

DAY 41

Jane grunted and groaned as she tried and failed once more to swing the heavy garbage bag into the smelly dumpster. With an eight hour shift nearing completion, fatigue was quickly setting in over the poor woman's body. She coughed, the putrid smell of the back alley interrupting her gasps for air, hindering her further attempts at the trash shot.

Eventually, she found some semblance of stamina and attempted once more to chuck the garbage bag in just to be done with it. Readying her stance, she swung the bag around her, doing her best impression of an olympic throwing event, before using the centripetal force to launch the plastic bag away. Unfortunately for her, she didn't aim very well.

The bag struck the sharp lip of the dumpster, splitting in two and spraying garbage everywhere. Jane froze up in disgust as she could feel flecks of it hitting her skin. The alley somehow smelled even worse now.

Tears began to well up between her wispy lashes, an all-to-common occurrence over the past twenty days. Accepting defeat, Jane collapsed backwards towards the opposing brick wall, no longer finding the wherewithal to stand upright. A terse sigh escaped her plain lips. How did things fall so far for her?

Just 41 days ago, she had a normal life. It wasn't perfect, but she'd give anything to return to the sense of normalcy it offered. When she had first gotten together with Carl, he had convinced her to quit her steady job and become a freelance artist, assuring her that he'd always be by her side to provide a steady income if hard times fell upon her. Well, those very times had befallen her and Carl was nowhere in her life.

He was a big shot superhero now, growing more powerful by the day. Carl also had a new, burgeoning relationship with Kate, her best friend who also wanted nothing to do with Jane now that she too was super. The poor girl was left to pick up odd jobs at fast food restaurants just to pay the bills. It simply wasn't fair! What had she done in her life to deserve such a cruel fate!?

It didn't help that Jack, the only person who could possibly understand her pain, had gone down a dangerous rabbit hole in his life. He was hellbent on finding a similar meteorite to the one Kate and Carl had touched, becoming a nomadic grifter who travelled from town to town based on meteorologist patterns. He didn't even care about Jane as a person. He just wanted his old wife back.

Jane wasn't sure what she wanted. Part of her desired revenge for the world's two newest superheroes ruining her life, but she also craved what Carl possessed between those legs of his. The corrupting desire hadn't left her mind, even 26 days later. Her anxiety peaked with the thought of never feeling it between her legs ever again.

Reluctantly ready to return to her life of mediocrity, she returned to her feet. Her annoying boss was probably going to shout at her for taking too long with the garbage. But just as she reached for the side door of the restaurant, a blinding flash of yellow light knocked her back down onto her rear.

Blinking her eyes rapidly to offset stunned irises, Jane took a good look at whatever had decimated the despised dumpster before her.

Her jaw dropped. She must've been dreaming. *That blinding whiteness was a nuke that wiped out humanity and this was the afterlife*, Jane thought.

Before her was a meteorite, nearly identical to the one that Kate and Carl had touched. The one that had started the sharp and steady decline in her life. Her eyes narrowed as she slowly approached the mystical asteroid. The familiar amber crystalline called out to her, unclear as to whether or not it was her mind finally succumbing to insanity.

A trembling hand reached forward, inching ever closer to its prize. Jane wasn't even sure if the same results could be expected, but at this point she had nothing left to lose.

"Jane! Wait! Stop!" A familiar voice cried out from behind her. Her entire body paused, leaving her only head active as it turned to face her caller.

It was Jack.

He looked panicked and disheveled. After only fifteen days out on the lamb, he looked like he had been homeless for over a year. Curly, uneven beard hairs took over a great deal of his tired face and much the same could be said about the veins in his bloodshot eyes.

"Please, don't touch that meteorite without me! If we touch it together, we could match Carl and Kate in power! Wouldn't that be great!?"

He was sounding more unhinged with every word. The nervous, unsure woman's first instinct was to trust the one person who had stood by her side through these difficult times, but at the same time, Jack hadn't been there for her lately. What if he touched it before she tried to? That was a scenario she simply couldn't risk.

She wasn't going to be left behind again.

Before he could approach, Jane placed an open palm on the foreign rock, staring him down with her hurt face the entire time. But her expression was quickly turned into shock as she appeared to be struck by some sort of static electricity from the meteor.

At that point, all Jack could do was fall to his knees in defeat. Another opportunity to reunite with the love of his life had been squandered. Meteorites of that significance only fell every couple thousand years. He'd likely never get his chance ever again.

But then, to Jack's surprise, Jane walked over and comforted him. His crestfallen head placed firmly on her smooth stomach, a sense of confused comfort fell over his body. With puppy dog eyes longingly looking upwards at Jane like a follower to a messiah, his mind was more conflicted than ever.

"Don't worry, Jack. I may not approve of you leaving me for so long, but I promise I won't leave you like Kate did. We... We can still make this work."

He wasn't sure he believed her, but what other choice did he have?

DAY 42

Upon waking up the next morning, Jack was already surprised to see how fast Jane was progressing in her transformation.

On Kate's first day post-meteorite, the effects were largely negligible. Jack recalled her stamina improving slightly and her beauty becoming ever more present, with her breasts filling out alongside her waist.

Jane was already flying.

Jack's head rose ever higher in disbelief as his eyes locked in with Jane's, his jaw trembling at her already tantalizing form. She was once the smallest member of their friend group, but that looked to be already changing.

With the morning sun peering through the window, reflecting off the back of her like a cascading halo, her enhanced body already appearing holy in sight.

"Wh-what... *ahem* what are you doing up... *there*?" Jack sputtered, barely able to squeeze his words out upon gazing at the sculpted musculature that was growing upon her body.

"Oh, y'know..." Jane responded casually. "Just flipped a pancake a bit too hard this morning and now it's stuck to the ceiling."

Jack hadn't even noticed. He was so overtaken by her new beauty that he had never stopped to ask why Jane was actually on the ceiling.

"But I'm not too worried," she continued, and Jack could tell. Now that she had powers, her anxiety seemed all but gone. "Now that I can fly to work instead of relying on the shitty transit we have, I can focus more time on the two of us!"

With that, the roof pancake was flipped back on to the pan where it belonged and Jane came back down to the floor.

With both of them on ground level, Jack was able to get a better look at the new height disparity between him and Jane. Jane was a rather mousy girl in both size and stature before today, being a measly 4'10 and slouching often, she was often lost in a crowd. But now, she was far beyond the five foot margin, her longer legs and firmer stomach giving her a six inch boost in height. A boost in confidence from the power-up also meant she was slouching less. Now the top of her head was at Jack's chin and he knew that such a discrepancy wouldn't last by tomorrow.

"You want me to fly you to work too, Jack?"

"Uh... well, about that..."

A curious brow rose on Jane's prettier face.

"I lost my job hunting down that meteorite."

He expected to be reprimanded by the supergirl for his admittedly shitty behavior, but no such recourse came. Instead, Jane brought him into another loving hug.

"Don't worry about it, Jack. Things are different now. You can stay with me as long as you'd like."

Jack returned the hug, but he detected an unmistakable sense of lust behind the sweet words of Jane. He had a feeling of dread towards what lay ahead in his future after work.