

Cindy said to Alex "I'm gonna have to borrow an outfit from you for school today. My stuff is going to be a bit tight." as she walked over to her sister's closet. Alex got back to her feet slowly, her stomach swollen uncomfortably from Cindy's cum. "What if I said no to you?" Alex asked. "Would that really stop you?" Cindy shook her head. "Nope." She reached into the closet, pulling out the pair of white stretch jeans and matching black top that Alex had saved up for months to get. "Hey! That's not fair. That's my favorite outfit!" Alex said. Cindy replied "There's no way you'll be able to wear it today, miss pudgy bloated stomach." She poked Alex in the stomach with a finger. Cindy stepped into the pants, slidding them up. They fit her like a second skin, showing every detail of her legs and ass, while they pull over the thick cock going down one pants leg, even showing the veins over her muscles and length. The black top fits tight on her, pulling over her breasts, while leaving a few inches of her abdominals showing. She stepped over to the mirror to look herself over. "I like how they look on me. You've got really good taste in clothes." Cindy turned slowly, to look over the outfit, while Alex said "You might as well keep it. There's no way its going fit me now." Cindy walked out the bedroom door. "See you at lunch at school. Um, you should get another shower first. You're kinda, um.. sticky."

Once downstairs, she stopped at the kitchen, seeing Rose leaning back against the counter, cum still dribbling out from her sex and ass. The woman was drenched in cum, with it sticking to her hair and face, with ribbons of it hanging down from her distended stomach. The floor was covered with a deep puddle of it, while gobs of it ran down the cabinets and wall. "I'll see you after school. I guess you're gonna be spending the morning getting the kitchen clean." Rose simply nodded, her body shaking. Cindy thought about walking over to her, but decided against it when she saw the sticky floor.

After heading out the front door, Cindy could see her friends at the bus stop about a quarter mile down the street, getting onto the bus. "Oh no!" She said, going into a sprint. Her feet left indentations in the sidewalk as she ran, arriving in seconds. She drew stares as she went to sit next to Beth, her best friend. "I almost missed the bus today. It would suck having to hike to school." Beth stared at her for a few seconds. "You've been hitting the super-Wheaties or something lately." Beth said. "It's not steroids, or you'd have the world's worst case of zits." She reached over to cup a hand on Cindy's bicep. The tendons on the back of Beth's hand could be seen as she squeezed as hard as she could, not even denting the relaxed muscle. "Wow. How hard are they." Cindy chuckled, answering. "I don't know. I'll come up with a way to measure them over the weekend. How's that?" Beth said "I don't know if you're being snarky or if you really mean it." She moved her hand to press on one of the veins over Cindy's bicep with her fingers, blanching the tips of them as she failed to even dent it. It was then that she saw the jeans stretched over Cindy's cock. "What's the deal with this?" Beth asked as she sat a hand on it. "Ow. Its hot!" Cindy answered. "It sorta grew in on its own." Beth replied "Its real? Its not some kind of weird art project?" She slid her hand along it, to the bulbous tip, barely able to dent it in when she cupped her hand over it to squeeze. Cindy said "Don't mess with it too much. I don't want it filling out. It'll rip the jeans." Beth's eyes opened up wide "It gets bigger? Damn..." Beth stroked her hand along it a few times, thinking. The front of her shirt tented over the hardening nipples. Cindy kept quiet for the remaining fifteen minues of the bus ride while Beth continued to stare and feel her length. When the bus stopped, Cindy leaned over to whisper "We're here. We can fuck after school if you want." Cindy thought to herself "I'm gonna have to keep a schedule of when I'm free if I'm gonna end up with all my friends wanting it in them." She smiled as she got up to get off the bus.

The walk to her first hour class was interesting. She'd been getting looks from people the last couple of days, but Cindy hadn't had people outright staring like this. She figured that most of the stares were at either tits or ass. Her English and math classes went by well enough. Depressing Emily Dickinson poems and algebra weren't all that difficult. She found it nearly impossible to not put the poems all to the music of "The Yellow Rose of Texas."

The next class was biology. Cindy got to the room just seconds before the bell, taking a seat next to Beth. The class today was on the musculoskeletal system, just like it was all week. When the teacher started pointing to the anatomy diagram with a pointer, Beth started waving her hand. "Yes, Beth. What is it?" The teacher asked. "I think it would be a lot easier for all of us to understand if we had a live model for you to point out things on. That way we could see the muscles each in action." Beth said. "Who do you think should be our model?" The teacher answered, smiling just a little. Beth answered "I could think of someone that would be ideal. I'd say that the Greek gods would want to built as well as she is." Cindy looked over to Beth, then to the teacher, blushing a little. "Come up front, miss Cindy." The teacher said.

Cindy walked to the front of the classroom, turning to face the rest of the students in the room. The teacher standing next to her was the same height, but looked tiny next to the girl. "Just flex each muscle a little as I point to it and name it, so everyone can see it in action." The teacher said. She asked the class "Can everyone see?" The room went silent as all eyes were on Cindy. "Starting from the top, let's start with the back." The teacher used the scientific names for the back muscles as Cindy flexed them, the shirt pulling tight over the chiseled definition. When she mentioned the triceps, Cindy flexed them to show off the deep cut v-shapes. The teacher then tapped the girl's ass, naming the gluteus, then the hamstrings and calves. The seams down the sides of the jeans pulled, separating as she flexed the heart shaped muscles. The teacher paused as she took a few seconds to admire the girl's legs. "Ok now, turn to face the class."

Cindy did as she was told, while the teacher used the pointer to tap her shoulder, the shirt pulling tight over the striated muscle as it tightened. "Could you please raise your arm to the side with your hand held straight out, palm up?" Cindy complied. "Now raise your forearm until it is held vertically." The teacher laid the tip of the pointer on top of Cindy's arm as she said "I doubt anyone will get this wrong on the test. Biceps" Cindy flexed just a little bit, sending the peak of them up to the level of her upraised finger. The shirt's sleeve gives way as she does so. "That.. that's, um, very impressive." The teacher said. Cindy replied "I wanted to be sure everyone could see." The teacher traced over the different parts of the muscle, naming them. "There will be extra credit for naming each section of this muscle. Here are the pectorals, and these will be on the next unit in the book." She said as she tapped Cindy's breast with the pointer. Going lower, the teacher traced over the obliques and then the abdominals. When Cindy flexed them, she caught the tip of the pointer between them. The metal was instantly flattened. "Could you relax some? Please?" The teacher asked, pulling at the pointer. She got it free when Cindy let her. The teacher winced when she tried to grab the flattened end of the pointer, the metal searing hot from the pressure Cindy's muscles had put it under. "Yow!" She shook her hand, dropping the pointer to the ground. "Sorry about that. Metal gets kinda hot when I squish it like that." Cindy said. The teacher nodded, then used her uninjured finger to trace over Cindy's thigh, pointing out the quadriceps. She said "This will also be in the next section. Gawds its huge." as she traced over the girl's cock. "Could you flex your quadriceps so I can name the different parts of them?" Cindy nodded, then let her legs swell out.

There was a loud "ssssshhhriip!" as the white stretch jeans gave way, the seams splitting all at once when Cindy's legs filled out. Her muscles stood out in chiseled relief, while there was no doubt that her cock was real, as thick as her wrist and hanging to about knee level, ending in a bulbous, bell shaped glans. Cindy looked to Beth, saying "You knew this was gonna happen." Beth replied "What do you mean?" She stared for a couple of seconds, then said "Mmmm, that *is* real." Cindy could hear a lot of comments being made about her. Some guys said rude things, while others just looked at her, then themselves. Similar things were said among the girls. Some frowned, while some blushed, and a couple licked their lips. Cindy made sure to keep track of those.

In the meantime, the teacher had gone rummaging in her desk. She pulled out a pair of tights and stepped over to Cindy. "I had these in case I went to the gym after classes. You'd better go to the bathroom and change into them." Cindy took them, nodding. "Give me a couple of minutes to change and I'll be back."

Cindy headed out of the classroom, to jog to the bathroom. She heard a voice say "Hey!" as she pushed the door to the bathroom. Once inside, she saw Dee sitting on the floor. "Oh, I didn't know you were there." Cindy said. "You can maybe not fling the door open when you come into the bathroom, Cindy." Dee's face went from angry to shocked as she looked down from Cindy's face, seeing her changed body. "You've got breasts, and abs and... gods! Is that. Is that. real?" Dee asked. "I hope it is." Cindy said. "Or I'm gonna be in big trouble. I've gotta change because I ripped the pants when I flexed my legs." Cindy answered. She tugged at the waist of the jeans she had on, tearing them. She dropped them into the trash. "I'm gonna have to wear these for the rest of the day, now." Cindy held up the stretch tights. In the meantime, Dee had gotten up and walked over to the girl. She reached a hand over to see if Cindy's length was real. She cupped a hand under it. "Its huge. Wow, its heavy." Dee said as she used two hands to lift it. "You can be the first one at school to try it out." Cindy chuckled. She could feel it firming up as Dee held it, lifting in front of her. "I won't tell anyone if you wanna keep it a secret." Dee thought for a couple of seconds. "Promise you won't cum in me and its a deal." She said.

Cindy asked "How is it that guys complain about never being able to find a girl to do this with?" Dee answered "Lets see." She was unbuttoning her jeans, sliding them down. "Could being a muscled goddess hung better than a horse have anything to do with it?" Dee had an average waist, but had wide hips and thick thighs, which showed off well when she wore denim. Cindy said "They should work harder, then.", smiling. "Are you gonna move the panties out of the way, or do you want me to just go through them?" Dee answered "You really mean that, don't you?" Cindy nodded in response. Dee slid them down, turning and then leaning forward against the sink, sitting her feet wide apart. Cindy sat her hands on Dee's wide hips as she put the bulbous tip against her sex. It also pushed against both of the girl's thighs. "Its hot!" Dee said. "I didn't know that." Cindy answered before slowly pushing forwards. Dee bit her lip, trying not to cry out as she was stretched painfully wide. Cindy paused once her tip was inside. "How deep do you want me to go? " She then started pushing in while waiting for a reply. Dee answered "Its too big. It hurts. You're gonna rip me in half" Cindy paused "Come on. I'm like, not even half way in." She slid her length back and forth a few times while Dee fought the urge to scream. Cindy pauses with her length as deep as Dee is able to take it, the tip pressing against the inner tightness of her cervix. "That's a good warm up. Ready for me to go a bit harder?" Cindy sank in a few more times and then pulled out with a wet *shluck* sound, her tip popping free to leave Dee's entrance gaping wide.

Dee slumped forward onto the sink, her eyes closed as she took a few breaths. Meanwhile, Cindy stepped into the tights, pulling them upwards. Her length still stood out straight in front of her, so that the material stretched over it. The tights also clung to her legs, accentuating every cut between the muscles. Dee finally pushed herself to her feet, turning and leaning back against the sink. "God, girl. I don't know if I'm gonna be able to walk back to class." Dee said. She slowly took a step, wincing. "That was just a .. warm-up?" Dee asked. Cindy replied "I concentrated really hard on not having it fill out at all. It'll probably take a few times for you to get more used to it." Dee said "I'm not sure I'll survive a few more times." Cindy smiled a little "I'll let you have a day to heal up in between each work-out." Dee uses a hand to steady herself, leaning on the counter top. "You really want it as much as I do, don't you?" She winced. "Maybe two days to recover." Cindy answered "But I have to get back to class now."

Cindy walked out of the bathroom, heading back to class. When she got there, she tried to quietly enter, her length out of front of her, still firm. There was a variety of hushed comments and stares. "Um, they kinda stretch to fit." Cindy said. The teacher called her over, saying quietly to her "I can't really send you to the principal for provocative dress when you really can't help it. I also like the idea of a super strong girl attending the school. It'll keep some of the guys in line." She then sent Cindy back to her seat to finish the day's lesson as best she can. It took until the end of the class for Cindy to 'calm down' enough for her length to relax. Beth told her "See you after school on the bus." as they are leaving class, smirking.

Cindy got to the last class before lunch, gym. She opened her locker, pulling out the shorts, holding them up. She asked the girl next to her, Karen, "There's no way these are gonna fit me, is there?" Karen looked over Cindy's form, pausing as she got down past her waist. "Not if that is real. The coach isn't gonna be happy with you sitting a fake like that down your pants." Cindy replied "Its not fake. I can guarantee it. You're free to test it to find out." Karen sat her hands on her hips "If its real, then I'm in heaven. But there's no way you've filled out to be some kind of muscled goddess and also have the world's biggest cock." Cindy's cheeks went red at that. "Go ahead and check it. " She answered, holding her hands behind her back, clasping them together. Karen sat her fingers first against Cindy's abdomen, squeezing one of the rolls of muscle as hard as she could, fingers blanching white. "Its a little lower." Cindy says. Karen asked "That doesn't hurt?" Cindy shook her head. "Maybe if you squeezed I'd be able to feel it." Karen frowned a little, still holding her fingers onto it. She moved her other hand to slide Cindy's tights down, seeing the base of her cock. "Wow, its as thick as my forearm." she said as she continued to slide the tights lower. "Still think its fake?" Cindy asked. "Oh, no, definitely not." Karen answered. Cindy thought to herself. "Ok, now that's Beth, Dee and now Karen. I'm gonna be awful busy keeping up with who I've gotta fuck." She said "We can try it out after lunch." It was now Karen's time to blush. "There's no way we'd make it to the gym on time if we did it now." Cindy said.

Cindy pulled off the shirt she had on, rolling it up and putting it into her locker. As she did so, the muscles across her arms and back rippled, showing off deep cuts between them. "Whatever you're doing for exercise is something I've gotta learn." Karen said. Cindy pulled on the uniform t-shirt, having it stretch over her. The fabric showed off her full breasts and prominent nipples, as well as molding over her chiseled abdominals. "I'm definitely not a size small any more. Time for a bigger size." Cindy looked to Karen, answering "Its kinda a secret of mine. I'm not sure if I should share it just yet." Cindy headed out of the locker room into the gym, enjoying the stares she got.

The coach called her over after taking roll, walking with her to the side of the room. The area was mostly hidden by the bleachers and racks of red playground balls and basketballs. Cindy showed that her cock was real, so that she wouldn't get detention for 'pulling a stunt'. The coach was at least relieved that she actually wanted to continue doing physical activities, rather than just hide from them like she did in the past.

Cindy opted to try the group that alternated between various aerobic activities, with today being kick-boxing. She stopped at the entryway to the room, putting on a pair of padded boxing gloves and went in. "You may have put on a lot of muscle all of a sudden, but you're out of your league here." She was told by one of the other students. "If you've got your parents to sign the permission slip, I'll K.O. you in a minute just to show you that." That was Gary talking. He had on high tops, long baggy shorts and an oversized sleeveless shirt. He was standing next to a punching bag, pausing to say that. "Put a sock in it." Gary was answered by Pete, who was leaning against the wall by the door. "Look at Cindy's arms for a second. Do you really want to get hit by them?" The conversation was cut short as the instructor arrived, saying "Ok class, line up. New students in the back." She walked around to the front of the room, and put them through a few minutes of drills. Cindy was flexible enough to keep up, though she showed an obvious lack of finesse. "Now pair up. Those who have permission can do light contact sparring. The rest of you can use the punching bags." The teacher said. She went to supervise the few people who were going to spar, leaving the rest of the class to their own.

Cindy joined Pete at one of the punching bags. "Here's how you do a punch the right way.." He finished describing what to do and then took a few punches at the bag. He motioned for her to copy him. Cindy did a light punch, sending the bag swinging. "Woah, careful with that." Pete said. "You've got enough power to stop a truck. Try doing a fast jab instead. That won't send the bag sailing across the room." He took a minute to slow the bag's swinging to a halt. Cindy watched him do a couple of quick jabs, then took her turn. Her hand moved in a blur. It would appear that she didn't even punch, except for how the bag nearly folded in half from the impact, with the sound of the hit echoing in the room. Cindy grinned broadly as the class paused, with the other students staring at the ruined bag. "Hey Gary, still think you can knock me out?" Cindy called over to him. She readied herself for another jab. She wanted to use a lot more strength this time to make it really obvious what she could do. Her back muscles gained definition, while her abdominals grew, showing some veins over them. Her biceps and triceps more than doubled in size, the shirt sleeve giving way. Pete was next to her, so there was an easy comparison to be made, as Cindy's arm grew to nearly as big around as his chest. Her stance seemed to suddenly shift when Cindy jabbed at the heavy bag. The bag exploded, sand shooting out to hit the wall behind it. She held her fist in front of her mouth to blow the sand off of it. "That was my jab." The room was quiet for a few seconds, followed by comments like "My god!" "Awesome!" Gary's eyes were wide, a look of fear on his face. Pete asked "How strong are you?" Cindy replied "I can't really say. If you want, we could always arm-wrestle to find out. We could do, um.. me against everyone in class at the same time." She smirked. Pete sat his hand on top of her arm as he answered "Its probably best not to try that out. You'd end up breaking a bunch of people's arms or something like that." Cindy frowned a little at that. "That would lower my teamwork grade a lot, wouldn't it?"

After gym class, it was time for lunch. Cindy saw Alex in line and hurried over. "Hiya big sis. I didn't think you'd be hungry again today after the breakfast you had." Alex glared at her sister, but didn't say what she was thinking. "I'm still sore from what you did this morning. " Cindy replied "You'll get used to it. After a

few more times, I bet you won't even be able to feel Phil inside of you." Alex replied "You could have just asked me and Phil not to be so noisy." Cindy said "And you would have just ignored me and made even more noise. Anyway, its much more fun for me this way. You can have my lunch money. I'm not sure why, but I'm just not hungry at all."

Cindy's afternoon classes went by easily enough. She liked the stares she got, but really just wanted to be able to go home. On the bus, she got a seat next to Beth. "Hi Cindy, you're not mad at me about what happened to the white jeans?" She asked. "Its partially my fault. I've gotta learn how to have more control." Cindy answered. "Come over tomorrow morning, about nine or ten and you'd be able to help me learn to control what I could do."

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