

Plasmids

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Rated: R

Warning: *This story contains elements of fetish sexuality, including growth and breast-expansion, and also sexual acts that may be deemed to mature for those under the required age of adulthood within your perspective nation. Viewer discretion is advised.*

Spoiler Warning: *This story contains elements from the game Bioshock™ which will include story line, characters and dialog from the "Good Ending" of the game.*

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Chapter 1 – The Plane

Somewhere over the Atlantic Ocean:

The year was Nineteen-hundred-and-sixty... My name is Katie Dobbs, and I'm finally returning home.

I got a package in the post last week asking for me to return home immediately, and after so long too. It felt like forever that I left home, going to England for college, only to have the war break out and likewise brave the almost constant bombardments from the German Luftwaffe. It was unsafe to journey back home thanks to the U-Boats between Great Britain and America, and only till late in the war were was the threat of the German U-boats quelled enough where one can journey home. But still, I remained in England, for my whole life was here, it felt like this place was my home.

I'd just gotten myself settled fully within the life I was leading in England when the package from home arrived, and so here I was now, truly unsettled aboard this passenger airplane, heading toward New York.

Sitting in the uncomfortably tight chair, both my hands gripping the arm rests while I sat with both legs pressed together beneath my skirts, I tried to will myself to be calm, and when I opened both eyes to look about the dim cabin that was hazy with cigarette smoke emanating from nearly every passenger, while the droning buzz from the plane's engines roared in my ears.

If you couldn't tell yet, I really hated flying... but this was the quickest way home and I couldn't wait for a boat to cross the Atlantic.

Needing something to settle my nerves, I lowered my gaze to where the tray attached to the seat in front of me had been lowered to hold my purse and the package from home that'd come for me, and picking up the package, I held it firmly, breathing deep and slow to control my nervousness as I focused on something other than the anxiety and carefully opened the note card and read it again.

*Katie,
Would you kindly come home as quickly as you can, but do not open this package till we
can all open it together?*

*Love,
Mom and Dad*

I couldn't help but smile at the thought of finally going home, and thoughts of a real home relaxed me quickly as I lowered the package and opened the clasp of the purse that had rested beside it. From within it I removed two things: an ornate pearl necklace, a keepsake from my mother, and a picture in a silver frame.

The pearl necklace was the last thing my parents gave me before I left home, and I cherished the necklace so much that I dared not wear it. I held it lovingly, caressing the large gem that sat in its pendant there before turning to look at the picture, and fingering the smiles on my mother and father's faces.

Seeing this picture always filled me with such warm feelings.

Sighing then, I placed both the picture and the necklace into the purse and paused before pulling back on the cuff of my blouse, seeing the tattoo of three linked chains there, with an identical tattoo on my other wrist. I fingered those tattoos, not knowing how I got them, and I never dared ask where they came from, but I knew that they'd been there longer than I could remember. I sighed and placed the picture back into my handbag too and sat back, looking at the handbag containing what little personal affects I had left in the world.

I sold everything in order to make this trip. All my furniture, all my personal effects and most of my clothing... all that I owned I was either resting there on the fold-out table before me in that handbag or in that package, or on my body.

I was wearing a pair of pumps, a set of panties, and a pair of hosiery. Over that was a white slip and a brown dress over that, both of which were being held up by a simple buckled belt sash, while above that was an undershirt, a patterned bra, a blouse and a cardigan. I had minimal makeup to make me look pretty, I had to sell off most of my makeup to my girlfriends in England, and all I had left was a simple tube of lipstick which was in my handbag along with the picture of me and my parents, my necklace and about a hundred British Pounds.

Laying back and listening to the drone of the engines, which were finally settling into a white noise in the background, at that moment I chanced to open both eyes and look in a particular direction at a particular passenger who was on the opposite isle from me and several rows upward. Immediately I froze as he lifted his hand to take a look at a family picture in his wallet, and I gaped at what I saw.

This man, who was poised with a cigarette in one hand, was looking at a picture of an older man and woman with him in the background, but that picture was identical to the

one in the silver frame that I had in my handbag. The only exception was that in place of me standing behind the old man and woman, instead it was him. I even took my version of the picture out to make sure that it was the same image, finding that it was. But the most remarkable thing about all this was the fact that on one his wrists was a tattoo that was identical to the one on my own wrists; a tattoo of three hexagonal links in a chain. But then he picked up a package, which once again, was identical to the one that laid before me on the little fold out table.

I swallowed, getting nervous again, and I was about to get to my feet to go speak with him when the plane suddenly shuddered and I froze. I looked around me as others did, even as the plane shuddered again and the lights in the cabin went out, just before the plane began to slowly tip forward toward the nose. I closed my eyes and screamed as the engines grew louder and high-pitched as our speed increased as we fell, and after a few excruciating moments later, there was a sheering of metal and a tumultuous crash, and suddenly I was engulfed in water.

Chapter 2 – Survival

There must've been a few moments where I blacked out when all the air in me was thrust out by a wave of water and a few terrible choking seconds when I realized I couldn't breathe under water. I tried for the surface, but discovered that I was still seat belted into the chair I'd been sitting in and was being pulled down by the fuselage of the plane that seat was still attached to... and it was descending quickly.

I had no thought about my purse and the gift I brought on board with me as I fumbled with the belt buckle and released myself, discovering immediately why women before this modern age didn't swim. The dress I wore was heavy with water and tangled about both legs, but I kicked and thrashed, swinging both arms to get to the surface, forcing myself upward as both lungs burned for need of air. I opened my mouth and screamed, emptying both lungs of air and creating wash of bubbles that rushed upward from me, and with my lungs emptied though, a strange affect of rising buoyancy took me and I began to rise naturally toward the surface. Above me as I swam upward, I saw the subtly glowing plane of water high above me as I pushed and thrashed further for it, and seeing my vision of that plane of water steadily darkening at the edges as I started to black out.

Kicking and thrashing endlessly, I wouldn't give up, I had to get home, I needed to get home, something psychological inside me required for me to get home, and seeing that plane of water growing closer and closer to me gave me hope, till at long last I broke the surface of the water. Gasping, feeling every muscle in me burning hotly, I turned and tread water, gasping for air and groaning now against the intense cold of the water, seeing my breath in the air through several long strands of wet hair that'd fallen before my eyes.

Fire was everywhere as I gasped and choked for air, spitting out the bitter taste of sea water, feeling myself on the verge of fainting with exertion and the lack of strength to maintain such a toiling exertion for survival. At the moment, seeing all the sinking and flaming wreckage with my vision blurring with stinging water and the darkening edges of blacking out due to shock, I couldn't see anywhere I could go. Swimming to the nearest piece of wreckage, feeling the occasional raindrop pelting me, I laid holding onto that piece of wreckage, both my pert little breasts compressing against the cold steel of the fuselage, and I started nodding off right before I saw that man in the yellow sweater break from the surface of the water and begin treading away.

An explosion as one of the engines blew up was the last thing I remembered before passing out.

Chapter 3 – Still Alive

I knew not how much time had passed by the time I awoke, but almost the entire plane had submerged, and there were only a few bits and pieces of flaming wreckage that were still above the waves. Lifting myself and looking around, I suddenly saw a tower rising out of the water, lit by the full moon and the waning rain clouds. The top of that tower held a statue of a winged man with a great circular disk that was illuminating the tower like a lighthouse.

Whatever it was and whoever owned it, it was nonetheless shelter, and looking about me briefly, seeing the detritus of the plane crash whose contents I didn't want to think of considering the passengers and the mangling action that can happen in any sort of crash, I began to swim toward the lighthouse.

Again the perils of womanhood and dresses assailed me due to the two layers of entangling fabric about both legs that threatened to pull me down with its weight, and working at a rush, I bundled those skirts up about my waist so that I could swim better.

An arm and two legs were better than two arms and a heinous drag in the water...

The lighthouse had a series of stairs on both sides of it that I crawled up onto, dropping the bundles of wet gown and dress about me as I started panting and coughing up sea water, remaining there for a moment of weakness before getting to my feet and standing atop a pair of legs that were wobbling as badly as a newborn colt. Grabbing hold of the stone hand rail here, I began pulling myself up a step at a time, panting with each step till coming to the top of the stairs at a landing leading to two large doors. Daring to open the doors and walk in, I saw the place beyond brightly illuminated with lights shining on great planes of artwork and tapestries.

“Hello? Is anyone here?” I asked and stepped in, just before the door behind me closed with a loud bang that made me jump before palming my heart and giving off a sigh of relief that it wasn't anything more than a scare.

I wasn't answered by anyone, but I did nonetheless hear a scratching sound and a repeating clicking. Without anywhere else to go, I wrapped both arms beneath that pert bosom of mine in order to hold myself from the wet chill of walking about with sopping wet clothes, and followed the natural flow of the building. My foot steps clicked against the floor as I walked, looking about me at large metal plates and pieces of artwork. Around a great central column, I passed down a flight of stairs, turned and down another flight of stairs to come to another chamber with a large hole in the floor that led to the ocean below. I walked into the chamber from the foot of the stairs and found the source of the scratching and clicking sound, which was coming from an old fashioned Victrola Record Player – complete with the conic sound amplification adapter – that had apparently finished playing whatever it had been playing.

Stepping over to it and still holding myself from the chill with one arm, I lifted its head and the scratching needle off the record and switched the machine off, watching the record slow down steadily before I looked around for any other possible entrance or exit to some other place on the tower, but it looked as if the whole tower flowed to this room. I barely had any chance to wonder why that was when a sudden gurgling caught my attention, and I turned quickly and gaped at the sight of a sub-aquatic bathysphere rising from the water, just before the pressurized door on it automatically unlocked and swung open.

“Hello?” I prompted as I approached it, looking for anyone to be inside, but there was no one; just two couches and a large lever in the center of it.

Stepping back out and looking for anyone who may’ve been watching me, and for lack of anything else constructive to do or anywhere else to go, I slid into the bathysphere and approached the handle, and pulling on it, I heard a hissing sound as the door swung shut and pressurized itself, just before the sphere gave a lurch that threw me to my bottom on the nearest couch just before the bathysphere began to descend.

An odd sound behind the lever began and a panel opened up but then sparked and hissed as the electronics there malfunctioned, and I heard a brief audio tape start up and then garble out as a projector got caught between two doors and began to shine its light haphazardly within the sphere.

Whatever that was for I was probably glad that it malfunctioned...

Regardless, I watched as I descended a shaft, seeing markings for how many fathoms I was descending passing by the bathysphere window just before the submersible began to be pulled along a cable that followed the sea floor. Rising and looking out the sphere’s window, I watched the fishes and large aquatic animals swimming around as the cable began leading the sphere over a ridge on the sea floor. Then I saw a flood of light in the water, and I only just began wondering what it was when the sphere crested over the ridge and I gasped at the sight of an entire city beneath the water!

The gasp that exuded from me fogged up the window, and I had to wipe it clean quickly so as not to interrupt my view of everything as the sphere flowed along the pulling cable lines, showing me flashing neon lights the likes of which one would see in Time’s Square in New York amidst towering edifices, glass walk tubes and more going every which way.

An entire city... built under water! I couldn’t believe it!

And then the bathysphere stopped suddenly and I smacked my nose against the window as some large mechanical dial turned me onto another cable and I was pulled in a different direction down, down deep into the base of the city, toward what looked like some sort of submarine dock, in which a pair of submersibles were currently parked. The sphere then loaded into a rail system and was pulled along the cable and into the building

of the associated dry dock before being pulled upward until it rose into a darkened chamber where water lapped about the sphere. The sphere rose high enough and was then caught by a ring around it that closed about its base, holding it steady before the door opened up to let me out.

It must've been the smell in the air that raised the hackles on the nape of my neck, it must've been something here, something about the atmosphere, but suddenly I wanted to get back into the sphere and go back from where I came. Turning back I tried using the lever but it clicked continuously, not catching on anything to actuate any sort of mechanics to take me back, and I swallowed as I realized that I was stuck down here.

Taking a deep breath then, I ventured out of the sphere and stepped onto the grill leading from the sphere that led to a stone platform covered in carpeting.

“H-hello?” I ventured, hunching both shoulders and pressing both thighs together, trying not to tremble with anxiety or wet myself. “A-anybody?”

And then there was a rattling crash from somewhere behind me and I turned abruptly even as a high-pitched maniacal laughter echoed throughout the chamber. I cringed and cowered myself, hunching both shoulders nervously as I instinctively backed away from the noise.

“...hello...?” I managed quietly, tears of fear rising up in both eyes.

But then there was the sound of something else grinding, a loud metallic sheering sound like that of an old rusted bulkhead door being forced open, the grating sound making me clench and grind all my teeth, just before I heard the sound of heavy breathing, followed by heavy footsteps. I cringed even more deeply, shivering now, feeling like I was about to wet myself as the sounds of the footsteps kept getting louder and louder.

I turned and turned, looking for the source of the sound, but found nothing but dancing shadows, and I started to breathe more quickly, my breasts heaving as a cold sweat broke against my skin.

And then the high-pitched laughter sounded again, and I heard several metallic clicking, and breathing rapidly now, looking for the source, I looked up as I saw some falling debris and screamed as a... a... human? Whatever it was it was rushing along the ceiling, laughing before it fell to the ground, fell more than three stories without even harming himself, and laughed shrilly at me.

“What’s this? Something new? Something tasty?” It hissed, licking what looked like an ice hook. “Yes... yes... something tasty, something to eat. I think maybe that you’re going to die!” it grated, its white cat mask jostling atop its face, and snarling, licking the ice hook again, he then made to leap at me.

But suddenly there was an arm that drew itself off to the side of my head, and I only saw the muzzle flash of a gun firing, and the resulting bang deafened me to the sound of my own scream. A splatter of something hot and fluid splattered across my face as my ears rang, and when I dared to open my eyes, I saw the... man, whatever it is, had been shot dead and now laid at my feet.

Only then did I get a good look at the creature. It was a man, a horribly disfigured man... It was then that I turned toward my savior, seeing another person in heavy clothing with a great coat about his body, the coat looking like the sort of rain slicker that a lighthouse worker would wear in a rainy day, with a huge rain cap on top of his head. He was breathing heavily, and judging upon the pants and gloves, he was dressed in an underwater pressure suit underneath all those clothes. Clutched in one hand was the revolver that he'd just shot my assailant with, and in the other hand...

I didn't see what was in his other hand, for in a whirl of silver that short, squat blunt thing rose and crossed the space where my head was, knocking me straight to the ground. My vision began to darken as I gave an involuntary shiver and several twitches, and as I slowly lost consciousness, I chanced to look up at him, seeing one red eye glowing from within the darkness of his clothing.

“Welcome home, Katharine.” The voice – a deep gravelly voice that was slurred with some sort of accent – said, just before I blacked out.

Chapter 4 – Captured: The Lost Child

As a woman, there are situations in which one of us might wake up in that would be the realization of gender-conditioned nightmares. As a girl grows up into a woman, they're taught the power and the preciousness of the mound of sexual muscle between their legs, and the vile viciousness of forcibly being taken sexually. Our minds, perhaps subconsciously, begin to engender and automatically fear the most horrid method of being raped, and as I finally woke up, opening both eyes groggily against a solitary light being shined upon me that sharpened a pang in my head from the blow that knocked me out, I found myself laying back on an angled table, spread-eagle and secured by manacles about both wrists and ankles.

This was the realization of my own deepest fear of being raped, the exact type of situation that I'd feared the most of how it'd happen. Any moment now, a man dressed in only a set of black leather chaps and wearing a hockey mask would come and ravage me. I began to struggle with the fear, struggle against my bindings, so much as to cry out as I tested my restraints, rubbing my skin raw and bloody in my effort to free myself.

"Be calm child." The gravelly voice from before said, and I froze before jerking my head toward the sound to see that same man who'd both saved and captured me slipping from the darkness around the light.

My eyes dilated wide with fear as I imagined him being the subject of taking me, and suddenly I knew something worse than my previous fears. Who knew what sort of disgusting creature laid beneath all those clothes.

"Who are you?" I asked immediately. "W-what are you going to do with me?"

The man answered me by lifting his hands and began to remove his thick gloves before he approached me.

"My name is Suchong." He answered at last, and placing his gloves beside my head, he lifted both hands and began by feeling my tonsils. The gravelly voice rasped as he breathed in and out, moving his hands to my temples and cheeks, and forcing first one and then the other eye open to look at my pupils. "I'm a doctor of a sorts, formerly of Japan."

Great... it just keeps getting better and better. Now some Asian guy was going to subjugate me.

"W-what do you intend to do..." I began to say quietly, but then his hands lowered to my chest and his fingers squeezed my pert little breasts before massaging them for a moment, and whatever respect for him I may've garnered drained away immediately.

“You fear that I may take you sexually.” He stated as his hands moved down my body, and I immediately closed both eyes, bit my lower lip and turned my head away from him so that I didn’t have to watch before holding my breath. His strong hands slid over each rib and the pot belly I possessed, just before both his hands lowered to my hips and his thumbs pushed down into the fabric of the dress I wore to press against the tenuous love mound between my spread open thighs. I gave off a nasal sound as tears welled up from underneath my eyelids as he rubbed me there, and then continued on down my legs. “I must admit, it’s been a long time since I’ve had a woman, but rest assured that if I were to rape you, then you’d be useless to the task at hand for several days, and then it would be too late.”

He then felt up both my arms, and I dared to open both eyes and gaze at him, and I saw that he wasn’t feeling me up – well... maybe he was a little – but he was probing me for something.

“Task at hand?” I asked then, blinking at him. “What do you need me for?” and then I thought for a moment, remembering the last thing he’d said to me after striking me in the head. “Wait a minute... you called me Katharine after you knocked me out! What did you mean by *‘welcome home?!’*”

This man called Suchong chuckled under his breath as he moved away.

“Let me guess, you believe that you were raised on a farm in some portion of the South Eastern United states, with mother named Grace and father named George, in which you grew up with them before you went to England before the war, and once the War was over you stayed in England until you were written to, given a package and asked to come home.”

I swallowed, both eyes wide with surprise. “H-how do you know that?” I breathed.

“Because I was among those who constructed those memories for you.” He said, and with some grunting, he pushed a large piece of equipment over to one side of the table, and taking a metal cuff of some sort that was connected to several tubes, he pushed the sleeves of both blouse and sweater up and clamped that cuff about my wrist. I shook my arm as he then moved to my other side and began to repeat the process with another machine.

“W-what do you mean, *‘constructed those memories?’*”

Suchong snickered. “I told them that a female shouldn’t have been used for the project, your fragile feminine mind is just so muddled with emotions and hormones and things. Tsk.” He finished hooking up the second cuff about my other wrist and then moved behind me and pushed another piece of machinery toward me. “Putting it simply, my dear, you are not a normal human being.”

“What?”

“Questions, questions, so many questions.” He laughed, and then came close to my head, and this time when he hooked up a cuff, it was to secure it around my throat before taking a moment to cup my tit.

This time he was definitely feeling it up, his fingers tracing the contours of the bra cup over it, the edge of my areola and the thickened nipple atop it all.

“Let me put this in a way you might understand my dear, but first, a little back story.” He continued playing with my tit, massaging and squeezing it, but I tried to ignore it. If what he said was true, playing with just a boob was far more preferable to having some unknown man’s dick inside me.

“Once upon a time ago, there was a man named Andrew Ryan. He was very famous you know, founded a company called Ryan Industries. But after a while, Ryan got fed up of the various powers of the world – the United States, Russian, the Church – constantly pestering him with their laws and their rules while likewise constantly taking his hard-earned monies for taxes and charities.

“So Ryan gathered about him all the greatest minds of the world, and constructed this.” And Suchong stood up and spread both arms wide before looking down at me through the crack of space between his coat and his hat, one eye gleaming red as he looked at me. “This place, called Rapture, a city under the waters, the eighth wonder of the world, and the world’s greatest secret.” He lowered both his arms and faced me again. “Where the common man would be able to reap the rewards of their own endeavors without someone else cutting into it, a city-state where every citizen was their own business owner... it was an idea that drew thousands to him.”

Suchong leaned in beside me and again began to caress that same tit again, feeling out my nipple with his soft hands and caressing it erect.

“But down here, beneath the waves of the Atlantic, we discovered that there were yet things in the world that remained undiscovered, and among them, child, was a simple little sea slug.

“In that disgusting, slimy thing arose a whole new technology, in which a simple man can become a god!” and he lifted his hand and tensed all his fingers about the palm and shook it toward the heavens. “And though the draw was wondrous, and though we did indeed become like gods, with supremely physical bodies and the ability to move objects with our minds and create bursts of fire by snapping our fingers, this technology eventually became the downfall of this city called Rapture.

“In the beginning, there was Adam and Eve, and the first essences that were created from this slug were called Adam and Eve.

“Adam, is the strength and power, and Eve is the fuel for that power, and by adding these substances, along with specially designed gene Tonics, we made ourselves stronger and smarter and faster with the powers of super heroes the likes of which that even the comic hero Superman would be rendered a weakling against us.”

He left me then, and began to move another machine forward close to my spread open legs, and two more cuffs were added about both my ankles, their tubes dangling off the table about me.

“Adam and Eve, mixed with all the gene Tonics, gave us such possibilities, such power... we became unique among all of mankind, superior even. We owned the proprieties on the genetic code of man.” He returned to me and cupped my face in his hand before turning my head from side to side. “Which then brings us to you child.”

“I’m not a child, stop calling me that!” I spat angrily at him, and he reeled back in surprise at the outburst.

“Hmm... perhaps you don’t understand what it is that I’m telling you then child. I call you a child for you are indeed a child. You’re only ten years old after all.”

There is a feeling that human beings get when they are met with something so absurd as to what they just heard, it’s like someone throwing a crowbar into all the spinning cogs and gears of your thought process and it all halts suddenly.

“What? What the hell are you talking about? I’m twenty one years old.”

“All part of the false reality you live within, my dear. As I said, the possibilities of Adam and Eve were endless, and among them was a process that I developed, and before you, it was used on only one other... a boy, who just so happens to be Ryan’s own little brat.

“You on the other hand were, well, kidnapped from the Little Sister project, and under my own secret labs, you grew ever the more plentiful and developed into the perfect little citizen.” I gaped at him, but then he took one of my hands and twisted it to show me the tattoo across my wrist. “Or perhaps you already know where this tattoo came from.” He said quietly, and I gaped at him again, feeling that same kink in my brain.

“The fact of your existence, Katharine, is that you were conceived and you were born, but your parents died in a tunnel collapse when Rapture was first being constructed. You were orphaned, and orphaned little girls in Rapture get sent to the Little Sister Orphanage, for conditioning into a Little Sister... the collectors who take Adam from those who’ve died in Rapture.

“I took you from there, and made you grow and mature at a rate faster than what a child should grow at, more than doubling your maturation rate, and quick as you may you matured into a breedable young woman from an infant in only five years. You were

conditioned, and then sent away so that I could keep you as my little ace in the hole, just in case something like this happened.”

“Something like what?”

“You may’ve even seen him...” Suchong said as he turned and began pulling on a pair of surgical gloves. “He was even on the same plane as you.” I gasped, remembering the man with the same tattoo as mine on his wrists. “You and he played with each other when you were younger, before you were both sent away. We even supposed that as you both began to experience your sexual awakenings, that you both may’ve even explored each other like only young teenagers could do, but if you did, we might never know.”

It was then as he said that though that a flash of an image of a younger version of that man was before me, his hand up my shirt and both of us in our underwear as he played with my breast and I tried to open his underpants... we were very nearly there... he was going to enter me and we would make love.

But then the image stopped and I shook my head, nearly crying with the effort of such a potent memory that I never remembered experiencing.

“What’s wrong, child?”

“A-a memory, a vision... of me and him... about to do it. I... I nearly was there.”

“Ah... so you had a flashback.” Suchong smiled, and then began feeling my tonsils again.”

“A-a what?”

Suchong breathed a sigh. “Though Adam and Eve made us into gods, there was apparently a price.

“As we began to share and improve upon genes, we began to experience memories, like ghosts. It affected many of us, breaking our minds, while certain... physical mutations began to change us. Mothers strangled babies in their carriages, husband and wife murdered each other, riots, mass suicides and atrocities... we couldn’t handle it in the end and eventually we all began to turn into things that were less than human.

“You met one of them when you arrived in the city a short while ago ...”

I remembered the seriously disfigured man as Suchong began touching me again, feeling my breasts and my body again.

“W-what was that... thing?”

“One of the former denizens of Rapture; now called a Splicer. That particular type of Splicer was what we call a Spider Splicer. They have a particular capacity to cling to walls and ceilings, and have incredible leaping abilities. A form of physical mutation brought on by the usual improper use of gene Tonics. Too many Tonics too quickly in a body that doesn’t have enough Adam in it will turn you into one of them or one like them.”

Suchong then, satisfied with whatever it was he wanted to find in me, stepped over to a control console that was now lit with a soft red light, there he worked flipping switches which turned on the machines around me, just before he began turning a dial. I felt a brief charge of electricity around all the bands about each wrist and ankle and about my neck, and I gasped as a sharp pin ejected itself into my flesh. Then from the cuffs down a tube on each cuff I saw a deep red fluid, my life’s blood, seeping toward the machines.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!” I shrieked.

“I am transferring your blood.” Suchong said and turned back to me, checking the tubes as my blood drained from me, leaving me light-headed and with a slight headache, but then I saw a strange red fluid seeping back into me through the other tubes, fluid that was a brighter color of red and with strange bubbling black things in it that moved around of their own accord within it.

“And w-what is that?!”

“That... is pure Adam. I’ve been siphoning it off for years from the Little Sisters, and right now I have the largest collection of it than any single entity other than Fontaine.”

“W-what will it do to me?”

Suchong paused for a moment, seemingly not to have heard me as he continued to work, for a few moments more and then pausing, straightening a pair of glasses beneath the wide-brimmed rain cap he wore, turned to face me.

“Adam... is like the framework that all life is based upon. Everyone has a little of it, its what the rest of you is built around as if it were the frame work of a building. But it can only hold so much strength and power... So to increase the measure of a person, one must have more of it. And so if I replace every drop of blood that is in you with Adam, then the amount of power that I can place inside you would be nigh limitless.

“You would have the honor of becoming the most advanced being on the face of the world. Super Powers by Ryan Industries,” Suchong snerked and shook his head, and gesturing, a light turned on showing a super muscular man in blue tights and a red cape, with the same statement – Super Powers by Ryan Industries – across its top. “Or at least that’s how Ryan saw it. The truth of what is truly possible is no where near as benign as what the artist of that image has created.

“In comparison to that club-footed, slender man, I will turn you into a goddess of Olympian legend... but not just one or two of them... all of them in one, unified whole.”

“Why are you doing this?” I cried, feeling a strange sickness sliding into me as the Adam entered my body and started tainting me, changing my blood and my bones.

“To stop a madman,” Suchong said simply. “...A most dangerous madman. Fontaine is looking to control Rapture and all its denizens. With that sort of power he can possibly rule the world. I cannot stop him... not in my condition, and when I learned that he summoned his stooge, I also sent for you.”

“Sent... sent for me? Ngh! How did you send for me?”

“A package.” Suchong said and turned back to me. “Asking for you to come home. Now just relax, Katharine, the process takes a long time to complete.”

Chapter 5 – Preparation: Adam

I laid there, feeling something akin to a flu coming on, but as the blood was sucked out of me, filtered by the machines and the Adam re-deposited into me, I felt the sickening feeling slowly being replaced with a warmth unlike anything I'd ever felt before. I began to relax and breathe steadily, and, to my amazement, I even grew... slightly aroused.

The buzzing of the machines around me continued to chunk and chug, till there were a series of clicks, and opening my eyes, I saw the red blood that had been mixing with the Adam that was passing out of me stop drawing outward as the needle in my flesh drew away from me. I felt a little swelling in me as the flowing in Adam continued into my body, and my flesh puffed out a little, engorging somewhat with the strange bloody fluid, and though it hurt and made me ache, especially in my nipples and clitoris, it did nonetheless seem to bulge my breasts a little... maybe even a cup size!

I tried to pinch my legs together being that my pussy was throbbing so energetically at the moment, but I was only able to move those thighs together only a little.

The machines shut themselves off automatically, and I felt all the pins retract from my flesh. Just like magic, the man named Suchong reappeared, stepping toward me with his heavy boots, and immediately upon coming close to me, he lowered a hand and caressed my breast again. I bit my lower lip and arched myself deeply at the arousal that that simple touch caused, sighing nasally as I felt both nipples erect powerfully.

“Excellent... your flesh held it all in. The feelings you are experiencing are from your whole body now being engorged, it would bring on feelings of euphoria and arousal... similar to the feelings experienced just prior to climax.” Suchong said... and then removing his hand he stepped away briefly before returning with a fish tank atop a rolling cart, in which was some subtly blue glowing thing in dark murky waters.

“W-what are you going to do now?” I moaned, and felt some of my silken vaginal juices leak out of the twin labia at the base of my navel.

“You’ve now received a tremendous amount of Adam, child, enough to receive every Tonic I’ve ever created, but though these genetic powers are all wonderful creations, they have a limit in the requirement of needing that second substance I’ve instructed you about that’s known as Eve.”

“W-what is that?” I moaned, biting my lower lip again as I squirmed a little as he palmed my navel now, a little too close to my pulsating sex.

“Eve is a form of liquid energy that empowers certain... how should I say... metaphysical traits. Like Adam, Eve exists in all of us, but unlike Adam, Eve can be synthesized using certain... techniques. But even then, you have to inject the substance into you to keep your battery to do these powers and enhancements up after each use.”

And then he lowered both hands to my navel, and I heard the jingling of him undoing the belt-sash about my middle, and I gasped as he opened it, and taking all the layers that it held up – dress, petticoat, hosiery and even the panties beneath it all, I gaped at him as he revealed the furry and downy red muff decorating my vaginal mound.

“W-what... I *ngh* I thought you weren’t going t-to... to rape me!” I squirmed as he palmed my crotch, and with my legs braced open, I was powerless to pinch off his access to touch me there.

“Like I said, child, if I did that then you’d be made useless to me.” He said and pinched both my vaginal lips together about the delicate and overly sensitive clitoris between them, and I gasped long and hard and leaked several tablespoons of my juices as I climaxed suddenly.

“If I were to deposit seed into you, then this next step would be made all for naught.

“But as I mentioned to you earlier, there was a subtle little sea slug that we discovered down here in the trenches of the Atlantic, a slug that became the basis of all our newfound power and insanity. It helped us to discover that substances known as Adam and Eve. Though Eve can be produced artificially, if you are to defeat Fontaine easily then you must have a steady supply of the substance, and we cannot do that by having you carrying around as much of the chemical as needed.

“Besides, naturally occurring Eve is more potent. But your body cannot produce enough of that substance on its own, so a modification is needed to help you produce a steady battery of the juices.”

Suchong let go of my now sopping wet pussy, and taking hold of a pair of tongs, he put them inside the fish tank and fished around it for a moment before taking hold of the glowing thing, just before he removed a slimy black slug that looked a little like a lamprey.

“This slug is the creature that showed us Adam and Eve, but it has been modified slightly with a gene Tonic.”

“What are you going to do with it?” I groaned, and leaked more juices.

“Eve is a very feminine thing, Katharine.” Suchong said as he turned and stood over me with the squirming slug held in its tongs. A fertile woman has the greatest capacity for developing Eve naturally, but a change in your body is required to do that. This little slug, a sort of simbiant rather, will do that for us.”

I looked at him, looked at the slug, and then looked at my naked lower region, and I gasped at him.

“You’re not going to put that thing in me are you?!” I gasped.

“Indeed I am.” He responded with a little mirth in his voice, and lowering the slug so that it laid against my already sopping wet crotch, it began to squirm and move automatically, just before its sucker mouth dipped as if it were smelling the lubricated sexual juices still leaking from me, and wriggling, it started to bore its way into me.

“Ah!” I moaned as its slippery, slimy body pushed its way into my body, aided by the sexual juices lining the firm and aroused vaginal muscles. “You Jap bastard, get it out! Get it out!!”

“Such language.” Suchong replied as he wheeled the fish tank away. “But this is necessary. The slug will burrow inside you till it reaches your womb. I could imagine that it must feel like a long and particularly prehensile penis boring its way inside you. Once there it will attach itself to your uterine wall, in which it will undergo a transformation and become a new organ inside your body.

“You should thank me, actually. This will put you in a state of constant pregnancy, which will balance your hormones and likewise give you a calmer mind. It’ll produce larger mammarys and long billowing hair, make you more feminine.

“And *‘what will happen to my womb’* you may ask? Your usual bodily processes that would make a child will wrap around the slug and instead be devoted into creating Eve... tremendous amounts of it even. You may get the feeling you’re retaining water from time to time, but that is to be expected.

“Sadly... this will also make you infertile.”

“No! NO!!” I screamed and jostled feebly against my restraints as the slug wormed its way inside me. “Get it out!” I screamed even louder, arching myself and trying to roll my abdominal muscles to push it back out and even tried to clench my vaginal lips together but that only seemed to help it along.

It wriggled and writhed, and though being raped had been chief on my mind, I thought for an instant that this was many times worse. I was being violated by some mindless animal, its tail end wobbling as it thrust and pushed itself inside me, pushing through the cervix and right into my womb. I cried and sobbed, my fingers clenching in an effort to reach down, grab the thing and pull it out of me. I didn’t care what such a thing would do, but I just wanted it out, but finally with a loud slurping noise it slipped fully into me and squirmed deeper into my body, curling up into a ball somewhere within my room before attaching to my uterine wall via its sucker mouth.

“Your ability to have a child being taken away, Katharine, is less important to the task at hand. I cannot do what you will soon be able to do.” He pulled all my clothes back up and closed the belt around it. “I will let you get more closely acquainted with your new child, Katharine. Perhaps in time, you’ll even thank me for the power I’m giving you.”

“Bastard.” I cried, feeling that strange alien thing in me, feeling sick to my stomach as my body reacted and roiled, the tissue usually used for cupping a fertilized zygote and attaching an umbilical to the baby I hoped to someday have, instead wrapped around the slug, enveloping it and willing the pocket of flesh inside me with its jumbled mass.

“Truer words, child... have never before been spoken more aptly.”

Chapter 6 – Phase One: Maturation

I must've cried myself to sleep, for I suddenly awoke to the feeling of the world around me shaking. Not some subtle shaking that would shake just the chamber and its unknown dimensions, but rather everything around the room for miles it felt like.

Suchong arrived in a fluster and looked at the ceiling, gasping.

“No, Ryan started the self-destruct system. He's gone mad!”

“Ryan?! The guy who owns this place is still alive?! And you put this thing in me for no reason you bastard! Get it out before...”

“The task is already done! By now your womb is a knotted bit of bulbous material, but that's the least of your concerns. If this shaking doesn't stop, then the whole city can come crashing down on us, and the fact of whether you do or do not have the ability to procreate will be...”

And then the shaking stopped, and we both stared at the ceiling.

“...Inconsequential.” He finished.

“It stopped.” I gasped into the relative silence.

“...Which means that either Ryan has stopped the process himself, or he's been usurped.” Suchong said, and then looked down at me. “Regardless as to the end result, child, we are running out of time.”

And he immediately started bustling about, and machines, many machines were pushed in all about me that he hooked tubes up to additional metal belts and the existing cuffs all about me, and likewise secured additional braces across my chest, middle, hips and both thighs. I watched him work with renewed vigor, the deep sea boots he was wearing stomping about the room.

Once the machines were all in place, he then went away and then came back with several thin, hair-like needles that he began to place in specific spots in my skin.

I'd heard of at least this last bit of ancient knowledge, a skill called acupuncture, something the Asians had developed. I didn't say anything to stop him, and only squirmed a little as I felt that strange creature inside me stir subtly as it became a part of me. Another form of energy was sliding into my veins now, and I knew it was from whatever this new creature or organ or whatever it was filling me with its juices. I felt mildly constipated now, felt heavy about the middle... as if I were retaining water like he said.

At long last, he was hooking up various generators that hummed and buzzed before he took his place before a control panel again.

I eyed a multitude of small glass bell jars filled with an even greater multitude of colored liquids that bubbled and fizzed energetically.

“What’s that in those jars?” I asked him with an odd level of calm certainty in my voice. I didn’t feel as afraid as I was before. Perhaps he *was* leveling my hormones off, but that still didn’t keep me from feeling any less violated.

“Those are what we call the Tonics, my dear,” He explained as he fidgeted with dials and meters. “And also what we call Plasmids. Inside a body with excess Adam, they can almost instantly improve your body and being with a single dose instead of taking multiple doses and countless months of gene therapy to take even the most minor of affects.”

“And... what are you going to do with them and me?” I replied, eyeing him.

“Why my dear... I’m going to put them all inside you.” Suchong said, and lifting his hand, he took hold of a lever and immediately pulled it downward, and the whole room came alive with lights and what not, showing me more of the chamber than ever, but what was in it suddenly fell from my mind as I was pierced by dozens of needles in all the bands around me.

I gasped long and hard from all the pin pricks, and convulsed against them all, feeling blood, or whatever it was that served as my blood now, leaving me as all those pins slid into me and remained impacted into my flesh. I convulsed again as yet more pins entered me, piercing bones and flushing them with chemicals and whatever these Tonics and Plasmids would do to me, even as the lines pressurized to force feed me with all those fluids.

I suddenly felt aroused as every square inch of flesh engorged with fluids, and I moaned long and hard, feeling an odd sensation of erotic arousal rising within me along with a solid feeling of constipation.

It was many long moments before I forced myself to calm down and lie there to take this procedure. It seemed to cause the least amount of pain to just lie still. I began to fear and wonder what it was that was about to happen to me.

“I can tell you what will happen to you.” Suchong said then, and my eyes turned in their sockets in surprised as I looked at him. I couldn’t turn my head for sake of all the pins in my neck. “Yes, I can read your mind... know your thoughts. Fontaine – or Atlas as he likes to call himself – may have a lot of Adam, but I was the one who designed all the Plasmids. And though admittedly I have less Adam than he does, I do nonetheless have all the Plasmids in Rapture, and then some.

“I’ve long since kept the best of the Plasmids for myself, and what Fontaine fails to understand that though he has all the tremendous frameworks that Adam provides, he nonetheless has nothing to occupy that framework with the Tonics or Plasmids. And since those are where one’s power comes from, the level of Adam Fontaine has, between you and me, isn’t all that impressive.

“But in regards to you, you’re about to start changing, child. You’ll be going through mutations and transformations the likes of which have never been thought of before. I’m going to turn you into a Titaness to fight a Fallen God.”

Suchong’s heavy boots clunked against the floor plates as he came close to me and immediately lifted a hand and began to caress and touch my breast again, but the touch seemed to bring me to an awareness of it, and I gasped as I could feel it changing.

“I became Rapture’s miracle-worker for its many miracle-workers. When they had a task to enhance our bodies, they came to me to provide it for them. Everyone else was just a second nobody to my genius.

“Just imagine... people complaining that they’re too short, too thin, their assets are too small or similar problems of being dissatisfied with their bodies. I made a Plasmid to resolve each of those problems. Now imagine, child,” and he drew close to me, so that I could almost see into the shadows between his hat and coat, and I felt my breasts pressing firmly against his abnormally firm, steel-like body. “Imagine your predicament. You were forced to remain with the maturity like unto a child to protect you and to keep you from being taken by any man. You developed the body of an elder teenager, and went no further. You have no use for the bra beneath your clothing, and you have no hips to make you worthwhile for a mother.

“What then is the most desirable thing in your head? What disappoints you about this feminine form that you possess? What was it that you thought when you looked at yourself in a mirror and thought about all the wonderful pleasures of the world and what you were lacking?

“*‘I wish I had bigger boobs’, ‘I wish I were taller’, ‘I wish I had wider hips.’* Don’t try to deny it, child, your mind is open for me like it were a book, I can hear you echoing each wish as I say them!”

“No!” I moaned, feeling something hot pouring through all my veins.

“YES! You want it, you want to feel it, to feel beautiful, sexy and erotic... well imagine your body slowly growing, slowly changing... transforming you. That is what Adam and the power of Plasmids can be. But imagine awakening other hidden powers of your whimsical gender. The ability to lactate, the perfect body, strong and mature... a woman’s body, don’t you want that?”

I didn't answer him; I merely stared at him, trembling while tears poured from my eyes. He then stepped back, and again took to fondling the tit beneath his hand, applying pressure and releasing it.

"Look at your breasts, Katharine." Suchong said then, and I closed both eyes and shook my head no. "Would you kindly look to your breasts, Katharine." He said then, and I found myself opening both eyes and looking to my chest immediately, biting on my lower lip as I did.

What I saw hypnotized me, kept me affixed at those boobs, and I watched as with every pulsating heart beat, that liquid heat that was pouring into me slid through my veins and into those breasts and pumped them a smidgen larger. I gasped as both nipples atop my breasts suddenly engorged and erected, standing on end and vibrating, their strength and towering power showing right through the layers of fabric covering them.

I moaned then and felt more things happening to me, felt and heard muscle tendons groaning and tightening, felt this woefully immature body of mine stiffening, and I groaned and rotated my hips and felt my bowels moistening, and a trickle of juices escaped from me. I heard the bones in me cracking and groaning, felt them thickening and hardening as some of them began to change; some broadening, others turning outward, and yet still I watched as those breasts grew atop my chest.

I couldn't believe it as the twin mounds that were contained within a bra that was actually overly large for the fatty little pads they held as ever so slowly those womanly pads grew into pert little mounds that actually then began to form into fatty bulges. The fabric of the bra that I wore was soon being filled and rounding outward; I could feel the silken fabric cupping those sultry mounds while the sheer sight of their growth was making me so horny right now! But on top of it all was the firmness of the nipples on each of those breasts that were even now swelling and firming up so hard that I felt them ache and sting me; either likewise rising atop a pair of swelling areola and throbbing powerfully!

A nasal groan escaped me then as the twin disks of areola beneath those nipples suddenly swelled greatly and puffed outward into broad mounds atop either tit, either areola raising the twin towers of my teats. The shapes of my breasts as I writhed against all the piercing needles became two towers growing out of a pair of separated hills that were atop two amassing mountains.

I soon found myself panting against the sexual exertion as whole new levels of pleasure I'd never known before then assaulted me, and breathing quickly I felt my heart racing now while I watched those boobs swell till they completely filled the two cups of the bra I wore that they were within, and I felt and saw the nipples atop either tit standing on end through all the layers of my clothing while tit, areola and nipple just continued growing and ballooning outward. They both grew and grew till they were actually pushing the cups of that bra away from my chest, while the sacks of flesh stretched arousingly, tensing and firming the softened flesh while I felt a prickling feeling beneath it all from the glands bulging and the milk ducts lengthening and branching, curling and coiling

inside the mounds as their fatty flesh spilled out from within the cups of the bra about them.

A deep moan escaped me as I trembled, and with a tumultuous ejaculation, I gasped as a jet of slick and wet climax erupted into the crotch of the panties I was wearing, wetting them down and making them stick to my crotch. The strength of my sexuality was exploding inside me, and my hands twitched in my desire to cup and massage my growing breasts as the pair swelled so much that they began pressing against one another beneath the ever tightening bra.

The flood of hormones raging through me co-mingled with the new blood that was in me, that Adam saturated substance accelerating puberty in my body across all the stolen years that never seemed to touch this frail form of mine till now. I'd always wondered where those feminine assets went, to what woman received them instead of me and became that much more beautiful because of it, but now I was witnessing this transformation, feeling the strains on me as I transformed, and looking to Suchong's soft hand cupping my breast as it continued to grow and grow, I watched as the mound he held rapidly filled his hand, and then bulged into his fingers, fanning his hand open.

My head swam suddenly and I rolled both eyes back, gasping and lurching against the restraints holding me down, feeling another minute squirt of ejaculate erupt from between the stolidly firm vaginal lips between my thighs, even as the coltish legs on either side of that love mound thickened and became meaty even. Both hips widened as every one of my arms and legs lengthened along with my waist and neck.

I tossed and turned, screwed up my eyes to see him holding my tit still, massaging it, and I moaned deep in my throat as I saw the breast he held fill so much that it started to lift the undershirt, blouse and sweater over it upward; the once loose cloth stretching across those two engorging breasts while the fabric of the blouse I wore un-tucked itself from the dress and petticoat I wore.

I moaned louder yet, crying out in ecstasy as muscles firmed up and angled themselves beneath a realm of smoothing and softening flesh, portions of me rounding outward even as the chest holding both my growing tits pushed upward, barreling outward and hefting the cups of the bra against those mammaries as they ballooned and engorged with fatty tissue and mammary. The straps of those bra likewise cut into both my sides and either shoulder, and I became filled with a virility and a sensuality that I'd never known before stole its way into me as I gurgled and groaned and changed and grew, transforming right then and there from a post-adolescent child to a fully grown and sexually powerful woman!

My hips broadened and shoulders widened, clothing tightened about my chest and hips but loosened about the waist to the point where even the belt about me loosened and hung off those widening hips. The hosiery about either leg and thigh stretched slightly and slid down toward the knees while the blouse, undershirt and sweater I wore stretched more solidly across those amassing boobs of mine. I whimpered from the sting of the bra

straps compressing about me, making it hard to breathe while those tits grew ever the more larger, engorging and their nipples erecting even harder than ever. Soon a great expanse of my naked belly was revealing itself, and I felt a great deal of strength sliding into all my limbs and body.

Chief before my vision were those amassing pair of mammaries while my eyesight steadily cleared. It was as if my mind were locked on their swelling masses as they pressed against each other and billowed outward, becoming ever the more firm as the sacks of flesh filled steadily outward. I in turn writhed with the mutations that were assailing me, and I began to perspire and grow hot with the burning fluids sliding through my every vein, but as my vision cleared, I was able to look at those twin mammaries topping my chest as they steadily continued pushing the cups of bra forward, stretched the cloth over them while the skirts of the dress I wore rose up along my thighs to reveal more leg, and the cuffs of shirt and sweater slid up my sinuous arms as they thickened with more adult muscle and bone.

Then in a cacophony of shivering lights and shifting sounds, I entered into the worst of the transformation as bits of me cracked and groaned, and my head became overwhelmed with all the strange sensations that thrust themselves into it, and I moaned loud and deep and came in a torrent into my panties!

For a moment I forgot where I was and what was happening to me, I even forgot who I was through the ordeal, and then with a shivering spasm I saw the edges of my vision darkening like when I was outside in the cold water of the Atlantic.

And then, yet again, I fell unconscious.

Chapter 7 – Phase Two: Skeletal and Muscular Enhancement

I opened both eyes again slowly, and I remembered having stirred myself toward wakefulness and coming to several times before this, and now that I had the presence of mind enough to see, my head cleared and I gasped as I came alive.

I thought it was all a dream that I half wanted to never have been and half wanted to go away, and looking down, I saw two heaving mounds topping my chest, with each mound possessing a large and bulbous meaty areola that showed through both undershirt and blouse and forced the contours of the sweater above those to reveal their bulbous strength. But above all were a pair of thick and meaty nipples that throbbed even now.

“You recover quick.” A familiar voice said, and with a gasp I looked at Suchong as he hovered over me, his hands behind his back and that one glinting red eye staring at me through the darkness between his hat and coat.

“What did you do to me?” I groaned, feeling frightened, and most of all, feeling a heady moisture suffusing my legs, just like when I woke up after having a rather erotic dream..

Suchong answered me only by sliding a mirror that was on a set of rails above me.

Never before had I ever been met with any image that made every thought in my head stop, and forced every biological process in me to halt for three tenuously long missed heartbeats.

The reflection of the woman that I saw in that mirror was the sort of woman that I never dreamed that I could be. Soft and smooth features that was beautiful and desirable, absent of any blemish of any sort with long silken hair and a perfect hourglass body. My hips had widened, and the fabric of the dresses I wore laid into the V-shaped bowl of the pelvis between those hips where a still throbbing cunt laid and the sopping wet underwear over it. But the greatest trait that met me just then were the two large and well-rounded breasts punctuated by two very matured sets of nippleage.

I was a woman... a full adult woman, and I was beautiful... the sort of caterpillar into a butterfly beautiful. I was so fixated with that image, that when Suchong moved to touch me again, massaging my breasts and arms, body and legs, and even pressed on my wet labia, I didn't even care. But I realized I was blushing deeply as I breathed again, feeling my heart hammering powerfully in my chest now, the thing beating passionately, beating stronger than I've ever felt it beat before. I was physically thicker and stronger, with more muscle definition, and what I could see of my navel from the blouse I wore having been pulled up from the expansion of both breasts that the blouse and sweater contained, showed me a tightened pack of sinuous belly muscle that led straight into the skirts I wore, and likewise showed me that all those muscles were firm and compressed into two long athletic packs of abdominals.

I had the sort of body that an overly busty female Olympian runner might have.

Bathing suit here I come... I thought to myself with a smile.

“You’re pleased...” Suchong stated as he once again palmed my breast, and for the first time since he moved the mirror into place, I turned my gaze to something other than my body, and instead looked at his fingers gripping and massaging my now engorged and still fully aroused tit. “I can tell. The nipples you’ve developed are so hard and firm.”

I looked to his hidden face then, not saying anything. Yes, I was pleased, very, very pleased, but I didn’t want him to get any satisfaction out of this.

“Oh, by all means, child. All the satisfaction is indeed mine.”

Damn it. I forgot he could read minds.

“You too will be able to read minds... but not right now.” Suchong said and then returned to his control console, and I felt pneumatics and what not clear the tubes leading to all the needles that were still in me, and I turned both eyes to look at this strange man who was violating me so thoroughly like this.

“W-what are you going to do now?” I asked him.

He turned a few final dials, and then flipped another switch, and the machines loaded new Tonics into the tubes feeding me. Out of the corner of one eye, I saw the newest multi-colored set of Tonics sliding through the tubes toward me.

“A muscle is a thing that controls the body.” He replied. “The stronger the muscle, the stronger the sort of control a person has over a thing. To push, to shove, to lift and carry, and so on, the stronger that muscle is the more power a person has over another thing.

“Usually, a person only has power to lift objects smaller than they are, like boxes and canisters and such, and if they’re really strong, they might be able to move items their own size or even larger. But what I’m going to do to you is give you power over objects that are vastly greater than you are, things like automobiles and massive girders and such.

“Ever think of lifting a tractor over your head, Katharine?”

“But all this is for a purpose... Atlas has become stronger than a hundred men of Olympian strength. To compete with that, I’ll make you stronger than a thousand men...”

“Now just sit back and enjoy yourself, Katharine... I’m told that experiencing even a little muscle growth is considered whole heartedly... erotic.” He paused and gave off a chuckle and caress the nib of a mound where one of my nipples were poking out. “Imagine then what you’ll go through when the change happens to your whole body.

And the first of the Tonics loaded into my flesh, and immediately I felt a hot fluid being injected into me at several points, a heated juice that immediately flooded into my veins, and seemed to burn me from the inside. All those juices were sucked up by this body of mine by the pull of the heart hammering inside me. I felt a euphoric rush suffuse me as the juices slid through every vein and capillary. And as these juices slid into my heart, there was a sudden empowering of that muscle, and it beat so hard it was like a light punch to the chest.

I gasped as the fluids shot through the rest of me immediately from a single heart beat, down to every last muscle in me, and immediately every muscle in my body tensed and firmed up as hard as cables and piano wires were. I groaned again, feeling my heart quickening, and each time it beat now, it sent a rush of blood in and out of it, pumping the whole of my body and causing everything to throb and pulsate. I felt spasms all over me as I arched deeply, pressing against all the restraints and needles about me, gritting my teeth as I felt all my temples throbbing, felt veins and arteries bulging and pulsating, but with each tenuous heart beat, came a lance of blood that pumped first into both tits and second straight into my pussy.

The arousal of those three sexual traits being engorged so caused me to begin rising toward orgasm, and biting my lip I clenched both pussy lips and ass cheeks; my clit erecting powerfully from between those two vaginal lips as my anus puckered.

“What... what are you doing to me?!” I cried out before slumping to the table again.

“Did you know that absolutely every last man and woman in the world develop the exact same way for their first three months in the womb? Identical growths, identical capabilities... it’s only the introduction of sexual chromosomes that will change the way that you develop, whether into a male or a female.” Suchong said as he manipulated dials and knobs.

“We’re all capable of producing the same hormones and pheromones on either side of the gender scale, and whereas there is a minute level of estrogen in men, there is a minute level of testosterone in women. But the reason why men are larger and stronger, and might I add smarter,” he took a moment and looked for dirt underneath his fingernails, and I ground my teeth in irritation at his pompous sexist attitude before he continued. “...Is because a man’s body has a much higher concentration of testosterone in it.

“But therein is something we can do for you, child. Through the power of Adam and several gene-Tonics, I’m going to flood your body with testosterone and estrogen, enhancing you while at the same time giving you the genetic traits to that which even *Male* Olympians have difficulty striving to.

“Enjoy.” And he waved his hand, just as I felt the bones in me starting to crack and groan as they thickened.

Very rapidly I grew and grew; arms and legs lengthening, steadily stretching the hosiery I wore as more of my throat and belly were revealed from beneath the clothing I wore. The bowl that were my hips broadened as both clavicle muscles and shoulder blades flared far above them and then thickened steadily, and overall, every last bone in me just lengthened and thickened to rapidly increase my height from whatever it was that I'd last grown to, which was somewhere around five and a half feet, to make me pass six and then seven feet, before the bones stopped lengthening and just started thickening.

I'd become coltish and thin looking, every rib on me showing itself before those bones thickened and rearranged themselves, broadening my body now, making me grow all the larger, and all those bones just began to turn outward in places, broadening the spaces between forearms and ribs, pushing my chest forward and upward while every vertebrae down my back thickened into massive plates that bulged wide and erected their own spines, all so that it could call push me even further apart and lengthen me ever so subtly now.

"Imagine having bones stronger than steel," Suchong said as he approached me. "Imagine those bones doing what they are now, flaring wide into plates, so that you have an endoskeletal armor protecting all your internal organs."

I groaned, hearing more cracks and feeling my very bones growing just as he said this, telling me what was happening inside me as every bone grew thicker as they strengthened over and over again. My fingers tightened and then opened as my toes spread within the shoes I wore, and I convulsed and groaned, shuddering within the restraints binding me. More and more of me was pressing against those restraints as bones cracked and muscles groaned within me, my form flaring wide about the shoulders and hips and narrow about the middle, top heavy with a broad and bulging chest from all the thickening ribs, and even larger breasts topping those.

"And all those strengthened bones are for a reason, Katharine. A bone can only support so much muscle before it breaks. I went through so many test subjects that died from their rib cages being crushed by all their phenomenal strength, popping both their lungs and exploding their hearts so that they died of suffocation and loss of blood to the brain. They'd die of brain death long before their struggling body actually expired.

"And then I added this Tonic to their bodies, I allowed for a lacing of the bones with little organic fibers in the form of a secondary tendon-like muscle system joining all the bones like a webbing. It made them faster and stronger, but above all, once the new framework throughout the body was created, it allowed for us to pile an ungodly amount of muscle weight on the body. I'm certain that now that your bones are full developed... ah, there it begins."

It felt like there was something being torn apart in me while at the same time that the individual shreds began to steadily inflate themselves. But what was more... was that it was so... damned... EROTIC!

Anus and pussy clenched themselves tightly, with thighs and butt cheeks clenching together as best as they could while a quick jet of vaginal juices squirted from inside me, into the panties guarding that prim and proper vaginal mound that was even now distending while the garment above them turned into a sopping wet mess. With a groan and a shudder, every muscle on me rapidly started to swell outward, popping one after the next, centering from my heart and spreading outward to all my extremities.

First my chest muscles bulged, pushing both my tits up and away from each other, flattening the rounded mounds outward and causing the straps of my bra to dig into the soft flesh of my body. The sweater I wore stretched across the twin bulges rising atop a pair of flaring chest muscles that were in themselves filling outward with ever-thickening bands of muscle. The undershirt that was inside the bra stretched likewise, while the twin cups of the brazier over them were stretched apart along their elastic bindings, all while the blouse I wore spread open, catching at the closed buttons and spreading the fabric open between each button.

I groaned as my chest muscles pressed against the metal bar across them that held me down, and I began to grow short of breath before the bar loosened slightly to allow me to grow more. I thrashed within those restraints then, pushing my pelvis upward as all the muscles across my back began to flare and amass as well, and I felt constant pinching all over me as whole muscle masses pressed against each other, pushing each other out of the way as they grew, which likewise forced me to grow thicker and wider, taller as well.

More juices squirted from my loins, so much so that it felt like I just wet myself as I felt the loose panties I wore sliding up in between my butt cheeks and wedging firmly into the pair of vaginal lips on their front even as I came again. Those panties became a sopping wet mass, their juices trickling downward and getting absorbed right up the knotted rope of the seat that was giving my butt such a snuggly, wetting me down from the crotch right up to my puckered anus. All this happened while the whole of my upper body spread further apart and thickened rapidly to both the front and the rear. I experienced flaring chest muscles and broadening back muscles, barreling ribs and a spine that kept bowing outward, and all of it coming from piles and piles of muscle that made me insanely thick.

But that wasn't all... my boobs were also growing, swelling and filling with more glandular weight and water weight as they lactated more... lactated so much that milk even trickled from my nipples. And still I grew, with the undershirt, brazier, blouse and sweater becoming more and more strained, tightening about me and making it hard to breathe with all the garments compressing me like they were.

Each muscle in me that grew – and I was sure every muscle was growing – caused the next muscles that were beside it to compensate and grow as well, and as that one muscle thickened, it pushed the others out of the way, and like a stand of dominos all in a row, the muscles on this body of mine grew, radiating outward steadily one step after the next, just grew and grew in a constant cascade of growth.

The sheer girth of this upper body of mine rapidly pressed against all its restraints, which included the clothes I was wearing. The many layers of cotton and silk tensed about me, cutting off even the air I was breathing as bones and muscles grew, and I swore I would've blacked out from loss of air. That was until there was a groaning that came to my ears, the sound growing louder and louder, rising to a cacophony till at last the bra I wore snapped open right between my breasts and the heaving masses of mammary expanded suddenly outward and apart.

That motion of those mammary pair jostling so combined with the instinctive breath of air that I took likewise forced my chest to lurch against the two metal bars wrapping it, and the bars released from the tension with several distending clicks to allow my chest to heave further yet.

This resultant spasm of growth and released popped several of the buttons of my blouse, rent and tearing it open down the front, right down to my smooth belly and hefting the sweater I wore higher yet; popping each button on the blouse one right after the other. This resultant release of expanding breasts and growing strength made me climax again, and I actually heard the rush of cum lancing from me while I groaned and squirmed amidst my orgasmic high. Underneath it all, the undershirt I wore stretched heavily as both my breasts continued to engorge amidst flaring away from each other, which then stretched that undershirt greatly while tightening the sweater above it at the same time.

But as those breasts grew and grew, along with my thickening body, bulging chest and back muscles coupled with my flaring form, the swells of those breasts slid out from under the tiny feminine undershirt, bulging downward, flattened as they were, before that shirt simply rolled upward and disgorged both tits outward into the sweater I wore, while That sleeveless undershirt was drawn up tight across the expanding chest muscles supporting either tit.

I took another breath and the knitted fabric of the sweater I wore stretched powerfully across the largish mounds of mammary that jiggled and jostled atop their thickened packs of muscle, stretching the knitwear till it made frays in the fabric and displayed every contour of both areola and nipples atop either tit; the frays popping individual strands about the collar and waist as well as at the shoulders till the sweater suddenly began to shred open across multiple holes. The sleeves separated from the main body as the bands at the neck and waist popped open, with half a dozen holes tearing open across the growing breasts and expanding chest muscles while three more tore open across my back.

I gasped and moaned deep in my throat and nose as I watched those breasts filling outward from beneath the metal band and the sweater that held them, watched them disgorging themselves from atop my heaving chest as the twin mammaries soon billowed and ripened with subtly increasing mammary and surging fat. I felt with glee as the soft wool fabric of the sweater dragged like long fingers against the sensitive flesh and the super sensitive nipples and areola, and thrusting myself upward, arching my back deeply despite all the pin pricks, I felt myself orgasm solidly, my loins spilling a good quart or

more of my juices as the sweater continued tearing itself apart from about my chest and bulging tits.

Daring to open my eyes, I watched those heady mammaries increase in cup sizes well beyond any normal breast size, and soon they were surpassing the L-M-N-O and P cup sizes.

“Oh my God!” I moaned, feeling the growth of muscle continue onward as it now slid up into my neck and down into the recess of abdominal and lower back muscle beneath those dual-layered chest muscles from this oh so magical second muscle layer I was growing with my bones.

My neck and throat thickened from every muscle that supported my head billowing outward while my belly sank below that already bulging upper body of mine. The rest of the sweater I wore broke open about that chest, rendering my bodice naked save for the subtle flap of undershirt across the top of that chest, even as that stretched thin and began to tear.

Those belly muscles sank beneath all the many ribs and such that were above and surrounded them, the belly button sinking even deeper than that as that belly waved and rolled like a layer of water from it clenching and tensing with strengthening muscle masses. My neck muscles thickened the throat muscles between chin and clavicle while flaring the neck muscles round it ever the wider with the back muscles around all that just flaring wider and wider, deepening the arch that was going from my head to either shoulders.

Clenching my teeth, feeling them too thicken as the skull plates surrounding my head hardened and grew too, I felt my chest heft and thicken even higher, its muscles separating into chords while it all hefted my breasts higher than ever, those fat mammaries now in the R-S-T cup sizes.

The belly muscles lining my navel rapidly tensed in half right down the middle as the growth continued down both this empowering form of mine and either arm now, those abdominals creasing deeper and deeper down the center, intersecting my navel before a single horizontal line gave me a firm four-pack. At the same time both shoulders rounded outward, puffing and billowing before they led into the attached biceps and triceps, either of which was rounding outward even as my forearms flared wide to push the sleeves of blouse and sweater upward around the base of the biceps.

There were more clicks of my restraints loosening all about me as I pressed even further against them, hips flaring wider yet and stretching the skirts I wore wide even as my ribs thickened still, the muscles over them swelling and pushing my bodice ever the further apart before first one set and then two sets of lateral obliques appeared attaching themselves between ribs to abdominals.

It was like that all over me... like bundles of rubber bands that were being stretched and twisted, and as they twisted they thickened and bulged, carving themselves from beneath my flesh, pinching that flesh tightly as it went, making me stronger and stronger and more powerful with every passing moment. I was engorging myself on the strength; moaning and enjoying it, feeling ejaculate escape from me as I felt the tightness all over me intensify with each passing moment.

I groaned and shivered, the dress I wore rising higher atop my thighs, passing both knees even as those thighs blossomed thickly. Either thigh bulged and rounded outward, flaring wider than even my hips were, their inside muscles sinking beneath their outside muscles while stretching my hosiery till runs formed in it from both bulging thighs and the attached calves flaring so incredibly wide right now.

My back and chest muscles continued to swell, the broadening and bubbling back muscles starting to shred my undershirt while the blouse and sweater above them were torn steadily apart. My chest and my back grew equally, counterbalancing each other while both tits ballooned higher than ever, transforming into two great mounds that swiveled and rolled as I moved, either firm and bulbous in their rounded masses, standing on end instead of flattening with gravity. More milk flowed from them, escaping a pair of nipples that were thickening as they lengthened atop a pair of puffing out areola, the silken moisture from lactation sliding down the mountainous mounds and wetting the fragments of clothing I wore, sliding down the length of my bodice and helping to wet down the panties covering my loins.

I gasped and groaned and came again from that warm milk caressing my pussy like that, feeling juices wetting down the underpants I wore that were invading even deeper in between both cunt and bottom, the front of those panties sliding ever further down along the loins they guarded till the barest of triangular patches covered that precious love mound.

The widening and thickening back muscles drawing across me, with the sleeves starting to rip open about my thickening arms and biceps that were starting to bulge atop either arm, I heard more tearing across my back as the straps of the undershirt I wore snapped from over either shoulder, and the undershirt stretched to its limit across my chest. I was grateful it was still there, for it kept the hard metal band still across my chest from digging into me, providing a cottony buffer between it and me, but the more I grew, the more that even that band of cloth spread and stretched, till inevitably it too began to tear; spreading open and ripping over the peak of my chest.

Thrashing from side to side, I gasped and then moaned again, feeling my loins quivering as they joined all the swelling abdominals above them in their steady growth, even as both butt muscles thickened massively and rounded outward just before they separated into three separate and very firm glutes. The growth of those butt muscles drew more of the seat of my panties in between them while sloping the crotch of those panties further downward between the thighs, but as those butt muscles grew, so too did the twin bands of vaginal muscle as they distended and flared, pressing against the muscling inner thighs

around them. The rubbing of those sexual muscles against everything around them aroused me even more as the panties guarding them sank so deeply that they couldn't help but show off a camel toe...

The skirts I wore loosened about my compressing middle and tightened across the new breath of my hips and thighs, both knees bending slightly as I grew too long for the table now, allowing my thighs to spread open. I felt a cool breath of wind fly up those skirts, licking at the sopping wet moisture of the crotch beneath those tightening skirts, even as the last strands of the undershirt I was wearing snapped open across my chest.

Above those skirts and the barest strip of panty still covering my loins, all the abdominals lining my bodice steadily hardened and creased repeatedly, rippling and rolling, quickly developing a second and then a third horizontal crease across them. Each abdominal thickened on its own, and their numbers grew as they swelled and creased continuously, giving my once smooth and slightly pot-belly from a four abs to a six and then to a solid eight pack. Along the sides of all those abdominals, a third set of laterals appeared even as a fifth set of abdominals cleaved themselves from the base of all those abs, transforming the number of abs into a solid ten-pack, my pussy distending outward while the clit atop it rose hard and throbbing, the erect thing flipping from out over the top of the panties I wore as its hem slid even beneath me. Even the individual inner muscles, the meaty insides of that vaginal mound thickened as that clit erected into a pointed little nib, the mound billowing even further outward to help stretch the hip straps that were even now cutting into my sides.

Another squirt of sexual juices lanced from me as I moaned from deep inside me, feeling my hands and feet growing now as the shoes on my feet slowly popped seams and broke laces, just before my stocking covered toes slid out of the ends of the burst open ends of either shoe. Within moments those shoes broke from my feet, while the runs in the stockings surrounding either leg and thigh, stockings whose thigh-cuffs had been slowly creeping downward toward my knees, slowly pulled apart and created long tearing holes up and down the smooth meaty and silken-skinned legs they once held.

The muscles of both thighs and their attached calves and forelegs rippled and cleaved the individual major muscles from the rest of the leg, bulging along sinuous lines here and there that pinched me as they formed, my pussy swelling several more centimeters outward as the fabric of the petticoat and the skirt I wore were drawn tight across those legs like a mini-skirt. There was a snap then as the panties I wore broke open between both legs, the hosiery I wore shredding open about their girths even as the sleeves of the shirts I wore snapped and popped open about either of my long and powerful arms; rending open with a multitude of rending snaps and pops. As a final measure, the remnants of the undershirt, blouse and sweater I wore ripped right in half all across my back, while the thickness of my shoulders and arms rent open the remnants of those clothes to leave me surrounded in the tatters of all that I had left to my name in the world.

With a subtle groan, I churned and came solidly again, this time erupting a streaming lancelet of silken heavy water from within me that poured over the tightening planes of the now naked butt cheeks that were beneath that sex, just before those skirts ripped about the spasming growths of either leg and hip billowing out monstrosly as they were.

More snaps occurred from rending seams and popping buttons about my waist as those hips burgeoned even further outward, still trying to remain as wide as my broadened shoulders were, their growing width making all the individual muscles along my middle to swelling massively while they thickened my middle to the point where the waistband and the belt I wore that had grown loose from the compressing of my navel, now grew tight again. They grew so tight that I gasped from the belt and waistband cutting into me, felt the belt trembling from the metal pulling on its fabric moorings, and with a tremendous rolling of sizing muscle, that belt and the waist band it held snapped open from around me, and I heard bits of metal and plastic of the buckle ricocheting about the room.

I gasped as I looked down at the powerful I had, even as those skirts shred open right down the lap, and soon I was able to view a now naked body, and all the incredible might that it now possessed. It was like a dream, and still I grew; and closing both eyes and feeling my form heave suddenly, I came yet again in another grand torrent of vaginal juices; groaning while I continued to grow several inches thicker on every proportion till, with a great shuddering motion, I collapsed to my back and heaved a great gasp of completion.

I laid panting, eyes closed; legs raised and flared open to reveal the gaping cunt settled between the towering pillars of leg muscle. Only a minute vibrating sensation assailed me from the feeling of tendons tightening still and certain muscles coming to the end of their tightening and growth process, still making me subtly stronger here and there while also trimming this body of mine further. And then opening my eyes and gasping for breath, I looked at myself reflected in the mirror that was still suspended above me, and for the second time I didn't breathe.

I heard tale of beings called Amazons... tall powerful women with great manes of hair who were warriors reputed to be greater than the Greek Cavalry, the Spartan Warriors or even the Romans and their mighty Phalanxes.

I'd grown... seven feet tall and what looked like half that much wide, with the thickened arms and breadth of shoulder being a good three and a half feet wide. Two massive and mighty breasts decorated my chest, their nipples standing fully erect and on end and throbbing powerfully with their increased thickness; the pair leaking my milk still as it created rivulets down the mountains that were either breast and then flowed over the cliff that had become of my sternum and ribs, and over the many hills of my abdominals to slide over the bulbous heart-shaped mound of vaginal muscle to mix with the nectar seeping from my pussy.

I noticed then that the fingernails on both hands had lengthened, as had those on both feet; with all those nails being thick and hard and sharp at their ends. Those breasts were full and massive, perfectly rounded and decorated with a long throbbing vein on their undersides that lead straight to the erect nipples and areola of either tit. It looked as if they were filling still! They'd definitely grown past Z-cup sizes, and still they inflated subtly with every heartbeat as they were pressed down to the bases of my chest from the bar of metal strung across that bulging chest of mine.

And then there was my face. I didn't think that I could become any lovelier than I was before, but I felt like a goddess now. The firm muscles in my face had smoothed my features, and combining that with a head of hair that had billowed greatly, filling out with more hair and darkening subtly toward red, I looked like I was Athena herself.

Ten abdominals, three sets of laterals, chorded chest muscles and rippling musculature everywhere. I felt and looked powerful, but I still nonetheless felt sexual and erotic, and the tension between my legs made me want a man inside me now... even if it were this Suchong fellow.

Suchong approached then and yet again began to touch me while pulling the strips of ruined clothing from beneath me, and I turned to him, breathing heavily as he caressed and massaged both breasts that were slick with milk and sweat, and then my crotch, feeling the bulbous vaginal lips that were quivering and moist between the massively built thighs I possessed now, all while he felt the firmness of all my muscles.

"Never before had a single individual ever developed this far on such an early stage." He said contemplatively as he traced the creases of all my abdominals. "You've become stronger than any previous subject, an Olympian in your own right." And then he looked to me, and that red eye of his seemed to glimmer as if he were smiling. "I can see it in your eyes... you want more, don't you?"

I nodded stupidly.

"Very well then... let's see if we can transform you from a goddess... to a Titaness. After all, Atlas was the strongest of all Titans short of Chronos himself... you, I think... will be greater than our Atlas can ever hope to be..."

Chapter 8 – Phase Four: Skeletal and Muscular Augmentation

I was actually excited now.

I was growing stronger and more beautiful than I ever was, more than any woman ever was... or any man for that matter according to Suchong, and I wanted more, more, more!

Who was I to argue with anyone wishing to give it to me, who had the ability to give it to me? This individual who had the name and accent of a Japanese, which was an incredible thing especially given the recent war having decimated their nation.

Just like before, he turned dials and flipped switches and the machines all began to load the next set of Tonics. I pressed my legs together in anticipation; both thighs that were raised slightly now and had more movement pressing against both each other and the twin vaginal lips between them, which likewise clenched around the clit in between those lips and in turn excited the rest of me.

The Tonics began to slowly load, sliding into me, and I felt the hot rush of their juices entering me; and with my excitement quickening the beating of the heart inside me, those fluids were sucked up and absorbed into me faster than ever.

I moaned immediately as the flush of natural and artificial chemicals slid through me, forcing the arteries and veins all over me to stand on end as muscles became flush with muscle building gene sequences that rapidly attached themselves to the Adam inside me and thusly became empowered by the Eve. Within moments of the first of these new Tonics entering me, the whole of me spasmed and lurched upward, releasing the restraints all about me by several notches of the mechanical restraints holding me down apiece, and there I remained, arching myself and clenching all over even as a rush of hot silken nectar slid from my cunt and trickled over the clenched cheeks of my bottom.

The erotic throbbing made me aware of such incredible levels of pleasure, and though there were pinching creases from the muscles in me growing again, they were barely felt as every bone in me turned outward and lengthened, thickened and made my restraints pop repeatedly and rapidly as I grew.

I felt more bones, bones that I didn't have before, bones that were alien inside a human body forming rapidly, strengthening key points here and there, hardening my skull, billowing my body, and accenting my sexuality all the more. Hip bones flared wide, shoulders broadened wider and creased into their separate masses while every vertebrae down the length of my back thickened and hardened, each one becoming more bulbous as they flared along their edges and extended the bony spine further outward, creating a series of overlapping knobs down the length of my back and leading straight in between both cheeks of my thickening ass cheeks.

Every muscle in me tensed and blossomed, bubbling and billowing outward like water balloons on a hose, ripping and tearing and reforming inside me and sometimes even popping outward with dull thuds of motion that sent a violent spasm through me.

But there was something new this time in this growth in that I was growing more muscle than any human being alive should have! Every muscle was creasing down into its major muscle masses, each of those separating into its minor muscle masses, just before each chord and sinew rippled into existence. Hyper-muscularity revealed itself as I continued to grow again, striving toward eight feet now as bones cracked and sinews groaned with the tension, and flesh stretched magnificently all about my growing form.

Despite how incredibly huge I was becoming, and that muscle women had been known to lose their breasts, both my tits were still swelling as well, growing well past the Z-cup range. Still they filled with glands, the glands filled with milk and all that surrounded by warm fat.

Still more creases formed all along the lengthening realm of abdominals lining me as the muscles of this growing body of mine hardened like steel and stone, and as I convulsed again, pressing against all my restraints that tried to hold me down, I felt the ten pack of abdominals flare wider and increase in number as they rounded outward; growing from ten to twelve, then to fourteen and sixteen, right up to eighteen individual abdominals. The growth flared my body wider and thrust my chest higher, the rolling musculature separating my breasts apart and pointing them away from each other even as more lats grew in to frame my bulging abdominals. Those lats, chords of muscle so taut that they were like bridge cables, feathered in with both all my ribs and all those tightening and bulging abs.

I groaned as the twin pussy lips at the base of those abs both bulged into two broad chords that pinched together right above my puckered anus, with a super sized clit erecting outward into the air from between them, pulling the vaginal muscles that were within me out into the open air. I felt my navel heaving from each individual abdominal swelling with more mass and likewise compressing immediately with greater density. The sensation caused by that was making my navel feel as if it were vibrating as each individual ab and lat grew stronger and harder; all of them pushing other parts of me out of the way as they billowed outward into thick pads of hardened and firm yet femininely rounded muscle.

The muscles over all my ribs that feathered with my lats bulged suddenly then into hardened pads of their own as they laced with the pair of flaring dorsal muscles that further widened this body of mine and pushed my chest higher yet. The thickness of my back increased rapidly now, bulging faster than my front was simply because it had to counterbalance not only the bone and muscle of that front but also the assailing masses of mammary that hung from my chest. My back literally exploded and popped and groaned from stretching sinews and flesh with rippling chords of muscle that actually caused me to sit up slightly, raising my head off the table while at the same time those muscles flared so wide that they began to overlap my sides.

Both pectorals pressed against each other then as well as against the insides of either shoulder, the bundled and chorded chest muscles billowing forward into rippling masses which then hefted those already massively rounded orbs of my tits – either of which were already larger than the whole of my head – further upward along my bodice.

Those tits didn't grow any larger than they were now as all the chest muscles behind them segmented further into even smaller chords that were now parts of bundles of chords that splayed across my chest, radiating from either arm pit toward the center of my chest on either side.

Attached to those thickening chest muscles were also the massive arms that were continuing to grow thicker moment by moment, growing as thick as my thighs, waist and calves were, the forearms flaring, the biceps and triceps piling, the shoulders billowing outward into half a dozen different massive chords that then split into smaller ones. Veins stood on end all up and down those arms and into my chest muscles, the throbbing of blood in those veins caressing me like little fingers. It was like great hands that gripped either tit and my pussy, slid fingernails along my flesh and blessing me with greater and greater strength and beauty and vitality!

I thrashed again and came hard, the juices splattering my inner thighs as I groaned and gasped and felt milk eject from either teat to go hurtling through the air for a good dozen feet. My loins burst again with another eruption of ejaculate, covering those thighs with crystalline and silken yet very thick and sticky juices. And again I came again, wetting the insides of both thighs even further with a minute burst as I moaned deep and gutturally this time and thrashed against all the restraints holding me again while I grew larger and stronger, stretched further apart.

I felt a form of armor growing beneath my flesh as both the existing musculature and the new musculature webbing all the bones together or comingling with my old muscles, bulged and hardened to the consistency of steel wires.

The bowl of my hips widened and rolled as my spine arched deeply – the whole of me constantly trying to counter and counter-counter balance itself – deepening the size of my crotch which likewise allowed that pussy guarding it to swell into a massive mound that cleaved solidly down its middle, I felt my ability to feel sexual arousal growing steadily from that swelling pussy. More pleasure than I'd ever felt before assailed me in wave after wave of all over body sensations, with all of it ending in throbbing, pinching and pulsating jolts in my clit and nipples.

The broadening of those hips likewise allowed both thighs to erupt outward with even greater amounts of hard steely muscle just like both my arms already had, with either arm now continuing to grow right along with my navel so that all five sections of this luxuriously muscular body of mine continued to grow all to be the same thickness!

“More! Give me more!” I cried, and Suchong chuckled as he turned a dial all the way up, and I screamed immediately in orgasmic pleasure as more power and muscles piled on me, popping into existence, exploding beneath flesh that tore the flesh above it and healed the tearing flesh as rapidly as it stretched.

I came yet again, came explosively, squirting a tight stream of ejaculate down onto the table from that tight twat of mine, my toes spreading as my fingers clawed the air.

Calves flared and billowed while brachials bubbled into existence all over me; chest muscles and all its individual chords lurched forward and pushed other parts of me further out of the way while my back flared like the hood of a cobra beneath me. My throat thickening, the individual chords thickening into massive chords as my neck lengthened, making me surpass eight feet in height just by that minute increase of neck length, while the sides of that neck flared so wide that they spanned a straight line right from my skull straight into my shoulders.

All the back muscles attached to those neck muscles simply rounded outward into ignoble masses of feminine muscle, which thusly only allowed more muscle to pile on my upper bodice.

And still I grew...

This change, perhaps because of all the pleasure it wrought, felt like it lasted the longest yet, and I heard all my braces and restraints click and pop repeatedly as I grew larger than was humanly possible, increasing in weight at least twenty fold over the measly little hundred and ten pound me that I was before all this began. Either of my tits were perhaps several times heavier than that previous weight... either looked so large and so massive that with all the milk in them, either one must've weighed at least five hundred pounds!

And then I chanced to look up at the mirror as I watched myself grow beyond its bounds to reflect, with massive pecks and flaring deltoids with broad thick clavicle bones and a bulging sternum, and due to the thickness of my back, I was actually angled upward slightly at that point. Straining and flexing, feeling the burning of the muscles in my legs, arms and body, I heard my restraints groaning as I made an attempt to free myself, but then another wave of growth hit me, and I began to mutate with even greater levels of muscular development tearing me apart to double and then redouble and redouble again the number of muscle strands that covered me and thusly allowed me to grow all the further.

But once those bundles of muscle grew so much that I couldn't even move anymore, and they were choking me from how absolutely compressed they were, suddenly more mutations happened inside of me and whole parts of my body suddenly seemed to detach, and slough sideways and then firm up again with the bones inside me cracking and clicking as they rapidly realigned for this radical new body. In very short order I grew by several inches, and flared by a foot or more, just before the rest of me continued to billow

and engorge unbridled once again, with every square inch of my body, hardening and firming up to become like metal and stone.

“Ngh... MORE!” I groaned and thrust my hips upward, rolling them, trying to get a dick inside it instinctively, my legs flopping open even as more of me simply unfolded, sloughed off to one side and then firmed up again with yet more muscles unknown to the human body rapidly billowing into existence on the opened spaces.

I felt like those muscles were carving themselves erotically beneath my flesh, especially the ones that were building up beneath my pussy, and each billowing muscle fiber in me felt like a finger scraping its way against me; my flesh throbbing and billowing and rippling with every little movement as I doubled in mass again.

The very bed I laid upon was groaning underneath my weight, and still I grew heavier as I flared, bulged, burgeoned, grew and amassed.

And then with a shuddering I fell back against the metal bed, over eight feet tall now and possessing a mane of billowing hair that spilled about me and off the table, its entire mass having darkened amidst all my varied growths to become as red as fire and matching the color of my full lips, throbbing clit and both nipples and areola.

“Please tell me that’s not all you got...” I said immediately toward Suchong, breathing in and out heavily.

“As a matter of course, it’s not...” he chuckled, and began to set up another round of Tonics and Plasmids.

Chapter 9 – Phase Four: Sexual Enhancement and Augmentation

“We are such sexual creatures.” Suchong said as the next set of multi-colored filled vials slid into place on all the machines as he flipped switches and turned yet more dials.

I heard the buzz of the machines and the whirs and clicks of machinery around me as they set themselves to the next stage of this tremendous growth I was undertaking, though already I vibrated with strength and undulated and bulged and rippled with every little movement, and to top it all off... I was *so*... horny!

I impatiently flexed and strained my muscles as best as I could while I waited, hearing the metal bindings around me groaning as I loosened the bands about me from time to time, but then they'd click back into place when I let off the strain.

There would be a reckoning with this Suchong guy, but I wanted everything he had to give me...

God, I needed a dick in me.

“Since the dawn of man till now, our entire society is based all upon the singular mindset of sex. The differences between the sexes from the way we dress and what we do. We work to have sex, we play to have sex, we want to enhance ourselves to have better sex, and self-help books, instruction manuals and more.

“And, just because I could, I developed several Tonics that are the only items in all the many Tonics I've made which are segregated between Type A and Type B.”

“Which gender is A and which is B?” I asked him, still tensing muscles, felling them grow even more as they were strained.

“I'm Japanese, Katharine. You should know by now that women are always second in our culture, and have been second for many thousands of years. I'm not one to break such a time-honored tradition...”

“Then why didn't you do this yourself?” I smirked.

“Because I need...” he started, but I interrupted him immediately.

“Because you don't have a womb.” I said smugly. “Admit it! Without a woman's ability to reproduce, none of us would be here.”

Suchong shook his head, and I had the idea that he was smirking at me from within the shadows of that hat and jacket.

“Don’t be so stupid, Katharine. I find it remarkable that the ability to reproduce our race is the only trump card that women have held close to their ludicrous bosoms for so long... they try to remind us men constantly of that fact, and yet, you forget that you don’t hold the sole arbitrary ability of reproduction. Therein, you still need a man... even in the most basic of situations, even with artificial insemination; you still need a male donor.

“Despite this vaunted reproductive ability that you possess that you state that no man can do, always remember that without us, neither can you.”

I swallowed as he faced me, his hands pausing atop the controls. “Though you as a woman may be the machine for the process, Katharine, we are the fuel and the drive. Do not forget that, else wise I will remind you of your place in the world again.” He lifted a finger and pointed it at my face then. “And suffer no illusions that I cannot still harm you in your current state. I’m granting you phenomenal power... so understand that there are safeguards in place to keep you beneath my thumb...

“Your purpose for this process is underneath the fact that yes, you have a womb, and that was paramount for the current process that I’ve created, but simply because I haven’t created something in this pressing time that cannot equally be used in a man. So hold your tongue woman, and remember your place.”

I fumed at him, but then he was activating the machines again, and I turned my head atop this massively thick and hulking body of mine to see the Tonics sliding toward me within their tubes, and I gripped both hands in preparation as they neared, feeling my mouth water as the juices came toward me.

“But as I was saying, Katharine, we are sexual creatures... and you, I think, shall benefit from empowering your sexuality...

“The traits that would make you incredibly fertile will only enhance your Eve production... and enhancing your capacity for arousal will place your body into a state that will add on top of that production. You’ll have the equivalent of a Eve reactor inside you to fuel all your powers, a perpetually recharging battery that will allow you to run at peak capabilities at all times. And likewise, adding onto your constant state of pregnancy... perhaps we should add to your milk production and give it the ability to make more Eve... so just in case you drain your Eve reservoir, you can always get a quick boost by siphoning some of your milk off.

“Regardless... I think you should have an incredible sexuality made to match your indomitable physical power.”

And then the Tonics entered my blood, flushing into me from the many needles still piercing me, and unlike the fire that struck me before, this was cool and tingling, soothing; the sensation bringing a realm of goose bumps up all over my body, ranging

from head to toe and even over my pussy – the prickling sensation only enhancing my arousal – immediately upon entering me.

The very first thing that happened to me was that all the body hair that was on my below the scalp suddenly shriveled up and fell from me, all the pores closing rapidly as parts of me with both muscle and bone realigned themselves and changed, making me more rounded instead of angular, but nonetheless left every muscle in me super defined. And then between my bulging thighs as my hips as they widened even more, that voluminous mound of vaginal muscle distended and bulged into a great pocket of flesh; the thing quivering and pulsating with every beat of my heart.

I closed my eyes, swearing that I was being made love to by a long and gentle prick that kept sliding against my insides as even the sexual muscles behind those pussy lips strengthened and tensed. Muscle and bone mutated and my flesh became soft and smooth over the steely hard and rippling muscles beneath it, and I was pretty sure that I was undergoing yet more muscular growth as I gained anywhere between fifty and a hundred pounds in pure muscle strength within those first few moments.

And then I felt both nipples hardening, hardening and strengthening as the pair quivered and throbbed as they erected further from atop either mammary as those swelled even further outward. Those teats and the areola they sat upon thickened and lengthened steadily and bulging at their ends into thick fleshy nibs that began to steadily leak milk out their ends; the areola beneath them broaden as they puffed out superbly.

But then I felt a pressure, a hot pressure behind those nipples as blood flushed them and the clitoris between my thighs, hot blood pushing into me and engorging every square inch of my body, especially my lips, nipples, pussy and clit. My lips and naughty bits darkened in color as the three fleshy sexual muscles continued expanding, the clitoris erecting outward and pulling the folds of vaginal muscle from the inside of me outward with it as it erected and arched upward slightly just before I orgasmed and erupted yet another wash of sticky silken juices.

But the feeling of pressure of the blood rushing into my nipples, expanding them thicker and harder was different that what was in my clit and lips, and I groaned against the feeling as the pressure of what felt like growing climaxes pressed against the back of those teats. More milk spilled from me the harder the pressure became, and the nearer to the end of the milk duct it spread, and looking to my large and bulbously rounded tits, I gasped and moaned with every breath as those two mounds continued to bulge. Clawing the fingers of either hand in a desire to masturbate and caress those tits, I saw those rounded boobs gaining a deep blush as the milk pressure intensified, and twin fountains of milk suddenly sprayed from them in several directions.

The spray splattered me with its silken goodness, splattering my face and hair and most of my body, and I even laughed, getting some of it in my mouth while the chest muscles behind those tits heaved suddenly thicker, the bar across them releasing a couple of

notches while the bulbous mammaries rolled and shook, sloshing their milk as the fountains ended.

Looking to those tits, I saw them as great pumpkin-sized melons attached to the corners of my chest, but as I watched those melons swelling and growing still beneath the softening and malleable flesh, spreading their masses along the chorded pectorals and the ribs lining my chest and sides, their glands just kept growing and growing, filling with a thickening creamy nectar laced with Eve.

It filled my chest with more energy, it felt, making my bodice seem to glow with how nourishing it was as the veins all around either tit throbbed and pulsated, with the nipples growing so hard that they ached, their firmness actually stopping the flow of milk coming from either tit at long last. I even felt a long hard vein stand on end on the underside of either tit, the thing throbbing powerfully as it that led straight up to the nipples on the end of either tit.

Those tits felt like medicine balls rolling atop my chest as they rolled and churned. The pressure within both behind both nipples and areola as they spread atop those firming and rounding breasts made me think that at any moment they'd burst atop my chest, but still they grew and amassed, leaking trickles of milk now and then as they did.

More of me grew all the more firm and sinuous to support my growing sexuality and I tensed my loins again as those teats rose higher than ever. Sweat glistened on the whole of my body with the milk splatter, and I grew very hot and ready for several days' worth of tantric sex.

Moaning like a whore in heat, I bubbled thicker everywhere, each individual little muscle standing on end now while I felt the sweat slide over the many contours and sloping arcs of this massive body of mine, and I swallowed and gurgled, instinctively arching myself and spreading my legs open as wide as they could go, I felt the whole of me alter itself in order to counterbalance and support those growing tits and a flaring ass.

And then with a tremendous orgasm, two white droplets formed on the ends of both teats, just before twin gouts of cream erupted from either nipple, and an explosion erupted from the distended and bulbous vaginal mound between my spread open thighs.

The pressure continued to grow, spreading open a tunnel down the center of either nipple, widening the passageway as the pressure built, and soon milk was spraying up and away from me, rising from a sprinkling to a spray, and then gouting fluids that splashed and splattered onto the floor. And still those boobs grew.

“There we go... now to add the second set of this stage.” Suchong said, and I moaned in fear as I looked to him, and writhing steadily I felt more pins poke me in the neck, thick hypodermic needles, just before a rush of more fluids flushed into me and seemed to slide straight up into my brain.

These new Tonics triggered hormones and pheromones that flowed through me, and I cried out, my arousal so hot and thick that I could think of nothing else, my tits growing larger and larger yet till they had to fold into the crooks between body and arms while I continued to grow stronger and thicker to support all that mammary weight!

But the flood of Tonics into me opened my mind to newer things, quickening my thought process, releasing holds on mental traits that made me more and more aware of newer sexual pleasures, and now that I could feel these sensations, they commanded me and held me for what felt like an eternity.

I was nearing blacking out again, but I fought the frightening sensation and stayed awake, kept my eyes open, and just felt the feeling all while climaxing from either tit and my vivacious cunt.

Throttling my restraints, I made them groan and tense, and drawing on them, I felt a couple of them over my chest and bulging arms and thighs snap completely open as I put on hundreds of pounds in both muscular and skeletal weight within those long tenuous minutes, but on top of all that muscle also came an incredible amount of weight in sheer mammary and liquid weight.

I was nearing two tons now, easily, and as these Tonics neared the end of their flow, I screamed and spasmed tightly, orgasming and transforming and creaming constantly as that scream echoed in the room about me. I emptied both lungs as I suddenly transformed on a whole body basis, holding that pose and that piercing scream till, after many long moments, with the last bit of air having escaped me, I collapsed against the table and remained there... too stupid from such an incredible sexual experience to do much else.

For a time, as I leaked more milk and seeped more of my crystalline vaginal juices... I remained brain dead.

Chapter 10 – Phase Five: Plasmids

I felt like a drooling idiot. Here I was, a hulking woman, super strong, stronger than hundreds, maybe thousands of men, and I didn't even have mind enough to know what two plus two meant.

“Wake up! Snap to, you stupid woman!” a voice came into my head, the voice seeming to come from afar and through a layer of water, and turning my head, I saw Suchong rise even as he finished strapping me to the table with leather straps because I broke some of the metal ones.

I groaned, tightened both eyes and then blinked at him. “Who are you calling stupid?” I groaned. “If you'd just experienced what I just experienced, you'd be out of it too.”

“No I wouldn't because I have more control over my senses. Now pay attention!” and he snapped his fingers in my face as I snarled at him. “You are about to be changed in ways internally and externally that most will find impossible. You need to pay attention to this, for what I'm about to do to you will take you so far beyond what it means to be human, that you cannot be considered human any more.”

I remained silent for a moment.

“Did you hear me?”

“I heard you, you stupid Jap. You already took my womanhood away... you may as well take my humanity for this stupid quest of yours, so just get on with it!”

Suchong straightened, and then approached me.

I was so massive that he seemed small to me, so massive that I filled the whole of the table that I laid upon, filled it so much that parts of me hung off its edges and both my legs were angled up into the air and spread apart. But as he approached, he dared to lift a hand to my tit, and massaging the nipple he squeezed milk from my fat tit that spilt over his hand.

“Up until now... I've been injecting you with simple gene Tonics. What I shall be injecting you with next is what we call a *Plasmid*.' Unlike the previous Tonics, which improve upon various parts of your being, these Plasmids will actually add to you what can only be called, super-powers.

“They are powers and abilities that are definitely beyond what whatever God you worshiped intended a simple woman like you to possess, like Telekinesis, Pyrokinesis, Electrokinetics and so on.

“You’re already super strong, but with certain Plasmids I can make that strength even greater, where your output is many times greater than what your normal human muscles, though massive as they already are, can produce. You’ll become super smart with power over the very elements.

“Does that sound like something you’d want, child?” he said and rubbed the taut muscles lining my belly that sloped from my ribs, sank low and rose again over my many taut abdominals and onto my pelvis, just before his fingers caressed the bumps and grooves of that imperiously bulging mound of vaginal muscles at the base of my abdomen.

“Just get on with it.” I said through gritted teeth, and Suchong merely lifted a hand, turned to his console and gestured, and I saw the air between his hand and the lever on the console ripple somehow, and the lever clicked downward into place, starting the machines up.

I blinked at that as he returned to me while he continued to rub and caress my body, feeling the firmness of the muscles down my front from chest to pussy, and then caressing the contours of one massive tit that was still moist from my milk and sweat.

“Welcome to godhood.” Suchong said, even as the first of those Plasmids slid into me from the tubes.

My heart beat hard the instant they entered me, pulling the substances which felt like peanut butter being forced through my veins, spreading through me and flooding into each and every last piece of me.

“Ah... AH! AHHHHHH!!” I cried out, feeling every last muscle in me suddenly rippling outward, engorging me rapidly to such an inhuman degree.

Chest muscles swelled upward to press against my throat, overlapping both clavicle bones with their thickness and hefting my breasts up while at the same time firming the pair up even harder than ever. Instead of medicine balls, they were like steel orbs inside their soft fleshy masses.

Biceps billowed outward twice as large as before, the pair of them pausing and spasming for a moment as the muscles within them all realigned, just before they swelled and rapidly to twice that size again, all while the triceps opposite them grew to become equally as large as the biceps. Either forearm likewise broadened as wide as the upper arms were, the pair flaring into bulbous masses that tapered deeply toward the wrists which then led to a pair of enlarged and thickened hands that still seemed to retain that long-fingered feminine look to them, but perhaps it was only by comparison...

Both shoulders rounded outward, the twin sets billowing into a series of radiating chords that thickened deeply and flared about the tips of either arm with each individual muscle strand standing on end and hardening along with the rest of both arms into chords harder than steel.

This all happened even as my already massively engorged chest muscles chorded into powerful radiating chords just like my shoulders were, the combination of upper back muscles, shoulders and chest muscles creating a ring that wrapped the front of my body and held either tit up by an array of steely muscle chords like the cabling that's used to hold heavy machinery in place. Soon my chest became like two wrecking balls held aloft by bundles of bridge cable, and my arms were like twin pneumatic shovels used in heavy construction.

All the muscles in my back exploded outward, bubbling like a the frothing top of stew that was boiling over, with all those monstrous back muscles broadening me in a mixture of pain and intense pleasure. The incredible growth pushed my head forward atop a lengthening and thickening throat and a flaring neck that spread outward like a hood surrounding my head, all while the hair atop my scalp grew longer and wilder, frizzing into a natural curl as it cascaded down the enlarged back and growing hump of muscle there, and it all would've hung right past the tightening ass cheeks holding up either leg in its unending growth toward the floor if I hadn't been horizontal at the moment. But the once blonde hair that had turned red spilled all about my face and head, sliding over both breasts as the mane split to the fore and rear of me, loose strands getting into my mouth as it poured down onto the floor...

I felt the ribs holding up both chest and breasts thicken and crack and groan while the dorsal muscles hugging them flared wide about my body and helped thicken me subtly as it did. Beneath those ribs and locked in between the broadened hip bones beneath them, the multitude of abdominal muscles lining this form engorged themselves in this unyielding power growing in me, all of them bulging outward twice as thick as before while all the muscles of my midsection became taut long chords that overlapped each other from them all being connected to or compressed by all the other muscles of my middle.

Both butt cheeks bulged and hardened, splitting into their three secondary muscles as my outer thighs billowed massively, carving themselves into tertiary muscles that showed subtly in comparison to the rest of me as the outer thighs those cheeks held swallowed both my inner thighs within their swelling masses.

In both legs, the individual secondary muscle masses had billowed outward radically, with the Achilles tendons being bulbous chords that stood one end, and the realm of either inner thigh growing smaller and smaller in opposition to the enormous outer thighs. Huge curving trails of muscles billowed either upper leg outward, with the inner thighs becoming nothing more than bundles of interconnecting chords that all radiated from the distending and bulging vaginal mound between them. With how thick the outer thighs were and how sunken the inner thighs were, whenever I pinched both legs together, they enclosed that distended pussy of mine sweetly between them. Even as I did that now, feeling my sopping wet cunt get enclosed within a warm little patch, I grit my teeth and convulsed even as an eruption of still more vaginal juices ejected from me.

I groaned, wondering how in the hell I was able to produce so much ejaculate, but nonetheless it was happening, and I'd successfully climaxed more times than any woman should've been able to.

Opening my eyes after the climax, I looked at the enormous thighs that were upraised and pinched together now, even as I wet myself several more times with follow up micro-orgasms, even as I felt both my lower legs billowing now; their calves flaring outward and billowing backward, pinching themselves against my bottom and the undersides of both thighs, all while the forelegs themselves rippled with growing and thickening muscle striations that rapidly separated into secondary and tertiary strands that stood one end like I were a carved piece of porcelain.

All over this body, every muscle kept carving themselves into smaller and smaller strands, every square inch of me becoming rippling and as hard as stone and steel wrapped with a thin cushioning layer of taut flesh. In the grand development of this body of mine, both arms thickened to become the same thickness as either of my thighs, which were likewise the same thickness as my middle. Great piles of muscle had become what used to be known as my chest and back, and either tit was so large that either was easily considered to be a beach-ball in size!

But that wasn't all that was growing...

I felt a throbbing in my skull, like it was trying to burst open, and I cried out, tears in my eyes as I literally heard the cracking of skull plates, felt the throbbing of all the arteries in my brain. My brain itself was growing, pulsating briefly with the power of a migraine as it broke open the varied plates of my skull as it did; those plates rapidly thickening and as they grew rapidly to try to keep the gaps closed to protect the brain.

Veins stood on end about my temples as my consciousness evolved, and I felt knowledge and wisdoms that I'd never learned myself loading into me. Suddenly I was spontaneously learning concepts about physics and mathematics and other sciences, I learned manual skills like sword fighting and something called martial arts, all of them assaulting me rapidly. Portions of my brain were also billowing subtly, even its physical form evolving and developing portions of my physical mind that made me aware of more of the world than I never knew existed before.

There was a feeling of conscious thought that assailed me, and I heard... voices... voices of the denizens of Rapture, and as maddening as they were I tried to shut out the noise.

My restraints shrieked against my growing body as I erupted even further outward, not growing in height anymore but instead increased in mass, with my mind growing as this body grew in order to keep absolute control over it.

I was growing stronger, wiser, smarter... and as my brain developed I also began to feel new powers developing inside me, felt my skull nearing exploding atop my thick bulbous

neck, but likewise, the stronger of a consciousness my brain gained, the more powerful my body became.

As muscles expanded and grew supremely larger, muscles overlapping and doubling upon each other now, physical mutations occurred to allow for more muscle to grow as tendons hardened and thickened to stand on end from underneath my flesh. My bones smoothed and hardened, intensifying the natural armor beneath the steel-like muscle fibers of this body.

But also, along with an increased physical power came an increased sexual prowess, and while I thickened still, with my arms and legs and body swelling all the larger, I felt my nipples bulging larger again as the glandular and milk production of those tits atop either pectoral increased again, and they steadily ballooned outward.

I screamed again and fought my restraints, jerking on one arm, hearing the groaning of metal against its bolts before I finally jerked the first restraint outward, from about my thick wrist, and with another jerk pulled the other restraint from the bulging upper arm.

I rolled, gasping for air as the outermost layer of flesh on my body seemed to harden, and as I spasmed, the metal band across my chest sheered itself straight out of the metal bed I was on. The outer surface of my body was still soft and plush, like silken velvet, but it was toughening up and crystallizing, hardening steadily from a point just above my heart, and flooding outward in every direction.

I flexed the arm that I'd just released and gaped at it, watching it billow and bulge, erupting outward with the sound of wet balloons being rubbed the wrong way as they filled and grew like folded mountains; the fingernails lengthening into log claws.

I was mutating inside now as well, my guts, my bones and sinews shifting and realigning, all so that I could grow stronger yet and more mountainous, and I merely turned in one direction and jerked once and I freed my other arm completely from its two braces with only a single jerk of my massive body. With a snarl and my form trailing countless hoses and wires that were tipped by needles that were still stuck in me, I lifted myself, popping the remaining straps and braces across my body as I bent forward over myself, both tits spilling into my lap before I freed both legs by gripping the braces and ripping them free of the table.

And there I sat, breathing heavily with my mind shaking and dizzy, trying to make heads or tails of what was happening to me, but that was before my bowels compressed and tightened, and biting on my lower lip, I groaned and felt the bulging set of vaginal muscles set between either of the mountainous legs I now possessed split open with the greatest torrent of hot sticky nectar I'd yet released.

Snarling and gritting my teeth I promptly cupped that viciously massive yet supplely smooth cunt, inserting several thickened fingers into it and caressing myself to erupt several more times as my body, mind and being changed. I heard the splattering wetness

of those juices all over the table as they spilled onto the slotted deck plates on the floor, with milk leaking, practically pouring, from both breasts like they were tipped over milk jugs, those juices and fluids seeping from within me to pour over either legs and occasionally ejaculate outward as those mountainous mammaries swelled till they ached with the milk-laden glands within them.

While still masturbating, I eyed one of those great and mountainous breasts, and massaging one, cajoling its teat and the thickly swollen pad of its areola, I milked myself for a short while till I couldn't stand it any longer, and taking that tit, I rolled it along my chest, the thing malleable and able to be compressed only with my strength, and even then only after I sprayed out some of the milk that was in it, and I inserted its nipple into my mouth and began to suck.

The creamiest, most silken milk I'd ever tasted slid into my throat, so sweet that both my eyes rolled back in their sockets, and I fulfilled the uttermost fantasy that I had in me since I learned about sexual experience, from when my vagina started to give me the urges of a fertile woman, and I nursed from my own breast even while the chest muscles beneath those two tits flared forward and outward, and all the muscles of my back billowed ever backward to continue counterbalance those intensely huge mammaries.

The milk was never ending too! The moment that I drained a little of it, the tit filled up right away, the muscles of teat and areola remaining constantly hard and erect, the nipple muscles so strong that they kept the milk duct clenched shut lest I applied that added bit of pressure to draw milk from them.

I orgasmed again about those probing fingers of mine, and erupted yet again before pulling that hand from inside myself, and looking at the stringy and glistening juices, I took that hand and sucked on it before stuffing the other hand between my legs, allowing both tits to leak their milk all over my thighs while I enjoyed the silken sweetness of my vaginal juices.

Suchong remained where he was as I changed, with me occasionally gasping and groaning, feeling so freaking *horny* now as I simply sat on the edge of the table with both legs spread wide open, spilling more juices and milk from my body as I laughed occasionally against the power radiating within me. I even clenched both hands and pinched the metal of the table beneath my fingers during one particularly intense orgasm, leaving imprints of my fingers in solid steel!

And then I felt myself sweating, breathing heavily as I felt the odd sensation of being in a sauna, while at the same time a subtle coolness rose up within me to counteract it. I was perspiring and heaving, both tits expanding and contracting with each breath as I grew and grew, and it was then that I looked at the firmly creased arm holding my long-nailed hand, and I gasped at the sight of a growing blush in the flesh that soon reddened like a rash, just before blisters formed.

“W-what’s... *HAPPENING?!*” I screamed the last word as the blisters snapped and suddenly a gout of flame escaped my flesh. “Suchong!” I cried and lifted my other arm, feeling more flames rising up over my supremely muscled body, even while a snap of electricity snapped across my body and danced between my two highly erect nipples.

“Be calm, Katharine.” Suchong said from a safe distance as the flames crept up both my arms, up toward my head. “You are gaining an enhanced Plasmid, a level of Pyrokinetics that will allow you to control fire but likewise be wreathed in it. You decide whether it burns a thing. But also, you are gaining Electrokinetics as well... the power over electricity. They will protect you and guard you... like lovers on your body.”

And I witnessed as the fire spread all over me, sliding up into my head but it didn’t burn my skin... it only cooked off the outer most layer of flesh. My long mane of hair caught fire too, though the strands didn’t burn, they waved about my head like a bonfire. The fire slid down my body too as more snaps and cracks of blue-green electricity arched over me from head to toe, and the flames wreathing me likewise from head to toe as I endeavored to claim control of them, reducing their flames into small fires about me that left blushes over parts of me. Eventually, it became little more than a flower-like bloom that lit me from the inside from directly around my heart, the bloom showing itself through every bit of me from throat to navel and from shoulder to shoulder.

It even made parts of my breasts glow!

The electricity, however, snapped between my breasts and nipples, cascading around each finger and arm as it rippled down my body. It tingled me... added to the arousal that I felt like fingernails sliding along my body, rising goose bumps all over this imperious form of mine.

Lifting a hand and playing with that electricity coiling about my fingers, controlling it and making it do what I willed it to do through mind alone, going so far as commingling fire about it, I gazed at a hand that now grew thicker. The already existing claws on those hands hardened and sharpened like animal claws, *like a bear’s claws*, I thought, with each nail on each finger and toe following suit. Like metal hooks they were, the bones compressing and sharpening as they thickened, and seeing them, contemplating them, I instinctively understood them. I turned and raked the hand that I was observing outward suddenly, and those fingernails cut long finger gouges into the steel of the metal bed I’d been resting on.

I laughed at those marks and then tensed, pressing both legs together to cup my pussy in between them as I went into a sudden torrent of repeating orgasms that created a sloppy puddle beneath me. I felt those orgasms take me, make me powerless against them as they lanced over and over from me.

“AH!” I gasped once it was all over, and gritting my teeth tightly, feeling even those sharpening as I gripped both tits with both hands and squeezed out twin long sprays of

milk as I gyrated my hips and cunt against the table, rocking them with the pleasure that was still in me.

And then I felt a spasming all over me, and a trembling, just before I heard crunches and felt a cooling tingling from the fiery heat all over me, and looking at my arms, I flexed them, watched them swell before me, just before a torrent of bloody explosions extended a mass of ice crystals from the back of my forearms. But those growths didn't stop there... no, they continued erupting outward all over my body. Off my upper arms and out my shoulders, out of the neck muscles and all across my back, along the sides of both thighs and calves, just before the crystals formed a sheathe of ice over parts of me, which then crystallized into segments of ice armor that clung to me.

Just like I couldn't feel the heat of the fire or the snap of the electricity, I couldn't feel the cold of the ice. And then I tensed my muscles again and a spray of ice ejected from my fists to turn a wall into permafrost before me, just before it crumbled from the cold.

"Neat." I smirked, and spread both mighty arms open as I glowed blue and red from ice and fire, my hair alight with flames while electricity snapped across this body of mine.

Those ice crystals all over me, acting as a layer of hard armor, were getting larger, as was the rest of me, my body swelling and engorging still, billowing outward into yet more massive proportions, and with a groan as I began to orgasm steadily yet again, feeling my loins splitting open repeatedly, suddenly I orgasmed so massively that I actually exploded! Literally exploded! The whole of me just erupted into a fine red mist, and yet I was still aware of myself.

There was a presence of self, as light and as weightless as if the world had no touch upon me, and though I couldn't see myself, I was able to get to my feet and move, and even lift right up off the ground! I was aware of my being just percolating in the air, and turning, seeing everything moving as if in slow motion, I saw that this snapping explosion that had resulted from such an orgasm had removed every pin from my body to let them fall to the table.

I was aware of myself only as an outline, a shell with nothing in it, and turning toward Suchong, who was standing behind his console, looking around for me, I smirked and then stepped over to him, feeling power rising in my every step before I gathered together the bits of myself, and I reformed immediately behind him, and lifting both hands, I threw off his hat and pulled the high-collared front of his jacket down to reveal his face.

Suchong was indeed Japanese, with one eye sloping upward toward his ear, but his other eye was a red orb inside a metallic socket, and one whole side of his face was made out of a metal mask that appeared to be stapled to his head and fed by hoses beneath his coat.

Stepping back and gasping, both tits jiggling and wobbling as I felt more of my power swelling inside me to whole new inhuman, unnatural and supernatural limits.

“What the hell happened to you?” I gasped as Suchong pulled his coat collar back up and replaced his hat to hide his face.

“Something called a Big Daddy.” Suchong replied, and then switched off all the machines. “Something that you’ll encounter in Rapture, Katharine, for they guard the Little Sisters, the little girls who gather Adam.

“The last Big Daddy that I upset tore half my face off with a drill. I assure you that despite all your power, and other than Fontaine himself, they pose the biggest threat to you. Best that you avoid them as best as you can, Katharine.

“As for the other denizens of Rapture... you have the maximum power of all the powers that they have only a little of. The Splicers, as they are known, all of whom have a particular specialty, and so group themselves as such.

“Spider Splicers are those who have claws like yours. They can climb any surface, even cling to ceilings. They also have incredible jumping powers and throwing skills, while up close their claws are quite deadly.

“The Thugish Splicers are those with increased speed, strength and dexterity, and they use knives, pipes, anything that they can get their hands on in order to brutalize anyone who might get in their way.

“Then there are the Lead Head Splicers.” Suchong said, and busied himself with shutting down the other machines. “They’ll carry actual ranged weaponry, and have powers that can seek out your weaknesses – good luck of them discovering any now – and shoot it with high accuracy with their weapons.

“The more spectacular Splicers you’ll meet are the Houdini Splicers, which are those who use that teleportation trick you just used and throw fireballs like you can, though of course, no where near as large as the fireballs that you’re capable of. They do, however, have the most annoying organization, in the form of an elitist religious cult.

“The final type are the Nitro Splicers. They’re similar to the Lead Head Splicers, but instead of guns they throw various forms of grenades at you.”

“You may encounter others, those with extraordinary powers on your way to defeat Fontaine, but...”

“Woah-woah-woah... woah.” I said holding both my monstrous hands up, either wrought with crisscrossing tendons, the fingers tipped with claws and both of them sheathed in ice. “Who ever said I’d do this for you? You kidnap me, strap me to a table, stick some sort of worm up my cunt that makes it so that I can’t have a baby any more, and now you pump me full of super powers and tell me to go fight your battle?” I reached out and cuffed the little man, who was head, neck, shoulders, chest and sternum smaller than me

now, and I lifted him easily up off the ground. “Give me one good reason why I shouldn’t break you and wad you up into a little ball for what you’ve done to me.”

“Katharine, would you kindly put me down and stand at attention.” Suchong said, and before I knew what I was doing, I set him carefully on his feet, took a step back and snapped to as expertly as a soldier standing at attention.

I blinked when I realized what I’d done, and I wanted to protest, but I couldn’t get myself to move from that position as Suchong dusted himself off and began pushing the machines off to the sides of the room while I stood there.

“Like I said, Katharine, I made you, I constructed you, and I conditioned you. I know everything that you really are, and though you are more powerful than any one thing in Rapture now, I still nonetheless control you.

“There are words and phrases that I have at my control, and when those fail there are simple thoughts where all I need do is think them to you, where I can get you to do anything or that I can do anything to you that I like... such as stop your heart from beating, keep your lungs from breathing or make you commit any sort of atrocity that I wish, and you’ll mindlessly go an do it without any other thought in your head.

“Would you kindly push all these pieces of equipment gently up against the walls.” Suchong said, and again without thinking, I lifted my arms and used my new Telekinesis, carefully, to push the equipment up against the walls like he asked, and only when I was done did I realize that I did what he said.

My mind whirled as I tried to make heads or tails out of this, and then I realized what he was doing. “Would you kindly...” I said aloud.

“Hm...” Suchong said and turned toward me to address me fully. “Those Plasmids are working well for you. You’re now smarter than any woman alive.”

“And how does that rate in your mind to me comparing to a man?” I scowled.

“Smarter than Fontaine at least...” Suchong said quietly, and then paused, coughing repeatedly as I felt the last of the Plasmids click into place inside me, filling me to the brim, it felt, taking up each and every last bit of Adam that was in me. “Now my dear child... would you kindly go kill Atlas, also known as Frank Fontaine, for me?”

I spasmed immediately, heaving and breathing like a bellows as this body of mine rippled and rolled with power both physical and unnatural, feeling a pang in my heart about the thought of killing someone, but my body nonetheless moved of its own accord, and with an explosion, I erupted into a mass of red mist and dissipated into the air, just before I rushed toward an air vent, passing right through it like a ghost before going up and out of the room, following my mental mandate.

Chapter 11 – The Hunt

I could feel the turmoil in my brain as I rushed along, exiting the air shafts after circumnavigating a maze of them and solidifying once again to appear flying in mid air as I appeared within a great chamber where there must've been housing everywhere. My telekinesis was so incredible that I could literally hold myself up motionless above the ground, with either tit being hundreds of pounds alone, and the rest of me one or two thousand pounds in weight at the least.

But the discovery that I was flying was muted in my brain as I simply worked on automatic, trying desperately to take control of this body of mine as I settled onto the ground as gracefully as a ballerina being set down by her male counterpart after she'd just leapt into his arms, though I was brimming and overflowing with utter power and growing stronger by the moment still it felt as I stood there taking in my surroundings.

My pussy throbbed constantly, the thing moistening minutely while every little thing that stressed me helped me to grow stronger. Even the sheer weight of gravity this deep under the water was helping to expand my muscles as I was now free to work them, and while I grew stronger, I also grew more graceful and fluid.

Pushing what looked like trolleys and busses out of my way were one such stress, and I remarked that I was like Samson as he pushed the pillars apart to topple the temple onto the heads of the heretics who mocked him as I strained my mighty muscularity throbbing with pulsating veins and arteries; both tits wobbling minutely within their firm sacks of flesh.

Rapture was a place of wonder, I found, the architecture would've been beautiful in its hay day, but that day has long since passed. It looked more like a war zone here, like England after the Blitzkrieg.

I stepped lithely and gracefully, clenching both butt cheeks together in a perpetual erotic high, feeling myself becoming immune to even the pull of the Earth's gravity, feeling myself becoming weightless as I walked with uttermost power flowing about me. My hair whisked and whipped about my head in its fire while vapor rose from the ice covering portions of this super-powered body of mine.

Every step I took led me through this place called Rapture, and though teleportation was useful and quick from time to time, I found that it was tiring, and the longer I was in it, the harder it was for me to keep myself together, so I went by foot when I could.

It was amazing about what I didn't fear as I walked along, coming to a place where I heard a grinding noise, and saw a spot light moving along the ground, and I stepped forward with both breasts jiggling and bouncing with each step till I paused and shifted all my weight to one leg at the sound of voices.

I had to wait only a moment longer before several Splicers stepped into view, those that Suchong explained as Gun and Thugish Splicers. They saw me and all the power that I radiated, and apparently thought that I was an automatic target. They began screaming and hollering at me, even as the Lead Head Splicers opened fire at me. I looked down as bullets flattened against my iron-like body and fell off after flattening from the impact or ricocheted off in some odd direction, and other than a light tap, I didn't even feel those bullets striking me.

Just then the spotlight that had been moving around turned toward me and I heard a series of beeps before an alarm sounded, and turning toward the source of the light, I saw a strange device with a large chrome disk in its center pointing at me, and where I moved it moved. Just then there were more beeps, and looking up at the appearance of a buzzing sound, I saw a curious thing... like a box suspended by a pair of whirling blades that lowered from the ceiling along with two others just like it. But on their undersides of these boxes was the unmistakable view of a gun.

Those devices immediately opened fire and peppered the ground about me with high-caliber bullets, their bullets simply bouncing or flattening off me like the other gun bullets did, though I felt a sting from these blows as my body grew subtly to compensate from the damage till they became light taps again. But the Splicers were absolutely cut to pieces before a couple of the Lead Head Splicers hid themselves behind barricades and started shooting at me and whatever these things were. But feeling them out, I could sense the flow of electricity in not only those whirly things, but also from the spot light, and I knew their names.

The whirly things were called drones, and the spot light thing was a security camera. Taking a deep breath, I reached out and with a minute tweak of the hand, I took control of the security camera and its spotlight immediately changed color from white to green. I then took control of the buzzing drones, and they then flew for a moment before turning to focus on the remaining two Lead Head Splicers, who were promptly torn apart from their guns.

The alarm continued till I felt my way out into the walls and found its source, and though I felt it was on a timer counting down – it had twenty three seconds left – I decided to reach out and make a small tweak and the alarm immediately silenced itself. The drones continued floating about me as I walked forward a step, just before I heard a groaning sound, and turning, feeling the life source of one of the Splicers who was still alive – barely – I reached out with my telekinesis and picked him up with but a gesture, his body rising like a puppet on its screens suspended by a dozen or so ripples in the air. Pulling him to my open hand, I closed all those clawed fingers about his dirty and bloodied clothes and held him there. And then lifting a hand, I fingered away his mask and looked at a face that had one swollen eye and one normal eye, and just a load of squiggly molted flesh that looked like it was made out of rubber.

He looked like a Dick Tracy villain character.

“Where is Fontaine?” I asked as kindly as I could.

“Go to hell, you fucking whore!” He spat immediately with a garbling voice, and not able to stop myself, I lifted a finger and punched it straight into his chest, that claw on the end of its finger piercing him before the fat finger and the fire that was on it slid inside him.

“I said... where is Fontaine?” I repeated, not knowing why I was doing this, feeling cold inside, not in control of myself.

“I don’t know!” the Splicer cried out.

“Unacceptable, where is the location of Frank Fontaine? The one known as Atlas?” And I bored that finger deeper into his body, snarling at him with teeth that were thickened and sharp, teeth that ground against each other as I faced the Splicer down.

In the name of the conditioning controlling me, I tortured the man till I actually broke him, tears in my eyes from what I was doing before I dropped him and sobbed once he was dead and unable to give me information.

I resolved to complete this task on me before I killed anyone else, and so began to hurry.

But a nine foot tall monstrous fem that glowed with ice and fire and lightning that was being followed by a pair of drones was a difficult thing to miss, and so I had more encounters like this last one.

Something in me forced me to defend myself, protect myself and destroy all my enemies, and it did it with militaristic skill and brutal efficiency. It was like Suchong’s voice shouting at me to do what I was doing, and I killed and killed and killed... Finally with a scream as my telekinetic powers lanced out of me, the building I was in at the moment shaking, I teleported, exploding into mist before I rushed through Rapture, skipping several hundred feet at a time with each teleport. Moving from building to building, I even slid through ventilation shafts, till I moved through one particular shaft...

I swarmed through it like trillions of insects and then reformed, but where I reformed was inside a small room with a single door before me.

Opening the door, I stepped forward and pushed my way through it, and since it was made for a normal human, my breasts and back and butt rubbed tenuously against it till I escaped, only to be met by the eyes of a good half dozen little girls who all turned in surprise and stared at me, some of them backing away from me in fear.

Suddenly my mind whirled, and I saw images and flashes. I recognized these girls, remembered training with them, being taught how to use the syringes some of them carried even now, being subjugated to countless torturous tests and conditionings, being taught to love the monstrosities known as the Rosies and the Big Daddies that would protect me. I remembered friends among them, remembered hearing of some of them

being killed during conditioning, or by the citizens of Rapture... and then I remembered Suchong coming and taking me, and with a scream I fell to my knees and covered my head with both hands, all my powers diminishing as the flood of memories and ghosts whirled around me, my vision growing dark before I fell forward and collapsed onto my belly with a thud that made beds and chairs around me rattle with the impact.

Almost immediately, the world went dark.

Chapter 12 – Little Sisters

I awoke later. How long of a time that had passed since I last lost consciousness escaped me, but when I arose it was to the sight of several of the girls scattering from around me. I was a woman again, only unlike before I was strong-bodied, wide-hipped and large-breasted woman, and though my hair wasn't on fire it was still nonetheless a deep, deep fire-red.

Looking to an arm and a hand, though it was meatier and not spindly looking as before, it showed nothing of the ice armor or the flames and electricity that had scattered about me, nor did it show any of the rippling muscularity or the flaring veins that intersected the muscles like a webbing. I was also wearing clothes now, a white shirt and a pair of slacks that looked as if they were made for a man.

The little girls, all of whom were dressed in pretty dresses that were ripped and torn, dirty to the point of being disgusting, watched me warily, even though there was kind intent in their eyes as they did. One of them dared to approach me, and in her hands was what looked like a candy bar that she lifted to me.

“You must be hungry, Big Mama.” She said, and offered me the bar.

She had a pretty face beneath all that muck and grime on her face, and smiling, I took the offered candy from her.

“Thank you.” I said, and reaching up, pausing as she flinched, I smiled at her with my thickened and reddened lips and scruffed her dirty hair before bending forward to kiss her brow. “Y-your name... your name was Jennifer.” I said suddenly, recognizing her face.

“H-how do you know my name?” she asked with definite surprise and interest.

“I... I remember it, from a long time ago.” I smiled, and slowly got to my feet, wobbling a bit due to the unfamiliar feeling of having weight pulling down on me again, and pulling down on me in ways that I never remembered it doing before, making my body and breasts sag a little.

This girl then reached up and took my hand by two fingers, smiling up at me as I returned her smile in interest. It was then that I palmed my navel, and realized that I'd never have a daughter like her...

“Apparently Suchong's death by a Big Daddy were falsified.” A voice said, and I looked up immediately as a woman stepped out of a glass room on one side of this musty chamber we were all in, a cigarette poised in one of her hands, and a little girl resting on a bed behind her.

She was a handsome woman, wearing clean clothes too, and had a very heavy accent on her voice that was unmistakably German. Though I grew angry at that fact, remembering the fear of the sirens and the sounds of the dive bombing Luftwaffe as they bombed London, I reminded myself that the woman had probably come here before the Great War... maybe... and a German Citizen couldn't quite be responsible for the atrocities the rest of her people did during war.

“W-who are you?” I asked.

“You may call me Tanenbaum.” She replied.

I blinked and thought for a moment. “‘*Christmas tree?*’ Like with Bing Crosby’s song?” I mused, and Tanenbaum smiled back at me.

“If you wish,” she replied quietly.

I looked down at the girl holding onto my fingers, feeling a pressure inside me that I palmed over my navel before I looked about me, seeing all sorts of little girls here of all descriptions.

“Where am I? What is this place?”

“This is a secret place of mine called the nursery,” Tanenbaum replied before drawing on her cigarette and exhaling a puff of smoke. “It’s a place where I hide all my little ones.” She mused and then cupped the head of one of the little girls who came near to her to cling to her dress. “...Though I must admit that the one called Jack helped here in this place the most. He’s brought back so many of my little darlings, and saved them from fates worse than death.”

“Jack?” I asked. “Who’s he?”

Tanenbaum took another drag from her cigarette, exhaled more smoke and then smiled at me as she flicked the ashes off. “He’s the other child who was tattooed with the chains about his wrists.” She replied, and I immediately looked at the inside of one wrist, and saw the black tattoo of three links on a chain there. “I assume... you wish to know what that means.”

My head lifted immediately. “Please.” I replied simply as I lowered that hand, which belied the fact that here was a woman who could tell me about one of the greatest mysteries in my life, though having met Suchong, I could probably guess at its origin.

“It began as Suchong’s idea. He hated children... hated that it took them so long to grow up, so he developed a process to speed up the aging process. Several of these girls,” and she once again touched the head of the girl clinging to her skirts. “They were taken as babies and then forcibly matured by several years, and then conditioned and trained into the Little Sisters.

“Poor children, though they became virtually immortal in their young state, and remained as such for years, they were less than human after what was done to them. What they did to you.” And Tanenbaum lifted her gaze to me and taking a final puff of her cigarette, dropped it on the floor and stamped it out. “I assume that you were one of them... that’s the only way that Suchong could’ve spirited you away. If anyone were to miss you, like your parents maybe, then he would’ve been found out. The only way he could’ve done what he did was if he took you from the Little Sister Orphanage.”

“He explained as such.” I admitted, and turning, I saw a cot that I immediately moved to and sat down upon, with the little girl that’d been holding onto my hand climbed up onto my lap and I instinctively held onto her.

It was hard for me to believe that I might not be any older than this girl here, and I told Tanenbaum as much.

“You and Jack were accelerated the furthest, both of you made into teenagers in only five years, but while you were being accelerated, you were both also being trained and conditioned.”

“Conditioned.” I repeated and hugged myself. “You mean turned into murdering monsters.”

“Yes... but not any more.” Tanenbaum said and sat beside me. “I... admittedly was a part of the staff that not only made these little girls, but also helped to make you, Katharine.”

She said my name, and I scrunched both shoulders about my neck.

“Katie. After what Suchong did to me, I hate the name Katharine.”

Tanenbaum nodded. “Katie... I’m here to right my sins, so that I might eventually die with a clean conscience. I’m undoing every evil that I’ve ever done... and as such, I’ve removed much of the negative conditioning placed upon your mind.”

“What?” I breathed, looking intently at her immediately.

“I’ve freed you... made you able to choose your own path, though there are certain code words I could not clean, there is still nonetheless a way to clean even this from you., and at the same time a way to get back at Suchong for what he did to you.”

I gasped happily, but then thought before my brows knit together. I’d never have thought something like this before coming here, but now I blurted out a phrase that showed how much I’ve changed inside. “In exchange for what?” I said cautiously, and Tanenbaum immediately rose to her feet and took several steps away from me as she hugged herself.

“In exchange for perhaps speaking for me when I stand before God that I tried to repent for my sins while on Earth. But... I must ask of something else from you, Katie.”

“What?” I prompted cautiously.

“Though Suchong has his faults, he... did right by making you into what you are now, and sending you after Fontaine. I’m no where near strong enough to compete with what Fontaine has become capable of, and neither is Suchong. He can crush men with his telekinetic powers, and I’d be no match for his power. Jack went after him, he was here shortly before you arrived, but I fear that he does not have the power to stand against Fontaine himself either.”

I felt a leap of excitement in me as I supported the girl on my lap in my arms and stood to stand behind her in order to hear better. I was very interested in this Jack person... I felt feelings clawing their way up from deep inside me to make my mind remember what it was I knew of him. I only knew that I had to learn of it.

“What can I do?” I said then... more eager to help this Jack person than to help Tanenbaum find some solace from her past.

“There are still many of my little dears out in Rapture, still trapped in their horrid lives. I have a Plasmid that I’ve designed that will allow you to free them, and by freeing them, you’ll acquire the excess Adam that they’ve accumulated, which you can absorb and then help your existing Plasmids along. I feel that you have no space left inside you for another Plasmid that you must obtain if you are to be completely free, Katie, and that is a Plasmid that Suchong developed to negate the effects of the conditioning within your mind.”

“I’ll step through hell to gain that.” I said excitedly.

“You very well may have to do that anyways.” Tanenbaum said. “For now, stay here and keep my girls company. It will take time for me to produce another helping of the Plasmid. I had to give Jack the last of my previous reserves, and the new batch has yet to be completed.”

Tanenbaum immediately turned and entered the glass walled chamber where the little girl was, leaving me with the other one in my arms, and I looked at her, seeing that she’d moved to rest against my shoulder, having closed her eyes and was now sucking a dirty thumb.

Sighing, I decided that now would be a good time for a nice lie down.

Chapter 13 – Big Mama

I sat there for a time, just on the cot where Tanenbaum had left me to myself with the Little Sister on my lap, the features on my face alternating between happiness from watching little girls play, to intense pity.

They were subsisting upon candy bars – a thing called a pep bar, which was essentially a nutritional bar filled with vitamins and such wrapped in pale-tasting chocolate, but regardless it wasn't something for a child to consume with nothing else to supplement it.

It was often painful for me to watch what had become of the children, and after awhile I settled back and palmed my belly from underneath the oversized shirt I wore, realizing that I would be perpetually pregnant, I would just never have a child of my own to rear and wean. Periodically though, I felt a bit of me tensing... it was a spastic twitch as I felt a muscle clench and tighten, and letting the twitch go for a second, I began to hear ripping and tearing after awhile, and looking down at myself I saw that I was growing again. I focused and drove down the power, mentally forcing it to close up and lock itself inside me, and with some extreme concentration I returned to little old me again... with just one exception.

Both breasts had swollen greatly from this little slip of control, and either had become bulbous and massive and capped with swollen areola and thick nipples; either so full and tight that they were holding themselves up even without a bra. I could feel the pair of nipples throbbing excitedly with the beating of my heart, which thusly aroused me, and soon I was seeping juices into the crotch of the pants I was wearing till I felt moist and wet between my thighs.

I groaned, feeling the mound of vaginal flesh between both legs swell and distend forward, pressing against the insides of my thighs as its clitoris erected into proportions few women ever had, the thing becoming supersized and bulbous, like a man's limp dick, till it throbbed and ached just like my nipples, and sliding an arm up into that shirt, I massaged a tit, only to feel the sensation of warm and creamy milk sliding from its nipple.

With another groan I covered my crotch as it slipped a little more of its juices, and biting on my lower lip and lifting my chin, I massaged that ample tit and that cunt to get them to ease themselves, but when I happened to open both eyes in the rising elation assailing me, I happened to see one of the Little Sisters with a ratty old dolly in both arms watching me.

“Are you in pain?” she asked quietly. “Are you going to become an angel?”

“An angel?” I asked, and surreptitiously moved both hands from their rubbing, caressing and carousing and took to sitting like a lady should with both hands on my knees and both thighs pressed together.

“When a person stops breathing and moving, they turn into an angel and go to heaven, leaving their bodies behind. Usually... becoming an angel involves a lot of pain.”

“No, not an angel. Perhaps... something in between.” I smiled, and the little girl drew close and looked at me for a moment before her tummy grumbled. “Are you hungry?” I asked her then.

“Very much so. Tanenbaum goes looking for medicine and food for us, and brings back what she can, but we have to eat it sparingly. She’s trying to get us out of here, but the Splicers make it difficult for us all to leave.

“It’s been oh so long since I’ve eaten.”

I bit my lower lip and then picked her up and set her on my lap, and automatically she hugged me about the neck, her little body fitting perfectly between my swollen breasts. I wanted to so help her right now, I wanted to do something, but I also wanted to do something about all this firmness in my boobs and crotch, but then sitting back, I saw another flash, a memory like before. It confirmed that I was indeed a denizen of this hell, just like these girls were, and this particular memory confirmed that I’d indeed been one of them.

The memory was very simple: it was this girl’s face... and a name.

“Your name is Diane...” I said quietly, and the little girl nodded.

“How did you know?” she asked sweetly.

“I... remembered it.” I said, and then hissed before cupping one tit as it expanded greatly, billowing with glandular development while those glands filled even more firmly with milk before more of it leaked from inside me out of either nipple. “Ngh...” I groaned then, and once again cupped it.

“Is your boobie hurting you?” Diane asked.

“In a matter of sense.” I admitted.

“May I see?” she asked, and I smirked, knowing that this was turning into a birds and the bees sort of discussion, and lifting my shirt, showed her the firm and subtly growing tit. “What’s that white stuff coming out of it?” she asked then after poking the sensitive flesh.

“I suppose that it’s milk.” I smirked, and the girl wiped some of it clean with a finger and licked it off.

“Mmm! It’s so sweet, it’s delicious!” she said then, and relished sucking on her finger for a moment before her tummy growled.

I looked at her, seeing her slender condition, and then looking down at my boob as it swelled still, growing fuller, more ample, and waddling with how much cream and milk was in it, and looking around me at all the other Little Sisters who were now watching us intently, I picked up on the sound of more tummies rumbling.

“Diane... I said at last. You can have some milk if you want to. You can have as much as you want.”

“Oh yes please, Katie...” she said and then blushed. Apparently she remembered my name too, and we both laughed. “...But how do I get it?”

My smile broadened, and I felt something new inside my heart, a feeling of motherly love I guessed, and perhaps sisterly affection. I began to cradle her, remembering my many dreams and desires to have a little girl of my own, and though she may be a little older than was normal to be weaned, if I was correct, this little girl was actually as old as I was. But nonetheless, there was a lot of lost time in both our lives, and I was capable of feeding her.

Holding her in my arms, I cupped one breast and massaged it, feeling almost instinctive in this motion as the already fattened mammary swelled with more milk, its twin filling outward inside my shirt. The nipple that I held to her lips was thick and strong, bulging at its end into a fattened nib, the milk duct swelling with the creamy milk while the areola puffed out with arousal and all the liquid pressure building up inside that tit formed an almost orgasmic release.

Diane began to suck from my nipple, slowly at first and then enthusiastically, and the more she sucked the more she relaxed in my arms till she was starting to nod off. After a while as she drank good wholesome nourishment from me, she lifted a hand from her doll to palm my breast, touching it and holding it with her little fingers.

I felt both tits bulging and billowing steadily, growing faster than she could empty them, and while I was looking down at her face as she relaxed enough to sleep, I felt a tug on my pant leg, and turning, I saw another of the Little Sisters – Missy as I suddenly remembered her name being – standing there.

“C-can I have some too?” she asked quietly, her voice and eyes pleading, begging for some.

I couldn’t help myself, and patting a seat next to me, she climbed up onto the cot, and lifting the other side of the shirt I’d been given to wear, I disgorged that tit too and cradling this Little Sister, I coddled her along with Diane, and allowed her to nurse. Soon more of the sisters were queuing up to nurse... a hint of the first good food in a long time was too hard to pass up. Though I felt a little weird at first, especially since these girls

were like sisters to me, they nonetheless needed nourishment that was better than a candy bar.

Those breasts kept growing and growing, billowing outward faster than they could be drained, and one by one, sometimes two at a time, I nursed each of these girls, somehow generating enough milk for them all. Once they'd all had their fill and stopped drinking, I rose, moved to a bed somewhere in this secret nursery with my two fat mammaries hanging from my chest while I cradled the child in my arms, and then laid the Little Sister down to sleep.

Amidst all these girls, many of them resting at my feet and playing with either tit decorating my chest having grown to enormous P-cup sizes, with either so full that they were like firm basket balls.

"I see that Suchong blessed you with all his *'alternative'* Plasmids for feminine enhancement as well." Came Tanenbaum's feminine German accented voice to me, and turning, I saw her materialize out of nothingness as all the color around her suddenly shifted from a see-through shell to her actual body as she moved to draw from her cigarette.

"How did you do that?" I asked.

"I stood still. It's a chameleon power that bends light automatically around you should you stand perfectly still." Tanenbaum doused her cigarette and placed its stub off to one side on a naked water pipe that was near her before she approached me, and sitting on the cot beside me, she lowered a hand to cup the head of one of the two girls I was cradling at the moment as they nursed, and bending down she kissed the girl's forehead. "Dear sweet little girl. What we did to these girls... what we did to you... was unforgivable."

"What... what did you do?"

"Have you not seen one of the little girls outside in the city?" Tanenbaum gasped, and I shook my head immediately. Tanenbaum moved back and seemed to mentally contemplate several things before continuing. "We discovered a sea slug, deep in the ocean. I assume you've already been told about them."

"Yes... Suchong filled me in on them nicely." I said sardonically, feeling the one in my womb squirm.

"We implant these girls with the same slugs, surgically placing one inside them, and therein the slug turns into a symbiotic organism, but what it does to the girl... is unforgivable. Perhaps then, that is why this paradise turned into such an incredible hell." She sighed and then continued.

"Each of these girls was turned into a monster of sorts to satisfy our wanton thirst for power. Each of these girls, with the slug inside them, became indestructible. They could

be shot, burned, disemboweled and worse, and yet they'd just heal and repair themselves like water would after it'd been cut with a knife.

“Their skin turned gray and their eyes had an unholy glow to them... and with that glow they became able to see Adam in a body and harvest it, and with Adam being the most precious substance in Rapture, they became targets. So then we also designed another monster and abomination... the Big Daddies... also known as the Rosies. Always as a pair these two move; and the Big Daddy must be dealt with before you can get at the Little Sister.

“The sorts of unspeakable horrors that are done to the Little Sisters to get at their Adam were atrocious.”

Yet again I was assaulted by memories as she said this. I remembered myself as a little girl, being subjected to all sorts of torments and lashings that had me screaming in horrific pain to satisfy some scientific curiosity. I remembered the sallow-faced and beaten look of my fellow Sisters before Suchong came for me... but by then I'd already endured being strapped to operating tables, and had witnessed multitudes of my sisters being shot at, electrocuted, burned, beaten and broken... all in the name of scientific process.

I shuddered openly, both tits wobbling heavily as they expanded a little more with glands and milk. Looking at them, I wondered when they wouldn't stop growing.

“So then why aren't any of these girls gray-skinned with glowing eyes?”

“Jack.” Tanenbaum smiled, and turning to one of the girls who'd fallen asleep and had stopped nursing, she picked her up and carried her to a nearby bunk bed.

“He's the man with the tattoo of the chains on his wrists. Like me.” I said and Tanenbaum tucked the sister in and kissed her goodnight before turning back to me.

“He is.” She admitted, and I accepted the next sister who wanted to be fed as she hungrily crawled up beside me and I cradled her to me. “Nearly all these girls have been saved by his efforts alone. I'd left myself to failure before his arrival, but his kindness... his devotion to saving these girls, it's enough to warm my heart from the ice that's been around it... since my people did... since the holocaust...” she choked and didn't say anything else about the matter as she turned to me. “There... are still girls in the city, Katie. Those that if Jack is successful in what he's doing, then they'll have to be left behind when we leave this place. He's already saved so many, but there are areas of the city he's not yet gotten to, and is unable to go to.”

“What is he doing exactly?” I asked Tanenbaum.

“He’s heading toward Atlas, also known as Frank Fontaine, in an attempt to destroy him.” Tanenbaum looked to me, and I knew what she was thinking just by the look on her face.

She wanted me to help, but at the moment, I wanted nothing more than to get out of here. But the moment that that thought rose up in me, I also wanted to help Jack, and very rapidly, my previous desires began to become overridden. As I sat there, feeling milk passing from me into yet another of the Sister’s mouths, I sat there remembering a friendship I had with Jack as we were being subjected to the cruelest of processes, to make us into total obligatory soldiers who did what we were told no matter the cost, who would also then be blessed with super powers from the Plasmids. We would become the first soldiers of Rapture, and if we were there when the social structure began to collapse from madness, then maybe Rapture would still be a thriving community. But it was a friendship that I remembered for this boy who’d been forced to become a man before it was his time... it was a friendship that grew to the point where the last memory I had of him, the one that always came up now when I thought of him now, was a moment of sensuality, of me, as a girl in a teen body, naked and ready to be pleased by him as we explored each other’s sexuality.

It was there that the memories became the most intense and most real, and for a moment my current reality melted away in favor of that moment, with he in just his pants which were opened and just the barest strip of underwear keeping us from this first sensual moment in our lives. I could remember his hand on my budding breast, could taste his lips... I just couldn’t remember his face yet.

As that reality faded and the real one came back, I took a shuddering breath, feeling the vaginal mound between both legs firm up, swell and flare open, pressing into the front of the trousers I wore and shape and contour its fabric to show off the twin vaginal lips while I evacuated a slick of juices.

Then trembling from being caught between my old self, which was the life that I had in London, with my original self, which was the life I had here in Rapture, the true self and not the lie that I had with my old self, I finally looked up at Tanenbaum, my heart filled with a desire to help my sisters and to help Jack, and I finally asked the question that my heart told me to ask.

“What can I do to help?”

Chapter 14 – Reluctant Goddess

I finished nursing all the Little Sisters while Tanenbaum helped me put them to bed, and then once they were all sleeping soundly, Tanenbaum took me into the glass walled room, and then touching a secret catch, she opened a passageway into a hidden laboratory.

Both breasts topping my chest muscles had swollen to immense sizes from the nursing, and for that matter my body had shifted to compensate for them. Back muscles and stomach muscles, thighs and calves and even neck muscles had all thickened, while both arms had bulged some in order to shift and move those two fat ladies. I'd widened at the shoulders and at the hips, had a more deeply curving back and had grown several inches in the course of a couple hours in order to counterbalance all the weight on my chest, and what was more was that I was rather aroused at the moment where I could feel that cloven pad of feminine sexual muscle between my legs throbbing energetically.

These various changes had likewise made the shirt and pants that Tanenbaum must've dressed me in to become tight and firming about me, with the shirt only just hemming in my bodice and the twin mammaries held to it – I had to tie the ends of the shirt together underneath those breasts to hem them in and to keep the shirt from just hanging off them like a Georgia Peach – while the pants I was wearing had become tight and were giving me a wedgie to both the front and the rear. The cuffs of the pants had ridden up over my ankles, the shoes were tight thanks to a pair of enlarged feet to support all this, and with the shirt with its sleeves rolled up and its bottom tied up like it was, it revealed the expansive and muscled midriff I'd grown into, complete with sunken navel and perfect hourglass body.

I felt as sexy as I looked, but the problem that became apparent with this body, as I tried to circumvent the narrow entry way into Tanenbaum's secret lab, was that I was too wide to go through it front ways, and sideways took a little maneuvering that had both breasts and butt scraping against the sides of the doorway. Luckily I didn't have to duck too to get underneath the door jam, and much to my delight, I felt my once tiny breasts wobbling emphatically each time they slipped passed the door jam, the pair heaving and bouncing now with my every little movement.

Once inside, the secret door closed behind me and I followed Tanenbaum to a work bench where she turned on a table lamp, and then turning toward one of the many tables of percolating substances with glass beakers and so on, she removed a jar that was about the size of my fist and was filled with a yellow-gold fluid that glowed subtly.

“Here, I just finished creating this Plasmid for you. It's a bit warm still, but that shouldn't keep it from being any less potent.”

“What's it do?” I asked as I accepted it. “And how do I use it? Suchong injected all the others into me.”

“It’s one that even Suchong doesn’t have, one of my own creations. In its case, you drink it instead of inject it. Thankfully, I found while you were sleeping earlier that you have just enough room in your Adam for it.

“As for what it does, it’ll allow you to release my little darlings from their nightmare.” And she looked to the door that had closed behind us. “There’s still Adam in Rapture that hasn’t been claimed, Katie.” She mentioned and then turned to her desk, opened a box and removed another Plasmid. “It exists within the denizens of Rapture... the Splicers and... the remaining Little Sisters.

“Inside each Little Sister is a slug, the thing that actually stores the Adam that makes the Sister invulnerable and able to sense Adam. Likewise, their syringes, the devices that they use to harvest Adam contain more of it still. With this Plasmid, you can destroy the slug that’s inside them without killing the Little Sister and absorb that Adam through contact with the skin. Then you may take their syringe and inject yourself with yet more Adam that they’ve collected. See to it that the sister gets to one of these,” and Tanenbaum gestured to a weird pillar set in the wall with a large hole in its top. “The Sister will find her way safely to me once she’s that far.

“I’ve given Jack all the Adam that I had left, but you’ll need more if you’re going to be a good help for him, so this Plasmid,” and she handed me the other. “...will allow you to draw the Adam out of the Splicers. But unlike with the sisters, this will... kill the Splicer.”

“Kill them?!” I gasped, and almost dropped the Plasmid.

“For some, Katie, this is a release. For others it’s a just punishment for what they’ve done. Think not that you’re killing these wretches... they died a long time ago.

“But so that you know, before you have a hope against Fontaine, you’ll need to release yourself from your conditioning like I told you, and in order to do that, you need a counteractive Plasmid that is in one of Suchong’s old labs. Two, maybe three judging upon the size of your altered form will be necessary to counteract the conditioning; else wise Fontaine will simply take control of you and make your body kill itself. I’ve removed his ability to make you do what he wants, but he still has several very cruel and deadly tricks up his sleeve, as Jack has discovered already.”

I nodded, and looking at the one that will draw Adam out of Splicers, I nonetheless popped the top of either, and then drank them both one after the other, each practically evaporating the moment they entered me so as to spread through the whole of my being.. I began to feel tight inside as the fluids were absorbed by the various muscles and capillaries in me, driving right down to the smallest blood vessel, nerve ending, hair follicle and skin cell in me. Instinctively, I knew that my Adam was dangerously close to being overflowed with Plasmids... And I wondered what would happen to me when that happened. Would I turn into some sort of Super Splicer then?

“Please Katie... save my little darlings.” Tanenbaum said once I’d placed the empty jars down and she’d hugged me, and I found myself hugging her back, my breasts pressing between us firmly.

“I will.” I said. “I promise.”

Tanenbaum led me out of her lab again – I having to shimmy through the door again – and she awoke one of the Little Sisters who showed me the way out of this chamber by crawling through a tiny little doorway to open a hidden wall that led into some kind of sewer. It was dank and foul smelling, but at least it was in a direction to help them all. After seeing me out, the girl retreated and the door closed again, and it was then that I looked down at my belly and palmed it, feeling the little thing inside me, the former slug that had turned into an organ from a converted womb. I both loved and hated it at the same time, for it gave me a feeling of carrying a baby, but it was a baby that would never be born, and likewise never allow me to experience the feeling of child birth.

I was about to tap into it and feed all my powers, when there was a splash in the water, and looking up in surprise, I blanched as I saw a Lead Head Splicer emerge from a vent covering a sewer grate to where he paused, seeing me. His mask covered most of his face, but he nonetheless lifted the Tommy Gun in his hand and pointed it at me with a feral, animalistic grin.

“Hello there pretty.” He grated, his voice gurgling as he approached me. “Lift your hands real quiet like and you won’t get hurt.”

I stood there defiantly, but then his jaw clenched and he fired a round close to my head. I screamed and lifted both hands obediently.

“Good. That’s better.” He grit out and then keeping his weapon trained on me, he approached me, and the moment he got close, he lifted a hand and squeezed a boob, and I grit my teeth before he surged into me, grinding my crotch with his groin, the barrel of his gun against my cheek while he squeezed a but cheek with a gnarled and clawed hand. “Oh yes... yes! Oh you’re a little whore aren’t you?! Yes... a little whore! A pretty, pretty whore!”

“Don’t you touch me...” I began but he snarled and put the barrel of that weapon against my temple and pushed me right against the secret door I’d just left with one hand that he moved onto my tit again.

“Shut up, pretty!” he grinned, and I noticed his groin erecting inside his pants. “I’m going to put myself inside you... I’m going to take...!” and he slapped a hand to my crotch and gripped it. “...what I want from you, and there’s nothing you can do about it. I don’t know where you came from but you’re mine now, and by the time that I get done with you you’re going to ache, you’re going to be broken, and you’re going to... ping.”

That last was this Splicer gritting his teeth as I took hold of his head with both hands, slapping him against the ears to disorient him – *how'd I know to do that?* – And using the new power that Tanenbaum had given me to harvest Adam from the Splicers. I grit my teeth as the power attached both my hands to the side of his face, and he spasmed, pulling the trigger on his gun as it went wild off to one side of my head, and out of fear and anger I reached deep inside him, found all his Adam, a grand concentration of it, and sucked it all toward my hands. The Splicer began to gurgle and groan, his gun clicking away now that it had no ammo left, and I drew from him all that precious Adam as blood began pouring out his ears, eyes and nose, the whole of his body diminishing as the blood left him and he rapidly turned skeletal and pale.

But near the end, the veins on his face thickened, which forced his mask to come off, showing me his grotesque face, but it also showed me a luminescent shine in his veins that was very faint, sliding through all the blood vessels on his face, the glow growing brighter as they collected near the surface, and with a spray of blood it all burst from his flesh and surrounded my hands as a glow that steadily was absorbed by my skin through the pores.

I felt the amount of Adam in me increase a little, making more room for the already cramped number of Plasmids and Tonics inside me, it made me feel good, made me feel stronger, but then... why did I feel so sick?

I bent over and threw up a stomach full of whatever was in it – airplane food I guessed – and wiping my throat I rose and forced myself to look at that grotesque face that had become pale and gaunt looking.

“May God have mercy on your soul.” I whispered, angry at myself for using this power, but it was a necessity!

Swallowing, I turned away from the man now that such an image was engraved in my mind forever, and closing my eyes, I concentrated, delving into this body of mine as I focused upon the simbiant organ within my belly, and when I opened both eyes again, they burned blue as Eve flooded every vein, capillary and corpuscle inside me, forcing every blood vessel in me to thicken and stand on end as my heart quickened and deepened in the strength of each beat.

The transformation began anew, just like it'd begun in Suchong's hidden lab, only this time it was much faster. I began to breathe more quickly, sighing and moaning with each and every last breath, feeling muscles standing on end, feeling them firming up and tightening, and palming my belly as I felt it filling with Eve, distending a little while I felt Eve flushing into my womb, that womb swelling just inside me just before the glowing blue fluids were absorbed by the thick fleshy walls of that womb and transposed into every last bit of me. The webbing of veins that slid beneath my flesh lit a subtle blue then as I began to grow, and while I changed, the erotic feelings assailing me like from before in Tanenbaum's lab and nursery, I couldn't help but make love to myself with my hands as I changed.

I cupped and fondled both breasts alternatively while stroking my cunt as it rapidly became sopping wet between my legs, as the slightly over-sized clothing I wore that was still loose here and there very rapidly became tight about this body of mine to the point where seams began to groan and I popped the snap at the top of the fly to those pants.

Beneath the stagnant smelly water of this sewer, my feet burst the two slippers around them, the hems of both shirt and pants climbing up my legs and arms while both breasts swelled and began to stretch the fabric between the buttons of the shirt apart, and I popped a button at the collar that went sailing away from me to splash into the water. A moment later I came in a torrent that sent a wash from the crotch of the pants covering me down both legs.

It was then that I heard noises, and turning with my breath gasping from within me, I saw shadows of a group of Splicers approaching, and smirked as they paused, obviously fixed upon the shadow that I was casting on the walls from the dim lights down here as they watched that shadow growing steadily. I laughed at them in a sad sort of way, but then returned my attention to the process of changing as I bent over myself and felt every bit of me billowing outward, exploding instead of popping with strength, even as both tits swelled uncontrollably now, helping to stretch the fabric between the buttons and rip them open one by one before they both heaved naked and beautiful out into the open air with only the bottom of the shirt tied beneath them keeping those tits hemmed in.

The pants I wore snugged themselves tightly up into the recess of both crotch and butt, the metal tangs of the zipper hanging on for dear life over the billowing wedge of my sopping wet cunt while the cuffs of the legs of those pants split open about the knees and calves as either of my legs swelled and billowed outward so rapidly that they popped the seams both on the inside and outside of the legs. A few moments later and there was a crunch from the fly being ripped apart from both hips widened imperiously outward, and my ripened cunt distended outward over the opened mouth of those pants to drain itself of its juices, and erect and super-sized clit out into the open air that drew out the vaginal folds from inside me.

The feeling of such a clitoral erection drove me toward a maddening sexual high, and I came yet again, my heavy water spilling over a pair of pressed together and muscling thighs that were very rapidly making these pants threadbare and torn about myself. In not time flat, both pant legs had shorn themselves completely open, and the thickened bundle of seams between my legs that was wedged up between pussy and ass was straining itself to the breaking point. In the mean time, all the left over strands of fabric were very neatly pulling themselves up in between my ass cheeks, just before I came yet again in a lancing stream that felt like I was urinating.

My flesh rapidly firmed up as bones swelled and realigned, pushing themselves outward and thickening into the endoskeletal body armor formations while muscles expanded and mutated atop them all, the secondary musculature thickening to where it added to my strength, and my flesh everywhere rippled and erupted with explosive might. The hair

atop my head rapidly lengthened and was soon drooping into the water about my feet, the whole of its mass waving about me as it steadily grew brighter, steam rising from my head and body from the heat rising within me and I felt the intense heat and cold sliding through me even as every muscle on me began to violently grow with the sound of dull thuds coming from just beneath the flesh.

Impossible muscle masses continued to shred the clothes on me, bursting the sleeve and snapping the knot of the two sides of the shirt from around my middle to jostle both breasts, just before that seam caught between my legs snapped explosively, and I had to actively relax both butt cheeks to get the rest of it to fall from within the crack of my ass.

It didn't take long for the remnants of the shirt that I wore to tear neatly in two across my billowing back into a dozen separate strips of cloth, just before the fire and ice that was sliding through me finally burst from my flesh and anything that was left on my body was neatly shredded and then incinerated into ash before a cascade of lighting flowed over me, dancing from clit to nipple to nipple and from eye to eye as I continued to bulge and flare and realign and grow.

The silvery flesh I was developing began to harden and tighten like armor, more ice crystals erupting out of every bit of me in the formation of heavier ice armor as I grew ever the larger and ticker with increasing strength; muscles separating into their secondary formations, and then their tertiary formations, and then separating further into a multitude of long muscle strands that were just bundled together.

My great billowing mane of hair finally caught on fire, rising atop my head like the conflagration formed from a bonfire even as long claws slid out of each finger and toe.

Bellowing a cry of elation as I came one final time in a flushing torrent that surged to me like the water of a pregnant woman bursting just before birth, both tits billowing larger than ever as the Plasmids inside me evolved slightly from the added Adam, making me larger and stronger and more powerful yet, I finished changing and then saw the shadows of the Splicers hesitate as they saw my shadow disappear as I myself became a source of light that overpowered the dim lamps of the sewer I was in.

For a moment I looked at myself while flexing muscles, seeing that I indeed had grown larger and thicker than ever, with much more massive mammaries and longer hair. The ice armor covering me was far thicker, and the heat radiating from me was far hotter... like the insides of a blast furnace.

I exhaled a breath of steam and vapor and then stepped forward, each step leaving boiling water and ice chunks in the water as I moved into view of the Splicers. The woman with them screamed some profanity, her body sparking with electricity as she struck a heavy pipe against the ground with incredible force. Her muscles were billowing unnaturally and she'd torn from much of her dress that was situated on her rather tightly and rather revealingly as she screamed at me through a butterfly mask like an overly angry gorilla at

the zoo might do to a rival. The two Lead Head Splicers to either side of her lifted a handgun and a Tommy Gun at me and started blasting at me.

Each shell that struck this titanic body of mine made it thicken and harden, growing in strength and power till I couldn't even feel the bullets strike me any more. I didn't even feel the light taps like I did the last time I was shot at!

But then a fourth Splicer stepped out from behind them, and lifted a strange device and pointed it at me. My head cocked to one side as he aimed what was definitely a weapon and fired it! A large and bulbous projectile sailed off from the weapon with an eruption of fire and gasses, and though I knew that it must be moving at incredible speeds, I nonetheless felt time slow down as I lifted a hand and caught the projectile telepathically, holding it, feeling its explosive might, and with a flip of the hand, I sent the projectile into a nearby concrete wall. It detonated with impressive force, creating a billowing cloud of dust and smoke as I walked through it, the world slowing down about me as my consciousness sped up, and me seeming to move at normal speed through this slowed down world, till I came to stand before the foursome of Splicers.

The one with the heavy weapon tried to load another round, but I focused upon the weapon intensely with my gaze, and two beams of white-blue fire lanced from those eyes and froze a large portion of the weapon to his hands. Blinking I focused again, and a second red pair of beams erupted from my pupils and a line of super-heated light swept across the weapon cut it neatly in half.

The female Thugish Splicer twisted with her pipe and struck me in the side. Other than the light tap and what sounded like metal striking metal, this was strange to hear when it was striking my flesh. But at the moment her pipe struck me, my body, which was crackling with lightning, sent a surge of electricity through the air and electrocuted all four of them, sending them all into fits of spasms from the shock.

I called up the power of draining their Adam from them as I took hold of the rod the woman had and pulled it out of her hand and tossed it away before I reached up with both hands and drew the Adam right out of the woman and one of the Thugish Splicers simultaneously. Their minds were being shut off, I knew this now that I was in this form, I could hear all the thoughts in their heads suddenly stop when I did this, they felt no pain because their brains weren't active enough to feel it from their bodies. They simply died...

I then turned to the next two Splicers, placing my palms on their heads as well as I sucked the Adam out of them, along with, I found, evolved Plasmids and Tonics that were in their bodies. The existing Plasmids that were inside me changed and upgraded themselves, and the electricity sparking around me suddenly intensified into gigawatts of power as the whole of my upper body as well as my calves and thighs suddenly flared wider with increased strength and I grew several inches while both breasts ballooned several more inches across the bust.

Between my legs, the already distended vaginal mound and super-clit billowed a little more, and likewise my flesh beneath all the glowing blue of the ice armor over it grew a little more silvery from my flesh toughing up a little more.

Lifting a hand, I felt that flesh, feeling how smooth it was once the four Splicer fell to the ground, but I felt the impossible strength beneath it making the soft flesh feel as taut and as tight as cured leather stretched over bundles of piano wire, cables and steel girders that were the strength of my muscles and bones.

Flexing, I felt all that new strength in me rise subtly as I flexed myself further, both tits wobbling heavily at their moorings on either of the emphatically swollen chest muscles they were attached to as I felt every muscle in me swell and bulge and erupt. Snaps of more electricity and energy erupted all about me as I grew thicker and taller yet, nearing ten feet now as I increased in thickness the whole body over with every muscle throbbing like my overly erect clit and nipples were. The combined feeling of the pulsating and throbbing aroused me right up to another climax that spilt from me as I felt every muscle burn with fire.

Letting both arms drop, the pair compressing into tightly packed realms of chorded muscle as they relaxed, I palmed my navel, feeling the battery in my womb that produced the Eve I ran on refilling from using the power to draw Adam into me, but it also kept filling till my navel pressed forward a little more and I palmed the strange alien like thing inside me that fed me such power. I also knew that my reservoir had likewise grown, and I had a deeper well of power to draw on now thanks to the increase in size, and all it came from my simbiant:

The thing that I both loved and hated.

Sighing, I lifted off the ground, levitating as easily as if it were second nature as I slid upward and then through the air before I teleported with an explosion of flesh and blood into a fine red mist that surged outward and then reformed elsewhere atop a ramp away from the smell of the sewer.

There were bodies here, riddled with holes and likewise covered with ice and electricity burns... and I wondered if the Splicers were battling each other, or if perchance maybe... Jack had come this way too.

Lowering a hand, I leached what Adam I could out of these bodies and I found that now that they were dead that the Adam that had been inside of them, a living essence, was likewise dying. There was very little of it left that I could use.

Telekinetically flipping a Splicer over with a wave of my hand to look at his front, I removed his cracked mask that looked like it'd been struck with some blunt object or other, and looked at the blood ridden mutated face of the man in his look of shock and horror of whatever had killed him, and sighing, I reached down and closed his eyes.

I was looking at his eternally sleeping face, wondering if I'd mutate and disfigure too when I heard a girl scream suddenly, and some loud moaning like what a zombie would do in one of the monster movies, these sounds being quickly followed by shrill cries and laughter and gunfire.

With a gasp I teleported toward the sound, flowing through the air in a mist form, turning a corner and sliding around a wall only to reform at a sight of what can only be called a Rosie in a fight with a large crowd of Splicers who were all shooting it down. I never thought anything such as a Rosie were possible but it was like a giant of a man inside a deep-sea survival suit that was loaded with armor and survival tanks and more... a powerful construct or automaton that if mass produced and put on a battlefield would make any nation king on the field.

They were like walking tanks!

I watched from my vantage point over the battle field as the Rosie was being beaten down amidst its brutal defense as it shot what looked like superheated rivets from a rivet gun at its attackers. But then I saw what it was that the Rosie was defending, which also must've been the source of the little girl's scream. There was a Little Sister who was urging the Rosie in its fight, giving it cheers of encouragement and telling it to "Kill it! Kill it!" Words that should never escape a little girl's mouth anywhere. The Little Sister was exactly as Tanenbaum described her... a gray skinned girl with eyes that glowed gold. She just shrugged off any damage that she took from stray bullets, shouting at the attackers before her.

But then with a final shot, the Rosie moaned and then slumped to the ground with a great thud, and the little girl, scared and trembling, rushed to the Rosie and tried to shake it back into action.

"Get up Mister Bubbles... get up!" she gasped as the sneering Splicers stepped toward her, laughing at her and saying things about taking her Adam, and I saw one of the Splicers, a hulking male with half his shirt ripped off from his bulging muscles, rubbed his groin and said he was going to rape her as he lifted a lead pipe to strike her.

Gritting my teeth I immediately reached out with both hands, and I pulled the pipe from his hand with my Telekinesis while at the same time pulling the Rosie's rivet gun toward me into the other hand. I didn't know what I was doing as the gun found its way into my hand... I simply lifted it, aimed and fired, and that Thugish Splicer found a rivet planted straight in the center of his chest.

I was angry, he was about to hurt a little girl in the worst way, and I felt something very personal burning inside me at anyone who'd hurt a little girl, especially when I could no longer have one of my own, and deep, deep inside me was burned something that made me act and defend her, and in that action... I took a life.

I watched the disfigured malformed creature that had once been a human being fall to the earth, clutching his chest, and I stood dumbfounded at what I'd done.

I'd lost my temper many times before, but never to the point of killing, and looking down at the gun, I saw my hand holding it, and I screamed, screamed so loudly that the whole of the hallway shook and crumbled slightly; the weapon dismantling itself right in my hand and falling to bits and pieces thanks to my telekinetic powers before I leapt from my vantage point toward the Splicers and the Little Sister below. Tears of excess Eve leaked from my eyes as I landed and bent the pipe in two, before I assailed the Splicers, sucking them of their Adam while causing them just a little bit of added hurt for daring to hurt a child, not being able to keep myself from doing so as I gripped their heads or arms and closed my fingers tightly about them, shaking them a little as I drained them of their Adam.

I felt their power and strength sliding into me, making me grow with each one I absorbed, my powers climaxing rapidly as I was driven into a near sexual rage. But at long last, the last of the Splicers fell, and I turned to the Little Sister as she backed away from me, utterly frightened; the girl sobbing big fat wet tears as she whimpered toward her guardian to get up and protect her.

"Mister Bubbles..." she sobbed, her voice distorted, demonic sounding. "...Get up! Please!" she sniffed, backing away from me as I stepped gracefully toward her, before squatting before her, both my massive tits compressing together between both biceps and hanging between my mountainous thighs.

"Don't worry... I may look scary, but I'm not going to hurt you." I said in a soft tone, my voice deeply feminine and sing song for some reason now. "I'm here to help you."

"N-no... no! You're not a Big Daddy!" she cried and huddled in a fetal position up against a wall, holding her arms above her head as if I were going to beat her.

She was in a corner, sobbing with me blocking her only way out.

"No, I'm not a Big Daddy... I'm a Big Momma." I said gently, and reaching out, I took the girl in my arms as she struggled fruitlessly against my incredible strength to get away. "I'm here to help you."

And I reached out and palmed her head with one huge hand and activated Tanenbaum's first Plasmid, hoping beyond hope that this little girl wouldn't suffer through the same thing that the Splicers have suffered through.

Golden light sped down my arm and through my fingers, and the moment it touched her head, the whole of her body suddenly lit up from her head downward, following every vein and capillary, pulsating into her heart, and with a flash of light from her body, all the sickly gray skin left her and her eyes turned to a subtle hazel color that was complete with pupils and irises.

She gasped and breathed heavily as I rose to my feet, smiling at her and cradling her against my bosom.

“Y-you saved me.”

“Just like I promised.” I chuckled.

“My you’re pretty...” and she felt my sizeable bicep and the throbbing artery bulging along its top. I was surprised that the ice, fire and electricity wasn’t hurting her, but I realized that that was because I didn’t wish it to, so she wasn’t hurt by it. “...And strong!”

“All the better to protect you with.” I laughed and stopped by one of those hole-shaped things Tanenbaum directed me to bring the Little Sisters to before I helped her up into the hole and she turned to me once she was inside.

“Thank you.”

“You’re most welcome.” I said and touched her nose with a clawed index finger. “Go to Tanenbaum. Our sisters are there. Go quickly now...”

She nodded, and turning again, she hurried on her hands and knees down the metal tunnel that led through the walls. Turning myself, I strode over to where the fight had been ensuing, and toeing the Rosie over, I found what I was looking for... the syringe that the Sister was carrying. Looking at it, I switched a couple of its controls and then jabbed it into one of the grooves between all the silvery plates on my abdominals and closed the clamp-like trigger to offload its contents of Adam into me with a gasp before I pulled it out again. The exit wound healed instantly.

I swelled only slightly now with added strength and both my tits engorged to the point where they were firm against my pectorals and barely even wobbled now and instead the two great orbs just projected off me like cannons on a battleship. I found that I had mental control over my nipples now, and I was able to keep them from releasing my milk, but they ached so much now with the loads that was behind them. Looking down at my arm and tensing it, feeling that arm bulge rapidly from all the strength that was in it now, I looked around me at the remnants of this fight.

Jack needed help all right, and he had a long head start in front of me to get to Fontaine... but, looking back to the pillar where the Little Sister had disappeared through, something inside me, something motherly, perhaps sisterly, yearned to help the Sisters as well, and I knew I had to help them all. I had to save every last Sister in this city...

But first... I needed to get those Plasmids.

Chapter 15 – Savior

My first task was to find the Plasmids that would release me from my conditioning.

I needed two of them, I knew from what Tanenbaum had told me, and so using all my powers, draining more Splicers of their Adam and auto-hacking turrets, drones and cameras as I passed by them, and allowing the city defenses to take care of everything else there was that might hurt me, by the time that I'd found Suchong's lab I was bulging in immense levels.

I had long, thick fingers tipped with ebony black claws, long pointed ears, more claws on my every toe and I was walking on just the balls of my feet whenever I did walk being that flying was so much easier and faster, else wise I teleported through the city in order to move from point to point more quickly.

Just by using ventilation shafts alone, I was able to traverse the city where those bathyspheres were needed to move from place to place, and I hoped that that in and of itself would allow me time to save the Sisters and catch up with Jack.

In the meantime, however...

I picked up the two Plasmids, both of which were sitting right next to each other on a shelf too high and too far back for any of the Splicers to see.

I'd opened the cupboard with a gesture and reached in – my sizeable forearms splitting the wood open because they were both too large to fit into the small space of the cupboard, and I withdrew them. Something in my head told me not to look a gift horse in the mouth of finding both these together, so I shrugged, popped their tops with both thumbs and drank them one after the other. But then immediately upon consuming them, my vision shook and then began to tremble, and suddenly I felt extremely weak as I sank to my knees, holding my head as my vision shook more violently, and looking up I saw an Asian gentleman walking toward me, the only image that I could see that wasn't shaking.

“Don't be alarmed child,” he said, with the undeniable voice of Suchong. He looked like one of the many ghost images I'd been seeing from time to time since coming here, only he had more color to him. Everything else was hazy and sparkling like with glitter. “What you're looking at is a ingrained memory... but unlike the ones that you've seen so far, this image was constructed for you.

“These Plasmids are doing exactly what you thought they'd do, they are removing even my control over you, and knowing that Tanenbaum has interfered with Jack's progress through the city, I knew that it was only a matter of time before she interfered with yours as well.

“You must understand Katharine that you’re doing what I currently cannot, and you must do this. We’ve created the ability to create gods and goddesses and if left to Frank Fontaine’s malevolent rule, Rapture could instead be the gateway in which the world can be enslaved.

“I’ve given you a more stable mind, I’ve engineered you to be clever and clear-thinking, and as a gesture to ensure that you do this task, Katharine, I will not interfere with your desire to erase my conditioning over you.

“But understand that if you’re too late and the one known as Jack is defeated, then Fontaine will draw all the Adam and Plasmids that are in Jack’s body into himself, and then Fontaine will be more powerful than even you.

“Time is of the essence, Katharine. You must hurry.”

And then the image faded away while my vision cleared, the sight of Suchong sliding into the recesses of my brain where I could remember the conversation, and coughing I rose to my feet and stood at my full height, feeling all the Plasmids inside me rearranging and shifting. Looking down at my body as I apparently was being optimized by whatever had been in those Plasmids I’d just drank, I viewed a spasming mutation shifting through the whole of me.

Swallowing, my throat bobbing as I did while a pillar of fire rose off my head from the flames, I thought for a moment as to what would happen to the world above the waves should a madman with as much power as I had suddenly arose.

It’d be like a living god with an army of Splicers and Big Daddy’s at his command...

I’d even thought earlier that a nation with an army of Big Daddies would rule the battlefield, and if this Fontaine had more of the Little Sisters...!

In a tizzy I teleported away, and for the next hour or so I scoured all of Rapture for the remaining Little Sisters, going so far as to destroying their Daddy and Rosie guardians myself before freeing them of their nightmares.

“Hurry to Tanenbaum.” I said as I helped the thirteenth Sister into the protective hole. “Hurry... there’s not much time... be safe.”

“But Big Mama... what will I do if you’re not there to protect me?” the Sister asked with a whimper.

“Don’t you worry; I’m going after the biggest, nastiest monster in all of Rapture. I swear to God I won’t let him hurt you. Quickly... go to Tanenbaum now. I promise we’ll all be together soon.”

And she hurried off, and fifteen minutes of seriously expending my Eve reserves in teleporting and battle left me drained and weak. I could hear my heart beating heavily, and I could feel the weight of the world on my body growing again, and I'd shrunk and my tits had sagged and deflated from the loss of power sustaining all my might. Scrounging for a moment, letting that battery fill up again, I got myself some food from a few Pep Bars and some chips I found, and along with them were some Eve in something called a Hypo, and injecting myself with that Eve, I was able to refill my battery a little more and reduce the weight I was feeling.

"Must hurry, I gasped."

I had a tremendous amount of Adam at this time, more than enough to allow my Plasmids to expand for awhile, and after regaining my strength, and several Eve Hypos later I continued my search, and searched high and low before I noticed a peculiar thing.

The Rosies that were still active were moving from place to place, arriving at the tunnels the Sisters used to traverse through Rapture, and after banging on one of the holes with their gauntleted fists, they waited for a moment but no Sister came out. They then moved onto the next hole.

"There's no more girls." I said aloud, as I squatted low, both breasts and arms lowering between my legs and my naked crotch as I observed several of the Rosies doing this.

Taking up their behavior, I banged on several of these throughout the city, finding nothing, and then in a brief gasp of excitement, I rushed toward the place where I could finally know if they were all safe.

I headed back to Tanenbaum.

Teleporting in, I reformed within the hidden nursery, immediately looking about me at all the girls who suddenly greeted me and gathered around me, calling me by name as they reached up to touch me.

"Liebchen... what are you doing back here?" Tanenbaum asked immediately as she entered the chamber from the closed glass partition that was here. "Is Atlas defeated?"

I paused in the reunion, holding one of the new girls as I squatted amongst them.

"No..." I admitted and hurried on when Tanenbaum scoffed and put both fists on her hips. "...I came back because I need you to tell me something Tanenbaum, something important. Is this all of the Sisters?"

And I spread my arms wide as more of the Sisters slid in against me, hugging me, and Tanenbaum, taken aback by my question, began to look over all the gathered Sisters, and even stepping to one side to look around several of the pillar dividers to count the other girls who were still gathering around me. She even went so far as to lift a finger and

begin counting them, and once she was done she rushed to the glass partitioned area and retrieved a clipboard, and quickly counted something on it before looking blankly at me.

“That’s it. That’s all of them.” She acknowledged, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

“Without you and without Suchong, Fontaine cannot make more Little Sisters, and without that, he’ll be stumped in the size of an army he can make and will also be limited in his own growth of power.” I rose to my full height and towered over Tanenbaum. “His plans to rule the world aren’t possible without them, Tanenbaum, even if we fail, they need to escape. They need to be led out of this place.”

“Of course. Katie... you’ve done as much for my little darlings as Jack has. No one has ever shown them such kindness.”

I stepped forward and laid both hands atop Tanenbaum’s narrow shoulders, both my hands so large that they engulfed her body and framed her head as if those hands were a heavy shawl to her. She in turn lifted a hand and took hold of just my pinkie, which was so thick that her whole hand barely encircled it.

“Keep them safe. I’ll return... I promise.”

And with a burst I teleported, transforming into mist and surging up a ventilation shaft and out the chamber before reappearing outside again. I then rushed forward, flying through the air with extreme power, heading in the direction that I knew that Jack had went by all the death of the Splicers that were everywhere.

Never before had I been so driven, never before had I felt myself focused on any one thing, and deep inside me I knew that I had to do this... to be there for the man that I... that I...

I swallowed hard while in my flight as I focused on the feeling, and the deeper that I focused on it the more and more that I felt a name for that feeling:

Love.

I redoubled my efforts to get there faster.

Chapter 16 – Jack

There was a place that was central to the city but it was a place where all the abominations of the city could easily be pointed at. It was this area that could easily be blamed for the eventual downfall of Rapture.

It was here that the Little Sisters were created as well as their Big Daddy counterparts, but it was also where many of the Plasmids and Tonics were finally developed. Everything that I sensed, and all the evidence of the bodies, of fresher and fresher bodies that had more and more Adam in them for me to harvest were all pointing in this direction. Before when I came here to release a Little Sister, there were many Splicers, now there were bodies everywhere...

Gun shot wounds, body parts that were melting from having been shattered while frozen, bodies with massive collections of beestings and destroyed turrets that I'd controlled earlier and various destroyed drones were here. I had to re-hack several cameras and a turret or two that had been hacked away from my control, but there were absolutely no alive Splicers left.

There were, however, a large number of Big Daddy bodies, a special elite type of Rosie I've not seen since now, but whoever killed them must be rather skilled with weaponry... perhaps a soldier.

Perhaps Jack.

Looking in the direction in which the bodies were heading, I teleported again, sliding through several ventilation shafts and surging up, up, even further up the ventilation shaft before being let out on an air duct and reforming high above some strange locale, while at the center of it I saw a machine.

I watched a man in that machine as he was injected and pierced, and he screamed out in pain and obvious elation as he grew and grew. Knowing what was happening, after having experienced it myself, I watched as this man transformed right before my very eyes, tearing out of his clothing and billowing with muscular power and fiery power from various plasmids, and I realized that he was being enhanced as I'd been enhanced by Suchong.

I could feel his power growing even from my high vantage point, felt his consciousness expanding to swim around me, and I had to shield my presence away from him as it grew toward me, and sitting still, I even chameleoned like Tanenbaum had... a recent power that my body had developed.

This creature, this being had to be Fontaine...

Just then there was the ding of an elevator, and turning my head slowly enough so as not to break the chameleon, the long ears that had grown on either side of my head – a mutation from all the growth I'd been going through – perked up like an animal's ears toward the sound, even as the elevator opened and a... *a Rosie?*... stepped out.

This Rosie stood tall and straight despite all the weight on its back, where all the other Rosies I saw always walked with a slight hunch. Instead of a rivet gun in its hand there was instead a Thompson assault Rifle with all sorts of gadgets and things attached to it and a big old drum attached to its underside.

Lifting a hand, this Rosie took hold of the diving helmet atop its head, and undoing its seal, the Rosie removed the helmet, only to show me the handsome face of a man in his early thirties or late twenties, blonde-haired and strong looking as he leveled his gun at Fontaine, even as Fontaine teleported from his mornings to face him.

The face of this man in the Rosie Suit though... I was fixated on that man's face as Fontaine and he went to battle, and I knew that he was Jack. I knew that I was here for a purpose, I knew that I had to help him, but I just stared, stared and fascinated about this strong powerful man who had no where near as much Adam in him that I had in me, and was working off of Eve that he had to inject into himself instead of spontaneously generated, but nonetheless he was facing against a man who could be every bit as much my equal... and he was winning!

Jack blasted away at Fontaine, using some sort of ammo that would explode in a burst of electricity each time it struck, and Fontaine, the one known as Atlas, the False God of Rapture, was being pounded upon from it.

His metal body was reacting to the electricity, and he was taking added damage from it.

Jack would break him down by shooting at him, launching trap arrows and leading Fontaine down long trails of death before launching huge rockets at him, But just as Jack beat Fontaine down far enough, Fontaine knocked him back and then teleported back into the contraption he was in at the start of the fight, a makeshift bed similar to the one Suchong used on me to make me into my extreme form, but Fontaine was a ball of billowing flame and a golden body. Just like Suchong said, he was missing several Plasmids that I had, and he looked no where near as strong as I was currently.

But this Atlas didn't have the chance to go milking Rapture for more Adam and evolved forms of Tonics and Plasmids...

Flexing an arm, I compared it with Fontaine's, and knew that I was more than enough of a match for him. But with Fontaine in his bed, recharging his powers and his Eve, I then saw Jack rush up to Fontaine, just before he pulled something out of his belt, and I blinked at the sight of one of the Little Sister's syringes!

Jack plunged it into Fontaine's body, the needle finding the grooves between the super strong plates and piercing him to the very butt of the needle before Jack actuated the needle and sucked a great deal of pure Adam out of Fontaine's body into the Syringe. Fontaine roared and knocked Jack back toward a far wall, but Jack simply got up and injected himself with all that Adam he'd taken from Fontaine before the two continued their battle.

They fought, they shot at each other, they battled each other. Running out of ammo then with his Thompson Rifle, Jack threw the rifle away and then removed some fuel tank looking thing with a wrench attached to it and several more gadgets on it, and using that weapon he immediately then assailed Fontaine with some sort of spray that was riddled with yet more electricity.

Silently, I cheered him in the fight; he was winning after all...

A second time Jack got Fontaine down to almost nothing before Fontaine knocked him aside and teleported again to his bed, healing up just like before, and just like before, Jack rushed in on him and jabbed that needle in him, sucked yet more Adam from his body before being knocked away. And again, Jack took on yet more Adam, growing stronger himself, filling up his Rosie suit before he got up and pulled out the same sort of launcher weapon that I saw that Splicer use earlier when I'd first started roving through Rapture. A drone with its guns arrived just then with a series of beeps as the two combatants met each other again, but Jack threw some sort of orb at Fontaine and the drone instead targeted Fontaine instead.

At last Jack switched to a hand gun, firing indiscriminately into Fontaine before for a third time Fontaine teleported back to the bed, and for a third time Jack assaulted him with the needle and was again knocked back.

And for a fourth and final time they fought before Jack drove Fontaine to the bed, but this time as Jack drove his needle into Fontaine, Fontaine's powers waned and the flames around him diminished to nothing, leaving a metallic looking golden titan in its place, and with a tremendous growl, Fontaine back handed Jack clear across the chamber, to where he hit his head on one of the walls.

"Oh no." I gasped as Fontaine stepped forward off his table, taunting Jack.

I was about to leap off my precipice to help Jack, help this secret love of mine, but then I stopped, seeing something terrible as one of the Little Sisters slid out of one of those many holes they crawl through. She dangled for a moment at the point of the hole before falling quietly to the ground even as more Sisters started crawling out of their holes. Fontaine stepped forward, screaming at Jack who rolled to his side, stunned as he was to look at him, but he saw the Sisters as well, and he looked up to Fontaine with a smile, even as the first of the Sisters rose up and jabbed him with her syringe, just before another leapt from her hole onto his back and jabbed him again, pulling the Adam from his body as he bellowed out in rage. Then all the sisters swarmed him, jabbing and

puncturing him amidst cries of “Get him! Kill him!” from their girlish voices while Jack struggled to his feet.

Fontaine shivered and began to diminish, loosing his powers and solidifying into a solid chunk of metal-like flesh that was too small and too densely compacted to move let alone breathe, and even when he was down the Sisters continued to strike him with their needles.

Jack slowly got to his feet, right when one of the Sisters started approaching him, and in her hand was a sort of card key that she’d removed from somewhere, and lifting her hand she offered it up to Jack.

Lifting one hand to accept the key, the Little Sister shied from him and backed away, but with a smile from his handsome face, he bent to one knee in that Big Daddy Suit of his and again offered his hand, and smiling back at him, the Little Sister gave him the card with a smile on her face.

The other Little Sisters began to celebrate, cheering and playing at the defeat of Atlas, and I sat where I was, tremendous and powerful, smiling at this Jack as if I were looking dotingly on the beloved of my heart. And after a while, I began to desire to join them in their celebrations, and so shoving off the steel girder I was sitting upon I began to levitate downward to where Jack and the Little Sisters were.

He had his back to me and was lighting a cigarette, looking down upon Atlas as I landed, powerful, beautiful, blazing beyond belief, and as I approached, shutting off the Eve to all my powers, shrinking down and such, Jack suddenly turned and leveled an odd revolver upon me. I halted and continued to diminish, the ice crystals receding into my flesh, and moving straight from solid crystals to evaporated gasses, the skin healing itself as the fire that caused me to glow and burn off me snuffed itself out and all the long red hair atop my head fell limp against my back instead of waving like a conflagration with the fire billowing off me.

The silvery skin that was my armor lost its sheen, turned porcelain and then a subtle tan with a blush while muscle segments diminished as if they were balloons beneath the skin that were popping one after the other.

Jack stared at me as I shrank rapidly, bones thinning and closing in on this body of mine, leaving me big-breasted and wide-hipped and now unusually strong for a woman; complete with long subtle biceps, thick thighs and long calves with a tight belly that had been segmented into a six-pack with twin lats. As I became a normal flesh and blood woman then, folding both hands behind my back, which caused both breasts – either as large as they’d become – to spread apart.

I was nude before him, but I didn’t mind it, and as he looked at my face, I could see his memory of me returning, and opening his hand, the gun he held fell downward and hung by the ring around the trigger on one hand, while his lit cigarette fell out of his mouth and

onto the floor. His heavy boots clanked against the ground as he moved to me, holstering that gun of his into a strap about his waist, and opening his mouth, he actually voiced my name.

“Katie...” he said softly, but instead of a cool manly voice, his voice was instead a deep, deep baritone, almost croaking, but strangely... it made me feel so safe. It was like the sound the Big Daddies made, and though most of the conditioning in me was gone, the sorts that controlled me and made me do things, there was still nonetheless much there that made me know that the safest place to be was with one’s Big Daddy.

“Yes Jack, I’m here.” And almost automatically... we embraced each other.

Chapter 17 – Daylight

Tanenbaum was no where to be found when we went back to the nursery. Her secret lab was even completely smashed, destroyed beyond all recognition, with varied Plasmids dripping on the floor. We hoped that she was all right, for there was no sign of a struggle, just a big lead pipe amidst everything here.

Released from our chains, Jack and I made way for the nearest bathysphere after that, and with all of us cramped inside that thing, we made our way to the surface.

I was still totally naked, and still I didn't mind it in the slightest. It made me as a visible desire for Jack. I wanted him to see my naked breasts and pussy, the width of my hips and the narrowness of both my neck and waist. I wanted him to see how strong and supple I was, I wanted his desire.

As we started the ascension, one of the Little Sisters, Diane, crawled up onto my lap and began to suckle. Jack watched me from the other side of the bathysphere before he slid forward and took a seat beside me, and picking up a sleeping Little Sister and holding onto her, he placed his gloved hand upon my thigh, and actually slid that hand all the way up to where that leg met my crotch, where he then began to rub the pinkie of his glove against my naked crotch. It got me so aroused, and turning to look at him, feeling surges of emotions that the experiences of which were forgotten but the actual feelings were still there, I leaned sideways and we both shared what felt like our first kiss.

But then with a surge of motion the bathysphere surged to the surface and jostled all of us, my breasts bouncing and the Little Sister that I was nursing blinked and lifted her head as a trickle of milk slid down my fattened breast. Getting to his feet, Jack opened the door to the Bathysphere and then leapt out before I felt the Bathysphere being pulled in a particular direction by the power of Jack's Telekinesis, just before it clanked against something.

The Little Sisters had been born and raised in Rapture, or quite possibly been born elsewhere but raised in the perpetual darkness of the depths of the ocean. For them, all of them, this was their first taste of daylight, and when the first of them stepped into the light, one could see the look of awe at what the surface world immediately held.

And of course, Jack was there to help them onto the shore, with a warm and kindly hand.

Fresh air and sunlight was a wonderful thing for even me to taste and feel, and I actually stepped out, completely nude for lack of any clothing, and I stood bare-footed on the stone platform of the lighthouse that marked Rapture's tallest tower, the one so high that it actually broke past the heaving waves of the Atlantic. I took a deep, deep breath of all the wonderfully fresh air, and smiling at Jack, took to helping the Sisters onto the solid ground of the lighthouse.

Eventually, I exited as well, while the Sisters played, and lifting a hand to shield my eyes as I stood naked in the open air – a feeling that was most relieving, most freeing as the long tresses of hair atop my head waved and shook like a flag atop my head, and my naked breasts wobbled freely with my every movement – I suddenly understood and reveled in what freedom really meant.

But then a cold blast of air slid against me like a seductive lover, and I giggled as goose bumps rose up all over me before either nipple and the thickened pad of woman flesh swelled and its clitoris erected hard.

Then I saw all the floating wreckage of the plane crash, and off in the distance I spied a trench coat that might fit me, so lifting a hand I summoned it to me with telekinesis before donning the wet thing about me, my core body heat rising nearly to the point where I'd become enflamed thanks to a little Eve in the right place, but the heat would soon dry out this coat even as I tied its sash about my narrow waist.

It was then that a pair of gloved hands fell upon my hips, and I smiled and turned to look at Jack still dressed as a Big Daddy. I looked at him, dressed as he was before I slid into his body, my lofty breasts pressing against his form as I tried to enclose both arms about him and the girth of the suit he was wearing.

I felt safe, I felt warm, I felt loved... It was conditioning wrought upon me from being a Little Sister myself, but of all the conditioning that I'd suffered through, I wasn't nearly as inclined to getting rid of this one.

There we stood in the light of day, stood quietly for a time, just he and I, remembering things that were only half remembered before, and after a moment or two, I felt his hand atop my breast, and looking down at it and smiling, I remembered the last time we were together, and a clear image of that last moment flashed in my brain.

We were in the bodies of teenagers, I was naked, sitting back on a table with both knees raised and spread wide in order to reveal to him the pert and un-pierced little hairless pussy between my legs. I arched myself deeply, angling that love mound for him as I viewed him standing before me in just a pair of pants that'd just been opened, and with both my hands on his shoulders, and one of his atop my pert little breast and waist, we were mere inches away from making love for the first time.

That's when they came and stopped us.

It was here now, with both of us in similar positions as we both kissed, feeling that once forgotten and now renewed affection and love brewing between us, and with him bending down to meet me, we both kissed in celebration of finding each other despite all that went into erasing our memories of each other.

It was like fate itself had brought us together again.

But then there was the sound of rushing water, and both of us turning, we gazed upon the sight of a great gray submarine exiting the water like a leaping whale and splashing down again before leveling off in the water, the submarine banking toward the light house as several of the portals opened up on its top and deck.

Across the side of its hull was the name “Nautilus.”

Chapter 18 – Rescued

The crew of the Nautilus took us aboard, and though the captain was none too friendly about the idea of having a few dozen little girls on his submarine, he nonetheless freed up several bunks for them, and provided Jack and me with a room that was normally shared by a couple of sea men.

The girls were given a full belly worth of food from the emergency rations on board and then put to bed by Jack and me. Though these beds were military bunks, it was still far better than the simple cots they slept on before that had no blankets or mattresses.

After seeing them all to bed, kissing several good night, I returned to the room I was sharing with Jack, and paused right as I saw him slipping out of the heavy Big Daddy suit, having removed his boots, and was now pulling himself out of the top of the suit with his sweater and shirt coming off with it.

I pursed my lips as I saw him then. The Plasmids had done to him what they'd done to me, only his were constantly on. Rippling abs, bulging pectorals, layered laterals... I felt myself becoming aroused immediately.

It was then that he chanced to look at me, and he smiled warmly, a sight that made me feel even more aroused and made me want him all the more.

He didn't talk much, his eyes said a lot of what I needed to know, and making sure that the door to the room – an accordion style door made of plastic – was closed and locked, I opened up my trench coat and let it fall to the ground, giving him a good look at this new body of mine.

Less than twenty four hours ago, I looked like an un-sprouted female teenager, and now I was fully mature, tall, strong and above all exuded an incredible sexual power...

I smiled back at him with a pair of full and supple lips before moving to the bed, folding it down and pulling the roll bar out before I sat down upon it with either leg over the bar. Jack faced me, looking strong and sexy in his deep sea diving pants... like some sort of underwater pirate with his short-cropped hair. He came to stand before me as I lifted both hands and began to undo the seals and the clasps of his suit bottoms, and once getting that open, quickly worked on his pants while he palmed my face and I kissed his hands.

Soon we were both naked, at the point again to where we were the last time this happened to us, at a point right before those who made us came to separate and beat us both, but this time the men with bludgeons didn't come. Instead, Jack positioned himself above me as we both climbed onto the bed, and with a deft thrust he pierced me, making me into a woman.

Chapter 19 – Big Mama and Big Daddy

It was found that neither Jack or myself had a birth certificate, a social security number or any ID's of any sort that could prove that we'd ever lived in the United States in our lives, and as such we were treated like British Nationals. But the lies of our beings had nonetheless turned into habits, and habits were extremely difficult things to break. Thanks to our conditioning, being that we were programmed with all the information necessary to be United States Citizens, Jack and I were both able to become citizens very quickly. The same day that we accomplished this and were given the rights of U.S. citizens, we married.

They wanted to take the Little Sisters from us, put them in orphanages, but surprising us all, Jack pulled out of his pocket a wad of bills – it was a good thing that Rapture used U.S. Dollars for money too – and said in his deep voice that they wouldn't take a single one of them from us. They were ours to protect, and so Jack and I filled out all the paperwork and red tape to create an orphanage for all thirty-six of the Little Sisters that he and I had rescued from Rapture.

Government stipends were all we had at first, and our home was rather ramshackle as well, with the girls once again sleeping on cots but at least they had blankets and pillows now as well as clean clothes. The first year was difficult, but we had food enough for us all, and little by little we were able to save and build the place up, patching holes in the walls and roof, buying the girls actual beds and so on... but despite how much we cared for the Little Sisters, someone in the government offices seemed to think that we didn't deserve to raise them.

Legal matters, finance matters, health issues... whoever it was, was doing everything they could to shut us down and separate all the Sisters and put them in existing orphanages.

That first year, they came close to shutting us down.

Because there were thirty-six children under our tutelage, they deemed that there weren't enough adults here to take care of so many girls, and so therefore deemed that we needed to hire another adult to help with their upbringing, but no-one wanted to work for a ramshackle orphanage that could only pay minimum wage. The girls helped even, drawing up adverts in their colorful children's hand-writing using spare paper and crayons and posted their adverts around town. We had to splurge and put an advert in the paper as well, but... no one was even coming to call.

There was one more day before a state official came to collect the girls and shut us down when there was a knock at the door. Jack was away trying to find temporary night work, but even that was difficult due to his speech impediment from becoming a Big Daddy, so I was there alone with all the girls. As such, it became my privilege to open the door, and when I did, I saw someone in whom I could only call a ghost from the past.

“Tanenbaum...” I gasped.

“Guten tag.” She smiled shyly. “May I come in?”

I looked to her, seeing that she carried a small suitcase before her in both hands, and I immediately invited her in before promptly taking her bag and hugging her tightly.

“We thought you may’ve been killed.” I said once we parted to look at each other. “We went back for you but all we found was your lab smashed to bits.”

“Yes.” She said and removed a simple little hat before straightening her hair, and I noted then that when I’d first met her that she looked like a blast from the mid-fifties... now she’d updated her hairstyle to something more modern. “I smashed it to bits... to keep someone else from using its knowledge to makes something terrible again.” She didn’t have to say Suchong’s name to imply that he was who she was thinking of when she broke all her equipment in Rapture. “As for what I’m doing here... I saw your advert in the post, and apparently since the war, no one’s willing to give a German woman a chance any more.”

I stared at her, my lips compressing against each other. *No, no they aren’t*, I thought. Despite that Tanenbaum was quite possibly one of the best medical minds of our world, no one wanted to employ people who were German, especially one who used to work in the Nazi Concentration Camps.

“Tanenbaum, do you need a job?” I asked.

“Yes...” she said excitedly, almost desperately. “I believe that I can be a perfect use to you. I’m a trained and licensed doctor, and I’m willing to work for just room and board and...”

I reached out and gently took her hands and gave them a squeeze.

“Stop begging. The job’s yours... room and board will be fine, plus minimum wage.”

Tanenbaum gave a soft sigh and smiled before hugging me again. “Thank you, liebchen...” She said, and then bent to pick up her suitcase before opening it, reaching inside and pulling an envelope out, she handed it to me. “Here, this is to help care for the little ones.” She said with her heavy German accent, and accepting the thick envelope from her and opening it I found that it was filled with perhaps a few hundred dollars. Another blessing...

The next day, when the state official arrived to inspect us in the hopes of closing us down, he met Tanenbaum, and thankfully, despite how much he wanted to treat her with disdain just because she was German, he had to take the neutral stance and stick with veiled annoyance at her. He even tried to pull that we needed a doctor as well, which

Tanenbaum was able to shoot down with very little effort, and being that we were likewise doubling as a school for the Little Sisters, even the education wild card he pulled to shut us down was negated. The inspector left in a huff, complete with required paperwork to approve us for additional educational stipends for the girl's education.

Jack was so unbelievably happy to see Tanenbaum, her presence here was that much of a blessing, and after hugging her too, he opened his mouth and said "Thank you" to her, one of the few times that he actually said anything due to the change in his voice from being turned into a Big Daddy. All for her help in Rapture.

Tanenbaum became a member of the family then, and of course the girls were ecstatic to see her again.

We seemed to be over the big hurdle now. True, we didn't have much money, but everyone was happy, everyone was healthy and being well cared for. A short while after Tanenbaum's arrival, the state stopped badgering us. And we became a successful orphanage. But also shortly after our one year anniversary of being married and having started this orphanage, we discovered that Rapture wasn't the only place where dark intentions raise their ugly heads.

It was a dark and moonless night outside, and I was walking around in the only nightgown that I owned, a light blue shift that had a tendency to with the right amount of light behind me turn it into a translucent thing that showed off every curve and arch of this enhanced body of mine. I was still hippy, busty and athletic thanks to the changes of the Plasmids that couldn't be shut off inside me, and since I still bonded with all the girls by nursing them from time to time, I had a rather large chest.

This particular night I was doing a head count on all the bunks here when I found a girl missing.

Jenny was her name according to her bunk assignment, and she was a girl who had a penchant for needing a glass of water every night at this hour, and smirking, I began descending the stairs toward the kitchen where the only glasses were, when I heard a crash of glass. For a moment I thought that Jenny had dropped her glass of water, but there were more sounds of movement down below, and I realized that the actual sound I'd heard was one of the front windows facing the street being broken open, and the movement was of two large bodies sliding through the now opened window.

It was then that I heard a scream from a little girl, and knew that it was Jenny.

I hurried bare-footed down the stairs and stopped dead at the landing, seeing two men, dressed all in black with their faces blacked out approaching her.

"Shut up you little bitch! Now tell us where the money is or we'll kill you!"

Jenny backed up against the wall, she wearing her little night gown, and seeing me on the landing, she suddenly got very brave.

“You’re in trouble now misters. My mommy is here, and she’s smarter than Einstein, Stronger than Hercules, and can light a fire with a snap of her fingers.”

The two would-be burglars turned toward me as I descended the stairs calmly, clenching a fist and feeling its attached arm strengthen subtly from an instinctive release of Eve into my body as I stared coldly at them.

“This is an orphanage, gentlemen.” I said coldly. “There’s no money here for you, there’s barely anything for us.

“Lookie what we got here... we got us a fine looking woman, don’t we Earl?”

“Yeah, Joe. Look at her tits! Just monstrous... I want first dibs.”

“You should know better than that,” the one called Joe said as he lifted a switchblade from his pocket and pressed the button to open the knife. “I always get first dibs, and you always get sloppy seconds.”

I began to tremble; feeling my blood boil inside me – literally, the fire plasmid did that to me – as I clenched the other hand.

“Just leave!” I shot at them. “You don’t want to stay here...” I said then as the two men began to encircle me, but then Earl surged forward and wrapped my arms up and bending me backward, and Joe stepped forward calmly, putting the knife handle in his teeth as he reached up and grabbed my boobs, squeezing some of its milk out.

The heart inside me bulged and began to throb, and I felt that sexual high that accompanied my changes rising inside me too, it’d only take a mental trigger, it’d only take a second to...

“You shouldn’t do that mister!” Jenny shouted. “Those are private, naughty places, and you’re not daddy!”

Joe turned to look at Jennifer sharply, a look so dark and scathing that Jenny immediately shrank from him. Joe then took the knife from his mouth and flipped it expertly, holding the knife, and I realized that he was getting prepared to throw it.

“Didn’t I tell you to shut up?!” he growled, and tossed the knife. In an instant my eyes flashed blue, the blue bleeding into the whites of my eyes as I reached out with my mind, not having done this in months, and I seized the thrown knife with my telekinetic powers mere inches from the blade lodging itself in the center of Jenny’s face.

“What the hell?” Joe said as his knife dropped to the ground.

“Ah Joe... um... something’s happening here.” Earl said as I began to breathe in and out deeply, my pussy becoming sopping wet as I stared at Joe, and for the first time since leaving Rapture, I activated my powers... all of them.

The spaghetti strings of the gown I wore fell off my shoulders, the bulbous mammaries topping my chest swelling and filling along with the chest muscles beneath them and the ribs beneath those flared and thickened while both arms and legs swelled as I began to grow right before them.

“Her eyes...” Joe gasped as I turned sharply, struck Earl in the ribs with a strengthening hand as its fingernails grew into claws, knocking all the air out of him before I grabbed his shirt and threw him to the floor.

This gown was an anniversary present from both Jack and Tanenbaum, and I wasn’t about to destroy all that silk and lace, and though I hated showing these men any better view of my body, I was going to be naked in a second anyways, so I lowered both arms, heaving heavily as I let that gown fall from me, revealing my naked body as it strengthened, the muscles bubbling and popping beneath the stretching and firming flesh.

They saw the transformation of my sexuality as either tit swelled and grew massively, and the bulbous vaginal mound between my flaring thighs distended and spread open to disgorge the inner vaginal tissue and the strong and hardened clitoris erecting hard and powerfully; the thing growing larger than even their male penises were when limp.

Neck muscles flared straight to either shoulder, throat muscles bulged forward, while chest muscles hefted and filled outward with their attached tits growing many times the size of my head and a great and broad muscle hump pushed itself from my back.

Opening my mouth and hissing at them as my ears grew long and pointed, I showed the two men the sharp fangs in my mouth as the long hair atop my head that I let grow out to save on haircuts, billowed and flowed, spilling onto the ground despite my increasing body mass, the floors creaking as I grew past the measure of several male Olympian body builders.

The pale flesh on this body of mine lightened into porcelain and then brightened into silver as the flesh, still soft and now velvety, hardened with metals, the bones bulging and every last muscle in me growing thousands of times stronger than ever. Ice crystals, burst from me, but strangely enough, they erupted into more elaborate displays than before, growing longer and harder, covering more of me. My breasts swelled far larger than they ever had done so before, and I grew at least five times stronger than I was in Rapture before leaving, with an insane amount of piling muscle mass growing over me. And then the electricity and the fire appeared, and I stood tall, nearly ten feet in height, head nearly to the high ceilings of this house, and I was still growing thicker.

“Joe... let’s get the hell out of here!” Earl gasped, and Joe merely turned and bolted, but I reached out with either hand and called them to me with telekinesis before turning them both in a wide circle and slamming them into the floor one after the other.

Jenny rushed to my leg and held onto it despite the ice and fire on it. It didn’t hurt her simply because I wished it, and as I stood my ground, feeling supreme and powerful, feeling incredible, greater than anything anywhere, I focused my gaze down upon the two burglars.

I’d have to say that this was a turning point in my life, at this moment, at this time, and as I towered over these men, many hundreds of times their combined strength, and having more power in me than a power plant, I lifted my left hand and began pinching two of its fingers together as I held it out toward the two men like the sights of a gun. That hand became wreathed in fire, and the furnace that was within me, like a nuclear reactor, a fire that was almost atomic in strength, flared and made me glow brighter.

“Like the girl said...” I said through sharp gritted teeth. “I can start a fire with a snap of my fingers. Imagine what fire could do to the two of you...”

Tears welled up in my eyes for some reason, I thought it was in anger, and I began to tremble in the actual act of trying to snap my fingers in order to take pleasure in watching those two men burn. But then a hand appeared and placed itself gently onto my hand, and the only reason that that hand could do that, was because the owner of that hand had similar powers that I had.

My head snapped to one side, and I then gasped as my expression softened immediately at the sight of Jack standing there, wearing the top half of his Big Daddy suit minus the helmet, while in his hand was the powerful rivet gun that the Rosies used, though vastly modified thanks to his growing mechanical genius that he’d had even before he ever stepped into rapture and had it modified and enhanced further. He shook his head solemnly then, and removing his hand from mine as I loosened the fingers, I watched him look down at Jennifer as he palmed the back of her head, and I gasped before tears really did fall from my eyes as I realized that I was about to kill two men in cold blood right before Jennifer’s eyes. Jack then stepped forward to face the two men, both of whom had visible wet spots in their pants as he looked at them both.

“Get out.” He growled low and menacingly, aiming the rivet gun one-handed first in the face of one and then the other.

Though I and the girls found his voice the most comforting sound in the world, it was unnerving for anyone else to hear it. Tanenbaum was just used to it, and her only comment was that at least he didn’t smell like a Big Daddy... or perhaps she was used to that too.

The two men scrambled to their feet with him following, and they practically ripped the door open as I stood there, stunned and speechless as he then followed them outside, raised his rivet gun, and fired twice.

I later learned that Jack didn't kill them... he merely shot them both to wound them with a long rivet, stapling either of them to the ground as they ran away. A team of city workers had to pry them from the ground before the ambulance and the team of cops hauled them away.

I had to put Jennifer to sleep, and in my mind set, I reduced myself, deactivating most of my powers, but then Jennifer lifted her arms for me to pick her up, and picking her up and cradling her, she began to nurse gently. I retreated to the room Jack and I shared, passing Tanenbaum with a gun who was guarding all the girls who were now wide awake. I told them everything was ok and that they should get back to sleep while I went back to nurse Jennifer, as well as several other girls who came to suckle now that I was offering.

After the police and ambulance had come and gone to take the men away and I'd finished nursing several of the girls and put them all to sleep with the sun rising on the horizon, I reclaimed and donned my nightgown and put on a jacket to go talk with the police.

Jack didn't talk much, and so it was difficult for him to explain to police why he was armed with a deep sea diving suit and an underwater rivet gun. Tanenbaum had explained that he'd been in the navy during the war, and his specialty was underwater excavation and construction, and that he had the gun as a memento, but with few weapons in the building, he had to use what was handy. It was a memento all right, but not from the Navy.

The two men who tried to burgle us however, were known thieves in the area. They'd robbed several churches and other small time shops in the area. They were dastardly men who'd actually rob donations for the poor and the needy from a church poor box in order to make a quick buck. But then we found out that there was a reward for their capture...

The two men were incarcerated in a jail for the criminally insane because they kept babbling about monsters and fire. Tanenbaum covered that nicely by taking responsibility, giving them a story that they were trying to hurt one of the girls, and that just made Tanenbaum crazy with anger to where she flailed and flogged them both with her fiery anger. Later that week, we were presented with a check for several thousand dollars and several more smaller checks from the surrounding community in support of our efforts in the orphanage, enough to repaint and fix the house completely up, replace the broken window, get the girls new beds that didn't sag and clothes that weren't pre-worn and even buy ourselves something nice with some of the money that had been left over.

Later, there was even enough to actually put something into the Orphanage's bank account.

But later that day with the burglars, though, with all the girls still asleep, with me still sitting on the lumpy bed that Jack and I shared, Jack came in with his rivet gun and his suit top dangling in one hand, his body ripped and powerful thanks to the genetic modifications in him, finding me sitting there in my jacket and my nightie, just before he turned and closed the door before locking it, placing the gun and his suit top by the door. Jack approached me then, sat down beside me, and lifting a hand to palm my face, he kissed me lightly, holding my lips with his own for a moment before he withdrew and covered my left hand. He then looked me intently in the eyes and then kissed me again, only longer this time.

He'd become very adept in saying things without actually speaking.

“I was about to kill those men. I... I was going to stand there and laugh at them as they burned to death. I'm a monster... a monster just like all those Splicers in...” and then Jack lifted his hand and covered my mouth to keep me from speaking the name of that horrid place, and smiling reassuringly, he shook his head and then kissed me yet again.

When he withdrew the third time, he lifted a hand to my chest, sliding his fingers between the still fattened mammaries that were so achingly swollen with milk, and then slid a hand into the chest of the nightie I was wearing as he picked the shoulder of that nightie and the jacket over it off me before pulling that firm and fattened tit to kiss its mass once, and then twice... getting me to lactate like he always was able to make me do before he lifted that tit from out of my clothing to his mouth to suck on it.

My milk helped him to recharge his Eve reserves since he couldn't make any of his own, and I sighed and embraced his head as he continued to undress me, getting me quite naked and relaxed in our bed before he got naked to and slid into the covers with me. The passage of the big manly shaft of his sliding slowly into my body comforted me and sent me into a euphoric high as he began making love to me. With the heat of that dick inside my bowls, my breasts pressed between us and his lips alighting upon my face and neck, it was like he and I had literally been made for each other.

Like Frankenstein and Frankenstein's wife

The Plasmids inside us were evolving the longer they remained in us, making us more mature, stronger, faster, smarter... more sexually powerful. For me, it made me more beautiful and sexy, with huge perfect breasts and sensitive innards behind that vaginal mound of mine. For him... it gave him a truly unbelievably long and thickened penis that could probe me to the deepest depths of my bowels.

But amidst the sexual prowess was also an increased sexual drive, and without the fear of being burdened with another child, we could make love without abandon... and often.

Lovemaking for us now was subtle and soft, and he worked to pleasure me more than himself. After those burglars had come and gone, deep into the following morning and the day that followed that as I laid there before him after the fifth set of intercourse, feeling him inside me, I felt that strange organ in me pulsate as I neared climax, it feeling pleasure along with me, and though I felt constantly pregnant, just like Suchong said I would, I nonetheless felt worthless as a woman, and with a deep sob I burst into tears.

Immediately I felt his hand over my mouth, and I took hold of it and kissed it before looking at it, and as he continued in driving me toward climax, he palmed my face, wiped a tear from my cheek with his thumb and pinched it between all his fingers, showing it to me. The questioning look in his eyes told me that he was wondering why he was crying.

“Jack... I... I can't get pregnant. I want your baby, more than anything, but Suchong did something to me that's made me barren. I can't... I can't...” and again he covered my lips with his hand, and then rose, straining his penis in me, he palmed my belly and smiled lovingly at me just before he paused in his rocking motions and gestured with a grand motion of his hand toward the door.

It took me a moment to realize that he wasn't gesturing to the door, but rather what was beyond the door... where thirty-six little girls lived with us.

“It's ok that I can't become pregnant? Because of them?” I asked him, and he nodded with a smile, and then began to caress and massage both my breasts, getting them to lactate before he bent to suck on them both simultaneously by pressing them together and sucking on both nipples.

I smiled as he continued to make love to me, and lifting both arms, I hugged him, and hugged him tightly to me with both my tits flaring to either side of his body while I laid a thousand kisses on his face and neck, thanking him in his own silent way of speech for validating me as a woman... not as a woman who's ability to create a child had been taken away, but as a wife and a mother to our shared children.

I'd suppose... that that must've been the happiest moment in my entire life.

Chapter 20 – The Next Twenty Years

Though the neighborhood became aware of us and what we were doing, the sudden burst of aid from the community did eventually peter off to a trickle. We were glad that we could improve the girl's lives though, but still things got broken and things had to be replaced, and when the water-heater broke, a great octopus looking central boiler, and we found that it'd cost thousands of dollars to repair and tens of thousands to replace with a more modern one, Tanenbaum, Jack and I were at a loss in what to do; and with winter approaching, we needed hot water.

We could all see the State swooping in and attempting to shut us down again if we were a place without heat in winter... especially after we asked for funds to repair it and were denied, and no bank would give us a loan without sufficient amount of income coming in.

We looked back on the night of the burglary several months ago, reminiscing of all the good things we were able to do with that money. It became only a matter of time before it was suggested that we do something like that again.

“How bout now?” I asked much later in the locked basement of the orphanage with all the basement windows covered as I stood in my altered form.

“You still have some naughty bits showing.” Tanenbaum smirked as Jack chuckled and covered his face with one hand, shaking his head and trying to keep from laughing.

There was a problem with my altered form in the fact that it was naked.

“Well how do I control it then? I've never done something like this before.” I fussed.

Nudity for a heroine was a problem in case I ever had to stand before the public or in front of children. The girls had seen me naked, had seen Tanenbaum naked, Jack of course, being the only man here, was always careful to keep his pants on in front of them.

“It's all a matter of will.” Tanenbaum urged, and closing my eyes and concentrating, I tried to control the ice crystals on me.

After many, many long hours spanning several days, I finally got all the icicles all over my body in the form of my ice armor to shift and change in order to cover my *'naughty bits'* as Tanenbaum put it. After much concentration, I got them all to hem in my breasts in a cupping motion like four fingered hands keeping both those monstrous tits together, while at the same time growing far enough to not only cover but to obscure both my nipples. The crotch became a strapless bikini bottom. I didn't feel the cold of course, I only felt myself walking naked out in the open.

“You’ve been growing stronger, Katie.” Tanenbaum said late one night, the night that Jack and I would actually be doing some crime fighting for the hopeful rewards. “As suspected, the Plasmids and Tonics are actually evolving inside you.”

I flexed an arm, the bicep billowing massively, pushing my forearm away so that it could grow to where it brushed against my knuckles while a billowing plume of glowing fire appeared on the inside of that bicep beneath the usually ice-covered silvery skin. After a moment, flame crescents and halos that encircled the whole of my arm around that bicep and its attached wrist plumed into existence, and I felt myself creaming into the ice covering my pussy, the nectar freezing its slit shut as it did. I liked how the ice only barely revealed the coloring of my naughty bits and nothing else.

“How’s that possible?” I asked then as I relaxed the flex and Tanenbaum came close to feel my many abs.

“Simple. As you mature, so too do the Plasmids. Because of the lack of regulating how much or implanting the Plasmids and Tonics correctly is why the Splicers became a reality. They took on themselves too many tonics and plasmids, more than their bodies’ storehouse of Adam could accept, and they mutated. But it’s a credit to Suchong’s skill that he was able to create a pure creature like you.” She paused on the upper reaches of my body and then gave off a bark of laughter. “Ha! And it appears as if you’re growing another pair of breasts, Katie.”

“What?!”

“...An unforeseen evolutionary trait from the female sexual enhancement Tonic.” She smirked.

I lifted a hand and inserted it beneath my tit and felt a small bulbous mound hidden beneath the fat, rounded tit that was hemmed in by the ice armor, and I rolled my eyes as I felt the hard little nipple there atop a swollen mound of fatty flesh. It was like the breast of a fourteen year old girl, hidden beneath that great mammary of the super fem that I was. Having become so good at controlling my Plasmids now, at least to the point that I could relocate them, I formed two long cupping plates to hide those new mammaries right when Jack came down the stairs, dressed like a Big Daddy again... just with his armored suit repainted and his rivet gun re-modified.

“What a match we make.” I smiled, and stepped over to him but paused, blinking at how massive and muscular he seemed all of a sudden. He’d grown to fill his suit completely!

There was a low moan from him like whale song as I quickly embraced him, wondering what other powers he had still that I didn’t know about as I scrunched my breasts against his chest.

“So, what will you two call yourselves?” Tanenbaum asked.

“Oh that’s an easy one. Big Daddy and Big Mama.” I laughed, and even Jack gave off some low chuckling laughter that sounded like a series of hoarse moans.

That night Jack and I stopped a jewel store robbery and then two car chases, apprehending the criminals. Later in that week we also sought out and apprehended several big-time criminals and uncovered their whole crime ring. We were awarded with medals from the city and big reward checks for our efforts.

It was a way to keep passion alive in our lives between Jack and I, and the excitement of adrenaline pumping through us kept us going, and the benefit that it brought to the Little Sisters and our orphanage was immediate and grand. And after a tremendous night of crime fighting, more often than not he and I would break down at the end of the night and make love like sea otters.

Ten years passed like that, with us stopping a crime here or there, in this city or that city, serving the state, being rewarded... and I felt my powers growing as time passed, and I kept growing stronger and stronger and more beautiful... being blessed with a raw sexuality that my mere presence usually stunned criminals as they just stared.

Jack, I sensed, began to feel sad though, and I saw him coughing harshly from time to time, even though he’d stopped smoking years ago. Eventually, he just stopped coming with me on our occasional crime-stopper errands. He showed me that he still loved me nonetheless, that he supported me, but I knew that he was getting sick somehow.

The girls grew older, they were all teenagers now, each of them lovely and beautiful, and with the orphanage having become completely repaired and renovated with modern wiring and things, with the vast studio hall where all their bunks had been as children, now had been updated into a hallway and divided rooms. They grew older; they started getting interested in boys and make up, pop stars and idols, and my only regret being that they no longer wanted to nurse from me. They were growing up, and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

They’d spent years in Rapture without aging a second, and now that they’d been released from the nightmares of that foul place, now that we were able to teach them to ignore their conditioning of trying to harvest Adam from the dead, they all became regular young women, and that hellish place called Rapture nothing more than a bad memory no one wanted to talk about anymore.

Tanenbaum found love during that time... a strong Irish steel worker, and she became the fascination of all the Little Sisters when she suddenly became pregnant. She still kept house, she still cared for the girls, even nine months pregnant she was still there for us all.

Meanwhile, I became alone in my efforts for providing for the house and the family.

There were nights when I came home though, diminishing from my altered form into a strong-bodied woman’s form, complete with the constantly lactating mammaries that

were always bulbous and swollen being that I'd developed the perfect feminine body, with wide hips, a huge chest and what not... and stepping quietly down the hallway leading to the junction where the house's master bedroom was that had been merged with the old room that Tanenbaum had used now that she'd moved in with her husband, that I opened the door to find Jack in a rocking chair asleep, waiting for me.

I'd... grown concerned for him. He'd been sleeping more and more lately, and he still had that cough. When he was awake, he worked hard, really hard, fixing things, maintaining things, caring for the girl's every need while I often times went out to play the super heroine. Deep inside me, I knew that something was wrong though. He couldn't stay awake all the time, and he took naps in the middle of the day despite that he was barely in his forties now while I was always filled with so much energy that I barely slept at all now.

Well... he was in his forties according to maturity at least thanks the accelerated maturation he and I were put through to become adults, and in all truth he and I'd been only alive for maybe thirty years now.

I sat down on his lap and palmed his chest, and with the touch of my hand he became instantly awake, smiling instantly at me as he embraced me and laid his head against my fat naked breasts, cupping one and starting to rock with me.

He was glad that I was home, I could tell... and if his mannerisms weren't enough to tell me that, the wicked erection that was growing beneath me that popped the button and unzipped the pants of his jeans and began wedging itself into the space between both legs and butt where my crotch was, confirmed how glad he was to see me.

Fingering his hair that was thinning subtly and kissing his brow, I sat there with him, cuddling and fondling for awhile before I spread my legs and straddled his lap, and after fingering his steely erection into my sopping wet cunt, I hefted breast so that he could suck from it and we began to make love with all the simple energy required of him to rock in the chair.

Ten more years passed.

The girls all grew up into women, each of them growing breasts and hips, being sexy beautiful young women by the time the eighties came about. They discovered bikinis and even had a block car wash in all their bathing suits that brought in a few thousand dollars that we let them spend on their own since they earned it. Once they all became a certain age, they likewise discovered the nuisances of being sexually active women, and Tanenbaum and I had to teach them about all those wonderful feminine hygiene products amidst Jack smirking at us.

They experienced love, heart break, grew past their children's songs and evolved into the rock bands of the Beatles and later ACDC, Metallica, Poison and the like, they experienced the bra-burning fad and the chaos of the late sixties and early seventies, saw the man landing on the moon, the Cuban Missile Crisis and more.

It was painful to see them growing up, but they did.

With the monies that I produced from crime fighting, we were soon able to build and then move into a big mansion-like house on the ocean shore a little further north outside of the city where the orphanage thusly turned into an academy for girls.

Tanenbaum, now in her fifties and with three children of her own, began to grow sickly, but despite that, she stayed with us, till one day... the last of our many daughters left for college.

"It will be lonely without them." Tanenbaum said, her German accent all but gone now. She was a beautiful woman for being fifty, still with smooth skin and breasts that didn't sag as much as they should. She even still looked great in a bikini. Jack was showing his age though, but I... seemed to have barely aged at all.

"Yes it will." I replied, and held myself, suddenly really feeling the empty-nest syndrome as I cursed myself for not being able to have a baby.

I bit my lip and tried to keep myself from crying. True I was the most powerful person alive, true I was stronger than an entire army... I'd even been called to quell certain battle fronts around the world all by my lonesome... now an eleven foot tall super woman with bulging muscles and super-engorged tits wielding weaponry made of the very elements. True I had all that and more with a good husband and thirty-six daughters... but I still felt like a failure, no matter how often Jack or Tanenbaum tried to cheer me up about it, I nonetheless still wanted a baby... more than anything.

"I... will stay in touch, liebchen." She said, her beautiful hair, complete with two streaks of gray growing above either ear waving in the fall air. And then, as an afterthought, she added: "Take care of Jack."

I'd developed a mild form of telepathy, to the measure of empathy, and I felt from Tanenbaum some implied meaning in her last words, and thinking of Jack's steady decline in health over the years I lifted my head and faced her.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, and Tanenbaum stopped amidst turning to leave, a bit too quickly I thought being that we didn't even hug goodbye. She knew something about Jack, and I wanted to know about it.

She took a long breath and then released it before turning back to me.

“He’s a quiet thoughtful man now. Still a man of action, but still quiet. As a man, you know he lived through the last Great War.” She stated and I nodded. “He’s known nothing other than war and battle for half his life. World War Two and then later Rapture... I think you and the girls are his one treasure in life, the one thing good in his whole dammed existence.” She took another breath and released it, and I could feel her weighing her words. “But he’s still battling a war, liebchen... one that as strong as he is and as powerful as you would be beside him, he cannot win.

“Because of how quiet he is, and because he’d never tell you because of it, I will tell you before you discover it later and hate him for it. Just understand that he doesn’t want you to worry, but the war he battles now is called cancer.” Tanenbaum said, and I gasped at the severity of such a disease.

“It’s... everywhere. It’s in his bones, in his skin, in his lungs, in his brain... It’s the same thing that the Splicers experienced only it’s turning inward. His mind will fade and his body will simply stop working as it should. The march of the sickness is slow, and can be kept in check with drugs... but the end result, Katie is that he will die... sooner than later.”

Chapter 21 – The Hero's Fate

Present Day:

It's been forty years to the day since we left Rapture, and a lot could happen in forty years.

Jack and I had long since become financially independent, and I was even able to stop taking mercenary jobs and crime fighting jobs, defeating with ease the occasional super villain, one of which we even thought escaped from Rapture... another Atlas. Not since leaving Rapture had I been forced to kill someone, and in order to stop this madman from destroying half the world, I attacked him and sucked every ounce of Adam from him, adding his traits to my own, growing stronger in myself, more powerful yet, keeping my youth even... but still I couldn't bare any children.

Our many daughters went to school, found love, had children of their own even, and I believe this past Christmas, we had a hundred and nine individuals aside from ourselves at the great dining room table and at tables in several other rooms. The Academy closed and our daughters all returned for one celebratory day together, Jack and I at the head of the table looked upon Thirty-Six daughters with their husbands, their sons and daughters, and with one or two of them with children of their own.

It was such a beautiful experience, and I was glad that Jack was still alive for it. He had a nervous tremor that didn't go away, and the cancer had spread to every ounce of his body. The doctors were saying that he didn't have much time to live. Six more months at the most, and that was only with a wish and a prayer.

Tanenbaum... had died quietly in her sleep, living to a ripe age of seventy one before her life ended. We invited her husband to this dinner with their children, but her husband had said that he didn't want to intrude. Perhaps he thought being reminded of her would be too painful. I even heard his voice crack when we offered to have him over the phone.

That very night... Jack fell ill.

The next morning, when the doctors had diagnosed that he was now in the terminal stages of the cancer, with all our many daughters waiting to see him, they were finally allowed to enter as I laid against Jack's side, letting him use my still fat and rounded breasts as a pillow.

Tanenbaum said that the healing power of being pregnant constantly was perhaps what was keeping me so alive and vibrant, even though I was now theoretically in my seventies, and barely looked a day beyond forty, though my blue eyes looked ancient and old. Jack beamed at the sight of his daughters as they entered, and lying in bed, unable to move, unable to even speak at all now that throat cancer has taken him, each of these

girls drew near and took his hands, one right after the other, and he held them fast as each of them leaned in to kiss his head and say *'thank you.'*

I could feel Jack's heart beating harder than it'd ever done so before when our girls were here, all of them middle-aged now, each of them mothers and with a few of them even growing heavy with new babies of their own.

It warmed Jack's heart I knew, but shortly after they left I felt a sudden desire to be alone.

Grabbing a coat and a scarf, I walked out the front door and across the great lawn of the mansion grounds toward an old boat dock, where I stood there vibrant and beautiful, and perhaps as cold as I could ever remember. Tears of crystal blue that were saturated with Eve slid down my cheeks as I wept silently.

I must've been there for an hour or more, just constantly crying when there was a creak in the deck boards behind me, and suddenly I was faced with all thirty-six of my daughters.

"Mama?" Diane said as she drew near. "Are you ok?"

"Not as ok as I wish I could be." I replied, and suddenly I held myself as my daughters gathered around me, surrounding me with their warmth, reaching across others to touch me. "I'm going to be alone..." I sobbed, and Diane held my strong body against hers.

"Is there nothing that can be done?"

"What of all the medicines Daddy has been taking?"

"He can't die..."

Their voices echoed in my ears, and in an effort to be strong, I tried to stand against those words, because each one, especially that last one, sent a dagger into my heart and chilled me.

"What about Rapture?" someone said, and the whole group parted and I and the other thirty-five Sisters all stared at the one. She approached quickly and embraced me, leaning her head against my breasts, and I held her back, holding her head, feeling the bump of her swollen belly from the baby growing inside her. How I envied her just then... "Mama... Medical Science is nothing compared to what they had in Rapture. Even today, there was far more there than there ever was here."

"But Tanenbaum is dead." One of the other Sisters said.

"But what about Suchong?" the Sister before me answered back, "Tanenbaum's lab was destroyed, we know, but Suchong had secret labs all over the place. We know, we remember, we were brought to them before Rapture collapsed."

“Like the one where he made me...” I said quietly.

“No. No it’s too dangerous, Mama. You can’t go there! Doesn’t the military have the area of ocean around that place sealed off?”

“No... you’re right. It is too dangerous.” I said at last, and kissed the sister who was hugging me as she pushed her face into my breast, cupping the other as she kissed my teat. She was the last of the sisters to stop suckling from me, and I managed a smile at the thought of her lips on my tit again.

“You won’t be alone.” Missy said then from my right. “We’ll all be there for you... all of us. You and Big Daddy are the most important people in our lives... we...”

“No... no... I’ll be all right.” I said, and hugged her. “I’ll visit, of course, but... we just need to accept that Jack will be... will be leaving us soon.

“Now all of you, get back into the house before you catch your death. Especially you Jen, You’re eight months pregnant, it won’t do to have your child catching hypothermia before its even born.

“Yes Mamma.” She said sheepishly, and I got a hug from each of them, and more than one kiss upon my breasts, the things that gave them sustenance in our times of need.

I watched them all return to the house before I turned and walked to the edge of the dock, and looked out to sea again.

Jack was going to die. Jack was going to die... Jack... was going to die. Night fell as that thought repeated inside my brain. *Jack was going to die...* it repeated, again but then, after an hour more of standing in the cold as a light snow began to fall, me thinking of nothing but that one thought over and over and cursing myself for not being with Jack in his final hours, suddenly the voice of my fellow sister and daughter came solidly into my head.

What about Rapture?

“The hell he’s going to die...” I said aloud, and delved deep inside me, found the veritable reactor that produced all the Eve inside me, and I activated every last power that I had.

In an instant, my eyes flooded blue, glowing brilliantly, so brilliantly that blue vapor even wafted off them from the unmitigated power that was riddling inside me, and lifting both my hands, I watched them as the fingernails ejected into six inch long claws, revealing the chained tattoos on either wrist while the power of the Eve lanced up both arms, shattering the sleeves with strength even as ice chunks erupted from my back and body. The chest region bulged and stretched the fabric above it, just before first one mighty pair, and then the second pair of tits that had been growing from when Tanenbaum found

them that one day, and then a third smaller pair of mammaries slid out from inside all my clothes as they tore apart about me. My hair grew longer and longer till it spilled right down onto the ground, all of it growing thicker and wavier.

My hips and legs widened as my belly lengthened, extending me out of the ruins of all the clothes I'd been wearing, snapping the panties from my loins and shredding hosiery from about both legs, my pussy distending as I grew and grew, lifting up off the ground telekinetically as the dock began to creak as I continued to change.

Forty years of maturation and evolution of all the Plasmids in me, absorbing Adam from that Atlas wannabe and all those years of absorbing traits from Jack during sex had transformed me into a monster of sexual power, physical might and feminine purity. A super-powered monster of such incredible maturity and sexuality, that I shone like a blue star with a red core, sparking with power and alight with flames as every bit of me increased twenty fold or more!

I was a goddess, I was a power, I was incredible and invincible to any force on earth as I floated in the air, more powerful than Superman, the Green Lantern and the Silver Surfer combined, stronger and bigger than the Incredible Hulk and She Hulk if they were put together and hulked out again, smarter than Einstein and Hawking put together in this form, and augmented with vast psychic powers.

I didn't bother to control my armor to cover myself up... I wasn't going anywhere public after all... I was going to a Hell on Earth.

Using my incredible telekinetic powers, I tilted forward and flew, and like a shot sped off into space over the great body of water known as the Atlantic Ocean.

Chapter 22 – Return to Rapture

I increased my speed beyond the speed of sound once I was away from the house, traveling several times faster than mach, completely ignoring the pressure of traveling so fast on my body as I flew in nice and low so that the missile cruisers, the two battleships, the dreadnaught, the half dozen or so attack subs and the boomer sub as well as the aircraft carrier along with all their support vessels on, under and above the water that were guarding Rapture couldn't pick up on me.

A mile from the hell under water, I slowed quickly and submerged with a monumental splash, still traveling in insane speeds that shouldn't be possible, especially under water, with the cavitations in the water making me sound like an over-sized torpedo to all the subs that surrounded rapture. I could hear their echoes all around Rapture through the water, and I was even pinged by their active sonar a few times, but most of all I felt Rapture itself.

It was like the place was calling me to it, wanting me to be its mistress and queen.

At the base of the city, near the central tower, was a sea port that allowed for mini-submarines and bathyspheres to dock and offload their passengers and contents. It was here that all the foodstuffs of Rapture had come in when it was still filled with sane people.

Like a glowing personage with all the energy around me, I surfaced from the water and rose up into the stale air of this place, water either hissing off me, freezing to me or dripping off me depending upon where it was as I lowered myself to stand on the water so that I could take my surroundings in. Looking around me, making sure that there was no one who could harm me, I stepped lithely atop the water and onto one of the wet docks.

Already I felt eyes on me as I lifted a hand and crystallized a long handled blade of ice that had an edge that was only a water-molecule thick, but was stronger than any other steel in the world. I'd cut through a tank with this blade late in my career of a mercenary and crime-fighter. The ice was illuminated with fire and electricity that made the blade shimmer and spark as I used it as a light source along with the light radiating from me. Burning behind me, the great mane of hair rippled and jostled as I stepped barefoot into this hell in search of the place that I knew existed, but I had no idea where it existed:

Suchong's secret lab.

It'd been more than forty years since I'd been here, and the place had changed thanks to undersea quakes and upheaval, the place being patched by ice packets that kept the water out.

I even passed by a Big Daddy as it walked idly by, ignoring me completely, and lifting a hand, it banged on one of the tunnels that the Little Sisters would come out of, and when a Little Sister didn't come out, it moved along.

The Big Daddy was in a terrible state... it was surprising that it was still active, but regardless of its state of repair, it continued on in its mission unabated, creaking and moaning, almost as if it were in pain as it trundled along.

“What is it?” something hissed, and I turned, surprised that I heard nothing and sensed nothing of this intruder before it spoke. “It's new, different, strange... is it good, is it delicious? Is it something to eat?” the whisper was feminine, gyrating and full of madness.

“Who are you?!” I called out.

“I is the queen, the queen I is, the ruler of this place, and all there in. I eat what's I want, takes what I want, so I ask, who are you?”

“I... lived here long ago. I don't want any trouble.” I looked about me, trying to find the source of this voice that seemed to be coming from everywhere. “I'm just looking...”

“Looking for things to steal! Just like those men, from the surface. They wanted my secrets, they wanted my things, they tried to take my things that aren't their own. So I killed them, drained them... ate them, grew stronger did I. They no come back in long, long time, and I is hungry.”

Forty years for the people here to change and evolve wasn't my idea of a good thing to meet. “I don't taste good, I assure you.”

“What do they call you, sweetling?” the voice hissed.

I thought for a moment, and then emboldened, rose myself to my full height, spreading both arms so as to display my fully unbridled power in all its splendor.

“I'm Big Mama! I'm here to save my husband, The Slayer of Atlas!”

There was a cruel, sardonic chuckle. “Atlas is dead. Long dead. Forty years dead. We feasted on his corpse and absorbed his powers, and our lineage is king in this place. If you defeated Atlas, then you must be as powerful if not more than he was! If kill you we can, then stronger yet we become.”

And there was a thump and I turned immediately around toward the sound. Lowlight and infrared vision clicked in my eyesight as I slid through the different visions that I had developed over the years revealed nothing, but as I switched to normal vision, I saw a subtly shimmering thing, nothing more than an outline, a shape. And as I faced that thing, it rose and arched into what appeared to be a tall body, just before the light of its

chameleon power, a power so grand that it literally was invisible to all light, rippled and shimmered, showing me a body of a sexily built woman, tall as I was and muscular, with great huge and perfect breasts, three sets of them, and naked as the day she was born.

Throbbing veins riddled her body, as she stood on her toes, which were only two long toes with a dew claw at their back jutting out of her heels, each toe tipped with a thick hooking claw.

She opened her eyes, all eight of them, with each eye glittering like an insect's as she spread six powerful three-fingered arms, each finger ending in the same claws as her toes did. But where her pinkie and ring finger should've been, there was a long scythe-like claw that spread wide and glittered menacingly. When she hissed at me, it was to show me a mouth of spreading open mandibles and fangs dripping with venom as she then shrieked at me and leapt up into the air.

Her fingers and toes all shot and spun webbing in every direction as I took off into the air as well, and I was quite certain that still more erupted from her cunt, and I flew backward while lifting a hand before me and snapped my fingers and a brilliant fireball erupted on the web she was building, lighting it aflame instantly. She screamed as her webbing burned, and leaping off it at me I turned and caught her by the throat, but she scabbled at me with those six arms, kicking me with her legs, scraping me, actually hurting me and cutting me with all those talons and blades, and gritting my teeth, I threw her away and she flipped and attached to a wall, where I saw a red hourglass on her back.

“Poison in me, poison now in you.” She cackled, clicking her mandibles.

Hovering in mid air, I chanced to look at an arm and saw glowing green etch marks in my arm from her claws, and I felt a poison of some sort sliding into me that burned and hissed now. I just intensified the fire burning in my blood, and soon the poison burned itself out and my wounds sealed.

“You need to try better than that.” I said. “I've fought and defeated greater than you.”

She hissed and then disappeared, becoming invisible again, and for a moment I thought that she was trying to escape, but then there was a weight that landed upon my back before her cloaking ability waned. I felt her warm silken body, her firm and rounded breasts against my back and her moistened and sticky pussy there as well, but that was the limit of her humanity and the remainder of her human sexuality. She immediately opened her mouth wide and sank dozens of fangs and a half round of sharp teeth into my neck and shoulder.

“Damn it!” I cried, and then suddenly felt my powers dim and weaken, and I realized that she was sucking the Adam out of me as if she were a leach! “Oh no you don't!” I shouted then, and my body blazoned with electricity, enough to make her detach and scream before I spun and gripped her.

It was one of the few times where I acted without thinking... and it'd been more than a decade since this happened last, but the desperation didn't leave me any other choice. I activated my own Adam sucking ability, and she screamed as all the blood in her body rushed up into her head, and she quivered as her eight eyes grew bloody, blood leaking from her pointed ears and her mouth and flattened nose, absorbing into my hand as I let go of my sword, letting it hover in mid air as I gripped her with my other hand, sucking out all that Adam and all the evolved Plasmids and Tonics that were in her, sucking them all into me.

I watched then as her mutations reversed themselves and she suddenly aged forty years, growing small and miniscule, the madness leaving a pair of human eyes as the eight eyes sunk into her.

"Thank you." She wept, croaking like an old woman, just before she disintegrated into dust and the odd fragment of bone.

I immediately fell to the ground, leaving a deep impact crater, rusted metal floor plates bending upward around me as I coughed, and mentally, I rushed through all the Adam and Eve in me, separating the Plasmids I wanted, replacing older ones with these new highly evolved ones before disgorging all the others. With none of those machines that allowed me to swap Plasmids out available, my body did only what it could to evacuate it of all this excess and disgustingly mutative Plasmids, and that was to throw it all up.

Red and green, with thick nodules of black splattered onto the ground as I heaved what felt like a double lung full of the darker Plasmids, and then I shivered as I began to change, becoming leaner in the middle, and thicker everywhere else. The long claws on my fingers thickened somewhat, growing sharper, and I felt an insect's ratio instead of a human's ratio of strength to body weight assert itself as new muscle fibers grew beneath my flesh.

I felt new power and strength, the sort of intoxicating new strength I'd not felt since leaving this place. Again I was desirous of what secrets remained here, but I reminded myself of the penalty it would mean for me to pursue that goal:

Jack's death and the madness of losing him coupled with the madness of the sickening power of this place.

Groaning I righted myself, finding myself possessing of a wider eye base and the ability to switch to a multi-faceted vision now to give me more angles of view. Stronger now, I lowered a hand and took my sword, and felt it growing longer and more ornate, bits and pieces of my flesh now weaving with it as it became a living sword that shared my heart beat.

"Jack..." I said, looking to my claws that had a green, poisonous sheen to them, while my teeth now had fangs in them as I probed it with my tongue.

And then rising up into the air, I searched for that hidden location of Suchong's lab.

Chapter 23 – The Last Repentant Sinner of Rapture

There were nine bosses of Rapture... the first one that I'd encountered I dubbed "The New Spider Queen." Jack spoke very little because of his voice, and when he did speak, he spoke of his time in Rapture even less. I remembered his original replay of the Spider Queen, the first Splicer to greet him in Rapture, the one who killed Fontaine's little stooge Johnny within moments of Jack's arrival.

This Spider Queen, however, was one that I was certain Jack wouldn't have ever wished to see in his lifetime.

With her Adam came her memories, forty years of the ins and outs of Rapture and how it'd changed since I'd last been here as well as information about the other factions of this place. Thankfully, this information also included information about the other faction bosses.

Rapture was a literal hell now instead of the figurative one from before. A better name for it now would've been Purgatory. And in control of Rapture were the eight bosses, the first of which having already fallen to me.

The Splicers everywhere had degenerated into beings that were barely human for the most part, or weren't even human for the rest of them. Clothing was nonexistent, and as I moved through the derelict city, I found foul examples of depravity, from rape to cannibalism. Adam was such a commodity still that the Splicers had learned to feed on it from their enemies and the dead like a bunch of vampires, and more than once they tried to attack me like that, but not since the Spider Queen's fangs had any been able to feed on me. My armored body was just too strong and those that were able to withstand my electricity, fire and ice, simply got their jaws snapped as I flexed a muscle group for their trouble of trying to bite me, breaking their jaws open.

The original Splicers of Rapture had been The Thuggish, The Lead Heads, The Spider, the Nitro Splicers and the Houdini.

The Thuggish Splicers had become the super-strong power-houses of Rapture, the most grotesque and misshapen from their unbalanced muscularity, but also the most common from how easily it was for them to force themselves onto the other Splicers.

The Lead Head Splicers had acquired Big Daddy weaponry, their bodies actually intertwined with machine guns and pistols and such, with the bullets being generated by their own bodies. I found that they'd combined other Plasmids together to form bee-like bullets that actually homed in on me before exploding against my metallic exterior.

I already met the Spiders, and I found that they appeared to be the most human, if only the most cruel. I found one amidst raping a Lead Head Splicer while at the same time sucking the Adam from his body, her body growing stronger and stronger while his body

diminished amidst his attempts to find a spare bit of her to bite and suck on. Thanks to my improved chameleon ability from the Spider Queen – true invisibility that I could actually move with – I nonetheless remained invisible to these Splicers.

The Houdini Splicers were creatures of energy now, creatures that could sense me somehow, so I had to fight through them in my search for Suchong's lab. So far, nothing was familiar to me as to where I should go to get to that lab. The Houdini's offered the most in power, augmenting my fire, ice and electricity powers, as well as telekinesis, setting each of those psychic powers several grades stronger from consuming their modified and evolved Plasmids and Tonics.

The Nitro Splicers had become stooped over creatures with pulsating pustules along their backs, thighs, arms and neck, and they spat up and squirted various substances that were quite volatile from their mouths or those pustules. They likewise had grown tails and lizard like armored skin, and had a rather disturbing cackling laugh whenever they were near. The natural breath weapon that they exuded was like napalm, and their natural chemistry created acid and other types of bomb like explosions that they tossed at me. Suffice it to say, there was nothing other than their body armor that I wanted from them.

I knew that I had to acquire a mental map of what Rapture was now, and with my knowledge of these Splicer's bosses, I was able to confront those bosses, those that had fed on Atlas himself, and absorb what powers of theirs that I could.

But in forty years, there were four new Splicers and their bosses that had arrived.

I named them the Metallic, the Engineer, The Plant People and The Hive People. All of these people, including the previous types, were living like Morlocks here in Rapture.

Metallics were those that appeared to be like living machines, with metal bodies protecting shriveled cores of their actual bodies, where their heads were as large as their bodies were. It was like they were infants that had pulled metal around themselves to replace organs and such. Their boss reminded me so much of Atlas, that I almost thought he'd come back to life.

Engineers were those who'd upgraded the turrets and were controlling the defenses of Rapture, with new cameras and security precautions, but they were nothing to the high tech defenses I was used to dealing with. Their clunky vacuum tube-equipped machinery was no match for what I was used to dealing with, but that didn't stop these Splicers with an uncanny intuitiveness in machines to create items similar to rocket launchers, multi array machine guns, more advanced drones and automatons while they themselves drove around in armored suits that their bodies were directly wired into. Their boss even had the equivalency of lasers and rail guns!

The plant people existed everywhere, it seemed, and they hid in whatever they could. I'd wondered how this place could stay operational and active with no cycling air, but the plant Splicers tended to the trees and plants here, making them grow and continue cycling

the air. They were like shambling hills and trees, trying to absorb everything with their queen being a beautiful flower maiden in the center of their kingdom, which was the tree farm that had once provided air to this city. The plant people were still quite insane, but nonetheless helpful. They didn't harm me so long as I didn't harm them, and of all the Splicers in this foul hell, they were the only ones who helped me in my task. But what had to be done in order to accomplish that was the strange part.

Their leader wanted to make love to me.

I needed her memories in me, and she offered to give them to me if I allowed her that moment of love-making, and with Jack's life in the balance I had no choice. And it was much more preferable than to attacking the last good thing in this hell and destroying it. I wasn't an evil person... and I wasn't above loving another woman. But this woman who lived inside and was attached to a gigantic flower surprised me in the effect that all the Plant people had become Bisexual just like the plants that were a part of them, and inserting her stamen into me... deep, deep inside me, I actually yearned for her love as we kissed, had sex and in exchange for a copy of the Plasmids that made her abnormally strong and powerful, a tree of life in this place, an oasis in the center of Purgatory, she deposited into me some of her Plasmids, like her milk making ability, the sweetness of her nectar, as well as a copy of her memories of this place.

I held off the vomiting out all the harmful and corrupted Plasmids and Tonics till I was out of her sight, but with her and her people interconnected as they were, they all grew stronger because of me, and I felt their presence spreading through Rapture. A brief journey back to her as I myself grew more noble in appearance showed her to be growing into a tremendously powerful tree. She was beautiful, and I felt a yearning to stay in her arms and suckle from her fat breasts forever, but again... I reminded myself of Jack.

Stepping away, I then went after the eighth boss of Rapture, the Hive People.

These individuals had become one with the insects in which they'd created. All of them had flesh that had become a honeycomb, and though slow moving and susceptible to fire, they had stinging insects that attacked in swarms and bit and pinched even my taut metallic flesh.

Their boss, also a female, a queen, was a tremendous bee like creature whose vaginal crevice had become a monstrous tunnel, in which she birthed hive people on a regular basis. She burned in my tremendous fire... there was nothing of her that I wanted... not even her powers of making so many babies, but even that was corrupted... something that was artificial and inhuman. The sort of child I'd birth would be nothing more than an insane monster if I had that power.

What I did take was her piece of the map of Rapture, absorbing her memories and vomiting up everything else. And with it, comparing it with my own memories, I discovered where it was where Suchong's secret lab was.

“It can’t be.” I gasped, and immediately teleported.

Teleportation for me was much faster, much more rapid than ever, and I rushed through Rapture as quick as you may arriving at long last at the docks where I entered into this damnable hell in the first place, where I stood before a section of wall that had been braced and bolted and chained.

It made sense: if he was to secret things into his lab, doing so right at the docks would make it all the more easier.

Looking about this entrance that appeared to have been welded shut, I looked for an entrance and spied a vent close to the ceiling, and teleporting upward, I slid into the lab complex that was now covered with dust and hazy with old air, and turning about, lifting a sword that had grown ten times in size since I came here, brightening its light as I looked about me, the added metal and ice armor on me creaking as I moved, the light of my sword caught upon a Plasmid within its jar, which immediately glowed in an odd way with the light of my sword, and walking over to it, mentally moving obstructions out of the way, I looked dumbly at the Plasmid, for at its base was a small card that said “For Katharine.”

Taking it, looking at its yellow substance, I planted my sword in the steel ground with the sound of sheering metal, popped the top of the Plasmid and drank it.

Soon my vision began to sparkle and grow hazy, just before I shivered and felt the ghosts of the past reviving around me, and turning, I saw the ghostly form of Suchong as he was when I first met him.

The man stood there, and then removed his hat and opened his coat, staring at me in the form of an old man that had been horribly scarred.

“This... is the result of arrogance, Katharine.” The ghostly image said without any preamble. “It’s what I get for being arrogant. I survived Hiroshima and I survived World War II only to be horribly wounded by a Big Daddy by striking its charge once.” He moved closer to me, and I moved out of his way. I assumed that this was another recorded memory.

“I... tried to rein in this realm, but it became utterly the more chaotic, and the more I tried, the more it de-evolved into only God knows what in this day and age. I tried even to set up a new king of Rapture, but he escaped, as I’m sure that you know exactly who I’m talking about.” I nodded dumbly, remembering the second atlas that I fought. “You, Katharine, were to become the savior that would stop all this, but Jack, Fontaine’s little experiment, beat you to that, didn’t he?”

“I see the submarines of the United States outside all the time, looking into Rapture, seeing how corrupt we’ve become, trying to venture inward to steal our secrets only to

have their best men and women become slaughtered and absorbed into this mess I helped create.

“I’ve grown tired Katharine, and now that I look at this... this face in the mirror every day, I realize what sort of a fool I’ve been... and what a sin it had been to do what I did to you.”

He turned, and I saw a tear in his one good eye.

“I am old now, Katharine, and try as I might, I’ve yet to duplicate male versions of the Plasmids I so require to extend my life to complete my work. I’ll die soon, and I’ll die in the same way that your Jack will... the same reason as to why you must be here now...”

Suchong’s image removed a item from his pocket and held it up for me, it was a blue shimmering vial.

“This is an Augment. It’s used to augment existing Plasmids in a body, change them, and make them into something different. It is a type that has never been developed before, and to make up for all that I’ve done to you, Katie, I offer this to you.” He walked over to a small vial case that sat atop a cabinet and placed the Augment into the case before replacing said case back onto the cabinet. “Drink this... and I promise you, all the wrongs I’ve done to you will be righted. It’ll change you as a woman, make you more than you ever were before, but most of all, it will allow you to save Jack.

“Cancer is the name of the sickness, according to the surface world. And it will be everywhere in him by now. Nurse him, feed him your milk, and you and he’ll become more than either of you ever were.

“And just know, in these final moments of the last of my recorded life, I am so... so sorry.”

And the image faded away and I immediately lunged for the case and opened it, pulled out the blue vial. Unstoppering it, I looked at its contents, and upending it into my mouth, drinking every last drop...

Chapter 24 – Penance Gives Its Own Reward

I was changing... I could feel it sliding through me like a sickness as I sped through the air like a blazing fireball, armed with yet new monstrous powers and abilities that have made me something beyond any mere super human being. I was becoming as far beyond my old self as that old self was beyond a human being. I was traveling far faster than when I arrived in Rapture again, and though it was perhaps due to the advancement of skills I had prior to arriving here, I felt most of all it was all due to the urgency of getting back to Jack.

Wobbling beneath me from the winds caressing them as I traveled several times the speed of sound, once again staying low to avoid looking like a cruise missile or some such to the American Radar system, I arrived at the beach of our ocean-front property and came to a stop with a crack of motion – moving several times the speed of sound to a full stop within a flicker of pseudomotion – and a massive air gust and a peal of thunder blasted against my back and stirred my fiery hair.

Lowering like an elegant supreme goddess to the fine lands as a band of sunlight rose up behind me, I stepped quietly to the nearest door, using my powers to open the door before I slid sideways through the narrow portal of the kitchen's back entrance. One breast and then the next had to be forced through being that the width of this bodice from front to back was so thick. The swells of my butt cheeks also didn't help matters as those too had to be moved passed the door jam, but once inside, I was able to move stooped over as I walked up the stairs.

I had to use my powers to help levitate myself subtly, being that I weighed several metric tons at the moment, I could easily fall right through the stairs if I wasn't careful...

As I rose to the top of the landing, I paused, looking at the master bedroom at the end of the hallway, and as I walked lithely over to it I began to shrink, deactivating Plasmids and Tonics one by one, reducing steadily from a ten foot tall monster of a woman, to a six and a half foot tall muscle bound woman with the largest breasts ever attached to the chest of such a fem.

Muscles bulged and rippled with my every movement as the armor skin became flesh, the ice, fire and lightning retracted into me, and the alien-like musculature diminished into real human flesh and blood. Both eyes stopped glowing and the angled ears went away as I reached our doorway, and opening it, standing young and beautiful and vibrant, I looked upon the man who indeed did save this world of ours by defeating a madman named Frank Fontaine in a city no one knew of with powers no one ever knew he had.

He looked so old, gaunt and wrinkly as I looked upon him, with wires and tubes hooked up to him, cleaning his blood and giving him nourishment while helping him to breathe, he barely moved anymore.

I swallowed and looked down at the titanic breasts decorating my chest, the pair having grown enormous, even for my standards. Turning, I closed the door behind me and locked it, and still in this muscular body, keeping the strength to keep these tits aloft, needing every ounce of milk in them, I stepped over to my dearest love and climbing up onto the bed with him. Our bed creaked and moaned with the addition of several hundred pounds of my body weight as I sidled myself in against his side.

Removing his air mask, I caressed his lips, listened to a mind that wasn't even active enough to dream... like a paused thought, and I thought about a second memory that Suchong had placed into that second Plasmid, the Augment.

"Lot one-ninety-nine is specially made for you, Katharine." He'd said. "You were my hope to undo much of what I've done wrong in my life. Even your own husband, Jack, another constructed child by my own hands, was implanted with traits that I'd hoped would help to undo those wrongs I've done in my life.

"I made you in hopes that whatever Fontaine had done with him would not be absolute. It's a big game of chess. I needed you to be stronger than him; I needed you stronger than even Fontaine. You would've been my golden child, the super heroine of Rapture should this dream of Ryan's not have turned into a nightmare.

"Lot one-ninety-nine is my final gift to you, Katharine. The enrichment that your breasts will undergo will be so great, the healing powers of that womanly milk so powerful that even the ravages of time will be reversed. How I wish that you could administer this last kindness unto me... but even now *cough* I don't *cough-cough* have much time to live. I doubt... that I will even survive leaving this place."

He'd coughed several more times, I remembered while I fingered Jack's lips, getting them to open as I pillowed his head atop one of my breasts, and fingering the nipple of the second breast, I began to caress it and cajole it to release its milk.

"You... will eventually die of cancer, just like me." Suchong had continued. "Mutation through the Tonics and Plasmids is inevitable... whether or not it rots your insides or warps your being requires a rather steady hand to provide for the later, else wise a fate of madness is one's reward for stepping too far beyond your own capabilities.

"But then, removing the cancer is impossible... instead, I had to make it work for us. You and you alone now have this power, the power to share all your blessings with others as you see fit, to withdraw sickness and to heal damage, making these Plasmids work for you instead of against you. Despite... my earlier statements to you about the worthlessness of women, I couldn't discern a way for a man to have this power. This... as it appears to be with other traits, a woman's and a woman's power alone. But other than this enhancement, Katharine, I've included... a farewell... gift."

And the image faded there in a coughing fit, leaving me with this new imbued power that was even then enhancing my powers. The last I saw of Suchong, he was slumping

toward the ground... I supposed if he'd've died right there, then I would've stumbled upon his corpse or something within that lab.

Despite this new mystery power, I had no idea what would happen to me or Jack, but this was the only thing I could do, and after massaging my nipple a little more, I let one droplet fall into Jack's mouth. Tilting his head back and letting the nourishment slide into his body.

I lactated another and another droplet into his mouth, helping him to swallow each one till I saw him swallowing of his own accord, just before his lips kissed that teat and began to suckle. It was a trickle at first, done quietly and mildly, without any real effort at all, as I watched his swollen Adam's apple bob with each mouthful, but the more he drank the more vibrant and the less gaunt he looked.

Daring to hope, I began to sing softly for him, caressing his forehead and letting him sap all the strength from me that he could. The sun continued to rise as he nursed, and after a few hours, it was streaming in through the window to rest against me and my naked and muscular bodice, and shortly after the warmth of the sun touched us, he lifted a hand and pressed it against my tit.

He seemed younger, the age spots fading, the scars disappearing and the wrinkles smoothing outward. Hair grew back and began to gain color again, and not withstanding that he drained one tit, with the other so engorged that it ached, I crawled over him, removing the pins and wires and needles so that he could breathe freely, and then let him suckle from my other tit.

With one hand I massaged and pressed in on that tit, getting milk to leak from me to feed him, and even as I laid beside him, all the strength that he'd possessed in his youth began to swell outward and fill his body again, and to be more soothing and comforted, I diminished against him as my breasts were drained till I was a supple, firm and athletic looking woman with a great pair of breasts, and no sooner had I done that than he awoke.

His eyes were as vibrant as they were when he was young and had a telltale twinge of blue in them now, and though he looked older, more mature than a man in his late twenties when I first knew him, he was nonetheless the same maturity as I was now.

"Katie." He said then and we both blinked as he palmed his throat... even some of that warbling Big Daddy sound was gone.

"Your voice, it's... it's so..."

"...Beautiful." He said as he looked up at me, he meaning me and not his voice as I long-armed myself over him, both my fat mammaries drooping onto his chest and press between us with their erect teats and swollen masses folding over him.

We both looked at each other for awhile before I moved back and brushed up against something, and turning suddenly, I saw the tell-tale sign of my man's erect penis standing on end and pitching a tent. Because I forgot what it was like, and since it'd been nearly a decade since I'd such a thing in me, I began to pull the sheets backward to reveal his lap, and I gasped as the thing continued bulging and swelling till it was like a liter bottle. It was then that I pulled his hospital gown off, revealing a body that was rippling with muscle again and was still firming up, and with a gasp I touched the head of my husband's penis with a long-nailed finger before holding its mass in one hand, feeling its heat and how hard it was growing.

"W-what happened to me?" he asked, rising up, but I wasn't listening to him, instead I bent over myself, both breasts resting in his lap before I opened my mouth and immediately began to sucked on that firm thing.

It'd been a long, long time since I'd been pleased by a real man, and the Plant Queen of Rapture was not a viable replacement for my man's extension. I sucked on him till he evacuated a priming charge of his seed into my mouth that I swallowed, feeling its genetic material getting absorbed by my body, and as it did, I felt... an arousal... rise up inside me.

It was incredible and unmitigated, beyond my control, and rising up onto my knees, I straddled him and slid myself onto that penis, moaning and sighing with the release of so much sexual tension that'd been in me from being pent up from no love-making and the intense arousal of changing into my super form.

His question forgotten in the face of his wife's desires, Jack and I made love right there and then, doing so repeatedly, for hours and hours on end and well past the afternoon.

Chapter 25 – Life, Death and Rebirth

Suchong had desired to speed the passage of time for a child, make them into an adult quickly, and he did that. He did that because he didn't understand that though children had their moments of naughtiness, it was such a joy to raise them.

Later that day, as afternoon was nearly becoming evening, after repeated and constant lovemaking that involved a chair, the bed, the floor, the shower the bed again, again and again, and finally a toilet seat, The Big Daddy and Big Mama of Rapture descended from our rooms to the thirty-six Little Sisters and all their families.

Our many daughters loved Jack, sometimes I felt more than me, but they loved him perhaps for the same reason that I did... as a part of that conditioning, they felt safe with him, and if he were to die... that feeling of safety would be gone in all of us.

Thirty-six women surged to a young and vibrant Jack, whose hair had grown back and was grayed over either ear from its original coloring, but was nonetheless youthful looking.

Suchong had returned to both Jack and me all that lost life that he took, to the point where Jack and I could've been considered siblings for all these many women. Though much of his voice was gone, there was still a bit of the Big Daddy in it, and it was something that would remain there forever.

A feast of a dinner that no Christmas or Thanksgiving had ever produced decorated our tables that night, and in the evening, a very frisky Big Daddy took his Big Mama again and again.

It'd been a long time since I'd not slept through the night due to love-making.

A week later, our own Doctor visited to see this miracle, and after many tests on both of us, a very baffled doctor told us that we were both the healthiest that he'd ever seen a pair of sixty-year-olds.

But then the Doctor revealed something to us I never thought would ever happen to me in my life.

“Katie, though it's amazing how you and your husband have been able to stay so vibrant so late in your lives, and not only that, but to become so healthy after such an incredible crisis, but it looks like you're both very healthy and... as incredulous as it may seem for you Katie at your age, it also appears that you're pregnant.”

I missed that last bit as I was looking at Jack, busy with staring into his eyes before what the doctor said triggered something inside my head, reminded me that there was

something impossible in his statement, and when I looked at him I did an obvious double-take.

“W-what? What did you say?” I breathed.

The doctor smiled at me, taking my disbelief for a measure of my age and not for the utter impossibility it was for me to become pregnant.

“Congratulations... you’re going to have a baby!” he beamed. It’s very fresh, and though your body usually produces some of the hormones and enzymes that are apparent in a woman’s body when she becomes pregnant, the sudden and immense spike that’s present now is hard to miss.” He held up a stoppered test tube with a once yellow liquid in it that had been turned blue.

He handed it to me, and I held it, and a second later I was sobbing with joy and celebrating. The doctor thought for a moment that my reaction was terrible, but when I went to our girls who were still in the house for the holiday to announce at the top of my lungs what had become of me, it tore any doubt from his mind that this was a happy moment.

Jack smiled and thanked him in his new voice – another surprise for those who’d known Jack for so long – and then sent the doctor on his way to join the festivities.

Later that night, I sat naked on the edge of our bed, soothing my belly and humming a lullaby. But as I was doing this, Jack came to sit behind me and no sooner had he done so that he stuffed a hand between the wedged creases of both my thighs and pelvis, embraced me while cupping and holding a fat tit of mine, before he kissed my neck.

He talked a little more, it was still sparse, but he did talk a little more.

“Something you want, dearest?” I sighed and lifted my neck as he assailed it with kisses.”

“I have a plan...” he mused. “I want my wife, but I want to go somewhere first...”

“At this hour?” I asked and rose as he helped me to my feet even as he moved into my back, that great bulge of his groin pressing against the flaring cheeks of my butt.

“The best hour...” he said then, and drew me to him by one hand, and opening the doors to our porch, he showed me a wonder I’d not known him ever to do, and he rose up into the air, becoming rapidly surrounded in fire and gold, and laughing, still holding his hand, I started to change too and rose up with him.

Together he and I rose up into the sky, high over the cloud cover, changing and growing into a God and his Goddess, and high above the world, he and I made love to each other, the pair of us shining blue and silver coupled with orange and gold.

Life was starting over for us now, and with a baby in my womb, and Jack's baby at that, I was never, ever, happier in my life.

<End>

Author's Note: *Upon playing the game a second time, I've come across the dead body of Suchong speared to a table by a Big Daddy's drill, or at least whom I assume to be him. For the case of the story, that person speared to the table was instead one of his assistants who got in the way to save his boss and was drilled to the table while Suchong escaped with major damage to his head.*