Strange things had been happening in Tokyo’s Advanced Nurturing School, and Kiyotaka Ayanokoji was not exactly a fan of it. The purpose of this class was to nurture academic advancement and mold the most prodigious young minds in the country. Everything about this institution was designed to work on a strict curriculum and system that fostered innovation and planning, to use any tool and resource at their disposal to stand out from the others and succeed.

Yet classes were in disarray, students were coming and going as they pleased with no regard for the schedule. Assignments were nonexistent, and neither the teachers, the staff, nor the school authorities, looked too concerned about it.

Those things in and of themselves would be *very* strange and raise more than a few eyebrows... but paled compared to the actual instigators of these developments.

Some of the student body had been… well, working on *their* student bodies.

It was difficult not to be aware of such developments when they were as clear as day, and rumors spread fast in the academy. Particularly when some of those ‘eye-catching’ students were his own classmates.

Some of the women in the school had grown. Massively. At speeds that defied comprehension, that flew in the face of every law of biology.

He vividly remembered seeing Horikita a few days ago, sporting a height that towered over him by half a head, and a musculature that put professional bodybuilders to shame. She had grown from a lithe and dainty Japanese young woman to a hulking figure of amazonian muscle that somehow did not lose a drop of feminine allure.

Yes, cold and detached he might be, Kiyotaka was still a man, and he did know when a woman was visually appealing.

He was used to their usual dynamics, this ‘game’ of theirs where half-hearted barbs were thrown, how they pushed the other to aim for greater heights yet still managed to rely on and even help each other in certain situations. He was… fond of her, as much as he could care for other people. She had this charming habit of needing to prove herself the smartest person in the room at all times. But Horikita… she was different now, her muscles came with a powerful sense of self-assurance. She walked with a powerful and enchanting gait as though she owned the school’s very halls. Her competitiveness and classic inferiority complex were gone… at least when it came to him. He no longer intimidated her.

Kiyotaka couldn’t decide if he was impressed or annoyed. He felt so… numb about so many things around him, but some of his classmates served as a respite from his usual drifting stance, be they useful tools to him or people whose company he enjoyed. And now he was trying to make sense of *what* he was feeling toward Kushida or any other of these now-powerful ladies.

He remembered a moment when Kushida’s uniform was so tight, it ripped at the back just from stretching. Later in the day as he showered, replaying that moment in his head, his body made up its mind regarding how he felt at least, given the stiff erection that took place.

Hmph, so annoying, to have his own body betray him like that.

There was more to this mystery, he was certain the school was behind it. He heard rumors about the cause behind this miraculous growth. Some supplements found in hidden places of the academy revealed only to few. His prodigious mind was already putting the pieces together, the events surrounding these events were a test, an experiment by the academy heads and their government financers.

The purpose still eluded him, however. Were they hoping for superior bodies as well as superior minds? That was the most logical conclusion he could come up with.

This whole situation was full of variables he was still missing important data on. And that frustrated him. So he worked out that stress by, well, working out.

It was preferable to find a gym and timetable that would not be frequented by the new amazons. Less odds of getting distracted by them as Kiyotaka gathered his thoughts and tried to come up with a plan regarding his goals.

He sought to advance. To always improve himself. To never be at a disadvantage. Victory at any cost.

His experiences in the White Room drilled that into him.

And yet now with school classes being in disarray, with fellow students becoming immensely strong, large, and… charismatic, shall he say, he found himself surrounded by all sides.

With a frustrated breath, he lifts the dumbbell and the small curvature of his bicep swells with the motion. His body was once the dream of many a girl here, lean but toned, honed by years of physical training and martial arts. Now Kiyotaka felt… inferior, compared to the new bodies strutting around campus. He did not like that feeling, it almost made his icy masque fall.

Between the rivalries between classes, students conspiring against each other, and now the curriculum all but thrown out the window and muscular girls carving out their little fiefdoms with their followers, there was only so much stress he could take. So he hoped he’d at least relieve some of it tonight.

Of course, he wasn’t so lucky, as one of the biggest headaches in the school entered the almost empty gym.

Long legs clad in dark stockings, a dangerously short business skirt, a black blazer with a white polo underneath that hugged the many pronounced curves on a slim body, with buttons *struggling* to contain an impressively endowed bosom.

The perfectly smooth heart-shaped face with supple lips and long brown hair done in a high ponytail with multiple bangs falling over her forehead and framing the sides of her face with two long bangs, along with two smokey brown eyes, cemented the fact this woman was a drop-dead beauty who was well aware of how alluring she was.

To him, Sae Chabashiri was trouble. And of course, said trouble just had to be his teacher.

He noted the bag she was holding in her hand…

“I think you’ve been putting on more effort in your training than in any assignment I’ve give you lot” She opened up with a teasing tone.

Kiyotaka stopped curling. Might as well, his arm was getting tired. And stared at her with his usual void expression. “Have you been spying on me?”

“Right now? No” She replied with a grin. “But I took a good guess on what you’d been up”

Most likely by spying on him the rest of the time.

“What do you want?” He had no patience for her games. Not after the last stunt she pulled with him when she brought up his father…

“Well, I was hoping we’d do a bit of a back and forth, but I can see you’re not in the mood,” Sae said cheekily as she walked up to him. “You’re not an idiot, and you’re not blind, you’ve seen what’s been going on around campus” She casually stood next to one of the weight stations, dropping her bag over the bench and idly running a finger over one of the plats on the bar. “Girls getting stronger, *bigger*, at an unnaturally fast rate” She gave him a side glance. “You must have so many questions”

“The faculty is responsible,” He replied.

“That’s right,” She affirmed without preamble. “You see, a certain pharmaceutical company developed *quite* the miraculous compound. Prolonged consumption produces enhanced stamina, strength, overall *perfect health*, with the ‘side effect’ of increased muscle mass, bone density, and a… let’s call it elevated hormonal level”

“And they began deploying it here, instead of testing it on expendable people rather than Japan’s brightest prospects?”

“Don’t be daft, there have been *many* tests with it. It’s perfected. The academy is not being used for experiments… not exactly at least” The teacher shrugged. “But the higher, they figured it was a waste to use such miraculous drug on random people. They figured it’d be put to much better use on this country’s future”

His eyes ever so slightly narrowed. “So the girls are what, being turned into super soldiers?”

“Hah!” Sae barked a laugh. “Super *leaders* more like. Japan needs more than meatheads. It needs people who excel at everything. Adding physical superiority to their powerful personalities and the result are *very* domineering women with a talent to influence people. I’ve no doubt you’ve heard how Arisu got herself quite the ‘fan club’”

Kiyotaka said nothing.

“The board is happy to ignore all the debauchery going on,” She waved it off. “This is all vital data. They are more than intimidating their fellows, they are making them follow out of *sheer* charisma”

“…And why are you telling me this?” He coldly asked.

Her smile was devious. “It started with Arisu, she was the first to be given the supplement. We just couldn’t tolerate our most brilliant mind would have to endure such frail body. From that we told her to do as she pleased, and to our pleasant surprise, she began sharing it willingly with some of her peers without us saying so. It’ll only be a matter of time before everyone is fighting for it”

“There are sponsors among you” He realized. “Who want to ‘invest’ in their preferred candidates”

She merely kept smiling and tagged at one of the bag’s straps to open it better. There he spotted at least half a dozen soda cans of purple color with no clear identifying mark or brand.

“I recommended you. You’ve made *very* obvious to me just how far above most of your pears you are. And I would hate to see that talent wasted” She showed a bit of teeth as her lips lightly parted. “Just like I know you hate being caught behind”

Kiyotaka’s fist slowly clenched, even as his expression remained cold and unfeeling.

“You don’t want that, do you? To suddenly find yourself powerless, at the mercy of another student. As they become bigger and stronger” She let out a fake gasp, “You might even *like* being overpowered by one of these *large and might girls~*”

He slowly exhaled, venting his frustration with this woman.

“So…” She took one of the cans and offered it to him. “Why not even the playing field? So you won’t be caught unprotected. If you play your cards right… the scales will be more than tipped in your favor”

The last thing Kiyotaka wanted to experience was to feel small, weak, insignificant. Just a pawn in someone’s game, a tool that would be discarded once his usefulness was up.

It was… tempting. To have that offer dangling in front of him, luring him like a mouse with cheese to a trap. He could not trust Sae’s intentions… but he could play her game, and then turn the board around.

He was good at that.