

(**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" She breathed out, "I keep hoping this gift can be shared, so we might turn your fellow gym mates into amazons like you. God knows my mentor tried *so hard* to spread it, through so many ways. But she always failed... we always failed"

Naomi didn't know how to respond. Could it... be possible? The thought of sharing with her friends was thrilling. Seeing the girls whom she had grown so close to and developed this intimate relationship with turn into amazons like her was as intriguing as it was challenging. Would they grow as big as her? Was that even possible?

"Maybe you are what we were waiting for so long," Ada said with hope in her voice. "Maybe you'll be able to share this with other women"

"...I think I'd like that, coach" Naomi muttered.

"Oh darling," The bodybuilder traced the surface of Naomi's bicep, feeling its firmness and girth while her arm held her close, deepening their embrace. "I wish I could have seen you grow, those are such special moments. To have shared them with you like my mentor did with me is all I ever wanted" Her gaze became hazy with arousal, clearly imagining what it must have been for Naomi. She too would have liked to have the coach there for some of those moments. "I remember the times I grew like they were yesterday. The pressure building in your stomach, the heat, the way your skin tightened and your muscles *coiled*"

Naomi gulped, feeling her nipples get painfully hard.

"My last spurt was years ago, I've tried so hard to trigger them again" She almost snarled in frustration. "No matter how hard I tried, no matter how much I pushed myself, the biggest woman around would grow no longer..."

"You are still amazing, coach"

"Oh not like you, my dear, not like you" She muttered. "Look at you, you're bigger than me already. I feel as proud as I feel jealous. Seeing you like this, feeling all the potential you *still have*" Her lips spread in a fierce smirk, like a warrior having met a worthy challenge. "It's stoking that fire again"

Naomi knew right then and there that if she could make the coach grow again she would. To see her idol become even larger, create a new goal for herself, seek even greater aspirations...

Naomi *needed* Ada to become a goddess.

The coach was shaking with exhilaration at the prospect. "If I could be bigger again, to challenge you again with even *harder* training. To see that gleam in your eyes and become the inspiration you *deserve*..."

Her words trailed off, and Ada's gaze slowly trailed down. Naomi was concerned when the woman began shaking.

"Coach?" The black girl muttered in worry, "Ada?"

Suddenly, the coach pushed her away with far more strength than Naomi was expecting. She thought herself impervious, an unmovable wall... where did this strength come from?

Coach Ada was one of *the* largest bodybuilders in the country. Her school-brand shirt was only *slightly* loose on her broad figure, with her quads popping out of those shorts many PE teachers wore. With 26-inch biceps when relaxed, and imposing lats the woman was a bear with killer curves. An imposing sight Naomi had surpassed.

Until now.

Her body seemed to *pulsate*. The flesh tightened under her skin in a *very* family way...

"Oh god..." The coach muttered, a bang of hair came free from her bun and was hanging off from her forehead, quickly sticking close to the skin due to the sweat. She held up her trembling arms in front of her, watching as veins started to throb on their own. "It's happening... it's happening!" Her tone became manic, her smile so wide it threatened to split her face.

Ada growled, her arms bending as her fingers flexed into claw-like gestures, veins erupted from the widening circumference of her forearms and spread over her sinewy and thick arms with outstanding speed. Her magnificent biceps were filled with molten steel as the mounds of muscle became staggeringly large, catching up to Naomi.

Her feet burst of her shoes with great force, tearing them apart as the legs kept growing even larger, true tree trunks of flesh expanding in all directions, “Ohhhhhhh!” There were actual tears in her eyes as she moaned, “It’s been so long since I felt this!” Her quads exploded with girth, tearing the shorts to shreds and reducing them to a ragged g-string around her crotch, which quickly grew damp. “The pain, the pleasure, ripping my clothes like... like a butterfly coming out of her cocoon!”

She then laughed, thrusting her chest forward as her swelling breasts grew imposingly big, showing the rippling striations of her chest. “It’s like fire flowing through your veins, you feel like you’re made of pure metal!” She clenched her teeth and growled as her pecs thickened by a few inches.

Naomi knew what that was like, intimately. The coach was putting the experience into words as she relived it. The way her hips kept thrusting showed the overwhelming waves of pleasure she was feeling. The young black girl moaned as well, realizing she had shoved a hand down her bikini button, and began masturbating at the sight of her growing mentor.

Coach Ada kept expanding, her widening lats tore at the seams of her shirt while her shredded abdominals jutted out of her core. She laughed as she raised her arms, flexing them with all her might as the enormous pythons coiled at her command, unraveling the fabric with ease.

And through it all, Naomi noticed how her height increased, their eyes meeting at the same level... before Ada surpassed her in height once more. Not by much, just an inch or two, but the fact she was getting *bigger* than Naomi was putting the girl through a myriad of intense emotions.

The older woman’s face scrunched up in a mix of pain and pleasure, an agonizing expression heralding what was to come. “Haven’t felt pleasure like this in so long...!” Her eyes closed in concentration as she willed her full body to flex, tearing the last remnants of her poor shirt apart, all but blasting them away with sheer force. “Gonna cum...! G-Gonna-!”

The climax hit, and the coach growled gutturally. The sound was not an athlete’s, it was a *warrior’s cry*. She let out such euphoria and pleasure that Naomi couldn’t help but to cum with her.

Ada let out a long dragged-out moan as her arms were brought down into a massive most muscular. “Oh thank you, after all this time...”

“Coach...” Naomi licked her lips, “You’re a fucking beast”

Her hazy gaze landed on Naomi with absolute desire. "Oh honey, it's all thanks to you. You ignited that fire in my again" She wasted no time in closing the gap between them again, embracing her with all her strength, the two moaned at the friction of their sweaty muscles upon one another, touching and caressing with such mutual adoration. "Let me hold you, darling. Let me feel who fucking hard you are!"

"Hmm!" Naomi bit her lips as her bikini came undone, her bountiful breasts brushing against the coach's, letting their nipples dig into the soft flesh, "C-Coah!"

"Ada," The older woman breathed out, "Call me Ada..."

A growl rippled out of her throat, hungry and ravenous. "*Ada!*"

Their lips slammed together in a frenzied dance, their tongues wrestled each other for dominance as their hands grasped every part of their titanic bodies. Before they knew it, their fierce make-out continued against a wall, upon which they spread their legs enough to slip one in between the other, holding onto each other for support as their sex began grinding furiously.

Ada grunted with a toothy smirk, "Ugh! Fucking my student, ngh, that's a big no-no!" She said, enjoying the act thoroughly.

Naomi growled as she suckled the woman's breasts, showering it with kisses and tasting its soft flesh, "Fuck the rules, fuck *all* the rules" She proudly declared, "*I fucked my cousin*" And took a large nipple into her mouth.

Ada only laughed at that revelation, "Oh the stories I could tell you!" Their hips kept slamming into each other with full force. "Yes, rules don't apply to women like us. Amazons..."

Naomi grabbed the back of Ada's head, "*Goddesses*"

Ada smiled with thrill and adoration, "*That's my pupil*"

And joined their lips once more as their passionate and frenzied lovemaking continued.