

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

Her hands gripped the handle so tightly her knuckles popped, and the skin of her palms burned. Feet scraped over the ground as she repeatedly took multiple steps forward, yet remained rooted in the same place, just like her target, despite all her efforts.

Her cheeks puffed as she let out a long groan from her throat, making her chest vibrate. Then she took in multiple breaths in a desperate attempt to fill herself with more strength.

Yet it was futile; the sword remained buried in the ground.

When her arms, burning from the strain, couldn't take it anymore, she finally let go and collapsed upon the ground. She felt the dirt and grass stick to her sweaty frame and hair, but she was too tired to care about such things at the moment.

That damn sword refused to budge, much to her shame and frustration.

"I give up..." Connie admitted in defeat.

"Well," A huge shade settled upon her as a huge purple woman with rainbow-colored hair stepped up. She scratched her temple with a thick finger, and Connie couldn't help but wonder that maybe she'd have more luck if she had arms as thick as Bismuth's. "That's a pickle."

Connie groaned as she sat up, brushing her fingers over her ponytail to clean a bit of the dirt sticking to it. "What did you even put in it?"

"Well, you got the steel, of course, then I alloyed some chromium. And I figured to put in tungsten to reduce any risk of the thing breaking. Then I put some homeworld materials--"

"How much tungsten exactly?"

"About an 8-inch cube."

Connie quickly did the math in her head and paled. “That alone is almost *forty kilograms!* Bismuth!”

The smithing gem held up her hands apologetically with a sheepish smile. “Heh, sorry. Guess I got a little too excited about making this one.” She held up her hand to Connie, pretty much covering her entire mouth with it, and held her up with ease. “Keep forgetting humans aren’t as strong as gems.”

“You’ve been living here for a few years now. How is it you still don’t know these things?”

“Cut me some slack. I’m a gem, we measure weight and density differently on account of our bodies being hard light.” She tapped the colorful gem in her chest. “Plus, I’m a bismuth. We go with the flow.”

Connie rubbed her sore arms. “Your flow told you to make a sword I can’t even lift? I don’t even go on adventures anymore.”

She *should* feel happy that Earth was safe. That Steven was okay. And she was! In the years after that incident, he had been doing so great. Traveling around the world, learning, and finding himself. Connie kept on with her studies in college and had been making a lot of progress. She’d be graduating in a year or two after her thesis.

Once... she figured out what to base her thesis on.

Was it childish of her to miss those days? The adventures, the danger? She didn’t know.

“Hey, you always need a sword. You might end up running against a kexomite in the middle of class, and then what are you gonna do? Politely ask it not to breathe phosphine on you?” Bismuth snorted, amused at her own hypothetical situation. “Yeah, good luck with that.”

“Uhhh, what’s a kexomite?”

“Oh, *real* nasty alien beast. Let’s just say it’s one of the reasons that gems didn’t like organic life for a long while.” She tapped her chin in thought. “You know, homeworld still sends up their hunting expeditions to cull them.”

Connie balked in alarm. “Oh god!”

“Oh no no! It’s to keep their populations down! Trust me, those things breed like a plague, already infested several planets, and- I’ve gone off topic.” She scratched the back of her head awkwardly. “Anyway, I’m sorry, Connie. I wanted to get you a nice welcome home gift, and I blew it...”

“Oh, it’s okay, Bismuth.” She patted the large woman’s shoulder. “It’s just not made for my build.”

“Well, you’re still growing, right?” The gem prompted. “Maybe you’ll hit a nice growth spurt! Get the muscle to lift this bad boy!” She patted theommel a few times with a grin.

Connie chuckled. “Maybe. It’d have to be a *huge* spurt.” She had grown up quite a bit, now that she was eighteen. But, well, a young Indian woman like her. It was very unlikely she’d grown any bigger, given her own family. “I... don’t think I’d be able to use something like that without, like, power armor.”

“Then I’ll make you power armor too! And we can go hunt kexomites together!” The smith laughed, slapping the young human in the back and making her stumble. Connie swore she felt her bones rattle. It was a nice sentiment, but it just reminded Connie of her limitations.

“Tell you what, I’ll just get this to your home.” Bismuth easily picked up the sword, making Connie focus more on the gem’s strength than the masterful craftsmanship of the blade. “You talk to Peridot, she’s been wanting your input on something.”

“Sure,” She gratefully replied, hoping her parents wouldn’t mind the presence of a weapon none of them could even move. “Thanks, Bismuth.”

The gem clicked her tongue at her and winked, making a finger-gun gesture. Heh, for all their struggles to understand human culture and idioms, some things came naturally.

Alright, time to see what Peridot wanted.

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Little Homeworld was many things. A settlement for the gems. An integration school. A colonial hub where all the diplomacy between Earth and Homeworld happened. It was very amusing that the collective US government and the rest of the planet decided they did *not* want to deal with the alien empire nobody could do a thing about. Honestly, they had Steven to thank for the diamonds changing their ways.

Little Homeworld was also a research center of its own, where the most scientifically minded gems carried on their projects.

Connie was currently looking at the data from Peridot's tablet, looking over the chemical composition of her new experiment. "And it's safe?"

"The current step is *limiting* the effects." The small green gem spoke up while delicately holding a vial of blue liquid. She dropped a bit of the contents into a box of dirt, which was quickly absorbed. It took a few seconds before plants began to emerge, growing at an astonishing rate.

It was like a piece of backyard in a box, which was quickly growing into a jungle until the box opened on all sides.

"This is amazing, Peridot." Connie breathed out in awe. "Complete soil regeneration, mineral absorption, AND production at this rate... people could farm virtually anywhere." So many people could benefit from this,

"And we can undo the damage done to the kindergarten." Peridot brightly said. "The goal of this project was originally to return life to planets that have been devastated by colony production. But if we take it even further, we could even begin implementing it into beneficial terraforming processes." She coughed awkwardly into her hand. "Earth, uh, still bears the scars of homeworld's prior terraforming after all..."

"You're really are a sweetheart, aren't you?"

"Naturally! I'm the loveable and *brilliant*, Peridot!" She boasted with no small amount of pride. "It's still in the trial stages, of course." She pointed up, and Connie looked to the ceiling. She saw a long series of tubes carrying that same liquid. "It's all being tested on the kindergarten territory. There is ample evidence of the nutrient serum working, but we need to keep a close eye on it in case of overgrowth and potential mutations."

“You haven’t made sentient mutant plants, have you?”

“All test subjects have been accounted for.”

“That’s not a no.”

“All test subjects have been accounted for.” Peridot stressed with a nervous smile that said, ‘please don’t ask me about this’.

“Anyway, I just needed your help here to check the numbers. I figured a human would know their terrain better.”

“You could ask someone specialized in agriculture.” Connie pointed out.

“Why? You’re the smartest human I know.”

“That’s not how it works. Nor is it accurate... But thanks for the compliment.”

Peridot turned her gaze as a metallic groan and a hiss caught her attention. “Hang on, need to make sure the pressure pump is working right again.

As she walked away, Connie looked at the tablet again, looking for anything that might have slipped Peridot.

“There you are!” A sudden voice called out, tearing Connie’s attention from the tablet. “I’ve been calling you all day!”

“Mom?” Connie was surprised to see her here, of all places. “What are you doing here?”

The older Indian woman huffed in exhaustion and relief. “I’ve been looking all over for you. You haven’t answered your phone.”

“That’s weird,” She reached into her pocket and pulled it out. “I haven’t gotten any- Oh,” She winced. “Battery died.”

Priyanka sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. "I needed to tell you both your father and I have late shifts tonight. I just needed to make sure you have your house key."

"I have it right here." She patted her other pocket.

"There is frozen food for the microwave--"

"Mom," She assured her with a small smile. "I live most of the year in a dorm, I know how to handle myself."

Her mother let out a tired sigh and have her a melancholic yet proud look. "I know, I know. I just can't help but worry. Trouble always seems to find you."

"Well, I haven't fought with aliens in a few years. So I should be good." Connie replied, ignoring how a part of her *wanted* that. But her mother didn't have to know that. "I'd say my days as a magnet trouble are far behind me."

It seemed that the universe had heard her and taken exception to that.

Because right after she said that, they heard a metallic groan right above them. The two looked up just in time to see one of the tubes rattling, the material was bending outwardly, as if it was overflowing.

"Oh no..."

The pipe *burst*, and the Maheswaran women were completely splattered in blue liquid.

The two remained frozen, their postures hunched over, their arms spread to the side as the blue liquid dribbled all over their forms. They shuddered with disgust as the blue substance coated everything from the last strand of hair to the fabric of their clothes.

Connie spat, tongue hanging as she spoke with a lisp. "Oh god, it got into my mouth...!"

Priyanka shivered, feeling absolutely gross and dirty. "What is this stuff?!"

Peridot walked into the scene with a horrified expression, looking *very* guilty as she squared her shoulders. In her hands, she held... a valve wheel.

"So... pressure valve broke."

The two women stared at her.

"I'll... prepare the decontamination shower for you."

Priyanka hissed through clenched teeth. "*Please do.*"

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After an uncomfortable decontamination shower that smelled of surfactants and very unpleasant soap, along with a fresh change of clothing provided by the gems (as their own had to be... disposed of), Connie and her mother sat tensely in the middle of a medical observation room. Well, medical as long as gem needs were concerned. They required different treatment than humans after all. The room was far more advanced than anything hospitals on Earth had.

When Peridot entered the room, Priyanka's glare intensified. "I do hope you have good news."

"Certainly! The brilliant Peridot delivers!" The green gem proudly stated.

The brilliant Peridot had also accidentally gotten them into this in the first place, but that didn't matter now. "So we'll be okay?" Connie asked. "That thing was loaded with so many chemicals that are straight up *alien* to this planet."

Priyanka paled at the suggestion of alien chemicals in their bodies.

"And that *would* be a concern." Peridot activated a projector on the side of the room, displaying a highly accurate hologram of the human body, along with several diagrams of the human genome and the chemical compounds found in Peridot's soil regenerative fertilizer. "But it is a good thing I took precautions when starting this project. One of the first things I

came up with in my designs was making sure this compound would only have a reaction when exposed to plant matter and mineral soil.”

“Humans share 20% to 50% of their genes with *plants*,” Priyanka exclaimed. “Wouldn’t that still cause a reaction?”

“It would if humans were *made* of plant matter.” Peridot pointedly replied. “You’re not. Animals and humans have protein forms that are much more complex. I took steps to make sure the chemicals would not harm advanced lifeforms beyond plants, otherwise the results would have been *really* unsightly.” She said. “The decontamination was because, well, it is still a bunch of chemicals in development. So, I had to make sure there wouldn’t be any allergic reactions, burns, or any other nasty side effects.”

“So, we were never in danger?” Connie summarized, leaning back in her seat with relief. “Oh, thank god...”

“But some of it must have been absorbed by our skin. It even got into our *mouths*.” Priyanka shuddered at the memory.

“Well, I was also preparing these for you.” She pulled out a couple of tablets from somewhere in her attire. “While the chemicals by themselves will not trigger a risky reaction in your systems, it’s better to be prepared just in case of side effects. At worst, it’ll be a mild mineral overdose.”

The mother and daughter took the tablets filled with pills. “What can we expect?”

“Dizziness, soreness, itchy skin, increased thirst, increased body temperature.” Peridot listed off with her fingers. “Your body will naturally flush the excess minerals. Don’t worry, I promise you that any weird sensation you feel is just your body doing its job.”

“I have work late tonight, Peridot.” Priyanka protested. “And I can’t change my shift. I can’t afford to feel sick.”

“The pills will act as a swift agent to counter any symptoms,” Peridot assured her.

“So, we’ll be okay to be on our own?” Connie asked.

“Definitely.”

Soon after, the Maheswaran duo walked out of Little Homeworld and into Priyanka’s car. “Are you sure you’ll be okay?” Her mother asked in concern. “I don’t like leaving you alone at home under these... conditions.”

“You heard Peridot, it’ll be fine.” Her science more often than not checked out. “What about you?”

“There is a nurse with me at the clinic tonight. I should be okay if anything happens.” Her mother sighed as they drove off. “Didn’t expect my day to go like this...”

“Well, this felt nostalgic for me.” Connie joked, trying to ease the tension.

“Not sure if being in potential danger because of aliens is something I’ll remember fondly...”

What they did not know, what Peridot had not taken into account, was that while human physiology was not made of plant matter, they still possessed the presence of such lifeforms in their systems.

After all, plants are one of the staples in a healthy human’s diet. Fruit and vegetables, seeds. Processed and yet to be processed by the stomach acids within the last twelve hours. Proteins and vitamins found in those foods had been absorbed by the body, and now came into contact with chemicals designed to stimulate growth and regeneration in those substances.

Inside their bodies, the chemicals began to do their work.

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It was barely 9 o’clock when Connie started feeling bored. As the sole occupant right now, the house was very quiet; she had long since eaten her dinner and cleaned her plate. And now tried to keep herself busy by scrolling through her phone.

She kept thinking of today's events (not the fertilizer dumped on her, she had long since grown past that), of the sword Bismuth had gifted her. The same sword that was now buried tip-first in her backyard.

Connie replayed that moment over and over. It wasn't just the weight of the sword and her inability to pull it out that bothered her. It was what it represented in her mind. Not being able to pick up the sword felt like being unable to continue a life of adventure. She wasn't ungrateful for how her life was going, far from it. Studying at college was a rewarding experience that'd prepare her for the future.

But was that the only future that awaited her? A job, an office, or something similar?

She remembered when she first picked up Rose's sword. When she started training with Pearl. Coming from such a previously-restraining home, it felt beyond liberating to engage in fights with her life on the line. The adrenaline, the rush...

Connie did not want to close that chapter of her life. She wanted to keep writing.

But life moved on, blessed peace settled on the world, and the adventures seemed to end.

Such a wonderful part of her life, which had *defined* her as a person and helped her so much in her relationship with her parents. The gems, Steven, they would always be a part of her life.

But without the challenge that came with their adventures? Without the chances to keep growing and marveling at the mysteries of the cosmos? It felt like the only things left in her development would be stagnation, banality.

How was she meant to grow stronger and face greater challenges if she wasn't challenged?

How was she meant to face them at all if she couldn't get stronger?

What a Catch 22...

Connie sighed to herself, leaning back against the couch and putting the phone down. She pinched the bridge of her nose, feeling exhausted all of a sudden. She walked up to the wall to crank up the speed of the fan, feeling her body running hot.

Halfway back to the couch, she realized she was experiencing the symptoms Peridot talked about. She grabbed one of the tablets and popped a pill before going over to the kitchen and filling a glass with water. She swallowed the pill and drank greedily, God, she felt so thirsty...

Her hands were clammy, her skin felt sweaty and irritated, like ants were crawling under it...

Maybe... Maybe she should lie down.

Yeah, some rest would do her good.

“Ugh!” Connie stumbled with a sudden spasm, almost knocking a chair down as she landed on all fours. Her fingers bent as they pressed against the floor tile; she squeezed her eyes shut as another twist of pain made her stomach rumble. “Hng!” She groaned in discomfort, feeling like she was experiencing a stomachache.

“Ahh!” Her gasps were sharp, shuddering breaths. Her back rose and fell; she could feel her perspiration making the fabric of her shirt and shorts stick to her skin.

Connie felt... tight. That was only one way she could describe it. Everything felt tight, like her body was struggling to fit inside her skin. Her limbs felt heavy, as if suddenly they weighed a ton. It was hard for her to focus, to think. She felt she needed to call for help, but she couldn't even remember where she left her phone.

“Hnnng!” Connie groaned in pain, biting her lower lip as a pulsing sensation in her flesh created pangs of pain. A bolt of electricity shot up her spine, and Connie managed to arch her back. Kneeling on the floor, she instinctively held her stomach to stave off the pain. And it was there that she felt it...

Solid, a presence of hardened flesh. She shakily raised the hem of her shirt and looked down, staggered by what she witnessed. There, on her belly, she saw rows of abdominal muscle taking shape.

Connie had always been in shape. Lithe yet athletic, as training early since her adolescent years had taught her to maintain a firm physique. Though lately she felt she had been slacking off in her physical training, getting softer in more ways than one.

These muscles were not soft in the least. They were firm, taut. The more the line of definition between them deepened, the more 'raw' they looked. Connie watched with quivering eyes as her stomach pushed out the muscles, widening and carving more lines across its surface. By holding the hem of her shirt, she noticed the change wasn't just in her stomach.

"Oh god..." She muttered, raising her arms to stare at the forearm muscles twitching, *rippling*, expanding. Lines carved multiple paths across them as the muscle groups swelled with mass. The expansion reached her biceps and triceps, her skin tightly wrapped around the muscles as the underside of her arm turned horseshoe-shaped, and her biceps swelled into peaks as large as oranges.

Connie stood up on shaky legs, holding onto the nearby table to steady herself. A *crack* made her gaze snap to the side as she noticed she had actually broken off a piece of wood with her grip. She looked at her palm and let the splinters fall; none had pierced her skin.

Her legs were blooming with musculature. Calves expanded horizontally, taking the shape of inverted hearts as the muscles pushed outward, filling with strength. Her thighs expanded, pushing the fabric of her shorts until they were cuffing her quads, hiking up as the muscle groups expanded into corded cables.

The ground, the table, the chairs, everything began to look a bit... *smaller* than it used to be.

"Uck!" Another pang of pain wracked through her body, and Connie panted heavily. She was growing *everywhere*. Her muscles looked like those of a crossfit athlete- no, a bodybuilder now. Her definition was insane; her muscle mass looked more than professional, it looked iron-clad. She was getting *taller*.

Oh god, it hurt so much.

It felt so... good.

"Mnnn!" Yes, amidst the pain, there was a certain thrill. Adrenaline was spiking through her system, and with it, there was a release of endorphins that made the experience *pleasurable*.

Her body was breaking itself apart and reforging instantly. Fibers snapped and mend together with greater density. Muscle cells multiplied and weaved tremendously thick plates of tissue. It felt like there was magma in her veins, a pooling surge of unending energy that spread throughout all the corners of her body.

Her back widened, broadening the breadth of her torso as her deltoids inflated and became striated pumpkins. Her shirt shrank around her figure as the fabric struggled to contain the unstoppable surge of muscles. Shoulder blades became sharp, her lats flared like wings. Her sleeves audibly strained around her shoulders until-

Riiiiip!

Tears spread around her clothes. "O-Oh god, no...!" She didn't know why she was moaning. That she was aghast that her clothes were falling to pieces... or that she was enjoying it.

The power, the strength in her body, it... was unreal.

"Hnnngk!" She bit a growling moan as her pectorals thickened spectacularly, carving a deep crevice between them. Her breasts expanded and swelled; hardened nobs raised tents under the fabric.

Her shorts ripped around her powerful quads; her legs were pillars of pure flesh. Rivalled by the unbelievable size of her arms, with biceps larger than basketballs, they looked like they could snap a tree in half.

"Ahhhhhh!"

Her shirt exploded into confetti, and her breasts bounced at the sudden freedom, supported by her pectorals. Her core was made up of cobblestones filled with furious definition, adorned at the sides by sharp obliques. Connie reflexively covered her now naked regions with a hand and instantly suffered the effects from the sudden contact of her hand against her aroused parts.

She didn't think, didn't stop to ponder, as she quickly masturbated with great ferocity. She panted repeatedly, working herself to the much-desired climax, making her muscles flex and relishing in the way they made her feel.

So strong, so powerful, so... so sexy.

Connie let out a shrill moan as she finished herself off; her knees wobbled before hitting the floor.

Oh god... Oh God, that experience had defied descriptions; it went beyond any previous experience.

The strength, the energy, the mingling of pain and pleasure into ecstasy like she had never felt before.

Connie let out ragged breaths as she slowly stood up, making the floorboards groan under her weight. Oh wow, everything looked smaller. Or, well, rather, she was *too* big.

No such thing, a part of her mind supplied.

Connie walked up to the nearest mirror, one hanging on the wall, and was staggered by the sheer scope of her. Her shoulders looked like cannonballs about to explode with ferocious firepower; her arms were larger than a man's torso, bulging with unrivaled strength and enough girth to match *Bismuth*.

Every part of her body was carved to perfection, filled with deep crevices and definition so sharp she could grind rocks into gems. Particularly against that shredded core of hers...

Connie hummed with pleasure as she ran her fingers over her muscles. Ohhh, how she tingled with excitement. Her nipples were hardened knobs, making her shudder and moan as her fingers brushed over them. She tested the size of her legs by arching her foot and flexing them; the quads bulged at her command so easily.

"Hnnng!" She pulled a massive, most muscular that made her look so savage, so *raw*. She felt like a warrior, like she could lift boulders upon her shoulders without breaking a sweat. Those traps rose like mountains; her upper body bloomed with outrageous size. The way the veins flared out made her feel so erotically strong.

Connie felt invincible, filled with endless thrill like the days of her youth at the prospect of challenges.

In fact...

She licked her lips, swaying her muscular, curvy hips with a strut as she walked out of the house and into the yard. The weather felt cooler outside, with the brisk winds carrying the sea's scent.

She looked at the sword embedded in the ground, the summit she could not climb, the challenge too heavy for her to best.

And grasped the handle so tight it made the veins in her arm *jump*.

Connie grunted and *pulled*.

The sword slid out in one smooth motion.

She grinned from ear to ear at the sight of this magnificent weapon in her hand. Just this afternoon, she had struggled to even make the thing budge, but now...

She switched it from hand to hand, twirling, cutting the air with a ringing tone. She performed moves that had long since been ingrained into her by years of training.

Grace and brawn combined into one stupendous frame of prodigious strength and amazonian beauty.

Connie laughed, feeling more elated than she had in years.

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"Are you sure you do not need any help here, Doctor Maheswaran?"

"I can handle it on my own, Hannah. Thank you." The Indian woman thanked the nurse with a smile as she stacked the paperwork. "It's late now. Why don't you take a break? I'll call you if something happens."

The strawberry-blonde woman returned her smile with gratitude. "I'll be in the room over, just holler if there's an emergency."

Hannah was a sweet young woman. Honestly, one of the best nurses she could ask for. She'd have to invite her over for dinner with her family once, it was the least she could do with how often she helped her when she first moved to Beach City.

A benefit of working in such a small town was that emergencies and serious cases were extremely rare. With less than a hundred inhabitants, the 'City' part of the name was just that, a name. It was more of a hamlet, really.

The hospital had enough room to accommodate half the town, but rarely were more than a few rooms occupied at any given time. The number of doctors and nurses was proportional to the town's population. Having worked in much larger settlements and cities, where emergencies were a common occurrence, it honestly made Priyanka value her time in Beach City all the more, with all the peace and quiet it provided.

Barring the occasional alien attack...

It was strange how people just accepted that as part of their everyday life. Like it was just a fact that wasn't worth getting worked up over. Not even the US government wanted to deal with the literal alien presence, if that was out of fear or indifference, she didn't know.

It sometimes still surprised the sort of life her daughter had led. Fighting monsters and aliens, going to *space*. Not at all what she had planned for her daughter, and that had been the problem. She had been too controlling, too domineering, just like her parents had been. She honestly couldn't see what she was doing to Connie until it was pointed out, and she regretted it immensely. She didn't want to be like her parents; she didn't want Connie and her to have that same type of relationship.

Just thinking about them made her sigh. They weren't bad people, but they had been products of their time. They raised her with a specific plan for her to follow, and she had done so almost to the letter.

Even if she took pride in her medical practice, she'd be lying if she said it had been *her* choice. Priyanka was happy with her life, with her husband and daughter, but... she couldn't lie and say there weren't things she regretted missing out on in her youth. She had always been the obedient, dutiful daughter; everything she ever did was to please them.

And so many things had slipped her by...

Even in college, her most 'free' years when she didn't have her parents guiding everything she did, she still felt their influence dictate her actions. Parties, clubs, friends, so many experiences one was free to explore, she had outright refused, thinking they were a waste of time. Or... improper.

Her pen stilled in her grip as her lips lightly parted. Oh... She hadn't thought about her in *years*.

Penny had been a close friend of hers during college. Studying together, working on projects, hanging out. She always tried to get her to try out a lot of things, and the few times she had succeeded, it felt... liberating.

But then Penny tried to kiss her one day, and the way Priyanka reacted... it still ashamed her to this day.

She had been taught to view such things as improper, even *wrong* at times. That such 'inclinations' were the product of misguidedness.

She had pushed Penny away, pushed their friendship away, and Priyanka sorely regretted it. She had spent the rest of her college years alone as Penny distanced herself from her. And guarded her heart under a cold shell of strictness and discipline to survive.

And it wasn't until many years later, when she moved here, to this city filled with people from all walks of life. Holding hands, kissing, sharing tender moments like they were perfectly normal... because they *were*.

It wasn't until Ruby's and Sapphire's wedding, when she heard their speeches and saw their kiss, that Priyanka realized she *had* wanted to kiss Penny back then, too.

God, what a mess she was. Priyanka had a wonderful husband, a beautiful daughter, and now she could only look back and wonder at what could have been different. Wrestling with these feelings, she had refused to confront before. It wasn't just *that*, there were so many things she truly had wanted to do but didn't because of the way she had been raised! Because of how she had tried to raise Connie...

Parties. Music concerts. Dancing (god, she had thought how beautiful belly dancers were, and how much she had wanted to try it one day). Clothes that were deemed 'inappropriate' for her.

She was in her mid-forties, and already she looked fifty, memories that were full of 'what ifs' instead of formative experiences; that's what a life of strictness and discipline had gotten her...

...Maybe she needed to take a break. This line of thought was stressing her out.

Priyanka sighed as she stepped away from her desk for a moment and took out her white coat, folding it over the chair. She was feeling a bit overheated at the moment. She just kept thinking back to her daughter and the sort of life she had chosen ever since she was an adolescent, the adventures she had, the sort of life experiences Priyanka now realized she had wanted for herself.

She was a bird banging against the bars of a cage. She has been banging all her life and didn't even realize it.

Priyanka wanted to fly fry. She wanted to break the bars. Her heart drummed against her chest, treating her own thorax like a cage.

She panted, feeling the wave of heat getting worse. She leaned on her desk to stabilize herself. "W-What's happening?"

Body temperature was increasing so fast. She reached out to touch a specific spot in her neck to feel her heart rate. "P-Pulse intensifying. Feeling... increased thirst. Sudden irritation under the skin." She listed off her symptoms, the clinical side of her brain tried to form a logical picture of why she was suddenly feeling this way.

"P-Potential heart complications. Sudden manifestations of flu or-"

Her eyes widened in alarm. Peridot's warnings of potential side effects flashed in the forefront of her mind.

She quickly threw the papers aside, scattering them without a care, her hands shakily rummaged through the desk, desperately seeking the pill table the gem had given her. "Where

is it? *God, where is it?!*" She hissed, both in frustration and in discomfort, as a stabbing pain settled in her stomach.

"Hng!" She groaned, staggering back and holding her sides. Her clothes felt so uncomfortably tight, sweaty, and taut after a hot summer day. Her muscles ached with strain, like something inside of her was pulling them in every direction. Priyanka gasped as her back hit the wall, aligning itself with it. Her chest heaved up and down as the pace of her breathing increased, partly out of fear and partly out of physical strain. "W-What's happening to me?"

Was this it? Was she going to die? Was she seriously going to die in a hospital?

Oh god, the pain. It felt like her body was waging a war within itself, tearing itself apart as bones and ligaments seemed to snap. Her organs churned, her flesh quivered so much it was almost like she was palpitating.

Then *pop*.

A button from her shirt had flown off.

Even as she was lost in the haze, her thoughts a jumbled mess, Priyanka could still notice how her blouse was a bit freer in the chest area. Her... Her breasts had popped one of her buttons, just pushed it out from sheer force.

Was... Was her bosom that big before?

"Hnnng!" A sudden spark of pain assaulted her, making her limbs go ramrod straight. The burning sensation spread through her extremities, igniting every nerve in her body. Her veins felt like they were carrying liquid magma.

It felt beyond what her scientific mind could explain. Like there was a force churning from the depths of her being, pushing outward, filling her every fiber with unimaginable energy. Strengthening her, changing her, *molding her*.

"Ah!" Priyanka gasped as she looked down at herself. She was growing. She was *growing*.

Her sleeves hugged every contour of her arms. The muscles bulged and created swiftly expanding swaths of ridged terrain, so much so that the fabric was outlining the muscle groups with increasing tightness until the definition became visible through the sleeve.

Her pants wrapped tightly around her legs, wrinkling not from bagginess but from sheer strain as the material struggled to contain her limbs, which had quickly become as thick as a man's torso.

Pop. Pop. There went more buttons of her blouse, revealing the *ample* breasts sustained by a small bra that was hanging on by a thread.

Oh *god*, she felt so indecent. To have her chest out in the open like this, the dark areolas were on the verge of peaking out from under the fabric of her bra. She wasn't comfortable showing skin in the best of days, and now-!

Rip! She heard the cloth tear, biceps, too large for her sleeves, started spawning multiple openings to accommodate. Her skin looked flawless, even under the striation of so much muscle. Another *rip*, and the blouse felt loose across her shoulders. Another one, and her pants were joining in.

Her feet hurt so much, constrained by the shoes to the point they were-!

The leather of her shoes groaned before loudly splitting apart, and her feet were liberated at last. The relief that came with it was euphoric. It was more than pleasant, it was *pleasurable*.

"S-Stimulate labia," She bit her lip and squeezed her eyes shut. "S-Secretion matches sexual arousal...!"

Yes... Priyanka was feeling pleasure. She couldn't deny it anymore.

A part of her... part that was, fittingly, growing stronger by the second *wanted* this to happen.

She wanted to keep growing, wanted the strength to fill her. She wanted to get *naked*.

It was absurd! She didn't even go to the beach! She didn't even own a swimsuit, much less a bikini!

Because she was raised to think that sort of exposure was indecent and undesirable.

'I've never gone to a beach party!' She moaned with arousal and rage mixed in. 'I never got to feel beautiful!'

She never got to feel free. Never got to feel proud about her own looks.

And now, her body was *clamoring* for such release. It was unraveling her clothes like the metaphorical bars of a cage to fulfill all those desires she had kept locked deep inside.

And Priyanka...

"Grrgh!" She growled with a sudden flex, making the sleeve *explode* into tatters at the onslaught of powerful giant muscles.

Priyanka wanted it.

That arm, that bicep, those veins coursing over the striation... it was beautiful, it was *perfect*.

She followed suit with the other one, feeling just as much joy and pleasure. One foot stomped forward, arching as Priyanka purposely flexed her quads and calves, making the pant sleeve all but tear itself in half, carving a long, jagged valley of torn fabric from waist to ankle until both sides snapped.

'More, more,' She begged, ripping the annoying little strands that had survived with her bare hands. It was so easy, like ripping paper.

She wanted to...

Get naked.

Priyanka arched her back and pulled down her arms into a potent flex on instinct. Her blouse split over the mountainous back, unveiling the rich brown skin like snow melting upon the

spring. The breasts pushed defiantly, and the hill-like traps alongside the ample breath of her back made every single strap snap. Her bosom jostled free, erect dark nipples hardened even harder as they felt the air.

Priyanka *came*, her eyes crossed as she experienced the greatest orgasm of her life, soaking her panties as these two caved under the swell of her muscular hips and glutes.

The doctor, no massive beyond human potential, staggered a few steps forward as she reached the full-length mirror in her office. It failed to fully reflect her immense size; there was just so much of her now...

“Oh god...” She breathed out in *awe* as she stared at the goddess looking back at her.

Strong fingers tentatively reached up to feel her face. She looked... younger. Like her skin had rejuvenated and erased decades of stress, vanishing the wrinkles and reverting her back to her late twenties, or when she was thirty. The cusp of her maturity, giving her a timeless look. Her hair had done away with all the grey, and instead returned her to a most vibrant black. Her locks felt so *silky*, like they had gone through the most perfect treatment.

Priyanka felt more than young. She felt stunning, she felt glorious.

Was this what an apsara looked like?

“Hmm...” The doctor explored this new body of hers, shuddering as her fingers pinked the hard knobs of flesh in her chest, tweaking and turning. Ohhh, her breasts were so full and soft, contrasted by the sudden hardness present in the valley of her stomach. Ohhhhhh those abs, blocky bags of concrete wrapped under deliciously soft skin...

Her hands traveled further down to her hips, and she experimentally swayed in an imitation of a belly dancer... She had always wanted to learn...

“Ohhh yes,” She muttered dreamily as her hands explored her body with all the vigor of a young woman discovering her sexuality for the first time. “Sssssshit!” She finally let out a guttural swear as her fingers teased her sex, feeling its damp heat.

She kept swaying her hips, kept palming one breast with one hand, as the other inserted two fingers inside her and-

“Fuuuuuuuck!” Priyanka loudly swore in utter ecstasy as a new climax wracked through her body.

“...Doctor Maheswaran?”

Oh. It seemed she had been loud enough to get Hannah’s attention from the other room.

The nurse stared at her, mouth gaping open in utter shock, watching her at her with those lovely blue eyes...

Penny had similar eyes.

“...I seem to have gone through a rather intense episode.” She smiled at her, licking her lips and not so subtly flexing her ample flesh. “Won’t you help me, *nurse?*”

It was all a blur from that point. Priyanka herself wasn’t sure what exactly happened. It was like this force had awakened inside her and loosed all inhibitions, or codes of conduct and morality hardwired into her brain, and turned them into mere suggestions. Her nudity wasn’t something she was ashamed of; it was something she boasted with pride for it allowed her body to be glimpsed in its entirety.

Allowed the beautiful nurse to explore it fully.

Priyanka knelt on one knee before Hannah, humming softly and pleasantly as her hands began roaming over the vastness of her muscles. Tentatively brushing over the perfect brown skin, dipping into the striations and depths between each muscle group, marveling with tactile delight at the mound of her biceps and the shredded volume of her musculature. Priyanka felt *beautiful* and adored, fulfilling a completely new desire. Or perhaps something that had been there all along, growing stronger after so many years of repression.

A part of her, the traditional part, said she should stop. Reminding her that she was *married*.

But it was drowned under these waves of passion, the likes of which she had never experienced before.

So Priyanka threw her head back as she flexed her powerful arms and flared a torso almost three times thicker than the nurse's entire *body*, letting Hannah's deft hands grasp the sheer breadth of her as much as she could. "There is so much of you..." The nurse muttered breathlessly.

"Don't be afraid," Priyanka huskily encouraged. "Feel me, touch me, *taste me*." The last words were desperate, an indulgence for the two of them.

And so Hannah did, and Priyanka *moaned* at the feeling of a warm, wet tongue dragging a long lick over her bicep. Soft pecs and tender kisses trailed a pass to her chest, where she savored the salty skin coated in sweat. "Like that," Priyanka breathed out, "Like that, *yes*."

A strong moan erupted from her throat when Hannah's lips descended upon her breast and captured a hardened nipple. Suckling, nibbling it, like it was a wonderful treat.

Priyanka was *burning*. Her heart drummed so hard she felt she might explode. Her loins were dripping with pleasure, coating her inner thighs.

She felt so overwhelmed with lust that things became even more of a haze from that point.

The doctor turned amazon barely registered the moment where the two kissed passionately, but she still remembered the taste of mint in the nurse's mouth.

The way her lips felt as they kissed her thighs and tasted her innermost regions, bringing her to the greatest climax of her life.

How her naked slim figure felt against her massive body, quivering with pleasure as her legs wrapped around her waist. How Priyanka slowly yet steadily swiveled her hips back and forth, bringing the two to the heights of ecstasy as pleasure exploded from every corner of their bodies.

Priyanka slowly came to her senses, finding herself on her office floor with Hannah sound asleep, draped over her chest with an exhausted yet thoroughly satisfied smile. "Oh dear," She muttered. The mortification wasn't as bad as she thought. "I'm going to need to make this up to Doug somehow..."

Maybe he'd enjoy her new body as well. Or a recounting of what she did with it.

These thoughts were new and foreign, not at all the sort of thing Priyanka would have ever entertained before.

But were they bad?

She loved her husband. But was it wrong to want *more* physically? Now that she had a taste, she wasn't certain she could go back to sampling one flavor her entire life, so to speak. Ugh, Gems honestly had the right idea with how they handled relationships, and for them sex wasn't even a *thing*.

"Right, um." She moved the nurse, who weighed like a feather in her arms, without waking her up. The poor girl was *exhausted*. "Thank you, for... this wonderful night. It was a real eye-opener to me." Hannah was still sound asleep. "Okay then..."

After putting her in one of the beds and covering her with the sheets, Priyanka grabbed a pair of scrubs to at least wrap around herself to preserve some modicum of decency. "Right, now that I'm a bit more cooled off, I should probably... think about what happened." She muttered, examining her arm and staring in awe at how tall the bicep rose.

It HAD to be that weird chemical Peridot was working on. The one that fell on her and-

"Connie!"

Was her daughter the same as her? Had she suffered some harmful side-effect instead? Priyanka hurried to her desk and grabbed her phone, looking through her contacts... only for her grip to crack the screen. "Are you kidding me?!"

No time, she had to rush home to make sure her daughter was okay. She ran so fast down the hall that her feet made a deep stomping sound, her surroundings became a blur as she reached the parking lot. She was about to open the door when she realized she didn't exactly fit inside her vehicle anymore...

Her chest rumbled with a growl. "Come on!" She *nearly* picked up her car and threw it like trash. God, she needed to work on that temper...

No time, she'd have to get there on *foot*.

And goodness, her new legs were fast indeed. Calves rippled with strength as the cords in her thighs bulged with each step. Priyanka sprinted faster than an Olympic medalist, she realized as the wind violently hit her body and made her long dark locks trail behind her. She was breaking all manner of human records!

And perhaps more than a few traffic laws with how fast she was going.

But she didn't care, she had to make sure her baby was alright!

It wasn't long before she reached her house, the door ripped off its hinges, and Priyanka barely gave it a double look before throwing it to the side. "Connie!" She called out, squeezing her body through the doorframe as best she could without breaking it. "Connie, are you okay?!"

"Mom?" She felt immense relief the moment she heard her daughter's voice. "Mom, what's wrong?"

Her daughter stepped inside the house and froze.

The two Maheswaran women stared at each other, taking every detail of their outstandingly large and muscular frames that could rival Bismuth and Jasper in height and girth, yet still distinctively feminine.

They stared at each other with dull shock, unsure of how to proceed next.

"Peridot?"

"Most likely," Connie replied.

"Yes... we should talk to her tomorrow."

"I'd say so... You hungry?"

“...I think there are frozen tacos in the fridge.”

“I’ll prepare them in the microwave.”

“Thank you, honey.”

“You look *great*, by the way.”

“Thank you, darling, you do as well.”

“Hey, are you... a bit *bigger* than me?”

“Perhaps I am a *little* bit.” Priyanka tried not to sound too smug about it.

But Connie noticed either way, rolling her eyes and snorting.