

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

James had never been a popular guy, in the high school natural order he had unfortunately fallen under the category of nerd or geek. His short slim build and glasses had designated him as such a long time ago, not helped that his interests were unfortunately stereotypical, dooming him to be picked on by the jocks and the popular kids. The only people he could ever hang out with were others like himself.

His friendships were valued, but was it wrong for him to want more? That in the last year of high school, at eighteen years old he'd never escape this inane 'social dynamic?' James dreaded it would follow him all the way to college and the rest of his life.

There were so many things he needed to get done so he'd escape this unfair mark. So many things he still wanted to accomplish. He'd yet to successfully invite someone to prom, he never got to ask the girl of his dreams on a date, but he never dared to... and even if he did, he was sure she'd never see him as anything more than a friend.

Clarissa never failed to take his breath away, she was such a stunning sight in everything she did. Her lightly tanned skin complimented nicely her beautifully and seemingly endless wavy blonde locks, her green eyes always made his heart flutter with their kindness. And her voice, so musical and perfect, her laugh was like the sweetest sonata. Clarissa was *outstanding*, easily one the most beautiful girls in school, the kind jocks and popular would ask out but she wasn't vain, she wasn't superficial like those other air-headed bimbos. No, she was *special*.

As James watched her run around the tracking field, he couldn't help but feel she remained forever out of reach, even as she neared the finish line she never seemed to come closer...

What chance did a little geek like him stand? A lean fit beauty like her on her way to college with a sports scholarship would never even entertain the possibility of dating him. Of... caring for him like he did her.

...But what if she could?

What if... she just needed a little push? So, she'd see him with new eyes.

He had wrestled with the morality of this since it first entered his mind. And questioned himself every step of the way but... in the end, his heart yearned for something unattainable. And the two would surely be better off together, he'd treat her right.

He just needed her to see it too.

With her back turned to him, finishing her stretches (and inadvertently giving him a good look at her faintly toned legs and back), James slipped the compound he had been working on into her drink as discretely and as swiftly as he could, pocketing the empty vial in his pocket and swiftly screwing the plastic bottle cap once more. Hopefully, the sport's drink flavor would mask any lingering chemical...

He grabbed the bottle and approached her, his heart beating furiously every step of the way. Her wavy blonde locks swayed in her ponytail as she turned her head, smiling oh so beautifully at him. "Thanks, James," She said gratefully, grabbing the bottle.

He almost tore his head, wanting her to drink it but watching with mounting desperation how it remained on her head as she checked her pulse. "What was the time?"

"T-Twenty-seven seconds faster"

"Yes!" She pumped her fist. "Better than last time"

Drink it, please drink it. He desperately thought.

His heart stopped as she twisted the plastic cap open and brought it to her lips.

This was it. This was the moment he was waiting for. If his calculations were right, Clarissa would form a *powerful* emotional attachment with the first person she saw. He went to great lengths to calculate the right time the two would be alone, so her eyes would only fall on him...

She emptied half the bottle until she finally stopped with a satisfied gasp, cleaning her lips.

His hopes soared high when her green eyes fell on him.

A moment passed, then another.

Then she frowned, "Are you... okay? You keep staring"

And just like that, his hopes were scorched by the uncaring sun.

Of course... of course, it did not work.

Why would it? The girl of his dreams wouldn't fall for him in any conceivable way after all.

It was just a fantasy...

"Just... stuck thinking on the upcoming tests" He muttered, trying to keep his voice as steady as possible. "You got any study partner?"

"Oh, I can always make time for a friend!" She said brightly and playfully punched him in the shoulder. "But I think you'd be teaching me far more than I could teach you!" And laughed cheerfully.

Friend... how much he loathed the word.

X~X~X~X~X

Clarissa loved running; she had poured countless hours of training ever since she knew she wanted to pursue track field. There was something so... liberating whenever she set off from the starting line and followed along the tracks, focusing not on her competition or the crowd, but on that goal in front of her. Her body and mind were one as she gave it her all until her legs burned and exhaustion filled her limbs. Never stop until she was running on empty, that was her motto.

But right now the fuel seemed endless, for Clarissa had been going around the block for what felt like hours. And given how the sun was setting it wasn't hyperbole...

She couldn't understand *how* she could keep running and running and running, yet her limbs performed with endless locomotion, even after training at the school. She had returned home and instead of relaxing for the rest of the day she still felt she had extra energy to burn off.

Clarissa couldn't stop, or perhaps could it be said she didn't *want* to? This boundless energy was giving her a runner's high like no other. She was breaking her limits and surpassing any previous records by a mile (or rather miles given how long she'd been running).

But it felt... wrong as well. Like this wasn't supposed to be, this energy was unnatural, she couldn't keep running without end in sight. All races had to end, that was the point. But if she wasn't careful then her mind wouldn't see a goal and just keep running endlessly.

Her legs were burning but it was a good sensation, a good burn. The strain on her muscles was noticeable but not painful, her prized limbs urged her to continue. To keep running until she left everything behind but the unreachable goal, never stop, keep going and get faster, stronger...

Clarissa shook her head, almost snarling as she finally forced herself to a stop.

She rested on her knees and panted, sweat trailing down the sides of her face and dripping under her chin. The workout t-shirt and shorts were drenched with sweat yet it didn't feel like she had been running for as long as she had. This impossible task had taken far less out of her than official competitions had in the past.

Clarissa was half tempted to keep running once she caught her breath, but instead, she wisely walked home.

She was alone at this time, just her and her thoughts. But those thoughts were intrusive, her mind still reeled from what she had accomplished today. She went to the bathroom and splashed her face with water, looking at herself in the mirror. The flushed wet face wasn't tired, just... baffled. How could she still be running high? How could her legs not have snapped off yet?

A pat at said limbs made her freeze, for she made contact with something larger and harder than she was used to.

She looked down, astonished at the tone of her legs. They had always been toned given her sport of choice, but... they looked very fit now, like she had doubled her squat routine and had

been going at it for months. Clarissa slowly trailed a hand over their mound, feeling the faint lines of muscle separating them.

It felt... intriguing.

And the quads weren't alone, she noticed her forearm was rather toned as well. Her eyes trailed upward and stared at the small bicep brushing against the sleep. She had always complimented her training by working the other parts, never neglecting anything, and yet... she shouldn't have this level of tone. It was impossible.

Just as impossible as it had been running for hours around the block without collapsing.

What was happening to her? What... What was this?

How could she have changed so much since this afternoon? She was still... *normal* after she had said goodbye to James.

"Ugh," She felt a pang in her chest, the moment she thought of him her heart did a weird jump.

And her muscles flexed on their own... tightening, the lines becoming a bit deeper.

Her arms were *swelling*, as though being pumped with air. Forearms widened in circumference, pushing outward with greater tone. Clarissa tried to hold it back with a hand, panicking as she failed to stifle the growth but failed, her fingers spread over its surface.

"Hgn!" The blonde staggered as if struck, her toned legs were gaining more mass by the second. The muscles sharpened and expanded in girth, her feet were coaxed in her tennis while the calves swelled past her shins. The quadriceps filled up, power coiled inside the tensing muscle groups, popping into existence and rippling mightily. The fabric on her shorts tightened around the impressive thighs, cuffing the libs while her glutes expanded outward.

Her runner's build was being obliterated, reforged by a crossfit level athlete with a notable v-shape as her lats widened, flaring out like wings and straining her shirt further. The fabric clung to her abs, highlighting their stunning definition as the first row became free the more the shrinking article of clothing hiked up.

Clarissa grunted, she almost tumbled forward and was forced to hold onto the sink for support. She looked down with quivering eyes at her arms, shocked at how her biceps grew exponentially. Liquid power burst to the surface of her skin as veins throbbed into existence, covering the growing muscles like roads on a map. The strength in her limbs could not be denied as her fingers *dug* into the sink, breaking the material and spreading a jagged web of cracks on both ends.

Her back expanded, broadening and spreading the breadth of her muscles. The shirt tightened so much it was almost paper-thin, yet despite the soft tearing sounds, it would not give up. Clarissa gasped and let go of the sink, stumbling back against the bathroom door. She panted rapidly, swelling breasts pushing the shirt and creating a cleavage window for them to know some respite, their heaviness was supported by the strong pectoral muscles that were forming rip above them, framed by the rising hills of traps and the expanding neck muscles.

“Why is this happening?!” She asked in disbelief to no one. “Why am I...?! Mnmgh!” She stifled a moan as a wave of arousal overcame her, her nipples hardened and jutted out, lifting two tents under her shirt and bra. “J-James!”

She didn’t know why she called out her name, why her muscles flexed harder and larger when she did. Clarissa couldn’t understand why she felt compelled to flex her newfound muscles, or why the act of making them push through the fabric felt like such a turn-on...

The blonde’s left hand sneaked inside her pants, underneath her panties where she began fingering herself. Tweaking with the bundle of nerves and brushing over her wet folds. All while flexing her right arm repeatedly, licking her lips, and staring enamored at the bicep pumping larger still, the fabric weakening against it...

When it tore and left her bicep bare, Clarissa’s orgasm too broke free. Making her eyes roll back as a shrill moan escaped her lips, throwing her head back in ecstasy as pleasure filled her.

She panted, staring at her own reflection... Good god, she looked like a bodybuilder. Her track-field career was *ruined* with this body. Not only that her entire social life would be thrown over its head, she couldn’t come back to school and let people see her like this! She had gained like forty pounds of muscle in an instant.

Something... Something strange happened to her. Something that defied all explanation. She didn’t to talk to someone. A doctor- no they’d inform her family. Maybe... Maybe someone who knew her, who’d know about weird science stuff, and most importantly who wouldn’t say a word.

The answer became clear in her mind, it was the same word that had been repeating in her head the last few minutes nonstop.

“James...” She muttered, her lips dry. “Need to... go to James”