



The Forgotten Night

A Vicky Chang Origin Story

By Kurt Logan

Preface

Since ancient times there have been people capable of amazing feats; some were called demigods and heroes of legend. In every culture there are tales of such amazing individuals: Achilles, Hercules, Gilgamesh, Beowulf, Perseus, etc. As years passed and the age of heroes gave way to modern civilization, those heroes seemed to disappear, but in truth, their descendants thrive to this day and once again, they have come out of the shadows and obscurity into the light.

Metahuman, is the name they are given today; a blanket term for people born with astounding abilities which far surpass the capabilities of the average mortal. They began surfacing for the past few generations all around the globe, in small numbers at first but that has increased dramatically in the past few years. At present, there are a thousand known Metahumans among the seven billion people of earth. A comparatively small number compared to the entire population; one in seven million people; this is why the great majority of people have never seen one in person and many people doubt their existence.

The Metahuman condition is genetic in origin, and while people refer to it as the “Metahuman Gene” the truth is there is not one single genetic sequence which makes a Metahuman; it’s a variation and combination of countless genes which gives these special people their abilities. These genes are part of a great portion of the population, but only a very small portion have them in the right combination to trigger special abilities, and most of those cases account for Olympic athletes and geniuses. A tiny fraction of those people become what are known as Alpha and Omega level Metahumans.

Alpha Metahumans are those born with most of their metahuman genes in a dormant state. Most live a normal life without ever manifesting any superhuman abilities, but whenever one of them go through a traumatic life-threatening experience, their dormant genes awaken, and they are transformed. Sometimes the transformation is rapid, lasting only seconds, and other might take days or weeks to complete.

Omega Metahumans are those born with their metahuman genes active. They exhibit all their abilities and physical attributes like enhanced speed and strength from birth. Omega Metahumans are almost always the offspring of Alpha and Omega metahumans. It's very unlikely (but not impossible) that an Omega Metahuman can be born of a normal human mother, since the baby is too powerful for the woman to survive the later months of the pregnancy. Also, the offspring of Alpha and Omega metahumans are almost always an Omega Metahuman.

The event

Silent Port, industrial sector. Midnight

Two figures approach a large warehouse, one is a man in his late teens and the other a young Asian girl a few years younger. He leads her to the warehouse despite her obvious fear. Every movement she does gives away her worry for her current situation. She knows she shouldn't be in that dangerous part of the city and much less at night. She has gone with him because she trusts him. For the past few weeks they have seen each other after school and now he has promised her something very special if she goes with her. She wants to see what he wants to show her, and her curiosity is outweighing her best judgement.

"Matt" she speaks his name, realizing she does not know his last name, or where he lives. They had met at the school parking lot and has never been to his house or met anywhere else. They've only seen each other after school and tonight, out of the blue he called her in the evening and asked, no, begged her to meet him in the alley behind her apartment. She climbed down the fire escape, praying her parents would not see her or notice she has gone out like that on a school night. Once down, she found him on his motorcycle waiting for her. She wore his spare helmet and got on behind him and they set out for a ride.

"I'm scared, Matt!" Says the girl watching him open the door to a seemingly abandoned warehouse. He tries to get her inside, but she resists his pull. He is surprised that she is strong enough to stop him from pulling her; He is much bigger than the small Asian girl, but he had failed to realize that Vicky's first love is the gym and that she has done strength training for years. She can possibly lift more than him, but she does not look it. Had he met her in summer, he would have seen her without sleeves and noticed how well defined her shoulders and arms are. She isn't as big as a bodybuilder and still looks thin, but one look at her arms and there is no doubt she is strong.

"It's going to be OK, Vicky; don't you trust me?" He asks her, knowing full well what her answer will be. Vicky nods in agreement and stops resisting. "Of course, I do!" She answers and moves closer to Matt and together they walk inside. "I trust you!" Vicky repeats.



Matt closes the door behind him and the light from the street lamps stops coming in, leaving the entire warehouse completely dark. "Don't be afraid" he says, reaching for the wall and flipping a light switch. A single ceiling lamp turns on above them, creating a small pool of light on the floor while leaving most of the warehouse in the dark. In the center of the pool of light is an inflatable bed with many pillows and to one side, a vase with a long stem rose. Vicky moves in closer to the light, watching the set up with great emotion. She knows what he wants to do and in any other circumstance she would say no, but she feels such a strong connection with him, despite knowing very little about him, and knowing he has gone through all this effort for such a romantic thing...she is moved and is sure she wanted him. It had been one year since she was intimate with someone, when her ex-boyfriend spent his last night in the city

with her, before he had to leave town for college.

Matt leads Vicky to the middle and onto the cushions. He knelt in front of her, and slowly began to lower the zipper on her jacket. The warehouse is cold and without her jacket she really felt it, which showed as the contour of her nipples became visible under her blouse. He caressed her and gently unbuttoned the front of her jeans and pulls them down. The soft skin of her strong thighs became covered with goosebumps when the chilled breeze bathed her legs. Yet, the warmth of his hands caressing her beautiful extremities warmed her enough for her to endure the cold. She waited in anticipation for him to expose himself to her as well, dreaming of the moment where their nude bodies will embrace and warm each other.

Vicky reaches for her blouse and unfastens the buttons herself and throws it to the side, followed by her brassiere, showing herself topless to the young man in front of her. He kissed one of her beautiful C cups and gently reaches for her white lace panties, pulling them down her legs, making sure his hands caressed the entire length of her flesh as he takes off the last piece of her garments. He looks at her completely nude, shivering from anticipation and the cold air. He reaches for her inner thighs and caressed them upwards until his fingers make contact with her moist labia. "Are you ready?" He asked Vicky, almost whispering the question to her ear. "Yes!" she answered with her voice breaking from the anticipation.



At that moment, a coarse voice came from the shadows. "Pledge... Is your offering ready?" Much to Vicky's confusion, Matt stands up and takes a step back from her and speaks to the darkness around them. "Yes, she is!"



"Matt! What's going on!?" Vicky says trying to reach for her clothes but the young man in front of her is keeping them behind him so she can't reach them back. "What are you doing? Who's there!?" Vicky screams in fear and anger.

A group of ceiling lights turn on, revealing the rest of the room around them. Vicky finds herself surrounded by four people, counting Matt. The older of the group addresses Matt, ignoring Vicky completely. "You've done well, pledge. Your offering is accepted. If she is as good as she seems, you'll be welcomed to the Fraternity." Vicky, now in a total panic begins to scream with all her strength, calling for help. The four surrounded Vicky and forced her to the cold ground. Her eyes are filled with rage, at the man she trusted and betrayed her and at herself for being careless and stupid to have trusted him.

What happened next is too horrible to describe. The four fraternity members abused Vicky's body to their heart's content. They are vicious and assaulted her fiscally as well as sexually. She is beaten to an inch of her life and when they are finished Vicky is on the ground, battered, abused, and dying.



Suddenly, her body became very hot and her eyes begin to glow red. She never knew it, but Vicky was born a Metahuman and she is undergoing Alpha transformation. Her body is assaulted by more pain that she had ever felt in her entire life; she felt as if her body is on fire while at the same time, she felt the coldest she has ever felt; all this as a product of her dormant genes awakening and completely overriding her genetic structure, affecting her body down to a molecular level.

It all happened very fast; Vicky's body grew to be much taller than all the men in the room by a considerable margin; she reaches seven feet two inches in height. Along with her increase in height, her musculature increased exponentially, turning Vicky from a strong athletic build to a massive bodybuilder Amazon. Her female attributes also grew, taking Vicky from a pretty C-cup to an astonishing NN (22-inch difference between her frame and her bust).



The four men don't have much time to react. They watch the woman they had been sure was about to die, transform into a towering Amazon in front of their eyes. She stands up with not a trace of the many bruises that only moments ago covered her entire body. She doesn't make a sound while she transformed, her face had been locked in a state of agony during the entire transformation. She had screamed at the beginning, but her lungs were empty.

The glow in her eyes dimmed and then disappeared and her body finally relaxed enough for her to breathe again. Vicky's mind is spinning and clouded, as if in the middle of a hazy dream. Her body tries to cope with its new reality and a flood of different emotions and sensations assaulted her all at once: Fear, hate, confusion, pain, ecstasy and dread. She can't contain it all inside her and let out a scream up towards the ceiling. All her body tightened again, but this time much harder than before.

Vicky's toes curl and dig down into the concrete floor. Her toes squeeze the rubble so tightly that it becomes pulverized and her toe nails dig small trenches through the hard material. Her entire musculature tightening causes her body to shake as her strong muscles tug on her bones in all directions like a titanic tug-o-war. Unintentionally Vicky causes the entire ground to shake, violently. All around the men, fixtures and beams crash down from the warehouse ceiling and walls. Then there is Vicky's scream: Her lungs push out the air out through her vocal cords with such energy that she causes a powerful sonic blast all around her which toss the men backwards against the opposite wall and blows out their ear drums and causes severe damage to their internal organs.

Vicky's vision came into focus and looks at her four former attackers. She is still disoriented and unable to think straight; she is only being fueled and guided by her instincts and emotion and all she is feeling at that particular moment is rage. When she sees the four men, alive she feels her anger skyrocket and her only instinct is to lash out at them.

The four men, whose bodies are in absolute pain with massive internal bleeding and their ears ringing, see the massive giantess launch herself at them. They scream in terror and try to move away, but she is much faster. Vicky leaps at them and lands on the leader of the group's legs. Her feet instantly smash through his bones and rips his thighs in half. The impact of her powerful feet on the hard cement is nothing short of colossal. The four men are tossed into the air in all directions, landing hard on the ground. She moves towards the leader who now is on his back trying to crawl away from her and begging for forgiveness. If Vicky had been in control of her faculties, she would have probably spared them, but at this moment, Vicky isn't in control.



Vicky quickly reaches the man and pinned him down with her foot on his chest. He tries to get free but she has him pinned very tightly. He begs and cries but all he gets from her is a savage growl as she steps down hard on his chest. In an instant his entire ribcage collapses and her foot punches down through his chest. She feels her soles touch his spine briefly before it too is crushed into nothingness.

The second of the fraternity rapists tries to crawl towards the exit. Vicky sees him and runs towards him, reaching him in an instant. Without slowing down, Vicky throws a kick at the man's mid-section, throwing him hard against the wall. Her bare foot impacts his flesh so hard that his abdomen is liquified instantly and her foot tares cleanly through meat, bone and guts. The wake from Vicky's foot moving at twice the speed of sound launches the two halves of the man against the wall with both pieces being torn apart in mid-air by the shockwave and finally becoming splattered against the concrete wall, which also feels the brunt of the wake of Vicky's kick and has a huge hole blown in the middle.



Vicky then, still deep in the blood lust state, turns around and sees another man limping away. She runs after him, catching him again in an instant. She grabs him from behind, with one hand on the back of his neck and the other hand between his legs. She lifts him up sideways and brings her two hands together. His entire torso is crunched out of existence between Vicky's supremely powerful hands. The man's disembodied head lands on the ground in front of Vicky's bare feet and she steps on it with disgust. She steps down so hard on the head that her foot obliterates it and slams on the ground with enough force to make everything inside the warehouse jump. Half of the ceiling collapses, raining glass and steel beams all around the interior. A giant beam falls on Vicky's head and it bends and bounces off without as much as a blink from the woman.



Matt had found a place to hide from Vicky as she is killing the other three men. He had hoped she did not see him, but the moment Vicky stomps on the ground, a beam lands on Matt's legs, pinning him down by a ton of steel. Vicky hears Matt's screams of pain and runs towards him. She sees him down on the ground, with his legs trapped. With an expression full of hate and scorn, Vicky bends down and grabs Matt by the torso, under his armpits and unceremoniously she lifts him up. The steel beams did not budge so the man's legs are ripped off his body by Vicky's arm strength. She looks at him, bleeding out in front of him, crying and begging for his life. All she could feel is hate, betrayal, dread and rage. She adjusted him in her hands, grabbing onto him by the shoulders. Vicky pushes her fingers into his body, penetrating him as if he is made of butter. Her fingers dug into his collar and ribcage and holds onto his exposed bones. She looks intensely at his eyes and with one bone-chilling growl she pulled her arms apart, ripping his entire body down the middle and finally throwing each half away like garbage.



Vicky's heart is beating a thousand beats per minute and her adrenaline level is through the roof as her body is still adjusting to her new physiology. Once she instinctively realized there are no more threats around her, she felt trapped inside the warehouse. She felt the uncontrollable urge to flee so she moves towards the metal gate and instinctively pushed against her. She doesn't expect to open it, in fact, she doesn't expect anything as she is still operating fully by primal instinct and not on any cognitive ability. Her arms pushed on the massive steel sliding gate and it whined and bent loudly until it is ripped off the wall and thrown out across the parking lot and to the street.

Vicky runs out of the warehouse and begins to walk aimlessly down the streets. Her heart had slowed down since leaving the warehouse and she is more like a zombie than anything else, with her mind dazed, blurry and incoherent. She walks slowly through dark alleys and open roads with no real heading or destination, she just moves following the roads and sideways not really looking at anything in her way.

One man steps out of an alley with a knife on his hand and steps in front of Vicky, threatening her. She doesn't even register him and continues to walk forward. He shouts obscenities at her but is silenced the moment Vicky's thigh hit him as she walks. She doesn't try to kick him, but the impact from her leg moving forward as she walks is enough to crack his hip bone and push him back and throw him down on his butt. He doesn't have time to get up and move out

of the way. Vicky's next step is on one of his ankles which are ground to paste under her strong foot. The next step is on the thug's chest which caves in with all his interior organs splattering out to the sides.



Vicky continues on her aimless way. With each passing footstep she finds herself feeling dizzy and more disoriented until one moment she simply collapsed next to the entrance of an indoor parking lot. Her body slammed down on the ground hard, cracking the cement tiles of the sidewalk. She became fully unconscious completely nude in the cold winter night.

A fateful coincidence

It is two in the morning and Larry is where he usually spends his evenings every Wednesday; at a seedy strip joint in the east side of Silent Port. He does business at the docks every Wednesday afternoon and afterwards he visits nude bars to get a drink and watch an assortment of girls dancing. He usually stays there a few hours past midnight with today being no exception.

He walks down the street to the parking lot where he has his car parked and as he arrives, he sees a group of boys gathered around something by the entrance to the car park. As usual, he tries to not get involved and walks by them without making eye contact with the group of teens. Just as he is walking by, he catches a glimpse of something which intrigues him. It looks like someone is there on the ground. Against his better judgement Larry approaches the group and peeks over their shoulders and catches the full view of a very big nude Asian woman passed out on the ground.

Larry can't believe his eyes; the woman is incredible. Her body is a perfectly chiseled monument of beautiful female muscle and her breasts are large and divine in shape. He marveled at how big she is and how incredible it must be to feel the love of someone like her. He is almost drooling dreaming of touching those perfect muscles and kissing those incredible breasts, when suddenly he noticed something very familiar in her. He moves around the group trying to get a better view of her face. He knows he has seen this woman before but where he can't pinpoint. Suddenly, he recognized her... "Vicky!?" he exclaimed in utter surprise.

The group turns towards him in a very aggressive manner. "We saw her first!" they begin to bark at him. One of them, the evident leader of the group is kneeling next to her, stroking her massive boobs. "Beat it old man!" He shouts at Larry and the other boys cornered him. Then unexpectedly, Vicky, still unconscious moves her hand and gets it on the same boob the creep is fondling. Her strong hand squeezes her own breast with his hand underneath, crunching his bones under her grip. The man screams in pain, causing his henchmen to turn to his aid. They all helped trying to get his hand free from Vicky's grasp, but all their efforts are ineffective. Eventually Vicky moves her hand away, releasing the man who is sobbing like a girl. He cried even louder at the sight of his mangled hand. The group move away carrying their injured leader, leaving the astonished Larry behind along with the nude amazon.

The man can't believe his eyes, this incredible woman has a face identical to a young woman who lives in his building. The shape of her face, her features, her hair, even the way she highlights her eyelashes is identical. There is no way he is mistaking her for someone else, but he is still absolutely shocked how the five-foot girl he has known since she was a toddler has somehow become someone who looks like she belongs in a comic book and not in real life.

"Vicky! Vicky Chang, can you hear me?" He asks, trying to shake the woman, realizing she is much heavier than she looks. He begins to realize he is out in the open next to an unconscious naked woman, if a police car drives by he might be in a lot of trouble. He shakes Vicky with more force, managing to evoke a moan from the woman. "Vicky, Vicky, it's me, Mr. Ventura. Can you hear me?" He asks clearly worried about his predicament.

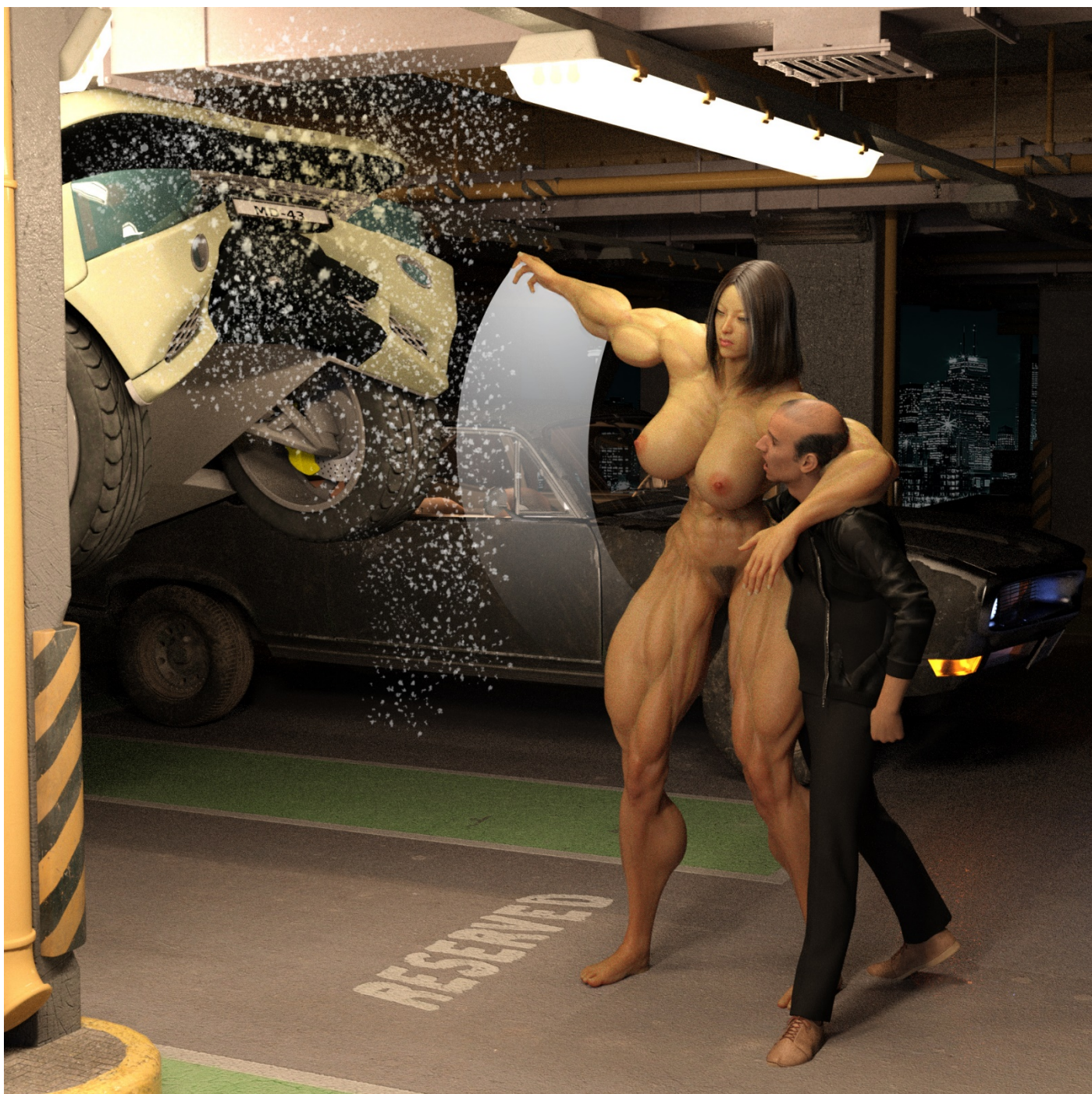
"What you want, Larry?" says Vicky mumbling while still more asleep than conscious. She knew his name so now Larry is completely sure he is right about her identity. He did notice her disrespectful tone; he knows most of the people in the building don't think too highly of him, but she has never been openly disrespectful to him before. He makes it a point to remember to talk to her parents about it at a later opportunity.

Larry tries to pick Vicky off the ground, but his strength is not sufficient to lift the woman, especially when she is pretty much dead-weight. "get up Vicky, I have to take you home!" He says, pulling up on her arms trying to get her to get onto her feet. "Home!?" says Vicky while still half asleep. "Yes, home, Vicky. Let's get you to your home! To your bed!" Vicky moaned and slowly let Larry pull her up to her feet. She stands up straight and Larry can't breathe from the astonishment from how huge this girl had become. In front of his face is the largest and most beautiful pair of breasts he has ever seen, specially this close. He has paid to see and touch the breasts of many strippers with big fake boobs, but none of them come even close to how big and magnificent Vicky's new breasts are. He tilts his neck backwards and sees her shoulders, neck and face looming over him. He had never felt so small as he does at this moment.

It takes great effort for the half-conscious Vicky to stand up; her body is suffering from extreme exhaustion from her entire ordeal. Her physiology is still configuring itself to her new body and the transformation had such a great cost of energy on her young body that she is literally running on fumes.

Vicky stands there, up on her feet like a drunk person, seeming like she is about to fall over at any second. Larry comes to her side and gets under her arm and arm-pit, holding her gently around the waist; he directs her towards the interior of the parking lot. Vicky walks dizzily through the parking lot, on the narrow roads inside the building. The girl leans onto the man helping her, and even though he is forced to support only a portion of her weight, it is a great effort for him, and he isn't sure how long he is going to be able to hold her. As he slowly guides the barely conscious woman inside the building, he curses himself for being so out of shape, especially when he has an exercise machine at home which hasn't been used in years for anything other than a place to hang his towels.

Vicky's walk is difficult, and she occasionally bumped into some of the parked cars, crushing the hoods with the side of her strong thighs. One of the cars she crashed into had an alarm and it became triggered sounding off a loud siren. The loudness of the car disturbs Vicky who instinctively backhands the vehicle sending it flying through the side of the building and over the skyline. Larry's jaw nearly drops at the sight of the Toyota sedan being thrown away out of sight by this girl's single backhand.



Larry worried about what she would do to his car, which is his most prized possession. He's had his classic red 1969 Camaro since he was a teenager and he would hate it if it gets damaged by this girl. He considers leaving Vicky sitting against a column inside the parking lot and getting away with his car intact; she is mostly unconscious anyway; As he considered his options, he leans Vicky's body against a column to take a breather. He looks at Vicky's incredible body in front of him and can't help but to feel an assortment of emotions at once. He had never seen anyone so beautiful before in his life and her entire body drives him completely crazy. He is instantly in love with her amazing musculature, having always preferred the strong look on women, instead of the skinny model type, and Vicky's muscles are bigger and apparently more powerful than anyone he has ever seen. For as much as he loves the girl's new muscles, it is her breasts that really make him lose his mind. They are perfect to him and he dreams of having those two globes of heaven surround his face. She makes him feel lust and desire, but when he looks at her familiar face; the face of the girl he has seen grow from practically a baby to a young lady, he can't stop feeling tenderness for her, as well as a sense of responsibility. He would not be able to look at her family in the eye after leaving their daughter alone, exposed and vulnerable.

Larry digs into his pocket, pulls out his car keys and holds on to them as he gently pulls Vicky toward him and guides her slowly to his beloved car. They reach the passenger side and he opens the door for her. Slowly and carefully he

gets her to sit on the passenger seat. He kneels in front of her and with great effort is able to lift her legs one by one and move them inside the vehicle. He notices the red stains on her feet and wonders what she might have stepped on; he doesn't imagine those are blood stains from the people she had previously crushed. He sees similar stains on her hands, but he similarly had no clue to their source.



Larry fastens the seat belt around Vicky's broad frame, finding it amazing that he is barely able to fasten it since her torso is so massive the belt almost isn't long enough to reach the buckle. He admits to himself he enjoys leaning over her like that to put the belt over her body and wishes he could have remained in that position over her for much longer. Larry then reaches down and pulls down the small lever to push the seat back to give her more leg room. He steps back and sees the woman fast asleep on the seat and aside from the suspension on the passenger side of the vehicle being pushed down much more than usual, it seemed no harm had come to his car so far.

He quickly runs around to the other side of the car and gets on the driver seat and turns the engine on. Slowly he backs out of his parking spot and begins to drive towards the exit from the building. He notices his car feels more sluggish, most likely due to his passenger's considerable weight. He drives into the main avenue which leads to the residential part of town where their building is located. The ride itself is uneventful; Vicky is sound asleep and barely moves a muscle during the trip. She is tightly fastened against the seat by the belt but that proves to be very ineffective on her

when she turns on her sleep unintentionally pulled on the thick strap with her shoulder, ripping the entire seatbelt mechanism from the steel frame of the car. Larry's heart nearly stops when he sees the damage to the interior of his car. He breathed in deep and told himself it isn't that bad and that it is fixable.

Vicky had turned away from Larry and is resting on her side. This gives Larry the opportunity to see the strong girl's backside and, in his opinion, it is just as impressive as her front. Her back is broad and filled with muscles. Her massive shoulders look titanic from behind and the V-shape lats on her back come together into a beautifully narrow waist. Then there is her bum, with glutes so firm and round they are beyond description. A sight so beautiful he is dying to reach over and gently touch those magnificent cheeks.

He does not succumb to that temptation and holds on tight to the steering wheel with both hands and drives as fast as he can. An hour later, they reach their apartment building and Larry drives his car into the back alley and parked in front of the back entrance. He turns the engine off and turns to Vicky, gently touching her shoulder and shaking her lightly. "We are home, Vicky!"



Vicky stirs on the seat and her eyes open just barely. "Home!" she replies, still sounding as if she is talking in her sleep. Larry steps out of the car and runs to the other side but just as he is passing by the car's front, he sees Vicky stand up while still inside the car. "Noooo!" he shouts in terror as he sees the girl burst through the hard roof of his car. To his horror, she did not stop there; her right thigh pushes against the strong steel door, ripping it off its hinges and sending it flying to crash against the side of the building. Vicky then walks out of the car, ripping the seat and the roof off like wet tissue paper. Larry is sobbing like a child at this point.

Vicky is still disoriented and begins to wander away from the entrance to the building. Larry composes himself and runs after her. He gently holds on to her left arm and positions himself just as he did in the parking lot. He wraps his arms around her strong waist and softly asks her to go with him. It takes him a little effort to get her to respond and before long they are entering the building.

At three in the morning, the hallways and stairwells are deserted. Once inside Larry realized he had a very distinct problem. Vicky's apartment is on the fifth floor and the old building did not have an elevator; he is going to have to take her up on foot and for him, simply walking with her constitutes great effort because of how massive she is.

Larry breathed in deep and prepared himself; he leads Vicky to the first rung of the stairwell and gently guides her forward. Vicky takes one step forward, not even looking where she is stepping, running her toes into the cement step. Larry gasped in shock as her small toes dug into the cement and broke a big chunk of the step off. He sighed and for the next step he reaches down to Vicky's naked muscular thigh and pulled up on it, trying to lift it. "Please Vicky, help me out here! Get your foot up the step!" Vicky subconsciously understands her neighbor and rose her foot and let Larry guide her leg to step gently on the step without breaking it. With her foot up, now all he needed is to get her to step up. He tightened his grip around her waist and pulled up with all his strength. Fortunately for him, Vicky reacted to his efforts and steps up by herself.

Larry is exhausted and when he realized she could do it he begged and pressed her to continue climbing. Vicky had become slightly more self-aware and continues to step upwards by instinct. She still tumbled slightly from side to side

as she walks, her swinging from side to side gets her dangerously close to rail and threatened her to tip over and fall. Larry kept up with Vicky, keeping himself holding her up below her armpit and holding on to her side.

They climb three floors without incident. Vicky had become better at climbing the stairs on her own and now Larry is more holding onto Vicky than actually keeping her up. He gave himself a temporary respite and for the moment begins to enjoy the sensation of having this incredible woman so close to him. His arms felt her waist and the silky-smooth bulges of the muscles on her sides. He feels how her abdomen muscles soften and harden as she moves, and even at their softest her muscles are much harder than what his fingers can squeeze. On his side is Vicky's enormous left arm, gently hugging him against her ribcage. She isn't pushing him towards her, only the mass of her arm tended to squeeze him from time to time, still he isn't trapped, he could move any time he wants but it seems he doesn't want to.

With every step the woman gave, her beautiful large bosom bounced and swayed rhythmically. With Larry under her arm, the side of her boob is literally inches away from his face. He tries not to stare, remembering who it is he is holding, a sweet young girl who only the previous morning he had seen as she passed by him on her way out to school. Now, he sees her as a monumental woman much sexier than he had ever imagined possible, and her breasts, her beautiful round examples of perfection as big as his own head are now so close to him, he can smell them. He wonders how amazing it would be to touch one, to let his lips come close enough to rub against her perfect skin and kiss it.



As he is thinking about kissing Vicky's boobs, he begins to lean closer and closer until his lips are actually about to touch her amazing left breast. Suddenly, Vicky stumbles briefly; she doesn't fall catching her balance quickly, but that sudden movement caused her boobs to bounce and swing a little harder. Vicky's heavy left breast crashed into Larry's unsuspecting face, smacking him hard enough to send him backwards against the hand rail and fall down a couple of steps. The man clutched his face which now felt on fire, he had heard a cracking noise the moment his vision went black and he feared the worse. Larry touched his face and is relieved to not find any blood coming out of it; still, it hurt a lot.



They are close to Vicky's floor and she continues to walk upwards. Larry slowly gets up, still in a lot of pain, and reaches the woman. Now, keeping his distance he tugs on Vicky's waist and pulls her to the hallway, towards her family's apartment. They finally reach her door and Larry knocks on it. It is 3 in the morning so he imagines the Changs are still asleep and will take a few minutes for them to open the door. A few moments pass and Larry knocks on the door again calling out "Jim, Ellie open up!"



Vicky is a little more awake but acted like a very drunk person. Mumbling incoherent things and repeating Larry. The third time Larry knocked on the door, Vicky imitated him, raising her hand and hitting the wooden door with her knuckles in a very clumsy fashion. She clearly didn't measure her strength and her door instantly is turned into a shower of splinters of all sizes raining inside her apartment. The deadly wooden rain missed Vicky's mom and dad by a few seconds as they had been heading for the entrance.

Vicky's parents step out slowly towards the entrance. Ellie, Vicky's mom stands behind her husband who had a Tennis racket on his hand as a weapon. When they step out, they see their daughter, an Amazonian version of her daughter completely nude draped over Larry. "Vicky!" Shout both parents almost in unison. "Hi mom!" Said Vicky clumsily taking a step forward, practically dragging Larry along.

The disoriented girl trips over her own feet and falls forward, bringing Larry down with her and landing on the ground hard. Her shoulder and face hit the ground first, both causing serious damage to the floor tiles and causing a dent on the floor. Larry is fortunate, he falls next to her chest and is subjected only to a minor portion of her impact, still that is hard enough to dislocate his shoulder.

Jim and Ellie rush towards their daughter and help her up to her feet. Once standing, Jim tries to hold Vicky up just as Larry had done previously while Ellie helps Larry to the couch where she lays him down to rest; she then leads her husband and daughter to Vicky's room, where they carefully lay their daughter on her own bed and cover her body with the sheets. Once on her own room and on her own bed, Vicky hugs her pillows and falls soundly asleep in just a matter of seconds.

Afterwards, Ellie and Jim come back out to the living room and attend to Larry's injuries. Jim helps Larry set his shoulder back on its place and then Ellie helps bandage him and get his arm on a temporary sling and also gives him some ice to put on his swollen face. Both thank him for bringing their daughter home, especially since they didn't know she had left, and ask him to tell them what had happened.

Larry told them everything he knew, minus a few details such as what happened to his face. He told Vicky's parents that she had unintentionally hit him in the face with her elbow and not with her breast as it really happened; he doesn't want to have to explain why his face was so close to her chest, and specially not mention that he was trying to kiss her boob.



Jim offers Larry a glass of whiskey for the pain and Ellie makes him something to eat, both of which the man accepts graciously. As Larry is telling them what had happened, Jim looks out the window that faces to the alley and sees Larry's totaled car and how it had been ripped nearly in half. "Mr. Ventura, you've done something for us we will never be able to repay, but what I can promise you is that I'll do everything I can to get your car fixed."

They talk until sunrise, discussing the events of the night and theorizing what might have happened to Vicky before Larry found her. Finally, Larry stands up and walks over to the entrance of the apartment and says he is going to go to his apartment to rest. "Before I go..." the man said, "I would prefer if the girl doesn't know it was me who helped her. I don't think she'll appreciate that I have seen her nude."

Two days later...

Vicky rolls on her bed from side to side uneasily. Her sleep has been plagued by very intense nightmares, of imagery she can't make heads or tails. Finally, she rolls over the edge of her bed and falls to the ground, causing her entire apartment to shake. The people on the apartment below are showered by plaster from their ceiling falling down on them.

The impact on the ground wakes Vicky from her long slumber. She did not feel any pain, the sensation of falling down is enough to wake her up. The girl finds herself on the floor next to her bed, naked with the bed-sheets tangled around her legs. She shakes her head and slowly stands up, not noticing her legs ripping the sheets to shreds. "what happened!?" she asks herself, standing up to her new full height.

Vicky feels strange, as if she is filled with energy, enough to run 10 marathons. She does notice her room looks strange, smaller than usual. She looks around confused and her gaze comes upon her mirror where she sees her reflection for the first time. "Mom! Dad!" she shouts looking at her Amazonian physique in complete disbelief.

Jim and Ellie had been awakened by the building shaking from Vicky's crash and are walking to their daughter's room when they hear her screams. Both run inside and find their daughter in shock in front of her mirror. "Jim!" Ellie shouts, to which her husband immediately turns around to avoid seeing his naked daughter. "Baby are you OK?" Askes Vicky's mom, to which the girl responds, "What happened to me!?" Ellie and Jim look at each other confirming what they imagined, that Vicky had no recollection of what happened. They kept looking at each other unsure where to begin.



The end