

(Warning: This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, muscle worship, and graphic sexual content)

To Isaac, tending the farm was a way of life. The same could be said of most people whose livelihoods were based on a farm's produce. Be they crops, meat, eggs, textiles, and what have you. Tending a farm meant putting your whole life into it. You woke up at dawn, toiled all day, and went to bed once the crickets began singing.

A farm was the work of generations, specialized know-how, and hard work passed down through the years.

However, at the moment, all their work was failing.

The young man brushed the sweat off his forehead before placing his hat over his head once more, shielding himself from the sun's scorching rays. The tall wheat heads looked dry, their fruit dark and gray, not at all the type of healthy seed these crops should be producing. Just grabbing it made the seeds fall apart when you squeezed them a bit too tightly, like dry chalk.

It was heartbreaking to see so much of their crops turn bad, and no matter what they did, they just couldn't fix it.

It was not a draught; rain had been plentiful all season. There was something wrong with the soil. It hadn't been polluted; they had run a lot of tests to ensure that. But it was like something had sapped away all the fertility in the soil, and now their simplest crops were struggling to grow.

"Gonna be another rough season," He muttered to himself, dusting off his hands on his jacket.

"Darn it all," Her friend and partner growled at his side, hauling the one good batch of wheat she could salvage. He and Beth had always been kind of polar opposites growing up. He was reserved and dark-haired, while Beth was outgoing with a sunny disposition as bright as her curled blonde locks. While he was slim and a bit taller than average, Beth had always been on the shorter side and more stocky. Not big-boned or heavy-set, but rather her arms and legs showed a decent level of mass and tone, what you would expect from working on a farm all your life.

Not that Isaac would now, apparently getting buff just wasn't in his genes...

Not like Beth. The white shirt's sleeves were a bit tight around her biceps, and he knew those overalls hid some amazing curves, along with a pair of nicely toned legs.

Not that... he paid too much attention to her body or anything. They grew up together, their families were as close as kin, that'd be weird...

"Think we'll be able to make do this quarter?" She asked him, hoping for good news.

"We should," He did have them, but the reason wasn't exactly positive. "We still have money leftover from the cattle." That they had to sell to make do. "But there's still the tractor we need to fix..."

The freckles on her cheeks shifted as a sad scowl formed on her features. Beth loved those animals; to see them gone was heartbreaking for both of them. And without their machinery in working condition, there was only so much they could do.

What a fucking mess this was, barely 20 and 19 respectively, and they had the responsibility of the entire farm resting on their shoulders.

"Guess there's not much else to do..." She muttered, taking the crops to the barn.

But to hear her, the longtime friend who had always been the positive one, sound so downtrodden, and look so worried. It really tugged at his heartstrings. More than seeing the crops fail, he hated to see her hurt by it all.

He couldn't fail this farm. The farm their families had been toiling on for generations. The one they had poured so much sweat and blood into. Their dreams would not end like dust in the wind; they wouldn't crumble apart like the dry wheat seeds. Not if he could do something about it.

But what could he do? Isaac didn't have a lot of options available, and it wasn't like he could magically make the soil fertile again. Not without some *very* expensive fertilizer he could not afford.

...Although, perhaps he could *make* it instead.

An idea began to form. Isaac distinctly remembered that the chemical processing factory in the county dealt with a lot of pesticides, hormones, and yes, *fertilizers*. Even if it was abandoned, he heard rumors about how the place still had some leftover substances they never got rid of.

And he *had* majored in chemistry.

If he played his cards right, he *just might* be able to save their farm.

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Raiding an abandoned chemical plant wasn't exactly easy, but Isaac was motivated to save the farm no matter what. He drove in his pick-up truck, used bolt-cutters on the fence, and proceeded to sneak into the abandoned facility with a flashlight and a bunch of boxes. AH-Chemicals had been a mainstay of the county for years, until a lot of poor decisions and financial scandals by the CEO led to its gates shutting down.

And because safely removing the chemicals costs money, there were rumors that the factory still had plenty in storage.

There, Isaac found *plenty* of what he was looking for. Canisters of phosphorus, nitrogen, and potassium, all the stuff he needed to create fertilizers and more. He took a lot of other stuff just in case, including one he didn't exactly recognize.

'Escamium.' The name did not ring any bells, nor could he recall anything similar in any of his studies. Perhaps it was some new mixture the company was working on before they closed down. Whatever, he could study it later on.

He loaded up the boxes into his truck and rode home. He looked up at Beth's windows, relieved to see the lights were still out. Good, she was still sleeping then. He parked the car in the garage and took the boxes to the basement.

He briefly realized how this all would have looked to any outsider. Farm guy working with chemicals in his basement, any cop would have thought he was cooking meth or something...

Though Isaac was *pretty* sure he was breaking some law, handling all these chemicals without a license. But desperate times...

He began to carefully dilute the chemicals and begin the long and arduous task of mixing them in various flasks. Now, had Isaac not spent all night working on this, he would not have been so tired as to mistake the Escamium canister with the phosphorous one. But mid-yawn, he did, grabbed the wrong canister, and poured the contents into the mix.

Loaded them up into a pesticide sprayer and then proceeded to shower all their field with the substance he had concocted, and went to bed.

The mysterious chemical was being sprayed all over the earth, slowly absorbed by the soil.

This would carry consequences he never could have foreseen.

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Beth considered herself an optimistic girl. She always greeted the new day with a smile on her lips and a song in her voice. But lately, it was a bit hard to have high hopes of anything, particularly with how poorly the farm was doing. The crops failing, their tractor dead, their animals gone...

It could sap the energy out of everyone, including her.

She grew up on this farm. She had inherited a great responsibility from her family. To fail the farm felt like she was falling them. Beth didn't want to go outside and be reminded of how poorly everything was going.

But she still had work to do. So she put on her hat and overalls and got to it.

There she had a nice surprise. She saw a bunch of new sprouts among the wheat. After watching their soil fail to deliver for so long, seeing those tiny little things brought far more hope into her eyes than watching the sunrise ever could.

She laughed brightly, digging her hands into the earth as if she could reach out and hug it, feeling so very grateful this land had not yet given up on them.

Beth clapped her hands and brushed off the dirt. She always felt like the earth could impart some of its strength into her when she did this. It was her own way of 'communing' with it. Like she could partake in its soil, feel its essence, and sap the very nutrients into herself. Giving her the strength to labor on.

Beth didn't know how right she was yet.

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To say Isaac was beyond happy and relieved to see the results of his little experiment would be an understatement. Even in his wildest fantasies, he could not have conceived the effects to be *this* fast.

In just a few days, wheat had begun sprouting from previously failing soil. The more mature reeds had started delivering full, healthy fruits, not the dry and crumbling seeds that became dust in one's grasp.

Once the crops were ready for harvest, they'd be able to start paying for all the necessary fixes around the farm. Get their tractor working again, buy chickens and cows for eggs and milk. They'd get this good old ranch back on its feet eventually. After so long, he began feeling hopeful for the future once more.

Isaac saw nothing but growth and possibilities.

...Everywhere, really.

Beth had always been on the toned side, but lately, he noticed his childhood friend was looking... beefier than usual. Her shirts stretched over her well-sized biceps, with the sleeves straining over her shoulders and traps. The straps of her overalls looked rather tight as her breasts seemed to push out the front. The pants rose higher than usual, stopping at her toned calves, indicating she was actually a bit taller than before.

Was it because of the lack of machinery, perhaps? Extra field work had been building up her body even more? She did have a knack for staying in shape.

At first, Isaac stayed quiet about it, looking at her discreetly as she went about the daily chores. Gather the hay, fix fences, they all provided multiple opportunities to see the muscles of her arms at work. But no more than when it was time to till.

Isaac stared in silent awe at the way Beth's arms rippled as she gripped the handheld plow-blade to dig the soil into a line. The way her biceps swelled each time she brought down the blade, the rattle of the muscle that followed the impact on the earth, the way the muscles tensed as she dragged it through the soil...

It was... mesmerizing. Beth looked *good*, lovely even, with her physique like that.

It was then that Isaac noticed something when she finished a line. Beth stopped to take a break and swipe the sweat off her forehead before grabbing an icy cold bottle of water. She tilted her head back when the bottle touched her lips, her throat bobbed as she satiated her thirst.

Her bicep was still pumped from her toiling, flexing even slightly as she held the bottle.

The sleeve was getting tighter by the moment, sticking close to her skin from the sweat... and because her bicep was getting larger.

It was subtle, but Isaac was observant, and it was a steady process. The bicep was blooming with size, gorging itself with more mass.

The sleep slowly ripped to accommodate it.

"Shit...!" A bit of water splashed on her as she suddenly stopped drinking to look at her sleeve. Making her shirt look even wetter. "All my clothes have been getting too tight," She grumbled. "It was only a matter of time."

"Uh-huh," Isaac muttered distantly.

The blonde sighed. "Guess I'll just have to make use of them for however long they can last."

"Can't be helped." He shrugged. "Well, I think this is enough for the day."

"Guess so," She added before smiling brightly. "Been a while since we could say we had a good crop, huh?"

"God yes..."

"And from the looks of things," She placed a hand on his shoulder and pulled him tightly into a one-sided embrace. "It'll just get bigger."

Isaac kept staring at her decisively toned arm and shoulder, the one that had made a rip in her sleeve. They looked larger than just a moment ago... all of her muscles did. "Bigger. Yeah"

When he went back to the house, the first thing he did was look up the chemicals. He wasn't a fool; he *knew* it had to be something he did. Something in the chemicals he used to make fertilizer.

There was no other explanation for Beth to be growing *this* fast.

He looked over all the ingredients for his homemade fertilizer. He hadn't used anything out of the ordinary. The batch he made was all concocted from the usual stuff: Nitrogen, Potassium, Phos-

Why was the phosphorus canister full?

He had used at least half of it. So why was it full?

A stone dropped on his stomach, and he hastily looked over the rest of the chemicals he had taken from the plant. Shaking them slightly to feel their weight.

The unknown chemical, one of the escamium canisters... it was half-empty.

Oh good lord...

What had he done?

He rushed to Beth's cottage; he needed to warn her about his actions, his *mistake*. She could be poisoned for all he knew! So could he! The chemical hadn't affected him visibly yet, but it was clearly affecting her!

She'd get *pissed*. She'd throw things at him. Maybe even punch him for going behind her back with this. But Isaac needed to come clean.

He rushed to Beth's room. Stopping himself multiple times from approaching once he saw the door, too lost in his own mind to think about what he'd tell her. The moment he was about to knock, he noticed the door was ajar. He saw a bit of Beth's figure, and... something was happening.

She was trembling, grunting, holding a hand against her stomach. Eyes squeezed in discomfort and-

She was growing.

Slowly, her shoulders expanded, filling out more of the shirt while her back stretched. The overalls were tightening around her, particularly around her legs, hiking up to reveal more of her calf muscles.

"Ugh!" She groaned, mouthing off silent obscenities as her arms expanded a bit more.

Riiiiip, the back of her shirt went.

She gasped as the growth finally stopped. She panted a few times, looking down at her figure, then at her mirror. Beth looked fascinated, in a trance, she slowly peeled off her overalls, revealing her toned, firm legs that rippled with decently sized muscles. And when she took off her shirt, Isaac forgot how to breathe. Her torso was beautiful, with strong arms, a toned six-pack, and very nice, sinewy arms.

"Oh wow..." Beth slowly smiled heartily and laughed as she flexed her arms. "I look amazing!"

She did, good lord, she did. Beth looked like an amateur bodybuilder on her way to higher levels...

And she looked so damn sexy.

Isaac gulped, feeling the erection throb in his pants. The thoughts about telling Beth slowly left his mind as he pondered how she wasn't really sick; if anything, she was better than ever. Surely there was nothing wrong with keeping this secret going for a while, right?

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Isaac spent the next few days analyzing this mystery chemical, this 'escamium', to see just why it had that effect on the fields, and most importantly on Beth. From what he could find, 'escam' was latin for flesh, which already hinted at its purpose. Perhaps it had been a growth hormone in development before the plant had closed down. Isaac figured that, combined with the hydrogen and potassium, it had incredibly pronounced effects.

The results spoke for themselves.

Beth's growth rate was blowing his expectations out of the water. After seeing her go through that small growth spurt, he didn't expect to see another major breakthrough. But the spurts kept coming; Beth was growing *daily*. At times, experiencing a sudden swell of muscle.

He tried to act like it was nothing, but to see his friend keep growing like that, steadily becoming an Olympic Athlete, was a tempting and invigorating spectacle. Particularly when she did hard work around the farm, or experimented with her newfound muscles.

She certainly had gotten bolder with her newfound strength. He, too, would get a confidence boost if he could carry a tree trunk over his shoulder, like Beth was fond of doing whenever they needed wood.

It did not escape him that her attitude was more... flirty than usual. Which was a touch weird for him, given how they grew up together.

Not like he wasn't a hypocrite with the ways he had jacked off, fantasizing about Beth getting bigger and stronger...

He swallowed the lump in his throat as he saw her wearing a pair of Daisy Dukes and a white bikini, displaying her impressive musculature. From her long, corded legs to her breath-taking six-pack, her bulging 18-inch biceps, and highly striated chest. She was a work of art, a living marble statue. She rubbed a tanning lotion over her highly toned physique, sensually rubbing those beautiful muscles of hers and leaving a shiny sheen over them.

“Do my back, hon?” She asked sweetly, pulling her long, golden locks to the side to show him the expanse of her toned back. The bikini straps looked so very tight...

“Sure,” He mumbled. It was a good thing he tucked his erection into his waistband, or else she’d notice how much of an effect her muscles had on him.

Once his lotion-filled hand made contact with the skin and hardened muscle, he felt his dick throb uncomfortably against his waistband, painfully tightening under his clothes. Didn’t help that she was softly moaning.

“Thanks, sugah.” God, even her voice was dripping with sex appeal.

She leaned on a recliner chair, putting on her sunglasses and positioning her hat right over her scalp, letting the sun’s rays settle over her shiny figure.

“You know, I’ve been thinking,” She said without looking at him. “Crops’ going well, we’ll break even. But if we wanna start making extra cash, there is something I can do.”

“Like?” Isaac asked.

“People online pay plenty for modeling photos. Think I can do something like that?” She grinned, flexing her arm with her fist pointing outward, making the mound rise and split. “Fitness modeling is a thing, and with how shredded I’m getting, I bet we could make a killing.”

“Oh,” Images of Beth posing erotically, doing displays of strength, swarmed through his mind almost obsessively. “If you think that can help. W-We can’t ignore the farm, though.” There was always something to do.

“Oh, hon,” She chuckled. “I actually... I ugh” She suddenly grimaced, her expression twisting into mild discomfort as she tensed. “Hold that thought...!” Her muscles seemed to palpitate, and Isaac knew what would happen next.

“Hng!” Beth’s grip on the armrests tightened, the muscles of her arms swelled and expanded in girth and circumference, adding more inches to their already professional-sized musculature. Her legs widened and grew more defined, making her already tiny daisy dukes hike up even more under the swell of the globes of steel she called glutes.

“Shit...!” She hissed through clenched teeth, her breathing grew labored as her stomach swelled up and down, tightening the abdominal definition with each breath. Her lats stretched out a little more, accompanying the swelling of her shoulders. Her pectorals stood out a bit more, and her breasts swelled until her bikini had trouble covering the underside of her boobs. The two knobs of hardened flesh showed him she REALLY enjoyed her transformations.

“Phew!” She breathed out with a drunken smile, panting as she lay back on the plastic recliner once more. “That was a good one.” She chuckled.

Isaac came a little inside his pants.

“Anyway, I already did all my chores. Ploughed the field in half an hour.”

He stammered. “H-Half an hour?”

“Yup. Dug through the lines like a machine. I’m thinking we don’t even need that tractor anymore.” Beth laughed, making her chest muscles compress and relax. “We can just put a harness on me, and I’ll drag the whole equipment myself!”

She was strong like a beast of burden now, of that Isaac had no doubt.

Just how much stronger would she get? He wondered with fascination.

“Say, can you go inside and make me some lemonade?” She asked, sighing pleasantly as she took in the sun’s heat. “Thanks, sugah.”

Isaac did so. Taking a moment to look at his beautifully muscular childhood friend sunbathing through the kitchen window, making sure she couldn’t see him. And pulled out his dick, furiously masturbating over the kitchen sink, watching that magnificent flesh and picturing her

in full bodybuilder attire with the perfect tan. The farmgirl bodybuilder with the outdoor charm, long golden locks, and cute freckles, with the body of an Olympian...

Once he blew his load, he took a moment to calm himself, wash up his mess, and then make the lemonade.

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Until they could get it fixed, the tractor sat immobile like a useless hunk of metal.

Though in Beth's own words, why would they need to fix it? Her strength and stamina more than made up for it. She was true to her word, tying the large plow to her like she was a beast of burden, and proceeded to drag it across the field in record time. It was almost as if she craved putting her body through new challenges.

Well, given the tractor was no longer immobile, there was no 'almost' about it.

The vehicle let out low groans as the metal and interior machinery shifted weight whenever its angle tilted, giving it a precarious look, as if it were about to topple over, but not quite.

It wasn't lifted by a crane or a hydraulic jack. No, the eight-hundred-pound machine was being tilted by the raw power of human hands.

Namely, Beth's hands.

Or more specifically, her arms.

How they bulged, and rippled... how the veins *throbbed* to the surface like furious coursing rivers, with long-trailing droplets of sweat rolling down her skin to complete the analogy.

Isaac stood there, feeling incredibly thirsty, as he watched his friend perform an outstanding feat worthy of Olympic weightlifters. Her legs were ramrod straight, making her calves and cord-like hamstrings stand out all the more. Her glutes flexed firmly with stunning striation; the level of definition matched only by their girth. Her sweaty back stretched from side to side like hills, deep crevices formed dark lines in between each muscle that flexed imperiously as her biceps and deltoids boomed with glorious size.

“Argh!” She grunted, clenching her jaw so tightly her neck muscles bulked impressively, with thick veins rising on each side. “Grnk!” Was this truly taxing her, or was she putting on a show?

Given he was filming her with a phone...

“Do you have to grunt that much?”

“Hey, it’s what people like.” She panted, letting out a soft laugh. “Gets more views. Which means more followers. Which means when I do this sort of thing live, we get more money.”

He couldn’t argue with her logic.

“You’re gonna edit all this talk out of the video, right?”

“I think we have far more than enough.”

“Alrighty! Oof!” She huffed as she set the tractor down with one final metallic groan. She stood back up and swiped the sweat off her forehead. “That was a good workout! But man, we should really buy some proper weights. Cause all I have now is that makeshift bar I made with the tractor wheels.”

“I think using that is what made that other video so popular.”

At that, Beth laughed, making her abs quiver. “Damn right!”

Isaac could only shake his head in amusement. It felt like a lifetime ago when they were struggling to keep the farm going. Not only was their produce selling well, but they were also... diversifying. Beth’s idea to put herself online and profit from her workout and posing videos was working like a charm! Naturally, she was a very beautiful girl. Her farm-girl charm was complemented by her bodybuilder physique. People loved the mix of long golden locks, pure blue eyes, and freckles, along with imposing, shredded muscles, almost as much as he did.

A selfish part of him wanted to keep her all to himself. But Beth quickly becoming a local celebrity was working to their favor, the 'Farm Grown Bodybuilder' was getting plenty of attention and money directed to their farm.

Plus, she *really* loved doing this. Who was he to tell her otherwise?

"Next up, let's just do some posing," She said. "Been practicing my moves. Thought of doing...!" She took a deep breath and placed her fists on her waist, flaring out her muscular lats and stretching her tank top until it was almost see-through. "Whatcha think, hon?"

Isaac smiled drunkenly. "Y-Yeah, would look great!"

She grinned and put even more effort into her lat spread. "Oh, you ain't seen nothing yet." Her muscles kept flexing with such force that the material struggled. "I can go... even further!" She grunted, redoubling her efforts, putting so much pressure that even her arms and shoulders were flexing. Already pumped from her workout, her limbs palpitated with pure strength.

Rip.

There was a small tear in one strap.

Rip.

Another in the center of her chest.

Rip-rip-rip.

Isaac should have warned her, but her grin indicated she *knew* what she was doing.

With a loud snap, the tank top came undone, baring her upper body to him. Every delightful line and girthy muscle group.

She wore no bra, and she certainly did not seem to mind that she was flashing him with her ample breasts.

“Whoopsie.” She grinned at him, flexing her pecs and making her breasts bounce. “You’re not rolling right, hon? I ain’t planning on uploading *these* kinds of videos... yet.”

Isaac felt his soul was leaving his body; the only sign he was still alive was the rising erection in his pants, where all the blood was flowing.

She walked up to him with a sexy gait until she was at eye level (god, she had grown so much taller...), and leaned closer until her breasts were smooshing against his chest while she slowly reached out to grab the phone from his hands.

“Right now, the only person who gets to see me like this,” She whispered oh so huskily. “Is you, sugah”

Isaac felt he was about to cum.

“Wait till I get a little bigger,” Her blue eyes twinkled with desire. “And you’ll get the *true* show.”

Without another word, she turned around and walked off, still doing that stunningly arousing strut, waving her muscular glutes from side to side.

Isaac’s throat struggled to let loose the words, things he could no longer hold back, secrets that were breaking free one after another.

“I-I-I can...!” He shouted after her, “help you get bigger!”

Beth stopped and looked over her shoulder with the same teasing grin.

“About time”