



Chapter 1: The First Steps into Strength

Rick had always been the strong one.

Not just in his gym, not just among his friends, but especially when it came to Jess and Lex.

The twins had been part of his life for years—family friends, practically sisters in everything but name. They'd grown up together, shared birthdays, gone on vacations, and suffered through countless family gatherings where adults would make them take pictures together as if they were all related.

And through it all, there had been one unchanging fact:

Rick was their protector.

The twins weren't weak, but they were undeniably feminine—smaller, delicate, and completely uninterested in strength. They had always relied on him for the heavy lifting, the muscle, the guy to step between them and trouble.

So when they asked him to take them to the gym?

Rick thought they were joking.

Lex rolled her eyes when he hesitated. "What, you don't think we can handle it?"

"That's not what I said."

Jess smirked, resting an elbow on the counter. "Come on, Rick. You're built like a goddamn tank. If anyone's gonna teach us, it should be you."

Rick hesitated.

There was something off about the way she said it. Like she wasn't just asking for training. Like there was something else behind those words.

But in the end?

He agreed.

Chapter 2: The Fire is Lit

Rick had been coming to this gym for years.

It wasn't fancy, but it was serious—the kind of place where people trained. No selfie influencers, no casual treadmill joggers. The regulars were dedicated lifters, and it showed in their size and strength.

So when he walked in with Jess and Lex trailing behind him, he immediately knew they'd stand out.

Not in a bad way.

Just different.

They were gorgeous, delicate, completely untouched by the weightlifting world—and every eye in the gym knew it.

Rick sighed. This was going to be interesting.

He turned to them. "Alright. First rule of the gym—don't be intimidated."

Lex smirked. "We're not."

Jess nudged her. "Speak for yourself. Some of these dudes look like they eat people for fun."

Rick chuckled. "They're just big. Trust me, they're more focused on their own lifts than you."

Jess folded her arms. "Yeah? And what about those guys staring at us?"

Rick glanced over his shoulder.

Sure enough, a few guys were looking.

Not surprising.

New girls in the gym always drew attention—especially ones that looked like Jess and Lex.

Rick's protective instincts kicked in immediately.

"Ignore them. Stay with me."

The twins exchanged a look. A silent conversation passed between them before Lex smirked.

"Aww, big strong Rick, protecting us already?"

Jess grinned. "What, you think we can't handle ourselves?"

Rick sighed. "I just don't want anyone bothering you."

Jess chuckled. "Relax. We've got you, don't we?"

Rick didn't love that answer.

But he let it go.

Chapter 3: An Unnoticed Invitation & A Missed Opportunity

Rick had no problem spotting people at the gym.

It was part of lifting culture—you helped when someone needed it, no questions asked.

So when one of the gym's most powerful female bodybuilders called his name, he barely hesitated.



"Hey, Rick."

He turned.

She was standing by the bench press, rubbing chalk into her hands, her thick, powerful arms flexing subtly as she worked it in.

"I need a new spotter," she said smoothly, looking right at him. "You game?"

Rick shrugged. "Yeah, sure."

She grinned. "Good. I'm hitting bench next. Don't let me get crushed."

She turned, leading the way toward the bench.

And as Rick walked behind her, his eyes were immediately drawn to her monstrous calves and sculpted glutes.

Each step she took was deliberate, her heels lifting just enough to keep her on her toes, making her deeply cut calves flex with every movement. The separation

between the muscle heads was ridiculous, her thick, vascular gastrocnemius flexing like chiseled granite beneath her skin.

Her glutes were just as insane—high, full, striated, moving with power beneath her tight gym shorts. The thick muscle of her hamstrings pushed against the fabric, showing years of dedicated training.

It was pure, perfected strength.

Rick wasn't blind to muscle. He respected the work it took to achieve that level of development.

And hers?

Hers was on another level.

His mouth opened before he even thought about it.

"Damn, you look incredible."

She glanced back, smirking. "Yeah?"

Rick nodded, completely genuine. "Yeah. Your development is insane. I mean... your calves alone—Jesus. That's next-level muscle."

She didn't answer at first—just smiled.

A slow, knowing grin.

But she kept walking.

Rick stood behind the bench as she loaded up the bar with 260 lbs.

It was a substantial weight for any woman—hell, even most men at the gym wouldn't attempt that.

Rick raised an eyebrow. "260? You're strong as hell."

She smirked, stretching out her shoulders, rolling them back to show off every striation. "Thanks. Going for eight reps. Think I got it?"

Rick chuckled, admiring her confidence. "Honestly? You look like you could do more."

She bit her lip, smiling. "We'll see."

She laid back, hands gripping the bar.

And the set began.

The first few reps were flawless.

Her muscles fired like a machine, pressing the weight up with impressive control.

Five.

Six.

Seven.

Then, on the eighth rep...

She hesitated.

Her arms visibly shook, the bar pausing halfway up.

Then—it dropped.

Rick reacted instantly.



The bar slipped from her grip—but before it could fall more than an inch, Rick's hand shot out, catching it mid-air.

With zero effort, he curled the 260 lbs. back to the rack, the bar moving smoothly under his control.

Like it was nothing.

She gasped, sitting up, eyes wide. "Holy shit."

Rick was already crouching next to her, his brow furrowed. "You okay?"

She let out a small hiss, rolling her shoulder as she grimaced.

"Shit," she muttered under her breath, rubbing at the muscle.

Rick immediately focused on her.

"What happened?" he asked, concern clear in his voice. "Did you pull something?"

She exhaled slowly, working her shoulder in a small, controlled circle, her expression just pained enough to be convincing.

"I think I overdid it," she murmured. "Felt a weird twinge on that last rep."

Rick nodded, serious. "Alright, let me see."

Without hesitation, he reached out, fingertips grazing over her shoulder, feeling for tightness.

Her muscle was solid beneath his touch—tight, dense, but not actually injured.

But she sighed softly as his hands worked over her skin.

"...Damn," she murmured. "You're good with your hands."

Rick barely registered the comment, too focused on making sure she was okay.

"Does this spot hurt?" he asked, applying gentle pressure.

She bit her lip, leaning slightly into his touch.

"A little," she murmured. "But mostly? I just feel stupid for messing that up."

Rick shook his head. "You didn't mess up. It happens."

She exhaled. "Still... you saved me."



Rick chuckled. "That's what a spotter's supposed to do."

She sat up slowly, rolling her shoulder again, and then turned toward him, her expression shifting.

"...Damn, Rick," she breathed. "That was... hot."

Rick blinked.

Before he could say anything, she reached out and grabbed his forearm, fingers trailing up the dense, rock-solid muscle.

"You didn't even struggle," she murmured, squeezing slightly, her touch lingering. "Not even a little."

Rick shrugged. "I mean... that's what I was there for."

Her fingers traced the peak of his biceps next.

She let out a low whistle. "Jesus. Your arms are ridiculous."

Rick stiffened slightly.

She wasn't just checking them out—she was feeling them.

Her thumb glided over the hard curve of his flexed muscle, following the separation between his bicep and tricep.

"I wish I had arms like these," she said almost wistfully.

Rick raised an eyebrow. "You already have top-tier arms."

She blinked, looking up at him.

Rick shrugged, completely casual. "You couldn't improve on perfection."

Her expression flickered.

For a moment, she looked genuinely surprised.

Then?

She grinned.

"Flatterer," she murmured, patting his chest lightly before standing up.

Rick thought nothing of it.

From across the gym, Jess and Lex had been watching.

And they were dying inside.

Lex's jaw dropped. "There's no way he just walked away from that."

Jess covered her face. "I physically cannot handle this."

Lex ran a hand through her hair, groaning. "She literally just called him hot. Twice. She was touching him. She wanted him to—"

"yeah grab his dick right there" Jess said

Jess grabbed her arm. "Lex. It's worse than we thought."

Lex nodded grimly. "We're past 'he's oblivious.' This is a full-blown case of dumbassery."

Jess exhaled. "We have to teach him."

Lex smirked.

"...Or," she murmured, "maybe we just show him ourselves."

Jess's eyes gleamed.

"Now you're talking."

Chapter 4: The Twins Start Turning Up the Heat

Rick had always known that consistent effort brought results—he'd spent a decade sculpting his own physique, seeing slow, methodical progress year after year.

But seeing that same change in Jess and Lex? That was something new.

It had been a few months since they'd started training with him. At first, the progress was minimal—just small improvements in tone and strength, little things they noticed in the mirror



but weren't obsessed with.

But now?

Now it was different.

Jess was the first to say something.

"Rick."

He turned, towel over his shoulder, just finishing a heavy deadlift session.

Jess stood in front of the mirror, staring at herself. She raised her arm, flexing.

And for the first time?

She had actual definition.

It wasn't massive, but the softness in her arms had been replaced by something harder, leaner. A faint outline of biceps showed, and as she turned slightly, there was a hint of separation between her tricep and shoulder.

Lex walked over, noticing it too.

"No way," she murmured. "We're actually getting muscles."

Rick chuckled, leaning against the squat rack. "Well, yeah. That's what happens when you train consistently."

Jess twisted her arm, running a hand over it. "I mean, I know... but actually seeing it? That's kind of crazy."

Lex narrowed her eyes at her own reflection, then mimicked the pose.

She had the same development—just a little tighter, a little firmer.



Rick shrugged. "Told you. You put in the work, the results come."

Jess bit her lip, staring at herself. Then, slowly, she looked at Rick.

And something shifted.

Lex noticed it too.

Their eyes met in the mirror.

And without a word, they came to the same realization.

Lex smirked first. "So, Rick," she said, turning toward him.

He looked up. "Yeah?"

She flexed her arm again—a little more deliberately this time.

"What do you think?" she asked, grinning mischievously.

Rick didn't think twice about it. "It's good. You're making progress."

Jess rolled her eyes. "Okay, but like... compared to most girls?"

Rick shrugged. "I mean, most girls don't lift, so yeah, you're ahead of the curve."

Lex stepped closer. "And compared to you?"

Rick blinked. "Well, come on, that's not a fair comparison—"

Jess huffed dramatically. "Oh, so what? We're not big enough for you to be impressed?"

Rick stiffened slightly. "That's not what I—"

Lex smirked. "You like bigger muscles on women, don't you?"

Rick hesitated. "I—what?"

Jess grinned. "We've seen you watching the bigger girls at the gym. We're not stupid."

Rick felt his face heat up slightly. "That's not—I just appreciate muscle. It's impressive."

Lex tilted her head. "Uh-huh. So if we got bigger, would you be impressed?"

Rick exhaled.

This was nonsense.

He knew how hard it was to put on actual size.

The way they were talking about it—like it was as easy as picking a new hairstyle or applying makeup—was almost comical to him.

He laughed, shaking his head. "You guys are acting like you can just wake up one day and decide to get huge."

Jess smirked. "Well, can't we?"

Rick snorted. "No. You don't get massive overnight. It takes years of work. Eating like a machine. Heavy lifting. A totally different level of commitment."

Lex folded her arms. "We're already training with you."

Rick raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, and you've made solid progress. But if you're talking about real size? Like actual muscle mass? That's a whole other game."

Jess pouted. "So you don't think we can do it?"

Rick sighed. "I think you guys are underestimating what it actually takes. Especially for women."

Lex arched a brow. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Rick leaned back against the squat rack, crossing his arms. "I mean, women's bodies aren't built for extreme muscle mass. Your bodies are literally wired to hold onto fat. Most women are happiest around 25% body fat—because that's just how your bodies are designed. You can be strong, sure, but getting huge? That takes next-level stuff."

Jess raised an eyebrow. "Like what?"

Rick gestured toward the free weight section, where the massive female bodybuilder he'd spotted earlier was loading up plates.

"Like PEDs. Drugs. Testosterone." He chuckled. "Hell, I'm pretty sure bench press girl over there has more testosterone in her system than I do."

Lex rolled her eyes. "Oh, please. We don't need all that."

Rick laughed. "Oh, you think you're gonna outgrow me naturally?"

Jess smirked. "You never know."

Rick shook his head. "You guys are ridiculous."

Lex grinned. "Then you have nothing to worry about, right?"

Rick opened his mouth, then paused.

Something about the way they were looking at him made his stomach flip.

They weren't joking.

Were they?

Chapter 5: The Twins Commit—And Rick Is Not Ready

Rick thought the conversation in the gym was just another round of teasing.

A joke.

Something the twins would forget about by the next day.

He was wrong.

It started subtly.

Jess and Lex still trained with him regularly, but their attitude had shifted.

Before, they were casual, playful, more interested in hanging out and looking good than in serious lifting.

But now?

Now they were asking more questions.

Now they were watching him train—really watching.

Lex leaned on the preacher curl bench one afternoon, watching as Rick loaded up the bar for bicep curls.

"So," she mused, "if I wanted arms like yours, what would I have to do?"

Rick snorted. "Grow a foot taller, increase your bone density, and take a decade off your life to train like a lunatic."

Lex just smirked. "You didn't answer the question."

Jess sat beside her, kicking her feet. "Yeah, humor us, Rick. What's the secret?"

Rick sighed, setting down the bar. "Okay, fine. To actually put on mass? You'd need to eat way more than you do now. You're barely getting enough protein to maintain what you have."

Jess perked up. "So we should eat more?"

Rick chuckled. "It's not just about eating more. It's eating the right way. If you don't get enough protein, you're not fueling the muscle. If you don't get enough carbs, you won't have the energy to train hard enough to break it down."

Lex leaned forward. "And if we do all that? Then what?"

Rick shook his head. "Then you still have to train your ass off. Compound lifts, heavy weights, progressive overload."

Jess grinned. "See, that doesn't sound so hard."

Rick laughed. "Oh, trust me. It's hard. The soreness, the exhaustion, the eating when you don't feel like eating... It's a grind. And that's for guys. Women have it even harder."

Lex tilted her head. "Why?"

Rick sighed, resting an elbow on the bar. "Because your hormones work against you. Women's bodies aren't built to gain muscle. Your testosterone levels are way lower, and your body naturally wants to keep fat. You have to fight biology just to put on a couple of pounds of muscle."

Jess shrugged. "So?"

Rick exhaled. "So? You guys are talking about getting massive. That's not just training harder. That's stepping into a whole different world."

Lex smirked. "Like PEDs?"

Rick nodded. "Yeah. I mean, let's be real. Every massive woman you see? The ones with serious size? They're on something. It's not possible naturally."

Jess and Lex exchanged a glance.

And then—they laughed.

At first, Rick thought they were messing with him.

But over the next few weeks, something changed.

The twins started training harder.

They stopped skipping workouts.

They pushed themselves way more than before.

Rick noticed it one day while spotting Jess on squats.

She had 135 lbs on the bar—which wasn't bad for her, considering she'd only recently started taking lower-body training seriously.

But when she hit ten reps, she didn't stop.

Eleven.

Twelve.

Thirteen.

Rick's eyes narrowed. "Jess, that's plenty—"

"No."

She powered through another rep.

Rick frowned. "What's gotten into you?"

She racked the bar, breathing hard, but when she looked up at him?

She grinned.

"You said we had to train harder," she said, wiping sweat from her brow. "So we're training harder."

Rick blinked.

That wasn't what he meant.

He glanced toward Lex, who was already pushing herself on bench press.

The weight was higher than normal.

Her arms were shaking, but she refused to let Rick help rack it.

And when she finally locked out the last rep?

She sat up, grinning like a lunatic.

"We're gonna get huge, Rick."

Rick ran a hand through his hair.

This was getting out of hand.

The real sign that they were serious came at dinner.

Rick had always given them basic nutrition advice—protein shakes, chicken, rice, the usual.

But one night, he walked into the kitchen and froze.

Jess was at the counter, meal-prepping like a pro.

Plastic containers, perfectly measured portions, weighing everything out.

Lex sat at the table, shoveling down rice and beef like it was her last meal.

Rick blinked. "Uh... what's going on?"

Jess didn't look up. "Eating."

Lex pointed her fork at him. "You said we weren't eating enough. So we fixed it."

Rick walked to the fridge. It was stocked with protein. Chicken, steak, eggs, tubs of Greek yogurt.

His eyebrow twitched. "You guys aren't seriously eating six meals a day."

Jess grinned. "Actually, we're at five. Working our way up."

Rick exhaled slowly.

They were serious.

Way too serious.

Rick wasn't worried at first.

He figured they'd burn out.

Most people who trained hard for a few months hit a wall and gave up.

But the twins?

They just kept going.

One night, Rick was brushing his teeth when he heard whispering in the next room.

He stepped closer to their door, listening.

"...How much did you weigh this morning?" Jess asked.

Lex murmured something he couldn't hear.

"Damn. We're actually putting on size."

Rick's stomach dropped.

This wasn't a phase.

This wasn't a joke.

They were obsessed.

He ran a hand down his face.

What had he started?

Chapter 6: The First Undeniable Gains

Rick had been waiting for them to give up.

Not because he wanted them to fail—far from it.

He knew firsthand how grueling weight training was. How slow and frustrating progress could be.

Most people hit a wall within a few months. They either burned out, got bored, or realized just how much effort it took to truly grow.

And for women?

It was even harder.

So when Jess and Lex had started talking about getting huge, he figured they'd get tired of it soon enough.

But then...

He saw them.

And suddenly, he wasn't so sure anymore.

Rick had missed a few workouts with them.

Nothing crazy—just a week here, a couple of days there. Work had been hectic, and since the twins were training more independently now, he hadn't thought much of it.

So when he walked into the gym that evening, spotting them at the free weights, he did a double take.



Jess was in a tank top.

And her arms were not the same arms she had started with.

The softness that had once defined her frame? Gone.

Her shoulders had actual roundness now. There was a subtle but undeniable shape to her biceps, and when she grabbed a dumbbell off the rack, he caught the smallest hint of a tricep popping out beneath her skin.

He barely had time to register it before Lex turned around.

And his stomach dropped.

She was wearing a fitted gym tee.

But even through the fabric, he could see it.

Her arms were bigger.

It wasn't massive, not yet—but it was there.

A noticeable, clear increase in size.

More than he thought possible in such a short time.

And the best part?

They looked damn proud of themselves.

Jess grinned, grabbing a dumbbell, casually curling it in front of him.

Lex did the same, holding her arm out slightly, watching as the shape of her bicep rose and tightened.

Then, at the same time, they turned to him.

"Well, Rick?" Lex asked, raising an eyebrow.

Jess smirked. "You gonna pretend like you don't see it?"

Rick broke into a grin.

"Are you kidding? This is awesome."

Jess blinked. "Wait—really?"

Rick nodded. "Hell yeah. You guys stuck with it, put in the work, and it's paying off. This isn't just a little progress—this is real progress."

Lex laughed. "Damn, okay. We were expecting some smartass comment."

Rick chuckled. "Hey, credit where credit is due. Most people quit before they ever see a change. You didn't."

Jess grinned. "Damn right we didn't."

Rick looked back at their arms, nodding approvingly. "You're building actual muscle. And it's not just show muscle either—it's functional. I bet you're stronger too."

Lex and Jess exchanged a look.

Lex smirked. "Oh, we know."

Rick raised an eyebrow. "Oh yeah?"

Jess walked over to the bench press. "We've been keeping track of your lifts, Rick."

Rick blinked. "What?"

Lex grabbed a plate, racking it onto the bar. "We know what you were lifting at our strength level when you started training."

Jess sat down under the bench. "Last time you had us try this, we could barely hit 95 pounds."

Lex smirked. "And now?"

She gestured toward the bar.

Rick glanced down.

It was loaded to 135 pounds.

He raised an eyebrow. "Are you serious?"

Jess grinned. "Spot me."

Rick hesitated.

Then he stepped behind the bench.

Jess gripped the bar, braced herself, and lifted.

It moved smoothly.

Not perfect, not effortless—but with way more control than he expected.

One rep.

Two.

Three.

By the time she racked it, she was grinning ear to ear.

Lex stepped up next. "My turn."

Rick watched as she did the same.

Controlled, steady, no hesitation.

He stepped back, genuinely impressed.

Jess leaned on the bench, tilting her head. "Still think we're just messing around?"

Rick laughed, shaking his head. "Not at all. You two are actually killing it."

Lex flexed her arm again, watching the muscle shift. "So, Rick... you ever think we could outgrow you?"

Rick snorted. "You guys are making insane progress. I won't deny that."

Jess smirked. "So what if we wanted to keep going?"

Rick raised an eyebrow.

Lex crossed her arms. "Like, really keep going."

Rick chuckled. "I mean, if you want to push it further, that's up to you. But just know—getting to this point was the easy part."

Jess arched an eyebrow. "Oh?"

Rick nodded. "Yeah. The first few months? That's when you see the biggest changes. But once you hit a certain point? Every extra pound of muscle is a battle."

Lex grinned. "Good. We like battles."

Rick laughed. "I should've seen that answer coming."

Jess patted his arm. "C'mon, Rick. You should know us better than that by now."

Rick shook his head, smiling. "Fair enough. You two never back down from anything, do you?"

Lex smirked. "Never."

Jess grinned wider.

"Which means... you better get ready."

Rick paused. "For what?"

Jess winked.

Lex just flexed.

And Rick felt something shift.

Because this time...

They weren't joking.

Chapter 7: Strength is the Attraction—And Rick Keeps Feeding It

Rick had always been the biggest presence in any gym he walked into.

It wasn't just his size—though at 300 pounds of solid muscle with 24-inch arms, that certainly helped.

It was the way he moved, trained, carried himself. The way people instinctively stepped aside when he approached the free weights.

For years, he had been the dominant figure in his environment.

And he still was.

But now?

Now the twins were changing, and whether he realized it or not, he was the one guiding their transformation.

Rick had missed a few workouts with them.

Nothing crazy—just a week here, a couple of days there. Work had been hectic, and since the twins were training more independently now, he hadn't thought much of it.

So when he walked into the gym that evening, spotting them at the dumbbell rack, he paused.

Jess was in a racerback tank top, and for the first time?

Her delts had an actual roundness to them.

Her arms were undeniably firmer, not just toned but bordering on solid.

Lex was stretching in the mirror, her back flexing ever so slightly, revealing a developing V-taper that hadn't been there before.

Rick wasn't the kind of guy to get overly sentimental about progress, but damn—he had to admit, they were actually putting in the work.

Jess caught him looking and grinned, flexing her arm absently. "You seeing what I'm seeing?"

Rick chuckled, nodding. "Yeah. You're making real progress."

Lex turned, raising an eyebrow. "Real progress? Or 'cute for girls' progress?"

Rick smirked. "No, actual progress."

That was enough to make both of them beam.

The first real shift came during leg day.

Rick had just finished loading plates onto the leg press when he felt a presence behind him.

Lex stepped in close—closer than normal.

Her muscle-packed frame was still undeniably feminine, but her quads had started to fill out noticeably.

"You're gonna spot me, right?" she murmured.

Rick raised an eyebrow. "Since when do you need a spot on leg press?"

Lex shrugged. "Just want you close. You know, in case I get stuck."

Rick chuckled, stepping aside as she positioned herself.

Then she went to work.

Eight plates loaded up, deep reps, slow control.

And Rick?

He couldn't ignore it anymore.

The way her quads tightened with each press. The way her hamstrings flexed, her glutes firming against the padding as she powered through.

Jess watched from the side, nudging Rick's arm. "Damn. She's catching up to you."

Rick snorted. "Please."

Lex laughed, locking the sled and sitting up. "Oh, don't worry, big guy. We'll get there."

Rick just shook his head, still convinced this was just a phase.

At first, Rick had convinced himself he was imagining it.

But then came the real signs.

One afternoon, Rick was finishing up dumbbell presses when one of the regulars walked over.

A serious lifter. Someone who knew muscle when he saw it.

"Hey," the guy said, nodding toward the twins, who were busy in the mirror, checking out their own biceps. "What's up with them?"

Rick blinked. "What do you mean?"

The guy chuckled. "They're putting on size fast. You training them?"

Rick scratched the back of his neck. "Yeah, I mean... kinda. They've been following my routine."

The guy shook his head. "Dude. They're growing at a crazy rate."

Rick exhaled slowly.

He had been telling himself it wasn't that different.

But the reality?

It was very different.

And when he looked over at them, watching Lex adjust the plates with ease, watching Jess casually flex and admire the way the veins now lightly traced her forearm...

He had to admit, they were becoming something else entirely.

What Rick didn't see—or more accurately, what he refused to acknowledge—was the way the twins watched him watch them.

The way Lex would hold a stretch just a little longer when he was nearby, letting her abs flex noticeably.

The way Jess would casually lean against him after a set, letting him feel the solidness of her body, just waiting for him to react.

But Rick?

He genuinely believed they were just looking for direction.

When they asked him how to make their biceps pop more, he answered without hesitation, giving them honest, calculated advice.

When they asked about diet, supplementation, recovery techniques, he gave them everything they needed to succeed.

When they touched his arms, comparing them to their own, he simply explained muscle insertions, fiber density, and growth mechanics.

To anyone else, it would have been painfully obvious what was happening.

But to Rick?

He was just coaching them.

And the twins?

They weren't in any hurry to correct him.

Rick was a walking fortress of muscle, and he always would be.

But that wasn't what the twins were aiming for.

They weren't trying to outgrow him.

They were growing for him.

And they were going to make sure he saw it.

Jess smirked at Lex, adjusting the straps on her lifting belt.

"You think he gets it yet?"

Lex grinned. "Nope."

Jess exhaled. "Man, he's dense."

Lex flexed in the mirror. "He'll catch on eventually."

Jess chuckled. "Yeah. By then, though? We'll be unstoppable."

Rick, still standing nearby, didn't hear a word of it.

Rick was just about to grab his water bottle when he noticed someone approaching.

He turned, towel draped over his shoulder, only to find her—the massive female bodybuilder from the other day.

She stood before him now, a small, almost hesitant smile on her lips, her presence still imposing, but her energy... softer than he expected.

Rick straightened. She was even more stunning up close.

Her broad shoulders flared with powerful definition, her pecs thick and full, her deeply cut abs barely hidden beneath her tight sports bra.

But right now?

She looked nervous.

She rubbed the back of her neck, her bicep flexing involuntarily, and exhaled a small breath before speaking.



"Hey, Rick."

He cleared his throat, suddenly feeling weirdly flustered. "Uh—hey."

She bit her lip slightly, looking off to the side as if trying to find the right words.

Then, after a second, she sighed, almost laughing at herself. "Okay, so—this is weird for me."

Rick raised an eyebrow. "Weird... how?"

She shrugged, rolling her wrist absently, which only made the veins in her forearm dance beneath her skin.

"I'm not usually the one doing this," she admitted, giving him a sheepish smile. "I mean, most guys in the gym are either intimidated by me, or..."

She trailed off, chuckling.

Rick swallowed. "Or...?"

She sighed dramatically. "Or they're, like, way too into the idea of me crushing them like a tin can."

Rick coughed, suddenly unsure where to look.

She laughed. "Yeah, exactly that reaction."

She shifted her weight, then hesitated before meeting his eyes.

"But you..." She tilted her head, studying him. "You don't treat me like that. You don't treat me like some spectacle. You're just... you."

Rick blinked.

She looked almost shy now, which was mind-blowing considering she could probably bench press a truck.

She took a deep breath.

"So, um... I was wondering if you'd wanna grab dinner with me. You know, like—"

She paused, then smiled a little wider.

"Like a date."

Rick's brain stalled.

His mouth opened slightly—but no words came out.

She noticed.

Her smile faltered for half a second before she laughed, shaking her head. "Wow. Okay. That was a bad idea, wasn't it?"

Rick snapped out of his trance immediately. "No—no, not at all! I just—" He ran a hand through his hair, exhaling. "I wasn't expecting that."

She smirked. "I figured. You're kind of ridiculously oblivious, you know that?"

Rick groaned. "You're not the first person to tell me that today."

She laughed softly, then shifted her weight again, her thick quads flexing slightly.

"So... what do you say?" she asked, hopeful now.

Rick paused for a beat, taking in the sight of her—her confidence, her warmth, the sheer size and power of her presence.

And, despite himself, he smiled.

"Yeah," he said. "I'd really like that."

Her smile brightened.

"Friday," she said quickly. "My treat."

Rick chuckled. "You sure? I feel like you lifting my gym tab would be more fitting."

She laughed, shaking her head. "Oh, shut up, big guy."

She started to turn, then stopped suddenly, glancing back.

"Oh, by the way—"

She held out a hand.

"My name's Erin."

Rick hesitated for half a second before reaching out, grasping her hand.

Her grip was strong—ridiculously strong—but warm. Solid.

"Nice to finally meet you, Erin," he said, grinning slightly.

Erin smirked. "Likewise."

And with that, she turned and walked away.

Rick watched her go.

Still stunned.

Still processing.

And then—

"Holy. Shit."

Rick turned just in time to see Jess and Lex standing by the dumbbell rack, their eyes wide, their jaws practically on the floor.

Lex blinked. "Did that just happen?"

Jess grinned like she had just witnessed history. "Oh, that definitely just happened."

Rick groaned. "You two saw that?"

Lex smirked. "Dude. The entire gym saw that."

Jess cackled. "I cannot believe you just got asked out by the biggest, most badass woman in this place."

Rick rubbed his face. "It wasn't—"

Lex held up a hand. "Nope. No excuses. She wants you. And you? You stood there looking like a goldfish."

Jess giggled. "It took a woman walking up to you and flat-out telling you she was taking you on a date for you to even register it."

Lex laughed. "If Erin had used any less direct of a move, you probably would've thought she was just asking for protein powder recommendations."

Jess wiped a fake tear from her eye. "I swear to God, Rick, you are hopeless."

Rick groaned again, turning toward the locker room. "I'm going home."

Lex patted his shoulder. "Good luck, buddy."

Jess winked. "Hope you survive."

Rick walked off in a daze, shaking his head.

Behind him, the twins collapsed into each other, laughing hysterically.

Chapter 10: The Twins Begin Their Next Evolution—And Erin Changes Everything

For weeks, Jess and Lex had been chasing size, training like their lives depended on it.

But something had been missing.

They had plateaued—progress slowing, results tapering off.

That's when Erin stepped in.

And everything changed.

The three of them sat at a quiet corner table in the smoothie bar, their post-workout shakes in front of them.

Erin, arms crossed over her massive chest, looked both twins over with a critical eye.

"Alright," she said. "You two are growing, but you're stalling."

Lex frowned. "Yeah, we've noticed."

Jess exhaled. "It's frustrating as hell."

Erin nodded. "That's because you're following a diet meant for men."

Lex raised an eyebrow. "What's wrong with that?"

Erin leaned forward. "Your hormones, your metabolism, your muscle fibers—they work differently. If you want to maximize your growth, you need to eat for your body. Not Rick's."

Jess blinked. "Wait. Are you saying we've been eating wrong this whole time?"

Erin smirked. "Not wrong. Just not optimal."

She pulled out her phone, tapping through a few notes.

"Here's the deal. You need more fats. More healthy carbs. More micronutrients. You're training just as hard, but your bodies are burning through calories differently than a guy's would. Your hormones don't support rapid muscle growth the way his do—so we have to work smarter."

Lex nodded slowly. "Okay... so what does that look like?"

Erin flipped her phone around, showing them a breakdown.

More fats → To support hormonal balance and muscle density.

More clean carbs → To sustain heavy lifts without storing excess fat.

Protein timing tweaks → To maximize recovery and absorption.

Extra iron & zinc → To prevent crashes and optimize performance.

Jess stared at the numbers. "...This actually makes a lot of sense."

Lex leaned in. "So if we do this, we'll start growing again?"

Erin grinned.

"Oh, honey."

"You'll explode."

The conversation naturally shifted.

Jess hesitated, swirling her shake in her hands. "So... what about PEDs?"

Erin didn't flinch.

She leaned back in her chair, arms resting over the backrest, completely relaxed.

"Here's the deal," she said. "You don't need them. Not yet."

Lex and Jess exchanged a glance.

Erin continued.

"You're making progress naturally. Hell, better than most people ever will. But if you're talking about going beyond what's possible naturally?"

She exhaled.

"Then, yeah. PEDs are the next step."

Jess chewed her lip. "So... what would that look like?"

Erin tapped a finger on the table. "It depends. There are different levels to this."

She outlined them simply:

Basic supplementation → Creatine, BCAAs, nutrient optimization. Zero side effects.

Mild hormonal boosts → Low-dose SARMs, peptides, non-steroidal anabolics.

Minimal risk, moderate gains.

True anabolics → Testosterone, Anavar, Winstrol—things that actually change your body's chemistry. Biggest gains, biggest commitment.

Lex leaned back. "So if we wanted to push past our limits?"

Erin held up a hand. "You don't just 'try' this. This is a lifelong decision. It changes how your body works. You have to be 100% sure before you take that step."

Jess nodded slowly.

Lex exhaled. "So we think about it."

Erin smirked. "Exactly. You decide your own path."

Later that night, Rick was on his first date in years.

He and Erin sat at a steakhouse downtown, the restaurant buzzing with conversation, the scent of grilled meat thick in the air.

And despite himself?

He was having a good time.

Erin was confident, sharp, intense. There was no pretense with her—just straight talk, dry humor, and good food.

But something was... off.

Not in a bad way.

Just—they weren't clicking.

She was impressive as hell. *Gorgeous. Strong. Confident.*

But there was no fire.

And Erin?

She felt it too.

Halfway through their meal, she smirked, taking a sip of her drink. "Alright, Rick."

Rick looked up. "Yeah?"

She set down her glass. "Let's cut the bullshit."

Rick raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

She leaned forward slightly. "You're into muscle."

Rick blinked. "What?"

Erin grinned. "C'mon. You don't have to play dumb. I've seen the way you look at me. Hell, the way you look at them."

Rick exhaled. "Okay. Yeah. I appreciate muscle."

Erin tilted her head. "But why?"

Rick was silent for a moment.

Then?

He told the truth.

"It's the dedication," he admitted. "The effort. The discipline it takes to transform yourself like that."

Erin nodded. "Go on."

Rick leaned back in his chair. "It's not just about 'liking muscle.' It's about what it represents. Strength, control, work. It's the way it shapes a body. More feminine curves, yes please? And honestly?"

He chuckled.

"I'd be afraid of breaking a normal girl."

Erin laughed.

A full, genuine, belly laugh.

"Oh, man," she grinned. "I knew I liked you."

Rick smirked. "Yeah?"

She nodded. "Yeah. But not like that."

Rick exhaled. "Yeah. Same."

They held each other's gaze for a moment.

Then—Erin lifted her glass.

"To big muscles and good people."



Rick grinned, tapping his glass against hers.

"I'll drink to that."

Rick dropped Erin off at her place, both of them completely content.

No romance.

No regrets.

Just respect.

But as he drove home, the twins were making a decision.

They sat together, phones out, looking at their new macros, their training schedule, their options.

Lex exhaled. "So, Jess."

Jess looked up. "Yeah?"

Lex smirked.

"How big do we really want to get?"

Chapter 11: The Twins' Final Transformation—And the Truth Comes Out

Rick had always felt at home at Jess and Lex's place.

They had been close for years, practically family. From their earliest gym sessions to casual hangouts, there had always been an easy rhythm to their friendship. Even as their training had intensified, their routines had grown stricter, and their ambitions had skyrocketed, their bond had remained unchanged.

Or at least, that's what Rick had assumed.

Tonight felt... different.

It wasn't anything obvious at first. The house smelled the same, rich with spices from whatever home-cooked meal they had prepared. Their laughter filled the air,

just like always. The kitchen was warm, the lights dimmed just enough to make everything feel intimate, familiar.

But there was something beneath the surface, something he couldn't quite place.

Rick stepped inside, setting his gym bag by the door, his gaze drifting toward the kitchen where the twins stood plating food. Their backs were to him.

And that's when it hit him.



For the first time, he noticed just how much they had changed.

Not in the usual way. He had been training alongside them for a year, watching them lift heavier, bulk up, push their limits—but now, seeing them like this, in the soft lighting of their home, it was different.

Their shoulders stretched wide, thick with definition.

Their traps flared subtly, rising like slabs of stone beneath their skin.

Their waists were tight and compact, but everything else had expanded, packed with solid, undeniable power.

And their arms...

Their arms were ridiculous.

Even at rest, he could see the dense striations in their triceps, the soft definition of their forearms twisting with every slight movement. Cords of muscle twitched beneath their skin, effortlessly defined even as they did something as simple as setting down a plate.

Jess turned first, catching his eyes.

And she smirked.

"Like what you see?"

Rick coughed, shaking his head. "I was just—" He stopped himself, rubbing the back of his neck. "I don't know. You two look... different tonight."

Lex turned next, crossing her arms—a movement that only made her biceps swell higher.

"Different how?" she asked, voice casual.

Rick exhaled, feeling suddenly aware of them in a way he hadn't before. "I mean... you've obviously been training hard. It shows."

The twins shared a look.

A knowing look.

Then, without another word, Jess wiped her hands on a dish towel, reached toward the kitchen counter, and grabbed something.

She walked over to Rick and dropped a small stack of papers onto the table.

Rick frowned, looking down.

It was an old photo.

And immediately, he recognized it.

It was from before they had started lifting seriously.

A casual gym selfie—the three of them standing together, grinning like idiots.

Rick, dead center, a towering mass of muscle.

The twins, on either side of him, wearing oversized gym shirts, practically drowning in them.

Jess dropped into the seat beside him, a grin pulling at her lips.

"Crazy, huh?"

Lex flopped onto the couch across from them, stretching her arms over her head.
"We used to be so... normal."

Rick ran his thumb over the photo, comparing the girls in it to the twin powerhouses sitting in front of him now.

His eyes flickered from the picture to them.

Then back to the picture.

Then back to them.

And then?

It clicked.

He really saw it.

The shirts they were wearing in the photo?

They were the same shirts they were wearing right now.

But they weren't oversized anymore.

Not even close.

Jess and Lex had grown into them.

No—they had outgrown them.

The once-loose fabric was now stretched across their upper bodies, gripping their forms tight.

The collars pulled snugly against their traps, the material bunching slightly over their massive delts, unable to drape loosely like it once had.

And the sleeves—

Oh, God. The sleeves.

Rick's heart skipped a beat.

The sleeves of those old shirts, which once hung effortlessly around their arms, now clung like second skin.

The fabric strained, trembling under the sheer density of their biceps.

Every time they moved, the seams twitched, as if begging for relief.

Jess noticed his staring and smirked.

"You see it now, don't you?"

Rick swallowed.

Lex leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees, flexing just enough for her biceps to swell larger, pressing against the sleeves.

"Hard to believe we used to be so scrawny, huh?"

Rick exhaled. "I mean... yeah. Damn."

Jess laughed, shaking her head. "You always used to tower over us. We were just 'the twins'—the little ones."

Lex chuckled. "And now?"

She casually curled her arm, just slightly—not even a full flex—but that tiny movement was enough.

Rick heard it.

The faintest, tiniest sound of fabric starting to give way.

A slow, delicious rip.

Jess and Lex both grinned.

Rick was completely still.

Jess lifted her arm, flexing properly this time—and the sound became undeniable.

The sleeve fought back.

The seams strained, struggled, groaned—until finally, with a sharp, satisfying tear, the fabric gave in.

Jess's bicep erupted through the opening, massive and veined, free from the restraint.

Rick felt his mouth go dry.

Lex tilted her head, smirking.

"Well. Guess we don't fit in these anymore."

She flexed harder—and her sleeve followed suit, ripping apart like wet paper.

Rick barely processed his own voice when he muttered, "Holy shit."

Jess grinned.

Lex laughed.

But instead of moving on, the room fell into a brief silence—one that felt intentional.

Then, Jess leaned forward, resting her forearms on the table, the thick muscles of her triceps flaring as she propped herself up.

"You know," she said smoothly, "we were wondering how long it would take you to notice."

Rick blinked. "Notice what?"

Lex rolled her eyes. "Seriously?" She gestured toward their monstrous arms, still partially trapped in the shredded remnants of their sleeves.

Rick exhaled. "I mean... yeah, obviously I noticed you've both gotten bigger. You're massive."

Jess smirked, but there was something more in her expression now. A deeper meaning behind it.

Lex tilted her head. "But you never asked why we did it."

Rick frowned. "Because you wanted to get strong?"

Jess laughed, shaking her head. "Oh, Rick. You really are oblivious."

Lex leaned in, her biceps pressing against the table's edge, making the wood creak slightly. "We did it for you."

Rick's stomach dropped.

Jess nodded, eyes locked onto his. "You think we didn't know?"

Lex smirked. "Come on. The way your eyes lingered whenever a jacked woman walked by at the gym? How you tried to play it cool but got all awkward when a female bodybuilder flexed near you?"

Jess leaned even closer, her veins subtly rising under her skin as she flexed an arm just enough to make Rick's eyes flicker toward it.

"You have a thing for muscle, Rick. Big muscle," she purred. "We figured that out a long time ago."

Rick felt his face heat up, his pulse quickening.

Lex crossed her arms, the movement only making her forearms bulge even more. "At first, we thought maybe if we worked out more, you'd finally notice us."

Jess exhaled, shaking her head. "But nope. You were blind. Totally, hopelessly blind."

Lex's smirk widened. "So we stopped waiting."

Jess flexed, the remnants of her sleeve splitting further as her bicep peaked to full hardness. "We took matters into our own hands."

Lex grinned. "And now?" She tilted her head. "We're impossible to ignore, aren't we?"

Rick swallowed hard.

Chapter 12: The Oiling Ritual – Maximum Muscle Admiration

Jess reached for the hem of her shirt and peeled it off in one fluid motion, exposing the full extent of her hulking, chiseled torso.

Rick's breath hitched.

Her shoulders were massive, wide enough to dwarf most men at the gym, with delts that looked sculpted from granite—thick, round, and striated so deeply that the fibers shifted beneath her oiled skin.

Her traps rose high, sloping down into a neck that had been carved by years of heavy training. Every slight movement made the thick ridges ripple, a cascade of shifting power.

Her pecs were unreal, thick slabs of dense muscle that pressed outward, making even the tightest sports bras struggle to contain her sheer mass. The definition was razor-sharp, the striations so deep that shadows formed between each fiber.

Her arms, now completely bare, were nothing short of monstrous.

Her biceps sat high and full, thick veins running across the surface, each one pulsing slightly as she flexed her fingers. The peaks looked as hard as steel, rising and falling with every tiny motion.

Her forearms were dense and vascular, the corded muscle twisting like thick ropes beneath her skin.



Rick's eyes drifted downward, and his stomach tightened.

Her core was insane—each individual ab muscle was deeply cut, stacked like bricks, with veins tracing the ridges between them. When she exhaled, they tensed even further, the grooves deepening into shadowed canyons of pure muscle.

Her obliques flared outward, tying into her powerful lats, which made her already wide upper body look even more dominant.

She was a masterpiece of raw power—and she knew it.

Jess smirked, watching Rick's reaction.

"Better than you imagined, huh?" she teased.

Rick barely managed to swallow.

Lex laughed, tossing her own shirt aside, revealing an equally absurd display of feminine muscularity.

Then, without hesitation, Jess grabbed the bottle of oil and began to pour.

A thin stream ran over her shoulders first, gliding over the sculpted muscle, catching the deep cuts in her delts, making her body glisten under the warm kitchen lights.

She rubbed her hands together, then reached for Lex.

Her palms smoothed over Lex's shoulders first, gliding across the sculpted boulders, her thumbs pressing into the thick muscle as she spread the oil.

Lex sighed softly, rolling her neck, clearly enjoying the sensation.

"Damn," Jess murmured. "You're ridiculous."

Rick swallowed hard as Jess's hands moved lower, smoothing over Lex's massive traps, her thick, corded forearms, spreading the oil inch by inch across every cut and groove.

Lex flexed slightly, and the oil highlighted every peak and valley, turning her already absurd physique into something even more impossible.

"Holy shit," Rick muttered under his breath.

Jess grinned, clearly hearing him.

She let her fingers glide lower, over the massive swell of Lex's chest, down the deep ridges of her eight-pack abs, watching how the oil caught the light, making every line pop even more.

Lex chuckled, eyes flicking toward Rick.

"You're drooling," she teased.

Rick quickly wiped the corner of his mouth, his face burning.

Jess laughed, then grabbed the oil again.

"Your turn," she told Lex.

Lex smirked and poured a generous amount into her hands, rubbing them together.

Then, without hesitation, she reached for Jess.

Her fingers smoothed over Jess's biceps first, massaging the thick muscle, letting her thumbs press into the hard, veiny peaks.

Jess exhaled, flexing slightly, and Rick watched in stunned silence as her veins pulsed beneath the oil-slicked skin, thick and ropery, branching out over the rock-solid surface.

Lex grinned, her fingers sliding down to Jess's forearms, tracing every deep-cut striation.

"You're bigger than I thought," she murmured.

Jess chuckled, tilting her head back slightly. "You're just noticing now?"

Lex's hands drifted lower, smoothing over Jess's chest, her thick lats, before traveling down the solid ridges of her core.

Rick couldn't breathe.

Jess turned to him, her massive frame glistening, her muscles bulging under the soft kitchen lights.

"Rick," she purred. "Come here."

Rick hesitated. "I—"

Lex smirked. "No more watching."

She grabbed his wrist and placed his hand directly on Jess's flexed quad.

Rick inhaled sharply.

It was like stone.

Thick, dense, a wall of pure power beneath his palm.

Jess flexed, and the muscle swelled instantly, pushing against his hand with an almost unreal hardness.

"Feel that?" she murmured.

Rick nodded silently.

Lex grinned. "Good."

Then she turned around, oil in hand.

"Your turn, big guy."

Rick barely had time to process what was happening before Jess tightened her grip on his wrist.

"Rick," she purred, guiding his palm back onto her quad, making sure his fingers spread across the thick, solid mass of her muscle. "Feel that."

Rick inhaled sharply as her quad flexed beneath his touch, the muscle swelling impossibly hard, pushing against his fingers with unreal density.

Lex wasn't about to be left out.

She grabbed his other hand, placing it firmly onto her own flexed thigh.

"Compare us," she teased, eyes locking onto him. "Who's bigger?"

Rick's brain short-circuited.

His palms rested on pure muscle, his fingers tracing along the deep separation between each quad muscle, feeling the raw power pulsing beneath the surface.

He couldn't choose.

Both of them were monstrous, each one dense, massive, and utterly dominant.

Jess smirked. "Can't decide?"

Rick swallowed hard, unable to speak.

Lex leaned in, her breath warm against his ear. "That's okay. We're not done yet."

Jess let go of his wrist—but only to take both of his hands and place them on her biceps.

"Now, these," she murmured, curling her arm ever so slightly.

The second she did, her bicep surged to full size, a massive, veined peak that fought against Rick's grip.

Rick's fingers barely wrapped around the hard, round mass.

Lex laughed, taking his other hand and placing it on her bicep.

"Now compare."

Rick was drowning.

Both peaks were massive, hard as granite, covered in thick veins that pulsed beneath their glistening skin.

He squeezed instinctively—but nothing gave.

It was like gripping stone.

Jess flexed even harder, making her peak swell higher, the muscle pushing his palm outward as if daring him to even try to hold it.

Lex did the same, and suddenly Rick was caught between two flexing titans, their biceps growing right in his hands, fighting for dominance.

"You feel that?" Jess murmured.

Lex smirked. "We're not even flexing at full power yet."

Rick's breathing was shaky.

Jess tilted her head, eyes locked onto his. "But you know what?"

Lex grabbed the bottle of oil.

"It's your turn," she grinned.

Rick barely had time to react before Lex poured a generous stream of oil into her palms, rubbing them together.

Then, she ran her hands over his chest, spreading the slick liquid across his thick, sculpted pecs, tracing along the deep muscle separations.

Jess followed suit, her fingers sliding over his abs, pressing into every defined ridge of his core.

"Damn," Jess murmured, her fingers gliding lower, her thumbs tracing the grooves of his obliques. "You really are a beast."

Lex ran her hands up to his shoulders, feeling the boulders of muscle, squeezing slightly.

"Rick," she murmured, leaning in. "You realize how insane you are, right? We're huge, but you?"

Jess nodded, pressing against his side. "You're a freak, Rick. A beautiful, massive freak."

Lex traced her fingers over his traps, her thumbs pressing into the solid ridge of muscle.

"No wonder guys can't stop complimenting you at the gym," she teased.

Jess smirked. "You should see the way people look at you when you walk in."

Rick's face burned.

He wasn't used to this. The attention. The intensity. The complete and total admiration.

Jess leaned closer. "You know how we said we did this for you?"

Lex grinned. "We meant it."

Rick's head spun.

They were everywhere. Their hands gliding over him, their muscles surrounding him, their voices dripping with pure, raw admiration.

Jess squeezed his pecs. "I mean, these are unreal."

Lex trailed her fingers over his biceps, marveling at the sheer density. "You've been making us compare all night, Rick."

Jess grinned. "Now? It's our turn."

Rick had no escape.

And for the first time?

He didn't want one.

Rick couldn't think anymore.

His body was on fire—slick hands tracing his skin, pressing, kneading, admiring every inch of his carved musculature. Every time he tried to ground himself, a new sensation flooded his system, pushing him deeper into overstimulation.

Lex was still working on his chest, her palms sliding over his massive pecs, pressing into their thickness, feeling their impossible density. Her thumbs traced the deep groove in between, her touch almost reverent.

"God," she murmured, voice husky with appreciation. "Do you even realize how insane you are?"

Jess had moved lower, her fingers trailing over his abdominals, pressing into each individual ridge, tracing the hard-cut separations.

"Every muscle on you is like stone," she whispered, leaning in, letting her breath wash over his skin.

Rick shuddered.

And they weren't stopping.

Jess ran her hands lower, gliding over his obliques, her fingers curling slightly as if testing his limits.

Lex smirked, her eyes flashing with something darker.

"If your body is this ridiculous," she murmured, hands sliding lower, "I have to wonder—"

Her fingers hovered dangerously close to his waistband.

Jess chuckled, clearly catching on. "Oh, you know a guy this big isn't small anywhere."

Rick groaned, his head tilting back against the couch.

He was suffocating in sensation.

Their massive bodies loomed over him, their muscles flexing every time they moved.

Lex shifted, adjusting her position so that when she reached for him again, her triceps bulged visibly, veins thick and pronounced, biceps pressing against her skin with raw power.

Jess followed suit, and Rick was caught between two walls of sculpted, veined, glistening strength.

Their sheer size made him feel enclosed, trapped in their worship.

And then?

Then, they focused on his arms.

Jess grabbed his left bicep, fingers struggling to wrap around the sheer mass of it.

Lex took his right arm, doing the same.

And together?

They worshiped.

Their fingers traced the veins twisting over the peak, thumbs pressing into the hard, swollen muscle, feeling the way it refused to give.

They flexed their own arms in tandem, comparing, testing, marveling.

Lex squeezed lightly. "This is unreal."

Jess's fingers followed the ridge of his triceps, her breathing unsteady. "How the hell did you get this big?"

Rick couldn't speak.

They were too close, too overwhelming.

Lex leaned in, her lips brushing over his bicep.

Rick jerked.

Jess smirked. "That sensitive?"

Her lips followed, pressing a slow, lingering kiss to the peak of his flexed bicep.

Lex grinned and mirrored the motion, letting her mouth trail over the hard curve, the way the muscle shifted beneath her lips.

Rick's pulse pounded.

Their hands never stopped moving, never stopped touching, rubbing, feeling.

Lex kissed along his forearm next, tracing the thick ropes of muscle with her tongue, teasing the veins pulsing beneath his skin.

Jess pressed her lips lower, brushing against his traps, his chest, his collarbone.

Rick wasn't breathing right.

And then?

Then, Jess lifted his chin.

Lex smirked, leaning in from the other side.

Rick barely had a second to react before their lips were on his.

Soft, firm, hungry.

His mind shattered.

He was gone.

Overstimulated. Overpowered. Owned.

And the worst part?

He didn't want it to stop.

Rick's mind was mush.

The twins had broken him down piece by piece, their worship relentless, their muscle all-consuming. He had never felt so overwhelmed, so utterly dominated by pure feminine power.

And then?

Lex straddled his lap.

Rick barely had time to react before she settled herself down, her thick, muscular thighs framing his waist, pressing against him with suffocating pressure.

Lex smirked, rolling her hips experimentally.

Her eyes flashed as she felt something.

"Oh?" She grinned. "Looks like we're not the only ones getting bigger."

Rick groaned, gripping the couch like his life depended on it.

Jess burst into laughter from beside them. "Well, it's about time. I was starting to think we weren't having any effect on him."

Rick tried to breathe, but Lex wasn't letting up.

She rolled her hips again, grinding into him, her weight heavy, dominant, and impossible to ignore.

Her thighs flexed slightly, the muscles flaring with each movement, pressing against his sides like solid rock.

"You like that?" Lex murmured, leaning forward, her hands resting against Rick's massive chest.

Rick tried to respond—he really did—but then she peeled off her sports bra.

Rick's vision went dark for a second.

Lex grabbed his wrists, dragging his hands forward, forcing them onto her thick, muscular chest.

"Go on," she murmured. "Feel it."

Rick's fingers sank into pure power, his palms pressing against solid slabs of muscle, thick and defined, warm under his touch.

Lex exhaled slowly, then flexed beneath his hands.

Rick's breath caught.

Her pecs tightened instantly, thick ridges of muscle pushing outward, growing harder beneath his fingers, showing off their sheer size and density.

Jess was watching intently, her eyes dark with amusement.

"Damn, Lex," she teased. "I think you broke him."

Lex chuckled, rolling her shoulders, making her traps rise, making every fiber of her chest ripple beneath Rick's hands.

"Maybe," she murmured. "Or maybe..."

She leaned forward, her lips brushing against his ear.

"...he likes it."

Rick groaned, his fingers squeezing involuntarily, feeling the raw, unyielding strength beneath his palms.

Lex flexed again, harder this time, making the muscle beneath his hands feel even thicker, denser, impossible to ignore.

Jess grinned. "You should take it up a notch."

Lex smirked. "You think?"

Jess nodded. "Make sure he really knows who's in control."

Lex bit her lip, then, without warning, rolled her hips forward again, grinding even harder against him, her muscular body pressing him deeper into the couch.

Rick's world was spinning.

He had no control anymore.

Lex flexed beneath his touch, her massive pecs pushing against his palms, her veins rising, her abs tightening.

And then, just when Rick thought he couldn't take anymore—

Lex kissed him again.

Deep.

Slow.

Commanding.

Jess watched the whole thing, her lips curling in satisfaction.

"You're ours now, Rick," she murmured.

And for the first time?

Rick didn't resist.

Rick's hands trembled as they roamed over Lex's thick, oil-slicked chest, his fingertips tracing the deep striations cutting through her solid, unyielding muscle.

He had fought against this for so long—pretended not to see, not to feel, not to want.

But now?

He was done pretending.

His breath was ragged, his body wired, his mind no longer capable of resisting.

He wanted this.

He wanted them.

He let out a slow, shaky breath and lifted his gaze, locking onto Lex's eyes.

"I—" He swallowed, his chest rising and falling rapidly. "I can't... hold this in anymore."



Lex smirked. "What's that, Rick?"

Jess leaned in from behind, her massive arms wrapping around his shoulders, her chin resting near his ear. "Say it."

Rick exhaled sharply, his entire body buzzing with adrenaline, desire, and sheer overstimulation.

"I love it." His voice came out raw, almost desperate. "I love female muscle. I love your muscles."

Jess and Lex went still.

Rick's breathing was uneven as his hands tightened around Lex's biceps, his thumbs dragging over the thick, veined peaks.

"I love how powerful you both are. How hard you've worked to build this." His voice dropped lower, more intense. "How huge you've become."

Jess and Lex exchanged a look—something dangerous, something knowing.

And then, Rick moved.

He leaned down and pressed his lips against Lex's flexed bicep.

A slow, deliberate kiss.

Lex exhaled sharply, eyes darkening.

Rick dragged his tongue over the hard curve, savoring the way the muscle felt against his mouth.

His hands moved instinctively, roaming, gripping, kneading the thick, solid peaks of both their arms, comparing, his fingers struggling to even wrap around the sheer size of them.

Jess moaned softly. "That's right."

Lex chuckled breathlessly. "Finally."

Rick kissed again, harder this time, moving between each bicep, each tricep, worshipping every inch.

Jess stepped closer, flexing her own bicep, watching him as he traced his tongue along the thick, veined mass.

"More," she whispered.

Rick obliged.

His lips trailed down, kissing the deeply carved separation between their biceps and delts, his tongue chasing the thick veins running over their forearms.

His hands found their backs next—and his mind nearly short-circuited.

Their lats flared out impossibly wide, massive wings of solid power, creating an extreme V-taper that made their tiny waists look even smaller.

Rick groaned, his palms dragging over the rippling ridges, tracing every bulging line of muscle that made up their back.

"You're unreal," he murmured against their skin. "Both of you."

Lex shivered at his voice, her head tilting back. "You have no idea how long we've wanted this."

Rick moved lower.

His lips found their quads—and he lost himself completely.

Monstrous. Veined. Thick enough to crush steel.

He licked along the massive separation between each quad muscle, kissing every deep-cut groove, every thick, unyielding ridge of muscle.

His hands gripped the sheer width of their thighs, his fingers digging into the iron-hard muscle, feeling them flex beneath his touch, tightening, swelling, growing even harder.

"Rick," Jess whispered.

He looked up, breathless, eyes burning with desire.

She and Lex were staring down at him, their expressions softer, deeper, more intense than ever before.

And then, at the same time, they spoke the words that shattered him completely.

"We love you."

Not just friendship.

Not just affection.

Real love.

Rick froze.

The air between them was charged, electric, unbreakable.

Lex reached down, lifting his chin with her fingers, her touch gentle but firm.

Jess smiled, cupping his face, her thumbs brushing over his cheeks.

"No more running," she whispered.

Lex leaned down, pressing a slow, claiming kiss against his lips.

Jess followed, owning the moment, sealing their words in a way Rick couldn't deny.

Rick was breathless, trapped between two overwhelming forces of raw muscle and dominance.

The words still echoed in his head—words he never thought he would hear, words that shattered his last resistance.

"We love you."

And now?

Now, they were taking everything.

Lex was the first to move, her fingers drifting to the hem of his shirt.

She grinned, eyes gleaming with hunger. "This needs to go."

Jess nodded in agreement, her hands tracing the sculpted ridges of his abs, feeling every deep groove.

Slowly—deliberately—they peeled his shirt up, dragging their fingertips across his skin as they lifted the fabric.

Rick's breath hitched as Jess's palms ran over his pecs, her thumbs brushing across the thick slabs of muscle before finally lifting his shirt over his head.

Lex let out a low whistle.

"Damn," she murmured, running her hands over his chiseled obliques, following the deep-cut grooves that ran down toward his waist.

Jess smirked, pressing a kiss against his chest, her lips lingering, teasing.

"You've been hiding all this from us?" she teased. "Unacceptable."

Rick exhaled sharply. "I—"

Lex cut him off, her fingers already moving to the waistband of his sweatpants.

"Oh, we're not done."

Jess chuckled, her fingers joining Lex's as they hooked into his waistband, tugging it down slowly, torturously.

With every inch they revealed, they took their time to admire him—running their hands over his thick quads, squeezing his powerful hamstrings, tracing every deep muscular line.

Lex inhaled sharply as they fully removed his pants, her eyes dragging over his exposed form.

"Jesus, Rick," she murmured, her gaze darkening.

Jess smirked. "Looks like your dick matches the rest of you."

Rick groaned, his body burning under their gaze.

They took their time, trailing their fingers over every cut of his body, running their hands down his back, over his thick traps, across his powerful arms.

Rick's muscles flexed involuntarily under their touch, his body reacting to every lingering stroke.

Jess leaned in, her lips ghosting over his ear.

"You're perfect."

Lex grinned. "But we're not done yet."

She reached for her own waistband, her fingers teasing the fabric of her shorts.

Jess followed suit, her smirk unchallenged as she slid her thumbs under the elastic.

And then?

They peeled away the last of their clothing.

Rick sucked in a breath.

Pure muscle.

Unreal, impossible mass.

They stood completely bare before him, their bodies thick with striations, veins pulsing over bulging muscle, their deep-cut abs framed by their monstrous quads and flaring lats.

Lex turned slightly, giving him the full expanse of her back, her lats spreading out wide like wings, her V-taper more exaggerated than any man he'd ever seen.

Jess flexed her quads, watching as the massive muscles exploded outward, deep separation forming between each thick, veined ridge.

Rick was speechless.

Jess and Lex stepped forward, completely unashamed, completely dominant.

And Rick?

He had never seen anything so beautiful.

Rick was drowning.

The twins stood before him in their full, monstrous glory, their bodies sculpted to impossible proportions, their thick muscles flexing and shifting with every slight movement.

They were unstoppable.

They were his ultimate fantasy made flesh.

And they knew it.

Jess tilted her head, watching the way his eyes roamed over their massive frames, taking in every striated inch of their exposed bodies.

Lex smirked, stepping closer, her thighs flexing with every step, the deep-cut separation between her quads twitching like coiled steel beneath her skin.

"So, Rick," she purred. "What's your favorite?"

Rick blinked, his brain slow to catch up. "W-what?"

Jess smirked, her pecs flexing slightly as she crossed her massive arms under her chest.

"What's your favorite body part?" she repeated, her voice low, teasing.

Rick didn't think.

The answer shot out of his mouth instinctively, immediately, as if he had been waiting his whole life for this question.

"Arms," he blurted.

Then, just as fast: "Back."

A beat.

"...Then quads."

The twins grinned.

Jess arched an eyebrow. "Oh?"

Lex chuckled. "Now that's an answer we can work with."

Rick swallowed, his throat dry as the heat in the room intensified.

He hesitated, then kept going, the truth pouring out of him before he could stop himself.

"Some girls have great legs," he admitted, his eyes flickering down to their massive quads, watching the muscle twitch, waiting for his praise. "But they have no upper body."

Jess smirked.

"Others have great arms," he continued, his fingers flexing involuntarily as he imagined gripping their enormous biceps again. "But no legs."

Lex's grin widened.

"But very few," Rick murmured, his voice low, reverent, "are blessed with all three."

He exhaled, his gaze trailing hungrily over their naked forms, drinking in their broad backs, their towering arms, their monstrous thighs.

"And you two..." His breath hitched. "You have everything."

Silence.

For a moment, the room held its breath.

Then?

Jess grinned like a predator.

Lex's muscles twitched with anticipation.

And then, they moved.

Jess stepped forward first, lifting her arms slowly, deliberately, letting Rick watch every ripple of movement beneath her skin.

She flexed.

Hard.

Her biceps exploded outward, the peak rising thick and veined, swelling to a size that was utterly overwhelming.

The muscle pushed outward, engorged with sheer power, her veins thick and pulsing, running over the peak like a roadmap of strength.

Lex joined her, curling her arms into a brutal double biceps pose, her massive peaks mirroring Jess's, forming two mountainous displays of unyielding muscle.

Rick couldn't breathe.

Their arms were beyond massive, bigger than most men's legs, and yet perfectly sculpted, flawless, built for dominance.

Lex smirked. "Go on."

Rick lifted his trembling hands, placing them on each massive peak, his fingers barely able to wrap around the sheer mass.

Jess chuckled, flexing harder. "Try and squeeze them."

Rick did.

Nothing.

The muscle didn't budge.

Lex laughed. "Harder, Rick."

Rick clenched his jaw, putting his full strength into his grip.

Still nothing.

The peaks only swelled larger beneath his hands, unyielding, immovable, perfect.

"Jesus," Rick muttered, his head swimming.

Jess grinned. "Oh, we're not done."

She turned slightly, bringing one arm across her chest, flexing her triceps.

The horseshoe-shaped muscle leapt to life, thick, veined, cut to razor-sharp perfection.

Lex followed suit, and suddenly Rick was surrounded by pure, solid power.

They rolled their shoulders, letting their arms swell and pump up even bigger, the sheer size of their muscles becoming more and more absurd.

Rick's fingers traced the veins pulsing over their forearms, his thumbs running over the deep separations between every fiber.

He kissed Jess's peak first, then Lex's, his lips dragging over the hard, veined muscle, worshiping every inch.

They let him.

No.

They commanded him.

And he obeyed.

Lex smirked, turning around first.

"Now, my second-favorite part," she teased.

She spread her lats.

And Rick's world went dark.

Her back exploded outward, flaring wide, monstrous, broad enough to cast a shadow over him.

Jess mirrored her, her own lats stretching impossibly large, their bodies forming twin walls of solid, rippling, muscle.

Rick let out a shaky breath, his fingers tracing down their spines, dragging over the deep-cut ridges, feeling how each slab of muscle twitched beneath his touch.

His hands followed the taper down, from the impossible width of their lats to the narrow, tight perfection of their waists.

He groaned, dragging his lips over their backs, kissing every deep groove.

Jess shivered. "Oh, fuck."

Lex exhaled sharply, pushing back against him, making him feel just how dominant her body truly was.

Rick kissed harder. Deeper.

His hands roamed, gripping, squeezing, memorizing every inch of their impossible proportions.

They let him.

They let him have this moment.

And then?

They turned.

Jess stepped forward, planting her feet, flexing her monstrous quads.

The muscles jumped to life instantly, engorged, pulsing, striated beyond reason.

Lex flexed next, her own thighs splitting into deeply separated ridges, veins thick and branching, feeding into the raw size.

Rick was on his knees before he realized it.

He placed his hands on each thigh, squeezing, pressing into the sheer, unbreakable muscle.

Nothing gave.

Nothing moved.

Jess smirked. "You're in love, aren't you?"

Rick dragged his lips over one quad, then the other, kissing, licking, worshiping every brutal inch of strength.

"I've never seen anything like this," he murmured between kisses.

Lex chuckled breathlessly. "And you never will again."

Jess pulled him up by his arms, her veins bulging, her pecs flexing slightly as she drew him into her grasp.

Lex stepped in, placing a hand over his racing heart.

Jess smiled.

Lex whispered.

"You're ours now."

And Rick?

He didn't resist.

He never would again.

The Final Surrender - A Night of Love and Power

Rick was breathless.

His world had shrunk to this moment, to them, to the sheer dominance and power surrounding him.

Jess and Lex stood before him, their massive, sculpted bodies glistening under the dim lighting, their eyes dark with intent, with possession.

And then?

Jess grabbed his wrist.

Lex grabbed the other.

"No more waiting," Jess murmured.

Rick barely had time to react before they pulled him toward the bedroom.

Chapter 13: The Bedroom – A Place Just for Them

The room was warm, intimate, filled with a familiar scent—the mix of them, of sweat, of lingering traces of oil.

The large bed sat in the center, the lights dim, the air thick with tension.

Jess stepped behind Rick, running her hands over his shoulders, down his thick, powerful arms.

"You belong to us now," she whispered, pressing her lips to the back of his neck, her body flush against his.

Lex stepped in front of him, placing both hands on his chest, tracing his pecs, his abs, memorizing him.

"Say it," she murmured, her eyes locked onto his.

Rick's pulse thundered.

He lifted his hands, cupping Lex's jaw, brushing his thumb over her lips.

Then, he kissed her.

Slow. Deep. Claiming.

Lex melted into him, her massive frame pressing against his, her muscles flexing beneath his grip.

Jess watched hungrily, then grabbed Rick's chin, turning him toward her.

Her lips crashed against his, demanding, taking.

The three of them were tangled in heat, in muscle, in pure, raw devotion.

Lex pushed Rick toward the bed, her hands firm against his chest.

He stumbled back, falling onto the mattress, his breath ragged.

Jess and Lex stood before him, their monstrous, sculpted bodies on full display, their eyes filled with love, with desire, with ownership.

Lex crawled onto the bed first, straddling his lap, her veined, powerful arms wrapping around his neck.

"We love you," she whispered against his lips.

Jess joined, pressing against his side, her hands tracing every inch of his body, worshiping him as much as he had worshiped them.

Rick pulled them both closer, his fingers trailing over their backs, down their waists, across their deep-cut abs.

"I love you both," he whispered, his voice raw, real.

Lex kissed him again.

Jess kissed his neck.

Hands roamed.

Muscle flexed.

Breathing grew heavier.

Rick was lost in them, in this, in the overwhelming passion and heat that consumed them all.

Lex pressed against him.

Jess whispered in his ear.

And just as everything blurred into bliss—

The night truly began.

The End.