

(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. 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?"