

THE SWAN

By HikerAngel

Olivia touched the wall of the pool then flipped her goggles up to look at the scoreboard. Second place. Again. To Isabella.

Fuck.

Olivia had trained as hard as humanly possible all summer... and somehow Isabella had improved more than she had. And not just by a little. Isabella had just beaten her by half a pool length.

Not only that, but over the summer Isabella had gone from cute high school junior to practically a supermodel. That was just Olivia's luck. In one summer, her rival just *had* to become insanely beautiful *and* an unbeatable Olympic-level, competitive swimmer.

Two years ago, Isabella and Olivia had actually been friends. Even last year, they weren't on bad terms. Unfortunately, Isabella's newfound beauty and ability seemed to have made her unbearably conceited. To make matters worse, she seemed to delight in rubbing Olivia's face in her superiority.

Olivia climbed out of the pool, the smell of chlorine filling her nostrils, and shook her head in frustration.

"Nice kick, slowpoke. Maybe I should start calling you turtle... if you're slow, you can at least go hide under something," said Isabella, punctuating her derogatory words with a giggle.

Olivia tried to think of a comeback as Isabella walked away, but as her eyes took in Isabella's gorgeous ebony hair, stunning face, full breasts, and swimsuit-clad athletic body, she could think of nothing negative to say. The only thoughts that came to mind were gushing words about how amazing the wicked girl looked, and that wouldn't do at all.

“Come on, girls,” Isabella said to the three other girls on the swim team that had become her hopeless sycophants since the start of the school year. Olivia refused to treat the girl as the queen of the school, regardless of how attractive... and strong... and fast... and smart... and, well, everything, she was.

Isabella whirled and strutted off to the women’s locker room, her latest athletic and verbal humiliation of Olivia complete. Olivia’s shoulders slumped, and she made her own way to the locker room, toweling off as she went.

In the locker room, Olivia was “treated” to a more intimate view of her rival’s unmatched body as she slipped off her swimsuit and reached for her street clothes. Isabella’s legs with long, toned, and lean. They were the sculpted legs of a ballerina. The amazing girl’s hips were full and rounded. Her abs were svelte and defined; her butt, firm and perfectly-formed; arms slender but sculpted.

Her breasts, however, were the crown jewel of Isabella’s stunning body. They were sublime. The voluptuous spheres had been the talk of the school last week when classes had begun. The consensus opinion among Olivia’s classmates was that they were two full cup sizes larger than the Bs she had sported before summer. Add to that a face that could grace a magazine cover, and it was enough to make Olivia question the concept of karma. After all, the girl had done nothing but ostracize Olivia with all of her magnificent gifts, using them to belittle her.

Isabella noticed Olivia staring.

“Like what you see, lesbitch?” Isabella said with a satisfied smirk.

“I, um...” Olivia stuttered, feeling a flush rising up her cheeks.

Isabella made a show of pulling clothes over her sexy body, while Olivia, shamed by the other girl’s comment, attempted to hide from view behind a locker door.

Once dressed, Isabella walked by Olivia as she exited the locker room, sycophants in tow, catching her with a shoulder as she passed. The blow spun

Olivia around and sent her to the ground on her ass. She heard a giggle from the cluster of girls as they left.

Olivia rose, pulled the straps of her bra over her shoulders, then walked over to the mirror as her eyes became glassy from the degradation. She wasn't a bad looking girl, with a fit, athletic build and a pretty face. It's just that Isabella was... so much more.

Olivia wiped the tears from her eyes and finished dressing before walking out of the girls' locker room, lost in thoughts of envy toward her superior peer. Staring at the hallway floor as she adjusted her backpack, she walked right into someone, bounced off, and fell on her ass for the second time in the last few minutes. As she looked up, she saw a hand reach out to her.

"Whoa, sorry about that! I think that both of us were a little distracted there. I have this bad habit of texting while I walk down the hall."

It was Andrew Maxwell, the school's quarterback and god among boys at school. A sheepish grin on his strong-jawed, deliciously handsome face, he offered his hand to help her up. Olivia reached upward, taking his hand. He pulled her up, and she could feel his strength with the motion. She licked her lips as she watched the muscles in his arms pop with the effort.

"Are you alright, Olivia?" He asked, a twinkle lighting his dark eyes.

"Yes, yes, fine," said Olivia, embarrassed. That seemed to be a perpetual state for her these days.

"I was wondering... are you going to the homecoming dance tonight?" He asked.

Olivia's jaw dropped. Was the cutest guy in school about to ask her out?

"I, well... no one's asked me, so..."

"What if someone did? What if I did? What would you say?" He asked with a brilliant smile.

“I, um, would probably say, ‘heck yeah!’” Olivia said, giving him a smile of her own.

“Great! Then it’s a date!” He said. He gave her a wink and walked away.

Holy shit! Olivia thought. *I’ve got a date with the hottest guy in school!* Maybe things were looking up for her, after all.

Olivia put in her nicest earrings as she examined herself in the mirror. Her new mascara really brought out the blue in her eyes. Her form-fitting red dress looked good on her, showing a bit of her B-cup cleavage, slim stomach, and toned legs. She gave the mirror a nervous smile as she hoped that Andrew would be wowed. She *did* look good, she thought. Then her thoughts turned to Isabella and darkened. *Please let her not be at this dance*, Olivia thought. *If she is, please let her just leave me—and Andrew—alone for once.*

She walked into the dance and scanned the room, eyes coming to a rest on Andrew’s tall, athletic form. He flashed her a smile then began to walk over to her. As he opened his mouth to greet her, a dramatically curved profile intercepted him.

“Hi, Andrew. I was thinking that I might actually give you the opportunity to dance with me.”

“Actually, I’m with Olivia tonight,” he said, but he couldn’t help licking his lips as his eyes dropped to her large breasts.

“You mean lesbitch over there?” Isabella said, feigning shock. “Um, I think she’s into girls, unfortunately, Andrew. I caught her checking me out, just this morning. I can’t really blame her, though. These sexy curves of mine are enough to make any girl want me.”

Isabella thrust out her chest, nearly causing Andrew's eyes to pop out of his head. She wrapped her slender, toned arms around him and guided him toward the dance floor, pressing her hips into his as she began to undulate to the rhythm of the song.

Andrew began to turn his head toward Olivia, but Isabella placed her slender fingers on the side of his head and turned it back to her, pressing her lips into his. As Olivia looked on in horror, he melted into her kiss.

Tears welled in Olivia's eyes, and she ran out of the gym, pausing to grab her bag on the chair by the entrance. She ran all the way home, slammed her door, and flopped on her bed, sobbing.

She had landed a date with the hottest guy in school... and Isabella had taken him from her with ease. How she wanted to teach that evil bitch a lesson! But how? Isabella was better than her in every possible way!

As her sobs began to subside a few moments later, Olivia opened her damp eyes. Ear to the bed, she found herself staring at the bag she had taken from the gym, next to her on the bed. The bag was similar to her own, but it wasn't hers. Curiosity momentarily replacing despair, she pushed herself up from the covers and pulled the bag toward her.

Olivia emptied the contents of the bag onto her bed. Out came a book, a wallet, a phone, and a bottle of pills. Overcome with a desire to find out whose bag she had accidentally taken in her emotional exit from the dance, Olivia opened the wallet to find the driver's license inside. Her eyes widened as she saw the picture. It was Isabella's!

A mix of feelings washing through her at the discovery, Olivia wondered if there was something here that she could use to get back at the other girl. Blackmail material, maybe? Embarrassing pictures or texts on her phone? Olivia decided to attempt to get into Isabella's phone. She tried a couple of pin codes to unlock the phone, but they didn't work.

She turned her attention to the pills. There was no label on the bottle. What were they? Drugs?

Olivia decided to see what was in the book. She flipped it over to reveal a cover that read "Diary." An evil smile formed on Olivia's lips. Maybe there was something in *here* that could seriously embarrass the cruel bitch!

She eagerly flipped the book open. There didn't appear to be daily entries, but there were three or four pages covering the events of the past summer. She read them voraciously, then rolled onto her back to stare at the ceiling, thoughts whirling like a tornado.

Isabella had found a bottle of pills in her father's briefcase. Thinking they were her father's medication, she had stolen them for an easy, harmless high. Later, Isabella had discovered that her father, a chemist for a company that had just filed Chapter 7 in June, had brought them home when he was laid off, rather than leave them at work.

While she hadn't been able to use them for a temporary high, she had benefited far more. She had grown taller, stronger, and more beautiful over the weeks that followed. Isabella had called it an enhanced puberty in her diary. Whatever its effects should be called, it seemed that these pills were what had made Isabella the gorgeous, hyper-gifted athlete she had become over the summer.

Without giving it any further thought, Olivia grabbed the bottle, fished out a pill, and swallowed it. Maybe this would let her catch up to her rival. She thought about taking more but decided against it. What if she overdosed and it killed her or turned her green or something? She shivered. No, one pill would do. Becoming a supermodel Olympian sounded good enough to her!

The next day in the locker room before swim practice, changing out of her clothes, Olivia noticed a line of definition running down the middle of her abdomen. Her breasts looked just a touch larger, her muscles slightly more

defined. A look of satisfaction crossed her features. It was working! The pills were affecting her just as they had Isabella. She was beginning to catch up!

As she snapped the straps of her swimsuit over her shoulders, she felt a strong shove from behind that slammed her into the lockers. As she regained her balance, she turned, rubbing her bruised cheek. Isabella stood there, tapping her foot.

“So lesbitch, where’s my bag?” Isabella said, shoving Olivia’s own bag into her and knocking her back into the bank of lockers once more.

“It’s here,” Olivia said, reaching into her locker and pulling out the girl’s bag. Isabella pulled out the bottle of pills, a relieved look on her face. Olivia was glad she had thought to replace the pills with similar-looking multivitamins, so that Isabella wouldn’t suspect that she had stolen them.

The girls walked out to the pool area for practice, their coach reminding them not to go out to fast on the 500-yard freestyle that they were swimming first. Coach clapped, and the girls dove into the water. Olivia managed to keep within a body length of Isabella for the first half of the race. She managed to get a glimpse of Isabella’s face as she came back from her flip turn at 450 yards. The girl looked angry at the lack of distance between them and poured on more speed. She began to pull away, winning by a quarter length of the pool in the end. Still, that was only half the gap between them yesterday. Olivia was definitely catching up with the help of the experimental pill.

As the girls climbed out of the pool, Isabella glanced toward their coach to ensure that she wasn’t looking, then gave Olivia a forceful shove. Olivia went down hard, her head cracking against the slippery, brushed concrete surface. Stars erupting into her vision, Olivia reached to the back of her head then examined her fingers. They were red with blood.

“You really need to be more careful, lesbitch! These floors are slippery when wet...” Isabella told her condescendingly with a sneer. She flipped her hair and headed back to the locker room, giggling with her obsequious friends. Their coach looked toward the downed girl, giving a gasp of concern. She ran over to

Olivia and helped her up. Olivia glared at Isabella, as brunette sauntered, talking and laughing with her friends, to the locker room.

When Olivia returned to the locker room from coach's office with an ice pack pressed to the back of her head, the other girls were gone. Olivia fumed at Isabella's latest stunt. She felt the pain of her bruised cheek and bloody head as she opened her locker. The sound of Isabella's mocking laughter echoed through her mind. She pulled out the ziplock bag where she had stored the rest of the pills.

Olivia stared at the bag for a moment, her face contorted in anger. She considered. She knew that taking more pills could kill her.

Fuck it! she thought. She poured the pills and downed them all. Every. Single. One. She didn't care whether the pills killed her or whether they made her even stronger and more beautiful—she just wanted Isabella's torture to stop!

A tingle rolled through Olivia's body, followed by an almost orgasmic pleasure exploding within her. She closed her eyes and basked in the feeling, body quivering.

Eventually, the feeling faded, the absolute rapture giving way to a feeling of well-being and health. She felt amazing—significantly better, even, than she had the morning. Relief washed through her. If she were going to die, at least it hadn't happened right away. And the way she was feeling, she seriously doubted that was going to happen at all. Her head wasn't hurting any more, so she removed the icepack. She touched the back of her head and examined her fingers. No blood.

Olivia stripped out of her swimsuit and walked around the bank of lockers to the mirror. She gasped as her eyes drank in her new form.

Olivia's legs looked longer, seemingly having added several inches of height to her previous 5'4". Their length, however, was the least of their changes. Their shapely, firm, muscled length was easily a match for Isabella's. As her eyes rose, they traced hips that flared into supple, toned flesh before narrowing to a toned

stomach. She twisted to get a look at her tush and smiled. It was beautiful, muscled, and perfectly formed. She gave it a slap, then slid her slender fingers down its elegantly arcing slope. Tearing her eyes away from her luscious ass, Olivia clenched down with her abs, watching them pop into carved relief with the effort. The corners of her open mouth began to curl upward into a smile as her gaze moved upward to her breasts. High and firm, they had gained a couple of cup sizes to match the mouth-watering pair that Isabella was so proud of.

Olivia's lips had plumped, and her cheekbones had risen and become more pronounced, the bruise no longer present. Her eyes seemed larger and brighter, crystalline blue. Her brows were high, thin, and arching. As her gaze shifted to her hair, she realized that she was having the best hair day of her life, despite spending the morning in the chlorinated pool. Though still wet, her hair was obviously far more vibrant and thick. She ran her fingers through the shimmering mass, and her smile widened.

Excited, Olivia bounced over to her locker and dressed for school. Her panties stretched to their limit as she pulled them over voluptuous hips, but they were a bit loose over her tiny waist. She eyed her bra, then threw it back into her bag. There was no way that was going to fit any more.

The stitching of her denim jeans creaked as she pulled them up her luscious form. She noticed their hems rising to her lower calf. She pulled her t-shirt over significantly larger breasts, her nipples clearly visible through the cotton without her bra. She began to feel embarrassment color her cheeks, but forced it down. She didn't have anything to be ashamed of. She had no choice, and it's not like her body wasn't pleasing to the eye. Hell, she wouldn't have trouble finding a date to the next dance looking like this!

Olivia watched male eyes follow her through the hall, as her dynamic figure drew them like moths to flame. She smiled, knowing, for the first time, how Isabella must have felt these past months.

Olivia caught sight of Isabella. As she strode confidently by, Isabella's eyes widened before narrowing in suspicion. Olivia saw Isabella's hand reach inside

her bag. The nasty girl was probably checking to make sure that she still had the pills.

As Olivia flipped her hair, passing her rival, she saw a white tablet between Isabella's fingers and smirked. *Good luck*, Olivia thought. *Those vitamins aren't going to do much for you, bitch!*

When she got home that day, her jeans were becoming painfully tight around the hips. As she peeled them off, she noticed long tears down the side of her thighs. She was definitely going to need some new clothes!

She pulled off her t-shirt with a difficulty that belied her new strength. *It's just that its... so tight... over these... huge new breasts!* she thought as she wriggled the fabric over their unyielding swells.

She admired her gorgeous figure, significantly more beautiful now than it had been even this morning, before throwing on her stretchiest sweats and most oversized t-shirt for bed. Olivia was exhausted, possibly as a result of the massive changes her body was undergoing. Whatever the reason, as soon as her head hit the pillow, she was out.

In the morning, however, she awoke feeling more energized than she ever had in her life! She bounded from the bed, flinging off her pajamas to get a good look in the mirror. She looked far sexier, if that were possible, and much more fit. If the world's most gorgeous model worked out for a full year to become a fitness model, she might begin to approach the jaw-dropping shape of Olivia's new self.

Her luminous azure eyes smoldered with sensuality as they returned her intense gaze. Her face was magnificent—youthful yet refined. She pursed her pillowy lips, their rose color apparently natural now, not the result of lipstick.

She couldn't maintain the sexy pout with her lips, however, as her eyes dropped to her prodigious breasts, which despite their size, seemed to defy gravity, high and proud on her chest. Her lips broke into a beatific smile.

Traveling downward, her abs were now carved as if in steel, even relaxed. Her legs were endless, silky, and insanely toned. As she twisted to see her ass in the reflection, she watched as a symphony of striation popped into relief in her legs. The defined musculature faded into smoothness as her motion stopped. The spectacular, spherical curve of her perky ass completed her hourglass shape, her full breasts and butt punctuating her sinuously slender torso. She couldn't help but ogle the perfection of her own ass, its dynamic, curvaceous lines beyond compare. She gave it a light slap, and it didn't jiggle in the slightest.

As she twisted back, lowering her heels back to the ground, sheets of her luxurious platinum-blond hair shifted, cascading over her shoulders like a shimmering waterfall.

She felt like a goddess.

As energized by her new appearance as by the feeling of power that coursed through her veins, Olivia walked over to her closet to see what might fit this breathtaking new body of hers. She pressed a slender finger to her plush lips and considered, finally taking a tight but stretchy crimson dress off the hanger and tossing it onto her duffel bag to put on for school after swim practice. She put a pair of red flats in the shoe compartment of the bag—it's not like she needed heels to make these legs look good!

She grabbed her favorite earrings and shoved one of them into her earlobe. Unfortunately, she missed the hole, and the post of the earring crumpled against her skin. Weird! Oh well, she didn't have time to mess with them, so she would just go without earrings today, despite the fact that she was wearing a dress.

She put her sweats and baggy t-shirt back on, then pulled her mass of hair into a ponytail. She grabbed the doorknob and heard an odd crumpling sound. She looked down and saw a finger and thumb sized dent in the knob. Oops! Apparently, her strength was a bit beyond Olympic level now! She trembled with anticipation for swim practice. She couldn't wait to put Isabella in her place.

She arrived to practice late, and the locker room was empty as she pulled her swimsuit over the hills and valleys of her breathtaking form. Glancing at the mirror, she noticed that it was so tight and her body so hyper-fit, that the suit gripped her feminine muscle. She looked at her abs and noticed that the clingy suit showed every sculpted nook and cranny of her unbelievably toned, nubile body.

She gave the mirror a dazzling smile, then jogged out to the pool. Coach had just clapped to start the 500-yard competitive swim to open practice. By the time Olivia reached the edge of her lane to start, Isabella had a half-length lead. Olivia gave a dark smile then dove into the water and felt the power in her legs as she kicked to rise back to the surface. Breaking the water for a breath, she slipped her arm into the water before her and pulled with unbelievable force, lurching forward in the water. After a few strokes, she was accustomed to her new strength, powering through the water with ridiculous speed like a human torpedo. As she touched the wall on the final lap, she watched Isabella in a kick turn. She looked at coach, who was holding up four fingers. Isabella had just completed her eighth lap in the time that it had taken Olivia to finish all twenty!

Olivia kicked hard with her legs and launched herself clear out of the pool without even touching the edge, landing, knees bent, at the edge of the pool. Her coach, so amazed by the fact that she had crushed the rest of the team by twelve lengths of the pool, didn't seem to notice the fact that Olivia had just jumped out of the pool with the power of her legs, like a dolphin.

"Olivia! That was beyond amazing!! I've never seen anyone swim so fast! You would give Michael Phelps a run for his money!"

Olivia was fairly certain that she would have lapped Michael Phelps a half dozen times with the time flashing on the stopwatch, but her coach was so excited already that she decided not to say anything.

Olivia sat down at the edge of the pool, kicking her legs idly in the water to wait for the other girls to finish. When Isabella touched the wall on her final lap, Olivia gave an exaggerated yawn.

“It’s about time, Isabella. You’re getting slow! Must be all that body fat you’re putting on...”

Isabella looked furious but glanced downward to her own body on hearing Olivia’s body fat comment. As her chin rose up again, her eyes came to rest on the cobbled perfection of Olivia’s midsection, which displayed a level of fitness far beyond that of Isabella.

Isabella, gulped, and, not knowing what else to say, huffed, “You cheated!”

Olivia simply smiled as her rival pulled herself out of the pool. As Isabella walked behind her, she launched a kick at Olivia, intending to knock her off the edge and into the water. Olivia, however, saw the leg coming. Hands flashing out with lightning speed, she grabbed Isabella’s leg and pulled her off balance toward the water.

Isabella gave a shriek of surprise as she crashed into the water, becoming tangled in a lane marker. The rest of the girls, led by Olivia, began to snicker as Isabella struggled for several minutes to pull free of the twisted marker that surrounded her and climb back out of the pool.

Isabella turned bright red and stalked toward the locker room in a rage. Olivia, not wanting to miss an opportunity to put the bitch in her place, followed close behind.

As Isabella rinsed in the shower, Olivia slowly stripped off her swimsuit. Isabella’s eyes widened as they latched onto the mesmerizing perfection of Olivia’s awesome body. Olivia smirked then echoed Isabella’s own words from earlier in the week.

“Like what you see, lesbitch?”

Olivia winked, then walked over to the shower, driving her shoulder into Isabella’s and sending the haughty girl skittering across the floor on her shapely ass.

“Oops! Sorry, Isabella, I guess you need to watch where you stand. I wouldn’t want you to get hurt!” Olivia gave her an evil grin. Isabella, for the first time in a long time, looked cowed.

Olivia and Isabella finished rinsing off and toweled dry. Isabella snuck another glance at her rival’s provocative shape as she shimmied the dress up her dynamic curves. In her vivid dress, Olivia looked as though she belonged at a fashion shoot, not at school. Even without makeup, her skin looked flawless, radiating vibrant health with its golden tan.

Olivia gave the fuming Isabella a long-lashed wink as she sauntered out of the locker room to class.

As the two girls sat in their usual seats for math class, Mr. Martin’s eyes, usually glued to Isabella during class, found Olivia the more eye-catching of the pair today. Olivia gave Isabella a sidelong glance, catching dark-haired girl’s narrowed eyes firing a look of jealous hatred her way. Olivia tried to suppress a smile as she decided to give Isabella even more to be jealous about.

During the lecture, Mr. Martin’s eyes glanced to Olivia’s succulent silhouette. As they did, Olivia tugged her tight dress a bit lower on her delectable cleavage and leaned forward, giving him a great view of the mind-boggling perfection of her breasts.

Mr. Martin, mid-sentence, froze, mind going blank, entirely preoccupied with the erotic sight before him. His jaw dropped, and a string of drool escaped them as he ogled Olivia’s irresistibly gorgeous, feminine charms. Titters from the class finally roused him from his trance. Crimson blossomed over his face as he stuttered, attempting to remember where he left off in his lecture.

Olivia shot a look of triumph at Isabella across the room, delighting as the other girl turned positively purple with rage. Olivia could have any man she wanted, she realized. The thought reminded her of Andrew, the boy that had abandoned her for Isabella at the dance, and an idea formed in her increasingly brilliant mind.

After school, Olivia tracked down Andrew at his locker, enjoying the look in his eyes as they drank in the perfect lines of her body. Just as she arrived before his stunned face, Isabella appeared, inserting herself between them.

“He’s mine!” she said defensively.

“Only because I haven’t taken him yet,” Olivia fired back with a confident smile.

Olivia stepped toward Isabella until their breasts touched. Olivia kept walking, her sculpturesque spheres pressing into the soft flesh before them, forcing the other girl backward until she was pressed into the cinderblock wall. Olivia stepped forward one more time, her spectacular chest crushing that of the other girl. Isabella’s face contorted in pain as her sensitive breasts felt as if they were collapsing and her ribs bending inward. The pressure from the steel-firm body of the superior girl before her seemed immense! She attempted to stare Olivia down. After a moment, however, her lips began to turn blue.

“I ca... can’t... breath!” Isabella said, finally breaking eye contact, eyes darting around in desperation.

Olivia laughed as she stepped backward, and Isabella bent forward, urgently filling her lungs with large gulps of air.

“Sorry, Isabella. I guess that your breasts just can’t compare any more. I used to think they looked nice... until mine grew so much *larger*. And *firmer*. And, well, *better* than yours.”

Olivia’s eyes held hatred as they looked up to hers, still attempting to catch her breath.

“But I guess that’s not any different than, like, every other part of my body. I don’t think there’s a single thing about me that isn’t far better than you now.”

Olivia shoved the inferior girl back into the wall as she passed, Isabella giving a *whoomph* as the wind was knocked out of her once more.

Olivia looked around for Andrew, but he had disappeared. No matter, she thought. She would just catch up with him later.

As she arrived home, she dropped the shopping bags from a needed trip to the mall on the floor of her room, closing the door behind her. She twirled around the room in an impromptu dance that gave expression to her burgeoning happiness, so different than the despair she normally felt coming home after being bullied in school during the day. She felt so amazing.

She glimpsed her ever-improving body in the mirror. It was becoming more ravishing by the hour. She had begun to feel increasingly aroused over the course of the day, and she felt like putting this sizzling, sensual body of hers to use. As a result, she had bought nothing but sexy clothing, shoes, and lingerie at the mall. She gave her reflection a naughty smile as she thought of the guys' reaction when she paraded in front of them with her unbelievable body dressed to the nines.

She pulled out the skimpy, black lingerie she had purchased and put it on before the mirror, delighting in the way it accented her luscious curves. She heard a knock on her door. She opened the door a crack and was shocked at who it was.

Andrew Maxwell stood there, eyes meeting hers through the sliver opening.

"Hi, Olivia! Can I come in?"

Olivia glanced down at her nearly nude form.

"Just a sec," she replied, closing the door and grabbing a bathrobe. She tied it closed, then let Andrew inside her room, closing the door behind him. *This was too perfect*, thought Olivia.

Andrew paced to the far side of her room, seeming to gather his thoughts. As he did, Olivia set her phone to record video and propped it up on her dresser.

She walked up behind Andrew, and he turned, coming face-to-face with her. He swallowed hard.

“I just wanted to let you know how sorry I was about, you know... the dance,” he said. “It’s just that Isabella was so... beautiful, and it’s not like we were dating or anything, and...” he trailed off when he noticed Olivia reaching for the tie on her robe.

Olivia’s smile was nefarious as she slowly pulled the tie away. The knot came finished unraveling and the robe fell open.

Andrew gasped. He licked his lips as Olivia’s tantalizing flesh was exposed. He couldn’t take his eyes away. Olivia watched his cock rise to rigid attention, then flicked her eyes back to his rapt face.

Olivia shrugged off the robe, and it fell to the floor, leaving only the slightest bit of satin and lace between her completely naked body and him. She heard a soft moan escape Andrew’s lips and smiled.

Olivia reached out her hand, extending a finger. She poked her nail through the denim in his crotch, the rugged fabric providing virtually no resistance to her harder-than-steel fingernail. She dragged it upward along the zipper, tongs popping as her nail shredded the metal with ease. She finished by slicing the waistband. The moment she did, his jeans fell, piling around his ankles.

Olivia’s soft hands touched each side of his hips, and he shivered in anticipation, completely spellbound by her unexpected seduction. Olivia pressed Andrew’s boxers downward slowly, her soft touch erotic, his shaft almost painfully hard, quivering at full attention.

Olivia took the same finger that had just sliced the denim of his jeans, and touched it to the base of his cock, and Andrew gulped in both fear and desire. Ever-so-gently, she dragged her finger along the underside of his member. Andrew’s mouth opened. Nothing but a hard exhale came out. As she reached his tip, he exploded.

Olivia smiled, then leaned in and kissed him deeply. His cock never had an opportunity to soften. As her tongue entered his mouth, and her full breasts pressed into him, he came again, spasming over and over against her ridged abdomen.

Her eyes danced with delight. She had hoped that she would have a strong effect on him, but this was better than she had dared hope. She thought of her phone capturing the event on video and smiled as she pulled her tongue from his mouth.

“So how do I compare to Isabella?”

“Oh, God,” he said breathlessly. “She is nothing. You are everything...”

Olivia couldn't have scripted that any better.

“You don't mind that I'm recording this, do you?”

He was too lost in kissing Olivia's neck to respond.

Olivia slithered a long leg down his, the touch of her silky skin electric against his. She pulled his shirt over his head as he continued to kiss her, marveling at his muscled chest and defined abs.

She reached back and unclasped her bra. She shrugged out of it, letting it fall to the floor. Andrew's eyes widened as he felt her firm, flawless flesh touch his bare skin. His breath caught with the intense sensation. He was making out with a living goddess!

The thought, in combination with the thrilling ecstasy of her intimate touch, sent him over the edge again, and he gripped her, pulling her to him as he spasmed.

Olivia had Andrew, her rival's boyfriend, completely under her spell. She could do anything she wanted to him. He was her toy... she decided to play with him a bit more, slipping her panties over coltish hips and sensual ass. She pressed her

naked hips into his, feeling the rush of his breath into the elegant curve of her neck. His lips touched the hollow of her clavicle as she mounted him.

Andrew shuddered with another orgasm as she lowered herself onto him, her tight, moist, heat too much for him to stand, despite having cum twice already. Olivia smiled. There would be plenty more to come. She devoured his lips and heard him moan again with absolute ecstasy.

Olivia pushed downward, undulating her hips. She felt Andrews muscles tighten under her hands, under her breasts. She ground him into her. Rising. Falling. Her head rolled back and her breathing quickened. Her hard nipples pressed into him, the pain they caused him, delicious. She moved faster, up, down. Faster. Faster. She cried out, her perfect body shuddering against him in climax as he exploded in bliss for a fourth time.

Andrew gasped for air against her firm but feminine shoulder, head lolling from the perpetual, euphoric pleasure that Olivia's sexual marathon was enveloping him in.

Before they were finished, Olivia brought him to orgasm twice more, allowing him to drop to the floor, completely spent.

She walked over to her phone and stopped the video. She pressed the *forward* button and pulled up Isabella's contact in her phone. She typed in:

"Your boyfriend seems to be a bit happier with me. I guess he likes *women* a bit more than *girls*."

She hit *send* with a dark look in her eye.

Olivia looked over to Andrew, unconscious on her bedroom floor and decided to simply leave him there for the night. She spread a blanket over him, then went to bed, wondering how much she would improve by morning.

As the first rays of sunlight streamed through her window, Olivia's eyes snapped open. She stared at the sun through the window, looking at its brilliance directly for the first time in her life. Her eyes seemed to zoom in. She could see sunspots erupting and fading on its surface, as if looking at it through an ultra-UV-filtered telescope.

She zoomed her vision back out and looked to the boy lying on the floor. He was so cute, exhausted as he was by his night with a burgeoning goddess. She rose effortlessly from her bed and moved gracefully to the mirror.

She really *was* a goddess. A goddess of both beauty and power.

The sleek, riveting lines of her perfect body were the consummation of femininity, exquisite and beyond erotic. To look at her was to desire her, to *need* her. She smiled, and the room dimmed. Her body radiated vitality, sex, and power.

Olivia looked at her phone and saw a texted reply from Isabella to her video.

“You fucking bitch!!!!”

Olivia smiled. Apparently Isabella still hadn't learned her lesson. The silly girl should know better than to challenge a goddess.

Olivia stretched a new, blue sports bra over her outrageous breasts, slipped a scandalously short, red skater skirt over luscious hips, and pulled skin-tight, red, thigh-high boots up shapely, silky legs. As she leveled a burning look from her iridescent azure eyes, she thought to herself. She looked like Supergirl only wished she could look—supremely powerful, heart-stoppingly sexy, and as hot as a nuclear inferno.

Her beauty wasn't simply flawless, it was enchanting, all-consuming. It cast an erotic spell that no one could hope to resist.

That gave her an idea for dealing with Isabella, who apparently still—even after Olivia's display of sexual dominance over her boyfriend—needed to be taught a

lesson. A dark smile crept over Olivia's face, the appearance of the girl in the mirror now taking on the look of a vengeful deity.

Olivia arrived early to the school pool for today's swim meet to find Isabella in the otherwise empty locker room.

Perfect! she thought.

Olivia approached Isabella from behind, then tapped her on the shoulder.

Isabella whirled, and she gasped, stiffening. It was Olivia! But she was amplified somehow, perfected into this unmatched specimen of female magnificence.

"Hello, Isabella. I wanted to know if you really meant what you said in your text."

"Wh... What?" said Isabella, trembling, skin prickling as she felt the aura of Olivia's power wash over her. Isabella's eyes roamed over the body of what she could only describe as a goddess made flesh. Her nipples hardened.

"Your text. Your response to the video."

Olivia pressed her body into Isabella's, much as she had yesterday in the hall. This time, the feeling was different, however, more sensual. Isabella's heard the thunk caused by the inward bowing of the thin metal locker behind her as her back pressed into it.

Olivia placed her hand against the locker next to Isabella's head. The goddess-like girl's slender arm tensed into steel relief, her tricep defined and impossibly hard. Her slender fingers sunk into the metal of the locker, which began to give way to their inconceivable strength, making a soft whine .

Isabella turned her head at the sound, making a small noise of surprise as she realized just how powerful this goddess version of Olivia had really become. She looked back toward Olivia, feeling a hint of moisture between her legs.

“I think you called me a ‘fucking bitch’,” Olivia said, her voice dropping, incandescent, ocean eyes now looming just inches from Isabella’s. They didn’t seem angry, but they were intense. Very intense.

Isabella’s heart rate quickened.

“I, um... I didn’t...” Isabella stuttered, finding speech nearly impossible under the nearing presence of Olivia’s achingly beautiful face.

Olivia’s perfect, succulent breasts slid against hers. The touch of their soft but unbelievably firm flesh felt sooooo good, sending electric bursts of arousal through her own. Isabella’s eyes widened, pupils dilating.

“And I think you called me ‘lesbitch’ before that,” Olivia said, breathily, the edges of her lips twitching upward as she saw the effect that her heartbreakingly sexy form was having on Isabella.

The mouth-watering curves of Olivia’s hips pressed into Isabella, sending another shudder of arousal through the beautiful ebony-haired girl. Isabella’s hands slipped around Olivia’s lower back instinctively as their bodies pressed together. Unable to resist the opportunity, Isabella’s hands explored downward, gliding over the gorgeous slopes of Olivia’s divine ass. Olivia’s body was just so sculpted, so sensual, so... utterly perfect. Isabella’s breath caught; her heart fluttered.

“If I recall correctly, you said something about your curves being sexy enough to make a girl desire you,” Olivia whispered, her lips moving toward Isabella’s. Her long, bold, eyelashes fluttered lower.

Isabella watched the delicious, erotic curve of Olivia’s luscious, ruby lips as they moved in. She felt the silky skin of Olivia’s body slipping against hers. Isabella licked her lips with a soft moan, beginning to squirm.

“And the curves of this body are *light years* beyond yours, wouldn’t you say?” Olivia breathed, her voice barely audible.

Unimaginable power smoldered beneath the sleek surface of Olivia's flawless flesh, igniting exhilarating sensation across the entire surface of Isabella's skin. Olivia's perfect nipples brushed Isabella's.

Unable to take it anymore, Isabella's body tensed and clenched, her hips bucked, her head rocked back with a cry of incredible release as she climaxed harder than ever before. Her body shuddered and crashed into the statuesque perfection of Olivia's until her knees buckled and she slumped to the floor.

Olivia gave a satisfied smirk, then walked past the other girls that had begun to arrive. They were staring in shock at the quivering dark-haired girl, moaning, lost in aftershocks, on the locker room floor.

Olivia strode confidently out to the pool area before the students and families that had gathered in the stands for the meet, turned, and gave a languid, beatific smile. There was a chorus of gasps as dozens of pairs of eyes found the flawless form of this goddess.

The air seemed to shimmer around Olivia as she looked within to access her unbelievable power. She felt her ultra-dense muscles, crackling with impossible strength. She sensed the pull they were beginning to exert on the earth, the field of power that they were generating now sufficient to counter gravity. The concrete floor shook and cracked beneath her as she tapped that power and began to rise into the air.

The crowd looked at Olivia in awe as she rose into the air above the pool, a true goddess floating upward, eyes closed, long dark lashes fluttering in concentration. The audience was spellbound by the sensual, celestial being before them.

Olivia's platinum blond hair, sumptuous and thick, began to drift in a swirl around her as she rose, like a white-gold halo, sparkling under the rays of the morning sun, streaming in from the window.

Olivia's ample breasts heaved, high and proud on her chest, as she focused her divine body to fuel her ascension. The dramatic curve of her body plunged inward to an impossibly slim waist, the muscled perfection of her abs clenched into canyons that hinted at the unthinkable power within. Her tiny skirt fluttered around her ravishing, voluptuous ass. Her taut thighs tensed, their striations like steel cables encased within smooth, flawless, feminine flesh.

Olivia began to relax as she hovered over the pool, opening her eyes to look down on the people below. She looked at one man, mouth wide, the spark of amusement lighting her eyes as she watched the obvious evidence of his arousal pushing upward into his pants.

As the man looked at her, he couldn't move, couldn't think. He was overwhelmed by her presence, her staggering beauty. His mind shorted out as desire crashed through him like a tsunami.

Olivia gave him a wink of her insanely long eyelashes.

Her wink was too much for him. The man erupted inside his pants, unable to resist the seductive power of this pinnacle of feminine perfection. He spasmed and spasmed as Olivia turned her gaze to another, who did the same under the overwhelming gaze of her smoldering blue eyes.

Olivia turned her gaze upward and rocketed through the ceiling into the sky, ready to show the world its new deity—the goddess of both beauty and power.

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