

The day had been tiresome and she had arrived later than usual, but Lizzara was finally home and ready to go to bed. ...After a shower and a nice reheated lasagna for supper, of course. She couldn't simply go to bed disheveled and on an empty stomach, and her husband would only return from a business trip tomorrow.

Using what little energy she had, the blonde did what she had to do in a state that could only be described as having one foot in the waking world and the other in the land of dreams. All things considered, she managed to pull through without stumbling over anything, and dragged her feet out of the bathroom after brushing her teeth, naked and yawning cutely.

Now to put on the pajamas... without tearing them. Lizzara had a most voluptuous body, one fit for a goddess of love and war, which most clothes could not get close to fitting on; her pants alone fit on her thick muscular legs like a second skin, with their bottom glued to her bulging glutes, and it was a minor struggle to put the top on, her bouncing bodacious breasts wearing it like a bra with its buttons on the verge of popping off, whilst her sleeves accentuated her bulging arms. But still, that did not much bother the blonde. She was used to it, and actually enjoyed it. Nevertheless, now that she was ready to sleep, Lizzara gently laid upon the bed, pulled the blankets over herself, and quietly dozed off.

Time lazily passed by. It might have happened only a few minutes after she fell asleep or an hour, but strangely, an otherworldly beam shone its otherworldly hues of green through the window and upon Lizzara. The sleeping blonde scrunched her eyebrows and sleepily rolled on her side, facing away from the window. But the beam grew brighter for an instant and, like it was put behind a magnifying glass, focused all its light into one single spot in the room, Lizzara, and soon the blonde's body began to emit that same odd glow.

It was then that the beam faltered and disappeared just as fast as it had appeared. And Lizzara stopped glowing, and things went back to normal.

Or so it seemed at first.

Lizzara squirmed in her sleep; her face reddened, for the blonde was hot and bothered by a warm sensation building within. Her narrow back seemed to tense and then undulate in a wave-like manner, before it pulsated unevenly and then *bulged* wider! Her traps flared out, pushing her swelling deltoids to the sides, and like a sequence her lats began to swell soon after, jutting out like thick wings.

Her lower body started to catch up: Hips flared out, growing wide as her broadening shoulders, just to sustain her growing badonkadonk whose cheeks swelled much like a pair of dough buns in the oven. Her thighs bulked first, muscles groaning softly, before soft padding bulged over them. Her pajama pants filled, and then stretched over her engorging juicy booty and thick juicy thighs. It didn't take long for the soft pink fabric to tear, holes ripping open here and there and showing her peachy skin.

And then...

FWOOOMPH!

Her glutes suddenly surged all the more, and her pants could take no more; that side of her pants exploded into little pink rags and the huge caboose Lizzara now had burgeoned behind her, growing to the size of pillows. Her hips widened to keep up with it- and for a moment they were wider than her broad shoulders. But then, her shoulders rapidly broadened all the

same as her deltoids bulked so much they ripped the top of her sleeves open and flared out, in tandem with her swelling traps.

Feeling uncomfortable in her sleep, the blonde Lizzara laid on her back. Perfect timing, however, for her bust too began to accelerate in growth. They ballooned to the size of ripe melons, their cushiony flesh bulging thru the gaps between the buttons and her nipples poking through the fabric. The shirt creaked feebly for but a second before the buttons snapped and were sent into the ceiling at the speed of bullets, and her glorious tits flopped on her abs- indeed, underneath her shirt, Lizzara had gotten the most chiseled six-pack, harder than any rock and yet so smooth. And just a second later, those little bricks rippled much like a wave, and another pair popped out at the end.

Her pants wouldn't last much longer: they could never. What remained of them desperately clung to her lower legs, to no avail. Her legs trembled as she grinded her thighs together, and there was but a quick shiver before-

BOOOM!

The remnants of the pants were done in by her exploding calves, now a pile of ribbons next to them, before the calves expanding forms billowed over them.

And Lizzara only kept growing. Her arms, as they erupted in more and more muscle mass, biceps rising taller than her own blonde head, slid off the bed and thumped on the ground heavily, and her hips and asscheeks reached the edges before they billowed over and so did her fattening asscheeks.

BLOMB!

They landed on the ground with a heavy meaty smack and jiggled like jelly. It was at this point that Lizzara came to, fluttering her eyes in confusion until she noticed the slowly approaching ceiling. "Ack!" she jolted and banged her head on the ceiling. CRACK! SNAP! A fissure opened on it and dust peppered her blonde hair, at the same time her bed's legs broke beneath the mounting weight. She looked forward, or tried to- her tits were blocking her view. They flopped back and forth with how heavy they were, and Lizzara awkwardly grabbed their sides despite there being so much soft mass they filled her hands to the point of nearly swallowing them. And oh goodness, they felt so sensitive! The visage of the growing blonde turned beet red, her pink can-sized nipples going fully erect. She shook her head, her messy mane swaying, and thought of a way to get out before she grew too big.

It was too late the moment she felt her feet press on the opposite wall.

Lizzara panicked; she didn't know what to do, but she had to do *something*. The blonde rolled off her flattened mattress, causing a lot of worrying tremors as she did. Her barrel-sized tits flopped on the bedside table and crushed it into a pile of splinters, and her couch-eating asscheeks up and slammed into the ceiling, leaving a butt-shaped indentation on it. She let out a soft whimper and crawled sideways to face the room's door: It was too small. She tried to fit her left hand through and her thick muscular forearm broke the sides of the door frame before her bicep jammed through and outright ripped it off the hole.

“Ugh...” she cringed as she pulled her arm back, and the door frame came attached to it. And then, her arm pulsated thicker- CRACK! The poor thing snapped off like a poor kid’s popsicle stick model. Lizzara held her arm up, aghast, and saw her bicep groooooaaaaan even bigger, close to her head, pushing her forearm forward and grinding into her deltoid- which ALSO erupted uncomfortably close, squishing into her temple and cheek. Her chin was shoved into her cushiony cleavage by her burgeoning traps, their forms growing higher than her head and wider, nearly encompassing the back of her head. All she could hear now were two kinds of groan: The one coming from beneath her, and the other emanating from her growing body. And it only got louder as her other arm wanted to catch up with the other.

And Lizzare helplessly watched her right bicep ripple furiously, feeling its form tense, pull then relax, then tense again in a frenetic muscular dance. Her tricep too pulsated, inflating and shrinking, inflating and shrinking. She clenched her fist and buried her face into her quivering breasts, already accepting what was about to happen. And she felt her right bicep GROW towards the ceiling, bashing a hole into it before enlarging and occupying most of her arm- and tricep outgrew bicep, its form billowing over the flattened mattress and crashing into the drawer to the right. It was but a strange sensation, like she was inflating, yet her entire body but her curves felt solid as steel. Before she thought her arm would be all muscle, it suddenly shot longer in an attempt to remain even, and her hand crashed through the wall, her forearm smashing into the bathroom behind followed by her muscles bulldozing the rest.

The floor couldn’t take it anymore. It groaned like a dying beast of burden, its own burden being far too heavy, and as Lizzara thought her arm would keep on growing- the floorboards came undone and she fell down to the ground floor in a strondous explosion.

CRAAAAAASH! BOOOOM!

Debris rained upon her naked body, but Lizzara finally could push herself up to all fours. And was amazed that, no matter how much she pushed away from the debris-covered floor, her tits were STILL covering so much ground. And they covered more. And more! It didn’t help that one of her arms was currently bigger than the other-

BOOM! BWOOMPH! BROOOOOOMPH!

Her left bicep outsized her head two times over, yet kept up with the other. Her tricep ballooned cartoonishly, sticking behind her, but it too was the same size as its counterpart.

“Great.” Lizzara let out a flustered groan, her face red as a tomato. Now with both arms the same size, the blonde pushed herself up and slid her knees forward.

BLOMB!

Her fat ass smashed into her legs. So big and juicy it covered them all the way to her feet. She pulled her tits aside to better look at her legs, “Oh f-fuck!” She blurted. Her thighs were thicker than her own body, each. No gap between them, they were firmly pressed into each other, so much her knees were pushed away by the gargantuan mass of thigh muscle. She bit her lip, “Mmmmm...” and slapped her hands on them.

THWACK!

The blonde shuddered, eyes fluttering. That sounded *nice*. She looked over her shoulder, but her trap blocked her view. She couldn't see it but Lizzara could tell that yeah, there was a lot of ASS back there. And -opening her arms a bit wider to reach around because her triceps were so huge they pushed her arms away from her muscular back- she touched her asscheeks and pushed her hands in. And they sank. And sank. *And sank*. She could tell her dainty fingers were sinking into memory foam-like assfat. Biting her lip, she moved her hands away a little...

THWAAAACK!

That sounded even *nicer*. The bubble butt waddled and rippled, nearly clapping from that alone. And her tits, well... she could already see how vast they were. So big indeed they fell into her lap. Lizzara had to hold them up with her two arms. Her hands alone couldn't take it- she was muscular beyond belief now, but they were oh so soft. She puffed her chest out and tensed her pecs. BLOMB! They flopped on her face and jostled up and down.

Now her face reddened again, but it was all right. She just needed to control her strength and maybe...

Rrrrrrummmmmblrrrrr...

Her entire self groaned deeply. She felt her muscles shift beneath her tight skin. Lizzara tensed, pressing her elbows to her sides. She shuddered and rose taller while sitting down. Her hips and ass spread farther to the sides and behind her, crushing whatever furniture remained.

Grrrrroooooaaaaaannn...!

Another spurt, and this time her blonde head reached the broken upper floor. The top of her tits bulged through the broken floor and splintered some more boards. And this time... Lizzara rumbled violently, her muscles pulsating to one side, the other. Her shoulder burst bigger and smashed the side of the upper floor, her back exploded bigger and smashed the wall behind her...

Her house was gone. Its flattened ruins were somewhere beneath her butt. Then again, so was the entire neighborhood. She tried looking over her side, peering over her mountainous bicep: her peachy hip spanned over half of the neighborhood, barely bulging over the local park area. It was a far distance from the ground. How tall was she by now? 90ft? 100ft? Lizzara sighed, and hugged her breasts as much as she could to cover her pink nipples- that was how much they grew in the last spurt. She had to stretch her arms around just to reach halfway around them now. Folding her legs was the only option she had to not cause much more collateral damage, and her thighs nearly bulged over her bulging quads, with her feet almost

completely obscured by her fat hips. Her rippling eight-pack was like the side of a cliff to many tinies. Her blonde head was surrounded from behind and the sides by her traps and deltoids, both groups of muscles rising higher than her own pretty head.

As she watched a plane fly by in front of her, Lizzara could only wonder, "How am I going to explain this to my hubby?"