

## Whup Ass

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**Warning:** *This story contains subject matter of a sexual nature including fetish based muscle growth. Parental discretion is advised.*

**Rated:** X

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Do you ever wake up in the morning, and then hit the snooze bar on your alarm clock? Do you ever just have one of those days that you feel like calling in just so that you can roll over in bed, cover your head with a pillow and sleep till noon, but you don't because you just can't make up the energy to call in to work and deal with their hold queue? That was the kind of day that I was having as I laid there, my alarm going off for the past several minutes while I smacked my lips and blinked my eyes amidst the light in the room.

I had a bad night sleep... again. Whether it was the light of dawn waking me up all the time, or my bed or pillow or both being lumpy, or the damn garbage truck waking me up at six in the morning after I'd *just* gone to sleep I knew not, but whatever was the cause I was dog-tired.

Crawling out of bed and scratching my behind – no one was around, so who would care? It was one of the pleasures of being a woman in her own home after all – I pushed myself upright and straightened myself before heading to the bathroom. There I braced my lithe weight, which felt like a four hundred pound man's weight at the moment, while I stared at my disheveled face.

One of the misconceptions men had of women is that they thought that beauty came naturally. If only they knew how much makeup a super-model had to shellac onto her face to look that good, I wondered if they would be as interested in her right after she woke up in the morning. As it was, I had a lot of work to do before going to work. Pshaw... men had it easy... they just slick their hair back and they're good to go. If only they knew what a woman had to go through just to look decently good, they'd shut up about their looks.

Smacking my lips again and disregarding my bloodshot eyes, I lifted my hands and unbuttoned my men's shirt large. It was my dad's, one of his old shirts, but on a tiny little woman like me, it functioned fairly well as a sleep shirt. Peeling myself out of my panties and depositing those in the hamper, I sat on the edge of the bathtub and ran the water before starting the shower and waited for a brief time while the water warmed up. While it did, I looked down at my body, and what a disappointment it was to me.

I was like a colt that was fresh from the womb, with knobby knees and spindly arms and legs and barely discernable lumps showing on my flat chest for breasts. A decent array of downy hairs decorated my crotch as I slid a hand between my legs to rub and itch.

Ick! I felt dirty.

The water felt good on my body as it wet me down from head to toe, and I stood there for a time with my eyes closed facing the falling water as it sprayed onto my face, neck and chest, palming the wall behind the showerhead while I was sprayed with the semi-hot water. Lifting a hand, I dipped my head away from the water and rubbed the sleep out of my eyes before I began my usual morning routine.

Shampoo then body wash, wash myself down. Conditioners, then a second body wash. Shave my legs and arm pits and wash those clean. Dry off and then exit the shower and stand shivering in the cold chill of the bathroom. Brush and blow-dry my hair to get it nice and bouncy and then apply a full body moisturizing cream. Clean pores. Retrieve a fresh undershirt and panty and remark once again that I was wearing a girl's large instead of a woman's small dress size. Apply perfume and makeup. Go to my closet and don my thigh stockings and spend at least fifteen minutes deciding what else to wear.

That was where the only difference in my routine existed... what to wear.

Reaching upward, I pulled down a cleanly pressed and starched white blouse about my body and buttoned it up to the top before tying the frill, tie-like neck piece. Since I worked in an office, I needed a business suit. Well... my business suit was like a sailor uniform, complete with that back flap, but it was nonetheless cute on me.

The suit was a dull red to match my hair, and it had blue trim here and there... a pleated skirt that fell just past my knees, with a double-breasted vest and a double-breasted jacket – I remarked on the fact that they were considered double-breasted but had no problem covering my breasts – that hung over that. A thin belt and a pair of pumps completed the look.

The final thing to do was to get my hair under control, and feeling lazy, I only pulled it up into a pony tail with a scrunchy that held it at the base of my skull like a woman instead of at the top like a girl, and the style made sure that my bangs were kept out of my eyes with a pair of hair clips.

Standing in front of my bathroom mirror, I turned one way and then the other, making sure that everything was in its proper place, my red hair and green eyes the most dazzling part of my pale-skinned appearance, I smirked at the image and then went to go put on my earrings.

Gathering up my purse and reapplying my lipstick, I then went to work.

Somewhere between my apartment, the car ride and my desk at work, my mind began to fade, and I lost all sense of consciousness by the time that I started working, and sluggishly was the best way of describing of how that work went.

Yawning, and stretching and groaning repeatedly, I keyed in my work one keystroke at a time using a finger on either hand instead of a flurry of key presses with both hands like I usually did. I had a big bottle of sugar and caffeine saturated pop beside me that was laden with sugar and caffeine... ignoring its possible damage to my figure in favor of trying to wake me up.

By my first break, I had a huge pile of work that had to be completed before I left work that day.

*Oh... I'm so fired if I can't wake up, I thought.*

Rising to my feet, yawning again, I went to go look for something to supplement my sleepiness. It was then that I passed by a little indentation in one wall and paused, and turning back, faced a peculiar pop machine.

You know how you pass by a place over and over and never notice that there was something there? Like in one of those old neighborhoods, a place that you could've sworn was an empty sand lot all your life and is now occupied by a cute little shop that looked as if it'd always been there? I must've passed by this wall every day to go to break or to the bathroom and I could've sworn it was a blank wall for all that time. Now it was an indentation that was just deep enough to hold the exact dimensions of a new pop machine.

Looking down near the wheels of the machine, I even saw the collected dust, dirt and grime of a machine that has been there for a long, long time. Perhaps in my stupor, I only just noticed it.

Approaching the machine, I looked at what it contained. All the buttons were the same product, something called "Whup Ass." Raising an eyebrow at it, I noted the great yellow biohazard symbol that must've jokingly been put on it, which meant it must be truly laden with caffeine and sugars. Just what I needed.

Plugging in two dollars – *expensive can* – I pushed one of the buttons and heard the machine churn just before one of the largest soda cans I'd ever seen was dispensed through the little door at the bottom of the machine.

It was cold... I mean real cold. So cold that I had to keep shifting hands to hold it in order to look at it, and my breath frosted on the outside of the can as cold vapor rose around it.

"What was this stored in, liquid nitrogen?" I asked myself out loud and walked back to my tiny cubical and sat down at my desk to examine the can.

*Whup Ass  
If you need to whup your ass into action,  
If you feel down and weak, maybe out of energy,  
Then guzzle us down and you'll have energy to spare!  
Whup Ass, whupping your ass since 2001.*

I smirked at that. It was just what I needed... excess energy. Ignoring the warning label and the Yellow Bio-hazard symbol, I popped the top of the can and began guzzling it like it said... also like I sometimes did when I just needed a quick boost of energy.

When I was done, I felt a smile rise up on my face as my eyes screwed up for a minute.

This can... had made me instantly awake.

"Woo!" I said excitedly, and then turned to my work, and taking up the first sheet, I began to enter its data in, amazed at how quickly my hands were flying over the keys.

Before I knew it, I'd finished one project and moved onto the next, and then the next... and the next! I was flying quickly! And it wasn't even lunch yet...

I could feel my heart hammering inside my chest, felt my body growing warmer, and as I worked, something strange was happening inside my frail little body, and for one thing... I was starting to feel... horny.

As I sat primp and pretty, I felt the pocket of woman flesh between my thighs begin to warm up, and then grow hot. I felt my clitoris and nipples erecting, felt the juices inside me starting to build up, just before some of it trickled out between the pair of thickening labia that was swelling between my legs.

I loosened my collar as I worked, and smiled pleasingly as someone delivered more work for me to do.

My eyes were wide, there was a smile on my face, and as the minutes passed by I began to feel my pussy grow sopping wet, felt my panties grow soggy about the crotch and the cotton was obviously turning see-through. With a gasp I clutched at my chest, feeling my nipples erecting harder than they'd ever been against the peaks of my breasts, the areola puffing out wide, the nipples growing and erecting so that they ached against my chest, and not being able to stand it any longer, I got to my feet, slipped my pumps back on and walked speedily to the women's bathroom. There I splashed some water on my face from the faucet, feeling my heartbeat accelerating even quicker... but despite the fact that I should be concerned about what was happening to my body, I was feeling too excited to care.

Sliding into the nearest stall and closing the lock, I hiked up my skirts and palmed my sex, feeling my vaginal lips, feeling that they'd drawn so taut that they were like twin steel cables pinching my erect clitoris between them, their throbbing motion massaging my clit into higher and higher levels of erotic elation. I rubbed my crotch and was rewarded with a minute jet of my vaginal juices and a twinge of orgasmic pleasure from my bowels, and then peeling my panties off, pushing them down to my ankles, I sat on the seat to the toilet, and breathing excitedly slid my fingers between my legs and gently caressed my clit with both fingers... just before lightly pinching it. I was rewarded with an immediate orgasm that rocked my loins in a mind-altering orgasmic lance of my juices that spilled a jet of pent up ejaculate into the bowl.

Oh come on... don't be so coy. It's not as if none of you've ever done it inside the bathroom of where you worked...

Laughing lightly, I began to caress myself into multiple orgasms, even amidst to other women coming in and out of the bathroom.

Once I was sated, I rose, still feeling excited but no longer needing my loins tweaked, and hiking my panties up to my waist, I noted, briefly... that they seemed tighter about my body. They wedged in between my butt cheeks a little more, and on top of that, my clit and labia seemed to have grown stronger and distended a little more; pressing against the insides of my thighs.

Chuckling inwardly to myself, I washed my hands and went back to work.

Every now and again I'd rub my crotch after making sure no one was about, and with so much energy I worked right through my lunch, sat through a meeting bouncing my crossed legs and even tapping a finger on my knee. I was so full of myself that I actually skipped back to my desk and exhaled a gasp of exited elation as I got back to work.

That meeting was so boo~orning!

But then I looked down at my hands, and remarked that my fingernails looked longer than they'd been this morning, and on top of that my arms showed more wrist outside of my shirt and jacket cuffs than they usually do.

Shrugging, I went back to work, feeling energy filling me from the inside, throbbing along my veins and arteries, teasing my pussy to make it throb and exciting me. I began to become distracted again at that point, and all I could think about was getting a dick inside me.

But as the time passed, I began to feel a discomfort eking its way onto me, and I became short of breath as I tried to breathe faster to make up for the energy burning inside me, and sometime near my last break I began to sweat profusely. It was then that I picked up the empty can of Whup Ass from my trash can, and held it up for my inspection; it was then that I spied the Biohazard symbol and pursed my lips in consideration.

*What if it wasn't there just as a joke?* I asked myself, and then looked at the warning label.

***'Warning: Whup Ass is a high grade energy drink. Not to be used by children under the age of eighteen, those with a heart condition. Individuals under one hundred pounds body weight should not consume more than one serving per four hour period.'***

I blanched. I weighed ninety-eight pounds.

Turning the can and looking at the contents, I read its contents.

***'Contains: Carbonated water, Irradiated Caffeine...'***

*Irradiated caffeine? What the hell was that?* I thought. But continued.

***'...Taureen, High-Fructose Corn Syrup, Citric Acid, Carbonated Water, Natural Flavoring, Natural Preservatives, Vitamins and Minerals, Nanite reconstructors...'***

*Nanites?!*

***'...Mutagenic compounds...'*** My brain got a kink from that one. ***'...Strength enhancing retro-viruses...'*** Another kink. ***'...Ginkgo Biloba, Ginseng and Gurana.'***

It was then that I saw a foot note on the can, that it contained one hundred percent of all the natural minerals and vitamins for a daily person's intake per serving. And then I looked at the servings per can.

It contained four servings...

I blanched again and felt my hand shake, and looking at the warning label and back to how many servings I guzzled, I began to panic, and rising to my feet, I felt myself hyperventilating, feeling my heart pounding, feeling my body heating up, my clitoris and my nipples so hard and so erect that they ached.

"Oh God..." I moaned, and just then, somewhere inside me, something reached critical mass, and I felt myself... Growing?

I groaned as my clothes began to tighten about my body, my chest pressing into my undershirt, my undershirt pressing into my blouse, my vest and jacket pushing open as my body steadily increased in height. I felt the hem of my pleated skirts rising upward over my knees and along my thighs as I grew taller, feeling my form swelling as my heart slowed, but pounded harder inside my chest.

I gasped as I pressed my thighs together, trying to tug my skirts down as they rose upward, and I gasped as my pussy quivered and then clenched, and then erupted with a jet of my sweet nectar into my panties to make them soggy and stick to my body and inner thighs.

My belt loosened, as amazing as that was while the rest of my thickened, my waist narrowing and compressing in on itself even though my hips widened, my shoulders broadened and I gasped at the strength that I felt sliding into my body as my arms and legs thickened.

Lowering my gaze to my hands, seeing the pads of my fingers thicken, my fingernails lengthening and growing sharper, I blinked suddenly as something passed before my vision, and after I touched it, I realized that it was my hair! My hair was growing!

I looked over my shoulder, feeling my muscles throbbing and rippling, felt my body aching and heard the crunching and cracking of my bones being pushed open and apart, or lengthening altogether beneath my flesh and creaking with my groaning muscles that were tightening all over my bodice. My flesh was darkening with an all over body flush, and I swore that I could feel my bones creaking and grinding inside me, felt the bowl of my hips broaden as my leg and arm bones lengthened.

My spine turned outward, pushing from in between my back muscles as my back and chest swelled and bulged away from each other, my blouse un-tucking itself from my skirts while my navel sunk beneath my ribs. My ribs flared outward then, thickening and bulging, while about my arms I felt my biceps and triceps bulging and thickening, my forearms flaring to pop the snaps at my sleeve cuffs, just before the flaring muscles pushed the cuffs of those sleeves up to my elbows.

I gasped as my skull even expanded a little, my brain filling with the blood that'd been made hot with the strange fluids of this energy drink, and after a little of this transformation, I really didn't care if anyone saw.

I chuckled a little bit as I lifted my blouse a little and felt my tightening abdominals, feeling my senses becoming hyper aware, feeling my skin becoming ultra sensitive. Goosebumps rose up on my bodice from head to toe as I caressed my flesh. I hunched my shoulders and sighed nasally even as my eyesight rose above the six foot tall walls of the cubicles, which meant that I'd already grown a total of six inches! I chuckled again as my vision cleared more and more of that height, my form growing nearer and nearer to the ceiling, and I felt something akin to bridge cables and piano wire feeding their way through my body to reinforce and strengthen me and to intensify my every muscle and sinew.

I breathed deeper and deeper, huffing and puffing as my undershirt, blouse, vest and jacket tightened about my bodice, several inches of my navel revealing itself as my dress hung over my hips instead of flowing about my hips and being held up by my belt. I felt my body arching and bending, my shoulders being pulled backward and my hips rolling to thrust my butt upward as my body automatically rebalanced itself for my thickening body, becoming as sinuous as a snake as I felt tiny things like little spiders running beneath my skin, knitting my flesh and muscles and bones and building me up. Though the feelings they

created were a bit creepy, they nonetheless were making me stronger, tougher and more beautiful than I've ever been.

At a full head over the cubicle walls, walls that I used to have to climb up on my desk to see over, I rushed out of my cubicle, having to slide sideways out of it as I rushed speedily to my car. I passed by several people who looked at me confusedly, my hair slowly swelling about my head and becoming bushier as they wondered who I was. Getting to the car lot, I quickly found my tiny little four-banger of a car, unlocked the door and tried to climb in, but found that I was too large for the seat. I had to adjust the seat all the way back just to get in, and starting it up, drove home quickly, breathing quicker and deeper, moaning as I orgasmed and came with a heady flush into my panties, feeling their seat moistening now as my juices slid upward into my butt cheeks through the fabric that was flossing my ass.

I moaned and sighed with every breath, and as I drove, I saw my arms thickening, my pectorals pushing forward, my clothes tightening ever more firmly to make breathing even more difficult. My body lengthened more till my head was pushing against the ceiling of my car, and when I got to the car lot of my apartment, I was driving so fast that I slid into the lot by doing a four wheel drag, and swerved into a parking spot before jumping the curb.

Clambering out of the car and landing on my hands and knees, I heard more cracking and breaking as my upper body puffed further outward, my chest flaring wider, my shoulders broadening and swelling outward, and just then I heard a pop and the clatter of something metal, and saw a button from my jacket had popped off. I picked it up and looked down at my chest, seeing the curvature of two great slabs of pectoral muscle spreading the fabric between the many buttons of my clothing apart, and I gasped, palming my chest before quickly getting to my feet and slamming my car door closed.

I was amazed as the motion caused my car to rock off two of its tires and slide about a foot sideways before crashing back down on all four wheels.

I glanced at my hands, only to see the veins and capillaries standing on end even as thick chords bulged and etched themselves out of my flesh. Biting my lower lip that had become all the more fleshy and thickened with my mouth widening and growing more supple, I stifled a laugh and hurried to my apartment room, feeling my feet scrunching up inside my pumps as I opened up the door to the apartment complex and leapt up the stairs four at a time with my newly lengthened legs.

And then I came to my door and paused, seeing that my gaze was practically looking at the top of the door jam!

*That means I'm nearly seven feet!!* I gasped, and then fumbling with my keys, I opened the door and hurried inside, closing the door carefully behind me after remembering what happened with my car.

On the other side of the door, I rested against it, feeling myself throbbing in time with my thudding heart, feeling my insides billowing outward, forcing my bones to thicken and spread further outward, and pressing a hand against the V-shaped patch of cloth over my crotch which was steadily swallowing the fabric of my panties, I palmed the fattened lips of my pussy and felt the sticky juices that had passed through the fibers of my cotton panties to form a sticky surface over my vaginal mound.

I couldn't believe how powerful my pussy had become, or how strong. It'd billowed and distended, flared thicker and more powerful with greater sexual might, pressing against my inner thighs with the slit lengthening to take a much larger dick if need be and my bowels deepening behind it to take a longer dick too. I clenched my pussy lips tightly, biting my lower lip as my pussy lips pinched my thickening and throbbing clitoris even as another jet of my juices escaped my loins and slid upward and downward along the tightening fabric of my panties, sliding mostly between my butt cheeks to moisten my ass. I began rubbing my cunt then with one hand, feeling it swelling wider beneath my thickening fingers and their lengthening nails, the thick pads of woman flesh distending further from my pelvis, the twin vaginal lips strengthening while my clitoris grew larger and harder, arching upward and out of my body, dragging my

inner vaginal muscles out with it so that it could throb menacingly with the anger of all my many years of sexual frustration.

Moaning I tried to walk forward but collapsed to my hands and knees, and gnashing my teeth, feeling my face changing as bones and muscles swelled and mutated, I bellowed out my ecstasy in a piercing moan as my fingernails clawed at the floor.

I felt my innards squirming and tightening as I reared backward like some monstrous creature rising from the depths of the sea, gasping as I pinched my eyes shut, my face smoothing outward and my jaw strengthening, my lips swelling while I felt power unlocking inside of my body. It was a Neolithic power, the sort of strength that a woman had when she had to contend with saber-toothed tigers and other frightening beasts, all the while carrying a child in a papoose on her back and another in her womb.

Women were always strong like that...

My muscles, my sweet womanly muscles kept growing and growing, and gasping, looking down at my body, I felt my growth start to move in another direction now, and somewhere as I grew passed seven feet tall from head to toe, with my skirts rising up high about my hips to show off my sopping wet panties and parts of the swells of my behind, my clothes having ridden so high upon my body that the whole of my belly and some of my hips showed themselves, I began to feel the speed of my growth upward shift instead to growing outward!

I began to breathe heavily again, moaning with every breath, and amidst it all, as I practically wet myself with the torrent of my sexual juices that erupted from my pussy then, I clenched my jaw and began growling with all my sexual anger, feeling the power in my loins spreading into the rest of my body.

My skin glistened now with sweat, sweat that tickled down the massive packs of pectoral muscle that was stretching my clothes apart, my silk blouse clinging to my body while my panties formed a knot between my butt cheeks from the seat steadily giving me a firm wedgie while its straps stretched tightly across my hips and cut into my flesh and its front flossed my pussy to reveal my bulging camel-toe between my legs. The front of my panties sunk ever deeper into the wedge of my cunt, hiding none of my vaginal arcs and curves or the apparent depth between the bulging lips, and spreading my legs further apart, my thigh socks stretching about my thickening thighs and forelegs as they slowly sunk down my thighs from my lengthening legs, I stretched my skirts across my spreading legs till they grew tight across my bottom while my form grew taller yet.

I clenched my hands into fists and clenched my jaw till it ground, arching my body backward as the chords and striations of muscle bulged further and harder all about me, and as I slowly flexed my arms with the tension wracking my body, I watched as my biceps on either of my once slender arms slowly bunched upward, the triceps diminishing as they stretched in opposition to my flexing biceps but nonetheless bulging again as they continued to strengthen, and I felt my pussy throb and pulsate eagerly while my body continued to spread apart above my middle. Even as my body cleaved down the middle upon a long, sinuous line that bisected my belly button, separating my pecs and my ribs and abs apart, I likewise felt my widening hips, lengthening navel and broadening chest clench into a perfect hourglass shape.

I flexed my arms even harder, feeling the burning power in my muscles while my forearms flared wider to pop open more of my shirt and jacket cuffs, ripping open some of the seams over my shoulders and along my forearms as my arms continued to bulge. I could feel the muscles of my shoulders rounding outward, rending the seams of my suit jacket further and further apart while my biceps and triceps pressed into the silken sleeves of my shirt. The seams held the sleeves to my blouse on began to slowly rent open as well, parting beneath the wide open layers of fabric that made up my suit jacket, the seams slowly separating while my chest and ribs slowly filled the body of my blouse, vest and jacket out.

Pinching my eyes shut and clenching my arms further to make my growing biceps rise to whole new peaks, my detaching sleeves bunching up around my forearms as my upper arms thickened and individual muscles cleaved from my arms, I felt the twin muscles of my biceps cleaving and swelling apart from each other,

the bulges on the tops of my arms steadily spreading apart as my triceps flared equally beneath them as I continued to flex. I moaned low in my throat and rolled my hips as I arched my back powerfully, my loins quivering and tightening before they squirted a long jet of my nectar from within me, the moisture actually dribbling through my panties now and onto the carpet while I felt my sleeves tightening about my arms, a few scant moments before the bulging and tense thickness of both my biceps found a weak spot in my sleeves and almost simultaneously began tearing open the sleeves of first my jacket and then my silk blouse around my arms.

I snarled and squirted another minute jet of my nectar into my panties, and more of my juices dripped onto a spot on the floor.

Hopefully that wouldn't take from my damage deposit!

I relaxed my arms then and palmed my tightening belly, sliding my hands downward along my navel to caress the bunching muscles there and push my belt further downward around my wide hips.

I groaned, clenching my teeth again and growling, and automatically I began to rock slightly where I knelt, instinctively imagining a thick and hardy penis piercing my loins, digging deep into my bowels and sliding into my navel up to the hilt as I strengthened further.

"Ah!" I gasped as my pussy clenched involuntarily, and I reached beneath my skirt and between my legs to grind the muscles with my fist, squeezing more of my fresh and hot vaginal juices out with one hand. "More!" I groaned as my panties continued to tighten about my bodice, and I hunched over myself, flexing my arms again as I fisted the floor, trying to coax more power out of my body.

Sure enough, my chest bulged and my ribs parted with my efforts, my upper bodice from clavicle to ribs pressing forward and snapping the remaining ornate button on my jacket, but likewise popping the three buttons of my vest as well, and several upon on my silk blouse to reveal some of my undershirt beneath all my clothing..

My thickening neck that flared wide within the confines of a small woman's blouse, popped the tie of the frill about my neck and popped the button that held it on even while my once knee-length skirts continued to rise up along my thickening thighs. My skirts were stretched across my legs as they steadily were drawn higher and higher atop my thighs, revealing the white cotton wedge of panties knotted between my legs and giving me a wicked dual wedgie, the pleats in my skirts steadily stretching wide and slowly disappearing while my bulging pussy engorged with more muscle and its lips began to flare out from within the cloth of my panties, revealing my throbbing clit as it immediately flipped above and over the waistband. My skirts transformed steadily into a tight wrap-around skirt that did nothing to hide my sweet vaginal mound and my tight, sopping-wet panties that laid over them.

I flexed again and my sleeves detached completely from the body of my clothes, my back bulging outward and my shoulder blades cleaving outward from my back with my spine, widening my neck along with them, stretched my undershirt, shirt, vest and jacket apart and made the last few remaining buttons of my blouse quiver.

My biceps bulged larger, pressing out of the holes at the tops of my detached sleeves while as my flaring forearms tore open more of my sleeves, and with my body broadening and thickening as it was, the former arm holes in which my sleeves had recently been attached tore open down my broadening and muscling sides as I flexed harder and harder, tightening the rest of my body and feeling my veins standing on end all across my body. My pectorals swelled outward, stretching my undershirt across them as it pushed further out from between the shorn open sides of my blouse, my undershirt stretching across a pair of nipples that were likewise muscling and bulging, hardening as they thickened and erected into tight bulbous little mounds. My undershirt, caught along the lower edge of my chest snapped both of the spaghetti string straps that held it upward, the rest of the fabric stretching about my body while more and more of my chest muscles were born out to the fresh air. A glance downward displayed the thickened slabs of my pectorals, right when they began to crease and separated into their individual muscle striations, bouncing and



bunching with my every movement, the radial creases deepening as each band of muscle formed a cascading radial that led away from my arms, and each individual pectoral chord bulged outward on its own.

The flush of my body darkened even more, becoming almost tanned instead of porcelain as I grew several inches more and bulged even wider; my every bone thickening and rounding outward and my every muscle thickened in bundles of chords all over my body. Those muscles thickened larger and larger, bulging, engorging, pressing and pinching together, making me grow and grow continually.

I moaned at this experience, moaned like a whore as I tilted my hips and lifted my pussy backward toward the nearby door, my chest and sides bulging outward, my belly sinking beneath my ribs and into the bowl of my hips, my arms and thighs thickening while my distending pussy grew sopping wet between my legs. Every time my heart pumped, the thing swelling inside my chest, the rest of my body filled outward all around it, the rest of me grow steadily with each heart beat, and every muscle, even places that you thought you wouldn't have muscles, strengthened.

And what strengthened most especially in my body... was my pussy and what lay behind it.

My vaginal muscles strengthened inside my bowels as my hips widened more, my abdominals rapidly clenching into two long sinuous bands from my sternum to my pussy, the two bands creasing deeply down my middle as they compressed into an hourglass shape, a pair of laterals creasing out of them to hug my sides. But then my abdominals compressed even more, tightening and creasing horizontally into thirds, giving me a beautifully taut six pack, which soon creased into a firm eight back as the central abdominals creased; the two lats to either side of my belly creasing themselves into two pairs of lats. My now four lats lengthened and firmed up as my dorsal muscles swelled further, deepening my arm holes along my sides even more as my thickening body went so far as to also pop the last of my buttons down my blouse front.

Lifting both my arms and flexing them, I gasped as my sleeves shred completely around my empowering arm muscles, my biceps ballooning like swelling cantaloupes, revealing my broad, powerfully chorded chest and my undershirt stretching about it that covered the twin lumps of my bulging nipples. With my undershirt stretched so much, the fabric translucent, my nipples showed through the thinning strip of fabric as they both stood on end like hardened pebbles, either beet red and hot from my erotic passions as they throbbed in tune with the pulsating, vibrating beat of my heart. They both created little lumps through my stretched undershirt that even now stuck to my flesh thanks to my sweat and was changing from translucent to transparent with my moisture. I groaned whenever that wet fabric licked across one or even both of my nipples as my chest continued to bulge and round outward, either pectoral strengthening and flaring as more of my juices leaked from my bulbous and distended pussy that was only barely being covered by my panties now.

Again I moaned, my legs spreading wider, and a smidgen of a tear appeared in the seams on both sides of my skirt, and a moment later I came in such an explosive torrent that a good cup or two of my juices spilled onto the shaggy floor.

I gasped and gasped again as I looked at my blooming chest, saw the tense chords bulging outward, each chord wider and wider while my already great mane of hair billowed about my head, neck and shoulders and swelled in every direction. I moaned as my thighs bulged massively, swelling outward and forcing my skirts to ride up even higher, the rips in the seams deepening so that my skirts could flare over my spread open thighs, and create a solid band of thin red fabric about my broadening and thickening hips.

Palming my navel again, caressing my massively huge chest, I made a happy sound deep in my throat as the muscle kept building and building in me, and impossibly thick chords with deepening creases between each muscle formed and then pinched tightly against each other.

I felt my back flaring wider then, my spine turning outward as it was pushed out with my empowering back muscles, and as my back broadened, hugging my sides, it compressed my chest together as I continued to palm my chest and now my belly. The simple movements of my form tore open the seam of my jacket

down the back, starting right in the middle, and smiling, pushing my arms forward, I as I arched my body like a cat, I deepened the break all the way down my back so that only my collar remained closed. Flexing my arms upward, feeling my biceps billowing and brimming with power all the more, I felt my blouse tearing and shredding open around me, the arm holes deepening even more so about my flaring arms, and rising upward on my knees and sighing, I flexed harder and felt my back bubbling outward as it sectioned off rapidly in half vertically to either side of my spine, and then into thirds horizontally on either side, before each sixth began bubbling and exploding muscles outward in every direction.

“Ngh... MORE!” I bellowed, flexing harder, enjoying the violent abuse being caused to my body from this growth.

My body responded as it grew thicker, heavier, the density of my bones growing as they condensed even as they grew, and as my back flared ever wider, opening steadily like a great fleshy hood of some reptile, my chest pushing forward, and opening my hands, I watched as my fingers grew longer and thicker with added muscle, my hands growing thicker and more muscular, my forearms flaring wider till the flaring sides met right up with my wrists.

I laughed and again palmed my belly, feeling it tightening all the more as I slid one hand beneath my belt and inside my panties to caress my pussy that was held tightly inside the fold of my panties.

My thigh socks sank lower as my feet bulged inside my pumps, and at long last they broke open the toes of my pumps, ripping open the tops as I grew steadily larger, my stockinged feet sliding outward. With my hand inside my panties, I looked down the length of my form as I billowed and grew, and I waited with a smile on my broadening and thickening lips even as I came hotly into my hand, ejecting a sticky and slick wash of my juices all over my hand before I smeared the juices along my navel and then licked the excess off. Almost immediately, beneath my other hand that remained flattened against my belly, I felt my stomach tightening harder than ever, the individual muscles compressing further as they thickened, my upper body continuing to flare wider about my lower body.

I moaned, feeling my abdominals tightening all over, bunching as the individual muscles beneath them swelled and creased, realigning and bulging outward thickly, hotly, my whole body growing hot, steaming hot it felt while my clit erected all the more, drawing more of my vaginal muscles outward as it strengthened. I felt my eight-pack swell into an ten pack, then swell into twelve, rapidly creasing over and over until it reached sixteen individual abdominals. Hugging those abdominal muscles were my lats which transformed as my abdominals increased in number from two sets of two, to three sets of two, then four, then five sets. Hugging my lats were my ribs, my ribs being hugged by bulging dorsal muscles, my dorsal muscles being overlapped by my flaring back muscles.

All of this broadened my body with titan grade muscularity, my veins standing on end, and as my upper body thickened, my chest bulged monstrously forward till it hung over my belly, while my back muscles grew outward, flaring larger, bulging and tearing open the back of my blouse down the seam at the center of its back like it had with my coat. Shortly after that, my vest began to shred open across my bulging shoulders and mounting muscles as my back bowed outward. My flaring upper body and broadening neck muscles soon tore open the rest of my blouse, vest and jacket, violently snapping threads and exploding seams, and as I continued to billow the remnants of the clothes about my upper body tore apart and fell in tatters around my body.

The power... the sheer unmitigated power that was infesting my body!

I cried out then and came again, my skirts tightening across my flaring hips and thickening buttocks, my thighs bulging and folding the skirts turned wrap tightly about hips and butt till the curvature of my ass showed through its fabric, while at the same time my panties flossed my pussy and my ass so tightly that it was nearly painful. I groaned and moaned, clenching my teeth as I palmed my pussy, my thighs bulging thicker and thicker to press against my pussy lips which thusly pressed against my clit. My panties flossed between my distended pussy lips, the pair sliding slowly outward through the sides of the fabric, and I could feel the cloth tearing and ripping all about me.

“Mmm... More!” I cried, and trembling, felt my body groaning, my bones turning outward further, my form flaring.

My thighs flared wider and wider, the muscles etching their way out of my flesh, and I palmed them, feeling my pussy tightening harder between my thighs like the two lips were a fist clenching about my clit, forcing my innards to churn and jostle as I grew several inches taller, nearing eight feet it must've been, I felt more tearing as the seams on either side of my hips upon my skirts tear open further, and smiling I spread my legs subtly, letting my growth tear open more of my once precious clothing... but I wanted to see it gone... if only to see more of my sweet muscles revealed.

But that wrap didn't tear right away; even despite my bulging body was thickening in every proportion.

My undershirt stretched more across my body, forming a tight band directly about the bases of my chest muscles as those muscled thickened and pinched against each other, my areola and nipples extending further along the lower edges of my chest as either of my pectorals rounded thickly outward, pulsating to greater and greater thickness in their chorded beauty. Leaning backward as my ribs and chest pushed forward all the more, cracking open and lining themselves with even more muscle, the lean fibers in my body growing thicker and greater in number as they all separated and broke apart, new muscle chords growing and sliding beneath my flesh to create a repeating rippling motion, forcing my body thicker and thicker as my bones grew larger and stronger.

My abdominals flared outward, filling forward as my waist began to thicken along with the rest of me, and it wasn't long before those muscles were pressing against my belt once again, that belt tightening around my middle and was soon groaning in protest while my abdominals and all the muscles lining my waist grew thicker and thicker.

Gasping and breathing deeply, sweat sliding down the creases of my hardening flesh and between my butt cheeks, I gasped as I rubbed my abdomen as my innards churned and compressed, and biting my lower lip as I breathed I felt my innards lurch again and another jet of cum erupted from me. Feeling the leather band of my belt tightening harder, digging into my flesh, my middle broadening and swelling its sixteen separate muscles, till at long last the belt snapped open about my waist.

“Ah!” I cried and felt more of my juices slide from me, and spreading my legs wider, my hips flaring further, my bottom bulging outward with my flaring thighs, my skirts ripped even further open, till with a series of snapping pops, and fabric shredding across my thighs, the wrap around skirt popped right off my waist.

The fabric slid off my thighs and bottom... my sweat and the juices escaping from my swollen vaginal mound making it stick to my body, but at last I was able to see the contours of my pussy as it bulged more, swallowing more of the front of my panties as the cotton fabric stretched to the point of the fabric was beginning to tear from the elastic straps. I caressed and cajoled my cunt, my abdominals billowing outward all the further, deepening my belly button as it sunk, my chest lurching forward and stretching the elastic straps of my undershirt that wrapped around my body to the point where certain strands were snapping and popping about the incredible girth even as I wet myself with another orgasmic burst of ejaculate.

“Oh... Oh! Ngh!” I sighed nasally, and palmed my body all over again, working my arms around my body as the tatters of my blouse and jacket and also my vest broke open and shredded about the collar, back and arm holes, pieces of it falling off my body as I caressed muscles that bulged and rippled with my every movement.

The throbbing pulse of blood in my body made the strength quicken as I fingered the individual muscles of my belly, sliding my hand downward over my belly button, over my pelvis and finally onto my cunt, and I felt the thick chords of my labia, fingered the slit that resided between them, felt the slick moisture as my clitoris engorged and hardened all the larger. Between my swelling butt cheeks, the knot of my panties was beginning to tear, the moisture of my juices straining from the fabric to moisten my anus, lubricate the

hardened muscles that were even now cleaving into three separate overlapping bands of muscle and tightening the space between my butt cheeks like a vice.

I groaned, feeling my pubic mound distending and flaring further open to press more of their hot throbbing flesh against my inner thighs as those inner portions of my thighs sank beneath the engorging and amassing muscles of my quadriceps. Those inner thighs began to bisect and fold, cleave and separate, individual tendons and chords standing on end as they tightened harder and hard till the masses of my inner thighs cleaved into a plethora of interconnecting tendons that surrounded and seemed to connect directly to my pussy, as if my sopping wet cunt were the center of a starburst. I ejaculated again, and yet again, the juices sliding down between my legs and filtering through the already wet fabric of my panties as my thighs bulged wider and wider.

The last of my blouse, vest and jacket tore off my body just then as the remnants of the sleeves about my bulging arms, as my thickening arm muscles filled out so much that the holes of the arms snapped and the sleeves practically exploded around my arms. As my body bulged even more so, excessively one might call it, my leg socks, which were like hosiery and were able to stretch forever, began to run and tear open about my thickening calves, and with my calves so large and broad that they held onto the bands of the socks at the very tops, soon my toes were breaking through the bottoms.

I maneuvered myself so that I angled one leg out in front of me, palming its mass as the muscles grew tighter and thicker, the energy in them burning so hotly that I thought that I'd ignite on fire! But the burning... the burning of muscle growing and bones grinding as they thickened was intense! I gasped as I flexed my leg, biting my lower lip and feeling it amass and bulge, my Achilles tendon thickening massively down the length of my inner thighs and down the backs of my legs. More ripping greeted my ears as my leg socks slowly tore open about my lengthening legs and bulging foreleg and calves upon a multitude of holes... my calves flaring outward massively, almost endlessly, my feet enlarging just before a snap greeting my hearing from the cuff of my socks – one right after the other – popping open about my legs.

I giggled then and flexed my leg all the more, leaning into it, and as I leaned I found that my usual flexibility – or lack thereof – was gone, and I was able to press myself straight to my knee and kiss the top of my foot.

Oh sweet substance... whatever that stuff was, it is a blessed thing!

Righting myself and throwing my head back, I laughed as my great mane of billowing hair was thrown back with the jostling of my head, and I slipped my leg beneath me again as I rose and flexed my body. I was only in my undershirt and panties now as my legs socks rent open about my thick and massive legs, with my panties and undershirt strewn across my muscular, billowing body as tightly as could be.

As I placed my hands on my flaring hips and flexed more, I nearly lost my undershirt as I flexed my body, my neck flaring wider, the angle of my neck practically going straight to my shoulders now, my neck lengthening as my middle did, my head being pushed forward from my thickening back muscles, my body growing several inches in that act, but as I grew, the straps of my undershirt about my bodice finally snapped completely, leaving only friction to keep the band of white fabric about my body... instantly transforming it into a body wrap. I laughed and continued flexing, tightening my body, forcing my muscles to develop quicker, bulge larger and engorge ever outward in every direction, and biting my lower lip in anticipation as my chest pushed forward, pushing my undershirt shirt further downward, rolling it down my body even as my back continued to billow, I watched with bated breath for the moment that that body wrap would snap around me. Flattened masses all over my body began to crease into secondary and tertiary muscles, and my back... felt as if it was a series of explosions as it changed and thickened and engorged and billowed, my body throbbing with my blood pumping through thickening veins, and as I stood there another lance of my juices erupted from my pussy and dribbled down my thighs to the floor.

Then the knobs of each of my spines on my spinal chord pushed outward, my spinal column thickening as it pushed out further, pushing my body further apart, following the thickening hump of muscle between my shoulders while my upper body seemed to separate and spread apart right down the middle. My undershirt

rolled further down my muscled middle as my upper body spread apart like that, just before my chest lurched forward, my back billowed further backward, and all my chest and back muscles thickened double and then triple their previous sizes!

My nipples erected outward practically a full inch upon the puffed out areola along the lower edges of the massive slabs that had become my pectorals, and sighing as my body glistened with sweat, I slid both hands between my burgeoning thighs to caress my pussy, rubbing my labia and squeezing my clit to get me to rise toward a whole new level of climax.

My shoulders creased and cleaved themselves apart, my clavicle bones being swallowed by my chest muscles as they swelled to overlap them, pressing against my thickening throat as I grew to a towering, billowing mass.

My thickening back muscles pushed my head even further forward as my neck flared straight to my shoulders now, rounding my back out with even more muscle as my mane fell down about my head.

My hands were like claws with their long fingernails, and my chest was a mass of overlapping and bound chords held in my reddened flesh.

I moaned as I flexed my abdominals, feeling them tightening and creasing into greater numbers, and as my height increased passed eight feet and my chest muscles and ribs and back bulged all the more, my undershirt snapped about my bodice like shredding tissue paper. As it pulled itself apart around me, its pieces floating to the ground as I stood there fingering myself with both hands now, I felt the fabric of my panties tearing uncontrollably about my pelvis. The tight chords of the hip straps and also the seat of my panties that were drawn in between my butt cheeks were tearing apart about my thickening waist, the bands shredding open and pulling apart, my pussy pushing forward out of the opening holes till at long last something gave, and with a climax that erupted an orgasmic jet of cum three seconds long from my pussy straight onto the floor, the fabric of my panties snapped open between my legs and flipped outward to hang from around me. It didn't take long for me to grow so thick around the middle that the remainder of my panties broke open around my middle, leaving me totally naked at long last.

I gasped as I fingered my naked body now... pressing in on one of my nipples, still feeling my body bulging and throbbing in tune with my heart beating, and as I caressed myself, feeling the power in my arms and thighs, in my chest and middle, I at long last came to what felt like the source of my power, which was the pulsating and throbbing pussy between my legs.

All the downy pubic hairs had either been pulled back in or had fallen out, I wasn't sure which, but regardless, I touched the slippery smooth vaginal muscles that were pinching between my thighs, and now with nothing covering my cunt, I slid two fingers inside myself, and genuinely began to masturbate.

"Oh!" I moaned and then swallowed heavily as my back flared further, my head dipping forward as I gasped and moaned with my vaginal muscles doing tricks inside me.

And then something else changed, and I felt the very make up of my muscles and bones transform, my bones thickening till they overlapped each other like great slabs and chords, my muscles mutating into muscle groups unheard of in a human being, and gasping, folding myself over myself as I slowly collapsed to my knees and formed fists with my hands, I knelt there on the floor, and transformed all over again.

My body flared over my burgeoning legs, my legs broadening and thickening beneath me, my hips widening along with my bodice, my middle disappearing with all the flaring muscle. My back swelled and swelled as I moaned again like a whore, my pussy continuing to leak my juices which were forming and escaping my body as fast as they could be made!

I cried out as my jaw broadened though it still came to a point, my eyes sinking in their sockets and widening as my neck muscles slowly crept up my skull to envelop it. The cliff of my overhanging chest

pushed further forward, overhanging my navel like a cliff, my back seeming as if it was mountain building as it rose like a soufflé rising in the oven.

My bottom swelled and rounded outward, my ass creased only when it was tensed, my biceps bulged and thickened, growing to the size of watermelons while my forearms flared and broadened to hem them in; the flaring swelling right to my wrists as my shoulders widened, thickened, and swelled outward to swallow almost the whole sides of my arms. More power grew inside me as my back crunched and my spine turned even further outward, and reaching behind me, pulling my butt cheeks apart, I felt my pussy distending and flaring between them, cooling its heat as my whole body flushed all over again and darkened another shade of fleshy pink.

The power was immense, the towering piles of muscle broadening as I slowly rose again, and moving my hands to cup my pussy I continued squeezing the lips between my fingers and thighs as my clit distended even further. I moaned even deeper in my throat as my chest lurched forward even more, barreling majestically forward as I came in another explosion of my sweet juices from between my thighs that splattered my hands and the space between my legs.

I leaned backward, arching my back and breathing easier now, deeper, feeling my nipples and clitoris growing larger and harder as they erected harder than ever. I pursed my now succulent lips as I palmed the rippling chords of my chest, feeling that I'd grown stronger than any man I'd ever known or seen.

“Ha!” I laughed at all the masculinity suffusing my feminine body as I flexed my arms, my chest muscles puffing supremely outward like twin slabs of muscle, my sides flaring wider as I continued to grow thicker and slightly taller; my biceps flaring upward and outward, ballooning larger and larger till their tops pressed against the bottoms of my coiled knuckles.

I was strong! Stronger than any human! Stronger than any ten... no... any hundred humans! And I flexed harder, my arms and a part of my chest and back becoming riddled with puffing, throbbing veins.

“Ngh!” I groaned and pressed my thighs together, feeling my muscles ballooning even further outward, and to get the most out of my body I flexed, and I flexed harder, and harder still, feeling myself flare wide and every muscle I tensed grow thicker and larger.

And then... something went pop.

I stopped flexing immediately, wondering what it was... it felt like it had come from my chest, and looking down at my chest, I lifted a hand and pushed on my chest, trying to figure out what the sound had come from. I tested my ribs, pressed on my sternum and collar bones, thinking that I might've broken a bone or temporarily dislocated one, but then the pop came back again, and my eyes were drawn toward my nipples.

They stood on end quivering, and I felt a strange... compression in my chest. My ears picked up the sound of tightening reeds as my areola swelled and my nipples erected so large that they bulged at their ends, forming cow-like teats... only smaller to be appropriately sized for my great body.

I palmed my chest, fingering those nipples, and suddenly with the simple touching of those sensitive disks and their nibs, I felt my hips buck involuntarily and I came... hard... the torrent of my juices lancing from inside me to splatter my thighs and the floor with yet more of my slick yet sticky juices.

“Oh goodness.” I gasped and massaged those nipples, being rewarded by several following micro orgasms till I heard a gurgling inside my chest and felt a rush of fluids as my nipples quivered larger, thicker and longer. “Ha-ha-ha.” I gasped repeatedly in tune to my quickening heart beat, feeling my nipples being filled from behind.

The pressure increased and I felt several of the veins and arteries in my chest swell, pumping toward my nipples, feeding them with enzymes and hormones and natural chemicals, and soon I began to see the pert little lumps that my teats sat on begin to swell.

I bit my lower lip again, ecstatic as I watched my flesh balloon and stretch outward, pushing downward from my pectorals and whitening briefly before the veins and arteries made the pair of growing lumps flush the same color as the rest of my body. I could actually hear the rush of fluids in my ears as those lumps grew large enough to fit in the palms of my hands, just before they bulged suddenly by several cup sizes.

I blushed deeply and gasped and moaned as my tits filled outward, thickening, growing firm as they ballooned, bulging, growing...

I could feel the mammary glands behind them swelling, twisting and coiling behind my flesh the more blood rushed into them, and soon after the glands formed, the rush of enzymes forced them to immediately begin producing milk.

The water weight alone made them sag briefly, but soon they were growing so large that they were like twin bowling balls being cupped by my hands.

“Oh~hhh” I moaned, my pussy clenching and squeezing more juices out as the swells of my growing tits grew and bulged.

At that moment, a bead of sweat trickled down my chest, just in time to slide down between the growing crevice of my newly growing breasts and pectorals, down my abdominals and over my cunt before dripping off the end of my clit.

“Ahhh...” I gasped, pinching my eyes tight.

My mammaries swelled, and as they swelled my areola and nipples grew with them, filling from behind with liquid weight, the milk pushing down the milk ducts, they billowed outward, and soon milk leaked from my breasts and trickled down my body.

I began massaging my tits, feeling the huge thick artery that was growing along the undersides to supply blood to the incredible nipples that were projecting forward from my body, my body altering itself, my bones realigning and my back arching... some muscles growing to equally counterbalance those growing mammaries. My back bulged even further outward, my spine cracking as my arms rotated backward.

I was amazed at how quickly my form was adapting, how incredibly my body was changing as my breasts swelled and thickened insanely huge, climbing the alphabet in cup sizes as they firmed and tightened, the flesh stretching and lightening the subtle skin tone I had, with the swells sliding down my ribs ever so slowly while their tops bulged upward along my bulging and chorded pectorals.

My tits grew and grew, they grew passed Z-cups, they grew to be larger than my head even, and there they didn't stop. Despite how wide my chest was, my tits were soon pressing against each other. Shortly after that, they were pressing against my biceps, drooping low, spilling into my lap even they were so large... till the pressure inside began to grow tighter, and tighter, the glands swelling still while filling with milk, and my tits rose slowly up off my lap, bulging and tightening up, holding themselves aloft as they rose up my body again, resting on the edges of my chest mightily and bulbous.

I settled backward, arching my back and rolling my arms backward as I looked at my chest, and lifting a hand, I caressed the monstrous mammary. Rolling my hand around my nipple as the nipple flicked itself along my fingers, leaking milk all the more.

I laughed and lifted that tit, amazed at how soft and light it felt in my arm, the fattened thing filling the spaces between my fingers and thumb as I hefted it higher... and before I knew it, I was pushing my own nipple into my mouth and sucking on my teat. The sexual sensation that riddled through my body drew my spare hand right between my legs, and I laid back, fondling my cunt and caressing my tit with my nipple in my mouth, and I sucked and drew on my own sweet, sweet milk, swallowing mouth full after mouthful till I laid back completely, pressing my meaty, bulbous and muscular thighs around my hand as I coaxed the

remnants of my orgasmic power from my loins in a final series of ejaculations that dripped out of my pussy, down over my bottom and onto the floor.

I laid there on the floor as my body finished its change, my pubic mound bulging thickly and hotly as I rubbed it absentmindedly, the back of one of my hands on my forehead while I laid within an array of all my thick red hair that was all gathered at the end by the pony tail I formed out of it this morning.

I blew some strands of my lengthened bangs out of my face, and decided to stand, rising steadily and rising to my full height, very nearly reaching a ten foot ceiling!

I caressed my breasts with one hand as I continued to rub my pussy, just before I heard my phone ring.

Pulling my hand from my crotch, I licked its juices off and then strode over to my phone, and picking the receiver up with three fingers, I carefully held the base and lifted them both up to my head.

“Hello?” I said aloud, my voice deepened into an adult woman’s voice, a breathy sensual one at that, with my large size and increased chest.

“Hello? Miss Kyle? You left in a hurry, is everything all right?”

That was my boss, and I looked down at my body and smirked before I sat down. My iron-wrought bed creaked beneath my weight.

“I... I had a personal emergency sir... it happed so suddenly... I didn’t have chance to tell anyone.”

“Will we be seeing you back into work today?” he asked.

“No... no I don’t think so.” I said. “I may have to miss the next few days sir... I’ll try to keep you posted.”

“Well... come back soon.”

“I will.” I said and then hung up with him before looking down at my body and flexing again, grinning at the might that my body rippled with as my bicep engorged itself to its new glory.

I thought for a moment, and then rose to my wardrobe, having to slide sideways through the closet door as I stood in the walk-in closet and began looking for clothes.

I had some work to do... and if all worked out well... with a new wardrobe... I could dominate the female heavy weight lifting and body-building circuits. I could make millions!

I laughed, and armed with a side-tie bikini bottom, a sheet around my waist for a skirt, and my largest shirt – it fit skin tight – about my body, I went out into the world to make my new life.

But first... I so needed a screw.

<End>