The Proteus Effect Chapter 4
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Original plot by and special thanks to Corssan1
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The Story So Far:

Eric, an 18 year old high-school senior with a secret penchant for muscular women, was invited to the closed alpha of his favorite life-simulation video game: Live-Sim. During its one day testing period, he recreated all of the pertinent women of his life: his 18 year step-sister, Selina; his step-mother and Selina's biological mother, Camille; his teacher, Julia; his 20 year old cheer-leading classmate he had a crush on, Chalsey; and his step-mother's very attractive older friend, Maya.

Inside the virtual world, Eric endowed each of the girls' avatars with a 'body builder' perk that gave the characters greater muscle-building potential, and a faster rate of improvement. Additionally, Eric gave each of the women another powerful perk related to their personalities, along with a life-goal to further shape their personalities. Once the game started up, Eric forced the female characters to become supremely muscular, and to all romance Eric's virtual self. He assured himself that this was harmless fun, and none of the women were related to him by blood.

Over the next few weeks, changes started to occur in the women around him. Eric couldn't help but notice that they were growing stronger, and much more muscular. They were also, mostly, becoming far nicer to him. Chalsey in particular found herself growing supremely strong and even intelligent, eventually causing her to break up with her boyfriend. Julia became more and more dominant in the classroom, instilling a aura of benevolent superiority as her body continued to grow larger with each passing day.

By the end of Chapter 2, all five of the girls had developed extremely impressive muscular bodies. Camille, with bulging 17 inch biceps, announced that she was going to enter a bodybuilding competition at the end of January; it was also revealed that Selina had been training her own body, with stupendous results to show for it, and would be similarly joining the same bodybuilding competition. Chapter 3 covered this bodybuilding show, which resulted in Camille, her arms now close to 20 inches in circumference, winning the competition. Selina put up impressive results, as did an entrant nobody expected: Julia. The chapter ended with Selina even more determined to make herself as powerful as she possibly could.

1.) One week after the end of Chapter 3.

As Eric came home from class, he noticed that parked outside his house was a brand new Ferrari, which looked quite out of place in the relatively modest suburban neighborhood. It was a vehicle he had never seen before, and he wondered who it belonged to. It was true that he had inadvertently turned both his step-mother and step-sister into ultra strong borderline superhuman specimens of unbridled vitality and femininity, but he didn't recall making either of them rich.

As Eric opened the door, he heard a familiar voice coming from the living room. His stomach churned, and he felt a little queasy as he made his way inside. Maybe he could bolt upstairs and hide away? He could just play video games all day and hope that the guest would leave without caring to check in on him.

Eric placed his foot onto the bottom step of the stairs, when he was suddenly overcome by a familiar sensation. He abruptly felt emboldened, and an inner voice screamed at him that if there was attractive female muscle to ogle, then it was his duty to go and gawk at it.

Swallowing hard, he turned again and made his way into the living room. He would finally have to come face to face with: Maya!

He heard her voice more clearly, "Oh come on Camille, just let me help out a bit. You don't want to be paying off your mortgage forever, do you? Let me throw you a bone so you can maybe retire someday, wouldn't that be nice? Say, how much IS your mortgage now anyways?"

Camille replied in a voice that was too low for Eric to hear. He stopped right before the entryway, looming so he could eavesdrop on the conversation.

"Oh really? That's it?" Maya let out a chuckle, "I made that much over the three! It was a verrrry good three weeks, though, between you and me, I think I'm going to start making way more. Waaaay more. Mmmmph, I get kind of excited just thinking about all that sweet cash rolling in!" she laughed again. "Seriously though Camille. I don't want to be a bitch or anything. Just let me pay off your mortgage. No strings attached. It'll be my way of thanking you for putting up with me all of these years."

"Maya…" Camille finally responded. "You know I can't."

"Come onnnn, just roll with it babe!"

"Maya. No."

"Really?" Maya sounded genuinely surprised.

"I have dignity Maya. I'm frankly kind of offended that you even offered in the first place."

Eric was worried that this would heat up. He recalled the social media picture of Maya he saw, which indicated she packed on a ton of muscle, but there was no way she was a match for Camille. Eric needed to diffuse the situation before… As he entered the room, he let out a gasp.

Maya was huge! She was sitting nearby Camille, and appeared to be just as muscular as his step-mother, if not even more so! She was wearing a dress unlike anything Eric had ever seen before; he figured that it must have been custom-made. It was cut extremely

short, revealing her long, stupendously thick legs, which were completely brimming with rippling muscle. The garment also had windows cut out to showcase her rigid, washboard abdomen and huge cleavage; it was abundantly clear that Maya's ample bosom had not diminished in size whatsoever.

"Awww, hey there! If it isn't my favorite best friend's step-son!" Maya called out.

The voice inside Eric that urged him to encounter Maya in the first place led him to offer a snappy retort, "What? You have other best friends with step-sons? Give me a list so I can make sure I remain the favorite!" He grinned.

"My, my! You've grown a bit since I last saw you." Maya said, "Come on over here!"

Eric drew closer, and he was forced to drink in the splendor of the woman in front of him. Maya was beautiful beyond compare. She was entirely flawless from head to toe. Well, Camille also was virtually flawless, but Maya had something else going for her; a kind of radiance that managed to eclipse even Camille, and even Chalsey for that matter. Her brilliant blonde hair shined brighter than Chalsey's, and was styled much more elaborately. Upon further examination, it became clear that Maya's muscles were actually larger than Camille's, though she had a thin veneer of feminine fluff around her form, as opposed to Camille's hyper-ripped look.

"Well, I supposed I should say that you grew in personality." Maya added with a wink.

Not so long ago Eric's knees would have buckled and he would have been rendered unable to respond to Maya. Today however, the fire inside him was able to at least mount a response, "It looks like you did all the growing for me." A bit cheesy, but self-aware, and perhaps even a bit… flirtatious.

Maya let out a wild giggle. "For better or for worse, it looks like Camille here also stole some of your growth. I hope you aren't too upset that instead of you having your last growth spurt, we packed on all of this MUSCLE!"

Eric remained in the zone and he escalated Camille's strange little game, "Well, I would be miffed, but let's be honest, those muscles look way better on you ladies than they ever would on me. I think it was a worthy sacrifice."

Maya's wild giggling continued, and Camille found herself blushing a bit at Eric's straight-forwardness.

"Since when is Eric so much fun! Love it! So Eric, if you put it that way, I guess I'll have to keep hoarding all your growth so I can get even bigger and stronger!" Maya winked before flexing her mammoth right bicep. "I guess that Camille can still have a little bit too."

"I look forward to seeing your progress." Eric replied.

"Mmm, that's right little Eric, drink in the splendor of Mega Maya!" the older woman cheesily declared before flexing both of her arms right in front of his face. "I can tell from the expression on your face that you just LOVE my huge, powerful arms!" She continued, "Don't be shy little guy. ALL of the boys love them. Everywhere I go, droves of men follow, practically worshipping me - though I can hardly blame them. Poor guys shower me with gifts, presents, and favors - it's often pretty expensive stuff too. I've received jewelry that probably cost the suitor an entire month's wages! Well, for me it's chump change, but I

take the gifts anyways. Money is power, and if guys are going to surrender more to me, then count me in!"

"Hey now, you're not the only super muscled lady around here!" Camille cut in, flexing her own arms. She seemed fairly miffed, perhaps a bit tired of Maya showing off and gloating so much.

"What'dya say Eric? Who's more impressive? Me or your step-mom?" Maya asked before pumping up her arms a few times. They were so tremendously large that Eric wagered they were similar in size to a football, yet they radiated so much energy and heat that he could feel it brushing against his face from over a foot away.

<i>What is it with these women and constantly asking me to compare them!? </i> Eric thought to himself. "Well, I will have to admit that Maya's arms are bigger. If I were to guess, they're probably one to two inches larger in fact." He explained.

"Sure, but why don't you go ahead and give each of our arms a feel?" Camille insisted.

Eric gulped. He was no longer 'in the zone', instead he was back to being his regular nerdy self, and that side of Eric could barely withstand the presence of one muscle goddess, let alone two. With wavering hands, he reached up and grabbed onto both Camille and Maya's biceps.

"Feels like I'm having deja vu here, but… Maya's is bigger, and Camille's is harder." Eric explained.

"I'm not sure what you're talking about with the deja vu thing, but, I guarantee that last time THIS didn't happen!" Maya yelled before deftly sliding her upper body out of her dress.

Eric's jaw literally dropped at the sight in front of him. Maya's perfect breasts defied gravity moreso than a fake pair, yet had an undeniably natural appearance. Beneath were a thick pair of pecs that demanded respect from anyone who lay eyes upon them. Maya metaphysically feasted on Eric's reaction; she lived to drink in the awed expressions of those who gazed upon her. Her sky-high confidence increased even higher, and consequently, her aura of undecidability strengthened as well.

"So, who has the more impressive body now, huh?" Maya asked with a grin.

"Maya, I don't think that is appropriate." Camille cut in.

"What's wrong Camilley? Eric's a grown man now! An adult in the eyes of the law. Besides, what's wrong with some tits? We're not born with clothes on. Why is it somehow immoral to be in our natural state?"

Camille let out a sigh. "Maya, I don't want to argue that sort of thing with you right now. Just put your top back on please."

Maya shrugged. "Sorry Eric, looks like mommy's being a bit of a prude." She winked before doing as Camille asked.

Eric cleared his throat - a tiny bit of 'game' kicked in to save the moment, "Ladies, let's be real. Muscles are nice and all, but what a boy like me wants is strength. I think this little

contest would be better solved that way."

Camille and Maya met gazes, and the challenge was on.

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With their hands locked at the kitchen table, both Maya and Camille's biceps ballooned up to ridiculous proportions. Face to face, Maya looked even more intimidating, as her 5'8" stature compared to Camille's 5'5" was more readily apparent. Despite this, thick veins erupted from Camille's supremely straited arm, which gave her a more serious look overall.

Part of being the best step-mother I can be is to protect Eric and play as great of a role-model as possible. I have to win this match in order to assert my dominance here, and show Eric that a humble, healthy lifestyle is the best way to live! Camille thought to herself as her face turned a shade brighter red from exertion.

I want to seduce everything and everyone! The world belongs to me; it's within my right to win over little Eric's heart and add it to my ever growing collection of metaphorical trophies! There's nothing wrong with that, he's 18, and it's not like I'm going to do anything physical with him. Plus, every young man should have a healthy crush. I need to make sure that crush is on me, and not his step-mother, that would just be weird! Maya reasoned to herself as her face also turned even more red.

Both women simultaneously grabbed onto the the edge of the table to gain leverage, when suddenly CRACK - the wooden furniture shattered into myriad pieces! The combatants both let out a cry and released their grip, trying to understand what had just happened.

"Alright, alright. Let's call this a tie before anything, or anyone, else breaks." Eric said in a raised voice.

"I'll pay for it." Maya offered.

"No you won't!" Camille shouted.

"OK. Ladies!" Eric shouted. "Let's relax!"

The two women looked over at him; each of them easily possessed more than double, perhaps even triple his strength; yet for that moment they still listened.

Maya collected herself, "Alright, well, I suppose we'll have to have a rematch sometime Camille."

Camille nodded, "I'll look forward to it."

Maya turned her attention to Eric. "I guess that means I'll be continuing to borrow your growth so I can get really huge and show your step-mom who's the boss babe!" she declared with a grin.

Before Eric could respond, she reached over to him, grabbed him by the collar, and brought his face up to hers before planting a quick kiss on his lips and letting him go. Eric nearly passed out from excitement. "That's my parting gift. There'll be more if I can beat your old lady!" she winked.

Camille sighed and shook her head. Eric excused himself, letting the friends say their goodbyes in peace before Maya bid farewell.

2.)

All of the girls recreated in LiveSim were becoming more open and even audacious with displays of their growing abilities.

Camille had come to all but forsake modesty, opting to wear relatively skimpy workout clothing that constantly showcased her bulging muscles, and granted ease of movement. The meeting with Maya triggered something within her, unleashing a superhuman level of drive to push and improve herself as much as possible each day. No longer shy of her own strength, Eric often found Camille casually performing bodyweight exercises in the living room, intentionally carrying huge objects around the house, and even frequently bringing gym equipment upstairs so she could train at her convenience. Camille became more open with her progress, often declaring what new developments whenever the family was together.

Another intriguing change Eric noticed was that Camille seemed far more attentive to him than usual. She started going out of her way to spend time with him, asking about his day, and paying keen attention to everything he said.

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Roughly one week after Maya's visit - afternoon.

Eric heard a knock at his door. He was busy playing a video game - he was doing extremely well. So well in fact that it was almost boring for him, yet he felt compelled to continue playing. Still, it was rare for someone to knock; he was pretty sure it was Camille, and he wasn't interesting in getting on her bad side.

"Come in." Eric answered, closing out the program.

The door opened, and Camille loomed in the entryway. She was wearing a tight tank-top that barely covered the top row of her thick eight-pack, and a pair of gym-shorts that left almost nothing to the imagination.

"Have you finished all of your homework?" Camille asked, "It's important that you close out this last semester of high school with top marks."

"Uhh, yeah." Eric lied.

Camille narrowed her gaze, "Now, now young man, don't think you can fool me." She said in a no-nonsense tone as she placed her hands on her hips, passively causing her tremendous lats to flare out.

Eric gulped. Despite having lived with two super-muscle women, and having had contact with three others, Eric still had difficulty truly facing any of them one on one. It was one

thing to think about and fantasize about a woman as powerful as Camille, but to be in her presence, especially when she wanted to exert her will, was difficult to stand up to.

The young man let out a sigh. "Look, I'll get it done. What's this all about anyways? I'm 18 years old!"

"You might be an adult in the eyes of the law, but it's still my responsibility to make sure that you develop into the best person you can, and making sure you get good grades is part of that." She explained warmly.

"Right…" Eric replied.

"Alright mister, I'll tell you what: I'm going to go lift weights and get my muscles all nice and pumped up. If you finish your homework before then, and prove it to me, then I'll let you feel my biceps."

"Wh-what!?"

Camille giggled, "I thought you like that stuff? Feeling girls' muscles? It's not a bad thing, it's just a bodypart, an arm at that. I actually think it's pretty cute that you'd be just as excited to squeeze a well-developed arm as you would be a breast." She giggled again, "Well, now I'm making this whole deal sound dirty. Still, an arm is just an arm, so no harm done."

"I…"

"Okay buster, remember the deal. Hope you're ready when I'm done!" Camille said before taking off to lift weights yet again.

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Eric had considered blowing the homework off to make a statement, but ultimately, he was too overcome by a desire to feel Camille's freshly pumped biceps. It had been a full week since he last felt them - well, felt any female muscles for that matter. Plus, Camille wasn't even pumped up last time, so he had to take advantage of this! Eric poured all of his concentration into cranking out the assignment, and managed to finish with record speed. This was fortunate, because moments after completion, Camille had returned. Her staggering physique was pumped up and pink in appearance, Eric could tell that she had truly pushed herself as far as possible.

"I hit new personal bests on virtually everything. I think it's safe to say I'm PUMPED!" Camille exclaimed.

She strolled over and loomed over the seated Eric, her body radiating heat and energy. "So, did you do the homework?" she asked.

Eric nodded before bringing up the work he had just completed and presenting it to her. Camille looked it over, "Very good! I'm so glad that you accepted the deal!" she exclaimed.

"Ah, yes. The deal. I had forgotten about that." Eric lied, afraid of being too forthcoming about his desire to feel Camille's muscles.

"Eric! What did I tell you about lying?" Camille scolded.

Eric let out a sigh. "Oh, alright. Yeah, I remember the deal."

"Good boy. Well, come on now, stand up."

Eric did as she said. Despite standing an inch taller than his step mother, he felt far smaller than her. Camille's upper half was easily twice as wide as his, and she exuded power with no effort at all.

"Okay," Camille started, "Here we go!" she slowly flexed her right arm, causing the muscle to rise to its peak at a deliberate pace. The ball of power was so large that it almost looked like a second head. "Well, don't just gawk at it!"

Eric blinked a couple of times before bringing a hand up and grabbing onto it. He had felt it a week ago, yet now it was even more impressive. Eric estimated that she had gained roughly half an inch of circumference of raw size, and had another half-inch compared to last week due to the impressive pump. He brought his other hand up and found that even with both of his handspans, he could not encompass the entirety of the muscle. Eric began squeezing the bicep, finding that it was entirely unyielding to his grip - in fact, the harder he clasped, the more his own hands started to cramp.

"You want some tricep action?" Camille offered.

Wordlessly, Eric indicated that he was interested.

"Only because you've been such a good boy." Camille teased before bringing her arm down and extending it, intentionally tensing her tricep. An enormous knot of muscle in the rough shape of a horseshoe erupted as a result. Without provocation, Eric began exploring the individual nooks and crannies with his fingers, intentionally placing them inside the valleys and ridges to see just how deep they went.

"Sooooo, what's your analysis?" Camille asked.

"Analysis?" Eric echoed.

"Yeah. On the bicep. How's it doing compared to the last time you've felt it?" She asked with a soft giggle.

Eric blushed a bit. "Well, it's hard to be really sure, but I think it's harder… a bit bigger too. And… warmer."

"Warmer?" Camille asked, raising a brow, "Now that's an interesting one! Cool!" She grinned.

Eric remained silent.

Camille spoke again, "So, whady'a think? Am I still making good progress? Should I keep going? Isn't it cool to have a step-mom who keeps getting stronger and stronger?"

Eric was enthralled to find that Camille seemed genuinely… happy. Extremely happy. He could tell that showing off to him made Camille's day. He realized that he was one of the big motivating forces for her to keep pushing herself to the next level. It was tempting to tell Camille that she should slow things down; not because he truly wanted her to, but

rather because Eric was growing afraid of just how strong she was. Still, deep down he did find Camille's growth thrilling, and he was genuinely touched by how delighted she was. He couldn't take that away from her.

"Yeah, it's pretty awesome and inspiring." He replied with a smile. "You are definitely making great progress, and I hope you develop to your full potential."

Camille's face lit up, and Eric could have sworn that he saw small tears forming in the corners of her eyes. "I'm SO happy to hear that!" she exclaimed. "You're the best son I ever could have asked for Eric! I'm truly blessed that you came into my life." She got up on her tip toes, kissed Eric on the forehead, and ruffled his hair. "Oh look at me, I'm a bubbling mess now. I'll get out of your space. Thanks for humoring me." And with that Camille left.

Eric sat in his chair and reflected on what had just happened. It was true that whatever he did with LiveSim seemed to truly help Camille in a big way… but he just wasn't sure about the others. Sure, they were undeniably happy to be building such ridiculously powerful bodies, but was it really a good thing? Was someone with Maya's carefree attitude or Selina's competitive edge coupled with boundless—and growing—strength a something the world needed?

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Camille and Maya weren't the only girl who continued to exhibit changes in both appearance and personality. Selina still opted to wear baggy clothing whenever possible, for what purpose entirely Eric wasn't positive, but she was less hesitant about displaying her incredible abilities. For instance, she stopped taking the bus to and from school, instead using it as an opportunity to get in some morning cardio; 10 miles each way. Camille's openness about her training seemed to push Selina even further, if such a thing were even possible. As a result, Eric found himself barely interacting with his step-sister at all, as she was too focused on pushing her body to its absolute limits every moment that she could. Eric hypothesized that part of what prevented Selina from totally eclipsing her mother was school. Since Selina had to stay in a seat for roughly seven hours a day, Camille had that much more of an advantage. Despite this, Selina tortured her body so much during the time that she could train that neither girl seemed to ever truly get the upper hand on the other.

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Eric didn't see Chalsey much in the coming days. Their study group kept getting pushed back due to various circumstances. Despite this, Eric heard through the grapevine that Chalsey was now consistently scoring the highest in her class on every assignment. Like Selina, Chalsey also constantly wore baggy clothing, likely to hide her growing physique.

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The final growing girl was Julia, who Eric saw on a near daily basis. After running into her at the bodybuilding competition, there was a sudden shift in his teacher's dress and behavior. Julia now wore full suits, often colored black. They were tailored to appear even larger and more intimidating than the usual cut for a woman; coupled with her already broad physique, the schoolteacher looked like a brick house. It was impossible for Eric to discern just how muscular she was, but he had a feeling that like all of the other girls, she was still developing nicely.

Strangely enough, Julia's transformation had an extremely positive impact on her teaching. She was always a competent instructor, but now she held such utter control over the classroom, and wielded a presence that could be not be ignored, which made her lessons even more effective. Julia had such a combination of warmth and intensity that nobody dared talk, play on their phones, or cause disruptions. In fact, few students even spaced out, as Julia was too overwhelming. Slowly, the entire classroom's grade point average was increasing. There were rumors that Julia aspired for more, and might become the principal after this semester.

3.) Four days after Camille's visit

Eric couldn't believe the timing. Just as he was starting to grow extremely worried that the women he had accidentally enhanced were becoming far too strong for their own, and society's good, a possibility to reverse things presented itself to him: the full version of LiveSim had finally launched!

As soon as school got out, Eric rushed home, ran up to this room—tripping over himself in the process—and booted up his computer. He immediately dipped into his meager savings to digitally purchase Live-Sim and started downloading it. While he waited, Eric eagerly paced back and forth, contemplating precisely what he would do once he got back into his save file. Eric was now extremely glad that he hadn't uninstalled the alpha-test and had maintained his old files. He had no idea how or why the game had effected the girls, but he presumed that he needed to get back into that precise save file to make any changes.

After what felt like an eternity of waiting, Live-Sim was finally downloaded and ready to play. Eric immediately booted the game up, his stomach churning as it loaded. Finally, the menu prompted him to load a save file or start a new one. He clicked on load, and noticed that the game had no files to choose from. "Must be in the old directory", he muttered to himself before exiting the program and manually relocating the old save file into the full version's directory. Eric restarted the game, and to his delight found that the old save file was available to select in the load menu. After double clicking, he was met with a message that nearly induced vertigo:

"Error - Cannot load save file: incompatible version of Live Sim."

Eric stubbornly clicked a few more times, hoping, wishing, praying that the game would load his old file. No dice.

Unwilling to give up, Eric turned to the internet for advice. He accessed the Live-Sim development page and searched in their FAQ for any way to make his save file compatible. He discovered that there were too many changes made between the alpha-test and finished version for there to be compatibility between saves. Finally, Eric admitted defeat. Unsure of what else to do, he rebooted the game and made a new save file.

One by one, Eric started to recreate the girls. He was careful to try and use the exact same features he did last time, which proved difficult due to all of the added options in the final release, and the fact that Eric couldn't reference his old file. At the end of each character creation, he was careful to NOT select the bodybuilder trait. In fact, just to cover his bases, he gave each of the girls the most mundane traits possible. This meant, for example,

instead of giving Chalsey the 'scholar' ability that presumably was turning her into a genius, he gave her the 'ditzy' trait which better aligned with how she originally was.

Finally, Eric reached the final girl: Camille. Could he really do this to Camille? He loved her growing muscles, as did she, and unlike the others, she seemed responsible enough to actually use them properly. Still, he recalled the arm wrestling match with Maya, in which the kitchen table was immediately shattered; and Camille wasn't even trying to destroy anything - that was entirely an accident. What if she kept getting stronger? Not if; when. Eric knew that Camille would keep getting stronger. There was no doubt in his mind that his step-mother was going to keep gaining strength. There was the question of what her limit was, but considering her rate of improvement seemed to remain consistent—if it wasn't increasing in speed—he was positive that she wasn't quite close to reaching it yet.

After creating the characters, Eric set them all loose in the newly minted virtual town. He was extra careful to keep them away from his own character and each other, as to not add any extra influence.

Suddenly, a loud knocking came at Eric's door. "Eric? Sweety? I'm going to come in ok?" It was Camille.

"Uhhh, just… uhhhh…" Eric sputtered.

The door opened and Camille entered. Eric scrambled and turned off his computer's monitor, an act that accomplished little other than to raise Camille's suspicion.

"What's going on in here Eric? You darted into you room as soon as you got home, and I heard you pacing. Is everything okay honey?"

"Y-y-yeah!! Everything is great Camille!"

Camille narrowed her gaze, "Eric… come on, you can't fool me that easily." She placed her hands on her hips akimbo. Eric could tell that she was freshly pumped, her huge muscles effortlessly jutting out prominently in her skimpy workout attire. Though, these days, it seemed that Camille's body was always at its peak from a recent workout.

"Ummm…"

Camille took a few steps towards him. "Honey, why did you turn off your computer monitor? Are you hiding something?"

"N-no!" Eric lied.

Camille wasn't convinced. "Young man, let me see what you're doing on the computer." She ordered, raising her voice slightly as she closed the distance between them.

"It's my computer! I can do what I want with it." Eric defied.

"Eric." Camille's tone grew more serious, "You're 18. Not some whiny 14 year old. I know I'm not your biological mother, but you still need to respect me. I have the right to know what you're doing in my house. I respect your boundaries, but you also need to respect my right to know what kind of activities you're taking part in while you live here."

"Camille!" Eric groaned.

"Honestly Eric, I'm very disappointed in how you're handling this!" With a huff of disapproval, Camille grabbed onto the office-chair Eric was sitting in and lifted it straight off the ground, with him still in it. She performed the action with little effort, and after pivoting behind herself, gently placed the still-seated Eric back onto the ground. With Eric out of the way, Camille leaned over and turned on the computer monitor, which took a few moments to 'wake up'.

Eric leaped out of his seat and darted toward the computer, desperate to try and intercept his step-mother. Camille simply extended a single arm and grabbed Eric by the shoulder, applying just enough force to keep him in place, taking extra care to ensure she didn't hurt him at all.

Still desperate to prevent Camille from seeing Live-Sim, Eric continued to push. Despite his best efforts, he couldn't budge Camille whatsoever. Her thick arm merely increased in visible size from the small amount of exertion required to keep Eric in place. He felt entirely helpless; while Camille would surely never harm him, there was no way to physically stop her from doing anything she wanted.

Finally, the computer monitor returned to life. Camille leaned down to better inspect it. "This is what you were hiding?" she asked with a fairly confused voice. "Just looks like a game to me." She grabbed the mouse, which Eric wanted to object to, but he decided that for the time being following the path of least resistance would likely yield the best results.

"Yeah, well… I know how you don't approve of me playing too many video games." Eric explained. A half truth.

"I don't have a problem with video games themselves, just not when they're taken to excess." Camille explained, continuing to poke around. Despite being relatively young, Camille only had a limited amount of experience with computers, and had played very few games in her life. As a result, her bumbling around in LiveSim accomplished little. Eventually, she managed to click on one of the virtual girls, and the character's name appeared on the screen: 'Camille'.

The muscular beauty narrowed her eyes, scrutinizing the portrait. "Huh, same eye and hair color as me. I guess that's me! Did you make this Eric?"

Eric could have attempted deceit, but decided he may as well come partially clean. "Yeah, kind of." He explained.

"So… what kind of game is this? This isn't like… one of those weird Japanese sex things is it?"

"Oh God no!" Eric blurted out.

Camille giggled. "Calm down." She continued clicking around, trying to find more virtual characters to inspect. "I see, there's virtual versions of Selina and Maya too. Soooo… what IS this game?"

"It's called Live-Sim." Eric started, "It's really popular. You make a town, make people, and well, the characters do stuff. You can give them orders, but they'll also act on their own."

"Hmm. Is there any inappropriate content?" Camille inquired.

"Not really. I mean, the characters can theoretically get into trouble or have children, but that's about it."

"Have children?" Camille asked with a smirk, raising a brow.

"Sure, yeah. I mean, you don't have to do that, and it doesn't show anything naughty. It's just kind of a life simulation where you can do all kinds of things."

"I see." Camille continued clicking around a bit, ordering the Live-Sim representing her to make breakfast. "Well, I think it would make more sense to just live real life, but then again, I did play with dolls when I was a kid. I guess I can see the appeal in this."

"Yeah…" What Eric really didn't want to admit was how he had used the game in the past to recreate some fairly inappropriate fantasies of his own, even if it wasn't explicitly pornographic.

"Oh look! It's virtual Eric!" Camille giggled as she clicked on Eric's player character a few times.

"Yeah…"

"Huh. Funny how the girls are all skinny." Camille giggled, "Can't you make the virtual 'us' buff up bit? You know, add in some realism?"

"Oh, yeah, I guess I could." Eric replied, not wanting to let on all that he knew. "I just started, so the characters are all at their starting stats."

"I see. So characters start off thin and can change their bodies in this?" Camille inquired.

Eric nodded, "Kind of. The characters in these games can do all sorts of things, and they develop skill points as a result. Fitness is a skill, which also ties into how big and strong a character looks." He explained. "Since I just started playing not too long ago, none of you have really developed any abilities."

"Ooooh, so you don't start off as strong, rich, and smart as you want - you have to earn it in the game?"

"The characters do, yeah."

"I see…" Camille stroked her chin once, "Well that's wonderful! You can make all of the girls become just as strong as they are in real life, or maybe even more so!?" She half-asked, half-exclaimed.

Eric cleared his throat. It was becoming increasingly difficult to maintain a straight face in light of everything. "Yeah, I suppose that's possible." He said.

"Great! Well, sorry for doubting you Eric. Glad to see you playing this instead of some game full of violence and gore! Guess I overreacted a little." She proceeded to gently lift up Eric with his chair and placed him back in front of the computer where he was.

"No problem." Eric was still a little upset that Camille had, in his opinion, intruded on his privacy, but he knew she had the best of intentions.

A few more moments of silence passed and Eric spoke up again, "Say… what did you come in here for originally anyways?"

"Oh, right!" Camille perked up. "I almost forgot! Silly me. Well, I WAS actually concerned about your behavior, but there was another reason as well: remember that bodybuilding competition I was in not so long ago?"

"Of course."

"Well, turns out that I made a bigger splash than I thought! A fitness modeling website, DatBiceps, I think it was called, has invited me to do a photo shoot with them to make videos and picture galleries on their website! They're actually going to slip some money my way since apparently their website requires a subscription. Can you even imagine that Eric? People paying money just to look at biceps? No nudity, just muscles!" Camille giggled. She placed her hands on Eric's shoulders, very gently massaging him. She leaned in close and lowered her voice, inadvertently making it incredibly seductive, "Isn't that just soooo silly Eric? Paying good, hard cash just to look at buff babes?"

Eric's 'game' finally kicked in, "I guess I've got it pretty good since I have two of those living with me, and they aren't even related by blood." He coolly responded.

Camille giggled. "You sure are lucky, buster! Well, I guess as an apology for taking my mothering a bit too far, I'll give you a little treat." She held her arm out in front of him and clenched a fist, putting her bulging, rippling forearm directly into his line of sight. "Go on, give it a squeeze."

Eric brought his hands onto his step-mother's forearm and squeezed it; to nobody's surprise, he was unable to dent it at all.

Camille let out another giggle, "Don't take this the wrong way dear, but your fingers are so small compared to thick, powerful muscles in my forearms." She proceeded to reach over with her free hand, "Then again, mine are even smaller!" she placed her hand on top of Eric's for comparison. Given that Camille was a bit shorter than him, and was female, her digits were proportionately sized; both sets of hands paling in comparison to the muscles beneath them. The moment of tenderness was genuinely touching to Eric. While he knew that Camille loved him, there had been a general lack of moments like this in their relationship thus far, likely due to Camille feeling fairly awkward for entering Eric's life so late.

Still holding onto Eric's hand, Camille guided it over to her abdomen, bringing it on top of the upper-right most slab of muscle. Eric's hand was able to grip onto the singular ab, like it was a baseball or a small orange. He squeezed, and it was like a steel ball covered in velvet. Continuing to guide Eric, Camille brought his finger down along a thick, pulsing vein that rippled across the expanse of abdomenal flesh.

"What do you think about my veins?" Camille asked.

"They're pretty cool." Eric admitted, "I like thinking about how they fuel the muscles, you know?"

Camille giggled, "Never really thought of that way, though I guess I can see where you're coming from."

"Say… Is it my imagination, or are your muscles even bigger than they were a few days ago?"

Camille giggled again, "Yup!"

Eric gulped. "I don't remember you improving this quickly in the past."

"That's because I didn't." Camille explained, "I've been extra motivated and have really started to figure out the routines in both diet and exercise that work best for me."

"Was it Maya?"

Camille's expression became slightly stern, "What do you mean by that?"

"Did Maya get you to kick things into overdrive?"

Camille cleared her throat. "I… that's preposterous Eric."

Eric knew that she was telling a white lie. He knew that it was precisely the encounter with Maya that was fueling this even greater rate of growth.

"It's kind of funny how your muscles are so much bigger than mine while the rest of you is so… female." Eric laughed, changing the subject.

"What exactly do you mean by that?" Camille asked with a puzzled expression.

Eric realized that could be interpreted in so many strange ways. He decided to clarify by changing his statement a little, "Well, you've got so much more muscle than me, but you're a little shorter with smaller hands and feet."

"I think it's kind of fun that way, don't you?"

Eric nodded, "Yeah."

"After all, even with all this muscle, I'm still just your step-mom!"

"Not just a step-mom. A mega-mom." Eric offered with a smile.

Camille's eyes lit up and emotion flooded into her face. "I'm so glad that you said that. I know how hard it must have been for you, growing up. You know, without…"

"Yeah. It's ok." Eric put a hand on her huge, rounded shoulder. "And I'm sure it was just as hard for you to lose your husband, and for Selina to grow up without a father."

A tear streamed down her face.

Eric reached up and wiped it for her.

She finally spoke again, "Well, I guess if I'm a mega-mom now, then I'll have to try my hardest to become an ultra-mom."

"I'm sure that if you really want, you'll become ultimate-mom." Eric offered. Truthfully,

despite the tender moment, Eric felt terrible. His head was spinning and he wanted to vomit. Camille was so ridiculously happy pumping herself up and watching his reaction, and Eric had the audacity to try and take that away with the latest update. Still, he knew it had to be done. He couldn't allow there to be actual super humans, even if one of them was someone as kind as Camille.

Fortunately, Camille was ready to change the topic to something less intense. "So, Eric, I was told I could bring a guest to the photo shoot if I'd like. Want to join me? You'll get to watch your old step-mom flex her little muscles in front of the camera." Camille teased, "Plus, who knows? Maybe you'll see other muscle babes there as well?"

Eric's general shyness urged him to decline, but he also genuinely wanted to witness this in person. Plus, he could tell that Camille secretly really wanted him to come along, and considering he had just theoretically pulled the plug on her future gains, he may as well be as kind as possible. "Sure, sounds like it'll be fun." He replied warmly.

"Yay!" Camille squealed. "I can't wait! The big day will be in about ten days, so I'll be sure to train EXTRA hard to pack on as much hard, sexy, bulging mega-muscle as possible! I'm going to be dedicating every waking moment to training, eating, and getting as huge as possible! Can you even imagine it Eric? A one-and-a-half-week challenge for me to --"

Eric cleared his throat, and it became apparent that both step-mother and step-son were blushing.

Camille started again, "Sorry, I get a little carried away. I'll still be training though! You'll have to help out a bit around the house so I can become ultimate, ok?"

"Sure." Eric offered.

It was settled. Eric would do a few more chores around the house each day, and Camille would commit herself to training. She thanked Eric for everything, giving him a kiss on the cheek and ruffling his hair before leaving his room.

3.5.)

Eric stared at the Live-Sim screen. He felt his stomach churn with guilt. If his estimations were correct, it would just be a matter of time until Camille started reverting back to the way she looked in the game: thin, and without any discernible muscle. He felt bad because Camille seemed so much happier now that she was buff. He would especially hate for her to lose all of her hard-earned muscle right before the photo shoot. Still, she HAD just effortlessly picked him up—in his chair—and moved him around willy-nilly as if he weighed nothing at all. On top of that, he felt firsthand how his entire body couldn't budge her one arm at all. Camille had been benevolent in her use of strength, but he knew that this was unsustainable. Even someone with as good a heart as Camille couldn't handle this much strength, there was just no way.

With a heavy heart, Eric turned Live-Sim off, making sure his game was saved. He reasoned that at the very least, hopefully Camille would stick with her new habit of exercise, and could develop muscles 'naturally'. Plus, worst come to worst, Eric could just recreate virtual Camille again, giving her the bodybuilder trait once more, perhaps this time finding a way to limit its capabilities.

He glanced down at his computer's taskbar and noticed he had a new email. That was strange, nobody ever emailed him - everyone else just used text messaging. He double clicked and found a message from… Maya! The email read:

"Hey Eric! I had a blast seeing you. Sorry for the tussle with tu madre (spanish for your mom! Though I guess Camille is your step-mom). I had no idea you would grow up to be such a suave young man! No offense intended. Since I broke that table, and didn't have a proper sit down with you, here's my way to make it up:

I've attached one coupon to this email. You can redeem it at any time, and I will cancel everything and spend a day with you - just you and me! Without your old step-madre around, we can cut loose and do whatever. I bet we'll have a ton of fun. Actually, I KNOW we'll have a ton of fun ;)

Bee tee dubs (do you kids still say that? did you ever say that? LOL) I'm going to keep borrowing your growth since you were so considerate! Between you and me, I hope that I get all of it and old Camille gets none. I love her, but I think the muscle looks WAY better on me!

Love <3 Maya! <3 "

Eric blinked a few times. He was fairly flabbergasted that such a high-ranking executive, or whatever Maya was, wrote like that. He expected this kind of email from Chalsey. Well, Chalsey before she was changed by the game. Attached to the email was an image file. Eric opened it up to find a comically put together coupon - something that she likely whipped up in paint. It had two pictures: one of her face winking, and another of her performing a hefty double-bicep flex. In the middle was a promise that Maya would spend a day with Eric upon redemption of the coupon. Its expiration date was simply left as: "The Apocalypse".

"Poor Maya", Eric murmured, realizing that she was about to lose everything she was just handed. All of those sexy muscles, and whatever bonuses the seducer trait and goal to become rich were granting her. *Well, since I have the power to give and to take, I'll keep as close eye on Maya as I can. If she's good, I'll recreate her with some new traits to help her out. I just can't risk having women as powerful as Camille running around.* He thought to himself.

4.)

Over the next few days, Eric acted borderline paranoid. He kept checking in with Camille and Selina every moment he could, desperately searching for any sign at all that they were getting weaker, or at the very least their progress was slowing down.

Camille didn't seem to mind his behavior - she chalked it up to a fascination on his end to see how much progress she could make during this week of serious training. Truthfully, Camille loved getting attention from Eric anyways, so she was glad that he seemed more interested. Every time she noticed him peeking, delivering her shakes, or just conveniently walking by, Camille was sure to perform whatever activity would look the most impressive and best showcase her muscles.

Selina on the other hand was far more apprehensive and borderline hostile. She would make sure to train only behind a closed door, or cover up best she could if Eric found a way to barge in. The young woman knew that her stupid, pervy step-brother was up to

something, and she was quite certain that he wanted to scope her out. Deep down, Selina actually liked the concept of Eric trying so hard to catch a peak at her, it was empowering to know she captivated him so much. Despite this, Selina wanted to make Eric work for it, and was as difficult as possible.

Eric also ravenously sought any sign of Julia or Chalsey slowing down. This was fairly difficult for Eric to accomplish since Julia kept wearing extremely large business suits, and there were no study group sessions planned for the immediate future. Eric resorted to asking other students who knew Chalsey if they had any knowledge of her status. This was especially tricky because Eric didn't want to hint that he liked her muscles, or that she had muscles at all, since apparently many students still hadn't figured out what the baggy clothing was covering. Eric accomplished little other than confirmation that Chalsey was not randomly shrinking. Julia too was not decreasing in size.

Almost every waking moment in Eric's life was spent worrying about the status of the girls. He opened Live-Sim a few times, double-checking that none of the virtual characters had spontaneously gained the body-builder perk or gained a bunch of muscle in-game. He even went so far as to recreate the exact same scenario a few times, making slight alterations on the avatars of the characters to try and ensure they were as close to their real-life counterparts as possible.

Eric considered cashing in Maya's 'coupon' just so he could see her and gauge if she was losing strength. He ultimately decided against that, figuring there would be a better time to use it in the future.

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Four days after Live-Sim released.

After mustering up his courage for the past half hour, Eric knocked on Selina's door.

"What?!" the teenage powerhouse's voice cried out.

"It's me. Eric. Can I come in? There's something I want to talk to you about."

A loud groan came from the room. "Fiiiiine."

Eric entered, and was surprised to see Selina wearing almost nothing. It had been a while since her body was on display, and now almost every rippling, bulging muscle was available for inspection. After collecting himself for a moment, he crossed the threshold and shut her door. He moved closer toward her, and quickly realized something: Selina wasn't quite as impressive as Camille was. She seemed smaller and less defined. This was especially interesting since Selina had larger—albeit slightly softer—muscles than her mother not too long ago.

"Well, spit it out. What do you want Eric?" Selina barked.

"Ok. This is kind of a random question, I was just curious if you've been feeling well lately? Have you been getting weaker maybe?"

Selina looked utterly perplexed. What kind of question was that? "What, do I LOOK weaker to you?" she asked before flexing her huge arms in front of Eric's face.

"N-no…" Eric sputtered, unable to channel his inner 'game' in the face of Selina's power.

Selina grinned at his reaction. "Tell me, how DO I look compared to a couple of weeks ago?" She untensed and tensed her biceps a few times, causing them to pump up even further.

"Bigger."

"And?"

"Stronger."

"Damn straight!" Selina giggled. "In fact, I just hit 600 pounds on the bench press. That's a one hundred pound increase since last time you saw me do it. Can you even imagine that?" She brought her arms down, tensing her pectorals, forcing the thick armor-like slabs of feminine beef to harden to unreal proportions. "Go on, feel those babies." She urged, her eyes looking down toward her chest.

Eric felt like he should object, but didn't bother. He reached over and began to feel them. It amazed him how all five of the girls (well, he wasn't positive for Julia and Chalsey, but had his suspicions) possessed pecs that were larger and better looking than his. This in particular interested him because all of the girls still retained their breasts, yet underneath were huge, armor-like slabs of pure muscle.

"Mmmm…." Selina cooed, "Can you feel the power inside of them? The heat, the potential energy, the pure hardness? I'm so fucking strong Eric, I can barely believe it. And realtalk? I want more. I love my mother, but I absolutely hate the fact that she's basically as big as I am. I want her to be strong, sure, but I want to be stronger than her. Way stronger. Like ten times stronger." She let out a groan, "Can you even imagine it Eric? Can you picture me ten times stronger than what Camille is right now?"

The scary part for Eric was that he could actually imagine that; he could imagine it all too well.

"Well…" Eric started, "Camille is actually a bit bigger than you now…".

Selina physically growled like a dog being woken from slumber, which Eric thought was simultaneously hilarious and terrifying. "And how hard are her muscles? In comparison to mine."

Eric averted his gaze.

Selina grabbed onto his face. Despite the aggression in the maneuver, she was still careful to not harm Eric at all. He could tell from body language alone that Selina wanted to dominate the encounter, but had no intention of harming him. She brought his eyes directly in line with her own.

"Hers are harder." He sputtered.

Selina let go of him and turned around, clearly seething with anger, her thick back heaving from the breaths she was taking.

"Look, Selina, I'm sorry. Maybe I'm mistaken, ok? But right now, yeah, it seems like your

mom is bigger and stronger than you." Eric explained.

Selina pouted, "Hmmph! Well, I'll show you. I'll show you both. You and my mom, whatever is going on between you—ick by the way, there better not be anything going on there!—I'll be sure to put to a crushing halt when I become so strong that I have more strength in my right arm than she does in her entire super-powered body!"

Eric thanked Selina for her time and excused himself.

4.5)

Six days had passed since Live-Sim's launch. Despite having recreated the girls—multiple times now—without any strength-boosting perks, or even allowing their characters to exercise at all, nothing seemed to be changing in real life; at least not in the direction he was aiming for.

As Camille had proposed, Eric now had a fair number more chores than before. He found himself cooking a few basic meals, helping clean dishes, and doing a few loads of laundry - all this to ensure that Camille had as much time as possible to train herself. There seemed to be no indication at all that Camille's progress was slowing down. In fact, as she had predicted, she seemed to be improving at an even greater rate, something that Eric had presumed was impossible.

Having all but written Camille becoming depowered off, Eric wondered if perhaps the other girls were effected by their recreation in Live-Sim. Unsure of how else he could contact her, Eric messaged Chalsey on BookFace, an online social media network they were friends on. This was uncharacteristic of Eric, as he was genuinely too afraid to approach Chalsey. Still, he had to know if she was changing at all, and what was he so afraid of anyways? She was kind enough to him during their study sessions, and had even acted fairly flirtatious.

To Eric's delight, Chalsey was quite receptive to communicating online. She also took the guesswork of whether she was improving or not right out of the equation: moments within initiating contact, she sent a string of messages about how she kept building herself up more and more, even gaining muscle and strength over the past week alone.

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There seemed to be no way around it. The launch of Live-Sim had no effect on the girls. Eric wasn't sure what to make of it, or what he should do next. The entire event stressed him out so much that he had no desire or motivation to play LiveSim any longer. Unsure of what else he could do, he made sure to backup the apparently magical save file from the alpha test onto a cloud file service and an external thumb drive, just in case he ever did figure out a way to use it again.

Resigned to the concept that the girls were going to keep improving for the foreseeable future, Eric decided to just confront the reality he was a part of. He continued chatting with Chalsey, who replied with far greater frequency and speed than he anticipated. Their conversations were more sexually charged than he anticipated, usually on Chalsey's end as she continuously made allusions to her body and brain. Eventually, Chalsey mentioned that it had been far too long since they last met up, and that they should take things into their own hands. She invited him to meet up in the library next week, on one of the few days she didn't have an extra curricular activity after class. Eric, of course, eagerly accepted.

Between Camille's photo shoot, Chalsey's library meet up, and Maya's coupon, Eric rest assured that he would have quite a lot of female muscle in his near future!

To be continued!