

# Colombian Gamma Chronicles

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## Chapter 2: Jefe Strikes Back

“In exchange for my protection, you will give me 40% of all sales,” said Dulce firmly, staring pointedly at each pair of eyes in turn. “This will be non-negotiable.”

Everyone stared at her uncomprehendingly, clearly not believing she was serious. The man in the fedora at the far end of the table, who had been silent until now, gazed at her challengingly. Withdrawing his cigar from between his lips with a hazy billow of tobacco smoke, he smiled cryptically.

“And what makes you think any of us would agree to such ridiculous terms, chica?” The man seemed amused by the diminutive woman at the head of the table. He turned, speaking to the twin rows of men seated along each side of the large conference room. “This is what Jefe gets for sending a woman to do a man’s job, eh? Nowhere.”

The assembled men all laughed, comforted by their colleague’s casual defiance.

“Woman,” the man continued, addressing Dulce condescendingly. “We already know Abomination is gone. Our spies in the airport confirmed he left yesterday. Tell Jefe that he missed his opportunity to extort money from us. Without the monster, there is no way we would ever agree to such terms. Tell him to go fuck himself.”

Shoving his cigar back into his mouth, he and the other men began to rise, turning toward the exit, when Dulce’s loud, commanding voice rang out over the room. “*I* will be the one providing protection for your cartels, Señor Escobar.”

She was glaring at the men challengingly, but they simply laughed her off. The man in the fedora, Escobar, removed his cigar once more, then flicked it at her. Dulce flinched as it struck her, brushing it quickly away before it burned her clothes. “How will *you* be protecting us, mami? You can’t even protect your own luscious little ass.”

His eyes roamed her succulent body, lingering on her impressive chest. “How about you come home with me instead? I’ll show you what a *real* man can do to a woman.”

A chorus of ooo’s reverberated around the room as twenty eyes turned toward Dulce, curious as to her reaction.

Dulce's succulent lips curled upward in a knowing smile as her dark irises turned neon green. Several of the surrounding men took steps backward as streaks of green made her veins visible, snaked outward over her mocha skin, their reach expanding with every heartbeat. Her entire network of veins darkened with green blood as massive muscles exploded upward from under them. As her body grew larger and taller, her physique grew increasingly sculpted, impossibly dense muscles rippling as they hardened with goddess-like strength all over her voluptuous body. Light green coloring washed over her body as her massive arms and legs shredded the sleeves of her top and the legs of her pants.

Reveling in the transformation of the men's expressions as they went from smug to astonished, Dulce continued to add delicious inches of impossibly powerful muscle to her breathtakingly sexy frame, her lips parting as she panted from the sudden influx of such immense levels of power. She flexed her prodigious muscles for added effect, nearly bursting out in laughter as she watched the men's eyes bulge in fascinated awe.

She looked over the room full of powerful men, her chin descending as her height rose. Dulce tugged away the remaining remnants of her clothes to reveal cobbled abs and chiseled obliques, along with the rest of her devastatingly powerful musculature. Bringing her hands down, she tightened the muscles of her chest, causing her huge breasts to pop the clasp of her bra. It launched across the room as if fired by a slingshot, snapping Señor Escobar in the forehead.

The room was completely silent as Dulce finished her transformation, every man struck dumb by what they had just witnessed. She took a step forward, her enormous quads and sculpted, diamond-hard calves rippling with power from the movement. Grinning, she pursed her lips, emitting a single syllable. "Boo!"

Three men fell over backward in fright. Another two, however, pulled their walkie talkies to their mouths. "Backup! NOW!!!"

The men scattered before her, scrambling out the door in terror. Dulce chuckled. The men looked like ants as they zigzagged before her in their haste to exit. She followed them out at a leisurely pace, feeling, perhaps for the first time, every bit as powerful as she truly was. As she reached the compound's entrance, she extended her powerful arms, striking the double steel doors with her palms to send them flying into the jungle outside. Several unfortunate trees were broken in half by the force of the flying doors as she emerged from the place, collapsing with a thrashing crackle of greenery behind the scurrying men.

Surveying her surroundings as she exited the building, Dulce suppressed a giggle. The cartel leaders raced past lines of their combined security personnel at a full sprint. The looks on the faces of their security teams struck her as hilarious, as their eyes bulged and their chins rose to allow them to take in her full height. After a brief moment of shock, however, their bosses

hustling out of the line of fire, the men managed to remember their duties. They closed ranks, and raised their AK-47s.

“Kill her!” She heard several of the cartel leaders cry.

Bullets struck her invulnerable flesh, the lead slugs bouncing off the far harder sinew of her overdeveloped physique. Dulce enjoyed the feeling. It felt like horizontal rain, the little droplets of metal no more damaging to her new body than the small drops of liquid were to her old one. The tiny projectiles continued to pelt her as the line of men continued to fire uselessly, the lead slugs bouncing at odd angles from the smooth curves of her impossibly strong muscles to strike the ground before her and the building behind her. Occasionally, one would ricochet directly back to the man who fired it, downing him.

After a solid minute of constant bombardment, the bulk of the gunfire ceased, a smiling Dulce casually examining her nails before turning her attention back to them when the hail of bullets suddenly died down.

“Now, do you see how I can protect you?” Dulce asked, looking bored as a few last shots ricocheted from her invulnerable body.

No one spoke, but she heard a sound to her right. She caught sight of Señor Escobar out of the corner of her eye. He was opening a large wooden box with a Soviet flag stamped into its side. The box was large enough to occupy the entire back seat of his jeep, the label on the side reading “RPG-22”. Always one to prepare, Escobar had been ready in case his intelligence about Abomination had been incorrect. The man pulled out a heavy, cylindrical rocket launcher—the latest in Soviet heavy weaponry. Barely able to lift it high enough to rest it on his shoulder, he turned and aimed, only to see a confident Dulce smiling back at him. Mumbling a curse under his breath, he exhaled, then squeezed the trigger. A bright flare of light blinded him as a rocket erupted from the end of the weapon’s long barrel. It hissed from his shoulder into the center of Dulce’s chiseled stomach, striking her cobbled abs with a deafening blast, the huge, green woman disappearing in an inferno of red and orange flame.

The concussive wave of the explosive projectile, designed to penetrate tanks and bunkers, shattered not only the windows of the fortress-like compound behind the woman, but its concrete wall as well. The entire building shifted on its deeply dug foundation from the power of the blast.

Dozens of men flying backward, their arms flailing as they tumbled into the edge of the surrounding jungle. The two vehicles nearest the detonation flipped over. Escobar himself staggered backward, the heavy metal weapon falling from his shoulder to strike the hard-packed gravel with a hollow crunch as he landed on his back.

As the smoke cleared, the pile of limbs and limp bodies began to stir, the men untangling themselves to move into a seated position. As their eyes found Dulce, they simply stared in awe.

She was completely unhurt, without so much as a scratch on her pale green skin. A last few flames flickered over the last tattered remnants of her charred pants until she patted them out with long, green fingers.

“That’s *impossible!*” Escobar whispered, staring at the woman in disbelief. “That’s a Russian prototype handheld rocket launcher. I got it straight from my contact at the testing labs in Stalingrad. It can destroy a fucking tank!”

Dulce’s head swiveled until her green eyes locked on Señor Escobar, her gaze intense. “I hate to be the one to inform you of this, cabrón, but as you can see, I’m far tougher than any tank.”

She leapt toward him, covering the fifty meters between them in an instant. The impact of her feet shaking the earth as she landed. Reaching down, she curled her fingers into the fabric of his shirt and pulled him up. His legs dangled off the ground as she brought him to eye level.

“W-what are you g-going to d-do?” Escobar said, his lower lip trembling in fear.

Dulce thought about his question. It was the same one her mother had asked a few days earlier. She had come clean, letting her mom know that she had taken over the cartel.

The woman hadn’t taken the news well. But Dulce didn’t want to think about that right now. She didn’t need to cry in front of this collection of bastardos.

“W-what are you going to do?” Escobar repeated his question breathlessly.

The restated question roused Dulce from her reverie, her attention snapping back to the man she held before her.

“Nothing,” she snapped at him, a look of satisfaction crossing her lips. “I won’t do a damned thing. I don’t need to. None of you can harm me, and now you all know it. If I wanted to, I could take *everything* from all of you. So asking 40% is a courtesy that I expect all of you to agree to immediately. Any who don’t will quickly find themselves out of the cartel and penniless.”

Dulce set the man down, then stared each of the cartel leaders down in turn. “Any questions?” she asked as her eyes found those of the last fearful man.

“No?” she continued after a moment’s pause. “I thought not. Now get back into that building and sign the agreement. My people will be by to check on your compliance by the end of the week.”

The men exchanged looks and helpless shrugs before dropping their heads and trudging back into the building.

Even Escobar.

\*\*\* THREE DAYS EARLIER \*\*\*

“So what are you going to do?” her mother’s question lingered in the air, the tension between mother and daughter palpable.

Dulce knew her mother wouldn’t be happy with her answer. “Mama, I’ve already done it. I’ve taken over the cartel.” Dulce’s eyes conveyed more defiance than she actually felt. In truth, her mother’s opinion was extremely important to her. She hoped her mother would understand, but she doubted it.

Her fears were well-founded.

“Oh, Dulcita,” her mother broke eye contact to her daughter, turning her back on the beautiful young woman as tears welled in her eyes. “What have you done?”

“I’ve done what I always do,” Dulce replied, a sinking feeling weighing down her stomach. “What I have to. Nothing more”

“What you have to?” Her mother whirled, suddenly angry, tears rolling down both cheeks. “You *have* to take over a drug cartel? An evil, criminal organization? A business built on hurting people?”

Dulce opened her mouth to object, but no words came out. She was too hurt by her mother’s pointed words to speak without her voice cracking.

“Your father would be ashamed,” her mother finished.

Dulce’s knees felt weak, her heart thundering in her heart as she fought back tears. She had always been daddy’s little girl, his pride and joy. Her mother’s final statement had stung more than she probably knew.

Mustering her will, however, she managed, after a moment of repeated swallowing, to speak. “Mama, if I hadn’t taken these powers, a *truly* evil man would have.”

Her mother began to shake her head in disagreement, but Dulce’s voice rose to overrule the woman’s thoughts. “Who knows what would have happened if he had gotten them?! I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO FOR THE GOOD OF *EVERYONE!*”

Her mother's eyes glimmered with tears even as they trembled with anger. Her voice was quiet and controlled as she replied, however. "And that means taking over a drug business as well?"

"The drug business is not going away. The Americans' demand for cocaine is only increasing. Who cares what happens to rich movie stars, athletes, and politicians in some decadent far away place? Let them snort their lives away! At least *I* will use the money to benefit our home. *I* will use it to give women a voice in this male-dominated country. I will do *good* with it. You'll see!"

Gabriella paused, thinking about her daughter's words. She began to pace as she considered Dulce's last statements.

"You would use this money, dirty as it is, to build up our country, not tear it down?"

Dulce nodded, relieved that her mother was beginning to see her perspective.

"You would use this money to improve our schools, to bring in good jobs?"

Dulce nodded again, her tense shoulders beginning to relax.

"You would use this money to educate women? To help get them into positions of power?"

Dulce nodded a third time, her strength seeming to leave her as her mind whirled, spinning with new ideas as her mother spoke. She allowed herself to slump to the couch in relief as she considered her mother's suggestions. "Let us talk about how to make all of these things happen, mama. Please?"

The words came out more timidly than Dulce would have liked, but she was happy to defer to her mother on how best to use her newfound power and wealth. As long as she had her mother's support, she knew they could accomplish anything.

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Dulce watched her men as they worked, replacing the last pane of glass in the compound's large windows. Her compound was finally back in order after all the destruction of the previous week. Until she had seen that the pile of swept-up bullet casings from the patio had been sufficient to fill the back of a pickup truck that she had truly understood just how much firepower had been leveled against her. She smiled as she looked down at her normal body, knowing that she could turn into an unstoppable warrior with merely a thought.

Warmth flowed through her with the growing awareness of her own power. She wanted the other women of her nation to taste this feeling as well. Her mother was right. It was time to help give women a boost. She turned, resting her small hand on the shoulder of the German scientist. "Doktor Schlaukopf?"

“Yes?” the man said with a start, whirling to face her.

“I’ve been thinking. Men have always held power over women. All my life it has been this way. All *everyone’s* lives.”

“Yes?” he said, his brows furrowing in puzzlement.

“I want to change all of that.” She studied the man, curious what his reaction to her idea would be.

He smiled. “That’s a nice thought, Fräulein, but though you are powerful, it is folly to think that you could—”

“Exactly. I can’t do it myself...” she said, her eyes turning sly. “...but *you* can!”

The scientist’s eyes bulged. “*Me?*”

“Think about it, Herr Doktor! What if we could use your machine to give every woman enough gamma rays to make them as strong as a man. Stronger, even! Twice as strong!”

The scientist’s eyes became distant as he thought it through. “Such smaller scale transformations might be made possible by collecting the ambient atmospheric gamma radiation. Quantities would be far too small to give another your level of power, but the small doses could be enough to double women’s strength in a localized area. Possibly more...”

Dulce interlaced her fingers and gave a silent prayer of thanks, smiling when she opened them once again. She was pleased at his acceptance of her wild notion. “Please do it! I’ll provide you with all the resources you need!”

“Can I ask one thing in return?” the scientist asked hesitantly, eyeing Dulce carefully.

“Of course!” she said with a reassuring smile, nodding to encourage him to continue.

Looking relieved at her reaction, the scientist proceeded with his request. “My wife back in Germany has a degenerative disease. She is losing control of her muscles and will die within the year—unless this gamma-strengthening process could heal her. It’s something I’ve been giving a great deal of thought to, and I think it would work...”

Dulce’s expression softened. “Bring her. Charge the cost of her relocation to the cartel.” She rested her hand on the scientist’s shoulder. “I hope it works.”

He smiled at her, patting her fingers with his own. “Danke. Me too.”

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“Thank you for coming, everyone,” Jefe said to his men, assembled a good thirty minutes drive away from his former compound. “It’s good to see that there are still some members of my cartel that still have some balls and will not bow to the whims of a woman.”

A chuckle rumbled through the group of a dozen men. Attentive but stoic, Santi, also present at the secret meeting, didn’t join in the laughter.

“We must teach that evil, conniving bitch Dulce that she should never have dared to steal what is rightfully mine!”

Murmurs of agreement rippled through the men.

“Who does that coño think she is, taking the cartel that we worked so hard to build?”

The men’s shouts of encouragement grew louder. Santi, however, remained passive, continuing to stand by silently, observing the proceedings with dark, watchful eyes.

“So we will take back our compound using the best leverage we have against her... her mother!” Flames of hatred flickered in his eyes.

Now the men cheered raucously.

“Here is my plan...” Jefe laid out in detail what he wanted each man to do. Santi listened intently, taking care to prevent a look of disgust from twisting his features.

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“Thank you for seeing me on such short notice, sir,” Agent Johnson told the black man before him, thankful that the man’s intense, penetrating gaze only came from a single eye.

“You’re welcome,” said Fury, his expression as serious as ever. “But I had to duck out of a SHIELD executive conference call for this, so make it quick.”

“Yes, sir,” Johnson said, his rate of speech quickening with urgency. “I have some news on another superpowered individual that I met on my last trip down to Colombia.”

“Abomination. I know. What do you have to report?” Fury said impatiently.

“Well, Abomination *used* to be that individual, but he has lost his powers,” Johnson continued. “Someone else took them.”



“Someone *took* them?” Fury responded, the brow over his good eye furrowing. “What do you mean? How is that possible?”

“My contact was a bit reluctant to give me all the details, but I assure you, it is the case.”

“How do you know for sure?”

“Let’s just say that I saw some big green muscles that were pretty convincing,” Johnson smirked before catching himself. He quickly wiped the expression from his lips. The SHIELD director wasn’t fond of coyness. He was nothing if not direct.

“So who is he? The one that took Abomination’s powers. Friendly or hostile?” came a pointed question in response.

“Friendly, sir,” Johnson said quickly. He cocked his head briefly, however, then revised his statement. “Mostly, anyway. And it’s not a *he*. It’s a *she*.”

Johnson watched Fury’s face carefully, wondering which of those corrections would be the one that caught his attention first.

“*She*?” the man responded. “There’s a *woman* out there with Abomination’s power?”

Agent Johnson nodded, careful to keep his expression neutral.

“So now I have to worry about another woman on top of my ex-wife? Who would have thought that *women* would be the ones giving me gray hair these days!”

“What hair?” Johnson almost quipped. Luckily, he stopped himself before the words came out. Fury wasn’t the type to appreciate his brand of humor.

“And what’s this *mostly* business? Is she a threat or not? It’s a simple question.”

“I don’t think so, sir.” Despite the fact that she had decided to take over the cartel herself, Johnson honestly believed that. Mostly, however, he simply didn’t want to see Dulce get hurt. Branding her a threat to Fury could be her death sentence. That was the last thing he wanted to do to her. He hadn’t stopped thinking about her since their last encounter.

“Well, your *thoughts* aren’t enough, Johnson. Not with someone as powerful as the Hulk running around in South America. But thank you for reporting in.” The intense man’s gaze grew unfocused. “I’ll take it from here. I’ll let you know how to proceed within the next 48 hours,” he finished, his voice growing quieter as he strategized how to handle this new development.

Johnson gave Fury a curt nod of acknowledgement, then spun on his heel and left the room, leaving the calculating SHIELD Director lost in thought.

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“So I’m assuming that you’ll need to start with my measurements,” said Dulce to the Chanel and Gucci designers that she had flown in to outfit her.

“32DD-23-34 in American sizes,” said the arrogant, middle-aged Italian woman flatly. “I don’t need to measure. I can estimate *anyone’s* size on the spot.”

Dulce smiled, batting her eyes innocently. “But it’s not *this* me that I need the clothes for.”

Confused, the Italian woman scratched her head, casting a quick glance toward her Chanel counterpart, who simply shrugged, her expression also baffled.

“Let me show you what I mean,” said Dulce with a wink of a darkly twinkling, long-lashed eye.

The two older women stumbled backward as she began to change, gaining nearly a meter in height as muscles with as much mass as either of the women before her, exploded all over her expanding form. Her flawless skin took on a green hue as her head neared the ceiling, her chin lowering to look down on the diminutive women that now seemed so far beneath her.

“*This* is the me that you’ll need to measure.” Dulce smirked, amused by the women’s wide-eyed stares. “Still think you can judge my size without a measuring tape?”

The cowering Italian gaped at her. “I-I think I’m g-going to need to m-measure this time.”

“Thought so,” said Dulce with a giggle as the woman from Gucci fumbled inside her bag for a measuring tape. She pulled it out, her fingers trembling as she pulled it around Dulce’s wide hips. It stopped well short of making it around the girth of her massive lower body.

Eyes wide in terror, the woman looked up at her. “I... I...”

Then, much to the woman’s relief, her French compatriot ran up behind her with a measuring tape of her own. She stuck one end under the Italian woman’s quivering fingers, telling her to hold it, then ran the rest of it over the remaining unmeasured portion of Dulce’s heavily muscled hips.

The two women conferred nervously before the French woman announced. “Sixty-four American inches!”

The Italian swooned, dropping her measuring tape. “Sixty! Th-that’s absurd!” Her French counterpart flashed Dulce a nervous smile, then turned, giving the Italian a thorough tongue-lashing. As she turned around to face Dulce once again, the Chanel designer’s face transformed from a scowl to a pleasant smile.

“Please forgive my colleague. We will be happy to make the clothing you need... for the right price.” The French woman’s eyes flashed greedily.

But Dulce didn’t care about cost. She needed clothes to fit her gamma-enhanced frame, and she had plenty of money for it. “Fine. But I’m thinking that the shoes will need some reinforcement. I was thinking I’ll probably want a nice pair of heels. Maybe some platform shoes... and some go-go boots, for sure. Do you think steel soles would do the trick?”

The Chanel tailor’s smile faltered for the briefest of seconds before returning. “We’ll see what we can do...”

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The following day, the two designer’s trepidation was gone, and they were fawning over Dulce, slipping various styles of footwear on and off her huge feet. As they gave their specifications to the blacksmiths that had been flown in, they sent Dulce to her bedroom to change into dresses constructed of enough colorful, floral-print fabric to make a wall-covering tapestry.

Dulce donned one of the dresses along with its matching headband and earrings, before twirling into the lounge with a flourish. She enjoyed the designers’ rapt attention and their gushing compliments as they noted how their prints accentuated her viridian flesh.

The feminine cuts and floral design of the dresses complimented her new assets, their sleeveless design allowing her powerful arms freedom of movement, while their patterns softened her physique, allowing her natural femininity to show through.

One of the cartel’s former maids—a woman whom Dulce had promoted to be her accounting manager—dropped by to see what the commotion was about. She picked up a massive, white go-go boot, her eyes going wide with the size of the thing.

“Go on,” Dulce encouraged her with a grin. “Try it on!”

The pretty young woman gave her a curious look, then set the boot back down. She gripped the edge of the boot, the steel structure within its sole heavy enough to keep it upright as the young woman threw her leg over the top and into the boot, letting it disappear inside. Smiling in amazement, she grabbed the top of the boot and managed to put her other leg in as well, able to fit both slender legs inside a single boot all the way to her hips.

Dulce laughed at the woman’s bemused expression as she climbed back out. “Why don’t you try on one of the dresses as well!”

Her eyes widening in surprise, the woman walked over to where the French designer stood, taking a huge roll of material from the Chanel woman’s hands. She let the dress unfurl before

her, where it rolled down her body and onto the floor. She looked up at Dulce and blinked from behind a minidress that was longer than her entire body and twice as wide.

“Ahem.” One of Dulce’s guards cleared his throat, drawing her gaze. He stepped aside to allow the rest of his armed contingent to shove the Colombian president and his wife forward gently into the room.

The president stepped forward, his eyes surveying the room before landing on Dulce’s hulking form and widening in shock.

“Who...?” he began before revising his question. “*What* are you?” he asked, shooting a sidelong glance toward his wife, who was gaping as well, similarly awed.

Dulce gave the pair a sweet smile, looking down on the pair of them from her 2.4-meter height. “That’s not a nice way to greet your hostess, now is it?” she chided gently. “I think it’s fairly obvious who I am.”

She stepped toward them, forcing their heads to angle upward as she towered above them. “I’m the most powerful person in Colombia.”

“Don’t be absurd,” the president scoffed. “*I’m* the most powerful person in this country.”

Dulce reached down to pluck off his large, metal belt buckle with two fingers. She pinched them downward, crushing the metal between them as if it were plastic, then tossed the buckle over her shoulder casually. “Think again,” she said simply.

The man swallowed hard, not objecting further as he focused on keeping his composure after her casual display of strength. It was clear that she could kill them both with her bare hands should she so choose.

“In fact, I may be the most powerful person in the entire world,” Dulce continued, matter-of-factly. “Lucky for you, I have no interest in politics. I do have an interest in helping you make this country the most prosperous nation in Latin America, however.”

“How on earth do you propose to do that?” the man said, incredulous at Dulce’s temerity.

“Easy,” she said, walking around her guests to place her huge hands on the president’s shoulders, locking him in place. The lower slopes of her enormous breasts pressed against the back of his head, causing him to nod forward. “I have the money that you lack. I have full control of the largest drug cartel in the nation, as well as 40% of the revenue of all other cartels. I probably don’t need to tell you how substantial that amount is. I’m willing to bet that it is not much less than the nation’s entire tax revenue.”

The president shifted uncomfortably. His wife looked at Dulce with growing respect.

"I am willing to donate the vast majority of these proceeds to the government, provided it is spent on things that I approve of. Infrastructure, schools, business incentives, entrepreneurial investment funds for businesses started by women..."

"That sounds—" the president began with a scowl, his tone dismissive.

"—Amazing!" his wife cut him off, knowing him well enough that she sensed a nasty comment coming.

Dulce looked at the middle-aged woman and smiled, nodding to the president's wife appreciatively before continuing. "It is time for the women of this country to be treated fairly. It is time to lift them up and provide opportunities they have never been allowed to have in this male-dominated society."

She released the country's leader to reach out and pick up his wife, bringing her to eye level as the woman's feet dangled nearly a meter off the ground. The Italian fashion designer giggled from behind them before clapping a hand over her mouth, eliciting a glare from the dangling woman. When she returned her gaze to Dulce's green eyes, however, Dulce detected a hint of envy in them.

The woman's gaze roamed the length of the powerful arms that held her up with such ease before returning her eyes to Dulce's. "You're so strong! What else can you do?"

Dulce grinned. "I'm invulnerable, unable to be hurt by knives, guns, or even, as I recently found out, rockets. If I were you, I would strongly advise your husband not to make an enemy of me."

"Amazing," the woman breathed, clearly impressed. "How did you receive these powers?"

"Funny you should ask that," Dulce replied, casting a furtive glance at the scientist's office door. "Considering how I intend to bring the women of this country to their rightful place..."

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Jefe strolled into his secondary safehouse, a smile tugging at the corners of his lips as he laid eyes on a middle-aged woman in the center of the room, bound to a chair, a paper bag over her head. A man approached him with a respectful greeting, and he patted him on the shoulder.

"Excellent work, amigo. You make me proud," he said before walking over to his captive. He pulled the bag from her head, wisps of dark hair swirling over her face as he tossed it aside.

Gabriella squinted at the brightness of the room before focusing her angry eyes on Jefe. She attempted to speak, but her gagged mouth didn't allow her to get out more than a muffled mumble. "Mmmpppphhh. Mmmpphh. Mmmpphh."

Jefe grinned, his eyes hard with cruelty. “Why hello, there, Dulce’s mother. You are in for an unpleasant few days unless your daughter returns what she stole from me very, very quickly.”

Gabriella’s eyes turned fearful, and Jefe laughed. He spun on his heel, giving an ominous signal to the men who lined the room—one which authorized them to do as they wished with the woman, short of killing her. He walked out of the holding room into the bedroom he used as an office, picking up the receiver of the phone to dial his former compound.

“Dulce?” he said, his voice practically a growl. “I believe I have something of yours, just as you have something of mine. I propose a trade...”

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The Colombian president, now back at their residence after having been safely delivered by Dulce’s men, stormed into the office of his head of security, slamming the door shut behind him.

“How could you let this happen?” he seethed.

“Let *what* happen, sir?” asked the befuddled security man.

“Let some uppity *woman* take me to her compound. AGAINST MY WILL!” The president’s voice rose in anger.

“*What?! When?!*” the man gasped.

“An hour ago, estúpido.” The president hissed.

The man scrambled to his feet, his eyes wide in alarm. “Are you okay, sir?” he asked.

“Yes,” the president spat. “No thanks to you!”

“What happened, sir?”

“Some crazy, huge woman with delusions of grandeur thinks she can tell *me* how to run my own damn country!”

As the man ranted about Dulce to his head security man, the president’s wife, Isabella, stood just outside, pondering their recent experience. She found herself envious of the mysterious green woman. Why? Was it her size? Her muscles? The staggering voluptuousness of her body? Her confidence? The way she commanded attention?

Probably some combination of them all, she finally decided. Tugging at her thoughts even more forcefully, however, were the woman’s insinuations about empowering women. Isabella had

been far more intrigued by these ideas than she had let on. She wanted to feel as powerful as that woman. *She* wanted to be able to tell her imbécil of a husband what to do.

Focusing her attention on her husband's angry words once more, she entered the room to watch him continue to berate his staff member over his failure.

"What would you have him do?" she asked quietly as her husband paused for breath.

"What?" the president whirled, his eyes staring daggers at his wife over crimson cheeks.

"What would you have had this man do?" she repeated. "That green woman was obviously more powerful than you or me or anyone in your security team. She is invulnerable to bullets—and even rockets—if what she says is true. And given the fact that she snapped your steel belt buckle like a twig, I'm inclined to believe that she does not exaggerate!"

Her husband quieted, at a sudden loss for words.

"Besides, I think you *liked* meeting her. I saw the way you stared at her muscles, those breasts of hers..."

The security man gave a sly smile, his eyes twinkling with amusement behind the president's back.

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Dulce hung up the phone, rage boiling the blood in her veins as Santiago entered the room. *How could she have been so stupid?!* She should have known that Jefe would go after her mother. It made perfect sense in retrospect. Gabriella was the only real leverage he could use against her. Dulce cursed herself for not having anticipated this move. She had been overconfident, made complacent by her trust in her own power. It was a mistake she would not make again.

"Dulcita!" Santiago said, the diminutive form of her name sounding absurd when used to address a massive, musclebound goddess. "I hurried here at the first opportunity. I pretended to be loyal to Jefe to find out his plans. I didn't want him to be a threat to us! He is planning to—"

"Kidnap my mother?" Dulce said, her voice quiet but the simmering emotion within it unmistakable.

"How did you...?" Santi began before his eyes found the phone receiver that her hand still rested on. "He called you with his demands, didn't he? He has her already?"

Dulce nodded, tears beginning to well at the bottom of her green eyes. "I will give him what he wants, Santi. I have no choice! It's my mother we're talking about!"

Santiago's expression softened in empathy. He approached Dulce, patting the outside of her heavily muscled arm. He spoke in a quiet, comforting voice as tears rolled down Dulce's pale green cheeks. "You must not give in, chula. If you do, Jefe will kill both you and your mother. You know him. You know he will do this."

Dulce nodded, a choked sob escaping her lips as she realized the truth of his words. With Dulce unable to speak for the moment, Santi continued. "But I know where he will have taken her. I can give you the address of his safehouse in Cartagena."

Dulce's gaze, having fallen to the floor, snapped instantly upward to find Santiago's empathetic face, filled with surprise that was quickly transforming to joy. She grabbed him, lifting him up and hugging him. She planted a huge kiss on his astonished lips.

"Thank you, Santi!" she cried, her face still wet with tears. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

After a moment, she set him down, tears continuing to flow down her face. This time, however, the tears were of gratitude rather than despair. "I will reward you, Santi, I promise. But I have to go now. I know you understand."

"Take care, Dulcita. Be sure to enter from the back, so that they don't see you and kill your mother before you can reach her."

"I will. Thank you so much, Santiago!"

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"Tired, zorra? You should be after what you've been through..." one of Jefe's men said, laughing at Gabriella's naked, bruised form as she lay chained to the wall on a mattress in the corner of the room. "I've never seen a woman your age with tits so firm and a body so tight."

The other men laughed before playing their next cards, tossing more coins into the pot at the center of the table.

A moment later, a massive crash sent a large portion of the back wall of the house flying past them, blasting right through the front wall to send two chunks of wood and drywall skittering across the lawn.

"What the fuck?" cried another man as the team of guards scrambled to rise, fumbling for their AK-47s. Dulce raced into the room, her head swiveling from one side to the other until she saw her mother. She closed the distance in the span of a heartbeat, putting herself between the men and Gabriella just as they began to fire.



Bullets pelting her new dress, ripping holes in it by the dozen, Dulce was unfazed. She walked forward into the hail of gunfire until she reached the men, reaching a huge hand out to grab his gun and squeeze. The man screamed as his hand was crushed along with the metal of his weapon.

Moving her other hand forward, she flicked her fingers into the man's chest, sending him flying into the wall with a heavy thud. A second later, the other two men were similarly incapacitated, their bodies crumpled heaps on the floor.

Dulce turned to her mother, her warm expression quickly turning to horror as she saw a crimson hole in Gabriella's abdomen, blood bubbling to pool over her stomach.

"Oh no! *Mama!*" she cried, realizing that one of the bullets must have ricocheted off her and hit her mother. She rushed to the older woman, placing a large green hand over the wound and cradling Gabriella gently against her mammoth body. She ran through the jagged hole in the back of the house before leaping into the sky toward her compound with a massive burst of power from her trunk-like thighs.

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Dr. Schlaukopf used a small wrench to make some adjustments to his gamma machine when a tremor in the ground shook his hand, sending the wrench clattering to the floor. As he reached down to pick it up, a breathless Dulce smashed through the door to his office, her mother's limp form dangling from her arms.

"Herr Doktor! You must help me. It's my mother!" Dulce's eyes and voice were on the verge of panic.

The scientist's eyes glided over the injured woman's wound dispassionately, and he quickly issued orders. "Set her down on the sofa and fetch my medical equipment from the other room. Quickly!"

Dulce set her gently down on the sofa in the scientist's office, then ran to get the man's supplies. Dr. Schlaukopf took Gabriella's pulse, barely able to feel its weak beat. When Dulce returned with his medical bag, his voice was grim. "Your mother has lost a great deal of blood. She will need a transfusion. Do you have the same blood type?"

Dulce nodded, then quickly offered her arm. Glancing down at its pale green flesh, she blanched, realizing that he would be unable to insert the needle into her arm in her transformed state. Closing her eyes, Dulce gathered herself, taking deep, calming breaths until she began to shrink to her normal size.

As her skin tone changed back to its normal tan, the scientist plunged a needle into her arm, the rest of the makeshift apparatus already set up. When transfusion began to flow, the doctor

poured alcohol over the wound, then removed the bullet with a pair of forceps. Working quickly, he began to stitch the woman's wound as Dulce's blood flowed into her.

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Dulce slumped into a dining room chair, still in her normal form, completely exhausted by the day's events.

"I'm glad she's okay," came a familiar voice from behind her.

Not turning to look, her half-lidded gaze unfocused as she stared into space, Dulce replied. "I'm so thankful that Dr. Schlaukopf was here. But I'm even more thankful for you."

As Santi placed a warm hand on her shoulder, she patted it with her own, finally turning to face him. She rose to her feet and slid her arms around him in a tight embrace, squeezing her eyes shut. The two remained like that for a long moment before Dulce spoke in a quiet voice.

"Thank you, Santi. For everything." When she pulled away to look up into his glassy eyes, she saw wet marks on his shirt from her tears.

He nodded solemnly before his lips quirked into a sly smile, his arms still holding her loosely. "I forgot how small you are in your normal form. I was beginning to think that all I would ever see again is the green amazon version of my little Dulcita!"

A choked laugh bubbled up from Dulce's stomach, and she reached out to cup Santi's cheek affectionately.

"See? If you were doing that in your other form, that hand of yours would be bigger than my entire head!"

Dulce laughed again, her eyes dancing with emotion. "Which version of me do you prefer, Santi?"

He considered his answer for a moment before his grin widened. "Why can't I like both?"

Dulce's face brightened, and she leaned in to kiss him. After a languid, sensual kiss, she withdrew, her long lashes opening to meet his gaze.

"What was that for?" he asked, breathless.

"I promised you a reward, didn't I?" she said with a flirtatious wink.

Suddenly, Santiago's walkie talkie crackled to life. "Santiago? Do you read?" The voice was familiar, causing his stomach to sink. It was Jefe.

Frowning, he released a Dulce, her lips twisting with fury, to answer. He pressed his fingers to her frowning lips to tell her to remain quiet. "I am. Go ahead."

"Santi, I am by the barracks. That bitch took her mother back. Meet me here immediately, so that we can figure out what to do next."

"I'll be right there," replied Santiago with a press of the button, giving Dulce a meaningful look as he said the words.

She transformed immediately, Santi's gaze rose as she grew to her full height, hundreds of pounds of superhumanly powerful muscle rising over the entire length of her awesome physique, rippling as she tensed her powerful body into a state of readiness.

"Guard my mother," she told him, her expression grim as she turned to leave. "I will end this, once and for all."

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Dulce landed just outside the barracks, twin patinas of cracked, dented earth marking the landing spot at the end of her leap. She looked around but saw nothing. The place was eerily quiet. She entered each room of the four barracks but found each completely empty.

Stomach growing queasy, she began to fear the worst. Had this been a ruse to lure her away from her mother once again? Perhaps that was exactly what Jefe had done. Closing her eyes for the briefest of seconds, she prayed that Santiago and her mother were okay.

Launching herself into the sky, she landed just outside the main compound once more, noticing two jeeps at the entrance that hadn't been there before. Her feeling of dread grew more pronounced.

As she walked into the scientist's office where her mother was recovering, her stomach dropped the rest of the way to the floor. It was Jefe. She watched the vile man's features harden with cruel determination as he saw her. He knelt beside her mother, a combat knife to her throat. Santiago was to her left, held by two armed men, his head bloodied, his right eye beginning to swell.

"Oh, my little Dulcita. So nice of you to join us," Jefe said, his lips curling into a predatory smile that left his eyes untouched by even the slightest trace of warmth. "I always knew you were a manipulative little coño, but you've outdone yourself this time."

Dulce's lips twitched at the insult, but she remained calm and unmoving as she attempted to decide on a course of action.

Jefe, sensing her uncertainty, smiled wider. "It wasn't enough that you lived with me in the lap of luxury, was it? I gave you everything you ever asked for, but that wasn't enough for my greedy little whore. No, you felt the need to *steal* from the man who gave you whatever you wanted. From *ME!*" He screamed the final word, his eyes blazing with hatred as the knife quivered against Gabriella's throat as she swallowed nervously.

"You had to take *my POWER!!!*" He was yelling now, his face beet red, spittle flying from his trembling lips.

Gabriella yelped as Jefe clutched her arm more tightly.

"Mama!" Dulce cried, instinctively taking a step toward the older woman. Jefe's knife drew more tightly against Gabriella's throat, denting the flesh of her neck with the sharp blade.

"I'm so sorry," said Dulce, tears welling in her eyes once again as she cursed herself for playing right into Jefe's hands for the second time that day.

Jefe whistled, and a moment later, Dulce heard hardened rubber striking the hardwood floor of the compound as more of his men drew near. They entered the room, dragging the scientist behind them, his face bloodied and beaten.

"Excellent," Jefe said, seeming amused by the abuse the elderly scientist had absorbed. "We are all here now. Herr Doktor, would you be so kind as to drain this green bitch of my powers and return them to their rightful owner?"

Jefe snapped his fingers, and another four men walked in with the gamma machine. As they assembled its tripod in the corner of the room, Jefe turned to Santiago. "I suspected you might be the one to betray me. You've always had a soft spot for little Dulcita here. *You* were the one that told her where we were hiding her mother." He pointed an accusing finger at Santi. "Once I knew where your loyalties were, I used them to my advantage to draw this big green bitch away from her mother and salvage my plan."

Santiago turned to Dulce, his eyes apologetic, his lower lip trembling. "I'm so sorry, Dulce. I couldn't protect your family. I promised your father I would look after you..." His words ceased, his voice choking with emotion.

Dulce's lips trembled. "You never told me," she whispered to him, never knowing about his promise to her father until now.

One of the men holding him punished him for the outburst, hitting him in the head with the butt of his rifle, causing Santi to seize and go limp.

Dulce took a menacing step toward them, her green eyes wild with anger.

“Uh-uh-uh,” warned Jefe, pulling Gabriella’s hair with his free hand, his blade pressing ever deeper into her flesh to cause a dribble of blood to roll down her throat. “Don’t do something you’ll regret...” he cautioned the huge green woman.

Dulce glared at him, flames of hatred flickering in her dark eyes. “I’m going to kill you, Jefe.”

Jefe chuckled. “You’ll do nothing of the sort. Soon you shall be drained of your powers, and they will be mine, just as they should have been to begin with. Then, all of my men will take turns with you and your whore of a mother before I let you go. Consider that the price of breaching our original deal.”

Santiago suddenly jerked into action, his unconsciousness apparently feigned. He punched the gunman who hit him in the face, then turned to grapple with the other man before the guard could aim his weapon. The man he struck initially, however, quickly regained his balance and struck Santi with the butt of his rifle again, dropping Santi to his knees. Dulce’s friend clutched his head in pain. The man grabbed a fistful of Santi’s hair and pulled him to his feet.

Jefe cackled. “Santiago, you fool. You’ve fallen in love with a filthy prostitute, putting your life in danger to receive nothing in return. Don’t you know that the woman has fucked every man here. Except you.”

As Santiago’s vision cleared, he stared at Dulce. She returned his gaze, her eyes trembling as she watched the blood pouring down the side of his face from the deep laceration in his scalp. Tears rolled down Dulce’s cheeks once again, her vision going blurry as she cried. “I’m so sorry, Santi. But he’s so wrong. I slept with those other men as part of my job, nothing more. With you, I always knew it would be different. It would mean something more...”

Jefe gave the man beside Santi a curt nod, and the guard lowered his weapon and fired a dozen rounds into Santiago’s chest.

Dulce screamed a tortured cry as she watched Santiago’s body drop to the floor in horrified disbelief. “I’ll *kill* you, bastardo! You will *die* for this!” she roared at Jefe, her massive muscles taut, cables of sinew snapping into rigidity as she fought for control, knowing her mother’s life was at stake.

Jefe drew the knife across Gabriella’s throat and up the side of her face, leaving a thin trail of blood in its wake as a reminder to Dulce just how vulnerable her mother was at the moment. Pausing with the point of the blade at her temple, a small trickle of blood ran down the side of her face. “I don’t think so, bitch. Not unless you want your mother here to be next.”

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Gabriella winced in pain, her eyes straining to get a glimpse at Santiago’s lifeless body, her muscles battered and skin bruised at the hands of Jefe’s men. Then, she turned her eyes to

Dulce, her heart leaping into her throat as she watched her daughter's anguished cries and horrified expression.

It was too much to bear.

Gabriella felt her clothes begin to tighten across her chest, legs, and arms. She looked down to see the color of her skin begin to change. Thick cords of muscle snaked over her limbs, Chiseled bricks rose from her abdomen. Her body continued to expand, huge swells of incredible power rippling over her increasingly powerful form.

The woman gasped, powerful feelings of intense pleasure surging through her body. Was this how her daughter had felt as she received all this delicious strength? She shuddered, curling her fingers into fists as the muscles of her forearms thickened with every beat of her rapidly thudding heart. The sensations flowing through her body were dizzying, sending thrills through her by the second.

Jefe jammed his knife into her head, but it couldn't penetrate her green flesh.

Gabriella let out an anguished scream as she whirled to glower at her assailant, her rapidly swelling biceps filling with unthinkable power. Reaching out her hand, she grabbed Jefe by the throat and pulled him off the ground. Her body continued to ascend, the man who had seemed so intimidating before becoming ever smaller in comparison to her expanding frame as it added the better part of a meter in height.

Jefe's eyes filled with terror as he clutched vainly at her hand, his kicking feet rising ever higher above the concrete floor of the compound. Her angry eyes bore into his as she squeezed her increasingly powerful fingers.

Basking in the feelings, Gabriella felt her strength continuing to multiply as sumptuous swells of feminine sinew rippled with inhuman might over the entire surface of her ultra-chiseled body. Definition exploded through her legs as they gained mass, deep grooves carving the tissue within her engorged thighs and hardening calves. She could barely feel Jefe's efforts to break free now, his body feeling weaker than that of a child to her. She could dominate his best efforts with laughable ease.

Jefe choked and gurgled under the pressure of her grip. He shuddered, his eyes bulging as her powerful fingers completely cut off his oxygen supply.

Jefe's remaining men, stunned momentarily by the unexpected turn of events, exchanged looks before raising their rifles. They fired at Gabriella, but the bullets were no more effective against her than they had been against Dulce.

Gabriella continued to strangle the man who had tormented both her and her daughter as Dulce leapt into action, swinging her large green hands into Jefe's men with all of her strength, their bodies flying into walls and out windows as she ended their lives.

As the life left Jefe's eyes, his body twitching twice before going limp, Gabriella threw his lifeless form into two men, the force of the impact smashing them into the opposing wall with a loud crunch. She ran forward, kneeing one man in the head, his neck snapping with the contact. She grabbed another by the skull and flung him into the jungle, his spine cracking as it smashed into a tree.

A few seconds later, all of Jefe's men were dead.

Sadness filling each woman's eyes, they embraced, their huge bodies clasped together as their shoulders began to rise and fall with sobs.

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The following day, after a brief visit to the funeral home to see Santiago's despondent parents, Dulce sat in her office, staring out the window. Dulce's assistant entered the open door after a hesitant knock on the door frame.

"What is it?" Dulce asked her gaze still on the horizon through the window.

"Um, ma'am, there is someone here to see you," the young woman informed the cartel's new leader.

"Send them away," Dulce said flatly. "I don't want to see anyone right now."

"I told him already, but he is insisting."

Dulce flipped through possible visitors in her mind before remembering Agent Johnson. "Is it an American?"

Her young assistant nodded. "It is."

"Alright," Dulce sighed. "I'll be right there."

Wondering why the DEA agent would be visiting her here, Dulce rose from her seat to the entry room. As she rounded the corner, however, she saw that her caller was not Agent Johnson after all, but someone she didn't recognize.

At her approach, the man smiled, rising to his feet and extending a hand. Dulce shook it as he introduced himself.

“It’s very nice to meet you. I’m Bruce,” he said with a warm smile. “Dr. Bruce Banner.”