

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle growth, muscle worship, and graphic sexual content)

Starfire wasn't used to feeling... vulnerable.

Of course, she did not mean it in the emotional sense. She wore her emotions on her sleeve, as the human saying went but well... she needed to get used to many human things lately, the type she did not know she was even capable of handling.

Starfire sighed as she stared at her reflection in the mirror, her emerald eyes were dimmed, and her orange skin lacked a lot of its former vibrance...

Starfire felt more than vulnerable, she felt weak.

Doctor Light, ugh how she cursed that name. The buffoon's plan had actually succeeded this time, the machine he designed blasted her with enough radiation that her internal energy responded reacted horribly to her own internal physiology, it was like all of her inner solar radiation left her body, repelled by its mere presence.

Her Starbolts frizzled out like sparks, her feet would not leave the ground for even the shortest levitation. Her eyes and skin were slowly losing their coloration.

X'Hal, she was even getting *shorter*. How? How was that even possible?

It was like she had been turned human, now that all of her powers had left her.

And with it, it felt like her spot on the team was gone as well.

Robin could try to be as considerate and kind-hearted as he could, and she loved that about him. But it hurt to watch the team leave in missions while all she could do was stay behind and 'keep an eye on the tower', as though their security systems didn't already do that.

It got worse when they all had to go for different reasons, Robin to work with Batman, Cyborg with the League, Raven... doing whatever she was doing. That only left Beast Boy, whose emotional depth and people's skills were *not* up to par to help her in this hour.

Starfire's frustration and self-doubt kept growing by the day, morphing to shame and fury. She walked around the tower, recalling the times she could have already stopped five different active crime scenes before lunch, now condemned to wander around this almost empty building. Useless, weak...

Her wandering took her to the gym, the high tech room filled with all the equipment they could ever need. She looked at the incredibly dense weights she once lifted with ease back when she was Tamaranean, back when she was *Starfire*. Not this... *mockery*.

Mockery. The weights mocked her. *Offended* her with their existence, a reminder of what she lost.

"Damn you..." She shook with fury. "Damn you!"

She knew it was futile, she knew it was foolish. Yet she did it anyway. She reached for a large dumbbell with the intent of throwing it as far as she could, even if she barely managed to tip it over the rack it'd still be worth it.

The dumbbell, at 200 pounds of weight, was sent flying across the room a good distance.

Starfire blinked repeatedly, realizing what just happened as she slowly looked at her hand.

That... had been easier than she expected?

Could she-?

She swiftly tested her theory by reaching for another dumbbell and picking it up. Once more it was 200 pounds, something even the most fit baseline human would heavily struggle with.

And she was lifting it, it wasn't easy but... she was *lifting it* in one hand.

Her body, her muscles... they retained part of her strength still.

Starfire smiled, feeling immense elation as she realized her fate was not written yet.

X~X~X~X~X

Starfire was determined to make herself strong again, superior than before even. She was determined to achieve her goal even if it took her a lifetime.

It only took her thirty days.

The first day she tested her limits, lifted the heaviest weights she could manage. Then she started going heavier each time.

On the fifth day, her muscles had grown more defined. The lines deepening them and making them stand out more.

On the tenth, she had grown notably muscular and stronger, increasing how much weight she could lift. Even her height was increasing as well! The 5'3 she had been reduced to had elevated to 6 feet.

On the fifteenth day, her biceps measured around 24 inches. She marveled at how *powerful* her muscles looked, with tree trunk-like thighs and a breathtakingly shredded physique, curvy and voluptuous at the same time. She looked as beautiful and mighty as Wonder Woman!

And she was only getting stronger, it was *not* enough.

On the twentieth second day, she was reaching levels of strength she had never imagined before. The hyper-advanced equipment had breached the 'safety' threshold, with a hundred tone bench press machine blasting her muscles at full power, her slab-like pectorals rippled with each rep, pushing her full breasts out. She was 6'4 feet tall now...

Bigger, stronger, more beautiful.

Beyond the scope of human prowess, superior even to the Tamaranean bloodlines.

Her skin slowly became brighter, her hair fuller and wavier, her eyes a beautiful jade.

“Glory” Starfire moaned, in love with her reflection as she flexed her thick triceps. “So close to perfection...”

Covered in sweat and having pushed her muscles to the limit, the amazonian alien walked out of the gym where a small figure collided against her. She didn’t even flinch when Beast Boy’s form impacted and he bounced off, landing on his rear.

As the only one without any appointments or people to meet, BB was the only inhabitant of the Tower other than her these days. She enjoyed the way he gawked at her, openly drooling over her muscular visage.

As he should, she was the ultimate woman after all. Beauty and brawn to the extreme in perfect balance.

“H-Hey Star” He gulped, slowly standing up. His face barely reached her bosom with how tall she was. “G-Good workout?”

“Indeed” She grinned, finding his lust for her endearing. “I grow stronger by the day” She lifted one arm and slowly flexed, making the pumped biceps and coiling veins stand out. “And I am far from done”

“Nice- I mean, good! For you. Yes, that’s it” He stumbled on his words.

Such a cute little thing. She teased him a bit more, “Do you find me, beautiful *friend Beast Boy?*” She dropped her voice to a husky octave. She bent over and placed her ample bosom right in front of his face, while turning up her toned and large rear.

His cheeks flushed a dark maroon color. “Y-Yes” He heaved a dry gasp.

Her smirk widened. “Good”

Then she planted a soft kiss on his forehead.

Starfire stood up, grinning delighted at the bulge rising in his pants. "Join me for my next sessions for now, I desire the proper audience"

BB stood there stunned for a moment, unable to move as Starfire walked away with a sexy gait. The Tamaranean hummed with satisfaction as she felt him run into his room, the sounds of self-pleasuring reaching her enhanced ears.