



HUMAN
CLAY

HIKER ANGEL

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by Hiker Angel

Audio

A professionally acted narration of this story by the staggeringly talented Kylie Rutzen is now available for purchase on Gumroad.

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The face that looked back at Jenny Clay in the mirror wasn't the face she wanted to see. Its problem? It was hers. That face was full of her insecurities; it was full of her timidity; it was full of her plainness; it was full of her doubts. She wasn't smart enough; she wasn't successful enough; she wasn't desirable enough; she wasn't... enough.

Jenny tore her gaze away from the mirror to get ready for work. Whether she enjoyed her life or not, she had to go to work. It put a roof over her head and food on the table, and that was not to be taken for granted.

It wasn't that she was ungrateful for her life. Her life was fine by most standards. She was not particularly successful, but she was able to make ends meet in one of the world's best places to live. She had no romantic life, but she had friends.

It's just that there was a part of her that wanted... more. She always tried to ignore that part. All it did was send her on a trip down melancholy lane.

When Jenny arrived at work, Anthony awaited at her desk. As she approached, she began to feel intimidated, as she always did around the man. Part of it was his height, well over six feet. She barely came up his chest! Another part of it was his intelligence. The man was brilliant, having built his company to two hundred employees from nothing over the past ten years. But the largest part of it was simply his *presence*. He didn't intend to do it, but the overwhelming charisma he radiated always made Jenny feel small and insignificant.

"Good morning, Anthony! What can I help you with?"

"Morning, Jenny! I've got a small prospective client that I'd like you to go see first thing. They're on a tight timeline, and they need pro forma financials for the bank in the next couple of days. Our producers don't have time to squeeze them in today, but since you're between projects, I was hoping you'd be willing to—"

"Of course!" Jenny cut him off, then paused, a blush beginning to color her cheeks. Why hadn't she at least let the man finish his sentence? If she kept acting like an over-eager intern, everyone at the company would keep thinking of her as a barely-out-of-school kid rather than the smart, competent business professional as she wanted them to view her.

"Wow! I guess I chose the right woman for the job!" Anthony said, grinning, amused at Jenny's unexpected enthusiasm. He handed her a slip of paper. "Here's the address. Thanks for doing this for me, Jenny!"

Jenny nodded, still embarrassed by her own outburst. She hadn't meant to be so overly enthusiastic, but this was the first time Anthony had given her an assignment directly. Not only

that, but she had a chance to onboard a whole new client. Small or not, this was a real opportunity to show what she could do to Anthony directly. It was exciting... and a little terrifying!

Jenny mapped the address on her phone and headed out.

The place was in a strange part of town that she'd never even known of, let alone visited before. She found a place to park her barely functional Honda Civic, then began on foot in the direction that her phone guided her. She entered a narrow alley, per the directions on the map. Jenny felt a bit claustrophobic between the rising walls of the old brick buildings. She walked to the end of the alley, then made a right. At the end of the next corridor, she made a left. Then another right.

This was like walking through a maze! Her hands began to tremble as nervousness washed over her, reflecting her growing discomfort at the oddity of it. Three more turns had her so deep into the strangely narrow brick corridors that she wasn't sure whether she could find the way back out!

Her heart began to beat faster as her fear continued to rise. Was there really a business back in here? What was this address had Anthony really given her? Some sort of prank? That wasn't really Anthony's style. Maybe he had just made a mistake?

As she pondered turning back, Jenny noticed something glowing red at the end of this length of alleyway.

What was that?

She walked toward it. When she finally reached it, she looked down. Red light filled her vision, seeming to engulf her.

Suddenly, she was sitting in a conference room, a suited man sitting across from her. Jenny, in a daze, blinked several times. The strange man reached out and touched her shoulder.

"Miss Clay, are you alright? You seemed to zone out there for a minute," he asked, eyebrows bunched in concern.

"What? Where am... what's going on?" Jenny asked, eyes darting around the room. How had she gotten here? The last thing she remembered was that red light in the alley!

"We were just discussing what the bank is looking for on their debt service ratios," the man said, brows furrowing in concern at Jenny's sudden disorientation. "Why don't you take a moment? You seem a bit... out of sorts. I could use a second to check in with my team, anyway."

Jenny rose unsteadily to her feet and walked to the bathroom. She looked at herself in the mirror. Same old Jenny. Straightening the jacket on her pantsuit, she redid the top button of her blouse. What was happening? She had heard of people experiencing lost time, but it had never happened to her. And right in the middle of her workday? It was more than a little disconcerting!

She didn't remember arriving at the client site. She had no memory of the start of their meeting. Uncertain how she would get through this, she stared into her eyes in the mirror, taking a deep breath. She knew her job, she thought, exhaling. She would be able to get through this once she reviewed the spreadsheets the man had provided.

The man. She didn't even know her client's name! He had a security badge, though. She simply needed to read his name from it. She could get through this. Would get through this. She still had the opportunity to impress Anthony, as long as she didn't "lose time" again! Resolving herself to make a doctor's appointment when this meeting was over, Jenny splashed cold water on her face, then walked back out to the conference room.

With a few minutes to review the numbers before Mr. Person-whose-name-she-really-needed-to-figure-out-very-quickly-upon-his-return came back, Jenny planned to take advantage. By the time he sat down again, she felt she had at least a basic grasp of what was needed. Thank God!

His company badge was dangling from the lanyard around his neck, but as she attempted to read it, the stupid thing shifted behind the laptop in front of him. Leaning to the side, she attempted to get a look at it, but it remained just out of view. She really needed to find out his name!

Thinking quickly, Jenny dropped her pen to the floor next to the conference room table, rose from her chair, then bent down to get it. As she rose, pen in hand, she glanced up and read his name tag.

Jim Smith.

Sheesh! She could have taken a guess and managed to get that one right. Talk about a generic name! As she raised her eyes from his badge to his face, she noticed his eyes focused on her body. That was new. Most men never gave her small, unspectacular form a second glance.

It wasn't that she was ugly. She was just... plain. Light brown hair, a nondescript face, brown eyes, and a curveless, slender 5'0" body combined to make her absolutely average. Well, maybe below average on the height. She sometimes joked with friends that she should have been a secret agent because she was completely invisible in a crowd.

She watched male eyes follow her prettier friends all the time. But not her. Never her.

So it was noticeable that Jim's eyes were on her body. What was he so interested in? Had she spilled coffee on her blouse or something? Probably. That would be par for the course today. Of course, with her missing memory, a coffee spill seemed trivial in comparison. At this point, as long as she made it through this client visit and made it home, she would be satisfied.

Jenny rose, smoothed out her skirt, and sat down in her chair, crossing her bare legs before beginning, once again, to walk through the rest of the information she needed to develop her projections for Jim.

Wait! Bare calves?! She was wearing a pantsuit, wasn't she?

She glanced down and saw a knee-length pencil skirt that left an inch or two of high uncovered over her knee. Not only that, but her calf was far less sticklike than normal. It had a bit of smooth, well-toned muscle, as it had in school when she had run cross country. Unfortunately, when she had gone off to college, she had given it up and lost the little muscle tone she had previously developed.

Was she simply misremembering what she had worn today? She was beginning to worry that there might be more to this brain situation than just losing the memory of arriving at her client's office today.

"Excuse me," she said, her voice shaking slightly, then hurried back to the restroom again.

She looked in the mirror again. The reflection that looked back was her was slightly different this time. It was difficult to make out exactly what had changed, but her face looked just slightly better. Was it her eyes? They were brighter than normal, weren't they? Her mouth? Were her lips darker pink? She couldn't quite tell, but they might be. The most noticeable change was her suit, with its relatively conservative skirt rather than pants.

She might have chalked it up to simply a memory glitch, except that she didn't even own a skirt suit. She always went with pant suits... didn't she? It wasn't as if she had legs worth showing off, anyway. Now, of course, her legs were looking a little better now for some reason. Not much, but a little. Maybe they *were* worth showing off.

Jenny shook her head in confusion. She definitely needed to make that doctor appointment. Something was up, and she needed to know what.

She wrapped up with the client, successfully gaining his signature on her company's engagement letter by the end of the appointment. Anthony would be pleased with that, at least.

Upon her return to the office, she walked through the aisle of cubicles, striding up to Anthony's office with more confidence than she felt, considering her strange memory loss. She knocked on his door, and he opened it for her, raising an eyebrow challengingly.

“Great news, Anthony! I got the work! It will take me a couple of days to work up the information that he needs for the bank, but I should be able to have it done by Friday when he needs it.” Jenny found herself smiling as she announced the news.

“Great work, Jenny!” he replied, his eyes falling to her chest.

Jenny pulled out the engagement letter and handed it to him, her smile now beatific. She had done it! She had nailed her first solo client appointment! She had even managed to conquer the whole missing time situation, her new client none the wiser.

Excited as well as pleased with herself—and Anthony’s reaction—she went back to her cubicle to work on the balance sheet projections, Anthony’s eyes following her as she went.

It was taking Jenny longer than normal to work up the P&L framework for the client’s new venture, but she was progressing. Frustrated at her own pace, she leaned back in her chair, rubbing the back of her neck with one hand. She began to notice two strangely large swells under her blouse when she saw Anthony making his way over to her. She rose from her desk to greet him, nervously launching into an explanation of the nature of the new client’s needs. As she was explaining, she noticed that she didn’t have to look up as much as she normally did to meet his gaze.

Was he hunched over? No. Was she wearing heels? She looked down. No. But that could only mean...

Was she *taller*? Either she was taller or he was shorter!

She looked down at her computer screen. It did seem further away than normal. She was growing taller.

She glanced back up to Anthony’s face, catching his eyes quickly darting from her chest to her eyes. Had he been checking her out? The second guy today? She couldn’t even remember the last time a guy had ogled her body, and today it had happened not just once, but twice!

She finished her explanation to Anthony and noticed his eyes flicking below her neck again. What the hell? She knew that he had a bit of a reputation as a lady’s man, as his recent divorce from a third trophy wife could attest, but she had never experienced anything like this with him before.

She suddenly felt very uncomfortable. Excusing herself with a curt apology, she rushed to the restroom. She was doing that often today!

After using the facilities, approached the mirror, surveying her appearance once again. She started with the body part that she knew had changed before—her legs. Her skirt was shorter by a couple of inches, rising several inches now above the knee. Her mind jumped back to the moment she realized she was taller. Eyeing the hem of the material, she realized that it wasn't that her skirt was shorter, it was that her legs were longer! Her increased height must be coming from her legs! She twisted her hips to examine them. As she did, however, she noticed that her skirt was awfully tight. Were her hips wider too?

She shifted her gaze back to her legs. They were definitely more toned, her calves taking on a nicer, more feminine shape, aided by her two-inch heels.

HEELS?! She hadn't been wearing heels this morning. She always wore low-heeled pumps to work!

What else had changed? Her gaze rose the length of her body. She thought her waist looked a bit trimmer. She also noticed a bit of cleavage that her tiny breasts had never as her modestly cut blouse hugged her apple-sized breasts.

Hadn't she been wearing a neck-high blouse this morning? Yes! She remembered buttoning the top button at the client's site this morning! Her clothes had changed again! They weren't exactly revealing, but they were certainly more so than they had been this morning!

Her eyes widened as they found a face that could probably be considered cute. Her cheekbones were slightly more prominent, her lips slightly fuller.

The changes weren't massive, but there was no longer any doubt. She was transforming, becoming better looking by the hour. If this kept up, she was going to need new clothes by the end of the day! She didn't entirely mind the nature of the changes, but they were still concerning. This kind of thing just didn't happen!

She had already made her doctor's appointment for Friday morning. Maybe that would give her some answers. In the meantime, she would get back to work. She was behind schedule anyway, since her mind didn't seem to be functioning as well as normal today—probably some residual effect of her missing memory, she supposed.

Anthony visited her a half dozen more times throughout the day, but Jenny remained glued to her desk, doing her best to concentrate. Today, concentration wasn't coming easily to her, however. She was struggling with these financials far more than she should. What was wrong with her?! And on top of that, with each of his visits, she noticed Anthony's gaze becoming progressively more lecherous.

As the rest of the staff began to leave, Jenny remained, trying to make sense of numbers and forecasts that had seemed so easy to understand earlier in the day.

Anthony stopped by her desk and gave her a cocky wink.

“Don’t work too hard now, Jenny. All work and no play makes Jenny a dull girl...”

He walked out, giving her his best used-car-salesman smile as he walked by. Yes, Anthony was definitely becoming flirtier with her. Sighing, she filed the information about her boss’ behavior away then returned to her work, determined to finish by the end of the day.

An hour later, Jenny threw down her pen in frustration. She wasn’t making any progress with these stupid projections! Tensing her jaw, she decided to simply go home and get back to it tomorrow with a fresh mind.

When she arrived at home, slipping out of her stylish suit, she caught her reflection in the bedroom mirror and gasped in shock.

Her hair was much lighter, more of a dark blonde than a light brown now. That, however, was the least of its changes. It was shiny and thick, at least six inches longer, descending in lush waves to her upper back. Her eyes seemed wider, more almond-shaped. Whereas they had been a dull brown before, they were more of a dark blue now, the color making their appearance more striking than she was accustomed to. Her nose looked smaller, her cheekbones higher and sculpted with greater prominence than before. Her lips were substantially fuller. Touching them with a slender finger, she ran it along their plump surface, noting their softness as she continued to be transfixed by her reflected image.

Wow! She had been cute the last time she had looked into the mirror at work. Now, she was downright pretty, bordering on *beautiful!*

Jenny had never bothered to wear a bra before when wearing a suit, her tiny bee stings easily hidden under the jacket. She was going to have to change that now, she thought, as she stared at the full spherical swells in front of her. They had to be in the neighborhood of B-cups.

Her stomach had always been reasonably slim but now seemed firmer than usual. Her core muscles were not really visible, but as she ran her hand under her ribcage, she could feel them tightening beneath her skin.

She had noticed her expanded hips earlier, but they seemed even more dynamic now, especially in comparison with her firmer, tighter waist. She twisted to the side to see a nicely formed butt rounding outward from her lower back. She couldn’t suppress a giggle as her eyes

traced slim, smooth legs, which looked as if they had gained another couple of inches over the course of the day.

As a complete package, it was pretty impressive—especially for Jenny, who was used to seeing an average-at-best body in the mirror every day. This was *amazing*! She looked much more fit and far prettier. The sight of herself like this made her feel far sexier than she had ever felt in her life.

She actually considered going out to the bar that night. She might actually be able to pick up guys with this new body of hers! But she eventually decided against it. Instead, she opted for her favorite romantic comedy—the one with the strong-jawed actor that always made her drool. As she fell asleep that night, she dreamt of seducing the actor from the movie. In her sexy dream, the handsome man was unable to take his eyes off her lush, irresistible curves.

When she awoke the next morning, Jenny stared at her naked body after her shower, again marveling at its shape. She did, however, feel a nagging bit of disappointment at the fact that she hadn't changed at all overnight. Maybe the changes were finished? If they were, she could hardly complain! She was better looking now than she'd ever dreamed possible the previous morning.

With her fitter, taller body, she decided to put her gym membership—the one she hadn't used in over a year—to use. Sporting a body that was worth the effort, she wanted to keep it in shape. She packed her shorts and a t-shirt into a duffle bag and resolved to go to the gym after work that day.

The moment that she arrived at work, Anthony glided over to her desk, staring lecherously at the bulges in her tight, turtleneck sweater. Jenny had worn a pair of too-short slacks, mostly because she only owned two dresses and one skirt—the one that her pants had transformed into yesterday. Besides, it was cold outside. And this was more along the lines of her normal clothing choices. As desirable as she was feeling this morning, she was still a professional, and she would dress like one.

Jenny smiled at him, and he smiled back. This time, she noticed that her gaze was nearly level with his chin as she stood tall before him.

"Everything still going well with the Smith pro forma?" he asked with a smirk.

"Yes, Anthony. I was a little tired yesterday, but I'm feeling energized today, and I'm hoping to get the rest of it wrapped up before I leave."

"Great! Let me know if you need anything..."

Jenny sat down at her computer and began to arrange the information into organized pivot tables, when she began to notice furtive glances by the men in the cubicles around her.

Wow! It was amazing the attention that blonder hair, bluer eyes, and a couple of inches in the right places could garner!

That afternoon, Jenny scowled, digging her fingers into her hair as she realized that she had done her projections completely wrong. The numbers seemed to swirl in front of her, confusing her more and more as the day progressed. This had all seemed so easy at the client site yesterday. Why was she struggling so much with this assignment?!

She decided to take a break and come back to it in a few minutes with fresh eyes. As she rose from her desk and turned, she nearly ran into Anthony. Her eyes were level with his lower lip now. She swallowed hard as she realized what that meant. She was growing taller! It was happening again! She felt the sudden urge to check herself in the bathroom mirror. Judging by the hungry look in Anthony's eyes, her increased height likely didn't encompass the full extent of her changes.

"Sorry, I didn't see you there, Anthony! I don't normally fail to catch a guy as good looking as you coming this close to me, but I guess I did this time..." What was *that*? If she didn't know better, she would have thought she was flirting... with her *boss*!

He seemed as taken aback by the forward comment as she was.

"Yes, um, well... I was just checking in. That's all..." he said, stumbling over his words.

Had she seriously just caused a guy to become *flustered*? Plain little Jenny had flustered big, powerful Anthony? She suppressed a giggle of delight, biting her fleshy lower lip with a coquettish smile.

"Okay. I'll give you an update in a bit. But now I've got to go use the little girl's room." Jenny winked at him.

As soon as she finished the statement, she questioned herself. *Little girl's room*? What was she? Five years old? And she had winked. Flirtatiously. At Anthony. What on earth was happening to her?!

She hurried to the bathroom, shoving the swinging door in a rush before sliding to a stop before the mirror.

Oh, God!

Somehow she had gone from pretty, gliding right past beautiful on her way to gorgeous. Her hair was a perfect golden blonde now. She pulled a strand of it in front of her eyes. It was as thick as a string and practically radiated healthy vibrance. She shook her hair out, and its voluminous waves rippled in glimmering waves to mid-back. As she did so, her stunned lips curled into a sly smile. The image in the mirror looked like something out of a shampoo commercial!

Her complexion looked flawless, all of the typical blemishes and moles having vanished, leaving only tanned, glowing skin in its place. Her eyes looked larger, a lighter, more brilliant shade of blue. Her lips had filled out even more. Testing to see what she had looked like to Anthony, she gave her reflection a languid wink, then bit her lip playfully with vividly white teeth. Good Lord, she was sexy!

The effect was inviting, flirty, even sultry. She had never had a face that could mesmerize, a look that could smolder.

Now she did.

Her thin, silk blouse was cut daringly low, showing off large, voluptuous breasts. So much for the turtleneck she'd been wearing earlier?! She eyed the luscious flesh critically. She must be beyond a C-cup now. Pressing a hand to her stomach to feel its firm ridges, she pulled her top taut to see just how proudly the dramatic swells of her breasts protruded. Her slim arms looked toned to perfection as she lowered her hands to hips under her tight skirt.

Her hips flared outward into provocative curves, pulling her tight skirt to mid-thigh. From there, her legs tapered inward, down seemingly endless, eye-catching contours.

The rest of her body was every bit as gorgeous as her face!

This was unbelievable! How was it happening? Did this have something to do with that red light in the maze-like corridors yesterday? If it did, then why was she only improving during the day, and not at night?

She pondered, her thoughts coming slowly as if moving through water rather than air. But something nagged at her. Anthony had been at her desk a lot lately. And he had been the one that sent her to that weird alley where she had seen that light and lost time, hadn't he? Was Anthony's recent interest in her merely a coincidence or did he have something to do with her changes? She had to find out!

Jenny walked back to her cubicle, glancing around the office as she went. With her long legs and supple hips, her walk became more of a saunter, drawing every male eye in the room. After

seeing her new self in the mirror, she supposed she shouldn't be surprised. She was captivatingly beautiful, after all.

She sat down at her computer, ready to fix her mistakes and finish these pro formas. But the spreadsheet was a complete blur. She blinked a few times and refocused, but the intimidating mass of financial data looked no less daunting. She tried to type in a few formulas, but it only seemed to make things worse. Errors began to pop up throughout her spreadsheet. Had she made another mistake? Why couldn't she see it? She rubbed her eyes with perfectly manicured fingers. Perfectly manicured? She never bothered with things like...

...then she realized that her nails must be changing along with her clothes and her body! Weird.

After another hour of staring at the screen and trying to make sense of things, she finally gave up. It was no use; it was like her intelligence was draining away even as her body improved.

Wait! WHAT?!!! Her intelligence was being drained away as her body improved. That was it!

Holy shit! She was becoming stupid and gorgeous, like some sort of bimbo! Was it worth trading intelligence for beauty? As much as she loved her new looks, that answer had to be no. Losing her intelligence was losing a part of her true self. No amount of beauty could make up for that.

It was almost like she was becoming one of Anthony's dumb-as-a-brick trophy wives.

She considered, her thoughts grinding along sluggishly. *Almost?* What if that were exactly what was going on here?! Jenny had met the man's most recent ex at last year's Christmas party, and the woman had been as jaw-droppingly gorgeous as she was mind-numbingly dumb. Was he making her like that too? Had they started out as she had, before Anthony changed them somehow? She needed to know. She needed to get him alone, get him to talk, to tell her what was going on. Maybe she could still put a stop to whatever was doing this to her?

She checked email for the next two hours to close out her workday, struggling for the final half hour just to remember how to attach a document to an email! She needed to get to the bottom of this quickly, or there wouldn't be much of a mind left to save... if she could even manage enough mental capacity to save herself at this point!

As her coworkers packed up and left, Anthony stopped by her desk again.

"So did you get those projections wrapped up?"

"Not quite. I was having some trouble with them," she confessed. "But I'll get them wrapped up tomorrow. I was wondering, though, if you had any plans for the evening. I was just thinking how you owe me for bringing in that new client. Buy me a drink?"

Jenny realized why she was being so flirty with Anthony. She was attracted to him. Like, *really* attracted to him. She sighed, gazing at him dreamily.

“Absolutely! I would like nothing more,” he said with a wolfish grin.

As he left, she shook her head of the unwanted feelings. What was *wrong* with her?!

As they arrived at the restaurant, Jenny realized that she was wearing a curve-hugging black cocktail dress. As she sat down on the barstool, the revealing outfit rose scandalously high on her shapely thighs. The “old” her would have pulled down at the hem, but the new her didn’t seem to care. She shrugged away the fleeting, wispy thoughts, choosing instead to drift her long, slender fingers along Anthony’s delicious arm.

Anthony placed a warm hand on her bare knee as he gazed intently into her luminous eyes. His touch was electric, and Jenny felt a surge of arousal ripple through her, leaving her radiant flesh in goosebumps. Why was she concerned about him again? This man was a total hottie.

Hottie? *Hottie*? Her *boss*?! Lord! Her brain was, like, really going bye-bye.

“What would you like to drink?” he asked.

“Um, I don’t know. Why don’t you order for me?” she said with a giggle.

He ordered something or other. Jenny couldn’t be bothered with the details of exactly what it was, but she gulped it down immediately regardless.

“Easy there, Jenny!” he said. “We’ve got business to discuss...”

Jenny stared at him dreamily with a half-lidded gaze, fluttering her long, thick eyelashes. Wait! This wasn’t supposed to be how this went! She was supposed to be outsmarting him or something. There was something she was supposed to be figuring out. He was dangerous somehow! Her perfectly sculpted brows furrowed as she attempted to concentrate, but it was no use. Even when thoughts seemed to come, they fluttered away like butterflies.

If she couldn’t trick him into revealing anything, then she needed to get out of here. Fast! She did remember that he was making her stupider somehow. She tried to think of an excuse. A few ideas seemed within her grasp, but they quickly slipped away. Finally, she thought of something, managing to hang onto it long enough to say the words out loud.

“Sorry, Anthony. I remembered something. I need to walk my dog!” With that, she slipped off the stool and ran out of the bar.

As she left, she heard him mumble. "Strange. None of the others resisted this long. I'll give her a break for the night, but tomorrow..."

The words seemed important. But for the life of her, she didn't know why.

It took her nearly two hours to return home, as she became lost several times on the drive. When she finally arrived at her place, she was exhausted. She slipped out of her slinky dress and walked toward the bathroom to shower before bed, but her movement came to a halt when she caught a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror.

"I'm like really, really, *really* pretty now," Jenny said aloud. It was an understatement, of course, but her Anthony-addled mind could come up with no more appropriate words.

In truth, she was absolutely breathtaking, a vision of exquisite beauty. If she wasn't the most beautiful woman in the world, she had to be close.

Her hair was so luxuriant, its silken tresses rolling over her shoulder in platinum waves, that it seemed to glow with iridescent glimmers in the moonlight. Her face was hypnotic, huge, luminescent azure eyes sparkling in mesmerizing delight. Her cheekbones, lofty and regal, seemed to cement her status as royalty, by beauty if not by blood. Her lips were so lush, their color so seductive, that even *she* wished she could lean forward to kiss them.

Her breasts leapt forward from her slender body in proud swells, a size or two larger than they had been even this afternoon. She would need to shop for something custom the next time she looked for lingerie. Her stomach was perfect, sleek and feminine and at the same time athletic, her abs etched into barely visible plates. A defined groove ran from the underside of her bra to the upper line of her skimpy panties down its center. Her hips flared voluptuously, their sensual curves only surpassed by the magnificent curvature of her gorgeous ass, revealed in glorious profile to Jenny's astonished eyes.

Her legs were smooth, sinuous masterpieces of luscious feminine muscle, long enough, now, to make a supermodel green with envy. Jenny giggled and put a delicate finger to those supremely kissable ruby lips. Maybe this level of beauty was worth losing her mind for, after all.

Hardly concerned about trivial things like a few dozen points of IQ, she bounced lightly on the balls of her feet to the bathroom and showered, finding herself re-energized by the self-exhibition of her body. She pleased herself that night to thoughts of Anthony, the only thing that she could picture clearly in her mind's eye.

Jenny awoke the next morning to a ding from her phone. It was a reminder. Fumbling with the device, she couldn't figure out how to unlock it. Its facial recognition no longer worked after her

changes, and she couldn't recall the passcode. Thankfully, the reminder displayed even on the lock screen. It was a doctor's appointment. The one she had scheduled yesterday!

She pulled a t-shirt on, with some difficulty, over the prodigious bulges of her breasts, their dynamic profile pulling at the bottom hem of the shirt to leave a tantalizing sliver of svelte midriff visible underneath. With nothing else to fit the length of her interminable legs or the lushly rounded swells of her ultra-firm hips and butt, she pulled on some stretchy yoga pants. They were distended to near-transparency by her awe-inspiring form, but she managed to tug them high enough on her tiny waist to meet decency's demands.

She couldn't remember the way to the doctor's office, and the maps app remained locked within her phone. Thankfully, however, when she accidentally pressed the reminder, it automatically brought up the map. The pictures and arrows confused her, but when the little voice that came on told her where to go, she managed to get there with only a few dozen wrong turns.

When she arrived at the front desk, she found herself unable to complete the forms, but when she handed her wallet and the form to the receptionist, the woman filled everything in for her with a roll of her eyes and an exasperated sigh. She returned the paperwork for a signature, giving Jenny a meaningful look of half jealousy, half contempt as she did so. Jenny signed the form, pleased that she had remembered how to spell her name, and waited until she was led into an examination room.

A male doctor entered a moment later, his eyes widening in a shock before his lips parted in hunger as he reacted to the enthralling beauty before him. He lost himself in the mesmerizing depths of her ocean blue irises for a moment before startling out of his trance at Jenny's simple greeting.

"Hello, doctor," Jenny said. "How are you?"

"Um, great! Yeah... Hi, I'm Matthew. Er, Dr. Carver. And you?" he replied, obviously flustered.

"I am Jenny. I am good," she said, smiling with satisfaction at her eloquence.

As he touched her wrist to take her pulse, Jenny heard a thought that seemed to be coming from *him* in *her* mind. Funny, she didn't remember that happening with Anthony. Of course, he hadn't touched her for more than a split second.

She would be the perfect goddess, super-intelligent, super-powerful, super-seductive...

As he released her wrist, his thoughts abruptly vanished from her mind.

That was funny. Why would he think all of those things about her? She shrugged it off. It was difficult to be too concerned about anything these days. Worrying thoughts would float away into a distant haze, just as all of the others did.

He asked her a variety of questions, and she answered to the best of her ability. Her mind seemed to be clearing up a bit. She could even think a complete thought from start to finish without having it drift away from her, as they had last night and earlier this morning.

“So tell me about this red light again?” the doctor asked, unsure whether to believe her story.

“It was red, and it was bright. I think it made me pretty because my boss wanted me to be pretty,” she said. Wow! So many words! And she hadn’t even made a mistake while speaking them all!

“So you saw a light? And you think that a light made you pretty because your boss wanted you to be pretty?” Matthew said suspiciously. He looked around, as if wondering whether someone was going to appear around the corner to inform him that this was some sort of prank.

Jenny frowned. Geez. Was this guy going to just keep repeating what she said? Maybe he was dumber than she was!

“Yes. He made me pretty and dumb because he wanted me to be that way,” Jenny said. “He likes bimbos.”

Good lord, thought Matthew. *Could her statement be true? Had this man somehow changed her into the gorgeous but dull-witted woman he saw before him?* He would have chalked it up to some sort of hallucination or delusion—and he still suspected maybe it was—except for her phenomenal beauty. He had never seen a woman so perfectly formed. Her flawless skin, her dramatically sexy curves. She was almost unnaturally perfect, so close to his own ideal for beauty, his own perfect woman.

That was where the similarity in ideals ended, however. Whereas her boss apparently wanted her to be exceptionally dimwitted, his ideal woman would be as intelligent and powerful as she was sexy. God, if this girl could only be like that...

Jenny cocked her head to the side as she watched the doctor, Matthew, consider something.

“Is everything alright?” she asked, eyes wide in innocent concern.

“What?! Oh yes, fine,” Matthew mumbled in reply.

He was cute, Jenny decided. She liked him. She could think better around him. Was she connected to the doctor now? To his desires? She had been growing less and less intelligent

the last couple of days, as her beauty had burgeoned. Now, however, in the half hour she had spent with Matthew, she was feeling more like her normal self. Well, normal, except far more gorgeous. She still felt aroused, as she had been perpetually since her evening with Anthony at the bar.

Matthew touched her hand lightly, giving her a sincere look. Jenny felt her nipples harden, a hint of moisture beginning to slick her inner thighs. Why was she so easily aroused these days? Matthew was good-looking. And he had to be smart; he was a doctor! And he seemed decent. And kind...

"I'm going to order some tests. In a few minutes, the nurse will be by to draw a blood sample, and I'm going to have you come back tomorrow for a couple other exams."

Jenny could tell Matthew was speaking, but what she heard were his thoughts again. Unless, maybe that weren't his thoughts, but his *desires*?

If she could only continue to improve today, tonight. I would love to see her back here tomorrow as intelligent and powerful as she is beautiful...

He removed his hand again and the desires again disappeared from Jenny's mind.

Jenny was lost in thought as the nurse entered and took a blood sample. She wouldn't mind Matthew's desire coming true. To be as smart and strong as she was attractive? She would be absolutely *AMAZING*! Like some sort of superwoman.

When the nurse finished, Jenny left the building and considered what to do next. If she went back to work, she might reconnect with Anthony. The thought sent a shiver of fear down her spine. She did NOT want to lose the modicum of intelligence that she had regained in her time with the doctor. She needed to avoid Anthony at all costs!

She looked at the passenger side of her car and saw her gym bag still sitting there from yesterday. Maybe she could go to the gym instead? She wouldn't mind testing out this new body of hers. It would be better than sitting around at the house all hot and bothered.

As she walked up to the reception desk at the gym, she realized that she had forgotten her ID, not that it would likely serve as identification any longer. There was little resemblance between her appearance now and that of a few days ago. She almost turned around to go back home, but then thought back to Matthew's thoughts. Something about "super-seductive" had been in there. Of course, so had "goddess." She giggled at the thought. What was *that* all about? Secretly, she was pleased at the idea, however.

Grinning, she decided to try her hand at the seduction thing. It wouldn't be difficult to think seductive thoughts around the man at the front desk of her gym, she decided as she parked the

car. Striding confidently inside the establishment, eyeing the tasty biceps of the muscled gym rat sitting at the front desk, she read his nametag. Shortly thereafter, she turned her spellbinding eyes to his.

“Hello there... Mitch!” she leaned over his desk to read his name tag, watching his eyes drop to her cavernous cleavage. “I have a little confession to make...”

She leaned in even further and whispered into his ear. “...I forgot my gym card.”

He didn’t seem to notice her words, but he sure noticed her spectacular breasts!

“Uh, yeah...” he said absently.

Jenny wasn’t quite sure what he meant by that response, but the dribble of drool that was about to escape his lips made her fairly certain that she could do whatever she wanted at this point, and he would be okay with it. She straightened and walked back to the locker room as if nothing were wrong. He didn’t say anything—probably because he was too busy watching her perfect ass swaying its way into the facility.

Jenny barely managed to get her tight workout clothes over her body. Her breasts didn’t seem to be shrinking at all. Matthew must like them this way. She did, however, notice that her arms, legs, back, and stomach had gained more definition. Matthew had wanted her to be more powerful, hadn’t he? Apparently that included strength? It must! These muscles of hers were small and feminine, but she could almost feel the power flowing within their tensed fibers. He must want her to be *really* strong if she were already feeling this way after such a short time. It had only been a little over an hour since he had first touched her!

She wasn’t particularly familiar with the weight machines at the gym, but she wanted to start there today. She wanted to understand just what Matthew had had in mind. She was so lucky to have bumped into him! If it weren’t for him, she would probably be able to think of nothing but sex with Anthony right now... which was almost certainly what he had in mind when he sent her to the odd red light. Now, however, her mind seemed almost completely back to normal. Amazing progress, considering how little time had passed since she met Matthew. At this rate, her mind was going to be absolutely incredible by the time he saw her tomorrow, just as he’d desired!

She sat down at the tricep machine in the corner by the mirrored walls. Setting the weight to about a third of the maximum, she settled into the seat. That was a lot of weight for a girl, right? She watched her triceps rise to prominence as the weights flew to the top of the machine with an unexpected clank.

Okay, so that was too easy. She set the weight all the way to the max for the next try. With the weight maxed out, she could feel some resistance, but still, it was nothing to her. She stopped

after about forty reps. This just wasn't challenging. The last rep had felt even lighter, more effortless than the first! Her strength was growing absurdly quickly, noticeable even during the thirty-or-so seconds of this exercise alone! At this rate, she might be juggling cars by tomorrow!

Matthew must *really* like powerful women. Did she want to stay with him and become that strong? A smile slowly grew over her gorgeous lips. Hell, yeah, she did! This was great! She said another silent prayer of thanks for her good fortune in running into Matthew.

A big bodybuilder-type finished at one of the bench-pressing stations, leaving three 45-lb. plates on each side of the bar. Jenny lay down at the station and pushed the weight upward. It went up without much trouble at all. She set it back down, found two more plates for each side and put them on. She lay down again and pushed the weight upward. She completed twenty reps. The initial repetitions were difficult, forcing her to strain to extend the bar upward. But the exercise became progressively easier, the final rep once again feeling far easier than the first! She placed two *more* plates on each side, nearly filling up the room on each side of the bar. The metal bar groaned as she pushed the weight upward. Similar to before, the first couple were difficult, and she could hardly complete them. By the third rep, it was feeling more comfortable. By the final rep, it felt like nothing at all.

As she sat up on the bench and looked at the stack of weights on her bar, she giggled at the absurdity of what she had just done. Lifting this amount of weight was *staggering*! She rose from the bench and decided that there was no reason to continue lifting weights. Whatever else she did in here was going to be too easy. As she walked away from the machine, she couldn't help but notice the bulging eyes of the guys in the vicinity, who had all stopped their workouts to watch this sexy blonde double their best lifts. She couldn't hide her satisfied smirk.

Eat your hearts out, boys! My unbelievably gorgeous body is so much stronger than yours will ever be. And my body is just getting started... she thought.

Goddess, indeed! She could really get used to this!

Jenny decided to see if her fitness was keeping up with her strength, so she hopped onto an elliptical machine. She maxed out the incline and the resistance, then started. It was a cakewalk. Maybe if she pulled harder with her arms, it would be more challenging? Tugging at it with a significant portion of her strength, she felt a small thump as she accidentally pulled the metal arm off the machine.

She gave a furtive glance around the area. It didn't seem that anyone had noticed her little accident in the mostly empty cardio area, so she quickly set the arm of the machine down, propping it against the rest of the machine. Nervously, she slipped quietly into the locker room, then burst into another giggle.

This was *incredible!* She had just taken apart a steel, professional-grade fitness machine as if it had been made of flimsy plastic. She must be the strongest woman in the world already!

Showering quickly, she changed back into her revealing top and sexy skirt. Wait! Hadn't she been wearing a t-shirt earlier?

Not anymore.

Now the garment that adorned her upper body was a halter top now, putting her deeply carved abs and massive but firm breasts on jaw-dropping display. She looked even better than before! Was that even possible?

Looking in the mirror, she decided that it *must* be possible. There was no question now. She was easily the world's most beautiful woman—and not by a small margin. Apparently, Matthew's taste in women ran similar to Anthony's when it came to looks. They both seemed to want her to be unbelievably, insanely hot. Smiling at her reflection, she certainly didn't have a problem with *that!*

She left the gym, amused as the receptionist's gaze remained glued to her as she slinked from locker room to entrance, then went home. She wouldn't go back to work because she was determined to continue avoiding...

Anthony!

The man was standing right outside her apartment door! He must have come here to wait for her when she didn't show up at work! While Jenny gaped at him in surprise, he closed the distance between them, his hand flashing out to grab her arm.

Feeling a breathtakingly powerful surge of desire for her boss, Jenny realized that with his touch, she had just reconnected with him. Panicking, she fought the growing urge to kiss him and shoved him away instead. He practically flew across the hallway, crashing into the opposing cinderblock wall. He slumped to the ground, head lolling as he lost consciousness.

Oops!

She hadn't meant to shove him that hard! She should have known better after her workout at the gym, but she had been surprised, not thinking. The thought reminded her that thinking itself was going to become much more difficult soon if she didn't connect with someone who didn't want some sort of bimbo as a girlfriend. She turned to leave but didn't actually take a step forward. She turned back toward Anthony, feeling her heart leap with desire as she did.

What if he were really hurt? Or worse! What if he were bleeding internally or something? She didn't want to be with Anthony, but she didn't want to kill the poor guy either! She walked over to

him and hefted him over her shoulder, shivering with arousal as she felt so much of his body rubbing against her. God, how she wanted him! The man must seriously have a thing about being desired. She fought off the feelings long enough to carry him to her car, dumping him in the back seat.

The receptionist at the hospital gazed at her with widening eyes as Jenny walked in, carrying the large man in her arms.

“This man needs some urgent attention,” Jenny said.

“Uh, yes, of course,” the woman nodded urgently, her expression betraying her awe at Jenny’s prodigious strength. But she quickly gathered herself, launching into action with the practiced ease of a medical professional. “Please bring him over to the stretcher to the side here.”

Jenny set Anthony down on the stretcher as two white-clad men ran over and wheeled him away. Once Anthony was rolling toward medical attention, Jenny decided to track down Matthew. She needed him to touch her if she wanted to put a halt to her intelligence loss before it became crippling. She looked him up in the directory, then followed the map to the clinic area.

She found his office, but he wasn’t there. The adjacent door over, however, was ajar. Jenny approached it, wondering whether she could get this other doctor to point her in Matthew’s direction.

Jenny strode confidently into the man’s office, clad in yoga shorts and a bikini top that put her full breasts, sculpted abs, and toned arms on jaw-dropping display. Bikini top? Shorts? Whatever. At this point, she was becoming accustomed to her clothes becoming more revealing throughout the day. That seemed to come along with connecting to Anthony’s desires. At least she had the body for it now! With a bemused smile, she wondered if she would suddenly become naked at some point if she remained connected to him. Now *that* could make for some interesting situations...

The doctor clenched a pen between his teeth as he pored over a patient’s x-ray results. When he looked up, the pen dropped from his opening mouth to clatter to the floor. The most beautiful girl he had ever seen—magazines and movies included—had just waltzed into his office. And in a bikini top and skimpy shorts! The man would have been incredulous if he hadn’t been so busy ogling her.

Jenny plopped down in the seat across from him, bit her luscious lower lip and widened her gorgeous blue eyes, flaring her long lashes innocently.

“Excuse me, sir, but I really need your help. I need to find Dr. Carver, but he’s not in his office next door. Would you happen to know where he is?”

"I, um... what?" the doctor replied, his brain still too busy tracing Jenny's curvaceous profile to properly comprehend her words. "Oh, yeah! He actually just went to grab some lunch, but he usually eats in his office. He should be back any time now."

"Thank you so much," Jenny replied, rising from her seat, giving him a good view of her breathtakingly sexy body. He deserved a little reward for helping her, she thought before scolding herself for thinking like that. This was Anthony's influence. Had to be.

Unfortunately, even as she chided herself for her overly suggestive behavior, she found herself walking around the desk to give the surprised doctor a shiver-inducing hug. Maybe his desires would set her on the right track again. She wasn't sure what his desires were, but they couldn't be any worse than Anthony's, right?

She felt a sudden urge to dress in black leather and buy a whip. *Oh, God!*

Shocked by the thought, she quickly released the hug and gave him a quick, faltering smile. As she walked away, she paused, struck by a sudden question in her whirring mind: how hard she would need to spank him before...

No! Shit!

She definitely needed to find Matthew. NOW! She hustled out of the office as quickly as she could.

As she entered the hallway, she saw Matthew's office door closing. She hurried to it, slipping her foot in the opening before it latched closed. She nudged it back open with her toes.

Matthew whirled, gaping at her in surprise.

"Jenny! W-what are you...?" he stammered, looking her lush figure up and down with wonder in his glowing eyes.

Jenny strode up to him and cut off his question with a passionate kiss, loosening the reins ever-so-slightly on the hormones raging inside her from the combination of three men's sexual fantasies.

Thankfully, with the touch, she felt the desire for whips and chains fade and, now that she recognized the sensation, felt her mind and body begin their improvement once again. She smiled in the middle of her kiss, feeling joy at the prospect of what this man wanted her to become as his secret desires invaded her consciousness. Matthew's lunch clattered to the floor, and Jenny felt his arms wrap around her toned back. His fingers began to roam the bare flesh of her back as their tongues swirled into each other.

In her hyper-aroused state, back in the relative safety of Matthew and his goddess fantasies, Jenny began to lose herself in passion, kissing him harder, more urgently, pressing her amazing breasts into his sculpted chest. She squeezed him into her, enjoying the feel of his body against hers.

She felt his breath whoosh into her mouth and heard a faint pop in his back. Dazzling eyes widening in shock, she relaxed her arms at once!

Oops!

She really needed to remember the whole super-strength thing! She broke their kiss, brows knitting together in worry.

“Oh my God, Matthew, I’m so sorry! Are you alright?”

The brilliant smile that formed on his breathless lips was answer enough, but Matthew felt the need to add. “Wow! That was... that was... *WAY* better than a visit to the chiropractor!”

Jenny smiled back, leaning in to pick up where they had left off, but Matthew stopped her. “Why don’t you hold on there, miss. I mean, it’s not that I don’t appreciate beautiful women walking into my office to kiss me, but...”

His eyes twinkled with humor as he spoke, but shortly thereafter his brows furrowed, his gaze leaving hers to focus on something behind her. Jenny felt a hand on her shoulder. She caught Anthony’s face out of the corner of her eye, and hers widened again in response as she finished turning.

What the hell? How was *he* here?!

Reeling with the now familiar feelings of gooey attraction toward Anthony, Jenny stepped backward.

Anthony’s fist rocketed past her face into Matthew’s. Matthew stumbled backward from the blow, sprawling to his back on the floor. Anthony grabbed Jenny’s arm and pulled, clearly intending to haul her out of here. Apparently, he hadn’t recognized the nature of Matthew’s fantasies from their earlier encounter.

Jenny prepared to send him flying again, but... she couldn’t. He was just so stunningly sexy. Her hormones, having built to still higher levels from her impromptu make-out session with Matthew were now too strong for her to resist. Anthony was a living sex god, after all. She needed to have him inside her. She used her strength to pull him toward her, her lips crashing into his as a volcano of desire for the man erupted within her.

Anthony didn't resist. She wasn't surprised. With her new looks, she hadn't really experienced much resistance from men in the last day or so, the previous moment with Matthew excepted. One look at her perfect profile, and, well, they were pretty much putty in her hands. Her feelings of desire and arousal from Anthony mixed with her desire to be powerful and seductive from Matthew, and she moaned in pleasure...

Jenny tried to keep her grip on Anthony light, but he was just so fucking irresistible. Her hands began to crush him against the swells of her perfect body.

He groaned, and she smiled inwardly. *Good, he was enjoying himself*, she thought.

He began to push against her. *He was so cute! Play struggling and all...*

As an audible crackle and several loud pops rang out, he finally managed to pull his lips away from hers, immediately launching into an agonized scream.

The sound finally roused Jenny from her desire-addled state, and she released the large man, who dropped to the floor whimpering. Matthew walked up from behind her and gave him a swift kick in the jaw.

He went still.

"Matthew!" she cried, leaping onto the sexy doctor to plaster his scowling face with kisses.

"Geez, Jenny!" he said, doing his best to resist her powerful grip. "Believe me, I want this as much as you do, but we've got to deal with your boss here first. Then we can go home, and, you know..." His voice trailed off, and he swallowed. His lips trembled with effort, as if he were struggling internally.

"Okay," Jenny agreed reluctantly, pouting. With the multitude of desires flowing into her today, she was beyond turned on. She had made her decision, however. She wanted Matthew. She wanted to be the person he wanted her to be, his sexy, powerful, genius superwoman. So she would respect his wishes. For now.

Sighing as she did her best to suppress the swirling storm of hormones that raged within, she hopped onto Matthew's desk, crossing her impossibly shapely legs and bit her pillowy lip. Soon, she would show Matthew just how real his impossible fantasies had become.

Matthew made a call, and a few moments later, three bulky men came to haul Anthony back to the emergency room in restraints. Jenny couldn't resist some mischievous smiles and long-lashed winks at the men, giggling when she saw their reactions. Idly, she wondered what *other* reactions she might get out of them if she...

Jenny caught Matthew's stern look out of the corner of her eye and returned an innocent "who, me?" look along with a dazzling smile.

Okay, she wouldn't try *that* just yet. Maybe later. Maybe when Matthew wasn't around to keep her in line. She smiled slyly, swinging her gorgeous legs from her perch atop the desk.

After another hour of answering police questions about Anthony and his altercation with her and Matthew, Jenny was practically quivering with the anticipation of the moment she could get her doctor alone.

When the police left, they ran to his car and drove to his house. Jenny nipped playfully at Matthew's earlobe once or twice on the way. He brushed her away with a wicked smile each time, forcing her to stew in her seat with faux displeasure.

The moment the door to his home closed, Jenny was all over him, careful not to hurt him, focusing instead on how to use her intimate knowledge of his deepest desires to take him to heights of pleasure he had never before experienced. Three times. Four, actually, if she counted that thing she did with her tongue... It was so hard to keep track of these things when they lasted an entire, rapturous night.

As Matthew slept on the ravaged bed, completely spent from their night's activities, Jenny arose in the soft glow of morning sunlight, more energized than ever. She glanced in the mirror as she walked toward the living room, gasping as she saw herself now.

Her body was über-perfection—beyond even its previous magnificence of the evening before. If her body were any indication, she truly was becoming a goddess. She gave the mirror a suggestive wink with the boldest, longest eyelashes imaginable, then turned her head with a swish of an incredible mane of sumptuous platinum, now cascading all the way to the succulent swells of her achingly sexy ass.

On her way to the living room, she connected her still-ascending mind to the cells in her perfect body, using her far-beyond-genius level IQ to connect her neurons directly with the cells of her body. She could sense the subatomic forces that bound the atoms of her body together and began to tinker with them. What if she tweaked those forces a bit and turned them downward, counteracting the earth's gravity...

Her feet rose from the hardwood floor. She smiled beatifically as she floated in the middle of Matthew's living room, her brilliant mind and incredible body working in tandem to make her the first human being with the power of flight.

Laughing as she twirled a foot above the floor, Jenny couldn't wait to show Matthew her new trick! She wondered what she would be capable of by tomorrow. She was sure it would be much, much more. Jenny's ocean eyes twinkled as her developing power of precognition gave her a vision of what she would become.

She licked her lips in anticipation.

When Matthew awoke, he stumbled out of the bed and looked around. *Where was Jenny? Had she left?* He walked to the living room and found her at his desk, eyes closed, fingers touching the screen of his laptop.

God, she was beautiful! He wouldn't have thought it possible, but she looked even more heartbreakingly exquisite than she had last night!

He glanced down at her hands to see what she was doing with his laptop. On closer examination, it looked as if the keyboard to the laptop had been damaged somehow. It was dented, the keys damaged and sparking.

He cleared his throat, and Jenny's brilliantly blue eyes shot open. She ran over and met him with a breathtaking kiss. Her lips were so unbelievably soft, and she tasted so good! He breathed in the dizzying scent of her hair, feeling his knees weaken.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," Jenny said with a room-brightening smile as she pulled back from the kiss. Matthew remained frozen in place, enraptured, eyes still closed, lips puckered.

Jenny's face was radiant with excitement as she watched him slowly recover from the touch of her enthralling lips. His eyes fluttered open, a dazed expression on his face as he wobbled unsteadily.

"I'm so sorry that I didn't even notice you come into the room. I was just so busy interfacing neurally with your computer. I wanted to learn how I could improve the CT scanners at the hospital, so that I could use them to understand how my brain interacts with..."

Jenny paused as she noticed Matthew staring blankly at her.

"Sorry... let me back up a little," she said sheepishly.

"I, um, got quite a bit smarter overnight and this morning. Stronger too. First, I noticed that my mind had a much stronger connection with my body. I was able to sense individual cells. And when I thought harder about my cellular connections, I began to sense the molecules that composed my cells, then the atoms that made up the molecules..."

Jenny trailed off as she noticed Matthews incredulous look, giving a brief giggle before continuing more slowly.

“Anyway, after a bit, I determined how to manipulate my atoms and make little adjustments. I was able to tweak the strong nuclear force of my component atoms a little to oppose the earth’s gravity, and voila...”

Jenny rose from the floor, hovering a few inches off the ground.

Matthew’s mouth dropped open.

“You... you can *fly*? I’ve always imagined...” he trailed off, speaking in a hushed tone. “You really *are* my fantasy come to life!”

Jenny smiled again and lowered back down to the floor.

“Well, that’s actually not the only trick I’ve managed to learn this morning,” she said demurely. “I accidentally broke the keyboard on your laptop. I’m not used to my new strength you see, and I typed a little too fast and hard, and, well...”

“...I’m so sorry,” she finished with an apologetic shrug of her toned shoulders.

“But it got me wondering if there was a better way to interact with electronics, so I created a haptic connection with the laptop through its touchscreen and read the electron pulses within it through my fingertips. It’s really a much more efficient way to surf the web. I was able to read at essentially the same speed as the computer and learn multiple things at once. That’s when I started to work on the improved CT scanner idea, so that I could learn exactly which physiological changes were occurring in my brain that were enabling me to do that.”

Jenny barely paused to take a breath, now gushing information faster than Matthew could process it.

“I think that my brain is becoming faster, though, because it’s beginning to seem like it takes forever for the computer to complete each processing cycle, so I can get the next bit of information, even when I use all of its processing cores simultaneously...”

Finally, she noticed that she’d left Matthew behind once again.

“I’m rambling aren’t I? I am! I am sooo sorry!” Jenny’s cheeks flushed. “I guess I’m just a little excited at my new abilities, but I’ll stop now.”

Jenny paused to look at Matthew expectantly.

“Wow! Just... wow! I think you lost me at the whole flying thing,” he said, looking as if he had seen a ghost. A very pretty ghost. Who had just levitated. And rattled off words at an incomprehensible clip.

“Could you, um, show that to me one more time?”

Jenny rose from the ground, heels first, then toes. She floated over to him and pressed her lips into him again, this time following them with the rest of her body. Her arms wrapped gently around him. She remained two inches off the ground, bringing herself even with his 6'2" height.

Matthew was breathless—and incredibly aroused—by the time her floating kiss ended. Jenny really was becoming a goddess. *His* goddess!

“I think that I’ve isolated the effect of the particular type of IR radiation that caused me to take on the characteristics found in the brainwaves of the people I’ve been touching since I encountered the red light as well,” Jenny said, her words flowing immediately upon breaking the kiss as if they had been bottled up for ages, waiting to emerge.

“I *might* have solved pi to a few million decimal places... and maybe world hunger while I was at it too,” said Jenny with a sly smile.

“Joking!” she laughed as Matthew’s eyes went wide in amazement.

“Kinda...” she added with a flirtatious wink.

Matthew was having all sorts of trouble keeping up with Jenny’s flurry of words, especially on the heels of another mind-blowing kiss! He tore his gaze away from those gorgeous, pillowy lips to look down at Jenny’s impossibly perfect breasts.

That had been a mistake. Now, his eyes busily drinking in the outrageously sexy curves in front of him, he was struggling to think at all!

“...so I’m reasonably certain that I can cut off my connection to the desires of others at any moment. I just don’t think I want to just yet, because becoming the hyper-intelligent, sexy, powerful goddess that you want me to be is just so much gosh darn fun!” Jenny finished with another smile that made the sun look dim by comparison.

Had she been talking this whole time? Matthew wondered.

Jenny cocked her head as she watched Matthew’s thinking face and paused again for him to catch up. Magnificent eyes calculating, she reached out and touched her fingers to his temple. Matthew heard her voice in his mind.

“Can you hear me?”

“Oh, my God! Yes!!! I can!!!” Matthew thought back.

“Sweet! This is so cool!” she replied in his thoughts. “I wonder...”

Jenny pulled her fingertips away from his head.

“Can you hear me now?” came her voice in his mind again.

“I can! You can communicate telepathically without even touching me now?” Matthew breathed in an awed voice.

“Yes, I figured out how to do it during the time that we were talking before. This is great! It’s a much faster way to communicate. Speaking is so clunky and cumbersome, right? Let’s just do this from now on...”

Attempting to wrap his mind around how quickly Jenny’s abilities were progressing, it was almost like the rate of her improvement was...

“...exponential, I know. It’s just that with my improved mind, I’m able to think several thoughts at once... Make that a dozen... Or probably a hundred now... you get the gist,” came Jenny’s thought-voice.

Jenny’s face scrunched again as Matthew reached out to steady himself on a nearby chair. Her clothes shimmered and became a tight, spandex bodysuit, showing every swell and valley of her beyond-stunning body.

“How did you...?”

“You know how I was telling you before about my ability to sense my cells? You know, back a few million nanoseconds ago? Well, I just managed to connect with the molecules of the fabric surrounding my body and made a few changes. I just wanted to change into something more appropriate for the cultural conditioning of the average person when I stop the car accident that’s about to happen in the street outside your house. People tend to think of superwomen in tight spandex clothes because of what they’ve seen in the movies, you know.”

Matthew gaped. “The car accident that’s about to happen? Superwoman?”

“Yeah,” she said with another sexy wink.

A second later, she moved so fast that she looked like a blur! The door to the house was open and swinging. Where had she...? She had said something about a car accident on the street down below! He ran over to the window just in time to see Jenny standing in the street in her devastatingly sexy, skintight outfit. She held both arms out before her, waiting. A car hurtled down the street, slamming into her outstretched hands. She bent her elbows to cushion the impact, then grabbed the car's bumper with a single hand before flying upward, raising the car with her with apparent ease.

Another car, coming from the opposite direction, sped under the floating woman as she smoothed out its crinkled hood with her free hand.

Matthew gasped in shock yet again this morning. *Those cars would have collided, if...*

"...if I hadn't done what I did just then? You're exactly right! Luckily, I was able to prevent any harm from coming to these passengers. There is a very high probability that there would have been at least one fatality otherwise," came Jenny's voice in Matthew's mind again, even as she lowered the car to the ground outside.

God, she was amazing!

"I kinda am, aren't I! And I have *you* to thank for it!" her voice echoed in his mind.

Suddenly the car was on the ground outside, and Jenny was wrapping her arms around him again, moving toward him for another kiss.

The door to the house shut on its own.

"The question that you're beginning to form in your mind right now is whether I have the power of telekinesis now." Jenny thought-spoke into his mind with a smile. "The answer is yes..." Matthew felt her amusement radiating through his brain.

My God! Matthew thought.

Matthew began to sense desire radiating from her mind into his, and he inhaled sharply as Jenny's achingly sexy, ultra-powerful body melted into his.

"Goddess," Jenny corrected telepathically before Matthew lost himself in an all-consuming world of pleasure. He exhaled in wonder as her touch, her scent, her taste, and her mind enveloped him in absolute ecstasy.

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