

(All characters in this story are 18+ and older. This story contains female muscle growth, muscle worship, and nsfw content)

Things had taken a... peculiar twist.

Connie and her mother Priyanka were eating dinner as they sat at the breakfast table. Now, that wasn't the peculiar aspect of their situation. There was nothing strange about two people sharing a quick microwaved dinner, tacos in this specific case. But there were details about this situation that stood out once you paid attention to them. Small things really, but unmistakable once you noticed them in the first place.

Connie took note of every specific oddity she was picking up. First of all, this wasn't her first dinner of the night; she had already eaten. But she had felt *very* hungry all of a sudden, so she didn't say no when her mom started microwaving the tacos.

Secondly, they were eating a *lot* of tacos. Like, they had gone out of their way to take out every single last frozen taco from the fridge and began heating them in bundles. Goodness, they were *both* very hungry.

Thirdly, it was an absurd amount of tacos. Seriously, Connie didn't remember having *these* many in their fridge before. When had they-? Oh right, last movie night with Amethyst. Her friend had left her plenty of snacks. Though these were just a *quarter* of the original amount the gem had eaten. Okay, that was one oddity explained.

Though perhaps the fourth and most eyebrow-raising detail of their impromptu dinner was the fact that she and her mother were *massive*.

Connie chewed on her food as she watched her mother happily devour taco after taco as though she hadn't eaten in days. The way her arms bent as she brought the food to her mouth made her cannonball-sized biceps bulge imperiously. The width from shoulder to shoulder would dwarf any man under the sheer expanse of her back, to say nothing of her outstanding height; she had to be a head, perhaps almost two, taller than her father. The scrubs she had wrapped her figure wrinkled from the sheer strain, highlighting the rows of abs. It hiked up to the middle of her quads, revealing the outstandingly defined and bulging leg muscles. Her breasts had also grown a great deal, creating a prominent cleavage window on the scrubs that also displayed the thick pectorals above them.

Combined with how her skin and hair had washed away all signs of aging, Priyanka now looked more like a cousin or older sister than her mother. Connie could really see where she got most of her traits from.

It would be humorous to point out her own massive physique and how it was a match for her mother's. Like she had also inherited that from her.

But no, neither of them looked this way before. Just an hour ago, they were both regular women of their respective ages, going through their day before an abrupt, sudden, overwhelming (and intensely pleasurable) transformation had completely changed their bodies until they looked like amazons from mythology.

Connie thought back to earlier today, the incident that most likely caused all this in the first place.

"So," Connie said, munching on her taco before swallowing. "It has to be Peridot's project."

Her mother licked her fingers, something she would have *never* done before in Connie's presence. "That's the only explanation. We pretty much showered in that fertilizer of hers."

"She said it shouldn't have affected meat-based lifeforms like us."

"I may not know her as well as you do, but I believe Peridot can be wrong just as many times as she is right."

"Half her projects do tend to go haywire..." Usually with explosions, or with the birth of some technological monstrosity.

"So," Priyanka carried on, cleaning her fingers with a napkin. "Where do we go from here?"

"You're asking me?"

"You're the one who has experience with 'unusual' stuff." She pointed out.

“Okay, true. But even this is new territory; usually the one who transforms is Steven...” Connie mused the last words while trailing off, thinking about their next course of action. “We should definitely go to see Peridot, make sure there isn’t any harmful side effect.”

“That seems prudent.” Her mother agreed, though her expression was apprehensive. “You think she’ll... reverse this?”

Connie’s own expression fell. “It’s... likely, yeah.” Deep down, she honestly did not want that to happen. It was hard to summarize just how amazing it felt to have a body like this. Like every single fiber of her muscles had been overcharged, filling her with an endless supply of energy. The way she had raised the sword Bismuth made for her was one of the most amazing feats she had ever performed in her life. She was downright superhuman now!

With a body like this, she could go back to her life of adventuring and explore so many things she feared would be lost to her forever eventually.

Maybe she could stay like this, if there weren’t any complications with her condition. But her mother... well, while she outwardly appeared to be fine with her amazonian state, there still had to be that strict and conservative side of hers who would most likely want to turn back to normal.

“I think I want to stay like this,” She admitted.

Priyanka’s eyes widened. “You do?”

“Yeah, it’s... hard to explain. But I feel like I want to keep living like this. I understand if you want to change back.”

Her mother fell silent.

“I mean, if Peridot doesn’t find any health issues with this body, then I have no reason to change back.”

“It’s your decision.” She mused distantly.

“Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll go back to normal in no ti-“

“No!”

The sudden declaration stunned her, flinching as her mother banged her hand on the table with enough force to create a noticeable crack. This wasn't the volume her mother had used when talking about curfews and study hours, back when she was too overbearing. No, this was *raw*. It came from the soul.

That 'no' was a desperate cry that denied the very possibility of reversing her changes.

Priyanka realized her actions, looking at the table and her hand, flexing it experimentally, finding no splinter had pierced her skin. She stared at her hand with both shame because of her outburst and with fascination because of all the power it carried within.

“...No,” Priyanka repeated, far softer this time. “I... want to say this way too.”

“You do?” Connie was flabbergasted.

“Like you said, I feel *amazing*.” Priyanka let out a breathless laugh, a wide smile overtaking her lips. “No joint pains, no fatigue- I ran all the way from the hospital and made it home in minutes without a car!”

Idly, Connie wondered if she could replicate that feat.

Priyanka stood up from her chair, making the legs scrape against the floor with the sudden motion, and walked around the table so her daughter could look at her. The scrubs looked like a strapless dress, or more accurately, a sheet she had wrapped around her figure with how tight and thin it was.

“Look at me, honey! Even in my youth I never felt this way!” She laughed, raising her arms to flex her enormous biceps. “Is this how you felt when you went off to have adventures? This... invincible?” She breathed deeply, looking enamored at her flesh.

Connie slowly nodded. “Yeah...”

"I want to keep feeling this way. I want to have adventures of my own!" Priyanka brought down her arms in a massive, most muscular, making her upper body bulge out to jaw-dropping proportions. The fabric of the scrubs struggled; the sounds of threads ripping were heard as tears opened on the sides. Her ample breasts stretched the material so much it created an opening between them. "Feels like I've been asleep for years and I finally woke up!"

"M-Mom, your clothes!"

"Oh, who cares?" Priyanka flippantly said with a very uncharacteristic chuckle. One full of confidence and pride. "It's just us girls here."

She kept flexing until her scrubs unraveled away, uncaring that she was almost naked in front of her daughter. Not that Connie was any more decently dressed, clad in underwear that looked like strings over her bulk. She had to admit her mother had a great knack for showing off her figure, taking great joy in her body. Connie had to admit she was happy for her; her mother had never looked so... liberated before. Here she was, indulging in things that would have sent her into a moral panic before. But she appeared ready to live her life like never before, away from any restrictions and inhibitions.

Maybe this change would be good for both of them.

Connie smiled and stood up, joining her mother with a pose of her own. She grabbed her wrist and flashed a powerful side chest that made her chest and bicep rise impressively. The underwear snapped like paper. "Having muscles feels pretty fun." She reaffirmed, much to her mother's glee.

Priyanka followed up with a pose of her, perhaps one she'd seen in some Atlas or from real-life people, flexing one bicep while extending her arm in an archer pose. She looked the very figure of a greek statue come to life. There was just so much skill in that pose, and she was just an amateur!

Oh wow, she flexed so well that Connie was starting to feel a bit overshadowed. Was it her, or was her mother a bit bigger than she was?

Connie tried to repeat a trick she had seen on TV, flexing her pectorals individually to make her breasts bounce. It ended up a little uncoordinated, with her bosom jumping everywhere. Priyanka raised a brow and tried it out herself, slowly gaining a much better rhythm than her daughter. Soon enough, Priyanka's pecs were moving in a well-coordinated dance, and she

smiled proudly at the way those large breasts jumped up and down at her command. "Oh my...!" She chuckled.

Connie huffed and smirked a bit challengingly at her. Her mom had genuine talent when it came to posing... but showing off the muscles was only half the battle.

"Up for a little game?" She dropped to the ground, her breasts cushioning her chest against the floor, and propped up one arm, holding out her hand with a gripping gesture.

Priyanka stared at her in surprise. "Really?"

"You want to test that body out, right? Well," Connie clenched her fist a few times, making the bicep jump. "So do I~."

Priyanka smirked at her and joined her on the floor, her hand latched tightly with her daughter's as they began squeezing, making a long vein jump from the wrist all the way to the shoulder as their muscles coiled in preparation.

"Ready?" Connie's smile widened in excitement. "Three, two, one... go!"

And so they *pushed*. Their arms flexed with rippling power, bursting out muscle groups of the highest quality and the greatest potential. Veins spread over them like roads on a map, palpating with effort as they gave it all they got.

Priyanka gritted her teeth, feeling like she was pushing an avalanche. Connie merely grinned back, using her own discipline and years of training to gain the upper hand in this armwrestling match. Her mother might be her physical match, and in terms of mass, she might be slightly ahead of her. But Connie had experience; she knew when and where to use her strength to the most efficient and devastating effect.

She gave her mother the slightest opening... and snatched her victory with one swift push.

The floor cracked into a jagged spider-web when Priyanka's knuckles collided with the surface.

"Wooo!" Connie cheered, jumping to her feet and flexing her arms in celebration. "That's how you do it!"

Priyanka chuckled, shaking her arm and rolling her shoulder. Her daughter's strength had done what she considered impossible at this point; she felt real soreness in her muscles. "Alright, you win this round..."

Connie chuckled at her. "You have much to learn, my apprentice."

"I will be needing a proper training routine," Priyanka added. "Something to make sure these muscles remain in tip-top condition." And smiled warmly. "Up for giving your mom a few tips?"

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The first order of business was informing Peridot of their changes.

The second was getting clothes that fit them.

The little gem took care of the second issue first, using some of her machines to swiftly weave a pair of loose gowns large enough to cover their forms completely and give them some much-needed underwear. The two were taken to Peridot's labs so she could conduct her analysis, which consisted of her extracting a bunch of tissue samples and scanning them with her machines.

As Peridot explained, the fertilizer should not have that effect on lifeforms like humans and animals. *But* she did find something that was affected by it inside their bodies: leftovers of seeds, fruits, and vegetables in their stomachs. Their bodies had absorbed the fertilizer through the skin; they had even accidentally swallowed some, and once it made contact with those proteins and minerals as they were being assimilated by their bodies, it started a chain reaction which swiftly reinforced their tissue to extreme levels.

Peridot was *fascinated* by the development. And quickly began testing how strong their bodies had become. She had them go through multiple tests to gauge the limits of their enhanced frames. Priyanka and Connie had run for hours on treadmills at great speeds and lifted several times their own weight by curling weights made out of incredibly dense metals.

She even wanted to test how well their bodies could handle a blast from ionized plasma... but they quickly shut that one down. Powerful as they felt, neither Connie nor Priyanka wanted to be at the barrel's end of a weapon.

There were a few things they wanted to know more than anything.

"Is it permanent?" Connie asked, trying to keep the eagerness from her voice. Her mother tried to look patient, but her hands kept clenching over her lap in anticipation.

"Your mutation appears to have stabilized itself," Peridot said, looking over her readings. "No cellular degradation, nothing that suggests your biology will start shedding off mass."

Priyanka let out a small breath of relief. "So, we will remain like this."

"Yes."

"I see." Internally, the woman was cheering. "Is there any way to reverse it?" She asked, more out of worry that they might come upon something that would undo their muscular states by accident.

"Not without a lot of complications," Peridot replied. "Your bodies are so robust now that looking for a way to 'degrade' them would cause some health issues. Allergies, weakened immune systems..."

"Got it, shrinking would be harmful." As elated as Connie felt as well, she had a couple of doubts left. "Any health issues we're looking at short or long term?"

"Heh! Good luck getting sick. Your immune system, nervous system, pretty much every system in your body, is beyond the height of human potential. You two are basically superhuman," The gem puffed her chest proudly. "Another triumph of my genius."

Neither pointed out that this had been all an accident.

"I am picking up an increased hormonal production though, so don't be shocked if your drive to mate increases. Oh! Would you be willing to keep a journal for me to review the effects of-?"

"No." Both of them said at once with finality.

Peridot grumbled at the lack of scientific research on that front.

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Soon enough, Priyanka and Connie realized their lives would need some... adjustment.

Their new size came with new needs. The two Indian-american women discovered a voracious appetite to go along with their impressive strength. Connie half-jokingly stated that their bodies needed even more energy if they wanted to function. Though from Peridot's studies, it's not like their bodies were that much more high-maintenance than the average human, something about their improved metabolism. But regardless, they still felt a great hunger and the need to satiate it.

One good thing from it is that their metabolisms processed what would be a lot of junk and fattening food with unrivaled efficiency, allowing the two to scarf down on plenty of meals that would otherwise be unhealthy for consumption at this rate.

Priyanka had long since loathed fast food and the like, having seen her share of patients who suffered from high cholesterol and other such effects from poor diets. Her medical career, and her uptight upbringing, had turned her off from eating those foods, even rarely.

Now she found herself with the liberty to wolf down enormous greasy hamburgers as though they were tic-tacs. And good *gods* above, she didn't know how she could have gone her entire life without enjoying these delicious, body-destroying meals. Well, body-destroying to anyone but her and Connie now, tee-hee.

Connie was more focused on the clothing needs. It's not like clothing for seven-foot-tall people with enormous... 'broadness' was readily available in Beach City. For a moment she feared they'd be almost naked. And only for a moment... because the thought of other people looking at her muscular form was so intoxicating it made her want to go skinny dipping.

Not that she would! She had to preserve *some* social decorum...

So they had to specially order a lot of clothing. It cost more than a penny, but it was necessary. Though her mother assured her she'd find a way to get some extra money, and she said it with an intriguing glint in her eye.

Priyanka would also have to get used to explaining her changes to people who knew her. Mostly at the hospital, but... this was the place that took in two mutant gems as patients. Most of the people working there weren't exactly 'observant'.

Regardless, the two needed to find a way to balance their old lives with the new changes. But they would manage.

The day came for Connie to return to college. She wore a sleeveless sundress to the bus, struggling to get through the doors after bidding farewell to her mother and father. "I'll see you on the holidays!" She said, waving goodbye.

"Have fun, sweetie!" Priyanka called out with a large smile as Doug awkwardly waved, almost frightened to see his not-so-little girl leave.

As they watched the bus depart, Priyanka turned a side-eye to her much smaller husband. She had been holding back a lot with Connie around, but now... the sheer size discrepancy between her and Doug awoke a mighty need in her.

She had to make up the whole 'Hannah indiscretion' incident to him after all~.

"Just you and me again," She said, placing a large hand over his shoulder and pulling him close.

Doug smiled crookedly. "S-So what do you want for dinner?"

"Oh, I'm feeling particularly *peckish*."

Doug gulped.

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College life had been an interesting experience since the day she started.

Connie didn't mean the classes or the subjects; she was nailing her chosen assignments flawlessly. Rather, it was the independence that came with being out on her own that stuck out. Taking care of her own meals, doing the laundry, things like that. She had seen her fair amount of mishaps from young alumni who cooked something far too long in the microwave, or ruined a perfectly good sweater in the washing machine. She had managed to avoid most of that, thankfully; it helped that she had grown up taking on plenty of responsibilities, so it did not take her long to get used to handling her own things. College could be exciting and overwhelming; striking out on your own while juggling so many responsibilities was like a huge difficulty spike. But after some of the things she had faced in her life, college life was a piece of cake.

After all, she was certain most people on campus had never fought against aliens while wielding a sword or traveled to another planet to bring down a tyrannical empire.

She had become friends with a few people around. Expanding her social circle and life. Trying out new things. College was all about experimenting after all. She had even joined the local stage group and given them instructions on swordplay, and hung out with a few girls from the local sorority.

She wasn't a social butterfly; she was just another peer in the group.

Until recently, that is.

Her larger frame brought a lot of attention to herself.

Attention she did not mind.

Connie was not a haughty person; she didn't brag about herself, she didn't really seek out acknowledgement or praise (maybe once, long ago, from teachers and her parents until she grew beyond the need to please them), but it felt *good* to have people ogle her body and be impressed by her girth and strength.

It brought a sense of satisfaction she had never experienced before. Something that made her all warm inside in ways that were not entirely proper, perhaps. But Connie found herself caring less and less about such things as time went on.

Was it so bad to want that attention? She remembered the satisfaction she felt when she finally lifted the sword Bismuth made for her, a familiar sensation that came with others being in awe of her strength.

So she began indulging in it, looking for more ways to explore those sensations in a casual fashion.

Taking advantage of the summertime, Connie wore a short-sleeved shirt and a pair of shorts. Highlighting all of her greatest assets: Her muscular legs, the diamond-shaped calves and blooming calves, her strong, perky glutes, the wide expanse of her back, with the shirt marking the lines of definition under the fabric, the ample breasts stretching the material, and of course her highly-corded arms. She walked imposingly and with a confident gait that drew everyone's attention, all while she coyly pretended not to notice their looks.

Connie did not miss the opportunities to show off, like helping her dormmates move heavy objects, which was a piece of cake for her. Her next-door neighbor Shannon had nervously asked her if she could help her move some furniture around her room to accommodate the place better. Connie was pretty certain her room didn't need any re-organizing, but she also really liked the way Shannon looked at her.

The white brunette looked at her with those wide blue eyes, cheeks flushed with heat as Connie lifted a desk as though it weighed nothing. She made a deliberate show, flexing her arms and legs far more than she needed to. She had to fight back a chuckle at the way Shannon bit her lip.

"Here's good?" Connie asked as she held the desk by the underside with one hand.

"Um, yup." She gulped and let out a raspy voice, like her voice was dry.

Connie easily set the desk down and dusted off her hands. "Well, that's the desk, the bed, the TV, the armoire. Anything else you need?"

"T-That should be fine. D-Don't want to strain you or anything."

"Oh please, it's no trouble." She raised her arm and flexed her bicep, making the fabric of her sleeve tighten around it until it was almost see-through. Shannon let out a sharp gasp at the sight of that mound tightening and displaying the superb definition. "You think these muscles strain easily?"

"I bet not..." Shannon muttered, tentatively drawing near. "Um, can I-?" She cut herself off, looking self-conscious.

"Go ahead!" Connie brightly smiled.

The moment Shannon's hand touched her bicep made her stomach do a fun tingle while her body warmed up. The sheer curiosity and fascination in her friend's touch was *very* invigorating. Before her transformation, Shannon had been around the same height as her; now Connie stood over a head taller, a fact that pleased her. Her width dwarfed the other young woman considerably, further contrasting their different builds. Her hand was a tiny little thing about the enormous mound of her arms, her fingers spread as they tried to trace every perfect line of sublime definition.

"Wow..." The smaller woman breathed out, her eyes fluttering as if in trance. "It's so big and hard..."

Were Connie an immature person, she'd make a joke of her choice of words. But they were fitting, and she basked in the acknowledgement.

Smiling a bit wider, Connie flexed her arm a few times, forcing the veins to sprawl out like lines on a topographical map. Shannon's breathing grew heavier as she watched the bicep gorge itself on strength, stretching the sleeve even further and-

*Rip!* Went the fabric as the sleeve snapped in half, fully unveiling her bicep and shoulder.

"Shoot!" Connie muttered, trying to hide the fact she enjoyed the way her clothes ripped.

Shannon was not so successful, given the fierce blush.

"Well, that's a shirt lost." Connie shrugged while grinning mirthfully at her. "Happens when you're this big."

"I-I can pay you back. Buy you another shirt, maybe?"

“Nah, it’s fine. I have plenty. Maybe a kiss for my troubles?” She giggled.

Connie froze. She hadn’t meant to say that; the words just came automatically from her mouth. Oh goodness, had that been too bold? Too inappropriate?

She was about to laugh it off as a joke when Shannon drew nearer to her arm, making her breath hitch as her friend’s lips puckered and landed upon the solid flesh of her biceps.

“Ahhh.” The sigh that followed set her skin ablaze. “Was... Was that enough?”

“...Maybe.” Connie huskily muttered. Images flooded through her head; of her flexing off the rest of her clothes until she was naked, of Shannon kissing and licking every inch of her. Connie picking her up like she was nothing and taking her to her head, where her body overshadowed Shannon’s as her hips slammed-

Connie took a deep breath, reining herself before she lost control.

“You can always call me again if you need something moved.” She muttered, her voice low and carrying a seductive edge.

Shannon breathlessly replied. “I will.”

Connie took a long shower after that.

It was like a floodgate had opened; a deluge of burning desire filled every part of her being. Connie could not stop thinking of the way Shannon’s lips touched her muscle; the gentle yet lustful kiss upon her engorged bicep made her quiver as the fantasies kept surging through her mind. She showered thinking about all the things she could do to the smaller woman, the passionate frenzy she’d unleash upon her. Connie had moaned and fondled sensitive areas, pleasuring herself to orgasm.

Ohhhh what a thrill it was. And that was only from fantasizing! She couldn’t imagine what it’d feel like to go even further. To have her friend intimately touch her in a way that breached all boundaries of friendship and delved into something deeper and primal.

A sweet delight Connie didn't just want to sample; she wanted to devour it in its entirety. A dark temptation that part of her resisted, thinking it'd be going too far. She wasn't that sort of person, the kind who flagrantly ignored social customs like that... but then again, she wasn't the same girl as before.

Didn't she say she wanted to go on more adventures? Going out in space, looking for fights- that wasn't the only thing she could do with her life. Oh, it was something she desperately wanted, but there were many different types of experiences that could make her life all the richer.

Connie couldn't deny it; her muscles were incredibly arousing. And it sparked sharp waves of pleasure to show them off, both their looks and their strength. Lifting things other people could, flexing her arms to unreal proportions, drew awestruck exclamations and dazzled eyes. The way people looked at her invigorated her to keep going.

So why not continue?

Why keep herself restrained? Why not take this next step to feel... evolved?

Her mind made up, Connie began to 'experiment' with audacious and more risqué scenarios.

She went back to Shannon first, who opened the door with mild surprise. No words were exchanged as Connie walked in and reached out to close the door behind her, looming over her friend as she did so.

She winked at her and then stepped to the middle of the room, turning to face Shannon while holding her breath.

Before the brunette could ask what she was doing, a ripping sound was heard. A tear formed in the middle of her shirt, right between her breasts, spreading vertically and unveiling the large cleavage and her white bra. Shannon gasped in awe at the sight of her muscular torso revealing itself to her, and Connie drank in her expression like a sweet nectar. She sharply flexed her arm and *exploded* her sleeve, splintering the material into strips of fabric. The powerful flexes reduced her shirt to little bits peeling off her corded muscles, and her bra snapped, letting her bare breasts soak in the air while her nipples hardened.

Connie flexed her chest and bounced her breasts (she may have been perfecting her technique ever since her mother overshadowed her in that department), making Shannon shudder at the

sight of her half-naked beauty before she grabbed her shorts and tore them away in one swift pull. There she was, completely nude before her friend. Part of her couldn't believe she was doing this; the slimmest bits of resistance held back for a second before she saw the arousal in Shannon's quivering eyes and her trembling lips.

Connie winked at her once more. "Go ahead"

The invitation was all Shannon needed to go *insane*. She threw herself at Connie, kissing and lapping at every bit of corded skin she could find, savoring the muscles and trying to take a bite out of them like ripe fruits. Connie smiled crookedly and leaned her head back, sighing in pleasure as her friend's hands eagerly explored. Yes... Yes, this is what she wanted and more. "Ah!" She let out a sharp cry when Shannon's lips found an erect nipple.

When Shannon struggled to take off her clothes in desperation, Connie gave her a hand by helping her remove the various articles of clothing until the two were equally nude. Her form was curvy and lithe, an extreme contrast with her enormous build that brimmed with definition and bulging strength.

Shannon wrapped her nude body against Connie's, rubbing her cheek against her slab-like pectorals. "You're so sexy..."

Connie grinned, grabbing her chin and pulling her into a kiss.

All thoughts and feelings of apprehension had been completely abandoned as her friend worshiped her muscles with great zeal. Her lips desperately and rabidly scoured through every inch of her corded brown skin, leaving long trails of saliva with her tongue. This power dynamic was deeply enjoyed by both of them, with Connie asserting her body's strength by easily lifting her up in her muscular embrace, and raising her to the ceiling with one hand as she balanced Shannon's full weight without problem.

She laughed in joy, but still asked to be put down.

So she could kneel in front of Connie, and show her an entirely new world of pleasure.

Connie moaned, eyes fluttering and rolling back as Connie's tongue explored the depths of her lower regions...

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Sex with Shannon had been one of the most amazing things she had ever done. Easily the most erotic too.

Connie had awoken a side of herself she never knew she had. And would enjoy it to the fullest.

She set out to live through more of those experiences. On the 'hunt' for girls who fell for the charms of her musculature. She took great amusement in the way some of them tried to look the other way, but eventually their eyes wandered back to her. The words 'I'm not gay!' or 'maybe I like girls too?' were muttered often in her presence, which stoked her ego something good.

Funny, considering she just recently realized the same too. Hehe.

Connie was pretty much becoming a local celebrity, and girls of all walks and sexuality wanted to be noticed by her. To be the lucky 'next' that would be regaled with a personal show of Connie's muscles. They came to her under the pretext of homework, of needing help with studies, or something or other. There was always a lady in need of help to move something heavy, and Connie was always happy to oblige. They drank in the sight of her like she was a piece of art. Others merely came out and outright asked to feel her muscles, inviting her to their rooms for a more 'in-depth' display.

One of her favorite moments was when she went to the local gym and pumped her muscles to the maximum, bursting her skin with crawling veins. Like a mating dance from a peacock, she displayed her body to its full beauty. It caught the attention of a young woman who did crossfit, her muscles barely a fraction of her size, and in utter awe and jealousy of Connie, pretty much cornered her in the bathroom to get her secrets on how to bulk up so much.

Connie was not exactly forthcoming on the details, just hinted to look her up if she ever went to Beach City; she'd hook her up with the 'secret' of her strength. After a few moments of soft caresses and teasing gestures, Connie took her right there in the showers, with the water falling upon them like rain as her powerful hips swiveled into the other woman's, whose legs tightly locked up around her waist.

Was she becoming someone too different? Too... lost in her own sauce, as it were?

Or was she embracing this new side of her, her sexuality?

It was hard to truly stop and ponder when her life was becoming this magnificent rollercoaster of thrills and pleasure.

She was eventually invited to a sorority party in one of the dorm houses. They specifically said it was a pool party, so she should bring her best bikini.

And so she did; she wore a red stylized bikini that revealed the hardened orbs of her glutes as they swallowed the fabric between them, and blatantly showcased her bosom without any shame. Connie had long since discarded any feelings of inadequacy or 'properness' by this point.

She merely leaned back against the pool with a sigh, enjoying the fresh waters; her arms rested along the edge of the pool as her body was far too tall to submerge even when sitting.

"Here you go." Of the girls, a pretty dark-skinned lady called Erica, sporting a puffy afro, rubbed lotion on her long, powerful arms. "Don't want these muscles to get all burnt~."

"I'd say they're already pretty hot," Margo, a short-haired blonde with freckles and blue eyes, made herself comfortable by leaning against her side.

Shannon purred as she tentatively ran a hand over a bulking leg, her fingers edging closer to the inner thighs, making Connie purr. "'Pretty hot' is doing them a disservice"

Erica massaged the lotion over Connie's flawless skin with a slow, rhythmic intensity, her palms sliding over the deep grooves of Connie's deltoids, exploring and enjoying how her fingers dipped into the crevices. The lotion made her brown skin shine like bronze under the afternoon sun, highlighting the topography of Connie's skin—the way the muscle didn't just sit beneath the surface but surged upward in hard, defined ridges. Margo leaned in, her blue eyes wide and glazed, tracing the line of a thick vein that pulsed rhythmically along Connie's bicep, looking as though it were a living cord of power. They weren't just looking at her; they were studying her, as if she were a miracle of biology, a peerless work of art crafted by masters from long ago, their breaths hitching in unison whenever Connie let out a low, rumbling chuckle that made her upper body pulse.

"I've never seen anything like this," Margo whispered, her voice barely audible over the party music. She reached out to touch the swell of Connie's pectorals, her fingertips barely grazing the skin before the muscle jumped under her touch, a reflexive twitch of power that sent a jolt through the smaller girl. "It's like you're made of stone, but... warmer. And so much denser."

Connie felt the familiar surge of pride. She shifted, intentionally flexing her chest to push her breasts outward, the red fabric of her bikini strained until it snapped, letting her nipples stand bare in the air. The girls gasped; the sound almost melodic. They were captivated by how effortlessly her presence commanded, the way she seemed to swallow the area around her. She felt like a queen on a throne of her own making, basking in the collective desire of the women surrounding her.

"Careful," Connie teased, her voice dropping an octave as she looked from Erica to Margo. "If you keep staring like that, I might have to start charging for the view."

Shannon reached out and began fondling one of her breasts with experience, harkening back to their first time together. "Ohhh, I'm sure we can pay you another way."

Connie shuddered, letting out a trembling breath as the pleasure began filling her. "Hmm, perhaps..."

Erica pressed closer to Connie's neck from behind, slowly placing a few tantalizing kisses over its corded surface before moving to her shoulder and bicep, showering her with silent praises.

Finally, Margo went for the finishing blow, tracing her abs under the water and slowly, painfully slowly, slipping underneath her bikini bottom where she played with a sensitive bundle of nerves that made Connie's spine arc, a jolt of electric pleasure striking her as she gasped.

The blonde leaned closer to Connie's lips. "How about this? A good payment for getting to feel your body, wouldn't you say?" And joined their lips together into a searing kiss. The other girls watched with eagerness and anticipation, enjoying the spectacle and desperately wishing for their turn.

They needn't worry, for Connie had no intention of letting them go unattended.

X~X~X~X~X

Priyanka used to be a strict woman. Someone bound by rules and etiquette, the product of an uptight environment and demanding parents who expected much of their daughter. Inevitably,

she had grown up to be the same type of parent, until she finally realized how much she had been stifling her daughter.

Even after she learned to mellow out and let her daughter go through her own path, she was still a conservative woman who adhered strictly to her profession and social life (or lack thereof). There were still plenty of limitations and habits instilled into her, things she either felt she shouldn't pursue or simply wasn't brave enough to attempt.

*Not anymore.*

Priyanka was a woman reborn, someone who wanted to enjoy life to its fullest extent. Her body had been remade through the power of alien science, and now she enjoyed all the benefits her mighty muscles granted her.

Whereas once Priyanka felt improper to dress rather scantily in public, even at the beach, she now wanted everyone to look at the muscles that put even the biggest bodybuilders to shame. She wanted to walk across the street and the beach in nothing but a tight tank top and daisy dukes, and let the world soak in her devastatingly imposing looks.

The Indian woman had awakened a hunger that knew no bounds; thoughts of wanton desire flooded her head and made her want to seek out satisfaction and new ways to explore those needs. Priyanka had Hannah to thank for indulging in her fascination with flexing to an audience and touching her muscles as she flexed, making the veins stand out like hoses. Priyanka would not hold back those feelings she was taught to be 'wrong' ever again.

That didn't mean she was a shameless woman, however. She was aware she had breached an important trust in her marriage with her dalliance with the nurse, so she made sure to recompense her husband thoroughly.

She would take Doug to their bed and give him the ride of his life, bouncing over his waist and making the bed creak until it was close to breaking. His hands held onto her monumental legs for dear life, feeling every ridge and bulge of her quads. Priyanka panted and gasped in pleasure with a drunken smile, flexing her imposing arms in a display of dominance.

It did not stop in the bedroom. They continued in the bathroom. On the kitchen floor. Against walls. Anywhere the itch struck. She had never felt more beautiful or desirable than she did now, and she would shower her husband with all the pleasure she could give.

But apparently there was a limit to how much he could *receive*.

"I'm just..." He chose his words carefully. "I'm exhausted. I almost fell asleep in my shift three times now." Doug winced, trying not to hurt his wife as he looked at her apologetically. Though maybe the wince was mostly due to the soreness in his waist. "I can't keep up with you, honey. D-Don't get me wrong, it's been great! Just... I kinda feel I'm about to break in half."

"...Oh," She replied, leaning back against the couch with one monumental leg crossed over the other. "I apologize; I suppose I wasn't thinking of your well-being. We can take a break, maybe for a few nights?"

"Maybe a few... weeks?" He squared his shoulders. "I know a woman like you has needs, but I'm afraid I'm running on empty."

"Hmm, understandable. I'll just have to take care of myself." She shrugged. "You can relax, darling. I'll save the energy for a night you're more comfortable."

"I... would not say no if you feel the need to 'unwind' with, um." Dough cleared his throat a few times. "Other people."

Priyanka raised an elegant brow. "Dough, are you suggesting what I think you are?"

"You don't have to worry about doing anything wrong, or for me being jealous," He muttered, sapped of all energy. "I literally cannot keep up with you. I need help."

"I see," She mused, pursing her lips. "So you do not mind if I-?"

"Bet it men or women, I just want to know you are satisfied." He said with sincerity.

"Goodness, I really drained you, huh?"

"I'm only human..."

