

(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 degree 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 databanks. The only place that could house such powerful artificial intelligence.

And yet...

"It's empty" The lead programmer muttered, cold sweat drenching from 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 from 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 contents 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, *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 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 with her revealing attire. Under the excuse of helping her out 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 step 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, 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 to 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 at 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, growling 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 lay 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.