(Warning, this story contains graphic sexual content)

Academics were a weird thing, college prospects required you to not only have good grades but also the presence of extracurricular activities in your record to make you stand out in their applications. Which never made much sense to Naomi, wouldn’t they prefer students who’d dedicate more of their time to studying? She’d certainly done so for years, and yet her councilors advised her to look for any sort of club or activity she could join to have it shown in her record.

The problem was that by this time of the year, most of the good clubs were full. Particularly the clubs that could make good use of her academic skills, math club, debate club, chemistry, computer club, and the like. Even her backup choices either didn’t have room or she didn’t have the skills necessary for them; Drama club (she couldn’t act to save her life), glee club (her singing voice was best described as ‘choking cat’), film club (she had no idea how to operate half the equipment there).

Which left her with the last option, the various sports clubs. Already she had flunked out of two, swimming and tennis, she failed the tryouts and didn’t manage to make the teams. Now Naomi was looking for something else she could do, something that would look good on her record.

The various papers on the school board presented fewer and fewer options by the day, and the anxiety was getting to her. She ran a hand through her shaggy afro, biting her lower lip. She needed something, anything…!

“No luck yet, Naomi?” The teasing voice of her longtime rival made her teeth clench. Jennifer idly walked by in her tennis uniform, holding the racket over her shoulder. The outfit really complimented her long red locks, and she knew it, her very developed and curvy body had half the school swooning over her. And the smug look in her green eyes showed she was well aware of it. “It’s a shame you didn’t make the cut,” She said in a faux-remorseful tone.

Her dark cheeks flushed with bare repressed anger as brown eyes turned to glare at her. “Oh yeah, you’re so broken up about it. You know I didn’t even want to be in your club anyway, I just needed the extra points”

She wiggled her racket at her. “That right there is the issue, you’ve stayed cooped up studying for so long you wouldn’t know what effort was if it’d hit you on the face” Jen admonished with a smirk. “You flinched at every ball thrown at you, and your serve?” She snorted. “Weakest I’ve ever seen”

“At least my studying is getting me somewhere,” Naomi said with derision, crossing her slim arms over her chest. “Must be so hard to study when you do nothing but go to the mall and smooch up with Ethan. All you get is an A in sluttiness”

Jen’s eye twitched for a moment. “Well, at least one of us has a boyfriend. Who’d want that plank body of yours?” She said, purposefully putting a hand on her hip and showing off her curves. “Shame you couldn’t grow where it matters” She laughed at her own joke, walking away with a confident gait.

Some days Naomi wondered *when* exactly the two had become bitter rivals like that. At this point, she was pretty certain neither she nor Jennifer could pinpoint it. It felt like they just started hating each other one day and things kept escalating from there. Ugh whatever, she could get mad at that bitch any other time, right now she had to keep looking for something. And her choices were limited enough as it is…

Her gaze stopped over a pamphlet on the right side of the board, and she began looking at it with greater attention. She had heard of the club before but… well, it wasn’t exactly the sort of thing she’d go for.

But at this point, she’d take anything. What was the worst that could happen?

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Naomi approached the basketball court, looking at the place like it was some foreign location, which may as well be given how little time she spent here in all her years of high school. But the head of the club was here in her office, and she needed to ask for her permission to join. Navigating through the inner halls, Naomi came upon the office owned by the basketball coach, one Ada Black.

Miss Ada was… something of a local celebrity. Played college basketball and earned various championships under her belt. Went out to participate at an Olympic level, not just in that specific sport, but also in various other strength and endurance-based competitions, including weightlifting and bodybuilding.

Yeah, at 30 years old, Coach Ada was already an *incredibly* accomplished woman. An enormous one. Naomi caught her in an activity that displayed the sheer level of muscularity she possessed. The coach’s half-asian features were locked in a focused frown, breathing evenly as she lifted a barbell, making her bicep swell and ripple as thick veins sprouted all over the surface of her arm. She was wearing a tank top with thin straps, letting her see the striated muscles of the woman’s shoulders and chest, which were all covered by a thin sheet of sweat, making them glisten in a rather… interesting fashion.

She was completely focused on her task, slowly bringing the barbell up and down as she bent forward from her chair, her elbow resting on her leg as the strong grip caused the forearm muscles to jump. The Olympic woman barely even registered she had company until Naomi cleared her throat.

“Um, coach Ada?”

Her gaze snapped up, short black hair sticking close to her skin from the sweat. She greeted the young girl with a beaming smile. “Hey, Michels!” She said, never stopping her workout. “What can I do for you?”

“U-Um, well” She didn’t know why, but the coach’s strong torso was… distracting, which was strange because she had seen the woman often during gym class. It had never had that strong an effect on her. “I was wondering if you had room left in your fitness club?”

“Oh!” She perked up. “Want to pump some iron?” Ada asked half-jokingly.

“Well,” It was better if she was honest about her intentions. “I kinda need more extracurricular activities in my records if I want to stand out in my college applications,” She said rather sheepishly, feeling awkward.

“Ah, I see” Ada clicked her tongue, her arm only stopping to switch the barbell to the other. “Well I do have room, but I must say I’d prefer to take in students who are serious about what this club is all about”

“I see…” Naomi muttered, feeling disappointment incoming.

The coach let out a breath through her nostrils. “But… I know a thing or two about doing everything to get a good college to notice you. I don’t envy you kids, that part of high school is rough on everyone. I certainly don’t miss it” Ada paused for a moment, slowly nodding. “Okay, come back tomorrow, we’ll see about getting you in”

Naomi was almost jumping with joy, “Yes!”

“But you gotta promise me to put your heart into it,” The basketball coach said. “This isn’t just a statistic to look good in your records, I want commitment”

The dark-skinned girl smiled with all her teeth. “You got it, professor, I promise I’ll give it my all!”

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It was the first day in the club, and Naomi felt she was going to die.

This was a crazy place for crazy people, no other explanation. Coach Ada was already a demanding taskmaster, but in her club, she turned it up to eleven.

Unending laps around the gym, pushups, and sit-ups that seemed to last forever, weights that poor noddle limbs had *no* chance of lifting. Coach Ada was running a *crossfit* club, not a simple fitness club, it was like the woman was dead set on turning them all into muscle heads like her. For the lift of her, Naomi couldn’t understand how anyone could bear all this ungodly *torment*.

Yet as she sat around on the bench, getting her second (or fourth) wind, she saw the sort of students who did want to be here and endure the strict training regime. A few girls who wanted to pursue a career in Olympic sports like the coach herself, she had seen some of them before, a track-field star, a basketball player, a discus thrower, young women who wanted a future in the sporting field. The rest were easier to fathom, boys who wanted to be buff, easy enough to guess, with all three of them being recognizable figures in the school’s football team, the kind the talent agents were always on the lookout for to offer scholarships. These guys were already pretty built for their age, and they were going the extra mile to add even more mass.

One such guy was Ethan Rivers, a popular linebacker who already was on the scope of different colleges for a position on their teams. Ethen was *big*, the kind of guy to whom bodybuilding could be an honest prospect one day, as was the case with linebackers. His tank top showed a great deal of his upper body, with the collar being low and the traps thin enough to show two large pectorals, shoulders like basketball, and the most rippling biceps that swelled imperiously as he lifted the barbells in tandem.

With his short shaggy hair and blue eyes, accompanied by a chiseled face, Ethan was one of the top hunks in the school and it showed. It was no surprise Jen was dating him.

Now, Naomi wasn’t the jealous sort, and it wasn’t like she liked Ethan or anything, but damn she could still admire the goods. She knew quality when she saw it, and Ethan was a fine cut of meat.

“Tired, Michels?” The coach asked, walking closer toward her with her hands behind her back. Her tracksuit jacket looked a touch strained by the wideness of her torso.

Naomi replied with a long huff.

“Tell you what, you did more than enough for your first day. Take it easy now” Naomi certainly didn’t feel she did… “Fifteen minutes left, wrap it up, people!”

It was amazing to see these young athletes do so much (especially compared to her), these people came here to push their limits, unlike her who just wanted something on her record because she needed it. Coupled with the demanding tasks of their workout and how they carried it out like machines, while she had struggled all throughout, it really made her second guess her choices.

Eventually, the club’s hour ended, and everyone was taking a breather, drying themselves off, drinking water, talking to each other about their progress.

One of the girls, Amy the discuss thrower, was chatting up with Ethan. She had pretty impressive biceps, far from the size of his but very nicely shaped and sized all the same. She flexed one arm to show it to him, her dark skin glistening. “Gonna catch up with you any day now, big guy~”

“Oooof,” Ethan mocked good-naturedly as he flexed his own enormous arm. “You sure about that?”

Amy barked a laugh, “Gonna make you look like a toothpick one day, mark my words” They kept riffing each other the way good friends do.

Eventually, it was time for the showers, and Naomi joined the other girls who kept showing off their gains as they disrobed. Amy was once again comparing biceps, this time with Kendra, the basketball player, who stood half a head taller than the discus thrower, the two laughed when Pam the track field star showed off a rather wide-looking thigh and flexed the multiple muscle groups for them, “*This* is a muscle, ladies”

Naomi couldn’t deny they looked *good*, and it made her feel a bit insecure.

Eventually, their attention was on her, giving her polite and inviting smiles. “What about you, Naomi, got anything you’d like to share with the class~?” Kendra said with a soft tease.

Naomi deadpanned, looking at her lithe limbs.

“Oh don’t worry,” Pam shrugged with a smile, “You’ll bulk up in no time”

“I dunno about that…” The afro-haired girl shook her head, “You gals make it look so easy, I’m not even sure I *can* bulk up like that” Huh, it surprised her she said ‘can’ instead of ‘want’.

“Not with that attitude,” Amy walked up to her, her underwear-clad body left almost nothing to the imagination, letting Naomi see the finely-toned muscles of her legs and stomach, and the striations and her shoulders and arms. “You one of us now, girl. You’re gonna get *big*” She said, striking a pose she most likely saw the coach, joining her hands together to flare out her thorax as much as she could.

The sight made her cheeks warm a little.

“You um,” She gulped, “You trying to be like coach Ada one day?”

“Hell yeah!” Amy smiled with all her teeth. “Who wouldn’t want to be an iron lady?”

Who indeed.

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For the life of her, Naomi she couldn’t make heads or tails of what she was feeling right now. Part of her wanted to quit the club, finding the excessive physical training not to be worth all the effort, not if she ended up feeling like her limbs were made of wet noodles.

And yet another part of her, one that was becoming louder by the moment, was edging her to continue, to keep training until she was an athlete like her peers until she had honest-to-God muscle to show.

She didn’t know where it was coming from, or why she was feeling like that. But ever since she saw coach Ada’s torso, filled to the brim with powerful striated muscles, she could not take the sight out of her mind. The swell of flesh as the muscles struggled with the weights, the pumping of the veins which caused small roadblocks for the sweat to skim over as the salty droplets trailed a wet path over the shredded sinew…

It only became worse when she bathed with her clubmates, the girls were so fit, already on their way to becoming pro-athletes one day, their bodies gained a very respectable tone and non-insignificant mass. In her mind, Naomi could already picture them in their prime, as Olympic-class athletes with bodies to match. Muscles piled up upon muscles, definition so sharp they could grind cheese. Displays of strength that put regular people to shame…

And the most shocking part of it all was Naomi’s realization that she wanted in on that too…

Was it a sexual thing? Had she awaked a sort of fetish? Part of her was mortified by the thought, another couldn’t care any less. So, what if she took pleasure from it, the idea of developing a strong was enticing enough that developing a pleasurable thrill from it wasn’t too far-fetched.

But was this what she truly wanted? Naomi liked to her she wasn’t an indecisive person but… she’d be lying if she said she already had her goals all lined up in her head about what she wanted to be, and what to study in college. She put so much effort into getting into a good college while she still didn’t know what to make of her life.

Naomi felt lost, bogged down by a myriad of emotions and desires she still couldn’t make sense of.

So even as the overs left upon finishing showering, she remained behind to speak with the coach. Perhaps Miss Ada would have some advice she could use; it sounded like the woman had experienced something similar in her youth. And look at her now, a mountain of muscles with plenty of trophies under her belt.

Upon nearing her office, Naomi found the coach like the other day; Working out. This time instead of lifting heavy weights that would snap Naomi’s own arms, she was lifting her entire body.

Coach Ada hung from a pull-up bar in her office, her thick, powerful arms slowly bending as she brought her entire large form higher until her chin was above the bar’s height and the top of her head was close to touching the ceiling. Her jacket was discarded on the chair, she wore nothing but a tank top that was stretching for dear life over her immense girth. The broadness of her back was breathtaking, it was like looking at the Grand Canyon, a landscape of deep crevices and rising rocks, all rolling and rippling under her tight sweaty skin. Her deltoids striated like ridged pumpkins, while her rear biceps painted a canvas of an extremely detailed texture each time they flexed.

Naomi’s felt her legs grow weak. A devastating heat assaulted her form, spreading from the depths of her core. She felt the instinctive impulse to jump unto the coach’s form, to plant her face on those back muscles and lick them click of sweat, to surround those blocky abdominals with her legs and *grind* her crotch against all the hard muscles.

Eventually, Coach Ada noticed her presence, looking over her shoulder yet remained hanging. “Ah, Michels, what do you need?”

*You*, a voice in her mind shouted, *I need you. To lift me, to touch me, to let me touch, to fuck me-!*

Naomi gulped, trying to brush away the myriad erotic thoughts plaguing her mind. The result was the voice saying *I need to be like you*.

So, Naomi came to a decision.

“C-Can you recommend me,” She stammered before clearing her throat, “what protein powder I could use?”

Ada’s eyes widened in surprise for a moment, before an excited smile spread across her lips.

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It was a well-known fact that you couldn’t build up muscle overnight, it took a prolonged training routine and the proper diet to achieve visible results in a month’s time. Yet as Naomi stood in front of her mirror in her bedroom in her underwear, she couldn’t help but marvel at what a month of training had wrought.

She was *cut.* Her body had developed an impressive tone accompanied by the mass one would expect from a regular gym-goer and did crossfit. Her black skin had tightened nicely around the sinewy bumps of her muscles, marking them with prominent lines carving paths in between the various groups. Her abs were pretty much popping from her gut, and the width between her shoulders had increased thanks to the stronger muscles of her back, along with the deltoids themselves becoming larger and more defined. Her biceps were fantastic, around 14 inches in circumference, the muscle groups almost splitting at the peak but not quite there yet. And her legs, oh mama, her legs. The way her widening quads rippled sent tingles down her spine, imagining just how amazing they’d look once they got bigger. Once *all* of her got bigger.

She didn’t know where this craving for muscle came from, but she didn’t care anymore. Naomi was consumed with a sudden need to build more mass and more strength, she kept seeing her peers, the muscle in their youthful bodies, and the mountain she sought to climb, Coach Ada, her very goal…

To be as strong as her, to be as big as her.

Maybe stronger…

Her brow eyes were hazy as she pictured it, her flexing an enormously muscular body before an adoring crowd, cheering and hollering as she struck pose after pose in a tight red bikini that looked close to the ripping point. Naomi began striking those poses before she realized what she was doing and was so entranced by the sight in her reflection she smiled, licking her lips as a warmth spread in her lower regions. She caressed her bicep, marveling at her own muscle, her lips puckered as she planted a breathless kiss upon it. A hand trailed over the rows of abdominal muscles, savoring each bump, descending lower and lower until she reached the fringes of her panties, where a few fingers slipped in…

Naomi’s eyes rolled back as her fingers touched a bundle of nerves and began playing with it, letting out a muffled moan as she pleasured herself, picturing images of that Olympic body on a playback, fantasies of other people worshipping her until she finally climaxed, falling to her knees with a drunken smile.

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Naomi felt she was entering the ‘big leagues’, as she curled dumbbells with her workout partner of the day, Ethan. It was just him and her today, with the others busy because of either conflicting schedules for the day, or because they were busy with studies. Coach Ada was hit with an unexpected appointment she needed to take care of, so trusted the other two to close the club and store the weights later.

Naomi’s biceps were now just… larger than any of her female clubmates, still almost as half as Ethan’s muscle mass, but that was a hell of an achievement in itself. She had quickly become the fittest girl at school, and in such a short amount that it honestly raised eyebrows. Her progress was simply out of this world, and she could easily be mistaken for a seasoned track-field runner with how developed she was. Even her breasts, the modest things that they were, had increased in size too, pushing against the confines of her workout top.

Even Ethan was very impressed, watching her continuing to pump iron even after he finished with his set. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone bulk up as fast as you…”

“Good,” Naomi said with a grin. “I wanna see how big I can get”

“Yeesh, you want to be like Coach Ada?”

Naomi flashed him an intense look that honestly made him blush, it surprised even her by how steamy the gesture was. “I think I’d look great, don’t you?”

“Um…”

Seeing him stammer and become entranced by her was *doing* things to Naomi.

Then, an interloper, a voice that made her roll her eyes instinctively. “There you are, I thought you’d be done by now!” Jen entered the gym, smiling oh so sweetly at her boyfriend and licking her lips at his sweaty muscular physique, before staggering as she caught sight of Naomi’s own muscles. “Holy…”

“You’re gonna catch flies like that,” Naomi teased, and Jen’s jaw closed with a click.

“W-Well…” She tried to regain her composure. “I never pegged you for a meathead,”

“Jen, come on…” Ethan admonished her.

“Thanks!” Naomi took it as a compliment, “I’m flattered to be *pegged* by you”

*That* made Jennifer’s heat flush with a mix of indignation and something else. “Ethan,” She seethed through clenched teeth. “Either wrap out here or I’m leaving without you-“

Ethan seemed to take a moment to process her words, as he was still clearly thinking of the ‘peg’ comment by Naomi. “Uh, but we have to pack everything and-“

“It’s okay,” Naomi waved it off, finishing her rep. “I’ll close down, you can take off now”

“You sure?”

“Not a problem for these guns~ She said, flexing her hardened arms.

Ethan stared at them with approval while Jen seethed. “Come on!” She grabbed him by the arm, her hand looking small on his large bicep, as she pulled him away.

“L-Later Jen!”

She waved him off and proceeded to pick up the weights and put them in the storage. As finished packing everything away, Naomi toweled herself off and made her way toward the shower, the emptiness of the building on this day made it so it was quiet enough that she managed to pick up Ethan’s and Jen’s voices, seemingly still around.

Curiosity got the better of her, and she walked further into the halls until she reached the boys’ showers, where he heard Ethan mutter. “Could get in trouble for this…”

“You’ll get in trouble with me if you keep eying up miss muscles there” Was Jen’s reply.

“Come on, Jen, it’s not like that, she’s not the only girl in the club. Besides, why are you acting like this *now?*”

“Oh like you didn’t notice the way she was looking at you”

She should have left, but… Naomi wanted to see where this was going. She wanted to catch Jen having ‘troubles in paradise’ despite her pretending to be the perfect couple with Ethan. As she sneakily stood at the edge of the door, she caught sight of Ethan and Jen standing by the lockers and got *far more* than she bargained for.

Ethan had taken his shirt off, unveiling those enormous muscles he was packing. If Coach Ada was 10 in the muscle department, then Ethan was a solid 7, well on his way to becoming a pro one day.

Jen was cornering him, her red locks framing her face in a way that accentuated her smoldering look. “You know these goods are only mine…” She traced a hand over his large pectorals, and Ethan let out a pleased sigh. “Give me a show~”

He gulped, “H-Here? You want to-?”

“Take off your shorts”

Ethan almost ripped them off, and Naomi gulped at the sight of his half-erect member.

Jennifer grinned, licking her lips. “Flex for me~”

So, he did. He lifted those enormous arms of his for her to grasp, and flexed down his rippling pectorals as Jen coaxed her face on them to lick and kiss the striated muscles. She began giving his prodigious body a tongue bath that Naomi herself had fantasized about getting one day.

She just couldn’t look away. She didn’t care she was a voyeur right now; this was one of her dreams to come to life. Even if it was happening to someone else, this is what exactly she had imagined a muscle-worshipping session to be, and it caused her loins to *burn*. Jen was pushing all the right buttons, for him and her.

“God you’re so big, so hard…” She grasped his throbbing member. “*Everywhere*”

Ethan gasped in pleasure at the sensation, and Naomi began to furiously masturbate, biting and licking her lip as she witnessed Jen pump him.

She did not stop there. Naomi’s eyes widened as Ethan looked down in eager excitement as Jen went to her knees, smiling playfully at him… before plunging his cock into her mouth. Ethan moaned out loud, his muscles flexing at the same time by reflex as Jen’s head bobbed up and down.

Naomi couldn’t take it anymore, seeing her heated rival perform such an erotic display upon a youthful hunk of muscle like Ethan sent her into overdrive, making all her fantasies flash before her eyes.

Ethan and Naomi came at the same time, him in Jen’s mouth, Naomi in her hand.

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Among the multiple transformative experiences she had gone through in such a short time, that time when she caught Jen and Ethan having sex in the lockers stuck particularly close to her. To see Jen worship the temple that was the stud’s body, haughty girl that she was, getting on her knees and pleasure his totem, it had sent Naomi into a frenzy, desperately fueling her need to grow even more, to experience the size and strength and sensuality that came with a body like Ethan’s, a stepping stone on her way to reach her goal of becoming like Ada.

And it showed in her workout as Naomi piled up more and more plates than was safe on the sides of the bench bar. It was too much, even for someone of her developed size. But she was determined to prove otherwise.

With Coach Ada and her female clubmates as the only witnesses, they stared in worry as she noticed what she had done as she lay down on the bench and held the bar. “Michels, that’s too much for you” The coach warned, approaching the young woman. “Don’t-!”

But she was too late, with a grunt of effort Naomi lifted the heavy far, her arms going ramrod straight, straining somewhat over the massive weight, bending over and causing her biceps to explode in size as the bar descended upon her chest and breasts. For a moment it looked like she wouldn’t be able to lift it again, but then her arms slowly straightened once more, bringing it up at full height before slowly descending.

The coach and her students watched in amazement as Naomi pulled a feat someone with only a month of training wouldn’t be able to do, but then again, Naomi was far more muscular than someone who only started training a month ago should look like. Her cheeks puffed with each breath, the speed of her reps increased as the weight was less straining the more she lifted the bar, her muscles strengthening with each passing moment.

The faint line separating her pecs deepened, straining somewhat with a fibrous tone. The biceps swelled until the sleeves of her shirt felt uncomfortably tight, and her abs seemed to pop out in tandem with her gut inflating and deflating with each breath.

More, she said to her, more muscle, more strength. She wanted more.

The others watched her stunned as she continued to perform this downright superhuman feat, witnessing as her body responded to the challenge and grew inch by inch. Only when her sleeves tore from her biceps did she finally stop, huffing quick breaths as she rested the bar on the rack again. She slowly sat up, looking at her larger muscles glistening with sweat, giving them a nice sheen as she shook them before flexing them, watching strong traps solidify and her biceps burst with long thin veins.

Naomi licked her lips and shot a smoldering look at her clubmates, grabbing her hands together and making her pectorals ripple and flex.

“…Hit the showers, girls” Coach Ada muttered distantly, her eyes never leaving her newest club member.

Naomi shrugged, standing up a bit taller than she was before, grabbing her bag, and walking toward the showers. “Catch you later, coach” Her clubmates idly followed after her, enraptured by the sight of her back muscles under the wet shirt, and her hamstrings popping with each step.

Once they were in the locker room, did the questions start. “Naomi how did you do that?!”

“You got *bigger* there!”

“How strong are you?”

Naomi chuckled, dropping her back and turning to the awestruck trio. “Well to answer it in order. I saw a heavy weight, so I lifted it. Yes, I did. And as to how strong…” A devious smile crossed her lips, she reached over to Pam and Kendra, the two girls yelping as her hands grabbed a hold of their butts and *lifted* them with little difficulty over her shoulders. “I barely have to put effort!”

The two wiggled in their uneven ‘seats’, feet dangling in the air. “W-Woah, okay, I believe you!” Kendra said while Pam looked like she was enjoying the sensation of Naomi’s hand in her butt.

Naomi grinned at Amy, the now smaller if still muscular girl looking up at her a mixture of envy and desire. “Oh, I didn’t forget about you...” She set the two other girls down, before taking her time in bringing her arms up in an arc… and then brought them down at the same time with great intensity. The sheer force of her flex caused all her upper muscles to flare up and flex in force, the sudden expansion and solidification of mass caused her back muscles to rip the back of her shirt, while her breasts jumped out of their constraints and effectively tore the shirt in half.

She stood half naked in front of her clubmates, basking in the adoring looks as she flexed a body worthy of a youthful bodybuilder whose promising career was just starting. She flexed for them, for the audience she had desired. Her poses were amateurish but held some practice in them as she had researched them online, and seen more than a few clips and pictures of Coach Ada doing them.

“You were right, Amy” Naomi muttered huskily. “Who wouldn’t want to be an iron lady like the coach?”

The girls couldn’t control themselves, they surrounded Naomi and began touching her, muttering words of wonderment and expressing their lustful adoration for the young bodybuilder who had surpassed them, envy mixing with burning desire as eager hands prodded each bump and line, before lips and tongues caressed the solid flesh, wiping away the beads of sweat rolling down her black skin.

Naomi shuddered, biting her lip as Pam ravaged a striated arm with a myriad of kisses. Kendra rubbed her cheek against the bumpy landscape of her back, her hands trailing over her shoulder blades and traps. While Amy, the one who stared at Naomi with the most devotion, proceeded to fondle the girl’s now larger, tweaking hard nipples between her fingers and making Naomi gasp in pleasure. Amy planted a trail of kisses from the soft mounds in her chest to the solid chest muscles themselves, she did not stop until she marked her way to Naomi’s neck and finally settled her lips upon the young amazon’s.

Naomi’s mind was on cloud nine, her body alight with pleasure as she passionately made out with Amy. Her inner regions were *burning* with pleasure as euphoric waves cascaded from the points being pleasured. Her fantasy coming to life, Naomi drunkenly smiled as Amy took the initiative and soon fell to her knees, pulling down her tight shorts before capturing Naomi’s folds in her hungry lips.

As her body was being wrecked with orgasms, the desire to become larger and stronger never left Naomi’s mind. It became more powerful than ever, picturing herself standing head to toe with Coach Ada herself, a body to match her, the strength of a fellow Olympian, equals in everything as in her mind’s eye she pictured the she and the coach engaging in acts of mutual worship and pleasure.

Naomi’s goal was to be the high school iron lady, and she wasn’t going to stop for anything.