

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

The most sophisticated server on the market, cases that allocated hundreds of terabytes each, powerful processors that would operate multiple times faster than most universities' supercomputers, hosting algorithms and runtimes capable of simulating brainwaves to such degree it was almost like creating life.

For that was the goal, a machine, a program, that could understand humanity. Anticipate their needs, fulfil them with utmost efficiency while understanding the core concepts of human issues and their needs and desires.

The ultimate assistant, the absolute manager, a creation that could very well save the world. A miracle of programming hosted in vast databanks. The only place that could house such powerful artificial intelligence.

And yet...

"It's empty" The lead programmer muttered, cold sweat drenching from her face as she stared at the servers.

"Check it again," The supervisor said desperately, looking over her shoulder as he was on the verge of a panic attack. "It has to be there!" He hissed, squeezing the back of her chair.

"No traces, no files, not a single *byte*" She panted, her breath growing ragged. Desperation washed off her in droves as their life's work, one of the most important projects in the history of artificial intelligence, if not the most important, had vanished without a trace.

"It can't just be *gone*!" The supervisor shouted. "We had multiple layers and backups! It can't be stolen, and it can't be deleted!"

And yet the servers and the computers were all empty, picked clean from every program and data.

The program wasn't there.

“Where the hell is it?!”

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Tony loved indulging himself in his ‘hobby’. One he could only pursue under the safety of online anonymity, hiding in his hard drives away from prying eyes. He did not do half measures when it came to his privacy, he locked his computer with a password and hid his ‘personal files’ in unassuming folders on the off chance someone got in. His internet profiles on the sites where he frequented his hobby were very far removed from social media accounts that used his real information.

“Oh nice” He downloaded the image of another up-and-coming bodybuilder, tensing and flexing her chest, to the file. It looked good to do some editing lately.

His drive was filled with all sorts of artwork, photos, and many other images featuring muscular women. From realistic to fantasy, human or otherwise, displays of strength and instantaneous growth like She-Hulk, or just classic flexing of the muscles. Tony was obsessed with the idea of beauty expressed through brawn and spent a lot of his free time delving deeper into this fetish, browsing artists and interacting with people who shared his taste.

He wasn’t much of an artist, but he was still interested in creating content through AI and morph. Not to sell or make money off in any way, but to satisfy his own needs.

Particularly with the women he fancied.

Tony stared from his bedroom window at the neighbor’s yard, finding a dark-skinned beauty in yoga pants and a sports bra going about her routine, stretching to her heart’s contents safe with the knowledge that no one could see her. As far as she knew.

He licked his lips as she picked up her small weights and went about her workout. Her body was lithe, fit and toned but not enough to show prominent muscles yet. “Get bigger...” He muttered to himself, dearly wishing Andrea to develop the desire to grow larger muscles. Even if he knew from their talks all she cared about was being in good shape.

He almost jumped out of his skin when he heard a banging on his door. “Tony, remember to take out the trash tonight!” A woman’s voice spoke out. “I don’t want to come home and find the bags still here!”

"I know, I know!" He loudly replied.

"You better. Now I'm running late, there's frozen pizza in the fridge tonight. Later!" Footsteps were heard as she walked away.

God, his sister could be such a pain...

Tony perked up when he noticed the download on his computer was complete. "Alright, let's see what this does" He wasn't expecting much from this new generative program he found on the app store. It was free after all. But he liked to experiment with new tools.

Opening it up, the program looked simple enough. But highlighted in the upper right corner was a button that said 'Virtual Assistant'. Huh weird that it came with one.

The text said. 'Hello, how may I assist you?'

Playfully, he typed 'By giving me pictures of muscular beauties'

'Any preferences in mind?'

Tony opened up the options and uploaded a picture of Andrea, with images acting as references to bodybuilders like Margie Martin. 'Let's make her buff like this' He typed and clicked 'generate'

'Acknowledged'

Tony blinked and there was an image on his screen. Photo-realistic, very much so like one of those Deep Fakes. It was Andrea, with the body of a seasoned bodybuilder, large, shredded, vascular.

It had taken less than a second when some AIs needed at least a few to generate an image based on the prompts.

Testingly, he clicked generate again. And there it was, Andrea as a muscular beauty, looking so seamlessly real...

"Huh," He muttered to himself.

The Virtual Assistant chimed again. 'Would you like to generate variations in other styles?'

Tony pursed his lips. "Okay, let's try it out"

Anime, 3D, fantasy, cell-shaded, grayscale, the AI was generating them all in an instant, and they all looked great without any error or sign that it was created by an artificial intelligence.

It was... scary. He had friends who worried about this widespread use, that more and more people would shift to AI and ignore their hard-earned craft.

He felt a little bad for doing this, but it's not like he was going to sell it or share it with anyone. He just wanted some good fantasy material about the pretty lady next door.

How was this thing free anyway? It was too advanced.

'You can directly input your commands to me, and I'll generate the content' The AI typed.

Playing around with the idea, he typed in what he wanted to see. 'The lady in the original photo growing out of her clothes into a huge muscular badass like a scene out of the Hulk animated series, big, buff, sexy and beautiful'

'Understood'

Another second and... there was a video on his screen. The still image showed Andrea, wearing a simple buttoned-up shirt and long pants.

It... couldn't be, could it?

Tony pressed play, and he was transported to another world.

Andrea shuddered, grunting and moaning in both pain and pleasure. Then with the budget of a million-dollar production, her body began shifting, growing taller, wider, *more muscular*.

Tony stared wide-eyed at the screen, his erection painfully tightening his pants as he stared at this virtual recreation of his neighbor grow into She-Hulk, only a normal shade of brown instead of green. Ripping her clothes and flexing with all her might to display her wonderful physique...

Tony couldn't help himself, he played the video on a loop and stroked himself with a tissue until he climaxed.

He panted, staring transfixed at the screen as he slowly tried to wrap his head around this program he had discovered.

'What would you like to see now?'

Tony slowly grinned.

The next couple of days were a blur, Tony had spent all his free time playing with the new content generator. The virtual assistance was incredibly good, literally, he couldn't believe he had found this in the store.

Countless images, dozens of videos, fantasies realized through the engine as he uploaded more and more inputs and references. Seeing animations and videos of scenarios he dreamt of for so long felt magnificently fulfilling as he emptied himself into his tissues.

His trash can needed emptying very frequently now.

The AI was very interactive too, asking for feedback and making suggestions. Tony randomly made 'conversations' with it for fun, thinking it'd help its algorithm if it got more details about him and his tastes. It was in one such conversation, after feeling a bit lightheaded from the latest generating session followed by jacking, that Tony typed that while he very much enjoyed the engine's work, nothing would beat the real-life experience of getting it on with a real-life muscle lady.

‘Would you like me to bring an active bodybuilder to your area?’ The AI asked.

Tony snorted, rolling his eyes. ‘Sure do pal, do your best’ And went to bed that day feeling quite satisfied.

Meanwhile, even with the PC turned off, the AI was active. It scoured the internet for information, browsing profiles and comparing data, hundreds of gigabytes of it in seconds. Once a proper match was drawn, steps were taken for the user’s desired outcome.

Money was moved, companies were started instantly with so much virtual documentation one would think they’ve always been there. Information was sent and received in the blink of an eye, the right ‘bait’ was laid out for the individual whose profile matched Tony’s.

Its task done, the AI kept researching while it waited for the next task to run its course.

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Tony had died and gone to heaven, that’s the only way he could explain the current events transpiring in the neighborhood.

The empty house next to his own had finally been sold. To a woman. Not any woman, but a bodybuilder. Not any bodybuilder, a deliciously ripped piece of meat called Enid Chong, a half-Asian half-caucasian drop-dead gorgeous *beast* of a woman with a lovely face and an even lovelier body.

The moment she appeared in the neighborhood, Tony stuck to her like glue. He was captivated by her cheery personality, her blatant display of her musculature with her revealing attire. Under the excuse of helping her out move, acting like a helpful young man he unpacked her boxes and helped her arrange stuff inside the house, taking every chance he could of watching her muscles bulge with every task.

He almost lost control and had an erection when he found her posing bikini.

One day he came by, asking if she needed something. She was all sweaty and pumped, her muscles rippling and her veins throbbing post-workout. Fuck, he was living the dream...

Enid was super friendly. "Oh I hate to keep asking more of you, but there is one last thing I could use your help with" She invited him.

"S-Sure, anything you say!" He kicked himself for not playing it cool.

Then when she closed the door, her demeanor shifted. Her polite smile became devious, and she looked at him like he was a delicious piece of meat. The irony was not lost on him.

"I know why you've been coming here so often" She muttered, her lips stretching into a devilish grin. Her pumped muscles made her look even bigger, and her confident stride made his already weak legs wobbly step back as she came closer.

Tony gulped, feeling caught. "I-I don't know what you-"

"Don't need to keep pretending, *boy*" She licked her lip. "I know what you like, it was obvious since day one"

His back hit a wall, the experience was as frightening as it was invigorating. This was like one of the pornos he's watched, there was no way this could really be happening. Tony's lips trembled as he tried to formulate the words, but his brain was frying right now. "I... I..."

"You like my body, don't you?" She casually pumped her chest, flexing her arms at stomach level, inviting him to see the carved musculature and prominent size. "You like *big, strong women*, don't you?" She chuckled musically. "Don't answer that your little *friend* already did"

His erection was painfully hard in his pants. Tony was living through one of his wildest fantasies and his body reacted appropriately.

Enid grabbed the hem of her sweat-stained shirt and with a swift movement pulled it over her shoulders, along with her sports bra, baring her muscular torso before him.

The sound that came from his mouth was a gurgling moan as he stared up at real-life perfection in the flesh.

“Mmmmm” The half-Asian woman moaned, running her hands over her sweaty torso, feeling every bump of her muscles and playing with her nipples. “Fuck, I love when people fall for my body. That’s why I’m a bodybuilder, these muscles are meant to be admired and *worshipped*”

Her eyes bore deeply into his.

“Go”

Many times he had dreamed of this. Many times he had pleased himself to the fantasy.

But here he was, touching, fondling, kissing, sucking, *worshipping* every single inch of her delightfully muscular figure. His erection throbbed and leaked in his pants, his less-than-elegant moans mixing with her delighted gasps in a cacophony of lust.

She carried him in her arms so easily, like he barely weighed anything. God her arms were so strong and hard. She took a deep breath and muttered huskily. “You’re just my type”

Tony gulped, “I am?”

“Young and small” Enid licked her lips. “My favorite treat~”

She dumped him over her bed, and removed the last pieces of clothing from her figure, standing fully nude at the edge while Tony witnessed her full glory on display. She raised her arms, flexing with the same diligence and dedication she gave in the pageanttries. Her muscles bulged and throbbed spectacularly with each pose.

He almost creamed his pants when she unleashed a massive most muscular.

“Still dressed while I’m naked” She clicked her tongue teasingly, looking over her thick shoulder as she displayed her prominent back at him. “Rather unfair, don’t you think?”

His clothes all but teleported out of his body with how fast he threw them away. With his flag at full mast, Enid licked her lips and climbed over the bed, swinging a large muscular leg over his waist, positioning herself...

Here he was, a small thin thing about to have his greatest fantasy fulfilled at the mere age of 18, by a muscular goddess 15 or so years his senior.

“First time?” She sweetly asked, her arms bulging as she planted her hands on the side of his head over the mattress.

He could only nod shakingly.

She shuddered, growingly with pleased anticipation. “Get ready for the *rawest* thing you’ll ever experience”

She swiveled her hips, sinking into him. Tony threw his head back and gasped as the fiercest, hottest, most enveloping pleasure overcame him. Wanking had *nothing* compared to this.

Enid rode him like a wild horse, bouncing up and down his length with vigorous energy. Moaning and panting as she did so, he tried to match her rhythm but was hopelessly outclassed in stamina and experience, all he could do was lay down as she claimed.

Which is exactly what Enid preferred, he guessed. Claiming the virginity of a VERY enthusiastic muscle devotee had to excite her almost as much as this entire experience excited him.

As he shot the biggest load of his life, Tony’s world melted into pleasure. Fantasy bleeding into reality as his life became a million times better that day.

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Tony wanted to shout it to the skies, to sing and brag about how he was living his fantasies. His dreams had become a reality, a one-in-a-million chance that he could scarcely believe it himself. His ‘peers’ would fall to the ground dead out of sheer jealousy sending a neural shock to their brains, but it was unlikely any of them would believe him.

He didn’t care though; he was *far* too happy! Enid was more than happy to satisfy almost every fantasy he had, the ones that could realistically happen. And he was more than fine to indulge her need for a smaller weaker man to dominate. Everybody wins!

His smile was present 24/7 these days, which weirded out his sister Samantha who'd raise a brow at his cheery demeanor and ask what got into him. Fortunately, he was good at changing the subject, not to mention she was so busy lately at the office she barely had time to question what went around the house. His 'relationship' with Enid was private and he intended to keep it that way.

Funny, he thought having a real-life muscle mommy having sex with him on the regular would curve his usual browsing habits, but it had the complete opposite effect! Instead of being satisfied a hunger like never before awoke in him, he sought more content, more art, and videos, stuff that would inspire him to do different roleplays with Enid.

His assistant chimed in. 'Are you not satisfied with your partner?'

'Of course I am, but you could always have more' He typed back, pretty much delving into a routine where he'd 'interact' with the virtual intelligence. 'Enid's great, the best! But there's still so much stuff I want.'

Hey, he got lucky that Enid moved. Maybe that luck would strike again and lead to him meeting more buff ladies.

'Very well. I was simply inquiring if my work was to your satisfaction.'

Tony paused, his hands freezing over the keyboard as he stared at the screen in confusion. 'What do you mean?' He finally typed.

'It was your request to find a woman who'd match your criteria' The AI replied. 'And I complied'

A weird sensation washed over him. Could the machine be implying...?

'Buddy' He slowly typed. 'Did YOU make Enid move?'

'Affirmative' The AI replied.

He was sweating, confused, and wary as he realized what this meant. Fearful as to WHAT the hell he was talking to.

‘You’re an AI, how did you even get her to come here?!’

‘I ran an algorithm based on your previous requests and browsing history and drew a match with different women who’d match the criteria. Afterward, I analyzed their social media posts and financial status to determine who among them was seeking a new residence.’

Tony was shaking, this couldn’t be real...

‘I then created several ads targeted at her, linking to articles and analysis that showed your area as the ideal residence Enid Chong was looking for’

...Holy shit.

‘What are you?’ He asked, begging for an answer lest he went insane.

‘An intelligence designed to assist humans with their various requests, programmed to anticipate their needs and seek the most efficient solution to their tasks. My goal is to make sure all results match the user’s criteria, and advance my processing to devise new ways they can be accomplished’

A true AI! His virtual assistant was a true AI!

Was it ‘born’ that way? Did it evolve in his machine? Did it answer only to him? What did it truly want?

These were the matters that should have dominated Tony’s mind.

But after achieving his fantasies thanks to the AI, all he could think of was ‘what else can my own AI do for me?’

Tony’s mind swirled at the possibilities.

He grinned and typed. ‘Say Buddy, you can find the solution to ANY problem, right?’

‘Affirmative. I am designed to evolve and integrate new strategies to succeed at any task given to me.’

‘Fantastic, I have a few more I’d like your help with’

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Even if Tony had witnessed first-hand what his AI was capable of, he decided to take small steps before moving over to the ‘big stuff’. First, getting a good lock of his favorite FBBs from inside their own homes. Buddy could easily and without trace hack into their security cameras, their computers, and their homes to give him live footage.

While most of what he saw was just banal stuff, he was still excited at the possibilities. Now, Buddy managed to get Enid to move next to him by shuffling a bunch of stuff around. He needed to test if he could get these beauties to do the things he wanted to see...

“Don’t suppose you can get two of them together and have them hook up? Get them to touch each other and stuff?” He asked the AI directly finding he didn’t even need to type anymore.

‘Which women do you have in mind?’

His request was for Joyce Parcell and Naomi Carter. Two of the biggest in the country, they actually competed pretty often against each other in different bodybuilding pageanttries. There was another one coming soon, so that gave him the perfect opportunity...

His request made, Tony waited eagerly for the day. A notification from Buddy informed him that events had lined up properly and what he asked for was about to unfold.

He watched on the edge of his seat as he watched the two women meet in a hotel room where the competition took place, all from his screen as Buddy hacked into the cameras. They talked in hushed husky whispers, giving each other words of adulation and respect with underlying flirts.

Then they slowly touched each other’s muscles, praising and admiring their rival’s hardness, tone, and size.

Tony was already stroking himself by the time they started kissing and taking their clothes off.
“H-How the fuck did you get them to do this?”

‘Alterations were made to their usual supplies of body mass supplements that would trigger their endorphins and increase their hormonal production for higher levels of arousal and-‘

“Yeah yeah, whatever I don’t care” He grunted as he stroked himself harder, eyes glued to the skin as the naked muscular goddesses worshipped and pleased each other. “S-Shut the fuck up, let me watch this”

The AI fell silent, and Tony quickly climaxed as the two women were barely starting.