

(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 Yotsuna 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 Miko 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 Yotsuna'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.

Miyu 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 Yotsuna 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.

Miko 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.