

Will THE GODDESSES INTERVENE

Discordia was lounging on her luxurious royal divan cuddling with her number one concubine an elite Palace Guard named Casandra while Nemesis was engaged in a manage au trois with an unnamed set of twin demi-goddesses.

The fight between Superman and the oldest daughter of General Zod was everything they had hoped for and more. Each of the Goddesses celebrated the joys of multiple orgasms reaching sexual nirvana. Superman's ultimate victory was a huge surprise. Even more surprising was the unexpected intervention of the younger daughter who for all intense purposes had killed Superman.

Neither Discordia nor Nemesis was entirely pleased because a universe without a Superman to fuck with was somehow diminished. However, for the moment the currently sexually sated female deities were content to leave things be ... at least for now.

Because right now the omnipotent but bored Goddesses wished to focus their undivided attention on an intriguing development in Southern California; the possible emergence of another Superwoman demanded scrutiny.

THE MIGHTY QUINN

(Death is her curse)

Everyone who knew the eighteen-year-old Elizabeth "Beth" Quinn understood that the girl was special; genetically blessed from birth. Beth's dad had been an all-American track star at Yale while her mother, a former Miss California contestant, was an Olympic level pole vaulter at Stanford.

This child was pre-ordained to have it all; beauty, brawn, and brains.

At birth their golden child was destined for success, clearly preordained for greatness. However, that wasn't the entire story. She arrived several weeks premature weighing less than two and half pounds. Beth was suffering from an extremely rare birth defect, one that threatened her life.

Elizabeth Quinn's mom refused to accept the birthing doctors' dire prognosis. Mrs. Quinn approached Dr. Robert Young, a world renown Stanford University doctor and medical researcher. The desperate mom pleaded for his help. Her daughter's team of doctors had already determined that Beth had been born with a rare heretofore incurable blood disorder. Short of miracle the likelihood of her survival was nil.

Dr. Young almost immediately recognized how wrong those doctors were. He ascertained that the infant's adrenal gland was defective, inexplicably compromised and incapable of producing and distributing adrenaline throughout the infant's body. The main function of adrenaline is to trigger blood vessels to contract and re-direct blood flow to major muscle groups. An occasional side effect was an increase in strength during periods of trauma and stress.

As luck would have it Dr. Young, who worked in the Stanford Radiology Department, specialized in hematological deficiencies in an infant's adrenal gland production. He was working on and developing experimental nuclear medicines, including Gamma Rays, that he hoped could and expected would help stem the deleterious effects of the disease while restoring the functionality of the gland.

He decided on his own to illegally and surreptitiously treat the dying child by introducing heavy doses of still experimental radiated platelet enriched plasma directly into Beth's pituitary and adrenal glands. Not only did the drug save baby Elizabeth's life, the infant immediately began to show extraordinary progress including substantial weight gains and an increase in physical activity.

Dr. Young continued to discretely monitor Beth's development from a distance through high school to her first year of college, discerning only one significant side effect. He discovered that whenever Beth became overly excited or angry or felt threatened, she would exhibit remarkable adrenalin spikes temporarily imbuing her with extraordinary strength. Much like a distressed mother lifting an automobile off her trapped child Beth Quinn would transmute into a veritable super-woman; hulking out if you will.

As Beth matured into her late teens, she realized her specialness as did everyone who knew her or came in contact with her or admired her from afar. Her numerous athletic accomplishments as young high

school student forecast a bright future for the golden child as did her 4.5 grade point average. However, Dr. Young was concerned that Beth might possess an unfair physical advantage over her competition.

Despite the untimely death of Dr. Young who earlier in the year had passed away from a massive cerebral brain hemorrhage Beth vowed that this summer would be special. Her parents had rewarded their grieving daughter with a surprise and she couldn't have been more grateful.

Spending three full months at the home of her parent's ultra-rich vacationing friends would afford Beth with some much-needed alone time, time to train; time to swim in their Olympic sized pool, time to lift weights, time to work-out in their fully equipped gym all without distraction thus allowing Beth time to further sculpt and shape her nearly perfect nubile teenage bicep-blessed body.

At first light Beth rolled out of bed, shed her diaphanous nightie, and glanced at her image in the full-length mirror that dominated the guest bedroom, her bedroom at least for now. Beth was a virtual Goddess; albeit a relatively short one.

Beth Quinn stood a mere five-foot-four but weighed a solid 120 pounds of girlish muscle. She happily flexed her astonishing body and proudly admired her reflection. She smiled broadly at her gravity defying 36" C-Cup teen breasts, her tiny 19" waist, her six-pack abs, and her womanly 34" hips, a combination that placed her among the elite female athletes on the planet.

Her uncontrollable display of hubris never failed to excite her.

She felt the familiar adrenaline surge flowing through her body as she flexed her bigger than average 13 ¼ inch sized upper-arms and grinned as her rock-hard biceps incongruously exploded into impressive majestic almost immeasurable feminine biceps; her closest guy friend at school complimented Beth by proclaiming the girl had 'flex appeal'.

Beth stemmed the adrenaline surge and returned to her normal physique. She enthusiastically skipped her way down the hall to the bathroom with its luxurious glass enclosed shower stall where she allowed the steaming hot water to cascade down her overly muscled, well-tanned well-toned torso.

She happily caressed her amazing burgeoning teen body, an action that never failed to produce a powerful nearly overwhelming womanly orgasm or two. She was only eighteen-years-old and already orgasmic. In every way imaginable the Mighty Quinn was a truly blessed girl.

The truly blessed teenaged vixen happily jogged down the hill to the quaint little townlet that served the residence of the affluent gated-community. Eager to show-off her body Elizabeth was wearing skin-tight lime-green cutoff jean shorts that hugged her muscular derriere, her well-tanned sexy diamond shaped muscular calves as well as her tightly packed thighs.

Her modest lilac-colored sports bra was somehow managing to keep her generous breasts from bouncing too provocatively while preventing her cleavage from spilling out her top. Today she had opted to wear her \$299.99 Nike air-zoom limited addition Michael Jordan racing shoes along with her favorite green and lilac striped athletic socks.

Beth Quinn was resplendent in her near skin-tight multi-colored coordinated outfit. As was her want she stopped in at La Bodega cafe where she was greeted warmly by, Franco Lopez, the Latino proprietor who helped select her meals; a breakfast, a lunch, and a dinner; the last two were to go.

For her take-out lunch Beth opted for a Spanish styled grilled cheese sandwich made with European melted mahon and manchego cheeses, roasted garlic, sweet peppers and sweet yellow Spanish onions, along with tortilla chips and Spanish olives. For her dinner she selected the family sized Spanish style Fillet De Salmon, brown rice, jalapeno peppers, roasted heirloom tomatoes, and a bunch of other stuff including assorted fruits, 'the everyday salad' with extra avocado and sour cream, plus a number of sweet Mexican sodas like Orange Topo Sabores, Grape Sangria, and Sensorial Apple Mundet.

Without exhibiting a care in the world Beth relaxed at an outside table and enjoyed a typical light Spanish breakfast consisting of a number of melon wedges, a tasty half baguette of asparagus wrapped prosciutto, smothered in virgin olive oil with fresh tomato slices, a few drops of tangy muscatel vinegar, sweet sautéed Spanish onions, and a large hot chocolate with a dollop of thick whipped cream. For dessert the Mighty Quinn treated herself to a lightly sugared vanilla stuffed chiro.

Beth basked in the hot summer sun enjoying her cosmopolitan repast while squeezing an isometric gel-exerciser or stress ball which increases blood circulation, strengthens one's wrist, increasing one's grip, and builds up one's forearm muscle. She was enjoying her morning ritual of reading the local newspaper. She was both surprised by and fascinated with the rising crime rate in this heavily policed upscale enclave.

The reporter postulated that despite the ubiquitous police presence and the highly visible private security company personnel, the rich would always be inviting targets for the miscreants of the world.

Despite the extremely high risks involved with targeting a wealthy gated-community, the **most-boldest** and the **least-brightest** of the predatory criminals would always be attracted to the **most-richest** targets within.

Beth donned her backpack and prepared for her one-and one-half mile semi-sprint up the relatively steep hill leading back to the house. She wasn't halfway there when she found her path blocked by the largest human being she had ever seen in person. The man who stood nearly seven-foot-five had packed 350 if not 400 pounds onto his outrageously muscular frame. He casually stepped out of the bushes onto the road blocking her way.

"Hey little girl ... I like your shoes." She was disgusted by the sight of his gnarly yellowish nearly fang-like predatory teeth and a little intimidated by what appeared to be his twenty-six-inch biceps.

"Thanks guy." Beth tried to run around the man but he stepped in front of her and hindered her egress. Had she wished she could have easily used her speed and avoided the man all together.

However, when the least subtle highwayman ever grabbed at her breasts Beth's adrenalin quickly surged well beyond her capacity to control. Reasonable prudence dictated that she run around the guy and avoid a confrontation. However, on this day the Mighty Quinn was itching for a fight and the gratification she knew would result. Even knowing what was about to happen she could do nothing to curb the internal rush. She could feel her muscles exploding within her.

The skilled teenaged martial-arts student instinctively grabbed and pulled the big man's outstretched arms towards her. Using his own forward momentum and her own prodigious strength, she deftly flipped the flailing shit-head over her back forcibly flinging the surprised giant flying head over heels into the bushes and against a tree with such force that the big man was momentarily immobile, dizzy, and unable to breathe normally.

Beth Quinn was deciding how badly she should hurt the giant when she was surprised by a second man who had materialized from the bushes behind her. The man bear-hugged her squeezing hard enough to momentarily take her breath away. She didn't resist as he lifted her completely off the ground and squeezed her even harder. However, the instant Beth's feet re-met the ground and gained purchase she ferociously propelled her head backwards striking her attacker flush in his ugly face.

Screaming from the pain the man released his hold and cradled his bleeding face in his hands hoping to stem the steady stream of blood flowing from his broken nose. When Beth turned to face the man, he

had managed to stand and was brandishing a large hunting knife. The man instinctively but clumsily stabbed at her mid-section which she easily deflected away.

Undeterred he launched a long now knifeless looping right hand at the girl's head which she easily dodged, blocked, and caught the telegraphed punch with both of her strong hands. Using only her left Beth began to squeeze, squish, and squash, squish, squash, and forcibly squeeze his right hand with all of her considerable might. The man's frightened eyes were now fixated on her not-to-be believed stunningly peaked biceps; biceps so large they seemed almost cartoonish.

The Mighty Quinn could feel the man's hand crumpling in hers. As she squeezed even harder his numerous bones and ligaments and cartilage seemed to surrender to her power and disintegrate. Beth released her vice like grip on the man's now deformed right hand only because she sensed that the previously disposed of big guy was fast approaching her from behind.

The agile teen spun around, leaped high into the air (Buffy Summers' style), and double kicked the big man in his face dislodging a number of his teeth. From that moment on Beth would forever think of and refer to the giant as Smiley. Amazingly the Mighty Quinn duplicated the feat (no pun intended) this time simultaneously double striking Smiley in his solar plexus and his testicles with the calloused balls of her feet. The terrifying teen terror finished the one-sided scuffle with a double fistful punch to the back of the ogre's head.

"This ain't over girlie." The big man had withstood her powerful onslaught and was now kneeling on all-fours beginning to rise to his feet intent no doubt on doing bad-bad things to the smirking teenager.

"That's too bad for you then." Beth wanted it to end now so she roughly pushed the startled big man down flat on his belly and forcibly held the incredulous hopelessly struggling giant in place. She grasped him by the chin contemplating her options. The Mighty Quinn could administer the popular rear-naked choke hold and renderer Smiley unconscious. Beth could teach the man a painful well-deserved lesson and break a few bones or she could simply kill him.

"Any last words?" Beth Quinn had opted for door number three. Her adrenalin had spiked beyond her ability to control. Without a second thought she found herself breaking his fucking neck, snapping it like a fragile little twig severing his spinal cord.

Beth savored her kill rationalizing that she had been completely justified killing this one because now the big grinning creepy creep could never ever again attack another young woman.

The moment Beth killed Smiley she realized she had another problem on her hands. A two-hundred-pound problem who was currently groveling at her feet whining, wailing, and whimpering in obvious unrelenting agonizing pain, a man who if she allowed to live would forever be known as Lefty.

However, Beth who was nothing if not pragmatic realized that poor Lefty was an eye-witness to her vicious act of murder or at the very least manslaughter. Not to mention that the man had seen her unreal metamorphosis from sexy teen to a she-hulk.

Beth had no real choice, Lefty had to die. Before she killed the southpaw, she paraded her naked self in front of the wall-eyed creep-a-zoid giving him one last moment of pleasure. She bounced her now cartoonish sized breasts and flexed her massive growing biceps not only impressing Lefty with their size but herself as well, Beth had never ever been bigger. She giggled when she saw Lefty's manhood straining against his pants; no matter the circumstances guys will always be guys.

She placed her expensive Jordan's in her back pack, removed Lefty's shoes, and placed her much smaller feet into his size twelves. She wore them backwards so even as she moved forward her tracks would lead investigators to believe that at some point Lefty or an unidentified someone else had carried the giant man into or out of the woods or maybe both. Beth had been determined to plant as many confusing clues as humanly possible. The Mighty Quinn understood exactly what she had to do, what she was about to do, and what she was doing now.

As is the case with most super-enhanced human beings Beth's attributes were often exaggerated to the point of parody. The unprecedented adrenaline surge now coursing through her veins was more intense and more pronounced than ever before.

Her teen body was actually breaking down and rearranging DNA strands while manipulating genes triggering her spectacular bicep growth spurts facilitating physical augmentations well beyond rational proportionality. All of her muscle groups seemed to stretch and contract with her every movement.

Beth reached into the back of each man's jeans grasping them at the belt easily lifting each man with one of her strong hands and carried both guys deep into the bushes. Because she was carrying the weight of the two men her foot prints sank deep into the terrain giving the impression that lefty had carried Smiley into and out of the woods or vice versa or a combination of both; who knew, who would ever know for sure.

The Mighty Quinn placed Lefty into a position from where he could easily see her performing impossible feats of strength on his giant friend. For leverage she placed her bare foot against the man's chest, grabbed his left arm, and began to violently twist, wrench, and pull until she had rested that arm completely free of his torso, blood spurted from the arm but she managed to stay clear.

By now Lefty was weeping uncontrollably as he watched in horror as Beth repeated the same vicious sadistic act of strength on Smiley's right arm and then on each of his legs. For a final display of the sadistic ritual, she squeezed and twisted and turned his skull around and around until she had managed to rip his head clean off placing it in a grotesque pile with his severed limbs.

The Mighty Quinn gently removed Lefty's raging hard-on from his pants and slowly and gently jerked him off allowing the man to evacuate his semen one last time before she sadistically ripped his now flaccid penis off and forced into the mouth of the dead giant's decapitated head.

Beth was extremely careful so in order to minimize the possibility of blood splattering onto her clothing she had already stripped herself naked. The Mighty Quinn was experiencing an adrenalin rush like no other, a rush that continued to overwhelm her sensibilities.

Inexplicably she wanted to re-enact a gruesome scene from an underground mid-night horror movie she had recently seen. Using both of her strong hands Beth seized the blubbering sniveling man by his head.

Mainly because she wanted to see if she was actually capable of re-enacting an awesome scene from that movie she began to squeeze and crush, squeeze and crush, squeeze and crush until what remained of the now very dead Lefty's head exploded much like an enormous oozing blackhead on the 'Dr. Pimple' reality TV show.

She calmed herself down by taking several deep breaths and entered a soothing meditation state until her body returned to normal. Before re-dressing Beth used pieces of her victims' clothing, leaves from the bushes, and clumps of dirt she had plucked from the ground to clean up a bit.

She wiped herself down as best she could, understanding that the two thugs' DNA most assuredly remained affixed to her. For now, she only wanted to clean up enough to be inconspicuous should she be seen heading home. She cocked her arm back, spun around like a discuss competitor, and flung Lefty's left-shoe in a westerly direction deep into the woods. She hurled his right shoe deep into the woods in an easterly direction.

Returning to the roadway Beth retraced her steps lightly stepping only into the imprints left by Lefty's footprints. She picked up her things including the remains of the dead guys' clothing and continued her run up the hill all the while thinking about the first of the previous four humans she had killed.

She stripped naked and deposited all of the clothing, hers and the dead guys into a large metallic trash can which was nestled in a corner way in the back of the pool area. She added lighter fluid she found at barbeque grill and proceeded to burn everything, completely destroying all of the DNA that may have been clinging to the clothing.

She had disposed of everything except her prized \$299.99 Nike shoes. Paying extra attention to the shoes' soles Beth vigorously and thoroughly rubbed down every inch of the iconic kicks with bleach and disinfectant more than once. When she had placed the Jordan's in the washing machine, she finally relaxed.

Beth entered the pool house shower allowing hot scolding water to cleanse her body for a full ten minutes. She donned her bikini and headed for the pool. She couldn't wait to read the local morning paper. There was no doubt in her mind that the gruesome story describing the double murders would appear prominently above the fold. The Mighty Quinn fully expected a satisfying morning because she fully expected that reading that news story would bring on multiple orgasms.

She entered the main-house and put away her groceries. After disposing of Smiley and Lefty, Beth had worked up quite an appetite. She used the toaster oven for twenty to thirty seconds to heat up her grilled cheese sandwich until it was good and gooey. Along with her Mexican orange drink, several Spanish olives, and her chips she headed for the pool area to assuage her now ravenous appetite.

As soon as she had finished with her lunch she began to exercise in earnest. First, she limbered up by thoroughly stretching her body followed by countless make-shift pull ups, sit ups, leg squats, and one-armed pushups followed with isometric exercises designed to strengthen one's core without putting undo stress on her muscles, finishing her routine with ten minutes of Tai Chi, a series of ancient Chinese style movements performed in a slow focused manner accompanied with deep breathing, a regimen considered to be a gentle way to combat stress.

The unrepentant Mighty Quinn giggled girlishly as she thought that now when people described her as having a killer body, they would be at least thirty-three percent more-*righter* than they had ever been before.

Leonard Vander Camp the Third had eschewed his planned Mexican vacation with 'friends' for a relaxing summer at home. He was surprised to see an amazing young girl using the family pool. He was both curious and intrigued as he watched her strip naked before burning a bunch of stuff including her clothing in the trash bin.

The only other time Leonard had ever seen a female anywhere near as fetching and as beautiful as she, was a blonde girl who was working towards her medical degree and 'loved to laugh'. She had been posing totally naked in a magazine and had a staple running through her navel.

It hadn't taken but a second or two for Master Van Camp to remove his surprisingly large dick from his pants and not much longer than that for him to gush forth a massive load into one of his old Harvard sweatshirts.

Leonard was in every sense of the word a mega-nerd. From an early age he realized that whenever his class-mates pronounced the last syllable of his name 'nerd' they always over emphasized it and laughed. That four-letter syllable which consisted of more than half of his first name; 57.1429% to be exact, followed him through kindergarten, grade school, middle school, junior high and high school – all the way to Harvard -

Nonetheless, he was a veritable genius with an IQ far exceeding 170; at eighteen he had already completed his junior year at Harvard; mostly pre-law and advanced mathematics classes as well as an 'An Introduction to Buffy the Vampire Slayer' course. The young man stood just under five-foot-seven and to be kind he was emaciated. He was Auschwitz skinny, weighing less than 120 pounds of muscle-less skin and bone.

He was often referred to as a nerdy walking skeleton by his mean classmates both in high school and now at college. He hated looking at his body and he embarrassingly shied away from the opposite sex. Romantic relationships were nothing but a rumor to him. However, Leonard had more money than God at his disposal. So, he had acquired an ID and a credit card both with false names and he cavorted with \$1,000 a night escorts and prostitutes but that was about it for his carnal pleasures.

Not surprisingly he was both amazed and annoyed by the young girl's extremely muscular yet feminine physique. He began to rationalize that if she could achieve such results, he too could improve his body by exercising and lifting weights just as she had. He had at least three months to accomplish something with nothing to lose.

Finally, alone with her thoughts Beth dove into the pool. She swam dozens of laps before stretching out her well-toned muscles. She towed off before luxuriating on a chaise longue. She was topless, no tan lines for her. She was basking in the sun soaking up the warm summer rays when she imagined seeing curtains moving at a second-floor window.

Beth understood that she needed to investigate. Whomever it was peering out that window may have seen her burning her clothing; questions would be raised. While preparing a cover story for her actions, 'I shat myself' sounded plausible. Beth Quinn raced into the main-house taking the stairs two and three at a time to the second floor. Even as Beth raced up the stairs, she was complimenting herself for correctly conjuring up the word 'shat'... the past participle of shit.

Beth controlled her breathing and stood motionless at the top of the stairs attempting to determine which was the right room when she heard a disturbing crashing sound coming from the weight room.

For the first time Beth realized she was still topless, nonetheless she entered the weight room and immediately needed to stifle a laugh. The topless generously proportioned teenaged girl saw a naked young man, a boy really, trapped underneath a very heavy looking barbell. Undoubtedly the same heavy one she had worked out with the night before; the one she should have returned to the rack.

The young man was displaying a rather impressive but flaccid penis lolling just short of his bellybutton, an indication that when he got hard, he would be 'sponge worthy'. He was valiantly struggling to extricate himself from his predicament.

However, recognizing the boy's obvious lack of upper body strength a concerned Beth Quinn immediately realized he had no chance in hell of freeing himself. If she didn't help, the boy would likely rot on the floor of the weight room forever. He couldn't even budge the heavy weight pressing down on his chest, a weight that was seemingly about to crush him.

The Mighty Quinn felt a familiar adrenalin spike surging throughout her muscular body. Knowing she was now capable of almost anything, she stooped down and using only her left-hand confidently and easily lifted and curled the huge 300-plus-pound weight from the chest of the struggling boy. When she returned the barbell to the top-rung of the three-tier storage rack she noticed, as had he, that her biceps had risen majestically resembling and exceeding the biggest of the biggest female body builders on the planet, all the more remarkable given her otherwise slight stature.

His eyes widened as he focused on, not her spectacular breasts, but on her muscular arms. She deftly donned the t-shirt she had discarded the night before tossing the boy a towel so he could cover himself. She flashed the young man a winning smile.

Had Beth been expecting him to thank her she would have been sadly mistaken. He rolled over on his knees and awkwardly scrambled to his feet, fondled his penis for a brief moment, grabbed and put on his pants, and immediately began to hurl a string of surprisingly vindictive epithets at her.

The young man was spewing unexpected and cruel vitriol which he directed at a surprised Beth Quinn. He was reacting as if she had just murdered his pet dog's puppies or pissed on his computer or ate his last edible.

"You arrogant contemptuous belittling god-damned fucking bitch." Leonard was beet red and turning redder. "You supercilious horse's ass." He turned away from her searching for the right words but immediately spun on his heels and faced her head-on as he continued his diatribe. "You snooty haughty pompous contemptuous fucking seeping ass boil ..." He let his words trail off.

"You go, Harvard." She had noticed his school sweat shirt. "Did you recently buy yourself a thesaurus?"

"Fuck you!" The boy was livid. "It wasn't enough for you to simply lift the weight off my chest." He grimaced. "Oh no, you needed to feed your massive ego, needed to belittle me in the process." He brushed away a tear.

"Okay bitch." He continued. "I get it. You're a girl and you're bigger and stronger than me. Big deal." He was totally fixated on her pulsating biceps. "So damn what. Fuck you bitch."

"Paranoid much?" Beth stared him confused by his venomous vituperation. "Calm down before you burst a blood vessel."

"Did you really need to flaunt your breasts and your God-given muscular attributes?" He knew not how else to describe her absurdly massive biceps. He brushed more tears from his eyes before continuing some more.

"Was it really necessary for you to humble and embarrass me even further? Lifting that damn weight off my chest using only one hand, one fucking hand; that wasn't fucking right. Was that absolutely necessary?" He returned his attention to her biceps. "By the way how is that even possible?"

“Dude.” Beth smiled. “What’s your name?”

“Leonard, but I would prefer it if you would call me Lenny.”

‘Okay Lenny ... But only if you promise not to strangle a rabbit.’ She pointed to the side of her head.

“Don’t act so surprised, I read.” She smiled.

“Lenny, you’re being absurd.” Beth was so damn angry with the ungrateful little shit she did nothing to curb her surging adrenalin flow. She grabbed the barbell treating it as if it were nothing more than a landline phone receiver. She began to repeatedly power-lift the massive 300 hundred plus weight high over her head; first with right hand and then her left. She maintained her cool as she achieved two delightful orgasms while flaunting her absurdly peaked biceps.

“Like it or not sparky this discipline is easy for me. Lifting weights is something I do religiously every day, 24/7.” As was her want she admired the cephalic bluish worm like vein running up and down her arms feeding blood to her bulging biceps that were unfathomable in size and scope.

“God given my ass. I’ve worked hard to sculpt this body.” Beth couldn’t resist smirking a little bit. “You might want to try it, Lenny.” She condescendingly flexed her pulsating right bicep until it peaked beyond reasonable proportions. “Why in the hell would I want to embarrass you?”

More importantly why in God’s name was she showing off in front of this twit.

Right now, the boy was in total shock not fully understanding if what he was seeing was real or a visual hallucination or could he actually be viewing the largest female teen biceps on the planet. Leonard was perplexed and silently lowered his eyes away from her while still managing to peak at her guns of mass destruction.

“Lenny, there’s no one else here. If I wanted to embarrass you, I would have done this.” She grasped the boy by his crotch area and just below his chin and lifted the struggling kid high over her head and began a full set of twenty-five military presses.

“What are you, 130 pounds?” She laughed a haughty laugh. “That’s nothing for me.” Beth slowly lifted and lowered his malleable body up and down, up and down, up and down. “I can do this all day.” She shifted her hands, placing her right hand in the middle of his back for balance and continued lifting him over her head with ease.

She was now wearing her sleeveless oversized t-shirt which afforded the horny little Harvard fuck with an eyeful of her cartoonish like bulging biceps and a more than pleasant down blouse view of her gorgeous teen breasts.

By now her gargantuan biceps and overall musculature had receded to her normal but still impressive size. 14" biceps were nothing to sneeze at and yet Lenny's eyes had watered and he sneezed anyway.

"Jealous much?" She flexed and laughed.

"No, not jealous ... envious maybe.

"Look at the big brain on Harvard." She smirked. "Many would characterize that as a distinction without a difference, but not me ... As I told you before ... I read."

"Go on." Lenny was interested to hear what this high school girl had to say. In addition to a girl's physical attributes Leonard was often turned on by a female's mental acuity.

"Clearly, what you are intimating is that you are readily admitting to desiring my physical gifts for yourself but at the same time you are claiming you don't resent me for possessing those gifts." She was so angry at the young man she continued teasing him with her actual body until she noticed the impressive bulge in his shorts.

"My, oh my." She pointed at his crotch. "Look at the big bulge on Harvard. Does my perspicacity turn you on?" She smiled shyly and covered her mouth like an embarrassed geisha.

"Are you surprised by my use of a big word like *perspicacity*?" Another shy smile followed. "Listen up Lenny, you should know and understand that I know a lot of big words, words like pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis and if that doesn't impress you, I regularly use mayonnaise in everyday speech and on certain sandwiches."

Lenny was beginning to really like this girl; beauty, brains, brawn, biceps, and a delightful sense of humor. She was not only beautiful she was quick and obviously smart. Nonetheless, he lowered his hands in embarrassment and covered his groin area before heading downstairs to the dining-room.

Beth was a guest in the house and understood her place. She silently followed, set the table, and began preparing dinner.

A very loud doorbell rang out startling the two teens and Lenny quickly punched a button activating the intercom.

“Yes, who is it?”

“County Police ... is Mr. Van Camp available.

“I’m Lenny Van Camp III.” He nodded at his female guest for the first time noticing her body while still impressive was back to normal. “My father is vacationing in Eastern Europe.” Lenny was still fixated on Beth’s body. Had he imagined her ludicrous size earlier or was she an actual superwoman. “How can I help you?” He asked.

“Is there a young lady staying at the house?” Beth nodded and whispered her name.

“Yes, there is. Her name is Elizabeth Quinn. She’s a summering house guest.”

“We know about her and have some questions for the young lady.” Leonard immediately conjured up images of Beth burning her clothes and her previously frightening physical proportions. “Okay, I’m buzzing you in now. I’ll meet you at the door.”

“Hello officers, step right in.” The two teens who had quickly changed into clean shorts and t-shirts greeted the detectives warmly ushering them into the dining area.

The officers introduced themselves as Roberta Dick and Thomas Jayne revealing that they had been working together in homicide for just over a year.

“Really, Dick and Jayne.” Leonard had spoken but both teens smirked.

“Your Captain must have a good sense of humor.” Without asking Beth began setting plates of food on the table in front of the two officers and wine glasses for everyone.

“You’d think, but no.” Jayne spoke for both of them. “The man lacks both humor and common sense.”

“Okay then but if you wish to talk with us you must eat with us.” Beth had decanted a carafe of Pinot Grigio Chardonnay which would pair perfectly with the salmon. She poured a glass for each. The two teens and the two detectives began to eat and drink while engaging in small talk for a few minutes before Robin got down to business.

“There were two brutal murders yesterday.” The detectives both stared at Beth hoping for a reaction.

“And?” Lenny asked for more.

“Elizabeth.” Detective Jayne spoke first. “The guy at the Mexican restaurant told us you left the place in the late morning and jogged up the hill toward this house.” He waited for her to respond but she remained silent.

“You likely ran by the site where the two brutal murders took place.” Both detectives remained silent for a bit hoping for a response before finally asking her a direct question. “Ms. Quinn, did you see anything of interest?”

“First of all, I must correct you.” She offered a wry smile. “Mr. Lopez is Spanish not Mexican. While to you that may be a difference without distinction, but I assure you he would think differently.” She continued on and answered his question.

“Please call me Beth.” She smiled. “Yes, I did.” She stood up and filled the wine glasses. However, I feel compelled to correct you. “The restaurant of which you speak features Spanish cuisine not Mexican. You guys are eating there food now. There is a difference you know.” Lenny smiled as the amazing girl delivered a lesson in political correctness.

“Setting that aside, I believe I may have seen the killer. About half way up the hill I encountered the biggest most scary man ...” She let her words trail off before continuing on.

“He tried to block my way and grabbed for me. But I was too fast for him. I fainted to my right and sped past him on his right. I was motivating over the hill like the guy in the 1950’s rock song and I never looked back.

“Maybelline, won’t you be true.” Leonard had recognized the Chuck Berry classic and began to sing, poorly.

“Nice.” Beth smiled at him broadly. “But don’t quit school just yet, okay?”

“Detectives, who did he kill?” Beth asked as she opened a second bottle of Pinot.

“No, you misunderstood.” Detective Dick continued. “He wasn’t the killer he was the victim. He along with his partner were both found dead by a small group of very traumatized bird watchers.

“How were they killed.” Lenny asked.

“Gruesomely.” Detective Jayne appeared to be as traumatized as the bird watchers must have been.

“The two murdered men were mutilated, eviscerated, and decapitated.” Jayne hadn’t minced words. “The big man’s neck was broken, killing him instantly. All of his limbs were sadistically wrenched from his torso, post mortem. Then his head was twisted clean off and placed between his legs with his partner’s dick placed in his mouth.” Jayne gulped uncomfortably. “The smaller man was beaten mercilessly before someone or something squeezed his head until it exploded like a watermelon at a Gallagher concert.”

“Jesus, that sounds awful.” Lenny threw-up in his mouth a little. “Like a scene from a slasher film ... Yuck.”

The detectives had numerous photos of the crime scene and of the mutilated bodies but were reluctant to show any of them to the two teens.

“The graphic nature of the mutilations shown in these photos compels me to warn you two kids that these photos are not for the squeamish.” Detective Dick sighed and breathed deeply unconsciously accentuating the fullness of her heavy breasts.

“Who decides?” Lenny smiled at Beth.

“It’s a saying ... people decide.” Jayne responded looking perplexed.

“People? Who are **these** people?” Lenny had managed to deliver a decent Seinfeld impression earning an appreciative smile from Bett Quinn.

“Who decides what is or isn’t appropriate for viewing by the squeamish.” Beth chimed in.

“And ...” Lenny posed another question. “Who determines if someone is squeamish? Is there a ratings board like the old Hayes Office for movies or a blue-ribbon panel that classifies people as being squeamish or non-squeamish?”

“Yeah.” Beth chimed in again. “Is there a test?”

“Knock it off kids.” Detective Jayne was clearly getting pissed. “Show some respect. Two men died today.”

“Okay detectives ... You said someone or something did this to them. Do you think it may have been an animal; a giant bear perhaps.”

“That’s unlikely. Animals rarely kill for sport. An animal would have eaten at least a part of its kill. That didn’t happen.” Detective Jayne ate the final piece of his salmon. “What remained of their bodies were intact; unsullied.”

“You can’t be certain of that.” Beth had a smile on her face. “Maybe the animal didn’t like the taste or maybe it was a vegan.” No one laughed.

“Enough with the small talk.” Detective Jayne rose to his feet and spoke directly to Beth Quinn. “The moment the Van Camp family registered Elizabeth Quinn as a summer guest the police did a background check. Which is standard procedure here.” The detective sat down and folded his hands in front of him before finishing off his salad.

“We learned that at the age of eleven you were a person of interest in the death of a fourteen-year-old classmate. We wanted to investigate the circumstances but your juvenile records were sealed.” He sipped the wine, rolled it around in his mouth, and nodded his approval towards Leonard.

“However, an enterprising summer intern in our office made an exhaustive search of internet video postings from that year and uncovered an unauthorized video that had been pirated from your school’s security network.

“Take a look.” Jayne handed his phone across the table to the two teens. Lenny tapped his own cell on Jayne’s phone and began fiddling with the keys.

Lenny pointed at the large 72” TV screen behind where they were sitting. The frozen image of a pre-teen Elizabeth Quinn appeared on the screen. The video advanced showing Beth speaking with a group of girls when a big teenaged football player type approached from behind and started to massage Beth’s shoulders from behind.

It was difficult to believe that Beth Quinn was only eleven-years-old. She was clearly pissed by the boy’s unwelcomed groping and she was having none of it. Beth wiggled free, turned, and hit the hulking boy in the face three times in succession. The eleven-year-old delivered a short right cross, then a solid left hook, followed by a devastating reverse elbow smash to his temple that was the blow that sent the clearly stunned, embarrassed, and very angry young boy to the ground.

Beth nonchalantly returned to talking with her friends as if nothing had happened. She instinctively sensed that the six-foot nearly 210-pound fourteen-year-old boy was fast approaching her from behind. Without even looking at him she spun around and delivered a perfectly placed karate chop across his throat rendering the boy totally helpless. He folded up like a cheap suit dropping to his knees gasping for air, unable to breathe; he was almost instantaneously dead. People, teachers, and students alike engulfed the scene and the video abruptly concluded.

“Fuck you both.” Beth was turning beet red, doing everything she could to remain calm. She exhaled deeply. “What was the point of that?” She calmly continued with her controlled breathing. “You think I enjoy seeing that? I know what happened. I relive it almost every day.” She lied.

‘We also discovered the last month you were a person of interest relative to the brutal beating and murder of your karate instructor.’

“Fuck you, you fucking fucks.” Beth looked disgusted with them. “That’s ancient history.” Beth reminded the two cops that her instructor’s death had been attributed to a female weightlifter and an under twenty karate champion named Amber Lynn Dahl, his nineteen-year-old protégé and teaching assistant. She had been charged with second degree murder in absentia. She had taken off with his car, money, and valuables.

“To the best of my knowledge, she hasn’t been seen since.”

“Until yesterday.” Ms. Dick was ignoring Leonard and speaking directly to Beth. “Yesterday Amber’s mutilated body was found deep in the Woodside woods where the excavation of the area making way for the construction of new homes resulted in the discovery of an oversized suitcase in which her naked and mutilated body had been stuffed.” Detective Dick eagerly scooped a large spoonful of the rice and made yum-yum noises. “It appears her murder and the death of the giant in our woods are most assuredly connected.”

“Really?” Lenny couldn’t wait to hear Ms. Dick’s rationale. “How so?”

“Ms. Dahl was found dead in a valise along with her decapitated head and each of her limbs, limbs that had been ripped from her torso just like the man in the woods.” Ms. Dick took a deep breath showing off her generous boobs again appeared to be trying to upstage Beth. “I rarely believe in coincidences kids and this is much too big a coincidence for me to not believe in.”

“Okay, we’re finished here.” Leonard began pacing around the room. “I know you two are purported to be homicide detectives or at least you claim to be. If true the two of you give a bad a name to country bumpkins.”

Leonard Van Kamp the Third began scolding the shocked homicide detectives.

“You have interviewed, nee, interrogated a teenaged ‘CHILD’ ... without parental consent. You have neglected to provide an advocate from Child Services to ensure the barley eighteen-year-old child’s rights ... which is encouraged if not mandatory in this state.

“During this interrogation each of you were drinking and even worse you allowed, nee, encouraged this child to drink wine; hoping I’m sure to compromise her inhibitions. Throughout your interrogation you have on at least three occasions referred to the two of us as kids and yet you have failed to make known to this child her Miranda rights. You failed to inform the girl that she is entitled to representation from a lawyer, free of charge should she need it.”

The two officers were silently staring at the youngster grateful there was no evidence to support their claims.

“To top it off you have all but accused this 125-pound girl of a double murder or a triple or even a quadruple murder, all without a shred of real evidence. You have, without evidence, intimated that Beth Quinn a 125-pound teenaged child physically overpowered two men in the woods and in the process mutilated, and murdered a man who you described as being a heavily-muscled seven-foot-four-inch tall 350-pound giant, tearing him asunder presumably with bare hands.”

“You violated Ms. Quinn’s right to privacy by surreptitiously and illegally examining videos related to her sealed juvenile records while also implying that Beth, at the age of eighteen, murdered a male blackbelt karate champion and subsequently killed and mutilated yet another blackbelt champion a Ms. Amber Lynn Dahl.”

“I hope that each of you and your department have good layers.” Even though Beth was eighteen Leonard had continually referred to Beth as a child reinforcing for the officers that everything they had done was likely unconstitutional and under the law a criminal act.

“Yeah well, you have no proof that any of what you claim actually happened.” Dick was smiling.

“Oh, contraire mon amie.” Lenny was fluent in all of the romance languages, French included.

“Detectives, everything said in this room tonight has been filmed and recorded ... My parents regularly tape their parties, social gathering, and meetings. I took the liberty of doing the same.” He smiled rakishly. “My dad is a mensch. If there’s an advantage to be had, he will pursue it ... as will I.”

Lenny escorted the two detectives to the door informing them that copies of their dinner conversation had already been e-mailed and texted to their department head and to Internal Affairs.

As Detectives Dick and Jayne were heading towards their car they were no longer smiling.

“Beth, we need to talk.” Finally, alone with his house guest, Lenny began to quiz her.

“Yes ... Guilty as charged.”

“To what?”

“Everything.”

Beth tearfully chronicled each of her killings for Lenny. She confessed that her first kill was more or less an accident. She hadn’t really meant to kill the boy. However, she admitted she kind of sort of liked it. Her karate teacher was another story. On Beth’s birthday the man sexually accosted her and when her adrenaline began to flow, she fully hulked out for the first time and she beat the living shit out of the guy until he was stone cold dead.

Amber had witnessed the whole thing so a muscle crazed adrenalin fueled Beth Quinn felt compelled to kill her too. She took the woman’s body deep into the woods, forcibly forced her into a suitcase piece by piece, and buried everything in the woods.

Beth confessed that she was indirectly responsible for the death of her doctor. When she, for the first time, revealed her fully adrenaline-fueled body to him he freaked out. When he witnessed what he had wrought he suffered a massive stroke and died in front of her.

When the quasi-giant and his disgusting friend confronted her on the trail, rather than run, she decided to teach them a both lesson so the Might Quinn annihilated, brutalized, and killed the both of them.

“Don’t freak out but watch this.”

Beth removed all of her clothing and willed massive doses of adrenaline to surge through her body and with that the five-foot-four-inch one-hundred-twenty-five-pound teenaged girl inexplicably began to

grow and grow and grow stopping at six-foot-four-inches, 240 pounds of muscle. She began tightening her muscles and Lenny nearly fainted. Her emerging body appeared to be chiseled out of marble, but marble was unlikely to be as dense.

She struck a double-bicep pose and in the blink of an eye her cartoonishly large muscles exploded beyond comprehension. Her biceps actually tripled in size easily exceeded 44" of sinewy veined intimidating female power which was incredible for a girl her size, for a girl any size.

Her breasts supported by her unreal pictorial muscles were equally as large and gravity defying. Lenny wasn't about to ask her but he estimated 42DD at a minimum. Her already ripped six-pack had instantly improved to an eight-pack with thick slabs of abdominal muscles. Her hugely muscled thighs and her diamond shaped pulsating calves completed a package that many would consider to be the perfect woman

"So, Lenny." She grinned. "What do you think?"

"Wow." Lenny tentatively reached over to her and placed one hand on her ever-expanding right bicep.

"Wow." She smiled at him and when she flexed again, he nearly came in his shorts. "Wow."

"Three wows." I'm flattered. "Seriously I want to thank you for shutting down those clowns. You really defended me well. What do you think will happen to them when they get back to the station?"

"Beth, I don't give a rat's ass about them." His look of awe had instantly turned to one of worry. "What concerns me is what will likely happen to you."

Lenny explained that while officers Dick and Jayne would undoubtedly face severe disciplinary sanctions and charges for their inappropriate actions ultimately their superiors and colleagues will rally around their 'brothers-in-law' and embrace their theories and suspicions.

Once they do, they will go about assiduously compiling up mounds and mounds of circumstantial evidence pointing directly at you. At that point in time your ultimate fate will be determined. The District Attorney will weigh the preponderance of the evidence and decide whether to convene a grand jury petitioning for an indictment and multiple murder charges or he will opt to continue compiling more evidence against you until he feels the case to be airtight.

"As I see it you have two choices – you can wait it out and hope for the best or you can get out of dodge." He stroked her hair lovingly and added. "With me."

“This has the potential to develop into a high-profile case so the DA will be incentivized to pursue an indictment.”

“What do think I should do.” Beth looked worried and she said so. “Lenny, I’m worried.”

“Beth, that’s not my call but you need to decide quickly.”

To be continued.