

UK - Birth of a Hero: Part 4

Lizy was in her bedroom now. Her new figure made her already small lodgings seem smaller; if that was even possible. She soon maneuvered herself near her dresser, knocking over several objects with her gratuitously-sized breasts as she did so. She let out an exasperated sigh.

Lizy would have to get used to that.

"Okay," she stated calmly, trying desperately not to panic. "Just try to relax and find something to wear." She then thought for a moment, and quickly added, "Preferably something that doesn't have buttons."

Very casually, she grabbed hold of the handle for the top drawer (where many of her shirts were kept), and pulled hard. Now, before the accident, Lizy had to put a bit of effort into opening the top drawer of her dresser; especially since it had a tendency to stick and back then, she wasn't exactly what one would refer to as "physically capable". This time however, she now had a considerable amount of power to back up her actions. So needless to say, the simple act of opening a drawer didn't really pan out for her.

Instead of pulling it open like she originally intended, she ripped off the handle in one swift motion.

With an expression of pure befuddlement, Lizy stared at the now crumpled brass handle that lay within her palm. But her expression soon changed from one of confusion, to that of anger.

"Oh you stupid piece of...!" she yelled as she slammed her fist onto the dresser.

But before she could end her statement with the proper explicative, her dresser collapsed into itself like a piece of soggy cardboard. Lizy became befuddled again, as well as painfully embarrassed. Without even trying, she completely demolished her dresser; which she knew for a fact was actually quite durable. As evidenced by it once falling down four flights worth of stairs and not even getting a scratch afterwards.

"Um...alright, mental note," she uttered with blazingly red cheeks. "Be careful not to break anything, you have super strength now."

Shortly after making her mental memorandum, Lizy began to pick through the shattered remains that were once her dresser. As she feared, all of the clothes that her dresser once contained were now far too small or far too shredded (due to broken and splintered wood) to wear. The only thing that was even remotely wearable was her glasses, but in a strange twist of fate, she didn't really need them anymore. For once she put them on, she realized that her spectacles now blurred her vision instead of corrected it. Her eyesight was now perfectly 20/20.

"Oh," she declared as an amendment to her previous note. "And apparently I don't need glasses anymore. That's...pretty neat."

Lizy's situation began to look up a bit. Granted, she was now a hulking leviathan with a rack that could potentially suffocate her in her sleep; but at least now she didn't have to worry about losing or breaking her glasses ever again. That was a plus.

She cautiously walked over to her closet, making absolutely certain not to knock anything else to the floor, and then gently slid it open with only her index finger. She didn't want to repeat what happened to her dresser just moments ago.

As she glanced through the various shirts, dresses, and pants that hung in her closet, Lizy started to become rather despondent.

"There isn't a single thing to wear in this place," stated a completely hopeless Lizy. However, her mood promptly changed upon noticing a rather large garment hanging near the back of her closet.

"Wait, what's that?" cried Lizy much more optimistically. She gently pulled it out to get a better look.

It was a very large t-shirt that had the letters "WMD" written on it in a very bold font.

Lizy quickly remembered what it was. It was a "Weapons of Mass Distraction" tee that she picked up last year as a joke. It only came in two sizes, XXXL and XXXXL. She thought it would be a cute thing to wear one time, namely because first of all, back then for someone of her frame it was more like a dress than an actual shirt. And second of all, having been originally the owner of a pair of B-cups, she knew they wouldn't really be capable of distracting anyone. Now though, her novelty t-shirt would prove to be more of a legitimate label rather than just a simple gag.

"I guess this'll have to do," sighed Lizy.

She quickly (yet carefully) removed her tattered pajama top; then put on the "WMD" shirt with about the same amount of discretion, if not more. And as she attempted to fully dress the article of novelty clothing upon herself, she noticed the bold lettering start to warp and stretch under the incredible strain of her mighty breasts. She tried not to worry too much though. The shirt was able to provide a fairly adequate amount of cover, even though it only covered a little more than half of her impressive bosom. After that, Lizy warily removed her pajama pants, for fear of possibly tearing them up further.

So for all extensive purposes, Lizy was now standing about her bedroom, wearing only an impractically shameless t-shirt and a pair of naughty looking panties; which by the way, were originally of a more modest disposition, but her now larger, rounder, and more ample posterior twisted and corrupted them into something more closely resembling a licentious thong.

And as she stood there, Lizy held up the ragged remnants of her pajamas and stated, "Wow, mom's gonna kill me when she finds out about this."

She then glanced herself over, reminding herself of her current condition as well as on just what exactly she was wearing now; to which she added, "And probably kill me for all of this too."

Lizy released yet another sigh.

"My pajamas are ripped to shreds, my room is a mess and if I'm not careful, I have the potential to destroy everything I ever touch."

"How could this possibly get any worse?" she declared gravely, unwittingly tempting fate in the process.

Just like clockwork, Lizy heard a noise from outside her apartment. Someone was knocking on her front door. She peered from the doorway of her room towards the portal, but before she could ask who it was, the stranger provided an answer.

"Lizy," declared a male voice. "It's Arthur. Are you home? I need to talk to you."

Lizy suddenly went pale.

Arthur was standing right outside her door. He couldn't see her like this! He'd be mortified! So she quickly responded to his query, hoping that the answer she thought up just moments ago would prevent him from wanting to come inside.

"Yeah, I'm here, but don't come in!"

"What?" replied Arthur from behind the door. "Why?"

"Uh...because I'm sick," was her counter. "Yeah, that's it! I'm sick! Don't come in or you might get sick too!"

She then did her best to fake a bad cough; the kind that involved a lot of phlegm, mucous, and other generally unpleasant things.

There was a brief pause.

"Lizy," finally retorted Arthur. "That was the fakest cough I've ever heard. I'm coming in."

"No! Don't!" replied Lizy as she dashed towards the door, hoping to close and relock it before he could enter.

She didn't make it.

Before she could reach it, Arthur unlocked the door (with a key given to him several months ago by Lizy herself) and quickly stepped inside. He was neatly dressed in a polo shirt and a pair of khaki pants, along with a nice watch strapped to his left wrist. He looked irritable, as well as emotionally hurt.

"Lizy!" Arthur boomed. "I don't have time for this! We really need to..."

He couldn't finish his thought. He was now gazing upon the "bigger, better, newly improved" Lizy Toplin; and he was shocked at what he saw to say the least.

As Arthur stood in front of her, Lizy quickly remembered that she wasn't technically wearing pants and thus tried to cover her shame with her hands. It worked fairly well, but in the process of doing that, her now powerfully built arms were unintentionally smooshing her breasts together. Creating an illusion that made them seem even bigger than they really were. This in turn led to Arthur's eyes growing wider and Lizy's cheeks turning redder. The two stood there for what seemed like hours, until Lizy tried to break the ice.

"Um...hey Artie! What's happening?" laughed Lizy nervously, knowing full well just how uncomfortable the situation really was but trying desperately to act casual. "What did you want to talk abo..."

"HOLY HELL, LIZY!" interrupted Arthur in an amazingly shrill voice. "WHAT DID YOU DO TO YOURSELF!?"

Lizy was swiftly taken aback by his query. So much for acting casual.

After spending nearly thirty minutes trying to calm Arthur down, Lizy was finally able to pacify him (relatively speaking) by giving him a fresh cup of tea. She'd have preferred giving him something a bit more potent, like a few shots of high-grade, horse tranquilizers; but for now, the tea would have to do.

She then spent the next two hours telling her friend everything. The paper tsunami that nearly crushed her, the sick feeling she experienced when she left work that night, the sudden discovery that she was bristling with muscle when she woke up. Everything. She provided dozens of answers, but none explaining as to why she was so huge. Arthur wanted to know that why, but unfortunately for him, Lizy just didn't seem to know.

The exact opposite was also true. Lizy wanted to know how and why she became so brawny, but Arthur just didn't seem to know either. And after going around in verbal circles for nearly another hour, they both plopped themselves onto the living room couch out of sheer exhaustion. Or rather, Arthur just plopped himself onto the couch. Lizy took her seat in a more cautious manner, since she involuntarily destroyed one piece of furniture today already; and she didn't want to add to that particular tally any further.

It didn't take long for them to continue their discussion. "Okay Lizy, one last time," sighed Arthur with an air of fatigue about him. "Are you absolutely sure there isn't anything else you're not telling me?"

"I think so," replied Lizy with the same level of weariness. "I just don't know."

She then looked down onto her hands and noticed the band-aids that still wrapped themselves neatly around her fingers. Lizy quickly remembered the tidbit they were both looking for.

"Wait, that's it! I remember now!" declared Lizy triumphantly.

"What? What is it?" replied Arthur as Lizy presented him her hands.

"While I was cleaning up the sub level," started Lizy. "I came across a vial with some strange, green stuff in it. But right after I discovered it, I dropped and broke the vial. I was able to clean it all up, but I cut my fingers a few times while dealing with all that broken glass."

Arthur began to rub his chin thoughtfully. "Hmmmmmm. The contents of that vial must have somehow entered your blood stream and caused your transformation," he stated intelligibly, now having a much better understanding of the why.

"But what exactly was in that vial to cause such an alteration to your muscle mass?" he pondered aloud.

Lizy's jovial outlook soon became a lot gloomier.

"I don't know," answered Lizy in a downtrodden tone. "It didn't have a label on it or anything."

"Well," stated Arthur. "Maybe the Lab Archives will have something on it."

"Do you really think so?" queried Lizy with a weak smile.

"Yes, of course," replied Arthur enthusiastically. "All experiments that have ever been done by Briar Labs have at least SOME documentation on them in the Archives. All we have to do is use my pass key to get in and then just..."

But he quickly realized that wouldn't be the case. He then became rather despondent as a result.

"Wait...no, we can't do that either," declared Arthur, finally finishing his previous statement.

"W-why not?" asked a very concerned Lizy.

"That's actually what I wanted to talk to you about when I first got here," declared Arthur with a hint of dread. "You see, we were both fired this morning. Our pass keys have been deactivated, so we can't even get in through the front door. Heck, we're not even allowed on the premises anymore."

Arthur continued to speak. "I had to gather up my things and leave. And since you didn't come in to work this morning, I took the liberty to gather up your stuff too. It's in my car now if you want to get to it."

There was a very long pause as Lizy just sat there with an incredibly pale expression. It made Arthur very nervous.

"Um...Lizy?" asked Arthur, moving slightly closer to see if she was still breathing. "Are you okay? I said you're things are..."

"WHAT!?" cried Lizy with an ear-piercingly harsh scream that hurled Arthur off the couch and onto the floor. "B-BUT WHY!? WHAT DID WE DO!? WHY DID WE GET FIRED!?"

Lizy was obviously panicking now, overcome with such profound terror, she had no idea what to do but cry and holler. Arthur immediately got back up and tried to calm her down, but he was starting to panic himself as well. Namely because Lizy was now much bigger and stronger than he ever thought possible; meaning she now had the potential to be very dangerous when frightened; or especially angered.

"Um...w-well," stated Arthur, ready to bolt at a moment's notice. "Dr. Benson found out about the mess that you made in the sub level yesterday; what with all the papers still scattered about the underground labs and all. So he fired you, and then promptly fired me when I tried to stick up for you."

It was then that Lizy's fear and panic quickly turned into rage.

"Dr. Benson? That...that jerk!" she cried angrily, her voice cracking from sheer fury. "Who does he think he is!? Firing me like that, without even so much as telling it to my face! That coward!"

Veins were starting to pulsate on her forehead. She looked like she was about to go absolutely berserk.

"When I get my hands on him, I'll rip off his arms and shove them so far down his stupid face, he'll need a crane just to..."

Lizy then noticed something from the corner of her eye. It was Arthur. He was stealthily moving himself towards the front door. He was trying to make a break for it. An action that he thought to be very wise, since it appeared that Lizy was about to go on a murderous rampage at the drop of a hat. Upon seeing this, she immediately snapped herself out of her Benson-induced rage, for fear of possibly losing the one and only friend she had left.

"W-wait! Don't go!" pleaded Lizy as she reached out to him, but still maintaining a fairly respectable distance. "I...I know I'm a lot bigger now than I used to be. And...a-and maybe even a bit scarier looking now too..."

Lizy's tone of voice began to sound desperate; some might even say heart wrenching.

"But I'm still me! I...I could never actually hurt anyone, honest!"

She then gazed upon her friend with painfully forlorn eyes.

"You...you do believe me, don't you?"

Arthur just stood there. He didn't know what to do or what to say. He was far too afraid to actually do anything, the idea of being crushed to death by a monstrously enraged catgirl scared him witless; and Lizzy knew that. She saw it in his eyes.

With her unsaid answer secured, Lizzy shamefully turned away from Arthur and then promptly plopped herself back onto the couch. This time, without any kind of restraint and control on her part. The moment her derriere hit the couch, the eggshell white sofa collapsed under the sheer force of the impact. The furniture kill toll was now up to two.

At first, Lizzy didn't seem to react at all, other than blush profusely. But as the moments passed, her expression slowly transitioned from mild embarrassment to that of a soul-crippling melancholy.

"Oh...oh god," blubbered Lizzy weakly as she looked upon herself. "I'm a monster! An inept, musclebound freak!"

She then buried her face into her hands and wept. Wept like everything she'd ever known and loved was completely and utterly gone; taken away from her without either a hint of mercy or a shred of compassion. Like she was doomed to be alone for the rest of her miserable life.

Arthur continued to just stand there and watch. He still didn't know what to do. But as he watched her softly whimper into her muffled hands, he realized something.

Lizzy didn't change. Not really anyway.

Externally yes, she had changed quite a bit. She was a lot stronger and obviously a lot bigger as compared to before. However, internally, she was still very much the same girl that he grew up with since high school. The same girl that loved comic books and loved to daydream. The same girl that was an invaluable friend and always there for him. The same girl that only cried when she was alone and had no one else to turn to.

Arthur realized that she wasn't a monster, for a monster could never shed tears like that.

No, Lizzy was a person. A person like everyone else. A person that was scared and alone. A person that needed a shoulder to cry on and someone to help carry her burden. Someone to stick with her through all the good times and all the bad times. Someone to show that they cared for her and maybe yes, even loved her. And Arthur intended to be that someone; both now and forever.

With a soft smile, he slowly walked around the shattered couch and took a seat right next to the despairing feline. He then placed his hand onto her powerful shoulder and tried to massage it (the keyword here is "try", since to him, it felt like trying to massage a hunk of iron).

"Hey, that's not true. You're not a freak," said Arthur calmly, all in the hopes of trying to stop her tears.

Lizy perked her ears and steadily peeled her hands away from her face. She stared miserably into Arthur's eyes as tears still streamed unabatedly down her cheeks. He now had her attention.

"I...I admit you're a bit taller now, as well as a bit more on the buff side," he continued sincerely. "But that doesn't make you any less of a person. And it certainly doesn't make you a monster."

"R-really?" she sniffled noisily, giving a teary-eyed expression that would make even the most emotionally hardened man cry. "Do you mean that?"

"Of course I do," stated Arthur succinctly. "And...and I want you to know that I will do everything I can to help you and make you feel better."

"Do you want to know why?" asked Arthur tenderly.

Lizy nodded "yes" as a weak smile formed across her visage.

"It's because you're my friend, Lizy," replied Arthur. "And that's what friends do. Right?"

"Right!" declared Lizy, now weeping tears of inexplicable joy.

She then lunged out and hugged Arthur tightly.

"Oh, Artie!" she cried mirthfully. "You're the best friend ever!"

Lizy continued to embrace him firmly, but not so powerfully as to possibly injure him. She was learning to hold back and control her immense strength, both consciously as well as instinctively. But as she squeezed Arthur in a most affectionate cuddle, she felt his hand smacking hurriedly against her shoulder.

"Mmmph!" he muffled.

She heard the nearly inaudible sound he produced and decided to investigate the matter.

"What?" she queried innocently as she lessened her hold to better see his face.

"Air!" cried Arthur frantically, looking a rather deep shade of blue.

"Ack! Sorry!" declared Lizy as she immediately released her friend, her face now painted a dark shade of crimson.

Arthur lay crumpled up on the floor, gasping for some much need oxygen. He was nearly smothered to death by Lizy's "WMD" emblazoned bosom; a demise that some people would have actually considered to be an honor, if not a blessing. She intuitively helped him back up.

"Sorry Artie," laughed Lizy timidly, hoping she didn't cause any kind of permanent brain damage due to her accidental suffocation attempt. "I guess I'm still getting used to being so...well...full-figured. Ehehehe."

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