips, then pushed *their* moist, plump flesh over his tip.

She felt the young, virile man shiver beneath her, his hands reaching out to grip Dee's fully extended arms, as if to steady himself.

She continued, lowering her hot mouth over his penis, undulating her tongue on its underside.

Chad gasped. Dee could hear his heartbeat quicken.

She pressed downward. Taking him deeper into her mouth, feeling him squirm in pleasure.

She took him the rest of the way in, able to control her gag reflex in a way she never could before. She touched her lips to the base of his cock, then drew slowly upward. She swished her tongue back and forth against him as she rose, feeling every movement of its flat, wet surface ignite more excitement within his body, until he exploded, again, as she reached the top. He gave a wheezing cry as his hips rose, rising into her, his body taut with a second climax in as many minutes.

Tasting warm, sticky salt squirting into her mouth, Dee sucked until his bucking hips fell, still quivering, back to the pale green cushions of the couch. She withdrew her flushed lips, a strand

of viscous fluid still connecting her mouth to his tip. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand as she gave him a dark smile under low-lidded eyes.

"You're... amazing..." he whispered in awe, body still trembling from pleasure like none he'd ever experienced.

"Oh, Chad. I'm just getting started..." Dee whispered in a deep, sultry voice. Her eyes danced in delight as she saw goosebumps rise all over his delicious body with the delicate touch of her words.

She slid her body upward against his, massive breasts both silky soft and impossibly firm as they traveled the carved ravines of his defined abs, the clenching, bulging muscles of his chest. She rotated her hips once more to position them over his erect, but again-softening cock, then lowered herself onto him, enveloping him once more.

Dee's eyes flared an even lighter shade of violet, almost a dark pink now, as Chad's arms wrapped around her impossibly tiny waist. She slammed her body downward, eliciting a gasp from both of them as she felt the frame of the couch crack and shift under the force of her movement.

She felt Chad grow inside her, filling her, as she ground her hips into him. She raised her hips, pulling his body off the couch, then again pounded them downward, feeling him fill more completely this time, as he hardened, clearly coaxed into a third round of readiness by her superhuman body. Another crack, another cry for mercy from the couch, and she drilled into Chad's hard body, manic with the desire to reach a climax of her own.

Chad cried out as her superhuman body crashed into his again and again, pace quickening, steely muscles writhing beneath her perfect skin.

Feeling massive waves of strength infusing her deliciously feminine muscles, Dee pulled Chad's body against her and leaned backward, rising to her knees, then her feet as she held his body like a ragdoll against her, still penetrating her to the hilt. Standing now, their bodies connected at the hip, she staggered forward until his back hit the wall, denting the drywall, and knocking a painting to bounce off the shag carpeted floor.

The added pressure of Chad's body hitting the wall combined with another outward rotation of Dee's hips finally pushed him inside her far enough to fill her completely, and she tilted her head back, releasing a long, growling moan. Chad climaxed again, but she didn't let him go, closing in on the orgasm that had eluded her for the past week as her body had transcended mere humanity to become something more.

Instead, she gripped his short blond hair with one hand, and snaked the other around his firm ass, working him into and out of her, feeling him harden for a fourth time as he scraped along

the interior of her dripping canal. Chad was partially tensed, partially limp, as if his body didn't know what to do. Never before had it been asked to deliver a fourth climax in a span of minutes.

But Dee was lost in rapture, feeling him swelling inside her. Still huge. Still hard. Chad's cock was the only thing that existed in her world as she worked his sweat-soaked body into her, determined to extract what she needed from him.

She gasped with every downward roll of her hips and moaned with every upward retreat. Over and over, sensations built inside her, until she felt her abdomen tremble with the telltale signs of the quake to come.

With one final screaming drive forward, she smashed Chad's body completely through the wall to the studs, eyes rolling back in her head. Their bodies exploded in a symphony of lurching, violent spasms, vibrating the entire house. More paintings fell from the walls; furniture wobbled; the cheap faux-gold chandelier over the dining room table bounced on its chain behind them until the rapturous sensations subsided. Dee released her grip on Chad's head and waist, and he fell to the floor, bruised, utterly spent, and barely conscious.

As Dee's eyes fluttered open, they seemed to glow with radiating power. She cast a downward glance at Chad's crumpled form, his chest rising and falling with deep breaths, as though his body were starved for oxygen. It probably was, she thought, hearing his heartbeat pattering insanely fast within his chest.

Then it hit her. She had cheated on Harold! And with her *daughter's boyfriend!*

Dee's knees gave out, and she fell to the ground, landing on her gorgeously rounded ass. Tears welled in her eyes. How could she have done something like this?! It was so unlike her. They had just both been hurting, and he had looked so *miserable*, and she had so much pent-up arousal with her rapidly improving body, and... *and...*

She burst into long, heartfelt sobs, agony bubbling up from deep inside her, horrified by her own actions.

After several minutes, Chad struggled to his elbows to see what was happening, his overwhelmed senses gradually coming back online. He saw Dee sobbing, back propped up against the damaged sofa as the insanely beautiful woman held her head in her hands.

He struggled to his hands and knees and crawled over to her, attempting to draw her into another comforting embrace. The moment he touched her, however, her hand shot out and knocked him backward. He skidded several feet on his butt until he came to a stop with a thud against the far wall.

"No!" she said, light violet eyes flashing in anger. "Not again."

"NEVER AGAIN!!!" she said, her eyes glued to his, her fury somehow infusing her words with power.

Chad shrank back, as if physically struck by her words. He slumped to the ground, pupils shrinking as her words seemed to burn the command into his mind. He struggled to his feet, collected his ruined clothes, and ran out of the house, door swinging abruptly closed behind him.

Dee gathered herself, and, sniffing and puffy-eyed, worked to fix the damage to the couch and the wall as best she could. By the time Johnny arrived home, she had pieced together most of the shattered drywall using Elmer's glue at super-speed and had duct-taped the frame of the couch back into a normalish appearance, though she knew it would collapse again the moment anyone sat on it.

Johnny's eyes widened at his mother's damp, puffy-eyed face, and she told him about Stacy, quickly ushering him out the door. They both arrived at the hospital to find Stacy looking worse-for-wear, but conscious and talking.

Bathed in relief with her daughter's recovery, Dee vowed never to speak to Chad again.

PART 4: PARAGON

"I'm so glad you understand, Harold," said Dee, pink eyes glowing as her words monopolized her husband's consciousness. "It's just that with a body as staggeringly perfect and supremely sexual as mine, I simply can't be expected to remain monogamous any longer."

She shifted, the white lingerie pulling down to reveal more of her magnificent breasts. She ran a long-nailed finger along his bare arm as they lay in bed together, causing a ripple of pleasure to send his rapidly beating heart into overdrive.

"Don't worry. I'll still make you the happiest man alive. It's just that I have needs. Needs that, let's face it, you simply cannot handle by yourself," explained Dee sincerely, grateful that she was making him understand. "And it's not just *you*, Harold. No one man could possibly keep up with me now."

It had been a month since her episode with Chad, and Harold hadn't been able to last long enough to bring her an orgasm in all the time since, and Dee, with her rapidly improving body and staggeringly powerful libido, *had* to find release, even if it took ten men to do it.

Harold nodded eagerly, and she brought his meaty hand to her perfect breast. He burst into a series of spasms the moment his palm touched her naked flesh.

Dee smiled knowingly.

As her husband rolled over onto his back, she disappeared from their bed, appearing in Joy's room, standing before her floor-length mirror.

She looked barely twenty. Not that *any* twenty-year-old had *ever* looked as good as she did right now.

Waves platinum blonde hair tumbled down her shoulders and back, descending in a shimmering mass all the way to her heartbreakingly perfect ass. High, arching eyebrows capped huge, long-lashed, neon-pink eyes. Her upturned nose, plump lips, and sculpted cheekbones made her face look as youthful as that of a teen.

The rest of her body, however, hardly looked girlish. Breasts the size of large melons thrust outward from her toned, tanned form. The soft, inward-curving lines of her insanely tiny waist belied the earth-moving strength of the abs within. Her slender, sexy arms drifted gracefully around her as her hands moved to feel the heavenly slopes of her supple hips.

Dee smiled, the sight of her absurdly dramatic hourglass figure always making her spirits soar. She shifted her endless, sensuous legs with anticipation as she heard her daughter roll over in bed behind her.

“Geez, mom! Put on some clothes!” came a groggy voice from behind her. “I get it, already! You’re the sexiest woman on the damn planet!”

Dee strutted over to pinch her daughter’s cheek in delight. “And I’m just as smart as I am sexy. Want me to teach you some more advanced psychology, little one?” Dee rose to her now six-foot height, stretching her long, shapely calves.

“Or maybe figure out more creative ways to measure my strength? I mean, lifting that beached whale the other day and throwing him back into the ocean was so pitifully easy that I didn’t even need two hands for it!”

“Oh, I give up on the strength stuff. It’s just too hard to find things to train you on anymore. Have you been practicing your mental powers?”

“Of course!” said Dee, biting her luscious lower lip in concentration. Joy’s sheets began to rise, then flew from their position over her body to the foot of the bed.

“Mom! Come on. We talked about this. No more using your powers on me!”

“Well, how about I use them *for* you.” Dee disappeared and reappeared so quickly that her body simply seemed to flicker before Joy’s eyes.

Dee dangled a Flamenco dress before her daughter. “Just bought this for you in Spain a literal second ago. Pretty sure it’s your size.”

“Now you’re just showing off!” Joy rolled her eyes.

“Absolutely! Are you impressed yet?” asked Dee, a mischievous twinkle in her unusually colored eyes.

“I’ll be impressed if you can find me a boyfriend,” said Joy sarcastically.

“Well, that can certainly be arranged,” said Dee, shifting her jaw as she considered.

“No!” cried Joy as she realized what her mother probably had in mind. “No using mind control to make some poor sap be my love slave!”

“Aw... you’re alway ruining my fun, Joy! But speaking of love slaves, it’s time for me to get back to your father...” said Dee with a wink.

She reappeared in her bedroom, where Harold was now up and getting dressed. Dee strode up to him, looking down into his eyes from her now-superior height. "Harold, be a dear and fetch me my clubbing skirt, would you? I'm in a frisky mood." Dee's eyes glowed as she spoke, and Harold's pupils dilated.

"Yes! Of course, Dee!" said her husband, literally running to the closet to find the absurdly small micro-mini he knew she wanted from the image she'd projected into his mind.

"Hmmm.... Maybe I should have you start calling me a more formal title, Harold. What do you think?" Dee tapped her cheek.

"Whatever you'd like, ma'am!" replied Harold eagerly, handing her the skirt.

Dee flashed with instantaneous movement once more, and she was suddenly dressed in a white bikini top and her shiny pink skirt. She watched herself through Harold's vision to shift her enormous breasts inside the thin triangles of fabric, as if his mind were simply a mirror for her to use.

She stepped forward in her three-inch white heels, lording over Harold with her now four-inch height advantage over his slumping 5'11" frame.

Casually, she rifled through his memories until she found one of him telling someone at work about her abilities.

"Oh, Harold. You're always bragging about me, aren't you. I can see why. I mean, I *am* incredibly amazing. But you know I can't have that!" Dee reached out with her mind to find that of the coworker that Harold had told of her, and quickly erased that portion of the man's memory.

"Now you'll have to be punished, Harold." Dee said scoldingly.

"P-punished?" asked Harold.

"Yes. I'm afraid so."

"It's diet time! No food for you for the next three days." Dee punctuated her words with a brief glow from her pink eyes, searing them into Harold's mind. She wouldn't have to worry about him disobeying this way.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, eyes dropping to the floor.

Dee appeared at the club. It was so nice of them to keep it open 24 hours a day for her. She strode to the center of the dance floor, raised her arms above her head and undulated her hyper-sexy body to the deafening thump of the pumping beat. A crowd of men and women surrounded her, mesmerized by the writhing, hypnotic motion of her provocative curves.

Dee smiled as the attractive twenty-somethings around her reacted with hard swallows, wide eyes, and opened mouths. She approached each of them in turn, rubbing her delectable breasts against this one, entwining her legs around that one.

She worked the clubbers into an absolute frenzy with the sensual movements of her perfect body until her every touch felt erotic. Until they were staring at her in such undisguised need that she almost felt sorry for them.

With a quick burst of pheromones and a well-timed mental image of her naked body, she brought them all to climax simultaneously, men and women alike.

As the group dropped to the floor, Dee stepped over them to find another eager wave of sexy club-goers ready to take their place. She enveloped a particularly good-looking man's mouth with hers, feeling his orgasm spasm against her lower body.

As he fell away, she turned to another, giving him a mental command not to come until she allowed it. Smiling, she lowered his zipper and pulled out his cock with her mind, then mounted him.

Gritting his teeth, he fought to remain conscious as she rolled her hips over his length, pulling him inside her with both mind and body. Unable to climax, he began to moan loudly in pained ecstasy. Dee used her mind to augment his member, feeling tingles of pleasure ripple through her.

When she was ready, she commanded him. "Now!"

Instantly, he shuddered, his knees giving out, and he dropped to the ground. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the explosions of sensation with a gasp.

Momentarily sated after a dozen more such conquests, Dee decided to return home. After all, she had a psychology lecture to explain to her daughter.

"Where *is* Johnny, anyway?" asked Joy admiring her trimmer figure as she noticed her reflection in the television. For some reason, sweets and junk food hadn't appealed to her as much lately. She had even begun to exercise. She suspected her mother's mental influence at work.

Dee smirked as she eavesdropped on her daughter's thoughts. So what if Joy suspected what she'd absolutely influenced her to do. It was for Joy's own good.

But it was unusual for Johnny not to be home by 4:00 PM. She reached out to him with her mind. As she touched it, she instinctively pulled back. She felt *pain!* It was jarring to experience that sensation again. After all, she hadn't experienced anything of the sort for a good five weeks now.

She focused her hearing on his location.

Dee heard a soft thump, then a scuff of a shoe. Was someone *kicking* her son?

"You're our friend as long as you're giving us leftover dust from your sister's stash, moron. But no more drugs, no more friends. Capiche?"

Having heard enough, Dee teleported to her son's location, appearing between Johnny, curled in pain on the sidewalk and the two boys she'd left him with weeks ago when she'd dropped him off at school.

Dee stood tall, rising to her full six-foot height, taller than both of the boys before her. They ogled her ultra-femine charms, as she opened their minds to her influence.

"You will never do anything intentionally hurtful or violent again!" she commanded, her voice reverberating inside their brains. "You will be true friends to my boy and do everything you can for him from this moment forward."

The two boys blinked in confusion as Dee rewrote their minds. One of them noticed Johnny lying on the ground and offered him a hand. Dee, however, slapped it aside.

"I'll help him. Now go home," she directed. "Offer to help your mother with whatever she'd like."

The two boys nodded and scurried away as Dee turned and knelt by her son's side. Reaching out her hands, she touched her fingers delicately to his bruised stomach. Johnny ceased writhing in pain, his eyes fluttering open to find his mother's.

"How did you—?" he asked, hands roaming his previously injured stomach for any trace of the throbbing pain he'd just been feeling.

Dee simply smiled and touched another finger to the corner of his mouth, causing his split lip to close and the drying blood to fade until it disappeared.

Dee used her telekinesis to pull her son to his feet as she rose herself. Ruffling his hair with her long fingers, Dee spoke.

“Come on, Johnny. Let’s go home. You should find those boys to be good friends from now on. They won’t be bad influences anymore,” Dee reassured him. “I’ll make you a wonderful dinner, then I’ll help you with your homework.”

The following day, Dee sat at the dining room table, bored. She’d had her fill of the people of the club for now, had imparted all the knowledge Joy could handle for a while, brought her husband to orgasm half a dozen times before breakfast, and had sent her son off to school with his history paper completed and well-prepared for his math test.

She seemed to be gaining new powers every few days. Maybe it was time to create a new one.

She looked out the window to find a robin cocking his head as he sat on the branch of the tree in their backyard.

Hmmmm, she thought. Maybe I should give flying a try.

She stood and walked outside. There, she stopped and bit her lower lip in concentration. She closed her eyes, imagining herself as light as a feather.

She felt her heels rise from the grass.

Then the balls of her feet.

Then her toes.

She felt the light afternoon breeze float thick strands of hair into her face.

She felt the warm sun on her spectacular body.

She opened her eyes and looked around. She was even with the top of the house, hovering above the yard. She floated over to the neighbor’s, right by the window where Mrs. Morelli was curling her hair.

The woman’s eyes widened, and Dee heard a yelp as the stunned middle-aged woman dropped the curling iron onto her foot, smiling in amusement in spite of herself.

Then Dee closed her eyes once more and imagined herself as fast as a fighter jet. As she opened them, she rotated her body in the air, pushed a fist out before her, and flew. She rocketed through the sky, faster and faster until the ground was simply a blur beneath her. Wind whipped her hair, blasting her cheeks. She pushed herself even faster.

Suddenly, she was over an ocean, waves spraying below her, steam rising from the water in her wake. She descended and reached a fingertip to the water, feeling it super-heat and evaporate from the friction.

She pushed herself still faster.

Land reappeared. Green, lush jungles. She glanced behind her, finding a burning trail of fire in line with her path. Her speed was so great now that her friction was superheating the air!

Instantly, she stopped. Her pink eyes glimmered as massive pyramids of rock and glacier rose before her. She recognized the profile of the mountain. It was the largest mountain in the world. Mount Everest!

She had flown from New Jersey to the Himalayas in *seconds!*

She let out a cry of joy, ecstatic at the freedom and amazement her latest power had brought her. Her look of triumph, however, quickly became one of sheepishness as the peaks of the three nearest mountains exploded in a shower of rock and ice.

Eyes scanning below the massive avalanches that were rolling down the mountainsides, courtesy of her overenthusiastic shout, she found several parties of climbers looking up the mountain in terror.

Instantly, she was there, gathering their ropes in her hands and lifting the connected climbers into the sky, just as the cascade of boulders and snow reached them. When the rumbling mass of displaced earth had passed, she lowered the thankful people back to the mountainside.

Ecstatic at the daring rescue, she leapt into the air once more. However, this time, her leap was a little *too* enthusiastic, and she blasted into the stratosphere, flying outward from the planet until she found herself staring back at a massive blue sphere with swirls of brown and white over its surface.

In her enthusiasm, she had jumped right off the *planet!*

She tried to gasp, but found she couldn't. Her lungs weren't working! Realizing she had launched herself outside the earth's atmosphere, she panicked, clutching at her throat.

Dee really didn't want to die! She *really* didn't want to die! What would it do to her kids?!

But after a moment, she released her neck, blinking.

She wasn't dead.

And she wasn't dying.

At least, she didn't think she was. Her lungs weren't engaging in the familiar inhale and exhale that they always had before. It felt extremely strange, the absence of that perpetual pattern. But she wasn't dying, even without the function of her lungs.

She looked around, noticing, for the first time, the direct radiation of the sun. It was bathing her in rays that would have killed an unprotected human. But she clearly wasn't human. Not anymore.

She was something more. *Much* more.

Smiling, Dee reoriented in the blackness of space, took a brief detour to slingshot around the moon, joyful in the knowledge that she was no longer a slave to gravity... or even oxygen!

Pausing to float again before the massive wall of blue and white that encompassed her entire field of vision, Dee experimented with her lungs again, this time forcing herself to inhale with all her might.

She noticed a wispy stream of blue snaking toward her as she sucked inward. It was coming from the planet.

Dee coughed as she felt oxygen once again re-enter her lungs. *How was that possible?*

She tried it again. This time even more forcefully, sucking inward as hard as she possibly could.

This time, a massive billow of atmosphere was funneled into her lungs, her already prodigious chest expanding to phenomenal proportions.

When she could no longer stand it, Dee exhaled, blowing outward with far beyond hurricane force. An explosion of air blasted from her perfect lips, tearing through the atmosphere of the planet.

The unmoving white swirls over the planet's surface began to twirl like pinwheels. Dee watched in horror as she realized that she had just initiated a series of hurricanes along the Atlantic coast of North America.

What should she do? How could she stop what she'd started? She wasn't sure. Perfect lips curling into a frown, she decided she needed to correct her mistake. She needed to protect the people she'd put in jeopardy.

She blasted back toward earth, zeroing in first on the Florida coast. A large group of swimsuited teenagers on the beach cowered, buffeted by 100 mph winds. Dee focused her pink eyes on the water a hundred yards into the ocean, wondering if there was a way to block the winds emanating from the newly formed hurricane offshore. Discovering another new power, Dee watched in surprise as a beam of fire raced outward from her concentrating gaze into the water

As the intense, concentrated heat met the water, a geyser of steam shot into the sky. As she flew along, Dee's beam of heat drew a line in the water, creating a wall of superheated steam that blocked the wind momentarily, allowing the teenagers to run back to their cars and flee.

Dee continued to fly north until she came across a passenger jet with both engines sputtering as it was blasted by the second hurricane she'd unleashed, this one in the Carolinas. She rocketed toward the disabled jet as it began to spiral downward, extending her arms as she swooped under it from underneath. Slipping her fingers under the aluminum fuselage, she pushed upward. Feeling the dense sheet of muscle of her inner core muscles tense, she countered its circular descent. The plane tilted back to its normal horizontal position, creaking as Dee altered its momentum.

Twisting her body under the plane until she was facing its tail, she flew backward, examining the billowing clouds and whistling winds of the storm. She sucked in a breath—careful not to make it anywhere as deep as the one that had started this mess—and let it loose. The second hurricane evaporated, as its air movement was suddenly halted by a precisely equivalent force working against it.

Dee smiled, pleased that she had gauged things correctly this time and calculated the exact force to use to counteract and disperse this second hurricane.

She knew there was still one more hurricane to deal with. This one rolling across the water toward her home state. New Jersey.

Dee teleported to the coast of the garden state, planting her stilettos in the dock as panicked people ran inland all around her. This time, she reached into the hurricane with her mind. She found the molecules of water and air, bouncing against each other, vibrating with the energy she'd infused into them accidentally from space.

Focusing on that energy, she began to siphon it, drawing it away from the whirling vortex of moisture and air into herself. As the hurricane suddenly dissipated, she felt another surge of power within her.

Clenching her fingers into fists, closing her eyes with the effort required to control the tendrils of euphoria that gripped her body with the sudden influx of power, Dee noticed the people around her slow and stop, looking around in confusion. The winds had ended as abruptly as they'd begun.

Smiling, Dee flew back home at a leisurely pace, pleased that she had corrected her little accident without any loss of life.

As she walked back into the house, she drew Joy's gaze. "*There* you are! Where have you been, mom?"

Dee simply gave her a heartbreakingly gorgeous smile and replied. "Oh, just out and about. You know, mom stuff."

"Did you see the news? I guess there were three huge hurricanes that came out of nowhere this afternoon. But all three of them ended up stopping before they made landfall and just disappearing."

"Really?" Dee asked innocently.

"Yeah..." Joy trailed off as a thought occurred to her, her eyelids lowering with suspicion. "Hey! *You* didn't have anything to do with that did you?"

"I'm not sure what you mean," said Dee with a twinkle in her eye. "But speaking of hurricanes, why don't I do my superspeed cooking thing and make another gourmet dinner for us. How does Duck Pâté en Croûte sound as an appetizer?"

Joy's face lit up, suspiciousness fading, and she clapped her hands together delightedly. "Oh my God, mom. You are getting so amazing in the kitchen these days!"

Dee smiled, pleased that her attempt to change the subject had worked so well. "I'm only amazing in the kitchen?"

"Okay, okay, I get it. You're completely amazing in *every* way, mom. Happy now?" Her daughter rolled her eyes, but Dee could see that her girl was pleased beneath the veneer of sarcasm. She liked having a superhero for a mother.

The next day, Dee opened the door to find a man in an olive green uniform, hat under his left arm. Glancing at his rank insignia, she recognized that he was a general, courtesy of the military books she'd read at the library.

"Good day, ma'am. May I come in?" the man asked politely. Two other soldiers stood behind him, machine guns in hand.

Dee opened the door wider and stepped to the side, gesturing for the man to enter. As her entire body came into view, the previously stoic man simply gaped.

With the influx of power from the storm boosting the unnatural development of her body, Dee was almost inhumanly attractive now. Harold had exploded in climax the previous night before she could even manage to fully remove her clothes. A sensual touch of her body or the slightest release of pheromones had the young men at the club coming in their pants before she could even do anything further with them.

She had learned to keep a tight lid on both her pheromones and touches as a result. Still, her appearance alone was difficult for any man to handle.

The general cleared his throat and tugged at his collar, cheeks turning bright red. "Y-you're p-probably wondering why I'm here," the general said, clearly having difficulty concentrating on his words as his eyes couldn't seem to manage to leave the staggeringly perfect upper slopes of her mind-bogglingly perfect breasts.

Hiding a smirk at his reaction, Dee sighed inwardly. She knew that she would soon have to start wearing some more conservative clothing if she wanted to actually carry on a conversation with a man. Not that she needed this one to speak. She already knew the reason he was here.

"You're here because your satellites saw what I did yesterday," Dee began for him. "You traced me back to my house. You then briefed the president on my existence, telling him that I was a potentially game-changing weapon of mass destruction, able to act with far more precision and versatility than nuclear weapons."

The general's eyes widened in shock.

Dee smiled at his reaction but continued. "President Reagan agreed that you *had* to get to me before the Soviets did, as my willing assistance could fundamentally shift the balance of power in the Cold War."

"H-how d-did you?" he stammered, as off balance now from her words as he was from her outrageously exaggerated hourglass figure.

Dee tapped her temple with a single shapely finger, her smiling widening as she watched a look of comprehension blossom over his features. He understood that she could read his mind.

"You can take me to the helicopter now. I know it's waiting for us nearby. I'm actually looking forward to the tests that you have planned. I wouldn't mind knowing the full extent of my abilities myself."

Unable to resist a little fun, Dee brushed one of the general's accompanying soldiers with her magnificent breasts on her way out, watching him drop his rifle amidst an uncontrollable series of spasms. The general whirled at the sound of his clattering weapon, a look of fear flashing in his eyes as he realized that Dee had made his guard come with the mere touch of her body.

"F-first, w-we'll test your flight power," said the attendant at the airstrip, his voice a hoarse rasp. He was obviously struggling to control his quivering body. Dee was impressed that he was managing to keep his eyes on her face rather than her breasts. That was probably for the best, though. As tightly wound as he was, she doubted that he would be able to keep his pants dry if he did.

"Sounds good. Just let me know when you're ready."

The soldier swallowed hard, then stepped back, managing to peel his eyes away from Dee's heavenly form for a moment to glance at the stopwatch in his hand. "You're okay to start whenever you're ready. One trip around the world..."

By the time he had finished, she was already back, now dressed in her workout outfit from the other day. She fidgeted as the leotard began to tear at the chest, her breasts simply too much for it to contain now. It had become loose in the waist as well. She reached into the fabric with her mind and made some adjustments, removing some fabric from the middle and adding it to the top, adjusting it to fit her superhumanly seductive shape.

"W-wait! Did you already...?" he asked, blinking in shock.

"Of course, silly!" Dee smiled, her pink eyes flashing as she searched his thoughts. "How about the speed test now?"

She seemed to flicker for a millisecond, as if she were a hologram and someone had walked swiftly past the projector.

"Done with that one too! What's next?" asked Dee with a mischievous smirk. She took two steps toward him until her face was mere inches from his.

The stunned soldier's fingers trembled around his stopwatch as she leaned in, her floral scent absolutely intoxicating, even without a release of pheromones. Her full, scarlet lips brushed past his cheek to hover millimeters from his ear. She whispered seductively. "I think you're going to need more sensitive equipment if you truly want to take your measure of *my* body. You can't even *imagine* the things I could do to you..."

Dee pulled back from his taut, quivering body to give him a knowing wink of her insanely long eyelashes. She glanced down to see a circle of wetness forming at the top of his camouflage pants, a look of satisfaction crossing her features.

She appeared before the general in the hangar. "Strength next, right?"

Her eyes flashed neon as they took in the thoughts from the general and the small group of men that surrounded him. She frowned.

"Oh, come on, guys. Really? You think *that* will actually test me?" Her eyes turned to a stack of pallets packed with iron bricks.

She teleported the entire group to the closest naval base, then launched herself into the air. Hovering fifty feet in the air, rubbing her endless, legwarmer-clad legs together, she turned to the men and called down to them. "Let's try this instead!"

She dove into the water next to the aircraft carrier that was anchored there. The small group of men cast confused glances at each other as they mumbled questions under their breath. Somehow, it felt more as if Dee was testing them than they were testing her!

A second later, they heard the massive ship before them begin to creak and groan. Jaw going slack, the general watched the waterline descend the ship's hull. The ship rose slowly at first, then faster and faster until the bottom of the enormous steel structure emerged fully from the water, a small, ridiculously shapely figure visible beneath it as water poured from its hull.

Dee grasped the bottom of the ship with her slender fingers, controlling the town-sized carrier above her head with ease. She watched the shocked reactions of the group of men at the edge of the pier with amusement, three of them keeling over at the sight of what she could do.

Giggling, Dee darted out from under the ship, letting it crash back into the water, a massive wave blasting upward to shower the men who sought to learn the extent of her abilities.

Looking up, Dee noticed a stray fighter jet listing precariously at the edge of the ship. She flew over to it, extended her index finger and gave it a light tap. The plane slid back onto the deck of the carrier with a loud, grinding scrape of metal on metal.

She teleported back to the general and his men, gave a sheepish shrug, then brought them all back to the hangar.

"So how'd I do on that one?" Dee asked innocently, strolling over to a nearby tank.

She pulled the gun from its turret, used her mind to soften the molecular bonds within its steel, and twirled it into a rope. She began to jump rope with the tank's howitzer, mammoth breasts

jiggling with the motion, causing another two men to collapse, their systems unable to handle the impossible combination of overwhelming sexiness and unbelievable power of the woman before them.

None of the rest of them could seem to say anything, so she gave them a moment. However, their heartbeats only seemed to rise to increasingly dangerous levels as their eyes continued to roam her perfect curves, their desire-addled minds unable to resist Dee's mesmerizing allure.

Sighing, Dee realized that she was going to have to help them a bit if she were going to finish this series of tests. She reached out with her mind to adjust the levels of their imbalanced hormones and slow the rate of adrenaline absorption in their fluttering hearts.

The general and the two men that remained standing, seemed to relax slightly, less overwhelmed by her presence—at least for the moment.

The general actually managed to speak again, albeit in an awed whisper. "Okay, I-let's go inside. W-we have some mental tests to run now."

Dee waited at a table in an empty room, listening to the general's conversation through the six-foot thick concrete walls surrounding her.

"I *realize* that she's off the charts in terms of physical abilities. What I'm asking is *how far* off the charts!" the general's exasperated voice demanded of the pair of scientists he was speaking with now.

Dee focused her eyes on the wall, feeling yet another power emerge within her increasingly goddess-like body. A circular section of wall seemed to disappear and she could see clearly into the next room.

The two scientists exchanged a glance, then one of them answered the general. "Well, we're both comic book fans, and one time we tried to put some numbers around Superman's abilities."

The general looked skeptical, and the scientist looked cowed, eyes shifting in embarrassment. But he continued. "I know, I know. It's silly, but it actually gives us a baseline for comparison here."

Now the general looked interested. "Well? How does she stack up?"

As they spoke, Dee experimented, turning herself invisible. She then made her corporeal body intangible and walked through the massive steel door to the room with the three men like a ghost. Pausing at the edge of the room, she listened to the rest of the conversation up close.

“Well, sir, she’s at least twice as strong and ten times faster than our hypothetical measurements of Superman.”

“Twice? Ten times?!” mumbled the general, eyes widening in shock. “So you’re telling me she’s more powerful than the mightiest fictional character anyone has ever even *imagined?!?”*

The scientist nodded. “Pretty much, sir. That’s about the size of it.”

“And she has mental powers on top of that?” the general said incredulously.

“Pretty clearly. I mean, she seems to be able to read minds, make changes to her surroundings mentally, use telekinesis, and who knows what else.”

The other scientist spoke up. “Frankly, sir, we’re not even sure how we can measure some of these abilities. It’s not like we really planned to run into some sort of demigod.”

The general chewed his lip, the lines in his face deepening in concern. “Well do the best you can. We need to know what we’re dealing with here.”

Smiling, Dee walked back through the wall into her room, examining her invisible hand as it phased back into tangibility.

Dee sat at the table, jaw resting in her right hand, eyes unfocused, as she answered the scientist’s next question.

“4,058,094,196”

The lab-coated man blinked. “What does that mean?”

“It’s the answer to the next question the computer is about to give you. I deduced its algorithm based on it’s last ten stupidly easy math questions.” Dee sighed, examining her fingernails.

“Now can we get to the next section? These questions are getting a little bit boring.” Dee tapped the fingers of her left hand against the hardwood surface.

“Okay then,” said the scientist, clearly shaken by the intellect of the stunning woman seated before him. “Why don’t we proceed to the IQ portion of the test...”

Dee nodded eagerly, happy to move on from the boredom of absurdly easy math questions.

By the time the testing was done, and she had learned that she possessed an IQ of 435, nearly double the highest-ever recorded result, Dee was looking forward to learning the rest of her abilities.

She followed the scientist to the next room, where there lay a pyramid of basketball-sized steel balls.

"Now, raise the first ball with your telekinetic ability," the man said, scribbling onto the page of his clipboard.

Dee raised the ball and floated it about a yard over the rest.

"Now the next."

Dee smiled, knowing how the man planned to proceed with this testing and decided to cut to the chase. She raised all the balls into the air, rolling them through the air before the scientist like a miniature Ferris wheel.

"Um, good," said the scientist unsteadily. He seemed unsure what to ask her to do next. "Is there anything... *else*... you can do with them?"

"Oh, yes," said Dee with a wink.

She shaped each metallic sphere into sculptures of various types of flowers, much to the amazement of the scientist. Then, she winked them randomly into and out of existence.

"What?! How are you doing that?!" he exclaimed in wonder.

"Oh, I'm just changing the quantum state of the space their atoms occupy, replacing it with that of a different reality." Dee stated casually, as if it weren't a big deal.

"Oh. I see," said the man dreamily, unable to think of anything else to say as he watched the perpetual motion of the miniature sculptures as they disappeared and reappeared at Dee's whim.

"Do you want to test my knowledge?" asked Dee happily. "I just managed to crack the encryption on the database in the complex here and absorb the information directly into my mind. It's so convenient when data is stored as ones and zeros rather than on paper. Much more efficient for me to be able to process. I'm going to have to visit some more data centers. A nascent goddess has to feed her growing mind, after all."

"Y-you r-really are becoming a g-g-goddess aren't you," said the now completely flummoxed scientist replied.

“Want to find out? How about a test of another sort?” asked Dee, her voice dropping, becoming husky. As her pheromones poured into the air, Dee took control of his bodily functions, ensuring that his heart didn’t stop with his dangerously strong attraction. She bolstered the function of his internal organs, the strength of his bones, and the durability of his skin, needing to ensure he could survive what she had in mind.

Dee rose him into the air telekinetically, floating him toward her. As his lips met hers, she used the air molecules around him to stroke every one of his erogenous zones simultaneously. At the same time, she dissolved her clothing, connecting the image, the feel, the scent, and the taste of her mind-shatteringly perfect body to every one of his senses in unison.

He exploded in an orgasm that seemed to never end, shrieking until his voice gave out, turning into an open-mouthed expulsion of air. When it finally subsided, his rattling heart stopped, even his enhanced body unequal to ecstasy of that magnitude.

Dee created a burst of static electricity by rubbing the air particles around him, its arc firing directly into his halted heart. As she detected the familiar thump of his heartbeat, she let out a breath she hadn’t realized she’d been holding. Thank goodness she’d been able to revive him. She’d simply been having some fun! Going forward, she would have to be more careful. Regular humans were so fragile!

Despite the fact that it needed a bit of fine tuning, the idea struck Dee as an interesting one. Maybe if she were to enhance Harold to an even greater degree, as well as give him far more control over his arousal, they would be able to resume their love life again. The thought brought a beatific smile to Dee’s perfect lips.

She re-formed her workout clothing and teleported back to the general, setting the military scientist down gingerly before the surprised commander.

“I think he’ll need a few moments to recover after my latest demonstration,” said Dee, trying to suppress a smile. “I don’t think he understood the full extent of my abilities, General.”

“Was he able to finish measuring your mental abilities?” asked the General, again attempting to control himself in the presence of Dee’s far-beyond-merely sensual presence.

“He was, I think. Though there are some things that I can do that he had no way to truly measure.”

“Really?” asked the General with interest. “Like...?”

“Like the fact that I could instantly shift every one of your nuclear warheads into another reality and rid this one of their threat to the planet for good.”

The General frowned as his mind whirled. "And you could do that to the Soviet warheads as well?"

"Of course. In fact, I may decide to do exactly that, if either side threatens to initiate World War III," said Dee, only realizing the potential of that idea as she spoke the words. It was a little intimidating to think that she actually had the ability to put an end to the concept of certain mutual destruction that formed the groundwork on which the cold war was built.

"So are you willing to join us?" he asked, swallowing hard as the full weight of her abilities sunk in. He knew that he couldn't allow her to join the Soviets, but he also knew that he had no way to force her to join him.

"I don't think I will," said Dee. She didn't need these people. And they could do nothing to her. She could disable the most powerful of their weapons with a thought before they made it anywhere near her. "I think I'd rather just remain on my own, General. Though I reserve the right to help you from time to time."

It's not like you could stop me, anyway, if I didn't want you to, she thought with a mental smirk.

"B-but don't you w-want to help your country?" he asked, voice pleading. He had no idea what he would tell the president if she rebuffed his proposal.

"Sure," Dee replied, this time via telepathy rather than verbally. "But I'm far more intelligent and knowledgeable than you are, and the difference between us is growing by the second. I think *I'm* the best judge of how to best help my country. And my planet." Dee realized that sounded a bit arrogant, but it was manifestly true, so...

As the general's eyes darted about for something to say to that, Dee's eyes softened with warmth. She embraced the general and his two lieutenants in a huge mom hug, washing away all of their fears and concerns with one overwhelmingly soothing touch of both her magnificent body and her staggeringly brilliant mind.

"You all just looked like you needed a hug," she said with a wink as she released them, pinching the cheek of each lieutenant before planting a motherly kiss in the center of the quivering General's forehead, then disappeared from the base to instantly return home.

PART 5: GODDESS

Five weeks later, the entire family was seated before her at the new table of their beach house. Dee's red eyes glowed briefly and the third course of their gourmet breakfast materialized out of thin air before them.

"Oh my God, mom. I'm going to gain like a hundred pounds if I keep eating like this!" said Stacy, eyes lovingly glued to those of her new boyfriend as she squeezed his hand affectionately under the table.

"God-*d*ess, remember?" corrected Dee in a half-joking voice, cocking her head to send her large crystal earrings swinging.

"Oh yeah. Sorry, mom," Stacy said wryly. "Anyway, I need to look my best for work tomorrow. My overly wholesome new boy toy here got me a job at this women's rights organization."

"Boy toy?" her new boyfriend intoned, amused. "And here I thought I was husband material..."

Stacy laughed and gave him a slow, passionate kiss. "We'll see..." she said in a breathy voice as she pulled back, staring adoringly into his eyes.

Al laughed as he watched the man's bemused expression. "Get used to feeling like a high school kid trying for a spot on the Jets roster, dude. Stacy's probably the greatest catch in the world, and she knows it."

Al paused and considered briefly, glancing at Dee before amending his comment. "Other than mom, of course."

"Hey, watch it there, Al. *She's* all mine," said Harold. He raised his arms to either side and flexed his huge biceps, a goofy smile on his handsome face. "Besides, I'm the only one that can handle her now."

Lowering his muscular arms, he placed his hands on each side of his chair and began to alternately flex each of his bulging pecs a few times, creating a ping pong effect that seemed to hypnotize Johnny.

"That's so cool, dad! If I get another A+ on my math test this week, can you show me how to do bench presses?" the youngest member of the family asked him.

"I got you covered there, kiddo. As long as it's okay with mom," he cast a curious glance at his heart-stoppingly gorgeous mother.

"Is that seriously you in there, Al?" Joy asked, playfully pretending to knock on Al's head. "If I didn't know better, it's like that macho loser you used to be doesn't even exist anymore! You said something nice about Stacy *and* mom in the same conversation!"

Joy turned to Dee. "So mom, how many new degrees from Ivys did you pick up this week after you awed them with your superior knowledge of, like, *everything*?"

"Oh, a few..." said Dee, de-materializing her usual low-cut spandex leopard-print top and skin-tight black capris in exchange for a graduation cap and gown for a moment. "...dozen."

Joy opened her mouth to request a cup of coffee before snapping it shut, when her mother had read the thought forming in her mind faster than her own brain had.

Huge puffs of vibrant blonde hair billowing, Dee waved a hand and a dozen hot dogs showered a younger, fitter Einstein, a cute female border collie, and their four puppies. The dogs eagerly chased the unexpected treats as they bounced and rolled on the brand new orange shag carpet, sinking their teeth into them blissfully.

"Anything about me in the paper today, Harold?" asked Dee, idly.

"Of course!" he said, eagerly picking up the *Business* section and pointing to the front page.

"Genius Housewife Turns \$30 Investment Into \$30 Million in a Week!"

"Oh, not that dear, I mean something about my *real* accomplishments," said Dee with a sly smile.

Harold set down that section and picked up the *World News* section of the paper, laughing as he looked at the photo. "They always have to blur your pictures, though, so you don't send their readers into orgasmic convulsions when they see you."

"Naturally," said Joy with a smile. "Or maybe it's just her goddessy golden aura messing with the film..."

"Superwoman Ends Etheopian Drought by Flying Water Tankers to Affected Villages," read Harold. "Nice!"

Dee winked at him.

"Goddess Ends Cold War: Reagon and Gorbachev To Sign Disarmament Treaty Today," Harold continued, turning to her. "That's a pretty good one, don't you think?"

Dee shrugged, smiling as she took a sip of coffee.

“Supermom Tracks Down Homes for 23 Dogs in Trenton Pound,” Harold read. “I’m betting Einstein was the driving force behind that one.”

In the corner, Einstein barked once, wagging his tail happily. Dee gave him a telekinetic pat on the head.

“Goddess Materializes New Scientific Station on Moon, Teleports Leading Scientists There for Research,” read Harold, raising an eyebrow. “Not bad...”

Dee set down her coffee, rose-colored eyes sparkling.

“Have you ever thought about making any sub-goddesses, or, like superheroes, mom? ‘Cause I would totally be up for that job...” asked Joy hopefully.

“Just wait until you hit my age, little one,” Dee reassured her telepathically, noticing, for the first time, the subtle dark purple specks in the irises of her daughter’s eyes. “I have a feeling that you have great things in store...”

Joy beamed, nearly vibrating with excitement as her mood soared to match her name. The doorbell rang as the others stared at Joy, wondering what had her looking so happy.

“That must be Carl and Linda!” said Harold, jumping to his feet and hurrying to the door.

He opened the door, and the pair gasped at his new appearance. Linda shifted her hips seductively and began to twirl a lock of blonde hair around her forefinger. “Geez, Harold. You look just like Sylvester Stallone. Except taller, and, well, um... better looking.”

Then, Dee came up behind them, boosting the pair’s bodies, just as she had her family’s so that she could unveil her True Self to them.

Even with the changes designed to assist him, Carl collapsed into a quivering lump as he saw the planet-bending curves of her divine form. Dee teleported him to the couch to recover as she improved his ability to withstand her awesome visage still further. “I’m always misjudging how much I need to improve humans so that they can withstand my presence! I suppose it’s just that I just continue to improve so quickly! It’s difficult to keep up!”

Harold came over, wrapped his arms around Dee, and planted a kiss so passionate on his wife’s staggeringly succulent lips that it caused Linda to swoon as well. “Think they’re going to be able to handle us?”

Dee grinned, gazing lovingly into her husband's eyes. "Not even close. That's why this is going to be so much fun..."

She snapped her fingers, and they all appeared in the bedroom with a flash of light, Carl and Linda on the bed, Harold and Dee floating above them. The younger couple's trembling eyes held a mixture of fear, eagerness, and awe as they looked up at their hosts.

A breathtaking smile crept over Dee's impossibly beautiful features as her crimson eyes began to glow.

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