

(**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 reads 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 ran a lot of tests to make sure of 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 has 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.