

This is a commission for mysteryman01 (FurAffinity).

Warning: This story contains transformation, growth, butt expansion, breast expansion and muscle expansion. You've been warned!

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Overprotective Girlfriend, by DragonMasterX.

"And don't forget your umbrella. The weather's been crazy lately. Oh! And the tissues, you've been sneezing," Olivia was usually a concerned girlfriend, but today she was being extra careful. To avoid coming off as ungrateful, her boyfriend Jackson gave her a polite smile and nodded for the eleventh time that morning.

"It's alright, Ollie. I have it all packed back here," Jackson gestured with his head to his backpack. "And I got a pack of tissues right here in my jacket, see?" he patted down the side of his jacket where his pockets were. "Now, I know you want to triple check everything, but I really have to go or I'll be late for work! We don't want that, right?"

Olivia frowned a little, starting to realize she really was babying Jackson again. She couldn't help worrying about him. It was an odd sight as well. While Jackson was a lean and lanky, brown furred squirrel, she was a striped Bengal tiger; the matchup of a doting tigress pampering a weak squirrel was usually a humiliating point for Jackson. "Alright. Let me just get the door for you, sweetie."

"Right. Thanks!" Jackson nodded and gripped his wheelchair tightly, spinning them to slide forwards. He had recently been in a work-related incident and after rehabilitation could not bring his legs' functionality back, Jackson was stuck in the mobile chair. Fortunately for him, the company's insurance gave them no roundabout and once he got over the initial stages of rehabilitation, he was offered an office position to ensure his employment. As a result, Jackson put up with his disability, but the truth was he hated the situation. Olivia was the best thing that had ever happened in his life, and while she had always been a worrywart about everything, his paraplegia had simply exacerbated that side of her personality.

"Um... Are you sure you don't want me to walk you to the office, honey? I don't mind. I took today off to catch up on some workout; I have time!" Olivia had been insisting on accompanying her boyfriend to her first day returning to the company, but Jackson, vying for his own independence, and wanting to give Olivia space, had been constantly turning her down.

"I'll be okay. I'll take the safe route. If I'm five minutes late they'll understand. I got the handle of it. Don't worry, Ollie," the squirrel brushed his red-hair to the side and cranked up a smile. He grabbed Olivia's arm and nuzzled it. "Just enjoy your day!" he grinned up at the brunette, who lightened up somewhat. "Oh. I know. Come pick me up after work. We'll go to that place with the sundaes you really like. My treat!"

Olivia knew what Jackson was trying to do. She was used to his complaints about her acting like his mother, but ever since the accident, he had been extra nice about it. They had spent enough time together that Olivia could tell Jackson felt like a burden to her. She still couldn't find a way to discuss it with him; it was hard to come up with the right combination of words that would not come off as pandering. "I'll be there," the feline softly said with a smile as she leaned down to peck Jackson on the cheek before he wheeled himself out of their shared apartment. She saw him wave at her as he took the elevator down to the first floor before Olivia closed the door and sighed.

Alone in the apartment, Olivia put a paw to her chest and barely managed to contain a sob. She didn't pity him, but she couldn't help worrying. Jackson had never had an easy time dealing with people before. Ever since they hooked up in high-school, he had been the victim of incessant bullying, and she hadn't always been there to help. Even in the present, with him blazing through tech school and landing a job at a respectable company, Olivia would see people still playing pranks and picking on Jackson, who couldn't defend himself. There were a lot of cruel people out there, and the last thing Olivia wanted was for Jackson to be miserable on top of being in a wheelchair.

She wasn't in any position to be a defender, however. One glance at Olivia helped to describe her as completely average. She was barely over five feet tall, and it was a miracle if she could get home with all the grocery bags without having to make multiple stops to catch her breath. Olivia was a tigress, but she was thin and weak, no better than her poor Jackson. If she'd ever stand a chance at protecting him, she had to start by bulking up.

And that's why Olivia decided to take a day off her part-time job, so that she could go to this special gym that she had been hearing about. The advertisement she caught during late night TV zapping featured the enormous establishment, which offered special services to patrons that wished to rent out particular rooms to work out in private. Olivia wanted to surprise Jackson, and didn't tell him that she had been saving to sign up to be able to rent out her own work out spot once a week. It wasn't going to be intense, and she didn't expect immediate results, but at least with the boon of privacy she wouldn't have to feel so self-conscious about working out next to girls with much better bodies.

This was going to be the start of something great for both of them. She just knew it.

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Olivia found herself walking downtown, her red and black sports bra and gym shorts hidden under a regular blue tracking outfit. The tigress was carrying a bag with a change of clothes just in case things got too sweaty to wait to get back home for a shower; she wasn't really into taking showers in public places. When the striped feline reached her target, her neck hurt as she craned it back to look up at the immense edification. "I suppose they have to be pretty big if they're renting out private spaces..." Olivia murmured to herself, tightening her grip on the straps of her bag. The sign at the face of the building read: "Herculean" in sharp, ancient Greek font.

Ridiculously tall, glass-panned automatic doors slid open to welcome the shy brunette, who couldn't get over just how spacious the gym was. Olivia couldn't have felt more impossibly out of place. She had yet to see any of the patrons, but if the wide and high corridors were any indication of their size, Olivia could already tell she was going to see intimidating monsters and sexy amazons waddle through the halls sooner than later. "This was a mistake." The tigress said to herself with a whimper.

The truth was Olivia had always been every sort of average in everything. And the very fact that she had found someone like Jackson who tolerated her nosiness and even found her attractive despite her almost androgynous, featureless figure was nothing short of a blessing to her. Olivia didn't stand for Jackson getting bullied because she knew what that was like, and bulking up was her idea of hitting two birds with one stone.

Olivia knew she was going to be starting this routine alone and thus didn't have to worry about people being mean, but self-doubt was creeping up on her like a looming shadow. "What was I thinking? Even if I put a honest effort here, between college and the job I only have one day to

come here every week..." she frowned as she looked at the several motivational portraits with chiseled and well-sculpted bodies posing and smiling encouragingly, but they didn't really help Olivia's esteem. "Ugh. I better head back home. Maybe take up kung fu lessons? Same boat..." she groaned in her mind as she ran through options.

Distracted by her own thoughts, Olivia didn't pay attention to where she was going as she turned around. Her first step never properly completed as she crashed into a wall. Only it wasn't a traditional obstacle, but a wall of squishy softness. With her face buried in-between two very voluminous and soft objects, Olivia let out a muffled, helpless mewl that managed to hide her frustration. Her eyes rolled up slowly and Olivia saw the owner of that huge pair of mammaries impeding her progress in such a humiliating manner. This is what she had been afraid of.

"Oh hiiiiii!" said the rather endowed, rather tall female attached to that globular mass of curves. Green scaled, clawed fingers curled sequentially for a friendly greeting. Olivia couldn't really talk back, instead giggling nervously. The tigress didn't know if she should pull away and run or just stay frozen and wait for Satan to pull her down through a hole in the floor. "Oh my, you're just so cute and fluffy, teehee!" the female beamed as she threw her arms around Olivia to hug her out of the blue.

Olivia groaned in her mind, already expecting a number of teases; it always started like that, with the perceived bubbly act that led into verbal abuse. She'd seen the male version of it happen to Jackson in the past more than she'd like to admit to. In her moments waiting for the busty girl to make fun out of her, Olivia got a good look at the towering beauty. The anthropomorphic reptilian was some sort of alligator featuring mainly green scales with a yellow contrast. The curvaceous gator wasn't simply stacked; Olivia was forced to feel her flat stomach and waist fit for a model. Even in her position, Olivia's brown eyes could see the flare in the alligator's wide hips; no doubt she had a supple and attention-catching butt too, the tigress thought in dismay. On top of it all, the feminine reptile had a flowing mane of long, straight, vibrant red hair.

"Oh!" the overly excited gator eventually caught herself and gently put Olivia down after she realized the tigress looked uncomfortable as well as smothered. "Sorry about that, kitty cat, compulsive hugger here!" she playfully giggled, putting a hand up in honest apology.

Olivia brushed that aside and, after fixing her hair and fur, she shook her head and smiled without making eye contact. "That's fine, really. I was leaving anyway. Well, bye!" the tigress didn't feel like standing next to such a walking hourglass, but she didn't get her footpaw out of the door before the gator lifted her voice.

"Hmm, but didn't you just walk in?" the taller female asked.

Stopping in her tracks, Olivia felt paralyzed. She was a masochist if she decided to stay behind to chat this crazy bear-hugger girl up. Yet, for some reason, she felt the need to justify that friendly sounding voice. "I uh... I changed plans," she said out loud without turning around.

"Changed plans... huh? Oh frosty flakes!" the gator exclaimed, smacking the side of her cheek in genuine surprise, "You must be the new patron, Olivia!"

Before Olivia could react to her name being called by the overly excited alligator, she found herself loomed over by the tall redhead as she closed in on her. The tigress turned around and looked up past the bouncing mounds at the bigger woman. "Erm... have we met...?"

"Oh no, this is the first time we actually see each other face to face! But now I definitely remember

you booking room 3 for this afternoon! You spoke with me on the phone two days ago,” the gator explained, “I’m Lola!”

The name sounded familiar. It was hard to keep track of names without faces to associate them to, but that characteristic exuberance and friendly tone finally clicked in Olivia’s head. The tigress didn’t feel any more eager, however. “R-right. Well, I’m sorry for cancelling the reservation, Lola,” Olivia softly said, starting to feel bad about cancelling now. “But I don’t think I’ll fit in here.”

“Nonsense!” Lola beamed, “Here at Herculean, everyone can get big and strong. We don’t turn anybody away, and that’s why you chose us to begin with, riiiiight?” the gator winked, sticking her tongue out playfully.

Olivia couldn’t help but smirk a little at the show business side of the receptionist. Lola was more charming than Olivia had initially given her credit for. “W-well yeah. I thought maybe I could do it but...”

“Buuuuut? Oh. I get it!” Lola snapped her fingers, “Sorry I wasn’t here to greet you properly, Olivia! I was on break, you see, but that doesn’t excuse me from wandering out too far without a replacement.”

“No, it’s not that. I don’t think...”

“And as your attendant, I’ll do anything to make you feel right at home, kitty cat!” the alligator continued, undaunted by Olivia’s negativity, “In fact, one sec!” Lola darted off quicker than her large 7ft. tall form suggested she could move. The alligator bent over her work desk and fished out what appeared to be a light blue bottle and a keychain. “This is the key to your personal work-out space and a complimentary sports drink,” Lola explained as she pushed the items onto Olivia’s paws, “Now, if you’ll just follow me, I’ll take you to your room!”

Olivia had never seen someone move and talk so fast, not to mention the obscene manner in which Lola’s breasts jiggled within her top. Without having time to further protest, Olivia found herself dragged after Lola by the arm. “I’ll walk. I’ll walk!” the tigress finally cried out.

“Of course!” the gator girl smiled, clapping her clawed hands together as she spun around, “Well, here we are anyway! I hope the facilities will be to your liking.”

“I uhm...” Olivia was about to remind Lola that she wasn’t very keen on staying, but the way in which the bubbly redhead seemed to act had a contagious side effect. The tigress wasn’t feeling like she was under attack anymore. In fact, the hospitality in conjunction with Lola’s readiness to serve had made Olivia feel safer. “You know what? Never mind, I’ll take it,” the brunette felt an honest smile appear on her face, “Thanks for the gift... it is a gift, right?” the feline was referring to the sports drink in her paw.

“Of course! Hydration and mineral replenishment are keys to a successful workout, kitty cat! Do you want a spotter? I can do that for you too.”

The tigress shook her head, “Actually, my dad used to be a personal trainer. I haven’t had the time to get in shape in the last few years, but I think I remember the proper way to handle equipment, and I can fashion a routine to get me started. Is it alright if I call you in case I need help, though?”

“Absolutely!” Lola cheerfully replied with a series of nods, causing that sizable bust of hers to jiggle enticingly. Olivia tried to ignore it and prevented herself from rudely staring. “Oh, I’m so

glad you changed your mind, Olivia. I know you'll see improvements very soon!"

After thanking the voluptuous reptile for her assistance and bidding farewell to the bubbly receptionist, a satisfied Olivia looked down at the key in her grasp. She smiled. "This place isn't so bad after all. Feels like I'm in some sort of gymnasium for giants. At least she was super nice..." Olivia thought, briefly looking at the alligator tail vanishing around the hallway corner. "Come on, Olivia, you're not just doing this for yourself. You're doing this for Jackson, too!"

Psyched up and ready for an afternoon of uninterrupted physical activity, Olivia unlocked the door to room 3 and walked in to her personal training space.

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The first thing Olivia noticed about the room she had rented out was what she had observed about the rest of the complex. It was incredibly huge and spacious. The place was very well equipped as well. One glance at the weight rack on the nearby corner told her she would have no problem preparing different sorts of dumbbells and barbells to help her build her strength. To her right were a mounted bicycle and a treadmill, which she thought of hitting first for a bit of cardio. The rest of the gym offered more pulley machines than she could admit to knowing about. Fortunately, Olivia didn't need to use them all. Being her first day, she thought she'd just go over the basics. What she loved the most was the peaceful solace and lack of pressure derived from other's judgmental stares.

Putting her bag down next to a bench and leaving the sports drink on top of it, Olivia proceeded to zip down her tracking outfit. After neatly folding it and placing it down on the bench, Olivia tied her short brown hair into a small bun while mentally preparing herself. She felt at ease being alone in the personal space, and the ambition to better herself for her boyfriend was all the motivation Olivia needed.

After lying down on a mat and working on several warm-up exercises, the white and black striped tigress felt her body heat up properly. At first she experienced the start of some light-headedness due to her body having been used to being sedentary in her daily routines, but it didn't take long for Olivia to become encouraged. This was part of getting back in the groove of training, as her dad would say.

She decided to bike for fifteen minutes. Olivia knew it was important to keep her blood circulation at a proper pace in order to better supply energy to her body during more intense routines. She could feel her legs tingling as if ants were crawling under her skin by the end. "Feels like I haven't really used these in forever!" the tigress giggled as she stretched her legs, feeling muscles popping and pulsing with heat. "Ahh, this is it! I haven't felt this in forever. Before I hit the weights or machines though..." Olivia smacked the roof of her mouth with her tongue once as she turned to look at the bench. She was certainly not tired, but after the warm-ups and cycling, her throat felt a bit dry. Remembering Lola's words of advice, Olivia was ready to take a sip before continuing.

The feline walked over to the bench and swiped the bottle. It had no label in it, and seemed to be featureless other than the liquid's peculiar light-blue hue. After uncapping the bottle, Olivia curiously tilted the bottle towards her nose and she took a small whiff. "Oh! It's blueberries. I love those!" convinced of the sports drink's contents, Olivia wasted no time and lowered the bottle to take a sip. As juice crashed into Olivia's parched mouth like a wave on a sandy beach, the tigress felt an unusual sweetness tickle her taste buds. The drink didn't just smell good, it tasted delicious. Eager to taste more of it, Olivia rested a hand on her hip and liberally drank the mineral replenishing tonic. After mere seconds and several generous gulps, the bottle was completely empty.

Olivia found her tongue slipping into the bottle to collect whatever remaining drop of sweetness was within reach. Once Olivia realized what she was doing, she startled herself and dropped the bottle. “Oh my!” she exclaimed, using her feline reflexes to catch the empty bottle before it hit the ground. Raising an eyebrow and lightly licking her lips, Olivia stared at the empty container. “I must’ve been thirstier than I thought. Well, I did bring extra money. Maybe I can buy another after I’m done. This should really pump me through today’s routine!” she happily grinned.

One recycled bottle later, Olivia jumped onto the weight rack. She was really excited to be using heavy-duty equipment again. It took her only a moment to properly judge the combined weight of plates and rods. She fitted them together into a pair of custom dumbbells that she was going to use to curl with. With the equipment in her paws, Olivia sat down on a nearby low stool to begin exercising.

While Olivia was sure that she had measured the components properly, it didn’t take long for her to realize that she was curling the 5lbs. on each arm very effortlessly. She frowned a little, but chalked it up to her inexperience and the amount of time she had been away from gyms. The tigress smiled and walked over to the rack to add more weight, doubling it on each dumbbell this time. Olivia sat down to resume curling, but stopped as she started noticing a slight difference between her perspective and her feet below. Her sneakers felt unusually tight as well, which surprised her considering she hadn’t complained about them until now.

After shifting a little in her seat in an effort to maybe accommodate her body, Olivia continued working out. She passed the weird experience as her brain being overloaded by the amount of work her body, which wasn’t used to, was putting in. The feline, however, soon found the 10lbs. dumbbells to be far too light for her to effectively work with. “Maybe I’m doing this the wrong way,” Olivia carefully reviewed her arm motions as she slowly curled, ensuring she wasn’t overdoing it in a way that could damage her muscles. The more she focused on her arm, however, the more unbelievable the sight became.

Along the white-furred limb was a noticeable contour outlying a bump on her arm. Olivia blinked and narrowed her eyes to make sure she wasn’t imagining it. She put down one of her dumbbells just to poke at the mound of her arm. Instantly her paw reeled away from it as she felt taut resistance. “Wh-what?!” she vociferated in shock. “I didn’t have defined biceps until today. What in the world...?” she gasped, quickly dropping the other dumbbell to feel her other bicep. It was just as developed as the one on her right arm, and just as round. Experimentally flexing her arms, Olivia could no longer deny that her arms had big muscles on them. The effortless curling made sense to her now.

“Sheesh, this isn’t how exercising works...” Olivia was trying to process what had just happened. She rose up to her feet and found that her shorts were very tight around her hips, same with her sports bra. Something was very off; it was almost as if she had gotten a couple inches taller. “This is definitely not how exercising is supposed to work!”

Starting in a panic, Olivia’s mind raced as her paws flew around her body, checking and grabbing for any other changes. She definitely felt taller. Her legs were longer than she remembered, and she had gained a few extra inches to her hips, which was why her shorts and underwear felt so tight around her body. Her chest felt uncommonly restrained, the fabric of her top straining over her supposedly flat bust. Olivia couldn’t believe that she had just gained a bra size. Not just that, but everywhere she touched around her body was lean yet solid muscle. It almost seemed as if the light curling her arms had carried out had distributed power across her newly developed body.

Olivia paused. She checked her body again. She was taller. She was curvier. She was *stronger*.

“What am I freaking out about? This is unbelievable, but it’s amazing!” the feline celebrated, bouncing in place with newly found excitement. The hopping stopped once her feet collided with one of the dumbbells on the floor. “Oww! Owwie, ouch ouch ouch!” whimpered the tigress, throwing her paws in front of her mouth to silence herself. Olivia realized that this mysterious phenomenon was weird and advantageous, but she wasn’t sure if she wanted to call attention to it yet. To make sure she hadn’t alerted anybody, Olivia silently treaded to the door and cranked it open slightly. She peered out and saw Lola at the reception desk very amused and distracted with a people’s magazine. Olivia closed the door with a relieved sigh. “Alright...” she soundlessly clapped her paws and rubbed them together in excitement. “If dumbbells did this...” she started grinning as her imagination went wild.

The tigress decided she would first test this occurrence to make sure it wasn’t some sort of fortunate one-time coincidence. Bending over to grab the dumbbells, Olivia was ready to repeat her curling, when she noticed just how light they were in her grip. With a little smile, she walked over to the rack and doubled their weight again to 20lbs. each. Olivia could was amazed when only after a couple of curls on each arm, she felt her whole body tingle. Now that she was aware of the alien sensation, Olivia could only describe it as myriads of tiny sparks jolting her insides. It was pleasure.

For some reason she couldn’t explain, Olivia’s whole body was reaping the benefits of the localized exercise. That did not expert her from putting even more effort. This time, the tigress visibly experienced the instantaneous changes manifesting on her body. First, she saw her arms thicken with extra muscle cord. This gave both her biceps and triceps noticeability in the form of extra mass and round shape. Her shoulders slightly pushed away from her neck as they broadened to accommodate her bigger arms. Olivia felt the tightness around her chest and hips increase with every curl of her weights, making her pant and gasp as she felt like her breasts were about to burst. Her legs heated up as she felt muscle packing in them, almost doubling the size of her thighs in a short span of time. The shoes at her feet were already starting to protest as the velcro straps screeched. Olivia felt full of energy, and she determined the workout was enhancing her. “It’s... It really is happening!” she purred, still in disbelief, “I’m getting bigger!”

Olivia wasted no time. She was getting results immediately, and she had never felt so good in her life. The tigress put the feather-weight dumbbells down and rushed over to the weight rack to begin loading a bar with even heavier plates. She wasn’t just combating her physical weakness, but the prospect of having large breasts and an attractive behind, plus not being a runt in size anymore was driving her crazy with excitement. By now Olivia could easily grab and manipulate even heavy-duty plates, so getting her barbell built was accomplished in record time.

Struggling at first due to the excessive amount of weight she had put together, even to someone whose muscles developed so quickly, Olivia shimmied to the side and sat on one of the nearby benches. She spread her legs and breathed in, shut her eyes and clutched the bar tightly. She grunted as she tried to pull it up, making metal clank as she barely budged it. Olivia tried again and found that she could lift the barbell a few inches above the floor. She tried again and pulled it all the way up to her ankles. Then up to her knees. Then up to her chest. With every new attempt, Olivia moaned as she felt new strength course through her veins.

The straps of her sports bra began to stretch to their limits as her mammaries pushed out, gaining mass alongside her muscles. Her arms were already twice their size, and even at the forearm sinew she could give professional bodybuilders a run for their money. Under her growing, heaving chest, her abdominal wall had begun to crunch and fold with each of her breaths, accumulating muscle mass that turned into square-shaped mounds stacked in columns on her once flat stomach. Olivia’s hips flared out with unprecedented girth, snapping the band of her underwear while causing her shorts to start busting at the seams. Her buttocks were gaining muscle and thickness as well, her

legs pushing out into heavier forms. Olivia's clawed feet tore through her sneakers as she passed Lola's height and continued to rise to greater heights. "It feels so nice," Olivia purred, completely ignoring that even her hair was getting the expansive treatment. It was gaining not just length but volume, untangling itself from the bun and simply cascading down her shoulders and back into a wild mane. The tigress was turning into an amazon. "Mmmore..." she purred louder, feeling the power gathering.

Olivia was so consumed with the pleasant sensation that she didn't even pay attention to her wardrobe. Her billowing mammaries were growing so large that they had already knocked the torn sports bra off her chest, pieces of fabric sliding off her perky pink nipples. The rest of the top soon snapped like a rubber band being pulled apart as her torso became too large to contain. In a similar fashion, her shorts burst into tatters as her muscle-bound thighs and huge buttocks destroyed them.

Once Olivia had managed to load the barbell over her shoulders, she grinned and decided to stand up. Her newly gained strength and size allowed her this motion without any significant effort, whereas moments ago she could barely lift the barbell. The long-haired and curvaceous, 9ft. tall bodybuilder of a tigress opened her eyes and she couldn't have been happier with the result. "I'm so big! So huge! So ENORMOUS!" she excitedly squealed, looking left and right at her giant biceps. Olivia looked down at her massive breasts, each the size of her own head. She couldn't see most of what was below, and she certainly couldn't see that the sneakers she had been wearing until now had split apart and her feet were planted on the remains. "I feel so big and powerful! This is awesome. I want more!"

Knowing that the barbell could barely compare to what her whole body could output now, Olivia absentmindedly threw the barbell back and caught it with her tail, which curled around the bar to keep it afloat. Before she went on to build more weights, the tigress giggled as she realized what she had done. "Oooh, even my tail is super strong! Guess I'll need two more of these, then!" she happily giggled, absolutely thrilled.

While Olivia's strong tail lifted the obsolete barbell above her huge butt for a relatively adequate exercise, the tigress quickly fashioned the biggest pair of barbells she could possibly build by slapping as many weighted plates as she could together. Once she was done, she bent over and grabbed one barbell on each paw. Now that she was so big, she was going to use the impossibly heavy barbells as mere heavy dumbbells. She started curling yet again.

It was all Olivia could do not to scream out in bliss. Her body had already been responding to the her tail idly lifting the lighter barbell up and down, but the moment she started putting her muscular arms to work, something inside of the tigress exploded. Raw energy flooded the excited amazon as she instantly shot up several feet taller, her muscles and curves doubling in size. The tigress felt every last fragment of her being swelling with size and strength as she worked out. "Mmmore... more... more! Meowrrrrr!" she eagerly chanted, shutting her eyes closed again as she basked in the extreme conditioning.

Toned muscles became absolutely ripped. Olivia wasn't just strong anymore, she was achieving such large sizes that her body was responding by stacking muscles upon muscles, bulking her up past regular proportions. As she ascended, her limbs almost tripled in size and girth, endowing her with biceps and triceps many times the size of her own head and legs as big as tree trunks. The vascular lines of power running down her body supplied Olivia unending amounts of energy. Her six packs became an eight pack, and then a couple more abdominals squeezed in to complete ten. Her flanks remained curvy but the presence of tightly packed muscle was inescapable no matter where one looked.



The exceptions were her breasts and butt, which had grown to such incredible sizes that it was going to be a wonder for Olivia to ever find fitting underwear any longer. Her immense boobs expanded even more than her monstrous biceps, swallowing the space in front of Olivia's pectorals as the orbs reached cup-sizes previously unexplored. Her bust grew so immense that even her very own nipples turned out bigger than the tigress' own head.

Olivia's hips were astoundingly massive. She was astonishingly curvy in addition to impossibly muscular. Her thighs had accumulated so much mass and girth that they perpetually competed for space at her front to the point of hiding her privates in lap muscle. Her legs grew outstandingly large to support Olivia's titanic ass. She was so thick that her buttocks had grown considerably to the point they were like two gigantically overinflated beach-balls squeezing against each other.

The tigress had truly become magnificent. Each curl of those beastly barbells had made her bigger and bigger until she had more than tripled her starting height. She had become an excessive combination of raw power and femininity, exceeding all expectations and claiming the best of both worlds. The expansion had been a true delight, and the power she held in each paw made the giant Olivia feel like she was in heaven.

A loud thump interrupted her joy when the level of her strength got to the point the poor barbells in her grip couldn't withstand it anymore. After snapping, they fell down onto her massive feet. Olivia's eyes widened, "Meeeeoooooww!" she screamed out in pain. "Not again...!" she cried, hopping in place which sent powerful ripples and quakes throughout the room. The over-endowed female sat down with a thunderous thud and carefully made her tail set the tiny barbell it had been holding down so she could pull her feet up and blow on it. "I'm such a klutz, boohoo..." she sobbed a little with a wry smile. Olivia's euphoria couldn't be interrupted even by pain, but even with all of her new strength the shock had surprised her!

"Nobody move a muscle. I'm on call!" said a familiar voice as a figure rushed into the gymnasium, crashing a stretcher against Olivia's gargantuan ass. The tigress looked down with a blink of surprise as she noticed Lola, dressed in a pink nurse outfit, collapsed on top of her buttocks. "Whoops. I didn't think you were that close. Ahem!" the redheaded alligator coughed and sat up on Olivia's massive body, apparently unsurprised by finding her patron naked and several metric tons huger. "I heard two cries. Are you injured?"

Olivia was about to respond, but the last sentence caught her attention. "You heard the first? But why did you only come now...?"

"Oh, I just found this terribly delicious gossip on Mysteria Foxx and I was..." Lola stopped mid-sentence and slid off Olivia's hips, "Never mind that! More pressing matters now. Where's the boo-boo? Nurse Lola's here to help!"

"Wait, so you're a nurse for the gym too?" the giantess frowned a little, lowering her foot to let Lola see it.

"Honey, in this recession, I count myself lucky to have more than one paying job!" the busty gator grinned, reaching down to kiss the sore spot in Olivia's foot before procuring a pitifully normal-sized band aid with a fig motif to place on it. "Ahh, all done! Sooooo, how are we feeling?" Lola grinned with both of her fists resting on her hips.

"Uhm... pretty good thanks," Olivia scratched her cheek with a finger, suddenly becoming self-conscious that she was completely and utterly butt naked. "Ahh! I'm sorry! I don't know what came over me! I just started growing and couldn't... didn't want to stop..." the tigress blushed in

embarrassment, but try as she might; there was no way to hide all of her giant, 20ft. tall nudity.

“Oh pshaw, kitty cat! You have nothing I haven’t seen before. Love your hair, by the way.” Lola nodded approvingly as Olivia finally noticed just how wildly her brown hair had grown. She had such a voluminous, long mane that it covered her entire back and most of it had cushioned Lola’s initial crash against Olivia’s butt.

“You’re... uhm... pretty alright about having a super-sized patron in the middle of your gym.”

“Hey! It’s in the slogan. You get big and strong in Herculean!” Lola gave Olivia a thumbs up and a friendly grin as usual. “I trust you liked that intense training session, mmm?”

Olivia slowly started to relax after she saw how undisturbed the receptionist and nurse was. It was when she heard Lola talk about the training session that she recalled the series of events that led up to it. “The sports drink!” the tigress blurted out, “You gave it to me... What *was* in it?!”

“Oh! Just some tasty berries. A big blue cat girl friend of mine gave it to me to give it to you. Seems like you have a faaaan!” Lola teased with a girlish giggle. The tigress shook her head and the mane of hair followed suit. Olivia was confused.

“I don’t know any big blue cats... but um... you can tell her thanks for me! Wait... there are no side-effects to this, are there...?”

“You’re seeing them! Or rather... let me show you!” Lola turned and gestured with her arm to make Olivia follow her. The towering feline stomped after the alligator as she was led to a full body mirror at the far end of the spacious gymnasium. There, Olivia didn’t see the weak, puny and average tigress she was used to greeting every morning. Instead, there was a gargantuan beast of equal strength and beauty.

“I feel so big and beautiful...” the tigress smiled, turning around to check her massive curves out. There was no way anybody would ever make fun out of her again. Lola seemed very happy.

“That’s probably because you always were! But now you got something to show for it, so it’s easier to see it,” the gator gal winked up at Olivia. “I bet you have someone to show it to!”

Olivia gasped. She looked at her gigantic arms again. Flexing them hard, the biceps nearly exploded with size. She had all she had been looking for. “Jackson...! Jackson!” she suddenly mewled out. “I have to show him!” the tigress grinned widely and prepared to run off, but stopped mid-dash.

“Uhm... about my fee...”

“Oh, we can worry about that later. I know you’ll be baaaack!” Lola stuck her tongue out, her tail wagging behind her as she waved a claw, “Now go get ‘im, tigress!”

Olivia couldn’t have been happier. She turned around and leaned down to grab Lola and quickly pecked the smaller girl on the cheek, knocking her cute nurse cap off, and then rushed out.

“Hmm... Well, that’s a lot of weights I have to put back into place,” the alligator folded her arms as she tossed her red hair back around her shoulders. “Oh, sure Ashi. Make girls grow and conveniently skip cleaning up. Kitties can be so lazy!”

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Jackson was coming out of work. His first day back had been uneventful, and he was ready to go out for a sweet dessert with his girl. He wondered where she could be, since it wasn't like her to be late for more than five minutes. Worried, the squirrel looked down at his phone as he started typing on his phone after selecting the contact "Ollie". He found it hard to concentrate on typing with all the ruckus in the busy streets, and to top it off, someone's shade was making it hard to see on his screen. "Excuse me, could you please move? I can't..."

When the squirrel turned his wheelchair around to look behind him, he expected to see a co-worker or some really tall fellow, but instead he met face to face with a towering pillar of rippling musculature coated in familiar white fur. Jackson almost screeched as he looked up and saw a huge paw descend from the sky and catch him in his wheelchair, pulling them right off the floor. Scared, the squirrel couldn't utter a single word and simply held on to avoid falling. "What is happening?!" his mind screamed as he passed in front of two of the largest pair of breasts he had ever seen, and then finally when he was above them he could see their owner. It was none other than a titanic version of his girlfriend. "Ollie... Olivia?!" he exclaimed in disbelief at the grinning tigress, "Is that really you? Oh my God, what happened to you?"

Olivia, who until then had been doing her best to remain silent for dramatic effect, couldn't help but giggle at Jackson's surprise. "I... got in shape, sweetie."

"Th-that is..." the squirrel had trouble swallowing. Everywhere he looked it was more and more girlfriend. She wasn't just stacked; Olivia had become a true goliath. "Uhm..."

"Don't worry about the details, honey. I'll explain it all after we get home..." Olivia grinned a little as she began walking down in the direction of their apartment, placing Jackson down on top of the grand canyon between her breasts and putting the wheelchair back so he could feel comfortable.

"I... guess... no sundae then...?" was all the sheepishly smiling squirrel boy looked up at the happy tigress.

"I have to watch my figure now, silly!" Olivia giggled, then purred down at him, "Plus there's many things we could do together that are better than a sundae, sweetie."

Jackson's cheeks brightened as he felt himself sink against the fluff of his girlfriend's chest. He was really not going to be having any more troubles from now.

The End.