

# The Inheritance

Roy Ellison



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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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„The will doesn't cover much. It's just a few fields and a cabin on it. If I were you, I'd sell it.”

The solicitor shrugged. Lisa looked at the paperwork. It was just a small plot of land in the hills, nothing spectacular. She only remembered her uncle Dan

vaguely. He was old when she was little. The idea that he had only died now made her wonder what he had done up there, never catching up with the rest of the family. She managed to recall him vaguely. A bearded man, not too tall, but very strong. He had easily chucked her mother in the air in the way men tended to play with little kids.

And now he was dead.

The solicitor added:

“This letter was included. It’s addressed to you, you’re supposed to read it before accepting the inheritance.”

She nodded and took it. The man offered her a letter-opener which she gladly accepted. She unfolded a single piece of paper. In Uncle Dan’s scrawled handwriting, it said:

“Dear Lisa!

I’ve chosen you to have my place because I think you’ll enjoy it most. The others are all boring. So please, take it and keep it. Don’t let all those bastards steal it from you. If they offer you money, say no. It’s yours for the keeping.

All the best

Your uncle Dan

PS: Be careful with the spinach.”

Lisa cocked an eyebrow. What was this all about? The solicitor asked:

“Do you accept the inheritance?”

“I do.”

“That’s great. I’ll need a few signatures. Will you need help to sell it?”

“I guess not. Thank you.”

He nodded, looking a little disappointed.

The next day, she called her friend Mia to join her. They had met at college and had become fast friend. It was weird to see them next to each other. Lisa was tall and thin, but not in a model-like way. She was more of a beanstalk. She had a cute face, but most guys preferred girls with a little more figure. What she missed, Mia had too much. She was rather short, but quite fat. She didn’t care too much and used her confidence to have all the fun she wanted, but every attempt at weight-loss led to more fat on her butt and belly.

The redhead asked:

“So, Lisa, what about that inheritance? Do you have enough money now to pay off your college debt?”

Lisa produced a dry laugh as she put her blond hair in a ponytail:

“Nah. This is just some tiny field up in the hills. It’s probably worthless. But I wanna see what it’s like.”

Just in this moment, there was a knock on the door of her dorm. Lisa opened:

“Yes? How can I help you?”

It was a tall, strong man with a full beard. Not too bad looking, actually quite handsome. He smiled:

“Hello! Are you Ms. Gregor?”

She nodded.

“Wonderful. My name is Parker. I was a friend of your uncle Daniel and he asked me to help you before he died.”

“He did?”

“Sure. He told me to buy the land from you since you’d need the money. I told him I’d give you the money if necessary, but he said just to buy it.”

“Ah? He didn’t mention that in the letter.”

“Must have been an old letter, then. Anyway, how about this?”

He wrote down a figure. It was surprisingly high. Lisa hesitated. Then she remembered the letter and said:

“I’m sorry, but I’ll have to say no. But give me your card, I can call you if I change my mind, if that’s okay with you.”

The man didn’t seem angry or anything, handed her the card and left, staying courteous all the way. Mia said:

“That’s weird. Your uncle had some nice friends.”

Lisa was skeptical. It was all a bit suspicious.

They left, taking their trekking equipment with them.

The pair reached the plot after a few hours of driving. It was really far away and their city car rumbled uneasily over dusty tracks. There were huge trees all around. The whole place was savage. Lisa stopped the car and Mia said:

“Oh boy, this is far away from everything. It’s nice and all, but it’s also got a kind of horror movie feeling, don’t you think?”

“Stop it, Mia, you’re making me uneasy. I mean, did you really have to bring this up?”

“Sorry. It’s just, I got zero reception around here. Just so you know.”

“Okay, me neither. On the other hand, we’re not going to get in trouble, are we? Let’s take a closer look.”

They walked up to the gate. Lisa got the key out and unlocked it, then they walked inside. There was a kind of garden, with vegetables and fruit. There were also some flowers. The cabin was really small and looked as if it had been abandoned a long time ago. Lisa checked the plants: zucchini, eggplants, tomatoes, salad, you name it, there it was. The vegetables had been planted in nice little beds all around the hut.

Mia looked at her:

“I don’t know what I expected.”

“Me neither. It’s nice, but I kinda expected more. I can’t believe Uncle Dan lived in that hut.”

“Let’s check it out. Maybe it’s got a secret basement.”

“Okay, now you’re creeping me out.”

The women opened the door and peered inside. Nothing, really. A small stove, some shelves, a tiny bed and a few tools. The floor was made of wood, but a quick examination showed no secret entrances. Obviously.

That’s when they heard a car approach the plot.

Mia asked:

“Did you tell anybody else where we were going?”

“No. Did you?”

Mia shook her head.

“I don’t think they are friendly.”

They looked outside and saw a robust SUV stop. Out climbed four people: the solicitor, Mr. Parker and two men neither had seen before. What were they up to?

The solicitor walked to the gate and said:

“Ms. Gregor? It’s me, Mr. Bromelli. I’d like to ask you again about the land.”

“I told you I wasn’t interested in selling it.”

“Ah, you are mistaken. We are done asking. Now we’re just taking.”

The four men ran up the hill. Mia and Lisa tried to run, but they didn’t stand a chance. Moments later, they found themselves in the cabin, tied up and helpless. The solicitor looked down on them and said:

“I’m a kind person, so I won’t hurt you. But I need you to sign this contract now. If you do, you’re free to go.”

Lisa stared at him. Why was he doing this? There had to be something special about this place. She snarled:

“Go screw yourself! I’ll never sign this. Besides, you’ll probably kill me if I do. After all, I could contest your claim once I get back to civilization!”

Bromelli sighed. He hated to admit it, but she was right. There would be no easy way out of this. Mr. Parker smirked. Then he took the solicitor outside. He turned to the women:

“We’ll let you steam for a while. See if you’ll get it. We can keep you here for a long time ...”

They shut the door of the hut. Mia was on the verge of tears. She looked at Lisa, but the blonde was surprisingly cool. Instead of panicking, she rolled over to the door and listened. She heard Bromelli speak:

“Check everything. There has to be a clue somewhere. He must have left one so the girl could find it!”

Lisa turned to her friend and said:

“Okay: I have no idea what is going on, but they’re looking for something.”

“But how does that help us?”

“Well, maybe we can trade it for our freedom? I don’t know. This is my first time as a prisoner!”

Mia asked:

“Was there any clue in your uncle’s letter? Maybe we can figure this out?”

“Not really. There was just this spinach thing.”

“Spinach?”

“Yeah. I don’t know why Uncle Dan mentioned it. There’s no spinach here. He’s got all kinds of vegetables, but no spinach.”

“I can’t say I’m unhappy with this. I hate spinach.”

“But maybe that’s the clue. Any ideas?”

Mia looked around. Since she was still leaning against the wall, that was easier for her. Suddenly, she said:

“Hey! There’s a can of spinach above you.”

“Really? Maybe that’s what we’re looking for.”

“Should we call them?”

Lisa frowned:

“Never! We have to figure this out ourselves.”

“But we gotta free ourselves first. How do you propose to do that? I mean, we’re tied up!”

“Maybe like this ...”

Lisa rolled against the wall and bumped against it. The can hopped a little. Mia exclaimed:

“Do it again! This just might work!”

Another bump. Outside, the men had started digging up the garden. They didn’t hear a sound. Lisa kicked then wall again. Then it happened. The can made another little jump and fell. It hit the floor and sprang open, splattering Lisa’s face.

“Yuck!” The green goo ran into her mouth. “Why?”

Mia was grossed out.

“Ew! Don’t swallow it! That stuff must be ages old.”

It was too late. A little bit of the green mass had disappeared down Lisa’s throat. She gagged. Mia asked:

“How was that supposed to help?”

Lisa spat. When she opened her eyes again, she saw a slip of paper in a plastic foil in the green goo. That was interesting. Maybe it was a clue about what was going on.

Now she only had to free herself ...

That’s when she noticed something strange was going on. Like a flow of warmth, she felt a kind of energy spread through her body. She felt invigorated. Strange. And then it hit her ... She felt the heat intensify and without warning, her chest seemed to expand. Not by much, but still! How could this happen? Within a few moments, she had gone from a bony flat chest to A-cups with a little support. The same had happened to her arms. They had been twiggy before, now they were, well, still twiggy, but a little less so.

Mia stared at her:

“Oh my God, Lisa. What’s going on?”

“I don’t know!”

She was on the verge of panicking. The bonds were now way tighter and even more uncomfortable. She had no idea what to do now, but she definitely didn’t want any more attention. Then, suddenly, the zip-tie that held her hands snapped. Mia was confused:

“How did you do that?”

“I don’t have the slightest idea! Please stop asking. This is all horrible.”

“Whatever. Just get us out of here!”

Lisa grabbed the zip-tie on her legs and gave it a pull. Nothing. She did feel stronger, though. Mia nodded at her and whispered:

“Again! Please.”

“Sure, I’m trying. But this is hard!”

She pulled again, twisting the plastic. There was a crack and it broke. She was free!

Lisa quickly sneaked over to the tools, found a small saw and said:

“Don’t move, I’ll cut the ties.”

Mia nodded and even held her breath. Seconds later, they were both free. Now, they had to decide what to do next. Lisa said:

“We should try to sneak out and just leave.”

“They’d catch us in no time. Forget it. And the next time, they won’t just put us in here.”

“Okay, what can we do other than that?”

Mia picked up the plastic bag. She opened it. There was a sheet of paper inside. It said:

“Dear Lisa!

I hope you found this letter quickly. You're on the right way. And then, you can enjoy that nice salad we used to prepare together. I hope you remember it.

All the best

Your uncle Dan”

Mia shrugged:

“That doesn't help at all.”

Lisa frowned. It was a clue, obviously. About that salad ... Uncle Dan had really insisted on her learning the recipe and it was a bit strange. Normally, salad consisted of just cutting up the vegetables, mixing a sauce and enjoying it, but he insisted on weighing the different parts. He even used a metric scale for whatever reasons. Maybe it was because he was from Arizona? Regardless of how many guests came, he'd always do the special salad, infuriating his sister, Lisa's mom.

Mia was searching the tiny room.

“Look at that picture. Who is that wimpy guy?”

Lisa looked at it.

“He just looks like Uncle Dan, but without his muscles and his beard.”

He had changed a lot, clearly. The scrawny man on the picture was just done harvesting eggplants. That’s when it dawned to her:

“Mia, the salad is a map.”

“What?”

“Like, we started with 400 grams of eggplant.”

“Why grams?”

“Why should I know? Anyway, the eggplants are over there.” She pointed in the direction of the bed. “Maybe that means 400 meters in that direction?”

“I’m just as confused as you are. But even if you figured it out, how do we even get there? I mean, there’s evil men outside.”

Lisa looked at her arms.

“Okay, I’m really talking out of my ass now, but how about this: Maybe the spinach makes you strong. And if it does, there’s still some left. We just have to be quick.”

“Girl, that is so gross.”

Lisa shrugged. She walked over to the can and picked up the remains of the greenery. Then she put it in her mouth, chewed on it and swallowed. It was pretty gross.

Then, suddenly, there was this warmth. It was way more intense than before. Mia said:

“Wow, you’re blushing. What’s going on? Is this serious?”

That’s when whatever this spinach was really kicked in. Lisa stared as her body suddenly began filling out. First, her chest inflated a little more. Her tiny boobs really expanded, stretching her shirt. In no time, the A-cups had turned into solid Cs. They looked amazing and felt great. The nipples also poked hard through her training bra and shirt. Mia was impressed.

“Whoa!”

Lisa nodded:

“That’s amazing. I never felt anything like it. I mean, hey! I got boobs!”

She laid her hands on them and gave them a little squeeze. That felt awesome!

That’s when she noticed the tightening of the muscles on her arms. Without warning, they seemed to expand. The growth ran all over her body, making her shoulders expand and her thighs swell. Her midsection tightened and developed a six-pack.

“Holy cow! I’m turning into a fitness model!”

Mia stared at her transformed friend. Her clothes were stretched tightly over her new body. The whole woman seemed taller too.

Lisa grinned.

“This is so good. I feel like I could take on the world!”

Mia tried to calm her down:

“Maybe, but we should still be careful. I don’t know how this works, but I’m

pretty sure you still don't stand a chance against four grown men.”

Lisa agreed:

“Probably, but I think I can at least break open the lock.”

“Yes, but be careful. Don't make too much noise!”

Lisa grabbed the door handle and gave it a quick, dry push. Nothing fancy. There was a crack and the door was open. It kinda lost itself in the woods and the noise of the diggers. Lisa peeked outside, found the men still busy and made a sign to Mia that they were leaving. They quickly stepped through the eggplants and continued for 400 meters. They entered the forest, the undergrowth concealing them. Soon, they were out of sight.

Following the recipe's directions, they wandered on through the woods. After a while, the undergrowth disappeared and they found themselves walking amidst tall trees, the sunlight filtering through the leaves high above. Mia asked:

“How long is that recipe anyway?”

“We have quite a walk before us. It's at least ...” She did some quick calculations in her mind. “Four miles. But that's not difficult, I think.”

“Lisa, sorry, but not only are you way thinner than me and you have way less

baggage to carry around. No, you also have a strange spinach powered fitness body. So, please, don't assume anything."

"Hey, I'm sorry this all went wrong. I never intended this to be so bad ..."

"I know. It's just that ... I never liked hiking anyway."

"Me neither. We have to turn right now."

They crossed a chasm only bridged by a huge fallen tree. Mia was impressed:

"I mean, if it weren't for a bunch of bandits looking for us, this place would be awesome. It's like right out of a fantasy novel."

"Definitely. Uncle Dan was always a bit of a ranger/barbarian type."

"Except when he was all weak and small."

"I know, right? That's so weird."

"Maybe this is the secret path to his spinach hoard. I'd love to try some."

“I thought you hated spinach?”

“I hate it, but I still would like to look like a fitness model.”

“You’re weird.”

Suddenly, they emerged into a clearing. Or rather not. It was a clearing, alright, but it was protected by a kind of net above. The light shone through, but it was pretty obvious that plants could grow down here without being seen from above. Mia looked around:

“Okay ... What is this place?”

“I guess that must be the spinach.”

Lisa walked around, finding a literal field of the stuff hidden here. There was a house in the clearing too. It seemed nice and clean, but had a bit of a hippie vibe. They walked quickly through the fields. Lisa asked:

“Do you think spinach is supposed to grow so tall?”

“I don’t know anything about vegetables.”

“Me neither.”

They reached the house and opened the door. Inside, it was quite cozy. There were some beanbag chairs, most of them pretty huge. Strangely, all the doorways went almost up to the ceiling. There were also several bookshelves, mostly collecting science fiction books, fantasy novels from the 60ies and 70ies and endless books on agriculture.

On a low table, there was an open book. It was handwritten. Lisa examined it.

“That’s my uncle’s diary. Whoa. What a bunch of weird stuff.”

Mia called out to her:

“Look at that record collection! That’s some pretty retro stuff!”

Lisa turned to look at it when she saw the men emerge from the forest.

“Shit. They found us!”

The gangsters entered the clearing. They were all pretty impressed by the sights, but they also seemed pretty annoyed. The solicitor was complaining:

“I didn’t expect to go on a hike right away!”

Parker grunted:

“Stop it! What did you expect? You knew this place was up in the hills.”

“Still, if I wanted nature, I would have gone into commodities trading.”

Parker rubbed the bridge of his nose. If he hadn’t found the footprints the two women left, they never would have discovered this place. But all Bromelli could do was complain. What an idiot.

Bromelli advanced.

“Anyway: We’re going to get the money now. The real money!”

“I hope it’s inside that house.” They walked closer. “What’s with all the spinach?”

The solicitor said:

“I don’t know either. He was always talking about this. But in the end, who cares?”

Inside the house, Lisa and Mia were panicking. There wasn't much room to hide and the men seemed angry now. Eventually, Lisa said:

“Maybe I can bargain? I'll offer them the whole thing and they'll let us go?”

Mia shrugged. She really had no idea how to solve this.

“What else can we do?”

They stepped on the porch. Bromelli grinned. Without even waiting for Lisa to speak, he ordered the men to attack. Lisa yelped and wanted to turn around, but clumsily ran into Mia. The pair fell over and the goons were on them. The two henchmen grabbed Mia and threw her in the field, laughing as she disappeared in the patches of spinach.

As to Lisa, Parker said:

“Wow. I didn't remember you looking so good ... We'll make good use of you!”

The men grinned wickedly.

Lisa screamed and struggled.

At the same time, Mia tried to pick the plants from her mouth. Ew, gross. She had swallowed some of the stuff. It had gotten into her mouth and it tasted horribly ...

She tried to get back on her feet, but the landing had stunned her. The chubby girl was on all fours now and Lisa was trying to kick the men away. So far, she barely managed to protect herself, but it was only a matter of time ...

That's when Mia noticed a strange feeling of warmth in her tummy. That was weird. Just as Lisa had described.

The spinach!

It was actually working.

Without hesitation, she grabbed a bunch of leaves, stuffed them in her mouth, chewed and swallowed. Lisa screamed again, but then, Mia felt a sudden surge of energy in her body.

She stood up and as she did, her breasts miraculously rose. It was strange to see. Normally, they were pretty big, but now, they seemed huge. Huge and round and perky, if this was even possible at that size. Her nipples tightened, poking against the fabric. Her shirt was now really tight. She heard the seams groan as she stumbled to her feet. This was bizarre, but it did feel great. She gave her tits a good squeeze and was surprised by their firmness. They didn't feel soft and weak anymore. They were thick and round and very taut. Touching them made

her hot.

At the same time, her stance seemed to change. She now stood way straighter than before, ignoring the sudden added mass on her chest. Also, her butt seemed to perk up. This transformation was amazing!

At last, she noticed what caused the change in her posture: She was growing muscles all over. And not small ones either. Far from it. She stared at her arms, surprised by the rapid expansion of her biceps. Even as she watched, they went from flabby and soft, to fist-sized and tight to baseball-sized and hard. And they still grew!

The sleeves of her shirt were now being seriously strained, so she attempted a flex. She lifted both of her arms and pushed.

The effect was surprising!

With a bang, the seams blew at the same time, while her expanded chest tore up the shirt. She blushed as her humungous tits spilled out. The men noticed her now and turned around. Their jaws dropped.

Parker gasped:

“Holy shit! How did that happen?”

Mia charged him. As she thundered closer, her leg muscles got bigger and bigger, lifting her and carrying her fast across the field. She felt her waist tighten and her shoulders expand. Her traps grew and when she crashed into him fist-first she was the size of a very big-titted linebacker.

Parker was thrown back and landed in the living room, completely stunned. Mia turned around, her heavy body now having a kind of inertness that almost made her stumble. The two henchmen panicked, but the punches hit anyway. The first one crumbled, the second one landed on Parker.

As she turned to face Bromelli, the man was already fleeing.

Lisa got to her feet and looked up to her friend. Somehow, Mia had grown taller and was now close to six feet. She asked:

“Was it the spinach?”

“Oh yes. You should definitely try some and then, we can take care of this bastard!”

She didn't have to tell her twice. Lisa ran into the fields and stuffed herself with the leaves. Mia first wanted her to go easy, then she felt peckish and ate some more.

She looked over to Lisa. Her friend just got up and quivered with expectation. She longed for the transformation and when the warmth came, she was elated.

Mia stared. She had expected something gradual, but no. So much spinach had to have an immediate effect. Without warning, Lisa's breasts expanded. They roared through the alphabet, growing huge and heavy within mere moments. The shirt exploded as her now enormous tits broke through. Each boob was bigger than her head and they both entirely covered her torso. But as she watched, she noticed that Lisa on the whole was getting taller. And fast too ...

The figure rose and grew, passing six feet in a few seconds. The effect was amazing. Lisa was clearly turned on and sighed happily as she grew beyond model height. At the same time, her muscles expanded at an alarming pace. Mia could see that the fibers of her muscles contracted and multiplied. Within mere moments, her biceps went to cute little bumps to huge, swollen masses of muscle. Her forearms turned into traffic cones of hard, ripped flesh, her chest and back spread like wings. Lisa's abs grew into rock-hard cobblestones, her navel squeezed outwards by its new muscle-frame. Her outfit was in shreds. Mia watched as Lisa's thighs made short work of her pants and her growth burst her shoes.

In only a few moments, Lisa had turned into an Amazonian giantess, towering above the spinach fields. She was at least 6'6" and her broad stature enhanced this effect even more. Mia stood next to her and said:

"You look awesome!"

"You too: Those are definitely the biggest and perkier tits I have ever seen!"

"Thank you. And look at this butt!"

Mia slapped her backside. It almost hurt. Lisa grinned:

“We’re amazing! Like goddesses!”

“I know, right?”

The blonde bent down a little to give her friend a kiss. It just felt so good to be big, strong and sexy. The redhead blushed:

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves. We should take care of Bromelli first!”

The solicitor was running as fast as he could. He had to get away! With women like these, there was no point in talking. You just ran. He stumbled out into the open, leaving the woods behind him. The thugs Parker had hired had really messed up the garden. Well, as far as he was concerned, if he wasn’t going to get the treasure, at least no one would enjoy this place anymore.

He ran down to the cars and tried to unlock it. Shit! The keys were with Parker. He cursed under his breath, then broke the window. There were a few tricks some clients had taught him back when he was still a lawyer. He opened the door, climbed in and ripped off the paneling. Hotwiring cars wasn’t the most publishable skill, but it could be useful.

It took him a while to figure this out. He occasionally peeked back to the woods, expecting the women to appear any moment. Nothing. Back to work.

That's when the two girls jumped out of the woods. They used their now superpowered legs to make great strides and reached the car in no time. The engine grunted and started. Bromelli tried to reverse and get away, but Mia held the car by its bumper.

“Trying to get away, huh?”

Her enormous legs grew with the effort. She laughed as he screamed. The car roared, but the wheels were useless as Mia started lifting the front. Lisa tore off the door and pulled him out. He begged for mercy:

“Please, don't hurt me!”

Lisa looked over to Mia. She nodded. The blonde declared:

“No problem. If you promise you'll never bother us again, you can go.”

“Of course, of course. I'll do anything you want!”

“Good. Then piss off!”

With these words, she lobbed him in the air and gave him the most majestic kick Mia had ever seen. Bromelli disappeared into the distance, turning into a tiny

dot.

Mia cleaned her hands and said:

“Good riddance!”

Lisa looked at her:

“Wow. That was some feat.”

“I know. It feels amazing. I think I understand why your uncle was so relaxed.”

They walked back to the plantation. Parker and his henchmen had already fled.  
Lisa said:

“I like this place already. However, I have no idea how to get back. We can’t go home naked, can we?”

Mia replied:

“Don’t worry. We’ll figure something out.”

They did find some very large, very psychedelic dresses in a wardrobe. Apparently, Uncle Dan had liked to entertain some lady-friends here and he had them enjoy the spinach too.

Grinning, the two girls posed in their peace-and-love outfits.

“That’s awesome!”

“Look at my arms? Aren’t they huge?”

Before long, they sat on the porch, having found a bottle of wine and two glasses. They looked up in the night sky and Mia said:

“To Uncle Dan. May you live well in Hippie-Valhalla!”

“To Uncle Dan. May your spinach always be green!”

They clinked their glasses and kissed.

###

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.

Commissions are available at [El\\_Roy\\_1999@gmx.de](mailto:El_Roy_1999@gmx.de). Rates upon request.