

## Ashi's Secret Garden and the Goliath Berry

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**Warning:** This story contains acts of an alternative sexual nature. Reader discretion is advised, and if you happen to be underage in your area (you know who you are) you are a naughty person if you're reading this and your parents should be blamed and not Canada.

**Rated:** PG-13 for suggestive sexual material (wow... kinda low for me).

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The Secret Garden was a literary masterpiece by Frances H. Burnett, published in the year nineteen-ten. It's about a boy and a girl... and a garden that was sealed away by the boy's father after his mother died because the garden reminded the father of his dearly departed wife.

When she died, he had the garden bricked up and sealed with a door, and the only key to that door hidden behind a brick.

Together the boy and the girl found friendship, and slowly yet surely they tended and rebuilt the garden so that it was as lush and as beautiful as it was when the boy's mother was alive, making it so beautiful that the boy's father – a recluse – actually is touched by the beauty and is reminded of the boy's mother.

It was a beautiful story, one that touched my heart deeply, one that sat forefront in my mind even as I dressed that morning, slipping into undershirt and shirt, panties and skirt, socks and shoes. Oh... I'm Ashi the Mew, and I'm a Pocket Monster.

Hopping and walking periodically like a roo, I headed to my own little secret garden... one that required me to fly in order to get to it. There was a tiny little grove on a cliff outcropping that I tended to, and inside the trees made of that grove were countless flowers and flowering and fruit-bearing trees, but also in this secret garden was a bush... a very particular plant that somehow grew all of its own accord.

Landing and walking into the garden-forest grove, I delighted on all the pretty flowers as the bees buzzed and flew about, pollinating the pretty things of all sorts of shapes and sizes. The place was a delight for me... for one thing it was far and away from prying eyes where I could be in seclusion and find privacy, and it was far and away and most of all out of reach of most of the creatures that sought to battle or capture me all the time.

A wellspring trickled out of the rocks from deeper into the grove, and the water trickled through the grove and garden before creating a little waterfall off the leeward edge of the cliff. Leeward meant away from the blustering winds and pounding heat of the sun. It was a place of seclusion that got just enough wind and just enough light to make it a garden. The other trees around and above this nook were all bent deeply to catch the light or had been shaped by the wind to lean as they were, so by contrast this garden had been made all the more lovelier.

It was so pretty here, but the garden had a bit of a life of its own.

I'd used my psychic powers, as potent as they were, to help the flowers and trees to grow here, so one could say that there was a large part of myself invested here. Like the Spirit Folk of Japan, this was my grove that was also my power.

But the grove was magical, it had a presence of its own, and as if to reward me for all the hard work that I've done for it, the garden, the birds and the bees had somehow cross-pollinated to create a particular plant that grew upon a small knoll that rose up in the center of the garden, right in the middle of a pool of the water that constantly fed it sparkling fresh mountain water that rose up from within the mountain... hidden so long that the mineral-rich spring water was possibly older than all of mankind.

I was delighted when the bush flowered with the prettiest pink-white flowers that smelled so delightfully sweet and pure that I'd made a perfume from the flowers. My friends asked me where I got the fragrance, and in all honesty, I told them that I got it from nature. The flowers were a gift to me... though I shared nearly everything I had with those grateful enough to receive them, I couldn't share that which was already shared with me. This plant was a gift to me. I felt bad about sharing or so much as even betraying that it existed.

I called it the Giving Bush – after another story: *'The Giving Tree'* – for all the bush did was give-give-give...

The leaves, as small as they were, cured my tummy ache when I'd been sick, and the leaves smelled and tasted like mint. The bark shavings that it shed cleared my common headaches when burned as incense. But the other day after having a picnic by it, because this was where a solid shaft of sunlight filtered by the leaves of the taller trees shone into the grove for most of the day, I'd mentioned my greatest fear to it.

I'd said that I didn't like it that humans tried to capture me and other Pokémon kept trying to battle me... and though I had great psychic power, nevertheless I was remarkably weak against them when it came to physical attacks... and I always feared of losing my freedom to one of them someday. I even wanted to move my house up here so that no one could bother me again lest I came from my hiding place. It'd take a skilled rock climber to get up here, or the ability to fly, and the ravine below was treacherous and full of peril.

But after saying those things, the bush had shivered in the wind as if in concern before I'd left it, but now... today... the bush had borne fruit!

Some of the pink-white flowers had enclosed, folding in on themselves and had plumped thick into a bluish berries with red veins and a red thorny end. Seeing this as I entered the garden that day, within moments of me entering this garden that had taken a life of its own thanks to the residual strength of my mental powers, the wind blew and a single berry fell from the bush to the ground as if to invite me to eat it.

*A berry fallen on the ground would take root, and having more of that pretty bush would be lovely,* I thought to myself.

Besides... the berry would just break open and rot most of its pulp and leave the seed so it could grow into another bush, and since I groomed the trees and bushes, and even the grasses here, I wanted to make sure that nothing was wasted and rot was kept clear of my grove. So hopping to the tree, walking on water with my already excise power, I picked up the ripe, plump berry that in my hands was comparatively like a cantaloupe in a human's hands that it was such a large berry. It was a meal to me, decidedly so, so opening my small nibbling mouth with all its flat herbivore teeth, I broke the crunchy skin that was sour, but the inside was a juicy berry-like pulp that was so wonderfully sweet.

I was like a child despite that I was comparatively fully grown now... I loved sweet delicious things, and this was the sweetest most delicious thing I'd ever tasted. It was as if the berry were a giant bead of honeysuckle or a giant beat of Pomegranate, and mixed with the sour pre-taste of the rind, it made the sweet all that much sweeter as I hungrily devoured it to get to the tiny little seed pit in its center. Licking the berry off the pit, I dug and planted the seed next to its parent bush, and using handfuls of water I watered the new mound of soil with the seed in it, but by the third trip I noticed that my tiny little hands seemed to be carrying a little bit more water than normal.

I dismissed it as happenstance and went to work then.

Using my powers to sprinkle water on the bushes and flowers from the stream here, I proceeded with a skip in my step and a song on my voice, but soon I began to feel... odd.

Firstly I'd never felt so vibrant, so warm even, before. I seemed to have a level of energy in me – physical energy, mind you – which I'd never known before. I was such a small little thing, I couldn't physically keep up with my very few friends without using my powers, and as such my strengths were so very weak that lifting a ten pound thing was a stretch for me. So I was rather excited to be able to physically leap and bound and jump like my friends did that day.

But this burst of energy seemed to be only the beginning, for as the time rolled along and the morning stretched toward day, I began to feel a definite intensity in the energy that I felt inside myself. It made me feel warm and excited... a different kind of excitement that I'd never felt before as a sort of pressure was beginning in my loins and chest, and I felt my heart beating as if I'd been playing all day; only unlike then, where I'd be so exhausted that I couldn't move, now it felt like I could play all night too!

It was wonderful! It was grand! And squealing joyfully, singing to the flowers in my garden that appeared to be growing bigger and brighter than ever, I felt the veins and arteries inside my lithe little body beating through me, creeping to the three fingertips and toe tips on either hand and foot that I had, the sensation creeping up my neck and into her head. It was when those veins reached those extremes that something inside me went... click.

And then that sudden excitement and warmth and energy in me suddenly changed into pleasure. Soothing pleasure, like someone was feeding me warm honey over creamy butter and cornbread while massaging me amidst wrapping me in a warm blanket fresh from the dryer, I pressed my thighs together and hugged herself as the sensations grew pleasureable.

I sighed nasally, feeling the growing energy rising within me, and it kept on rising, kept surging as my insides felt like they were twisting and grinding with this pleasureable warmth.

And then it began as a tingling in her toes and fingertips, and then flowed down this tiny little body of mine like someone had cracked a warm egg on top of her head and it was slowly covering me as it seeped down over head and neck, dripped onto shoulders and plunged downward inside me to intensify the warming sensations. The feeling filled up inside both feet and then up both legs, coiling upward and doing tricks as it reached the base of my pelvis where skirt, panties and tufts of fur protected the nakedness of my sex, awakening me to sensations and feelings in that sex the likes of which had never assailed me before.

I liked those feelings as it made those loins strengthen and thicken as they clenched and bulged in the cupping panties I wore while the fluids filling me filled my tummy, making me feel full even on top of the berry I'd eaten, the sensation pouring into my arms now and up the breadth of my narrow torso and bodice.

When it reached my heart was when the sensation got really intense, and I became aware of a second pleasure as the pounding of my heart pounded into the backs of the little chest muscles I had, throbbing into the teats I had hidden beneath the fur, forcing the pair to swell and press the flesh apart, parting the fur to let the swelling little mounds press against the inside of the undershirt I wore. They filled out from behind while clenching sensations spread across the whole of either side of my chest, dragging at the flesh and pulling it forward. I cooed and palmed those spots as they beat and throbbed, buffing outward from behind while finally the enhancing energy crept up my short and narrow neck and into my incredibly powerful mind.

Closed petals of flowers all around me opened then as I gave off a mewling sound of pleasure from the sensations in this change of being, even as the energy filled me to the brim. But it kept filling me, and with nowhere to go, the energy began to swell inside cells and fibers, energizing flesh, sinew and bone, and I now began to swell like a shaped balloon being filled with water from the tap.

Looking both ways then with eyes widening, I saw the ground falling away from me as body seemed to rise up off the ground... only... I was still touching the ground! I was growing! Something was changing me that much that quickly where I was spontaneously growing!

Bones creaked and muscles groaned as I breathed quietly to myself, rubbing those swelling pads of girl flesh upon my chest as the flesh firmed and tightened. With each breath the thickness of that chest grew from the muscles behind them pushing outward into thicker pads of solid flesh, the pair billowing while the lengths of both my neck and belly grew longer. My thick legs realigned and stretched steadily with creaking sounds while I felt the muscles and bones in this body realigning my shape.

The fingers on each hand spreading their three fingers wide as they lengthened, each of those fingers losing their stubby little ends as they grew long and sinuous directly before the two fingers other than the thumb on either had separated to give me five fingers not three.

Holding my hand upward to inspect it while breathing deeply and shallowly, almost panting as the warmth in the crotch of my panties increased, I cooed as both upper and lower arm telescoped from my body while the short stubby little tail that I had telescoped from the base of my spine while its end curled on itself, setting a spiral groove in its end that shone reddish-pink. But that stubby tail was actually thickening as it lengthened amidst me being forced to stand upright instead of hunched over slightly, my arms long like a human girl's now, my chest and belly like a human girl's, my legs too... but not everything was human even as I felt my toes splitting like my hands has done.

I still had Mew-like features, tapering ears and a short seemingly nose-free face, but those ears seemed to be lengthening, and I was developing more pronounced brow ridges, wider eyes and thicker cheeks.

The flowers on the trees that bore fruit budded suddenly, the buds swelling at their bases into the starts of fruits as I looked upon myself while this transformation paused briefly while the energy back-built, preparing for more.. Sure my feet were a tad big at the moment, but with longer legs and arms, longer neck and body, I had the personage of a human girl with fur and a tail.

Reaching up to my face to feel the changes there, I felt the beginnings of lips and stronger, more definable facial features while the power of the energy grew in me again. Again the bones and muscles in me, all over now, began to develop while arms and legs lengthened and thickened supremely outward, my ribs pushed forward as they rounded outward, broadening me while the vertebrae from the base of my flaring and enlarging skull to the tip of my tail thickening in rippling growths.

From the first vertebrae to the sixth it lengthened my neck, allowing the neck muscles to grow thicker and the throat deeper.

From the sixth vertebrae to the eighteenth, each rib bone I had flared outward, roiling growth around my insides to push a thickening sternum forward. Each ripple forced my chest forward a little more, allowed the pectoral muscles to grow thicker and deeper, which likewise allowed the breasts to grow larger and heavier.

From the eighteenth to the twenty-fourth, my belly was lengthened, right before I felt a creaking sensation as the breadths of my hips broadened, widening the bowl of my pelvis while the remainder of the vertebrae lengthened my tail.

Over and over it went like that while arms and leg bones thickened and lengthened, and I climbed higher and higher still, feeling my thick toes bunching into the toes of the shoes I wore, my arms projecting out of the sleeves of the shirt as it untucked from my skirts and slid up the long sinuous length of belly that was colored a lighter blue than the rest of me was.

Something white fell before my eyes then, and screwing my large and widened eyes, I pulled on the strands of white to feel the furry hairs of my mane tugging from my thickening scalp, and tugging on them I was able to pull it continually, adding tension and watch as little by little, centimeter by centimeter, the length of my hair grew out from my head into greater and longer and fuller lengths.

As my light blue tummy was bared to the open air, its length in contrast to the darker blue fur I had, I rose tall as my spine arched deeply to balance my body and deepening bodice, and the long skirt I wore tightened about both thighs and hips to turn into a mini skirt that actually loosened about the waist briefly as I grew taller and longer.

“W-what’s happening...” I paused and cupped my throat as the throat and neck muscles thickened with strength, hearing my once high-pitched squeaky voice having grown lower in pitch. “...to me?” I finished and my voice was lower still, breathy, sultry and seductive, but still very feminine. Hearing it aroused even me!

The socks slid down both calves to the ankles, the shoes bunching and tightening about my long and thickened feet while the collar of the shirt I wore popped a snap. Cooing again I palmed my chest as the energy surged both there and in between the thickening swells of my thighs. My sex grew warm as it distended amidst the hips spreading apart, forcing the straps of panty I wore upward while the thickness of my butt rounded and bulged outward. Those swells tightened as another pair of swells pushed outward from my chest, my new five-fingered hands palming those swells disbelievably as I felt the firm lumps filling with rushing fluids and coiling flesh beneath the swelling pads.

Those two pads rounded outward, their already puffed out areola twisting to clench their nipples outward, making poking points through the shirt and undershirt I wore, as another and another snap popped and the two growing chest lumps pushed forward over the opened V in the shirt I wore.

“Unbelievable!” I gasped with my feminine voice even more breathy. It was unbelievable, even to me who did nearly the impossible with my mental powers as my back continued to ripple repeatedly with growth to lengthen me.

The rippling spinal growth rounded and broadened the ribs, which forced the shoulders to part to thicken neck and throat and allow the rest of me to flare and deepen. The thickening ribs allowed the chest muscles to grow thicker and carry heavier swells of these... Breasts growing against my chest. But I’d not seen any human woman with breasts like these. They were like udders with single teats, yet so firm that they were like medicine balls; things I’d before now never could’ve hope to physically shift with my strength let alone hold two on my chest as permanent attachments to my body.

And they were growing larger yet!

But the growing bones forcing my chest forward likewise caused those breasts to heave forward like the creeping force of glaciers rolling down mountains, right before they rolled upward from my barreling torso till I stood tall and sexual, erotic-looking and exotic with long shoulder-length hair and long ears with a soft feminine face.

No longer did I look neutral in sexual appearance, this female's body was definably feminine now with more than apparent breasts, hips and crotch, and with the size of my pubic mound and the heaving masses of my chests, I looked ready to take the place of the Earth Mother!

Those breasts kept swelling with flushing fluids and blood and glands as for a second time the energy back-built within me; my form tall, like a young human woman, but those breasts just kept swelling! They kept engorging by tenuous inches every second, filling the undershirt and stretching its shoulder straps as the pair surged out from within the opening formed of the outer shirt having popped open so many snaps.

Cupping those fattening mammaries I murred to myself and purred, feeling an intense sensitivity developing in the erecting areola and teats that I had capping those monstrous Betties as the hem of the undershirt was pushed forward to allow the growth of the breast to swell downward, the under-boob of either tit growing downward along the feathering ribs of my bodice while my long belly tightened till it was rock hard, nipples growing like hard like diamonds. I know that that might be a figurative reference, my honestly... I felt that they were growing so firm, so hard, so tight, that literally I could perhaps score glass with them. Under my fingers as I idly rubbed them amidst feeling this strength and physical power growing in me, they were malleable to my fingers... so what did that say that I could shift and squeeze and move something that was harder than perhaps the hardest natural substance on Earth?

Regardless, every muscle on me was tightening for that matter, and I got thick butt muscles, either long rounded masses that bunched together and rounded my backside beneath the tail while thick pads grew in over either thigh and long rounded calves and a thickening tail that dragged on my hidden vulva as it thickened and grew all grew from me. The combined sensations of breasts and sex... they... th-they *aroused* me.

"Ohh~ Ahh~" I groaned arched myself deeply, lifting tail a little rolling hips with bottom rising from me lifting on tip toe.

The reactionary measure of this pleasure took every mote of my considerable mental strength to remain in control of myself as the energy swelled in me again, and again I grew taller at neck and belly, ribs flaring and shoulders widening, bodice deepening and surging the enlarging breasts forward as the shoulder straps of the undershirt snapped first one and then the other before the lack of restraint enabled those tits to surge forward. Thickening neck and deepening throat muscles parted the shirt I wore even more as the undershirt stretched wide about the compressing mammaries, their insides filling with blood and glands and other fluids, becoming firmer and tauter to the touch as the pair thickened in defiance of the compressing undershirt wrapping them.

Again I cooed as I felt the veins on me standing on end, wrapping those breasts like cupping hands and massaging them with each beat of my heart, a webbing of veins rising up across arms and back, within inner thighs about my sex and of course over either bicep and forearm. Fingering the ultra-hard nipples as those hardened till they ached and enlarged to the thickness of my pinkies with areola the sizes of teacup saucers, I sang a cry of sensual pleasure and did a full body rock while my spine pushed out further from within my heinously spreading back.

“Ohh~” I moaned now, and felt my belly as it lengthened still, the miniskirt creeping up both thighs as I felt the top of the panties I wore creep downward to continue covering a sex that was distending outward into a deepened pubic mound. The front of the panty hid my shame, kept even the contours hidden thanks to the thickness of the fur there, but the ache within those loins, every bit as bad as my teats, was numbing even to my mind.

The panty straps were stretched thin while the fabric of the skirts grew into a wrap-around skirt that stretched tightly across my widening hips, revealing the base of the panty I wore that led into the curvature of my tail, showing the barest hint of crotch while the seat of those panties invaded the thickened swells of butt I had. With mane and ears growing longer in opposition to themselves, those long white locks curling slightly as they fell about neck and shoulders and crept down my back, one by one the last snaps of the shirt I wore popped open about my ribs, forcibly opened as they got caught underneath the titanic swells of tit.

The thickened mounds of breast surged outward into the air with only a narrow band of steadily ripping undershirt keeping only the thickened nipples covered... barely. Through the nipples were covered, the disks of the areola were soon being revealed as they peaked through rending holes and snapping threads. Whimpering as I gripped the hard knots of womanflesh that were my teats, I clenched and squeezed the pair, biting my lower lip as it thickened, my hips rocking repeatedly while I sought release from the terrors that pleasure could be. Because my mind was so powerful I could feel so much more of it. Other minds would've shut themselves off by now, yet mine felt every tenuous mote of erotic pleasure that assailed my naughty bits!

As I surged larger again, taller than a human woman, taller than a human man even, every limb and every part of my body began thickening, surging steadily with muscle and hardening bones. Neck, waist and tail lengthened from the spine continually growing thicker, longer and wider, which caused ribs barrel outward as chest deepened and breasts enlarged. But counterbalancing all that now, the back muscles pushed outward and stretched the back of the shirt and undershirt all the more, the top of the collar ripping as the spine pushed like a knobby blade out of my back. Those back muscles pushed the shirt upward to the top of my back as the depth of my bodice surged with tit, rib and chest muscle, and I felt the thickness of those back muscles stretching the seams of the shirt as the undershirt got caught beneath my armpits, right before the sleeves of the over shirt stretched wide from the thickening and lengthening masses of my arms.

More of my crotch inside the white cotton panties was revealed, a tuft of light blue fur forming a frill over the upper lip of the crotch, those panties stretching about me while thighs burgeoned outward. Those thighs rolled forward and thickened backward, opening out the sides as deep thickening swells engorged out of the leg as the quadriceps sectioned themselves off and each section grew independently of each other. And finally with the stresses on the toes of the shoes growing so grand, the toes of both shoes burst open and four thick toes pushed forward, stretching and ripping the toes of the socks I wore open as I wiggled them.

*But where's the fifth toe? I asked myself. Oh there it is! It's a dew claw...*

Looking down the great distance that I'd grown, seeing how high I was now as I had to bend over awkwardly to look over my chest, tail flailing to keep me upright, I gleed at the thickened strength of this body that was greater than any other Pocket Monster that I knew of, and I was still growing!

Arms and legs, neck and waist grew longer than was proportional for a typical human – Amazonian I believe the body type was – all while my legs bulged and calves flared with the tops of the shoes I wore ripping open while the socks stretched and ripped about my broadening ankles.

Taller yet I surged before a snapping and popping sound uttered about the sleeves of the shirt I wore as those sleeves burst open about the thicknesses of my arms right before I lifted them and flexing the muscles that were creasing them, marveled at the growing mighty of those arms.

Those beautiful, mighty arms that now separated bicep and tricep from my once spindly arms, forearms developing a deep crevice down the inner side of the forearm as it swelled and bunched, held remarkable feminine power as they continually thickened.

More and more strength, muscle piled upon muscle as I grew taller and stronger yet, sexually more astute from breasts and sex swelling, and moaning I un-flexed and re-flexed those arms to coax them into growing bigger yet!

“M-More!” I gleed as my back separated from the spine, vertical muscles pushing the back muscles further apart so that they could support the spine as each knobby lump grew deeper and the ribs spanning from the second set of spines thickened and spread wider. The collar of the shirt I wore ripped apart, and the apex of the seams of collar and back tore open and spread wide.

I panted, fueling the transformation while I grew and billowed and strengthened. More! I need more!

Those back muscles separated into thirds before those thirds rose one tier above the next, mid back above lower, upper back above mid, right before those thirds – or sixths being that they were separated from the spine – began separating into secondary muscles like my arms were. Deltoids, flanks and ox bow, every major contour rippled with a plethora of muscle chords that slid across my back like inflating balloons, the muscles almost too much for my flesh to contain... but that sensitive flesh only grew thicker and tighter as I grew, allowing it to stretch endlessly it seemed.

I laughed then with both arms raised and flexed, the biceps roiling against the forearms while the thickness of both chest muscles heaved forward, and tensing as it grew hard to breathe with the tight band of fabric tugging on my chest, I rolling my shoulders backward, jutting my chest forward, and breathing in deeply there was a loud snap as the undershirt burst open across my breasts and the pair deployed outward like exploding airbags in a car. Their freed masses filled to the brim with breast building fluids and materials, growing firm like they were filled with sand and water, though mud wasn't really what was in there, they were nevertheless that heavy and that firm!

The titanic pair of mammaries rolled and bounced and heaved briefly now that they were free from the snapping undershirt that even now fluttered to the ground to join my socks and shoes, the pair free now as they engorged outward even faster than before. Their growth seemed to be aided by the thickening and broadening of my chest as the ribs barreled outward, rolling the pair away from each other with cracks and pops of growing bone, the chest muscles roiling thicker now before the pair started to ripple and bounce, bouncing those boobs as those pectoral masses enlarged and grew chorded.

Reaching forward to palm those breasts as their enlarging areola swelled and puffed outward, their nipples thickening, I heard a loud rip behind me, and looking back as my back flared wide, the simple movement of reaching forward tore the back of the shirt in two right down its back seams and ripped the collar off one side of the garment. Laughing, with a jerk of my arms I tore it the rest of the way in half, and lifting my arms I watched in joy as the thickening biceps and triceps tore the two halves from the sleeves outward in wider and wider holes, and relaxing those arms briefly before jerking them into biceps flexes again, the remains of that shirt exploded in rending pops about my thickening arms to now leave my upper bodice naked!

The freedom of the fresh wind against my bodice, cooling the sweat between those mammaries and against my spine was a joy. It was freedom, like being a young pup again and able to run naked through the woods.



And such might! My Giving Bush had giving me so much already, and I was still growing!

Stepping out of the remains of the shoes as their tops broke open, leaving behind the shreds of my socks, I palmed my belly as it tightened and creased right in half down the middle, two lateral obliques forming as my trapezoids rolled over either shoulder, my neck thickening wide while my bodice seemed to pivot apart like an opening compass or a kite in the wind with neck stretching wider and chest lurching forward, back bulging backward and shoulders broadening wide and rolling out thickly.

A simple shift of the legs ripped open one side of the wrap-around skirt along its seam, snapping it right up to the top as I grabbed the straps of my panties and tugged on them, pulling the seat of those panties deeper in between the thickening swells of my butt to keep the precious guard of my sex on right before the growing thickness of abdominals, laterals and even lower back muscles snapped the button of the skirts I wore and it fluttered to the ground.

Practically naked, feeling the secondary muscles bulging in my legs as inner thighs separated from outer thighs via the long Achilles tendons, and those inner thighs thusly became a plethora of chords splaying from the pelvis and distended sex, I stood on widening feet and thickening toes while hips broadened ever the more, with thighs and arms growing so thick that they were literally wider than my belly was.

But that belly kept growing thicker as it sunk beneath the thickening chest as those breasts upon them kept growing larger and firmer and heavier... heavier but I was growing steadily stronger to hold them.

Palming my belly, feeling the two long bands curve inward toward the heart of my being before bulging outward at the bowl of the pelvis, I felt the long muscles of my belly rolling and bulging, and then creasing one pair of horizontal creases at a time. The two long pairs quickly segmented twice over as the bowl of my pelvis pushed forward and the depth of my crotch thickened, rolling the folds of the panty and stretching the hip straps to their extent, transforming my two-pack into a four and then a six-pack within a matter of seconds. Years and years of physical training and exertion in moments!

That tummy then began to spasm and bubble as I continued to grow taller yet, its thickness rounding outward to curve outward to the center crease and then back in again, flaring its breadth as it fought for space with the rest of my being. They shoved other muscles and even bones out of the way as it grew thicker and deeper, coiling its many abdominals downward, past the pubic mound and into the underside of my tail even, but the tummy itself grew thicker and greater in number of abdominals while long lats slid into place.

The six-pack grew into an eight and then a twelve pack, growing to a twelve pack as a second and then a third pair of lats grew into place, wedging my body thicker, making the belly grow thicker with the lower back muscles becoming long vertical bands to either side of me. The shoulder blades were like great axe blades as they thickened and drew the flesh over them taut, muscle upon muscle spanning between them and the spine while my back bubbled and chest bulged forward even more before those belly muscles grew beyond a twelve-pack of abs to fourteen abs, then sixteen and then eighteen and then twenty with a fourth and fifth pair of lats growing into place to frame them all. Each of those lats feathered with thickening ribs and flanking muscles that bubbled sharply into view, the dorsal muscles flaring wide as they bunched and rippled into bands of muscle themselves, and incredulously still, thighs and arms still grew thicker than that massive waist and belly.

I grew taller as more lats grew into place with longer neck and now thickening and longer tail, the underbelly of that tail rippling with its own abs as the upper side and sides of the tail segmented into spine and bulging chorded supporting muscles round about it. A muscle hump grew between my shoulders then while my head was pushed

forward and chest arched upward due to its supreme thickness, forearms and upper arms thickening and separating into individual chords, while along my bottom as the butt muscles separated into thirds and then bunched into knotted chords, the seat of the panty I wore tore and stretched into a thong to hold onto me for dear life.

Twenty two and twenty four abdominals grew into place as I lifted both arms and flexed them again, taking excited pleasure, erotic arousal as my nipples hardened even more to where they could possibly score diamonds, all while the pair engorged, lengthened and thickened into nibs while the biceps roiled outward. The term bicep couldn't be told for those upper arm muscles as they separated into more than just two sets of muscle, the horseshoe triceps growing so thick they counterbalanced the muscles that they themselves were larger than the whole of me used to be.

Thicker and larger those biceps coiled, climbing and unfolding and flaring as I held their flex, forearms swelling from elbow to wrist while I tensed them, feeling long muscle and tendon cords shaping the forearms while thick webbings of veins turned outward and throbbed massagingly of me. Those biceps surged larger than my head, as large as my breasts were now, but only briefly as those breasts heaved and surged outward even further than any other part of me.

Those weighty breasts rolled outward still, poking upward with the rushing of fluid and stretching flesh and thinning fur revealed a little of the pinkish flesh beneath them, and I moaned as my insides twisted and coiled in a long column leading from sex to sternum and my tits pressurized with growing fluids to make their sensitive velvety flesh ache.

A rip formed in the top of those panties to disgorge more pubic fur as I bubbled with even greater and impossible musculature, the quadriceps of either thigh bulging manically, the butt muscles that used to be a predominant fixture of my behind becoming smaller and smaller in comparison to the immense leg muscles surrounding the thickening leg bones. Those thighs were so thick and billowing, silken fur covering taut smooth flesh, that clenching them made the air vibrate about them. The same could be said for my flexing arms as they snapped and cracked with psychic energy from my powerful mind enabling so much energy to flow into those muscles and still control them.

Bursts of energy erupted from my flexing limbs and belly and back as I tensed them amidst changing my poise and pose like the female body builders on the TVs did, shoulder muscles creasing and roiling outward before each arm seemed to explode and unravel before their vein-laden muscles reattached to new formations needed for that thick, thick musculature.

My thighs followed suit after the arms, the pair exploding and unraveling first from hip to knee and then knee to ankle before realigning as the column of abdominals grew two more sets of abs, the new ones shoving all the others upward to compress them more tightly. Forelegs seemed the bundle chord and muscle over each other, crisscrossing to meet over the ankle with feet enlarging and long tendons sticking out of the furry flesh. Calves separated like the triceps did into a plethora of individual muscles laden with a webbing of veins while the two pairs flared wide around the thickening forelegs.

Facial features became more feminine, alluring and exotic while my hair billowing into a great mane that crept down to the base of my spine, glancing in a tickling manner against my bottom and continuing downward as the muscles on my body broke down into tertiary muscles and individual muscle cords now.

And I grew taller still, my power flaring from me in wave after wave of pink energy that washed across my private, secret garden as new growth in my garden spawned spontaneously, fruit became plump and plump fruit becoming plumper, and great flowers the size of my face opened up around me amidst vines creeping up trees that thickened and flourished. Every leaf and every blossom was like new growth, bright and new and shining just for me as I

grew taller and thicker and deeper chested and breasted, ears growing long and flaring backward as every muscle on me thickened and burgeoned and grew super defined and taut.

And then with a snapping rip of the last of the panty I wore, the thickened and matured pubic mound I had was born to the open air, and blushing deeply I looked down, but amidst shifting my legs and parting my breasts to see, the straps of those panties snapped around each thigh one after the next, and I had to pull the stringy remains of the garment from my nether regions before looking again. But... my fear of complete nudity was relaxed as I smiled at the thick covering of fur hiding the feminine contours of my naked vulva, and only the barest hints of its virgin purity remained as all that musculature sloped from muscled belly into pelvis and into underside of tail.

The trees grew and spread their foliage to keep me covered, their leaves growing larger as I merely grew taller now, more than a dozen feet high with chest and the peak of my back growing the deepest with breasts enlarging massively still upon my chest. Alarmingly, the pair was so tight, so round and firm that they held themselves upright, and if not for that fact they might droop to my waist they were so large.

Neck muscles curved straight to shoulders, right before those shoulders burst apart on grooves of power that swirled about those shoulders like my tail did, with back and chest over the breasts likewise becoming detailed with coils of arcane and psychic power.

I was as tall as a tree now, a giant of a creature, easily never assailed again with the combination of my psychic and physical might. I needed some new clothes though... I wondered if I could acquire them by the yard.

But giggling I walked through my garden, thanking it for the beauty it'd given me and the peace of mind I now had, but most especially I thanked the Giving Bush in the center that now had new growth of new bushes growing about it.

"Thank you..." I mentioned with a giggle and kissed its flowers with my new thick lips and humanoid features. It shivered in the wind like it was laughing or giggling.

So as afternoon approached, I journeyed to my little home below, and lifting it with my massive might, I leapt back up to my forest as the trees and plants moved out of the way so that I could place my home – it seemed so little to me now – here in my private garden high above the world. With a little thought, psychically I broke it apart and placed a roof here higher up so I could still stand, a part of a side hut there to store things and keep my sink ready, all while trees and plants pressed together to form the new walls of my home. Bits of plumbing squealed as it was bent to drain over the edge of the cliff, and soon my private, quiet home was hidden in my private garden, protected by the garden but open to the breezes, with the leaves of the trees forming rooftops and the bark and vines forming natural walls while vines and flowers coiled about window panes and picture frames to hold them in place.

This would be my new home, and all thanks to the generosity of my Secret Garden... and in its center, growing now into a grand flowering bush laden with thick berries, was the Giving Bush... or as I called it now... The Goliath Bush and its Goliath Berries.

<End>