

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

Kyle never had a good time in the gym, granted Kyle seldom had any good time in the Horde, but the gym was a particularly painful time for him. Both physically and mentally. If it wasn't the workout making his string limbs ache, it was the crushing weight of failure that came with the inability to lift the crushing weight of the bars.

Wearing a red and white t-shirt, a pair of loose shorts, and sneakers, Kyle lay with his back on the bench, his arms shaking as he struggled to push the rattling bar up. Pitiful sounds of strain came from his mouth as his clothing was drenched in sweat already. Try as he might he felt this undaunting task was impossible. He was lifting the smallest set of plates and he barely got to the second rep...

He wanted to give up, but Kyle knew if he did then the bar would crush his throat. The only assurance he had of coming out of this unharmed was Lonnie looming over him. Looking at him with a stern look and... 'encouraging' him in her own way.

"This is the easiest thing in the world! You think you can be a soldier of the Horde if you don't shape up?!" She barked, making the muscles in her neck twitch.

Well, it would be the easiest thing in the world for someone like *her*. Lonnie's muscles were quite defined and very prominent. Her 17-inch biceps never failed to make him feel inadequate, as did the rest of her honestly. Wearing a red and white tank top and *very* tight shorts, her ripped body was on full display. The six blocks of cut abdominal muscle clenched and unclenched with each breath, the droplets of sweat ran over the treacherous landscape made up of sinewy bumps, pooling in the deepest striations before flooding over and continuing their trek. Her legs were *almost* as thick as his torso. Pretty much the entirety of her body towered over him, as her height had drastically increased to the point she was now a head taller than him.

Lonnie looked like a top-tier soldier who kept herself in shape 24/7, and while she did, her current physique wasn't the result of a rigorous training regime, but the Horde's newest (and very successful) soldier enhancement program.

Hordak looked to the most promising candidates who fit the criteria for a genetically altered cocktail of drugs loaded to the brim with mutagens. The serum was designed to strengthen muscle fiber and bone density, resulting in a drastic increase in mass for both. Which in turn led to soldiers with superior physical abilities.

Lonnie had proven herself worthy of the serum, and she *basked* in the power it gave her day and night. It was... difficult sometimes, to see her friend so large and powerful. Lonnie had always been rather self-assured, but now it felt like a wedge had been driven between them. Making their relationship more complicated as she now expected him to 'catch up'.

She didn't want to babysit him on missions, nor did Kyle want to be a burden... but it's not like he could actually be of any use no matter how much he trained. He was still little weak Kyle...

When it became clear the weights weren't going to move anymore, Lonnie just sighed and easily placed the bar on the rack, much to his relief as Kyle let his arms fall to the sides, panting. "One day, I'll get you to at least finish three sets"

He didn't know if she honestly believed in him, or if it was a self-appointed goal of hers.

Kyle liked to think it was his friend believing in him. But such thoughts were always brushed aside.

"Please, that little twerp is never going to shape up~"

A particularly smug and malicious voice echoed in the nearly empty gym.

Kyle forced himself to sit up so he could look at the newcomer. Catra was grinning at him in that cruel arrogant way of hers. She wore a similar workout outfit to Lonnie's, only hers was orange and black, and like always Catra forsook the need for shoes. It also bore mentioning that Catra possessed a body *just* as muscular and toned as Lonnie. Naturally, Catra had been the first to be enhanced. Even the thin sheet of fur around her body could not hide the lines of definition adorning her powerful limbs, giving her a more... tantalizing look.

Kyle gulped, fighting down a certain natural 'reaction' that often developed when surrounded by such strong, beautiful, *muscular* women. They were very attractive, personality notwithstanding, he couldn't help himself.

As Catra walked up to them, he noticed a small metallic container in her hand.

Lonnie just glared at her, thrusting her chest out while crossing her arms under her generous bust. "What do you want, Catra?"

"The gym's public, isn't it?" The cat woman droned. Be that as it may, Kyle noticed it was only the *three* of them present. The few people present must have left when he and Lonnie arrived. He was surprised, the enhanced soldiers had a... 'reputation'. "I see you're wasting your time again, trying to get the welp to be useful"

"What I do with my time is none of your business," Lonnie growled in defiance. "Now, *what do you want?*" She repeated her question with a bite in her voice. The two *never* liked each other, to say the least.

"Read your mission reports. Outstanding performance as always," Catra looked like a part of her died by saying that. "The same can't be same about pipsqueak here"

Kyle winced under her glare.

"Which is why I don't want to be bothered by poor performance reports from your squad any longer. That is, I'm going to make sure your only liability starts pulling his weight" She held up the container and opened it up. "So you stop making my job harder than it needs to be"

Kyle and Lonnie peered inside, and both their jaws dropped.

There were two serum vials inside.

"You..." He stammered. "You want to enhance me?" Never in a hundred years did he think that'd be possible. He was a *poor* rank-and-file soldier, he figured it'd be a matter of time before someone put him in waste management or something.

"I'm not doing you any favors" She took out one of the vials. Kyle noticed how its own case had an injector at the end there. "This is because I'm tired of seeing your sorry name in my reports, time for you to actually be of use to the Horde"

Without warning, before Lonnie could even voice her thoughts about the whole thing, Catra jabbed the vial in his neck.