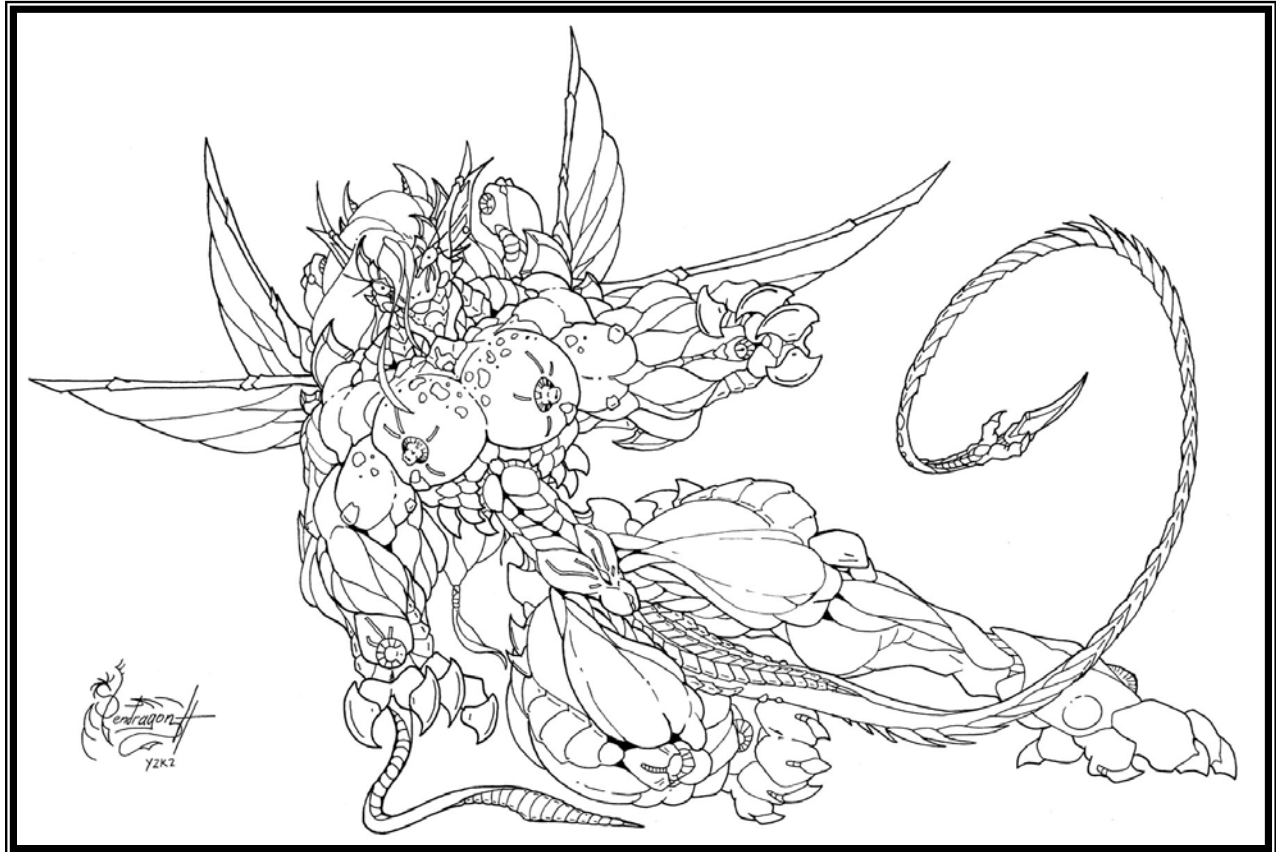


Super Beast

By: Daniel "Pendragon"

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Diana Mélange was a lowly janitor at a company called Bio-Sight, a military supported company. Every night, after practically everyone else had gone home, she was here sweeping up with a small crew of other people who'd never really passed through high school with flying colors. She herself had been in the 'popular group' during high school, but now that she was sitting here, pushing her broom through the corridors, she really, really wished she'd listened to her mother and studied harder.

Now here she was, pert and pretty as she was in high school, but as of yet not really much further than that. She hadn't matured much since high school. Her breasts, though they'd begun to mature earlier than most other girls, had stopped developing shortly thereafter. Narrow hips, and now... a pudgy waist.

She slid a hand over her middle, feeling her little bit of a belly.

This diet isn't working... she sighed inwardly, and then went back to pushing her broom. But this was 'unwanted' work, and it was hard work, so the paycheck was good for getting just a little dirty. But what she didn't really realize was that it was also hazardous work.

Bio-Sight was a company dealing in the biological in all its many, many realms. Medical, agricultural, pharmaceutical, macro-biological, bio circuitry research for the new bio-comp... xenobiological... military. Everything good and beneficial to society was researched either here at their headquarters or one of its many satellites. But likewise, some of humanity's darker faces – biological warfare for instance – was likewise developed here.

The U.S. Government, England, Russia and most of the major nations of the world all controlled an unprecedented amount of stock in the company, with all of them together making up 51% of the company's stock. To ensure that it's secrets weren't sold to the highest bidder.

In effect... Bio-sight was property of the United Nations.

Therefore, Diana was an employee of the United Nations.

"Food is great, benefits are good, I love my job!" she grinned sarcastically, and then leaned on her broom, taking a semi-soiled handkerchief from her back pocket and whipped her brow. "As soon as I pass those computer courses, then maybe I could move into the tech center." She said aloud, and pocketed her handkerchief again.

She reset her position to continue on with her push broom when there was a sudden tremor in the floor, a rhythmic tremble that came at the same beat as approaching footsteps. Then slowly, she turned, and leapt out of the way, flattening her back against the wall as a small group of individuals came walking down the hall. But 'small' wasn't a word to the members of this group. The two in the front were green-haired and green-skinned, the man so tall that his head practically brushed against a twelve foot ceiling, and the woman so tall that her immense and sizeable rack was over Diana's head!

The Hulk and She-hulk!

Diana felt her mouth part as they passed by, the hulk in tailored casual clothing and a lab-coat like a circus tent. She-hulk walked lithely by next; her muscles taught and firm inside her one-piece bodysuit, thigh-socks and sneakers the like of which Shaq would wear.

"Pardon us miss." The Hulk – Doctor Bruce Banner – smiled warmly, with the she hulk doing likewise and holding a hand up into the sign of a V as she grinned beautifully as they passed.

Diana nodded blankly.

Following them was another green-haired man, impressively huge but lacking the green skin of those before him. The man formally known as Samson, while right next to him, the two holding an in-depth conversation, was another man wearing a metal collar about his throat. Diana knew this man to be the infamous Sasquatch, or also known as one Doctor Walter Langkowski.

She never really did get his real name.

Following right behind them was a small group of other lab coats, and as they continued along the corridor, Diana heard She-hulk –Miss. Jennifer Walters – as she swung forward beside her much larger cousin.

“Bruce, it’s not that I mind helping you with all this, but need I be probed, poked and prodded so much. I think some of these guys are pulling out stuff to put me into lurid positions and see me naked.”

There was a short, gentle chuckle from the green giant. “You *know* that isn’t true. They’d be too scared as to what you would do if they really were doing that. And if not from you, then definitely from me.”

He looked over his shoulder as they turned a corner, and Diana heard laughter from all the other scientists as they retreated away. There she stood, alone again with a subtle smile against her face, wishing that she could have a body like one of them. She made a muscle, but her spindly arms barely did anything.

Sighing, and still fantasizing of being big and green, with perhaps a nice pair of hammers hanging from her chest like Miss Walters had, Diana continued along with her nightly duties.

2

“Is everything a go on the reactor?” Doctor Banner prompted. When a twelve-foot tall creature who was bright green and was unequivocally the strongest man in the world spoke... you *all* listened.

“Nearly Doctor banner. We’re just waiting for maintenance to return from the chamber and the priming charge to reach optimum levels.”

Hulk nodded, staring straight ahead for a time, looking out at the chamber below where the reactor core was. Over a year’s work was nearing its completion.

“Bruce... why are you doing all this?” Jennifer prompted, hanging on his massive, massive arm with both of her own.

“The Gamma reactor is a continuation of my work earlier... the same that changed me... into this.”

“The same that changed me into the she-hulk?”

“Yes. But here, the radiation from the gamma bomb that started this whole mess is instead being contained. Likewise, there are other forms of energy inside the chamber to counteract the

gamma radiation and likewise enhance the reaction. The energy made from it would make the fission reactor look like a flashlight battery.

“And above all... if we can control it properly, it could possibly... it might be able to...”

“Kill the hulk. Make you normal...” Jennifer completed his thought.

Bruce smiled, and turned his head onto his ‘little cousin.’

I know you and Samson love what’s happened to you two, but Sasquatch and I would do anything to get rid of this damnable curse that’s been thrust upon us.

Jennifer smiled, and hugged hulk’s arm all the more.

“Good luck.”

Hulk nodded, and then turned minutely toward one of the techs in the room.

“Close the shield.” He said simply, and with a few paltry commands, a great blast shield with slits cut into it lowered to protect the scientists from accident. To his own specifications, it was a shield thick enough to protect them both.

“Don’t worry, Jen. We won’t have another accident like Betty...”

3

Diana continued sweeping down the hallway to where the most recent crowd of scientists and superhumans had all come from. She was still wishing, hoping, desiring that something like that would happen to her, make her more human than human or something or other.

Maybe I’ll mutate or something, she thought, and not really realizing it, entered into a room she’d never really noticed before.

It took her mind a second to realize that she’d had to pull open an extra thick door to enter that chamber, and turning back to the door, and then back to the room, she found herself in a pristine white chamber, with a broad platform right at the center of it. And directly above it, on a high ceiling, perhaps twenty feet high, was another apparatus identical and directly opposite to the one on the floor.

Curious, she propped her broom against the nearby wall, and stepped quietly over to the platform, still looking all around her, at the bright lights coming from the cracks in the walls, and then at the shallow platform at the room’s center.

As if she were drawn to it, her feet carried her ever closer to that platform and up onto it.

4

“Priming charge at optimum, Doctor Banner.” A tech said. “Maintenance reports all is well. Room is clear.”

“Seal the chamber.” Bruce spoke at once, and leaned over one of the techs, or more to the point, loomed over her as she keyed in a bunch of commands.

Within his ears, he heard the sound of something tremendous closing, followed by the locking mechanism.

For but a moment, his intelligent mind reflected upon that first sound, as if of a door closing, but he dismissed it.

“Chamber sealed, Doctor.” The tech reported. “All locking mechanisms active, hermetic seal is active.”

Bruce nodded and stood up, pinching a pen in his thumb and forefinger, he checked off something on his clipboard.

“Begin start up sequence.”

5

Diana turned fully around at the sound of the door closing, and she felt panic leap up into her throat as she heard the metallic sound of a dozen six-inch-wide, steel bolts sliding into place. That was then followed quickly by the release of gasses to seal the door, and the hum of electromagnets making the door so tight that not even electrons could pass by it.

She stood rooted to the spot, cupping her hands before her mouth.

“Oh gawd, oh gawd, oh gawd!” she repeated, feeling her slender thighs and knock-knees press against one another; rooting her there to the spot.

Nearly a minute of panic passed, before there was another click, and with a tremendous release of more gasses, she was slammed to the floor of the platform as it suddenly rose up into the air, extending a glass bell that rose up to meet its mate as it fell down toward her. With a clamp and a turn of the glass, that too sealed hermetically, and both above and below her, the broad plates began to glow.

6

“Start up sequence complete, Doctor.”

“Cooling to optimum. Capacitors and storage cells on-line. Mainframe reports green light.”

“Command has given green light. We are a go for reactor burn.”

Bruce stared blankly out into nothingness, and with a great sigh – sounding like the vastness of a pair of forge bellows working – he blew outward.”

“Prime reactor.” Doctor Banner queued. “Begin on low power, and increase to full... slowly.”

“Reactor is a go for burn.” Samson called back. “Initiating sixty second test in three... two... one...”

7

Diana felt the floor beneath her humming with energy, felt her hair from the top of her head, to the peach fuzz on her arms, to even her underarm and pubic hair all standing up on end. The humming intensified into a whining, which slowly increased to a low screeching; like that of a wounded animal.

She started to hyperventilate in panic, and leaping to her feet, she began to pound on what had looked like glass, but felt like steel. At the top of her lungs she began to start screaming, crying as her fists pounded, but through three inches of whatever that stuff was, even the sounds of the vibrating floor and ceiling of that chamber were cut off to a low hum inside that chamber.

The pitch slowly climbed, superseding her own sounds, until at last, all sound quieted, and she was left only with the blazing light.

In that moment, for Diana Teranova, the world stopped.

And then, no more than twenty feet away, just above where she stood, a voice coming from a green giant, subtly spoke outward one word:

“Fire!”

8

“Help.” Diana whispered, and with the power of a great maelstrom, Diana was caught up in the force of hundreds of bolts of lightning, each and every last one coursing through her small body. But none of these bolts was more proliferate than the power of a great green one that coursed down into her mouth from when she had tried to scream, tore through her bodice, and erupted right out from between her legs from her womanly orifice.

That green bolt held her there, filling her with its blazing might from hair-tips to toenails, all the while each and every last bolt of white lightning that scattered through the chamber crackled against her skin; energizing it to the point where it glowed.

At last, the green lightning began to expand, her head snapping backward as its width outgrew the width of her mouth and crotch, despite that her mouth still remained wide open. The white lightning was pushed backward to the edges of the transparent chamber of plassteel, the flow of green lightning widening until her whole body was bathed in its might.

And then her head lowered; her mouth closing slowly as she looked outward into a field of bright green, her mind lazy with the agony that she'd just gone through. At that moment, she was still awake, still aware, but she couldn't feel anything other than the tingling power of energy and radiation flowing through her.

And there she hovered, still and quiet.

9

Bruce banner stepped up to the solid sheet of metal, and depressed the switch to open it. The room they were all within slowly parted, with front a foremost being himself, his cousin Jennifer, Samson and Sasquatch. But as the door slid fully away, they were all greeted with the shocking view of something inside the chamber.

“What the hell is that?” he gasped, and leaning forward, clenched his hands tightly against the metal railing, squeezing the hollow pipe reed-thin in seconds. “WHO THE HELL IS IN THERE?!” he roared then. “Abort the sequence, discharge the reactor! Discharge it!”

There was a great deal of clamor and hollering, and he stared agonizingly at the center of the chamber where the reactor he'd designed stood quietly and resigned. Panicked, he looked left and right, into the faces of family and friends, all of whom had gone through transformations similar to his, knowing that all of those changes were caused by one single thing.

Gamma Radiation.

“Retract the reactor! Have De-con meet me down there!” he called one last command and stormed out, kicking open a six inch titanium security and tearing his lab coat off in his hurry to get down there. Through a short maze of corridors, stairs and halls, some too small for him till he ‘modified their geometry,’ finally found him at the security door to the chamber.

This, he had to patiently wait to open, for its door was designed to hold back forces of nature, like earthquakes and natural disasters.

Sasquatch and Jennifer were there a moment later, leaving Samson up in the command chamber to oversee things. At last, the chamber door opened, and sliding one massive hand into its edge, he hauled the massive door open and strode into the room, just as the reactor retracted.

He stood there, watching amazedly as the bottom half retracted into the floor, and its plassteel bell slid into its sheathe.

For a quarter of a mile below this spot, the reactor extended into the depths of its equipment and moorings, with this point being the wick at the top of a candle. And whoever this person was, whoever now laid naked, her clothing having disintegrated around her inside the chamber, laid quiet, and yet... still breathing.

10

Diana opened her eyes slowly, blinking briefly at the dim light that greeted her. Her fingers curled idly against soft cotton sheets, and she laid there, her head on a pillow, as little by little she began to feel herself returning.

In a short time, she felt that she was quite naked there, but among the jumble of everything inside her head, including the headache that was a nominal thing to worry about.

“Hello?” she called out weakly. “Is anybody there?”

“Shh.” A soft voice returned, and a giant of a hand gently, yet firmly, pushed her back into bed. “You’ve been through quite a lot, Miss Teranova.”

“Who are you?” she asked, squinting against her headache and the great blob of color looming just above her.

“My name is Doctor Banner. I run this facility. How do you feel Miss Teranova?”

Diana was silent for a long time.

“Headache. Do you have any Tylenol? Aspirin, Demerol... Morphine?”

Her vision cleared, and she found herself staring up at the smiling face of the one and only Incredible Hulk.

“An anti-hallucinogen...”

Banner smirked, and reaching over onto the bedside table, picked up a small bowl with some pills, and a glass of water, fingering them in tow fingers in either hand. Slipping a hand underneath her body, he helped her up, handed her the pills to take and then the water before helping her back down.

When she had a chance to look around, she saw that there were tubes, hoses and wires everywhere around her, and after a closer inspection, found that everyone was going into her body somehow.

“Wha-what’s all this for?” she managed weakly, looking around her.

“Precautions. You’ve just been bathed in enough energy to light up the east coast for a month, Miss Teranova...”

“Diana. Please, call me Diana.” She said, and pressed a weak smile to her face.

“Diana. We’ve... had experiences with this type of energy. We want to be sure that know irreparable harm has been done to you.”

“Please... speak English doc... my poor head can’t take the long words.”

Banner removed a pair of glasses from off his eyes, and rubbed the bridge of his nose and then came closer to her. “Diana, you have been pumped full of unbelievable amounts of radiation and energy. There is a chance that something inside you has changed. The type of change that made my companions and myself... and the same type of change that has made some immeasurable evil beings.

“We’re going to have to insist on holding you here with us till we can discern whether or not these changes have indeed happened. If they have... then I’m afraid that we can’t let you go until you learn to be able to control yourself. If they haven’t occurred... then you can go as soon as we send you through the gauntlet; essentially... a series of tests where you’ll be poked, prodded, invaded, humiliated and even hurt.

“And above all... we can’t give you a choice in this matter Diana.”

Diana smiled faintly, wearily... her eyes beginning to blink rhythmically in their desire to close.

“Of course.” She sighed, and resettled back into her bed. “If you don’t mind Doctor Banner, I think I’ll get some more rest.

“Bruce. Call me Bruce.”

11

Doctor Banner left Diana’s room, closing the door quietly behind him, and looked up to see a good dozen people in the anteroom. Sasquatch, She-hulk, Samson were among the first to stand up and look at him, wanting an immediate report.

Next, however, were three colonels; English, American and Russian. They undoubtedly wanted to know what the hell had happened.

The remaining members were concerned members of their technical staff... and Diana’s janitorial boss.

All at once, questions and demands all began to issue forth from a dozen mouths as Hulk lowered himself to the floor and lifting his head to them, lifted a finger to his lips, and let out a slow “Shh.” For everyone concerned.

Doctor Bruce Banner, also known as the Incredible Hulk, was listed as number one in the top ten of the world's strongest individuals. Four other members of the gathered crowd were also on that list. When he told you to be quiet... by gesture, words, or looking at you in such a way... you shut up good and tight.

"Tomorrow..." he said quietly and lowered his gaze toward the floor. "I'll have more answers for you once she stays awake longer. And as soon as I can think for a time."

"But Doc'tor." The Russian colonel stepped forward, annunciating his English and rolling his R's. "We must have answers."

The room fell silent again, and Bruce began to massage his eyes.

"At the moment, the answer is 'I don't know.'" He answered. "Until we've had some time to determine the effects of a human being, being inside a gamma reactor for a full sixty seconds, I have no further answer than to assure you all that she is alive, and apparently within her own mind.

"Now, I'm sure you all want to get a good night's sleep, so off with you all. Tech staff, I want you all here at six a.m., colonels, I will have a stylized report for each of you at the end of tomorrow, as soon as we can determine the reactor's effects on the young Miss Diana. For now, perhaps we should contact the general, and let him know what happened. You know how he is with surprises, but he's all the more anal about being kept in the dark about things.

"And to think... he's my father-in-law." Banner was quiet for a moment before continuing. "For now... I'll humbly ask that you all leave me be for a time."

Not a single word was said then, and the staff and colonels all filed out, with Sasquatch, and Samson each putting a hand on Bruce's shoulder or arm as they left, leaving Jennifer and Bruce alone in the chamber.

"How do you feel, cousin?" she asked quietly, and ambled forward, coming to stand in front of her much larger cousin. Even though he was sitting on the floor... Banner sitting was almost as tall as Jennifer was standing.

"I don't know. It's been a very, very long time since my mind's been this numb."

"Not since Hulk and Grey Hulk were recessed in your poor head and left you in command?"

"Not quite as much as they were... but almost as annoying."

"I can imagine." Jennifer returned, and sitting in his lap, hugged him close. "Now... what do you think?"

For a period of silence as great and as pungent as when the whale swallowed Jonah... the hulk was silent.

“I think... that if I were ever a religious man, then I’d pray that that young woman would just be lucky to be alive... instead of alive and now host to a tremendous, and hopefully a not so terrible beast...”

12

Diana awoke the next morning, and sliding a bit awkwardly out of bed, her bare feet stepped lithely against the cold carpeted floor, and found that a pair of grey cotton panties and matching sports bra, as well as a hospital gown were all lying on the bed stand.

Very deliberately, very controlled, she slowly dressed into her new clothes, and padding her way a bit shakily to the door, opened it and immediately squinted against the bright artificial lights beyond.

She blinked a couple time, holding her hand up to ward off the lights, until a great shadow moved in front of them, and blinking her eyes again, she looked up and saw the tremendous mass of Doctor Banner there before her.

“Sleep well, Diana?” he said, and cupped a hand over her shoulder... well... more like the whole side of her upper body.

She nodded mutely.

“Then please follow me, for we’ll be sending you through the ringer today. Oh, and forgive us.”

“For what?” she asked as she stepped in alongside the incredible hulk.

“For shortly putting you through the ringer.”

13

Diana’s day, starting at six-twenty-three a.m. that morning, and though her journey that day began with the hulk towing her along, he had to soon leave her into the hands of his team of scientists and doctors.

It seemed to her, even from the beginning, that this was just going to be a whole series of steps. The very first part... thankfully were a nice, hot breakfast and a meal.

After eating her fill, only one plate for her, the leader of the group of doctors that continuously swarmed her asked if she wanted any more. She pleasantly turned that down, saying that she was full. All those scientists then promptly began scribbling like mad.

Her shower was simple, and after stripping naked, she padded her way across wet tile, to the furthest shower, turned on and tested the water, adjusted it to the right temp, and then stepped into it.

She was there, alone, by herself for about fifteen minutes or so until she heard the door open. Turning, her small and diminutive form dispersing the water from the shower about her head, she looked up in time to see Jennifer Walters step into the shower room.

Diana held her breath as she looked at this maiden's impressive visage... a ten-foot tall Amazon goddess with skin the color of the underside of leaves. Diana couldn't breathe at the sight of this woman, marveling at how tall she was, how buxom, how powerfully built she was.

Diana wanted nothing more than to be that woman... including the skin color!

She-hulk smiled at her, as she stood there a moment, holding her towel around her legs and between those sizeable breasts, and other than that towel, and her slippers, which she now kicked off, she was totally naked.

It was then that Diana noted that the transformation, or whatever had changed her into this great green thing, had transformed her thoroughly, inside *and* out. Her hair was a bushy black, both atop her head and of course between her legs in a shallow patch. Skin that on any other woman was pinkish or brown was the color of volcanic glass on her; her normally naughty pink parts naughty black parts.

"Hi." She smiled, and stepping forward onto the tile, took a showerhead a little away from where Diana stood. "I hope you don't mind, but I like to take a nice hot shower after I work out. That and I like to be out of here before the morning rush comes in." She giggled mischievously and then proceeded to lather up.

When the showerhead finally turned on and began to spurt out, its jet of water sprayed against Jennifer's chest instead of atop her head. She was that tall!

But despite all that might, despite all that power, she was still a woman... a woman who liked to care for her hair and delicate skin. Jennifer Walters use chamois cloths and body lotion, shampoo and conditioner and an extensive scrub down. To do her hair, she actually had to squat down so that the stream of water could take her in the head instead of the midriff.

"I hear you had quite an experience with the reactor yesterday." Jennifer said at last as she took to just leaning up against the wall and letting the warmth of the shower blast her front.

"Y-yes." Diana responded. With no cleaning products, she'd just been rinsing for perhaps half an hour now.

"You're lucky."

There was a long silence, punctuated only by the sound of the water. Jennifer dipped her head downward to rinse it off a little more every now and again.

“How, if I might ask, Miss Walters, did it happen to you?”

She-hulk smiled a soft, knowing smile.

“My cousin’s, Doctor Banner, attempt at saving my life, he’d given me a blood transfusion using a garden hose and his own gamma irradiated blood. Add a droplet of adrenaline shortly thereafter and I ‘hulked out,’ as we call it, for the first time. One thing led to another, and now I’m she-hulk full time now. The young, frail and flimsy young woman that I’d been so long ago doesn’t exist anymore... can’t exist again.”

“How did it happen to Doctor Banner?” Diana asked then, forgetting to ask for permission this time and just blurting the question out.

“He’d been the first of us.

“Bruce... had been the leading scientist in the development of something called the Gamma bomb. A wonderful new weapon that was, as the military had hoped to do, was to make the nuclear bomb passé.

“That was all Cold War stuff. Now Bruce is trying to use his science for the benefit of mankind as to using it for a new energy source.”

“The reactor.” Diana stated, realizing what her accident inside the reactor must’ve put Bruce through. “Oh dear gawd... I think I just ruined it for him.”

“Not so. Delayed it I think, but it takes a lot to tell a twelve foot tall mountain of muscle and brain ‘no.’” Jennifer shut her shower off, and shaking her mane of hair free with her hands, she picked up her extra large towel and began drying off. “Don’t be too much longer, hon. The morning ‘session’ starts soon.”

As if in answer to her words, there was the sound of many voices, and promptly thereafter, the door to the shower room opened, and a horde of women of all shapes and sizes all entered and began to undress for showers.

Immediately, it was a sicko’s dream come true. Diana just turned back to her shower, and with her body bent, she looked down at her gut, and delicately rubbed it.

I wish I were beautiful... and strong.

She hulk stood in a bathrobe that was turned into bath-miniskirt. The base of the robe barely covered the objects of her feminine whiles, as she stood before colonels, her cousin and scientists alike.

“She looks all right.” She said, turning her head toward the ground, her head bound up in her towel, her breasts pushing outward sensually into the air – her areola barely covered – and her thighs shifted, with her femininity likewise barely covered. Shadow helped a lot there. “Normal skin pigmentation and she’s even a bit pudgy.

“No known enhancements as of yet, no changes, no apparent frizz to her hair... nothing. Just a regular girl.”

“‘Looks alright’ is something people always said about me though.” Sasquatch said, and fingered the metal collar about his throat. That collar helped him to keep his alter ego, for whom he was now named, from bursting outward and causing havoc.

“Indeed. Her appetite is also normal. She ate a full, balanced meal, and didn’t require seconds.” Bruce spoke up from his corner. Our collective conditions only come into effect if accumulation is held inside the body to allow the caloric expenditures of rapid mutation and or transformation. As of yet, Miss Teranova doesn’t show any signs of such.

“Nonetheless, dear boy, we must insist that you be damn sure about this matter.” The English colonel piped in. “We can’t risk another wild creature out on the world.”

Bruce didn’t show his hurt.

“Then Miss Diana is to be sent through The Process?” he asked instead, not raising his head.

“Yes Colonel. You have our word that Miss Diana will be sent through the most hellish day of her life, to be sure that yet another mistake of twenty-first century radioactive by-products isn’t created to terrorize the world.”

15

Diana’s last moments of privacy were in the short period where she was alone in the locker room, the horde of women that had come in were all in the showers, and Jennifer had disappeared as soon as she had left.

In her locker that she usually maintained here, all her things had been removed, and had been replaced with a light gray sports bra, light gray sports panties, and a pair of white slippers.

As soon as she exited the locker room, Banner was already there waiting for her like a massive wall of green, with a large clipboard gripped in three fingers. He gave her a soft, apologetic smile, and then shunted her off with one great hand against the whole of her back.

Diana was led to room after room that day... unceasingly. In some rooms, multiple tests were run at her simultaneously. The first chamber she entered, she was sent through a full physical after being asked to strip completely down. She was humiliated and probed in ways that only porno stars enjoy. Every form of fluid was taken from her thrice... including skin samples, hair samples, and some of the firmer substances of her body.

She even gave up a sample of ejaculate to the 'Angry Doctors' as she dubbed them, because of the way they handled her.

After the physical, she was X-rayed, sent through an MRI, Cat-Scanned, and likewise a horde of other electronic scans that she'd never really even heard before.

Psychological tests, where they tried to get emotional responses from her... in particular anger and fear. Physical tests where they hooked her up to dozens of wires and made her lift weights, run on a treadmill, stick her in a sauna... on and on.

But above all... they tried to get her mad, annoyed, or scared for some reason or another.

She'd been dancing on her toes for half an hour, needing to go to the bathroom before they finally took her, and right when she came out of the bathroom, there was a doctor with a cup asking for another urinal sample.

A Doctor had just injected her with something, and right after that, another doctor came in and started rummaging around, found the syringe that the other doctor had just used, and said that that syringe had just been used to inject HIV.

Fear and anger.

But the most memorable, was when Banner himself had initiated one of the tests. He'd come in, and started asking questions that were slowly getting more and more aggressive, and steadily led to him with a hand about her throat, tugging at her panties while threatening to rape her.

She'd actually broken down into tears before Banner hurriedly began begging for forgiveness for the nature of this test.

"Please forgive me for putting you through that." He said once she'd calmed down. "We know that there is no time in a woman's life that is more frightening than the moments just before she is raped." He shook his head, and reaching behind him, opened up a door to issue forth a small group of doctors, as well as the She Hulk, who'd all been listening at the door. "The tests are conclusive. Miss Diana does not respond in any way to the standard stimuli to provoke a Hulk mutation.

"Her tests have all come back normal, and other than having slightly increased levels of ambient radiation levels and a slightly white x-ray film, all checks out.

"I approve of your release, Miss Diana, and again, apologize for this day of hell."

16

Diana had a humongous Dinner. During all those tests, as part of the psyche evaluation, she wasn't given food during the whole of twelve hours. Now, she found herself sweetly secreted into the shower room again, alone now, and assured with her privacy.

Only Miss Walters had been welcomed to accompany her, and even now, the tall, green Amazon woman was sitting naked with her back against the wall, and the showerhead spraying its hot liquid over her supple bodice.

Diana herself leaned against the wall with both hands long-armed out in front of her, feeling her own shower water spraying over her upper back and neck. At present she was motionless, eyes closed, breathing deeply while holding onto the base of her slightly paunchy stomach. She was half-awake/half-asleep at that moment, and in her minds eye, she was just beginning to dream.

And in that dream, she felt something awaken inside her, and in her half-dream state, she gave off a soft moan as her vaginal folds clenched between her legs, tightening with the strength of a fist clenching till its tendons creaked. She felt blood pumping through the base of her abdomen, throbbing between her legs repeatedly, forcing the normally soft, smooth folds of her womanhood to thicken and spread.

A trickle of some shiny fluid slowly began to leak outward against the inside of her leg, but thankfully, the wash of the shower water washed it away and kept the smell of pheromones down to a minimum.

In her dream, she felt herself being made love to, by a great, giant shadow, and with each downward thrust it pumped some of its strength into her.

As she felt herself swell, ever so slightly, her eyes snapped open, and she arched her back to feel the water against her chest now while she cradled her breasts.

Was it me? She thought. Or are my boobs bigger?

17

Diana was driven home by a courier, being that her bus route wouldn't return until six a.m. She slept almost the whole way home, quietly in the back seat of a limo with the privacy screen rolled up between her and the driver. Her own, sweaty, dirty clothes about her bodice, she rested quite peacefully to the naked eye.

But underneath the calm exterior, her heart was racing with the speed and might of a crack addict after a particularly enormous hit, while between her legs her femininity was rapidly swelling to a thickness as of yet unheard of with a human female.

The flattened brace of her lower abdomen clenched tight and secure before rapidly beginning to swell despite how clenched her vaginal muscles had become. The swelling chords of muscle swelled outward, spreading open little by little to press against her inner legs, stretching the cloth of her panties and likewise eating the zipper of her jeans as it was sucked into her womanhood.

Her nipples erected, drew hard, and thickened against her chest, while between the folds of her womanhood, her clitoris, once tiny and insignificant erected into a tiny tower, poking excitedly forward as it extended from between the peak of folds between her legs. There, it hardened like a nib made of wood, stone or mayhap even steel, poking outward and peaking the front of her jeans with a little lump.

And then moisture began to load up within the space behind those still swelling folds of woman flesh, peaking, ready to release an orgasm of terrible might, while deep down between her legs, the awakening beast inside her readied itself to possess her, transform it into herself, until...

“Excuse me, Miss? Miss?” Diana awoke to the sound of the driver’s voice over the loudspeaker in the passenger cabin.

“Yes?”

“We’ve arrived at your apartment miss. Have a good night.”

She smiled, looked down between her legs even as her arousal slowed and returned to soft folds once again, as if it’d never happened, and fingered her crotch as if in remembrance of a night of pleasure or an exceedingly erotic dream.

She nodded and got up, only to have the car door opened for her from the chauffeur, and gathering up her purse, she exited her ride home, and waited on the corner as the driver got back in the limo, and drove away. Turning, she stepped up the short flight of stairs leading to her simple apartment, completely unaware of the black van across the street with the tinted windows. At present, she was more aware of the throbbing sensation she was experiencing between her legs.

18

“Surveillance, report.” The watch commander called into the surveillance van.

“As of yet nothing, sir.” The tech responded, not even looking up from his comic book. “She came home, changed clothes, and has been sitting in front of the TV for the past hour. I don’t even think she’s awake.”

The tech looked up briefly.

“Actually, change that, she’s taking the garbage out sir.”

There was a silence.

“Might I remind you, private, that this is a top priority surveillance that we’ve got you on?”

“Certainly, sir. I am happy to be reminded about my job at any time.” He turned the page.

“Then put down the comic book!!”

19

Diana had taken the time to take out the garbage, just to get rid of the smell – it was starting to stink up the apartment – and likewise to get a breath of hot air. She was beginning to grow quite hot, and her heart racing inside her chest was making her consider calling a doctor.

And I feel so... so... aroused! She thought to herself and pushed open the top of the garbage bin to throw her garbage bags inside before leaning against it as she tried to catch her breath.

What’s happening to me? Came her next thought, and she breathed in deeply as her heart began to pound instead of patter.

Her hands slowly slid down her body, feeling her belly before sliding over her pelvis and into her crotch to genially cup her throbbing vaginal mound; feeling it tightening right beneath her fingers.

“Ohh,” she breathed, feeling her clenching crotch swelling with blood through each pounding beat of her heart as she rapidly sunk to her knees, clutching at her womanhood as it throbbed beneath her fingers.

Something was growing inside her, filling her insides up, pressing against her insides, and immediately, her first thought was to contact Banner, but with the thought of such a great big, all-powerful male – with so many muscles and such a big... - she gasped, and become even more incensed.

She groaned, hugging herself as her thighs pressed closely together, her sweats and sweatshirt bunching up about her bodice with every little twinge she made, while between her legs, she felt her sweats grow increasingly tighter.

Her moan became a groan as blood thickened those vaginal lips, thickening them into great bulges as they pulled her flesh open, stretching her panties across the crevice of her opening, before her clit rose and pressed firmly into that tightening fabric of her white cotton underwear.

Moisture began to gather between her legs, seeping outward to wet her panties and the crotch of her sweats as her back arched and she looked up into the sky.

And then, one chancing to look into her eyes would see a startling change. They would view her irises change from their light blue colors, lightening into a pinkish color, and then darken into a blood red pigment. Her pupils then closed until they were nothing but the barest of points within

those irises, before that deep red color would spread outward and eliminate the whites of her eyes. But, even as that red color would seep behind her eyelids, the flesh around her eyes broke open, and an electric green glow shone openly through those cracks.

20

“Sir, this is a priority transmission from Surveillance.” The tech called into his communications panel. “The subject has been putting her trash away for the past fifteen minutes, and has yet to return to her domicile. Ambient Gamma Radiation levels are beyond normal levels and climbing.

“Indications point to a Gamma Transformation. I repeat, indications are heading toward a Gamma Transformation, please advise.”

There was a pause.

“I said, there are indications to a...”

Just then, sirens began to blare, and the young technician looked up toward the roof of his van as he heard those sirens going off. They were the early warning sirens from the nearby airbase, those usually reserved for air raids.

“I don’t know if you’re still there son, but get out now.” Came the simple reply of his commander.

The tech stared at his radio for only a moment or two, and then clambering over the divider between the back and the cabin, he started his vehicle, stamped on the gas and put it in gear even as he was burning rubber. The tech raced off into the night, even as the warning chime of gamma radiation chimed, telling of a definite reaction.

21

Her heart was now beating rapidly now, hammering against her chest, and with each beat, a throbbing lurch thudded into her moistening pussy, and thickening her clit and erecting it harder and harder, while her nipples swelled and hardened to untold feminine heights. Huge lumps throbbed against the buds of her chest; the pair so hard that more tears were forming against her chest, and through them more of that electric green light shone forth, glowing beneath her shirt and bra.

Her flesh was crawling – literally – as muscle and bone shifted beneath her skin, tipping with every beating pulse of her hear, every throbbing ebb and flow of the light escaping the cracks in her skin.

Her hands clenched, and just then more cracks tore open along her wrists; light shining through her hands.

Her body spasmed as a surging force suddenly struck her, and she collapsed backward, quivered for a moment and then thrust her hips upward. That motion drew the fabric of her sweats taut across her vaginal mound, displaying the thick pouch that had formed at the base of her legs, thick and mighty, with a throbbing, pulsating mound of flesh that erected upward from between the peaks of the swollen folds.

She cried out, her fingers clutching at air on the ground at her sides, her fingernails lengthening quickly into claws while she felt power, tremendous power, throbbing inside her. She was transforming, and she loved it.

And then... she began to grow.

Her back spasmed again, and her middle lengthened, rapidly thinning her pudgy waist and flattening it, while her arms and legs all grew longer, and her chest and hips flared outward as her bones realigned themselves.

And then, her skin began to darken, deepening in shades toward pink, but instead of shifting toward green, it instead kept darkening, and changed into red.

Curling up onto herself, she turned onto her side, closing her eyes tightly against the pain of her pleasure, even as her body orgasmed and sloshed a load of fresh vaginal juices into her panties and sweats that instantly soaked them through.

Her body lengthened all the more, and propping herself up on all fours, she rolled her back, allowing her spine to push outward and thicken, while the hem of her sweater rose steadily upward along her lengthening belly, and all her cuffs slowly began to creep up her legs and arms.

Her once petite form rapidly grew, growing in height swiftly past seven feet, and seconds later, breeched seven feet, and right then and there, a new threshold was breached, and the tremendous energy that she'd absorbed was pushed toward a different source.

Growing muscle.

With a dull thud, her body shivered, and orgasmed again – the syrupy fluids of her vaginal fluids now dripping to the ground between her parted legs – and then she grew in proportion in every single direction. Her arms thickened, her thighs and calves bulged, and instantly, her sweater became a sweatshirt, and her sweat pants became sweat shorts, which likewise tightened firmly between her legs to show every last contour of her virgin pussy.

Even muscles she thought she never used thickened, and as her ribs barreled outward, she felt her rear swell, sucking the seat of her panties in between the cheeks to make a thong, and the seat of her new sweat shorts to show off the contours of her rear end beautifully.

And above all, the energy settled in her chest, and looking downward between her arms, she watched as the twin bulges against her chest slowly began to swell outward. There was a brief moment where it became hard to breathe, a shudder, and then a snap of motion as her tits filled

past the confines of her bra and broke it, and shortly thereafter, another tremendous snap as the back strap broke open.

The mounds of her tits continued to fill and push outward, climbing the alphabet in cup sizes, speeding through the letters passed F and N, filling out to P, while her nipples erected harder and higher atop a pair of swollen areola.

Down by her feet, the ties of her shoes all snapped open one at a time, the bases of her breasts pushing out underneath her sweatshirt while her muscle mass slowed to that of a seven foot tall Amazon, of impressive muscle mass and agility.

Diana gasped, opening her eyes slowly, feeling the beast inside her rest but not yet become dormant. She needed something to feed it, to help it to grow. She needed more. She needed to feed. She needed... a man.

22

Banner sat quietly in the dark of his office study. As a part of his agreement with the government, to continue testing his theories, he had to constantly exist underneath the wing of the U.S. Government. If he left the grounds, he wore a homing beacon and had to tell the base commander where he went.

His quarters were for his comfort, however, and additionally surrounded on all sides by heavy titanium steel. The news of Diana had just reached him, and in response, he'd authorized the use of the Hulk-Busters, the order of doing such likewise was rapidly seconded by the U.N. colonels.

Since their original inception by Doctor Banner himself, the members of the squad had changed, and their equipment as well. Now each member was a single power armored individual that had been trained to hunt and kill The Hulk.

Should Banner ever loose himself again, he didn't quite like the thought of accidentally hurting someone, so the government, seeing his logic for once, gave over the funds for their reformation and training. Their members were former Special Forces, SEALs, marines, etc. They carried weaponry designed to hurt *him*, equipment to capture and even kill him if necessary.

And they'd be there to pick him up in an hour.

In the meantime, however, he had taken to sit in the dark amidst his depression, wondering, what on earth he could have missed in that girl's bio-scans.

Just then, however, as if in answer, a knock came at his door.

At first, he ignored it, but the knock soon repeated itself. "Doctor Banner? Excuse me Doctor, are you there?"

The voice was unfamiliar, and lifting his head. Bruce rose to his feet, took two steps across the living room to the extra large door to his quarters, and opened the door. He never kept it locked. Who was going to break into a military base where the occupant was indeed the proverbial Giant?

But when he opened the door, he was in for quite a surprise.

Standing before him, a tall creature himself but still not as large and powerful as *The Hulk*, was a blue, furry looking creature that looked up at him with bright knowing eyes. Hello Doctor, Banner. My name is Hank McCoy, Doctor. Might I come in?"

Banner had heard of the infamous Doctor McCoy, also known as The Beast, and though he'd had numerous dealings with this mutant's partners among the Avengers and the X-Men, he'd never truly met the mutant – er – man in person.

"Please... yes, please come in." Banner stammered, and turning, flipped on the lights to his study, and ushered the newcomer in. "Can I get you anything to drink, Doctor?"

"Not right now." McCoy went straight to the table and removing a backpack, opened it up and removed some papers. "At the behest of some of your colleagues, Doctor Banner, they ventured to send me some information concerning a subject you've come in contact with.

"I assume without you knowing about it."

"Correct," Banner replied, but nonetheless stepped forward to stand behind and quite over Hank.

"They had a hunch that they wanted me to test for, and after following our procedure for such things, we found a positive match of your subject.

"She's a latent mutant."

He turned, and handed banner a multi-paged document held with a binder clip.

Bruce did have a slight background in medicine, but his specialty was physics and whatnot. But after flipping through the pages, he rapidly began to find discrepancies that simply did not exist within a standard human being of any sort. First of all, where a typical human being possesses twenty-four chromosomal pairs, Diana possessed, by this record, twenty-five chromosomal pairs; both of them gender-specific as an extra X-chromosome... and a Y.

"How... on *earth*... did we miss that?" banner asked agape, and sat down on his nearest chair and kept reading.

"Chromosomal counts are a common thing to miss, Doctor Banner. They typically pass over a doctor's eyes unless they are testing for just such an occurrence. Now, something I will tell you is that the typical Mutant will have a standardized twenty-four Chromosomal count. Those who have particularly intense genetic mutations, such as myself and a few others, will actually have the odd chromosome, with no pair. Many mutants that have this extra odd chromosome – the

Twenty-four-and-a-half chromosomal count – have the potential of becoming Homo Sapiens Superior.

“An extremely select few actually develop to that level of mutant-factor. Of those that we know of who do possess that level of power, would be our own Professor Charles Xavier, Eric Magnus, also known as Magneto, and of course Scott Summers. I believe you are familiar with the power of his optic blasts.”

“That I am.” Banner thought to himself, and lightly fingered his side. Summers had actually holed him once, and if not for Bruce’s healing factor, he would not be here today.

“But back to the subject at hand, I will tell you that no subject thus far has had an entire chromosomal **Pair** added to their genetic structure. This sort of occurrence has only been recorded once within the annals of human history, Doctor Banner.

“With the Entity known as Apocalypse.”

Bruce paused, and stared off into infinity. There wasn’t a man, woman or child on Earth who didn’t know about the entity Known as Apocalypse. No other creature had come as close to destroying the Earth than he did. He was known as ‘*Entity*’ because no other word could describe him accurately enough. Mutant wasn’t strong enough a word to describe him.

And to think, that if Diana had that sort of power...

“I see your thoughts are forming appropriately, Doctor Banner, but allow me to shift your thoughts in the appropriate direction.

“As a female, as any eighth grader in science class *should* know, a girl’s gender-specific Chromosomes are a single chromosomal pair called XX. Diana’s gender-specific Chromosomes are set at XXXY.

“I and a select few other scientists have gotten very good at predicting what happens with the mutant gene, but with Miss Diana here, I had to communicate with several of my companions, and we were forced to use several computers in conjunction to find out the final state of young Diana here.”

McCoy pulled out a small device, depressed a switch on its side, and stood back as a holographic image projected upward into the air, showing a creature of a decidedly exotic nature. Bipedal legs, red skin, bright, shining red eyes, long flaxen hair, and a muscle form that was quite inhuman, but nonetheless powerful in form.

“She will be definitely female in nature, as you can see by the image here.” That was an understatement. The breasts on this creature were so large, that they oversized her head, which seemed amphibian in form. “With the increase in both male and female genes in her, she will possess a muscle structure which is remarkably much more developed than most females. Even

in this current form, she'd have a greater strength level than The Juggernaut, the thing or your own cousin Miss Walters.

“Likewise, her dexterity would be so impressive as to shame even the most proficient of contortionists.” He began to point other things out. “Long, prehensile tail, light body armor, tough hide-like skin, and prehensile feet. Apart from that, her sexual abilities will be unparalleled by any other female on earth, with all of her feminine qualities becoming marginally over-developed. On top of that, she will have an electro kinetic power of remarkable fortitude, which would be limited only by how much energy she would absorb.

“TK Batteries, enhanced mental capabilities, the list goes on and on.”

“She is a remarkable specimen of advanced humanity, Doctor Banner. If we may, we'd like to recruit her for training at the X-mansion after you are done with her. Perhaps help her to transform if need be.”

Banner slowly rose to his feet, dropping the bundle of papers he had in his hand on the table, staring at the image for a moment or two, and then suddenly realized something prophetic.

“Excuse me, Doctor, but does this thing have a computer port attached to it?”

“Yes,” McCoy answered. “Why?”

“Show me.”

It took very little time for them to hook up the device to the base's mainframe. The device itself uploaded its own drivers to the computer, while Banner downloaded the information of Diana's genetic make up after her X-factor had applied itself, and then ran it through another program of his own design.

Rubbing his head, he factored in only one extra equation to his own program: The level of how much Gamma Radiation Diana had been recorded to absorb.

“Tell me, Doctor McCoy, do you know what will happen to young Diana if she were to have absorbed nine million terawatts of Gamma Radiation?”

McCoy's eyes widened. “I... I have no idea...”

Banner nodded, and then turned to the computer console and gently hit the enter key.

There was a short pause as the computer recalculated, and then a tremendous transformation occurred to the image of Diana that McCoy had provided. Afterwards, both men stared at it in stunned silence, while the list of powers of the newly enhanced mutant more than doubled.

“Good, Gawd.” McCoy breathed at the new hulking image. “Strength levels... off the chart!”

“That,” Banner said with some reverence. “Is what happens when a mutant is irradiated with Gamma Radiation... and ‘hulks out.’”

23

Diana slowly righted herself; coming to a stand as gracefully as a veteran Ballet Dancer would. She looked at her hands, feeling her blood pumping through the thick veins pumping over her biceps and through her thick forearms... she felt powerful!

“Ohh...” she smiled, and pressing her thick, thick thighs together, she lightly fingered her cunt and felt it continue to pulsate between her legs. Then she looked around, raising her nose to smell the air, consummating a wonderful feeling inside her bowels as the energy that had brought her to this form slowly began to build again. But to release it, she needed a trigger.

Closing her eyes, her arms slowly began to flex, and she felt the sleeves of her sweatshirt, having been pulled back to her elbows, stretch to near tearing as her biceps thickened and bulged into two separate masses.

Her eyes opened again, and she hurried off, following her senses, as she set off into a jog, looking this way and that for her quarry, having already settled on a particular sent. Like a female juggernaut, she tipped forward into a canter, feeling the muscles in her legs begin to burn pleasurably with each pounding footstep into the pavement.

An insane smile cracked her slightly altered features at the feeling of such powerful muscles burning underneath her taut flesh, her eyes shining with their own ambient light and from the sheer pleasure of the power. Her arms flexed again as her pace carried her out around her apartment complex and onto the road, and she gasped and felt her nipples and clit all engorge from the tantalizing pleasure of blood coursing through all her veins.

But then she stopped up short, being that the scent of the male that would pleasure her was still strong, but the presence of the thing that had been issuing the scent had moved. Looking down, she saw skid marks from the tires of some vehicle, and then looking up and far down the road, she saw the retreating lights of the vehicle, tearing off as quickly as it could.

Grinning, with a sardonic smile surrounding her pearly teeth and slightly enlarged incisors, she fingered her still swollen pubic mound, tweaking the nib of her clit. Then licking her fingers free of the silken fluids that still decorated the crotch of her sweats, she tipped forward, and started with a rapid series of steps where her toes stepped rapidly one right in front of the other. Then her stride lengthened and her pace quickened, and she tipped forward again first into a jog, then a run, and finally into a sprint.

Her chest heaved with each breath now, her immense breasts pushing heavily into the front of her sweater as she fixated upon the back of that vehicle, a simple black van with tinted windows.

Ever nearer that van came, and when it neared within a mile or so, she redoubled her efforts, and actually came running up along side a van that had been, only a few minutes before, miles ahead

of her. Now, outside of town and heading toward the military base, she came up close to the vehicle, reached over and punched her fist into the door, took hold of its heavy metal, and tore the entire door free of its hinges and tossed it aside.

There was her quarry, a strong, yet young man who gave her a surprised look, and actually gasped as she licked her chops at seeing him. She leapt up onto the door step then, and breaking his seatbelt with one hand, took hold of him, slung him over her shoulder, and then leapt free of the van.

The van kept going for a short distance before its wheels hit something, forcing them to turn, and with no one in the cabin to hold the wheel steady, the van tipped over, and slid nearly a quarter of a mile before coming to a final stop.

Diana slowed, to a trot, and then stopped, watching as the van exploded into a fireball off in the near distance, and then turning to the body slung over her shoulder, her hand shifted from his legs and slapped affectionately to his behind before she shouldered him off, and planted him firmly onto the ground. There, she stood over him, panting like a wild animal, grinning in anticipation while she felt her cunt thickening all over again between her legs, and her breasts swelling with warmth.

“Wh-what are you going to do with me?” he stammered, staring up at her wide eyed, but in answer to his question, she knelt down onto his lap, and with both hands, took the hem of his trousers and turned her hands away from each other.

His belt snapped, his buttons broke open, and the tangs of his zipper were wrenched open along with the stitches of his boxer shorts. He looked up then as she caressed her breasts, and slid the folds of her sweatshirt up over the massive mounds, allowing them to push outward and fill unbidden within the cool desert air.

She took that moment to remove the tattered remains of her bra and cast them aside.

He stared up at them, hypnotized as she balanced upon her toes, and fingering her thumbs into the hem of her waistband, she rapidly pushed both sweats and panties down to her knees, spread her legs wide, and planted herself atop his lap.

Apparently, what she intended was a quickie, he thought, even as her fingers began to fluff him. But what became of it, was indeed not a quickie. He fully understood that he was being used, but to be the plaything of such a... such a beautiful creature was a wonderful prospect was it not.

Once she settled down onto him, she pulled his hands up to her breasts, encouraged him to fondle her, feel breasts larger than any breasts he'd ever had his hands upon. She pulled him up to her, let him suckle from her nipples as she rolled her hips, massaging his manhood with her vaginal muscles in a way that kept him hard and erect inside her, while at the same time trapping off his climax to help him last longer.

The scent from her body became intoxicating, driving him mad with the draw of her especially potent pheromones within his senses. Eventually, far past the time he'd simply become exhausted in the past, he pushed himself further and harder to please her, nurse from her breasts, make love to her till his own body was slick with salty moisture from his sweat, and his abdomen sticky from the transfer of fluids between the two of them.

Eventually, he even found himself atop her, feeling his chest and rear fondled in a most unmanly way, but nonetheless enjoyed it.

Dawn began to rise, ever so slowly into the desert morning, and right before daybreak, Diana left him, pulling up her sweats and panties, letting them resettle into the crack of her rear, before she resettled her sweatshirt back over her immense breasts. She gave herself one final fondle with one hand, massaging the front of her breasts and still moist teat from his saliva, before she ran off to find a nice quiet place.

And all so, that she could... *become*...

24

A military convoy started from the military base at dawn, rolling forward with specially designed vehicles no man had ever seen, save, except, for those who'd designed and built them, and those who used them. At the front of the convoy, in a nice big hummer was Bruce Banner and his team of scientists – including his cousin Jennifer, Samson and Sasquatch – and of course the new comer of Doctor Hank McCoy.

The next Hummer to follow held the UN colonels and their aides. Likewise behind them, in several trucks, were three platoons of special forces troops – special operatives trained specifically to hunt and perhaps destroy the most powerful creature on Earth: The Hulk – and behind them, was a covered truck that housed six suits of power armor, again, designed to destroy the hulk.

A van followed them, which contained all the technological gear to task a satellite in the chase, as well as act as a command base for all those concerned.

“We’re nearing the surveillance van, doctor banner.” McCoy chimed as he fingered the screen of a portable computer hooked up with a GPS system. “It should be right... oh goodness, what is that man doing?”

The convoy pulled up short to a man with a cigarette in his mouth, a dumb smile holding it in place, his eyes dazed and his hair sticking up at all odd ends. For lack of a better term, he was urinating on the sizzling flames that had become of his van.

Underneath his opened jacket – just before his bared chest, which bore several hickeys and scrapes marks from rather sharp fingernails – was a uniform shirt with all the buttons broken off.

“Excuse me,” Bruce greeted.

“Oh, Excuse me!” the man shuddered, shook himself off and then turned, his hands bunched around the crotch of his pants. “Ah, Doctor Banner, welcome to the desert.”

Bruce paused for a moment, and then moved forward, stepping out of the hummer and forcing the whole thing to lurch first one way, and then shake violently in every other which way once he stepped out of the thing with his weight.

“Soldier, I take it that you are the young man who was set to observe the subject last night?”

“Right you are sir. Right up until that saucy woman tore me asunder last night... proverbially speaking of course.”

Just then, the United States Colonel hurried up, the other two following straight behind him. “Soldier! What happened here last night? Well?! Speak up!”

“Well sir...” he began, but was quickly interrupted again.

“I am an officer, soldier! Salute me when you address me!”

“I’d rather not sir...” he answered, eyeing the colonel with some duress.

“I said salute me, soldier! That’s an order.”

The tech soldier rolled his eyes, spit out his cigarette, and then saluted. Right then and there, his particular situation came to bare as both his pants and boxer shorts both fell right to the ground.

Jennifer leaned sideways to look around Samson at the situation unfolding.

“Wow... impressive, soldier. Though the Colonel told you to salute him. Perhaps I can help you with that action...” There was assorted laughter from everyone around, and even Bruce managed to fold his arms over his massive chest, avert his eyes and chuckle at this situation.

The colonel was blushing bright red. “At ease soldier.”

“Thank you sir!” the soldier snapped off his salute, and then quickly dipped to pull his shorts and trousers back up.

“Now then,” Banner mused, adding one last chuckle as his cousin got out of the hummer. “Tell us exactly what happened.

The soldier proceeded to tell what happened last night, and when he came to the part where he was ravaged by the Miss Diana, the posh English Colonel began to ask him to skip that, before he was interrupted by one of the scientists.

“Wait a minute, colonel... I think we should hear this part.” Samson said. “We need to find out exactly how far the young maiden has transformed. Please, continue soldier.”

The soldier got another cigarette from the Russian Colonel, and half a dozen men all listened with rapt attention, with silly grins on their faces as the soldier continued on. “Well, there I was, this woman planted on my jock after she tore my pants off... boobies out to *Here!*” and he continued on from there.

Banner did indeed listen with half a smile on his face, but aside from listening to one of the most lurid sex stories it'd ever been his privilege to hear, he also paid attention to the 'traits' that this soldier kept describing.

In the hummer, McCoy likewise was listening with rapt attention.

With the soldier's tale done, a ride was called for him and a change of clothes from supply, and they all continued off again; that is, once they got Jennifer off the poor man after she'd fondled his rear and settled a date with him.

But as they were cruising along, Banner and McCoy in the front seat, there was a short time of pause before one of them spoke.

“Doctor Banner, from my studies, I've learned that an atomic reactor produces one-thousand megawatts of power per second. Your reactor produces nine terawatts of power per second, and the young Diana had absorbed sixty seconds worth of that power, for five hundred and forty terawatts for five hundred and forty thousand megawatts of raw gamma irradiated power. She is a mutated mutant, whose transformations seem to be accelerated by physical contact.

“Do you have any idea how much radiation you absorbed to make you what you are now?”

Banner was silent for a time.

“Doctor?” McCoy prompted again.

“One hundred and twenty thousand megawatts were released at the epicenter of the gamma bomb that transformed me into what you see now. At optimum levels, I would've received approximately one-hundred thousand megawatts at where I was standing from the bomb's detonation.

“I know where you're going with this, Hank. Should Diana be allowed to enhance herself unbidden, then she'd surpass even me by at least a factor of five.”

“Indeed doctor, but that's just the short of it. She'd likewise have an internal battery powerful enough to fuel mutant-factor powers that would put even the mighty Apocalypse to shame...”

Diana had found a large cave all to herself, and even now, she hunched over herself, hands gripping at the earth as a new transformation began to rise up inside her. A vast pressure was gathering between her legs while the cracks in her flesh around her eyes, about her nipples arms and legs, and most especially against her back, were all widening, lengthening and glowing brighter. Her breathing was coming in a series of growling exhales, deep and guttural as each pounding throb of her heart fisted her right into her wet vaginal mound over and over again.

Her skin was crawling again as spasms slid over her musculature, the twin pads of her vaginal mound squeezing rhythmically about her clit as that erect nib of reddened flesh erected even higher from between her legs; thrusting a lump out of her sweats and panties and throbbing visibly with her heart. She gasped, trembling as the rise of energy began to hum inside her bowels, with her cunt swelling into a great pad of powerful muscles between her legs.

But despite the strength of that mound of swollen femininity, the power of a rising orgasm was rapidly growing stronger than the allowance of the wall to hold it back. And then with a deep-throated cry escaping her lips, a new and wholly much stronger burst of orgasmic force burst from her loins, and a short jet of hot fluids sopped her sweats and panties. Streamers of the syrupy fluids strung from between her legs and the ground, and coiling in her fingers, she clawed powerfully against the ground as another build up and release of fluids erupted from her.

Then, all at once, the creature inside her that was threatening to break loose from her, as if she were nothing but a loose skin to be shed, she felt it grow inside her.

Diana gasped, feeling her heart thundering inside her breast as if it were trying to punch itself out, hammering with each deep body throb it pulsed through her form, and closing her eyes tight, she felt all those many tears and cracks in her flesh electrify. To the casual observer, those many cracks glowed an even brighter electric green.

Opening her eyes, she looked down at her hands as they tensed, her once dainty fingers thickening at their ends, her fingernails thickening and lengthening into claws, with more cracks breaking open there around her wrists before a strange glowing crystal broke out into the air.

The crystals glowed brightly with the same electric green suffusing her body, transforming her, and arching her back, shuddering with another orgasmic burst from between her legs, she felt her body tense as her breasts pushed forward between her thick arms.

Coiling backward then, her hands hefted her breasts, her teats thickening and poking firmly against the front of her sweatshirt, while the pads of her areola swelled greatly behind them to create a layering mound against the front of her sweatshirt. She caressed those tiny mounds atop her bulging breasts, her hips beginning to gyrate, the pad of her luscious cunt thickening so much that it was giving itself a snuggy from her sweats.

The power! She thought, feeling the potent, energizing force of such relentless *POWER* flowing through her; feeling each and every last mote of luscious, erotic energy flowing into her muscles, thickening every cell, flowing through her blood as it pumped erotically through her crotch and breasts.

And then with the beat of that powerful heart pounding inside her breasts, she began to hear crackling of her bones forcefully being realigned, sounds of stretching rubber as her flesh expanded around her body, tearing open in some places, and finally of wringing dried reeds from her muscles thickening with *POWER!*

More POWER... she thought. *More! MORE! MORE!*

It became an obsession, and as fate would have it, she was blessed with more and more of it.

And so, gasping for her air, her eyes opened again, shining blood red as she lowered her gaze to her arms, and flexed it.

Blood pumped through her main artery, straight over her bicep, and with every single pulse of her blood, that muscle thickened rhythmically, erotically, with more and more power. Her sweatshirt sleeve began to tense around it as she flexed, it, pumping her growing fist, and each time she did, every muscle would tear, and some wonderful healing factor would repair the striations thicker and longer than before, before she'd flex again.

And so, she watched with erotic splendor as her bicep thickened and spread, stretching her sleeve as it slid further up her arm, catching at her arm to expose that mound of muscle.

She laughed almost disbelievingly as the tiny mound bulged upward, growing thicker and thicker as it grew into the size of a tennis ball, then a baseball and quickly into a baseball. The muscle surrounding it creased and thickened as it lengthened beautifully about those lovely twin muscles atop her arm. The bulge grew into the size of a melon, surrounded along its sides and beneath it by tendons and brachials while her forearm flared wide, bulging thick, thick, thick while a wonderfully deep crease began to form down the inside of her forearm.

Then her bicep suddenly split, and the fabric of her shirtsleeve stretched to its limit, and with a brief thinning of fabric, a fray and then a tear opened, and then more tears, before in rapid succession, it seemed as if each and every last fiber about her arm just popped open with a burst of energy. Each strand became like a rubber band that had been stretched just a little too far.

With one final array of motion, her sleeve literally burst open, revealing her soft flesh even as her shoulder bulged outward to attach around the peaks of the lovely bulging bicep, even as it began to press against her tit.

And then that bicep split; thick striations appearing about her flesh as the pumping blood engorged her muscle system. Bicep thickened to the size of a bowling ball as it flared outward, creasing down its center with its tops brushing against the backs of her knuckles.

Turning to look over her shoulder with a flip of her hair, she saw her triceps simply creased of its own accord, and with another laugh, she turned her attention to her other arm and flexed that as well.

The simple act of lifting her arm shattered the fabric surrounding it, and she watched with utmost pleasure, feeling the erotic stem and throb of her blood bumping over the power that was her opposing bicep, entice her all the more as it thickened just as large as her other.

The gyrating of her hips gave way to yet another crackling sound, and after another seismic burst of seminal fluids erupting between her legs, her hips widened, thickening her rear and bulging her already thick vaginal mound. The fabric of her sweats tucked further between her butt cheeks as they swelled outward, drawing the rear of her panties right along with them into a thick chord of cloth between her cheeks, and compressing the triangular front of her panties about her wet cunt.

The leg cuffs of her sweats slid even further up along her thighs, fraying and then popping open as the hindering elastic bands that had once hung loosely about her ankles, now broke open about the climbing ridge of her thighs.

Then lowering her arms, compressing her tits together, she rolled her shoulders backward and balled her fists between her widely spread legs, and now focused upon flexing her biceps.

Her heart redoubled, the blood flowing about her chest kindled like a fire with the energy flowing through her life stream, and the pulsating throb flowing around her tips right up and into her nipples with a heavy stab, now began to massage her tits like to mighty hands. All the while between her legs, that same mighty pumping of her blood stream between her legs, throbbing within her arteries running right about her sultry vaginal mound, and exciting the veins inside her womanhood, made the feeling of being made love to intensify.

“OH Gawd!” she cried out, squeezing her eyes shut and tilting her hair back.

And then those mighty packs of muscle supporting her breasts began to bulge outward, hefting her tits upward into the air beneath her chin, even as her ribcage barreled straight outward to support them.

Her stomach, now completely born outward into the morning air, could be seen beautifully as it sunk beneath her barreling ribs, the thing folding in half and compressing along its middle into a beautiful hourglass shape.

Above those already creased muscles, however, her barreling ribs also pushed her shoulders apart, creating tears underneath her arms in what remained of her sweatshirt to make way for her thickening bodice, while her tits pressed against each other and formed a single solid shelf out of her sweatshirt.

She flexed her pecks again, closing her eyes even tighter at the feeling of power as the solid pads beneath her tits thickened with striations and chords of thick, thick muscle. And then opening her eyes, orgasming again – the front of her sweats now stained with her seminal fluids – her eyes slowly lowered to her tits, and lifting her now much larger hands to her chest, and made to grab them. But even with the barest of touches, light enough for the foot fall of a fly, a powerful

pounding erupted in her chest, and another sound of stretching rubber greeted her ears as her tits just began to swell outward.

Double D to E, E straight up to P and beyond, she watched as the collar of her sweatshirt snapped open, hearing rips and tears just popping and snapping open around her tits, dragging open across her erect nipples even as those mighty towers climbed ever higher. And then surprisingly, the cracks in her flesh right around her nipples flared alive with emerald light and energy, cutting at her sweatshirt as surely as the edge of a knife, and with one final burst of motion, her tits expanded unbidden into the air. The fragments and trailers of the front of her shirt just burst away from her chest, with bits and pieces landing several feet away from her as well as around her legs as that massive pair blew outward, bobbed upward once, fell down slightly, and then firmed up thick and heavy against her still thickening chest muscles.

The weight of those tits pulled her forward with her inability as of yet to support their weight, and she caught herself just in time by her arms, and held herself aloft.

But then the strength she needed to hold that mighty pair took her, and with a deep guttural grunt and a primal animalistic growl, she bent forward, dropped her head, and then arched her back catlike.

The remaining fabric across her back stretched wily, its former and broken hem rising up high atop her back as the fabric was stretched to its limit.

With a lurching series of crunches, her spine turned outward, bulging great and thick, each and every last vertebrae displaying themselves from beneath her skin as her already massive yet smooth back, broadened immensely and began to thicken; forming two opposing halves of mountainous muscle.

But then with another lurch, her back reformed again, and like a rising peak of a mountain, it segmented horizontally first by a truncated-M by her shoulder blades thickening, and then by a truncated-W from her upper back muscles rising above even those.

At the peak of her back, the backward side of her collar – the part with the tag moistened by her sweat – snapped open as her neck muscles trailed straight across to the still thickening bulges of her shoulders; which were likewise beginning to crease, with her biceps still thickening.

Diana fell downward into the sandy ground then, her naked tits pressing fully into the earth, her nipples projecting before her as she slid back, and with a spasm of motion, her back arched outward again. And then with a ripple of motion, each and every last muscle in her body erupted with motion, creasing tightly while her bones supporting them bulged outward to stretch her flesh taut. But likewise, as her back bulged outward, her spine rising and thickening all the more, what remained of her sweatshirt stretched thin, and with a mighty tearing motion, simply tore straight in half and popped open with a snap. A moment later, her thickening shoulders burst the side open and the remainder of her sweatshirt popped open about the impossible thickness of even the pits of her arms.

But her back kept thickening, and soon, Diana experienced the brief pain of her flesh being torn open, and more of those cracks of emerald green light decorated her back like a sunburst.

And then at last, her transformation centered upon her legs, and with a mighty gyration, her energized blood surged into her thighs, and the packs of muscle all around her thighbones simply bulged. First the tops of her thighs bulged, but then compacted between her inside and outside leg muscles as they too bulged thick and mighty.

With her legs thickening, rapidly growing to the breadth of her middle – that creasing even further into eight individual muscles and four lats – the clot of her sweats tore and burst open at the stitches along the insides and outsides of her legs, fraying wide open to reveal her sensual legs while her fingers clawed at the ground. Soon, all that remained of her sweats was a simple triangular patch covering her pelvis, angling sharply from between her legs to peak high over her hips, and then knot tightly between the ever-bulging masses of her rear.

Her feet split open her shoes and shredded her socks as they grew larger, while her forelegs grew as wide as her forearms; either supporting a bulging calf that thickened rapidly to the thickness of her biceps. And then ever so slowly, her transformation slowed, her thighs trembling to a halt at nearly twice the thickness as her elongated middle was, she slowly rose to her feet even as the last vestiges of her transformation colored her hair a deeper color and darkened the color of her skin several shades closer to a deep, deep red.

A wind picked up her thick mane of hair and blew it around her face, thick neck and broad shoulders, and ever so slowly, her eyes opened, revealing a pair of red eyes adorned with a single black pupil at their centers.

A wash of the rising sun caressed her flesh like a lover, sliding over her breasts, over her rippled stomach and bulging thighs and arms; the cracks in her flesh all over her body shining a dull emerald green, now that so much of her energy had been expended in the act of this transformation.

Then, with a subtle smile against her face, she looked down at her breasts, either the size of her biceps, and either larger than her head was. Hefting one of the great and unbelievably firm things, she kissed its top, feeling the warmth of her flesh against her full lips while she coaxed her nipples erect with either hand. She wasn't surprised when her nipples erected into the size of small towers atop her pleasure mounds, thickening into nibs at their ends, with her teats large enough to fill the whole of her hand.

Closing her eyes, she then took in a deep breath, her thighs opening slowly while the end of her transformation drew to a final close, and her whole form grew subtly larger than where it ended with.

Her back arched with her pleasure, and she clenched her wet cunt tightly along with her rounded butt cheeks, breathing in deeply so that her wonderfully full breasts expanded all the more against her chest.

And then there was the sound of more tearing entering into her hearing, and leaning backward and looking down the length of her body between her breasts, she spied the remainder of her sweatpants slowly tearing open over her crotch. The width of her hips, along with the simultaneous tensing of her cunt and rear, tore the front of the remaining V-wedge of cloth apart across her front till they parted wide for her panties to push forward. But then at last the straps of those panties – one right after the other, popped open, and with a minute shifting of her legs, all of those remaining shreds of cloth burst open about her thighs.

With a wonderfully mad and pleasurable smile surfacing across her lips, she arched her back, bent around herself and slid a hand down her rear, sliding a thumb between her cheeks to dig out the wet knots of fabric that remained of her panties and sweats and through them away.

And then she looked at herself as the light of the sun slid fully over her, and her flesh shone in its light.

And then the creature that had once been short, slightly pudgy Diana, began to chuckle, and then laugh, and rising her hands high up into the air before clenching them into fists, she slung her head back and laughed aloud for all the world to hear.

For this day was born Diana! The Super Beast! Most powerful Hulk on Earth.

26

But as Hulks were concerned, Doctor Bruce Banner was monitoring the background radiation at that time when his scanner picked up an ungodly immense spike of gamma radiation, and in a hurry, he redirected his driver toward its source.

The convoy maneuvered off of the main road, heading straight toward a mesa off in the distance with their vehicles going as fast as the convoy could manage.

The Gamma Radiation flare lasted for only a minute or so before rapidly failing once again, and within moments the readout read normal, but it was still a place to lead off on.

The convoy slowed at last as it drew closer to the mesa, and as soon as the transport vehicle slowed and came to the stop, the powered armor troopers of the Hulk Busters all deployed while banner and his science team climbed out of their hummer and began scouting the area.

“I don’t know about the rest of you, but is anyone else getting some really solid wood here?” Samson asked as he paused, his head subtly lowering to look at the base of his pants.

“I was about to ask the girls the same thing.” Jennifer chimed in, folding her hands about her bosom to hide her apparent arousal.

“Intriguing,” McCoy said at last. “It appears as if her sexuality enhancing mutant factor appears to entice both men and women.” He said, and then turned slightly to adjust himself.

“It also means,” Banner chimed in. “That her Mutant factor is becoming all that more potent. This most recent energy spike could’ve her been mutating.”

The search continued then, with both scanners and eyes, and to an extent, the beacons positioned in pants and atop excited pleasure mounds growing more and more enticed as they neared the epicenter. And then, finally, someone lifted a hand, waved it high over their head, and called out, “I’ve found something!”

That something was the tatters of clothing, strewn everywhere; strips so fine that they were barely even threads and fragments, with the fragments all strewn close to the shadowed edge of the mesa and took up an area a few meters across. It was also here, that every unprotected member of the convoy who had entered the area – male or female – immediately entered into a state of euphoric ecstasy, with each and every last member supporting either a fully erect manhood, or achingly erect nipples.

The Hulk, walking a little tense with his chest puffed out with the effects of the pheromones still in the air, but looking down, he noticed something, and bending over he picked up something soft, white, moist and – fingering a piece of it with his thumb – very sticky.

A quick smell of that cloth made his erection harden till it ached. On it was the unmistakable scents one got when positioned between the legs of a woman. In spite of himself, Banner took another deep whiff of her seminal fluids, sweat and other tantalizing affects and then fingered what could only be the former panties of young Diana.

In his mind, he immediately began to think of Betty, and the immediate heartache made what remained of his erection fail him. What knowledge of the carnal relationship between a man and a woman that he had was abysmally small. He wished nothing more than to have his beloved back.

“What’cha got there?” a feminine voice mewed, and turning quickly, he saw Jennifer approaching him.

Dressed in her one piece super-heroine suit, with boots and gloves, complete with the Fantastic-Four emblem straight across her full and rounded breasts, she sidled up to her much, much larger cousin.

“A piece of Diana’s...” he paused and cleared his throat. “Underclothing”

Holding it out to her, Jen lightly picked it up, holding it in both of her hands where he’d just held it in a couple fingers of his, and she smelled deeply of the woman’s tantric fluids.

Immediately he noticed the tiny lumps against his cousin’s breasts thicken, and for shame’s sake, he turned his head away from her.

“She’s going to be very popular.” Jen chuckled, and then gave her breasts a light caress. “Nonetheless... I think it might be best if we were to distribute air filters to everyone while

we're hunting her. Just from a whiff of this woman's crotch, I thought about every man I'd ever had in my bed, and a desire to have each and every last one of them – twice – and all in one night."

"I know what you mean." Bruce said, and turned away, lowering his head as if to inspect the rest of the tatters there.

Jen noticed the shake in his voice, and looking up to him, she immediately stepped forward, took up one of his immense arms and embraced it. He was far too large to do anything else.

"Betty?"

"Yes." He answered quietly, and then slowly lowered himself to the ground, sitting quite dejectedly. "Unlike you, Jen, I've only had one woman in my bed. Oh God, I miss her."

Jen felt silent for a moment; then moving around to his back, bent down a little and hugged him around the neck. "Have you ever thought... thought about looking into moving on, Bruce?"

"Every time that I do, and she comes immediately up into my mind, and just thinking about another woman makes me feel as if I'm cheating on her."

"Bruce... she's dead. Even her father doesn't blame you anymore."

There was an awkward silence that was broken only by the sound of the wind, foot falls against the dust and dirt, and the grinding noises of servos from the power armor. Amidst their silence, Bruce took from Jen the scrap of Diana's panties, and for a moment, with the smell of that woman's crotch heavy in his nostrils, he forgot about Betty. With a wry smile, he fingered the point where her vaginal folds had recently pressed against the white cotton fabric, and in the back of his mind, he considered for a moment the feeling of stroking the womanhood of such an erotic, virile, and exotic woman.

Then he thought of other things... things reserved between relations between a man and a woman... things... physical.

"My... that woman must be totally naked now." Another voice broke into his senses, and he turned around and looked over his shoulder at the big blue mutant known as Doctor Hank McCoy. Just as he adjusted himself. "Oh... Doctor Banner, Miss Walters.

"We've finished the sweep of the area. I'm sad to say that Diana does not seem to be anywhere within the area. Being that she cannot be detected anywhere on the horizon, means that she either has the renowned leaping abilities you seem to display from your file, Doctor, or she has incredible running abilities.

"She'd be able to outrun a cheetah if the later were true, due to the distance of the horizon in this area."

He smiled warmly at them both, and then his smile changed slightly as his eyes slid over Jen. Normally, being a man with few desires for physical interaction between women that he was, mainly because of his love for science, Hank nonetheless was making an exception for Miss Walters.

“And might I add, Miss Walters, that you look amazingly beautiful today. Do you suppose, that a tall, dark and green woman of ineffable beauty such as yourself, might find a tall, blue furred – but rather soft to the touch - hairy guy like me worthy of some form of social action after we are no longer dispensed with this hunt?”

“Why Mr. McCoy. I do have a date later tonight, but I’d *Love* to join you for dinner the night after that. It would be my pleasure to...”

But then a low rumbling from Bruce broke up the interaction.

“Hank?” both of them turned their attentions to the hulking juggernaut known as The Hulk, just as Bruce lifted his head. “You said that she is a mutant with extreme control over energy patterns, is that correct?”

Hank nodded.

“Which might include the detailed control of transforming matter into energy and back again... after transporting it a good distance away?”

“Teleporting.” Hank simplified. “My lucky stars, yes... that is truly possible thinking about her nature.”

Bruce leaned back in the dirt, rubbing his face with one hand, now feeling the stubble that was now growing against his face. He thought for a time more and then rose to his feet, and actually approached one of the death machines that were designed – with its pilots further trained – to kill him.

“Lieutenant, if you could please radio the lab. We’ll need some additional equipment in the form of air masks for all ground troops, the portal locator from R&D, and as a precaution, bring up the Devastator Cannon.”

“But sir,” came the mechanical voice of the lead pilot over its external mike. “That cannon requires a mount of some sort. We’d have a hell of a time deploying it unless we have it attached to a tank and a power source.”

“Never mind that. Attach it to a power pack made to fit my measurements, and attach the pod mount triggering system to it. If worse comes to worse, if young Diana seems to cause more damage than she should, then I will neutralize her.”

Diana sat perched atop a solid outcropping of rock that rose several hundred feet up into the air, her body energizing from the ultraviolet radiation pelting her from the bright and beautiful sun high above. As it was, her massive form was also absorbing the heat that was warming her skin, storing that energy source inside her body.

Hunched over herself as she was, she stared far off into the distance, her pupils dilating as she viewed the procession of people watching over the place where she'd so recently transformed.

Though having just had been pleased by a particularly well-endowed soldier, and having been sated by the power of her transformation, the energy she was absorbing from the background radiation and other sources of energy was not quite strong enough to counteract. Her body took in the forces of power from the light, from the UV radiation, from heat and the remaining radiation of a nuclear blast, and later a gamma radiation blast that had taken up this very site.

Yes, it was here, a few decades ago, that Bruce Banner was first transformed into The Hulk by directly absorbing the power of a Gamma Radiation explosion.

In the back of her mind, she knew that it was that latent Gamma radiation that was really enticing her; like a cat smelling a field of catnip for the first time, she was becoming slowly aroused again from that tantalizing source of power.

Again her eyes dilated of their own accord, and she focused upon the venerable, altruistic and all powerful man known as The Hulk the world over... strongest being under twenty feet in mankind's known relationships, even through our dealings with the rest of the cosmos. No creature held as much power as he did... the energies from an entire radiation explosion.

Her pupils dilated again, the organic lenses behind them refracting to enhance the image of that man so that she could see his face, and muse of a time where she might find him alone.

Positioned where she was, high atop her precipice, right at the edge of the horizon, she was outside their search area and yet high enough to increase her own area of perception without being detected by any means other than optics.

The rising to a stand, her head moving imperceptibly to keep her view on Doctor Banner, she felt a wind blow about her and tussle her thick mane of now ebony hair about her head while she stood upon her tiptoes at that tower of rock's tip. Her muscles tightened pleasurably, her thick, powerful heart beating a little heavier with her rising passions again, and though those passions were weak right now, it wouldn't take them long to grow into utmost power once again.

She caressed her full and thickened vaginal mound, feeling it clench pleasingly to her as she arched her back and rotated her shoulders so that her breasts would part from one another, allowing her to look down the length of her towering body and view that mound of pleasure thicken and her clit draw powerfully erect between her legs.

Her reddened skin sparked briefly with crisp, emerald sparks, the cracks in her flesh shining a bright green briefly before she blinked her eyes and turned their magnification back to normal.

Somewhere in her head was the former, frumpy little girl by the name of Diana Mélange, but her psyche was changing inside her brain. She was drunk by a combination of her power and her rising sexual desires, and was further being altered by her mutant factor kicking in.

She was nonetheless still Diana, but the forces that were stirring within her were changing her mentally, empowering her psyche at the same time it empowered her body.

As it was now, that psyche was obsessed with her cravings for physical contact.

Poising herself, she crouched and then leapt upward into the stratosphere, angling herself to a place where she might find some of that pleasure till she was ready for her contact with that big, green and powerful creature known as The Hulk. Somewhere in here head was the remembrance of a town filled with men and women who'd be able to pleasure her. And so, that was where she headed now... straight into the thick of things to feed her hunger, and its desire to empower the next stage of her transformation.

28

Banner stood now in his new change of clothes – better adapted for this sort of desert tracking, and was a bit stylish – his breath mask now hanging loosely around his neck while a huge visor around his eyes fed information from scanners and computer readouts to him. Already against his back, was a huge weighty backpack with one enormously huge cannon that looked like the gun off of a tank attached to a special harness there.

This was the experimental rail gun, nicknamed the 'Devastator Cannon,' which could fire a shell using the forces of magnetism at the speed of light at any particular target. It's head, a depleted uranium shell, would instantly turn into a mass of plasma with the simple friction against it in the air. On impact, Einstein's Theory of Relativity, $E=MC^2$, would kick in, and the amount of Energy produced would indeed equal the density of the mater times a function of Calculus of speed... squared.

The impact from this cannon, had been enough to blow a tank up so thoroughly, that its armor and components literally shattered from the hole blasting through it, while those said pieces all scattered over a radius of a quarter of a mile. Some of those pieces were recorded to fly up over fifty feet up into the air.

The rough equivalent of having all the power from a battleship cannon shell, impact an area the size of a tennis ball.

If needed, he hoped that the impact from this weapon would at least stun the new Hulk that was slowly being reborn into the world.

Aside from this lovely weapon and his other accessories, Bruce also supported some modified tank armor plates, just in case his and McCoy's projections as to how strong she would get were false.

McCoy had returned to his X-Men companions in Manchester New York and returned in less time than he'd thought was possible, and was likewise dressed in his X-Men uniform, some armor of his own, and now possessing of some of the alien technology the X-Men possessed.

Jennifer had been retrofitted like Bruce had been... with some light pieces of armor and the smaller version of the cannon he himself possessed. Hers was more of a 3-man team weapon – or a one-woman she-hulk team in her case – which fired aluminum rounds instead of depleted uranium. In this case, hers struck with the force of regular tank cannons.

The Hulk Busters were of course still in attendance, but the platoon of SpecOps had been placed more in reserve and were now servicing the three U.N. colonels in their temporary base they were making near the town where Diana came from. They were already getting clearances to bring in more and more support units. An AWAK was already circling overhead from the base, and armor and artillery divisions were being dispatched to protect the city. Likewise, a good legion of troops was also being secreted in to serve the martial law that General Ross had commanded to take the town.

Samson was with that base acting as a scientific liaison.

Then, of his companions, that left him Sasquatch... who was already removing the inhibitor collar from around his throat. His hand clenched, and he forcefully pushed down the transformation, before he removed his lab coat and armed himself with a heavy-duty tranquilizer laser.

This was a device that he himself had designed. It was a simple hand-held weapon that would fire a particle beam at the target, which would thusly stun them with the powerful electrons riding the beam, and inject the subject with neural inhibitors to shut their conscious systems down.

He'd tried this weapon on elephants, blue whales, himself and even the Hulk. It took a few shots for Bruce, but he nonetheless went down.

Eventually.

“I do wish I could've brought Scott with me, but he was away on a 'Mission' with Miss Grey and wouldn't answer his cell phone. I didn't have the heart to ask the professor to contact him.”

“Indeed,” Banner agreed, and turned to look over his shoulder at McCoy. “With the appropriate targeting systems, I'm sure he'd be able to hit a satellite in orbit and destroy it with those eyes of his.”

It was then that Jennifer sidled up to Mr. Blue and furry, and wrapping her arms around hi waist, pressed her affectionate bosom against his back.

“Well, Mr. McCoy... it seems that I may be able to get that ‘social interaction’ with you a little sooner now. My Date has been placed in observation for a few weeks.” She played with a tuft of his fur against his chest. “Perhaps a little later tonight then?” she giggled, and Hank grinned.

“I’d always *meant* to ask you out when we were both with the Avengers. Damn me for never asking. It would delight me to no end but to service you, Miss Walters.”

But while this exchange was proceeding between the two superhumans, Banner was standing quite still, his head lowered slightly while his emerald green eyes focused upon the readouts from his display.

Then suddenly, there was a beep in his ear, and his visor changed abruptly as he received a communication from Samson.

“You there Bruce?”

“Loud and clear. What’re you sending me?”

“AWAK eye in the sky has located her Bruce.” The image of Samson’s face changed abruptly to show a hulking – and quite naked – creature of feminine might running along the ground.

The image changed again to get a closer look at her. In spite of himself, Bruce began to feel excitement and pleasure in his body, which responded by pumping blood straight into his loins. “My Gawd... she’s already reached my size.”

“We thought you might be interested in that. But here’s another addendum for ya: Diana Mélange was found by one of the agents eyeballing her. We can see her there, we can paint her with laser guidance, but she’s not showing up on any scanners or anything. Even the Gamma radiation scanner that we designed to track you isn’t working. All of em is just reading normal background radiation levels.”

“Which means that she is either generating an interference field of some sort, or her power levels are so vast your scanners can’t detect them.”

“Or both.”

The two men fell silent for a moment, Banner watching the bounce and jiggle of Diana’s breasts, as well as the jiggle of her rear with each lunging step. Absentmindedly, he adjusted himself.

“We’re on our way, Samson. Where is she heading?” There was a pause. “Samson?”

“Back into town, Bruce.”

Banner swore underneath his breath. “We’re on our way, Samson! Get those Colonels to re-task a satellite to keep tabs on her. And if they won’t do it, give General Ross a call. I’m sure he’d be more than glad to keep an eye on this.” He vaulted around and landed in the driver’s seat of

the hummer, signaling everyone to hurry into the transports, and within minutes they were underway. “Our E.T.A will be about thirty minutes!”

29

The town known as Dessert Meadow, was a mid sized town of a few tens of thousands of people, all there as family of military personnel at the base, or as civilian support for that self same base. The people were still talking about the air-raid sirens over the night, wondering if it was a malfunction, or an emergency preparedness test, or whatever, and all the while going about their idle business.

And so, it was with a strange shift in the winds, and the sound of a rather heavy footfall that upset the ordered lives of these people along Main Street. One by one, they all turned, and beheld a red-skinned giant of a woman, impossibly muscled with a pair of tits that must’ve been over a hundred pounds apiece.

On the average human being, there are five central locations where pheromones are projected into the air to help entice a member of the opposite sex; located underneath either armpit, along the crevice between either breast, along the spine of the back and directly between the legs surrounding the pubic mound.

The most potent of these pheromone inducers are located about said pubic mound.

Diana Mélange, however, possessed over a dozen locations where all these powerful pheromones all exuded from her bodice. But unlike a typical woman, she exuded both male *and* female pheromones from all these locations, and so potent were they, that as she stepped forward, everyone in the street immediately became aroused by the sight and smell of her.

She smiled, turning her head then as she viewed a man and a woman on the street. Neither had ever really met one another in this town, and looking closely and rather discerningly to one another, the woman then dropped her packages, closed her fingers about her blouse, and with a wrenching jerk, tore her blouse open, pulling her bra down about her middle as she and he both rubbed up against one another. They began kissing, angling down onto the ground; and within moments both were unclothed, and both were making love like sea otters.

She passed further down Main Street, approaching the town square, where the most people were, while all around her men and women were abandoning inhibitions and tearing off clothes. Husbands and wives, boyfriends and girlfriends, strangers on the street.

Her loins creaked with her desire, the pair of labia clenching ever so tightly before pushing her erect clitoris out into the air, her nipples erecting while her back arched to rotate her rear upward and her tits outward.

And then the first of her new victims, a man with whitening hair, came up to her, staring up at her in awe of her might and power, his hands lifting to lightly pull his shirt open to reveal his

rather strong chest. She smiled down at him between her breasts, stepping up close to him before lifting her hands to rest her fingertips atop his shoulders.

As tall as she was now, a good twelve feet, his face was right up before her moistening cunt, and pausing only a moment longer, he surged forward and hugged her between the legs, rubbing his cheek against those powerful labia; his flesh taking up a fresh wash of her seminal fluids leaking from that tightened crevice.

And then Diana was lowering to her knees, pressing her chest up against his, cleaving about his body as she hugged him lovingly to her before pulling him backward and laying on her back. With a quick rip and a tear, she stripped him bare, maneuvering him to be the first to pierce her throbbing cunt and taste from her breasts.

She rotated her hips, holding onto his with her clawed hands closing her eyes tightly as he pleased her with the skills of an older man who'd been around the block a few times. But all around her, men and women both began to approach her, removing clothing by either tearing them off or cutting them off in some cases.

Soon, Diana M lange was at the direct center of a vast orgy.

Within her loins, she felt the tantric energies of dozens of men and women pleasing her, and of all the energies her body absorbed the best, it was those energies released during sexual encounters. And Diana's body became engorged by it.

23

"Oh... my... Gawd!" Hank voiced at the sight as they entered into the center of the town.

Hundreds of people were everywhere, on top of one another, strewn in the street, on crosswalks, on benches and ground alike, in trees and statues, in the water of the fountains in the park at the center of the square. One massive writhing, tantric flow of bodies ranging throughout all the ages, between genders and various levels of maturity.

All at once, all the members of the squad of superhumans and Hulk Busters were all very, very glad for breath masks.

"Somebody call Guinness here." Hank mused then. "I'm pretty sure we have a record."

"Of what? The biggest orgasmic festival of all time?" Jen mused. "Looks like fun though." She giggled and then hit Bruce's arm when he looked shocked at her.

Behind them, the military was surging through the streets in biohazard gear, attaching hoses to fire plugs and hosing them all down. Primarily for two reasons, one was that all the human fluids spilt here were so thick, that the smell was continually perpetrating the sexual desires in all these people.

The other reason was that they were all very, very sticky.

“To the end of my days, I don’t believe I’ll ever be able to burn this sight out of my head.” Sasquatch mentioned. “Any sign of our mutation super mutant?” he said then, and raising a hand to his eyes to shield off the sun, began looking around for any sign of her while water hoses hit all the gyrating people with water cold enough to make both tits and nads all obtain a state of shrinkage.

But feeling something in the air, a precognition really, Bruce stepped forward, stepping carefully over the people who were just now waking up from their tantric-educed fevers, and noting that they were all naked but not yet registering that that was bad.

He finally stepped over to an aged man – mid forties to early fifties – who held a young woman in one arm who was lightly kissing his collarbone, pressing up against him with her firm breasts and running her fingers through his chest hair.

She couldn’t have been more than nineteen.

Bending down, looking at the pair, Banner held up a hand and passed it over the pair, and lazily the man and the girl both looked up at him and smiled bemusedly. Hulk turned his hands and rubbed his fingers together, and opening his hand, he viewed an oily residue decorating them.

Pulling out a device from off a satchel on his belt, he scanned his fingers, and found out that that residue were human pheromones... so heavy in the air that they were actually collecting as a residue over everything. The potency was likewise off the scale.

“Doctor McCoy, I believe that this is ground zero.” He said, and reached out, pushed the eyelid of the man open. “And this man should be brought into medical for analysis and treatment. I believe he was the one privileged enough to have the most contact with our good subject, Diana.”

Bruce paused, rising to a stand even as another young woman slid up to his pant leg and hugged him there, one of her hands coming dangerously close to his groin.

“For that matter,” he continued, gently removing the woman from off him. “Have *all* these people checked out for abnormalities. Those who don’t show any changes after being hosed down will need to be hospitalized.”

Hank nodded, and turning to a sergeant who’d trotted up, he began relaying those commands while the Hulk Busters cordoned off the area.

And then he felt a pair of arms wrap around his much, much larger one, and turning his head, looked down at his ‘little cousin’ Jennifer, The She-Hulk.

“It’s amazing, Jen.” He said in retrospect, looking at his fingers for a moment. “She’s the perfect woman, being reborn as a goddess even as we speak.”

“Perfect woman?! But what about me?” Jen said with a fake pout, and then let her features soften. “What about Betty?”

Bruce was silent for a very long time, still staring at his fingers.

“We need to find her, he said at last. If anything, perhaps to return her to normal.”

There was another pause, and then a slow, supple smile crossed Jen’s jade lips.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve seen you get that dreamy look in your eyes Bruce. Perhaps this is a good thing.” She then reached up, adjusted his facemask and then caressed his cheek. “Perhaps there’s something else in your thinking when you think of Diana. Perhaps... she is the angel sent to serve you in stead of Betty.”

The barest of smiles crossed Hulks features.

“Perhaps.” Bruce paused and then chuckled... nudging his cousin’s chin ever so softly, a task where, in a green titan like him, where every muscle exploded with power even in a twitch, that he could manage to caress her cheek as softly as he did.

The area surrounding the town square was cleansed with fire and water, with only about a dozen people being hospitalized with their tantric pleasures lasting passed the shock to their systems from being sprayed with a fire hose.

Bruce managed to get some more of the resin in the air onto a slide, and stuffed that into his sample satchel at his hip, right along with Diana’s seminal fluid soaked panties in a zip-lock bag. But while he stood there, his hand still in that satchel, he lightly opened up that zip-lock bag and fingered the now dried area of where her cunt had pressed against.

And then he blew into his mike to activate it.

“AWAK, AWAK, AWAK... this is ground patrol. Confirm location of target.”

“Ground patrol, this is your eye in the sky. Target has disappeared, I repeat, target has disappeared. No visual confirmation.”

“Has the satellite been re-tasked?”

“Re-task confirmed, by order of General Ross. We have a bird for the duration of the operation, sir. We were about to contact you and tell you that we are going to leave the search up to the technicians for now so that we could land for refueling.”

Bruce pursed his lips together.

“Understood AWAK... goodnight. Ground out.”

Blowing on his mike again to shut it off, he then folded his arms briefly, and then turned to the commander of the Hulk Buster squad, and strode quickly up to him.

“We’re going to take three of your squad members into the sewer system.” He said without preamble.

“Why is that sir?”

“If AWAK or the satellite can’t detect her on the ground, then that means she’s *under* the ground. If you could, also try to get the USGS maps for underground caverns in the area. Just in case she goes lower than the sewer system.”

24

Diana was nearing critical mass again, but there was a level of power inside her that wasn’t quite strong enough to trigger a change. Hobbling along, she kept one hand between her legs, coaxing her clit to stay erect, while occasionally hefting one of her breasts to suckle from her nipple.

But despite all that, she was slowly losing power, and she needed a massive quantity of it to be able incite the change. Every mote inside her head was into evolving, of growing stronger, more powerful, of growing capable to take that jolly green giant between her legs and please him.

“Ah...” she grunted, her hand lifting to scrape deeply into wall, tearing away stone and mortar alike.

She felt as if she were on fire, her chest heaving with her tantric pleasures, while sweat streamed over her body, forcing her feminine form to glisten in the tender embrace of the service lights. She reached out then, spreading her consciousness, trying to sense a source of energy to absorb, and found one.

Very faint, but it held the bittersweet taste of raw electricity.

She hurried forward, stumbling along at first, and then hurrying to find it, rubbing off her pheromone soaked sweat along the walls occasionally as she turned corners, seemingly without any direction at all. But then she came to a wall; then without even pausing, hauled back and stuck at it with both walls.

The wall, along with several feet of solid concrete, a steel plate, more concrete and then another wall shattered outward, and Diana stumbled forward onto all fours. There before her was a power transformer array; sizzling and crackling with that bitter-sweet electrical energy, and drooling at the sight of the crackling light sizzling between two Tesla rods, she surged forward, rising to her feet, and reaching up, took either rod in each of her large and powerful hands.

In an instant, Diana became a bridge for all that raw power, and something inside her reached out and tapped it, storing it inside her body, and with a tantalizing scream of pure pleasure, she

orgasmed, and a splatter of seminal fluids all dropped onto the ground, sparking and exploding as it hit the metal plates between her legs.

And then her body transformed from a bridge to a capacitor, and deep within her bowels that powerful electrical energy began to be stored.

Megawatts of electrical power welled up within her abdomen, within her breasts and about her heart, her body taking up thousands of these megawatts, with her body imposing enough energy to light up a whole city indefinitely.

25

The Hulk, leading three of the hulking powered armor units of the Hulk Busters, and one member of his science team – Sasquatch – all stopped, the service lights here all fading and flickering.

Bruce thought for a while, but it was Sasquatch – Dr. Walter Langkowski – who voiced their shared conclusion.

“The power station!” he breathed. Great Maker, she’s absorbing the power from their service station.

“Everyone, double time!” Bruce called, and everyone quickly stepped forward into motion, following maps on their handhelds.

26

Her reddened flesh down her front rapidly began to change colors, brightening to a pink, then to peach, and finally to white. As her body became engorged by that dazzling energy, her breasts expanded till they pressed against one another, bunching up against her biceps while her cunt swelled and bulged into a thick, thick pad between her legs, and her overly large nipples swelled hot and pink outward into the air. Those nipples sparked with electricity from one to the other, with the energy dipping down her bodice, caressing her like a lover, while the energy slowly began to drain from the power plant and into her body.

27

The lights were all slowly losing power, and with a few more flickers they went out. Bruce panicked, and leaping forward, rapidly outdistanced all the other members of his squad, in his effort to reach the power sub station; turning on his shoulder lights as he tore through the sewers.

Must find her, he thought, must stop her!

28

At last, she let go, and the last motes of that electricity gave way into nothingness... with all of the storage power in the whole power plant now existing within the white shining flesh of her bodice.

“Ohh...” she moaned, collapsing to her knees, sated at last.

She looked down at her hands, which like her bodice, were shining white with the energy she held, with the gems that had been on the backs of her hands having thickened till they pushed through her palms. Those twin orbs on either of her hands glowed a bluish-green.

And then something writhed inside her.

All of a sudden then, all those thousands of megawatts of energy, more than enough than what she needed, began to merge with the other batteries of energy inside her. Ever so slowly, one part electricity met with one part heat, one part light, three parts gamma radiation, and four parts erotic bio-electric energy, and then shot straight between her legs.

Diana screamed aloud with the pleasure between her legs, her body lurching so quickly with that lance of sheer delight erupting from between her vaginal folds in the form of a wet burst of seminal fluids, splattered against the ground again while her back practically snapped with the motion.

She groaned and shuddered, while around her, the workers who'd all stopped in surprise when she's crashed through that wall were all now scattering as she dipped to her knees while within the throes of her sexual urges. Diana passed her hands between her legs, coaxing her vaginal folds till they drew erect and hard, her clit rising a good inch from between those folds to throb excitedly while her womanhood spread open as they swelled.

The tantalizingly pinkish flesh of her bodice was borne outward as those folds pressed against the insides of her muscled thighs, and in short order, she was gasping and sighing with that sexual pleasure; with all the veins and arteries between her legs all beginning to pound tantalizingly like she were being pleased again. But now that feeling was much more intense, the throbbing deeper, the stroke longer, and as her heart pounded within her chest to fuel that intense pleasure, a horde of hormones and natural chemicals were spilt into her blood stream, finding their way to the barest tips of her appendages.

And then Diana bent over herself, gasping for her air as her heart quickened in its beating. Her breasts, having engorged themselves with all that energy, throbbed with all those arteries within her chest, all those reddened blood vessels all slamming against her nipples, forcing them erect anew, while at the same time engorging them all the more, thickening them, pushing them further outward, forcing their tips to become nibs.

She arched her back as the pads of her areola thickened as well, and gasping, she arched her back, hefting her breasts upward into the air, and she gasped again as she saw those teats throbbing with her blood. Her clawed hands lifted to caress them tentatively, just before she got the shock

of seeing tiny fizzles and sparks dancing around them. Her hands moved to cup them, but before she was able to actually touch them, either solidified into a brilliant light, and then with an electric burst, white-green electricity snapped between either her nipples as if they were Tesla Rods. Likewise, from the ends of either of those erect nips, another pair of sparks lanced over to her hands, sparking with the gems that slid through the backs of her hands.

The electric sparks began flowing about her then, dancing about her arms, her bodice and legs, energizing her with such pleasure, that in her mind she felt as if a thousand mouths were all sucking from her flesh. Bending over herself, she orgasmed again; and closed her eyes tightly as her body shook with the power sparking about her bodice.

The energy, she thought, the power! The pure, unmitigated, power!

Even as what remained of her mind thought that, something clicked inside her brain, and with her bodice now energized sufficiently, she began to mutate again.

A spasm of pleasure shook her body as she rose up on her knees, her flesh tearing open again to expose several more crystals where that white-green light could coalesce, transferring rapidly from point to point about her bodice. Against her jaw on other side of her face, on the backs of her hands and atop her shoulders, on either side of her hips, and the peak of her ribcage, and on several points all along her back. Each and every last gem lit with a bright green energy, sparking as streamers of electrical energy piled into each crystal from nearly every other crystalline point on her body.

The might of that electrical charge began to lift her up from the ground, her body twitching within the throes of her body's pleasure, while she became surrounded in a net of electrical streamers that danced all around her to overshadow the back-up lights within the chamber she was in, and cast strange shadows against all the walls.

And then she arched over herself, forming a tight ball inside that net of dancing lights. And just then, several rents and tears erupted against her back, and a mass of emerald green flesh suddenly burst outward into the air, flat and rounded before it rapidly creased and coalesced on itself, her back flaring like the hood of a cobra, even while her middle elongated like the neck of said snake. She tensed then, her hair flowing about her, carried aloft into the air by the static electricity in the air that energized everything metallic with enough energy to stun your hand if you were to touch it.

Her back then erupted outward, her spines thickening into spines, and those spines growing large and wide till they overlapped her flesh.

Diana cried again and then spasmed backward; revealing her chest and her titanic breasts parting wide as her back rolled. She flexed her muscles tightly then, reveling in the pleasure of having her blood pumping through her bodice, reveling in the erotic, tantric feeling of every last muscle fiber in her body engorging itself; each and every last square inch of her form reveling in a combined feeling of throbbing nipple and throbbing clit in one. Her thighs pressing ever so closely to one another then, the pad of her bulging pussy jutting forward – now thick and

impossibly engorged with her erecting clit projecting from it – before her ribcage crackled with the sound of cracking bones. Then with a heave, her ribcage pushed outward and lifted, barreling greatly above her stomach while her tits likewise swelled even fuller than ever before.

That mighty pair pushed outward, their inward sides compressing tightly against one another as the glands inside her tits doubled and redoubled again and again, her nipples still sparkling towers of electricity. The cracks splaying away from her areola all shone a brilliant, brilliant green.

And orgasm rocked her pelvis then, and in a ripple of motion, moving backward up her abdomen, her stomach began to crease again onto muscle masses no human possessed. New and glorious muscle groups began to grow inside her, and as soon as they were formed, her body pumped hordes of powerful enzymes and seething energy into them, and right then and there, her stomach creased from eight individual packs of muscle into twelve.

Diana gasped again, her fists clenching tightly against her sides as the transformation focused now upon her limbs, having moved through her torso and abdomen, it now increased her appendages several fold.

Her biceps thumped and strummed with the blood coursing through them, and right before the eyes of any casual observer, one would watch as that already divided pair of biceps now creased even deeper down their centers, spreading wider and wider, pressing against her filling breasts and forcing those brilliantly enormous mammaries to fold over her biceps. Her triceps bulged outward, creasing and folding over and over again, creating a massive realm of striations while her shoulders creased thickly and bulged outward from her chest.

Her forearms continued to broaden, with tendons, brachials and muscle strands becoming more and more numerous, erupting now, it seemed, straight from her arm and directly to her wrists.

Her arms grew enormous, with their length and breadth on all angles growing larger than even her stomach was.

Her hands opened then, her claws thickening and growing larger, folding about her fingers into hooking claws, just before a sphincter developed between the inner folds of her forearms and from each, a long tendril ejected outward from each; snapping about her bodice briefly as she went to caress herself. That pair of long, sinuous streams of muscle wrapped in flesh wrapped about her body, caressing her bodice, invading her still thickening cunt, caressing her breasts and thighs, and sensuously coaxing her bodice into yet another burst of orgasmic motion.

Black and purple motes began to snap about her bodice from her pheromones crackling against her web of electricity, and as she began to orgasm again and again from her own tendril throbbing inside her cunt, the fluids that erupted from between her legs were all caught up and sent reeling about her bodice. They formed streamers and wisps as they slid about her body, glistening against her flesh along with her sweat, crackling from the sparking lights about her.

Her thighs parted then as they stretched and groaned, her bones in her legs thickening and hardening with the bones through the rest of her body till they were the tensile strength of steel beams, while her leg muscles bulged, and bulged, and bulged!

The insides of her legs dipped beneath the thickening masses of her leg muscles, the insides of her legs becoming sinuous as the number of tendons rapidly doubled there from her muscle system suddenly doubling all over her body. Her cunt rapidly became nothing but a massive pad surrounded by a horde of tendons splaying every which way.

Her thighs continued thicken ever more, flaring wide around her knees before rapidly tapering into those collections of cartilage, caps and bones, before flaring wide again for her calves and then again tapering to her ankles. But here the transformation took upon a new change as her feet began to widen and then lengthen. Her toes grow huge and wide, her toenails thickening into raptor-like claws, with her big and small toes retracting backward along the sides of her toes and lengthening greatly to form something similar to high-heels, with twin heels.

Her legs folded on over the other then, and her hands dragged her tendrils away as she moved her touch to caress her breasts and cunt, arching her back greatly as a bulge appeared at the small of her back, before a tail stub bushed outward into the air.

The beak of her spine pushed outward then, spreading her back even more, forcing her neck muscles to broaden straight from her jaw line to her bulging shoulders, and likewise, opening a flap of skin which rapidly bulged into a broad blade about her spine. Then, like something angelic, a pair of wings lifted from either side of that plate even as it thickened; and two beautifully long dragonfly wings spread outward about her body as long as she was tall.

They glittered like rainbows, especially in the light as, in one final spasmodic burst of growth and change, a plethora of bony protrusions, nodules and plates erupted all about her body while her form continued to pulsate and grow in splendid ways.

Then at last the light show dancing about her dispersed, and she remained in the air, back arched and arms flexing at her sides, before she gave off a moan and collapsed to the ground, her wings folding at her back and retreating into their cover plate while her tendrils snapped back into her forearms like a rubber band.

Hunched over herself, she felt the last traces of growth finishing off about her body as her form continued to spark and sizzle with electrical current. Her breasts pushed forward till they pressed against the steel deck plates of the power station, pushing her still firm and erect nipples forward, while her hands, now possessing three-inch solid claws spread widely against the flooring. Her hips continued to gyrate as her muscle mass continued to balloon with the sound of stretching rubber and the grinding of dry reeds. Her mane of hair piled upward about her head as it rapidly began to lighten, becoming as white as the front of her bodice, while the emerald green of her back and spine split open again to expel more muscle into the air.

Her erect clit, now pushing outward and beginning to curve upward toward her belly, throbbed emphatically with each pulse of her heart, while even inside her body, she began to feel changes to her system.

Soon, she began to hear the rhythmic beat of *two* hearts in her ears, along with the double breath of her now four lung packs breathing in deeply and exhaling just as deeply; like a pair of bellows working in tangent. Glands, blood streams, everything was subtly morphing, to the point where it was rapidly becoming apparent that she was no longer even human!

And so, it was there, as the power of her next stage of transformation trickled away, The Doctor Bruce Banner stepped in.

29

She was breathing deeply even as the smallest of her muscles finished creasing her arms, legs and through the rest of her body, a few more minute crunches exacting from somewhere inside her when there was the footfall of something large stepping through the hole in the wall.

She looked up, lazily opening up glowing red eyes, with the lenses inside her pupils dilating to focus upon the great greet juggernaut who'd just joined her here.

Her heart leapt then as she rose slightly, her breasts still pressing firmly against the floor as she smiled at him, feeling her cunt tightening once again about her clit before she slowly rose to her feet. Like a mountain of flesh, her body flaring wide as she flexed herself in poise, she rose at last to her toes, being that her feet no longer supported her as they used to; the thick, thick forward toes spreading wide to support her weight.

Bruce gasped as he actually had to lift his head to look at her. *Great... MAKER!* He thought inside his head, feeling himself draw erect despite that he couldn't smell her pheromones at all. She was just so sexually arousing. Even the sight of this creature, whatever she was becoming, was so pleasurable to look at, that he wanted nothing more than to pleasure her.

Some kind of mental/empathic ability? He thought. *Could her powers include enticing men on a mental level as well as physical?*

But his thoughts were drawn short then as she took a small step forward, her immense, hulking form head, shoulders, and remarkably sizeable chest above even he was. She caressed her breasts then, parting them both, holding them up for his perusal, as her apparent arousal became all that much more obvious.

“Kiss me. Love me. Caress me.” She said softly, stepping ever closer to Bruce, with each step leading her trailing foot to slide around and step directly in front of the other.

Each step was like the graceful walk of a veteran dancer of perhaps the ballet, and each step bunching up that pleasure mound of hers between her legs. She caressed her breasts again, and finally came to a stand before Bruce, and lifting a hand, splaying her fingers outward to him, she

extended a tendril through the hole in her wrist; it's tip snaking outward to delicately caress his cheek and neck.

Banner forgot himself as she took another halting step forward, the tendril retracting as she reached down for his hand, kissed the tips of his stubby fingers, and then turning her shoulder slightly to him, and lowered that hand onto her tit.

For a moment, he looked down at his hand where it touched her bosom, looking at the rainbow swells about her warm and slick flesh, like the swells you get when you touch a laptop screen. But above all, he was simply amazed, that as massive as she was, as powerful as she was, and how firmly packed the muscle and the glands beneath that tit were, that her flesh was so soft!

In spite of himself, he slid his hand over her breasts, watching it heave and swell with her rapid breathing, even as she took another step forward, this time raising her clawed hands about his face, caressing his emerald skin with those steel-rending claws, before she pulled his mask off.

He was only minutely more aroused by the smell around her, and paused, euphoric as she pressed against him, and tilting her long, thick, thick neck forward, felt his eyes close partially and quite lazily, as her still reddened lips pressed against his.

“Hmmm,” she sighed softly, squaring her hands atop his chest to frame her breasts, which were even now pressing against his own equally wide chest.

He reached up with his other hand, caressing her hip, feeling the emerald crystal lodged into her flesh, caressing that ever soft flesh, feeling his groin slide into the sunken-V of her pelvis, feeling her strength there, until...

“Doctor Banner!”

He broke away from her even as two members of the Hulk Busters screamed around the corner leading to the hole on their hover jets. Both of them raised heavy guns to target Diana, and leaping backward, she hissed at them, even as they landed beside Bruce, even as the third Hulk Buster screamed in behind them.

And far behind, came Sasquatch.

Diana, possessing the strength of The Hulk now, with the untold grace and dexterity of a Goddess, leapt even as the Hulk Busters shot a salvo of depleted uranium shells that pelted the area she'd been and destroyed the equipment she'd just recently 'fed' from, traced her path upward and clipped her out of the air.

There was an ever so brief sense of victory as they watched her falling nearly three stories, her scream of terrorized pain sweet within all their ears, save for Banner's. But a brief moment was all that fate could spare for them, when she flipped herself cat-like in the air, and with a cracking snap, her four wings leapt from her back and rapidly began to flutter, immediately catching her just short of actually touching the floor.

When her great maned head lifted to look at them, it was with eyes aglow and burning with a reddened light as she hissed again. They all stared at her, quite stunned at what they saw, and one of the Hulk Buster units actually faltered backward a step.

And then she arched her back, caressing her breasts with her clawed hands, and within seconds, her nipples erected to their full length of four inches atop her mighty chest, and lifting her hands around them, they all watched as a glow suffused about her nipples. It was a highly erotic thing to watch, for all of them, even despite that one of the Busters was a female.

And then a static charge coalesced about her hands and nipples, the crystals in her hands shining ever so brightly, a moment before that charge strengthened into the power of lightning. Heat hotter than the sun licked at her breasts and teats briefly as she swirled her hands around the charge, collecting it from her internal batteries before lifting either hand at the Busters that had shot at her, and immediately a lance of green-white lightning burst from her open palms to strike either square in the chest plates.

The two Buster units were launched backward, the lightning shorting out their power suits as they were slammed into the wall from the force. Banner ducked then, even as Dianna extended her tendrils, the pair extending unbelievably long to slap around the third and final Buster a few times, before she snatched the thing to her, crushed it between her tits and immensely powerful arms, and then discarding the suit like a rag-doll.

Only then did she settle to the floor at last, her wings folding back into her back while she gave a pouting, hurt look to Bruce. Then turning, she made for a sewer cover, and wrenching the cover from the floor, squatted at its edge gave one look and then leapt into the hole.

But despite her graceful launching into the darkness, she was stopped not so gracefully as her much, *much* larger top got stuck in the hole. His eyes widening in surprise at this, Bruce rose to his feet, watching her struggling for a moment, before in a flicker of motion, Walter the Sasquatch, hurried forward to his side, pulled out a small pistol and fired.

A homing tracker impeded itself deeply at the back of her neck, even as she flexed, crumbling the surrounding stone before slamming her hands down. The stone of the drain gave way and she slipped down into the darkness and away from them. But holding up his hand held computer, Walter keyed in a command with his thumb, and immediately an underground map popped up with a blinking red dot.

“Gotcha.”

23

Bruce stood in the main room of the apartment in the hotel the military had commandeered as a central base of operations. This room, for now, he had to himself, and with all the pheromones on his body from being in such close contact with Miss Diana, he would need to wash them off anyways.

That and he just *needed* to take a cold shower. The wood he had in his pants was starting to ache.

But even as he was removing his shirt, revealing his vast, hairless, emerald green muscular body, there was a knock on his door.

“Come.” He said simply, not bothering to look who entered, and just stood there looking at his sample satchel.

“Hello Bruce.” Came a soft feminine voice within his ears. But it wasn’t a soft body that held that voice. Rather, the woman who held that voice was a towering woman of six and a half feet, emerald green skin like he was, and practically as strong.

Despite that, Bruce still called her *‘Little Cousin.’*

Turning, a soft smile crossed his face as he saw her still in her Fantastic Four outfit.

“Bruce... this whole thing with Diana... it’s... well... do you want to talk about it?”

Banner scrubbed a hand through his hair, smiling whimsically for a moment, before sitting down on the bed. Being nearly one thousand and fifty pounds, this caused the back end of the bed to raise a little.

Jen sat down beside him, turning her ample bodice just enough to face him. The bed rose a little more.

“Lately, you’ve been so obsessed about finding a cure to your ‘condition.’ And now that Diana is mutating and strengthening into a Hulk at the same time, you are obsessed with finding and curing her too.”

Hulk took a deep breath, and rubbing his face over his hands, he smelt a little of the lingering scent that glistened upon Diana’s sweat drenched body. Strangely, it smelt of lilacs and roses. Also strangely, it no longer aroused him. But that could’ve been because he was already as aroused as could be.

“There’s an experience I had recently that I never really told anyone else. For a while I considered it a fevered dream of some sort. All the other personalities your schizophrenic bigger cousin has in his head messing with me.

“A short while ago, Jen, and this will totally sound nuts to you, but something from the future had snatched me up and brought me forward hundreds of years into the future.

“I soon found out that the thing that brought me forward into the future... was me.”

Jen was staring openly at him now, her face quite passive.

“He... my future self, had called himself the Maestro. During the years between now and then, he systematically killed each and every last hero on Earth. Thor, Captain America, everyone. Held all their many-treasured equipment in a museum. He then set himself up as an ultimate ruler.

“I fought him, and he broke me, snapped my back thoroughly. But while I was still recovering, my healing factor still setting in, he did something unbelievably cruel.

“He sent one on his many love slaves – he had a whole harem of them – but this one was special, this one was a clone of a mutually known person who’d once been very... very close to me.”

“Betty.” Jen said quietly after a moment of pause, and Bruce blinked briefly. Despite that blinking motion, it was not enough to hide the tears that all so suddenly rose up within his eyes and glistened upon their surfaces.

Bruce simply folded his fingers before his mouth and stared at the fall for a moment.

“You should’ve seen that world, Jen. Chaos everywhere, the common man reduced to street urchins. The only favor that I could’ve possibly drawn from that whole experience was that I was able to destroy him in the end.”

“How?” Jennifer asked, now listening with rapt attention.

“Sent him into the past.” Bruce smiled turning to her, planting one massive hand atop his thigh. “To the exact moment of detonation of the Gamma Bomb that made me what I am today. His body simply evaporated from the Gamma overdose.

“I’ve been so obsessed with destroy that which is the hulk, because I cannot think of letting that future ever happen. I don’t even want to think of the embitterment I must’ve gone through to become the Maestro.”

He rose to his feet, and Jen gave a little call of startlement as the bed resettled suddenly.

“But what of your interest in Diana in all of this?” she asked after pushing herself upright again.

“Several reasons, actually.” Bruce mused, again not looking at his cousin, and instead stared at the ‘beautiful’ orange shag floor. “Concerns at first, and guilt, of my science making another innocent bystander into a hulking engine of mass destruction. Then came the fear when Mr. McCoy joined us. His projections combined with mine placed Diana’s final form as something bigger, stronger and more powerful than even the infamous Apocalypse. And finally, came a wonderment of unusual clarity.

“After all this time, she’d been the first creature in all of reality that has been able to detract me from the memory of Betty. In her presence, the ache I feel for my wife seems to lessen considerably.

“It could be the powerful pheromones she projects, or her seemingly empathic/telepathic abilities inside my head, or even the perfection of her form, but I forget the hurt, and I only feel like being with her.”

With his words, Jen smiled warmly at him, and rising, went over to hug him from behind from around the waist.

“I hope the latter is the true reason for you Bruce-ie. I really do.

“Now wash up. We need to find that woman for you.”

24

Diana sat quietly at the shore of an underground lake.

A quarter of a mile above her, a vast sandy desert existed, and perhaps had existed for thousands if not millions of years. But down here, well below even well drilling depth, and far below the surface, was a world of life, wonder and beauty. A massive waterfall spilled over an immensely high precipice with a thunderous roar, down into a pristine, crystal clear lake of pure, clean water. Somehow, some strange type of moss learned how to glow in the dark, and as plentiful as it was here, lit the cavern almost as brightly as mid-day on the surface. With that constant, unyielding light, other plants that needed the light to grow – like giant mushrooms, ferns, even small fruit-bearing trees – were scattered everywhere.

Whereby, from all this life, there were even tiny life forms down here, in the form of insects, amphibians and lizards.

Diana sat poised on an outcropping of ancient, hardened stone that projected outward over the lake, leaning backward with her immense breasts pushed upward and separated with her hands resting behind her back and her thick toes dipping into the water. She smiled warmly, down at her erect nipples, where, on top of one, nestled a strange little scarab-like bug, with immensely gossamer, bright and beautiful butterfly wings.

This tiny insect, with a body no longer than one digit of her thumb, clung to that towering nipple of hers with its hind two legs, holding itself up with its fore legs, and lapped genially from a shallow reservoir of her milk that was slowly trickling from her tit.

With the tip of one claw, Diana stroked its back as it lapped freely from her nutrient rich milk, its great wings folding downward to rest like a silken handkerchief against her breast, the little creature’s jaw plates opened to their extent, and the tiny mandibles inside its mouth working furiously to suckle from her.

Never before had it ever drank such an enriched nectar, and while it lasted, it would get its fill, and in the meantime, Diana simply sat there, watching the little thing work from her teat as she felt the slow ebbing tide of her sexuality rising again.

Her desire for sexual contact was rising within her loins, and she could feel her cunt tightening occasionally, and was already glistening with sweat and gathering seminal fluids. Still smiling down at the little bug as it casually lapped at her creamy milk, she slid the hand she'd been using to caress the tiny little thing down over her enormous breasts, along her feathered ribcage, over the many ridges of her belly, over her bulging thigh and down over her pelvis to cup her ripening cunt.

A soft and pleasurable sigh escaped her lungs, and tilting her head wonderingly at the insect as it lifted itself from her nipple and perched itself atop her breast, it turned to look at her, spreading its gossamer wings to their fullest again. It looked at her, as if licking its lips to its wondrous meal, and smiling warmly at the little creature Diana lifted her hand from massaging her crotch and scratched the thing on the back again. Then promptly, it leapt up into the air with a flea-like jump, and fluffed its great wings about its body and flew off, rapidly disappearing off with the rest of the little bugs that were dancing like fairies over the lake; each glowing like fire flies.

The simple mind of Diana M lange, still imbedded somewhere inside this super mutant's head, forced the massive body to rise and stand in retrospect at the beauty of this place, making a point to return here. It was so peaceful here, for a moment she wondered why humans have never found this place before.

But then the other part of her mind, the oversexed, enhanced-libido, super-powered part of her mind, changed the smile atop her face into a more sensual one, and arching her back, and lightly caressed either of her breasts, hugging them both while a spasm between her legs clenched her sultry vaginal muscles ever so much more tightly.

Deep within her abdomen, she began to crave that bioelectric energy she absorbed during the throes of sexual interaction... when the body's energy levels increase exponentially till reaching their limits. She could feed off of those energies easily, store inside her body and help her to change yet again.

Turning elegantly, as gracefully and as lithe as a gazelle, her immense, hulking form set forward with a feminine grace that was actually *enhanced* by her immensely increased power. With the poise and might of all the Grecian gods and goddesses combined, Diana, the Super Beast, set forward onto her next conquest.

Completely unaware of her follower as he slipped around a large glowing mushroom and snuck after her.

25

Banner stood before the mirror, pulling on his shirt, and leaning forward, noticed that he needed a shave. He was about to reach for his razor when there was a heavy pounding on the door.

“Bruce! Bruce, open up!”

Stepping sideways, unlocking the door and opening the solid panel, he looked down at his distraught cousin.

“Bruce, we can’t find Walter anywhere, and his gear is missing.”

Bruce gritted his teeth and swore within the back of his head, feeling a bit of the old rage rising up inside his head before he promptly pushed it down. That was all he’d need, is to go on a rampage again. With another quick turn and a step to his bed, he quickly fastened on his utility belt and then strapped on the heavy cannon, which had been laying across the whole breadth of the floor.

“I think I know where he’s gone. Of all the stupid, stupid...” he trailed off for a moment, suppressing the rage again. “Go ahead of me and get the Busters all assembled, I’ll inform the colonels.”

Jen rushed forward, taking on that long-legged, ever graceful stride of hers as he informed the colonels that he was moving out again, but not the actual reason why. Hank met him in the hall, strapping on his own armor and an array of communications and scanning gear. With a wry smile to one another, the pair finally reached the ground floor, where the seven remaining members of the Hulk Busters were all assembled in a line, being that three of them had been so thoroughly incapacitated.

“I’ve just learned that a member of my scientific team may be in peril,” he addressed. “So I wish to reiterate to *only* use your blasters or stunner missiles to incapacitate her. Use of killing ammo will be dangerous to Doctor Walter in his current state, so keep the safeties on your heavier weaponry on until authorized to do so, or you yourself are in imminent peril by the attacker.”

He looked them all over, their helmets opened to reveal the barest portions of their heads. Their eyes all blazed, being that three members of their team had all been incapacitated, with one actually resting in a hospital now.

“Your camaraderie is noted with one another, however command wants the target *alive*, and until she is deemed to detrimental to capture, only then will we result to lethal ammo.

“Also, bare in mind that she absorbs most forms of energy, so you’ve instead been loaded with Gas-based stun-cloud missile weapons, stun mortars, as well as a new device that has been attached to your guns.”

Where he left off, Samson stepped forward to display the new module. Which appeared as a half-moon with a long cable hanging out of it and a rocket blister along its front.

“This is a design we created – jury-rigged – for the use of stopping the target. You only get six shots with this, so fire only when you know you can’t miss. This long cable in the back attached directly to your energy cells, whereas the front fires a miniature barbed harpoon that trails a wire about ten meters long. That is your range for this weapon.

“It’s main use is to act as a capacitor, draining off the intense amount of energy pent up inside Diana’s body, and pump it into your energy stores to power your force fields and other stunner equipment.

“Just remember, she contains as much power as a nuclear reactor if not more, so your battery packs will not be able to handle so much energy for long. It would be best for you to activate all energy-based functions that you can and fire your particle beam cannon on stun levels, as well as all other stun weaponry. When your battery packs near overload or overheat, then the weapon will automatically disengage.

“Supposedly.

“This is a prototype weapon, and is not even lab tested yet. Pretty much, the only testing we’ve been able to do is a couple test fires with each weapon.”

Despite that they were all supposedly supposed to be at military attention, every member of the Hulk Busters all looked down a little warily at the module attached to the undercarriage of their multi-weapons.

“Safety ladies and gentlemen.” Banner said softly. “We move out in five minutes. And remember, the target is ultimately unaware that what she is doing is wrong.”

26

Walter followed his target, sliding through the water with his head just above the ground. His body was strapped with all sorts of gear, and all of it trained on Diana. He was able to find her easily from the locator beacon on the back of her neck, but that had a rather limited range and its battery lasted for only so long. What they needed to do was a way to track her without locator beacons.

They needed to get her signature.

She generated enough ambient energy where she should be able to be tracked by it. The problem was, was that she also generated too much energy for scanners to lock onto her. It was almost like a constant EMP pulse.

At this point, however, he’d been able to program into his scanner with as near a direct contact as he could while remaining undetected; floating there practically like a log. Black-light laser beams were touching her flesh, exciting it in some places, scanning her flesh and growing armor, and ever so slowly compiling the signature they needed so badly.

Looking to his scanner, he was able to detect her profile now, which had recently moved from a shapeless blob into the perfectly formed body of this tantric maiden. It was a good thing the water was so cold; otherwise he’d have to mentally fight an erection.

His mind, as powerful as it was already, was even now stressed as far as it could go. While focusing on calibrating his scanners, fighting off the transformation into his alter ego, Sasquatch, and constantly thinking *I will not fear, I will not anger, for those are the ways to destruction* like a chant in his head, having to fight down a boner would've just completely ruined all that.

Right now, he was programming in her heat signature, taking the simpler portions of the scan first to get as much information as possible. Her bioelectric signature would've taken the longest, but thankfully, he'd already got her Pheromone signature – the way she sweats – down pat, as well as her bio-composition.

With what he did have already, he was purely amazed at the levels of sexual energy she had, and the fact that her flesh was a carbon-based hide, and her growing armor was a silicon-based chitinous armor. They could've probably found her on just those two points alone, but it'd be best to get her entire signature so that they could feed it to the satellites. Then they could find her no matter where she was on the earth.

It was important to get *all of it!*

That and he'd been really enjoying watching her tits and ass jiggle while she walked.

For nearly an hour he pressed along, pushing lightly with his feet and occasionally with his hands in the shallower portions, keeping his head trained one that tight, firm and muscular body of hers. Optics and sensors, multiple black-light lasers pinpointed places upon her body to get chemical compositions, and a sensor array occasionally hummed as it's servos re-trained on a constantly moving point on her body.

Walter slowly began to notice that the water he was fighting against was becoming harder to do as they moved along, and soon he noticed that they were beginning to move upwards. A quick check with their location to all the subterranean maps they had, showed that she was heading directly along a tunnel that led *straight* to the surface!

In desperation, he lifted his arms out of the water, quickly keyed in a message and hit send, allowed it to go over his communication set and quickly deactivated it again so that the processing power and energy of his gear would reassert themselves into the process of scanning. Then raising his arms, he activated the scanners there as well, and set after Diana again.

Slowly, he pushed himself to get closer to her to reduce the time information would have to come back down the beam, daring himself to deal with discovery,

In his mind, he thought *I will not fear, I will not anger, for those are the ways to destruction...*

27

Banner, sitting in the back seat of a hummer now, allowing everyone else the comfort of the seats, suddenly felt something buzzing against his hip, and pulling out his data-pager – the kind with the keyboard built in – saw a message pop up and begin to scroll.

One and only communiqué

Target heading for subterranean surface entrance at sector twenty-one northeast of town. Am currently following her. Follow her locator beacon and hurry. Will have more information when we meet.

- Walter

“We need to turn around.” He said suddenly, and looked back to the seven power-armored troops following them on hover jets. “Hank! Head northeast around the town!” he patted, him on his shoulder, and he lifted a hand to his ear.

Bruce pointed to a point on the GPS screen of their hummer, and turning to the leading member of the Busters – their captain – he raised his finger, swirled it around a couple of times, and pointed in the direction they were heading.

He nodded, and gesturing to either side of him with both hands, the remaining six members fell in line into two tight groups of three behind him.

Then raising his mike to his lips, he called in their change of plans.

28

Walter was breathing heavily now, staring at the monstrously large Diana as she stepped forward on the tips of her toes and the two supporting toes on either foot, walking gracefully while her body grinded with the power her muscles contained. But then he watched lowered his eyes to her rear, and suddenly licked his lips at the sight. He watched as with each step, either side of her rear would work in swinging opposition to the other side; with her buttocks going from a great, rounded and smooth realm of flesh when it's attached leg stepped forward, to three bulging mounds of flesh thick with taut striations of muscle when it trailed behind her.

Her legs took on that graceful and powerful swing, stepping one right before the other, and occasionally between each step, he was allowed to catch a glimpse of her bulging vaginal mound, which was glistening with her growing sensualism.

Suddenly, his growing fear was replaced with a different kind of growing, and he became aware of the blood rising between his legs. For a brief moment he panicked as his concentration began to waver, but then that was disrupted by the sound of a low ping inside his helmet mike. He then looked at the status bar of the scan in his visor, and saw that it was finally reading complete.

He exhaled slowly at last, clearing his head of all the thoughts that had been plaguing him, of concentrating on so many things, and was about to pull himself back to a more reasonable distance to observe the pleasantries that was Diana, but then stopped up short when something entered into his vision.

A foot.

Slowly, he lifted his head and straightened, and at the level normally reserved for talking to someone face-to-face he came in view a greatly thickening pad of twin folds of feminine flesh even as it disgorged a bright red and throbbing clitoris.

It was then that he hopped back, and did so again to get the full scope of what stood before him, and swore inwardly at the fact that he'd been found out.

Diana stood there before him, arching her back while licking the lips of the short muzzle that had developed from her mouth and nose with a long, sinuous tongue; her hands lifting to caress her breasts.

Damn-it!

Walter reached to his harness, hit the locator beacon, and unclipping his helmet and pushing it back, and then the clips to his harness, let the heavy pack fall to the ground as he pulled out his stunner.

Diana leaned forward, the weight of her breasts hanging only slightly from her chest, rolling beneath her taut and supple flesh like two bowling balls rolling around in a pair of pillows... only hers were much, much larger. And, more than likely, heavier as well. She held the pair forward for his perusal, her hands pushing her nipples up higher atop her chest as she straightened and arched her back again. Then sticking one of those mighty reddened towers into her mouth, and drew on it; sucking out a bead of milk that primed it and allowed a shallow trickle to fall briefly over her tit before she did the same to the other side. Then she settled forward onto all fours, and slowly began walking toward him, pushing her rear up higher behind her as she did.

“Stop or I’ll shoot!” Walter trembled, stepping back away from her, raising his stunner steadily within both hands and pressed the button for the priming charge.

The gun whined as its darts were held fast as powerful magnets pulled on them to eventually eject them out of their twin barrels, while the micro-nuke generator in the grip charged up. At the base of the palm-grip, four tiny little knobs disengaged, removing the control rods from the gun.

She began to purr, a deep cackling purr that reverberated inside her throat and chest, lulling him closer to submission, and, somehow, drawing his erection tightly against his pants.

“I’m warning you!” he depressed the safeties.

She drew closely now, and lifting her hand, its fingertips sheathed in powerful rending claws, fingered his groin; two fingers sliding down along his shaft, before her palm pressed around his groin.

But he jumped back again, his face taking on a pained look. "Sorry." And he fired!

Two barbs imbedded themselves into her left breast, and right after that, the micro-nuke reactor sent a charge of ten thousand watts into her body. Diana faltered briefly, giving out a soft cry, just before a particle beam erupted from between the two launch barrels, and a pinprick burned into her right breast from the beam, injecting the entire contents of a nerve inhibitor through the beam and into her body.

Diana groaned, and fell a little more as the beam reseeded, and her body continued to receive the electrical charge from the micro-nuke as it whined with power in his hands. But then he began to notice something. She wasn't slipping into unconsciousness... in fact, he watched stunned as her body arched upward, pressing her hips against the ground as her legs spread wide and her tail stub lifted high; her immense tits lifting high atop her chest as her arms pushed them against one another. She groaned again, her head arching backward against her shoulders, her neck flaring before she began to coo and moan with pleasure. A hand lifted to caress her left breast, sliding her fingers over and about her nipple as her hips began to gyrate against the ground.

Then looking down at the twin barbs stuck in her tit, a sensual smile crossed her lips before she looked up at Walter. The claw on her index finger lifted, and slid over the pinprick hole where the beam had pierced her, even as it closed up and became as firm and as soft as before.

Again, Doctor Walter realized two more things:

Firstly, that even the vast charge of nerve inhibitors that she'd just been injected with was nowhere near knocking her unconscious, or even paralyzing her. If anything, it was just enough to numb her body.

Secondly, he realized with horror, that Diana was an energy leech. Even as she lowered her eyes back to the barbs, fingering them as they pumped energy into her, she tensed, and all of a sudden his stunner sparked as energy was drawn and extracted from its reservoir in the handle. The twin wires projecting from it to her flared brightly as a bolt of sold lightning sparking against her bodice as the micro-nuke was drained dry of nearly a megawatt of power within seconds.

Again, Diana caressed her raging tit, moaning again low in her throat as she then reached up, yanked the barbs effortlessly from her breast; the holes immediately closing up before she hefted her breast and licked the place where the barbs had just been.

Walter dropped his gun, staring at this spectacle for a moment before he turned to run.

Diana looked slyly up from her tit, and poising her self into a cat-like crouch, she pounced, took a leaping bound, and then landed atop her new prey, pushing him to the ground and then promptly grabbed his rear.

Her breasts cleaved around his body, trapping him beneath her as she bent forward and lightly kissed his cheek and then his neck, before a hand rose to the back of his head and snapped the rubber chord holding his breath mask on, before flicking it away from his finger.

Walter closed his eyes, and a single chanting line entered his head: *I will not fear, I will not anger, for those are the ways to destruction... I will not fear, I will not anger, for those are the ways to destruction... Oh to **hell** with it!*

Gritting his teeth, he let his self-control go even as she began to finger his rear and the bulge between his legs as she sat at them, and opening his eyes wide, felt his irises grow wide and turn amber, his pupils growing far too circular for human eyes.

And then he promptly began to change.

29

Hulk and company came to a stop, and hurried into the cavern's mouth, Hank with his scanner and locator beacon tracker in hand.

"This way." He pointed. "Follow the river and... oops! I'm reading another locator Hulk. It-it's the beacon on Walter's equipment."

"Follow the river. Everyone, quickly!" he practically roared, and immediately, he – the Incredible Hulk – along with his cousin the She-Hulk, Hank McCoy of the X-men, and seven Hulk Busters, all raced down the underground stream.

30

Without his inhibitor attached, a creature that writhed inside Doctor Walter Langkowski, known as the Sasquatch, began to assert itself with the indomitable will of the Doctor having grown lax. Glands inside his body flooded his form with mutative hormones, while at the same time pumping loads of adrenaline to fuel the process.

A deep, resonant growl erupted from somewhere deep in his throat, and where a growl from Diana would immediately send a man into arousal, this kind of growl was deeply set in the race-memories of every living creature on Earth. It was the sort of growl that triggered a response deep inside your psyche, a response programmed from generation to generation in all minds, to draw back a state of deep, emotional fear.

Diana, in spite of her sexual high at the moment, paused in her molesting of the good doctor, and lowering her gaze to him, watched in astonishment as his back began to flare. His wet shirt untucked from his trousers, the fabric drawing taut across his shoulders as muscle mass flared and swelled beneath it, and the promptly began to tear it to shreds.

A wholly masculine back erupted from out of the shredding fabric, his arms raising to lift himself from off the ground, likewise bulging full and firm to likewise break out of his sleeves; leaving his shirt laying on the ground beneath him.

Walter snapped his thickening legs out from underneath Jen, accomplishing an acrobatic move that he'd never even *try* in his human form; flipping his legs upward and twisting his body to face her even as he transformed. Thick legs burst out of trousers that had receded up to his calves, claws ejecting from his feet and hands, while his body hair rapidly began to grow like in those werewolf films.

A great mane of hair flared about his face, along with a long moustache and beard as his neck flared from nearly the top of his head straight to his ever-broadening shoulders.

His belt snapped and what remained of his trousers and shorts erupted from his form, revealing thick tufts of fur about his loins while his muscle mass grew exponentially as he grew. Dianna pursed her lips into an O-shape as her eyes steadily rose with his growing height, admiring his masculine form, his bulging legs and arms, and the thick tufts of fur about his calves and forelegs. His feet became more like a monkey's, and his fingers nice and long with their claws atop them.

Then looking at Diana, his features having mutated into that of an animal as his transformation slowed near its end, he lifted one hand into the other and cracked all his knuckles, just before switching hands and repeating the process. His form stopped somewhere around twelve feet, equally as large as Diana herself was.

“My apologies dear maiden, but it's time for you to meet your match.”

Sasquatch then skipped forward, faster than a lumber-hulk like him should've possessed, and crouching right before her, he uncoiled immediately thereafter, raising his clenched fist upward with it right under her jaw.

An impact like a strike of thunder erupted and echoed through the stone hallways and corridors for a mile in every direction. Diana's body was lifted straight off the ground, her back spasming as the force of the impact rippled through her body, before she fell careening backward several meters to land on the top of her back. Her back spines drew a deep crevice within the sandy ground, her head hitting roughly against the ground as she bounced again, before her back, then her bottom, and then either of her legs followed.

Sasquatch grinned, rubbing his knuckles as he stared at the woman he'd felled; displaying his long, pearly-white and razor-sharp canine teeth. In a rather comical way.

For a good time, Diana didn't move, but knowing the ways of the forest, Sasquatch didn't approach her – remembering the tricks of the possum and such – and lowering himself to the ground, he sat and watched with one double-length arm across his lap, and the great fist of the other pressed against the ground.

But then she gasped, shuddering awake as her fingers clawed at the ground, and rolling onto her side, her immense breasts laying one over the other, her hips rolling as her legs folded one over the other, she lifted a hand to her head and stared wildly for a moment against dizziness. Then she shook her head clear and pushing herself up off the ground with one hand – one enormous tit

rising after the other from off the ground – she rotated her body so that she could face Sasquatch, who promptly rose to his feet and took a fighting stance.

But Diana smiled, and herself slowly rose to her feet, arching her back and rolling her shoulders backward, smiling at him as her breasts rose upward and away from one another, her long, thick, thick arms resting over the curves of her hips while her hands took her cunt and began caressing it.

Diana licked her teeth, dipping a pair of hands into her bowels to caress her clit as she forced herself further and further into arousal; her nipples rising high and beautiful atop her chest, her back arching and above all, her body began to sweat.

Her particular mutant-factor powers that were slowly rising inside her, were making her into an empath/limited-telepath, and so she reached out with her mind, caressing Sasquatch's own mind, who's mental defenses had been lessened some from it having now to deal with controlling a much larger body. Sasquatch blinked a few time, his eyes lazily closing partially, even as the cloud of pheromones from Diana's body reached him.

Her body glistened with sweat, while from between her legs, a trickle of subtle fluids leaked out over her hands, which she promptly licked from her hands. Sasquatch's body began to relax, drawing limp, and caressing her breasts with a victorious smile against her face, Diana began to walk forward.

She did it with the feminine walk of models while on the catwalk, her hands swinging slowly at her sides, brushing against her thighs and through the air as if her claw-tips were brush against the surface of a pool of water. Then she raised her hands, as if offering her touch to Sasquatch, but he shook his head and reset his battle stance.

This had been a day of realizations for Walter/Sasquatch. And now, his newest realization was that with she being a she, and he being a he, and she with so many powers all working at once to arouse him, he had entered into a fight with a serious handicap.

Even as he thought that, he felt his maledom telescoping from its sheathe between his legs, while at the same time, his cluster dropped and began to fill.

“D-don't make me fight you!” he growled again, but that primal-growl was weakened by his primal-urges.

Her hands lifted atop her chest, framing her breasts between her arms, pressing them together as she began to purr, and something new weakened his mind to her. Then afraid of loosing the battle, he began to growl, and then with a deafening roar, he leapt forward at her, swinging his fists at her. Still purring, watching his movements lazy-eyed, Diana lifted her hands and simply pushed his fists out of the way. Each punch came slower than the first one that he'd landed on her, and with her powerful body and tiptop reflexes, she deflected each strike with ease, waiting for her opportunity while waiting for the inevitable opening.

At last, he threw a punch that she caught and rapidly pushed away, throwing him off-balance, and then as he recovered, she threw a hand outward and her tendril snapped outward from the inside of her wrist, snaking downward to tangle itself about his legs, and closed them together and then pushed.

This time, he totally lost his balance and fell forward into her.

Diana caught him as he landed within the expanse of her bosom, and holding him gently to her, she began to purr even louder, lifting a hand to comb her sharp claws through his mane of fur. Her beating heart, the purring, the subtle swell and fall of her breasts lulled him into such a relaxed state, and a drunken smile crossed his face as he slowly settled into her; inhaling deeply from the pheromone gland directly between her breasts, smelling the lilac and roses scent of her body.

Then he felt a wave of vertigo as he was moved backward, and like falling in slow motion, his legs buckled beneath him, allowing his rear to land in the sand, and then his broad and powerful back as Diana laid him down there onto the sands. Then she leaned toward him, bending her long and broad neck forward and lifting her chin to kiss him.

If her pheromones weren't enough, then the touch of her body against his furred flesh was assuredly enough, and the caress of her lips against his – with the saliva in her mouth containing a particularly intense aphrodisiac – Sasquatch succumbed to her whiles.

Victorious, Diana kissed him again, sealing his fate to her as she rose again, clawing at his chest hair with the tips of her finger/claws, and with her thighs spread wide, displaying the hundreds of muscles there and her intensely thick vaginal walls – now spread wide open – she slowly coaxed him erect. Then rising again, she hugged his extension between her thighs, caressing his helmeted tip and top, before slowly lowering herself onto him. Her hips rolled gently, holding him inside herself as the muscles inside her body – as equally as strong as the rest of her body – ever so gently began to caress his length, while receptors and glands inside that same, tight package, began to absorb the subtle bioelectric energies between them.

Unlike a human, he was a thousand times stronger, and on top of that, he possessed the sexual urges of a primal beast. Soon, she herself began to grow intoxicated, and bending forward again, she took his hands and place one onto her rounded rear, and the other onto her tit while she pressed her muscled thighs against his sides. He himself did get energetic, caressing her tits, kissing her again, thrusting his hips in a slow pumping motion while grabbing a hand full of ass; tickling her with his two smallest fingers from between her legs.

His ears were heavy with her purring, his chest feeling that subtle rumbling as she repositioned herself so that her long nipples pointed up over his chest. And hefting the tit that he held further upward, the thing mashing somewhat between them, he fastened his lips against its tip and began to suckle, feeling her lips kissing his forehead, her hands holding his head up to her breast and her fingers continuing to lace through that mane of his hair.

And so they loved.

It has long since been known that even an average human holds enough bioelectricity within their bodies, that should they suddenly be transformed into pure, uncontrolled energy, they'd knock the Earth off its axis. Even a fly, suddenly transformed in the same way, would duplicate the effect of Hiroshima.

Thusly, the sexual energies shared during physical interaction in a normal human being, if tapped and used as an energy source, would be able to replace both fusion and fission reactors as Earth's primary source of energy if could be constantly maintained.

But with Diana and Sasquatch – either being at least twice the size of a human, with more than ten times their mass apiece, the fifteen minutes in which they shared physical love with one another allowed Diana to absorb more than enough bio-electric energy to engorge her body with it. So full of the power did she become that every last bio-crystal on her body began to glow, and even sizzle and spark minutely with the energy she had absorbed.

And so, it was with a loving smile and a purr still in her throat that she loved him till he climaxed inside her – energy enough to make her white front glow and every crack in her flesh to illuminate with an emerald green light – drew flaccid, and actually fell asleep. Upon his face was the widest smile he'd ever had on his face.

Then bending forward to kiss him again, Diana rose, giving him one last squeeze with her vaginal walls to extract the priming charge in him, before elevating slowly to her feet.

And then sated, something inside her abdomen began to writhe; which she immediately lifted her clawed hands to and caressed.

And then Diana Mélange began to transform.

31

Hulk and his fellows came to a bend in the tunnel, right upon the equipment web and helmet that Walter had been wearing. A tiny antennae popping from the back of the CPU module was blinking at its end.

“Here's his gear,” Hank said, and pulling a chord from the equipment belt at his side, plugged it into a fiber-optic network port in Walter's gear. Then keying a few commands, he downloaded all the information and logs from the CPU. “Great maker... he did it!” Hank voiced then as the download processed. “He got her Bio-signature. We can track her now!” he turned quickly up to Bruce, and a muscle in his cheek twitched toward a smile.

“Hank, take this gear back to the base. Get them to load this up to the satellites. We'll get transfers onto our equipment later. For now her locator beacon Walter put on her is coming back loud and cl...”

He stopped as he raised his own locator tracker, and watched as the red pinging of her locator promptly winked out of existence.

His slapped its side a couple times, hoping it was a receiver problem, but a quick look to everyone else verified that the locator beacon had gone dead prematurely somehow.

“Hank. Go, now.” He said, and the blue-furred mutant took up Walter’s gear and after hopping to his feet raced back up the stone corridor.

Then raising his hand, he pointed down the opposite direction of the corridor, and with a low whine of motion, all the busters followed the two Hulks further down along the river; he and his cousin applying their face masks as protection.

They didn’t have to travel far, perhaps only a dozen yards before sounds of pleasure began to enter their ears, and then a low, deep-throated moan.

Hulk signaled for weapons-hot, and the seven trailing Busters all switched into battle-mode.

And then they rounded a bend, and there stood Diana, caressing and rubbing her breasts, pressing them together as subtle sighs and moans ripped from her.

She was aglow with lights, and with only a brief moment of observation told of why. Somehow she’d subdued Walter, who, in his altered form, was easily as strong as he himself was now, and though the Hulk was smaller than either of the two, he was built like a badger... pound per pound there was more muscle in him than there was in them. Sasquatch just wasn’t as strong as he was, and Diana’s weight came from the pair of breasts heaving at her front, either of which must’ve weighed a couple hundred pounds apiece now, while her height came from her elongated feet.

But as they stopped in a cluster behind her, her back exposed to them, she hugged herself, her back arching beautifully, as she entered into the throes of erotic elation; her legs spreading wide with her hips rolling to expose the wide cheeks of her rear and the bulging and throbbing pad of her crotch.

“Ohhh!” she moaned, her jaw opening wide before she shuddered, then spasmed, and then turning quickly slammed her back sharply against the stone wall of the corridor, her hips beginning to gyrate rhythmically.

Every breath from her then became a sigh and then occasionally a moan. Then, while still clinging to the wall with her hands pressed outward to her sides, her head lowered to her fantastic bosom, and then closing those beautiful jade green eyes, she took a deep breath, and remarkably the gathered group of Hulk Busters, Hulk and She-hulk, began to see her erotic transformation happen for the first time. She gave off a little groan, gritting her teeth as the sound of a double heartbeat throbbing deeply within her chest came to their ears, and with a crackling sound, they watched as her ribcage simply lifted outward.

With an orgasmic gasp, she climaxed over her folded legs; her sweet smelling juices splattering her thighs and trickling down to her feet while her chest dislodged it seemed, pushing straight outward as her ribcage dragged upward. They watched her clavicle bones push outward as her ribs rotated, before as one, both halves began to flare outward. Then those ribs began to likewise hook over her middle as it grew even longer, sinking deep beneath that ridge even as spikes of bone erupted from holes in her flesh, hooking around her ribcage and thickening the hide of her flesh into a chitinous armor.

Like the ripples of a stone dropped in water, her transformation washed outward from the center of her being, expanding her breasts next, making them even larger than before as they lifted higher, rounding all the more.

Her shoulders grew even wider, drawing her neck apart till its outer edges sprouted straight from the base of her skull to her bulging shoulders, while her throat became a horde of primary and secondary muscles straining every which way.

She thrust her hips forward; orgasming again with a gasping moan, and with a trembling motion, her breasts swelled again, her shoulders mounting to titan-levels, even while her biceps flared along with her forearms. Her thick claws grew deeper and then wider, her wrists armoring up about her glowing gems at the backs of her hands. Those clawed hands drew closer to her body, and thrusting her neck forward, she gave off a cry of feminine pleasure only she could experience.

“AHHH!!!” she cried, and a third orgasm erupted from between her legs, drenching her legs now.

But then her head fell forward as she sank to her knees in the sand, her mane of white hair growing thicker about her head while her spinal column thrust even further outward. The peak of her back muscled broad and thick, bulging enormously over the rest of her back, and then out of several striations and tears in her flesh, bony plates and spines erupted in odd places, flaring wide. Great jeweled crystals grew great and powerful at the peak of that back on either side of her spine-riddled spine, just before her back flared again suddenly, and two great hooking pylons pushed outward, rose and spread apart before another crackling sound signified their attachment to her ribcage and spine.

Ever so briefly, those pylons opened, looking like the arms of a mantis before they snapped shut again. Diana jerked first one way and then the next, and with a sound similar to tearing cloth, and a cry of pain intermingled with her pleasure, horns and hooking plates erupted all about her face. Her pointed and edged ears rising high and flaring wide on a pair of horns, her features recessing beneath those plates as they encircled the loveliness of her features and framed her head like a crown; poking out of her white hair in some places before her ears folded against the backs of her head.

But then she jerked her body again, and she spasmed forward, hunching her shoulders and compressing her breasts together as her upper torso armored thick with the same heavy armor that was growing everywhere else on her body. They all watched as her flesh hardened into thicker hide, thickened again into scales, and then again into overlapping armored plates. But

now, with these plates large enough to see now, they saw how they all glittered like an insect's, possessing a shiny green sheen to it with thousands of facets to reflect the light.

That armor decorated her immense shoulders, the line of her clavicle bones and the outer most sides of her neck before descending into hooking plates all down the length of her back. But as those plates reached her tail bud, that too began to project outward shooting outward several meters to end in a thick bulb. But then that tail suddenly thickened three times its width, spreading her lovely rear open before the bulb at its end unfolded, to display three claws, just before the center claw elongated a whole foot, and broadened several inches into a hooking blade.

Diana cried outward again, her voice echoing strangely now as the cracks about her eyes shone brightly with emerald light, and with the sound of bones breaking this time, her chest thrust forward in yet another fit of growth, and in a spastic shifting of all her muscles, shifted upward several inches.

Her muscle structure is changing... no longer human! Banner thought at this spectacle, watching those tits jiggle almost hypnotically.

Diana attempted to lift herself again, crying out her moaning pleasure as she rose, but with another crackling of splitting bone, and then a loud crunch, her hips broadened wide, the bony hooks of her hip plates actually breaking away from her flesh as they curved and thickened. These framed her tightening belly from below as well as above by hooking protrusions. This most recent transformation forced her hips to thrust forward, the base of her tail curving forward along with it to lift her throbbing pussy forward, and all could see it clench and firm up, while the erection of her clit seemed to be stone-hard now.

Her legs then spread open a little, those thighs flaring wide with growing muscle as her quadriceps showed themselves in perfect detail, bulging upward, creasing and thickening, with her central two muscles of the quad compressing between their bulging sides. But then that center muscle creased even more from her skin, and suddenly armored into several overlapping plates that hooked over her knees, before a pair of hooking spikes erupted out of the peaks of those thighs.

Compressing in on herself again, she then spasmed upright, her triangular calves and forelegs broadening insanely, while her elongated feet broadened all the more before armoring solidly into boot-like sheathes that left only her toes opened to the air.

Then at last she let go of the wall, stumbling forward on her toes to keep her balance while those great claws fondled her breasts, her eyes closing tightly with her erotic feelings.

“Ohhh,” she cooed as her nipples erected, and with a sparkling charge, every last jewel on her body flared with light, and through out the whiteness of her bodice – her bosoms, her belly and pelvis – a throbbing pulse began to grow and fade inside of it.

“I don't know about the rest of you,” Jennifer mentioned as she watched. “But this is making *me* hot.”

No one really noticed her comment, because just then sparks and bolts of electricity bounded about Diana's titanic form, cascading about her bodice and spanning the distance between her teats in a sparkling green-white light.

Then as if she was the center of a lightning ball, those sparks and wisps of lightning danced around her in a web of raw energy, and shielding his eyes, Bruce looked into the light, and gaped as he saw her growing.

There was a rumbling through the ground as she lunged forward, her body growing ever larger by the second, some parts growing faster than others, but it was a titan's form that was coming from her. Then within the light, something great and gossamer lifted outward, and a pair of huge wings unfolded outward, the things glowing angelic briefly as they opened straight outward from her mid-back.

And then the crackling of lights subsided, and she bent forward and collapsed onto her hands and knees, her tail's tip waving as her great wings fell about her body lifeless. There, she gasped and heaved; her breasts pressing against the ground despite that her arms were almost practically straight; her great neck bowed against her shoulders, with her mane of intensely long hair flowing about her head. Between her legs, one last splatter of wet fluids erupted to splatter onto the ground as she orgasmed and then drew silent.

Then after a moment of impenetrable silence, Diana slowly lifted her head, her wide and slanting eyes slowly opening to display those reddened eyes with their single pupils gazing at them all.

There was the smallest of smiles against her face.

32

Bruce Banner stared at the newly empowered Diana, staring disbelievingly at this creature of supernatural might, even as her six wings – the great and fluttery ones and the four smaller dragonfly ones – slowly retracted into her armored back as dozens of spines and plates later closed between, over and around them. She began to rise, but soon bumped her shoulder against the roof of the corridor and was thereby robbed of her chance to impress them all with her full height at the moment of her third rebirth.

But then with this slightly humorous exchange, Banner suddenly remembered himself, and thrusting a finger at her, he promptly called out "Attack!"

Jerking into motion, the Hulk Busters all screamed alive with hover jets and power plants on their backs, three of them quickly sliding over the waters of the underwater river to flank her, while the remaining four on this side raised weapons and opened missile bays to immediately fire off salvo upon salvo of stunner missiles.

Bruce twisted himself out of the way, covering his cousin with his massive weight and body as the Hulk Busters went to work.

This was what they were trained for, this was what they did, but what they had trained for was to fight Bruce Banner, the Incredible Hulk. What was before them now was a titan, who was easily much larger than he was, and in their minds they knew she was even stronger.

Banner turned his head and Jennifer peaked through a hole formed by his body and arm as Diana screamed out in pain with all their rockets and missiles striking her, made all the more real given her most recent sexual high of transformation and empowerment.

She swatted at them, huge rending claws missing them each time, especially since because of her increased size and lessened maneuverability in such a tight space, and the Busters' tiny size in comparison and their unbelievable maneuverability, even in tight, cramped spaces, they avoided her easily.

“Use the Capacitors!” Banner screamed into his mike, and immediately thereafter, the first of the capacitor barbs was launched at the Super Beast!

The barb erupted from its canister, sped across the distance between Unit Four and its target, and imbedded itself deeply into enormous breast. Immediately thereafter, it began to suck out the energy of her body, implanting it directly into the unit's power. Energy shields flared alive then, maneuvering jets all activated with thrusters to keep it in place, and the particle beam cannon activated to strike her in the chest.

“No!” she screamed, just before another barb, and then three more injected into her bodice, and then finally the last two before Diana shrank to her knees from the energy drain. She was pelted with more rockets, the last in their arsenal, as those powerful particle beams cut through her armor and broke open her flesh to leak reddened blood. A few moments later she was then pelted by a seemingly endless blast of stun rounds struck her from the Busters' auto cannons; the rounds slapping her hard like a thousands of punches, bursting open before releasing a thick green goop that hardened in less than a second.

They were subduing her! Hulk thought with amazement as he and She-Hulk both rose to their feet as she screamed again, collapsing forward even as she continued to be drained and those stun rounds were rapidly creating a massive crystalline shell about her body.

She groaned and sank forward onto her body, her hand dipping into the water as she cried out with her pain, her eyes focusing upon Banner as he knelt down across from her, and mouthed the words “I'm Sorry.”

Tears blossomed from her eyes then, and looking up to unit one, the captain of the group, she concentrated for a moment, and then all of a sudden, something happened.

Within an instant of motion, something erupted straight up out of the water like a white pillar, piercing straight through the back armor of Unit One, the captain of all the hulk busters. The sound that came from this was the screeching sound of rending steel, and for the briefest of moments, Banner saw a great shaft that had extended straight up into the ceiling, slowly

withdraw downward, and looking quickly to Diana, noticed the tendril of her arm in the water withdrawing.

The tip of that tendril had flattened and coalesced at its end into a sharp blade like the head of a screwdriver, and that screwdriver had just pierced unit one straight through its power core, CPU and computer module, as well as its fusion generators.

A wash of salt water fell from its back as sparks and micro-bolts of electricity sizzled around Unit one and the tendril. All stared at it briefly before it coiled and snapped, tearing open the back plates as it tore something from it, removing an oddly shaped cylinder as Unit One fell down into the water.

As their captain disengaged himself from his armor, the tendril coalesced like a snake, and with the fizzing and snapping of a major power line, that canister was drained of all its power, right up into Diana's arm, and straight into her core before she dropped the canister. In the water.

In the next instant, the tendril slashed first one way and then the other, snapping several of the capacitor cords before beating two more units out of the air and into the water. With a sound like shattering glass, the crystal of the stun rounds was shattered from around her other arm that had been trapped in the quickly crystallizing agents, and then snapping it outward, her other tendril ejected outward.

Two more Busters were liberated of their power cores and drained, just before her nipples erected and quivered, lit with a priming charge as her hands rose to them. Hulk's eyes went wide as he recognized what she was doing, even before the buster right before her was struck full in the chest plate by that horizontal lightning thrown by her hands.

The three remaining busters intensified their attack, but coiling on herself and tensing, the flow of energy from her to them slowed, existed as nothing more than flaring light around metal wire, before that energy began to flow back into her.

Diana was straining, trying to pull her precious energies back into her, and at first, the two hulks could actually see how hard it was for her. But the more energy she absorbed, the quicker she absorbed it, until a rush of light in the form of three horizontal lightning bolts rushed from the Busters to her, and the remaining three busters dropped to the ground and splashed into the water.

Without their power armor, the eight wounded and battered pilots were ineffectual against the might of a hulk. They then watched as she shivered and flexed her muscles, breaking her prison and then shattering it piece by piece before she crawled out of it, battered, bruised and bleeding herself as she fell forward onto the ground a moment, and then rising to her hands and feet, hanging her head, slowly began to walk forward.

She ignored them both completely as she crept by, stumbling now and again, and bleeding profusely.

Bruce turned, took a halting step or two after her, lifting a hand out to her briefly before lowering it again. Instead, he simply watched her walk away.

33

Diana's mind felt abused and her body ached with every movement. She was trying her best to concentrate on healing, and it was slowly working, but the energy drain and the effort to get it back had been an effort that had been most tiring. Likewise, healing those thick plates took a good deal of energy to accomplish as well.

She was tired, and with her most recent transition, she felt more and more control returning to her. Her mind was slowly getting stronger again. Nearing the entrance to the surface, Diana crawled outward into the water flowing by here, welling up from an aquifer nearby. Settling into the cool water onto her enormous breasts and folded arms, she let the cool water soothe her body as she closed her eyes and focused on healing; feeling her wounds slowly stop their bleeding before closing up and sealing without even a scar.

She rested there, and simply breathed for a good long time.

At last she opened her eyes, realizing that she'd been asleep for a bit, and rising out of the water, she passed the rest of the way upward toward the entrance that she'd been trying to get to for some time; knowing that it was here from the flow of energy through the world and the twist of gravitation.

It was night out again, just over twenty-four hours since her transformations had begun, nearly forty-eight since she'd been bombarded by all that radiation. With a smile and a deep breath of the cool night desert air, she stepped forward out into the night, stood up and stretched her wary limbs.

For a moment she stood tall and proud in her completed glory; her feminine wiles heaving in their swollen greatness as she breathed deeply from the air. A soft wind picked up her mane of hair, tussling it about her head. The light of her bodice and the many lines of emerald light had been greatly diminished. But then she began to hear something in the air, and her great hooded ears swiveled with the horns they were attached to, to catch the sound.

Just then floodlights were turned on, and she shrank back against the sudden bright-as-day brightness that surrounded her. Just then she saw the tanks, all set side by side with their barrels all pointed at her, and behind them were clusters of howitzers, while just before them was an entire legion of soldiers all pointing their guns at her. The sound she'd heard in the air came apparent soon as dozens of helicopters lowered from the sky, their spotlights training on her as well.

Diana stared up at them and then around her. Then all at once and utter hopelessness broke from her face, tears erupting from her eyes to slide over her cheeks as she looked at all this. She feared for her life.

Despite that she was greater than a titan now, stronger than the Hulk, She-hulk, and Sasquatch combined, there were still parts of her feminine mind that were still delicate, still fragile.

And so, she sank to her knees, hanging her head, even as a voice came over a loud speaker that said simply... "FIRE!"

34

The point in which Diana Mélangé lay became the point on the head of a nail that was thereby hit with the force of a proverbial sledgehammer.

A tank with an apt team requires only about ten seconds to reload and fire its weapon.

A howitzer and its team of operators, requires only eight seconds to open its breech, eject its shell, reload and fire.

An Apache Helicopter can fire its entire ordinance of missile weaponry within an instant, whereas its attached chain gun would fire about a thousand rounds a second.

A soldier, can totally expend an entire clip of shells in fifteen seconds, eject and then reload a new clip in five.

One thousand troops in a triple line – one standing, one kneeling, one laying on the ground – an entire division of tanks, a wing of Apache Helicopters and a several howitzer batteries all erupted to life. Diana Mélangé screamed out in pain and terror as her body was immediately pelted with thousands of rounds of ammo, ranging in size from bullets to artillery shells. The most damaging however, was that first salvo of rockets and missiles from the helicopters, and Diana's newly regenerated body was caught in something called the chunky salsa affect, the act by which the concussion blasts of multiple explosions liquefied a thing while tearing it apart into itty-bitty chunks.

She fell then to the ground, clawing at it as parts of her armor shattered, her flesh was ripped open by bullets while she rose her arms to protect her face and head.

She screamed all the more, howling like a maddened animal as she sank to her knees, collapsed forward and covered her head. The bullets from the soldiers were quickly expended, and the pelting of beestings against her body from them quickly withdrew. Another blessing that when she'd fallen to the ground, the target area of the tanks had changed, so they had to re-shift their cannons toward her. Which left the helicopters and the Howitzers.

It was then that she heard the screaming of falling iron, and looking up, she felt the lenses behind the reddened films of her eyes focus upon the horror rapidly approaching her. Dreading the end, she huddled up into a ball, tucking her tail close to her body, even as they fell with force enough to level several square city blocks.

Dust and smoke from small fires cooking on bare earth rose up from the battlefield, and with the sight of their target out of sight, a cease-fire was called till the smoke cleared.

The wind shifted then, catching the loose dust in the air and blowing it out of the way. But then a muffled cry of shock spread over them all as they saw a sparkling field of white-green light, humming with life as it churned and sparkled with black spots and trailers of lightning that crawled over its surface.

Diana herself was surprised as she slowly un-tucked herself, looking up at the thing that had saved her, and looking down at her body, she gazed in wonder at the cracks in her flesh, all shining brighter than they'd ever shone before.

On a subconscious level, somehow, she'd created a force field.

“Fire! Fire at will! Fire at will! Fire you fools, fire!”

Diana muffled as the new strikes against her barrier came to her as muffled thuds and crystalline chimes, and rolling onto her back, she breathed deeply, her chest heaving before she closed her eyes and concentrated.

A low hum emanated from inside her as she glowed with a faint light, and while her shield protected her, rapidly draining her power with each hit, she hurried her healing process – focusing on one point after the other – feeling her strength returning to her while her body armor grew thicker and harder than ever before. Her armor grew even in places to cover other portions of her body. That armor then unfolded, covering her face and a triangular wedge of either breast – hefting them and pushing them together – while a pair of mandible like plates rose from the center of her back, surrounded her waist and then clipped downward to cover her cunt like a bikini bottom. Then in a rapid flow, erupting from small openings lining the edges of her back, a black ichor seeped outward, flowing over her softer flesh to cover her from head to foot, just before that ichor hardened, fractured and then separated into millions of plates. Then at last, her mane of hair flowed as if by a life of its own, pulling backward before the dozen or so hooking plates on her head all closed about her head, leaving that gorgeously beautiful hair trailing down out of the base of her neck.

The white glow that normally suffused her bosom was growing faint now, but she still rose, and crossing her hands before her, concentrated all her remaining power into her balling fists.

Then at last, she dropped the shield; immediately becoming struck repeatedly by the thunderous and murderous sound and pelting all those heavy ordinances caused. Her arms slowly rose above her head, shining a deep, deep red, and poising herself for only a moment, she then fell downward, striking at the earth with the very hammer fall of Thor, and the sound of thunder itself.

In its wake came a dull rumbling, and right before their eyes, the soldiers began to see rocks tremble and then rise up into the air. Fearful, they all turned to run, skipping over tanks and such before their pilots also got the jist of what was happening and all began to back up out of the way as larger and larger rock, and then boulders began to float up into the air. And then the ground for a quarter of a mile in every direction from Diana – half a mile across, glowed bright, cracked, billowed upward and exploded.

Within twenty-one seconds from the impact of those great fists, the force of an atomic bomb being detonated underground was released. The military, though they had detonated numerous nukes underground, had never seen what would happen with soldiers, tanks and airborne units in the area of the blast.

A thousand soldiers were blown forward as they ran from the concussion blast, while tanks were pushed backward and then blown tumbling over and over themselves, lying in heaps in some places. The howitzers, being that they'd been the furthest away, simply fell over as their teams scattered. Up in the air, helicopters were all put in a tailspin from the rising air currents, their rotors and engines grinding and squealing while their pilots fought for control. But as the shockwave subsided, those pilots were able to get their vehicles under control.

If it'd been an actual nuke, then the EMP pulse proceeding it would've knocked them all out of the sky. Instead, they had to deal with something more sinister than falling out of the sky.

An enraged Super Beast.

Diana leapt out of the churning smoke, landed on one of the helicopters, and even as it began to sink with her weight of over two metric tons, she reached up, stopped the rotor, snapped it off and leapt away while it's pilot and gunner ejected.

While in the air, her tendrils shot out of her arms, knocking two more of the helicopters from their lofty height; the tendrils ends flattening into blades and slashing dozens of times at each one. Then turning as she fell, the two great pylons on her back rose, extended and then slashed at yet another Apache, and two more pilots ejected before she donkey-kicked one more helicopter and landed on her hands and feet.

Coming to a final skid after several meters, she wrenched herself up to her feet, lifted her hand, and her tendril snapped outward again; lancing over the heads of the pilot and gunner in the final helicopter piercing through their rotor assembly, holding the chopper aloft briefly before she retracted the tendril and they fell to the ground.

Two more ejected into the cool night air.

Diana stood there for a moment or two, taking a halting step as she looked around her for more enemies, and with a sudden liquefying of her black armor, it sloughed off her body and back into the great pores against her back, leaving her face moist and wet with the tears she'd shed beneath her mask.

The rest of her armor retracted, leaving her virtually naked as she collapsed to the ground, covered her face and cried.

With the last of her power, the white glow of her bodice fading to a light blue as she did, her immense breasts shrinking a little, she reached out and touched every last body that was around her.

Against all probability, against every law of reality and physics, through the turmoil of her rage, not a single man had died from her actions. Not a one.

With her power nearly gone, Diana collapsed in on herself, and cried.

36

From the depths of the underground caverns and its river, a Hulk emerged. After such a tremendous explosion on the surface, there had undoubtedly been a few cave-in's, but he and Jennifer had been able to clear all that rock quite easily. And so it was then that he and she, and seven Buster Pilots all finally reached the surface, and beheld the destruction.

Bodies laid every were, whole tanks had been tipped over with their paint shattered off their hulls, and the wreckage of helicopters and floodlights still sizzled, sparked and burned.

There was also the assorted moaning and groaning from the wounded.

And then Doctor Banner found a hunched over shadow, too large to be a human, and too organic to be a machine, right smack dab in the center of some blast radius.

“Holy Cow!” Jennifer breathed. It’s like one of those one-thousand pound bombs, a fuel bomb or even a kiloton bomb were dropped here.

“A megaton.” Bruce corrected. “But detonated underground.” He was looking down at his great booted feet, and kicked at several of the chunks here where the Earth had literally been shattered. “The only reason all those soldiers are still alive is a lack of either a radiation burst or a heat wave.

“She is more powerful than me. I could never be able to do this much destruction.” All eyes suddenly turned on him then, while he himself fixated on the hunched form of Diana so far away.

Then Bruce turned, found the overturned hummer they’d come in, and walking up to it, wrenched it up and over before immediately turning the key. Like a good deal of military equipment, despite the hell it’d just gone through it started right up.

“Everyone in. Jennifer, get these pilots back to the base and call in a MASH unit for these soldiers.”

“But... what are you going to do?” she said hopping into the drivers seat after dropping Sasquatch in the back with the others, while Bruce himself helped some of the more hurt and bruised pilots carefully up into the back of the hummer.

He leaned on the vehicle, the whole things tilting slightly.

“I’m going to right a wrong.”

37

Diana the Super Beast knelt dejectedly where she’d fallen after releasing so much power. Her light blue breasts and bodice now told of how drained of power she was. Even as it was, that light was beginning to flicker. But despite that her powers over energy had no battery any more; she was still physically a titan.

And so it was Doctor Bruce Banner who approached her once Jennifer and the pilots had made their way back to the base. Which would leave him more than an hour to do this. For the first five minutes though, he just stared at her, and then reaching to his back, pulled the huge cannon barrel out on its gyro mount as it unfolded and extended, and flicking the power switch heard it’s power pack whine while a high-pitched scream came from the weapon itself.

Then taking a deep breath he started walking toward her.

At last he was beside her, holding the weapon lightly with on hand to steady it, letting the gyro mount hold it instead of himself. Even kneeling and hunched over, she was almost as tall as he was standing.

Diana looked over her shoulder at him, her eyes pinched and her lips trembling, and she looked up at him with so much sorrow. He raised the barrel of the gut to her head, and staring at the priming charge deep within the barrel she hunched her shoulders and hung her head.

“Do it.” She whispered, with a voice that was intoxicatingly beautiful now. “Do it... so that I can’t hurt anyone anymore.”

Banner’s eyes crinkled with those words. Not only was it the longest string of coherency that he’d heard from her in their few meetings since this debacle started, but they were exactly the same words that he wished he could utter many a times as just the Hulk; when he didn’t have mind enough to express that desire. Again, he raised his weapon, steeled himself to fire, to end it for her. His thick finger even depressed the unlocking mechanism for the safety, lifted the safety and had actually begun to depress the trigger, but something... something inside him that had remembered the hurt of injuring innocents, the hurt of being alone, held his finger from firing that weapon.

It was a weapon that could kill him if he were shot in the right place... in the head or the heart... like some undead abomination it felt sometimes. Then... finally...

“No.” he whispered harshly, and then locked the safety again before discharging the weapon’s priming charge before un-harnessing it from his body. “C’mon.” he said then, and bending down, actually picked up the much larger creature in his arms, but with a being that could bench press one hundred metric tons, Diana’s paltry two ton mass was nothing.

Carrying her into the cave mouth, he then rapidly carried her form down the length of the corridor, and after about thirty minutes or so of a constant jog, he came at last with her to a great cavern.

For a moment, he looked around in awe and wonder at this place... as bright as day, with splendorous beauty everywhere. But then his ward groaned a little, and looking down at her, he quickly found a good patch of moss and gently laid her down upon it before kneeling down at her side.

And then, he paused, and for the first time, looked at her beautiful body in detail for the first time, and with the light within the cavern, he was offered a spectacular view.

Her musculature was thick and heavy, placed in forms that no human being possessed, constructed in ways that allowed her to be so powerful. She was heavier, larger and stronger than even he, he knew, and lowering a hand to her light blue belly, he felt the ridges of her twelve abdominals while she laid there and simply breathed. But then he focused upon the objects of her femininity... to her now flattened and soft cunt. Without her body enticed, those twin folds of femininity created a flattened V-shaped patch of pelvis.

Her breasts full, rounded and firm, peaked atop her chest, parted slightly with her back bowed to lay against the ground, and through pure wonderment and curiosity, he reached forward and flattened a hand against one of those enormous breasts. And there he remembered the softness of her skin, the firmness of her breast and the roundness of the orb... and it’s warmth.

But then he heard a sigh from her, and then felt her relatively small, clawed hand – which was perhaps as big as his own hand despite the size of her body – lifted and pressed against his face. Banner turned his head slowly, and looked down at Diana, who’d turned her head to look at him, and he offered her a faint smile.

Her own face returned the smile, though her eyes shone with her weariness and her hurt, but somewhere in those deep red eyes, somewhere, something glittered with happiness. Bruce lifted his own hand to hold the back of hers, feeling the warmth of that green crystal on the back of her hand as his other hand continued to caress her breast. And then, feeling a compulsion take him, he bent forward, continuing to hold her hand as he leaned forward, and touching her mouth, which was nothing more than an overhanging crease of her jaw, he touched her soft skin there, and then bent forward to kiss her.

Diana folded her clawed hands over her middle, at last tasting the lips of the man she’d admired so much even when a paltry, flat-chested waif of a girl, who was a few pounds overweight. But of her many powers, one that she couldn’t command or turn on or off, was the fact that her saliva possessed a powerful aphrodisiac.

Bruce continued to kiss her, caressing her face around the heavy plates, drawing in more and more of those sweet lips, until his touch rose to his shirt and he began to unbutton it. Diana in turn held his face to her, caressing his short crop of hair with her claw-tips and then sliding her fingers over his emerald green flesh before lowering her touch down his thick throat and over his great chest. But her touch continued downward over his ridged abdominals; finally hooking into his belt while he quickly removed his shirt and then began working on his trousers.

Diana rose then, her femininity overtaking her, and helping him to open up his trousers, continued to share that loving kiss. Belt, shorts and then boots were discarded, and then ever so slowly the slightly smaller Hulk climbed atop the Indomitable Super Beast. She lifted her head atop her long neck up to him, continuing to kiss him, holding his head to her as she embraced him with one arm over the small of his back and a mighty clawed hand over his rear.

Diana made sounds of pleasure as his mighty arms encircled her breasts to hold her head up as he leaned atop her like a gentle bed. And then finally, just so that they could both take a breath. Hulk rose from her, bracing his hands on her barreling ribcage, his fingers lining the bases of her breasts, and the two stared at one another for a time.

Hulk watched her, looked down at that strange alien beauty her mutant factor had given her, and for a moment, but only a moment, he saw Betty's face before his eyes; a brief vision of her, urging him to go on. And so, given only a little bit of hesitation, Banner looked down between them, maneuvered himself between her legs, and then slowly entered her. Then holding onto her hips briefly, he laid down atop her again, hugging those enormous breasts to his chest with his arms as he began to kiss more than just her face and lips.

Their lovemaking grew more energetic the longer they were with one another.

Not having had the pleasures of a woman since his last night with Betty, and she having at last found a man to pleasure her properly, thoroughly and quite lovingly, the pair – the two mightiest of humans on Earth – loved one another for hours on end. For some of us, man or woman, to last that long was an impossibility, but for them, yet another trait of supernatural endurance and strength indeed had it's more pleasant quirks.

Fate had deemed that the mightiest of men and the mightiest of women should be together. Betty had indeed been mighty in presence and in will, but lacked otherwise. Jennifer had indeed been the strongest of women, but a mating between first cousins was just... *wrong*, in Bruce's mind. And so, with Diana Mélange, fate had intervened. She had been a latent mutant, who, in her fear of being locked inside the belly of a reactor, manifested, and as such her body was able to absorb the many terawatts of gamma radiation and changed her.

They loved, until at last they were both sated, and fell asleep there in the deep moss beside each other.

Banner sat atop the rock outcropping overlooking the underground lake, completely naked and observing one of those little scarab beetles with the gossamer wings. It looked right back at him, its bulbous eyes blinking two sets of eyelids as it clung to his meaty finger with all six legs; its great wings folding over his hand. He stroked its chitinous underbelly with his thumb.

“So, my little friend, what do you think?” Banner asked, assuming the thinker’s pose with his free hand balling underneath his now lightly bearded chin as he watched the little insect.

In answer, it scurried over his hand toward Diana, scurried back, looked back at him and licked his lips.

Bruce was rapidly beginning to think that these creatures were intelligent. To him, that looked like “Go to her, she is tasty.” And with that thought he raised his eyebrow at the little bug before turning his head to look at Diana, who was still sleeping peacefully.

Then at last he nodded, and the little winged bug leapt off his finger and floated there for a moment, watching as the titanic, emerald-green form of the Hulk walked over to her, and stood there watching her for a moment, smiling at her for a time before his smile slowly faded into a look of hurt. Then with a sigh, he went over to his utility belt that was discarded with the rest of his clothes; and opening his sample satchel, the one that still held her panties and pheromone sample, he pulled out a black disk, and pulling it apart, watched as its edges telescoped into a great wide circle. Then kneeling beside her head, he lifted her hair, and looked down at her face as she immediately smiled up at him, then saw the look in his face as she reached up to touch his cheek. But then before she could stop him, he slipped the black ring over her head and let go of it, and immediately it snapped tightly about her throat.

Her eyes widened with surprise, and he had to hold her hand and arm with both of his to keep her from accidentally hurting him while her other hand lifted and tried to tear the ring off.

But that ring was a ring of Adamantium, and from his knowledge of his fights with Wolverine, even with his powerful punches, knew that even with his tremendous strength, he was unable to bend that metal. And likewise, with her enormous strength, much if not twice as great as his own, was unable to break that black band with only one hand.

She cried out as four electrodes snapped open and immediately began to hum with sonic energy, and shone brightly with a specified mix of electricity on a specific waveform. Diana slowed her struggling, her eyes closing slowly to mere slits as her struggling arms fell limp.

“Don’t worry... everything will be ok.” Bruce said softly, and took to stroking her hand. “I promise I’ll take care of you no matter what.”

The aura of the charges began to flow into her body, and right before his eyes, Diana began to shrink. The process was slow at first, but continued to increase in speed as her armor became scales, her scales hide, and her hide flesh. The coloring of her bosom went from white – after having absorbed so much energy from him, to blue, then pink and then back to red, while the green patches on her back likewise faded back to red. The spines, blades and claws retracted, her

muscles compressed, thinning and merging into baser muscle groups; going from striations to tertiary groups, then secondary, primary, and finally into just meaty thick flesh as she neared her original humanity.

Her feminine body continued to compress, the massive orbs against her chest flattening till she was left with only buds again, and all the while, the black collar continued to click tighter and tighter about her throat, keeping close to her body so as not to fall off. Then finally, she was left with her human body. Small, petite, and with just enough muscle to move. Her hair remained white, however, her body remaining hairless, and her eyes a brilliant emerald green.

Bruce smiled down at her as the electrodes on her neck clipped shut, and the band folded snugly about her neck one last time.

Banner remained there with her till she fell asleep, and then dressing in everything save his shirt, he wrapped her up in that, and cradling her in his arms, and he slowly walked back up the corridor... one of the small insects here landing on his shoulder to enjoy the ride. Up a quarter of a mile of winding tunnel, Bruce finally arrived with his ward out into rising light of morning, and into the chaos ensuing outside the cave mouth.

Not just one, but two MASH units had moved in, as well as the USGS who'd detected the detonation, the US Army Corps of Engineers to clean up all the metal and steel, and of course... the press.

Seeing the Hulk suddenly emerging, the press swarmed on him with questions of all sorts, forcing him to raise a hand against the spotlights from their cameras.

“Mr. The Hulk... what happened here... why are you here... did you do this... can we have a statement... Mr. Hulk!”

Diana squirmed in his arms from all the noise, and opening one eye, she sighed, closed her eye again and lifting a hand, released a pulse of energy that shut down every piece of electronic equipment within a one hundred foot radius. Bruce smiled at his package, and cradled her more so that she'd be more comfortable, and in the reporter's confusion, he commandeered a hummer and a driver, and said simply “To Bio-Sight, corporal.” He said, and the driver took off.

Banner cradled Miss Mélange in his arms the whole ride.

39

Diana opened her eyes after what felt like the best sleep she'd ever had in ages, and lifting herself and stretching, she looked around herself, and immediately saw the hulking form of – well – the Hulk.

He was wearing a lab coat again, and being that she was wearing a hospital gown and was in a hospital bed, meant that she was in the sick-bay wing of Bio-Sight.

Doctor Banner leaned forward, and taking up her hands in both of his, like a man taking the hand of a little girl, he smiled at her quite tenderly. “That was quite a nap.”

“How long?” she asked, feeling her small hand held firmly within both of his.

“Nearly two days. How do you feel, Diana?”

Diana smiled at him, and hugged herself.

“Warm.”

40

Diana was being placed through the gauntlet once again. She was showing a definite improvement on all levels. Her strength, endurance, fluids, oxygenation of her blood had all been improved. And much to her pleasure, she was underweight now. Her brainwaves were more complex, her intelligence faster and her wisdom somehow larger. Additionally, her perception ratings were unbelievably intense.

She was able to read the fine print on the eye chart.

It was then, during her physical that she found herself alone with Banner again. How she found herself however, was with the back of her gown opened and hanging off her shoulders, and Banner injecting her rear with a syringe and depositing a vitamin supplement prior to her battery of X-rays, Cat Scans, MRI and whatnot. She didn't even flinch as that sharp point pierced her rear, and rather, she had a small smile upon her face, and from the corner of her eye she watched his hand caress her bottom as wiped rubbing alcohol over the pinprick and pulled the syringe out.

“Thank you.” She smiled.

“For what?” Banner chuckled, and Diana turned around to sit atop the table with the paper strewn atop it; not bothering to close up her gown.

“For think that I have a ‘nice ass.’”

Banner stopped what he was doing, almost dropping the syringe on the floor instead of in the biohazard bucket. “How did you...” he began, but Diana giggled.

“Whenever someone touches me, I can almost hear what they're thinking and what they're feeling.” She kicked her legs a bit, mulling something over in her head as Bruce watched her for that awkward moment.

Then chucking the syringe in it's bucket... “You do have a nice ass.” He grinned, and then moved his stethoscope around his ears. Now let's check your heart beat.”

With that, he moved forward rubbing the end of the stethoscope on his shirt to warm it up, but Diana looked up underneath the bangs of her mane of hair, and hunching her shoulders forward, let the gown fall forward to reveal her supple body. Banner stopped, and stared at her naked bodice as she removed her hands from the sleeves, placed the gown beside her and arched her back for him.

Bruce paused for only a moment longer, and then kneeling before her began to check her heart beat and breathing,

“Nice tits too...” Diana read his mind, and Banner just laughed.

“Yes, I admit that too.” He grinned and then rose, but Diana caught his hand pulled it to her and laid her head into his touch; holding onto the back of his hand with one of hers, and his wrist with the other. Then she kissed his palm while his fingers rubbed her hair.

Something was happening to him.

“Go out...” *ahem* “Would you... like to go out with me?” he grinned rather sheepishly.

Diana smiled warmly and held softly onto his hand.

“Of course.”

Diana was released later that day on Banner’s authorization, but was only seconded by the colonels as long as she continued to wear the band about her neck. It was an ingenious design; developed by Doctor Walter himself, and had been retrofitted with a simple electronic and mechanical lock. This lock could only be opened with a complex, non-standard key, which likewise connected to a computer terminal to gain three, one hundred and twenty eight bit binary codes before it’s links could open.

Only three people held the key... the colonels.

But despite that, Diana returned home, showered, brushed her hair and did it up in an ornate design of overlapping folds of hair and ending in a long, complex braid at the back of her head. A pair of crossing sticks completed the image.

Her body was rubbed smooth and soft with lotions and oils, but when she went to apply her makeup, she looked at herself and suddenly saw that she didn’t need them anymore. She smiled at her reflection, and then promptly went about the rest of her duties, dressing in a pair of black lace panties she hadn’t worn in such a long while; panties that accented her rear through the use of a thong. She didn’t bother with a bra, and slipped into a beautiful red and black lace gown that accented her bodice beautifully; its back dipping low to the base of her spine, and its front low enough to display her cleavage. Likewise, it’s side was cut open quite high, straight up to the peaks of her hips to show off one sinuous leg.

The last time she'd worn this dress, the front of it had come high enough to cross straight over her clavicle. But now, her breasts had grown larger, and much fuller. Fuller than even this morning when she was as flat as a boy. Blinking for a moment in astonishment, she then went to a power socket, and pausing a moment, picked up a hairpin, held it firmly with two fingers and shoved it into the socket.

Instead of getting a painful shock that could've frizzed her hair and scorched her fingers, she instead received a warm feeling in her bosom, and looking down, watched as her breasts began to throb with her beating heart, and with each beating throb, it filled outward a little more.

She pulled out the hairpin, and felt her breasts, finally letting the shoulder straps of her gown fall and its front to open to reveal breasts that had filled to D-cup size within seconds. Again she inserted the pin, and watched as they filled to DD-size. Then raising the front flap of her gown again, checking herself into the mirror and readjusting a few things, she smiled great and wide at how good she looked in this dress now.

Giggling, she hurried on with her white thigh stockings and high heels, and pulling on her dinner jacket and calling a cab to meet her date.

41

Banner hadn't worn a tuxedo forever. He sat quietly reading the menu of the best restaurant in town, his hair slicked back and his suit a stylish French design.

Being a doctor did have it's perks.

He was well aware of all the eyes staring at him, but he didn't quite care. The Maitre Dee, had hurried to find a place adequate for him, well in the back of the restaurant in one of the 'specialty rooms,' those reserved for parties and large groups, with the room quickly being modified to handle a creature of his size.

For his time, Hulk gave him a C-note.

In turn, the Maitre Dee also called in a couple more cooks.

While he blindly stared at the menu then, waiting for his date, he briefly reflected upon how Jennifer had come in while he'd been getting ready, learned with who he was going out with and the proceeded to give him a lot of grief, congratulations, and teasing cajoles. He'd been thinking about that exchange for so long that he didn't notice that he had company until he heard a low clearing of a throat.

Bruce looked up and immediately came to his feet, and gaped at what he saw. His first thought was '*Bigger!*'

"You looked preoccupied, Bruce." She smiled, and took her seat across from the great bench he was sitting upon before he himself retook his place.

“And you look beautiful.”

Diana blushed.

Their food arrived in short order, but as they began the courses, they soon found that the portions for Diana were the same size for those for Hulk. Apparently, they were expecting a woman equally as enlarged as he was. Bruce was about to protest, but she smiled and ate it, thanking the waiter. She then proceeded to eat all of it, enjoying her seven-course dinner while Bruce simply watched her eat with a wry quirk of the mouth on his face through most of it.

A large salad, an appetizer, soup, a stake dinner served medium rare with all the fixings... a full seven course meal... and she ate all of it. Bruce was so fascinated about this that he practically forgot to eat his own food. Then they even ate desert together.

“It’s weird,” she grinned. “I’m not hungry, but I’m not full either. I don’t even feel any weight in my belly.”

“Perhaps, your body cannibalizes it all into energy quicker.”

“It’s very efficient then... I don’t even have to go to the bathroom.” She blushed, and then finished her pie, and leaning backward, lifted her hands to her hair and breathed deeply, and unbeknownst to her, this swelled her breasts greatly, till Bruce was given a peak of the pink disk of one of her areola and its nipple before she lowered her arms again. She pushed some stray strands of her hair away from her eyes and then looked back up to him, even as the waiter delivered a bottle of wine, displayed it, popped the cork, handed the cork to Bruce and poured them both a glass.

And then as people began to filter out of the restaurant, they enjoyed their time with one another, and just talked. Sometime during their night, their hands became intermingled, and it took them both a moment to figure out what they’d done.

“Are you trying to read my mind again?” Bruce asked with a smile.

“I-I thought I was trying to hold you hand.” She smiled shyly, and the two of them remained there, quietly alone for a time, enjoying their wine, and for a time, didn’t even speak.

But even that was brought short.

“Excuse me, sir... madam... but we must close soon. Would you like to see your bill now?”

“Yes... Please.” Rather than break contact with her, he released his touch on his glass, received the bill, and looking at it briefly, raised an eyebrow at the final price.

Then still with one hand, pulled out his wallet, pushed out a card, and handed it to the waiter. When he returned, Bruce quickly signed the receipt, put his card and wallet back in his pocket,

and then rose with Diana, still holding tentatively onto her hand as he pocketed the bottle of wine into his pocket.

“I hope I wasn’t too expensive of a date.”

“It was my pleasure.” He smiled.

“That much?” she said after a moment of looking at him. “I feel truly honored.”

Once outside, the doors were locked behind them, and then all they had for themselves was an empty street and the moon as companions. Just then, Diana embraced him, pressing closely into his taut abdominals, still holding on tightly to his hand.

“Where can we go?” she asked. “I don’t want to part with you so soon.”

“I know just the place.” Bruce smiled, and picking her up, in his arms, held her close. “Now hold on tight... you’re going to travel Hulk Style.”

She tucked herself into his suit coat; and bending his knees, Banner launched himself up into the air, and the last thing the ground heard was her laughing like a little girl.

42

Diana remembered this cavern as she stepped in only her stocking-clad feet over the moss, her high-heels held in one hand.

“Bruce...” she began, and the man known as the hulk stepped forward and took her shoulders in his massive hands. “Before me, a few days ago... when had been the last time you’d made love to a woman?”

Banner was silent for a very long time, just holding onto those tiny shoulders of hers till he felt one of those small hands of hers rise and flatten against the back of his hand to caress it.

“It feels... like a very long time ago.” He admitted at last, gently rubbing her shoulders.

Diana was silent for a while.

“Her name was Belle... bonny... *Betty!* Her name was Betty...” she looked up at Banner.

“We were married.” He said quietly

“And you still hurt inside... don’t you.”

Then Bruce smiled down at her, fingering her lips with the blunt end of one thick finger. “The hurt is leaving me. I still love her, and I’ll never forget her... but... I believe she’d want me to move on.”

Diana smiled, and then turning fully around this time, embraced Bruce about the middle, feeling his own hands on the top of her back and the back of her head.

“I’m glad you brought me here,” she said at last, moving away from him and continuing along the carpet of soft mosses, removing her small dinner jacket; a thing that came only to her waist, and didn’t button at the front but fully covered her arms. “It’s such a beautiful place.”

She dropped the jacket and hugged herself, and looking at her from behind, Banner finally got to see the sensual curve of her back, and other than the subtle crease down her spine, she lacked all the tremendous definition of her enhanced form. But even while he watched her back, he suddenly watched a shimmering of cloth, and noticed that she’d let her gown fall off her shoulders, and he was suddenly watching a spine that was rapidly curving, and a full and rounded rear that was rolling to jut out at him beautifully; unimpeded by the black thong she was wearing. Then rolling her shoulders backward, she turned slowly, elegantly and still full of a good deal of grace her Super Beast form possessed, but encased atop her narrow chest were two full and rounded mammaries that parted away from one another as she flattened her hands over her belly.

Bruce blinked for a moment as she walked forward, and the next thing he knew, she’d un-tucked his shirt, flattened her hands against his abdomen to frame her full and rounded tits against his body.

Goodness she feels warm, he thought, and she giggled as she heard it through their contact. But then something else entered his mind.

“Diana... we can’t... we can’t do this?” He said, holding her back as he himself backed away.

“But why?” she said, giving him the Bambi-eyes, keeping her hands upon his tight abdomen. “We both have affection for one another. I can feel it in you; I know it’s in me. I may even go as far as... love?”

“No I mean we *can’t* do it. The physics are nary impossible.” He chuckled with one hand displaying the bulge in his pants, and Diana blushed and then chuckled, and moved forward again before he could stop her, and slid her fingers over that bulge, and felt it thicken tremendously beneath her touch before nuzzling its top with her cheek.

“A woman can get to stretch that far, dear heart.” She giggled, sliding her hand upward along his groin and onto his abdominals briefly before she began to unbuckle his belt. “And don’t take any offence... but you’re not that big. But there has been a few things I’ve learned recently... about my mutant qualities. Would you like to hear about them?”

“Now this *is* intriguing.” He chuckled, and allowed her to pull him down to sit on the ground before her before she sat in his lap and slowly began to unbutton his white shirt and fumblingly remove his tie.

“Mr. McCoy did a quick study of me using the information that Doctor Walter’s had done of me when I was still... well...”

“Big, brawny and beautiful?” Banner smiled for her, and she grinned at the reference. “My cousin Jennifer sometimes refers to herself as that... but adds ‘...and green.’ To it.”

Diana chuckled, and lifting herself, she flattened her breasts against his chest and then resettled herself in his lap, holding onto his chest with both hands before using his chest and her own bosom as a pillow.

For a moment or two... she simply listened to his heart beating, and then felt a huge hand wrap around her hip to support her rear.

“What did he say?” Bruce asked kindly, a smile on his lips and in his eyes, and Diana chuckled before rising up again.

“He classified me really. A list of powers.” She stood up, straddling his folded legs while she smoothed her hands over her breasts, either of which were firm enough to not require a bra to hold them up, and leaning forward, she let those full and round orbs cleave to either side of his neck.

“I’m as you already know an energy leech. Some forms of energy I can absorb better than others, others I can’t; like with Kinetic energy, I don’t absorb too much of it. But when I do absorb it, it goes straight to one place.”

“Your breasts.” Bruce said wide-eyed.

“As well as my entire front and segments of my back. But to my boobs first, yet.” She giggled, and snuggled him. “It’s the reason my chest turns white in my altered form. It’s where all my energy is stored.

“My next power is that of a Lycanthrope... or shape changer. Once my power charge reaches a certain level,” she cupped her breast and massaged it, smiling warmly as her nipples grew erect. I can start changing shapes. The more energy I absorb, then the next stage of transformation that I can assume.”

“I know I’ve seen three of those stages, and the soldier we found reported a fourth, did Hank know how far you could go with those stages.”

Diana shook her mane of white hair.

“No... he theorizes limitless, though.” She smiled, and then began slipping Bruce out of his shirt and jacket.

“My next ability is that of limited Empathy and Telepathy. My empathy requires me to touch someone, or at least in human form, and my telepathy is to project emotions, thoughts and feelings only at close range. But this could be an extension of my energy manipulation powers.

“Energy Manipulation powers?” Bruce repeated.

This was when Diana grinned bright and beautiful, a big toothy grin that split her face from ear to ear like a Cheshire Cat.

“I have a piezoelectric manipulation ability... control over energy waves on the level of the electron. I can create lightning bolts or shock the dog at will, call lightning from a cloudy sky, things like that.

“But above all, at its most minute of forms, I can control electronics. For instance, one small locking mechanism.”

She lifted her hand, closed her eyes, and then twitched her finger, and with a click and a loud snap, the lock around her collar unlocked and the collar itself extended to its furthest levels.

“Hmmm.” She sighed, lifting her hands to massage her long and slender neck. “That feels *SO* much better.” She sighed again, and opened her eyes to him again, smiling warmly.

“How did you...?” he began, but she leaned forward and pushed a finger against his lips, before the pressure of her body slowly coaxed him to lie down.

“The technicians who’d installed the lock did indeed make many fail-safes. Tamper proof, three one hundred and twenty eight digit security codes, and a complex mechanical lock. But what they didn’t consider was that those two points both were needed to trigger the unlocking mechanism. I just simply reached in and triggered that mechanism. It unlocked itself.”

She giggled, and now standing over the lean and green monster known as The Hulk, Diana again slid her hands over her breasts, massaging them as her back arched and hips rotated, giving Bruce a perfect view of her skimpy black lace panties.

“Oh, and there is one last power that I have... a rather exotic one.”

Her body rapidly began to glisten, and Banner suddenly got an intoxicating whiff of lilacs and roses, mixed with the unmistakable scent of musk. She was slick with sweat now, her bodice bright and beautiful, and in his mind, she seemed like a goddess. And likewise, acting of its own accord almost, his groin thickened powerful and heady way down there in his pants.

Diana then lowered herself onto his lap and began to caress that bulge with her hands while unzipping the zipper, and unbuttoning the buttons.

“I am something Hank calls a ‘pleasurer.’” She soothed, and slowly began to draw his trousers off. “It’s an exceedingly rare combination of powers that allows me to intoxify a target with scents and smells that draw out a ‘sensual response.’”

“But that’s not all. My lips contain a love potion of sorts, my empathy an ingraining ability, that if I wanted to make someone love me forever...” she kissed him full on the lips, a long, arousing kiss, to which she drew backward and licked his lips when she was done. “All I need do is kiss him... or her...”

“My voice shifts into a modulation that touches something inside the mind, and whoever hears it will wish to do as I say. My body exudes but male and female pheromones, of a potency that will make anyone of either sex to both love and respect me. My milk is like cream; with a taste of sweet delectability to it when my breasts are full enough with stored energy to lactate, and my vaginal juices have a pleasing flavor to them. And above all, with this power active, it makes me feel so very, very... erotic!” she finished the last word with a deepened voice and a bit of a moan at the end of it.

“But sadly... that ring around my throat stops most of my powers. Especially my ability to transform and this most recent one to pleasure you with.”

She giggled, and Bruce stared up at her with a dazed and faraway look before he shook his head to clear it and blinked up at her again, and then breathing very deeply, he reached up to hold her hips.

“But wait, love,” she giggled one last time, pushing his hands down about her ankles as he rose above her new lover. “If you hold me like that, then you’ll spoil the view.”

One last time did she laugh before she tensed her body, and clenching her hands at her sides, looked down at her body in anticipation, and lying there naked beneath her, Bruce Banner suddenly began to witness one of the most erotic things it had been his pleasure to view.

Diana tilted her head back, revealing her long and sinuous neck as her chest began to heave. Her hands slid tantalizingly over her already swollen breasts, coaxing her nipples erect into tiny little mounds, before she slid her fingers down over her hips before she let go of her bodice and clenched her fists at her side.

Then lowering her head and opening her eyes, she flexed her spindly arms, breathing deeper and heavier; her breasts swelling large and full with each breath before she exhaled again. But then Banner began to hear a deep throbbing, like the sound of a heart beating. Then looking up at her, he began to see a throbbing tap against the inside of her sternum, while he could see her veins thickening in her neck and over her arms, as well as a web of red and blue lines over her breasts. And then when she inhaled deeply, her breasts didn’t shrink when she exhaled. He blinked and watched as those enormous tits thickened atop her chest, while he held onto her forelegs.

Her chest rose higher, and higher with each deep breath she took, her nipples thickening and lengthening as those breasts rose high atop her chest; straining thick and firm as they whitened a little from the stretching of her skin.

“Hmm,” she sighed, her small lips broadening across the breadth of her face as her breasts continued to fill; wobbling atop her chest as she gave a little hip jiggle and closed her eyes to the pleasure of it all.

Then her arms flexed, thickening two tiny little mounds and the bulging artery crossing over her bicep, and breathing deeply again, those breasts grew so large that they began to press against one another.

And then came another sound, of stretching skin, and between her legs, the black lace of her panties began to bulge outward from her vaginal mound; the mound growing into a thick lump before it began to slowly spread open, pressing against her inner thighs while the V-shaped strip of her panties began to suck itself into her vaginal crevice. Her panties began to stretch then, the patch of cloth covering her pussy growing smaller and smaller it seemed as a tiny bulge pushed outward from her hardening clit, and for a moment Banner thought that they were shrinking, but then noticed that it was Diana who was growing.

Her petite five foot eleven stature began to climb upward then, her arms and legs gaining a little meat on them, her hips broadening and her midsection lengthening. Her ribcage barreled upward then, flaring outward as, with each breath, her sides began to grow more and more defined.

The very beginnings of definition began to grow on her, with sizeable biceps, long and slender calves and two twin thick pads of muscle over either thigh. Her Achilles Tendons on either leg, attached directly to that still thickening mound of her pussy, drew taut from out of her legs, while her body grew thick with muscle tone, and her flesh darkened to a light tan. Amazingly enough, her thigh socks still remained where they were on her legs as she twisted her body and sat atop his abdomen, pulling her hair out of the way to display her creasing back as it folded in three ways. Her hands then caressed a stomach as it compressed into an hourglass shape.

At last, several dozen fractures broke open in her skin; about her eyes, on her back legs and arms, over her breasts and on her abdomen, all of them shining a dull green.

Then she leaned forward and laid atop him, opening a pair of eyes that were a solid red, save for a pair of circular black pupils at their centers.

“Stage one,” she giggled, and pressed her now P-sized breasts atop his chest, and taking hold of one of his hands, placed it firmly atop her rump and helped him to give it a squeeze. “Long of body, strong of muscle, and peak of femininity. A body a woman would love to possess.”

“I... I’m impressed!” Banner said in amazement of that growth spurt she’d just gone through, and Diana laughed, rising to sit on his abdominals again as she held her bosom aloft with both hands and kissed the top of one.

“Hmm, so warm.” She mused for a moment, and then with a brief body jerk, her arms moving forward to press her breasts between them, and her mane of white hair – made all the thicker with this transformation – tussled about her head. “I may as well be as strong as your cousin,” she chuckled. “But this is far from what *I’m* capable of.”

And then jerking her head to throw her hair back, once again raising to her feet, she once again clenched her fists beside her thighs, and again began to transform.

This time the changes became more violent, and to his ears Bruce heard crunches and snaps of her bones as they grew and realigned, sound of dried reeds as all her muscles continued to tear in half and thicken over and again, and the sound of stretching rubber from her flesh.

Again, her breasts began to bulge and swell, thickening to levels that rapidly filled them greater than her very head! The pair pressed against one another, hefted higher atop her ribcage as it lifted with a series of loud snapping noises and crunches as it barreled outward, forcing her abdomen to sink beneath it.

And then she punched downward with one hand and flexed her whole arm, the thing bubbling with might from shoulder to fist, and then repeated the maneuver with the other arm with like results, and then flexed either to force her pecks to swell tremendously. Her breasts were slowly lifted upward into a bowl formed by her swelling biceps and her massing chest muscles, her nipples elongated into towers akin to erect cow teats.

Her tanned flesh slowly began to darken into a bloody red... like a full body flush before she bent at the knees a little; lifting up on her toes while her thighs creased and her calves bulged, her toes thickening to support her weight atop them. Her ears pointed out from the sides of her head, her features melding toward some amphibian before she bent over herself and flexed again, and her back exploded with muscle; her spine rising thick and knobby all down the length of her spine.

Between her legs, her already bulging pad of supple vaginal muscles thickened ever downward, opening wide and further drawing the patch of her lace panties downward and stretching the straps up her rear and over either of her hips. Also, he watched the thigh socks she was wearing slowly slide down over her knees, its white fabric remaining pristine white before she covered her cunt with both hands and orgasmed.

A cry exited her throat, her hands filling with sticky moisture before she collapsed forward, rubbing that moisture onto the grasses beside Bruce while pressing her already enormous breasts up atop his chest.

Already, she was of like height as he was. Her body enormously muscled... just like his was. If there was ever a creature on Earth who could match The Hulk, it was she, right now.

Raising a hand atop his chest as she hung her head and breathed deeply, the last vestiges of her transformation thickening her neck and creasing her abdominals right over his, she paused, and allowed him to feel her heart pounding like a fist over his.

“Second,” she gasped heavily, and then looked up at him. “Stage.”

She sighed and then embraced him from underneath his sizeable arms. When he went to embrace her though, feeling her heavily muscled back, he noted that she still possessed a wonderfully feminine form, her flesh soft and smooth like a baby. But now that he encircled her with both arms, he made note that she still seemed a little smaller than he was. So perhaps...

Then he felt her lips touch the side of his neck, and pulling back, she laid a few more kisses against his throat and the hollow of his chest before she pushed herself up; her breasts lifting well after the rest of her, and sat atop her chest completely disobeying the pull of gravity.

“This is my most uncontrollable form.” She said, closing her eyes and sighing, lifting one clawed hand to caress her breast. “It’s powerful, massive and strong, but is also the form where my sexual desires are most fluid. It’s all I can do but to take you right here and now.”

Hulk grinned up at her. It was all that he could do, not to just take *her*. Her body was exuding such an intensely erotic scent, he could feel his chest puffing outward to take in more of the scent, which in turn was rolling his hips more so that his already towering manhood rose higher into the air toward her full and rounded rear.

“Really?” He said and rose up to her, her breasts flattening against one another as he grabbed her rear and pulled her up to him.

She made pleasing noises while they kissed, her hands lifting to hold his enormous arms.

And when they pulled away from one another, Bruce tilted his head down and buried his head between her breasts, pushing one of the pair upward to kiss its surface all around and finally to draw from her sizeable nipple before pulling back again.

“I’m sure this is just the power of your presence affecting me, but I need you now, Diana.” He bent forward again, and was forced to follow her as she rolled onto her back, she holding him aloft, but nonetheless kept her legs spread wide to support his weight atop her.

“Perhaps... it’s a combination of me... and you.” She sighed, and then quickly stole a kiss from him before pushing him a little ways away. “I’ve found that I need to absorb ever increasing levels of energy to unlock each stage, but once unlocked, I can transform to it at will it seems. Just as long as I have enough energy to trigger it.

“And I want you to help me to trigger my fifth stage, which means... you have to endure watching me shift through two more stages.” She winked and grinned at him, and then closing her eyes, her body spasmed upward.

Bruce stared at her as she rolled up onto her shoulders and toes. As her breasts again began to swell, he watched as the pubic mound of her body pushed outward straight at him, erupting with the might of yet another orgasmic burst, wetting her panties all over again before he heard a low

tear, and then a series of pops as those panty's seams popped. Then there was a snap as one strap broke, and then the other, ejecting that triangular patch out from over the already whitening folds of her labia; his hand lifting upward suddenly to catch her panties, look at them, and then hold them like a flower as he smelled them and smiled at her.

Her pelvis thrust forward several times before she settled onto the ground again, and rolling, her legs folding, Bruce got a delectable view of her already tight and swollen vaginal mound; her tits lying on over the other as she laid there. Then, on her back for the first time, he saw a patch of emerald green, just like his own skin, growing bright, beautiful all along her spine, and back. Then he watched that spine part her back as it rose higher, its bumps creating flattened spines before pushing the base of that spine outward into a little tail bud.

She folded in on herself then, curling a little further into a ball as portions of her back broke open, her neck going straight to her shoulders while bony protrusions erupted every which way. Her upper back then piled ever higher before she rolled her upper body this time, leaving her hips and thighs on their sides as she rose up on her arms. There was a loud series of popping noises then, then a wet crunch as her ribcage hefted further outward, and then a loud gurgling noise as her breasts filled even more to push the pair firmly into the ground till they flattened. Then with a shudder, she rolled her back outward and it flared even wider, and with another burst of her back being pulled open, a thick series of plates grew about her spine, just before her first two pairs of wings unfolded outward and spread.

“Ngh,” she groaned, her shoulders thickening into insurmountably huge mounds of rolling muscle, her biceps thickening several times over while her arms thickened and creased down to the tertiary muscles.

Bony protrusions were erupting everywhere, on her face, her back, legs and arms, while at the same time dozens of crystals broke open about her body, intensifying the breaks in her flesh where the green light grew from. Then at last her hips rolled, and all at once her thighs bulged and thickened, growing great and massive while her feet lengthened to the same size as the rest of her feet, and rising up on her knees, she flexed her arms before a long and heavy tendril erupted out of either arm. But then she began to caress herself with both her hands and those tendrils. Her back arching wide as her biceps and breasts continued to bulge, her mane of hair growing ever thicker about her head.

At her back, her wings fluttered blindingly for a moment as this stage of transformation slowed, and with one foot at a time, she rose to her feet, slowly withdrawing her tendrils to embrace herself, hefting her breasts all the higher.

“Oh!” she sighed, stumbled and then caught her balance quickly and then slowly turned atop her toes, and then struck a pose to display her goddess-like beauty. “Stage... four.” She panted then, and then slid forward toward him, stepping elegantly and lightly before hugging him to her thighs, and the still throbbing pussy between her legs from the force of her dual beating hearts.

“The gift of flight, natural energy defenses and attacks... I absorb enough ambient energy to be able to power a small town. Also at this stage, my empathy and telepath grows a little stronger.

I can project those powers further and stronger. I don't have to touch you to know what you're feeling.

"Also, my erotic might isn't as strong as it was before... but my capability to feel aroused is made all that much more," she rubbed her nipple, and the thing hardened and lengthened some. "Acute."

Bruce nuzzled her crotch then, gumming her lips there for a moment before kissing the inside of her thigh. He felt a little defeated by her, for in this titanic form of hers, she not only was head, chest and shoulders taller than he was, but she also had the strength of not only himself but one or more of his enhanced cohorts as well.

A Titan.

And then she released him and stepped back for him, caressing her moistening pussy till it was wet with her feminine juices; pressing her thighs together as she arched her back for a moment. And then...

Diana began to sigh and moan with each breath, and with a subtle series of jabs with her hips, her back arched as her shoulders rolled, and this time with the sound of a giant hand grinding its tendons and popping its knuckles, she began to grow once again.

This time, the spectacularity of her growth was intense, and as she bent backward, calling out toward the high ceiling of the cavern, her body twisting in on itself as her back hunched forward, and Banner watched as her muscle mass just exploded. Bending over herself, her body flexed of its own accord, and musculature bubbled outward over the expanse of her body; her arms swelling thicker and thicker, her biceps piling upward to press against her breasts, her breasts filling upward to press against each other, and her upper back crackling as armor crisscrossed it everywhere.

Her arm lowered as her hand cupped open, her head turning to watch it as her claws grew and thickened to form sheathes at the ends of her fingers, while her arms just continued to swell upward and outward.

Clenching her hand she then directed her attention to her other arm as it ripped and tore with a popping and stretching sound, and then looking down at her chest with a loving smile, she watched as her chest lifted, barreled outward, and then hooked over her abdomen while it thinned beneath her ribs. Her ribs and the upper recesses of her hips formed hooking protrusions of chitin and bone that protected her abdomen, even as that narrow trunk tightened into twelve individual folds of bulging abs.

Her hips rolled then, and her tail telescoped outward, fanning her already large and rounded buttocks out of the way. The added growth drew her spinal column even further away from her back as the flattened spines thickened even more and created a realm of overlapping spines that trailed all the way down the length of her tail... nearly to the tip. And it was at that tip where a thick knob formed, creased, and then opened into three clawed fingers – like a finger and two

thumbs – with the claw on the finger rapidly lengthening and thickening to many times its original size. Sickly green patches there hinted at either poison sacks, or an ability powered by the vast levels of gamma radiation in her body.

Then her thighs unfolded, her thick vaginal muscles broadening along her rotating pelvic bone while her thighs armored up along their tops, exuded blades and simply *tripled* their original thickness.

Sheaths grew about her elongated feet to cover all but her toes, broadening into short boots of armored chitin, and ending in a three toes, with two supporting toes like thumbs, and one final toe at the rear, with all heavily clawed.

“Oh, Great Maker,” she called out, her head tilting backward on a neck that already went straight to her shoulders, her breasts hefting upward as her body quickly began to realign, passing from the human into the metahuman.

Then at her back, there was another series of loud crunches as pylons and fins all unfolded, and a pair of *immense*, gossamer wings unfolded from her back; the top of that already sizeable back flaring even wider, lifting higher and bulging outward into overlapping plates and strange devices.

Diana stumbled forward then, her tail rebalancing herself as she rose atop her toes and screamed her pleasure; her clawed fingers raping her crotch as she orgasmed again. Her gems and jewels all about her body flared with an electric green, with the front of her bodice brightening into a brilliant white that shimmered and shone like fire opal and oils shimmering on water.

And then ponderously she fell forward, and in an instant, Banner was there beside her, catching her even before the fronts of her enormously engorged breasts pressed against the Earth. She clutched to him, sinking to her knees, and burring her face into his tightly creased stomach again.

“Hmm... hmm...” she panted, and then rubbed her armored cheek against his stomach before turning her head to kiss the sunken crevice between his abdominals.

And then with a quick maneuver, she was the one who was cradling him, and in the next moment, Bruce Banner was lowered softly and slowly to the ground, as she came to settle her enormous breasts atop his chest, and she herself atop those breasts.

“Hmm...” she sighed again, fingering his tightly chorded chest with one clawed hand. “I love feeling so powerful.” She paused then, her deep red eyes looking into his own emerald greens. “And I think... I think that I’m beginning to love you....”

It was the words that all men, that when they hear them from a woman, something inside them always writhes in nervousness. The old fight or flee response entered into Hulk’s mind, and for a moment, he heard the old segmented voices inside his head from so many different personalities battling with one another, before he finally reached a decision.

Bruce reached up, his body virtually pinned underneath the weight of this Titaness and her sultry body, and with but a subtle touch, he laced his fingers into her frost white hair, and lifting his head, kissed her before uttering a short phrase.

“As do I for you.”

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Diana’s supple body had swooned backward, her body laying upon her powerful armored back, her upper back and all its armor acting like a cushion for her shoulders and bodice. Her immense breasts came to rest atop her abdominals as she hunched forward, her clawed hands resting along their tops before she resettled her rump and swung her long tail out beneath her. And the dipping her head, smiling warmly at her new lover, she slowly began to part her legs, the pair drawing open with the sound of creaking leather, to reveal a pussy that was began to swell rapidly right before his eyes.

Bruce, standing there, staring down at her loveliness as she finally rolled her head backward, her mouth opening, she gasped with her rising sensualism to signify that she was ready.

Banner felt a tap against his abdomen, and looking down saw his already erect manhood rubbing ecstatically against his abdominals in its desire to pierce those thighs. Then raising her eyes to him again – her bodice shining a soft off-white – she lifted her hands and gestured for him to come to her, while deep in her throat, she began to purr.

And then Banner had an ever so brief memory of his dearly departed wife... telling him to move on, and then looking at the virile, exotic creature before him, willing to give herself to him, he took that thought of his dead wife and lowered himself to be cradled by her larger body.

Sliding up her body, he slowly slid his entire length between those twin folds, sheathing his mighty sword straight to the hilt. Almost immediately her vaginal muscles clamped tightly about him, and he gave off a low groan as he was pulled into her from a subtle suction she was somehow creating. Her hips rolled then, and he began to feel his extension being massaged as if by the cheek muscles of some mouth while he himself descended upon her intensely large breasts, holding either of her enormous nipples in each hand before he pulled on into his mouth and took a draw from it.

Her creamy milk was soft and warm, sweet like it was laced with honey. In the back of his mind, Bruce was amazed that Diana was just letting him work himself into her bodice, doing nothing more than to occasionally kiss him, hold him to her and caress him with her hands, tail, and those long and sinuous tentacles of hers while doing things within her bowels to him he didn’t think was possible.

But deep down in her body, she was absorbing the energy sliding between them. From the friction, from the heat of their shared bodies, through the *intense* bioelectric energies that slide down a man’s extension while aroused.

Diana simply laid there because she was incensed enough as it was from just the boundless energy she was absorbing.

It filled her.

And as it was, so did Banner... twice.

Diana's body began to gyrate then, holding her lover to her as she began to coax her hips toward his, feeling his stroke deepen into her as she clenched around it, absorbing more and more of his own titan's energy, his climaxes being absorbed by her body, transformed and converted into pure energy.

Out of the corner of his eye, Bruce slowly saw that the gems all about her body were glowing brightly now, and the brighter they glowed, the more energetic she got. He also notice that he was slowly being lowered onto his back, his body being compressed beneath those immense breasts as they continued to swell about him with their rising storehouse of energy, and nearly every minute, she orgasmed about him.

Her breathing was beginning to come in gasps now, her hip thrusts more violent as she tried to squeeze out more of the energy inside him, pulling upward with a sucking motion to pull more from him. The sucking motion became so strong, that Bruce had to squeeze his legs about her hips and thighs to keep from being lifted up with her while holding himself to the ground with his fingers coiling into the moss-covered ground.

He gritted with the pleasure then as she nuzzled and kissed his throat, her breasts cleaving and pressing about his body, rocking into him more violently now while her viscous vaginal fluids simply spilled over his abdomen.

"Oh... oh Gawd!" she cried, slowly rising to tower over him, his eyes closing tightly now as he thrust deeply up into her body, and as one, they both experienced a climax that flooded outward from inside her bodice.

But Diana continued to climax then, rising higher as sparks flooded about her body, lighting up her gems and jewels while her body clenched and tightened; her muscles flaring as each and every last one flexed.

Bruce crawled out from underneath her as her wings all flared wide, even the enormous, multi-colored ones of gossamer size, and for the moment, she seemed like some strange cross between an angel and a demon.

In his ears he began to hear the slow build up of a hum as it climbed in pitch to ever higher levels. Bruce recognized this sound... he's heard it many times before in his work. It was the sound of a reactor going critical.

Bolts of static electricity began to snap about her, before those snaps grew more numerous, joined into threads and then chords, dancing about her nipples, her hands and gems, caressing her crotch as she entered into something that Bruce could only call a repeating orgasm.

Rising to his feet, he watched this spectacle even as his most recent sexual elation was replaced with awe at this spectacle; his erection slowly deflating as the bolts built up about her, cascading against the ground while piling up over her body into a rising aerial of white, blue and green electrical might.

She hugged herself, sliding her thick arms between her breasts to slide her claws against her throat, her mouth gasping for air before she tried to caress her body with her hands.

And then she bent over herself, kneeling on the ground, her tail wrapping about her legs as her hands planted right before her, her head bowing to press into her breasts, until slowly, her great wings began to close about her, entrapping her body beneath them as they folded over her. The four shafts of her dragonfly wings likewise folded downward and into her body, and soon she disappeared beneath the multi-colored shafts of those great wings, while underneath their almost crystalline material. The last thing The Hulk saw were her hands rising to cover up her head, just before those great wings folded fully over her, leaving a thick realm of spikes from her back rising up over the center of a great multi-colored bulge rising from the ground.

She was writhing inside of it, and there were lights sparking from the inside of it, but there was very little of her body that he could see. Those wings formed a strangely colored dome with her back, neck and tail forming a sort of spined horizon. Bruce watched her, amazed by this occurrence, and while staring at that strange sight, it slowly dawned on him that that dome was *swelling!*

And then he began to hear something from inside of it, quite at first but it slowly began to grow in strength, like some huge bellows working harder and harder! The whole mass seemed to be breathing as the swelling thickened, and he watched as muscle bubbled her back, the portion that was her spine pushing even further outward, with every spine flattening and sharpening like swords.

Then with a loud crunch, the spine broke right in half, and the two sides of the spines flared open to reveal a smaller layer of spines going right down the middle.

Hulk suddenly felt something press against his back, and he suddenly realized that he'd been steadily backing up away from Diana, and for a moment, it jumbled in his powerful mind as to whether he'd been that much in awe not to notice the action, or that much in fear.

Bruce was then drawn back to that strange cocoon... for that was the only word that he could think of at the time, and now he heard the breathing coming in one deep ragged growl, and exhale like the deflating of a forge bellows. There was another burst and crackle of motion then, and the entire top section of her back broke away, lifted, flared outward with dozens of plates before resetting higher, just before more plates grew outward from it. Blades rose up about her

spine, and with a shudder, and another breaking along her spine, and a massive crystal rose upward from the peak of her back from within those spines.

It shimmered and shone with the crackling of energy, and once its light had met with the open air, it began to crackle like a lightning ball.

Her spine rose again, higher atop her body while thickening her tail, making a deep ridge of spines like a hump atop her already heavily muscled back, and from where he stood, he began to see her green back thicken and then break into a heavy realm of scales.

More and more plates grew about her upper back and spine before a sound like a breaking crystal entered his ears, and with a mighty 'whump!' the bulging sides of her former wings collapsed inward, and a wash of fluids was pushed outward from underneath the place where she met with the mossy ground.

Banner's nostrils flared and he felt yet another erection rise atop his pelvic bone from the smell that entered the air, and for an ever so brief moment, his thoughts focused purely on the single thought of mating once again. He had to hold himself with both hands then, his eyes staring wide at this growing spectacle as a muffled cry came to his ears from underneath those wings as they sucked close to her body, and he slowly came to see a form of feminine beauty and might silhouetted by the soft and subtle lines that was quite intoxicating.

And then with a wet breaking sound, and a spray of yet more fluids, a break formed from the shell of those wings, and Diana lifted her head out from inside the cocoon, gasping for air while her whitened hair glowed with electricity. Her ears lifted then, and then a whole realm of horns, and spikes rose about her head like a crown, her mouth and nose now forming a short muzzle with many rows of razor sharp teeth and four overgrown canines. Other than the front of her face, her cheeks and even the crevice of her mouth was lined with heavy plates, which folded backward over her head to leave only her immensely long and full body of hair along and unarmored.

Diana then gasped again, but this time was with an erotic twist within her breath before her back rolled, and the dome finally began to collapse; but before it did, first one and then the other of her beautiful and luxuriously superbly formed breasts lifted upward out of the gap her head had pushed through. *It was as if her wings had created an armored womb instead of a cocoon, and she was giving birth to herself*, Bruce thought, and this time, actually took a step toward her.

The thought of herself giving birth to herself made him all that much harder for some reason. And to make matters all the more worse, he could feel his sack filling up again...

But Diana's sinuous form continued to push outward, her spine telescoping to make her body longer, and her ribs actually bore themselves just before barreling outward and flaring wider than ever before, before her arms slammed one and then the other against the ground; the force of each sending an impact tremor up Bruce's legs with each thrust. Likewise, a bolt of static lightning cascaded down each arm as she slammed it to the ground, and then arching her back,

Bruce watched as her neck lengthened just before either of her arms bubbled all the more massive to heft her breasts even higher.

Biceps thickened to maddening heights even while relaxed, the pair split apart and tightly creased down their equators, with her forearms massive and riddled with armor along their outsides that hooked over her elbows, with a strong rending blade along the outside of each arm.

Diana then gave a grunt and a moan, and there were two more slams against the ground from somewhere, and not until he saw two things slithering beneath the ground did he understand what had happened, and when two tentacles shot up into the air was he assured of it. Those tentacles rose high and powerful, flattening at their ends and coalescing into flippers, before uncoiling again as Diana ripped them free from the ground and began to caress herself with them.

But then with a pair of crunches, four more tentacles erupted from out of her back and joined in the molesting of her body as she continued to birth herself. Then collapsing to the ground on her side, she slid one hand and then the next back inside the cavernous, vibrating hole shaped like a gaping cunt to fondle herself, and he viewed a thigh that was as wide as her upper torso was before it tapered to her armored knees.

And then Diana pulled out one knee, and then the other, and sat outside the flattening womb of her wings, her thighs spreading wide for her claw-sheathed fingers to probe her innards and moistened vaginal mound. Her clit had bulged and thickened, projecting outward several inches. But beneath her fingers, Hulk saw that moistened vaginal mound shining white just like the rest of her bodice along the front, which was now surrounded in heavy, green, chitinous body armor, and thusly surrounded by iron-red scales.

But then last through that hole came her tail, pushing outward between her armored legs and fleshy thighs, coiling outward underneath her lengthening body to grow thicker and thicker with each foot that was revealed. Then at last with an orgasmic burst of fluids between her legs, and a final climax, Diana uncoiled and rose up onto her feet, stretching her body and rolling her shoulders to pull her immense breasts away from each other while her wings fell loose straight downward from her back.

“Oh... Stage... *Five!*” she cried aloud, and lifting her arms slowly, gracefully, like some of those female body builders do when in competition. But as her elbows began to bend, then her sensualism slowly gave way to raw physical power, and Bruce watched with disbelief as her biceps bulged and flared, her supporting triceps filling outward with raw power that snapped and cracked with static electricity that it was so powerful.

Her legs flexed then, one knee folding over the other, and she looked like some Earth Goddess, a force of nature; fifteen feet of raw power. She was a weapon, a Super Beast. And then her almost forgotten wings lifted, working on hidden muscle systems beneath the multi-layered shell of her back rise great and beautiful into the air till their tips brushed against the luminescent plant life against the ceiling.

“Oh Goodness,” she groaned, a slight echo in her voice as her head rolled backward. “The PoWeR!”

Just then a plethora of pylons against her back snapped open, spreading guide fins and dorsal blades, forming an *engine* of all things that briefly flared to life like the eruption of the main boosters on the space shuttle. And through it all, she glowed with power, and other than the even horizon caressing her bodice, her front glowed so white that it all seemed to blend in with the rest of that beautiful glow; save the pink of her nipples, and the throbbing redness of her clit.

It was then that she noticed Doctor Banner, and her red eyes focused upon him briefly before she stepped forward, each step of her clawed toes – three forward facing, two side supporting and one rear facing on each foot, stepping against the ground with a crackle of electricity till she stood before him.

“I should thank you, Bruce.” She mused, and then in an entirely sexual motion, squatted down before him and spread her thighs wide, her immense tits pressing against his chest despite that the rest of her body was more than a meter away from him. “I’ve reached a level of power that it’d take multiple nuclear reactors working in tangent to achieve. All these new powers, all this feeling...” she closed her eyes, and then spasmed into motion, arching her back and pressing forward, against him, bracing her clawed hands against the wall as she felt his head press into the base of her breasts, and his prick along the line of her abdominals.

She held him there with only one hand pressed against his back, her thick, thick claws spreading against the whole of his back before she squatted backward again, her tail rising to catch him from falling.

“You wanna go for a ride?” she asked him, grinning a sharks grin with all her many teeth.

44

Diana Mélange soared through a night sky, her great wings spread outward to her sides, and her dragon fly wings now arrayed to catch the ambient energy of the Earth to fuel her current state of transformation. Those immensely huge wings flapped once, and she and Bruce rose hundreds of feet suddenly to erupt up over the line of clouds.

Of all the ways that he’d flown – temporarily under his own power, by jet, by the punch or other attack of a super powered villain – this had been his most preferred way of flying. Having grown fifteen feet from the top of her head to the tips of her toes, Diana was now roughly the size of a fighter jet. Her wings however were for a creature much larger than that, and her tail extended from between her still rounded and firm rear the same length as she was tall.

All she needed to do was glide.

He himself, after having dressed quickly in his pants, had been literally carried back up to the surface, and once there, Diana had exuded some strange black substance that attached him to her

tightened belly, which was now creased with dozens of overlapping muscles now. Just above his head were those immense breasts of hers, and right at his rear was her fully swollen cunt.

“Are you sure that we are safe from their radar?” Bruce called into the wind as she reached an apex and then just... hovered there.

‘Quite sure,’ came an answering voice *inside his mind!* *‘My body is generating enough interference to remove their ability to detect me, and even if fighters were launched, they’d never be able to catch me.’*

Bruce heard a deep rumble inside her chest, felt himself soothed by it before she reached down and caressed his chest with both her hands.

The two of them remained there, anchored motionless in the air while they watched the clouds roll by, and the rest of the Earth far below them.

‘Bruce...’ she voiced inside his head then. *‘It’s taken me awhile to think back on all this. Of all these changes, all this... power that I’ve been entrusted with...’* she paused, seeming to gather her thoughts. *‘I... I-I want you to stay with me.’* She managed at last. *‘I... I love you.’*

She embraced him then, and reaching up to cover her clawed hands with his own great green ones...

“I know. I promise, at least, to never let anything to happen to you, Diana. Ever. You are safe in my hands.”

45

Diana had been given housing close to Bio-Sight Labs. She was constantly studied, followed, and required to wear her neckband at all times.

For a short time, she was allowed into the hands of Professor Xavier in Manchester New-York, where she met with Doctor McCoy again, who was also in company with Jennifer Walters; the infamous She-Hulk.

In the presence of the X-men, She was allowed to transform into her titanic fifteen foot tall super form, safely within the presence of the most powerful telepath on earth, and of course his student Miss Gene Grey Summers, also known as the Phoenix.

She was fitted with a capacitor until for safety, and placed underneath the watchful “Eye” of Scott Summers – “Cyclops” – and his brother Havoc from X-Factor. The lethal energies the two of them could release were more than a match for the ones that she could project even in her altered form.

They helped her gain some control over her urges, over her powers, and even spent some time in Antarctica just blowing stuff up.

A wonderfully therapeutic event, where she learned that she could throw more than just electricity.

Heat in the form of atomic-fire plasma, Light and Radiation in the form of lasers and particle beams, Friction in the form of atomic-level punches and of course Electricity in the form of horizontal lightning bolts powerful enough crater whatever she shot it at.

Through the combined efforts of Professor Xavier and his students, the scientists at Bio-Sight, and extreme prejudice in the spending from NATO, Diana was trained as a super hero, and finally... Classified.

Of all the super human beings on Earth, Diana was rated at a strength level higher than any three of them, with Hulk, She-Hulk and the Juggernaut combined a good reference point at her highest recorded strength levels. Hundreds of metric tons were her weight carrying capacity, whereas Juggernaut and the Hulk breeched just over one hundred metric tons.

In the Annals of the X-men, they rated her stronger than even the being called the Gladiator.

Internally, she contained all the power of several nuclear power plants... or one Gamma Reactor, which fizzled and cracked with electricity on the outside of her body at her stage five transformation.

But for her to ever achieve stage five, required a tremendous priming charge to activated it... on the level of over a thousand megawatts.

Her sexuality was also the most potent on Earth, with her pheromones strong enough to act as a potent aphrodisiac in the air, her vaginal fluids almost as strong a lubricant as buckyballs; the synthetically made lubricant of molecular-sized ball bearings. Her milk, was also highly nutritious, and when given to some patients on their deathbeds, has been known to revive, strengthen and even cure them of what ailed them!

And her armor... At Stage Five was stronger than battle ship armor... Stage four, the strength of tank armor, and then lessened the further down the scale it went.

Because of such power – she being able to exist in space at her fifth stage – The X-men were even attempting to contact the Shi-ar so that they could have a look at her.

But as it was, Diana was once again in her human form, her breasts flattened and nothing more than buds, while she wore a beautifully flowing white sundress with soft white panties beneath them in high humid weather. Which likewise made her supple body *almost* appear from underneath the soft white cotton.

She loved feeling sexy, and couldn't wait for her body to absorb enough energy for her breasts to fill again.

Even as it was, whenever she walked down the street, men stared at her, adjusted themselves, while women looked on her with jealousy. She had just a simple errand to run at the bank, and then she could meet Bruce for lunch.

Another good thing of her services being wanted was that getting paid as a super heroine was a wonderful thing. Many times better than pushing a mop bucket of dirty water around. For a moment she wondered if all super heroes and heroines began their lives with such humble beginnings.

Stepping into the bank, she walked over to one of the standing tables and began to write out slips for yet another deposit into an ever-growing bank account. With all this money, along with living on governmental provided housing, and the benefit of not having to pay taxes because of her status as a super heroine, she was trying not to go nuts and go on a shopping spree. She at least treated herself nice, with sexy, flattering clothing, like the ones she was wearing now.

She'd just finished writing out the information on the deposit slip, and was just going up to the teller when the doors exploded inward, and several masked men stepped in an immediately fired fully automatic weapons into the air and at all the security cameras and bubbles.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said the apparent leader of the group. “This is a bank robbery. We have come here for the vault, but while we’re waiting for that wonderfully thick door to open up, we will be relieving the tellers of their money, and the rest of you of your valuables.

“So everyone on the floor, and if any of you tellers happen to press the panic button, know that not only will we kill the person who pressed the button, but we will also kill each and every last teller in here.

“So everyone please take a seat on the floor, nice and slow like...”

Diana slowly lowered to the floor, her mind rapidly changing into super-heroine mode.

She didn't have enough power to activate the priming charge for transformation, but what she did have, was enough to open the lock around her throat. *Now to find something to absorb*, she thought and knelt on the floor, and after another thought, she took on a more sultry of a position, spreading her legs, arching her back, and then quickly unbuttoned the top two buttons of her sundress as she settled fully to the floor.

One other power she had in this form, was the ability to exude powerful pheromones at will, and limited telepathic suggestion along with her empathy.

And of course, soon enough, one of the armed men came around, holding a bag for her handbag, and walked right into the cloud of her ever so powerful tailored pheromones.

“Hmm,” she sighed, smiling up at him from underneath her bangs, rolling her breasts forward as she thought about every sensual, exotic and erotic thing she could think of, and felt an

accompanying tightening against her chest as her boobs began to firm up, and a clenching between her legs. “What’s a big, tall man like you doing in a place like this?”

Sure it was cliché, but she’d never really had that much experience with it yet. Less than a month ago, she was a short, frumpy little wisp of a girl, and now she was a virile, exotic looking angel on earth.

“Have all of you come here for just... trinkets? Or would you like to take a bauble with you as well?”

She gave him a sultry wink, and lifted her hands elegantly to the sides of her head; her full lips puckering into a tiny smile.

“Um... Boss! This one’s giving me trouble... I think I’ll take her away and take care of her.”

The leader slowly turned, fixed his teammate with a steely gaze, and then looked at Diana.

“Five minutes... and if you aren’t out here when we leave, you fend for yourself...”

Then Diana was being forced to her feet, and other than the muffled cries of women, the nervous breathing of the men and guards and the robbers waving their guns around, the only sound that came in the bank now was Diana’s high-heels stepping against the marble floor. She was ushered into a conference room, and the door shut behind the robber who’d come in with her.

Diana stepped lithely over to one of the many seats, pulling it out before sitting on the table... right next to a power socket. Crossing her legs, she laid back, licking a finger before putting it at her side beside the socket. Then shifting her head, her long, frost white tumbled about her head while she stared at the crook, even as he put his automatic weapon on the table far away from her.

But unlucky for him, it was also far away from him.

“I’m sure you like your women well built,” she smiled, and bending over, let the folds of her sundress fold open, revealing her pert breasts to his view.

“Yeah, I do... but you’ll do in a fix.”

Diana quirked her lips a little at that.

“But what if I told you I could make them grow bigger... right before your eyes?” she grinned, and then slid her finger over the power socket.

She got a bit of a shock that slid into her body, was absorbed, and in the next instant, she sighed warmly as solid warmth settled within her crotch and breasts, either firming up while her nipples pushed outward from her chest. And then she kept absorbing that energy, sucking it up through her flesh like a leech would suck blood.

Her hear began to throb, her breathing quicken, and with her raised eroticism, her internal battery cap slowly began to rise, and as quickly as it lifted, she absorbed more of the powerful energy from the power outlet. Then there was the sound of someone taking a deep breath, the sound of stretching rubber and grinding tendons, and Diana gasped as her small and pert breasts began to fill. They pushed first against her sun dress, pressed firmly against it before swelling enough so that they pushed together, hefted all the higher, and even unbuttoned a couple more of her buttons down her front, spreading the cloth wide to bare her soft stomach and creased ribs.

She then rolled her shoulders, allowing her breasts to fold outward away from one another, her shoulder straps falling off her arms as the pair climbed past E-cups, and then swelled right into his hands.

“Holy...” he gasped, feeling them throbbing in his hands as she reached forward to unbutton his trousers, spreading her legs wide.

“Apparently,” she grinned, and caressed his groin, which in turn drew a good portion of the blood from his mind into his pelvis, and made him stupid... well... stupider. “You indeed do like me.” She giggled, and stepping off the table, moved forward till he had his back pressed against the wall, and she slid up to him, sliding her breasts high atop his chest to give him a good view of her erecting nipples. “But now, it’s time for us to have some fun.”

Again she giggled, and dropped her sundress, allowing it to flow over her supple curves before she turned and slowly slid her panties off her rear. She didn’t want to tear them after all... she’d just bought them.

“Oh... and there is one last thing,” she mused, turning slowly to him to reveal her perfectly formed bodice, her breasts so full now with energy that they stood atop her chest, defying gravity. “I have one more trick to show you.” she grinned, and arched her back, sliding her hands over her thighs to display more of her hairless bodice.

“Oh?” the would-be thief asked, his voice trembling with the sight of her body. “Why don’t you show me?”

“I thought you’d never ask.” She grinned, most evilly then, and then activated her transformation, using all of the priming charge she had absorbed, and with a subtle shudder in her body, she began to grow.

“Hmm!” she groaned, and flexed her arms out to her sides, looking down at her subtle bodice as all her veins bulged out of them, and with a mighty series of throbs, she watched as those muscles bulged and grew, her biceps flaring outward rapidly into massive sizes.

Her thighs swelled, her cunt pressing into their insides, while her chest hefted high atop her chest upon her bulging pectorals, as her stomach compressed into a perfect hourglass and then folded. Then she began to grow taller, excelling her would be rapist within seconds. Then right when she saw that he was getting the idea to lunge for his gun, she snapped an arm out, grabbed him by the front of his black special-ops sweater, and then lifted him right up into the air. His head

hit firmly against an oaken support beam, knocking him out instantly before she simply released him and he crumpled to the floor, even as she finished her transformation into her stage one form.

“Hmm,” she sighed, smiling satisfactorily as she looked down at him, sliding her hands over her breasts, and then hugging herself, stared down at the robber.

One down...

She stood seven feet tall now, with more muscle on her body than any man has ever possessed, and breasts the size of which only porn stars usually develop, and then only after augmentation. Smiling warmly, she bent down, picked up her sundress and panties and laid them folded up on the table. Then taking the fully automatic gun, she pinched its barrel shut, and then moved on her attacker, stripping him of his clothing down to his boxer shorts, and then tying him up with his own shoelaces.

Then she stepped back over to the table, slipping her black collar up over her head, before slipping her fingernails underneath the power socket plate and ripping it off. She'd need more power for the next stage...

Again licking her fingers, she shoved them into the live, snapping wires, closing her eyes as an orgasmic burst of erotic feeling shot through her, and she pinched her legs together as she sucked up the power like a thirsty camel. Her body then rapidly began to grow, and grow... and *GROW!*

Stage two, and then stage three transformations took her before she finally let go of the sparking wires, and turning promptly, she bashed through the door and its supporting wall, to see a dozen more robbers all staring at her wide-eyed and shocked.

This was her favorite part.

Screaming a cry that inspired utter terror, she leapt at the nearest of them all, and within seconds, it was all over.

A quick command in her booming voice got one of the tellers to hit the panic button and gathering up her belongings, she crashed through the front door and then was gone within moments.

Super Beast had saved the day!

End