(**Warning**: This story contains female muscle, graphic sexual content and taboo subjects)

Naomi’s started her morning routine as she had for the past months, by checking herself out in the mirror.

Every day she would wake up a little bit bigger, a bit more toned. Slowly expanding her muscles to professional levels. Though ‘slow’ would be a relative term, because there was no way her mass would be expanding and getting stronger like this on a regular person. There was something different about her, something *superhuman*. How else would her muscles suddenly expand under the pressure of her workouts in a way that surpassed a mere pump? For one thing, the mass would *stay* bigger…

Naomi was trying to get it under control, to *will* those growths to come whenever she wanted. So far, she hadn’t had any success. Some nights she would *dream* she was getting bigger, followed by physical pulses ringing through her body, she’d wake up expecting her body to grow. But in her addled state, she wasn’t sure if *something* had happened or not. Oh sure, she was getting bigger by the day, but hadn’t experienced that *burst* of growth she wanted.

Yet.

Naomi stood in front of her mirror, her sleepwear attire consisted of a dark blue crop top that was tight against her breasts and showed off her core and full arms, along with grey slacks that sadly covered her legs. She’d have opted for something more revealing to admire herself, but they had visits lately. Her cousin James was staying over for a few days as his parents were on vacation, and she wasn’t certain if she wanted to be half-naked in front of him.

The afro-haired girl took a deep breath, flaring her thorax as her arms snapped at attention, the rise of her lats stretching the top while her biceps solidified into uneven balls of steely flesh. God, she was so big now, worthy of entering any bodybuilding contest in the country. But still not as big as coach Ada, not yet, not yet…

“Come on, baby, come on…” She gritted her teeth and flexed with so much strength her arms were shaking, veins popping under the surface. “Get bigger, get bigger!”

She was almost growling at this point, after a few more seconds of intense flexing she gasped and let her arms fall to the side as she panted. No result again, she just couldn’t figure out what the key to trigger and actual growth was. She felt it was like an answer at the tip of her tongue, constantly eluding her even though it was so close…

“Um,” She was distracted by her cousin’s voice. James stood there by the edge of her doorframe, his long locks swaying to the side as he was at an angle. The eighteen-year-old looked at her with an expression she couldn’t quite decipher, but there was an undeniable sense of awkwardness to it. “B-Breakfast’s ready” He mumbled out, his green eyes looking at everywhere but her.

“Thanks, James,” Naomi replied. She was proud of her body, and if people were uncomfortable with it, then she had no reason to care about it. But it was a bit disheartening when it was family like James who just couldn’t look at her in the eye. Did he really dislike her body that much?

Her cousin rushed out of view at a rapid pace, going straight for the bathroom on the second floor. Naomi frowned, thinking she saw something odd about James. Did his pants look tighter than normal? Hopefully, he hadn’t messed them up in the washing machine.

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To say Naomi had formed a closely-knit group with her fellow workout club girls would be a massive understatement. Few words could fully encapsulate just how *close* those four had become. And it centered around this club, about pumping iron, becoming larger and stronger each time. Amy, Kendra, and Pam had all developed a particular fascination with Naomi and her growing physique, their workout sessions often were followed by other types of intense physical activity in the showers. Naomi couldn’t believe how things had reached this point, how she entered a club to get extra points, only to come out like a young Miss Olympia with a devoted trio of… girlfriends, lovers, followers? It was hard to gauge what the three were to her, or each other, but they had formed an intimate and sensuous relationship where they explored each other’s body and experimented with their sexuality.

And Naomi couldn’t get enough of it. She loved how her muscles were touched right after a good pump, to have eager hands trail tender caresses over the striated flesh, followed by playful kisses and probing tongues. Even if she had never drunk or taken any drug, she was certain she was addicted to muscle worship.

Her girls (*her* girls, she thought smugly) were a joy. They kept training and hopes of becoming big like her, fast. But they lacked whatever it was that made Naomi special, their bodies did not grow at that supernatural rate hers did. But that did not deter them in the least, even if they couldn’t keep up they were *more* than happy to see Naomi grow.

They watched with brimming smiles as Naomi was lifting *exceedingly* heavy dumbbells in each hand, stacked with so many weight plates they looked oversized. Pam eagerly rugged her wide thighs together while Kendra and Amy were licking their lips in anticipation. They watched as Naomi grunted savagely, pumping those python arms covered in throbbing, her workout bra stretched by her heavy bosom, thick pectorals, and rising traps. She poured it all into this workout, trying to bring out that same growth spurt from the other days.

Fuck, she could feel it slipping, gotta keep pumping. Harder, harder…

Even as her arms her grew and she could take no more, Naomi dropped the weights to the ground and pulled a powerful most muscular pose, groaning through gnashed teeth. The girls all but stood on their tippy toes in excitement, hoping to see the growth…

But Naomi let out an explosive breath, her shredded core inflating and deflating with each pant. “Sorry girls,” She apologized, “No luck this time either”

The trio shared a very disappointed ‘*Awww*’, but were still good sports about it. Kendra walked over to her, patting her wide shoulder, “Next time, hun” She and Amy went on to pick the heavyweights, while Pam approached her with a wry smile.

“Still gave us a show though,” She coyly said, rubbing a hand over her pumped biceps.

“Can’t leave my girls unsatisfied, now can I?” Naomi grinned at her.

Pam laughed, “Oh you never have to worry about *that*” She all but purred, and Naomi leaned down to meet her halfway as their lips touched in a soft kiss. “God you turn me on so much…” She muttered huskily, rubbing her palms over those thick slabs of pectoral beef.

Naomi got an idea, “You know that gymnastic you’ve been doing lately?”

“Yeah?”

Naomi twitched her pecs, making them ripple. “Wanna try balancing on these?”

Pam’s face was blank before a large toothy smile split her face. “*Yes*”

Naomi bent over to hold Pam’s legs, “You ready?” She eagerly nodded as she grabbed her ballooning shoulders. “Okay, one, two…”

Pam weighed almost nothing as Naomi lifted her up, Kendra and Amy stared in fascination as the iron lady placed Pam perpendicularly in the air, arching back enough so that her chest could position as a solid foundation. As Pam’s hands settled on the granite-like pecs, Naomi slowly let her go, they all watched in cheer as her thick chest served to keep her steady. Even with a whole person’s weight, Naomi did not move. “Fuck, this is so hot…” Kendra muttered.

Pam agreed, as she slowly bent her arms, closing the distance between herself and Naomi so the two could kiss once more. A true spectacle of gymnastics and bodybuilding combined into a sensual display.

“What the hell is this?!” However, not everyone was thrilled.

Jen appeared at the basketball court’s entrance, wearing her tennis uniform and looking shocked and disgusted at what the two girls were doing.

Naomi was nonplused, “Trying out something new,” She gave Pam another peck on the lips. “You wanna try?”

“Are you people turning your club into some sort of weird… sex thing?!” Jen all but screeched.

Amy laughed, the not-as-muscular girls did not seem perturbed by her declarations. “Well, don’t believe every rumor you hear,” She added a wink just to mess with her.

Jen’s face went red, “Where’s Ethan?”

“Oh he left a while ago,” Naomi said, helping set Pam down.

“He did, but he didn’t tell m-“ Jen stammered the last bit, but soon regained her composure. “Well good, I don’t want him around you… sluts”

“Afraid we’ll take him from you,” Kendra grinned, “Nah, it’s just Naomi who can get his muscle pumped hard, if you know what I mean~”

Jen’s face now entered the *infrared* range, as she stormed towards Naomi, whom she saw as the cause of all her troubles. “I don’t know what roids you’ve been taking,” She hissed, jabbing a finger over her hard chest, “But I know you’ll crash down hard soon enough, then nobody will like any of this fake ass-“

Naomi flexed her chest, making her breasts bounce while she held Jen’s hand, making it take a full grasp of her large bosom. “Really?” She grinned as her face grew mortified and conflicted, “These feel fake to you?”

“I… I…”

Naomi raised her mighty arms, showing how they were almost as large as Jen’s own head. “This is all me, Jen. And I’m not even done yet,” She growled, enjoying the conflict on Jen’s face. The tennis player was turned on, she could tell, and she most definitely didn’t want to feel this way. “I’m gonna show you just how *big* I can fucking get. And you’ll love every moment of it~”

Jen trembled, “L-Let go of me…”

“Let go of you?” Naomi grinned, “Jen honey… I ain’t holding you”

Then did Jen realize a horrible truth; Her hands had moved on their own volition, with one touching Naomi’s hardened core while the other grasped her peaked bicep.

She let how of Naomi as though the muscular black girl was a scolding stove, her mouth trembled as she struggled to form the words, but nothing came. In the end, she chose to turn away and run.

The gym quartet watched her go with amusement evident on their faces. “Hot damn,” Amy said, shaking her head with a smile. “Girl’s down *bad* for you”

“She’s so repressed,” Amy agreed.

Kendra looked at Naomi with a wicked smile, “Oh she’ll come around, and when she does”

“I’m giving her and Ethan the time of their life~” Naomi promised with a toothy grin.

Amy shuddered at the thought, “Oh tell me more…”

“Will do you girls one better,” Naomi’s long powerful arms went around their shoulders and guided them to the showers. “I’ll give you a demonstration~”

Life was good.

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Naomi got home late that night. Once more her club *activities* had taken up a lot of her time but left her thoroughly satisfied as a result. She hummed to herself as she locked the door and dropped her bag over the breakfast table as she went to the kitchen. “I’m home!” She called out, knowing her cousin James would be here. She opened the kitchen and took a long drink from the orange juice.

She frowned when she heard no reply. Focusing, she heard the faint sound of water further inside the house. Ah, he must be taking a shower then. She put the juice back on the fridge and walked down the hall towards the bathroom so the bathroom could properly inform him she was back.

The sound of the shower grew louder as she approached, and took notice of the light coming from the bathroom door, it wasn’t fully closed. She was about to call out to her cousin when something made her stop. A sudden grunt, it sounded pained.

“Fuck…”

Worried something had happened to James, Naomi was going to call out again, yet once more she didn’t have the chance.

“Oh god you’re so big”

What?

What was going on?

Was he with *someone?*

Carefully as not to make a sound, she gently pushed the bathroom door open and peeked inside. Naomi felt shyness and awkwardness were a thing of the past for her, considering the multiple sexual encounters she had with her friends in the club, but what she sat still made her cheeks flush.

Behind the curtain, she spotted a man’s outline, the shadow of her cousin James as he stood under the shadow. His posture was odd, his head hung forward as his arms were pressed over his front. No, not pressed, they were moving back and forth-

Oh god…

Naomi should have left as soon as she realized what he was doing, leave him to his fantasy and never mention it, but his next words made her brain short-circuit.

“Ohhh Naomi…”

No… no that couldn’t be right.

“Yeah, flex it. Right there please”

He was… James was thinking…

“Fuck, you’re so fucking ripped, I can’t-“

He was fantasizing about her. He masturbated as he thought of her muscles.

“Gonna… Gonna cum right over your abs, yeah, you want that, I’m gonna… I’m gonna-!”

His head arched back, and let out a choked grunt as he finished himself off.

Naomi couldn’t take it anymore. She turned tail and swiftly walked away, as fast and as silently as she possibly could. She went to her room and closed the door before pacing around as she ran her hands through her hair, messing up her afro. Her thoughts were a storm, trying to process what she had witnessed.

James… couldn’t have been fantasizing about her, could he? H-He must have meant a different Naomi! …A different Naomi who was also muscular.

God, she just… she just couldn’t believe it. That her cousin would harbor this kind of feelings for her. It was so wrong, so taboo! No cousin should be thinking about her like that!

Was it her fault? Had she accidentally enticed him in some way and hadn’t realized? She stared at herself in the mirror, at the bulging body barely contained by her jacket and loose pants. She knew it was a force to be reckoned with. Something she had used to her advantage to seduce many a boy and girl, a lot of times without even trying.

She just hadn’t realized James would fall under its charm as well, even if she hadn’t done it on purpose.

Okay, this was… this was fine. She could just do things differently from now. Not wear so many provocative attires around the house that showed all her musculature for one. No more workouts in the house while James was staying over either. Anything to keep her cousin from arousing himself at the mere sight of her muscles.

…And yet a part of Naomi, which was growing disturbingly louder in her mind, found itself *thrilled* to know even without doing it on purpose, her body had *that* effect on James.