

**(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 cottage, relieved to see the lights were still out. Good, she was still sleeping then. He parked the car in his own 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.