

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

James had never been a popular guy, in the high school natural order he had unfortunately fallen under the category of nerd or geek. His short slim build and glasses had designated him as such a long time ago, not helped that his interests were unfortunately stereotypical, dooming him to be picked on by the jocks and the popular kids. The only people he could ever hang out with were others like himself.

His friendships were valued, but was it wrong for him to want more? That in the last year of high school, at eighteen years old he'd never escape this inane 'social dynamic?' James dreaded it would follow him all the way to college and the rest of his life.

There were so many things he needed to get done so he'd escape this unfair mark. So many things he still wanted to accomplish. He'd yet to successfully invite someone to prom, he never got to ask the girl of his dreams on a date, but he never dared to... and even if he did, he was sure she'd never see him as anything more than a friend.

Clarissa never failed to take his breath away, she was such a stunning sight in everything she did. Her lightly tanned skin complimented nicely her beautifully and seemingly endless wavy blonde locks, her green eyes always made his heart flutter with their kindness. And her voice, so musical and perfect, her laugh was like the sweetest sonata. Clarissa was *outstanding*, easily one the most beautiful girls in school, the kind jocks and popular would ask out but she wasn't vain, she wasn't superficial like those other air-headed bimbos. No, she was *special*.

As James watched her run around the tracking field, he couldn't help but feel she remained forever out of reach, even as she neared the finish line she never seemed to come closer...

What chance did a little geek like him stand? A lean fit beauty like her on her way to college with a sports scholarship would never even entertain the possibility of dating him. Of... caring for him like he did her.

...But what if she could?

What if... she just needed a little push? So, she'd see him with new eyes.

He had wrestled with the morality of this since it first entered his mind. And questioned himself every step of the way but... in the end, his heart yearned for something unattainable. And the two would surely be better off together, he'd treat her right.

He just needed her to see it too.

With her back turned to him, finishing her stretches (and inadvertently giving him a good look at her faintly toned legs and back), James slipped the compound he had been working on into her drink as discretely and as swiftly as he could, pocketing the empty vial in his pocket and swiftly screwing the plastic bottle cap once more. Hopefully, the sport's drink flavor would mask any lingering chemical...

He grabbed the bottle and approached her, his heart beating furiously every step of the way. Her wavy blonde locks swayed in her ponytail as she turned her head, smiling oh so beautifully at him. "Thanks, James," She said gratefully, grabbing the bottle.

He almost tore his head, wanting her to drink it but watching with mounting desperation how it remained on her head as she checked her pulse. "What was the time?"

"T-Twenty-seven seconds faster"

"Yes!" She pumped her fist. "Better than last time"

Drink it, please drink it. He desperately thought.

His heart stopped as she twisted the plastic cap open and brought it to her lips.

This was it. This was the moment he was waiting for. If his calculations were right, Clarissa would form a *powerful* emotional attachment with the first person she saw. He went to great lengths to calculate the right time the two would be alone, so her eyes would only fall on him...

She emptied half the bottle until she finally stopped with a satisfied gasp, cleaning her lips.

His hopes soared high when her green eyes fell on him.

A moment passed, then another.

Then she frowned, "Are you... okay? You keep staring"

And just like that, his hopes were scorched by the uncaring sun.

Of course... of course, it did not work.

Why would it? The girl of his dreams wouldn't fall for him in any conceivable way after all.

It was just a fantasy...

"Just... stuck thinking on the upcoming tests" He muttered, trying to keep his voice as steady as possible. "You got any study partner?"

"Oh, I can always make time for a friend!" She said brightly and playfully punched him in the shoulder. "But I think you'd be teaching me far more than I could teach you!" And laughed cheerfully.

Friend... how much he loathed the word.