There were three sounds that one would expect to hear daily in the city of Steelside: the honking of car horns, the distant chugging of factories, and environmental protesters chanting about the previous.

    Jessica Waters was one such protester, and a significant one at that. Now, Steelside had numerous problems when it came to pollution, from gas-guzzling cars to the citizens insistence on throwing their trash into unacceptable places, but in Jessica's mine, the most heinous of the environmental crimes were those committed by Sintcorps, a company that made its home in Steelside. The Sintcorp company had a habit of (allegedly, as they were quick to remind people) dumping enormous amounts of an unidentified, but foul-looking green substance into the community's bodies of water.

    Today, Jessica found herself at the end of a fairly standard protest that involved her and several others standing in front of one of the city's ruined lakes, holding up signs and shouting until the sun set. At this point, the other protesters had finished their day of defiance, and had gone home, all except Jessica, who stayed behind, packing up snacks and preparing for the next day.

    It was fortunate for Jessica that she was always at the head of crowds, for if she wasn't, she would've blended into them. Yes, Jessica was certainly plain looking, brown-haired, scrawny and bespectacled, her most distinguishing feature being that she was a few inches below the average height.

    So perhaps, if she wasn't the only person there, the misfortune that befell her would not have happened.

    Jessica turned around, to see a pair of shadowy figures walking towards her, large, burly men in dark clothes, eyes hidden behind sunglasses.

    "H-hey, g-gentlemen"  she said, adjusting her glasses. "W-was there something you wanted?"

    The two men looked at each other, nodded, took one step closer to Jessica, and pushed her at the same time. Jessica, who would have probably weighed more if she was hollowed out and filled with feathers, was sent toppling backwards, and landed into the noxious lake, with a rather limp splash. The two men waited, tapping their feet as minutes passed, before looking at each other, exchanging sinister smiles, and walking off, a job well done.

    "Hey, want to play some cards when we get back?"

    "You know it."

    Night turned to day, and then to night again. It wasn't uncommon for Steelside's putrid lakes to churn and bubble, as they were currently were, but it was unusual for them to be sputtering and growling with the ferocity of an animal.

    Just as Aphrodite, the goddess of love and the pinnacle of beauty rose from the foam of the sea, a tall figure rose from the foul, churning depths of the lake, reborn as something not entirely unlike a goddess.

    She certainly had the stature of a goddess, being tall enough to dwarf any adult man, with a toned, buff body that would put any bodybuilder to shame. Her skin was a deep, vibrant green, that gave off a slight glow in the dark stillness of the night. Her hair took on a similar green color, although it was dark enough to pass for black hair depending on the lighting. The hair on her head wasn't the only one that lengthened. Her armpits sported sweaty, foul-smelling tufts of coarse, dark-green hair, and her crotch had a similarly dense pubic bush. She was completely nude, of course, exposing a pair of green breasts that managed to be both extremely large, and perfectly round and perky as if they were unaffected by gravity. Her nipples were long, dark green, and seemed to be perpetually erect. She looked down, and noticed that there was a distinct black biohazard symbol on her midriff, perfectly centered around her belly button.

    Her physical appearance wasn't the only thing that changed, however. She now radiated a heavy, intense scent, so strong that even she, in her somewhat hazy state, could pick up its distinct odor. It smelled of sweat more than anything, mixed with an indescribable, vague foulness, a hint of flatulence, and an underlying, almost appealing scent underneath it all that was difficult to pinpoint underneath all of the stink. The odor was so powerful that it took a visible, physical form, as a green haze that surrounded her wherever she went. Her breath was rather rotten as well, with her halitosis appearing as whips of dark green air blowing from between her lips.

    This was what Jessica had become, and what was Jessica no longer. Her mind had changed, and with it, her identity. She was no longer shy, nervous Jessica. She was the Biohazardess now.

    The Biohazardess was filled with a deep, beastly hunger, that made her feel as though she'd need to eat everything in sight to satisfy herself. Her hunger was unspecific at first, but it quickly became clear what she craved. First, she desire to gulp down filth, to consume the rot and waste that had created her. And second, she wanted a big belly full of the two men who had tried to kill her in the first place.

    Along with her muscular body and unholy scent, she had gained a new ability as well: enhanced senses. One would think that the essence of the men who had attacked her would be difficult to find, considering the smell radiating around her, but in fact, that made it all the easier. Picking up on their freshly laundered clothes and hair that had recently been recently shampooed was easy among the backdrop of her own horrible musk.

    She was about to head off in the direction of her would-be murderers, but she stopped, for just a second. She turned back to the mire that had created her, and scooped her hands into the foul waters, getting two handfuls of nasty waste and refuse. She brought it up to her lips, and gulped down all that thick, delicious filth. She felt herself grow even stronger, muscles bulging out more, senses strengthening, willpower increasing, and her own stench becoming more intense as well.

    Apparently, she craved the taste of filth for a good reason. The more foulness she consumed, the stronger she would get. She could clean up Steelside by consuming all of the garbage that plagued it, while getting strong enough herself to stop those who perpetrated its pollution. It was almost too good to be true. She had gone from a passive activist to someone with the power to take an active role in destroying Sintcorps and undoing the damage it had done.

    Of course, there was something else she needed in her stomach before she could get to devouring all of Steelside's garbage.

    She followed the scent of her would-be assassins, to a series of apartment buildings that had been mostly abandoned, only attracting the occasional tramp or prostitute. But through the smell of cheep booze, urine, and regret, her nose still clearly picking up on those two men she intended to devour. Something caught her eye, and her nose, on the way to the room she suspected they were hiding in.

    There was a garbage bag left out in front of one of the apartments, with a hole in it from which the refuse spilled out. She had already eaten so much, surely she could consume a bit of garbage and still have enough room for those two assassins. And besides, it would be irresponsible to the environment to leave all that trash lying around.

    She gave into her temptation, scooping up the bag and eating it with the same furtive, guilty look that a housewife might have when sneaking a pint of chocolate ice cream in the middle of the night, while her children are asleep. She practically inhaled the bag, letting it travel down her throat and into her stomach with a thud and a crunching sound. She rubbed her belly, adoring the feeling of all that yummy trash inside her.

    Her belly bulged out, rounded by the trash that filled it. She patted her gut proudly, letting out a sour-tasting burp that filled the air with an odor that was somehow more revolting than the garbage it resulted from. To the Biohazardess, it smelled absolutely delicious, and only served to make her hungrier. If she was a mere mortal woman, all this refuse would've made her sick, and quite possibly torn a hole in her gut. But now, all filth and refuse was simply another meal to her.

    Her stomach churned and groaned noisily, as her superhuman digestive system made quick work of the supposedly inedible garbage. Metal, plastic, and rotten food were melted into nutrients, to fuel the superheroine's body on her quest for justice. Her stomach shrank noticeably as digestion set in, leaving plenty of room for the two would-be assassins she was still planning to devour.

    Her trashy meal had left her quite gassy, so she expelled the excess air out of both ends, letting out a thunderous fart and belch, both of which had distinct odors but were equally foul in their own way. Just as her body odor was strong enough to be visible, her belches and farts came in the form of dark green and brown clouds of gas, respectively.

    The assassins heard her eruptions, but were mercifully protected from the smell, at least, for now. They weren't exactly sure what to make of them, however. They never would've assumed that they'd come from a resurrected Jessica, so they simply brushed it off, and resumed the game of cards they were playing on the old wooden floor.

    The Biohazardess followed her nose, which was still able to discern her targets, even through a haze of her own stink. She stomped her way up the stairs, which creaked under her considerable weight. The assassins were beginning to get suspicious now. They still had no idea of what was really about to happen, but the sound of heavy footsteps coming towards them was enough to make them nervously draw their firearms.

    The green mutant smashed through their door with a single strike from her fists. Her superhuman strength turned the old wooden door into splinters, which went flying across the room.

    The sight of the green amazonian woman with a suspicious resemblance to the woman they had just murdered was almost enough to freeze the assassins in place. The literally breathtaking odor she produced was enough to do the rest. Their eyes watered from beneath their mirrored shades, as they got a nostril-burning whiff of the mutant's musk.

    "You know, I should thank you," she said. Simply opening her mouth was enough to catapult a cloud of her halitosis across the room, and into the noses of the unwilling assassins. "I'm having a lot more fun like this. Unfortunately, I can't let you go unpunished."

    One of the assassins was able to break free from his stink-induced daze, long enough to draw his gun. He pulled wildly against the trigger, sending a volley of bullets towards the heroine, until his clip was empty.

    The Biohazardess had every reason to believe that she was bulletproof, but she wanted a chance to show off her abilities. He leaned forward, and opened her mouth, using the gas that was still bubbling away in her guts to unleash a massive eruction in the direction of the gunshots.

    \*UUUUUUUUUURP\*

    The bullets collided with the resulting cloud of stink in mid-air.  Apparently, the stinky green mist that her belch produced was foul enough to melt the bullets into liquid metal, which splattered harmlessly against the flooring.

    "W-what the hell are you?" he said.

    She shrugged. "You know, I'm still not sure."

    The bullets had distracted her long enough for his partner to sneak up behind her. Her enhanced senses allowed her to hear him coming, and fortunately for her, her mouth wasn't the only orifice of hers that could produce destructive gasses on command.

    Her ass roared, unleashing a dark-brown cloud with a powerful \*FFFRRRRRRRT.\* Her fart sent the assailant flying backwards, where he smashed against the wall with a loud crack. The force of the blow wasn't enough to knock him unconscious, but the fecal smell of her rear certainly was. She turned towards the other assassin, who was, unfortunately for him, still conscious.

    "You know, I just ate, but I'm still feeling pretty hungry," she said, grabbing him by his collar, effortlessly lifting him over her head. "And the one thing I really have an appetite for is garbage. I guess that's why you look so tasty to me right now."

    Before he could react, he was shoved into her wet-foul smelling mouth. Her jaw unhinged, and her powerful tongue pushed him deeper, into her throat. A squirming, shifting mass appeared in her gullet, which quickly traveled south, as she forced the assassin into her guts with one last gulp. Her stomach reached its largest size next, jutting out with the thrashing form of a full-grown man.

    She was right, his flavor was absolutely delightful, but maybe that was just the taste of sweet revenge. Her guts were tight, cramped, wet, and above all, smelly. The assassin inside was having a rather unpleasant time, as he struggled to break free of the grip of her stomach walls. There was no hope for him, however, as digestion had already set in.

    The Biohazardess's digestive system was as efficient as she wanted it to be. She was eager to rid the world of the man who tried to kill her, so she dissolved him rather quickly. It was a mercifully painless death, as he was churned away into nothing, to be absorbed by her body and converted into more gas and fat. Her stomach shrunk, but other parts of her body grew, just slightly. Her muscles, particularly her biceps became a bit more substantial. Her breasts swelled, her hips widened, and her ass became just the slightest bit jigglier. She made a mental note to investigate her assets more thoroughly later.

    She let out a celebratory belch to commemorate her first human meal, before turning to her second target, who still appeared to be knocked-out. She leaned close to his face, exhaling a cloud of her breath-stink directly into his nose, which was far more effective at shocking him awake than smellingsalts.

    "W-what do you want?" he said, looking around the room for his partner.

    "I want to know who you work for," she said, leaning back so he wouldn't have to deal with the foulness of her breath, at least for now.

    "Sintcorps. They hired us to kill you. You were the closest to finding out."

    "Thanks," she said, nodding.

    "S-so, are you going to let me go?"

    She shook her head. "If I do that, you'll just go and tell your bosses. And I'd like to maintain the element of surprise, as much as a 9 foot tall green woman with a constant cloud of stink around her can."

    "W-what are you going to do to me?"

    The Biohazardess was a "show, don't tell" kind of girl, so instead of describing the fate she had in mind, she simply went ahead and did it.

    She grabbed her prey, shoving him into the flexing hole between the two muscular green globes that made up her considerably large backside. The odor was overwhelming, a combination of sweat, musk, and, well, the sort of thing one would expect to come out of an ass. The assassin was sucked down the tight turd tunnel by the Biohazardess's powerful muscles, flexing and contracting with the goal of bringing him into her stomach.

    The assassin's journey wasn't as mercifully short as his partner's, as she wasn't as experienced in swallowing things with her ass as she was with her mouth. The assassin spent what felt like several eternities in the tight tube, every breath he took reeking of shit. Finally, he was deposited into her stomach. As gross as her gutstink was, it was far more tolerable than what he had to endure in her asshole.

    He was digested as thoroughly as his partner. Even his clothes, and the weapons that remained on his person were reduced to nutritious sludge. The Biohazardess chose to punctuate this meal with a dry, ripping fart that echoed through the hallways of the apartment building, and filled the room she was in with an odor that she couldn't get enough of! She took several long sniffs of her own buttstink before she decided it was time to move on.

    She knew that Sintcorp was responsible for her assassination, and now, she had the power to take them down. There was one more thing she needed to do before her quest for justice could continue...

    She returned to the outside of the building, where she had dined on the garbage bags from before. Her trashy meal, and the two human victims who followed, had left her bowels absolutely packed, and her ass in need of some serious relief. Fortunately, she was already nude, so all she needed to do was squat down in the nearest alleyway, and squeeze.

    Her shit came out with surprising ease, her ass muscles forcing it out without much trouble. It would've been quite a sight if anyone had been watching, seeing several turds, each longer and thicker than the average adult man, slide effortlessly out of the asshole of a gargantuan amazonian woman. Her load had several other unusual traits, besides just its size. It had a light radioactive green glow to it, which illuminated the otherwise lightless alleyway she was in. As with all things she produced that carried an odor, the stink manifested itself as visible clouds.

    The Biohazardess walked away, leaving the titanic turd-pile to be dealt with by someone else. Her quest for justice would continue, and she had a pretty good idea of who was next...