

For Cosplay, Add Pink Kryptonite

“Thank you for your purchase,” Amanda read the pamphlet out loud, “Inside, you’ll find 1 Kara Zor-El Supergirl costume based on her appearance from the mid 2000’s. We hope you enjoy your outfit.”

After waiting almost a week, a package arrived at Amanda’s doorstep. It was the Supergirl outfit she had custom ordered. DC Comics doesn’t tend to sell any of the specific versions of the costumes that her favorite heroines wear, so she had to hit the Internet in search of the right costume maker that could make her the one she wanted. It cost a pretty penny and she had to embarrassingly give out her measurements to an online stranger, but it would be worth it.

Looking in the box, she saw every piece she needed. There were two red boots with gold trimming, the short blue skirt (though knee length as she requested instead of mid-thigh length), the lovely and dashing red cape, and the blue crop top with the long sleeves that revealed her stomach and bellybutton. Not the most iconic version of the Supergirl outfit, but the one that Amanda liked the most.

Closing the blinds to her bedroom, the young woman removed her clothing until she was just down to her undergarments. She carefully put on the skirt and tightened the yellow belt so it wouldn’t just fall down her almost nonexistent hips. She put on the strangely loose crop top, the Superman logo rather scrunched up due to how big the chest region was. And with a quick motion, she tossed on the boots and the cape.

“Not bad,” she admitted as she gazed into her full-body mirror in the corner of the room after putting everything on, “Not bad at all. Sure, the outfit is a bit too big, but it looks great! Now all I need to do is dye my hair and I can...”

She gazed at her reflection’s hair and nearly did a double-take when she did. Her hair had gone from its dark brown locks to a lighter shade. “What the heck?” she mumbled, reaching up and pulling some of her shoulder-length hair in front of her eyes to inspect, “What’s going on?”

As if teasing her, the strand of hair changed color to a bright, golden blonde shade, taking Amanda by surprise. She let go of the strand and looked back at the reflection mystified. Her brown hair now had multiple streaks of blonde in it, seeming to be growing out as well.

Her hair stretched down her back to just past chest length, some of the hair going over her shoulders and down her chest. The texture softened while the strands themselves became wavier and smoother. The color continued to brighten with more and more streaks. Eventually, she now had lovely bright, golden blonde hair that seemed almost made to blow majestically in the wind... or perhaps through the sky.

“No way,” Amanda said in a quiet whisper, “My hair... it looks just like Supergirl’s now!”

That wouldn’t be the only thing either. Her skinny as a rail body start growing and developing muscles. Her arms and legs thickened a bit and her stomach toned, giving her a more athletic and fit body. Her chest jumped up an extra cup size to a B, while her waist pushed in and her hips grew just a bit more to the point where she didn’t to have her belt so tight.

In only a few seconds, she looked like a whole new woman. In fact, a very familiar one at that. A gleeful smile came to her face and she exclaimed, "Oh my god! I look just like Kara! I could almost be her twin."

Twin was a bit of an exaggeration, but Amanda definitely looked more like Supergirl than she did a few minutes before she put on the costume. It seemed to fit her a lot more now with Supergirl's proportions and her hair was absolutely gorgeous, close to the comic book depiction of it. She, without a doubt, nailed the part of Supergirl.

"I feel like I could fly!" she sighed happily. She paused for a moment and looked down at her feet, a thought having just popped into her head. A rather silly one at that, but it couldn't hurt to try.

She crouched down slowly, winding up like a jack-in-a-box. She immediately sprung back up, throwing her hands into the air and moving off the ground. However, she was about airborne for maybe a second at most and immediately had her feet back on the ground. "Oh," she remarked, almost sounding a bit disappointed before bouncing back, "eh... it was a long-shot anyway. I just look like Kara. No flying for me."

She turned around and looked at the dresser, seeing her cellphone laying on it. She smiled brightly and said, "Still, this is incredible! I got... I got to take a few photos right now!"

As she moved towards the dresser, her eyes fell back on the box the costume was in. She caught something out of the corner of her eyes as she was passing it, still sitting there opened on the bed. Within the box was a smaller black box with the Superman symbol placed on it. "What this?" she wondered out loud, reaching in and pulling it out, "A Superfriends ring or something?"

Holding it in her hand, there was a small glow emanating from within the box. She opened the container and gasped as she looked at the object inside. A pink rock, with a glow coming from it that looked oddly familiar. Although, the rock it made her think of was green.

"Kryptonite?" she mumbled, pulling the small stone from the box, "What's this doing here? Is it like a prop or something?" The stone was warm and rather comfortable laying in her palm, almost relaxing her.

However, the feeling was short-lived as it zapped her! She let out a small "eep" and dropped the rock to the ground, waving her hand to get feeling back into it. It felt like she got hit with a bit of static electricity for some reason, her mind growing fuzzy and a buzzing sound echoing throughout it.

"What the hell was that about?" she grumbled, "Why did they..." She glanced back down at the rock, but much to her surprise, the rock was no longer glowing. It wasn't even pink anymore either. It just looked like a plain, old, kinda plastic-looking gray rock.

She frowned and sighed, glancing at her hand to see if the zap left a mark. It did... but just not in the way that she suspected. Her jaw dropped as she saw that her fingernails had grown at least an inch, maybe even two. Not only that, but they appeared to have been professionally manicured and painted in a gaudy red polish.

“What?!” she exclaimed, glancing at her other hand. Sure enough, the same thing had happened to it with similarly long nails, “What is going on?! This is, like, totally not kewl and stuff! It’s like kewt, but not kewt either!”

Amanda slapped her hands over her mouth, horrified by what she just said. However, she didn't have the time to think about it, because something else had caught her attention, an odd feeling in her lips as her hands brushed against them. She pulled back her hands and saw that much like them, her face had changed as well. Her lips were much larger and more luscious and plump, looking like she had a serious collagen injection done.

That wasn't the only thing with her face though, which was done up far more and oozing sex now. Besides her lips, which was coated in smooth, cherry red lipstick, her nose also looked like it had some work done, now smaller and sharper. Her cheekbones were raised and there was a touch of blush to them. Her eyes were baby blue instead of hazel and her eyelashes were longer, giving a cute flutter every time she blinked. Lastly, there was some serious eyeliner and eyebrow trimming done as well, adding to everything.

She gazed at her reflection, giving it a rather unintentional seductive pout with how big her lips were. After some moments of staring, she cooed, “I’m, like, so hawt right now...”

“...right?” she added, her voice and tone returning to normal. Everything about this was wrong or off to her, in more ways than one. She knew there was something horrible, but the buzzing that had been blaring in her brain since the shock had grown louder. It was hard to concentrate and think about anything currently, much less worry or be concerned.

As such, why worry or even think that much? She decided to stop focusing on what was happening and go along with everything. It did seem and feel right after all. Why not give up her worries, concerns, thinking, and even intelligence and most of her inhibitions?

At that moment, she smiled as her outfit began to change form into something far more skimpy and appropriate/inappropriate. Her red boots grew three inch heels, shifting her posture and her stance more, while also pushing her chest out more. Her skirt shrank from knee to mid-thigh length and then to just above her rear. Any bit of movement by her would almost guarantee that she'd flash her new black thong.

She twiddled a bit with her hair as she gazed at her image, swaying her hips to the side and placing a hand on her pushed out right hip. Her hair turned to a platinum blonde and the style of it became curlier than before, really adding to her sultry look. “Bambi,” she playfully spoke, licking her lips as well, “You are, like, the hawttest bimbo ever.”

A thought sprung into her mind, probably the only one she'd have in a while. "Oh my gawd!" she stated, "The filming is, like, gonna begin soon and I gotta get goin'!"

Her tank top radically altered as her cape disappeared, not that she'd care. Her sleeves vanished into the top and the collar line shrunk significantly. The bottom portion shrunk up as well, turning the outfit into a micro tank top with spaghetti-straps to it. The top showed much more of her stomach and quite a bit of her perky BB-cups, her bra also disappearing as well.

"My booty in good shape?" she asked out loud, turning around and crouching down, pushing her butt out at the mirror. Looking over her shoulder, she started twerking and shaking her butt over and over, constantly flashing her thong out.

With each thrust and shake, her body changed more. Her hips grew even wider as her waist pulled in, making her child-rearing hips appear even curvier. Her ass expanded several times until it was a huge bubble butt that her skirt could barely cover up when she was standing still. Lastly, a pink and red tattoo appeared above her butt that read "Superass."

After a bit of twerking, she stood back up and gave her big butt a firm smack. A grin crossed her face as she shivered with pleasure, moaning out, "Soooo hawt!"

Images of her buff and curvy co-stars filled her empty mind, causing her to rub her tender, smooth thighs together. "Sooo hope I get to fuck Braddie-poo today," she giggled, sucking on her finger for a second, before adding, "Then I'll show Val what a real titty blowjob is like!"

Bambi giggled some more and squished her B-cups together, her body tingling again. Her breasts started rapidly growing and expanding, pushing way past the Bs to full-on double D's. Her top stretched and stretched, creating more vast cleavage as it wrapped around her breasts like spandex.

However, they didn't stop growing there. They kept getting larger and larger until they stopped at a massive EE-cup. Her breasts no longer fit her tank top remotely, the bottom of her tits fully visible and her brown areolas now poking out in her cleavage window.

Amanda was gone, fully succumbing to the "pink kryptonite" and becoming Bambi the Porn Heroine, a super star porn actress known for her roles in countless superhero porn parodies. She was most famous for playing Superjugs, a survivor of her homeworld's destruction, who had come to Earth to spread bimboism and save everyone from their boring lives.

In fact, her next film she was scheduled to be at was a sequel to Superjugs, where she would fight her arch-nemesis, Smartypants. However, she was going to be running a tad late. After imagining her coworkers, she stopped to play with herself and that would take a while. She'll get to work... eventually.

THE END