

## UK - Birth of a Hero: Part 6

Arthur glared at his computer screen irritably, along with a mixture of disappointment and exacerbated fatigue. It was two o'clock in the morning and he was sitting in a rather dark part of his home office, poring over the Briar Labs Archival Database (which he hacked into with a secure connection, since breaking into the Archives proper would've been suicide), on a recently purchased laptop. A laptop which he intended to ditch later, so as to throw any potential pursuers off his trail; just in case.

As for what exactly he was doing, he was searching for something. Namely, any and all information regarding the agent that caused Lizzy's sudden muscle growth. He had been at it for hours and unfortunately for him, he had little to show for his effort.

"This is impossible," sighed Arthur as he removed his glasses and rubbed his eyes wearily. Exhaustion was starting to get the better of him.

"How am I going to find anything in all this mess?"

Arthur continued to rub his eyes. What was he doing? He shouldn't be doing this; hacking into the databank of a corporately funded research facility, looking for highly classified information. He was committing a crime and not just any crime mind you; he was committing a federal offense, the kind of offense that not only landed one in jail but could also potentially lead to the death penalty; depending on which state he got caught in.

But he had to do it; for the sake of Lizzy. He felt responsible for what happened to her. After all, if he didn't tell her to clean the Dungeon like Dr. Benson told him to do, then she wouldn't be in her current condition right now; bristling with muscle and constantly obliterating her furniture. Not only that, but for all he knew, Lizzy's mutation had the potential to become worse. A lot worse.

What would happen if she grew horns? Or developed laser vision? Or suddenly turned into some kind of rampaging cat-monster, hell-bent on destroying everything within a 400-mile radius?

He couldn't let that happen. He needed to find a cure, a way to change Lizzy back to normal, before things got too out-of-hand. But before he could even do that, he needed to find out what she was exposed to. Otherwise, he'd just be making random assumptions; and in a city that was once overrun with overzealous superheroes and power-crazed supervillains, a random assumption could easily turn your friend into a fire-breathing monstrosity with iron-hard scales and razor-sharp claws.

Arthur leaned back in his chair. Maybe he was going about it all wrong? Aimlessly searching Briar Labs' database wasn't getting him anywhere. He had to think. What could cause such severe muscle growth to occur within a person?

He immediately thought of Lizzy. He pictured her based on the last time they met. In his mind's eye however, she wasn't wearing a skimpy t-shirt and a pair of effeminately pink panties. No, to think of her in such a way would be rude; vulgar. Instead, she was pictured in a pair of fitted jeans and a much larger

t-shirt; a shirt probably related to a comic book character she liked. Arthur began to really start thinking now.

"What could cause such severe muscle growth to occur within Lizy?" he pondered as he rubbed his chin, losing himself deep in thought. "And what could cause her to grow such impressive...endowments?"

Arthur then began to think of Lizy's breasts. Her massively plump, yet perfectly-rounded breasts.

His mind's eye view of her quickly changed. The modest shirt and jeans combo were immediately replaced with an overburdened tank top and a pair of lecherously pink short shorts. Her lips were painted a most enticing hue and her eyes sparkled with a rather alluring glint as she strutted about within his psyche; her top slowly beginning to rip itself apart into a tattered muddle of cloth and string.

"Oh goodness!" giggled fantasy Lizy seductively, her words calling to him like a siren from Greek myth. "My magnificently heaving bosom has torn my shirt asunder!"

She then bent down toward her mental onlooker, presenting him with a very tantalizing view of her preposterously supple breasts. A rather dumb smile sprawled itself across Arthur's lips as his cheeks turned a very hot shade of red.

"Would you be a dear and help me take my top off?" she queried, gazing upon him in a manner that was both obviously flirtatious and dripping with lust. "It would seem cruel to make it suffer more than it really has to."

Arthur was up for that. After all, he was a merciful man and her top was in far too much pain to just simply ignore. But as he reached out to touch her, to feel her, Arthur immediately found himself snapped back into reality.

"What...the heck was that?" he queried aloud, genuinely confused by the fantasy he had been wrapped up in just moments ago.

Arthur didn't know what came over him. In all the times he ever thought about her, that was the first time he actually saw Lizy as someone that was, well...sexy. Now that's not to say he never had feelings for her or ever fantasized about her before; quite the contrary. Despite being a very intelligent man, he was still ultimately a man; and like all adult men, he had very natural urges and desires that needed to be fulfilled. Preferably by a young woman; a vibrant, caring, beautiful woman, just like Lizy.

However, in those kinds of fantasies, he was always doing something romantic. Something like kissing her tenderly while under a full moon and star-studded sky. Or caressing her features delicately as she lay upon an ocean of red silk, her head resting softly upon his welcoming lap.

This time though, this was the first time Arthur ever pictured her in such a way that made him feel like he was reading a porno mag. This was the first time where he subconsciously thought to himself, "Screw romance! Just freaking do her!"

It all seemed so surreal to him. Is that what genuinely turned him on? Huge bazooms and a body that looked like it could bend steel? Did Arthur genuinely consider power to be sexy? Did he genuinely find large breasts to be (for lack of a better term) titillating? Even though he was nearly suffocated to death by them earlier that very morning?

Perhaps so. Perhaps he really did find her more...appealing in her current state; both now and more than ever. But in the grand scheme of things, that didn't matter. What mattered was for her to be safe, to be healthy; and whatever Lizzy exposed herself to, it had the potential to jeopardize all of that.

So with that in mind, he rebuked his more primitive urges and resolved to keep up the search. He was bound to find something sooner or later.

...right?

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It was night time. A dark time. A time when criminals of every variety would come out of the woodwork to torment the fine, law abiding citizens of Hyperion City. A time when the cruel openly preyed upon the weak and the depraved openly besieged the innocent. However, it was also a time when the greatest superhero that ever lived would rise up and do battle with the nefarious forces of evil. At every corner, at every turn, she'd be there to stop evil dead in its tracks! For she was the incredible, amazing, awe-inspiring Ultra-Kitten! And her first order of business as Hyperion's newest and greatest protector would be to go off and do...

...absolutely nothing.

Lizzy was bored out of her mind. After spending virtually all night looking for evildoers to subdue and criminal masterminds to foil, she just gave up and sat herself down on a bench near Hyperion Park. Out of the entire city, a community that spanned nearly 300 square miles and housed over five million people, there wasn't a single crook to bust or a single misdeed to punish.

Except for the chirping of solitary crickets, it was all quiet on the front.

"This really bites," sulked Lizzy with her palms on her cheeks and her elbows on her knees. "I've been at this for hours. Where are all the bad guys?"

Lizzy stood up and continued her small rant.

"I mean seriously, there's like, what, five, maybe six million people living here? Out of everybody in this town, there's got to be at least one person doing SOMETHING illegal!"

She then looked up towards the night sky, almost as if she was begging the fates to intervene on her behalf.

"Seriously, I'd even halt the evil plans of a *jaywalker* at this point. There's gotta be something I can do; anything."

Lizy paused as she waited for an answer; a sign. But the only thing willing to break the silence was the chirping of more crickets and the low hum of nearby street lights.

Lizy let out a hefty sigh and put her hands onto her hips. She would've put her hands into her pockets, but she didn't make any for her superhero costume. She then turned away and started walking down the sidewalk towards home, lightly kicking a small rock to the side out of both sullenness and disappointment.

"Maybe Artie was right," declared a rather gloomy Lizy, her first night of crime fighting having apparently been an absolute bust. "Maybe Hyperion really doesn't need a superhero anymore."

It was then that something happened. Something terrible, yet also very uplifting.

"AAIEEEEEEEEE!"

Lizy's ears immediately perked up.

"That...that sounded like someone screaming," stated Lizy apprehensively, with fear starting to well up inside of her. "S-someone's in trouble!"

Her hesitation however quickly subsided, and was instantly replaced with a feeling of exhilaration. Evil was afoot and she was now on the verge of committing her very first act of derring-do.

"OH MY GOD, I FINALLY GET TO HELP SOMEBODY!" shrieked Lizy, elated that her dreams of being a superhero were becoming more and more a reality in every passing moment.

"Fear not citizen!" she exclaimed boisterously, so that all could hear her heroic declaration. "Ultra-Kitten is on the way!"

Lizy then made a mad dash towards the cause of the scream. She was off to right wrongs and dispense justice; as only Hyperion's newest superhero could ever do.

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