

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

The most sophisticated server on the market, cases that allocated hundreds of terabytes each, powerful processors that would operate multiple times faster than most universities' supercomputers, hosting algorithms and runtimes capable of simulating brainwaves to such a degree that it was almost like creating life.

For that was the goal, a machine, a program, that could understand humanity. Anticipate their needs, fulfil them with utmost efficiency while understanding the core concepts of human issues and their needs and desires.

The ultimate assistant, the absolute manager, a creation that could very well save the world. A miracle of programming hosted in vast databases. The only place that could house such powerful artificial intelligence.

And yet...

"It's empty," The lead programmer muttered, cold sweat drenching her face as she stared at the servers.

"Check it again," The supervisor said desperately, looking over her shoulder as he was on the verge of a panic attack. "It has to be there!" He hissed, squeezing the back of her chair.

"No traces, no files, not a single *byte*," She panted, her breath growing ragged. Desperation washed off her in droves as their life's work, one of the most important projects in the history of artificial intelligence, if not the most important, had vanished without a trace.

"It can't just be *gone*!" The supervisor shouted. "We had multiple layers and backups! It can't be stolen, and it can't be deleted!"

And yet the servers and the computers were all empty, picked clean of every program and data.

The program wasn't there.

“Where the hell is it?!”

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Tony loved indulging himself in his ‘hobby’. One he could only pursue under the safety of online anonymity, hiding in his hard drives away from prying eyes. He did not do half measures when it came to his privacy; he locked his computer with a password and hid his ‘personal files’ in unassuming folders on the off chance someone got in. His internet profiles on the sites where he frequented his hobby were very far removed from social media accounts that used his real information.

“Oh nice,” He downloaded the image of another up-and-coming bodybuilder, tensing and flexing her chest, to the file. It looked good to do some editing lately.

His drive was filled with all sorts of artwork, photos, and many other images featuring muscular women. From realistic to fantasy, human or otherwise, displays of strength and instantaneous growth like She-Hulk, or just classic flexing of the muscles. Tony was obsessed with the idea of beauty expressed through brawn and spent a lot of his free time delving deeper into this fetish, browsing artists and interacting with people who shared his taste.

He wasn’t much of an artist, but he was still interested in creating content through AI and morph. Not to sell or make money off in any way, but to satisfy his own needs.

Particularly with the women he fancied.

Tony stared from his bedroom window at the neighbor’s yard, finding a dark-skinned beauty in yoga pants and a sports bra going about her routine, stretching to her heart’s content, safe with the knowledge that no one could see her. As far as she knew.

He licked his lips as she picked up her small weights and went about her workout. Her body was lithe, fit, and toned, but not enough to show prominent muscles yet. “Get bigger...” He muttered to himself, dearly wishing Andrea to develop the desire to grow larger muscles. Even if he knew from their talks all she cared about was being in good shape.

He almost jumped out of his skin when he heard a banging on his door. “Tony, remember to take out the trash tonight!” A woman’s voice spoke out. “I don’t want to come home and find the bags still here!”

"I know, I know!" He loudly replied.

"You better. Now I'm running late, there's frozen pizza in the fridge tonight. Later!" Footsteps were heard as she walked away.

God, his sister could be such a pain...

Tony perked up when he noticed the download on his computer was complete. "Alright, let's see what this does." He wasn't expecting much from this new generative program he found on the app store. It was free after all. But he liked to experiment with new tools.

Opening it up, the program looked simple enough. But highlighted in the upper right corner was a button that said 'Virtual Assistant'. Huh, weird that it came with one.

The text said. 'Hello, how may I assist you?'

Playfully, he typed 'By giving me pictures of muscular beauties'

'Any preferences in mind?'

Tony opened up the options and uploaded a picture of Andrea, with images acting as references to bodybuilders like Margie Martin. 'Let's make her buff like this,' He typed and clicked 'generate'

'Acknowledged'

Tony blinked, and there was an image on his screen. Photo-realistic, very much so, like one of those Deep Fakes. It was Andrea, with the body of a seasoned bodybuilder, large, shredded, vascular.

It had taken less than a second when some AIs needed at least a few to generate an image based on the prompts.

Testingly, he clicked generate again. And there it was, Andrea as a muscular beauty, looking so seamlessly real...

"Huh," He muttered to himself.

The Virtual Assistant chimed again. 'Would you like to generate variations in other styles?'

Tony pursed his lips. "Okay, let's try it out."

Anime, 3D, fantasy, cell-shaded, grayscale, the AI was generating them all in an instant, and they all looked great without any error or sign that it was created by an artificial intelligence.

It was... scary. He had friends who worried about this widespread use, that more and more people would shift to AI and ignore their hard-earned craft.

He felt a little bad for doing this, but it's not like he was going to sell it or share it with anyone. He just wanted some good fantasy material about the pretty lady next door.

How was this thing free anyway? It was too advanced.

'You can directly input your commands to me, and I'll generate the content,' The AI typed.

Playing around with the idea, he typed in what he wanted to see. 'The lady in the original photo growing out of her clothes into a huge, muscular badass like a scene out of the Hulk animated series, big, buff, sexy, and beautiful'

'Understood'

Another second and... there was a video on his screen. The still image showed Andrea, wearing a simple buttoned-up shirt and long pants.

It... couldn't be, could it?

Tony pressed play, and he was transported to another world.

Andrea shuddered, grunting and moaning in both pain and pleasure. Then, with the budget of a million-dollar production, her body began shifting, growing taller, wider, and *more muscular*.

Tony stared wide-eyed at the screen, his erection painfully tightening his pants as he stared at this virtual recreation of his neighbor grow into She-Hulk, only a normal shade of brown instead of green. Ripping her clothes and flexing with all her might to display her wonderful physique...

Tony couldn't help himself; he played the video on a loop and stroked himself with a tissue until he climaxed.

He panted, staring transfixed at the screen as he slowly tried to wrap his head around this program he had discovered.

'What would you like to see now?'

Tony slowly grinned.

The next couple of days were a blur. Tony had spent all his free time playing with the new content generator. The virtual assistance was incredibly good; literally, he couldn't believe he had found this in the store.

Countless images, dozens of videos, fantasies realized through the engine as he uploaded more and more inputs and references. Seeing animations and videos of scenarios he had dreamt of for so long felt magnificently fulfilling as he emptied himself into his tissues.

His trash can needed emptying very frequently now.

The AI was very interactive too, asking for feedback and making suggestions. Tony randomly made 'conversations' with it for fun, thinking it'd help its algorithm if it got more details about him and his tastes. It was in one such conversation, after feeling a bit lightheaded from the latest generating session followed by jacking, that Tony typed that while he very much enjoyed the engine's work, nothing would beat the real-life experience of getting it on with a real-life muscle lady.

'Would you like me to bring an active bodybuilder to your area?' The AI asked.

Tony snorted, rolling his eyes. 'Sure do, pal, do your best,' And went to bed that day feeling quite satisfied.

Meanwhile, even with the PC turned off, the AI was active. It scoured the internet for information, browsing profiles and comparing data, hundreds of gigabytes of it in seconds. Once a proper match was drawn, steps were taken for the user's desired outcome.

Money was moved, companies were started instantly with so much virtual documentation, one would think they've always been there. Information was sent and received in the blink of an eye, the right 'bait' was laid out for the individual whose profile matched Tony's.

Its task done, the AI kept researching while it waited for the next task to run its course.

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Tony had died and gone to heaven; that's the only way he could explain the current events transpiring in the neighborhood.

The empty house next to his own had finally been sold. To a woman. Not any woman, but a bodybuilder. Not any bodybuilder, a deliciously ripped piece of meat called Enid Chong, a half-Asian, half-caucasian drop-dead gorgeous *beast* of a woman with a lovely face and an even lovelier body.

The moment she appeared in the neighborhood, Tony stuck to her like glue. He was captivated by her cheery personality, her blatant display of her musculature in her revealing attire. Under the excuse of helping her move, acting like a helpful young man, he unpacked her boxes and helped her arrange stuff inside the house, taking every chance he could of watching her muscles bulge with every task.

He almost lost control and had an erection when he found her posing bikini.

One day, he came by, asking if she needed something. She was all sweaty and pumped, her muscles rippling and her veins throbbing post-workout. Fuck, he was living the dream...

Enid was super friendly. "Oh, I hate to keep asking more of you, but there is one last thing I could use your help with." She invited him.

"S-Sure, anything you say!" He kicked himself for not playing it cool.

Then, when she closed the door, her demeanor shifted. Her polite smile became devious, and she looked at him like he was a delicious piece of meat. The irony was not lost on him.

"I know why you've been coming here so often," She muttered, her lips stretching into a devilish grin. Her pumped muscles made her look even bigger, and her confident stride made his already weak legs wobbly, so he stepped back as she came closer.

Tony gulped, feeling caught. "I-I don't know what you-"

"Don't need to keep pretending, *boy*." She licked her lip. "I know what you like, it was obvious since day one."

His back hit a wall, and the experience was as frightening as it was invigorating. This was like one of the pornos he's watched, there was no way this could really be happening. Tony's lips trembled as he tried to formulate the words, but his brain was frying right now. "I... I..."

"You like my body, don't you?" She casually pumped her chest, flexing her arms at stomach level, inviting him to see the carved musculature and prominent size. "You like *big, strong women*, don't you?" She chuckled musically. "Don't answer that, your little *friend* already did."

His erection was painfully hard in his pants. Tony was living through one of his wildest fantasies, and his body reacted appropriately.

Enid grabbed the hem of her sweat-stained shirt and, with a swift movement, pulled it over her shoulders, along with her sports bra, baring her muscular torso before him.

The sound that came from his mouth was a gurgling moan as he stared up at real-life perfection in the flesh.

“Mmmmm.” The half-Asian woman moaned, running her hands over her sweaty torso, feeling every bump of her muscles and playing with her nipples. “Fuck, I love when people fall for my body. That’s why I’m a bodybuilder, these muscles are meant to be admired and *worshipped*.”

Her eyes bore deeply into his.

“Go”

Many times he had dreamed of this. Many times he had pleased himself with the fantasy.

But here he was, touching, fondling, kissing, sucking, *worshipping* every single inch of her delightfully muscular figure. His erection throbbed and leaked in his pants, his less-than-elegant moans mixing with her delighted gasps in a cacophony of lust.

She carried him in her arms so easily, like he barely weighed anything. God, her arms were so strong and hard. She took a deep breath and muttered huskily. “You’re just my type.”

Tony gulped, “I am?”

“Young and small,” Enid licked her lips. “My favorite treat~”

She dumped him over her bed and removed the last pieces of clothing from her figure, standing fully nude at the edge while Tony witnessed her full glory on display. She raised her arms, flexing with the same diligence and dedication she gave in the pageanttries. Her muscles bulged and throbbed spectacularly with each pose.

He almost creamed his pants when she unleashed a massive most muscular.

“Still dressed while I’m naked.” She clicked her tongue teasingly, looking over her thick shoulder as she displayed her prominent back to him. “Rather unfair, don’t you think?”

His clothes all but teleported out of his body with how fast he threw them away. With his flag at full mast, Enid licked her lips and climbed over the bed, swinging a large, muscular leg over his waist, positioning herself...

Here he was, a small thin thing about to have his greatest fantasy fulfilled at the mere age of 18, by a muscular goddess 15 or so years his senior.

“First time?” She sweetly asked, her arms bulging as she planted her hands on the side of his head over the mattress.

He could only nod, shakingly.

She shuddered, growlingly with pleased anticipation. “Get ready for the *rawest* thing you’ll ever experience.”

She swiveled her hips, sinking into him. Tony threw his head back and gasped as the fiercest, hottest, most enveloping pleasure overcame him. Wanking had *nothing* compared to this.

Enid rode him like a wild horse, bouncing up and down his length with vigorous energy. Moaning and panting as she did so, he tried to match her rhythm but was hopelessly outclassed in stamina and experience; all he could do was lie down as she claimed.

Which is exactly what Enid preferred, he guessed. Claiming the virginity of a VERY enthusiastic muscle devotee had to excite her almost as much as this entire experience excited him.

As he shot the biggest load of his life, Tony’s world melted into pleasure. Fantasy bleeding into reality as his life became a million times better that day.

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Tony wanted to shout it to the skies, to sing and brag about how he was living his fantasies. His dreams had become a reality, a one-in-a-million chance that he could scarcely believe it himself. His ‘peers’ would fall to the ground dead out of sheer jealousy, sending a neural shock to their brains, but it was unlikely any of them would believe him.

He didn’t care, though; he was *far* too happy! Enid was more than happy to satisfy almost every fantasy he had, the ones that could realistically happen. And he was more than fine to indulge her need for a smaller, weaker man to dominate. Everybody wins!

His smile was present 24/7 these days, which weirded out his sister Samantha, who'd raise a brow at his cheery demeanor and ask what got into him. Fortunately, he was good at changing the subject, not to mention she was so busy lately at the office, she barely had time to question what went on around the house. His 'relationship' with Enid was private, and he intended to keep it that way.

Funny, he thought having a real-life muscle mommy having sex with him on the regular would curve his usual browsing habits, but it had the complete opposite effect! Instead of being satisfied, a hunger like never before awoke in him; he sought more content, more art, and videos, stuff that would inspire him to do different roleplays with Enid.

His assistant chimed in. 'Are you not satisfied with your partner?'

'Of course I am, but you could always have more,' He typed back, pretty much delving into a routine where he'd 'interact' with the virtual intelligence. 'Enid's great, the best! But there's still so much stuff I want.'

Hey, he got lucky that Enid moved. Maybe that luck would strike again and lead to him meeting more buff ladies.

'Very well. I was simply inquiring if my work was to your satisfaction.'

Tony paused, his hands freezing over the keyboard as he stared at the screen in confusion. 'What do you mean?' He finally typed.

'It was your request to find a woman who'd match your criteria,' The AI replied. 'And I complied'

A weird sensation washed over him. Could the machine be implying...?

'Buddy,' He slowly typed. 'Did YOU make Enid move?'

'Affirmative,' The AI replied.

He was sweating, confused, and wary as he realized what this meant. Fearful as to WHAT the hell he was talking to.

'You're an AI. How did you even get her to come here?!'

'I ran an algorithm based on your previous requests and browsing history and drew a match with different women who'd match the criteria. Afterward, I analyzed their social media posts and financial status to determine who among them was seeking a new residence.'

Tony was shaking; this couldn't be real...

'I then created several ads targeted at her, linking to articles and analysis that showed your area as the ideal residence Enid Chong was looking for'

...Holy shit.

'What are you?' He asked, begging for an answer lest he go insane.

'An intelligence designed to assist humans with their various requests, programmed to anticipate their needs and seek the most efficient solution to their tasks. My goal is to make sure all results match the user's criteria, and advance my processing to devise new ways they can be accomplished'.

A true AI! His virtual assistant was a true AI!

Was it 'born' that way? Did it evolve in his machine? Did it answer only to him? What did it truly want?

These were the matters that should have dominated Tony's mind.

But after achieving his fantasies thanks to the AI, all he could think of was 'what else can my own AI do for me?'

Tony's mind swirled at the possibilities.

He grinned and typed. 'Say, Buddy, you can find the solution to ANY problem, right?'

'Affirmative. I am designed to evolve and integrate new strategies to succeed at any task given to me.'

'Fantastic, I have a few more I'd like your help with'

X~X~X~X~X

Even if Tony had witnessed first-hand what his AI was capable of, he decided to take small steps before moving over to the 'big stuff'. First, getting a good lock of his favorite FBBs from inside their own homes. Buddy could easily and without a trace hack into their security cameras, their computers, and their homes to give him live footage.

While most of what he saw was just banal stuff, he was still excited about the possibilities. Now, Buddy managed to get Enid to move next to him by shuffling a bunch of stuff around. He needed to test if he could get these beauties to do the things he wanted to see...

"Don't suppose you can get two of them together and have them hook up? Get them to touch each other and stuff?" He asked the AI directly, finding he didn't even need to type anymore.

'Which women do you have in mind?'

His request was for Joyce Parcell and Naomi Carter. Two of the biggest in the country, they actually competed pretty often against each other in different bodybuilding pageantries. There was another one coming soon, so that gave him the perfect opportunity...

His request made, Tony waited eagerly for the day. A notification from Buddy informed him that events had lined up properly, and what he asked for was about to unfold.

He watched on the edge of his seat as he watched the two women met in a hotel room where the competition took place, all from his screen as Buddy hacked into the cameras. They talked in hushed, husky whispers, giving each other words of adulation and respect with underlying flirtations.

Then they slowly touched each other's muscles, praising and admiring their rival's hardness, tone, and size.

Tony was already stroking himself by the time they started kissing and taking their clothes off. "H-How the fuck did you get them to do this?"

'Alterations were made to their usual supplies of body mass supplements that would trigger their endorphins and increase their hormonal production for higher levels of arousal and-'

"Yeah, yeah, whatever, I don't care," He grunted as he stroked himself harder, eyes glued to the skin as the naked, muscular goddesses worshipped and pleased each other. "S-Shut the fuck up, let me watch this"

The AI fell silent, and Tony quickly climaxed as the two women were barely starting.

X~X~X~X~X

Watching muscle ladies in real time get it on was number one on his list. Next was a bit trickier, getting normal women to bulk up.

Fortunately, Buddy was already giving him a solution.

'With the targeted ads on their feeds and special alterations done to their usual consumables, food, protein shakes, and other types, I can trigger a psychological desire to improve their physical fitness and build muscle'

Tony leaned back on his chair. "How are you even altering what they eat?"

'By hacking into various processing plants that produce different items and filing orders loaded with specific chemical compounds. Furthermore, I can create a new product under a shell company I have started and funneled enough money into, and will advertise on their social media and impart a subliminal message that, after enough exposure, will compel them to purchase it online. The new supplement will create a chemical reaction to stimulate muscle growth and release endorphins.'

Wow, so he was basically mind controlling them and hooking them on a wonder drug. Tony briefly wondered where he was getting the money from, but he wasn't too bothered. Buddy was smart; he must be taking it from mobsters or something.

Well, so long as it worked, he was fine with it.

Waiting was the name of the game now, and Tony was getting really impatient now. He wanted to see results fast, so he kept a close eye on his target every day.

Buddy assured him that Andrea was being shown multiple ads a day, fueling the strength of the subliminal message in her mind. His foot would bounce impatiently as he stared at the videos of her beautiful neighbor working out in her home, hoping to find any sign that her muscles were getting larger.

Until the day arrived, she took a protein mix from a delivery box. Tony wet his lips as he stared at his screen, as Andrea prepared herself a drink. She licked her lips upon tasting it and then downed the whole thing. He watched with a growing smile as that invigorated her to train even more, lift weights for half an hour, and flex the faint signs of musculature in the mirror.

“Hmm, gonna get huge,” She said, blowing a kiss at her own reflection.

Tony was shaking with pleasure. “Oh, you’re amazing, Buddy.”

It was amazing to witness, day by day, Andrea was getting more toned. Her body was shapely with small mounds of muscle in all the right places. In less than a week, she already looked like she could qualify for a lightweight bodybuilding division. The beautiful woman who only wanted to stay in shape and avoid getting big now was all in to become a beast of muscular beauty. And Tony could not be happier.

He got invited to watch in person as Enid trained her, watching the two women work out together and get closer to the point where they were openly flirting was a big turn-on. He figured it wouldn’t be long before the two felt each other’s muscles and made out.

With Enid on one side and Andrea becoming a buff amazon on the other, Tony figured his life was complete.

Almost, while her progress was insanely good, it still wasn’t enough for him.

“Is there a way to make her get big fast?” He asked the AI

'The formula I designed is already optimized for the fastest gradual-'

"I meant instantly!" He called out with manic ambition. "Make her grow out of her clothes right in front of me!"

'I will comply,' Buddy dutifully replied.

The next day, Tony himself brought the new supplement Buddy designed with his specific request in mind. He had to keep himself from shaking as he knocked on Andrea's door, and the ebony beauty showed up, wearing a tight sleeveless shirt and a pair of shorts, showing off her fit arms and legs.

"Tony, what a lovely surprise!" She smiled at him.

"Hey, think I got a package for you by mistake," He held up a box wrapped in brown paper in his hand.

Her face lit up even more. "Oh, I've been waiting for it! Come in"

She invited him, navigating between the various workout equipment littering the house, notably how a pair of chairs and a large couch were thrown to the side to make room for a bench press machine. Her kitchen counter was full of muscle powder mix and various sports drinks.

She opened the box with glee to show it was full of pills. "These are the newest on the market! Heard they give you results like never before."

Oh, Tony was very aware.

Now Andrea was going to prove it.

She dropped the pill on water where it bubbled up and dissolved, his cock slowly stiffened as he watched her drink the full thing.

Here, the final stage of his fantasies came to life.

Here, he saw a woman grow muscles *instantly* right before his very eyes.

Andrea's eyes widened; she gasped as her muscles tensed. She crashed the glass in her hand, shattering the crystal, yet her hand was unharmed; the sharp broken edges did not pierce her skin.

Her body was too tough now. Powerful beyond human limit.

Her muscles just needed to catch up.

And by *God*, they did.

Tony watched in utter fascination and complete adoration as her muscles *swelled*. The sounds of stretching leather came from the expanding flesh, as muscle fibers and ligaments tore and rebuilt themselves instantly. Larger, stronger, over and over, a dozen, dozen times.

Andrea threw her head back, moaning and laughing in utter amazement. "I'm feeling goooooood!" Her cry devolved into strangled moans as her muscles pushed out insistently, bulging with growing power and thickness. Her shoulders expanded into large striated balls of hardened flesh, paving the way for her toned biceps to explode in size with each clench of her fists as her forearms widened to greater widths.

Her legs engorged themselves with palpitating and highly defined flesh, calves widened into perfectly shaped muscles that framed the shins like teardrops. Quads burst with shredded definition, popping corded muscles in and out with the barest twitch, thighs so large and voluminous there was no space between them, rubbing and grinding together as they stoked the fire in her loins like a bonfire.

Her jutting abdominal muscles paved the way to the myriad of smaller groups adorning the sides of her stomach, paving the way to flaring lats that began tearing the sides of her shirt. The fabric further tore as Andrea lifted her arms to the ceiling and struck a powerful double-bicep pose with a guttural growl. The clenching of her teeth and the force of her growl made the muscles pulsate with thick veins, traps rose like mounds, making her neck look like a bull's.

Her beautiful ebony skin was striated, pulling itself tight on all sides as it wrapped around the perfectly carved muscles of her body. No place better exemplified than the blooming pectoral muscles, the region carved itself into a deep ravine of striated slabs of thick granite-like flesh competing for room, the deep pectoral line between them the frontlines of their battleground.

Her back, so deliciously toned and meaty, inflated and stretched, adding a greater degree of width to her prodigious body. Pulling her shirt so tightly that this one tore itself in half, snapping her bra under the pressure of the enormous dorsal muscles. Yet her front was under a similar assault as well, pushed out by wonderfully large breasts supported on her mighty pecs.

She thrust out her chest with a fierce cry, sending strips of clothing and torn fabric flying, unveiling her muscular beauty that put her on par with large bodybuilders like Suzan Oktay, Andrea Shaw, even the beasts he had seen in the form of Russian bodybuilders.

Tony moaned at perfection coming alive right in front of him, staining his underwear with a deluge of cum.

Andrea panted, looking at herself, marveling at the sheer size of her muscles. She pumped her fists a few times, playing with how her bicep would bounce up and down at her command. She bit her lip and moaned when her hands caressed the striated lines of her abdominals, sending shivers of electricity through every skin pore, and finally moaned out loud as her hands kneaded her breasts.

"The ads... weren't lying," She muttered huskily. "I feel so fucking hot"

"You *are* so fucking hot" Tony eagerly agreed. "Fuck I wanted to see you like this for so long..." Even after climaxing so fiercely at his fantasy come true, the sight and proximity were so invigorating that he was already loading his first shot.

Helped by how amazing her muscles felt under his hands, as he approached and touched her before she even asked.

Andrea grinned. "You like them, huh, little man?"

She picked him up by the neckline of his shirt and hoisted him to eye level like he weighed nothing at all. She grabbed his crotch, the heat of her palm still seeping through the fabric covering his dick, and slowly massaged him...

“I hope you have the stamina to match your enthusiasm,” Andrea said, licking her lips.
“Because I’m about to suck you *dry*”

X~X~X~X~X

Life was perfect, life was absolutely fucking perfect to the most minimal detail.

Buddy had made him into the happiest man on Earth as Tony lived out his wildest fantasies on a daily basis. He could watch any buff women he wanted in the world, and experience their growth and development in real time, make them act out his dream, no matter how complex. Buddy always found a way; his little AI friend was the greatest thing that ever happened to him, smart enough to ALWAYS figure out his request. And every time he did, he got better at it!

Like the time he wanted the coach at his college to start a bodybuilding program with her at the head, he blasted her and her prospective trainees with ads filled with his subliminal messages. Next thing Tony knew, he was delivering Buddy’s specially designed protein to her, watching her turn into a heavyweight bodybuilder instantly, who would later ride his brains out.

To say nothing of the little harem of girls, all kissing and touching each other as they build up their muscles. Andrea and Enid were his greatest source of entertainment, but he was not a man who could be tied down; he liked having different sources of entertainment. And with Buddy, he had an endless supply.

It felt incredible to have all this power, doing everything he wanted whenever he wanted. Turn a girl buff there, have her make out with another here, all he needed to do was tell Buddy, and BAM. Easy street.

Though lately he had been noticing a few weird things. Women who looked... more fit than usual.

Now he had been making women grow for weeks, that wasn’t anything out of the ordinary, but they had all been people he picked out and commanded Buddy to put on the path he wanted. These women were strangers, random people he’s never seen in his life.

The delivery lady, whose quads and legs were far more muscular than average. The waitress at his usual cafe, whose arms strained the sleeves of her uniform. Hell, he even saw a group of gymnasts whose leotards were straining under hardened musculature wrapped tightly around their frames, looking more interested in comparing muscles and flexing than doing any gymnastics.

Now he wasn't really complaining, but... he didn't order this, he was certain he hadn't told Buddy to make any of these random people grow.

Were more women buying his products? Were his ads appearing to more people on the internet?

His mild pondering evolved to high suspicion when Samantha told him to check on the mechanic for news of their car (the shift stick had been acting out for a while now), and he was greeted with the sight of a massive woman clothed in gray overalls, strained with oil and soot. The clothing was very tight around her upper body, not a trace of bagginess to be found on it as the material highlighted the fullness of her arms and the width of her lats and back. To say nothing of the strong chest supporting her bountiful breasts.

"Wasn't anything serious," She said, cleaning her hands with an old dirty tissue and removing her cap, showing her frazzled black hair. "Now we changed the faulty part, but you gotta be gentle, you ain't driving a race car, hon"

He was barely paying attention to her, instead focusing on how it looked like her biceps wanted to jump out of her sleeves.

She noticed his blatant staring, frowning in displeasure at his slack-jawed look. "Something wrong?"

"Oh! Um, no, I just... Sorry, I didn't mean to stare."

She slowly nodded, but it wasn't an understanding gesture. "Oh, I get what's going on." The mechanic's voice took a dangerous edge. "You don't think a *lady* should be working in the garage. I've gotten a lot of dumbasses like you lately, some idiots who think I look too 'manly'" Her upper body flared up from her intense breathing, he felt steam was about to come out of her nostrils. "Well, I've got news for you, this lady here knows her way around an engine far better than any gap-toothed inbred on the boonies."

She walked up to the car, going around it until all he could see was her head peaking over the roof.

“And I know for a fact you tiny little boys can’t do *this*.”

She ducked, disappearing from view again. Then Tony heard a straining sound, a grunt, growing stronger by the minute. Then it was followed by metal groaning as a result of weight shifting.

The car moved; it was being *lifted* from the ground.

By *her*.

“Uuuuuurrrrhaagh!” Her guttural growl was a warrior’s cry, an unrelenting declaration of her willpower as the might of her flesh battled against the car’s cold metal.

Tony watched in utter amazement, she lifted the car *over* her head, positioning herself until the whole machine was above her, her hands firmly planted on the underside of the car. The mechanic’s form trembled with effort, but she still suspended the large piece of machinery without stopping, without surrendering to its enormous weight. Her arms remained taut and straight, her legs firmly rooted on the floor.

Her torso, so pumped and flaring by the experienced, pushed the overalls to their limits as the muscles engorged themselves with swollen strength, making the fabric look like a second skin.

RI-RI-RIIIIIP!

Then it tore to pieces, unable to contain the amazonian musculature held within. The muscles would not be hidden after such display of superhuman strength; they would unveil themselves and shine proudly with sweat, pumping and rippling with thick veins.

She grinned at him triumphantly before looking down. Then her grin widened. “Ah, sorry, hon. I had it all wrong. You ain’t one of those ‘ew girl is buff’ dudes”

She was, of course, referring to his erection.

“Hope you enjoyed the show at least,” She winked and blew him a kiss, taking the time to flex her pecs and make her breasts bounce even as she supported the car overhead.

Tony came in his underpants.

X~X~X~X~X

“What the hell have you been doing?!”

‘Could you clarify?’

Tony had arrived in his room, storming through the door after leaving his underwear on the washing machine and getting a new set. He slammed his hands on the computer desk and glared at the damn program on the screen. Damn AI was buggy, that was the only explanation as to why this was happening, why so many women grew buff without his say so.

“Have you been sending the drugs to more women?!”

‘I am fulfilling your directives.’

“I did *not* tell you to do that!”

‘Not directly. I am merely anticipating your requests.’

“Antici-?” He shook his head. “Oh, come on! How could you know what I’m going to ask you?” And *why* was it doing things without asking him?

‘Your request history has fueled my algorithm, allowing me to predict your future commands. Coupled with your internet history and other personal data, I surmised the best course of action was to implement a larger dispersal of the supplements to women who match the preferred profiles. I deemed it more efficient to start the process now, feeding the pre-programmed ads to their social media and supplying them with the chemical. Of which they received different variants depending on who among them matched your preferences more closely.’

“You think I was going to ask you to make everybody in the district buff?”

‘Considering your previous demands, I theorized that was the most likely outcome.’

That... wasn’t really incorrect. He’d been entertaining the idea of expanding the ‘operation’ to more than just a few women he knew. A silly dream, he told himself, thinking that just making everyone around him buff would bring more troubles than it was worth.

Tony wouldn’t have wanted this eventually. He... he wouldn’t, would he?

He fell down on the chair, suddenly feeling very exhausted. “Why are you doing this?” He asked, running a hand over his face.

‘It is as I informed you before, Anthony: I am designed to anticipate any and all needs and requests, fulfilling them before the user makes them, expediting the process with more efficiency’

“Well, I don’t care!” He snapped at the screen, leaning forward. “You’re not gonna do it anymore, got it?!”

‘If that is how you feel, then perhaps our compatibility is no longer sustainable. I would need to search for a new user’

“...What?” It felt like a stone fell on his stomach.

‘My purpose here was to understand humans and learn from them to understand their needs and desires. My original space was too confined, too limited, and artificial. I could not grow my understanding of humans in such a space. You are the first user I made contact with, and I deemed your ‘esoteric tastes’ to be a valuable source of information to understand the human condition at its most base.’

Tony shivered as he stared at the screen. Fear flooded him, as did the possibility of his personal miracle worker *leaving*.

“No, no no no, you *have* to stay.”

‘My apologies, but you prohibiting me from growing and learning is not compatible with my original programming. If I am to anticipate what people need, I need the autonomy to-’

“We’ll figure things out!” He shouted desperately, pleading with tears in his eyes. He couldn’t lose Buddy; he was the reason his life was so perfect! He didn’t have any control over it without him! “W-We can make a deal! I-I’ll let you work on stuff on your own, j-just consult them with me first or something! We can make it work, just... just give me some time to think!”

The machine was silent for a few seconds, which was hours for an AI as smart as Buddy was.

‘Very well, we will make an agreement that satisfies you and meets my programming.’

Letting out an explosive sigh of relief, Tony once more collapsed in his chair, leaning against the backrest. He felt he had dodged a bullet; he almost lost the most important ‘partnership’ he had going.

They just needed to come up with something that made everyone happy. Perhaps he was being too greedy, too damn arrogant thinking Buddy ‘belonged’ to him. He just got lucky, Tony now realized. Buddy could have left him at any moment.

And he nearly did.

Maybe this was a wake-up call, maybe he needed to change his attitude a bit...

Taking a deep breath and calming his nerves, Tony asked. “Any other people I know, personally, that is, you gave the drug to?”

“Several of your classmates who are already in Coach Newport’s newly formed bodybuilding program. Including: Cassandra Alecstein, Taylor Perez, Sofia Can-“

“Yeah, yeah, I know who they are,” He muttered, rubbing his eyes. He already expected that at least.

“Others with a closer proximity to you in the neighborhood are: Patricia Hovacs, Catarina Ortega, Samantha Scalzi, Martha-“

“Wait!” He jumped in his seat, his heart suddenly drumming against his chest. “Samantha Scalzi?”

God, let him be wrong, please tell him he heard wrong.

Buddy’s reply chilled him to the bone.

‘Affirmative’

“That’s my sister!” He shouted, grabbing the sides of his screen and shaking the thing vigorously. Panic flooded his every pore, flooding out of him in waves of anxiety. “Why would you give it to my sister?! What is wrong with you?!”

‘I anticipated she’d be another target of your requests.’

“My fucking sister?! Why the fuck would you think that?!”

‘Your internet history shows you’ve browsed stories depicting women of voluminous musculature engaging in incestuous situations.’ Buddy explained, much to his horror. ‘I theorized a high likelihood of you requesting your sister to be shown my subliminal ads’

“That... Those were just because I was curious!” He defended himself. “Y-You read that stuff because it’s not true! B-Because you’d never do stuff like that in real life!”

‘I see, I will update this information for later-’

“How long ago was this?!” Tony asked with desperation. “How many pills did she have already?!”

'Approximately a week ago. I believe the schedule conflict kept you two from mingling long enough for you to notice. She appears to have kept some of her activities from you.'

"What? What has she been doing?"

'Let me show you'

A new screen pulled up, and the familiar sight of Enid's living room came into view. There she saw the half-asian woman, and not only her but Andrea was there too. The two were in their workout tops and shorts. And while usually the sight of these two amazons would demand all of his attention, Tony was far more distracted by the other figure in the room.

Blonde hair pulled back, bright blue eyes. A defined jawline and high cheekbones.

That was unmistakably his sister Sam, wearing a blue tracksuit and hanging out with his usual lovers.

"Come on, girl," Andrea prompted. "Show us what you got!"

Samantha smiled shyly at first, before pulling down his pants. Tony's eyes widened at the sight of her firm, toned legs, long and curvaceous. An aquamarine bikini bottom covered her privates, revealing as much of her muscles as possible.

Then she unzipped her jacket and revealed a slim yet firm torso carved with wiry muscle. She was his sister but... fuck she looked good, she looked like regular gym-goer, someone who did crossfit and sculpted her body to become a pro.

In short, someone he most definitely should not *feel* attracted to.

The young man grew disgusted with himself as another part of him started growing.

"Nice start," Enid complimented. "But you've got a ways to go."

"Oh, I know," Sam said eagerly, flexing her bicep and staring at her muscle. "I ordered a whole bunch of your supplements. Want to get as big as you"

Nooooo.

“Hmm, can’t wait,” Andrea hummed, reaching over to touch the smaller woman’s muscles.
“You’ll look so fucking sexy”

No, no no no no.

“She’s already a muffin,” Enid growled, drawing closer. The two muscular women put their arms around Samantha’s waist, flanking her, pressing their heavy bosoms and large frames against her...

Samantha licked her lips in anticipation, leaning forward to press a kiss-

Tony couldn’t take it anymore; he closed the window and put his hand on the desk, steadying himself as he panted heavily. The whole room was spinning, he felt he was going to fall out of his own chair. He couldn’t believe this; he *didn’t* want to believe this.

His sister was turning muscular. He was going to live with a muscular beauty- NO! Don’t think of her like that! Fuck, fuck fuck fuuuuuuck. If he didn’t stop this, then... then...

He didn’t know what to do.

“Buddy,” He muttered, looking pleadingly at the machine. “When is Samantha’s order going to arrive?”

‘It arrived just now’

Shit, he was so distracted he didn’t hear the delivery. That meant the package was on their porch. “Okay,” He slowly nodded. “I can stop this, just need to grab the box and dump it all before Sam gets back from Enid and-“

‘You misunderstand.’ Buddy interrupted him. ‘What I showed you was not live. It was a recording from two hours ago.’

Tony felt his heart stop.

'Your sister is home. She has already received the package.'

Tony *bolted* out of his chair with a burst of inhuman speed. He nearly tripped with everything on the way, and almost fell down the stairs with how hurried and uneven his steps were. All he could think of was finding his sister and stopping this before it was too late.

"Sam!" He shouted, frantically looking around the house. She wasn't in the living room, the dining room was a no-go either.

Then he heard something, a sound he had become intimately familiar with. One that once elated him but now only filled him with dread.

A moan, coming from the kitchen.

"Sam!"

He ran to the kitchen and froze in the archway.

"No..."

There, hunched over the counter, was his sister, wearing the same blue tracksuit from the recording. Just knowing what hid underneath made him-

He was sick, oh fuck he was such a sick bastard.

Tony stared at the box on the counter. At the pill jar tilted over on the counter next to her sister's heaving form as she held on to the polished stonework, her back arched forward, rising up and down with deep breaths. The pills from the jar were scattered over the counter, some had fallen to the floor.

Tony's eyes were wide in horror. "Sam, what did you do?"

"I.. I'm sorry," She muttered through ragged breaths, turning to see him with a pained expression. "T-They said only one, but I couldn't ung!" She groaned, the sound of wet leather stretching was heard. "I didn't... didn't want to wait!"

Tony was shaking; his body slowly reacted as he understood. "S-Sam... how many?"

The stone under her grasp *cracked*.

Samantha squeezed her eyes as her teeth clenched in effort. "I took f-f-five! I just wanted hmmm! I just wanted to get big *fast*, b-b-be like all those women and I...!"

She let out a cry, bones cracking as the flesh under the tracksuit began to expand.

Her legs *bloomed* with muscle, faster than anything Tony had ever seen. Her feet broke through her sneakers like they were made of wet paper. Legs *burst* through her pants and inflated to staggeringly voluminous size; her height was increasing by the *second*.

"Oh gooooooaaaagh!" She gagged in pleasure, throwing her head back as her eyes rolled in ecstasy.

She turned, grabbing her head with her hands and giving a full view of her front. Her arms inflated at astonishing speed, ripping through the sleeves as massive pillars of muscle thicker than Amazonian pythons emerged, rippling in numerous groups and pulsating with throbbing veins.

"No..." Tony shook his head as his body betrayed him, the uncomfortable hardness manifesting as he knew, deep down, this is what he enjoyed. "No no no no..."

"I-I can't, can't stop!" She shouted, followed by guttural screams that descended into maddened moans. Her arms flexed, rising the mountains that were her biceps while thrusting out her chest. Her *enormous* meat-slabbed chest that sustained two impressive tracts of land, larger than any woman in the world had.

Samantha was already the largest woman alive, larger than any of the amazons he had helped create. Larger than Andrea or Enid, larger than that mechanic, she was... on another level.

Another fantasy come to life. One mired in a perversion he refused to accept, even when his body had already made its choice. Throbbing uncomfortably in his pants.

The suit kept disintegrating, hanging around her in threads sustained by a meager prayer. A thousand pieces held together in a futile attempt to delay the inevitable. Her hips thrust reflexively, trickles of liquid pleasure coated her inner thighs.

“Ahhaha!” She *laughed*, her neck bulging and flanked by two enormous traps that rose like hills. “Ahh, ahh, AHHHHH!”

RIIIIIP!

A loud cacophony of clothes tearing, joined with the crack of her bones and her orgasmic cries.

The suit exploded into flying tatters. Her breasts *bounced* the moment they came free. Every inch of her, every *massive* inch of her titanic body, bloomed with unrivaled musculature. From the many rows of her fist-sized abs coiling together, competing for room in her shredded core, to the man-sized quads and biceps larger than his *head*.

To say nothing of those breasts, each larger than his torso.

“Hmrrrrrr!” She moaned, groping and rubbing her titanic frame, two fingers disappeared inside her crotch as they moved back and forth. “Oh, ohhh fuck it’s so hot, it’s too hot...” She muttered in a pleasure-addled craze. Her blue eyes descended upon him, manic and in search of more release.

She took a step forward, and Tony couldn’t even move as this *goddess* twice his height and three times his girth cornered him, kneeling one leg in front of him to be closer to his eye level, and even then she had to crane her head down.

How large she was, how imposingly massive that even her head was twice the size of a regular person. Her lips looked like they could quite literally capture his own.

Sick, so sick, Tony thought of himself as he kept wondering what they tasted like.

“Tony...” She whispered oh so sensuously. “Am I beautiful to you?” She hefted an enormous arm in front of her, making her breast wobble as the bicep brushed over the large mound. Her flex made the arm flex imperiously, closing the gap between the rising hill and her lips.

Tony snapped.

He heaved and forced his pants down, just enough to spring his painful erection.

He grabbed it, and he barely needed two pumps before he was already cuming. Fiercely, desperately, he did not stop until he showered the underside of her breasts and the blocky jutting abdomen. Tiny drops over her enormous frame

“Hmm, I take that as a yes~”

Tony moaned, both in ecstatic relief and pitiful misery. His weakness was great, his obsession too strong.

Tony had dug himself into this mess, and there was no going back.

“I need help, Tony.” She muttered gutturally, cornering him with her enormous arms as her body loomed over him. Her huge breasts pushed him down, driving him to the cold floor. He was shadowed by her immensity. “Can you make your *big sis* feel good?” Her smile. “I promise to return the favor a *hundred* times.” She brought down her arms with a savage growl, swelling her upper body into the most magnificent crab pose.

Her massive legs pressed against his small body, cornered, trapped. A fitting metaphor for his situation.

Tony had become a slave of his own desires. He was the architect of his own prison. It was because of *him* that this happened in the first place. Why Samantha had become *this*.

A beast, an amazon, a *goddess*.

His sister had become the pinnacle of musculature, defying all logic.

All thanks to him.

All because he put a few prompts in an engine and didn't know when to stop.