

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

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

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

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

And yet...

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

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

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

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

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

The program wasn't there.

“Where the hell is it?!”

X~X~X~X~X

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

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

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

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

Particularly with the women he fancied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Any preferences in mind?'

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

'Acknowledged'

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

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

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

"Huh," He muttered to himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Understood'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'What would you like to see now?'

Tony slowly grinned.