

The Afternoon Walk

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Ceci n'est pas un épinard.



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by Roy Ellison

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What happened? Julie tried to get her mind back to work. She felt as if she had been run over by a steamroller. She managed to climb out of the trash bin and stared at Mae Ling walking to the pier. At least she thought it was Mae Ling. She did look different. Maybe it was the concussion. Slowly, it all came back to her. Julie had left the campus after lunch at the cafeteria. She had enjoyed an excellent meal that fueled her athletic, powerful body. She pushed herself at the gym, she ate right, but she was also naturally gifted. At 5'8", she was just perfect. All the guys were fawning over her and tried to sneak a peek of her full, taut c-cup breasts. Combined with her blond locks and her girl-next-door sexiness she attracted the jealousy of all the girls at college.

All, except Mae Ling. The mousy short girl ignored her, hiding as good as she could. For Julie, this was a provocation: Ignoring her meant not showing respect. And lacking respect for her dedication and her looks meant getting put into place. As soon as Julie had noticed Mae Ling's behavior, she had begun punishing her.

The short girl had left the campus as soon as she could, not even bothering to say goodbye. Julie had shaken her head and gone after her. She followed her prey. Mae Ling had accelerated her steps, but she was no match for Julie. The Asian girl had broken into a run, but it was to no avail. Julie tackled her and sent her to the ground, Mae Ling landing in the grass face down.

Julie quickly had turned her on her back and sat on top of her.

"Oh, Mae Ling, what's your problem? Are you afraid?"

"Don't hurt me. Please. I didn't do anything."

"Exactly. That's the problem. You're not very polite. That's sad."

"I apologize!"

"Too late. I'll teach you a lesson!"

With these words, Julie had begun pummeling her victim at full force. She had recently added some kickboxing to her workout routine and was now putting her punches to good use.

Mae Ling screamed for help as the other girl's fists rained down on her. Julie grinned manically. This would teach the runt some respect.

That was when something went wrong. She hadn't noticed them at first, but there had been some bystanders. Two people, a man and a woman,

on their afternoon walk. She recognized the man vaguely. He was one of the sailors from the docks. She had to admit, he had BIG forearms. All the jocks at college would have to put in a lot of extra training to reach this kind of mass. The woman was just a stick-thin lanky one. Julie was pretty sure that she'd be able to intimidate them into not telling about her. She heard the woman call out:

"Do something! Please, help her. The poor girl!"

She had half expected the sailor to come over and interrupt her, but he didn't. She heard him say:

"I yam goin' ta turn that pipsqueak into a powerhouse. She kin sort it out haself!"

There was a kind of metallic pop sound. Julie hadn't paid attention to it since she was hammering on Mae Ling's weak-ass stomach. The short girl screamed in pain.

Suddenly, there was a gulping noise. The girl stopped howling. That was when Julie found out something weird had just happened.

Mae Ling had looked at her tormentress in confusion. Julie couldn't help saying it:

"Girl, you've got something in your teeth. It's green. Is that ... spinach?"

"I don't know."

The short woman abruptly began to shiver. The shivering turned into a shaking and then into a monstrous quake. Julie tried to hold to her victim's shirt, but the vibration was so intense that Mae Ling buckled under her like a wild horse. Eventually she just had to let go of her. Julie crashed to the ground. The two spectators looked at the pair with a certain curiosity, maybe with smugness. Julie could tell that they knew what would happen next. The trouble was, she was completely out of her water.

Mae Ling got to her feet. Her face was covered in bruises and there was a big tear in her shirt. Her hair was a tangled mess. As she looked down on Julie, her wounds seemed to heal. Indeed, her head cleaned up in moments. Julie blinked. Her gaze was drawn towards the runty girl's chest. She saw that Mae Ling's nipples had become erect, poking through the fabric of her button-down blouse. The transforming girl seemed to spot this too and looked down in surprise.

She touched her nipple through the fabric:

"This feels odd. Odd, but good."

Her tongue flicked out between her lips. She closed her eyes for a moment.

"Ooh. That's nice. I don't know what's happening, but I don't want it to stop."

Julie stared at her. There was something going on. Something strange that made her very uncomfortable.

"Er, Mae Ling ... I'm really sorry. I was ... I don't know. It was a bad idea, I didn't want ..."

Her voice trailed off when she saw the ecstatic expression on her victim's face. Was she even listening to her?

There was definitely something odd going on. Mae Ling's shirt seemed strained. What was happening?

For Mae Ling, this was a wonderful moment. She felt so full of energy, so strong, it was incredible. She had never felt this way in her whole life.

There was a surge of strength spreading through her body, it felt as if she could take on the world.

At the same time, her clothes seemed tight. She opened her eyes and looked down on her blouse. The buttons looked strained. It was as if there was something growing under them. Something ... Her breasts. She could feel them grow heavier and larger. She was afraid, yes, but at the same time this made her hotter and hotter. She watched as the buttons fought their losing battle against her expanding bust. Her small, ridiculous breasts that couldn't have competed with a teenage boy's chest suddenly transformed, growing fuller and rounder by the second.

The first button flew off, disappearing in the grass. The next one followed. Her breasts grew bigger and bigger. Soon, they reached a handful, but showed no signs of slowing down.

"What's happening to me?"

Julie stared at her victim. All of a sudden, terrorizing her didn't seem like a good idea anymore. She also couldn't help noticing that Mae Ling was becoming wider. Wider? Yes, the short girl's shoulders were spreading.

Mae Ling noticed it too. Her shirt was now becoming ridiculously taut. Not only had her breasts reached d-cup levels, there was also something happening with her chest muscles and her back. And her shoulders. She stared at her growing body. Somehow, she was now as built as a fitness model or a professional athlete. This was awesome! She felt incredible. As her pecs lifted her j-cup breasts, all round and proud, she stood up straight, fascinated by the strength of her growing muscles. She looked at her arms. Gone were the stick-thin upper arms. Instead, a pair of quickly expanding biceps gave her a wide frame and some amazing strength. She burned with desire to try it. A vein slowly emerged from her now bulging, fist-sized biceps. She flexed her growing arm tentatively.

"That's incredible." Mae Ling was elated. She smirked and looked at Julie: "Oh, Julie, I begin to see how you feel. I mean, look at this body!"

She slipped her hands over now rock-hard, cobblestone abs. Her obliques swiftly emerged under her skin and framed her midsection to make a professional bodybuilder gasp with envy. The short Asian hulkette rolled her shoulders forward and exploded her blouse off her massive shoulders. The tearing noise was almost pathetic. She pulled off the vestiges of her top and snapped off the twisted remains of her training bra. The stupid thing had been turned into a flimsy piece of floss by her enormous breasts and her wide back.

Mae Ling stretched, enjoying the heaviness of her bulging breasts, then bent forward, touching her toes. She noticed that the growth spurt had begun to spread to her legs. She looked like a sprinter now. A bit disproportionate, though. She straightened up and said to herself:

"Oh, come on, legs, do your thing!", and did a cute little jump, instantly kick-starting their growth. She gasped as her thighs ballooned out and her formerly flat butt compacted, expanded and then finally turned into a rock-hard bubble but more fitting to a powerlifter. Her skirt, which normally hung lifeless from her waist, now rested on a pair of spherical, hyper-taut butt-cheeks, revealing a fascinating underbutt.

"Whoa. Julie, I think you're going to have to apologize."

Julie whimpered:

"I'm really, really sorry. I didn't mean it. I can't tell you why I did it. It was just ... You ignored me and I ... I didn't know ..."

Her voice trailed off. Mae Ling looked at her torturer and said:

"You can have another go at me. Do your worst."

"But ..."

"Go on! Now!"

The already intimidated Julie steeled herself and slammed into Mae Ling. The tremendously muscular girl just grinned and pushed her away, sending her flying. Mae Ling grinned. That was a wonderful feeling. Elated, she ran after Julie, picked her up and carried her off. Julie cried:

“What are you doing? Please, let me go!”

“In a second.”

With these words, she stuffed Julie into the garbage bin.

Julie shook her head. Yes. This was what had happened. But how?

She rested against the bin for a second, when her eyes fell on a crushed can with some greenish substance in it. Was that spinach? Like the one Mae Ling had eaten? The couple had somehow given it to her.

She tasted a bit of the stuff. Nice. She took the remainder from the can and gobbled it down. There was a strange, warm feeling in her stomach. She grinned. Yes. This was what happened to Mae Ling. She smiled crazily as her body started to quake and rumble. She felt her nipples harden, her body contracting with sensual tension. Yes. She gasped. This was power!

She looked at her blouse, awaiting the imminent transformation. She thought about quickly unbuttoning it, but relented. Why not burst out of her clothing? It was a much better show of strength. She gasped as her breasts started to swell. Instantly, her blouse felt tight, constricting. She grunted with pleasure as her already large, full breasts began their expansion. What a sight this was! Her cleavage became deeper and deeper. She saw her breasts grow bigger, rounder and fuller, the button holes stretching, the strings that held the buttons tense. She took a deep breath and the whole thing snapped, the buttons pinging off and her bra exploding off her chest. She stood there, trying to cup her now

gargantuan boobs and wondering how on Earth she'd find a bra for these.

That's when the rest of the spinach hit. She felt a tingling all over her body. She had always been fit, but what happened next blew her mind. Suddenly, her arms began to cover themselves with muscles. But not simple athlete's muscles. No. Her biceps blew up like balloons, she could watch them grow and swell. She felt her shoulders inflate, then her back spread out. It felt as if she was sprouting wings. As her abdominals expanded and her butt turned into twin soccer balls of solid muscle, she almost came. She had to fight back against this feeling, simply because she wanted to watch her legs turn from well-toned to enormous. Her skirt was now a weird kind of belt, her socks had exploded off her swollen, split calves.

Her entire body had become titanic.

She kicked the can up, caught it with her hand and slammed it so hard into the trash that the bin collapsed.

The plan was clear: Find the couple and make them pay. Then make certain that Mae Ling knew her place again. The thought made her grin wickedly.

The next day, the sailor was just enjoying his paper, when the doorbell rang. Helping that young woman against her harasser had been a good deed and he was quite happy with himself. He leafed the Chester Boatman's Courier to his favorite section: arm-wrestling. Flexing his left arm, he felt content looking forward to the next competition. Another trophy to put on the shelf. He heard the doorbell ring. His girlfriend went to get it and he vaguely heard her talk.

“You're collecting clothes for the school club project? Of course. I'll see what I can find.”

He heard her go upstairs. Adjusting his pipe, the sailor smiled. He wondered who would fit into his girlfriend's clothing. After all, she was stick-thin and tall. Sometimes, he thought about her looks and found that he'd like a fling with a curvier woman. Oh, well.

He turned the page to take a look at more arm-wrestling reports when his eyes trailed off. There was a young, very good looking woman in his living room. He looked at her, his scrunched-up face turning into an entertained smile.

"She won' be long. Doncha worry."

His eyes trailed off to her white top. She wasn't wearing a bra. Far from it, he could see her nipples poking through the fabric. This combined with the very short skirt and the over-knee tights made him feel quite happy. The girl said:

"You've got some really strong arms, sir."

He felt flattered.

"Well, I's been trainin' 'em for a lon' time now. Also, I al'ays eats my spinnich."

Bingo, Julie thought. I came to the right place. She looked him over. There was something in his shirt. A can? Probably.

"Sir, could you flex for me? I want to see just how strong you are."

"Of course, my gal. Watch dis!"

He lifted his arms and did a double biceps. She wanted to play impressed, but she didn't even have to. Although old, the sailor was very strong.

"Wow. That's awesome! Can you do the chest too?"

"Sure fing!"

He puffed up his chest and displayed his powerful muscles. Julie couldn't resist and laid her hand on his pecs.

"That's very impressive."

She felt the can under his shirt. She could also tell that he was getting very aroused. She gave him the sweetest smile and said:

"I wish I was as strong as you ..."

"Well, you got ta eat yer spinnich ..."

Just as he finished his sentence, she reached into his shirt, pulled out the can and squeezed it. Her eagerness to grow stronger decoupled her strength and the metal yielded, sending a stream of spinach to her mouth. She gulped it down voraciously and swallowed as fast as she could. The sailor got up, staring at her. She grinned wickedly:

"So that's step one. I wonder what step one would be ... ah!"

She gasped as the spinach hit. Whereas the first dose had been rather small, this one was much larger and clearly more potent.

"Oh, yesss! This is incredible. I feel the power surging through my body. It's as if I were on fire. But in a good way. Oh! Oh! Ah, yes, yes! YES!"

She howled in triumph as her breasts abruptly expanded. It wasn't a slow process like the last time. No. Her rather large, nice boobs suddenly began to grow at an alarming rate. First, they filled out to the bottom, then the growth spread upwards, making them taut and round. Her hands went to her nipples, squeezing them between her fingers. They felt rock-hard. She could feel her breast-flesh overrun her fingers. She tried to contain the soft, rapidly growing mass. It was pointless. They surged outwards, becoming larger and larger by the second. The weight was pulling her down, but as her breasts reached soccer-ball size and showed no sign of slowing down, she could also feel her muscles grow.

Just as with her breasts, there was no slow start: Her body almost instantly began wrapping itself in muscular flesh. She could see her

forearms widen and fill out. Moments later, they were the size of traffic cones. She stared at her arms, when her gaze trailed to her biceps. It looked as if somebody had stuffed a baseball under her skin and it was still growing. She was transfixed by her incredible transformation. Her shoulders spread out, her back flared and she felt her neck-muscles grow, brushing against her blond hair. She gasped. In front of her, her breasts had become beach-ball sized. In her ecstasy, she had completely missed the moment when her shirt had exploded. It hung there from her godlike torso, actually reduced to two rags, each dangling sadly from her shoulders. Her expanded back and ripped it apart just as her breasts had torn through it. The sleeves had also split under the relentless assault of her arms and shoulders. She awkwardly ripped the remains off her inhuman body.

Her boobs hung from her muscular chest, resting comfortably on a set of rock-hard abdominals. She stood up straight, amazed by her gigantic body. She slid her hands over her gigantic thighs, then gave her rock-hard, soccer-ball-sized butt cheeks a good squeeze. They were so tight that she could barely sink her fingers into the flesh.

The sailor stared at her, his mind trying to process the combined feelings of arousal and fear. Julie quickly helped him making up his mind. With a swing of her tiny hand and massive forearm, she sent him, his newspaper, his armchair and his pipe flying through the room. He crashed through the living room wall and tried to get to his feet. The teenage behemoth followed up quickly, casually flicking the arm-chair-bound seaman through the back door. He landed in the backyard, buried by his chair.

His girlfriend looked down from upstairs.

"Oh dear! What are you doing? Who are you?"

Julie looked up. The woman recognized her and screamed:

"Help, help!"

Julie reacted quickly and grabbed the hat stand. Stretching a little, she picked the howling woman up and ensnared her with the stand's arms. She shouted:

"Let me down! Help! Somebody help!"

The hyper-muscled teenager just grinned and tossed the hat stand outside, sending the sailor's girlfriend with it. She hit the armchair just as the man wanted to get back up. Julia laughed at the chaos she had caused.

All the ruckus woke the girlfriend's niece. She liked to sleep in, not caring much about her career or anything. She was roughly Julie's age and well in the know about the whole spinach affair. The fights her uncle got into were legend and she loved to watch. Half expecting that oversized idiot who always tried to seduce her aunt to get beaten up, she was horrified to see her elders being beaten up by a ridiculously built teenager.

She stormed into the master bedroom, grabbed one of the cans from the dresser and gulped its contents down. She had never tried this before, but desperate times justified desperate measures. She felt a rumble in her stomach that quickly spread all through her innards. It was a weird feeling. She shared a similar body-type with her aunt, so she wondered what would happen to her. Indeed, she suddenly felt the heat radiate to her chest. Was she finally going to have breasts?

The young woman looked down. Nothing. The only thing that changed were her nipples, which had unexpectedly turned rock hard. They poked through her nightshirt. Was that everything? She sighed:

"Come on! You can't just leave me looking like a board with nipples!"

Nothing happened.

How could this be? She had seen what the spinach was able to do. She

sneered. That's when it hit.

Out of nowhere, her body's muscles began to inflate at an alarming rate. Oddly enough, it started with her pecs. She grinned ecstatically as her chest filled out with hard, tight muscle. She might not have boobs, but she had the second best thing. Within seconds and a few gasps later, she had a massive pair of muscle-tits standing proudly from her torso. She'd give a Rob Liefeld character a run for his money. She flexed them, bouncing them sequentially, then synchronously. That felt awesome.

Now, she waited for the rest of her body to follow up. Again, nothing.

What was wrong with her?

She did a little jump to kickstart the growth. There was something happening now, alright, but her rummaging and gasping had attracted unwanted attention. She heard Julie below her:

"Is there someone else in this house? Just you wait."

With lightning fast steps, the teenage muscle-titaness ran upstairs. The floorboards creaked as she appeared on the upper floor. She looked around, trying to find her next victim.

The niece struggled with her unwilling body. She heard the assailant approach. What could she do? She grabbed another can, awkwardly maneuvering it over her overlarge pecs and squeezing it, the juicy content running over her tightly stretched nightshirt.

That's when the initial dose hit.

With a lurch, her muscles grew and filled out her body. Starting with her abs, the growth flared through her entire physique. Her stomach covered itself in fist-sized boulders of muscle. Her long, sticklike legs swelled with strength until they put a speed-cyclist to shame. Her thigh muscles seemed to droop a little, so large were they. She had never seen

anything like it. Finally, her arms grew, rapidly reaching wrestler territory. She admired her biceps as they grew and grew, stretching her nightshirt to its limits.

When Julie finally found her, she completely filled out her outfit. She looked as if covered in saran wrap. Her muscles stretched the fabric so much, the otherwise demure cotton had become sheer. Julie looked at her and said:

"Whoa. What's your game?"

"The game is revenge for my aunt and uncle."

"Oh, is it?"

Julie smirked. The niece flexed her powerful body. The nightshirt fought valiantly, but to no avail. It was ripped to shreds instantly. It looked as if a cloud of white ribbons had suddenly appeared around her expanded physique. She stood there in all her shredded glory. Her body-fat had been so low that she now looked absolutely ripped, every vein and every striation visible. Her skin looked as if it had just been sprayed on an anatomy chart.

"It is! Prepare to suffer!"

The niece charged. Julie looked at the over-muscled girl roaring at her like a diesel train engine and instantly reacted. With a sucker punch, she just sent the attacker to the floor. It was ridiculous. The other woman just landed on the ground, knocked out just like that.

Julie shrugged:

"You shouldn't expose your chin like that. That's stupid!"

Instead of an answer, the prone girl's body began to mutate even more, her muscles expanding further. She was knocked out, but the second dose had its effect anyway.

As the girl grew more and more muscular, Julie had an idea.

She quickly ran down to the backyard, the floor bucking under her weight. She reached the armchair and threw it aside. Julie picked up the sailor and asked:

"Where's your stash?"

"My stash? Whaddaya mean?"

"The spinach!"

"Wot spinnich?"

"Don't play dumb. I'll crush you to powder if you don't talk."

"Oh, dat spinnich."

"Yes! Where is it?"

Minutes later, Julie carried a massive net full of cans from a shed in the backyard. She looked down on the devastated pair and added:

"Well, thank you for your help. I really appreciate it."

She lifted her massive arm and flexed it, a big vein snaking over her now football-sized biceps.

"Time to pay Mae Ling a visit. Poor girl!"

Mae Ling walked to college carefully. She seriously didn't want to run into Julie right now. After she had turned back to normal, she felt even smaller than before and she was quite certain that her enemy would find her and beat her up again. She had spent the night at her grandmother's house and had timed her way carefully so as to be right on time and not to be caught in the open.

Just as she reached the steps of the entrance, that sailor from the park walked up to her. He was limping and his face was bruised all over,

which, combined with his already weird crumpled expression, made him look even worse. He said:

"Hey, gal. You's da one who got beaten up at da park, ain'cha?"

She stopped and replied:

"Listen, I've got to get in quick. I'm already late."

"Yes, yes. I knows it. But lissen. Dat awful gal is comin' fer ya. She stole my spinnich an' she's gonna give ya another beatin'!"

"What? Oh, no. What can I do? I can't just run away."

The sailor leaned closer:

"Don' worry. I got sumfin' fer ya. A lil extra dat's goin'a halp ya."

He handed her a can. It looked self-made. There was a sticker on it, some rather girlish handwriting. It said: "Super-Spinach". Mae Ling took it.

"Super-spinnach? What's that supposed to be?"

"Mah gal made it fer me. It's like a better vershun of reg'lar spinnich. It'll giv' ya da strength ta beat up dis bully. Also, don' eat it all at once. It's very strong."

The girl nodded and said:

"Thank you. I'll make good use of it. But now, I really have to go. I don't want to be late and I already am."

"Good luck, gal. Sock 'er one from me."

Although she felt a certain comfort from the can in her bag, Mae Ling still tried to get to class safely. She sneaked through the halls, darting from side to side and hiding behind lockers. Just as she was about to

reach the classroom, she received a massive blow against her back. She landed on her face and struggled to get back on her feet.

A kick hit her in the butt and she fell down again. Mae Ling rolled on her back to at least look her assailant in the eye. Julie stood above her, still her normal, athletic self.

"Thought you could hide from me, eh, runt."

Mae Ling hissed:

"I'm warning you. Don't touch me ever again."

"Or what? You're going to call for help and hope for your sailor boy to save you? Do I have bad news for you. I think you can visit him at the hospital. And he isn't going to give you any of his precious 'spinnich'. Because I got it all."

Mae Ling braced for the next kick, but instead, Julie took two cans of spinach from her bag and popped them open. She gulped the green mass down and wiped her lips with the back of her hand.

"Oh, my poor little girl. You should have left town when you still could. But don't worry, I'm going to give you a kick that'll carry you right into the next county."

The taller woman closed her eyes for a second and took a deep breath. She really wanted to enjoy the growth. She could feel the warmth spread through her body. It was a tremendous feeling, something completely alien. There was something building up within her. Until now, she had only tried a single can, so nothing prepared her for the massive influx of power. She had chosen an extra-stretchy outfit, not certain if she wanted to be naked in public. As she realized that her breasts were going to grow a lot, she tried to change her plan. She rolled up her shirt as good as she could, desperate to get it off before her boobs kicked in, but she was too late. With a gasp, she saw her tits become larger and heavier. This time, there was no slow build-up. They instantly began to expand, turning spherical within moments. To her surprise, they did not

stop for a moment. She almost fell on her face and was forced to change her stance to keep her balance. Her shirt stretched and stretched as her tit-flesh grew and grew. Her rock-hard, aching nipples poked through the thinning fabric. Funnily enough, she heard her bra snap long before her shirt exploded.

As the growth subsided, she stood there, bent forward, struggling to remain standing. Her shirt was stretched taut over her enormous round boobs. Julie had to admit that she wasn't very threatening right now. Her tits were almost the size of exercise balls and they were very heavy.

Mae Ling stared at her. She couldn't move. It was just too bizarre.

"Are you okay?"

"Don't worry about me. Worry about yourself, because my muscles are going to kick in any moment."

Mae Ling retreated, edging away from her mutated tormentress.

"Aaah ..."

Julie felt the warmth build up again. This was it. This was the perfect moment. She howled in triumph as every cell of her body powered up. Contrary to her previous growth, this was no sequential thing. This time, her body instantly filled with muscle. It happened quickly. A first surge turned her into a light bodybuilder. Her muscles contracted, relaxed, contracted again and then, as if sneezing, she absolutely exploded. Julie's shirt exploded with a snap. The rags flew everywhere, one of them hitting Mae Ling in the face. She lifted it off and saw the other woman's shoulders grow, her arms widen, her stomach firm up and her legs and butt swell. She looked a little disappointed, but felt the weight on her chest grow lighter. Mae Ling ran.

Julie pulled off the skirt, which had transformed into a wide belt and tore off her socks which had been ripped apart by her ridiculous calves.

The smaller woman was now at the end of the hallway. Julie started following her, her enormous tits slowing her down.

Then, the second surge hit. Like the metaphor of evolution, Julie stood up shivering as her already large and strong muscles expanded further. She gasped and grunted as her physique grew to heavyweight bodybuilder levels. Her arms soon rested against large lats, her shoulders grew outwards and her pecs firmed up further, turning her spherical super-tits into perky balls of flesh capped by nipples so hard and pointy she could have somebody's eye out.

"Oh, yes, my dear Mae Ling. You're going to suffer. Look at this body. Look at me! I am a queen! I am a goddess!"

Mae Ling turned and ran. She heard her pursuer's heavy footsteps thunder down the hallway. Every one of Julie's steps set off a cascade of muscles that swelled and relaxed. It was as if she had been turned into an anatomy chart come to life.

Then, Mae Ling tripped and fell.

Julie reached her and picked her up. She gave her a wicked grin, when the third and final surge hit. Mae Ling's eyes opened in horror as Julie's neck expanded, reaching to her jaws. Her shoulders were forced apart by her growing muscles, her lats spread like wings. Each of her biceps turned into a football-sized mass. Mae Ling was squashed against Julie's gargantuan breasts. The taller woman stuffed her into her cleavage and flexed her pecs, trapping her. Mae Ling tried to scream, but the breast-flesh nearly choked her. Julie locked her hands, further squeezing her breasts together.

She laughed as Mae Ling struggled.

"You should see yourself, so small, so weak!"

Mae Ling gasped for air:

"Please, let me go, please!"

"Your wish is my command."

Julie released her. The small woman fell to the ground. The titaness picked her up by the foot and flicked her through the window.

Mae Ling crashed into the track and field area. She rolled, trying to protect her face. As Julie followed her, climbing through the broken window, the Godzilla theme played. The two women looked around and saw that some film students were watching the classic. Julie grinned and shouted:

"Skreonk!"

Then she marched towards Mae Ling. The girl tried to get away, but Julie was soon on her and kicked her again. She rolled over. Julie picked her up again, lifting her overhead.

"This is too easy. You're not even a bit of a challenge. Why are you so weak?"

Mae Ling tried to say something, but she just felt as if she'd been hit by a truck. She grasped for her bag, trying to get to the can. Julie saw what she was trying to do and said:

"Oh, I see. You want to even the playing field. Let's take a look."

She smashed Mae Ling to the ground and sat on her. The shorter girl made muffled sounds. Julie grinned:

"That's quite comfortable."

She pushed Mae Ling's head and butt as if adjusting a pillow.

"Nice. I should hire you as a chair. So, what's in your bag?"

She ripped it open without effort. The can fell out.

"One measly can? That's almost sad. Oh, girl, what did you expect?"

Mae Ling tried to answer, but she couldn't. Julie laughed and said:

"Guess what, I'm going to give you a fighting chance."

She eased a little to the right and pulled Mae Ling from under her butt.

"Here's a can on the house. Let's see if I can make you into a couch."

Mae Ling eagerly gulped down the green mass, hoping that such an overdose of "super spinach" wouldn't be harmful. She craved revenge.

The moment the spinach touched her lips, she realized its power. This was unlike anything she had ever felt. It was as if she had been hit by a massive electric current. Her body convulsed rapidly. The diminutive girl grunted and growled as her body seemingly revolted against itself. Julie had just made a big mistake. The taller girl bumped her victim's head:

"You alright down there?"

"Never ... been ... better!"

With an almighty roar, Mae Ling jumped to her feet. Julie was thrown off and landed on the sand. Mae Ling stared at her, her eyes blazing. She was still small and puny, but there was some kind of incredible energy radiating off her. The crowd of spectators that had been attracted by the damage caused gasped. Julie hesitated. Had she overdone it? She had heard stories of weak people suddenly snapping. And now this ...

Even though she sported the most muscular body on the campus and the biggest tits in the country, she suddenly felt small, weak and intimidated. Mae Ling advanced on her. Every step seemed amplified, as if shaking the world. Julie recoiled, unable to bear the small girl's threatening aura.

And then, the transformation began. Mae Ling gasped. Her nipples had become hard as diamonds and poked through her clothes as if they

wanted to punch holes through the fabric. Her hands went to her inexistent breasts. She looked down and once again saw her breast-flesh swell. But this time, the effect was different. As her breasts grew, the ground seemed to edge away. It took her a second to understand what was going on. Indeed, she was growing taller. She looked at Julie, who was still a hulking amazon in every sense of the word. And yet, she seemed smaller and downright ridiculous. Mae Ling looked her in her eyes and she found that they were now equally tall. She stared at her still inflating breasts, each one now in beach ball territory. Her muscles were equally growing, the bellies of her quads swelling before being hidden from view by her tremendously huge breasts.

For Julie, it was a nightmare come true. The wimpy nerd in front of her was growing and growing. It wouldn't take long and she'd be taller than her. She saw Mae Ling's shoulders spread and grow, soon reaching the size of soccer balls, then basketballs. And they still grew!

She took a step back. And another one. She tried to get away, but Mae Ling's growth continued and it seemed as if the woman was zooming in on her. Mae Ling reached six feet, then six feet six. The spectators could actually see her growing. Her clothes had long since been reduced to shreds. Her shoes had blown up, her underwear had been thoroughly soaked and then destroyed by her colossal ass.

"This is the best. I finally understand what you are about, Julie. This is incredible. I'm so big. I'm the biggest. A football player doesn't have a thing on me. And look at my breasts!" She squeezed them, her lengthening arms permitting her to actually reach her nipples. "This is so good. Oh my God! Just thinking about this makes me come! Julie, thank you. Thank you for showing me what power is. Watch my muscles! Have you ever seen anything like them? There can't be any bodybuilder on this planet who can keep up with me!"

She grew and grew, her muscles spreading further, her abs turning into an eight-pack. Every oblique was both huge and perfectly defined. Her midsection would make eyes water. She lifted her arms and flexed. Bystanders fainted, jocks gasped, nerds exploded with lust.

"Look at me! Look at this power! Look at my strength. I am a Goddess! I will make you pay!"

"Gah!" Julie tried to get away from her. She tried to get back to the building, to her bag of cans.

She never even had a chance. As she ran, a shadow appeared above her. Mae Ling dropped on her, ramming her into the ground. Julie screamed, but there was nothing she could do. Mae Ling silenced her with her lust. She knelt down, her quads and her abs fighting for space. She felt Julie's face against her privates. Instantly, she began rubbing them against the other woman's nose and mouth. Julie fought as good as she could, but she was showered by Mae Ling's juices.

With an almighty roar, the former weakling came.

A little while later, Mae Ling was resting her head on Julie's prone body. It was tremendously relaxing. Julie was alive and conscious, but she was very tired and clearly unable to do much. The spectators had left after she had told them to. She tried to cup her huge breasts, gave up and instead caressed them. It felt incredible. Being this huge was heavenly. Her thoughts went to the remaining cans. It would be a shame to let all this spinach go to waste.

She smiled to herself, got up and touched her biceps. What an incredible feeling! She just wished it would go on forever ...

Epilogue

Several days later, Mae Ling was returning from college. She was completely relaxed. Tired, yes, but the fact that Julie had left town and decided to stay away for good took a massive weight off her shoulders. Instead, Mae Ling had loaded a new weight, but this time, it was a positive one. She'd joined the athletics club and started weight- and powerlifting. She definitely hoped that this would eventually give her a nice and muscular body, even without any special spinach.

"Mom, I'm home!"

She dropped her backpack and her gym bag.

"You're late. I hope you don't mind, but we already started with dinner."

"No problem. I'll just shower and I'll be with you."

"Wonderful, sweetie."

Minutes later, Mae Ling walked into the dining room and sat down. Her sister asked:

"So, how was college?"

"Nice. You'll like it there."

"You wish. I'm never going to get that scholarship."

Mae Ling looked at her: She was just as tiny as she was, maybe a little more athletic, but still nothing special. She turned to her mom:

"What are you eating?"

"Just something simple, scrambled eggs, sausage and spinach."

"Spinach. I've definitely had my fill of that for today."

She looked back at her sister who was digging in. She noticed something and asked:

"Mei Ching, shouldn't you be wearing a bra?"

"I am."

"Then get some pasties. Your nipples are all over the place."

"My nipples?"

"Mae Ling, this is not a conversation for the dinner table."

"I know, but look at her."

Mei Ching's expression had suddenly changed. She looked very relaxed and also quite aroused. The mother shook her head:

"What is going on with you, daughter?"

"It feels so good."

Suddenly, she began to shiver. Mae Ling's eyes went wide:

"Mom, where did you get the spinach from?"

"Your room. Why do you ask?"

"Oh shit."

"Mae Ling, your manner of speaking is inappropriate ..."

She drifted off. Mae Ling looked at her and saw that her nipples too poked through the fabric. She stared at her sister, whose shirt had begun to fill up.

"Oh, God. This is incredible. I love it. Mae Ling, look at my breasts. I never imagined ..."

Indeed, her breasts were rapidly expanding, stretching the fabric of her shirt. Her mother's outfit soon followed suit. The shirt gradually became transparent as her boobs swelled and swelled, roaring through the alphabet. Mae Ling grabbed the table and pulled it away. Meanwhile, her mom's blouse was under a lot of stress. The buttons fought bravely,

but ultimately had to give way. The now volleyball-sized tits suddenly bust out of it, tearing it open and flopping out in an avalanche of boob-flesh.

The two women stared in complete confusion at the older one's breasts.

"What's going on?"

Mae Ling hesitated to explain. If the spinach worked on them the same way, they couldn't care about words in the following seconds.

She was right, of course. Within moments, her sister's body began filling up with muscle. Mae Ling saw how her arms became beefier, quickly developing cuts and striations. The former tiny woman soon turned into a kind of mini-amazon. Her swelling pecs lifted her large breasts, further straining her shirt. The sleeves groaned and some of the seams began to widen as her body turned rock-hard. Her large boobs had turned her shirt into a crop-top and her abs were now visible. They looked as if they were made of rock. Mei Ching ran her fingers over them and gasped:

"Whoa! Those feel awesome. I've gotta take a selfie of my kick-ass abs."

She tried to get her phone out of her pocket but couldn't, since the muscles on thighs had grown so large that everything was now jammed. She turned to Mae Ling as she stumbled to her feet.

"Can't you help me?"

She realized her sister wasn't listening. Instead, she was staring at her mother, who was not only topless now, but also rapidly turning into a gargantuan, muscle-bound amazon. Right now, her thighs swelled and swelled, the various parts of the quads becoming clearly defined, then building up further until they bulged out. Her hamstrings grew equally fast, giving her gigantic legs that could probably knock down a house. Her naturally large calves had become so big that they were easily visible from the front. Her blouse had long been destroyed by her bodybuilder arms that were still expanding rapidly.

"What's happening to me? This feels so good!"

She got up, just in time to witness her expanding glutes tearing up her pants, revealing her simple white panties. As she examined the wreckage of her clothes, she was amazed by her humongous body. She looked like a comic book superheroine come to life. A final growth spurt destroyed her panties and left her with two flimsy loops of fabric around her arms and around her knees. The tattered rags that hung from her body were a proof of her tremendous transformation. Her hand went to her breasts and touching them, she immediately started to breathe quickly.

Mei Ching shook her head:

"Mom!"

Then, she saw the spinach and dove for it.

Mae Ling acted quickly. This was just too freakish. She dumped the spinach down the waste chute and ran back upstairs. She had to get all this stuff away before anybody got hurt. She heard the other two women scream for more below. She had to be quick and get that crazy stuff away from here.

Later

The sailor, still bruised from his encounter with Julie, got up. Somebody had knocked and he hobbled there as fast as he could. He opened the door and saw a big bag lying there. He opened it and found tons of spinach cans as well as a note. He opened it:

"Thank you for everything. I hope I won't need this anymore and I think it belongs to you. Also, it's safer around here. Best wishes, Mae Ling."

He nodded to himself, smiled and said:

"Aye, dat pipsqueak's got 'er strength back. I like dat."

He tooted on his pipe and carried the bag inside.

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Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

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