

There were many stereotypes surrounding New York City, that it was crowded, loud, full of self-absorbed people. And that it was a crime-ridden hole.

And sadly, the city never failed to live up to its reputation.

There was a crime wave this year, which had been going strong for a while now. Streets where one knew to walk safely at night were slowly becoming dangerous. You couldn't walk in front of an alleyway without fear of getting jumped by some thief with a gun or a knife for your wallet or your phone.

A lot of times you didn't need to wait till nighttime for the streets to become dangerous, all you had to do was walk by a bad part of town.

It was not easy to be a New Yorker lately, less so if you were also a woman.

Melissa sighed as she sat in the subway car, the loud sound of the tracks was almost enough to drown out her own thoughts. It never failed to feel suffocating, even if the car didn't have many people around. Melissa still felt safe enough to pull out her phone, waiting for a new text from her friend Dani.

Dani had been mugged recently; her phone was stolen. She wasn't hurt, but it still had been a horrible experience that left a mark on her. Past the fear that came with going out again after such a thing, there was righteous anger and indignation. Her best friend began looking into various methods for personal defense, pepper spray, defense classes, thankfully she wasn't looking into guns...

But right now what she needed was a new phone, which she had gone to buy today, and so Melissa was waiting for a new text to arrive so she could add her.

She browsed while waiting, trying to ignore the advertisements on her feed, most of them about the Vigorex corporation's new product 'Femmax', a sort of female-only performance enhancement drug. God, it was so tacky, their promotional material was basically athletes doing just *slightly* tasteful pin-ups. Naturally, they were promoting their product while a lot of women were feeling unsafe. How skeezy can you get?

She wouldn't mind so much if not for the fact she had seen their advertisements everywhere lately. Hell, even the damn subway car had the poster of a very toned woman sunbathing with

the word 'Power' written under it, along with the info promoting their Femmax pills. What did any of that have to do with workout enhancement drugs?

Ugh, companies were so out of touch...

Finally, her phone beeped, and Melissa's blue eyes brightened as she saw Dani's telltale sign to show it was her, a cat emoji next to a muffin. She quickly called the number and didn't have to wait long for her friend to pick up.

"Hey girl" Dani's spirited voice came on the other end.

"Hey," Melissa replied. "So how's the new phone?"

*"Well, it's okay. Would have gone for something better but it's not like I was planning on getting a new one soon..."* She said with a frustrated drawl. *"Fuck, I didn't want to spend money on this"*

Melissa flinched, "Sorry, Dani"

*A sigh, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't be venting like that with you. Just... been feeling all kinds of frustrated lately. So defenseless, like I can't do a damn thing..."*

"I know I know," Melissa said placatingly. "But the best you can do is just take steps to feel safer, to be more prepared if something like that happens again"

*"Trust me, I ain't never letting another creep get away with this, not with his legs intact"*

Well, this was getting dark. Melissa tried to take it as a joke, "Picked up a defense class already?"

*"Oh even better, not only did I get us into one, I have a-"*

"Wait," Melissa cut her off, "Dani, I didn't tell you to sign me up for one too"

*"Honey, this class is good. I'd feel a lot better if you went with me. This is just a free class so you can at least see-"*

"I have work, Dani. You could have at least consulted me so I could work it around my schedule!"

Her friend sighed, *"You're right, I'm sorry I was just... trying to look up for you too"*

"Dani, I'm fine. It was sweet of you to worry but don't overstep like that"

*"Sorry"*

"At least this is just a free class," Thankfully Dani didn't have her data to sign her up for real, she did not doubt her impulsive friend would have done so. Ugh, she was always rushing into things without thinking. "Anyway, you were saying?"

*"Oh right. A friend of mine teaches this class, and she actually got me in contact with her sponsor"*

The car slowly came to a stop with a metallic screech, and Dani stood up. "Sponsor? Like, the sports type?" She walked towards the opening doors, phone still in her ear.

*"Not exactly, it's actually-"*

Then she felt a hand snapping at her phone like a viper, calloused fingers brushed against hers as they wrapped around her phone. "H-Hey!" She turned around in fright, her own hand gripping tightly reflexively on her phone.

Her assailant wore a hoodie and a cap under the hood, obscuring most of his features, she could only make out a stubbled jaw and mouth. The man grunted as he pulled, trying to snatch the phone from her hand.

*"Meli? Meli you alright?!"*

Panic and fear made her heart drum in her chest, Melissa's flight or fight instincts kicked into full gear as she pulled with both hands, trying to keep her phone from being taken. "L-Let go!"

"Hey!"

The man did let go, not from Melissa's shout, but from the sight of a couple of police officers who entered the car and witnessed the assault in progress.

"Freeze!"

This one the would-be-thief did not listen, and quickly ran out of the door. Melissa stood there, panting, her heart beating a mile a minute as she tightly clenched her phone over her chest.

"I'll go after him!" One of the officers called out, running after the assailant.

The other cop approached her, "Miss. Miss you alright?"

Melissa barely registered the words, her hands shook along with her knees as the full weight of the event fell down upon her.

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The tea was not helping her calm her nerves, Melissa thought with regret. Her favorite drink, a source of comfort when she needed the world to slow down and make sense again, was not working. Seldom anything was after that experience...

"I can offer you something stronger," Dani said as she sat down.

"I think I know what you have in mind, it's too early..." Melissa replied knowingly.

Dani hummed in thought before looking at her with understanding, not pity, but honest empathy, as the two now knew very well what the other had gone through. "How are you doing, honey?"

Melissa sipped her tea, "Could better"

"Heh, same"

At least Dani's company was helping her feel better. The two couldn't be more different, yet their long-standing friendship had carried them through tough times together. In Dani, she often found a source of comfort, an opposite that complimented her reserved nature quite well. Pushing her to do things that were good for her, get out of her comfort zone, aim higher.

Melissa was sometimes jealous of that sheer *confidence*. Dani was drop-dead gorgeous, with a slim curvy figure, flawless brown skin, and piercing green eyes. Her cropped short hair fit her very nicely, it drew more attention to her lovely facial features.

Melissa often felt bland compared to her, her long brown hair wasn't anything to write home about, her blue eyes didn't have that 'piercing' effect Dani's green ones had. And she considered herself to be just about average in terms of looks, regarding Dani's constant insistence that she was gorgeous and she should 'own it'.

So of course, she was leaning on Dani for support after this event. And it made her feel good knowing Dani relied on her just as much.

"No arguments about joining me for self-defense classes now?" Dani asked with a raised brow.

"Don't feel safe enough with a paper spray," Melissa admitted. "I need to know I can handle myself if it happens again. Next time the guy might be armed..."

Dani reached over the table and gently held her head, "We're going to be okay honey... because I know just the thing we need" Her smile widened slightly. "Remember what I tried to tell you before, about my friend's sponsor?"

"Kinda," It happened right before the incident. Some sort of athlete promoting sports enhancements substances for workouts or something?

"She is working for Vigorex,"

*That*, Melissa wasn't expecting.

"She is taking Femmax, oh but not just the Femmax that's on the market. She's in the clinical trials for their 'next phase' pill. A *much* stronger variant"

"Where are you going with this, Dani?" Melissa slowly asked, not liking where this was going.

"She said she can get me into the trials too, all I need to do is go over to Vigorex and sign a few forms" Her grin grew positively devious. "And I can bring a friend"

"...You're kidding me," Melissa deadpanned. "Your plan is to start doing steroids, *experimental* steroids at that?!"

"It's got *really* promising results, and it'd help with our training *so much*. You really think any thug with half a brain would try to rob someone who looks like they lift for a living"

"It's insane!" Melissa argued, "You've always been impulsive, but *clinical trials*? Dani, please who knows what kind of side effects- Besides if this is just to look fit, train like a regular person! Or hell, just start taking the Femmax that's on the market"

Dani frowned, "I don't have the patience to wait for results, not even with the regular Femmax"

"Thank you for proving my point. Seriously Dani, why would you ever think this is a good idea?"

"Honey," Dani fished out her new phone, looking over her files (thankfully safe in the cloud), and showed her a picture. "This is what my friend looks like *now*"

Melissa stared at the phone for a moment, "She's... big"

"This is only with one month of the new pill"

"*Ohmygod*" Melissa muttered and then cleared her throat. "But that amount of muscle so fast it's... it's not natural" *Even if that woman looked amazing...*

“Look, I won’t push you to join me if you don’t want to. But I *am* going to get the new pill one way or another” Her friend said defiantly. “At least... come with me tomorrow to Vigorex, just to get a look at things, see there’s nothing to worry about”

Ugh, damn she was making those doe eyes at her. Melissa knew she had lost this round now that the eyes were used.

She didn’t want to think much about why she would the looks Dani gave her so... enchanting. Friends weren’t supposed to think like that of each other.

“...Okay,” Melissa finally said. “I’ll come with, but I’m not joining up”

“Oh honey, if half the things my friend told me are true, you’ll soon change your tune”

“Doubtful”

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Vigorex Laboratories was located in center Manhattan, a tall building of countless shiny windows that collectively reflected everything like a mirror. As she and Dina entered the place, Melissa took notice of the pristine white décor, with statues done in the style of ancient Greece, marble sculptures of powerful women, athletes, and warriors, along with various types of paintings that depicted women at their strongest, their bravest, and most importantly, their most successful.

A bit gaudy in her opinion. Why put so much effort into the reception? Was it a statement or something? Dani sure looked like she was taking it all in with excitement.

The receptionist was a rather tall woman, short black hair, white skin, hazel-nut eyes. And strangely enough, a *very* large and baggy coat. It looked like a lab coat, but there was something... off about it. Like its purpose was to hide her body more than anything. And with her standing behind a large podium that hid her legs and the way the collar was buttoned up around the neck, it made it difficult to assess the woman’s physique.

“How can I help you?” She politely said as she welcomed them.

“Hi, I have an appointment with one of your representatives. It’s for Dani Adelice and a guest”

“One moment,” She smiled with practiced ease as she typed into the computer. “There we are; Second floor, use the elevator” She pointed at the stainless-steel doors to the right, “someone will be there to guide you”

“Thank you,” Dani nodded and hooked her arm around Melissa, pretty much dragging her. “Come on,”

“Coming, coming...” She muttered, still staring suspiciously at the large woman who waved them off with a professional smile.

The elevator ride was short, and no sooner than the doors opened, they were greeted by another woman in a baggy buttoned-up coat. The only visible part of her, aside from her head and hands, was a bit of feet because of her high heels. The woman was Asian, with brownish-black hair tied up in a bun, her almond-shaped eyes crinkled with faint wrinkles as she smiled widely at them.

“You must be Dani, it’s a pleasure to meet you,” She extended her hand, shaking Dani’s with eagerness. “And this is-”

“My friend Melissa Chambers,” Dani chuckled, “She’s here for some ‘window shopping’”

“Just... satisfying some curiosity, is all” Melissa timidly said.

“Oh I’m sure we can change her mind,” The woman said heartily, “Doctor Chenda Thach, I’m your representative,”

“You’re a doctor?” Melissa said in confusion. “I didn’t know doctors acted as reps for pharmaceuticals too...”

“We gotta stand by our brand, and what better way than to show our professionals taking an active role? Particularly for those who sign up for phase two of Femmax” Doctor Chenda said, her smile never leaving her face. “Please, follow me”



They did so, and Melissa took the chance to look at her surroundings. She spotted rows of cubicles with the eventual office. She saw only women of every ethnicity and varying ages, all of them wearing those lab coats that made them look so big.

...Did they just 'look' big, or was there more going on?

"Femmax is not just any drug," The doctor said, "It's not a mere sports supplement. It is a gateway to which woman can unleash their pure physical potential. Oh, society likes to go about 'the weaker sex', even after decades of hard-earned labor. This is why we designed this *marvelous* drug to... speed up the change in social hierarchy. Show the world that once we are no longer limited by our bodies, there truly isn't anything keeping us from achieving what we desire"

Dani grinned, "I'm liking your pitch, doc"

Melissa did have to admit it was well practiced.

"Women are only as successful as society lets them, we're only as safe as *others* deem we should be" Though she continued her rep's spiel, there was no mistaking the actual *bite* in her voice. "So we have to take matters into our own hands" She went back to 'saleswoman' quickly, "Why don't I show you?"

She led them further into the floor, and they were surprised at what they saw. Glass walls showed the inside of a moderately sized gym filled with *gorgeously* athletic women of varying levels of musculature. Though a lot of them ranged from physique to *bodybuilder*. Powerful, energetic, and *dynamic* women who worked out with fire in their eyes.

Dani looked *thrilled*, almost salivating at the sight. Melissa for her part felt her throat crack dry.

"Chenda," A dark-skinned woman wearing the same large lab coat said in a curt greeting as she stepped into the gym. Taking off the attire to reveal a sports bra and shorts and an absolutely *shredded* figure.

"T-They're all-"

"These are all our employees," Chenda explained, "They're all on Femmax, so we have a gym every three floors so they can burn off the excess energy"

The girls were stunned.

"Please, step into my office" The doctor kindly said as she guided them once again. The place was well furnished, it had a very clean 'clinical' look to it. With an assortment of weights in the corner of the room. "As you saw, Vigorex takes care of its employees, a steady supply of Femmax can turn office ladies into *athletes*. And the new phase of the drug we're working on is meant to bridge the gap far faster than normal"

"This is all... too much to grasp," Melissa muttered. "How long have they all been taking Femmax?"

"Oldest is six months, and she's already qualified for a heavy-weight bodybuilding division," Chenda smiled, "We want the next batch of Femmax to speed up the process to at least three months"

Oh god... to change yourself so rapidly...

"I'm in," Dani eagerly said, sitting in front of the desk. "Where do I sign?"

"Dani, come on, you can't honestly be-"

"I thought I told you this is *my* decision" Her friend cut her off, her brow furrowing. "I'm doing this, Meli. One way or another..." Her fists clenched. "I'm not gonna be a victim again"

"Dani..."

"If I may," Doctor Thach interrupted. "I understand your apprehension. Clinical trials to test a 'super steroid?' It all sounds *extremely* sketchy. Not to mention dangerous... But I'll point back to what I said, we *stand* by our product"

The doctor slowly unbuttoned her coat, and in a swift movement, the vestment fell to the floor.

She was *enormous*. Easily the largest woman they'd ever seen in person, marginally larger than any of the women they saw in the gym. Her biceps were almost the size of their head, shredded and marked with highly detailed definition. Her stomach jutted out six bags of striated muscle, while her legs were brimming with power, pure tree trunks of flesh. Every flexor in her body jumped with the slightest movement, making her flesh ripple.

And yet she did not sacrifice a single drop of femineity, with *beautiful* curves, along with bountiful breasts supported by two thick slabs of pectoral meat.

"So we also test it ourselves," Chenda said, taking a deep breath and placing her hands on her fists, flaring her wide lats and stretching the sports bra. "To show our commitment and trust in our creation"

She walked up to the weights as Dani and Melissa followed her with their bug-eyed stares, she bent over and showed her sinewy hamstrings and steely glutes, picking up a large barbell, she began making curls, pumping her arms with increasingly growing veins.

"We made Femmax so women wouldn't be looked down on anymore" She panted, "So we wouldn't have to conform to men's standards of beauty. So we wouldn't, hng" Chenda grunted, her muscles swelled ever so slightly, "be cowed by boy's clubs or chauvinistic lobbying. In work, or in life" Her voice grew angrier, more passionate, with every word. The speed of her reps increased. "So people would stop saying we're unqualified, too emotional, to be in positions of power!"

Her top strained and ripped.

"So we can finally stop living in a society where they have everything and we have to *fight* to have *anything*... so we can ugh!" She clenched her teeth, sweat dripping down her forehead, "*Stop being their victims!*"

Her sports bra split in half during her final rep.

Chenda panted, letting the bar fall with a loud clang, "Sorry about that... still working out the kinks for increased hormones" She said, uncaring she was half naked in front of the two. "This is what Femmax is, a promise to a better future for women... and these trials will help make that a reality"

Dani looked close to hyperventilating. She saw the doctor's power, her body, her *beauty*, and wanted it for herself.

Melissa saw what the drug had turned this woman into. A barely restrained creature, who acted proper and polite but could lash out at any moment. Fierce, dangerous... the sort of thing *nobody* would dare mess with.

Melissa signed up for the trials alongside Dani.

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Melissa had never cared about building muscle before, so she wasn't certain why had agreed to... all this. Why she had begun finding the idea of becoming larger and stronger so appealing. Was it because a large sinewy frame was synonymous with strength? Was it because through strength she'd feel safer herself? Or was it another more primal reason she was not yet ready to accept?

Regardless, she had signed the contract with Vigorex for clinical trials. She started taking the pill, and she began working out.

It was an *experience*, to say the least. She and Dani started their workout at *full force* like they had this outstanding pool of energy that did not get any smaller no matter how much time and effort they put into their routine.

The results were fast. Scary fast.

Melissa went to sleep one day and woke up with *abs*. Honest visible abs that dotted her stomach with decent lines. Her arms were more defined, she could see the beginnings of swelling taking place on her shoulders and biceps. And good god her legs looked so *good*. Standing firmer and wider and accompanied by a rock bottom.

Melissa was feeling good, *great* even. She had been rather worried about the negative side effects of the drug, but after a week of taking it, they've yet to experience any. Though Doctor Chenda had explained that an increase in hyperactivity and libido was normal.

She... didn't think she had experienced any of that, she believed. She was never an outgoing person, not really the 'adventurous' type. She was still plain old Melissa, she wouldn't be turning into an adrenaline junkie or a promiscuous woman any time soon.

Dani however? Oh, it's like she had been waiting for this all her life.

Melissa watched her finish her reps in the bench press, letting out controlled breaths that made her toned stomach tighten, her faint pectoral lights constricted as the muscles gently rippled, her arms inflated and deflated steadily.

This would be the second set of fifty for her...

As she set the bar on its rack, she sat up and stretched, letting a hum that wasn't exactly 'proper' for a public place. "Hmm, now that hit the spot..."

"That was incredible," Michelle said as she handed her the water bottle. "You beat your record,"

"Oh honey," She said before taking a swing of her bottle. "It's pointless to keep track of records, we'll just keep breaking them~"

"Heh, glad to see you're enjoying this"

The two turned to see an impressively built woman approach them, tall and magnificently ripped. Amy was the woman who got Dani, and by extension Melissa, into the clinical trials for Femmax V2, another test subject herself, but for a longer time. As evidenced by her spectacular proportions and sinewy tone, yet all managed to look perfectly natural, none of the side effects associated with steroids.

"Hope you don't tire yourself out for tomorrow," The statuesque woman said, "We're practicing grapples"

Amy was also their self-defense teacher. Her class was packed, as though people like to be manhandled by an amazon, go figure...

“Baby, these pills give me so much energy I feel like running later today” Dani boasted, flexing a small bicep. “If I ever feel tired, I’d just take a couple more”

“Easy now,” Amy warned her. “You got your instructions, right?”

“Doctor said no more than one per day, Dani” Melissa reminded her.

She rolled her green eyes, “I know, I know. God you two are such party poopers”

“Don’t get impatient, honey” Amy patted her shoulder, making Dani stumble in her seat. “You’ll get to be this *magnificent* one day,” She made her ample breasts bounce with a twitch of her pecs.

Dani stared at her with envy and *hunger*. And honestly, Melissa couldn’t blame her. Amy was pretty much a goal for many women who were on Femmax.

“Now if you’ll excuse me,” The large woman coyly said, going over to the squatting rack. “Gotta a date with that hot stuff,” She jokingly referred to her training partner who waited for her by the weights. A man of comparable physique to Amy herself, a long-time professional bodybuilder and trainer.

Marcus was a ‘gym celebrity’, with his long golden, strong jaw and *powerful* muscles. An Adonis who fueled many a woman’s wet dreams. Just one wave from him and Michelle felt her strong legs turn to jelly. God the sight of those *thick* pectorals straining the front of his tank top had fueled multiple fantasies in the shower...

Did he hang out with Amy because he enjoyed her body? Or was she just a training partner who could keep up with him? Michelle wasn’t sure, but a part of her wanted to find out for herself...

“Hmm, look at that hunk of beef” Dani muttered.

“You talking about Amy or Marcus?” Michelle joked, never leaving her eyes on the two as they began working out.

“What I’d give to be that strong...”

“Hey, you’re taking the same pill Amy did” She pointed out. “One day just gotta be patient”

“Yeah,” Dani said distantly with an unreadable look in her eyes. “One day...”

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Of course, they were being paid for being part of the trials. And as these things went it was a *hefty* amount. Honestly, Melissa couldn’t believe she was getting so fit *and* making so much money at the same time.

First thing she bought was a decent weight set for her apartment. Femmax required her to burn a lot of energy at inopportune moments, so it was better than going to the gym 24/7 (even though a part of her liked the idea more and more). She tipped the delivery guy handsomely and began to accommodate the boxes in a corner of her living room.

Helping her was Jamie, her nineteen-year-old neighbor. Average height, slim build, curly brown locks. She liked to think of herself as a ‘cool aunt’ type for Jamie, talking about games, sports, various pieces of media, and other shared interests they liked. He often spent time around her apartment, enjoying her company, and she could definitely say the feeling was mutual.

He wanted to help but was clearly struggling with the heavier weights. She gave him a coy smile as she grabbed the box with none of the difficulty. “I could have moved it,” He sniffed, trying to pass it off as nothing, then quickly massaged his sore arms.

“Sure you could,” She teasingly said, setting the box down and pulling out the circular plates.

He leaned behind the counter separating her kitchen from the living room. “Never thought you’d get into the whole Femmax thing”

“Well... I think I should be in the best shape I can,” She didn’t want to trouble him with the events of her near-theft.

He shrugged, “Just didn’t think you’d like looking like that”

"Like that?" She raised a brow, her tone clipped as though warning 'choose your words carefully'.

"Ripped," He clarified, "You thinking about bodybuilding?"

"That's the idea,"

"Ah," He pursed his lips, freckled cheeks stretching as he flattened his mouth. "So you're gonna get bigger?"

"Yup," Michelle smiled as she finished unloading the weights, standing back up and pulling her brown locks in a ponytail, which had the effect of flexing her arm and back muscles.

Jamie looked rather flushed. "You uh, you'd look good. Bigger, I mean"

"Thank you!" She cheerfully replied. "Honestly, I wasn't sure at first but I'm liking the idea more and more"

"Those pills sure work huh?"

"Oh, you have no idea!" Melissa said excitedly. She flexed her arms to show him, so engrossed in her progress she missed how conflicted he looked. "Can you believe it's only been a week?! I'm bigger than a bikini model already!" She flexed her arms back and forth, "Bet I could be physique soon!"

"That's um, wow" He lamely muttered. He tried to keep himself calm, "Shame those don't work on guys" He joked with a faint laugh.

"Oh, I bet I can still train you. I've been learning a lot lately, so I'm positive once I get enough experience I could coach you!"

"Oh," He blinked repeatedly, "That's... I'm not sure, I was just-"

"Oh nonsense, come here!" She breached the distance between them, flexing on arm low and urging him to touch it. "Come on, feel it!"



"I... ok," He said with a low voice, bringing a shaky hand over the muscle. "It's... hard" He gulped.

"Oh yes, don't you want muscles like these? You'd be a little heart-breaker. Heh, *big* heart-breaker" She winked.

"I don't think I'd look half as good as you," Jamie said, "How... How big do you want to get?"

"...Somedays I'm not sure," She confessed. "Sometimes I feel I want to get as big as possible. Other times I think 'this isn't me', and I'm just... following after Dani, she's the one who wants to get *huge*. But... would it be so bad? To get as big as a pro fbb, if not *bigger*?"

"No," He said a little too quickly, then cleared his throat, "I don't think it's bad at all, Meli. You look *amazing* right now, and I think you'd only get... more beautiful"

"Aww," She smiled at him, "Thank you, sweetie." She looked down at her other arm and flexed it again. "Yeah, think getting bigger would look good on me"

Bigger. Safer. Empowered...

She blinked when Jamie cupped her other bicep.

"O-Oh sorry, s-should I have asked?"

"It's fine," She replied. "It... feels nice"

And it *did*. The way he was touching her muscles with so much appreciation and wonder, just looking at her like she was this awe-inspiring figure... It felt intoxicating, as much as it felt working out when under the effects of the pill...

She closed her eyes and enjoyed the movements of his palm and fingers on her hardened flesh, idly flexing her visible stomach thanks to her sports bra, knowing he'd enjoy the sight. And when his hand lowered to grasp a wide lat she let out a pleased sigh.

Then he removed her hands as though she was on fire. "I-I need the bathroom!" And walked away without even waiting for a reply.

"Oh... Okay," She muttered, feeling dizzy and confused. What had been... happening? Did she just show for her much *younger* neighbor like a creep? Oh god, what were those pills doing to her?

She needed to apologize. She approached the bathroom, an apology building in her throat but never left her lips, as she heard a faint sound behind the locked door.

Thumping, grunting, faint profanities.

Was... Was he...?

Melissa felt the world give under her feet. She robotically walked away without a destination, coming to terms with the fact the young boy was... *pleasuring* himself.

To her.

That was the only explanation, her muscles had aroused him. To the point, he desperately had to relieve himself right then and there.

Melissa didn't know how to react. She felt this burning sensation of mortification and shame... along with a guilty pleasure, a rush, knowing *she* had inspired such lust in someone. Even if that someone was Jamie, her *nineteen-year-old* neighbor, the kid she treated like a cute little nephew.

"Fuck..." Before she knew it, she was picking up the weights to burn this sudden excess in energy. Better to feel the heat in her muscles than in her crotch.

What was happening to her?

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Things did not settle down after that strange event. Melissa spent the next following days struggling over what she was doing to herself, and what she wanted.

She had been so enraptured by Doctor Thach's speech and display of womanly strength, by the allure and feeling of safety and empowerment exuded by the muscular women on Femmax, that she hadn't stopped to consider how much it was changing her.

Melissa had started taking Femmax because if she became strong then she wouldn't be a victim again, she'd be able to stand her ground against any assailant and win. Because nobody was going to protect her...

But this want, this... this *lust* for muscle, this wasn't the original plan. She wasn't sure she liked this growing desire to become bigger, to be *superior*, to have others acknowledge it and bask in her superiority.

No, that was a lie, she *knew* she liked it. That she wanted it so badly... so there would be more Jamies...

She needed to get out while she still could. Which was why she went over to Dani's apartment to talk things out (was part of her hoping Dani would talk her out of quitting?), she had texted ahead she'd be coming over. She wore a trench coat that hid her crossfit-worthy body, feeling it best not to draw any attention lest it fed this growing 'habit' of hers...

Melissa opened the door to Dani's apartment with her copy of the key, calling out as she entered. "Dani, it's me!" She closed it behind her, putting her coat on the rack, revealing her tight shorts and tank top (it's all the clothing she had been buying lately...). Strangely, Dani did not reply. Perhaps she was in the bathroom. "Dani, you're here?"

Again silence. Melissa began to worry.

"Dani?"

"I-In here!" Her friend called back from the kitchen, she sounded strained, almost... in pain

Melissa took a hurried step, "You okay?"

"I... I don't know" She heard Dani grunt.

As the kitchen came into view, so did her friend. Dani was hunched over the circular breakfast table, her hands gripped the edges tightly as she took in deep shuddering breaths. Her dark skin was almost shining with sweat, the black tank top and yoga pants were sticking close to her like a second skin, her strong toned core popped in and out with each breath.

"Dani? Dani, what's wrong?" Melissa worriedly asked as she closed the distance, putting a hand on her shoulder, she was almost too hot to touch.

"It's... It's my fault" Her face twisted in pain, teeth gnashing as she grunted.

"What are you talking about?"

Dani's green eyes only looked at the table, and Melissa followed her gaze.

On the table laid a cylindrical pill box, one that had become very prominent in their lives.

It was empty.

Melissa paled, "No... No, you didn't"

"I was impatient!" Dani shuddered, "I wanted... what Amy has. What all those women in Vigorex have!"

Her veins seemed to pulse to the surface on their own.

"Dani they told us never to take more than one a day!" Melissa hollered. "You down a whole box!"

"I know!" Dani cried out, squeezing her eyes shut as faint tears gathered in the corners of her eyes. "I... oh god!" She almost fell if not for her grip on the table and Melissa supporting her. "Feels like my insides are tearing themselves apart!"

“I-I’ll call an ambulance!”

“No!” Melissa was thrown away by a sudden burst of strength from her friend. “I... I can feel it coming!”

“F-Feel what?”

Then, before her very eyes, Dani *grew*.