(**Warning**: This work contains taboo subjects and graphic sexual content)

Shouko Komi wasn’t the most… sociable of people. And that was the understatement of the century. Her severe anxiety kept her completely isolated from other people as she did not ever speak a word to anyone. It prevented her from taking part in any activity that would require proper socialization. It had cultivated the mistaken assumption among her peers in school that she was something of a diva, a ‘madonna’ they had called her, someone who just did not see socializing with anyone at the school as worthy of her attention.

Which couldn’t be further from the truth. Shouko desired nothing more than to form honest relationships with people, to be a social butterfly, to have a hundred friends, that was her goal. Yet her crippling anxiety and fear of deception kept her from uttering a peep in public. Even with her family, she remained quiet at all times.

But unlike most people, her family did have a way to understand her. They were aware of her plight and tried to take measures to help her. Her mother specifically. Shuuko Komi was the absolute polar opposite of her daughter, her ‘forever 17’ attitude was all smiles and energetic talks with everyone. Truly, she could speak on behalf of the whole family. The most communicative of them all… that is to say rarely anybody but her talked at all in their house.

This led to her mother developing an instinctive way of communicating with her children even if neither said a word. She always was coming up with ways in which Shouko could overcome her anxiety and lead the social life she always wanted.

Among the attempts to boost her confidence and deal with her anxiety, is trying acting or extra-curricular courses, which of course require *less* social anxiety to actually be able to perform in them. And though admittedly those were on the normal side, some of those ways bordered on the ridiculous that could only make sense in her mother’s mind, such as hiking a mountain or going to an abandoned house rumored to be haunted to boost her courage.

Shouko felt they didn’t really ‘tackle’ the issue of her anxiety in the first place…

Her latest idea wasn’t… the worst? But neither did Shouko feel it’d work in the long term.

“Tada!” Her energetic mother waved a hand at the place before them.

It was a gym, a rather sparsely populated gym, she could only spot a few people in various rows of machines and equipment. It looked like a decent enough place, not top-of-the-line but had the required stuff to serve as a pretty functional gym.

Wearing a set of clothes she often reserved for PE at school, Shouko merely stood with her hands folded in front of her hand as she looked at her mother in curiosity.

“I read that working out is *great* for managing stress and anxiety!” The shorter-haired woman said, pumping an arm. She was wearing the same type of attire as her daughter, a plain white shirt and workout shorts. “The perfect place to boost confidence!”

Shouko wasn’t exactly thrilled about the idea. Physical education in school was one thing, but to train here in front of a bunch of strangers?

Well at the very least there were so few people there was barely anybody who’d be watching her, perhaps it was why her mother had picked up this place. That much she could appreciate. But still, there had to be more to managing anxiety than working out.

“We’ll start slow!” Shuuko cheerfully said, “I’ll accompany you all the way, and together we’ll break you out of your shell!”

The younger Komi also valued the fact her mother was willing to do this with her if nothing else. Shouko looked down at a set of small dumbbells in front of her, ideal for beginners. Hmm, a workout routine would be good for her physical health, god knows her mental health was in the drain. Maybe her mother was unto something, and hey, this wasn’t some hair-brained scheme. Working her issues through physical training could be a way to-

“Hmg!” Shouko let out a muffled yelp as she felt something long and sharp pierce her derriere. She turned around with shock in her eyes to see her mother standing there with a needle in her hand.

“I also heard this will do wonders to boost your attitude!”

Did her mother just *drug* her?!

“Oh don’t worry, honey! It’s just a little steroid!”

…What?!

Shuuko was all smiles, as though she hadn’t just doped her daughter. “Have you seen those athletes? They’re confidence incarnate! I just gave you a boost so you can reach that level!”

There was so much wrong with that sentence…

But as much Shouko wanted to protest the *insanity* of it all, she felt the substance begin to do its work. A rush of energy came up unbidden, spreading through her body. From the tip of her toes to the back of her neck, it was like a jolt of electricity coursed through every tendon.

It was overwhelming, and she felt she might explode. She needed to do something, anything, to burn that energy lest it overwhelmed her.

Her mother just waved at the dumbbells, and Shouko had no choice. She quickly picked them up and huffed silently as she brought them up and down in tandem. Slowly the excess energy began to fizzle out, and… she had to be honest with herself, the way she was spending it with physical exertion felt oddly pleasant.

Shuuko smiled happily at the way her daughter quickly worked the weights, with a vigor and intensity she had never openly displayed before. It was like she didn’t even realize she was in a public space, sparse as it was. Her heart bloomed with motherly joy as she saw Shouko take the first steps to a better self.

“Well, what kind of mother would I be if I didn’t join her~?” She said to herself, looking for another dose in her bag before injecting it right into her arm…

X~X~X~X~X

One would be hard-pressed to recognize Komi these days, for the once elegant and dainty-looking young woman now sported muscles of quite prominent size, worthy of the most seasoned gym-goer or crossfit athlete.

She shouldn’t have been able to develop this sort of musculature in such a short time, but her mother’s insistence on the steroids could not be denied. Not matter how hard she tried.

…Although, that was a complete lie. Komi in all honesty had not tried to dissuade her mother. She knew Shuuko could understand her intentions and wants, she knew she could ‘communicate’ with her mother as it were without speaking a word. But she hadn’t. Komi had welcomed the jab without any resistance other than a small mumble and whine.

So why hadn’t Komi denied the use of the substance?

Well, the image reflected in her mirror was the reason.

Komi hadn’t really thought about fitness before she started all this. But there was a primal allure to this level of tone and muscle in her frame that invoked feelings of pleasure and, most importantly, confidence.

It was true what they said, working out was a good way to handle anxiety. That is not to say Komi was suddenly a social butterfly, but… she found her issues more manageable ever since she started training regularly with her mother.

She started training at home even, with a set of dumbbells her mother had purchased for them. In the privacy of her room, she was always able to let loose, more so now that she was putting her body through its paces.

She wore her usual workout clothes, a simple white shirt and red shorts, panting gently as she brought the bells up and down, savoring the sight of her biceps swelling as her arms bent, coupled with the slow throb and rise of her veins. Her shirt was much tighter now than it used to be, almost fittingly contorting around the curves of her ample breasts, showing the outline of her nipples. To say nothing of her shorts as they were now barely covering half of her derriere, starting to rip up something fierce over the strong glutes.

Her shoulders were larger, straining the fabric of her sleeves while her back stretched the rest of the material over its ample surface. Her large quads helped the shorts hike up, splitting into different groups with notable lines of definition, while her calves had developed a heart-shaped mass.

Komi felt strong, beautiful, confident. More than she ever had in her life before. And it was thanks to this body. She dropped the dumbbells and struck a double biceps pose, making the shirt groan in protest.

She finally could foresee her dream of making so many friends as a possibility. All she needed to do was keep training, grow stronger and bigger… and for that, she had to keep taking the steroids…

She had not questioned her mother for their constant use, nor had she questioned her when she left a box of syringes in her bedroom. She knelt by her bed and retrieved a box, the box contained the liquid which promised greatness.

She flexed her arm, making a vein stand out, and jabbed the needle. She let out a soft huff as the liquid entered her system. It was like the veins in her arms began pumping larger, filled out by the extra liquid. But the truth was they were already reacting to the chemicals.

She and her mother, they were reacting very strongly to the steroids. Far more than a regular person should…

As she watched the muscles in her arm solidify further, she wondered what she would become…

Then, her door was opened, and a gentle voice with a regal quality to it made itself known. “Komi-san, excuse me”

Komi froze, her body shivering.

“Your mother let me in, it’s time to work on our project”

How could she have forgotten?!

A young woman of the same age entered, her looks bore a striking resemblance to Komi’s, with the exception of the eye-catching silver hair to contrast her dark locks. Her school uniform was adorned with the academy’s logo etched on her left breast pocket, giving her a professional air about her.

Kawai Rami looked at Komi, stopping in her tracks for a moment as the two girls looked at each other. Her surprise was subdued, yet evident all the same. “You… You have really grown a lot” She muttered, closing the door behind her.

Komi, of course, did not make a sound. She merely watched nervously as the young woman who often made her feel a touch inadequate by comparison walked closer. Though she considered Rami a good friend, she could never shake off the feeling of things being… complicated between them, considering their relationship with Tadano. And Rami’s admitted feelings for him… and her.

So seeing her so fascinated with her body was sending her poor heart into overdrive, not helped by the recent dose she had taken, working its way through all corners of her body.

“It never ceases to amaze me how far you’ve come…” Rami mutters, looking at Komi’s arms with adoration. “May I?”

Komi let out a soft squeal as Rami did not wait for permission to touch her arms. Prodding to test the hardness. “They’ve yet to reach their peak, haven’t they?” She muttered huskily, and Komi’s cheeks were burning. Her whole body felt on fire. “You can still grow even more, you’re… growing right now?”

And indeed, she was.

The steroid’s effect continued unabated, making her body swell with each passing second. Veins throbbed and pulsated over the enlarging biceps, which increased in volume and mass, deepening the definition between them.

Her breasts were pushing *out*, stretching the fabric of her shirt more and more as the seams were groaning under the push of her ballooning shoulders. She let out a muffled gasp as the back of her shirt tore down.

Komi was mortified, realizing she could not stop herself from growing before this young woman whose relationship could be classified as ‘complicated’ at the best of times. Who looked upon her muscles with fascination and worship, who even as she grew licked her lips in anticipation at what the unraveling of her shirt might real.

And Komi loved that feeling.

Her shorts rode up higher, she had to bite her lip to keep herself from moaning as the fabric rubbed against her wet sex. A tear appeared down the middle of the shirt, right over her breasts, her thickening pecs lifting her bosom even higher as the widening lats began making openings in between the seams.

Komi felt she was going to explode, she had surpassed her previous size in a matter of seconds. Her body clamored for release, for attention, for *touch*.

The growth hit its apex, and Komi moaned when her shirt exploded into confetti.

Rami watched and marveled as Komi’s muscular torso flared with each breath, the pants were music to her ears. The way the beads of sweat traversed down Komi’s impressive level of beef was too tantalizing, too tempting for her to remain idle.

Komi let out a choked gasp, followed by a gentle moan as Rami’s hands wandered over her torso, grasping at her lats and tracing the lines of her deep abdominals, fondling biceps and shoulders, sensually massaging her pecs until her nipples were painfully hard.

“Oh Komi-san…” Rami muttered, her mouth-watering. “What shall I do to you…?”

“…Kiss”

The reply was so soft, so small, and so *surprising*, that it took them a moment to realize it had come from Komi.

The two women looked at each other with varying shock,

“…Yes,” Rami said after a moment, hypnotized.

And so she did, she pucked her lips and kissed Komi’s body, she planted peck after peck over the bulging mounds of her arms, the thick slops of her pectoral muscles. The bountiful softness of her breasts and… and the hard peaks of her nipples…!

Komi bit her lip, moaning as she felt pleasure like never before. She had… She had spoken to someone, she had made her voice known, her *desires* known. And they were being fulfilled in a way beyond her wildest imagination.

The chemicals in her body, the confidence and allure of her body, had driven her to do something she had considered impossible before.

And she needed more.

For what came next, Komi did not speak, nor did she need to make her intentions clear. For she *ripped* Rami’s uniform off her body, leaving her dainty and curvy female form bare before her amazonian bulk. She then kissed her fully on the lips, savoring her completely, Rami passionately responding in kind as their tongues probed each other.

Then, Komi threw her down on the bed and climbed after her, setting her on her side as she lifted Rami’s leg over a muscular shoulder… and lined up their sex together.

Komi did not speak she gyrated her hips over and over, the only sounds coming from her mouth were groans and moans. Rami did all the speaking required, by loudly calling out her name.