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

Life on Earth was often filled with various things Starfire struggled to comprehend. She loved her new home, but she was often reminded she was a literal alien to this world, with customs she had to learn and adapt in order to fit in. For example, humans were such private creatures, hugging random strangers in the street was not forbidden but certainly not encouraged. It was a ‘rule’, but not a ‘law’. Their laws had to be respected and enforced, yet she still was coming to terms with how their justice system worked, and their role in all this.

Robin handled how they interacted with law enforcement; Cyborg covered any legality regarding their actions so they could imprison criminals. In Tamaran it was just a matter of the guard apprehending a culprit, the evidence was submitted and the criminal was sentenced. There weren’t all these procedures that had to be followed in case loopholes and other technicalities allowed a culprit to walk free. Starfire wasn’t certain she approved, but it wasn’t her place to judge.

Bottom line, while she adored Earth, and loved her friends dearly, it was still awkward at times, needing to get used to an entirely different culture. It felt a bit lonely at times, to be the sole tamaranean on the planet.

So, Starfire was ecstatic when her sister appeared one day.

Komand’r, or Blackfire as it was translated from their tongue, suddenly dropped in one day and began staying with her at the Tower. It was *great* to have her beloved sister at her side again, especially after being separated for so long. A thousand plans had already formed in Starfire’s head about what the two could do together, bond in a way only tamaraneans could.

But Blackfire was always the ‘social butterfly’ (oh she finally got the Earth term right!), she bonded with people so quickly and with natural charm, like she was a star pulling everyone in her own gravitational pull. She wanted to go out and explore, see what Earth had to offer. Although she would have liked to do more tamaranean things with her sister, Blakckfire was more interested in doing ‘Earthly things’. As her sister and new resident of the planet, Starfire was honored and dutybound to serve as her guide.

Blackfire loved crowds, she liked being around a lot of people, and she loved music and dancing, so it wasn’t long until she found Earth clubs blasting music at full volume, where humans congregated in such numbers that dancing became a turbulent sea of clashing bodies.

So in a twist, it was her sister who was guiding her, pulling her by the hand as she ushered her into the club. “You’ll love this place, sister, I bet it’ll be a… *transformative* experience for you” The walls vibrated with the loud music, strobe lights flashed with a myriad of colors as the dance floor was filled with dozens upon dozens of human youths.

Starfire had to admit she liked it too, the music, the rhythm, the lights, the sheer *spirit* humans displayed as they discarded all inhibitions and let themselves be taken by the rhythm.

“Ohhh, I have not danced in so long!” Starfire said in excitement.

Blackfire smirked in that sly fashion of hers. “Why don’t you show them how a tamaranean moves then~?”

Oh, she *would*. After familiarizing herself so much with Earth, it was time for the earthlings to see some tamaranean culture on display.

Starfire stepped onto the dance floor and *let loose*.

She let the music take her, the beat drumming loudly overhead sending reverberations down her body. Her hands swayed above her head as she moved her hips back and forth, creating wave patterns with the sway of her body in a display of enticing movements common among her people in times of jubilation.

Starfire smiled with her eyes closed, dancing the night away and letting all her other senses capture the euphoric scene around her. The warmth of other peoples’ bodies in such close proximity to her, bumping into each other, the magnificent rhythm of the loud music entrancing them all to dance, the smell of sweat, perfumes, and cologne all mixing together in an intoxicating frenzy.

In fact, it was perhaps the smell that she enjoyed the most tonight, such wonderful fragrance, such… intoxicating feeling…

Starfire bit her lip, feeling someone’s hand close in on her stomach as she danced with one of the many patrons. She felt nostalgia for her homeworld as this kind of intimate contact was well received, it was the only opportunity where Starfire could experience it when on Earth. She saw flashes of youthful handsome people, pretty little things, and ladies of great beauty all dressed up for a night on the town. She saw their gazes on her, transfixed, adoring. Felt their hands on her as she switched from partner to partner, creating great warmth upon her orange kin.

 Starfire let out a gasp of hot breath, the temperature in her body was unusually high, it felt different from when she channeled the power of her starbolts, this was a tingling on her skin that felt… pleasant.

It crawled all over her, reaching into every knock and cranny of her body and more *intimate* regions, making her feel… good…

Then her skin began to feel tight.

She first noticed the change on her arm, how her gloves were feeling strangely uncomfortable, the material wrapping itself around her forearms tighter than it usually was. Then her legs, the leggings stretched, the sound they made drowned by the loud music, and her boots are uncomfortably cuffing her toes.

She felt dizzy. Starfire brought down her arms to look at them, finding them more toned and stronger looking than they used to be. She was already a lean and athletic figure, but her gaze found the presence of new lines of definition and more bumps of muscle where there once wasn’t before. And they just kept expanding, ever so slowly…

What was happening to her?

She grunted, feeling her top get uncomfortably tight around her chest, her back muscles were widening, and… her bosom swelled too…

The people around her were either unaware because the scene got lost in the middle of such frenzied dancing, or because they were too enthralled by that same smell she had been intoxicated by…

“What’s wrong, little sister?” She looked up to see Blackfire looking at her with a devious smile. “I hope the dancing didn’t prove too much to you~”

Starfire was hit by a new wave of heat, and the smell *intensified*. It was too much, she had to get away or else she… she didn’t know what she’d do…

Starfire ran away, still having enough sense in her not to barrel through the much more fragile humans in her way. Looking for a place away from all the noise, all the people, the sound, and the *smell*.

She reached a ladies’ restroom and quickly got inside. To her relief it was empty. Quickly she shut the door behind her and let out a shuddering sigh of relief as the loud music became muffled. Finally, she could hear her thoughts… and they were as much of a mess here as they were on the dance floor.

Needing to cool off, Starfire turned on one of the faucets and splashed her face. The water only slightly managed to bring down the heat she was feeling, this one was present in more than just her head after all.

Starfire looked at herself in the mirror and took in all the details of her body. Her muscles were now more visible, with various lines of respectable definition running through her limbs. Her bare stomach displayed three rows of firm abdominal muscles. Her deltoids and biceps were wider, to say nothing of her back which spread the distance between her shoulders, making her look wider. And her legs were now puffed, swollen with a nice amount of muscle mass.

“Can this be… the Transformation?” Was the time upon her already? She was legally an adult by Earth standards, but she had yet to undergo that metamorphosis all tamaraneans went through, was the expansion of her physical mass and muscle tone the changes she’d undergo? She remembered her sister, how she went purple for two days but other than that did not exhibit this sort of reaction she was feeling internally. Or it could just be she kept that part private…

The moment she thought of asking Blackfire for support, she froze up when two bathroom stalls flushed and opened, revealing two young human women coming out. One was dark-skinned with short hair arranged in a pixie cut, wearing a long blue strapless dress. The other was white and possessed long blonde hair, her own outfit consisting of a red top that showed off her mid-rift and a mini-skirt.

“So he just ghosted you?” The dark-skinned one said.

“Ugh, yes” The blonde replied. “Asshole”

“Honey, you deserve better than that” Her friend replied, “You deserve- Starfire!” She trailed off sharply, noting the alien in the room.

“I mean I’m not sure I’m in the same league as a superhe- Oh my god it’s Starfire!” Her friend mirrored her rather comical expression.

Pushing her uncomfortable state aside for a moment, Starfire gave them a jovial smile and a wave. “Oh, hello!”

“Oh my god oh my god,” The blonde one fanned herself. “Uh I’m Samantha, y-you can just call me Sam, y’know, if you want to” She chuckled nervously, “A-And this is my friend Tabitha!”

“It’s such an honor to meet you!” The shorter-haired woman said excitedly. “You and the Titans, you’re just the *best!*”

“Your words humble me,” Starfire replied politely, trying to ignore the warming sensation in some *other* regions. “I just do what I believe it’s right”

Tabitha fumbled with a purse in her hands, pulling out a cellphone. “D-Do you mind if we take a picture?”

“Oh, not at all!” She gave them her largest smile.

The two giggled excitedly and quickly walked up to her, standing at both sides of the tamaranean while this one put her arms around them. She was already a fairly tall girl, but, had she grown even taller now too…?

Tabitha snapped several selfies in quick succession, not content with just one. “Ohhhh this is so cool! The other girls are gonna die of jealousy!”

“Thank you so much!” Sam said, giving her the most adoring look with her blue eyes.

“Oh it is no problem, it’s nice meeting new people”

Tabitha’s gaze, while sharing the same type of hero worship as her friend, became a touch more… smoldering. “You know, you look… beefier in person”

“Hmm, yeah” Sam muttered, eying Starfire’s arm muscles. “Very… ripped”

Tabitha bit her lips, letting out a shuddered breath. “You smell good too. O-Oh god, I hope that wasn’t offensive” She said in a fleeting moment of control that was quickly slipping away once more.

“N-Not at all,” Starfire gulped, struggling with a sudden source of *desire* she couldn’t control. “It is nice to… hear such praises…”

The blonde woman raised a shaky hand, “M-May we…?”

“…Please”

Then they touched her, first, it was Sam’s palm grasping her bicep, then it was Tabitha rubbing her fingertips over her abs. Oh by the gods of Tamaran, it felt amazing, like electricity over her skin.

“God they’re tight…” The pixie-haired young woman muttered, her tone dropping an octave.

“And hard,” Sam said with something akin to a moan. “Getting… harder too?”

She was, Starfire could feel her body harden and swell, becoming larger by the second. She clenched her teeth as the material of her garments made a leather-stretching sound, tightening further against her growing muscles. Starfire felt the ends of her gloves split, unable to contain the enlarging forearms, her biceps swelled further as she flexed them, veins surging to the surface. Her leggings became almost painted on, with various tears forming around them as the quads inflated, splitting into multiple muscle groups. Her stomach *pulsed* with deeper definition, spitting out another row of abdominal muscles. Her back spread as valleys formed, tightening the top in tandem with her thickening pectorals and breasts. Starfire felt her collar become uncomfortably tight around her neck, while her shirt began hiking up her rear due to the swelling of her powerful glutes.

“U-Ugh!” She groaned, her eyes flashing green for a moment before a loud tear was heard, and suddenly her breasts felt less constricted thanks to the new jagged boob-hole present in the middle of her top.

Her musculature had more than doubled in size, a true heroic build if there ever was one. She felt as though a solar flare had unleashed its fire upon her entire being, filling her with pure stellar power that dwarfed her own reservoirs of energy by a wide margin. Starfire felt as though she could fly from one end of the planet to the other in a mere burst of energy, like her fire bolts that could cross the cosmos…

She felt like the X’Hal herself had placed her divine lips upon her and blessed her.

The humans in front of her, now half a head shorter than her, certainly thought so, as they pretty much began to worship her body. Unbidden, Sam licked and kiss Starfire’s biceps, trailing her tongue over a thick vein, while Tabitha dove right between her breasts, taking advantage of the boob window to suckle on the visible part of her orange skin.

Starfire gasped in pleasure, she felt her body craving this *so badly*, but… Was this right? Should she be doing this? The humans were acting so bold, far bolder than she’d seen any of their kind act before when it came to intimacy. She… She had to get things under control.

She gently pushed them aside, but so lost were they in their lust that their wandering hands and lips settled upon the closest thing they could find, and began making out with each other in a passionate embrace.

Starfire leaned back against the sink, placing a hand over her chest, feeling her heart drumming under her palm and showing no sign of stopping. “What… What’s happening?”

“I’ll tell you what’s happening, sister” Blackfire’s voice startled her. Starfire sharply turned to see her black-haired sister standing by the door, somehow having snuck in when her transformation had occurred. The older tamaranean stepped closer, looking at her muscular sister up and down with a thrilled and covetous smile before taking a glance at the two human women lost in their desires. “It’s the start of something *glorious*”

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Blackfire was *frustratingly* slow with her answers, instead leading Starfire (and the two humans still very much enthralled with the tamaranean and with each other because her sister thought were ‘cute’), to another much more secluded area of the club in the upper floors, navigating through rather unkept hallways only to end up on a private lounge that looked *much* more sophisticated and expensive than a dance club like this one would own.

Starfire looked around, observing the various pieces of furniture and shelves with multiple bottles of various types of liquors. She had to fight down a shiver as Sam and Tabitha were still far more interested in hanging off her muscular arms and fondling as much of her as they could. Starfire gently shrugged them off, to which the two whined in disappointment and began taking comfort in each other.

“What is this place?”

“Oh, it belongs to the owner of the club,” Blackfire casually said, grabbing one of the bottles on the shelf and pouring a few glasses. “I convinced him to ‘lend’ it to me”

Her sister was ever the charmer…

“Komand’r,” Starfire began speaking in their mother tongue, showing how serious she was about this. “What’s happening to me? Is… Is it the transformation? I feel like I’m going to explode, like there is a *quasar* inside of me and if I don’t reign it in it’ll just be unleashed everywhere around me!” Her eyes shined green momentarily, and Starfire gasped with her muscles pulsating, growing a little bit more before she gritted her teeth and forced them to settle down. If she kept on like that, she’d soon end up naked...

“Oh it’s not like that,” Blackfire waved off her concerns before looking thoughtful. “Well, not directly. But it is related” She took the two glasses and floated to the humans, who eagerly took them and began to drink, much to Blackfire’s satisfaction.

“Speak plain” Starfire demanded.

Blackfire’s smile became haughty. “It’s my pheromones,”

Starfire’s mind came to a screeching halt. “What”

Her sister chuckled, “You remember my Transformation, oh such an awkward time it was, going purple for a few days. But it’s worth it with the power boost it follows” Her smile widened, “It wasn’t only my starbolts and strength, Kori, ohhh no. It was *far more* than that”

“What do you mean?” Starfire softly asked, “How are your pheromones responsible for this?”

“Oh, the biological explanation is far too boring to go into detail. Suffice it to say after much testing, I discovered that tamaranean physiology could undergo a massive boost in strength and mass upon releasing my pheromones,” She waved a hand through her dark locks in a seductive gesture, making sure the strands would say right over the two humans, who moaned as a *very* familiar scent hit them, the two then began clinging to her sister much like they had done to her. “Provided *other* chemicals in the body are triggered”

Blackfire held the two women close, looking at them hungrily, she first planted a long sensuous kiss on Sam’s lips while Tabitha ran her fingers over those black locks. She parted from the blonde woman, making her gasp, and then turned her attention to the dark-skinned human, kissing her next.

Starfire could only watch as her sister and the two humans engaged in an… erotic display. “What… what is that trigger?” Though she felt she already knew the answer.

Blackfire let out a long sigh of pleasure, throwing her head back and giving room to the two women to kiss and lick her neck. “Sexual arousal~”

Then she began to *grow*.

Her smile became wicked, Blackfire chuckled as she held her arms up at her sides, half flexed. Already Starfire could spot the swelling of her body, the material of those metallic bands creaking slightly as the flesh inflated. “It took me, ngh, so many tries to master it” Her shoulders expanded, adding greater breadth as her back expanded. “Channeling my pheromones, controlling them, mng, getting them to trigger…!”

Her legs elongated, adding more height to her figure, while the calves and quads filled out the already tight material of her leggings, the segmented pieces of armor groaning in protest as the mighty tamaranean flash could not be contained.

She laughed, drunk with power. “You’ve felt but a taste, the true depths of this power are beyond what you can imagine!” She laughed before groaning as her neck bulked up, ripping her collar at the seams. “B-But it’s… temporary!” Her biceps snapped one of the armbands, unveiling the shredded musculature underneath. Tabitha quickly began to kiss and lick them.

Her feet burst from her shoes, while the calves ripped the backside of her leggings, and her bulging calves tore the upper sides in multiple areas. Her skirt split at the sides, unveiling the corners of her strong glutes.

Already she was as big as Starfire was, and she wasn’t stopping.

Blackfire was shivering with pleasure, “T-Tried so many times for it to stick! W-With tamaraneans, made them grow too from my pheromones” The glow in her eyes intensified as a bit of drool gathered in the corner of her mouth. “O-One I had under me the whole night. C-Can you imagine what it feels, to have a manhood *grow* inside you, larger, bigger, stronger, a powerful stud, a true specimen of our species? Only the worthiest to be with me~”

Her breasts *bloomed*, shredding past the confines of her top, tearing the black material apart and jostling upon release. Her nipples stiffened until they were hard like meteorite ore, Sam couldn’t control herself and suckled upon one fiercely.

This only made Blackfire grow even more, to the point she was dwarfing the humans. Her fists clenched, and her gloves *exploded*, showing the magnificently striated mass underneath. Her torso widened so much that the bands around her core along with her belt on her hips snapped away, bulging cobblestones of the most striated muscle proudly popping out while the remnants of her skirt fell to the floor. Her legs were tree trunks, bursting with unrivaled power, quivering and rippling with the barest movement, tearing through the leggings completely as veins coursed over them like great rivers.

Her teeth gnashed together as she hunched over slightly, the pressure from her enormous back too much for her poor clothes. “B-But it wasn’t enough! It didn’t last either!” Her grimace soon turned into a savage smile. “I realized I ne… needed more. Another like… me!”

Blackfire’s laughter mixed in with guttural moans as her growth reached its apex, the last remnants of her clothing *exploded* out of her body, leaving her completely naked.

To Starfire, her sister looked like X’Hal’s very daughter, a creature of divine origin, a demigoddess that embodied the sheer might and glory of the tamaranean race. Power and pride to the extreme, compressed into a figure not even their finest sculptors could recreate.

She was *beautiful*.

The redheaded tamaranean couldn’t help but pant in arousal as Blackfire moaned in satisfaction, her body, now *twice* bigger than her own, worshipped by the two young women as she deserved. She casually made one of them kneel, to place her lips upon her crotch and feast. Blackfire smiled, letting out a low moan as the two women, in their absolute lust, pleasured her and themselves.

Then Blackfire had enough of them, gently cupping their chins to make them kiss. Sam and Tabitha lunged at each other, colliding to the ground as they ripped their clothes off, quickly grinding against the other with maddened passion.

Blackfire floated over them and towards her younger sister. “I need *you*, Starfire” She muttered, the glow of her eyes disappearing to show her driven gaze. “You are my sister, my own blood, *royal* blood. You must have the same power inside you” She stood in front of Starfire, looking down at the smaller tamaranean amazon. “Together, we can make this power permanent. We can rule Tamaran as twin queens of might, make our people stronger than ever. Nobody would ever threaten us again, not the gordanians, not *anyone*”

A mighty Tamaran. A peaceful Tamaran. A people nobody would threaten again. That nobody would dare call *trogs*.

“I need you, Kori…” Blackfire gently cupped her cheek.

All delivered to her by her sister’s ambition, but she could tamper it with love. Starfire *craved* this, she knew the pheromones were guiding her thought process… but she was still Koriand’r, the Titan, she still believed in justice and compassion.

She would accept, and guide her sister’s ambitions with her love.

“Yes…” Starfire accepted. “Bless me, sister”

Blackfire smiled… and joined her lips to Starfire.

Their kiss would be seen as obscene by earthlings, but this was something they wouldn’t be able to understand. Starfire embraced this as a tamaranean, an act of intimacy of the highest caliber.

She let the pheromones energize her cells, triggering a chemical reaction once more. But for it to work, she’d need another’s touch.

Here came Komand’r, who ripped her sister’s torn skirt from her body and began stimulating her folds. “Take it, Kori” Blackfire muttered huskily. “Take my love,” She muttered and kissed her neck repeatedly.

Starfire moaned, her body quickly swelling. Her already powerful arms surged forth, biceps expanding as though a supernova had burst inside them, the power of solar fire surging from her chest and expanding to all the regions of her body. Mass piled upon mass, crevices running deep in all the muscles of her body, these expanding further and further until to truly magnificent levels.

Her leggings burst open, her top shredded, her gloves exploded. Starfire let out a fierce growl as her arms flexed instinctively, making thick veins rise to the surface. Her breasts ballooned out, noticing her height had risen to match Blackfire’s as their bosoms squished together in this tender embrace.

Blackfire then inserted two fingers inside her, and Starfire howled in pleasure. Her body *pulsated* with unbridled power, her eyes glowing with the intensity of a quasar as every bit of her rippled with the most stunning levels of muscularity, quickly becoming equal to her sister in every way.

“That’s it…” Blackfire grunted, “Take it, *control it*” The motions of her hands increased in tempo.

Starfire clenched her teeth, her thickening pectorals rising a few inches as the heat became comparable to that of a white dwarf. It was too much. Too much power, too much pleasure. Too much too much too much-!

Starfire moaned, and climaxed upon her sister’s hand.

The two stood there, panting, their enormous bodies heaving and rubbing against each other with the motion, holding each other in a weakened embrace. Blackfire removed her fingers, and licked one of them, “You taste wonderful…”

Starfire looked at her, and took the other finger into her mouth, cleaning it. “Hmm, I can only imagine how you taste…”

Blackfire grinned victoriously. “You are perfect”

Starfire hummed, gently letting go and floating over the room, her eyes closed as she trailed her hands over her enormous bulk. “I feel… beyond powerful”

Blackfire chuckled, joining her in the air, moving around her to trail press her hands all over her sister’s improved muscles. Floating behind her she sensually traced her fingertips from her shoulders to her forearms, “When you have your Transformation, we can make this form *eternal*. We’ll elevate every tamaranean, the universe will know our glory”

Starfire looked at the two humans lost in their lovemaking, “I would like to make them as glorious as us too”

Blackfire rolled her eyes, leaning her chin on her sister’s bulging shoulder. “Do you really believe they’d even compare?”

“Have a care, sister” Starfire smiled coyly at her, “They might surprise you”

“Oh always the bleeding heart for other lifeforms”

“Perhaps you’ll come to appreciate them like I do one day”

Blackfire chuckled, planting a kiss on her shoulder. “You’re gonna try to make me care, huh?”

“As long as it takes”

“Oh beautiful *naïve* sister,” The black-haired tamaran floated until the two were face to face so the two could embrace and tenderly fondle each other’s muscles. “You hope for too much”

“You aspire to too little then,” Starfire grinned.

“Ohhh, sass back?” Blackfire licked her lips. “The new you *is* impressing already”

Their embrace tightened, Starfire blowing hot breath into her sister’s mouth. “I’ve yet to truly *astound* you”

Blackfire smirked hungrily before their lips clashed passionately.

The two shared this sensuous embrace in the air, floating around as their legs sneaked between each other’s cores, their hips slowly grinding against each other in a lust-fueled tamaranean lovemaking dance.