

The Proteus Effect Chapter 6
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1.)

The time had come for Eric's weekend with Maya. He had no idea what to expect, but at the very least he could run reconnaissance on how much she had transformed since their last encounter.

It was strange: Eric was... nervous? He combed his hair again, double-checking that he had it just right. Eric never put effort like this into his appearance, so why was he trying now? He sprayed some cologne given to him on a birthday - it had been unused since.

And should he give her a gift? Was this a date? Why would he be going on a date with Maya of all people? She was almost twice his age... Though they were both technically adults... Well, Eric certainly didn't want to show up to his first date without a present. Then again, were you even supposed to actually give a gift on a first date, or was that just a Hollywood cliché?

Eric's mind was aflutter with these thoughts as he constantly second-guessed himself. His phone started vibrating - it was Maya, telling him that she was here.

With no more time to lose, Eric rummaged through the pantry and retrieved a few high-quality chocolates wrapped in tin foil. Surely this would be a fine gift?

Afraid of making Maya wait any longer, he scurried outside.

Unsurprisingly, Maya had brought an extremely high-end sports car. Its windows were tinted so darkly that Eric couldn't peer into them. As he approached the passenger side of the vehicle, his stomach churned as he tried to envision what Maya would look like. Could she possibly be on Camille's level? Or maybe she shrunk since their last visit? Anything seemed possible.

At last he opened the door. Maya was, in a word: big. She was wearing a bizarre outfit that revealed most of her skin. The massive collection of muscle on her frame consumed a startling amount of space in the vehicle; massive, gourd-sized deltoids flanked the opposite ends of her seat - her thick back sprawled close to the half-way point between the driver and passenger chairs; titanic tree-trunk thighs covered the entirety of her seat, and Eric couldn't see the car's pedals due to their sheer girth.

Upon further examination, Eric realized that the driver side of the vehicle was tilted downward, likely due to Maya's weight.

"Well lover boy, you getting in or not?" Maya asked with her trademark laugh.

Wordlessly, Eric entered the car and shut the door.

He continued to examine the immense woman next to him, and eventually came the conclusion that she was even bigger than Camille. How such a thing was possible baffled Eric. He had previously theorized that his close connection to Camille was empowering her more than the other girls, but Maya's sheer size trumped this belief.

And... Eric wasn't sure how, but Maya's breasts had certainly grown even larger. They were massive: easily the largest he had ever seen on a woman in person - at least one with otherwise low body fat. All of the women Eric recreated in Live-Sim had incredibly impressive hourglasses, but Maya left them all behind in that category.

Maya's outfit was bewildering for Eric to behold. Her supremely muscular body was covered in what his mind could only label as a 'female genie costume'.

"So, are you going to greet me or just stare?" Maya asked with a giggle.

"I.. Sorry. Hey Maya."

"Hey Maya? That's it? Come on Eric, you've got to do better than that if you're going to woo a lady!" The older woman admonished in a playful tone.

"Uhm, oh yeah, I brought you this." Eric retrieved the wrapped chocolates and presented them to her. He could feel that they had melted slightly in his pocket, and his embarrassment worsened.

Maya gave a look of legitimate surprise, and couldn't stop herself from bursting out into laughter.

This in turn made Eric blush even more deeply, and a sweat broke out on his forehead.

"Sorry." Maya finally collected herself. "I just... Whew." She wiped a tear born of humor from her eye, "Look. Sweetie. I appreciate it, but... Well, for starters, a gift on the first date is trying a bit hard. Also this isn't really a date. And... on top of all that, this isn't really... um, the kind of thing you want to present. You know?"

"R-right."

"It's fine though. Cheer up. Unwrap those suckers and feed 'em to me!" Maya demanded.

Not wanting to disappoint Maya even more, Eric hastily unwrapped the first chocolate, his fingers trembling slightly in the process. Why was he so nervous? He was supposed to be practicing his 'game', and becoming smoother with the ladies! Wasn't that what his Live-Sim counterpart was like anyways?

It didn't matter. Maya was downright overwhelming, especially in the close proximity of her car. Eric realized that it was really warm in the vehicle, and it wasn't just his nervousness; Maya was doubtlessly radiating heat - a great amount of it. And she smelled... really good. Eric had read conflicting reports on how effective human pheromones truly were, but one way or another, Maya's scent was causing Eric's head to spin with pleasure.

At last he managed to unwrap the chocolate. Maya opened her mouth in a startlingly sensual fashion, eagerly awaiting the treat. Her teeth shined so brightly that they were almost painful to stare at. Maya's lips were fuller than any pair he had seen before, and

brilliantly ruby red. Eric gulped before finally bringing the chocolate up to her mouth, gently placing it in the awaiting opening. She wrapped her lips around the chocolate in such a gentle and dominating fashion that Eric couldn't help but immediately be drawn to lewd thoughts. With slow, deliberate motions she chewed the gift, letting out a thrilling groan of pleasure.

"Dee-lish!" she announced with a small amount of chewed up chocolate still in her mouth, before finally swallowing the rest.

"G-glad you like it..." Eric sheepishly replied.

"What do you think Eric? Can I eat another? Or will I risk spoiling my... girlish figure?" she asked with a thrilling giggle - the mere sound of which sent chills down Eric's spine.

"I... I... I think you'll be fine..." Eric nervously replied as he started to unwrap another.

"Oh heavens Eric. Calm down. I'm just your mother's friend, remember?" Maya said with a wink.

Game time Eric, come on, step it up! He thought to himself. "Oh, I'm sure it would just go to your muscles anyways."

Maya smirked, "You're still no James Bond, but hey, decent recovery that time." She cleared her throat, "I dunno Eric, is that what you want? For my big, bulging muscles to become even more overwhelmingly powerful?"

"I think it would be a real shame if they didn't." Eric managed to say in a smooth tone without muddling any words - all the while unwrapping another chocolate.

"Mmm, then you better feed me that!" Maya purred.

Eric complied, and as he drew closer, was once again taken aback by the sheer level of beauty Maya possessed. Despite seeing young women in their prime almost every day at school, and living with both Selina and Camille - who were both very good looking, Maya was a on new level entirely.

After she finished sensually consuming the second candy, Eric spoke up: "Uhm. Sorry if this is rude to ask... But are you wearing makeup and lipstick?" he asked.

"Why Eric! How uncouth of you! Asking a lady such a thing." Maya acted in an exaggerated fashion, puffing her massive chest out and turning away from Eric, leaving her overwhelming back on full display.

"Oh, um..." Eric was back to bumbling mode.

Maya playfully left him in suspense for a few moments before finally replying: "However, you get a pass this time - solely because I am indeed not wearing makeup nor lipstick. Unless you're implying that I need to?" she raised a brow.

"No, no! Not at all! It's just..."

"Just what?" Maya closed the distance between them slightly, her sheer presence overwhelming Eric slightly.

"You just look really good is all."

"Mmm. That's what I like to hear. Now how about you slip me that last chocolate?" Maya giggled.

Eric did as she said, this time without any anxiety or hesitation. As the treat met her lips, Maya enveloped them around his finger, and playfully gave him a small nibble. The unexpected sensation of Maya's warm mouth and tongue thrilled Eric beyond compare.

"Careful, I bite." Maya winked before wrapping her tongue around the chocolate and eating it.

After swallowing the final treat, Maya cleared her throat and said: "Tell me Eric. What in particular do you enjoy about my beauty?" it was a flamboyant and almost narcissistic question - which was perfectly fitting of Maya.

"Ah... Err... Well, for one thing, your skin... It's like, glowing." Eric barely managed to explain.

"Mmm. You noticed. I'm glad." Maya replied with a smirk.

"Even Camille and Selina aren't like that..." He added.

"Good." She winked.

"But why? All three of you are, you know, getting all super buff... And they look a bit prettier as well - but you... Uh, well you know."

"I do know. As for why I've had these changes and the others haven't." Maya shrugged, a huge collection of sharp traps rose behind her neck, "Not sure. Best theory is all the super foods and supplements I usually take are having a greater effect."

"Hmmm..." Eric thought out loud. It was a reasonable enough explanation, but it didn't quite sit with him well.

"Anyways, are you ready to get this show on the road?" Maya asked, revving the engine of the car, causing a tremendous roar that caught Eric off guard and startled him.

"Yeah, let's do it."

2.)

Maya drove fast, pushing the capabilities of the high-end car. On the surface, her maneuvers seemed reckless as she swerved to and fro, changing lanes without hesitation. Eric quickly realized that her moves were quite calculated, which he would later reflect on as an apt metaphor for Maya's life as a whole.

"So where are we going anyways?" Eric asked.

"You know... I'm not sure. I just wanted to get out of your step-mother's sight before I step out of the car." Maya explained, aggressively shifting between lanes to pass the cars around them.

"I see." Eric immediately understood this meant that she and Camille hadn't made up since the incident during their last visit. He realized that it was probably for the best that Camille hadn't caught a glimpse of the massive blonde, as it doubtlessly would have infuriated her to see that Maya had somehow surpassed her.

"Ah, right, I'm not sure how it slipped my mind..." Maya started, "But there is a reason for my dress today, beyond just looking fabulous of course." Maya started, "I decided that for our little visit, I would grant you three wishes."

"Three wishes?"

"Yup! I'm a genie after all!" Maya giggled fiendishly. For all of her strength, wealth, and power, Maya was still as childish and playful as ever.

"What... kind of wishes?"

"Whatever your heart desires! Well... they have to be possible. I can't actually cast any magic. Yet." Maya clarified.

"Oh... alright..." Eric stared blankly. He was having difficulty parsing the outlandish scenario.

"That's it? An ultra amazonian babe is here literally granting you three wishes and you can only muster up 'oh, alright'?" Maya asked with false outrage before laughing, "Just how difficult is it to wow you?"

"Sorry, I just. Okay. This is a lot to take in, you know?"

"It's fine. Now then, how about that first wish?"

Eric's eyes widened a bit, "I really don't know Maya, I honestly haven't thought-"

"Sure you have!" Maya interrupted, "Everyone has wishes. What do you want?"

"I mean, I have some crazy ones that would require magic, like getting super powers and whatnot..."

In truth, Eric already had a large dose of wish fulfillment already: five of the closest women in his life becoming hyper muscular women, and each of which displayed some level of interest in him as a person.

"Well, you MUST have some that can be accomplished with money, or with... POWER!" She flexed her free arm for emphasis.

Despite the distraction of the conversation and her motions, Maya still managed to continue driving safely at a very high speed.

"Really Maya, I don't-"

"Come on Eric! Make a wish already!"

"I don't know what to wish for..."

"Have some fun! You have THREE wishes after all. Make the first one about you! Be selfish! I won't judge!"

"Are you sure?"

"I'm always sure." The confidence in Maya's voice won Eric over.

Eric took a moment to think. "Shouldn't I be selfless with it?"

"Oh for frig's sake. Make it selfish, for my own sake, okay?" Maya chided.

"Alright..." Eric pondered for a few more seconds before it hit him, "Well... hmm. I got my driver's license last year, but can't really afford a car. Can't get to any jobs without a car.. And parents are too strapped for me to borrow from them. Can't really use the family's car either." Eric explained in a quasi stream of consciousness manner.

"So... just say that you wish for a car, silly!"

"Are... you sure?"

Maya laughed. "That's on the low end of the wishes I planned for. Go for it!"

Eric shrugged. "Well, if you say so. Uhm. I wish for a car?" He asked, intoning it as a question.

"Wish..." Maya intentionally paused, audibly grunted, and tensed her pecs - causing her entire chest to swell up, and her breasts to rise several inches higher; and as she tightened her muscles she declared, "Granted!" the last syllable matching with her breasts' highest elevation.

"Wuh... what?"

"Oh, I was trying to do a thing where I'm a muscle genie - I grant a wish by flexing." She explained, then immediately burst into laughter, "I realize how stupid that was."

"No, it's not stupid. I'm just kind of confused by all of this."

"Yeah. Unfortunately I can't actually summon a car, instead we have to head to the closest dealership. Let's go!" Maya shifted the car into an even higher gear and sped off.

3.)

After a brief and uneventful car ride spent mostly in silence, Maya and Eric arrived at the car dealership. As they exited the vehicle, and Maya stood at her full height, Eric was able to truly take in the extent of her development.

Maya had always been a couple of inches taller than Eric, and Maya was, of course, wearing very large pumps—no doubt custom made to accommodate her growing mass—which Eric estimated to have added at least 4 inches to her stature. In addition to this, the sheer mass of musculature on her frame bulged outward so much that she appeared to be another inch or so taller. As a result of all this, she physically towered over Eric.

"You like?" Maya asked, soaking in Eric's bewildered stare.

Eric nodded, still too overwhelmed to properly speak.

"Had a feeling you would." Maya continued with a chuckle, "In fact, I was so certain, I've trained extra hard the past few days to make sure I was as large and in-charge as possible!"

Maya's hips had inexplicably grown wider as well; she now would have been heralded as a goddess of fertility by ancient civilizations. Naked, Maya's hourglass ratio would have been more exaggerated than that of any other woman Eric ever laid eyes on; but her outfit intentionally flared outward on her hips, giving the illusion of an even wider bottom half

She took a few long strides towards Eric; even with legs thicker than tree trunks, Maya was still surprisingly swift and graceful. Before long, Eric's entire vision was almost completely filled with Maya's bulging form; and he found himself entirely incapable of focusing on anything other than her.

Maya took in a deep breath, her vast chest expanding even further outward. Eric realized that Maya's lungs and circulatory system must have all similarly improved in order to accommodate her immense musculature.

She placed her hands behind her head - at least as best as her massive biceps would allow her to; a vast network of tendons underneath her arms rippled to sight, and her flaring lats gave the appearance of deep fleshy pockets that exuded dominance. Deliberately, Maya began to bounce her pecs, one at a time, causing her prodigious boobs to rise and fall as a result. She began to perform tricks with them, keeping one ascended for a few seconds before lifting the other; allowing them to freely dance at a slow pace - then increasing it to a fever pitch - before abruptly halting altogether, causing her bosom to undergo one final jump.

Maya bent over and performed a most-muscular pose - the thick, deep array of ridges in her pectorals bulged forward; Maya's pectorals reminded Eric of a coat of platemail armor from a video game.

"It's not just my boobs that can dance." Maya said before leaning back up and transitioning into a belly-dance movement.

As Maya swiveled her hips, the vast expanse of muscular bricks in her midsection exploded to life - bulging and rippling to and fro. It was here that Eric noticed that even her ribs appeared more pronounced than before her transformation - in fact, they appeared to be thicker than in the picture from the beach she sent last year. Eric inferred that her bones must have been growing and hardening as well to support her added muscle mass; this concept thrilled Eric for reasons he didn't fully understand.

"But, I'll give you what you're really waiting for." Maya stood up straight, and a moment later brought her right arm up, preparing to properly flex it.

The mass of muscle attached to Maya's arm should not have been possible. As she tensed it, a ridiculous ball of powerful flesh woke to life, detaching itself from its lower half and ascending to greatness; the overall circumference of the arm increased by at least 5 inches as the muscle jumped up to life. It was doubtlessly larger than Maya's head, and was somehow thicker than Eric's waist.

"Thirty five inches. At least that's what they were this morning. Maybe you can coax them to grow a little more, hmm?"

Eric merely stared, his jaw agape.

Maya literally poked her right bicep using the index finger on the same hand. "I'm like a cartoon character or something!" she giggled. "Come on Eric, give it a feel!" Maya bent down and placed the arm right in front of Eric's grasp.

He obeyed, and found that both of his hands together could not cover even half of the muscle's total circumference. The skin covering the tremendous muscle was even softer than that of Camille or Selina's, and it was certainly no less dense than his step-mother's. In fact, while the exact hardness of the limb felt similar, Maya's bicep seemed to exude more heat and potential energy – something Eric naively chalked up to the blonde's fiery personality.

After lingering for a few moments, Eric finally withdrew his hand.

Maya started talking again, "I hope I can get a little taller or something though. It's almost impossible to scratch my back, among other logistical difficulties." She explained with a sigh.

The thought of Maya adding more height to her stature was something Eric knew he shouldn't dwell on - it was difficult enough to not become overly aroused around Maya.

Unsurprisingly, almost every pair of eyes in the vicinity was fixated on Maya, yet she paid them no mind at all. They could stare all they liked; none of them could ever hope to realistically harm or compete with the living goddess.

In truth, Maya's mere presence seemed to choke the metaphysical flow of energy around her. She was so large, vibrant, commanding, and full of life that everything else seemed pale and weak in comparison. Eric's nerdy mind likened her to a protagonist in an RPG video game: everyone else seemed to serve as little more than a backdrop to accommodate her whims and admire her.

Remember, you apparently caused her growth, and according to what happened in Live-Sim, she's supposed to be into you. If anything, you're the protagonist here, not her. Don't forget that. Eric thought to himself.

"Now then. Let's pick out your car. I'm going to pay for it today - with cash." Maya said with a grin.

4.)

It didn't take long until a small gaggle of salesmen practically tripped over one another to try and attend to Maya. After some silent conflict between them, a winner emerged, and asked Maya if he could help her.

Maya explained that they were there to get a car for Eric.

The salesman asked, "So what kind of model are you interested in?" After a moment he added, "sir" after feeling some scrutiny coming from Maya's piercing gaze.

Eric shrugged. "I... I dunno. I guess something cheap and economical? I mean what do you think Maya?"

Maya let out a belly laugh, her washboard midsection rippling in response. "Eric, you're being given free reign to pick out ANY vehicle here. It would be a travesty if you settled for something cheap."

"R-right." Eric gulped.

The salesman's eyes lit up, and he immediately directed them over to the high end cars.

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Eric found himself utterly stopped by choice paralysis. All of the cars he was being shown were at least \$40,000 - many much higher. How could he possibly impose? Just how wealthy was Maya anyways?

Both Maya and the salesman found themselves growing increasingly agitated with Eric's hesitation. Eventually Maya picked out an extremely high end model that she deemed to be 'sexy'.

"We'll take it. I'm paying in cash, right now." Maya said in a no-nonsense tone. It was a statement that would normally have been outrageous, but the salesman wasn't going to look a gift-horse in the mouth.

"Cash?! Well in that case I can lower the price to 65,000." He added, nervously fumbling around. "No wait! Just for you... 60!" Despite having been grizzled in the art of sales, he found that all of his training was thrown at the window in the presence of Maya.

Maya shrugged, "Sure, if you say so. Your loss."

"Hey wait, in that case--"

"Nope! You gave your word! 60 grand!" Maya giggled.

The man averted his gaze - there was no point in trying to renege. He had ham-stringed his commission, and would simply have to deal with that.

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Eric stared at the sleek, shiny, black vehicle in front of him. It was indeed, as Maya put it, 'sexy' - at least as far as cars went. The events of the past hour were cumulatively too much for Eric to fully process, and instead felt like a surreal dream rather than reality. Still, this was apparently his car now - it was signed and registered in his name alone - with absolutely no strings attached.

He couldn't help but feel a pit of guilt forming as he considered how his family would react. His car was easily worth what both of his parents' were combined; and Selina was as far away from getting her own vehicle as he was earlier that day.

His train of thought was interrupted by Maya, "Alright hot-shot, time for you to drive me around in this beast!" She said, plopping the car keys in his hand.

"But..."

"You have your license, right?"

"Yeah..."

"Well, considering I just bought you the car, I think the least you can do is take me for a ride!"

4.5)

"Faster, Eric, faster! This car's a monster! Put the pedal to the metal and have some fun!" Maya shouted, her blonde mane flowing as the breeze from the open window pushed through it.

In truth, Eric didn't want to go any faster. He had very limited experience with driving, especially on the highway and at such speeds. Plus, he was still somewhat nervous from Maya's overwhelming presence, and the prospect of driving a vehicle worth nearly as much as his father's yearly salary.

But Maya's influence was too great. And Eric did have to admit that the feeling of controlling the vehicle's power was rather enticing. Against his better judgment, he pressed the pedal down further, and the speedometer crept past the 90 mile per hour mark.

"Yeah! Now I can really feel the wind!" Maya screamed; her lungs had become so powerful that she could still be heard despite the powerful gust next to her.

She crept some of her massive body out of the window, allowing her right arm and head to peak out and become fully blasted by the wind's force. Eric felt the car shift slightly from her immense weight. He knew that her action was extremely unsafe, yet he knew that Maya would be fine. She seemed to be entirely invincible. His mind began to wonder just what it would take to stop her at this point. Could guns even hurt her? That was pretty dark. He turned his gaze towards her, and...

Then it happened. The crash.

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Eric was hit with such force that he momentarily blanked out. He briefly saw the other vehicle smash directly into the passenger side, the last thing he felt before fading was fear for Maya's safety. Fortunately for him, the vehicles airbags were extremely efficient, and protected him from any real injury. The next thing he knew, he looked over to his left and found Maya's massive frame outside of the vehicle futilely trying to open his door. Eric fumbled to find the lock, but in the chaos of the airbags was unable to do so. Waiting no longer, Maya grabbed onto the door's car, and tore it straight off as she were removing a lid from a can of sardines – with one swift motion she ripped it from its hinges; with another she threw it into the distance, safely off the street. With a tug, Maya tore the seat belt restraining Eric in half, scooped him up into her arms, and gently carried him out.

Eric was still somewhat shocked from the whole event, but quickly found grounding in Maya's embrace.

His trance was stirred as Maya placed him on his feet, safely off of the street, turning her attention to the other vehicle. It was still in the way of oncoming traffic, so the musclebound beauty ran over over, knelt down, and simply lifted the entire thing overhead, letting out a loud grunt in the process. Eric's eyes grew wide at the sight of Maya's immense muscles bulging even further, rippling and jutting out from the stress placed upon them. Maya proceeded to move the other vehicle off the road, placing it down with surprising grace, as she kept in mind that there were still people inside of it.

As Maya held the vehicle overhead, Eric couldn't help but liken the image to the first comic appearance of superhero Ultraman: Wham Comics #1 - which featured the titular character holding a car overhead. Maya's ridiculous outfit made the similarities even more striking. Of course, Maya was far more sexually alluring, as even with her immense muscles in action, her curvaceous hips, bust, and bosom were all on full display.

"Everyone okay in here?" Maya asked, discovering that the vehicle had been carrying a family of four. To her relief, nobody was injured.

Maya quickly reassured all of them that she would be taking full responsibility for the accident, and would pay for everything - even going so far as to offer to cover expenses for a week long vacation to alleviate any stress. The blonde goddess called the police, and assured them that the entire incident was her fault alone - going so far as to claim that she had distracted Eric, causing the accident.

Eric felt slightly guilty that she took the fall, but ultimately Maya did pressure him into driving far faster than he should have, so he held his tongue.

Maya made a few phone calls, and arranged for some assistants of her to handle everything - freeing her and Eric up to take a taxi ride back home.

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The back seat of the taxi was nowhere near large enough to accommodate Maya's sheer width. As a result, she ended up sitting in the center seat, occupying a great deal of Eric's space.

"Shoulda went with a limbo." Maya sighed, "Hope you don't mind being so up close and personal with me." She giggled, looking over at Eric who was slightly nestled within her sprawling chest.

"It's cool." Eric replied. "What I want to know though... Is what happened."

"What do you mean? I made you drive a bit too fast, and we got into a car accident. Don't worry about the car though - the insurance was under my name. I'll just have an identical model delivered to your house."

"Thanks. I'm not really worried about the car though."

"Oh?" Maya replied, "You must be the only 18 year old guy on the planet who wouldn't be distraught about potentially losing a car like that." She giggled, "So strange indeed. Well, what's on your mind?"

"In the accident... The other car rammed us on the passenger side. It rammed you specifically."

"Yup."

"And yet you're totally uninjured? Except for your outfit..."

Maya looked down at her scuffed attire, "Yeah, real shame about the clothes, huh?" she said nonchalantly, poking at the cuts and tatters on them. "I've got some other scuffs too. Couple of scratches too. Nothing that some lotion and a night's rest can't handle though."

"How are you uninjured?"

She shrugged. "That's just how it's been lately. I don't really get hurt."

"But that would have broken most people's bones, or even killed them!"

Maya chuckled, "Well duh. Why do you think I was so quick to make sure you got out of the car, and to put that family out of further danger?"

Eric's head was spinning. Not only was Maya strong enough to easily lift a car overhead with a family inside it, but she was more or less totally untouched after having an oncoming vehicle directly slam into her. Not too long ago he had seen Selina heal extremely quickly from a moderately deep knife cut, but this was something else entirely. Eric previously theorized and tentatively concluded that the Alpha version of Life-Sim somehow projected the qualities of the girls he recreated there onto their real life counterparts - the similarities were too striking to dismiss. But how did that account for how durable the girls were? How did it explain how quickly they healed? And what if they kept becoming more powerful? How long until they were bulletproof? Eric may have somehow created these unstoppable amazons, but would he be able to stop them?

5.) Eighteen Minutes Later

At last they arrived at Maya's home. The manor was in a word: extravagant. Eric estimated that it was at least four times larger than his own place, despite it only housing Maya as opposed to a family of four.

"New house." Maya said, anticipating Eric's next question.

They walked past ornate lawn decorations, bubbling fountains, and hedges trimmed into artistic shapes. The lawn was impeccable, and Eric had a feeling that not a single drop of Maya's own sweat went into maintaining it. The interior of the mansion was as impressive as its exterior, and the duo was quickly greeted by a submissive-looking man who offered to fetch food or drink for them.

"Get me something with at least 200 grams of protein." Maya ordered. Eric tried to recall if that was a lot, he seemed to remember articles recommending at least 100 to 150 or so consumed daily to build muscle; and he had a feeling that this wasn't going to be Maya's only source of protein today.

"I'll have some water." Eric added, still afraid to impose.

Despite having just spent tens of thousands of dollars, and getting directly slammed in a high-speed car accident, Maya seemed entirely calm - as if it was just another day in the life for her.

Maya wrapped an arm around his shoulder, and he could feel the top of her outrageously large bicep resting against his head. Had Eric been able to view himself from afar, he would have seen that Maya's arm covered the majority of his back with its sheer circumference - which was closing in on three feet of girth - more than half of Eric's total height.

Nestled around Maya's immense arm, surrounded by her tremendous wealth, and knowing that he was solely the focus of her attention at the moment, Eric felt a profound sense of security. Her body radiated heat, which blanketed him with comfort. He couldn't help but acknowledge some guilt that Camille wasn't able to instill this feeling to the same extent. As much as he loved his step-mother, for the time being, Maya was simply superior in almost every measurable way - and try as he would to look past that, his subconscious acknowledged it.

The servant returned with their drinks. Maya's was a dark, viscous shake in a tall, thick glass; Eric's was crystal clear and less than a third the volume of his host's. Eric tried to run some mental math: if Maya's protein shakes were similar to the ones that Camille and Selina guzzled down, to receive 200 grams of protein, she'd need approximately 5 servings - which meant that her shake likely held at least 1200 calories - which wasn't that much less than what he required as sedentary male his size. As he pondered all of this, Maya proceeded to chug the drink, as if it were nothing at all.

"Now then, would you like a tour of the place?" She asked Eric, wordlessly handing the empty glass back to her assistant.

"Sure." Eric replied.

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While the mansion wasn't as large as a castle, or even the size of extravagant residences Eric had seen on television, it was still the biggest dwelling he had personally stood in.

Everything was spotless-clean, with a variety of modern design sensibilities for each room, giving each one its own theme. Despite Maya's ample possessions, the rooms had so much empty space that they almost appeared minimalistic. It was a stark contrast to his own home, which seemed to have a constant level of mess and clutter that had to be combated regularly.

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"And this is the basement's bowling alley." Maya said, pointing to it. "It's entirely genuine. Frankly, it's far nicer than most commercial alleys. Have to say though, a couple of months into my fitness journey I found it trivially easy to consistently bowl perfect games. Could be a professional I guess. Just too simple for me." She explained with a yawn. "Anyways, that room over there is the home theater. Frankly, that thing cost more than some people's houses; yet it's rarely ever used. I find that living my life is far more exciting than anything a film could offer, and when I have company or a party here, they're too transfixed on me.

"So... it's no problem for you to have wasted that much money? Like it's just... that little to you overall?"

"Mmmm... I can tell from your voice that even my wealth is enticing to you." Maya purred.

Eric remained silent.

"I would accuse you of being a little gold digger, but we both know that's not the case. It has a lot more to do with... power."

Eric gulped.

Maya continued, "You know what they say - money is power, and I've been accumulating quite a bit. They also say that beauty is power, and I don't think there's any argument there. And finally..." she tensed her forearm directly in his view, a powerful collection of muscles bunched up, "I'd say the strength to literally lift a car overhead would qualify as power as well."

"J-just how rich are you now?"

"Well, it would be unladylike to give you precise numbers... But for some reason, around the time I started building muscle, opportunity after opportunity kept falling into my lap. First I received a very nice promotion at work... Then I found a way to delegate almost all of responsibilities away, allowing me to collect that paycheck without actually doing much work. Then some dweebish guys approached me, offering me a rather generous stake in their startup for an investment that seemed safe enough. It worked out splendidly, and with extremely rapid speed to be honest. As such, I was able to cash most of it out for a very, very hefty sum. Then my name started getting thrown around in a few venture capitalist circles, which led to more people approaching me to invest in their startups... all of which of somehow worked out quite well and at record pace. And of course everywhere I go, men just throw gifts at me - even money and the such; of course I alleviate them of their burdens."

Eric merely stared in awe. The only explanation he could come up with was the fact that Live-Sim Maya had a life goal of 'becoming rich', and somehow that was translating itself into real-world success. He had heard of these things before - of people striking it rich with startups and investments, but for someone to so rapidly acquire money this quickly? What startups were paying her out within a few months? It all seemed too insane to be real, yet his surroundings were proof enough.

She continued, " In fact, I believe my passive investments alone have made me over a thousand dollars today."

"A... few thousand dollars? What do you mean by passive?"

"Oh you know, dividends and the such. I have a very diverse mix. I've got a lot of people trying to get me into real estate - can you imagine that Eric? Me owning an empire of properties across the country, money just pouring in each month while I sit back, pump my muscles up, and keep living the good life?" Maya giggled mischievously.

In truth, Eric could imagine it, extremely vividly at that.

"Mmm... you know what I think you'd like? To watch me pump these muscles of mine up. How does that sound?" Maya cooed.

Eric merely nodded meekly.

6.) Maya's Home Gym

The room was even more impressive than Eric imagined. It held enough equipment to stock a small public gym; yet Maya was the only one using the equipment.

There were all of the stock-standard equipment: weight machines, treadmills, dumbbells, yoga mats, various cardio devices, pull up stations, so on and so forth. What really caught Eric's attention however were the barbells themselves. There were multiple weight benches of various inclinations, and the empty bar atop of each was far thicker and more menacing than those the home gym Camille and Selina used.

Unable to resist his curiosity, Eric approached one and prodded it.

Fortunately, instead of goading him, Maya offered an explanation, "Had to get these babies custom made. They're about two times thicker, and also denser than a standard Olympic bar." she explained, strumming her fingers along the bar Eric had been touching, her forearms menacingly twitching in the process.

"I've outgrown all of the machines." Maya added with a sigh. "The dumbbells don't do me much good either."

Eric walked over to the handheld weights in question, "Y-you have 300 pound dumbbells here... These don't do you much good?"

"Sweetie, you saw me lift a friggan car overhead - with four people inside of it." Maya chuckled.

"Right. Still..." Curiosity taking hold of him, Eric bent down, grabbed onto the dumbbell and heaved - it refused to budge even an inch.

"Guess I should slip into some more appropriate clothing." Maya said before stripping her 'genie' top and bottoms off, revealing ornately designed lacy lingerie. Eric would later wonder how such elaborate garments existed for a bodytype like Maya's, and would ultimately conclude that she likely had them custom-made.

With her heels kicked off, Maya no longer towered over Eric to the same extent. She was still taller however, and her posture, traps, and sheer width made him feel diminutive in comparison. Eric glanced down at her feet, and was intrigued by how they were perfectly manicured and utterly blemish-free. Similar to Camille's hands and forearms, Maya's feet were relatively tiny next to her outrageous calves.

Without the puffy bottoms, the full extent of Maya's lower body development revealed itself. Eric was taken aback by the sheer width and girth of the older woman's thighs. 'Tree trunks' did not go far enough to describe them. The mass of muscle, like her arms, looked it should belong to a highly stylized cartoon character instead of a living human being.

And somehow, against all reason and logic, Maya still possessed a tiny minuscule thigh-gap window in between her massive stems. This minute crack between the otherwise impenetrable wall of muscle intrigued Eric deeply.

"There. Much better!" She declared with a sigh of relief, running her fingers along her unreal legs.

Thanks to Maya's new state of undress, Eric could clearly see that her muscles were slightly

rounder in shape than Camille's; they also weren't quite as expertly defined. For example, while Camille's abs were slightly blockier and more square-like in appearance, Maya's were more akin to round, bulging spheres; Camille's midsection had a web of smaller veins, while Maya's were supported by a few larger coils with a deeper hue of blue.

Despite Camille having a physique closer to a traditional bodybuilder, Eric had no doubt that Maya was significantly stronger now. He recalled how power lifters often had fluffier frames than bodybuilders, despite being much stronger, so he didn't question what he saw.

"What do you think Eric? Is this too revealing for the 'gym'?" She asked in a teasing tone.

"I... wouldn't say so. No." He replied with awkward, stilted timing - Eric was totally transfixed on observing every last detail of Maya's physique.

Maya soaked in the young man's astonishment. She loved being the center of attention, and for some reason, Eric's attention was particularly fulfilling.

"I must say Eric, during the various stages of my transformation, I've been around many, many different men... And yet you seem more transfixed on these muscles more than any of them." Maya said, carefully gauging Eric's expressions.

"Oh? Why do you think that?" Eric replied.

Maya smirked, "You can't fool me big guy." She strolled over to a barbell which had numerous large plates attached to it - Eric wasn't precisely sure how much weight it carried, but he knew it must have been at least hundreds. "I know that you..." She wrapped her fingers underneath the bar and slowly brought the weight up, her massive arms swelling up in response, "Just want to come over here and squeeze these babies!"

Eric gulped.

"Stop being shy Eric. Come on over here." Maya ordered as she completed another repetition.

He walked over, and Maya coaxed him once again to feel her limbs in action. Eric finally complied, reaching over and placing his hands on the muscle. Underneath the soft veneer of feminine fluff, he felt an overwhelmingly large mass of hard, warm, power moving and shifting underneath. It was so dense and powerful that he likened it to a machine disguised by human flesh; a motor and piston working in unison to output far more power than a human being should be capable of producing.

Yet Eric knew fully well that wasn't the case. He knew this was entirely Maya; that this was power under her command entirely, and she was in the process of increasing it further still.

Emboldened, Eric continued moving his fingers across the vast expanse. Even with two of his hand spans combined, he could not encompass half of the muscle's total circumference. It also dawned on him that Maya was dangerously close to possessing biceps three times the size of his, despite the fact that she only stood a few inches taller.

"Squeeze it baby!" Maya cooed as she performed yet another repetition. Eric would later realize that she was two-arm curling 700 pounds, but managed to complete more reps than he kept track of; the exercise was totally ineffective at challenging her beyond a simple muscle-pump.

Eric obeyed, trying to dig his fingers in as much as he possibly could. In stark contrast to Camille's arm, there was a thin veneer of fat covering Mayas, which Eric was able to shift around - however, once he dug into the pulsating ball of power underneath, he was completely stopped; it was entirely impossible for him to budge it whatsoever.

"Harder Eric! Squeeze harder!" Maya goaded.

Eric wasn't sure what he had to gain from doing so, but he tried anyways. It was a totally futile effort - he may as well have been squeezing pure marble.

"Mmmm, yes - I can feel your cute little fingers trembling as they try so hard to muster up more strength." Maya cooed. "I love it when you touch me like that!" Genuine ecstasy and lust coated her voice. "The combination of you being sooooo powerless in comparison alongside your complete and utter admiration. So unfff!" Maya giggled squeezing her muscle in unison with her current exercise, forcing the muscle to feel even more impressive.

Eric trembled a bit from pure arousal.

"Tell me Eric. Do you touch your step-mother and step-sister's muscles like this?" Maya asked.

"Uhm..."

"They aren't related to you, no judgment. I won't tattle. Just tell me, do you? And keep touching, please - I enjoy it." She giggled.

"Well not like this." Eric said continuing to run his fingers across the outrageous muscle, caressing it and intimately exploring its details. "Mostly Camille will let me squeeze her bicep every now and then, and Selina... Well she forces herself onto me a little bit. But nothing too drastic."

"I see." Maya replied, processing the new information for a few moments before speaking up again, "So... have you touched any girls like this? With this level of intimacy, and on your own terms?"

Eric considered the question for a moment, and his face flushed red as he realized, "No, I guess not."

"Interesting. Anyways, be a dear and slap on some more weight for me Eric." Maya commanded as she slid underneath the bar, preparing to bench the weight instead of curl it.

"How much?" Eric called out as he approached the weight plates.

"I'd like at least 400 more pounds on here for now, though I could realistically use 800. But yeah, let's go with 400 pounds."

Eric stared with awe at the 200 pound reinforced weight plates. He grabbed onto one and pulled, but found he could only barely budge it. Frustrated, he resorted to a standard 100 pound weight plate, but still struggled to move it at all. "I... I don't think this is going to happen." He conceded. Eric couldn't help but feel a little useless, and the gulf between his physical capability's and Maya was even more viscerally clear.

Maya let out a sigh, got up from the bench, and strode over to Eric and the weight plates. "Going to make me do everything? Guess if I'm over here, may as well get the 800." she asked with a wink before bending down and grabbing two custom-made 200 pound plates with each hand, and hoisting them into the air, her muscles pumping up only slightly from the motion.

"You okay? You're kinda spaced out over there." Maya asked as she slapped the weights onto the bar.

"Yeah, I'm good. Just..."

Maya winked. They understood each other and not another word was needed. She slid underneath the bar, "Wanna spot me?" she asked with a giggle.

"I'm not sure if..."

"I was just kidding, silly."

"Uh... Just how much weight is this anyways?" Eric asked.

"1500." Maya replied nonchalantly. "Not looking to set any personal records right now. Just want to pump up a bit."

Maya proceeded to hoist the weight into the air, and brought the it down to her chest with a loud grunt. Despite the fortification of the bar, a suspicious metallic creaking sound filled the air.

"Unfortunately, even with these modified weights, it's becoming increasingly difficult to challenge my body on the compound lifts." Maya said.

"Guess you can always just lift cars all day." Eric offered.

Maya grinned, "True, but before you know it even those will be too light for me!"

7.)

Maya went through a full-body workout, teasing Eric every step of the way, and encouraging him to be hands-on with the muscles she was working. By the end, Eric's face was beet-red and visible perspiration coated his forehead; his heart-rate was also quite high.

"I have to wonder which one of us is getting a better workout here..." Maya said with a snicker.

Maya sat on the weigh bench, her back laid against the reinforced barbell. Eric felt it would have been a rather uncomfortable seat, yet Maya seemed to be entirely fine with it. The bench itself could only contain a fraction of her total width, which made it appear even more uncomfortable to Eric. Her thick arms were draped across the barbell, her back sprawled out as a result. The position was effortless, and exuded dominance.

"Be a dear and help me refuel. There's a bunch of custom made calorie-dense bars in the cabinet over there." She said, pointing Eric in the right direction.

He grabbed a few and came back over.

"Get up here." Maya ordered.

Eric hesitated, trying to understand the logistics of how to seat the blonde goddess.

Tired of waiting, Maya assertively placed a hand on Eric's behind and pulled him on top of her. She gave his bottom a tight squeeze. While Eric carried little fat, his underdeveloped buns effortlessly yielded to the older woman's powerful grip. "A little soft here sweetie." Maya teased with a wink. "Maybe you should start hitting the weights too? Well, maybe not. There's something awfully adorable about the way you are now. Aren't you pretty much done growing now?"

Eric sighed, "That's what the doc says, yeah. I guess it's possible I could have an early 20's spurt, but those are pretty rare and generally aren't that big."

"You know... You're actually the smallest man I've ever had this much fun with."

"Thanks?" Eric replied, unsure whether he was just savagely insulted, strangely complimented, or neither.

"I mean it! Usually I'm with world class athletes, models, bodybuilders, you know."

Eric wasn't sure how to reply.

Maya continued, "And you... Well, I dunno. I guess you're just a nice change of pace. Anyways, be a dear and feed me!" she cheered.

Eric complied, bringing a bar up to her lips. The scene was similar to what had occurred in her car earlier with the chocolates. Though this time Eric felt that there was more purpose - that he was directly contributing to Maya's latest session of self-improvement.

Maya managed to eat the bars just as seductively as she had the chocolates; in fact, she displayed even less inhibition, liberally wrapping her lips and tongue around Eric's fingers.

It was slowly dawning on Eric that the woman beneath him was quite possibly ten times stronger than him, and her net worth was unfathomably greater as well. Despite him initiating the visit, and Maya pledging some level of servitude with her wishes, Eric couldn't help but feel that he was entirely under her control right now. Whatever Maya wanted him to do, he would simply have to go along with.

Before long, Eric had fed Maya every last bar.

"Mmm... You know, that car accident really did give a jolt to my system - even if it barely hurt me." Maya said.

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah, I feel like my body's starting to compensate for it. Even though this workout wasn't that difficult, I still feel like..." She spread her arms out, "Like all of that nutrition is going to good use..."

Eric had read enough stories involving growing girls to intuit what was coming next.

Her body trembled and shivered a bit, and Eric could have sworn that Maya's muscles grew slightly. "Maya... did..."

"I think so. What do ya think Eric? Looks like it's definitely a bit bigger to me..." Maya said, tensing her staggeringly large arm and carefully scrutinizing it. She continued to twist her wrist around, causing the muscle to shuffle and bulge

Eric gulped. "Yeah..."

"You know Eric, I've never been so motivated to grow before! Usually I just let the process happen overnight, take it as it comes, you know? But somehow... you've managed to get me to have a little spurt right on the spot!"

Maya's further growth meant that the gulf of power between her, Eric, and every other regular person had widened even further. It was just a matter of time until literally nothing could stop Maya, except for perhaps a limited range of motion due to her muscles.

"Mmmm... you know what would be really amazing?" Maya purred.

"What?"

"If one of my muscles, like a bicep, was bigger than your entire body."

Eric's heart started beating extremely quickly again.

"Aww." Maya cooed, "I think that if you just hang out with me, you'll get into the best shape of your life without lifting a weight!" she chuckled.

Eric was trying to understand how Maya had surpassed Camille - who seemed to be stronger than what should be possible, even following the logic of Live-Sim. The only theory Eric could muster was that Maya had access to heavier weights than Camille, which was possibly allowing for greater hypertrophy. But that didn't explain away why the older women were so much larger than Selina. Unless their age allowed them to grow so large? Then again, the girls were neck and neck for a while - it was only recently that Selina fell behind. This made Eric yearn to discover where Chalsey and Julia were with their progress.

Maya spoke again, breaking Eric's train of thought: "You know Eric, I usually have a servant or two give me a full body massage after my post-workout shower. But I'd rather not have them interrupt our visit. Think you can handle the honors?"

"Y-yes!" Eric cleared his throat, "I mean... Sure, alright. If you'd like."

8.)

Maya's bedroom was as extravagant as the rest of her home. Her bed in particular caught Eric's attention with its sheer size.

She noticed him staring at it, "Surprised? I've needed to upgrade the size and build a few times the past few months..." she explained, pointing to the over sized mattress.

Before Eric could reply, Maya turned away from him and slipped off her bra and thong, revealing her totally naked back side to him.

Eric couldn't help but remain entirely transfixed on Maya's bottom. It was perfectly heart-shaped, yet still had massive muscular globes jutting out of each half. A thrilling chill ran down Eric's spine as he considered the sheer amount of muscle mass packed into her glutes alone.

In a sense, Maya's bottom half was comprised of multiple heart-like shapes. There was the obvious comparison with the entirety of her ass, which when viewed as a whole, fit the moniker spot on. But Eric also noticed that each individual glute was defined and dimpled in such a way that he could make out another heart-figure in each one. On top of this, Maya's Venus dimples, combined with the outline of her muscular definition, gave another heart-like constellation to be followed.

"Shower time for me. Feel free to do whatever you'd like in here. Whatever that may be." She giggled before stepping into a bathroom the size of Eric's entire bedroom.

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Eric sat atop Maya's massive bed. She had kept the door to her bathroom open, and while he didn't have line of sight inside, he could hear almost everything going on. Maya must have had the water on an extremely hot temperature, because he could visibly see the steam slowly filling up the room.

"Mmmm, you thinking about me out there Eric?" Maya's voice bellowed, slightly echoed from the acoustics of the bathroom.

"What?" he shouted back.

She was even able to effortlessly project her voice, while he had to struggle to be heard. Perhaps thanks to lungs strengthened to properly oxygenate her tremendous body.

"I asked if you were thinking about me. This big, strong body of mine all soaped up. The way I sensually lather and rinse myself, careful to make sure that the deep ridges of muscular definition are all properly cleaned. It's no easy task you know, especially with biceps bigger than my head, and more valleys to account for than a fault line."

"Do you... Want me to be thinking about you?" Eric replied.

Maya laughed. Even her chuckles filled the air from a room away. "Of course I do big guy. Honestly, if you aren't rock hard and fighting every impulse to not stroke little-Eric, I'd be personally offended."

Eric's heart rate rose. In truth, he was rather aroused - in fact, Maya's suspicions were very real: he was fighting the urge to relieve himself since even before Maya picked him up earlier that day. Despite Maya's claim, Eric refused to give in to his urges. He took out his phone, and tried to distract himself.

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"Eric! On your phone in the presence of a lady like me!?" Maya's voice bellowed.

Eric was snapped from his digital stupor, and greeted by the sight of a freshly-showered Maya standing directly in front of him.

Maya's body possessed so much mass that she had to simply drape the towel across her front side, leaving her behind totally exposed. "Ready to give me that massage?" She asked before laying down on the bed in front of him - front laying down first.

Eric awkwardly tried to figure out how to get into position for the task at hand. The bed was too high off of the ground for him to easily stand off of it and bend down. "Oh just get up here and straddle me." Maya ordered.

Eric gathered himself and complied, sitting atop of her massive bottom, which was so thick that it made a rather nice seat.

"So Eric, which muscle of mine do you like the most? You've given my biceps plenty of attention, but what about my back? Hmmm?" Maya proceeded to move her arms down a bit, illustrating the muscles in question, "Isn't it impressive? So big, broad, and wide... All those little valleys of definition coming together. Come on over here and give it a real feel."

Eric reached down and started digging his fingers in, making circular motions as he pushed into the vast array of flesh. He desperately tried to complete the task at hand, but it was impossible for him to properly breach through the outer layer of Maya's muscles.

"Mmm... Not going to lie Eric, this isn't really how it's properly done. Still, it's kind of cute feeling you try." Maya said.

Eventually Eric worked his way down to Maya's lower half, where he hesitated.

"Proceed." Maya said, granting him permission.

He scooted down, sitting on top of Maya's hamstrings. As Eric's hands reached her glutes, Maya flexed her cheeks, causing Eric to audibly gasp at how firm they were. Unable to resist, he dug his fingers into them, similar to how he squeezed her biceps earlier that day.

"Ugh, my forearms are burning." Eric admitted.

Maya giggled. "Since you've failed so specularly to alleviate my tortured muscles, a punishment is in order." She said before getting up, knocking Eric off of the bed.

After regaining his bearings, Eric scrambled back to his feet. "Punishment!?"

"Mmmhmm. You don't get to massage my legs - the most impressive part of all!"

"Oh..."

Maya sat up and faced him, still draping the towel over her front half; the outline of her massive bosom was fully visible.

"You wanna see me without this towel?" Maya asked, licking her lips slightly.

"Y-yes." Eric sputtered out - he was completely unable to maintain his cool.

"I dunno if that would be... ethical..."

"Well, you know... Like you did mention quite a few times, I am 18..."

"Mmmm..." Maya purred, "Tell me big guy, how bad do you want it? Would you spend a wish on me dropping this towel right now"

Eric was tempted to plea yes, and to expend a wish right then and there. It would doubtlessly flatter Maya, and he'd get to see the mammaries that were taunting him so. But he felt an inner voice rise up - his inner 'game' that had been so frustratingly absent during most of the visit.

"Nah." He finally replied.

"Nah!?" Maya was so shocked by his response that she dropped the towel - fully revealing herself in the process. She quickly looked down at her exposed bosom, "Whoops." She added half-heartedly, shooting Eric an expression equal parts impressed and bemused.

As a healthy red-blooded straight male with access to the internet, Eric was no stranger to the naked female form. At 18 years of age, he had seen many a pair of mammaries comprised of all shapes and sizes. And yet, somehow, Maya's was better than all of them. No amount of plastic surgery and airbrushing could compete with what Maya 'naturally' possessed thanks to the apparent power of Live-Sim. They were perfectly spherical, without any visible sag whatsoever; with the most aesthetically pleasing areola of all time - perky and just the right size.

"Well! I guess I'll just have to change your mind about these puppies. Go ahead and give them a feel." Maya smiled seductively.

"A-are you sure?"

"Eric." Maya sighed and rubbed her forehead a bit, "Eric. If a girl, for whatever reason, ever makes you that offer in an intimate setting like this, the absolute worst thing you can is hesitantly ask for permission again."

"Oh. Alright." Eric reached up and awkwardly grabbed hold.

Maya shook her head a bit. "That won't do one bit. We'll have to do better than that." She started to tense her pecs, forcing them to bounce in Eric's hand, and brought her arms behind her head, sensually flexing various muscles.

The perfect sensation of Maya's breasts; her genuine groans of ecstasy; the display of her musculature; and even the older woman's scent were all too much for Eric to handle. He was so inexperienced and so hormonally charged that he could resist no longer: with no external stimulation, his overly-erect member discharged - hard.

"Mmmm... That's a good boy." Maya cooed. "You obviously need more endurance, but... That will come with time."

Eric looked up with a confused gaze - he felt shame, yet Maya was praising him?

She could sense his puzzlement, and offered an explanation: "There's nothing better than knowing that I can bring a healthy young man entering the prime of his life - less than half my age - to climax simply by letting him feel my bosom while I flex my muscles a bit. That my little friend, is real power." she concluded with a thrilling laugh.

Before Eric could reply, Maya faced away, grabbed a bra, and started to put it on. "Now

then, I need you to clasp this bra for me." She explained, turning her back to him.

Eric grabbed onto the clasps; his hands trembled as he tried to pull the bra strap across the vast expanse of muscular flesh. It seemed that no matter how hard he pulled, it was impossible to bring the two ends together - a solid four inches of space kept them apart.

"Maya... Come on... There's no way that you've put this bra on."

"Sure I have!" She quipped back.

Maya tightened her pecs once again and pulled forward, a moment later the garment snapped in half. Eric let out a gasp, "Oh shit! I'm sorry I don't know what happened, oh my-" he continued to stammer, apologizing profusely for what had happened.

Maya laughed ravenously at Eric's reaction. "Ah, I'm just messing with you Eric. I outgrew that bra a couple of weeks ago." Maya explained with a giggle. "I think my pecs can hold my girls up just fine, what do you think?"

Before Eric could answer, Maya asked: "Anyways you hungry yet?"

Eric was about to ask how she could be hungry after eating all of those bars not so long ago, but held his tongue. "Yeah."

"Well then, let's go get dinner. On me of course."

9.) Later That Evening

Eric immediately felt out of place in the restaurant. He was easily the worst-dressed person in the room by a considerable margin. The other patrons couldn't help but sneak glances at Maya, despite their best efforts to not being obvious about doing so. It was unsurprisingly really: Maya was the most muscular and most beautiful person there by a fairly substantial margin. Just like at the car dealership, she was larger than life, and destined to be the center of attention anywhere she went.

Maya had already ordered a bottle of wine, and was a few glasses in. She showed no visible signs of drunkenness however. A well-dressed waiter was standing over Eric, waiting for him to make his order.

Eric quickly found one of the cheapest items on the menu, "I guess the chicken Caesar salad."

The waiter scribbled in his pad.

"Oh puh-lease Eric." Maya rolled her eyes and spoke again, "What my friend here is going to really have is the absolute best cut of steak you offer. He's still a bit too young to drink, so we'll spoil him that way instead."

The waiter considered asking Eric if he was okay with the change of orders, but understood where the power dynamic lay. "Very well. And for you ma'am?"

"Little ol' me will have three of those steaks. Also another bottle of your finest. By finest I just mean most expensive."

The waiter took her order, bowed his head a little, and left.

"Eric, did you already forget about our discussion regarding my wealth?" Maya asked, raising a brow. "If anything, I find you trying to save me money to be insulting." She added a chuckle to let him know she wasn't actually angry - yet at least.

"Right... sorry." Eric apologized.

"And no apologies either, mister!"

With virtually no effort on her behalf, Maya lazily lifted her leg, and in the process picked Eric's chair off the ground - with him still seated in it.

Eric panicked slightly, grabbing onto the edge of the table as he was lifted into the air. It took him a moment, but he finally understood what was happening, and calmed down. After bouncing him in his seat this way a few times, Maya gently placed him back down.

-

For the next twenty minutes, Maya tried to initiate various avenues of small-talk, but found it fairly difficult to keep anything going.

"So..." Eric tried to think of a line of conversation. What was there to talk about? In truth, they had virtually nothing in common. Eric liked to play video games and fantasize about buff chicks. Maya traveled the world, bedded super models (in truth: of both genders), and was involved with myriad business deals - each individual one too complex for him to really understand.

"Uhhh..." Eric continued thinking out loud, "Do you... Want to have kids some day?"

Maya almost spit out her drink from surprise. She choked it down with some water and coughed a few times. "ERIC!" she shouted, glaring daggers at him.

"What?! Isn't that a common thing to ask?"

Maya calmed herself. "I guess it is. Though it's been quite a while since anyone asked."

"Well?"

Maya shrugged. "I'm not sure. For a while I figured it was pointless since I was getting up there in years. Biological clock and all that. But whatever has caused my muscles to grow is really rejuvenating my youth - in more ways than just appearance, if you know what I mean."

Eric nodded, "I can imagine."

"Still. I just don't think I'm cut out for motherhood." Maya confessed with a sigh, taking a sip from her glass. "To me, life is like a big exciting buffet that I want to constantly eat from. There's so much to do and experience and enjoy. And I'm not sure how a kid would factor into that."

"It would be a totally new experience. And you'd be able to share your life with someone else." Eric suggested.

Maya was surprised by his insight. "True..."

"And it *would* be a shame if your genes weren't passed on..." He added cheekily.

"Mmm, now *that's* the Eric I want to see more often!"

They were interrupted by the arrival of their food, and even more wine for Maya.

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Unlike the stereotypes of high-end restaurants Eric had heard of, the proportions of the meals were quite large. It was possibly the best meal he had ever had in his life, but Eric still struggled to finish it. He glanced over at Maya, with three plates nearly identical to his - she was already close to finishing her second steak as he still worked on his first.

She started up a new line of conversation, "So, I know that it's been a pretty stressful day all things considered, and I may not be in my muscle-genie outfit anymore, but you still have two more wishes." she said with a wink.

"Yeah..."

"So any ideas on your next one?"

Eric nodded. "I've been thinking about it, and I know what I want."

"Oooh, little Eric is sounding awfully confident. I like that! Well, what's your wish?"

Eric cleared his throat, "I... wish for you to take care of my family. By that I mean my dad, Camille, and Selina."

Maya gave Eric a look of disbelief. "Oh Eric. You could have almost anything you want. A plane. A boat. A job. Or maybe even something a little more... sensual." She lightly bit her lower lip after uttering the final word, "And that's what you wish for? Well, what's done is done - I wouldn't be a very good genie if I let you take it back. Alright then. Wish..." Maya put her fork down, extended her arms out, then tensed them - performing a full double-bicep shot, despite the gawking onlookers around them, "Granted!"

Eric waited a few moments, and realized how silly it was to expect that something was going to immediately happen.

"So... What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Don't worry about it." Maya replied with a wink, "Just have some faith in me!"

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"Here, have a drink." Maya offered, pushing her wine glass towards him.

"I'm only 18..."

"And? You're old enough to vote. Old enough to go to war. Plus, most European countries would let you drink at 18. And according to a lot of studies, it's arguable this single glass

would be healthy for you."

"Isn't it illegal for you to give this to me though?"

Maya chuckled, "Do you really think that's something I'm personally concerned about?"

Eric shrugged and brought the glass to his lips. It was a bit strong for his inexperienced palate, but tasted better than he expected.

"Feel free to finish it off!" Maya cheered.

Eric did exactly that.

-

The waiter returned and clearly overlooked the transgression, instead inquiring if they wanted dessert.

"What do you think study? Do I need to be watching my figure? Hmmm?" Maya teased.

The waiter stammered a bit, "Uh, n-no, I don't think that's a problem for you."

"Good! Glad to hear it. Such a good waiter. Handsome too." Maya reached over and firmly squeezed the man's bottom, causing him to turn beet-red.

He dared not protest, and Maya spoke again as if nothing had happened: "Now go get me a triple chocolate lava cake!"

"A full cake ma'am?" The waiter asked.

"Mmmhmmm."

"And for you sir?" The waiter said to Eric.

"I'm... actually really full." Eric replied.

"Eric! You gotta live a little!"

Eric sheepishly pointed to the food remaining on the plate - about 15% of the meal. "It was really good, just... too much for me."

-

Eric stared in disbelief as Maya shoveled yet another mouthful of the cake into her mouth.

She had offered some to him numerous times, but he declined. Eric was truly stuffed from eating less than one steak, yet Maya had gobbled down three, and was polishing off that cake to boot.

Eric felt a flush in his cheeks, despite the fact that he only drank a single glass of wine. Maya had reclaimed the glass, and was pouring the last remnants of her second bottle. Eric wasn't particularly experienced with alcohol, but he had never heard of someone drinking an entire bottle of wine and being as coherent as Maya was - let alone two.

"Whaddya staring at?" Maya asked in between mouthfuls of the delicious cake.

"Oh, um." Eric knew that this topic could be sensitive for most women, so he tread carefully, "I was... Well, you're able to eat so much."

"Gotta eat to grow!" She proudly declared.

Eric nodded in agreement.

Maya continued, "It's really not that bad for me. My body uses up so much fuel - all of the carbs and fats will go a long way. Sugar would be the real problem, but it frankly doesn't seem to have any real negative effect on me anymore."

She brought another forkful up, but followed a slightly different path, and the sheer girth of her bicep got in the way - stopping the utensil's path partway. Both Eric and Maya immediately burst into laughter.

"At the rate my arms are growing, I'll have to look into surgery to become taller or something." She explained after altering the direction to let food meet mouth.

"If such a surgery existed, and it worked without complications, just how tall would you want to be?" Eric asked.

"Honestly Eric? If I could scale my muscle up... Probably eight feet tall. I've thought about taller, but eight feet with muscles even bigger than these is probably about the cut-off point for functioning in society."

"E-eight feet tall!?" Eric tried to imagine what that would look like: a Maya with over two additional feet of height. Despite his fantasies, it was fairly implausible to truly envision. "How did you arrive at that number?"

"I like being bigger than life, you know? But I still want to be a part of life. So, pretty much just want to be as big as possible while still functioning. But then again... Maybe life as a legitimate giantess would be amazing. I can see it now: me - hundreds of feet tall, literally sitting on a skyscraper throne as the mere mortals beneath worship me!"

Eric felt himself growing overly excited from Maya's statement and the accompanying enthusiasm behind it. He couldn't help but wonder just how big the other Live-Sim girls wanted to become. He imagined Camille would simply want to keep growing to keep her family safe and impress Eric; and he knew that Selina wanted to be far stronger than everyone else. Chalsey was a bit harder to read - he got the impression she simply wanted to fulfill her full potential. And Julia's desires were entirely beyond his guess.

"You're spacing out again kiddo." Maya said snapping him back to reality.

"I... Maya... Was I effected more by a single glass than you were by the rest of the bottle?" Eric asked, his cheeks still fairly flushed. "And... uh, why are you so... not super drunk?"

"Well - for better for worse, this super body of mine can hold two bottles of wine no problem." Maya explained, "I say or 'for worse' because it makes actually getting drunk very difficult."

-

Eventually the bill came, which Maya paid with an extremely generous tip. Maya suggested that they go for a 'romantic after dinner stroll', which Eric wasn't about to turn down - even though he hadn't brought a coat with him.

10.)

In a display of surprising affection, Maya grabbed onto Eric's hand and held it. He knew that with a fraction of her total strength she could shatter every bone in her grasp, yet her grip was entirely pleasant. In fact, her hands were far softer than he imagined, considering the sheer amount of torturous exercise she put them through. Eric realized that the same was true of Selina and Camille: their hands were just as soft as when they started their transformation - if not even softer.

They walked along the park's path, a bright full-moon and starry sky illuminating their path. "There's a nice spot up a head on top of the hill over there. Interested?" Maya asked.

"Sure." Eric replied. There were few propositions Maya could make that he would decline.

They continued walking in silence for a few minutes, slowly moving towards their destination, before Maya spoke up again: "I'm not going to lie Eric. It's very strange that I feel this way about you."

"And how exactly do you feel?"

"Frankly?" Maya started, "Frankly... Frankly, I want to completely and totally ravage you. I want to dominate your world and your mind. I want to be your master and pamper you at the same time; forcing you to worship my growing body as I lavish expensive gifts onto you."

"Oh..."

"Guess I am feeling those two bottles of wine. A little bit." She admitted with a blush.

"It's cool Maya."

"Are you... bothered by that? By my fantasy?"

"No."

"But Eric. It doesn't make any sense. I barely know you. We've met a few times - through your step mother. I'm more than twice your age. We have nothing in common. And frankly, you're really not my type at all. You know? Like no offense, but..."

"I know." Eric replied, crestfallen.

"Hey. Chin up. Everything I just said doesn't change how I feel. It's just. Well, that's why I *haven't* done those things. Normally I just take whatever, and whoever, I want. But I can still recognize why I need to exercise... restraint, here."

"Yeah."

"Well, how do you feel about me?" Maya asked.

"I uh..." Eric hesitated, unsure of how to formulate this thoughts.

"Oh come on Eric, I just spilled out all that to you. I'm a high powered executive in her late 30's who just admitted to an 18 year old high school senior that she has very unconventional fantasies involving him."

"Alright. Alright. Yeah, I feel kind of similar. You're insanely hot Maya. Being around you is like something from a dream. Despite having lived with two women who have somehow ascended sharply in terms of musculature, you still thoroughly surprise me, and just being around you is pretty overwhelming. I can barely think straight to be honest."

They reached the top of the small hill that Maya had led them to, and approached a park bench. Nobody else was present, giving them relative privacy. Maya took a seat, but the sheer size of her thighs consumed the vast majority of the bench's surface area. She gently patted one of her legs. Eric sat atop the quadricep, which functioned as a surprisingly comfortable seat - more comfortable than the park bench even.

She gently wrapped her immense arms around him, which required some finagling at first to position her biceps in such a way that he wasn't squished. It was cold outside, but Maya's overwhelming warmth blanketed him.

She leaned in and spoke into his ear, "I know you're all about powerful women Eric. So there's no point in hiding it. What's your fantasy for me? Go on, lay it on me."

"You... already ARE my fantasy of you." Eric explained clumsily.

Maya smirked, "Go on, elaborate."

"I mean... I think that explains it all really. You've become the strongest person alive, and you're hotter than hell. That's kind of a fantasy about you that I've secretly had ever since I met you through Camille." He said.

"Mmm... I like the way you say that. But, what else? How would you take this fantasy even further if you could? Hmmm?" She purred seductively.

"Well..."

"Go on, don't be shy." Maya implored.

"Alright... I basically envision you with unlimited everything: strength, vitality, power, beauty, wealth... I can't help but think about what it would be like if you were so amazing that the world was forced to worship you." Eric admitted.

Maya shuddered tightened her grip a little bit. "You're getting me all hot and bothered with that."

Eric's growing arousal agreed.

"Eric..." Maya started with a tone crossing between mischievous and curious, "Have you... ever kissed a girl?"

"Err... No." He admitted. "Kind of embarrassing since most guys my age have."

Wordlessly, Maya turned him around, and gave him a look that undeniably signaled what she wanted. Summoning his courage, Eric leaned in, closed his eyes, and awkwardly planted a kiss near her lips.

Maya couldn't help but giggle wildly. "Eric! You silly little man!" she laughed so hard that Eric was physically shaken by the muscular body beneath him.

"Umm..."

"Ah. You really haven't kissed anyone before, huh?" She asked with a massive smirk.

"No." Eric's cheeks were flush red.

"Well, try again. Maybe keep your eyes open a bit so you can better direct it."

Eric nodded and repeated himself, this time actually landing on her lips.

"No, no, no, you silly little boy. It's more like this..." Maya leaned forward and gently pressed her lips against his, placing restraint but noticeable force. Eric felt his entire body tingle with a pleasure that was previously alien to him.

"Now try again." Maya calmly ordered.

Eric obeyed, trying his best to imitate her.

"Better." Maya said before initiating a follow up.

They continued trading pecks like this, with Eric slowly improving his form over time. Emboldened slightly, Eric eventually slipped her some tongue. Maya returned a wide smile before placing a hand behind Eric's head and initiating a long and passionate make out session.

Maya's tongue and taste were beyond his dreams. Contrasting her body's overwhelming power, her mouth was soft; and despite her having just consumed a rather large meal, she was distinctly sweet. Unable to help himself, and without any prompting from Maya, Eric placed his free hands on Maya's immense muscles, adding another sensation to the concoction of pleasure.

"I recommend keeping your tongue to yourself at first. Make her work for it." Maya explained.

The unconventional couple continued Eric's hands-on education for the next hour.

11.)

Eventually the blaze of novelty came to a simmer. Maya and Eric sat back and stared up at the sky, which presented an unusually clear picture of the stars. They pointed out constellations to each other, and discussed what images they saw in the night sky.

After a short while, Eric became quiet. Even quieter than usual.

"What's wrong?" Maya asked.

"Eh... Nothing." Eric lied.

"Oh Eric, when will you learn that you can't lie to me. Maybe you can get away with fibbing to your sister or even Camille, but I can see right through it."

He let out a sigh. "It's... It's not really related to you. It would just be a burden."

Now Maya was the one to sigh, "Eric. Don't you know anything about us women? We always want to know. Now my interest is piqued, come on - I'm all ears."

Eric collected himself for a moment before replying, "Alright. It's just that the stars are quite bright, and... Well, apparently this was what my mother liked to do. Look at the stars."

"Camille?"

"No. My... you know."

"Oh. Shi-. Sorry Eric." Maya replied sincerely.

"It's alright."

"I must admit that I don't really know much about your past." Maya explained, "It's something that Camille and I never really talked about."

"I... I don't really remember her much anymore." Eric confided. "I was pretty young when she died, you know?"

"Sorry to make you-"

"No, really." Eric interjected for once. "It's alright. I loved her for the brief time that I knew her. She seemed nice. But like I said it's hard to remember, and I don't think she'd want me to dwell on it too much."

Maya merely smiled and nodded emphatically.

Eric continued, "If anything, I'd hope that she'd be happy that my father eventually met Camille. It was a little strange at first, but I think that she's really grown into the mother role."

Maya resisted the urge to make a quip related to Camille's 'growth'.

"But anyways." Eric started again, "I guess I'm just lucky to have people like you in my life now."

Maya was unsure how to respond. She truly cared for Eric, but she still didn't understand why. At any rate, she would have to go along with things - and she did genuinely enjoy herself in the process anyways.

-

"You're shivering." Maya noted.

"Yeah, j-just kind of chilly is all. N-no biggie." Eric's teeth chattered.

"Here, let me help." With a swift motion and a firm tug, Maya pulled Eric directly into her fold, and wrapped her arms around him - as best as she could with such massive muscles. Despite only standing a few inches taller than him, Maya utterly eclipsed Eric thanks to her width, and she was able to fully encompass him with a blanket of feminine power.

In a matter of moments, Eric felt his entire body heating up. "Maya... you're wearing even less than me."

"Can't say I really get cold anymore." Maya explained. "In fact, I don't even really get hot. Not from the temperature outside at least."

"Huh. Must be nice." Eric said sleepily, nestling his head in a pocket of power.

-

Eric awoke, unsure of how much time had passed.

"Wuh-what's goin' on?" he asked, trying to get his bearings.

"You uh, fell asleep." Maya explained with a warm smile.

"H-how long have we been out here?" Eric asked, rubbing his eyes.

Maya shrugged a bit, Eric's entire body moving in the process, "Not sure. Haven't looked at my phone or anything. Probably a couple of hours though."

"Wh-what have you been doing?" Eric was still groggy.

"Just staring at the stars, and watching over you I guess."

-

"Maya..." Eric said, still fighting tiredness.

"Yes Eric?"

"I'm ready to cast my final wish."

"Good, because I was considering whether I would tease you that it had expired by now. But anyways, what is it?"

"I wish for you to be happy." Eric stated confidently, completely positive that Maya would respect, cherish, and admire him for his selfless wish.

Instead, Maya rolled her eyes. "Reeeeeally Eric? Could you *be* anymore cliché?" she groaned with a sigh. "Oh well. Your wish is my command!" She extended her arms outward, then slowly tensed them, summoning the massive muscle to life once more.

Just like in the restaurant when he made his second wish, Eric expected something to

immediately happen in response, and once again realized how silly that was.

After a few awkward moments of silence, Maya finally spoke up: "Well. I'll tell you what would make me happy: To have another visit like this. So in a week or so, I'll send you another coupon, and whenever you're ready, you can cash it in."

Eric smiled. "That sounds good."

"Anyways, it's late. Real late. Want to spend the night at my place? You can give Camille a call and say you're at a friend's or something. I guess I could bring you home, but it would seem pretty suspicious for my car to drop you off."

Eric's eyes lit up. "Yes!"

"Don't get any big ideas though - I think that taking your, er, kissing virginity? Is enough for tonight. In truth dear, I have a lot of thinking to do about why I feel the way that I do. The power balance between us is so extreme that even though you're 18 I'm not comfortable with going that far. Yet."

"Yet?"

"Yet." Maya confirmed with a wink.

-

Eric could have walked if he really wanted to, but Maya insisted on carrying him. Despite only standing a few inches taller, her mammoth arms effortlessly cradled his comparatively tiny body.

"You know..." Eric murmured, looking into her beautiful face - made even more ethereal from the starlight, "I think if you wanted to, you'd be a great mother." he said somewhat deliriously.

Maya blushed slightly.

Eric nodded off again, content that while cradled by Maya's arms he was in absolute safety.

- To be continued!