

# Rachael's Ascension

By HikerAngel and Au Goose

Rachael's butt was cold. They'd given her an adult's hospital gown and it didn't fit at all. Not that the flimsy paper gowns ever did, but still.

The nurse had measured her height: 4'10". Still. Would she ever grow any taller? It was her senior year and her chances of making it to even five-foot-nuthin' seemed bleak.

Then came the scale. 81 lbs. Tiny.

Rachael twirled a finger in her dry red hair, lost in thought for the remainder of the check-up. Her twin brother Chad was pretty small, too, but at least he had a genius-level IQ! She was only an average student at best. Combine that with a below-average body and you got a below-average person. What she wouldn't give to be bigger, to be better, to be beautiful...

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Rachael barged through the front door, shoulders set with purpose. Instead of going to her room to sulk, she banged on her brother's door.

"Chad, you have to help me! I'm freaking tiny. I'm going to finish high school without ever having gone on a single date!" Her tiny fist beat on the door to punctuate each point. "What's the use of getting a big fat biochem scholarship to MIT if you can't help your favorite sister get over the damn five-foot-mark!? Maybe let me grow some breasts? You know, like a pill or something to give me the puberty I never had?" The final thump of her diminutive hands rattled the whole house.

Chad finally opened the door. "Whoa! Slow down, Rache! You want me to do what now?" He was fond of his sister and he knew all too well that she wasn't happy with her petite frame or plain features. He was certainly willing to help her but he'd never considered trying anything like what she was asking. Human experimentation? She wanted him to, but would it be ethical?

Rachael tried to slow down the thundering beat of her heart. “I *want* you to make me beautiful and sexy and tall and AMAZING!” She poured a lifetime’s worth of dreams and desires that her ugly duckling-self might one day become a swan into one impassioned plea.

“Ahhh! Got it. Let me see what I can do.”

Rachael’s furrowed brow relaxed. She stepped through the open door and hugged her brother in excitement. “Oh my God! Thank you so much for trying. Even if it doesn’t work, it means so much!”

For weeks, Chad spent every evening curled up reading pharmaceutical briefs and running simulations on his notebook, trying to come up with a way to give his sister what she wanted. Then he had an idea he was pretty sure would either be his Ph.D. thesis or get him banned for life for unethical research: a formula to trigger evolutionary acceleration, a kind of automatic self-improvement. The concept was elegant: it should let his sister ‘cure herself’ of anything she didn’t like about her body. If the critical reactions actually worked it would open entirely new branches of genetic medicine.

Right before their first midterms, he was fairly certain he had something that would help her. He was still a little reluctant to simply give it to her—it’s not like he could get FDA approval for his do-it-yourself psychoactive gene therapy. The ingredients were simple enough and unlikely to do much harm. But forcibly accelerating evolution might vary wildly from person to person, tapping into their genes and their ideal self-image. Those would be the X-factors. Fortunately, his sister’s craving for an extra helping of puberty should constrain the more extreme possible results.

Rachael would ask him about his progress sometimes after having an extra shitty day at school. He knew she was hanging all her hopes on him. She called his work ‘the potion’ and the idea that she thought he was mixing bat wings and newt eyes in a cauldron always made him smile.

To celebrate the magic moment finally arriving, he put the first dose in a little crystal flask their mother used to keep perfume in. He knocked on her door after dinner. Rachael’s eyes lit up when she saw him holding what was obviously THE potion at last.

“Is that it? That will make me better?” she whispered. After making her twin promise to help her, she’d felt so silly. But here he was.

“Here’s hoping...” Chad offered.

He gave her the flask. She plucked out the stopper and drank it down in one gulp without ceremony. Then she sucked in her lips to get every last drop.

Chad watched as Rachael’s eyes rolled back in her head, her eyelashes fluttering closed as she slumped against the wall, body softly quivering. She cooed softly as her breasts bulged from virtually non-existent to small lemon-sized lumps under her shirt. She gasped as her legs lengthened until the hem of her pants showed her ankles. She ran her hands down her flanks in one long sweep while her hips swelled, filling her child-sized jeans to nearly busting.

Chad was shocked. The heightened evolutionary state had worked far faster than he had anticipated. More surprisingly: the potion had worked at all!

Rachael’s eyes fluttered back open. “Holy freaking heck. That felt incredible,” she whispered to herself huskily. It had felt like... like sex. What she imagined sex would be like, at least.

“Well, you look incredible too, sister mine,” Chad motioned toward her dressing mirror. “Come see for yourself.”

Rachael stared open-mouthed at what she saw. She was still fairly small, but she looked *cute* for the first time in her life. Her eyes seemed larger, her eyelashes longer, the shape of her chin more feminine.

Her gaze traveled to her small breasts. She cupped them in her hands. “Wow!” she said simply, too entranced by the exploration of her new body to say any more. Raising the hem of her shirt revealed a sleek, flat stomach with just a hint of muscle tone. She ran her hand along the smooth flesh. It felt firm, toned. Her eyes traveled down wider hips and longer legs, noticing how much the hem had risen up her flared calves.

“I *must* be over five feet now!” Rachael giggled in excitement. She turned back to Chad and threw her arms around him.

“Thank you so much, Chad! You are the best brother ever...” Glimmering tears welled in her eyes.

“Just promise me that you’ll dress conservatively for a while, Rache, You don’t want people to notice so many changes all at once. Remember: no one can know or my whole future is screwed.”

“Of course! You got it,” Rachael said, squeezing him harder, her cheek pressing her gratitude into his chest.

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Chad smiled. His sister was happy. So happy in fact, she’d talked him into a second dose after a weeklong campaign of randomly cheering ‘for science!’ and teasing him that he was afraid of his sister being taller than him. No such luck for Rachael: she’d grown exactly two more inches, leaving him with -barely- an inch more height compared to her new 5’2” frame. Round two hadn’t stopped her from asking for more, but he’d finally refused, convincing her he needed to do some deeper simulations before there could be any more ‘experiments’. The formula still worked too fast and maybe too well.

For the last couple of weeks, Rachael had worn loose-fitting sweaters and pants to mask her improved body. Or, at least she did until the glee club started posting the date of the homecoming dance around school. When he ran into his sister in the halls the next day, she was looking especially radiant... in a crop tank and skinny jeans!

“Rachael? What the hell! I thought you were going to hide your body for a while!”

“I did hide it for a while. I’m tired of hiding! I feel like a superhero having to stay in her secret identity all the time.” She bounced up and down on her tiptoes. “What good is having this rockin’ new body if I can never show it?”

Chad frowned but admitted this day had to come.

“Plus, the secret’s out. I went to the gym with Amanda and Caley,” Rachael continued, “They noticed the new me when I was changing in the locker room... I couldn’t help it. I had to tell them. They weren’t buying that this,” she flexed her arm and a formidable bulge sprang up, “was ‘just a growth spurt’. I mean come on? I can probably bench press *you* now. My test scores are up. I stopped wearing contacts. I haven’t had a pimple in weeks. And I’m sooo sensitive now, you know, down there?” She did a flirty little wiggle with her sleek hips.

"WHAT!!?!" Chad raised his voice. She hadn't mentioned any of these ...side effects... before.

"Shhhh...quiet down, Chad!" said Rachael. "People will hear you!"

Chad fumed but forced himself to lower his voice.

"Rachael, you have to tell them not to say anything. I did all this to help you. I'm YEARS away from being ready to publish! If this gets out now I'll lose my scholarship or worse...

"I know, Chad. I'm sorry, really. They caught me off guard and I didn't know what to say, so it just kind of ...came out." Rachael said apologetically. Then, her expression changed. "If it helps, I think Amanda is into you. Just think... you could give her some formula, and she could be your hottie girlfriend," she said slyly.

Chad paused. That would be more data, a larger sample size for his research...

"And if you give me a little more, you could get a preview..." Rachael said with a glint in her eye before heading to her last class of the day.

Walking home after school, Chad tried to rationalize expanding the trial pool. Rachael's words tempted him more than he would admit. Amanda was short and flat-chested but had a cute face. He'd kinda had a crush on her when she first became one of Rachael's friends. He *could* argue she'd make a good comparison study, starting out so close to his sister's original size. Hmm...

Chad was dumping his backpack on the kitchen table when the doorbell rang. Opening the door, Amanda and Rachael's other friend Caley were standing there looking faintly nervous.

"Hi, Chad!" they both said at the same time, to their mutual embarrassment.

"Hi...?" That they'd both changed into baggy clothes for this little visit couldn't be a coincidence. Amanda's workout hoodie looked like a tent on her. "Listen, I've got a pretty good idea what this is about, so why don't you both come to my room. We can talk it out."

As they walked into his room, their eyes were immediately drawn to the crystal flask of blue liquid on his desk.

"Is that it?" Amanda asked. "Is that the potion that made Rachael... grow?"

"Yes, it is, but..." Chad started.

"You have to give it to me, Chad." Her tone made that outcome a statement of fact.

"Being small sucks so much! I've been picked on and bullied and I have always, *a/ways*, ***always*** wanted to be tall and beautiful. Please, Chad, please..." Amanda said in a rush.

Chad stood there, stunned by Amanda's passionate plea. "Well, Amanda—"

"You don't know how I've felt! Watching everyone grow taller and curvier while Rachael, Caley, and I are all stuck as little girls. That bitch Veronica calls us 'Team Pygmy'. People laugh, Chad. They *laugh* when she says mean things like that... Because they're true!"

"Caley and I, we've given up. We've given up on homecoming, on prom, on dating, on anyone wanting us. When we saw what you did for Rachael, you gave us something that we haven't had in ages... Hope!"

"Homecoming is coming up in a couple of weeks. I want to go with someone. I want to dress up. I want to be pretty. To be *desired*. Please, Chad. Now you know what this means to us. To me." Amanda implored.

And then Rachael walked in.

"Rachael!" Amanda exclaimed her voice nearly a squeak, "We were just asking Chad..."

"If you could take *My* potion." Rachael cut her off, looking stern. Then her stony face melted into a grin. "I know. I kind of suggested it."

"Rachael," Amanda began again. "We aren't trying to take it from you..." she paused. "Wait... what?"

"I suggested it," Rachael said. "I want you guys to have what I'm getting: the chance to finish high school on my own terms. No more 'Team Pygmy'. For any of us...."

Rachael walked over to her brother. "Chad, I love you so much for this opportunity. I want you to make us the hottest girls in the school. I want to experience life at the top

like Veronica and Lexi and the other cheerleaders. I want them to wish *they were me* like I've wished I was one of them all this time. I don't want to put them down. I just want to turn the tables and prove I am a better person than that."

Rachael looked over at Amanda. "You know... Amanda thinks you're cute. She admires your intellect and your good heart." Then she conspiratorially mock-whispered, "And I think she's into your red hair."

Amanda blushed, taking exaggerated interest in a section of bare, ivory wall in an effort to avoid Chad's eyes.

Rachael continued, "She would be beyond grateful if you did this for her."

"Alright already! I can split this new batch three ways. I've been improving the formula, so that should be plenty to start at least a small reaction. We know it works for you, but it could make them very sick. So we'll see what happens... Based on the results I'll decide if it's safe for them to have a full dose.

They all nodded in agreement. It was hard to argue with his logic. With that, Chad removed the stopper from the flask and poured a third of the fluid into a cup, handing it to his sister. He poured Caley's dose and finally, Amanda's.

The trio raised their paper cups in a toast. Caley blurted out "Fuck 'Team Pygmy!'" and then they all drank.

Amanda still couldn't meet Chad's eyes. As he tried to think of something encouraging to say to her, he noticed Rachael starting to transform again.

"This feels different than last time." Rachael clutched her stomach and flopped onto Chad's bed. "It's more intense... ughh."

As they watched, Rachael began to add sexy, toned muscle to her frame. Her shoulders and arms toned up, not to where they were bulky but shapely and defined. As she sprawled on his bed, Chad caught glimpses of her tightening abs becoming slightly visible under her smooth, flawless skin. Her legs added more inches packed with shapely muscle. He estimated she'd gained about three inches, up from her previous results. She'd be so pleased she was finally taller than him. He was suddenly glad he'd only given each of them a third of a full dose. The revised formula was *strong*. As Rachael's squirming began to slow, Chad could see her breasts standing high on the

walls of her ribcage, lifted by the foundation of her thickening pecs. She'd gained another cup size too.

Caley gasped. She was busy looking at the mirror, struck by the clearer complexion and slightly prettier face looking back at her. Even her hair had become a glossier, a more complete shade of midnight-black. Chad didn't think her body seemed all that different though. If she had grown, it was less than an inch. As he shifted to better examine her figure under her unflattering clothes, he heard a thud.

Amanda had collapsed to the ground behind his bed. He could only see her face from this angle, but it was changing quickly. Very quickly. Her cheekbones rose and became more pronounced, her eyes enlarging and taking on a sexy slant. Her eyelashes grew longer and bolder. Her lips inflated to a delicious pout, turning a natural coral pink. Her hair went from dishwater blond to a shining, lustrous mane of platinum silk.

Chad stared in awe while Amanda's face resculpted itself from cute... to pretty... to beautiful... to gorgeous... to breathtaking. She was responding to the serum dramatically better than his sister ever had. He wondered what variables had driven her explosive transformation and performed so poorly in Caley's case.

As her eyes fluttered open, she climbed back to her feet and stepped away from the bed.

That's when they all realized she was considerably taller, towering almost half a foot over Rachael's new height of 5'6". Her tent-like hoodie now only barely covered her waist and the chest looked really tight. As his gaze fell to her long legs, he saw her formerly loose-fitting jeans had split like banana peels, hanging in ragged strips from a sequin belt still slung around her slender waist. Sexy, toned hips that strained her bikini underwear to the limit led his eyes to trace her sinuous thighs. As his eyes continued their descent, he took in her sculpted calves, tapering to thin ankles, and dainty feet that still fit in her sneakers.

Gulping, Chad watched her mouth-wateringly leggy form cross his whole room in only three strides, the swaying of her hips making her torn pants swirl like a belly dancer outfit. Annoyed by them tangling around her legs, Amanda snapped her belt with a single tug from one hooked finger, dropping the torn strips of her 'skirt' to the floor. She pulled her hoodie over her head in front of his mirrored closet doors. The back of her bra had split and the front draped over two heavy, rounded breasts, the shallow cups comically stretched over her aggressively perky areolas and jutting nipples—features



that were now bigger than her entire breasts had been, perched atop voluptuous mounds that probably surpassed the volume of all of their school's cheerleaders put together. Really, *all of them*. He pried his eyes away from their bounty to savor the slim, sexy muscle that defined her back, shoulders, and arms, noting the powerful, carved abs that cobbled her stomach. His breath caught as Amanda lifted one fist and stretched towards the ceiling, raising her opposite knee in a Supergirl pose. For a moment he was certain she was about to launch into the clouds, leaving the hole in his ceiling as the only proof that such a captivating blonde beauty could exist at all. As if sharing his fantasy, she went up on tiptoe and gave a little hop, brushing her knuckles against the ceiling.

Yeah... Amanda wasn't just the hottest girl in school now; she was easily the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

Amanda's rational mind wanted to reject the R-rated superhero silhouette in the mirror. It couldn't be real, much less her! Still, she lifted her arms in a double bicep flex and the sleek fitness beauty in the mirror copied her, sending a fresh rush of blood to Chad's groin. Tears welled up in Amanda's eyes as she spied Chad's waist-level 'vote of approval' reflected in the mirror—seeing him respond to her new body gave it a more solid, visceral sort of reality. She sprang over to him in a single bound of her long, slender legs and slipped her hands under his arms...

He squeaked like a mouse when she picked him up and pressed her lips to his. Then she held him at arm's length inches above the carpet like he weighed no more than her backpack, basking in his awed expression before passionately embracing him and kissing him hungrily again.

Chad was beyond stunned. She kissed him! Little Amanda had become a super babe and then kissed him! And not just a little peck on the cheek. Amanda's tongue swirled around his until he had to pull away just to breathe.

"Wow! Amanda... wha?" Chad stammered, his eyes searching hers. Was she just teasing him or did she really like him?

"Thank you, Chad! Thank you so much." Amanda said huskily. "I'm hotter than Supergirl, now! This is beyond anything I ever imagined."

'*She is a Supergirl fan.*' he thought. Well, that would explain the pose. He grinned at her. "I thought you were gonna fly away there for a second."

She blushed. “Could I?! Fly, I mean? That would be the *best*.” Then she gave him a goofy smile, trying to make light of how much the idea appealed to her. But her eyes were filled with expectant longing.

He paused. Could his ‘potion’ unlock that kind of evolutionary potential for her? No. No way. Not in less than a million years. Except his sister had displayed all kinds of unexpected ‘side effects’ as she grew. ...So, maybe? *Nooo...*

“Only if you *really* wanted to.” he sighed, not intending anyone to hear him.

Amanda’s face lit up with a dazzling smile, thinking he’d meant that almost silent admission to be their little secret. A sexy, ‘Super’ secret that sent a sensual chill through her. The tightening of her nipples brushed aside the little cups of her bra, giving Chad an ideal view of them: thick as the tips of his thumbs, over an inch long, the same cotton-candy pink as her succulent lips.

It was Amanda’s turn to squeak like a mouse, crossing her arms over her chest in complete embarrassment. In one sinuous twist she slipped out of the somewhat less than useless remnants of her A-cup bra and turned her back to Chad as she slipped her hoodie back on.

“Ug, how do porn stars manage these things?” Amanda wondered, finally getting her top back in place.

“Theirs aren’t as big.” Caley snarked, looking down at her own flat chest, same as it ever was.

Amanda decided since her pants were a total write-off with her new figure she would help herself to Chad’s dresser, searching for a pair of sweats. Finding a clean pair, she looked to Chad expectantly.

Chad, however, was lost in thought again, too distracted to catch her nonverbal question. His mind picked away at the problem, trying to explain everything they had just witnessed. Why had Amanda responded so well to her evolutionary boost? Why had Caley not? Amanda was so passionate about wanting to become more beautiful... It seemed like a factor almost impossible to quantify. Caley hadn’t said much, so maybe there *was* the kernel of a working hypothesis there.

He had to find out, already considering adjustments to the formula. If it were true that desire drove results... Then Amanda's fantasizing about becoming better than Supergirl frightened him just a little bit. She'd grown so much with just a partial dose. Was it because each of them had gained the same small percentage of what they hoped would happen?

"Chad? Could I borrow these?" Amanda finally said, noticing Chad's distant look and dangling the pants in front of it to draw his attention. She was still used to being ignored.

Chad startled. "Wha... oh... yes, of course."

Pulling his sweatpants on stretched the fabric to the limit over her fertile hips and the Chad-sized legs only reached her mid-calf.

Rachael stood next to her brother watching Amanda as she donned his sweatpants. "Chad, how is Amanda so beautiful? I mean, that was my third time. She just blew past me with one dose!"

"I don't know," Chad responded. "I'm wondering that myself. It must have something to do with her DNA... or maybe her hormone levels at the moment of ingestion..." he trailed off, still rejecting the notion that after watching Rachael's progress for weeks, she might just have *wanted it more*.

"I guess I'll need another shot to catch up," Rachael said, eyes still glued to Amanda's sleek, sexy body. She went on, voice pitched so only he could hear her, "...Or maybe two doses. God, she's hot. You are so getting laid, brother mine."

Across the room, Amanda winked at him like she'd heard every whispered word, nipples tenting her hoodie again. This time, instead of blushing, she did a little shimmy for him, making her chest jiggle.

Rachael laughed at her brother's wide-eyes astonishment. Had he not realized Amanda's gratitude might get... *intimate*? Well maybe not so surprising: the 5'11 bombshell was way out of his league now. Hell, she was out of everyone's league. Or she would be, once she had some proper clothes to show off that incredible body of hers.

"While Chad works on the next potion, let's go shopping!" Rachael declared. "I can't wait to see how some new clothes will look on this new, even sexier body!!"

Amanda glanced down at her overstuffed hoodie and too small sweatpants and nodded in agreement. "Absolutely! Let's go!"

Caley stood quietly in the corner all but forgotten, her expression alternating between dejectedness and envy as she looked at Rachael and Amanda's tall, svelte bodies. "I think I'll pass. I didn't change enough to need new clothes."

Amanda's expression quickly shifted to concern. "Oh! I'm so sorry, Caley! I was so surprised by what happened to me... I didn't even think about what you must be feeling..."

Rachael went to her side and hugged Caley. "Sorry, Cay. You do look prettier. We just need to get you more of the potion. So what if it takes a couple doses? You'll be gorgeous! You'll see."

Caley broke the hug, eyes welling with tears. Not saying anything, she left Chad's room.

After a moment of looking at the door after Caley left, Rachael turned to Amanda. "I feel bad, but she is prettier. We'll make sure she's the next one to get a dose. Maybe two. You'll get right on that, won't you, Chad?"

"Yeah," Chad said, still lost in thought. Could it really be as simple as the subject's desire to change?

With that, Rachael and Amanda headed out, their excitement and giggles starting to build as they thought about all the outfits that they would have to try out on their new, beautiful bodies.

Still moping across the street, Caley watched them leave then slunk away in the other direction, tears streaming down her cheeks. On one hand, she was happy to be a bit prettier, but on the other hand, after seeing how utterly gorgeous Amanda and Rachael were, she felt disappointed, envious, and jealous. *'Why do they get to be so much prettier than me? Even my friends are leaving me behind.'*

Caley searched her feelings, then decided that this was the real core of her sadness. She felt lonely, helpless, and left behind.

When she got home, she ran to her room and shut the door. She needed to think.

She thought about what her favorite teacher, Mr. Matthews, would tell her: Action defeats helplessness, so take action!

So how could she take action? What had Chad said? Something about DNA and something about hormones. Well, she couldn't do anything about her DNA, but she could do something about hormones. She grabbed her phone and googled "female hormones."

As the web sites came up, she clicked the first article. Estrogen is the primary female hormone, she read in the very first sentence. Pulling up her search bar again, she typed in "estrogen supplements." It looked like she could get these at the drug store over the counter. Great! Action defeats helplessness... thank you, Mr. Matthews!

Excited, she wiped away her tears, hopped onto her bike and rode to the drug store.

Searching the shelves, she found what she was looking for and went to the checkout. The man at the checkout looked surprised and said "Usually these are for menopausal women, but you're just a kid! Are these for your mom?"

"First, I'm eighteen. I just look young. And it's none of your business what they are for!" Caley said feistily.

"Okay, okay!" said the man, thinking that maybe it was to help her with her emotional control!

Dropping the bottle of pills into her backpack, she hopped back onto her bike and rode back to Rachael's house.

Chad greeted her at the door, "Rachael and Amanda went to the mall. They're probably still there if you want to hook up with them."

"Actually, I was hoping to see you. Are you working on another batch of the potion?"

"Just finishing one up for you, actually," Chad said. He'd wanted to run more tests on the new formula but Racheal was right: Caley needed more ASAP. Still, the results shouldn't have been so erratic.

"Perfect! I want to try an experiment..." Caley said.

“What did you have in mind?” Chad asked, a little nervous at her newfound enthusiasm.

“You said that it might have worked like that on Amanda because of her DNA, right?” Caley asked.

“Right...” Chad agreed, pleased she’d been paying attention to the science.

“But you also said something about hormones...” Caley said, looking hopefully into Chad’s eyes.

“Yes, that could also be a factor. The formula acts as an evolutionary amplifier so it might be responsive to hormonal states.”

“Well, I went to the drug store and got these,” Caley said, pulling the bottle of pills from her backpack. “It’s estrogen. I was thinking that maybe if I take some of these before my next dose, it might work better on me.”

Chad thought for a moment.

“That... might... work,” he said slowly, rubbing his chin. He was starting to think the placebo effect might be more important than the chemistry. It should at least help her to *believe* she was really going to improve this time.

With that, Chad led Caley back to his room, where a new batch of the blue potion waited in the crystal flask on his desk.

Caley looked at the flask eagerly, then pulled out her bottle of estrogen. She looked at the back. The instructions said to take two pills. “It says to take two pills,” she told Chad. “Maybe I’ll take more, just to make sure...”

“Caley, let’s just stick with the normal dose for now,” Chad said. “This is already introducing an unknown variable into the equation. Let’s not do anything even crazier than what we’re already doing here.”

Looking up at Chad, she said, “Alright, fine. I’ll be right back.”

Caley went downstairs, poured a glass of water, and downed two pills. Pausing, her lips formed a sly smile. She dumped another handful of pills into her hand and downed them two at a time. This was going to work. She knew it this time, absolutely KNEW IT.

Walking back up the stairs, Caley practically trembled in anticipation.

As Chad reached for the flask to pour her a glass, Caley snatched the flask first and downed the whole thing. She wiped a few stray drops of liquid from her chin with the back of her hand as her lips curled into a wide, Cheshire smile.

As Caley stood there, smiling, she began to feel strange. Her chest began to tingle. Then her hips. Then her arms, her legs, her face. Then a feeling of ecstasy erupted throughout her body. Falling backward onto the bed, she thrashed helplessly as orgasm after orgasm rocked her body.

Chad looked on in amazement as Caley's legs stretched longer and longer, packing on feminine muscle. Her breasts strained her tight sweater, tears formed along each side. Caley's swelling hips split the seams of her jeans, the tears traveling further and further down her legs as she grew. Her bra was biting into her torso now. She thought about trying to unhook it, then decided '*fuck it, I'm not wearing this again!*'. She raised her arms and spread her lats with a muscular shrug, bursting out of the pitiful little girl's bra with a sharp elastic snap, startling Chad like a deer hearing a gunshot.

Her eyes had been the most affected the first time, but now everything on her face was in play. Caley's nose shifted, cheekbones becoming more prominent, lips swelling, eyes enlarging. Her face and body were already breathtaking, easily as stunning as Amanda's, but the changes were not slowing down yet.

As Caley bucked into the most intense orgasm yet, Chad's jaw dropped wide open. Caley's beauty was beyond anything he could have imagined. Thick, lustrous raven hair framed her impossibly perfect face. Huge, firm breasts swelled from under the remnants of her sweater, now more of a crop top. Her abs were beyond defined, carved into a perfect 8-pack. Her arms swelled ever-so-slightly giving her a dancer's lean physique. Her rounded, muscular hips and butt sent Chad's desire into overdrive, as he imagined plunging himself into them. Her legs were perfection itself, long, slender, and sculpted.

Caley purred as she came down from the first multiple-orgasm experience she'd ever had. Her eyes fluttered open, flashing ridiculously long eyelashes, as her large sapphire eyes came to rest on Chad's.

Caley's sensual, blood-red lips opened. "I think it worked." Her voice was seductive and husky, stoking Chad's rapidly rising desire.

Chad was completely spellbound, his attention rapt to every detail of her sublime face and voluptuous body.

Caley slowly stretched, her lithe, graceful movements causing Chad's eyes to pop out of his head.

Rising slowly and deliberately, every movement made in a graceful elegance like that of a ballerina, Caley pressed her body to Chad's in the most sensual embrace of his life. As her full breasts and supple hips pressed into his body, Chad couldn't contain himself anymore, his hips bucking as a powerful involuntary orgasm claimed him.

Caley's luscious lips formed a wide smile. "I take it, you like the new me," she whispered, voice dripping sex.

Chad nodded spastically, biting his lower lip, unable to speak.

Caley pulled away, not bothering to find anything to cover her exposed body beneath the torn, cropped sweater aside from her stretched, threadbare knickers, and walked out the door.

Sauntering down the sidewalk half-clothed, she thought about what she wanted to do next. Her heart was exploding with joy—she had made Chad cum with a friendly hug. She hadn't even looked at herself yet, but she somehow knew that she was beyond sexy. In fact, she could sense the desire of the men that were driving by on the street, jaws hanging open.

Caley felt a sense of confidence that she had never had. She just knew that she could have any man that she wanted. I can't wait to see what I look like, but I also kind of like waiting. *It's like trying to decide whether to open your presents on Christmas Eve or on Christmas morning.*

As she strode confidently, long legs covering the distance quickly, she noticed a beachwear store ahead. Stepping into the store, Caley looked around. The cashier, was the queen bitch herself: Veronica from her high school. The normally stuck-up cheerleader's eyes widened in shock. The most beautiful woman that she had ever



seen had just strolled in. Her body put the most gorgeous models and actresses to absolute shame! What was she doing here? ...And why was she wearing a torn crop-sweater and panties?

Caley sauntered to the bikinis, grabbed a DD-cup top and bottom, along with a sarong and a mesh crop top. On her way to the changing room, she snagged a pair of men's size flip-flops from a rack as well. Slipping the bottoms over her lithe hips and pushing her large breasts into the cups of the top, she then tied on the sarong and slid the top over her full chest and turned to the mirror.

Oh. My. God. Caley turned from side to side, admiring a body that would have made Helen of Troy envious. *I am so frigging beautiful that it's hard for even me to look away. I can't wait to show Rachael and Amanda now; they won't know what hit them!* she thought.

Paying the shocked cheerleader/cashier, Caley ran her hands along her athletic, sexy frame, remembering with the purest joy how she looked in her revealing beachwear. She was so happy and so grateful at how the day was turning out.

Veronica, on the other hand, had no idea she'd dodged a bullet. In her distraction, Caley had barely recognized her campus nemesis. If she had realized the easy target fate had served up, she would have crushed Veronica's ego like a bug, and done it with relish. Instead, she was thinking about how she really needed to thank Chad properly... and Mr. Matthews.

It was Mr. Matthews who had given her the advice that took her from despair to perfection. He had taught her how to turn from helplessness to action. She wanted to thank him for it... Mr. Matthews was an attractive, single, thirty-year-old guy too. A sly smile formed on her puffy lips. *I'm sure I can think of something to give him that he'd really like, now.*

Pulling out her phone, Caley looked up Mr. Matthews's address online. It wasn't even very far from here! She took off at a brisk walk, her long, smooth, muscled legs good for more than just looks.

As she rang the doorbell, she bit her lower lip, bouncing slightly in excitement. She had never had the body to be able to seduce anyone before, let alone one of her teachers. But now, with her stratospheric level of beauty, she was game to try... and pretty sure that she would succeed.

Mr. Matthews opened the door and stood face-to-face with the most beautiful woman alive. She had to be. Her thin dark eyebrows arched above large, sparkling blue eyes. Her cheekbones were prominent, her nose small and perfect. Her full, naturally red lips made him lick his own, unconsciously.

A long, graceful neck led to full, ripe breasts that pressed her crop top to its limit. Her bare shoulders and upper arms were the perfect balance of athletic muscle and femininity. Her bare stomach was defined by smooth, chiseled abs. Her hips swelled out in firm, supple perfection. Her sarong left her right leg bare, showing off its shapely, slim flawlessness.

As his gaze again rose to meet her mischievous eyes, she stepped forward and kissed him deeply on the lips. His eyes widened in astonishment.

"Hi, Mr. Matthews," Caley spoke, breathily, releasing the kiss. "I hope that you don't mind. I've always wanted to do that."

He just gaped at her, his lips tingling like an electric shock.

"Besides, I owe you that and a lot more," she continued. "Since I wouldn't have this..." she motioned downward along her body. "Without you."

Mr. Matthews continued his fish out of water act, still processing that one overwhelmingly erotic kiss.

"I know that it might be a little difficult to recognize me, but I'm Caley."

That snapped him out of it. "Caley? How...?"

"I was tired of being small and mousy and dull and... and... I wanted to be pretty! Things went wrong, but then I remembered what you said about taking action when you're feeling helpless. And it worked! And I became beautiful. Even more beautiful than my friends." Caley blurted out in a torrent of childish enthusiasm and gratitude, losing her seductively entrancing demeanor for the moment.

"Are you all right?" Mr. Matthews asked, easing into teacher-mode now that he realized he was dealing with a needy student, not his fantasy woman.

“Of course I am. Don’t I look alright to you?” Caley protested, further deflating the spell of enchantment woven by her fit, attractive body.

“Caley, I am glad that you’re grateful and that you took my advice to heart.” Mr. Matthews lectured, now in full teacher mode. “But you’re my student and kissing me isn’t an acceptable way to express yourself.”

“But Mr. Matthews, I want to do so much more than kiss you,” said Caley, her eyes sparkling with desire.

“Now, Caley. Let’s talk about this at school. It’s really not appropriate for you to be here at my house.”

“But I am eighteen! I can do what I want!” cried Caley, sensing Mr. Matthews slipping away from her. The petulance broke her spell entirely.

“Caley. I’m not sure what is going on or how you changed so much, but I can’t do this with you. As beautiful as you are—and as much as I might be attracted to you—that’s... not who I am. I’m sorry.”

With that, he closed the door.

Caley stood there, shocked, stunned, and hurt. Here she was, maybe the most beautiful girl in the world. And she *still* couldn’t have what she wanted. Tears began to stream down her face. *It’s not fair*, she thought. *It’s so not fair*.

Then, thinking again of Mr. Matthews’ words, she decided. Action would fix this. Sadness slowly transformed to anger this time, a smouldering flame fueled by rejection.

She. Would. Have. What. She. Wanted.

Caley composed herself and started walking, her beautiful features hardening. *It’s time to see Chad again*.

As she walked, her outrage at being rejected flared before bubbling down into a steaming simmer in the pit of her stomach. She would get her revenge. She would grow so beautiful, so unbelievably sexy that no red-blooded man could resist her. Hell, she would grow so devastatingly gorgeous that no *woman* could resist her. A sinister smile

accompanied the thought, as she imagined seducing even her enhanced friends. And she had a plan for just how to do it.

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Fifteen minutes later, Chad was opening the door for her again, hardly able to breathe in the presence of the incredible raven-haired beauty filling the doorway.

“Chad... Chad. My incredibly handsome and devastatingly brilliant Chad,” Caley purred in her sexiest, sultriest voice. “I want more potion and I want you. Inside. Me.” she whispered into his ear while tracing a fingernail on his shirt, a dangerous glint in her eye.

“Uh...okay.” Chad stammered, not knowing what to say. He had just finished another batch, but this was getting ridiculous. He was, however, a teenage boy. And teenage boys were particularly susceptible to seduction by insanely hot girls.

Caley had no trouble with Chad as she had with Mr. Matthews, taking his hand and leading him back to his room.

“So... I was thinking. Since hormone pills have an effect on the potion, maybe other things that create hormones could help, too.” Caley turned her large eyes back to Chad’s.

Caley’s doe-eyed optical smolder made Chad’s member spring to attention.

“Things like... making love.” She continued.

“What do you think, Chad? Would you like to make love to the most beautiful girl that you’ve ever seen while she becomes even sexier?” Caley’s eyes took a dark, sexy look as she tilted her chin down slightly, hand snaking out to grasp the latest vial of serum.

“Not to mention that I still have all those estrogen pills in my system...” she said, voice dropping to a husky rasp.

Chad gulped audibly, unable to speak.

Caley sauntered to Chad's nightstand and set down the crystal bottle, strolling around behind Chad's frozen form, trailing a perfectly manicured nail along his shoulder to his back.

"I could become a goddess, ascending in your arms..." she whispered into his ear from behind, emphasizing the word "goddess."

"I would be *your* goddess... *your* creation..." she promised.

Chad came hard at the thought. *My God, she is sexy.*

Caley rubbed her firm hips against his, and his cock couldn't get any harder, pushing into her as she slid her body around his until they were face-to-face, bodies pressed together.

Caley pulled her crop top over her head, in a languidly sexy show. She made a deliberate display out of reaching back to unclasp her bikini top, letting it fall to the floor and revealing her mouth-watering breasts to him for the first time before pressing them back to his chest.

Next, she worked her long fingers purposefully to untie her sarong. Her hands moving to each side of her hips, she pushed the fabric of her bikini bottoms, one side at a time, one inch at a time, until they finished their strained descent over her perfect posterior and fell to the floor.

Caley raised her hand, palm to Chad's chest and gave a slight push, unbalancing him and causing him to fall on his back to the bed. She gave a Cheshire smile as she watched him land, eyes wide and paralyzed in a heady, emotional cocktail of desire, fear, and anticipation.

Caley straddled Chad, her long legs folding to each side of his skinny thighs. Her hips brought her sex over his member, and they both gasped when her lower lips parted around his trembling tip. She slowly, methodically, lowered herself onto him until she completely engulfed his length in the hot darkness of her pelvis. As she began to move to a rising rhythm, heartbeat quickening, she reached over for the flask and drank it all down. A full dose this time, triple what she'd taken before. She pulled Chad's hands up to cup her magnificent breasts. "Time to become a fucking *Goddess*," she moaned, setting new goals for herself and for the reaction about to begin.

A moment later, it started. Chad could feel her body tremble. With the massive amount of hormones and potion flooding Caley's body, he had no idea what to expect from the evolutionary episode about to unfold inside her body, except that he was pretty sure that it was going to be spectacular. This was already the greatest day of his life, as pleasure coursed through him.

"Hhnnnn..." cried Caley, her body tensing from the pain/pleasure. He felt so good inside her! He wasn't her first lay, but she'd never been so well equipped to appreciate a clumsy but enthusiastic teen-fuck before.

Then she screamed. It was overwhelming... "The sensation... My God... No, Goddess..." Her eyes closed.

Orgasms started to rock her, one after the other.

Her back arched.

She moaned.

She cried out.

Her eyes fluttered back open, finding Chad's.

"It's happening. A Goddess, Chad... it's happening..."

Chad watched as her face changed for the third time that day. It was angelic before. Now... now, it was beyond human. It was transcendent. He couldn't imagine more beauty. He couldn't imagine her level of beauty even as he watched it form before his very eyes. His heart leaped as her insanely long, bold eyelashes fluttered open to reveal painfully gorgeous sapphire eyes. Her eyes gleamed with desire, with passion, with lust.

"Caley. Caley. Caley." He chanted in time with their moving bodies.

Her chiseled abs clenched as her latest orgasm hit her, showing every muscle, the hard curve of her obliques, her Adonis belt clearly defined. Her large, firm breasts swelled, pushing outward as her back arched. The curvaceous swells sending spasms of pleasure to his very core, knowing he was the only one who would ever feel them at the moment Caley became divine.

“Caley... Caley... Caley...” Chad grunted, losing himself in her.

Caley ripped the arms off his desk chair with an errant shrug. Her hips gripped his member with unbelievable intensity, as Chad’s vision began to dim, blackness closing in from the edges of his vision. ‘*She’s too much for me,*’ he thought ‘*she could tear me apart like tissue paper!*’”

“Oh Caley, No... Caley... no. Caley!” pain and pleasure blurred together as her superhuman strength surged again. Her legs grew longer and even more sensual, her thighs packed with dense, feminine muscle, the striations appearing and disappearing as she came over and over. Her whole body tensed with climax, answered by a loud wooden crunch. The orgasmic clenching of her delicious toes had torn through his carpet and then pierced the heavy boards beneath. The matching compression of Chad’s dick took him out like a sleeper hold. He faded out in the middle of screaming out Caley’s name for the twentieth time, begging her to stop.

Chad’s final strangled cry brought Caley back from the pain/pleasure that had consumed her utterly. Sweat sheened her body and her damp hair hung to her shoulders in wild streamers. Animal lust permeated her being. She was a wild, dark-haired beast.

The Goddess of Lust.

The Goddess of Fuck.

Looking down at Chad’s limp form, she cocked her head to the side, puzzled that he was no longer worshiping her. Then she slowly and deliberately turned to look in his mirrored closet door. It was Christmas day for her; no need to wait before opening *this* present!

It looked like her present was ‘Perfection’. Beyond perfection, really. Every part of her was superhumanly beautiful. She had the perfect hourglass shape. The perfect toned physique. Perfect milky skin. Perfect raven hair. Perfect legs. Perfect ass. Perfect breasts.

Perfect.

Rising from Chad was a display of superhuman grace. Her every movement a masterpiece of carnal art. She trailed a long fingernail along Chad's leg as she silently thanked him again. She hardly noticed his weight at all as she tossed his exhausted form onto his bed. She felt up for another go already but he'd earned a little rest.

Sweeping up her garments from the floor, the new goddess tried to clothe herself once more. She struggled into the bikini top, it's DD-cups insufficient to the task of holding her breasts, making it look like a too-small push-up bra. She discarded the crop top. No way that was going to fit – it had been tight before!

She inched the bottoms up her legs to her hips, threads straining to nearly breaking before she managed to pull them up to her waist.

She walked over the mirror again, admiring herself again, a darkly satisfied expression on her hauntingly flawless face. No man can resist me now. she thought, knowing it with certainty. I wonder about women...

Destiny seemed eager to settle the question: at that exact moment, Chad's door swung open, and Rachael and Amanda walked in, hands full of shopping bags. They both stopped suddenly, bags falling to the floor as complete and utter shock graced their beautiful features.

"You like?" Her honied sensuality washed over her friends like an ocean wave, sending shudders of desire through them.

"Cay... Caley...? Is that you?" rasped Rachael timidly.

Rachael's eyes and Amanda's eyes were glued to the vision of femininity before them, unable to look away.

Amanda bit her lower lip. "My God, Caley... what have you done?" she said, lust evident on her own rather less alluring face.

"Not 'God', 'Godd**ess**'. As in... what I've become." Caley replied, perfect, brilliant teeth displayed in a room-brightening smile before peering at their shopping bags. "But enough about me? What'd you get?"



Neither Rachael nor Amanda could think. Thoughts of kissing her blood-red lips completely consumed Rachael's mind. Visions of licking Caley's pristine skin filled Amanda's. Caley's question went unanswered.

Caley's smile widened as she saw how her angelic visage ensorcelled her friends. She took a step toward them, pheromones rolling off her unbelievable body in waves.

A drop of drool slipped from Rachael's full lips. Amanda stopped herself from falling over, but only barely.

Caley took another deliberate step toward them, bathing them in her luminous elegance, knowing one step closer would crush the last of their resistance.

Amanda finally moved, rushing toward Caley, hormones raging inside her as she wrapped her arms around Caley, trying to press as much of herself as she could into Caley's stunning body. Amanda's lips reached up to Caley's, and a moan escaped her lips as her muscles clenched in ecstasy. "Hmmmm..."

Amanda's desire spiked as she pressed herself against Caley's perfection. She kissed Caley hungrily, not seeing the taller girl's cruelly amused expression. She wanted Caley sooo much. She wanted to bask in her ultimate beauty. Be part of it.

Rachael followed Amanda's lead pressing into Caley's other side, a splash of her sexual juices wetting her inner thighs when her lips found Caley's bare nipple.

Seeing her, Amanda quickly took Caley's other nipple in her mouth, the two of them sucking and flicking Caley's ruby tips with wanton abandon. Caley arched her back and crooned, the quick, erratic rasping of their tongues driving her to the brink of orgasm. Her new sensitivity was unreal! Their instinctive worship of her body was so good she could almost forgive them. Almost.

They still needed to learn how much she had outgrown them in every way.

Caley stroked their hair, Amanda's red bob with the long, delicate fingers of her left hand, and Rachael's platinum tresses with those of her right, pressing their faces into her incomparable breasts. Multiple orgasms coursed through them with each caress until they screamed themselves hoarse. Caley kept going, wringing them out completely like old wet towels until they crumpled to the same carpet she'd ruined while fucking Chad. That seemed a suitable punishment for their having abandoned her. Their

tormentor piled them on the bed next to him, the lot of them senseless and shuddering from their exposure to her angelic body.

*'I should probably cover up a bit. Can't have everyone collapsing as I walk by, now can I?'* Caley mused, delighted at the effect she had on her sexy friends.

*'This face makes me the ultimate seductress.'* she thought. Showing so much skin is not even fair to them. I need to figure out how to dial back the pheromones too. She poked through the bags of clothes that Amanda and Rachael had brought from the mall, pulling out a few things that looked stretchy enough to try on her ultra-bombshell body.

*'Let's see Mr. Oh-so-Prim-and-Proper-Matthews resist me now...'* she thought, her ravishing lips taking on a sexy pout.

Caley settled on a slinky, red dress, barely able to pull it on over the firm swells of her superhumanly-proportioned frame. "Pygmy? Phhh. More like rabbit. Jessica Rabbit."

As Caley rang Mr. Matthews' doorbell, she felt a sudden pang of fear. What if he still didn't like her? No, she thought. She should be beyond this type of insecurity now. I mean... just look at her! Supermodels would cry in despair looking at her...

She put on her best coquettish expression as the door began to open, and Mr. Matthews' pants bulged the moment that sex goddess Caley came into view.

"Hello, Mr. Matthews." she breathed, leveling her best come-hither look at him as she cocked an uber-luscious hip. "Got time for me now?"

He came. Hard.

Caley slinked toward him, snapping the security chain on his door without even noticing, pressing her perfectly formed breasts into his hard chest, eliciting a whimper from a still-quivering Mr. Matthews. "I'm not bad, I'm just drawn that way..." she quoted Jessica Rabbit with a musical laugh.

He came again.

Caley cocked her head slightly, extravagantly thick black hair cascading over her shoulder. Her luxuriant eyelashes closed as she moved her plump, ruby lips toward his mouth. She found it, sucking his lower lip between her soft, pillowy lips.

He came again. *'Oh, this is so easy,'* she thought. *'He can't resist me anymore, he's not even trying... I love it!'*

Caley slowly pulled her head back, huge, radiant blue eyes opening gradually. Watching him crumble before her beauty made her pupils dilate and her nipples tighten into arrowheads digging into her dress. Toying with him was heaven but she couldn't deny herself much longer.

As her mesmerizing eyes locked onto his, Mr. Matthews' heart palpitated wildly. *'Good lord,'* he thought. *'How can anyone be this impossibly sexy?'*

As if in answer, Caley brought her perfect, manicured hands to his chest and pushed him back into his house, lifting her svelte leg to tap the front door closed behind her.

Caley's smoldering gaze never leaving his wide eyes, her clever fingers unbuckled his belt. "I know that you thought that you didn't want me before. I know that you thought that me being here, kissing you, was inappropriate. You were right because even with how good I looked, I was still just a little girl on the inside. So I fixed that. I'm a woman, now. A woman who just happens to be the sexiest, most desirable, most delectable specimen of femininity ever to walk the face of the earth."

Shuddering on the edge of another climax, he couldn't agree more.

"So, let's be clear what happens next: You're going to fuck me like a wild beast because you want to... or because I MAKE you want to..." The total reversal of authority between them had Amanda so aroused she was about to go off right there. But she could still hold on just long enough to make good on her threat: he would crave her with every cell in his body!

Completely blown away by her unimaginably sensual magnetism, Mr. Matthews' body wrested control from his helpless, desire-saturated brain. His arms wrapped around her and pulled her impossibly narrow waist towards him. His pants dropped as he ripped open Caley's crimson dress. He stepped over the rags to slam her hungry naked body against the inside of the closed door, his engorged tool slapping against her creamy thighs.

"Yes, Mr. Mathews, Yeess! Ohhhh! ...now **Fuck Me.**" she snarled.

There was no refusing her divine command. Her teacher was now her toy, thrusting himself into the sexiest schoolgirl ever with berserk animal passion. Her firm, lithe body felt so strong, her clenching sex firing pulses of inhuman pleasure through his muscled torso. Her legs squeezed his hips with irresistible strength. Her breasts bounced freely as he clawed at them, his teeth and nails unable to scratch or mar them in any way.

They were not equal partners: she determined the tempo. She decided exactly how deep every thrust would be allowed to penetrate her. And despite his frenzied need, this sex was strictly for her pleasure. He was no longer a person; he was her instrument.

Caley gasped and arched in the throes of far more than just the physical pleasure of being stuffed with a desperate lover's cock: she was releasing all her pent up desires through this single act of raw sexual conquest. She screamed as an orgasm years in the making consumed her.

And with that, she was over him. Her incomparable body had totally dominated the object of her long infatuation, revealing that figure she'd built up in her mind was only this easily corrupted toy. He was... beneath her.

Now he needed to be punished for rejecting her.

Mr. Mathews wept with joy when he brought his most beloved student, the love of his life, the most beautiful woman in the world to her shrieking climax, so proud he'd been able to unleash such ecstasy from her supple, nubile body. His own prolonged orgasm wracked his overwhelmed body until his tensed biceps gave out and they slid to the floor. His knees wobbled and collapsed, falling onto his back. Amanda rode him down, her lavish thighs pinning him inside her incredibly soft, tight cleft. She loomed over him now, fondling her exquisite breasts like she was only getting started, her face held in a somewhat disturbing smile. He felt her working his shaft mercilessly with nothing but her inner grip, instinctively wielding techniques no high school senior should know, extracting orgasm after orgasm until he blacked out. Even then she continued to lash his body with carnal delight, making certain she'd driven him all the way down into a pleasure-induced coma.

"Serves you right, making me love you then turning me away. You're lucky I don't fuck your brains right out of your skull. Literally." She gave her breasts one more squeeze with enough force to crush bones. *'Oh, this body feels so good.'* she thought. *'Too bad there isn't a man... or woman... that can keep up with me now...'*

All but destroying her obsession had closed the book on that chapter of her life. She needed to be open to new possibilities. She was going to have to adapt to her new status as the Goddess of Fuck. Helplessness might call for action but power demanded gratification!

She walked gracefully into Mr. Matthews' bedroom, pulling a button-down shirt from his closet and draping it over her hypersexy, athletic torso and leaving her exquisite legs bare. She pranced back out to where he lay before the front door and hefted his 180 lb. body up. It was surprisingly easy! She carried him to his bed and gently laid him down.

*'Wow! I guess these firm, feminine muscles really aren't just for show,'* thought Caley. It seemed appropriate for a superhuman beauty to be superhumanly strong as well. Maybe she hadn't reached the potion's limits yet? She licked her perfect lips in anticipation. *'Hmmmm... I'll just have to convince Chad I need more. Shouldn't be a problem... I can be pretty convincing...'* Caley's sly grin was back.

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Chad awoke on his bed, thoughts groggy and unfocused. *What just happened?* he thought.

As Chad sat up, Rachael and Amanda began to stir to either side.

"What was that?" Rachael questioned, trying to wrap her mind around her encounter with Caley. "What happened to Caley?"

Chad answered sheepishly. "She sorta figured out how to make the potion more effective using estrogen, and..." He swallowed nervously, "...um ...sex. I should have never let her...."

He shook his head. "...she was just so persuasive. I couldn't help it!"

Rachael's eyes widened. "Oh my God! Chad, she's out of control. We have to stop her - who knows what she'll do. I just wanted us to have a wonderful high school experience! This is getting out of hand!"

Chad's brilliant mind raced. "First, let's get to school. I can work in one of the chemistry classrooms. She's bound to come back here at some point, and if she gets here while we're still here, we won't be able to do anything!"

With that, Chad, Amanda, and Rachael gathered up their things and headed to school. As they passed the drug store, Chad paused. "Let me get a few things here first..."

After Chad made a few purchases, they continued on to the chemistry lab at school. Chad pulled up a stool and got to work.

"What are you going to do?" Rachael asked.

"The only way that I can think of to stop her at this point is to make someone even more of a god or goddess than she is. It has to be someone that won't let the power corrupt them."

He continued. "I don't think that I could do it. Just being with Caley was so intoxicating that I helped her even more. I don't think that I can resist temptation like that. Do you think you or Amanda could?"

Rachael turned, thinking. "Let me talk to Amanda. We'll figure something out."

As Chad frantically rearranged the workbench and laid out his ingredients, Rachael walked over to Amanda, who was lost in thought, looking out the window. "Rachael, I just want to be a cheerleader! I want to be tall and beautiful. I want to have a boyfriend and go to dances. Why did Caley go so far?"

"I don't know, Mandy. She's got a mean streak and she's always had her little obsessions... Like her crush on Mr. Matthews."

"I don't want you to have to do this. I want you to be a cheerleader. I want you to go on regular dates... heck, you can date my brother if you want to." She gave a sly smile.

A hint of a smile tugged at the corner of Amanda's full lips. "But what will you do? What will your life be like?"

"I don't know. I've always wanted to become the swan... So I guess my wish will be magnified a bit." She hugged Amanda, the shaking of her arms expressing the fears she couldn't name.

They huddled together quietly, thinking about the future and waiting.

After twenty minutes of agonizing eternity, Chad exclaimed “Done! Okay, I’m ready... who’s getting mega-dosed?” He came to them holding a 2-liter soda bottle he’d repurposed. It was half-full of shimmering blue liquid.

“The Freaking Hell? It’s gonna take that much?!?” Racheal blurted out.

“What?” He looked down at his hands. “Oh. No. God, no. The equipment here has crappy calibration. I had to move a decimal point.” He looked meaningfully at the drain of one of the sinks then decided he didn’t really want to pour the other 9/10<sup>ths</sup> into the sewer. His head ducked under the edge of a workbench as he slipped the sloshing bottle into a project locker. He’d have to neutralize the key ingredients later. The stuff was just too dangerous to leave lying around campus.

He turned back to them holding the traditional perfume vial he’d brought with him to the school. “This will be plenty, believe me. So, who’s up?”

Rachael stepped toward him, steeling herself. “I am.”

“Last chance to abort. Are you sure you can handle this? Making you into a bigger Caley is a pretty drastic solution...” Chad asked with trepidation.

“Yes.” She was pleased there was only a hint of hesitation in her voice.

“Alright. This version has trigger hormones already added to make it more effective. Caley’s is really strong due to the muscle density features that I added last time, so I increased those effects too. It should let you surpass Caley in pretty much every way... but there’s always the X-factor...” Chad said.

“Let’s do this!” Rachael said. ‘Ascension’ was starting to sound pretty good to her.

“Wait! Amanda and I won’t be able to come anywhere near you until you learn to control your presence. You know what being around Caley did to you two.” Chad set the flask on the worktable and grabbed the fire blanket from the wall and a half dozen hanging lab coats. “You’ll need to cover up so that people can’t see you.”

“Good thinking,” she accepted the pile before digging into her bag of clothes from the mall and pulling out her yoga top and pants. Pulling them onto her gorgeous 5’6” body was pure pleasure. Outgrowing them would be even more so. Then she turned to

retrieve the flask from the table, only to find Amanda was cradling it in both hands just below her chin.

“Amanda?”

“Sorry, Rache.” She gave her friend a kind of sad smile. “But if Chad’s only gonna make one goddess, shouldn’t it be the one of us he can sleep with afterward?”

Amanda put the flask to her lips and drank the entire bottle in quick, nervous gulps. ‘*This is a terrible idea*’ she thought. She knew Rache wanted to be the hero of the story. “What if it’s *my* story?” the bombshell blonde whispered, licking the last drops from her lips.

It felt like she was stealing Rachael’s ascension. ‘*No, just borrowing it,*’ she promised herself as she felt the warmth growing in her belly. *Here it comes...*

“Uh, Sis? We should run.”

Rachael looked at her brother in confusion, hearing the dread in his voice. Behind her, Amanda crumpled to the ground, softly moaning.

“I figured you were gonna be the one to take on Caley, so I made that batch super-strong. That flask held enough to make *you* a goddess twice.” He nodded to Amanda, quivering on the tiled floor. “But with her X-factor... You saw how much the first dose affected her. Amanda’s more than *five times* as responsive as you. She is incredible.”

After Caley’s ascension he had secretly wished it had been Amanda so fully unleashed. He’d wanted to see what would happen if the potion made all her ‘hotter than Supergirl’ fantasies come true!

Rachael turned back to Amanda, whose clothes were already creaking from being stretched across her expanding curves. “She’s gonna get ***ten times*** as hot as Caley?” That wasn’t the plan at all! She was supposed to be the one to stop their sex-crazed schoolmate...

“More like fifteen. No offense, but she’s already got more going for her than you.” He took his sister’s hand. “Really, we need to run.”



Even through the rising tide of lust churning inside, Amanda heard the twins talking about her before scampering off. Somehow her genes – her X-factor – made her something *special*. She felt a burst of fierce arousal hearing Chad call her 'incredible' and her whole body grew warmer as the potion reacted. Somehow she could sense what had Chad feeling so horny: the same secret thrill he'd felt when she'd pretended she could fly. She just had to want it enough!

"I'm a supergirl. I'm a *Supergirl*. I'm a **Supergirl!**" She repeated the mantra over and over as each spasm of pleasure ran through her, a self-fulfilling prophecy of accelerated evolution as the protean formula fizzed in her veins.

She tossed and turned on the floor, her measurements ebbing and cresting like waves in a storm, each orgasm leaving her healthier, sexier, *better*. Her beauty began to grow vast and dangerous, a living sexual riptide; any sailor who dared these waters would surely drown in her.

Chad and Rachael ran, haunted by Amanda's increasingly urgent moans of pleasure. Then her shouts of pleasure. Then her screams of pleasure. Their hasty retreat became more of a shambling lurch as the girl's escalating climaxes gained an insidious hypnotic quality.

The forces reshaping Amanda soon decided gravity wasn't so tough. Beakers and chairs began to skitter around her shuddering body like she was in a room full of poltergeists. Books began to float and the workbenches tugged against the bolts fastening them to the floor as everything began to revolve around Amanda. In the middle of this growing windless tornado of loose papers and lab equipment, a very womanly silhouette rose from the floor, twirling in the eye of the storm like an impossibly elegant ballet dancer, leaping from a stage of empty air as orgasm after orgasm delivered more strength, more power, more beauty to her ever more breathtaking body. The blossoming Supergirl cried out over and over, her powerful voice filling the entire campus with the seductive sounds of her superhuman ecstasy.

Body trembling, heart pounding, Rachael desperately pushed her brother through the doorway into the band classroom and slammed the thickly padded door. Chad shook his head, still dazed by Amanda's ...aggressively feminine sounds.

"She's, uh, really enjoying that, isn't she?"

Rachael slapped him on the back of the head. She couldn't help wondering how she would've felt 'enjoying that'. Even if it supposedly would only have been a fifth as good for her. Dammit! It should have been her. They'd decided. But it was hard to stay mad at Amanda when her every grunt and purr set your knees quaking. If she *sounded* that good through a mostly sound-proof door, what could she possibly look like now? She could imagine a blonde version of Caley, but trying to multiply that by ten broke her brain.

Back at the chem lab, Amanda was wondering the same thing. After long minutes of ecstasy that could only barely be classified as mere 'multiple orgasms', the impressions came in disjointed bursts. She had muscles? No, she was strung with smooth steel cables that crackled with the promise of astonishing strength. Her hair? That had transformed into a thick mane of shining platinum. Was she taller? Standing made the whole room seem smaller. If she stretched, she could brush the ceiling with her elbows! She must be taller than any guy in the whole school. Wow!

But was she sexy? She looked directly down.

"O. M. G., look at me!" Amanda gasped: elegant hands that must be hers were suddenly clutching the creamy globes of her enormous chest. Nipples like fresh strawberries jutted from between her splayed fingers. Her perky mounds might be only 100% perfect but they were well over 1,000% irresistible. If she were to strike a cheesecake pose with this body, guys would be cumming before she even got to the wink.

Curious about the full extent of the changes to her body, she stalked with the regal grace of a feline predator toward the window to study her faint reflection in the glass.

She was magnificent to a level that she could never have conceived of an hour ago. Caley, as completely stunning as she was, couldn't hold a candle to Amanda's perfection. The disparity between her and Caley was like that between a supermodel and her original 4'10" self. She was heartbreakingly exquisite. Ravishing curves rippled with an athletic sensuality that could fill any other woman with hopeless envy... and probably desire.

She twisted to see a backside that was sculpted into every bit the aesthetic perfection as the front. Her body absolutely sizzled with seductive power. She couldn't wait to see what it could *really* do.

Because there was one more little thing Chad had thought was possible, if she *really* wanted it. Something that should be easy for a Supergirl, right? She looked at the ceiling and raised her fist, lifting her opposite knee...

Chad and Rachael both startled as a pulsating boom shook the entire building. Moments later another concussive blast shivered the windows for blocks around. Rachael looked at her brother. "Did your girlfriend just explode?!" she asked, still a little miffed with Amanda.

Chad shrugged, "I have no idea what that was. ...Still, I don't hear her anymore, so maybe we should go look?"

They crept back to the chem-lab, fingers stuffed in their ears in case Amanda started moaning again. The room was completely trashed with tables knocked over and chairs embedded in the walls. It did look like some kind of Amanda-bomb had gone off. In the center of it all was a small pile of rough concrete chunks, lit by a bright column of dusty daylight.

"Where is she!?" Rachael asked, becoming increasingly guilty and frantic as she circled the room peering through the dust. She didn't really want Amanda to have exploded!

Chad walked to the central pile and looked up. There was a ragged hole the size of a manhole cover ripped through the ceiling tiles. ...And through the concrete second floor. ...And through the floor above that. There was blue sky shining through the hole in the roof above that. He burst into laughter at the Loony Toon absurdity of it. He belatedly realized the second 'explosion' they'd heard had been a sonic boom as their missing friend had accelerated past the speed of sound.

Rachael glared at his wholly inappropriate mirth. Amanda was missing! He turned to her, still struggling with the giggles.

"I wouldn't worry, Sis. I think Amanda's doing just *Super*..."

Rachael picked her way through the smashed furniture to join him. Then she looked up.

"No. Freaking. Way!"

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Blocks away, Caley's inspection of Mr. Matthews's body was interrupted by a startling boom echoing across the city. She was fairly certain he was bigger than he was a few minutes ago? Her uber-perfect six-foot body had allowed her to look him straight in the eye at the door. She would swear that his feet had only reached the end of the bed before, but now they dangled over the edge by a couple of inches. As her gaze roamed up his body, she tried to remember if he had looked so muscular, so defined before they had sex.

'I wonder if...' she thought to herself when suddenly the door flew open.

"I knew you'd be here!" Amanda exclaimed, shrugging off the blankets she had used to prevent starting a riot when she'd landed in front of the building and slipped inside. Her words were a symphony of desire that filled any heard it with indescribable need.

Caley's eyes were riveted to this new edition of Amanda. Her every thought, her every feeling, her entire being was drawn to the divine creature like a moth to the flame.

Caley realized she'd been demoted to only a demigod, for here was a True Goddess, 6'4" and crackling with the power of absolute desire. Caley was a star, but Amanda had become a supernova of beauty, her radiance a palpable force invading every corner of the room.

Amanda's face was so heavenly, so supreme, a choir of angels began to hum quietly in Caley's mind as she gazed upon it. Her friend's breasts were enormous and seemed to still be swelling as her gaze lingered. The span of her muscular arms made Caley ache with longing to have them around her. The curves of her lats flowed into a tiny waist, embossed with chiseled abs announcing the superhuman strength and power she possessed.

Amanda's hips were the epitome of femininity, triggering the single strongest orgasm in the already impressive catalog of Caley's sex-life. Squeezing her eyes slightly open as the intense pleasure hit her in waves, she couldn't help but try to absorb the sight of the rest of Amanda's divine body.

Her legs were neverending sinuous works of art. Visions of them wrapping around her flashed through Caley's mind like a strobe light.

Amanda was beauty personified. Amanda was sex incarnate. She defined the very concepts.

Caley rushed toward Amanda, consumed by rapture at the mere sight of the One True Goddess. Caley touched her and the world exploded in ecstasy. The True Goddess wrapped the little demigod in her arms and spoke again. Her velvet voice made the words into a symphony of dirty whispers, "It's okay, Cay. I'll take care of you."

Lost in orgasmic pleasure, body quivering with impossible desire, Caley went limp in Amanda's arms.

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Well, stopping Caley had turned out to be a bit of an anti-climax.

It left Amanda pondering how to proceed. She was too much for her friends. She was too much for everyone. And that was not fun. She wanted to be able to be with them and with the boy who had done this for her. She needed to be able to control her radiant Super-sex appeal. How could she gain that control? Maybe the rest of the more-Caley-than-Caley potion? It might be a mistake, but her mistakes had been pretty awesome lately. What did she have to lose?

Still, she didn't want to melt Chad's brains to mush with her unchecked glory. She needed someone to go in and get it.

Amanda knelt next to Caley, touching her shoulder with one perfectly manicured fingernail. Caley began to squirm in a half-conscious fit of desire, but she didn't wake. She was totally out, probably for hours.

That pretty much left Rachael.

Amanda flew to the edge of the school grounds, hiding in some bushes like a naughty kid. Then she whispered, whispered to Rachael. "Bring it to me." She knew Rachael would understand. And obey.

Inside the school, Rachael jerked as if someone had pinched her. She'd been roaming the halls, checking to see if anyone else had been on campus or had gotten hurt when Amanda had blasted through the roof. Chad had gone to the gym to "take about a million cold showers" he'd said.

She had to find the rest of the potion. It was needed. ...somebody... need it. She had to.

Rachael re-entered the lab searching for the locker Chad had put the bottle in. Everything had moved around but she was determined. She had to find it. It was needed.

There! She held it up to the light, almost a full liter of the potion. *"I should take it myself. Drink it all. Then Amanda... Amanda would love me like I love Her."* Racheal startled at that thought. Did she love Amanda? She DID love Amanda! While unexpected, the realization warmed her. Amanda was a good, caring person. She was such a good match for Chad. She should be family...

Rachael lifted the jug to her lips, then stopped. She should give it all to Amanda. It was needed. *'It was Amanda who had asked for it!'* she finally realized. She could please Amanda by giving it to her. The thought of pleasing Amanda sent Rachael into another gasping fit of intense pleasure, nearly causing her to drop the plastic bottle.

It was decided then, she would bring it back to Amanda. Somehow, she knew where Amanda was, Her Presence guiding Rachael with its promise of ecstasy.

As she walked to the edge of the school, Amanda arose out of shrubbery like Eve stepping out of the Garden of Eden. Rachael gasped, seeing Amanda's beyond hyper-sexy form for the first time. She squinted like Amanda was the Sun, fighting the ripples of radiant sensuality to get close to Her. To hand Amanda the final ingredient of her destiny.

Amanda took the big bottle from Rachael's hand, then tipped it back and started drinking, not even bothering with the few blue droplets that ran down her face and splashed on her breasts. Nine times what she had swallowed last time. Enough to shatter every boundary.

Amanda's orgasmic cry washed over the neighborhood like a tsunami. The grass grew greener, more vibrant. The trees creaked as they grew taller, healthier. Everyone who heard it collapsed in trembling rapture. Even the houses within the range of Her cry looked cleaner, shinier, newer.

As Her Unutterably Mind-Blowing Beauty swelled beyond imagination, a vortex of sexuality surrounded Her. Racheal was blown 50 feet away by its staggering force, where she lay, unmoving.

Then, Her vortex subsided as Amanda's fingers curled with effort. Her Carnal Luminescence drawing back within Her.

She yelped in joy, causing a brief wave of rapture to blast from her as she momentarily lost control again, resulting in another brief surge in beauty to her surroundings.

Oops! She thought. I'll have to watch that. I still don't know My own power.

She giggled in delight, taking care not to release Her True Voice.

Amanda shrank Her Ultra Goddess form to merely ultra-supermodel proportions, taking care that it wouldn't be too overwhelming for everyone, but still sexy beyond any human female to ever walk the face of the earth. No need to overdo it.

Amanda curled Her delectable index finger and Rachael was instantly healed. She curled her other index finger and across town, the sleeping Caley's beauty diminished until it fell slightly below her own current level. '*Can't have Caley looking better than the new Aphrodite, now can I?*' Amanda thought with a mischievous sparkle in her eye.

Yes. Things were going to work out after all. She made the very best mistakes!

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On Monday, as Mr. Matthews walked into the classroom, all of the female students giggled. He looked like an Abercrombie model on steroids. His smooth, muscled frame, stretching the sleeves and chest of his button-up shirt to the straining point. Amanda, sitting at her desk in the back, smooth, sexy legs crossed, gazed wide-eyed at Mr. Matthews' virile new appearance.

"Hello, class," he said, in a deep, masculine voice that sent shivers down Amanda's spine.

She had had fun making out with Chad over the weekend, teasing him with tantalizing glimpses of her luscious body whenever she could. She liked Chad a lot... but damn... Mr. Matthews was HOT. Her thoughts drifted to what it would be like if she... No! She shouldn't think that way!

Her gaze, however, was gradually drawn back to Mr. Matthews, and his firm, manly lips as she couldn't stop her mind from wondering what it would be like to kiss him. She might have to give Chad a little boost at some point...

Every girl in the room spent the class fidgeting, crossing and re-crossing their legs as they imagined the things they wanted their strapping teacher to do to them.

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After class, Caley remained at her desk until the rest of the students had left the room. Amanda gave her a knowing look, curling a finger as she exited the room. Caley responded with a Mona Lisa smirk and a quick wink.

As the last student left the room, Amanda paused in the hallway, willing the door closed and locked, coating its window with a gloss of steam.

Caley rose languidly from her seat and approached Mr. Matthews, his eyes finding hers with a curious gaze. As she walked slowly toward him, each leg crossing before the other, her legs seemed to gain an inch with every step. *Thank you, Amanda*, she thought, knowing that the Goddess herself was gifting her with a stream of ascending beauty. She could feel it flowing into her. The feeling was... tantalizing.

Mr. Matthews gulped at the incredible beauty before him. There was a strange half-familiarity in the air. Like a dream he'd had. ...One that ended badly for him. She set one cheek of her luscious ass on his hardwood desk and leaned toward him. He couldn't help but notice that her butt looked even better now than it had when class ended. Was she becoming more beautiful as each moment passed? Beautiful like no student should be? It sure seemed that way...

"Yeah. I'm *that* Caley. And it wasn't all a dream."

His sense of *deja vu* turned to terror.

"Remember what you did to me?" Caley said softly, a hint of seduction entering her voice.

"What!" he said in alarm. "I-I think you have it backward. It was more like what you did to me! It's not like I... I..."



“Like you wanted me?” Caley licked her lips. “Like you couldn’t get enough...?”

Caley spun on the ever-firmer hemispheres of her ass, placing a bulging, shapely calf on either armrest of his chair, trapping him like a mouse between the paws of a cat. A sizzingly sexy cat.

Mr. Matthew’s gaze rose from her smooth, sexy thighs back to her eyes, which seemed more luminous, more mesmerizing than they had been just a moment ago. His thoughts seemed to evaporate like steam from boiling water as he lost himself in those eyes.

Caley slid toward him, her knees rising higher in the air, skirt sliding down ever-more-perfect thighs until it lay in a crumple on her lap, covering almost nothing now.

She removed her feet from the armrests of his chair and kicked off her shoes. She slipped her manicured toes behind him, feeling the strength of his well-muscled back, and began to pull him slowly toward her.

Mr. Matthews felt the strength in her powerful legs, knowing that he couldn’t escape their grip even if he wanted to. And he really didn’t want to...

Caley pulled him into her until his body touched hers, his lips just inches away from hers, which were becoming rosier and fuller by the second now. She moistened them with a long, pink tongue, feeling Mr. Matthews shudder as she did.

“I’m sorry.” she said, her voice now a husky whisper.

“Sorry...?” he gasped, their lips were about to meet.

“I was ...cruel, last time. I was just a little... *upset*... by your reaction. I’ve been meaning to make it up to you...” she said, her long eyelashes fluttering closed.

Their lips met, and Caley couldn’t help but let a burst of her actual power escape her iron grip. She heard a soft yelp from Mr. Matthews as her arms squeezed him a little too tightly.

Her mouth breathed heat into his already burning body as her mouth sensually stoked his desire. Her lips and fingers pressed into him, massaging arousal into every part of his body.

His mouth leaving hers momentarily while his body quivered like the string on a violin played by a maestro, he rasped in a husky voice.

“My God... how can you be so sexy...?”

Caley offered a predatory smile, whispering, “I have the best friends.” She flipped him, his back landing on the hard surface of the desk. Her nimble fingers pulled apart his belt and pants, revealing his huge, steel erection. She moistened her lips.

As she slid their plumpness over his shaft, his head tilted back in ecstasy...

Outside the room, Amanda smiled as all the sensations from Caley’s “apology” to her favorite teacher flowed through her. She was fairly certain that gorgeous hunk wouldn’t be able to walk normally for the next few days.

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As Rachael stood before the mirror, putting in her hoop earrings, she sucked in her lips to spread her lipstick more evenly. She was beautiful. Gorgeous, even. Her newly purchased LBD, accentuated her full breasts, tiny waist, and supple hips. She slipped on her black, ankle-strap heels and admired how they made her toned calves look.

She reached over to her dresser and put on the pendant she had picked out for the occasion. It was a football, appropriate, she thought because she was going to the homecoming dance with the quarterback of the football team. At the beginning of the school year, she would never have thought *that* would happen! She felt herself smile.

She felt her skin tingle with arousal and knew even before she heard the knock on her bedroom door, that Amanda was here.

\*Knock, knock, knock\*

Grinning in amusement at her prescience, she opened the door to reveal her utterly breathtaking friend. She could never seem to grow accustomed to just how beautiful Amanda now was... even when she knew that her friend was suppressing most of her true form, which would instantly overwhelm mere mortals like her.

“Hi, Amanda,” she said, detecting a husky tone to her own voice. She couldn’t help it. Amanda’s presence generated amorous feelings in anyone she was near, even in her “subdued” state.

“Hi, Rache. Can you believe we’re actually looking forward to homecoming this year? And look at your bad self, snagging a quarterback even...” She nudged Rachael’s shoulder.

“Well, since the school’s resident goddess was taken, what was the poor boy to do? Fortunately for Rick, I was there to comfort him. I think Veronica might be a little jealous, though.” Rachael said with a wink. “What does Chad think of the new you?”

“I’ve been saving my *full* self for homecoming, so I guess we’ll both find out tonight...”

Rachael looked her friend over. She looked both refined and sexy in her floor-length gown, diamond earrings and a diamond bracelet providing a hint of the opulence of her true, impossibly exquisite beauty. And it was fair to say *nobody* wore stilettos like Amanda.

Rachael had to admit Amanda’s restraint after becoming a goddess had been amazing. It was probably for the best that she had been the one to drink the more-Caley-than-Caley potion. But sometimes she still daydreamed...

“Oh, Rache, I’m finally returning that thing I borrowed...”

Rachael cocked her head. What thing? Amanda wasn’t carrying anything and didn’t have a purse... But she was *looking* at her intently. Rachael felt a faint tingle, her legs stretching in that magic way, her pert breasts straining gently against the already tight fabric of her black dress.

“Wha...?” Rachael exclaimed.

Amanda gave a smile that seemed to make the rest of the room dim in comparison.

“You know.” Amanda leaned in to whisper in her ear, “I’m returning that potion of yours I borrowed—exactly ‘enough to make *you* a goddess twice’. But *slowly*, so it takes until midnight to get it all, Cinderella.” She pulled away with a musical laugh, “Your ‘poor boy’ won’t mind dating a soon-to-be hyper-sexy demigoddess, will he?” she asked with feigned innocence.

Rachael's eyes flew to the mirror, knowing that by midnight the gorgeous young woman in its reflection would be no more than an ugly duckling compared to the swan she was about to become. Tears welled in her eyes as she ran to her friend, flinging her arms around Amanda.

"Thank you so much, Amanda!" she said, eyes closed, a tear sending a drop of mascara down her perfect complexion. "This is going to be the best homecoming dance EVER!"

Amanda shared another radiant smile. "'Team Goddess' wouldn't be complete without you."

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They met Chad in the quad after the big game, ready to start the evening's festivities.

"Where's Caley?" he asked as his eyes drank in the sinuous curves filling out Amanda's luxurious gown. She was showing off. More than usual.

Rachael gave him a *look*. "Word is, she and Mr. Matthews..." She trailed off, glancing around to ensure no unwanted ears were near.

Realization dawned on Chad's features.

"Ahhhh... I see."

Rick, the quarterback came up to Rachael, an awed look in his eyes.

"Rachael... you look..." His eyes conveyed the sentiment far better than did his mouth.

Rachael shot a look of gratitude to Amanda, who nodded back to her. Her 'poor boy' had no idea how good she'd look by midnight. Rick gallantly pinned a corsage to her dress before she took his arm, pulling him eagerly towards the dance floor.

Amanda gracefully draped a slender arm on Chad's shoulder, behind his neck, pressing her perfect body to his, eliciting a gulp that was audible even over the dance music.

“Remember what I told you two weeks ago, Chad?” she said softly. Chad had to strain to hear her over the thumping of the music in the gym. Or was that his heartbeat? His brows furrowed as he tried to recall her words.

“What was it?” Chad asked as Amanda guided him to the dance floor, beginning to undulate her body against him to the music.

“I told you that I wanted to go to homecoming with someone. I told you that I wanted to dress up. I told you that I wanted to be pretty, to be *desired*.” She seemed to relish that last word, not wanting to let it leave her luscious lips, as her tongue lingered behind her perfect lower teeth.

“I told you my dreams,” she said in a seductive tone, her body seeming to swell against his. “And you made them come true...”

Her lips sought his kiss languidly as if she cherished every moment of this moment with Chad. The rest of the world seemed to fall away as Amanda’s lips touched Chad’s, their plush softness pulsing thrills through his body to his very soul. All that existed were her lips, her hands, her body. Her slender arms wrapped around him and lifted him like he weighed no more than her backpack. Then she went up on tiptoe, then on point like a ballerina, and then finally she left the ground behind altogether, holding them both one single inch above the dance floor: their little secret.

The sensations crashed into Chad like waves, the pleasure of being embraced by this glorious Supergirl making him shudder. Amanda smiled to herself. Wait until she *really* got started... she thought. She clenched her full seductive power in an iron grip, mastering her own urges to simply ravish him on the spot, determined to make her *thank you* to Chad last.

A *thank you* that started with a little upgrade, a possibility that she had tucked away in the back of her mind since the day she had seen Mr. Matthews return to class. Even through his euphoric daze, Chad felt his sleeves tighten and his chest bulge out, causing Amanda’s breasts to push into him that much more firmly inside the steel coil of her arms.

Amanda watched Chad’s jaw become manlier, his cheekbones becoming prominent and sculpted. His hair seemed to thicken and shimmer. She ran her fingers down his back as sinew swelled beneath his skin. Her sleek stomach slid against his muscled

torso as his abs cobbled into steel bricks against them. She could feel their protruding forms even through his shirt and her dress. She couldn't wait to taste them later...

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It had taken all of Amada's preternatural grace to fit them both through Chad's bedroom window with their bodies entwined and her lips plastering kisses all over Chad's face with urgent passion. He registered pain as Amanda smashed him up against the wall without them ever touching the floor, his broad back and athletic butt crushing against it.

Amanda slid her body against his and looked up at his now 6'2" form with large beautiful eyes, her slender finger simply ripping the front of his belt apart, bits of twisted metal spinning away with a dull 'ping!'. Amanda knelt in front of him, her face conspicuously level with the hard cock that her slender fingers revealed as she pulled down his boxers.

Her eyes never leaving his, she took a polished nail and ran it underneath his member. She felt him shudder under her touch. She instinctively knew how to please a man better than anyone on Earth and she was just getting started.

She had talents to match her matchless body. She knew what he wanted. It didn't hurt that she was breathtakingly beautiful either. Impossibly so, as she eased gradually toward the utter perfection of her true form. She was grateful to Chad. He had helped her, quite literally making her dreams come true - even dreams of flying - and she wanted to show him how very much it meant to her.

She licked her ruby lips and placed them over his tip, letting just a bit of teeth touch. She shivered again and tasted a bit of salt. Ooooh, he's *really* ready. She pouted. This was going to be over far too soon if she didn't slow down the sensation. One of these days, she would see what would happen if she held *nothing* back. It would probably be short. And messy.

She had always had a bit of a soft spot for Rachael's brother. For the first time since her final ascension, she really needed for the act of making love to be as inhumanly perfect as her body.

She touched each side of his hips, holding them tightly as she continued her erotic art. She withdrew the teeth. They would be too much to make it last, to make it memorable. And she wanted to make it memorable for him, something he would *never* forget. So she used just her soft, full lips.

She slid down his length slowly. She couldn't help but use her tongue, undulating pressure and release all the way. That might be too much as well, but she *did* need to make this memorable.

As she rose back up, she shrugged a lock of thick, luxurious hair that was getting in her way to put it back in place. Then she realized that kind of petty annoyance was for mortals. With little more than a thought, her silken masses of platinum braided themselves into a neatly elegant French braid. '*Well, that's gonna make cosplaying Elsa easy.*' She wanted to giggle, but her mouth was otherwise occupied.

The tips of her fingers felt his glutes tighten as he became more aroused. Okay, she needed to slow it down even more. She needed to draw out his pleasure. She wanted him to whimper in ecstasy before she was done. Only then would she know that she had succeeded. *Not too much, not too soon*, she repeated in her mind like a mantra. She continued to use her tongue but just pressed it upward, no undulations.

Up to the tip, she gave a brief kiss and glanced once more to his eyes, drinking in her gyrations, not yet closed in rapture. Good, that would change soon, but she wanted to give him another view first. As she enveloped him once again, she shimmied her shoulders, causing the top of her gown to loosen and slide an extra inch down her large, succulent breasts. Men could never resist her breasts. She couldn't see his eyes, but she knew exactly where they were looking. She breathed in through her nose to push them outward further, tightening her ridiculously toned abs as she resituated herself on her long, sexy legs.

This time, as she reached his hilt, he seemed more relaxed, enjoying. His glutes were still tensed, but not with imminent climax. Excellent, she wasn't overdoing it anymore. They could indulge in foreplay a little longer. She smiled ever so slightly despite her full mouth. She couldn't help but push out her lower jaw to press her bottom teeth in the lightest, gentlest contact with his sensitive flesh. She dragged the light contact upward as she rose again.

Oops! That may have been too much! He clenched under her hands. She removed her lips at the top, glancing upward. His eyes were closed now, his head tilting back, no longer watching her little show, just feeling her smoldering strokes. Like a shark, she could actually sense the electricity of desire flowing through him, watch the sparks scatter as her bright white teeth gave him another nip.

She had gone too quickly again; she had wanted to make it last at least another stroke, but he was too far gone now for that to happen. On to the fireworks then... She gripped him harder with her small hands, hard enough for him to feel fingertips digging into his buttock and thumbs kneading his flexors. She orchestrated the sensual massage of his erogenous zones as she dragged her teeth along top and bottom, tongue leaving a second moist, hot trail to join the ecstasy of sensation that she knew her teeth were providing.

“Gaaahhhhhh....!”

There was that moan she was listening for, the aching moan of pure, unadulterated need. She could feel his hips begin to buck in involuntary spasms as she reached his hilt again. She rolled her tongue from bottom to top in time with his rising orgasm. She tasted his heat as it entered her mouth. She relished the taste, the happy ending for this chapter in her story. She used her tongue to milk him, feeling wave after wave of clenching, sucking, aching pleasure roll through him. Coaxing the last of his gift, his ambrosial fluids from his tip with teeth and tongue, she released him. A thread of saliva reaching from manhood to mouth until it finally fell away.

She uncoiled her long limbs, her head rising up his body, dragging her full breasts against quads and cock and abs as she stood. She trailed kisses upward as well, her full lips scented with the salty heat of his recent climax. As she reached her full height, she tilted her lips upward and found his mouth, devouring it in passion.

In her own rising desire, her feet left the ground, taking him with her, their bodies intertwined in a slow aerial twirl. Her hands roamed his strong back as she ran her foot along the outside of his lower leg. She could feel moisture below, as she thought about what she was doing to him. With spellbinding beauty and sensual skill, she wanted to leave him breathless and burning for her. She knew that she had and that she would again.

As she moved her lips to the sensitive flesh of his neck, her nubile body slid against his in tantalizing, torturous temptation. She undulated her hips to bring him back to life and gave his neck a light bite, feeling him squirm. She readied herself for round two of her enthralling, voluptuous *thank you*, her curvaceous body trapping Chad against a wall a foot above the floor. They rolled over each other, bodies writhing in unison, climbing the wall, Amanda's toe catching and tearing his Dr. Who poster as they twisted around each other.



As they reached the ceiling, Amanda's silky calves slithering around the back of his legs as Chad finally entered her. Amanda shivered with exquisite pain as she experienced a man inside her for the first time. As he bore deeper within her, she moaned with her velvet voice.

"This is my first time, you know," she breathed, teeth clenched as she felt him grind against her canal as he strove to fill her. "I've only ever been with you."

The words came out haltingly as she gasped between the words, sensations she had never before felt convulsing her inner muscles. Craving even more of this mysterious pleasure, a pulse of wild energy slipped the leash of her control. Suddenly the virile cock responsible for her unexpected delight impaled her deepest reaches, growing half again larger in both length and girth. "Ooooh, that's better," she gasped breathily. "Now HARDER!"

Chad shuddered as he heard the words that somehow, impossibly, made his enormous new tool even harder. Pride and elation filled him. This glorious angel, a literal Supergirl, who could have ANYONE, had chosen him to be her first, the only man to ever make love to this virgin goddess.

Amanda's lips, hands, fingers, teeth... every part of her seemed to envelop him in bliss. Bodies twisting, clenching, arching at the top of the room sent chunks of plaster and drywall careening to the floor while Amanda coaxed unimaginable pleasure out of him with her writhing, divine body.

As he finally pushed his epic length completely into her, he felt her trembling response, her quiver gaining intensity as he crashed into her depths, thundering into her as they both erupted. Fireworks filled her vision as she felt herself filled to bursting for the first time, primal urges bucking her hips into his, punctuating his thrusts with rapturous bursts of unbearable pleasure. Amanda lost her grasp on the mask concealing her full goddesshood as she screamed her fulfillment, growing two inches taller than him as her delicious body radiated preposterous levels of sensual power, surrounding Chad with pure, unadulterated femininity.

As they came down from this first shared climax, Amanda guided Chad's hands down the erotic voluptuousness of her undulating, satin hips, introducing him to pleasure never before felt by a human body, using her powers to prevent him from losing consciousness as his heartbeat fluttered with the room-rattling crescendos of sexual need and release. She continued to pile ecstasy upon surging ecstasy through the long

night, doing things to him no other woman ever could, devastating him—and herself—with her impossibly perfect body. She finally brought this ultimate sexual odyssey to an end. The dawn—and her unequivocal destruction of Chad's consciousness as she wrung a seventeenth ejaculation from his limp, exhausted body—brought the night to a fitting close.

*'What a way to lose my virginity,'* she thought with a contented sigh as she tucked him into his bed to recover. Inspired sexual artistry for next time fluttered into her thoughts as she bit her lower lip. Glassy-eyed, she gazed at him with simmering affection. Then she struck a classic pose, raising her fist and lifting the opposite knee. She flew out the empty window into the sunrise, her ultrafeminine form so radiantly beautiful that it outclassed even the sun's golden light.

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