

# Sister Sin: Sexy Superheroine

**For Anonymous**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Three men develop superpowers and use them to fight crime with the small trade off that in order to use them, they must transform into sexy women.*

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“The metamorphic gene is quite rare, even rarer still when we find a person who can activate it.” Dr. Bell smiled as he led the three of them down the hall. “Having three volunteers all test positive in the same week...well, it’s unheard of!”

He was smiling widely and John couldn’t blame him, he was feeling pretty excited himself. It wasn’t every day you got to become a superhero. It had been about two hundred years since people randomly started to develop unusual power sets and there seemed little rhyme or reason for who got special powers and what they were. The abilities ranged from the mundane to the fantastical; super speed to controlling dairy with their minds and everything in between.

It was only a matter of time and science until humans figured out it was a special dominant gene that seemed to appear totally randomly; two people with the metamorphic gene were not guaranteed to have a child with it, it really did seem completely up to fate. And rare. Very rare. Yet not so uncommon that meta powers didn’t become a problem.

With a slew of new powers, came super powered crimes and of course the government couldn’t stand by and let that happen. So the Super Hero Initiative was formed aligned with a special government agency to find and activate people’s metamorphic genes to work as heroes. John had always secretly hoped he was one of the lucky few so when a branch office had opened up not far from his boring office job he couldn’t resist going in to get tested.

Imagine his surprise when he came out positive! Now here he was, along with these other two gentlemen; a reedy, meek fellow named Bruce and a young, bespoke dressed man named Henry. The latter of which was polishing his expensive looking glasses as they entered the room at the end of the hall.

John wasn't sure what he had been expecting but it wasn't a very normal looking gym. There was a slew of equipment from balance beams to weights, but otherwise there was nothing special about it.

"Now, we will activate your metamorphic gene for the first time!" Dr. Bell smiled, reaching into his coat pocket and producing a small box.

Inside were three rings bearing the silver shield that was a symbol of the Hero Agency. Henry picked it up lightly, pulling a face.

"A signet ring? A little gaudy too..."

John rolled his eyes; a man who wore an Armani suit everywhere would only be thinking about how the ring looked, rather than the practical purpose. Why would a rich guy want to be a hero in the first place?

"How will a ring make me into a superhero?" Bruce asked timidly, taking it and slipping it onto his finger.

"If you press down on the signet," Dr. Bell explained, "You will receive a special burst of modified adrenaline, this will activate your power and likely result in some degree of physical transformation. We will then discover what your unique power is and design a costume to help disguise your appearance."

John nodded; some heroes had wildly transformed bodies. The Huntress, one of the city's biggest heroes, was covered almost head to toe in black fur to match her feline appearance. Whereas Slash, her partner, was a man whose only real change was the ability to grow his fingernails as long as he pleased and change their composition. He required a full on mask and elaborate costume to hide his identity. John wasn't sure what kind of change he was hoping for; more than anything he just wanted to know what his power was. There were so many options he could never guess.

Eagerly he slipped the ring over his finger and grinned down at it, glancing to his two companions who met his eye; Bruce eagerly, Henry with some trepidation before all three of them pushed down. There was a sting for a moment as John felt the adrenaline enter his system and then a rush. It was like being on a rollercoaster except stationary. He could feel his body reacting on the inside, almost like his blood was boiling and bubbling in his veins but without any pain.

Then the changes started.

They were all so quick, happening almost instantaneously. He was sure from the outside the whole process took less than thirty seconds but to John the world seemed to shift into slow motion and he was able to take in each and every one of them. Which turned out to be equal parts blessing and curse.

He'd been expecting bulging muscles, new limbs, maybe even scales or feathers; not breasts. Certainly not huge, H cup giant breasts and a pair of wide hips to match. So wide in fact that his pants were stretched to the limit within a second and tearing one moment later.

Next to him, Bruce was in even more dire straits. The tiny man had almost doubled in height and weight as rippling muscles formed over his entire body. While Henry exploded into a small cloud of feathers; it was chaos incarnate.

John winced as he felt something burning into his back, he twisted to try and see but only ended up overbalancing and falling onto his newly inflated rump. His whole body had changed shape; he'd call himself bottom heavy were it not for the huge rack he now possessed. His blonde hair had turned dark and long and his breath left him in shock as he felt his cock swallowed up inside him and replaced it with something softer and wet.

It took a moment for the change to settle and when it finally did he looked down at himself and to his new companions; unsure of who had gotten the rawest deal. They were all quite different but one thing was the same across all three of them; they were now all women.

"Well..." Dr Bell blinked, "That's certainly a surprise."

"I'll say..." Bruce breathed, turning on his toes and stretching out his now thick limbs in surprise.

He was almost seven feet tall now, a woman of rippling muscles and strength; an Amazonian. He was also entirely naked. What remained of Bruce's clothes now in total tatters on the floor, something he didn't seem to have noticed or if he had, he didn't care. Oddly, he smiled.

"This is...woah, I think I know my power." He chuckled, walking over to the heavy set of dumbbells and picking them up in one hand with ease. "Super strength! Awesome!"

“Did you uh, maybe want some clothes?” Dr Bell offered timidly and Bruce blinked, looking down at himself.

“Oh yes, that’s probably a good idea.”

He still didn’t sound bothered; John got the distinct impression Bruce had never been more proud of his body image and he was almost jealous; he wished he could come to terms with this as quickly. He wanted to be a superhero not a busty woman! At least Bruce seemed to have developed super strength along with his change; all he had, far as he could tell, was a super ‘bust’. If that’s all he wanted he could have gotten plastic surgery!

He opened his mouth to complain but Henry beat him to it and after looking over at the (former) man, John suddenly felt a lot better about himself. Henry was coated in feathers, his features now sharp and hawk like. His arms now converted into a pair of delicate looking wings.

“Fascinating.” Dr. Bell breathed, “All three of you as well, the odds are...astronomical. There must be something at play here, a link between your metamorphic genes perhaps?”

“Wha-what am I?!” Henry screeched, his voice making the rest of them wince.

He was trying to look at himself but the long feathers that now coated his arms kept getting in the way. His build was waifish, with long purple hair interspersed with yet more feathers and long arms that doubled as wings and ended with talon like nails. It reminded John of something he’d seen once as a kid in his ancient history books.

“A harpy!” Bruce snapped his fingers in recognition, “that’s pretty unique!”

“Unique!? UNIQUE!?” Henry screamed, his voice getting higher with each word, “I am supposed to be a hero not a monster!!”

The last word carried, and his voice took on a painful edge as a sonic screen escaped from his lips, it hit the wall just inches to Henry’s side and caused the wall to crack. A moment later Henry was coughing and spluttering, rubbing at his neck and wincing; the ability had been short, but potent and clearly not something he could easily do again.

“I look like a freak, he rasped, a *female* freak!”

“But what a power!” Dr Bell said brightly, “judging by that husk in your voice it may not be something you can do often but between that and the wings you’re quite powerful already!”

Henry rounded on him.

“And female! Fe-male. A woman! This is not what I signed up for!”

He was panicking, pacing back and forth as Dr. Bell tried to calm him.

“You can change back easily enough, you’ll pick it up and hey, no need for a mask at least! Nobody will ever recognise you.”

Henry bit his lip and gave the man a withering look, for a second it sounded like he was going to say more but somehow held his tongue. The fact that Henry’s throat was probably raw from that sonic scream was probably the biggest reason why.

“Well, what about me?” John asked finally, holding out his arms. “No super strength here, no wings, just a woman’s body. What the hell sort of metamorphic gene power is this?”

“Maybe you can change gender at will?” Dr Bell theorised, “Or perhaps there is some sort of secondary power at play yet to be discovered, not all meta powers are obvious at first glance. Perhaps you should try out a bit of the equipment in here. We may discover a power.”

John hated how he said ‘we’ as if Dr Bell had anything to do with it. He looked over jealousy at Bruce who was still playing with the weights, tossing them in the air and grinning ear to ear; he wished his power was so obvious. Even Henry, who seemed to be taking the whole turning into a woman thing the hardest, had obvious powers.

John did his best to experiment, he tried lifting weights and running fast but nothing seemed to trigger. He couldn’t float, or breathe under water or anything. The only reward for his exertion was a stupid amount of sweat.

“Women never mention how sweaty underboobs can get.” He groaned as he towelled himself off.

Henry was pouting, sitting as curled up as his bird form would allow on the other side of the room. He didn't seem like he wanted to be disturbed.

"You seem to be taking this pretty well." John sighed, flopping down on the ground as Bruce continued to giggle, throwing the heavy weight up and down as though it were light as a feather.

"Yeah, well, who doesn't love a big, tough, buff woman?" He grinned, "I have super strength and I get to be hot. It's sort of win-win."

"And you don't care about your masculinity? Your pride?" John blinked.

Bruce shrugged.

"Again, have you *seen me*?" He threw back his head and laughed, "and even if I did, who would ever believe reedy little Bruce could become *this*?"

He had a point.

"At least you have a power." John pouted, "I got a female body and that's sort of it."

"There must be more to it." Bruce said thoughtfully, "I felt sort of drawn to this stuff, maybe just take a moment and move toward what feels natural?"

He shrugged, it was worth a shot. He looked around the room, trying to see if anything called to him. It was only for a moment but he felt his eyes lock on the gymnastics equipment and weapon racks; it wasn't much to go on but it was something.

Curious and slightly sceptical, John approached the balance beam—a long, narrow wooden plank elevated a few feet above the ground. He cautiously stepped onto it, arms outstretched for stability. As he began to traverse the beam, an astonishing transformation took place. A subtle yet profound shift occurred within him. His movements became fluid, his posture refined, and an unparalleled grace seemed to envelop him. Despite his huge curves, he had no issues keeping himself straight backed. He felt as sure footed off the ground as he did on it. Experimentally he jumped, feeling his butt and breasts rise and fall with the movement, yet there was no strain or pain.

"I feel... different," John murmured, surprised by the newfound ease in his movements.

He stood up on his toes and leapt, landing on one foot with ease and despite himself a grin split across his features; balance, superhuman balance. Not the most flashy of powers, but it was something. He continued to follow Bruce's advice, looking around the room to see if anything else caught his eye. As if responding to an instinct he never knew existed, John spotted a coiled whip and a lasso nearby. Without hesitation, he reached for them, feeling an inexplicable connection. With an almost eerie precision, he cracked the whip through the air, the sound echoing through the gym, and expertly wielded the lasso, twirling it effortlessly around makeshift targets.

"Bruce, look at this!" John exclaimed, a mix of awe and exhilaration in his voice. "I can do this! It's like I was meant to handle these."

Bruce watched in astonishment as John displayed a mastery over the whip and lasso that surpassed anything he had witnessed before. The accuracy and finesse with which John handled the tools were beyond human capability.

"John, you've got it! Your power isn't just about balance—it's about precision, poise, and dexterity. You have superhuman coordination!" Bruce exclaimed, unable to contain his excitement.

John threw back his head and giggled; a strange feeling of exhilaration filling him. There was something else, he was sure, some other power lurking beneath his new skin that was yet to be discovered but for now, at least he had something.

"See? Told you there had to be more to you than a big butt and a fabulous bust!" Bruce grinned and John felt a tingle in the back of his mind.

He was sure there was something else there, he just couldn't reach it. Still, it seemed like it was enough for Dr Bell to be satisfied.

"We'll have you here every two days for training, then once we're sure you are up for it we will start talking about costumes and a work roster." He explained.

Despite the strangeness of his new situation and body John felt that spark of excitement once more. It might not be exactly how he had planned it, but at least he was still going to be a hero. It paid well too and helped offset taxes. Though his hopes of impressing the ladies with his new status were sadly dashed.

“Do we have to?” Henry asked quietly, “I’m not sure I want this anymore.”

“The contract you signed for the activation of your metamorphic gene was quite clear.” Dr Bell said sternly, “You’re in this for at least a year, unless you want a lawsuit on your hands.”

Henry pouted once more and he sighed reluctantly.

“That’s what I thought.”

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When he got home that night, in borrowed clothes no less thanks to his change tearing the ones he’d worn, John felt conflicted. While Henry seemed to loathe their female bodies and Bruce was ecstatic, he was somewhere in the middle.

What little boy didn’t dream of being a superhero; it was a childlike fantasy until just a few weeks ago when his doctor confirmed he had the metamorphic gene. His head had filled with images of him flying through the sky, a beautiful woman he’d just saved clutched in his arms. Fame, fortune, power; they would have all been his, not to mention the massive confidence boost being super powered was supposed to give him.

His powers were so simple; that in itself was slightly disappointing but he could live with it. But the body? Could he really go out there fighting crime when he was all tits and ass?

He stripped down to just his ring and pressed the button, feeling his body change in an instant, almost like a full body sneeze. One minute he was his normal self, the next a busty woman with curves that were borderline impossible on her frame. He didn’t own a full length mirror, what man did? So he had to settle for his bathroom sink.

He looked over his new curves with an analytical eye; they seemed to defy gravity and had a roundness with no sag whatsoever. His face was sharp; his features fierce. If he walked past the woman reflected back at him in the street he’d never dream of messing with her, even if he didn’t realise she was super powered. He had an aura about him, a power that seemed to dominate.



John felt his lips quirk; maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.

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The more time passed, the more comfortable John became with changing; it felt like slipping into a second skin. His alter ego (he hadn't come up with a name yet) felt like a distinctly different person and in a way it was sort of refreshing.

Back in college he'd had a friend majoring in the arts explain the idea of 'doctor theatre' to him. The idea being that no matter how crap you were feeling, the moment you stepped out on stage and became somebody else, all those issues seemed to melt away. Turning into his super powered woman form seemed to have the same effect. It was almost refreshing to go to the gym each day and work on his skill set with Bruce, if only Henry felt the same way.

"I want to train alone." He complained, "I'll pay for a private slot if I have to."

But no matter how much he pleaded, nothing would convince Dr Bell. He wanted them all together for whatever reason and so Henry worked on his gliding at the corner of the room and staunchly ignored them.

They had been in training for a few weeks, practising using their new powers against one another and a few other low level heroes when Dr Bell called them into his office.

"A team?"

Henry didn't sound enthused or impressed by the idea.

"Three new women, all fighting side by side, it would be great for publicity." Dr Bell smiled, "And such diverse ones too, a harpy, a hulking muscle girl and..."

he paused for a moment.

"A more conventionally busty woman." He added finally.

"You want to parade us around as a publicity stunt." Henry said sourly, "that doesn't sound like hero work. Not real hero work."

“On the contrary, we want you on shift tonight!” Dr Bell smiled. “We've been having the super suit department observe you and they have made up some simple costumes to get you started. Obviously we will tailor them to you more as time goes on but thankfully, since we don't need to worry about hiding your identities, we can start simple and build from there.

Dr Bell pressed a button on his desk and a section of the wall spun around so rapidly John could feel the wind on his face. What had been a shelf of books seconds ago was now a display containing three outfits, though the term ‘outfits’ was probably a bit generous in the case of the first.

A fur styled skirt with a heavy metal belt and midriff top that only covered one shoulder. It's only adornments being a necklace of heavy metal looking discs. The second was little more than a leotard, bright green and obviously built for Henry's waifish body to contrast against some of his purple feathers. The last a slick black full body leotard with a thin belt covered in hooks, obviously designed for holding whips and tools. At first glance, John thought he'd gotten off easy with the more conservative outfit, then he took into account how skin tight it would be and blushed; he may as well walk around naked.

“I can't wear that!” Henry gasped, “there is barely anything there at all!”

“Exactly, you need to be as aerodynamic as possible to aid in your gliding, since you haven't figured out how to fly yet.”

Henry bit his lip and his face turned red.

“Plus, anything too flashy might catch on your feathers.”

Henry looked like he was trying very hard to come up with another reason why the leotard was a bad idea but was stumped.

“How am I going to fight in such a short skirt?” Bruce asked, “I don't mind the outfit really but I don't really want to be flashy fur underwear at everybody every time I need to kick some ass.”

“It's made of a special custom material.” Dr. Bell explained, “It's gravitational pull has been expertly modified thanks to the grain and cut of the skirt-”

He kept going on and John started to zone out, all that seemed important was that somehow, no matter the angle of the skirt it would always somehow cover Bruce modesty; apparently. Or at least Dr Bell explained it with such confidence he seemed to think so. John had always wondered why so many female heroes wore mini skirts on the field of battle and how the camera never managed to accidentally upskirt them in photos; even if it was windy out.

“For you John, we kept everything simple and skin tight to allow you maximum flexibility and added a simple utility belt. It's a tad boring I am afraid but I am sure once you pick names and start stopping crimes we can add some little bits of flair. Go on, try them on!”

They each took their gifted costumes down the hall to the bathroom and John took a deep breath before stripping down and pulling on the skin tight panties that had been provided. Surprisingly, there didn't seem to be a bra at all which he found odd, until he realised the inside of his jumpsuit seemed to be sculpted.

He pulled the soft, stretching material up his legs, feeling it hug him like a second skin, cinching his middle and sculpting his breasts into even more perfect spheres. He expected the suit to be tight and uncomfortable but to the contrary, it almost felt like he was wearing nothing at all. He kicked a few times experimentally and grinned; this was actually happening! He was going to do hero work!

With his head held high he walked out of the bathroom to meet the others; Bruce was strutting around proudly, flexing his biceps and admiring himself in the mirror; clearly loving every second. Henry on the other hand looked nervous, standing awkwardly in the corner blushing and trying to hide his mostly naked body from sight behind the feathers.

“Just one year...” he whispered to himself.

John felt pity looking at Henry. Maybe it was the fact that he looked like a thin, scared young woman now but he felt compelled to try and comfort him.

“I like your feathers.” He tried awkwardly, “I know this isn't exactly what we imagined but...I think being a harpy would be really fun.”

“Yeah well. It isn't.” Henry spat, turning his back on them and stalking out of the bathroom, back toward the office.

Bruce just shrugged.

“At least you tried.”

John followed, still eager for his first night on the job but he couldn't shake the feeling that there was something else going on with their harpy friend.

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John was buzzing with excitement; this was it; his first night on the job. Granted he was a little more scantily clad than he imagined but it was still something. Henry had split off from the two of them, gliding between buildings on patrol while he and Bruce rode in a nondescript black car listening to the police radio. John had to admit, he was a bit sad the concept of fancy, gadget filled, themed cars for each hero were one of the things still kept to comic books. Then again, what would his car even look like? A giant whip? Just the mental image made him giggle.

When the call finally came in both and and Bruce sat up straight in their seats; a jewellery store was being robbed downtown, the police in the area were caught up and so it was up to them.

“This is it!” Bruce grinned, “I finally get to kick some ass! For the first time in my life!”

He was practically bouncing up and down in his seat like a kid. John tried his hardest not to look at the way the muscular woman's body shifted and moved, which was hard seeing as Bruce was a full foot and a half taller than him. Which put his face right at chest height.

They pulled up down the street and jumped out, John glanced up and saw Henry perched at the edge of the building, half hidden in the moonlight. The alarm was blaring but the shop was empty, the windows completely smashed with several empty display cases, but no sign of the thieves. A short whistle had John looking up at Henry who Silently pointed toward an alley across the street from the store before diving gracefully off the roof to glide across the street.

“Let's do this!” Bruce yelled, all of Henry's stealth and subtly lost in an instant as the towering amazonian ran toward the alley with John trailing after, heart pounding with a mixture of nerves and excitement.

As they raced in, John arrived just in time to see three men frantically piling bags of stolen goods into a car. Bruce ran forward, a battle cry on his lips as he raised one of his mighty

fists in the air and brought it down on the hood of the car; smashing it. Even John blinked in surprise; suddenly aware of how the busty woman could break him in two like a twig. The men scattered, the fastest abandoning his comrades in seconds as he made a mad dash toward the next street over.

"I'll get him!" Henry called, gliding after the man before gracefully flipping in mid air and slamming a taloned foot down on his back.

Bruce had another, the biggest and burliest of the group, locking in a fist fight which just left on for John. His target was already scampering away, looking terrified as he hauled a single sack of jewels over his back. John dashed after him, feeling lighter on his feet than ever before. He could feel his tits bouncing despite the sculpting built into his costume and for some reason it brought a smile to his face. He felt oddly powerful and his perfect sense of balance meant he could run on the tips of his toes so fast it was almost like flying.

The sound of metal clinking on the ground pricked his ears and he spun into a dimly lit alley. His gaze narrowed upon seeing the thief frantically stuffing precious stones into his bag which had fallen open while he was fleeing. Without hesitation, he grabbed the black whip at his side and couldn't resist cracking it against the masonry of the building and making the thief jump in surprise.

The thief froze, a bead of sweat trickling down his temple. His confident facade crumbled, replaced by a blend of fear for a moment before he hardened. In a split second, he lunged for a nearby pipe to wield like a club. John expected fear but instead he was given a surge of confidence, expertly dodging and weaving out of the way each time the man swung for him. He bent over backwards, arching his back and kicking out his leg to slam against the man's chin and send him reeling. The pose made no sense, his whole body was basically balanced on a single foot, yet his powers kept him perfectly poised and he snapped back up to standing with ease. It was almost like dancing; though his curves gave it an erotic edge. Strangely though, he didn't mind, in fact he was almost having fun.

With a flick of his wrist he sent the whip flying, wrapping the tip around the pipe and sending the makeshift weapon clattering to the ground.

With a surge of desperation, the thief charged, throwing wild punches, each aimed to strike at John's perceived weak points. He moved with practised finesse, his body dancing and weaving around the man with ease and he shot out a leg to knock him off balance. Whips lashed out like lightning, deflecting and countering with lethal precision, they cracked and snapped in the air making it feel electric. Once his assailant was tired enough John knew it was time to go in for the kill. His whips coiled around the thief, ensnaring his limbs in

a calculated flurry. The leather cords tightened, restricting his movements despite his frantic struggles.

There it was again, that tingle in the back of his brain. He tightened his grip and pulled the criminal in close. The words came to him without thought;

“Confess your sins.” He commanded in his most domineering tone.

The thief shivered and John felt some sort of compulsion pass from him to the man before he was seemingly forced to reply.

“I jack off to anime girls!” He cried, face turning beet red.

“Naughty, naughty. John wiggled a finger at him. “Time to be punished.”

He picked up a second whip and began to go to town; his perfect aim and control allowed him to apply just the right amount of force to both hurt and pleasure at the same time before finally delivering a swift kick to the temple and knocking the man out just in time for Bruce to appear around the corner, his own charge tied up and hefted over his shoulder. The other thief looked horrified at what he was witnessing and clearly a little embarrassed at the confession he must have heard. He wiggled free as Bruce gave a cry of surprise and grabbed for him, just barely missing the collar of his shirt.

“W-what the hell?” The other thief stammered, “What sort of fucking heroes are you?!”

John strutted toward him, enjoying the subtle sway of his hips as he did so and leaned forward.

“Now, it's your turn, but I am a merciful woman. Would you rather fight me...or her?”

Behind him John felt the looming shadow of Bruce cracking his knuckles; the thief dropped to his knees.

“I surrender.”

John smirked.

“That’s what I thought.”

“Aw, and I was just starting to have fun.” Bruce complained before picking both their criminals up by the scruff of their necks and dragging them back toward their car.

Henry was waiting, alongside several police cars and a very terrified, scratched up looking thief. Despite his best efforts, John could see a proud smile threatening to move across the harpy’s face. They had done it! Their first job!

Suddenly there was a microphone in his face and a reporter who’d had far too much plastic surgery was grinning at him. John had been so preoccupied with handing over the criminals to the police he’d not even seen the press arrive.

“That was quite the display ladies, always exciting to see new heroes on the block!” He beamed, camera behind his shoulder rolling, “what can we call you all?”

“Boudica.” Bruce said instantly, giving the man a grin and clapping one of his giant, Amazonian hands down on his shoulder. “Strongest lady this side of the planet I’d say!”

John longed for Bruce’s confidence, and his creativity with names; his mind was drawing a blank.

“I’m Harpy.” Henry said coolly, clearly not bothered by simplicity. He took a step back and flapped his wings a few times to give him the lift needed to clamber up the walls and onto the rooftop.

Great, now it was just the two of them. Way to make a great first impression on the press.

“And what about you?” The reporter asked, leaning in close.

John could feel that tingle again, the ability to compel those in his power to confess their most secretive sins and desires. A smile spread across his face and he let his eyes become lidded.

“Sister Sin.” He said smoothly.

“Sister S-sin?” The report spluttered, “That’s...quite an adult name.”

“I’m a very adult lady.” John chuckled, finding it surprisingly easy to fall into his new persona while it was developing in real time.

Watching the man’s cheeks turn a bright shade of pink brought him more joy than it should have. For the first time, John grasped just how much freedom this new body was going to give him. There was no chance anybody would ever connect Sister Sin, the naughty nun superhero, with boring old John. He could be whatever he wanted to be.

He was going to have to have a chat with the costume department.

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John grinned, posing before the mirror; the costuming department had made the alterations he asked for and they were *fabulous*. His boring, skin tight jumpsuit had been traded in for an equally tight leotard, thigh high socks, arm length gloves and a short skirt and headdress. All themed in nun black and white; he looked like a sexy nun on her way to a Halloween party. Well, except for the whips and lassos; those added an extra layer of sex appeal.

He couldn’t wait to test it out, between Boudica’s strength and his intimidating presence they barely even had to fight anymore. Once he got a rope around them and started forcing criminals to confess their deepest sins and desires aloud, people seemed a lot less keen to fight them for some reason.

All in all, things were going great! They were slowly making a name for themselves as a small crime unit and earning a decent pay from the Agency. Things would be perfect if it weren’t for one little thing; Henry.

Harpy was gaining quite the reputation as the cool customer of the group. She never spoke to the press more than a word or two and frequently signed off as soon as possible. Half the time it seemed like she only fought people because they were there and rarely actually found anything on patrol. John was beginning to suspect Henry wasn’t even looking when he glided from rooftop to rooftop. He barely ever turned up for training either. The man was a grey cloud to their silver lining and frankly, it was starting to piss John off.

They were in the gym training when things finally boiled over. Boudica, who frequently spent most of her time transformed to the point that it was easy to forget she was really a man, was throwing discs for John to whip out of the air. Henry was supposed to be practising his gliding as well, dodging the discs that John whipped his way but instead he just sat on one of the high perches in the gym, ignoring them unless one came his way.



“Harpy c’mon! You have to at least try!” Boudica called out, Henry knocked a disc away and ignored three more.

“It’s Henry. Harpy is for the press and internet.” He pouted.

“Why even bother.” Boudica sighed, “I’m going to get a drink, you try and get him down.”

Henry scoffed, lazily floating down to the ground and making for the door at the other side of the gym and John scowled.

“Why sign up?” John asked finally, feeling frustrated, “you don’t seem like the hero type frankly, did you just want fame and fortune and now you’re stuck with an ‘embarrassing’ power and forced to use it to help people?”

Henry’s expression darkened and for a second he thought the man might actually punch him but then, to his surprise, he just sighed and sat down on the bench looking defeated.

“I already have all the money I could want.” He indicated to the expensive watch on his wrist. “My family has been wealthy for as long as I can remember.”

“So you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth.” John raised an eyebrow, did this guy seriously expect him to feel *sorry* for him for being born rich?

“Yeah.” Henry smiled sadly, “I had everything handed to me and when I didn’t and I had to work hard, nobody saw it. I thought if I became a hero I could show the world I was more than just some rich kid. I was giving back y’know. But now...nobody is going to believe I’m Harpy. And even if I prove it the entire family will come down on me like a tonne of bricks, I can just hear them now.”

He hopped to his feet, and straightened his back, putting on a gruff angry sounding voice.

“Son, we have the family dignity to worry about and you’re parading around like a show girl every night.”

He switched to a simpering, female imitation.

“No woman will marry you knowing you’re a bird freak and a woman on the side! I want some grandbabies, why don't you just hang up the hero's work and go back to working for your father?”

Henry scoffed, finishing his little performance.

“So now I have the worst of both worlds, I get to be embarrassed as a hero and I don't even get the satisfaction of proving myself to my family and the world.”

John bit the inside of his cheek. He could sort of see Henry's frustration. He put himself in his shoes and imagined the horror he would have felt that day they got their powers. For the first time he took in just how young Henry was, only in his early twenties really.

Most trust fund kids his age were using college as an excuse to get drunk and laid but here he was, transforming into a harpy woman every other night to fight crime. Perhaps he had misjudged him.

“Well...I see your effort.” John said after a moment, “And so does Bruce. I think we make a good team. Even if your family and others may never know it, at least the world will see Harpy as a hero.”

Henry actually smiled, his eyes were watery. Maybe it was getting in touch with his feminine side but that didn't make him seem any less strong in John's eyes. A strange, almost motherly affection overtook him and he stepped forward to embrace his friend.

“Now. He smiled, hitting his ring and feeling his body shift. “Let's go kick some ass together.”

~

*“Many parental groups are calling for more regulations to be put in place after the latest trio of heroes started making prime time tv. Simply called the Womanly Trinity, these three heroes have certainly made a name for themselves, but not for their crime fighting escapades.”*

*“Sister Sin, Boudica and Harpy are all about as clothed as lingerie models and seem to take pleasure in teasing and taunting their victims in a sexual manner. Sister Sin is*

*especially under fire from religious groups for 'appropriating' conservative attire for 'cheap sexual thrills'."*

John sneered at the TV screen and scoffed before turning it off. It wasn't the first such story and it wouldn't be the last either. He couldn't help it if his powerset was somewhat scandalous! Was he supposed to be miserable about it?

Really, he should be the only one under fire, Harpy had to dress skimpily for the sake of his feathers and Boudica...well actually she just liked showing off all her muscles but still. It wasn't like she had her tits out or anything. Though if that were an option John was pretty sure she would.

He got up and grabbed his bag, ready to head over to the agency for another night of work. Luckily, it was only a short drive away; unluckily, parking was a nightmare and he ended up having to walk several blocks regardless. He was in the middle of planning his speech to Dr Bell about why they needed some sort of free parking pass when he heard it. The sounds of fists hitting skin.

He whirled around the corner of a nearby alley and saw several heavysset young men crowded around a victim who was curled on the ground. One of them turned and locked eyes with John; crap, he should have transformed before he came in here!

For a moment time stood still, how he chose to react in these next few seconds was crucial, if his super powers weren't an option he would have to use his head.

"You guys are pretty thick, attacking somebody literally a few blocks from an Agency HQ." He scowled, "I bet there is a hero on their way here right now to give you a taste of your own medicine."

One of the assailants seemed to twig and John almost laughed; they seriously hadn't considered that, what idiots. For a moment they seemed to contemplate taking him down on their way out but seemed to decide that time was of the essence and bolted instead; clapping John painfully on the back as they went and giving him arrogant grins. Almost like they were thanking him for a head up.

John so badly wished he could pull his whip out and give them all a good ass whooping; Sister Sin style. He could wait a moment and go after them, but a groan reminded him that there was still a victim in need of care.

"Hey are you-oh my god, Bruce!?"

Bruce, in his tiny, reedy male form, sat up with a wince. His clothes were ripped in places and he was sporting an impressive amount of bruises.

“Yeah, I’m fine, it looks worse than it is.” He sighed, “They jumped me on the way to work...”

“But...”

John was flabbergasted, he'd seen Bruce fight as Boudica, he was near unstoppable. The fact that those meatheads, even three of them at once, could beat him up was unthinkable. Then again, he wasn't Boudica now.

“Why didn't you change?” John asked, offering his hand, “secret identity be damned, if I hadn't come along they might have seriously hurt you.”

“I don't know, it doesn't seem right using those powers selfishly.” Bruce blushed. “Heroes aren't supposed to use their powers for self gain.”

“There is a big difference between abusing your powers and using them to defend yourself.” John scolded, helping Bruce out of the alley toward the Agency HQ.

Bruce just shrugged.

“Guess I didn't think I was worth it.”

The words made John's heart stutter a little. He could tell by the tone Bruce meant it too which hurt all the more.

“

Three weeks and John hadn't gotten to fight a single criminal; once again the three of them were sent back to the locker room after an uneventful night pent up and frustrated. It wasn't

that crime had all of a sudden dried up, on the contrary, it was going stronger than ever. It was just that other heroes were getting all the action.

“It’s the radio.” Harpy scowled on the way out, “ours has to be delayed or something, I bet they are trying to keep us out of the limelight till this whole ‘sexy superheroes aren’t wanted’ rubbish dies down. I’m going to go check it out.”

He slipped out and Boudica punched the wall with such force it cracked.

“Man, I feel so antsy! I will have to spend a week in the gym just to burn all this energy!” She grumbled, “I just want to help people! I can’t help it if I happen to be sexy while doing it!”

Something about the indignant way she said those words made John snort in laughter as he peeled off his skin tight boots.

“Sorry, you’re face.” He giggled, kicking off the second boot and sighing with relief.

Hot as they were, those things could get *hot*. Even when he didn’t do any fighting. Still, his skin was buzzing; Sister Sin was itching to see some action after so long. John looked up and noticed Boudica still looking at him oddly with an unreadable expression.

“What?”

“Uh, sorry I was just wondering, your confession powers, do you need to have somebody tied up for them to work or is that just for show?”

John thought for a moment.

“You know, I’m not sure myself...want to test it out?”

The air felt electric all of a sudden and a new way of blowing off steam began to form in his mind. Boudica was...quite the woman, despite being a thin little man deep down. Was it gay to think about sleeping with a woman who was really a man? John didn’t think so, at least not for long before he realised he didn’t care.

Boudica’s face shifted to a coy smile and he stepped back, opening herself up.

“Go on then.” She teased, “make me confess.”

Such a strong woman submitting to him...yeah, that was fucking hot alright. He unlooped his whip from its place at his hip and cracked it a little before trying to focus that buzz at the back of his brain towards his new target.

“Confess your sins.” He ordered in his most sultry voice, gratified to see Boudica shiver in response and press her lips together.

“I feel...something but I think I can resist.” She admitted, though her voice had turned husky. “You’d better try with the whip.”

Without hesitation John lashed it out and wrapped it around Boudica’s middle, yanking it forward so that she was forced to jump toward him to avoid falling over.

“Confess. Your. Sins.”

“I’ve gotten off thinking about Sister Sin.”

Even Boudica seemed surprised by her confession and went red in the face, and across the shoulders, and neck, in fact that blush was spreading over her entire body and John watched hungrily as her exposed thighs and cleavage turned a tasty shade of pink.

“Even in that big, strong body, you’re a sub deep down.” John mused.

He’d never considered himself a dominant person in the bedroom but Sister Sin definitely was. Maybe it was time to put this sexy body to use, if he couldn't use it to intimidate or fight he could also get some fun out of it. He loosened the grip of the whip so that it fell off Boudica and stepped forward.

“Want to blow off some steam, big girl?”

“Absolutely.”

The next thing he knew his costume was being stripped off his skin by those strong hands; Boudica was fast for somebody so tall and she had him naked in no time, with just the furs

between them. Those giant hands cupped his breasts, feeling their heft and brushing over his nipples in a way that made his whole body quiver.

How had he not thought of touching himself like this? It was glorious, or perhaps it was just because Boudica was the one doing it. Either way, he had no intention of stopping her; but he was going to take control. Once more he cracked his whip, using his perfect aim to smack the giant woman across the backside hard enough to leave a pink mark on the skin beneath the fur. She groaned and the sound went straight to John's crotch. His new pussy was moistening.

"Strip." he ordered. "Slowly."

Boudica swallowed and stepped back to slowly remove what little uniform she had. John revelled in every second, watching her beautiful giant body revealed to him. Those breasts were even more impressive than he'd imagined and they were literally the size of his head.

"Lie down." He indicated to a bench with his whip and Boudica shivered, laying down across the entire thing while John stalked around her, naked and whip in hand.

He dragged the weapon over her skin and watched with hungry eyes as moisture built between the Amazonian's legs. He teased a few moments longer before finally adding his fingers to the mix, tracing along the thick corded muscle of her torso and thighs, slipping them inside and finally brushing along her pussy. He could easily slide all his fingers along the velvety passage at once thanks to their size difference and she was moaning in seconds.

"No cumming till I say."

Boudica could only nod. Fuck, this was so hot, she was so much stronger than him, yet with just some words and the threat of his whip, Boudica was under his power. He stroked back and forth, enjoying the sounds she made and the way her body twitched and writhed as she attempted to hold back. Eventually, he took pity on her.

"Cum." He said firmly, pressing two fingers to her giant clit.

Boudica cried out; the sound was ragged, almost like a battle cry. It was the single hottest thing John had ever seen, that and the stream of juices she produced as she squirted. His own pussy was burning with need by this point so before she could even catch her breath he

was mounting her, legs spread apart and he pressed his moist sex to hers and began to hump.

Soon they were both moaning, Boudica's strong hands on his hips holding them in place as he crushed their pussies together. He could feel his clit burning against hers and their juices mixing; he wasn't going to last long.

Maybe a few minutes passed before the pleasure went complete and John threw back his head and moaned. The sound was incredible, he'd never have guessed he was capable of such sinful noises. He never wanted to have sex as a man ever again.

For a moment they were both stiff, basking in the residual pleasure before their bodies melted against one another and John flopped his head down on Boudica's chest. Head pillowed by her giant breasts.

"We should do that every time we don't see action." Boudica groaned happily, stretching out her body.

"You'll make me want to skip work every night."

Boudica snorted.

"Think Harpy will join us one day?"

"God, I hope so."

~

John whirled around, flipping through the air and landed with ease on one foot before twisting himself around and releasing his lasso. A simple pickpocket wasn't his idea of an eventful evening but at least it was something. The woman's wrist was caught in the thick rope and with a simple tug John brought her to her knees. The wallet went flying and he caught it with his free hand while giving the criminal a teasing smile.

"Naughty naughty." He chided, "Now on your feet and if you know what's good for you, you'll come down to the police station quietly, unless you want to tell the whole street your deepest desires..."

The woman pressed her lips together in frustration but said nothing.



“That’s a smart girl.” He chuckled, pulling her to her feet. “Here, Harpy, take this back to that man will you?”

John got out one of his many pairs of fuzzy, but effective handcuffs to keep their sticky fingered friend from getting any ideas. Harpy took the wallet and John watched as the man snatched it back, looking more irritated than thankful.

“Whores.” he whispered under his breath, turning and walking away into the night without so much as a thank you.

Harpy grit her teeth.

“Ungrateful little prick.” She hissed, “He’s not the first person to say shit like that when we save them.”

“Don’t let it get to you...” Boudica sighed, not sounding convinced of her own words, “at least we did the right thing.”

“What we need is a big break.” Harpy insisted, “we need to stop dealing with petty criminals and stop a major crime, show people that we mean business.”

The pickpocket woman rolled her eyes and John gave her his best glare before firing up their radio and reporting her for pickup. Boudica was right though, nobody took them seriously anymore just because of their skimpy aesthetic. If they could just show the world what they were made of...

Just as the police car rolled up there was a sudden loud booming sound from behind them and the trinity turned to see smoke rising from a building that must have been several blocks away. Sirens wailed and they all shared a look.

“I’ll go ahead.” Harpy nodded, jumping up to the rooftops with use of her claws before gliding off in the direction of the sound.

“Should we call a car?” John asked.

“No time!” Boudica grinned, scooping him up bridal style. “Let’s go!”

The Amazonian raced across the street and down the block, her strong legs propelling them so quickly John wondered if she had some degree of super speed in her powerset they were yet to discover. His whole body rocked with the movement of her running and he found himself blushing as Boudica was forced to squash him against her chest to stop her own tits from bouncing so much they risked hitting him.

They skidded around the corner just as Harpy was doubling back. It was the National bank, the front door was busted off its hinges and the stonework around it burnt black from explosives. Several police cars surrounded the outside with officers hidden behind it to avoid the bullets randomly being fired from the masked man in the doorway.

Most shocking of all were the two heroes hidden behind one of the cars, both nursing bullet wounds in the leg and arm respectively. Whoever was robbing the bank, they'd taken down Slash and Huntress.

“We have to get back in there.” Slash grimaced.

“We have to wait for backup.” Huntress purred, “We’ll only get ourselves killed jumping back into the fray in this condition.”

Boudica grinned down at John as she placed him on the ground; this was it! Their chance!

“We can help!” John announced, stepping forward and Harpy landed at his side, “Between the three of us we can help take them out.”

Huntress and Slash looked at one another with looks that moved between disbelief and irritation.

“Those gunmen are just the beginning, there is a powered ringleader.” Huntress explained, “not entirely sure on the power scheme yet but he seems to be hyper resilient, not even slash’s iron nails could cut his skin. I don’t think there is anything you three could do.”

“Your powers are better suited for...other crimes.” Slash added not so tactfully, the fact that he hesitated to even say the word crimes rubbed John the wrong way.

“No, we can do this.” Harpy said sternly, “People could get hurt. We can’t just stand by and do nothing.”

“Agreed.” John nodded, this was about more than them, every moment that passed with them crouched behind this car more bullets were flying, it was only a matter of time before somebody got hit. “I have a plan.”

By this point the three of them were a well oiled machine, if a little out of practice. A few whispered words to each of his partners and they were off. Quick as lightning John moved, expertly weaving between the cars, dodging bullets as he went before flinging out two whips that smacked the pistols right out of the gunman’s hands and sent them clattering to the ground.

“Boudica now!”

She flew forward, barreling at full speed into the man and knocking him back inside the building with Harpy and John in hot pursuit. John felt adrenaline coursing through his veins and he couldn’t help cartwheeling up the steps, flashing his panties to the cops and heroes down below for a split second; that would teach them to underestimate him and his team.

Inside Boudica was making quick work of the other two non powered gunmen, ripping their weapons from their hands entirely and bending them into useless hunks of metal. Which just left the man emerging from the safety deposit box room, sack of loot in hand.

He was almost as tall as Boudica and covered head to toe in muscle that seemed to almost have a metal sheen. Harpy leapt into the air and acrobatically dove for him, raking her claws across his skin only for it to have no effect. The man reached out to grab Harpy only for her to spin away in a graceful whirlwind of feathers.

“Grab him!” She called and John didn’t hesitate.

He took out his whip and lasso and flung it forward, but for the first time ever, he missed. Or rather, the man reached out and grabbed them both, tugging him forward, were it not for his superior balance he would have gone sprawling or sure. Another distracting slash from Harpy ensured he could pull his weapons back but he knew better than to try again. AT least, not yet.

“Harpy, give him a piece of your mind!” He yelled.

Harpy grinned and then opened her mouth and screeched. The sonic scream knocked the criminal back into one of the marble pillars of the bank, stunning him; perfect. With a practised hand he threw out his whip and tied the man up, squeezing him tight.

“You’ve been a very naughty man.” John scolded, “time for your punishment.”

The criminal actually looked terrified; clearly he knew exactly what was about to happen. Boudica picked up the three gunmen and dumped them on the steps of the bank while Harpy helped John dragged the behemoth of a man outside, still tangled in his whip.

“Please.” He whispered, “I have a reputation...”

“Not for much longer.” John chuckled before proudly yelling. “Confess your sins!”

For a moment he trembled, trying to resist John’s power but a small tug of his whip was all that was needed.

“I like jacking off in women’s underwear!” He cried, “They make me feel pretty!”

John giggled.

“You know what?” He whispered, “Me too.”

~

*Several weeks have passed since the awe-inspiring intervention of Harpy, Sister Sin, and Boudica thwarted a robbery down at the National Bank. A crime not even established heroes Slash and Huntress could stop. Since their remarkable display of heroism, the trio has not rested on their laurels, but instead, continued their crusade against crime, becoming symbols of hope and guardians of the city. While still controversial in their methods to some, much of their more adult nature is now being praised.*

*After the thwarted bank robbery, the superheroines have been a consistent presence, swooping in to stop various criminal activities across the city. Reports indicate that they have prevented multiple muggings, halted a high-speed car chase involving stolen vehicles, and even defused a tense situation at the Natural History Museum where thieves attempted to steal priceless artefacts.*

*Their seamless coordination and unparalleled skills have undoubtedly made a tangible impact on crime rates in the city. Law enforcement agencies have expressed admiration for their efforts, acknowledging the positive influence the trio has had in maintaining peace and security.*

*"Yeah it's a bit confronting the first time you see Sister Sin make somebody confess, or Harpy flying around in that leotard but they are still doing good work!" One officer was quoted. "The world can't always be G-rated."*

*Moreover, the local populace have rallied behind Harpy, Sister Sin, and Boudica, showering them with unwavering support. Their social media accounts have exploded in popularity, with hashtags like #SexyTrinity and #StepOnMeSister trending across various platforms.*

*"It's amazing to see the impact they've had in such a short time," remarked the Chief of Police. "Their presence alone seems to deter criminals, after all, nobody wants to go toe to toe with Boudica or have their sexual desires proclaimed to the whole world. Harpy is also a really underrated part of their team, her flying and surveillance skills are second to none, I'd love to get her working part time with our security team."*

*The trio, who were previously shunned by many for their more adult personas are now embracing their newfound celebrity status with humility, using their platform to encourage citizens to report crimes and stay vigilant. Their advocacy for community safety has resonated deeply with Metropolis residents, who view them not only as protectors but also as role models.*

*"We're just doing what we can to make our city safer," said Boudica during a community event where the trio addressed a crowd of supporters. "We believe everyone has the power to stand up against injustice and make a difference. We didn't choose these powers, but we made the best of them. And hey, why not enjoy being hot while doing it?"*

*This reporter, for one, cannot wait to see what The Trinity do next.*