

Scarlet turned 20 today, and she was going to spend her birthday just how she liked it. A chill day playing video games inside her college dorm with her boyfriend. Though Matt was off picking up her present that was meant to be ready today, leaving her alone for a while.

She wasn't much of a social butterfly, her group of friends was small but meaningful. College life was good, challenging but good, and she treasured every downtime she could get. The coffee table was littered with snacks and empty drinks, the burn-out candle of her 'birthday muffin' still going. She tucked a strand of pink hair behind her ear as her yellow eyes focused on the screen before her. Dragon's Crown was a classic, one that gave her countless hours of entertainment.

At the highest difficulty, she managed to reach the Gazer boss, going with her favorite character: The amazon.

It was a hell of a challenge, but she clicked the joystick with dexterity and masterful control, moving and attacking with reflexes born of experience as the powerful woman on screen slashed, dodged, and cleaved the monster with her enormous axe.

"Come on, come on..."

The last hit connected, and the boss was dead.

"Fuck yeah!" She shouted in celebration, throwing her control to the side of the couch. "Phew!" She huffed in relief, satisfied with her victory as she looked at the character posing on screen. "You and me make a great team, I bring the brains, you the muscles" Scarlet chuckled in amusement. "I wish I had muscles like you, then I'd be the whole package" She shook her head at her own silly joke.

Unnoticed by her, the burnt-out candle's tip on her muffin seemed to glow.

Scarlet let out a sharp gasp, her chest expanded and contracted from the deep breath that followed, yet it felt like her own heart beating like crazy was what forced the sudden movements of her thorax. She felt the uncomfortable sensation of her muscles stiffening, joints locking up as she trembled. It felt like her flesh was *writhing* like liquid fire was being injected into her mass and filling all the spaces.

"W-What's happening?!" She hissed, squeezing one eye shut while the other quivered.

Her shoulders *broadened*, pulling at the threads of her shirt as the fabric became snug around her, wrinkling from all the strain of being pulled to the sides. Her arms became swollen, at first she thought it was because of some weird allergic reaction, but when she saw the muscle tone taking shape she realized there was more to it.

“O-Oh god...!” She squirmed, her legs spasmed, and kicked the small table, throwing every to the floor. It had been so easy to flip it over, she hadn’t even felt it...

Her legs *bloomed*, oh god they were getting so big. Stretching farther along with the rest of her limbs to give her a couple of good extra feet in height, while also swelling so rapidly they became almost as thick as a man’s torso. And it wasn’t stopping there...

Fuck, they were getting so big, so toned. They were so outstandingly strong that she felt she could leap over a building. The calves widened past her shins while the quads exploded in girth and became barrels full of dense meat, rippling victoriously with tremendous definition, hiking up her shorts and reducing them to underwear, riding up fiercely between her mighty glutes and rubbing against an increasingly hotter sex.

“Ugh!” Her eyes rolled back as she mouthed off silent obscenities. Her muscles... they burned *so good*.

Her shoulder seams tore open, pushing out bumpkin-rigged meaty balls, spreading the ribs while her biceps exploded in size. Twitching rippling hills split into powerful peaks, making her arms flex on their own accord and disintegrate the fabric of the sleeves around them, engorging the muscles with power as flexors popped out mightily, throbbing veins snaking their way from thick forearm to wide shoulders.

“Hnnngn!” Scarlet gritted her teeth, feeling her breasts inflate like balloons and strain the fabric of her shirt to the limit and molding it tightly against her now heavy bosom, two pinpricks of pain erected tents at the center of her breasts, highlighting her arousal. Cascades of pink hair began to fall over her shoulders as her locks increased in length and texture, becoming silky smooth to the touch.

The widening volume of her thorax lifted the hem of her shirt, revealing rows of tight and hardened abdominals clenching so much the washboard locked down and formed an impenetrable steel wall.

The widening lats ripped through the fabric as the heavy breasts began tearing the front, her mountainous back muscles rid themselves of their confines to flare their muscular beauty. Scarlet gasped orgasmically as her sweltered thick pecs lifted her breasts with a jaunt, ripping away the last remnants of her attire.

She remained there sitting for a few moments, catching her breath and experiencing the afterglow of this magnificent euphoria she had just experienced.

“Ohh my god...” She smiled drunkenly as she took a good look at herself, from the top to bottom her body was a massive statue carved in the image of gods. Or rather, an amazon she should say.

Her enormous musculature, her flowing hair, her bountiful breasts... she looked like a dead ringer for the amazon in Dragon’s Crown. Scarlet stood up, touching her muscles and cooing in pleasure as the muscular flesh tingled under her caress. She grasped her bicep with one hand and flexed, smiling widely at the sight of the mountain peaking between her fingers. The sheer power in her limb was... so *erotic*.

Chuckling to herself, Scarlet turned around, bending over (and imagining how good her glutes and hamstrings must look) she picked up the long couch and easily lifted it over her head, laughing overjoyed at how strong she was. “Oh fuck yeah!”

She heard the door click, and Matt’s voice came. “I’m back!”

Scarlet licked her lips as a myriad of images flashed, ideas of how exactly she’d give her boyfriend a taste of her body so he might worship it.

“Over here, honey,” She said sultrily. “Check out this birthday surprise I just got~”