

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

Once, Naomi was content to keep her head down.

To just slip through the cracks, and be unnoticed. That was fine, all she wanted was to study and get on with her life. She didn't mind being one more number in the school, she didn't need to be a social butterfly. There was just no appeal to her.

Now the only times Naomi wanted to keep her head down was to avoid hitting her head on the doorway.

She couldn't even *try* to go unnoticed even if she wanted to. There was no hiding her enormity, her stature, her width. Everywhere she went she drew looks, and she *loved it*. Naomi was *made* to be looked at, to be gazed upon with awe, admiration, and jealousy. She didn't care if some of those looks were of disgust and horrors, those people were simply ignorant of her appeal and she couldn't blame them for that. Chances are they'd come around on their own eventually anyway.

They all did.

Her outfit was not something school regulation would approve of, but it wasn't like anyone was willing to say now to a young woman whose arms were as thick as a basketball. Any criticism lobbed her way remained unsent, or kept in hushed whispers. She wore a white halter top that contrasted with her shiny black skin, showing the uncountable muscles of her back as there was no fabric there to cover them, just the fabric around the waist and neck. Her shoulders stood almost a foot and a half apart, such was the immense breadth of her dorsal muscles. Her biceps were like cannonballs, and her deltoids were like ridged pumpkins made of dense meat. The incredibly thick pectoral flesh was striated to the max, creating a deep line of definition, while supporting beautiful globular breasts of perfect shape and size. Her stomach was covered in ripped cobblestones, leading down to a fantastical v-shape. Her brow shorts were stretched to the max over those quivering quads, those explosive thighs went off with each step, popping the corded muscles magnificently.

Naomi was a vision of beauty and strength strutting with all the allure of a supermodel, nobody could keep their eyes off her.

Good.

As she turned the corner in the hallway, someone bumped into her. The person fell to the floor with a yelp, and Naomi looked over her large breasts to spot a familiar face that appeared in plenty of her classes. "Oh, sorry about that, Maria," She grinned as the hispanic girl looked up at her with astonishment. "Here, let me help~"

Before she could protest, Naomi had lifted Maria to her feet so easily it felt like picking up a light grocery bag. The girl acted reflexively and held onto Naomi's hands for balance, gulping as she felt the massive solid beef under her grasp, grasping the muscle with a tight hold that failed to dent it.

Naomi kept grinning at her, "Like what you feel, honey?"

Maria took a sharp breath, looking like she had been lost in the desert for days and Naomi was an oasis to drink from. It wasn't hard to spot the small tents rising under her shirt as she began fondling Naomi's muscles.

Naomi chuckled and bent over to give her a soft kiss on the lips, which already had the young Hispanic girl moaning. "There," she pointedly looked at the door to the broom closet close by. "If you want more of *this*," She squared her shoulders and made her pecs ripple, "*Get inside*"

Maria all but ran into the closet, and Naomi followed after her. She had to duck and twist to actually get through as she was too wide and tall for regular doors. Her afro brushed against the doorframe, and Naomi turned around, showing her massive back to Maria as she locked the door from the inside.

By the time she turned around again, Maria was almost half naked, with her pants thrown on the floor while she desperately tried to get her shirt off.

Naomi licked her lips. *This* was the effect she had on people; the irresistible charm that drew them mad with lust.

Dressed only in her underwear, Maria jumped at Naomi, locking her limbs around her massive frame like a koala climbing a tree, where she proceeded to lick the striated skin with wild abandon. "*Take me*," Maria pleaded.

And Naomi obliged, she was generous like that~

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Naomi loved her body as much as other people loved it, and that said a great deal. Though the pride she took in it was shared by only one person, someone who understood her more than any other.

“Mantis,”

Her body glistened, the posing bikini giving to her clung tightly to her shredded frame, her arms flexed right as she twisted her body.

“Archer,”

Her left bicep reared back while her right arm stretched out. She kept practicing her smile as well as the pose, in a competition, every minute gesture counted.

Such was the guidance her mentor provided.

“Victory,” Ada called out, her features locked in a concentrated frown.

Naomi heaved a breath, lifting both arms and angling her fists outwards, flexing the biceps even as she stretched the limbs over her head. She worked so hard to get everything right, down to the last detail. She wanted to pose for a great crowd, larger than any other, and earn the admiration and love of all who watched her.

She was enrapturing so many at school, but she needed more to be a pro, a legend of the stage.

And coach Ada was more than happy to help. She looked at her with a critical eye, looking for the smallest imperfection in the routine she herself had used often. The woman did not hold back, she had pointed out the smallest flaws in Naomi’s technique, the timing, the angle of her limbs, how she’d twist her body and position her legs. But Naomi did not mind the strictness, she needed them to bring out her potential.

“Down,” And with that word Naomi relaxed, letting her arms fall as her chest gently heaved up and down. “Good, you’re improving” The half-asian woman smiled, showing both nostalgia

and want, "Look at you... You've become so big, bigger than me even" The slight traces of jealousy in her voice were overshadowed by the sheer *pride*.

She put her hands on the student, tracing her palms over the striated surface of the muscle in a way no teacher was allowed to. This matter of physical contact was inappropriate between student and professor. But neither gave a damn about it. They were more than that, they meant far more to each other than those mere labels. To Naomi, Ada was her mentor, her inspiration, her goal. And to Ada, Naomi was both her future... and her past.

"It's all because of you," Naomi muttered sweetly, putting her arms around the coach's hip and pulling her closer. She had to look down because of her superior height of three inches, a fact she adored. She couldn't believe she had surpassed her beloved coach already. "I saw you that day, working this magnificent body of yours... and I was overcome by this need to be big and powerful. Before I knew it, my body it... it was like it was responding to this wish, growing more and more and...!" She let out an exhilarated breath. "It's hard to explain, this is miraculous and it just... happened"

Ada's smile turned mysterious. "Oh, I know exactly what you mean, because Naomi, honey" She drew closer their ample breasts squishing together, coach's loose shirt ruffled and dampened with Naomi's sweat. Their lips were only a breath apart, "...I went through the exact same thing"

Naomi's eyes widened in shock.

"I was like you, once. Small, aimless... then I met my mentor, my inspiration, my guide, my 'life coach'" She sighed, sounding so enamored still with the woman's visage in her memories. "I wanted to be like her so much, I wanted to surpass her... and so I grew. I grew far faster than what should have been possible. I became a machine that kept training without rest, transforming my body from that little thing to the *beast* you see today"

"Coach..." Naomi breathed out in awe.

"You and I, we are special. Like she was. Like so many other women like us were... I was hoping to find that special someone here, to share this gift with"

A gasp, and a desperate yet brief touch of their lips.

"I'm so happy it was you"

