

# Colombian Gamma Chronicles

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## Chapter 1: Dulce's Gambit

Dulce extracted her index finger from between her full, perfect lips, dark eyes blazing as she stared into Jefe's entranced face. She dipped the moistened digit into the bowl of white powder on the nightstand, then slipped it into his mouth, rubbing the cocaine into his gums.

The effect was almost immediate.

Jefe's watchful eyes turned hyper-vigilant, almost manic as she pulled off his shirt, damp from the humid heat of the Colombian night. He began to say something, but Dulce simply placed her finger softly, sensually over his lips.

She liked it quiet, only the natural sounds of the jungle outside filling the damp air.

Slowly sliding her finger down his lips, feeling Jefe's hands slithering up the smooth, mocha skin of her back, she leaned forward to give him a deep, passionate kiss.

Dulce's dark eyes never left his as she focused on Jefe's increasingly lively gaze. He should be feeling everything she was doing in magnified fashion by this point. Smiling slyly, she pressed her lush lips to his neck, nipping and sucking as she worked her way down. She could feel him squirm beneath her.

She loved this feeling—being in control. It was what she liked best about sex.

Jefe's fingers glided around the sides of her petite body until they found the arcing slopes of her full breasts. She pulled away from him for a moment, reaching down to pull her top over her head. Her sleek, curvaceous body fully revealed to his trembling eyes, she allowed her lips to part in a dazzling smile before leaning back down to trail kisses down his warm, bare chest.

He began to knead her breasts. It felt good. He was a decent lover, she knew from experience. But tonight wasn't about her.

Dragging her soft lips sensually over his tanned stomach, she licked the sweat from his naked torso, extending slowly over him until the silky swells of her calves flowed under his legs. His eager cock stiffened between her breasts, and he shuddered with pleasure.

She smiled again. She had barely begun, and he was already putty in her hands.

Dulce felt the heat of his engorged cock brushing her neck as she suckled each of his lower abs. By the time her mouth finally arrived at his proud erection, she decided he was a little too aroused.

She'd have to tease him a little. To make it last.

She let out a steamy breath over his quivering tip, her lips curling into a sly smile as she considered what to do to him next.

Placing her delicate hands on the inside of his thighs, she dug her fingers into his muscles, feeling their hardness. She massaged upward, pressing into his increasingly sensitive flesh until she arrived at his crotch.

His erection was raging now, pointing proudly skyward.

She fingered his balls lightly, then the base of his cock more firmly, feeling the blood pulse inside his erogenous zones.

"Please," he whispered. It had only been a few minutes, and he was already begging.

Her rich brown irises dancing with delight, she tapped his tip with her tongue, garnering another writhing reaction. She placed a fingernail on the underside of his member and ground it slowly up his sensitive flesh. She felt his hands clench almost uncomfortably tight over her breasts.

"Please?" he asked again, this time in more of a questioning whimper.

She leaned in, breathing in the briny scent of his arousal, then placed her scarlet-painted lips over his cock, pushing her tongue hard against the underside of his tip.

“Oh God!” he cried. She could feel the coming orgasm inside him and decided to make it fast and hard.

She ground down his length in one steady, continuous motion, swirling her tongue over and into every inch. As she reached his base, he spasmed, his hips bucking hard into her chin.

She tasted the brackish heat of his viscous fluid as it pumped into her mouth, then spread it over his flesh with her tongue as she worked her way back up his convulsing member.

Jefe moaned as Dulce spread her small body over his, pressing her voluptuous breasts against his chest as his body calmed.

“You are amazing, little Dulcita. You never disappoint.”

“I know,” she replied, smiling as she tucked her cheek into the crook of his neck.

“You make me forget about this nasty business, if only for a moment.”

She gave him a small kiss, just to the side of his Adam’s apple, in reply.

“I reached out to Abomination as you suggested,” Jefe continued. “The DEA has become more troublesome lately. Not to mention our rival cartels. With his help, no one will dare challenge us. We can dominate the market.”

Dulce snuggled into him, pressing his nose with her finger in approval. “I knew you had ambition, Jefe.”

Then the phone rang.

Sighing, Jefe rolled Dulce off him and walked over to the table to pick up the receiver. She listened attentively, drifting a finger over her nipple distractedly.

“Abomination?” Jefe said, immediately turning his attention to the conversation rather than his sometime lover.

Dulce rolled off the bed and went to the bathroom. She wanted to leave Jefe's sight so that he wouldn't think to ask her to leave the room. She wanted to eavesdrop.

Entering the bathroom, she closed the door behind her, leaving it open only a crack. She placed a small hand on the side of the sink and cupped the other, filling it with water to rinse her mouth. Taking a moment to examine her appearance in the mirror, she wiped off her lips.

She was gorgeous.

Flawless, milky skin graced the surface of her perfect complexion. Her hair, the color of midnight, shimmered as its waves of ringlets cascaded to mid-back. Bordered by long, curling lashes, her eyes were luminous and expressive, her lips doubly so.

Many had told her she should take up modeling, and her face was easily pretty enough, but her 1.6-meter stature was hardly modelesque. Her body, however, while short, was sumptuously curved and lushly feminine.

She had first joined the cartel at eighteen, when one of her friends, Santiago, had found work as a security guard here. She had come to one of the compound's weekly parties, quickly attracting Jefe's eye in her skimpy bikini. That had been two years ago.

Since then, she'd become the most sought-after consort at the compound, compensated for her efforts with free drugs—which she never took—and piles of cash—which she *always* took—in exchange for sexual favors.

Lately, Jefe had even begun to listen to her ideas. As wickedly cunning as she was devastatingly gorgeous, Dulce had proven her worth to him with her natural instinct for strategic thinking nearly as often as she had with her breathtaking body in recent months.

Perhaps for that reason, suspicious of the young woman's potent combination of extreme intelligence and thirst for power, he seemed to be limiting her access to information about his operation lately. Clearly, he didn't completely trust her and didn't want her to know *too* much.

That was actually pretty smart on his part, she thought as she pressed her ear to the bathroom door, listening in on his conversation. If she were to see an opportunity to advance herself at his expense, she wouldn't hesitate to pounce on it. Such was the law

of the Colombian jungle. Dulce had never viewed herself as prey. Small, she might be, but she was a predator.

“...protection of course! What else would I need you for?”

A pause.

“That’s outrageous! Do you take me for a fool? I could hire an *army* for that price!”

Another pause.

“Well then, I will expect immediate results. There’s this DEA helicopter that keeps flying overhead, taking pictures. Can you deal with that?”

A long silence.

“Okay then. I’ll wire the funds in the morning. I expect to see you before the weekend.”

Jefe said nothing further, apparently having ended the call. Dulce primped her hair one final time, then flushed the toilet before leaving the bathroom. When she appeared, Jefe eyed her carefully.

“Now can we get back to *relaxing*?” she said huskily, lowering her eyelashes seductively.

His shoulders relaxed a bit as she approached him, her sultry gaze never leaving his. He took her into his arms, and she quickly made him forget his suspicions in a dizzying haze of pleasure.

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Standing at the curb below her mother’s apartment building, Dulce re-tied the knot on her paisley crop top as a steady stream of cars drove by. It probably hadn’t been a good idea to wear a midriff-baring top for this visit to her mother, but she didn’t own much that wasn’t designed to showcase her body anymore. Besides, it was hot today, even by South American standards.

She ascended the stairs of the building, and, taking a deep breath, knocked. When the door opened a moment later, her mother’s eyes lit up with warm affection.

“Mijita!” she cried, throwing her arms around Dulce. Her daughter looked sheepish as she returned her mother’s hug, then allowed herself to be ushered quickly inside.

Immediately the older woman made a beeline to the kitchen, setting to work making their lunch. Her mother, Gabriella, was an attractive woman in her own right. She looked much like Dulce, though with a few creases in her beautiful face, twin wispy streaks of gray in her raven mane, and a few extra pounds on her womanly hips.

Dulce walked up to the kitchen counter, pulled an envelope from her bag, and set it down with an emphatic thump. Her mother’s eyes searched for the source of the sound until they found the stack of bills. Eying it as suspiciously as if it were ticking, the woman sighed.

*Here it comes*, thought Dulce wryly to herself.

“I wish you wouldn’t stay at that horrible place, mija,” she said, eyes remaining fixed on the envelope of cash.

“But mama, you know that we depend on that money. Living in Cartagena is expensive! Your job at the hotel doesn’t provide even close to enough to pay the bills.”

“I know,” the older woman replied, sadness filling her suddenly glassy eyes. “When we had your father’s income too, we could manage, but now...”

She trailed off as her voice grew thick with emotion. Dulce’s eyes softened, and she gave her disconsolate mother another hug. It had been two years, but her father’s death was still an open wound.

As she released the hug, her mother wiped away a glimmering tear and sniffed. Returning to her task, the older woman’s normally dexterous fingers trembled. Dulce watched her with concerned eyes, wondering what she could do to help get her mother past these worries, when the doorbell sounded, startling her.

Gabriella’s head shot up from the tamales she was wrapping. “Could you get that, dear?”

Dulce’s brows furrowed. What was *this* all about? But she did as requested, walking over the door and pulling it open. At the entrance stood a man several years older than she was. Maybe around thirty years old? He was attractive, with chiseled features, a nice physique, and a cocky smile.

His smile disappeared, his jaw tensing and relaxing as he chewed a stick of gum. His eyebrows rose slowly as his gaze descended to Dulce's lush cleavage. "You're not Gabriella."

Dulce rolled her eyes at the man for stating the obvious. Who was this obnoxious—and annoyingly good-looking—gringo?

"Very observant," she shot back, placing a small hand on her cocked hip. "And you are...?"

"Is that any way to greet a friend of..." He paused, eying her face consideringly, still gnawing on his gum. "...your *mother's*?" The last part was clearly a guess, an attempt to discover who she was. Irritatingly, it was correct.

Not answering, Dulce instead turned toward her mother. She remained positioned to block his entry. "Mama, do you actually know this obnoxious man? Or is he just some silly salesman come to harass you?"

Her mother smiled as the man raised his sunglasses, levering them upward until they found a perch atop his head. "I *do* know this man. Let him in. I asked him to have a talk with you."

"You *asked* him to talk to me?" Dulce asked, surprised. "Since when did you start trying to set me up on dates?"

"What makes you think I'm interested in *dating* you?" the man said, amused by her assumption. "Get over yourself, princess. Granted, you're pretty hot and all, but I'm here on business."

He pushed past Dulce, brushing aside the arm she was using to block the door to send her stumbling to the side. Grinning, he sat down on the couch, spreading his arms wide as he chewed his gum and watched Dulce shoot her mother a questioning glare.

"Do you want to tell her why I'm here, Gabriella? Or should I?" said the man, observing Dulce's pointed stare with tacit smugness.

"Go ahead, Señor Johnson," Gabriella invited. She turned her attention toward Dulce, giving her a meaningful look. "Listen to what the nice man has to say, *mija*."

The man's smile grew wider as Dulce slumped into the seat across from him, frowning. Her eyes were attentive, however. She couldn't help but be curious.

"Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, Dulce..." He seemed to savor her name as it rolled off her tongue, emphasizing its two syllables with careful precision. How did he know her *name*? Had her mother told him? She was going to have to have a talk with the woman about telling her business to every stranger she met on the street. Dulce fidgeted in her seat. The man had her at a disadvantage, a position she was unaccustomed to being in. She took great pains to always know more than anyone expected her to. But it was the opposite in this case. This man seemed to know who she was, but she hadn't the slightest idea who he was or why he was here. She didn't like it one bit.

"...but I'm not here to sweep you off your feet, as appealing as that might be for you." He continued before pausing, smacking his gum loudly as he seemed to reconsider his words.

Dulce scowled at his presumption, cursing herself for her earlier comment.

"Well, actually, maybe I *am* here to sweep you off your feet," he corrected. "In a way..."

Would this man ever come out and say what he was doing here? Dulce was growing seriously annoyed now. Eyes blazing, she interrupted him. "Would you just spit it out, gringo? Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

He continued to grin. "Patience, my little Dulcita. Patience!" He paused again, for the sole purpose of grating on her nerves even further. She was really beginning to hate this man. Why did he have to be so damned attractive?!

His smile faded a bit, his expression becoming a bit more serious. "I'm with the DEA."

Dulce's eyes widened. A moment later, she jumped to her feet, casting a sidelong glance toward the door, calculating her odds of being able to escape before he could catch her.

"Relax," Agent Johnson said. "I'm not here for you. I'm here to *help* you. And your mother."

Dulce gaped at the man, now completely confused.



“I’m here to offer you and your mother the witness protection program if you agree to help us put away the senior members of the cartel. We need your testimony to help us with the extradition proceedings.”

“Witness protection...?” Dulce repeated numbly, attempting to wrap her mind around the unexpected proposal.

“You would live in Miami...” he cast a glance at Gabriella before returning his eyes to the attractive woman across from him. “...as would your mother, of course.”

He leaned forward, his expressive eyes imploring. “Just imagine it. A new life in the U.S. A steady income. No need to be involved with people like *them* anymore. You and your mother would be safe and well cared for. It would be a better life for both of you.”

Dulce considered the proposal. The man had good points. But Columbia was her home. And her mother’s. And, while there were things about the cartel she didn’t like, she had gained significant influence there. The situation wasn’t bad for her.

Her mind leapt to the conversation she had overheard the previous day. Jefe was about to bring in Abomination, the strongest supervillain in the world. She seriously doubted that this DEA man was ready to take *him* on. No, now was not the time to accept this man’s proposal. But should she tell him that?

She looked at the hopeful expression on his handsome face. No, she shouldn’t. Better for him to think that her consent might be a possibility. Men were always easier to manipulate when they wanted something from her.

Her lips parted in a sly smile. And this man wanted her as more than just a witness. She could see it in his eyes.

Feeling a bit more sure of herself now that she understood the landscape, Dulce allowed her smile to widen. She rolled her shoulders back, pressing her chest forward so that her nipples tented the fabric of her skimpy top as she sat back down.

Leaning forward, she watched his eyes flick downward, her own dancing with amusement. Yes, he was definitely attracted to her. She could work with this.

“So tell me, Señor Johnson. Would *you* be moving in with us in Miami as well?” Her voice took on a sultry undertone.

The man's eyes widened, and he swallowed hard, nearly choking on his gum.

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Adjusting her bikini strap, Dulce crossed her legs in a lounge by the pool, her tanned skin glistening in the heat of the equatorial sun. Still thinking of the DEA agent whom she had continued to string along for the past few days, she reached over to grab today's newspaper and opened it up.

The top headline was about President Carter denouncing the mob attack on the American embassy in Pakistan. The one below that was on the release of Michael Jackson's first solo album *Off the Wall*. But at the bottom of the page was the article she was interested in: "Abomination On Rampage, Takes Down Hulk".

Dulce bit her fleshy red lip as she read the article. She couldn't wait until the supervillain arrived. The thought of seeing someone so powerful in the flesh excited her more than she would ever admit. More, even, than the cute DEA agent could, though she'd grown increasingly fond of their conversational banter these last few days.

Even as she felt her body reacting to the idea of meeting the super-powerful man-beast, a pickup truck pulled up to the compound. As its brakes squeaked to bring it to a shuddering stop, a monstrously huge form jumped to the ground from the truck bed, the vehicle's shocks bouncing as its colossal load swung over its side.

The creature's serpentine head was crowned by twin horn-like ears, its face a strange mixture of reptilian and human. A long, forked tongue flicked out from between its greenish lips.

It was Abomination.

Dulce sat up as her eyes roamed the supervillain's massive, sculpted, bulging muscles, which strained the tight arms of the tie-dyed Led Zeppelin t-shirt he wore.

His massive thighs stretched the fabric of his bell-bottom jeans to the absolute limit. His sharply taloned toes extended over the edge of the flip-flops that seemed laughably inadequate to support his weight, sinking firmly into the dusty driveway at the front of the lavish jungle hideout. He looked around, his tongue again slithering out as if to taste the hot, humid air.

Jefe swept out of the front door, opening his arms wide in salutation. “Abomination, my friend! Welcome!”

He hugged Abomination’s 2.4-meter tall form as the creature stood there impassively, his expression—if Dulce were reading it correctly—slightly contemptuous. He merely grunted, making no effort to return the gesture.

When the cartel’s leader released the hug, Abomination spoke for the first time, his voice deep and raspy with a heavy cockney accent. “Why have you brought me here? I doubt it is for routine protection.”

Jefe gave him a calculating look, as if attempting to decide how much to tell him. After a brief moment of silence, he sighed. “There are several reasons, but the most pressing is the DEA. The stupid Americans grow increasingly... *aggressive*... in their countermeasures.”

At this, the massive supervillain smiled. “Excellent. Killing Americans always makes for good sport.”

The sound of helicopters in the distance drew Jefe’s eyes, filling them with almost palpable hatred. “Speak of the devil...” he muttered venomously.

Abomination’s slitted eyes turned skyward to examine one chopper to the north and one to the south, his lips curling into a razor-toothed smile. Reaching over, he picked up the pickup truck in one clawed hand from the driveway, its frame groaning as he lifted the rusty vehicle with ease. His scaly brow furrowing in concentration, he focused on the northernmost aircraft.

Abomination wound up, cocking his arm with the truck in hand as if it were a football, then hurled it at the helicopter. As the rusty pickup struck the rapidly moving aircraft, its bed was immediately sheared off by the whirling rotor. A shower of sparks from the blades cascaded over the body of the large helicopter with a whining squeal as the front half of the truck crunched into its side. The momentum from the truck sent the chopper careening horizontally, spinning out of control. Its tail swinging around, the aircraft began to descend in ever-widening circles through the air as its blades ground against the remnants of the pickup, shedding a fresh flare of glowing red particles with every rotation.

Dulce’s eyes widened as she watched the beast smile in grim satisfaction before finding her eyes drawn back to the airborne destruction. After making several more shrieking

collisions with the lower half of the truck, the swirling blade broke away from the chopper's body. One wobbling blade flew from the rotor, slicing into the chopper's fuel tank, engulfing it in a terrifying roar of flame as it plummeted into the jungle below.

Dulce swallowed hard, in awe of the creature's incredible display of power, but he wasn't done yet.

The southbound aircraft slowed as it neared their position, turning in a wide arc as it came overhead. The pilot had probably seen what had come of his partner and was reversing course to fly away. Reducing speed, however, was probably the worst thing he could have done.

Abomination crouched down, his massive thighs cording with superhuman strength before launching himself skyward. He struck the bottom of the chopper, piercing its steel underside with a loud, metallic clang, knocking it sideways to swoop toward the jungle in an unplanned descent. Abomination's clawed hand punched upward into the cockpit, and he pulled the pilot's seat downward, sending the man tumbling to the ground. The helicopter quickly followed suit, tilting even further over until it was perpendicular to the ground before crashing into the vine-covered trees below.

A moment later, Abomination jogged back to the front of the compound, looking completely unharmed. A chorus of cheers from the men at the compound greeted his return, though Jefe's voice wasn't among them. He, instead, simply stared at Abomination consideringly, a sly smile forming on his lips.

No one but Dulce seemed to notice Jefe's reaction, but she knew the man well enough to know that he was plotting something. Setting her jaw, she resolved to find out what it was. In the meantime, however, feeling her body respond viscerally to the display of power she had just seen, she decided to get to know Abomination a little better.

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Dulce took one last look in the mirror, puckering to spread her lipstick before heading down to the fiesta in celebration of Abomination's arrival. As she finished pursing her lips, their scarlet covered swells parted in a dazzling smile. She looked good. Really good. The tight, black dress she wore left little of her luscious body to the imagination. The glittering sparkle of her diamond jewelry was matched only by the twinkle in her gorgeous, smokey eyes.

With a graceful twirl, she left her room. Arriving at the party a few minutes later, she saw Abomination surrounded by a throng of doting girls. No matter. Dulce knew she was far sexier than any of the tawdry women vying for his attention.

Striding toward him confidently, she tugged at the front of her dress to display a bit more cleavage, deciding that showing a bit more skin might make it easier to catch the supervillain's attention.

It worked. Almost *too* well.

By the time she reached him, he was already ogling her, staring down her dress from his eight-foot vantage point. Dulce smiled slyly.

Reaching out to touch his reptilian hand, she drifted a finger over its scaly surface and smiled at him. "Your skin is so smooth. Which lotion do you prefer?" Dulce's eyes held a hint of humor.

Abomination smiled, revealing parallel rows of razor-sharp teeth. "Very funny."

Dulce laughed flirtatiously. "I love the British accent."

Then, she nodded her head to the side, causing a fanning wave of shimmering tresses to slide over her bare shoulder. "Come on. Let's dance..."

Guiding him by the hand she already held, Dulce led him to the pista de baile beside the pool, then pressed her voluptuous body to his. As she did, feeling his impossibly hard physique against her lush form, she felt her libido awaken once again.

Her goal tonight had been to get Abomination to notice her. To make him more pliant to her suggestions, just as she had done with Jefe. But as the night went on, she seemed to be every bit as turned on as she had intended him to be. The thought of his impossible strength was intoxicating. Remembering how he had thrown that truck with such ease, the tightening coils of super-strong muscle within his massive body, she couldn't help but feel her knees weaken a little.

Before this went any further, she abruptly decided to go to her room for the night. It wouldn't do for her to become attracted to the creature. However, her sudden departure left Abomination both surprised and clearly aroused.

As she made her way back to her room, Santiago, her friend who had first introduced her to the cartel, came up to her.

“I noticed you dancing with the Abomination, Dulce,” his brows furrowed in concern. “Are you sure that’s a good idea?”

Taken aback, Dulce paused. “Why do you say that, Santi?”

“Such a man—if you can call him that—is used to getting what he wants. If you make him want *you*...” He trailed off, leaving the implications of his words lingering in the hot, humid air.

Dulce considered his words carefully. Santiago seldom spoke with her these days, and if he were going out of his way to do so tonight, he must feel this was quite important. He did have a point. She didn’t know Abomination well, and with his strength and abilities, he could do as he pleased.

“Maybe you’re right...” she conceded.

He took her hand and kissed it gently. “I’m glad you see my point, *dulzura*.”

Dulce smiled, her heart warmed by Santiago’s concern for her wellbeing. As he turned and walked back to the party, she sighed. Maybe she should be attracted to a man like that rather than a powerful but evil creature like Abomination. In a way, she decided, she was. Sighing, she ascended the stairs to her room.

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Dulce kissed Jefe’s ear, running a finger lightly down his chest. Despite her efforts to relax him, however, he remained tense.

“What is it?” she finally asked, propping herself onto her elbow as she lay on the bed.

He gave her a suspicious look, then shook his head, as if dismissing an unwanted thought. He sighed, finally allowing his shoulders to relax slightly as he settled in beside Dulce.

“It’s Abomination,” he said softly, his voice resigned. “This man, this creature! He walks around like he owns the place. *My* place!”

Dulce had suspected as much. She had seen the way Jefe frowned whenever Abomination came near these last couple of weeks.

“Relax,” she said soothingly. “Everyone knows that the cartel is yours. Abomination is a novelty, nothing more.”

“You seemed to warm to him right away. I saw you with him that first night. At the party.”

Detecting a hint of jealousy in Jefe’s tone, Dulce suppressed a smile. Thankfully, she had taken Santiago’s advice and refrained from any further interaction with the supervillain since that night. He was the only highly ranked member of the cartel with whom she hadn’t slept.

“As I said, a novelty. If you noticed me with him at the party, then I’m sure you noticed how quickly I lost interest in him after that.”

Jefe nodded. Her statement brought a smirk to his lips. “True enough. I’m sure it is more pleasant to be with a man like me than a monster like him.”

“Of course, Jefe.” Dulce grinned seductively, rolling atop the man to squeeze his hips between her tanned thighs. “What woman wouldn’t want to spend every moment she could with a delicious man like you...”

As she leaned in to kiss him, however, he stopped her, grabbing her firmly by the shoulders. “Later, Dulcita. First, I need you to do something for me.”

Dulce searched his eyes. They were cold. Calculating. It was the look he had when strategizing something important. And he wasn’t interested in sex right now, a rarity when with her. The man had some sort of plan, and it had to be important to be distracting him from her charms. Dulce was curious what it was.

“Of course, mi corazón. Anything.”

“Spend some time with Abomination tonight. Get him to drink. As much as you can. Relax him.”

Dulce wasn’t sure what she had expected, but it hadn’t been that. “But... are you sure? You just said—”

“I know what I said,” Jefe said firmly, his eyes resolute. “Just do this for me.”

It wasn't a request.

Frowning, Dulce rose from the bed and put on her clothes. Casting the cartel leader one last glance, seeing him lost in thought, she left, her mind whirring through the reasons Jefe would ask this of her. She closed the door quietly behind her.

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“So powerful...” Dulce breathed in an awestruck whisper as she lounged next to Abomination by the pool that evening, her slender fingers roaming the vast surface of his impressive bicep.

The alien-looking creature smiled, flexing his arm to even greater size as Dulce furtively motioned for the serving girl to bring the supervillain another drink.

“That’s the arm I used to knock out the Hulk in our third battle,” the man-monster boasted, his speech slurred.

It had taken a few dozen drinks, but Abomination finally seemed to be feeling the effects of the alcohol. She had begun to wonder whether it was possible to get him drunk at all!

“Is it true that you fought the American army by yourself?” she asked, keeping him talking as the serving girl brought another liter-sized container of expensive tequila.

“Of course!” he said, sitting up unsteadily before downing half the fresh glass of liquor. “I crushed their pathetic tanks. I slapped their rockets from the sky. I laughed as their useless little missiles bounced off my incredible body.”

He leapt to his feet, listing to one side as he flexed, showing off his incredible physique before staggering to regain his balance. “No one can hurt me! I am *invincible!*”

His eyes wild with drunken power, he looked down on the sexy, diminutive woman with sudden hunger. Reaching down, he grabbed her wrist, hauling her up to him. Dulce, alarmed—her feet dangling well above the ground—struggled, but it was no use. He was so much stronger that she might as well have been attempting to fight off a concrete building as it collapsed on her.

Abomination kissed her forcefully, then used a clawed hand to tear off her skimpy dress, flinging it into the pool. His alien eyes gleamed with darkness as they descended her



perfect curves. Santiago had been so right! Why had Dulce agreed to do this for Jefe?! How could she get out of this?! Abomination was so *strong!*

He pulled her to him again, slithering a long, forked tongue into her mouth as his sharp fingers pressed into the smooth flesh of her back. Dulce, panicking, began to wish that she had taken the DEA agent up on his offer to get her out of this place.

Thankfully, before things progressed much further, Abomination staggered and fell to the ground, dropping her. She rolled to a stop on the stone patio as the creature collapsed, unconscious.

Dulce, clad in only her bra and panties, lay trembling beside the creature as his back rose and fell with every slumbering, raspy breath. She closed her eyes, crossing herself as she breathed a silent prayer of thanks.

Seconds later, as Dulce rose to her feet, Jefe appeared. He was surrounded by his security team, something she typically saw only when he was leaving the compound. Was he going somewhere? Also at his side walked a man in a white lab coat. Was the man some sort of doctor? Dulce had never seen him before. This *had* to be related to Jefe's as yet unrevealed plan.

Jefe stopped beside the unconscious monster, placing his arm around the doctor in a gesture of solidarity, smiling at Dulce. "Well done, Dulcita. Well done, indeed!"

Then, he turned, shouting toward the compound. "Everyone! Come down to the main plaza. I have something to show all of you!"

Giving a cursory nod to his security detail, the half dozen men hustled forward to surround Abomination. They groaned as they lifted the monstrous villain, carrying him behind Jefe and the doctor as the two men walked casually toward the nearby plaza. Dulce rose to her feet, eying the torn pile of fabric that used to be her dress at the bottom of the pool. Sighing, she glanced downward at her mostly bare body. It was less than ideal to be walking around the compound in her lingerie, but it wasn't as if half the assembled men hadn't seen her in less. She may still be shaken from the frightening moment with Abomination, but she was hardly going to let that keep her from the opportunity to satisfy her curiosity about Jefe's secret plan.

Walking down the steps to the plaza, well behind the rest of the group, Dulce's ears perked up as Jefe began to address the assembled members of the cartel.

“Everyone, the man beside me is Dr. Schlaukopf. He has spent the last twenty years researching gamma radiation and has developed a revolutionary process to use beams of that type of radiation to extract superpowers and transfer them to a new host!”

A collective gasp sounded throughout the crowd. Dulce’s mind began to whirl with the possibilities, and she quickly pieced together Jefe’s plan.

*Jefe intended to steal Abomination’s powers for himself!*

Dulce’s thoughtful eyes searched around until they landed on a strange device on a tripod just behind Dr. Schlaukopf. That had to be it! The device that he was going to use to transfer the man’s powers! Her mind quickly shifting to how she might use that information to her advantage, she considered the potential ramifications if she were to attempt to use it herself. What if the transfer caused the recipient to become as monstrous as Abomination? Was she willing to trade her beauty for that kind of power?

She searched her innermost soul for the answer. Was matchless strength worth the price of becoming hideous?

It didn’t take long for her to find the answer within herself. It was absolutely worth it.

She thought of Jefe and his subtle way of ordering her to do his bidding. With that kind of strength, no one would be able to tell her what to do. She thought of her fear as Abomination had torn off her clothes. If she had the creature’s power, no man would be able to make her afraid, to take advantage of her.

Dulce startled as she saw the scientist circle around the device and adjust its twin foci, aiming one toward Abomination and the other at Jefe.

Before she knew what she was doing, she had broken into a sprint, nearly halfway to the scientist already! Just as the man activated the device, she plowed into Jefe, knocking him to the ground and taking his place in the path of the beam.

Suddenly, everything froze.

Jefe remained in place, reaching behind him to cushion his fall. The scientist’s expression was fixed in wide-eyed surprise. The rest of the assembled cartel was frozen as well, their faces locked into various looks of astonishment and amusement.

After a moment, however, time seemed to resume. Dulce's knees felt strangely weak, and she crumpled to the ground.

Jefe, rolling over on the ground, yelled at his security team. "Idiots! Get her out of there!"

Then, turning to her, he scolded. "I don't know why you did that, Dulcita, but you are lucky the scientist hasn't activated the device yet. If he had, I'd be forced to kill you."

The scientist seemed puzzled, his gaze flicking back and forth between Abomination and Dulce as he scratched his head.

Jefe's security team ran over to Dulce, hauling her to her feet before dragging her away. Jefe rose and again took his position in line with the device.

Dulce swallowed nervously. This had been a huge mistake! What had she been thinking, acting so rashly! She had just been so certain, wanting Abomination's delicious strength so much that she had acted before properly thinking everything through, against her better judgment.

Then, as Jefe turned to the scientist to give him a second order to activate the machine, Dulce suddenly felt it.

Warmth.

Pleasure.

*Power.*

Dulce's long lashes fluttered closed, and she breathed out a shuddering sigh. It felt so good. Unimaginably good.

She continued to feel the men tugging at her arms, but her lurching movement, as they dragged her, slowed then stopped entirely.

Raising a hand to her upper chest, Dulce could feel her body changing. Her legs were growing longer, her shoulders broader. Unable to help it, she began to run her fingers downward. They moved outward, along the upper swell of her breast, but when she knew they should be descending, they didn't. They continued to push outward.

Her breasts were growing!

As if to emphasize the fact, Dulce felt the clasp of her bra snap along the expanding muscles of her back, the shoulder straps suddenly loosening. When her fingertips finally touched the cups of the skimpy lace garment, cresting the peaks of her luscious swells, she realized that her bra now barely covered their vast expanse.

The pull of the men's hands seemed weak now, insignificant. She straightened, hearing the scuffle of feet as her countermovement threw the five men surrounding her off balance.

Dulce felt her lips curl into a dazzling smile as her fingers slipped into the rapidly deepening central groove that ran the length of her stomach. This was new. She had always possessed a flat, toned tummy, but grooves between her abdominal muscles? *Those* had never been there before.

Before she could continue to explore the tightening muscles of her still-tiny waist, she felt two hands grab her shoulders, shoving her roughly back. Her eyes popped open, the pleasure of her transformation momentarily forgotten. Quickly focusing on the owner of the hands, she saw the largest of the security guards before her, leaning hard into his shove as if attempting to tackle her to the ground.

But he was barely moving her back. Casting a quick glance to each side to see two more men on each, she realized that it was taking the full, combined efforts of all five large, straining men to achieve even that small backward movement. Arching a sculpted brow in confusion, she had the vague sense that something wasn't right...

...then she realized what it was. It was her perspective. She was looking *down* on the men, not *up*!

As they continued to struggle against her growing body, she felt their feeble efforts less and less. Dulce allowed her gaze to fall downward, to her own rapidly expanding form.

She gasped. Her breasts were *huge!* And her arms? *Enormous!*

And a pale shade of green!

Massive muscles were surging upward from under her flawless skin. Bulges and ridges burst forth from every inch of her increasingly magnificent body. Tensing her arm, it exploded into incredible definition. Her biceps were the size of basketballs. Her triceps hardened into swells of impossibly dense sinew rippled as they expanded along the

outside of her arm. Her shoulders were the size of soccer balls, though with deeply ingrained trenches erupting from their smooth surface with even the slightest movement. And they were still growing. Rapidly!

She turned her gaze to Jefe, who seemed so small, glued in place a few meters away now. His head had to be nearly a foot below her eye level! And he looked stunned, his mouth twisting open with growing horror. And the men who surrounded her—their shoving was doing absolutely nothing to her now. She took a small step forward and watched with delight as all five were thrown off balance, staggering backward.

Scowling, Jefe cried out to the scientist. “Aim it at *her!* She has Abomination’s powers!”

Dr. Schlaukopf startled, then adjusted the device to align the focus previously aligned with Abomination’s hulking form with Dulce’s. Seeing what was about to happen, Dulce raised each of her arms, pulling the two men on each side of her off the ground, their clutching fingers gripping the rounded slopes of her massive biceps as their feet rose from the stone patio to dangle in mid-air.

Dulce thrust her arms forward, flinging the four hanging men toward the scientist with unexpected force. She watched in wonder as the men tumbled into Dr. Schlaukopf as if ejected from a moving car, sending the power-transfer device clattering to the ground before the scientist could use it against her. She then looked down to the one remaining man before her, still shoving futilely against her ever-more-muscular body. His hands wrapped around her slim, rock-hard stomach, he looked up to find a devious expression on her breathtaking visage. Certain she was about to do something unpleasant to him, his eyes began to tremble, filling with terror. Giving a shrill shriek, he withdrew his hands as if zapped by an electric jolt and ran away at a full sprint.

Jefe, initially shocked by Dulce’s feat of strength, grew enraged at his men’s cowardice. He charged at Dulce like a bull at a red cape. But the man, who had always seemed so formidable before, looked smaller to Dulce’s rising eyes with every passing second. He slammed into her ridiculously cobbled, pale-green abs, only to bounce off as if he had struck a brick wall. Reaching down, she snagged his collar on the rebound, hoisting him high with unbelievable ease. Was she really *this* strong now? It seemed unreal, but the 90-kilo man felt as weightless as a helium balloon to her heavily muscled arm.

She gave the writhing man a little flick of her wrist—and he landed in a heap 10 meters away!

Jefe dealt with, for the moment, Dulce returned her attention to the rapturous sensations rolling through her burgeoning body. She bent over, running her hands over thighs packed with massive cables of super-strong sinew, hips lined with marble-hard muscle tissue, ultra-dense obliques that looked as if they belonged on an impenetrable suit of armor, and abs that rippled into sculpted bricks of impossible power as she clenched down with them. Glancing further downward, she tensed her calves, watching their rounded swells flare into smooth cannonballs of inhuman strength.

A thrill fluttered Dulce's heart as her eyes roamed the masterpiece of superhumanity that was her new body. A second tremor of exhilaration rolled through her as she realized that she hadn't even had to sacrifice her attractiveness to get it. If anything, her skin, now cast in a light viridian hue, looked even more perfect than it had before! Her breasts were far larger, and, casting a quick glance to the front picture window of the compound, her sparkling eyes drank in a reflection of a face that was even more beautiful than ever before.

Leaning back, she turned her breathtaking visage skyward to bellow a victorious cry into the warm night.

*\*SNAP\**

As the sharp sound brought her attention back to her immediate surroundings, she felt something. A light poking sensation in her stomach.

Looking down, she saw that one of the four men she'd tossed into the scientist a moment earlier had recovered and was holding the handle of a knife in his hand, its broken blade clattering to the ground.

Had he just tried to *stab* her? He *had!* She smiled. Good thing she was impervious to such things now. Mentally shrugging, she decided that was one way to learn about the extent of her new powers...

*\*BLAM\* \*BLAM\* \*BLAM\* \*BLAM\**

The rapid fire of a machine gun rang out across the plaza, shattering the moment of quiet in the tropical night. She felt the bullets just as she had the knife. The effect was much the same. They didn't hurt in the slightest, though she could feel them. It was as if her body wanted to inform her brain of their contact with her invulnerable body purely for information's sake. Pain was no longer something that insignificant little leaden projectiles could inflict on her anymore.

More gunfire erupted as the other remaining security guards opened fire. Dulce laughed as the bullets bounced from her impossibly developed physique, shredding what little remained of her lingerie into small scraps of fabric that soon fell away to reveal an unfettered view of her body's magnificence.

*\*VROOOOOOOOOOOOOM\**

A jeep bounded from the driveway onto the patio at breakneck speed, one of Jefe's men apparently having summoned the wits to try something potentially more impactful than showering her with useless bits of lead.

But, as it turned out, cars were no more effective than guns against her.

The jeep smashed into the dramatic iron swells of her curvaceous ass, crumpling its hood and whipping the poor man inside against its seatbelt. The broken vehicle had failed to move her so much as a centimeter.

Dulce giggled in delight, beginning to realize just how absurdly powerful she had become.

She felt more taps of bullets striking her, as more members of the cartel came to their senses, drawing their weapons and firing. Seriously? Didn't they see how useless it was to attack her like this?

Twisting her body to reach toward the damaged jeep, she pulled off its windshield with a protesting shriek of mangled metal to throw it into a group of men like a frisbee. They flew backward as the glass panel impacted their stomachs, folding them in half and sending them crashing into the compound's picture window with a loud series of cracks.

Not stopping to admire her handiwork, Dulce pulled out a seat, flinging it into another group of men to send them tumbling to the ground.

Next, she ran toward the original security detail, sweeping out her hands to send the small men flying into dark thatches of thick jungle nearby.

She turned to face the man with the broken knife, still frozen in place as he trembled with fear. Walking casually up to him, she leaned over until her luscious lips were a scant few centimeters from his quivering eyes and whispered. "Boo!"

His eyes bulged with terror before he fainted, his back hitting the stone patio with a soft \*whoomp\*.

“Uggggghhhh,” came a groan from off to her right. She turned to see Abomination awakening from his alcohol-induced stupor. As he shook his head and rose unsteadily to his feet, Dulce’s heart skipped a beat.

He was *tiny!* At least, he was now. When compared to her. He seemed to have shrunk from the device’s influence, about as much as she’d grown. His appearance was still reptilian, but he was half the size of the behemoth that had attempted to force himself on her earlier.

Covering the distance between them in two short strides, Dulce laughed as she came to a stop next to him. She absolutely towered above Abomination now. Placing her thumb and forefinger under his jaw, she lifted him upward with ease, his clawed feet kicking as his taloned fingers attempted to pry loose her grip. They couldn’t, of course. All of his former strength was now hers.

Dulce tightened the muscles in her enormous arm, causing it to explode in steely striation before his terrified gaze.

“Do you really think you can budge *this* arm? You forget: no one can hurt me! I am *invincible!*” Giving the enfeebled monster a crooked grin, she delighted in echoing his previous words back to him, the tables now completely turned as far as their relative levels of power. The former supervillain watched her powerful muscles swell as she flexed them, feeling the breathtaking woman’s incredible aura of power raise panic with him.

Still holding the depowered creature off the ground by the throat, Dulce looked around at her audience, the few members of the cartel that weren’t here for security. Her gaze fell on Santiago as he stared at her in awestruck wonder. She smiled warmly at him. “What do you think, Santi? Should I destroy the place or just take over this little operation?”

“I... I...” he stammered, clearly not having expected those questions to have come from Dulce’s gorgeous lips. He gathered himself, sucking in a quick breath to calm his rapidly beating heart, then spoke in a carefully measured tone. “Jefe’s army and his supervillain are out of commission. How will you handle security?”



Dulce's smile widened as she gave him a knowing look. "Do you really think I need security? I'm pretty sure I can handle anything anyone throws at me now..."

She winked at him, and he blinked several times, processing the information.

"I suppose that's true..." he mumbled, clearly having trouble thinking of the little Dulcita he'd always looked after as completely invulnerable and in no further need of protection.

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Hearing a forceful knock, Agent Johnson opened the door of his hotel room to find an unexpected visitor. Dulce stood before him, her curvaceous form, its usual, petite size. Strangely, he thought, she looked even prettier than she had when he'd last seen her. The stunning young thing might just be the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen.

Pushing past him, she entered his room with surprising confidence before whirling to face him, sending her thin skirt swishing across toned thighs.

"Why, hello again!" said Johnson cockily, his voice appreciative as he allowed his gaze to shamelessly roam her sexy figure. "Have a change of heart?"

She rolled her eyes as she removed her sunglasses, slipping them over the scoop neck of her blouse to dangle against her luscious cleavage.

"Does this have anything to do with the fact that your little cartel recently hired Abomination?" he said, crossing his arms smugly, pleased to be able to show off the accuracy of his latest intel.

Dulce smiled slyly. "As usual, the DEA's information is a bit out of date."

She stifled a giggle as Johnson's smirk faded. "Oh?"

"Yes," Dulce said, spinning a thick lock of raven hair about her finger as she corrected the smug law enforcement officer. "Abomination is no longer part of the plan. He's no longer of any concern. He's been... eliminated."

Johnson's look turned incredulous, then he chuckled. "I'm sorry, young lady, but that makes absolutely no sense. Why would your boss bring him all the way to Colombia only to eliminate him? Besides, a bunch of thugs in the jungle with small arms could

hardly 'eliminate' someone that powerful. They wouldn't stand a chance! I mean, even the U.S. army couldn't stop the guy. The friggin' monster can beat up the Hulk!"

"So you don't believe me?" Dulce said coyly, raising a hand to casually examine her nails.

"Of course not!" Johnson huffed, confused by both her certainty and her cavalier attitude. "I don't know what game you're trying to play here, but..."

Johnson's words trailed off as Dulce's body began to grow before his eyes. Dozens of pounds of lean muscle piled onto her gorgeous frame as she grew in every direction.

Agent Johnson's jaw dropped, dangling loosely as he watched the small beauty grow into a 2.4-meter-tall green, musclebound giantess in a matter of seconds. His eyes widened in awe as his gaze traveled slowly upward from the underside of massive breasts that were now even with his line of sight, to breathtaking eyes nearly a meter above him. Those eyes gazed down on him, lit by the soft twinkle of amusement.

"There's been a change in leadership at the cartel, and it no longer has need of Abomination's services," Dulce stated, unable to keep a straight face any longer as she watched the overwhelmed agent's stunned expression far below.

"I... um... *may* have taken advantage of a very fortuitous situation..."

Leaning over, Dulce bent down to kiss the awe-addled agent deeply on the lips. When she finally withdrew, he was breathless, panting lightly with building desire.

"And I think I'd like to make a bit of change to our relationship. I was thinking maybe along the lines of something a bit *less* professional..." she said slyly, her long lashes descending halfway down her sultry eyes as they filled with desire of her own.

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