

(Warning: This story contains female muscle, graphic sexual context and taboo subjects)

There was an old saying; 'When trouble comes, it's your family that supports you'.

To say the Nakano sisters had complicated relationships and history was an understatement, as was often the case in a family with numerous siblings. There had been a period of their lives in which most of them had been, knowingly or unknowingly, pitted against each other to compete for the affection of one man. Some would say it was foolish, to stake their familiar bonds over such a thing. It had been difficult at points, but at the end of the day, nothing could break the bond the Nakano sisters had for each other.

They'd always be there for each other. And if there was something they learned it's to always be honest about their feelings.

"What do you mean I've been gaining weight?!"

That didn't mean there weren't 'confrontations' from time to time. It was bound to happen even in the best families.

Itsuki glared from her place at the dinner table at the one who dared to lob such an accusation at her. Nino was indifferent to her youngest sister sending visual daggers at her as she gathered the empty plates around the table.

"You just had three servings of chicken and rice," The second eldest replied with an arid tone as she took the plates over to the kitchen. "Don't think I don't notice you getting love handles"

Miku slowly shrank in her seat, trying to avoid getting caught in the blast of the storm that was about to envelop their household.

Ichika sighed to herself, she would have rubbed her temples if not for the fact her hands were busy helping Nino with the dishes. "There is a proper way to say things, Nino..."

"So I like to eat a little more from time to time!" Itsuki crossed her arms and turned her gaze from them, "I still keep my figure!"

"You don't work out," Miku voiced her thoughts despite herself. Itsuki now turned her glare to her.

"Exactly," Nino said with a violent nod of her head. "Walking is not enough; you need to start taking better care of yourself! Just last week you had ice cream twice, three pastries, and went out to have burgers and fries yesterday!"

"She has a point..." The oldest Nanako mused. "If you want to keep eating like this, Itsuki, at least make sure you're balancing it with the proper training regimen"

The most studious one of the five stammered, "B-B-Back me up here, Yotsuba!" She looked at the fourth seat of the table... which was empty.

"Still in college," Miku muttered. "Will come back in a few weeks"

Itsuki groaned, dropping her head to the table.

"That said," Ichika continued, putting the last plate on the sink and giving a matronly look at her sisters, with her arms akimbo for a stronger effect. "You two could stand to take better care of yourself. I don't think you girls have been doing much in terms of PE since the vacation started" A raised brow was the finishing blow.

The three girls all squirmed on their spots, giving each other sheepish looks.

"W-Well, what about you?!" Nino shot back accusingly.

"I'm an actress," Ichika deadpanned, "Do you have any idea how demanding this job is? If I'm not below a certain body fat index, then a lot of job opportunities are downright closed to me" Her phone beeped in her pocket, and Ichika retrieved it, looking over the text. "Speaking of, need to take this, they're making me go back and forth for this role..."

The three other sisters watched as their eldest walked up to her room and closed the door, the three sighed in unison as they shared a look.

"Okay, okay," Nino picked up her previous tone after their sister left. "Itsuki, you're going to exercise and that's final"

"I have to study!" Itsuki bemoaned.

"You're on vacation," Miku blandly replied.

"Which is why it's so important! I have a lot of free time now, so I need it to keep up my studies if I want to put a good resume for college!" She said, "What about you two?! You are the older ones, shouldn't you lead by example!"

"We are fine" Nino sniffed, turning up her nose. "We don't have to suffer with you. Don't be such a baby... Well, I'm fine. Miku can't even lift a paper straw"

"Don't throw me under the bus" The middle sister gave her typical pout. "You're not so fit yourself,"

"Boys don't like fit girls"

An idea popped into Itsuki's head. Manipulative and childishly vindictive, but she wasn't in the mood to be mature. She was the youngest, and she had always taken it upon herself to be the mature one, well least this time she wouldn't have to struggle alone.

"I don't know," She mused with a fake curious tone, "Futaro seems to like athletic girls"

Miku and Nino froze.

Itsuki kept the smirk from growing on her face. "I mean you know Yotsuba works out, think she told me he likes a girl who can kick his ass"

Their faces faintly blushed as they swirled with the possibilities...

"So you know, there are guys who are into that sort of thing" She shrugs, moving to stand up. "But oh well, doesn't matter anyways since you two won't be working out with me-"

“Fitness is a very important part of health!” Nino all but screamed, slamming a hand upon the table.

Hook, line, and sinker.

“Hm!” Miku nodded, clenching her fists as she held them up. “I-I have to stand out on my own too!”

“So it’s decided” An ambitious glint shined in Nino’s eye. “We’re going to work our asses off!”

A grin spread across her lips.

“And I think I know how to make sure we get results *fast*”

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The girls settled into the gym, wearing a set of workout clothes that were identical in design. A pair of white shorts, with each girl wearing a different colored shirt. Red for Nino, purple for Miku, and orange for Itsuki.

Pentagon’s gym was well stocked and equipped with all sorts of equipment and amenities for anyone to use. All at the access of one’s keycards, from towels to energy drinks and protein powders which were cleaned and restocked respectively often. And yet the place was strangely empty most of the time. Perhaps it was the lavish lifestyle of rich people who felt such activities got in the way of their opulent activities, or that the very few percentages of people who lived here weren’t around most of the time. Their father certainly was busy a lot, and to be honest they didn’t really... *know* anyone here.

Ah the woes of the 1%, at least their father made sure they valued what they had and didn’t grow up spoiled like most trust fund kids, they had to work to get far in life.

Though it was through her father’s work that Nino had planned a quicker way to fitness. One that left Itsuki and Miku flabbergasted.

“You stole *drugs* from father’s *work*?!” Itsuki screeched horrified while Miku stared in silent judgment.

"Oh, I didn't steal anything!" Nino shrugged as though she wasn't holding a box filled with pill jars. "I just slipped some yen to a few people to get me some of these"

"That's still stealing!" Itsuki cried out again, clawing at her face, unable to comprehend why her sister could be so foolish. "We're gonna get in so much trouble! Wait, what am I saying? *You* are going to get in so much trouble!"

"What even are those?" Miku asked.

"These are the latest of a brand-new performance-enhancement pills for athletes!" Nino proudly said, setting down the box and picking up one of the pill jars inside. "Guaranteed to have fast results! Though they're still in the trial phases"

"Oh great, you stole *experimental* drugs meant for pros!" The youngest rolled her eyes. "I don't know what was going through your head, but you're going to return them before father finds out!"

Nino held the small jar to her chest, "Oh hell no, these things are our ticket to fast fitness!"

"Why are you so sure?" The middle sister wondered.

"Because I saw what these beauties did to the test subjects," Her grin was wide and ambitious. "And well... why don't I just show you?"

Before either could stop her, Nino popped a pill into her mouth and swallowed. She shivered as though suddenly filled by a wave of energy. "Woof! Hits harder than a caffeine pill!" She said with delight, pocketing the jar away before hopping over to a pair of dumbbells.

She wasted no time and began to do reps, the second eldest kept a wide smile as her arms swung back and forth. Their weight was minor, ideal for a beginner, but still challenging. Her lithe arm muscles flexed and rippled with each rep, the flesh felt invigorated, powered by the chemicals of the pill that were swiftly affecting her system, breaking down the chemically enhanced protein and pumping it through her veins and into her muscle tissue.

Nino muttered to herself as she carried on her task, "Futaro likes fit girls huh," She panted as the effort began to take its toll. "I'll be the fittest girl there is..."

She dropped the weights, and her sisters stared slackjawed.

Her arms were *firm*. They had actual tone. The sort you'd only see if you consistently worked out for *weeks*. There were faint lines splitting the bicep from the arm, as the muscle formed into a small ball of flesh.

Nino grinned triumphantly, flexing her new and improved arms. "See what I mean, girls?!"

Itsuki sputtered, "T-That's not possible"

"Oh, you better believe it is! Dad's company is pouring a lot of money into this project, and *damn* it's bearing fruit!" Nino said, slowly flexing and stretching her arm to get a glimpse of her faint triceps. "So, what are you two waiting for?"

Miku gulped, "We... We shouldn't"

"Why not?" Nino rolled her eyes in an exasperated gesture. "Aren't you tired of being as weak as a kitten? And you, Itsuki, don't you want to get fit fast so you can get to your studies? Hell, I think some colleges will be impressed if you add more physical activities to your resume"

Her words were filled with temptations, and the two girls couldn't, or rather, didn't want to argue with her points...

Itsuki imagined the prospects of her academic future, so many doors opening for her. And Miku imagined herself with the sort of body Futaro would enjoy. A body that brimmed with confidence and strength.

The two picked up a jar each...

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Miku never thought of herself as pretty as her sisters. The middle child syndrome was strong in her, as the reclusive and submissive girl would always be comparing herself to her (in her mind), lovelier and more successful sisters. She didn't have Ichika's elegance, she was the complete opposite of Nino's outgoing personality, she was far from having Yotsuba's spunk, and while studious and knowledgeable she didn't come close to Itsuki's sheer intellect.

It was hard to grow up, feeling you couldn't measure up. Feeling outdone and overshadowed.

Futaro had praised her virtues, told her she didn't have to compare herself to her sisters. And she believed those words, it made her feel... special, even among her sisters. However, that didn't mean those feelings of inadequacy were gone for good. Having more confidence in herself didn't translate to her issues being fixed completely.

...So now that she found something new she liked about herself, something she saw as worthy of praise, she marveled at it.

Miku stood in front of the bathroom mirror, looking at herself, at the results of the supplements Nino procured for them. She had yet to even turn on the shower to wash away the sweat accumulated from her workout, Miku was too entranced. She slowly lifted her arm and flexed, staring intently at the small bicep that poked at the edge of her purple sleeves. Then she lifted the hem of her shirt and a small smile formed at the sight of those faint lines of muscle beginning to separate her stomach in sections.

All this from one pill and a few hours of workout...

What marvelous discovery her father's company had found.

Futaro liked fit girls, Itsuki had said... She knew it was wrong to still try to win him over, even with his choice made with Yotsuba but... was it really wrong to go after what she wanted? Without sabotage, without foul play, just... impress him with a strong figure and newfound confidence?

The pills sat so tempting over the vanity.

Her fingers twitched in reflex like someone who had gone too long with a cigarette. She had felt so strong, so full of energy like she could do anything. A far cry from how she felt most of the time. The way she kept lifting that bar over her head, how she lost count of the crunches and just kept doing them like an automated machine.

Miku wanted that feeling again, she wanted to keep feeling strong even if she wasn't training right now. What was the harm? She'd just... She'd just be storing energy for later, yes.

She was opening the lid before she realized and placed one on her palm before quickly swallowing it.

"Hmm!" She hummed. There it was, the sudden burst of energy. The tingling feeling of electricity shooting up her spine, the way her pores warmed, and her hair stood on end.

She flexed her arm repeatedly, enamored by the moving flesh... and astounded by the fact it was swelling. It wasn't much, barely half an inch, but... yes, she saw it, her muscle had grown.

One allowed her to grow toned with a few hours of training, two made her muscles grow on their own.

What would happen if she took... *more*?

Miku shook the jar over her hand, making a small pile before taking them all to her mouth and swallowing them with some effort. She didn't wait for the effect to kick in before she did it again, shaking as her pupils dilated, swallowing *all* the pills in the jar.

The jar fell into the sink, and Miku felt she was seeing sounds and tasting colors. Her heart began beating a mile a minute, thundering in her ears. Oh god, her limbs hurt, the flesh underneath the skin was writhing, pulling tightly in all directions. Her gaze grew blurry, going in and out of focus repeatedly.

Her body was growing, expanding in height as her bones painfully cracked, elongating. Her flesh rippled as the fibers broke and healed stronger, multiplying rapidly. Her calves grew beyond her shins, swelling outwards into peach-shaped sinew. Her thighs widened, the flexors popped in and out as the quads divided into multiple groups of corded flesh, expanding so much that the outside of her shorts tore open. Her enlarging glutes helped in reducing the fabric to a tattered bikini, swallowing it between her hard orbs.

Miku whined, moaning as her sex was painfully overstimulated, tingling with pleasure and dripping as her transformation sent every nerve ending into a cascade of pleasure. Her hips

buckled reflectively, her stomach morphing into a shredded brick wall as her lats widened and opened holes in her shirt

“Miku, you in there?” A knock on the door, “Come on, I want to shower too!”

Nino! Oh god, she couldn’t let her see her like this, in the middle of a savage transformation, not when she struggled to keep her hand out of her pants. Not that she needed to, the pleasure was too much...

“D-Don’t come in!” Her back widened, exploding with mountainous muscles and shredding her shirt down the middle. She moaned as her already endowed bosom *swelled* to staggering proportions, straining the fabric and lifting two tents with her hardened nipples.

“Are... you okay?” Her sister said distressed. “You sound strained”

‘Strained’ wasn’t the word, Miku bit down a moan as her arms became sinewy pythons of incredibly striated muscle, pushing enormous biceps into the surface as her forearms widened. Writhing veins pulsated, giving her limbs a stronger look as the seams of her sleeves, her shirt tightening so much it looked like a tattered tube top. “UGH!” She couldn’t fight back the grunt and moan that followed, feeling so close to the edge.

“Miku?! I’m coming in!”

Noooo! Miku despaired, knowing full well what was about to happen.

The door opened, and Nino entered, sharply stopping as she stared at the sight in front of her.

With one last surge of muscle, the remnants of her clothing exploded like confetti, and Miku unraveled along with them. Clenching her teeth as she moaned, her sex dripping hot liquid pleasure along her inner thighs.

Her hips thrust forward in reflex, dripping more and more fluid as she rode the most powerful orgasm of her life.

There the two stood, a lean and fit young woman, and her amazonian younger sister who now dwarfed her in size, at least a head taller than her, and twice her width with the abundance of

muscle and corded flesh. Miku panted, slowly settling into the afterglow of her climax, while Nino stared dumbfounded.

“...What happened to you?” Her sister’s voice was dry like sandpaper.

Miku exhaled, “Took more pills,” She replied in a husky voice. “All of them”

“Oh god,” Nino whimpered. “Miku are you... are you okay?”

“...Never better,” She licked her lips as she stared at her own reflection, ignoring her sister for the moment. She lifted her arms and *flexed*, making them explode with power. “So strong”

So beautiful.

She felt she could do anything. Like she could *have* anything.

Her gaze slowly shifted to Nino, who shivered.

A long arm pushed the door and closed it.

“I’m sweaty,” There was... something in her voice Nino couldn’t describe, something so full of authority and power. This... this wasn’t Miku, not anymore. “Help me shower, reach where I can’t... so you can shower too”

She should have protested, she should have called out to Miku, told her it was wrong to take so many pills at once. That she was wrong to have brought them in the first place. But Nino’s mind and body weren’t cooperating, for she soon undressed, and followed after her sister into the shower as the latter turned it off.

Miku hummed in pleasure as the water refreshed her warm body, “My back, please...”

Nino did as instructed, and *marveled* at how hard it was, at all the lines and bulges dotting the landscape. Never before had she seen such a work of art. Miku tensed her back, flexing and spreading it, and Nino felt sick at how warm her lower regions felt.

She barely had time to ponder this foreign and taboo feeling when Miku turned around, presenting her with her imposing breasts, a twitch of her shredded pectorals and they were bouncing up and down, almost prompting Nino to try and grab one. Guide one of those hard nipples into-

No... No no, oh god no, she couldn't do this. Miku was doing something to her, something so wrong and-!

She gasped when her back touched the wall, Miku barely had to take a step forward to entrap her with her enormity. The amazon's hands took hold of Nino's hips, slowly trailing downward in a way that made her spine shiver.

She roughly grabbed her glutes and lifted her up, her feet were no longer touching the shower floor and dangled, Miku was slowly parting her legs with a sensuous hold of her thighs.

Nino moaned when their breasts squished together. She looked up at her sister, who looked lost in a haze of *lust*. "M-Miku, if you do this, we won't be sisters anym-!"

Her words trailed off in a yelp as Miku moved her hips forward, lining their sexes together as they joined in a taboo union.

Nino's world shattered, a thousand thoughts ran through her mind as she struggled to comprehend and accept the situation. Miku's hips, oh god... oh god what were they doing? Why were her legs locking around her muscular waist? Why was she clinging to her muscular upper body for dear life? Why... Why was she enjoying this?!

Nino moaned, and took one of her sister's nipples into her mouth, suckling with all her strength.

Miku shivered with pleasure and chuckled, slowly using one hand to lift Nino's chin and make her look into her eyes. "Does it feel good, feeling my muscles?"

Nino shakily nodded, their bodies rocking with Miku's thrusts. "Yes..."

"Do you like how I'm fucking you, *sister*?"

Nino cried out, her orgasm overwhelming her as she sobbed with guilt and desperation. “Yes!”

Nino lunged and captured her sister’s lips with her own, moaning into each other’s mouths as the thrusts of Miku’s hips never ceased.

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Ichika had returned late into the night, sighing tiredly as the words from her agent played back in her head over and over. ‘They’re looking for someone with *presence*’, ‘you need to be more *imposing*’. What did that even mean? It was a side role in an action movie, she wouldn’t even be doing any fighting, the role didn’t require training like that (why was she paying for all those fight classes then...?)

What did she even have to do to impress the director and producers enough to get the part?

She was going to enter her room for a much-needed sleep when something caught her attention. The sound of pain, gasps, and groans, came from Miku’s bedroom.

She quickly walked toward the room, finding the door wasn’t closed in its entirety. She was about to call out for her sister in concern when the sounds continued. They weren’t sounds made in pain... it was pleasure.

Her cheeks flushed fiercely at the thought of her sister with... *companionship*. She was about to turn away and leave, briefly wondering who was there with her little sister.

Miku’s husky voice gave her an answer.

“Hmm, Nino~”

Ichika froze.

“Yeah, that’s it”

Ichika trembled.

“Keep going”

This... This couldn't be right.

“Eat me~”

Her shaking hand slowly reached for the door. This wasn't true, this wasn't true, this wasn't true. She had to make sure this *couldn't be true*.

When she opened the door enough to peek over with her gaze, Ichika felt her soul leave her body at what she saw inside.

It was like someone had taken Miku's face and plastered it on a bodybuilder's body. Her muscles were enormous, hard, rippling, yet womanly all the same. She had her eyes closed so she didn't notice her sister's head poking over the doorframe. She moaned and licked her lips while massaging her voluminous breasts and tweaking her nipples.

All while an equally naked Nino knelt in front of her, arms wrapped around tremendous thighs while she buried her face in Miku's crotch.

Miku groaned, biting her lip and shivering as she placed her hands behind her head and flexed a staggeringly shredded core. “C-Coming!”

When the climax hit, Ichika ran. Unable to deal with the reality of it all, she hid in her bedroom and buried herself under the covers of her bed, crying as she was forced to live with the images of her two beloved sisters engaging in such depravity...

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How quickly and unexpectedly life can change. One day you're thinking about where to go with your friends, the next you're getting railed by your sister.

Not that Mino was complaining, mind you. She had found such a thrilling and euphoric experience with Miku in this immensely taboo relationship of theirs. Watching her workout, feeling her enormous muscles. Then privately worshipping her in a sensuous session and engaging in incestuous lovemaking.

She was head over heels for her darling little sister's enormous body. She couldn't complain. She honestly kinda loved being at her mercy.

...Most of the time.

As she was sprawled on her bed for the fourth time this week, Nino moaned in agonizing pleasure as her body rocked from Miku's thrusts, her slim toned legs wrapped around her wide hips, settling over muscular glutes.

"Hmm, ahh!" Miku moaned as she took a firm hold of Nino's waist while she thrust back and forth. "You're so cute, Nino-chan~"

She felt so small, so insignificant, so fragile next to Miku's amazonian body. Long gone was her role as abrasive older sister, now she was completely wrapped around Miku's finger (sometimes literally when she used said fingers to pleasure her...)

Once more her body lost all control, and Nino's back arched as she let loose the flow of liquid pleasure against Miku's sex. The jerk was still far from coming...

It always happened, Miku would make her climax *so easily*. And then she took her own time getting there, prolonging the process for them both... not that it was a bad thing, but still, her pride was hurt!

"Ohhh so soon~?" Miku called out as she continued her ministrations. "You really can't resist me, can you?"

If she had a body like Miku's, she would. She would flip the tables, she would meet her head on in a true rivalry of sisterly muscle... but for some reason, she still hadn't dared to take that step, to down all the pills of her jar at once.

Why didn't she? She could do it, there was literally nothing stopping her from doing it. Was she *that* fond of being the bottom she couldn't dare make herself an equal to Miku?

Well, that was about to chance.

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Nino watched as Miku's immense back flared with each rep of the lat pulldown machine, making the straps of her purple sports bra thin out even more with each movement as the dorsal muscles rippled beautifully. Compared with her own lithe and toned shape, Nino was just a speck who couldn't compare.

Not anymore, the thought with deviousness as she popped the lid of her pill jar, downing them on in a single gulp.

Nino had expected a high like no other, she had heard and watched Miku in the last moments of the transformations, and knew she was in for a euphoric transformation. A metamorphosis that would send her to the throes of pleasure.

Her imagination couldn't have hoped to prepare her, however, for it surpassed all her wildest fantasies.

She felt like liquid magma was injected into her veins, with arcs of electricity shooting up her spine. Her muscles instantly tensed, making wet sounds akin to leather stretching as they swelled. With her heart thundering in her chest, and her vision growing blurry, Nino felt a wave of dizziness hit her as her thickening legs stumbled a few steps, she latched onto the closest thing she could find for balance, which she realized ended up being a boxing bag.

Her red shirt tightened around her until it became a crop top, snugging against the enlarging flesh of her chest muscles, her thick back, and bulging shoulders. She wrapped her swelling and rippling arms around the bag, squeezing so hard the material groaned in protest. Her increased height led her abs to brush up with a pleasant sensation-

Oh fuck-!

-which multiplied as the bag's lower end slipped between her legs. Covered by the shrinking shorts, her clit rubbed vigorously against the boxing bag. Nino squeezed harder, and the shirt split down the middle of her back. Her thighs wrapped on it from each side while her hips

swiveled back and forth, causing waves of pleasure from the friction. Which only became more intense the more her shorts disintegrated.

Yes, yes! Nino's thoughts were euphoric, barely even reacting to how her clothes disintegrated around her, destroyed by the onslaught of her body's enormous muscles. Her eyes crossed as they rolled back, her naked pussy rubbed more and more against the box's rough exterior. The material creaked audibly under the strength of her grip. Her muscles bulged enormously as veins throbbed to the surface, the amount of strength put into the grip proportional to how much pleasure she was feeling.

When Nino threw her head back, howling in ecstasy at her fierce climax, the boxing bag tore open on both ends, spilling waves of sand from the top and bottom. The torrent of sand cascading was a fitting metaphor for the flood occurring in her lower lips.

"Hmm~" Miku's enthused voice was heard, and as she came down from her afterglow, Nino turned to see her sweaty sister standing a few paces away from her, watching with keen interest given the state of her hardened nipples. Her body was still imposing, but no longer was it superior. Now Nino was an *equal*. "I was wondering how long before you wised up~"

Nino was overcome with an animalistic surge of *lust*. She discarded the broken boxing bag and all but jumped at her younger sister, tearing her clothes with her hands and teeth. A pseudo-wrestling competition followed, which was more just the two caressing each other as much as they could before Nino pried her sister's legs open and *slammed* her sex into Miku's, who yelped in sudden pleasure.

"N-Now's my turn..." Nino smiled wildly as she pinned her sister down, "to fuck you~"

Miku only grinned at the declaration and welcomed her sister's furious thrusts. Soon both were howling with intense pleasure, as Nino's sheer muscles and force were far better at arousing Miku and bringing her to the throes of pleasure.

It wasn't until *way* after their shared climax that they realized Itsuki was there at the entrance of the gym, having witnessed the whole thing in horror.

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The morning after, Itsuki didn't wake up from her nightmare.

It wasn't that her sisters had clearly abused the drugs and became musclebound amazons. She could have told on them, do anything to try and stop them from turning like *that*.

But *this*? There were no words, ideas, or strategies she could use to stop this foul thing that had developed between them. What could she even do when she was still struggling to understand?

It was wrong, it should have never happened. They were sisters, and yet...

Itsuki sat on the table, her head tilted forward, making a dark shadow loom over her eyes. In the kitchen Nino was making breakfast, while on the other end of the table sat Miku who idly browsed her phone. The two wore tight crop tops and shorts to show off as much of their muscular bodies as possible, and it wasn't helping Itsuki in the least who had seen them wearing nothing at all as their bodies writhed-

She shuddered at the memory. And her lip trembled while her question finally bubbled out of her lips, "Why?"

Nino looked over her shoulder, the omelet sizzling up as she kept moving the frying pan, while Miku looked up from her phone. The two barely looked concerned at all.

"Why did you do that?" Itsuki finally asked, "You two... you know it's wrong. You *have* to know it's wrong. So why-?!" She took a shuddering breath, finding her resolve straining.

Nino and Miku shared a look, "Being muscular and strong became a big turn-on for us, so... one thing led to another" The second eldest shrugged.

Itsuki slammed a fist on the table. "You are sisters!" She cried out, "And you're telling me you two did *that* because you were hot?!"

Miku too squared her massive shoulders, "Essentially"

"Oh god..." Itsuki whined pitifully as she buried her face in her palms. This was insane, they were *insane*, completely and utterly insane!

And she felt her own sanity slip with each passing moment. She couldn't stay in this house, she couldn't even look at them the same ever again! She'd have to live with this for the rest of her life.

She shook when a large hand patted her head, Nino smiled comfortingly at her as she set a plate with a large serving of omelets in front of her. "There, there. Have your breakfast, you'll feel better"

Itsuki grabbed the knife and fork and began to chow down like there was no tomorrow. At that moment she didn't care about her eating habits or anything, she just wanted to stuff herself with as much food as possible to forget everything.

The omelet was delicious, then again everything Nino did was delicious. She was thankful for the brief distraction, she was so stressed she barely stopped to wonder what she put in them because they tasted a little different than usual.

"I know this is a lot to take in," Miku said with a small smile. "But you'll get used to it"

Itsuki swallowed, "Never," And kept eating until only a portion was left. "I'll get out of this house, and I'll live in denial, with luck I'll repress any memory of this!" She was starting to feel hot, maybe she ate the omelet too fast.

Nino smirked impishly at her, "Oh I'm sure you'll change your tune soon enough"

Itsuki almost laughed as she finished the last bit, "What could possibly make you think I'll ever do?" Ugh, maybe it was a mistake to eat so stressed, it felt like a cannonball had settled in her stomach. The strain in her midsection was painful, and she could feel it spreading.

"Once you are like us, you'll see~"

The youngest Nakano felt a wave of dread wash over her, mixing with the physical strain. She turned her shaky gaze to the plate, thinking back to the omelet, that taste she paid no mind to...

"What did you do?" She asked with a frightened voice.

"Put some extra 'vitamins' in it~" Nino winked.

Miku eagerly nodded, "So you can *grow big and strong*"

"No..." Itsuki shuddered, and not just out of fear. "No, no, no. You didn't!" She swatted the plate away from her, it shattered upon making contact with the floor. Her ample breasts heaved with her heavy breaths.

Her skin tightened; her flesh was *wriggling*. Swelling and pushing against the confines of her school uniform, straining the material. The sleeves of her jacket grew snug until they framed her arms perfectly, showing the widening of her forearms and rising of her biceps. She gripped the table so hard it started to crack, Itsuki groaned and lurched forward, her endowed bosom expanding more and more until it made contact with the table, smooshing over its surface.

"N-No...!" She cried out with tears in her eyes, fighting against the guilty pleasure as her quads widened, rubbing against each other and stoking the fierce fire between them. "I don't want this!" The sounds of threads snapping were heard as the first inches of bicep pushed through, along with her breasts tearing the red vest and white undershirt.

"Are you sure?" Miku stood up, and she and Nino walked around the table so Itsuki would get a better look at their bodies. "You don't want *this*?" She turned her body to the side and grabbed her wrist, making her bicep ripple and veins throb with a powerful side chest as her breasts stood firmer.

"Or *this*?" Nino turned around and flared her back, turning it into a massive mountain range of flesh, deepening every visible line of definition while jutting her muscles outwards.

Their tops strained increasingly until they finally tore off their massive frames.

Itsuki moaned, her nipples were painfully hard, and the seams of her shoulders tore open...

"You don't want to join us? To feel like we do?"

"To experience *this*?"

They grabbed each other's shorts and ripped them off in a simple tug, the two looked at each other with burning desire and love in their eyes before they tenderly embraced.

More of her muscles swelled, Itsuki's back soon split her jacket, vest, and shirt in one fell swoop.

Nino gently caressed Miku's cheek, "You're so beautiful..." She planted a series of soft kisses over her cheek, going over to her jaw and finally her lips.

"You're so hot..." Miku hotly panted in between kisses as their hands eagerly explored each other.

Itsuki tried to resist, she tried telling herself what was happening to her, and in front of her, was sick and perverted, a disgrace... Yet the power swelling inside her, making her *grow* in turn. It was... It was exhilarating beyond belief.

She couldn't stop it, she didn't want it to stop.

More.

Itsuki stood up, knocking the chair back and making more of her clothes tear with the sudden motion of her body. She grunted, lifting the entire table over her head, her muscles pulsating as they kept expanding, turning the fabric of her quickly ruining attire into shredded strips.

Give me more!

Brains over brawn, that's what she always believed in, and she had the brains to prove it... But she never considered just how *far* having brawns would take her too. Just look at her! Lifting this table like it was nothing!

She pictured herself graduating from the best academies, with the body of an Olympian, surpassing all others in everything...

Itsuki let out a loud moan as her clothes exploded, unveiling her naked muscular beauty. With a growl she *threw* the table into the nearest wall, shattering it. Before bringing her arms down

in a savage most muscular and growling like a feral beast, a network of veins crisscrossing their path through her arms and chest, her sex dripping wet with her release.

Miku shuddered, "There she is..."

Nino wildly smirked, "Our sister..."

They opened their arms to her, and Itsuki threw herself at them.

X~X~X~X~X

Ichika felt she was losing control of her life. That nothing made sense anymore, her beautiful family had degraded into something... improper, terrible, sick...

She went through the motions like a machine. Cold and numb to everything. The mask she wore to pretend nothing was wrong was once of ice, better she felt nothing than to face this horrible reality.

Better she act unflappable and empty than face the truth, that her sisters had become something she could no longer understand, much less approve of.

It wasn't the muscle, she could live with the muscle.

...It was the things they did with them. To *each other*.

And it was tearing her apart, it was affecting every aspect of her life. At home, in her relationships with other people, and in her *job*. It was all too much, Ichika was falling apart, trapped in this... this insanity.

She sat alone in the living room late at night, emptily looking at her phone, her gaze briefly going over the myriad of weights and assorted workout equipment the girls had left littered all over the place. Taken from the gym so they wouldn't have to go back and forth so much.

Who was going to stop them anyway? Ichika realized with a humorless laugh, nobody could stop them...

The phone vibrated. She checked the message from her agent, it said she had been passed over. Again.

She wasn't surprised. Her performance took a hit when she found out what was going on. She couldn't... she couldn't be an actress with this load bearing down on her soul, she couldn't even *look* like they wanted her to.

Ichika wasn't imposing, she didn't portray authority. She was just an empty broken woman who had to deal with the fact her sisters were reveling in sin.

She let the phone fall to the couch as she idly stood up and wandered over the large room, her gaze shifting from side to side, to the weights, to the furniture. All of them used by her sisters in some capacity most likely. Heh, except for the table. That one was new after one of them broke the older table, the mark on the wall still hadn't been fixed.

Ichika froze when she saw what was on top of it... a small pill box, filled with that *accursed* thing that had ruined her family.

It was all its fault, this *thing* corrupted them, degraded them incestuous freaks who did what they wanted without a care in the world.

...And yet, in their own way, they were *thriving*.

Academically, socially (they didn't flaunt their 'scandalous' affair after all), in so many ways their lives had improved by the power these pills gave them. Filling them with strength and confidence.

Ichika wondered for a moment what it'd be like, to live like that, to no longer care. And to find success from it.

She tried to squash down that horrifying thought. She couldn't believe she was entertaining the thought of *taking* the pills knowing what it'd do to her. She'd become too large, too loose in her morals. Too... depraved.

She wouldn't be herself anymore... but who wanted Ichika these days. Not Futaro, certainly not any producers or directors. Sometimes she figured her agent didn't want her.

Ichika... Ichika wanted to thrive.

So... why resist? Why keep on this facade that she could just keep ignoring all of this and pretend it'll be okay? She could put it all away, she could just move beyond it.

Maybe she'd even be happier that way. Maybe it'd open up all the doors that were closing for her...

Ichika opened the lid and put the box to her lips.

Transform me, she begged, turn me into someone who can live with all this.

Her prayers were answered with tremendous speed, as a burst of electric energy seemed to strike her gut, exploding with heat while her body shivered, making the pores in her skin tingle as her hair stood on end.

Ichika let out a loud gasp, taking in a sudden gulp of air before she began panting repeatedly. Her chest rose and fell swiftly, her shirt dampened and stuck to her skin, framing her ample breasts and showing the highlights of her bra.

The sounds of bones popping and cracking followed as she slowly clenched her fists and bent her arms slightly, the action caused her biceps to swell, pushing against the confines of her sleeves while her deltoids expanded and her back spread.

"Oh god...!" The first button of her blouse snapped off, her breasts kept swelling and pushing. Already a beautiful pair, they slowly became enormous mounds of femininity, supported by striated pectorals whose lines deepened with each passing second. She felt her bra cut into her skin as it painfully tightened, followed by the delicious pain of her nipples hardening under the fabric.

Her feet soon outgrew her uncomfortable shoes, crushing the heel and bursting her toes free. Her calves widened past her shins, growing outwards while a line split them in half, shaping them into two perfect tear-shaped bags of flesh. Her vastus muscles *popped* into existence

with a ripple, her enlarging quads made her skirt hike up so much it revealed her glutes, with her panties quickly disappearing between her sensual cheeks.

Ichika had never wanted to masturbate as badly as she did now. She was *soaking* wet, her pussy ached for release...

The eldest Nakano ripped the panties off her crotch, and her hands cupped her entrance. She let out a whining moan as she arched forward, causing her enormous back to split her shirt down the middle.

A crooked smile formed on her lips, moaning as she reflexively thrust her hips into her pleasuring hand. Her great breasts snapped out of their confines fully, revealing the valley of abs and her sensuous chest muscles as her shirt disintegrated around her.

She felt *magnificent*. Her body was a mountain of muscle. Divine, peerless in its might and beauty. She could already picture it, the model of hundreds of magazines, flexing her amazonian physique to thousands of adoring fans. The big lead in blockbuster movies, never worrying about her looks as she'd be able to charm them all with a teasing flex of her granite pectorals.

"F-F-Fuuuck!" Ichika whined, cumming into her hand as her love juices spilled, a shudder wrecking her naked frame as she nearly passed out from the pleasure. She drove her sticky fingers into her mouth, savoring herself. Oh, she tasted delicious...

She looked down at her enormous body, playing with her pectorals, watching them ripple and bounce her breasts easily. Fuck, she felt so powerful, she needed to test the limits of her body...

She looked down at one of the many weights littering the apartment and bent over to pick it up. It was... so easy, like she was lifting an empty cardboard box. She laughed, flipping it in the air only to catch it again, clearly, this one was a small one despite the '40k' numbering on each side.

She went over to pick a *much* larger and thicker plate just lying around (oh she'd have to give her sisters a 'lesson' in keeping their home orderly) and a thought occurred to her. She grabbed both ends of the plate and *pulled*, this time her muscles jumped with effort, expanding with the strain as veins covered her python-like arms, the metal *groaned* in agony as it began to bend. Her traps rose as she arched forward, putting more and more strength as

the metal plate succumbed to her might. She let out a low growl as the weight was soon twisted into a pretzel, panting once her knuckles finally met.

She panted with ecstasy, holding the twisted remnants, and laughed imperiously before casually throwing it aside. Only to wince as she unintentionally buried the weight into the wall. Oh, dear...

Ignoring that for the moment, Ichika looked for her phone, lounging on the couch as she sent a voicemail to her agent. "Yes, Shoji? Why don't you drop by one of these days? I have something to show you, something that'll make everyone *beg* me to be in their films... And perhaps you'll get a big 'bonus' from me, as thanks~"