

UK - Birth of a Hero: Part 3

The subway ride back home was pretty uneventful, though Lizzy continued to feel very sick during her trip. Both on an ethical level, as well as a physical one. She accidentally spilled an unknown liquid, cleaned it up, obliterated it, and then never reported it. Lizzy had just destroyed possibly valuable lab property and then covered it up. All to save her own skin.

She felt ashamed of herself. How could she do that? Do something so dishonest? So underhanded? So cowardly? Lizzy soon began to be overwhelmed by guilt. She always thought she was stronger than that. Always above that sort of thing. Maybe she thought wrong?

Lizzy soon found herself at her stop, 34th Windsor Street. She quickly left the subway train and exited the station. She then walked six blocks to her apartment complex, Southbridge Heights; and soon after, entered her home, apartment 413. However, once she stepped into her apartment, something happened. Something profound.

Now, Lizzy's apartment was a fairly modestly-sized dwelling. That is to say, it was actually pretty small. The kitchen and living room were only separated by a chest-high counter top, the bedroom was about the size of a 10 ft x 10 ft jail cell (and it sometimes felt like one too), and the bathroom could only best be described as "cramped". But it was still very much home, because in virtually every nook and cranny, there stood a testament to Lizzy's geekdom. Upon various shelves rested metric tons worth of toys, gadgets and comic books from as far back as the Golden Age of Comics. Upon the walls were dozens of posters, featuring characters from beloved classics like "Star Truck" and "The Lord of the Bracelet". And in a relatively unused corner of the living room, sat a simple sewing machine. A sewing machine that was used to make a plethora of costumes for a variety of comic book conventions and cosplay contests.

However, Lizzy's most treasured possession hung proudly on her wall, near a fairly large amount of Honor Guard memorabilia. It was a genuine, mint-condition replica of the Honor Guard Badge of Heroics, a badge that was given to all members of the Guard as a symbol of their bravery and their service to the city. She spent quite the pretty penny in order to acquire it, but she was glad that she did. You see, Lizzy always looked up to it for guidance; as something that always showed what it meant to be a hero, what it meant to always do what was right.

That's when it happened. That profound thing.

Upon entering the door, Lizzy saw that badge and realized something. She realized that she was above being dishonest, above hiding from her mistakes, and far stronger than she ever thought possible. Lizzy wasn't a coward.

...well, actually, she kinda was. But she wasn't going to be a coward this time!

Tomorrow morning, she was going to own up to her mistake and confess to everything that happened. She'd probably be fired for her incompetence and untruthfulness, but at least then she'd have a clean conscience.

Unfortunately, the keyword here was "tomorrow". Despite having strengthened her resolve to do "the right thing" and mustered up some much-needed courage, physically, Lizy still felt very sick. In fact, she felt like she was going to pass out right then and there. But somehow, she still forced herself to keep standing.

"I WILL do the right thing," she mumbled defiantly. "But, I should probably get some rest first."

So, with what little strength she had left, she placed her janitor uniform into a clothes hamper, took a light shower, and then changed into a pair of loose, pink pajamas given to her by her mother. After that, she placed her glasses on top of her dresser and then plopped herself into bed; causing a soft, pillowy "WHUD!" upon hitting the mattress.

By tomorrow, she was going to do the right thing and own up to her mistake. But until then, it was time to visit dreamland and be the kind of person she always wanted to be.

"DEET, DEET, DEET, DEET!" shrieked her alarm clock.

It was now morning, and Lizy's alarm was informing her of that fact very loudly. In a half-conscious daze, Lizy pawed around her dresser top in an attempt to deactivate the sheer ear-splitting clamor that was her alarm; and after a few moments of fumbling about, Lizy finally shut off its incessant screeching. "Mmmmmm...gotcha," she moaned as her hand fell off the dresser, nearly dragging the alarm clock down with it. Lizy then rolled off the covers, and sat up on the bed.

Something didn't feel right.

Physically she felt pretty good, rejuvenated even. It was probably the best night's sleep she ever had. But for some reason her bed clothes felt smaller, tighter, than they really should be. Which was impossible, because her pajamas were specifically made to be very loose on her. Her mother personally saw to that.

"Maybe I just slept wrong," thought Lizy.

She decided to stretch out a bit. Maybe try and pop her bones a little, to get herself going. In one fluid movement, Lizy arched her back and lifted her right arm towards the sky, her left arm holding on to her right elbow. She inhaled deeply, and then...

SSSRRRRRRIIIIP!!!

Lizy was wide awake now.

"What...what was that?" she queried, genuinely concerned by what she just heard.

It sounded like ripping cloth. Cloth that had been torn apart by a wheat thresher. She instinctively looked down her back, assuming that she had somehow split her pajama pants. But instead, she saw something far more shocking.

Her back was bristling with sinew. So much in fact, that it nearly tore her pajama shirt in half.

"Gah!" shouted Lizy, quickly rising to her feet out of sheer astonishment.

And when she stood up, she saw something even more surprising. Just like her back, her thighs and lower legs were now bursting with muscle tissue. Her buttocks, a once nearly flat surface, was now much rounder than ever before; and also much more well-toned.

"This...this can't be real," declared Lizy with incredible disbelief and a hint of fear.

She then looked around her shoulders. They were much wider now, probably twice as wide as they were before. And her arms were much bigger now too. Her biceps alone looked to be about the size of her head.

"Holy smokes," she stated as she lifted her left arm and flexed, impressed by its sheer size when made taught. "I...I have muscles."

But as she reached out her right hand to feel her newly strengthened bicep, something blocked its path. Whatever it was, it was soft and it jiggled lightly as she moved her hand away from the obstruction. She then looked down and became so shocked, so bewildered, she couldn't help but shriek.

"HOLY SMOKES!" Lizy exclaimed as she grabbed at what remained of her pajama collar, all in an attempt to get a better view. "I HAVE BOOBS!!!"

It was a declaration that could have easily been labeled as an understatement. Her barely B-cup sized mosquito bites had now been transmuted into a pair of rather plump looking beach balls. Beach balls that were barely being contained by the few strained, yet very determined, buttons on her pajama shirt. Beach balls that now jiggled and bounced proudly upon her chest; even as she gawked at them with a most frightful stare.

"This can't be real! It just can't be!" Lizy reiterated frantically as she dashed into the bathroom, squeezing through the now mildly tight doorframe.

She took a good, long look in the mirror. It confirmed that her now powerful (and very well-endowed) build was indeed quite real.

"This is a dream," said Lizy with a mixture of fear and denial.

"Yeah, that's it! It's just a dream! One good pinch and I'll find myself back in bed with nothing to worry about! Hahahaha!"

Lizy then pinched her cheek as hard as she could, to the point of bruising.

"OW!" squeaked Lizy, her cheek now feeling quite sore.

Nothing happened. She was still standing there, looking into the bathroom mirror, with more muscle mass than a bodybuilder's convention.

"Well, I guess I'm not dreaming," she stated solemnly as she rubbed her cheek, the initial shock having finally worn off.

After a few moments passed, she then slowly moved her hands to her bosom and tried to properly gauge their size. They felt heavy, but not quite as heavy as she thought they'd be. Lizy soon began to look over her body, discovering more and more muscles as she went along.

"Oh man," groaned Lizy shamefully. "I'm built like a football player!"

Such a statement was actually untrue. Compared to her, most football players would have been considered fairly small. A more accurate statement would have been to say that she was built like a bulldozer. Or at the very least, a moderately-sized pickup truck. Lizy continued to stare at herself in the bathroom mirror.

"What am I gonna do now?" she asked mournfully, genuinely disheartened by her current situation.

But before she could think of anything, one of the buttons that unwaveringly held back her mighty bosom for so long finally gave way. Lizy screeched as it blasted forth from her chest, and like a bullet fired from a high-powered rifle, it struck the mirror and completely obliterated it; causing shards of mirrored glass to fall onto the bathroom floor around her sink.

Lizy's face immediately became a very deep shade of red. She knew what she had to do now. She quickly left the bathroom and headed into her bedroom. She was going to change her clothes, before she inadvertently killed someone with her bolt-action bosom and its .22 caliber, button-based rounds.

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