

The Proteus Effect Chapter 5
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1.) Shortly After Chapter 4

As part of the family effort to afford more time to Camille in preparation of her photo shoot, Selina was begrudgingly washing dishes - a task that Camille typically took care of.

Eric decided to help Selina with her task, and was standing side by side her in the kitchen. Despite standing the same height as Eric, Selina was vastly larger. Her mammoth arms, measuring in the low 20's of inches in their circumference, absolutely dwarfed Eric's which measured around 11 or 12 inches. The rest of her muscles were proportionately gargantuan when compared to her step-brother's: huge trunk-legs—

Her body exuded heat without any need for exertion. Just by standing next to her, Eric could sense the sheer amount of potential energy dormant within those overwhelming limbs.

And yet... despite her immense size and presence, Eric couldn't help but think about how Selina ultimately seemed comparatively small next to her mother. Camille had pulled ahead in terms of muscular development in a way that hadn't imagined was possible. All five of the girls recreated in Live-Sim were superhuman monoliths of feminine power; but for the first few months they all remained relatively competitive with one another in terms of size and strength. Something shifted however. Eric hadn't been able to gauge where Chalsey, Julia, and Maya fell on the spectrum, but Camille had definitely surpassed her daughter by a fair margin.

"Ugh! It's just not fair!" Selina exclaimed, "I'm here, washing these stupid dishes, while mom gets to pump her muscles up even more!" Her lips snarled and she was becoming more visibly agitated by the moment.

"Haven't you already worked out multiple times today?" Eric asked.

"Yeah..."

"It's not like you're really missing out. Would another workout today actually help you? I'm pretty sure you've done what you can, just have to eat well and wait." Eric thought his appeal to logic would sooth his step-sister, but...

Selina's grip on the plate tightened, "I don't know Eric. I just don't friggan know anymore! Mom keeps growing faster than me!" The plate shattered in her hand - sending ceramic pieces flying all over the sink "Dammit!" she exclaimed.

"Selina!" Eric exclaimed, "Are you alright?" Without a second thought, he grabbed onto Selina's hand to inspect it for any shards. Numerous chunks of glass were deeply lodged within her palm. "Oh shit, I'll go get a first-aid kit!"

Selina remained silent. She hadn't uttered a word, nor let out a cry of pain. Eric left the kitchen and made his way to the bathroom where he retrieved some bandages and antibiotics. When he returned, he found that Selina had already picked out of the glass, and was barely bleeding at all. "Kind of surprised at how little that hurt." She commented with a chuckle.

Eric drew close and examined the hand - "Remarkable... you barely look hurt at all, but if I had glass lodged that deeply in my hand, I'd probably need to go to the emergency room..."

Selina shrugged. "I'm a goddess. You're a mere mortal. Now tend to my wounds!"

Eric chuckled a bit. Selina's joke was at his expense, but he was glad to see that she still a sense of humor despite her anger. "If you're a goddess, then what does that make Camille?" he joked while placing a bandage on the cut.

Selina audibly growled. Eric remained steadfast and continued his task.

"Just you wait Eric." Selina started, "I'm going become so strong, so powerful, so unstoppable, that even my mom looks weak!"

"Sure, yeah. Pretty sure you've said that like five times now." Eric finished the task at hand, "Alright, you should be good to go. Want me to handle the rest of the dishes for you?"

"Hmmp! I can handle such a trivial task, Eric!"

"Jeeze, fine."

Despite her apparent bluster, Eric could tell that Selina was grateful for caring about her injury and his offer to handle the dishes.

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A few minutes passed by, and the duo nearly finished with handling all of the dishes.

Suddenly a loud rumbling came from behind them. Eric instantly knew what it was. "How are my two favorite kids in the world doing?" Camille's voice boomed cheerfully.

Eric cheerfully turned to greet his step-mother, while Selina hunched further over the sink, clearly not wanting to deal with the larger woman.

Camille had emerged fresh off of a recent workout, and her body was appropriately pumped up as a result. Camille had come to pack so much mass on her 5'5" frame that Eric was amazed that she was able to function so well. He figured that as part of whatever force allowed her to become so strong, her body was adapting to holding so much muscle - becoming more flexible as a whole.

The older woman's body was so massive that clothing had become an issue. She wore an old t-shirt stretched across her upper-half, ripped and tied to strategically act as a makeshift bra. Despite her efforts to cover up, the bulging array of muscles that comprised her chest - a pair of thick, wide, straited pectorals - each individual half containing three times as much muscle as Eric's entire chest - propped her sizable breasts up so much that their bottom half peaked through underneath the jury-rigged garment, and her nipples were easily visible.

With each measured breath that Camille took, her entire upper half contracted significantly, that massive chest of hers looked like it had become its own living entity from the life pulsing through it.

"Wow, you look like you really went all out!" Eric chirped. "Want me to whip you up a protein shake for your re-feed window?" A lifetime of curiosity regarding woman and muscles, coupled with direct exposure to specimens like Camille, had led Eric to gain a fair bit of bodybuilding knowledge - even if he would never use it himself.

Camille blinked a couple of times, "Why Eric, I had no idea you knew about that stuff. But yeah, that would be awesome, thanks!"

Without another word, Eric moved over to the cabinet and started his task. Selina glared at him, seething with anger. She was still flabbergasted at how her mother had pulled so far ahead in her training the past few weeks, and hated the way that Eric happily tended to her. *I should be the one with those muscles, and Eric should be serving me instead!* she thought to herself.

Eric finished making the shake and delivered it to Camille. As she reached for the glass, he was confronted by the juxtaposition of her hand - which was smaller than his - and her forearms, which were proportionately staggering, easily thrice the size of his own. Eric considered stories he read during his research of how people would eventually destroy their tendons and wrists from lifting too heavily; yet Camille seemed entirely unaffected by this. Similar to his theory about flexibility, he decided that the Live-Sim Five must have enhanced bones, tendons, cardiovascular systems, and so on to accommodate all of their strength. That would explain why Selina was so unaffected by the cold when she sunbathed before the bodybuilding competition, and how the glass did so little damage to her.

Camille brought the beverage to her lips and drank deeply, "Mmmm, did you load in extra protein again Eric?" Camille asked in between gulps.

Eric nodded, "You caught me."

Camille continued to drink.

Eric spoke again, "You're a growing girl, so I know you need all of the nutrition you can get."

Camille had finally finished the drink and let out a refreshed 'ahh' before replying: "Oh stop it you. I'm a 36 year old woman! And I'm not really in the age bracket for 'growing'."

"Nonsense. You don't look a day over 20." Eric's 'game' kicked in.

The older woman couldn't help but giggle and blush a bit in response. There was some truth to Eric's statement. Camille looked markedly better than she did before her

transformation. She hadn't actually become younger, but her body was in incredible shape, and her diet had added enough nutrients to make her skin and hair appear more vibrant. It wouldn't be that unreasonable for someone to mistake her as being a decade younger than she was – especially compared to her peers.

Eric continued, "Plus, you've like tripled your weight in the past few months. That's definitely some grade-A growth if I've ever seen any!" His last remark was fairly goofy, but it still worked. Camille grinned.

"Well, I think most women would scold you for saying such a thing, but in my case... well, I'm glad you noticed!"

"Right, so we have to make sure you get as much nutrition as you can so you can grow up big and strong, right?"

Camille giggled again, "Oh Eric, you're such a joker."

"What, you don't want to keep getting bigger?"

"Of course I do, you know that."

In truth, all of this talk was getting Eric a bit too excited, so he decided to pivot the conversation, "By the way - Selina had a bit of an accident, but we have it under control."

Camille suddenly looked extremely worried, "Accident!? What happened?"

"Nothing mom." Selina finally spoke up, having finished her sulking session. "I just broke a plate is all."

"Some glass got into her hand," Eric explained, "But there was remarkably little damage done, and she's all bandaged up."

Camille closed the distance to her daughter. "Come on dear, let me look at it." Camille drew closer to her daughter, but Selina adamantly kept her hand away.

"No!" The younger girl snapped, "It's fine. Really."

"Young lady. I'm your mother, and if you cut yourself on glass in my household, then I need to make sure you're ok. Now stop being difficult!" Camille's desire to become a "#1 mom" was kicking into overdrive – perhaps a bit too much.

"No!" Selina snarled.

Now Camille was angry. It was no longer about the injury, but the principle of it. "Selina." She snatched the younger girl's hand into her own, "Knock it off young lady."

Selina struggled, trying to escape from her mother's grasp. Camille tightened her grip and kept her in place. Both of their arms bulged to massive proportions from the effort being exerted. Selina, despite so easily shattering that plate earlier, despite her ability to bench press hundreds upon hundreds of pounds, despite dwarfing most men with her musculature, was entirely stopped by her mother's superior strength.

Camille investigated the hand, "Alright, it does seem everything is alright. Try to be more

careful with the dishes, ok?"

The younger woman snatched her hand away after sensing Camille had loosened her grip. "It's just not fair! You keep growing bigger!" Selina whined, pouting as she stared at her mother's bulging arms.

"Sweetie, it's not a competition. We're supposed to be supporting each other." Camille swallowed another bite, more nutrition entering her body – more protein that would be converted into muscle – more carbohydrates to keep her going through her excruciating workouts – more vitamins and minerals to keep her looking and feeling great.

"I'm supposed to be the bigger one! Or at least we should be like the same!" Selina groaned.

"Selina." Camille's voice grew serious, which was fairly terrifying coming from her hyper muscular body, "To be very blunt, you sound like a spoiled brat right now. I thought I raised you better than that. It's not nice to hold others in contempt for doing well for themselves. You're much stronger than most other people. You're also still young, and probably aren't fully finished growing. In due time you'll have muscles like mine."

Selina sighed, "Yeah, sure, whatever."

Both Eric and Camille were glad that the older woman had pulled ahead in terms of strength. Selina wasn't by any means a bad or evil person, but her selfishness, jealousy, and insane drive to be the best could have a bad outcome coupled with so much strength. For the time being Camille could keep her daughter in check if needed. In fact, Camille's superiority seemed to act as a deterrent against Selina doing anything out of line – the younger girl knew her mother was stronger, so she didn't dare act badly.

Selina sulked off to her room, and Eric volunteered to finish the dishes.

2.)

The last few days before the photo shoot went by without much event. Camille desperately tried to gain as much size and strength as possible before the big day. Eric ended up doing even more chores around the house to facilitate his step-mother's dreams, and to keep Selina from growing to ornery. It was a losing battle, because the added time meant Camille could grow even larger, and Selina's sour attitude had actually spoiled her own training, causing her to slow down further.

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The day of the photo shoot finally came. Eric was to go with Camille and watch her have photos and videos taken of her incredible body.

Camille was stunning. She bought a black dress and had it tailored to fit her abnormal body shape, and managed to slip into a pair of fortified high-heels - which brought her height above Eric's by a few inches. The combination of the small amount of added stature, massive physique, and beautifully styled clothing nearly gave Eric a nosebleed when he first saw her.

In the car, which now bent to the left due to the weight Camille exerted, she told him a

story of how the tailor couldn't believe her body was real. She noted how she hadn't gotten out of the house much, and wasn't quite ready for the reactions her appearance brought. Generally she felt they were positive however, and served to add to her confidence.

They reached the location of the photo shoot. There was simply a single man with camera equipment - a large guy who was a little over 6 feet tall and fairly overweight. He introduced himself as Mick, and had difficulty keeping his eyes off of Camille. Secretly, Eric had indulged in the website the man ran, dembiceps.com. He knew that Mick had interviewed hundreds of models over the years, and for him to be so blown away by Camille was yet another sign at how special she was.

Eager to get things going, Mick started off by recording a video interview.

"So we're here with Camille. Tell us about yourself." He started the segment.

Camille drew a bit of a blank. She realized how boring the truth would be. Still, there was no point in lying, "Hi, I'm Camille Thompson-Anderson, I'm a mother of one."

"We won't put him on the camera unless he wants to be, but I'm guessing that's your son over there?"

"Oh, no. Yes! Err... Well, Eric is my step-son, whom I love very much indeed. I also have a daughter - a biological one. Guess by mother of one I meant I had one child, but I take care of two. Though they're kind of adults now? It's all a bit weird I guess" she nervously laughed. It was cute to Eric that this hypermuscular woman was camera shy.

"I see, I see. So a bit of a mixed family arrangement?"

"Yup!"

"That's good. So... What do you do Camille?"

"Oh, well, you know... I maintain the house. Keep everything going. That sort of thing."

"So you're a housekeeper. That's good. You must exercise a lot to keep that body of yours. Speaking of which, would you like to show off a bit?"

"Yes! I lift weights a few times a day actually." Camille turned a quarter to the side, brought her arm halfway up, and flexed - replicating a bodybuilder pose she had seen a few times.

"Wow, that is just amazing. You work out a few times a day you said?" Mick replied.

"Oh yeah. I push my whole body to its limits. Usually in the morning, afternoon, and evening. The sessions usually take an hour or two, so it's a lot of time, but I think the results are worth it!" Camille turned her back to the camera and spread her lats out, the sprawling web of muscle presenting itself for a future audience to behold.

"That's... a very unconventional approach, but I do have to admit that the results don't lie."

Camille giggled a bit before turning back around.

Mick continued, "Good, good. So, did you have an athletic background growing up?"

Camille shook her head, "Nope!"

"So... what got you into weight lifting, when did you start training? You must have been at it for at least ten years, right?"

Camille laughed, "Are you trying to mess with me? Very flattering, but no. I started working out..." she turned to Eric, "When was it honey? Oh, right, about four or five months ago." Camille extended her right leg, allowing her colossal quadricep to bunch up, rippling to life.

The camera shook a bit as Mick tried to recover from what he heard, "Surly you must be joking..."

"Nope!" Camille cheerfully exclaimed as she turned to reveal her calf, which was similar to a bowling-ball in size, with a huge diamond-like carve to its shape.

Mick still didn't believe her exertion, but didn't want to press the issue too far. "Alright, so, you started working out fairly recently. What's it like? Are you as strong as you look?"

"Oh yeah, I'm super strong! I do have to admit that all of this muscle really helps around the house. Why, just the other day I was doing some vacuuming and on a lark lifted up the couch to finally get all of that stubborn dust underneath!" Camille giggled, flexing her arms a few times for emphasis, the unreal balls of muscle dancing in response.

"Speaking of those arms, how about we measure them on camera? I bet the viewers can't believe they're real. No offense intended."

Camille giggled, "alright, sounds like fun!"

Mick retrieved a measuring tape and brought it over to Camille. They struggled to get the tape around her massive arm, but with a combined effort managed. It read just a little below 30 inches, but Mick still declared "Looks like 30 to me!".

After putting the tape away, Mick resumed asking questions, "So... what do you think is your strongest feature?"

"Ah, my strongest feature? Well, probably a little cliché, but probably the bad boys you just measured!"

"I don't think it's cliché in your case considering those are the largest biceps I've ever seen on a woman." Mick explained.

"Really?" Camille replied, genuinely surprised, "I don't buy it. I think you're just trying to flatter me!"

"N-No, really. I don't think there's ever been a woman with 30 inch arms that were all muscle before. Not until now at least."

"Well, I'll have to keep my friend and daughter away from you then so I can stay in the spotlight." Camille laughed. "Say... Only 30 inches?" She started again, "Sounds kind of small when you say it out loud. Maybe we can do something about that... You got anything actually heavy around here Mick?"

The host scratched his head, "Unfortunately not. I brought a few small things for you to test your strength with, but no weights or anything."

"Well, mind if I use you?"

"Excuse me?"

"I'll use you as a weight, how's that?"

"Err... sure, alright."

Mick placed the camera on a tripod. Camille walked over, placed her comparatively small hand on his bottom, and with one motion hoisted him into the air. "See! Not too tough at all!" She announced before pressing her arm down and back up, still holding onto the host; her bulbous shoulder grew larger, becoming engorged with blood from the effort. Her back and triceps also flared out, erupting with newfound vitality.

Camille swapped Mick's weight to her other hand, and continued using him as a massive dumbbell. "Say, how much do you weigh anyways?"

"I'm well over 200 pounds..."

"Yeah, that's a bit too light to really challenge me." Camille explained, "Oh well, I guess some pump is better than no pump."

As Eric watched his step-mother lift this man and use her as a living weight, he felt something strange: envy. He was actually envious that step-mother was giving attention to this strange man and that he got to experience her strength first hand like that. Eric lived with Camille, and had daily brushes with her might, but nothing like this. It concerned him that he felt this way, but he couldn't deny it.

After using Mick as a shoulder press weight for a dozen repetitions on each arm, Camille finally put him back down on his feet.

"We have a few other tools to test your strength, if you're interested." He explained.

"You know it! Let's do this!" Camille cheerfully responded.

3.)

"So... what is all of this stuff?" Camille asked, looking at the strange assortment of objects.

"Well, we've got resistance bands for you to pump up with, metal planks for you to bend, a grip-strength measurer, and a heart-rate monitor." He explained.

The last item on the list in particular caught Camille's attention, "Heart-rate monitor?" she asked, "What's that have to do with all this?"

"We haven't had any videos with it yet, but the idea is to show off the girls' cardio vascular

health.”

Camille giggled, “Well, we should start with that one first, right?”

“Sure.”

Mick moved over with the device. There was a large cusp to be placed around an arm. He brought it up to Camille’s massive right bicep, and tried to slip it over, but found that her arm was simply too big.

“Oh my...” Camille started, “Is my arm really too big for it? Why don’t they make the bands bigger?”

“There... really aren’t many people with arms this large Camille. In fact, I don’t think there’s anyone alive with arms this large that are pure muscle.” He explained as he continued to futilely try and wrap the cusp around the prodigious limb.

“Hmmm...” Camille still didn’t seem convinced.

“Well, it’s alright - we have an alternate.” Mick took out a small clip-like device, “Give me your finger.”

Camille presented her left pointer finger. Similar to how Eric felt a few weeks prior, Mick was amazed at how proportionately tiny Camille’s digits were. As a fairly large man, his own hands utterly eclipsed hers; yet Mick was positive that Camille held more strength in her right arm than he did in his entire body. After shaking himself to, Mick placed the detector on the finger and turned the monitor on. A few moments passed before it obtained a reading and displayed a number: 36. Camille’s pulse was slow and strong, with virtually no deviation in it whatsoever.

“Amazing! Your heart rate is incredibly low and consistent. You’re like a trained Olympic athlete here.” Mick explained, still fairly googly-eyed over the numbers in front of him. He knew from research that this wasn’t a world-record, but it still placed her thoroughly in the uppermost percentile of excellence.

“Huh. Neat!” Camille replied with a grin.

“How many miles you can run anyways?” Mick asked.

Camille blinked a couple of times, “Hmmm... To be totally honest with you, I’ve never actually been running. At least not for a long time. And I was prettttty bad at it back then!”

“You’re... kidding me, right?”

Camille giggled, “Oh you. First you try to tell me that it’s impossible that I’ve built this much muscle, and now you’re going to try to flatter me over my heart-rate, right?”

Mick gulped. He wanted to confront the seemingly impossible claims being made, but being face to face with a woman possessing 30 inch arms forced him to swallow his doubts for the time being. “Right. Right. Sorry. When we’re done, I’m going to give you a membership to our site so you can see what most buff girls are like, ok?”

Well... Alright - if you say so!" Camille cheerfully responded.

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While she retained a carefree demeanor on the outside, Camille was slowly growing bothered by the photographer's reaction to her. She had truly assumed that she wasn't really anything special. She simply thought that other people didn't try as hard to get big. Sure, she must have had some kind of genetic gift to allow her to gain muscle so quickly, but Maya and Selina had that gift too, right?

Her mind drifted to the bodybuilding competition she had taken part of. It was true that herself, Selina, and that school teacher Julia were all disqualified for being too good... But that was three girls. Surely Camille wasn't some kind of supernatural creature if there were at least four other girls out there with the same potential as her?

Still, evidence that there was something special about her was gathering at an alarming rate. She would have to have an honest conversation about her transformation with Eric and everyone else she knew.

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Mick was growing increasingly unnerved. He couldn't shake the feeling that he was blowing a huge opportunity. He had booked a photo shoot with one of, if not the largest and strongest women alive; and yet they weren't really doing anything unique or interesting. Worse yet, she seemed oblivious to her own uniqueness, and his attempts to stir conversation weren't going anywhere.

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Eric also wasn't enjoying himself as much as he thought he would. Sure, it was cool to see Camille flex and show off and whatnot... but he could see that anytime. Any day that he mustered up the courage to, he could simply ask Camille to display her muscles or perform a feat of strength.

Eric realized that he was growing jealous of Mick, even though that was irrational. Camille clearly wasn't interested in him, and he wasn't really making any advances. He was also becoming increasingly uneasy with the concept of Camille's powerful body being on DemBiceps. While she did make a public appearance at the bodybuilding competition, he disliked the idea of unknown thousands of subscribers gawking at his step-mother.

Despite this, there was nothing he could do for the time being.

4.)

"Okay, let's move on to something else. How about a feat of strength? Want to bend some metal bars?" Mick motioned over to a large bundle of skinny metal instruments reminiscent of rulers.

"Sounds tough, but ok!" Camille chirped.

Mick picked up a handful and gave them to Camille.

"Alright, can you show the camera how many bars that is?" Mick asked.

Camille flashed the width of the stack and casually said, "10."

"Okay. Go for it!"

Camille nodded before pressing with all of her might. The Amazonian mother had vastly overestimated the strength of the bars, and they warped and bent extremely quickly. While appearing fairly impressive to the untrained eye, ten bars of that girth weren't particularly difficult to bend; most of the women who appeared on the website were capable of moving them. Despite their apparent muscularity, many of the girls—especially the smaller ones—were actually weaker than the average man. Camille on the other hand didn't have this problem.

"Whoa there!" Mick interrupted, "That's good, no need to pulverize them!"

"Oh, okay." Camille replied, stopping herself. She was clearly surprised by her own strength relative to the metal bars.

"Well, I think it's safe to skip the small increments and load you up to 20 bars."

Camille nodded. She unbent the current load, and Mick doubled the number.

After a countdown, Camille pushed against the now 20 bars, but found that she was still able to bend them quite easily. Mick quickly interrupted her from pushing them to the point of significant damage.

"Okay, let's try bringing you up to 30." He stated, grabbing another bunch.

Camille seemed fairly nonplussed about the entire situation. It had been such an easy, trivial task to move the bars. She thought it would be a lot more difficult, but she was growing fairly bored from the 'challenge'.

She finally spoke up, "Soooo is thirty going to be hard? Am I supposed to pretend this is tough? Is it some kind of act the girls put on?"

Mick blinked a few times. "Camille..." he started, "To level with you, only a few of the biggest and strongest girls we've recorded have been able to handle 30 bars. I think the record is like 33? I personally can only do twenty-something..."

"Hmmm... well alright. Let's do it!" Camille took hold of the bars; the greatest challenge she faced was in wrapping her fingers around their combined girth.

After getting the go-ahead, she began to push, but found that moving the metal was still fairly trivial. The muscles in her shoulders and chest bulged outward slightly, but ultimately failed to reach their maximum size. Without any prompting from Mick, Camille stopped herself from permanently warping the metal. "Well, I think I handled 30 just fine." She said, somewhat disappointed.

"Y-yeah..."

She let out a little sigh and unfolded the bars to their starting position. "Well, now what?"

"Thirty-five?" He offered, grabbing another handful of bars.

"Sure, why not." Camille was growing less enthused by the moment.

It required some finagling, but Camille managed to get the now-larger stack within her comparatively small grip. "Okay, here we go." Camille preempted herself before pushing down on the bars. Her muscles flared up a bit further than before, fibers rippling to life; striations forming within her wide pectorals; lines of definition deepening within her deltoids; traps climbing to even more menacing heights.

This temporary challenge came to a halt however, as Camille deftly conquered the new challenge. "Got 40?" she asked as she started to automatically unbend the bars.

Mick gulped again. While it would be mind-blowing for any muscle fan to witness a specimen like Camille so effortlessly overcome this challenge, he was well aware that the atmosphere was becoming less energetic by the moment. Still, he had to see this segment through. "Yup!" He forced himself to cheer up as he grabbed the remaining bars, handing them to her.

Capturing all 40 pieces of metal within her grasp was even more difficult, but Camille managed. "Ok!" She announced before pressing down, all of the muscles that were activated previously erupting even further. Both of the present onlookers felt a chill run down their spine as they watched the network of power that was Camille's muscles spring to life. To fathom that a mild-mannered mother in her 30s possessed such strength was simultaneously terrifying and arousing for the two men.

"That was kind of tough, but all done!" Camille flashed the warped bars to the camera before steadily unbending them.

Camille handed the bars back to Mick. Everyone remained silent. After a few moments, Camille finally spoke up again, "It was fun to show off, but my arms still aren't properly pumped up." She explained with a small pout.

Mick then segued into the next he had in store.

5.)

Many DemBiceps models would pump up for a photo shoot by pulling on resistance bands. Mick knew beforehand though Camille's strength was in an entirely different league than the usual girls on his show. To try and compensate for Camille's seemingly unstoppable muscles, he offered for her to use all of the bands he had on hand: four at once.

Camille agreed. Her small hands barely managed to slide underneath the four separate resistance band handles; she had to slide her wrist underneath their combined girth. Camille pulled, and after mentally adjusting to the strange arrangement, started to pull upward.

Her arms swelled up, the myriad cords of muscle brimming to life at the prospect of a challenge. Camille grinned, hoping that she had finally found something to truly pump herself up with. The tendons between her biceps heads' and her triceps filled outward slightly, causing the small crater in the center of her arms to deepen further. But as Camille became adjusted to the awkward angle, the difficulty quickly diminished.

Mick suggested she try performing lateral raises instead of bicep curls. Camille agreed, and shifted her position. Her shoulders grew more impressive in appearance with each repetition. Due to her lats and deltoids growing more prominent in appearance, the cavity of her underarms deepened as well, which activated a subconscious trigger in the spectators' minds that Camille was even larger and more dominant in appearance.

Once again, Camille was ultimately unphased by the challenge. If she were to continue pulling for hundreds of repetitions, she might have become worn out, but ultimately the combined might of the resistance bands wasn't enough.

After recording a steamy six minutes of Camille dominating the collection of bands, they finally segued to another challenge.

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Camille held the grip-strength meter in her delicate hands. Her fingers were mostly hidden by the black mass plastic. Contrary to this, the massive collection of forearm muscle flanking each side utterly eclipsed the instrument, making it appear diminutive in comparison.

"I think the record is like two-hundred-something," Mick explained.

"Okay! All I do is hit this button, then push in?" Camille asked.

"Yup."

Camille nodded. At least with this she had a goal that would theoretically challenge her, as opposed to completing trivial tasks. After gathering herself for a moment, Camille pressed the initialize button and began pressing inward. The number on the display quickly skyrocketed above 100. Camille's muscles rippled with life, similar to when she bent the metal bars earlier.

The thick ridges of her forearms bulged outward, and even the staggering horseshoe-shaped triceps in her arms jutted further as they lent what strength they could to the task at hand. The number steadily crossed the 300 mark, but Camille seemed far from fully invested in the effort. She applied further pressure, this time the tangle of traps behind her neck rising higher. Even her lats flared out further, and her face quivered slightly. The meter read "400", and continued climbing.

Camille snuck a peak at the display, and was immediately emboldened to go further. She knew that she had shattered whatever record the other girls had set, but there was no reason to not fully test herself. Camille went all out, and her entire body began to quiver. The number quickly skyrocketed past 500 before displaying "Err0r" - a few moments later a loud crack could be heard, and the device literally shattered within Camille's hands; scraps and electronic debris fell to the ground as a result.

"Woops!" Camille cheerfully squealed. "My bad!" Truthfully, she didn't feel bad about her act of destruction. She knew that Mick was going to make a pretty penny off of her appearance, and she finally had a chance to cut loose and have some fun.

"Holy shit." Mick muttered before turning off the camera. "That was amazing!" He added. Mick also seemed entirely fine with the act, instead relishing in witnessing such an amazing

display of feminine power.

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6.)

Off-camera, Camille, Mick, and Eric all brainstormed ways for the amazon to potentially challenge herself. Thinking outside of the box, Eric asked if Camille was strong enough to lift a car; either her own, or possibly even Mick's smallish pickup truck. Camille didn't know, but Mick was up for letting her try. Worst case scenario would be some minor damage to his vehicle, which he felt was well worth capturing footage of such a ridiculous feat.

While the pickup truck was below average for size, it was still significantly heavier than a regular sedan. Camille moved over to its rear and grabbed hold of the bottom of the truck's tailgate. After receiving confirmation that the camera was rolling, and with a short countdown, she began to pull upward with all of her might.

At last, Camille's immense body was properly challenged. The muscles in her back and arms lit up with newfound glory, trembling and bulging from the effort. Her back, a wide expanse of powerfully rigid valleys, seemed to widen on the spot, pushing her top even further to its seams. Even her middle and lower back muscles became more apparent. The sheer amount of effort caused Camille's muscles to look like they were going to burst out of her skin; Eric could only imagine the sheer amount of heat her powerful body must have been exerting.

Slowly, the tires of the truck began to rise off of the ground. Camille let out a grunt of effort, and her back flared out even further.

"Put your legs into it!" Mick suggested.

Camille considered the recommendation and visualized power flowing upward from her stems. She spread her stance out slightly, and pulled with this in mind. Her thick powerful hamstrings flared out further; the girth of her quadriceps expanded, each gaining at least two inches of circumference; even her calves jut out even further, the deep ridge in their center becoming so prominent that one could physically grip them with their hand.

Come on Camille, you've got to do this! You crushed all those other challenges so easily, it'd be silly if you couldn't lift the back end of a pickup truck! Plus, this isn't even a big one! She thought to herself.

"Just pretend that I'm trapped under there." Eric joked out loud.

It was a silly suggestion, but Camille took it seriously. She focused entirely on pretending that Eric and Norbert were both trapped underneath the truck, and the only way to save them would be to lift it up. It worked. Camille managed to trick her adrenal glands into unlocking the last reserves of power within her body. All of her muscles expanded even further, and she felt a surge of energy coursing through her.

A loud mechanical creaking filled the air as the more of the truck came off of the ground. Camille breathed deeply, continuing to gather even more strength, and pushed it further up. Mick had to resort to putting the camera on a tripod, as his own hands began to shake too much from the sight. Camille let out another loud grunt and the truck rose even higher.

Even Eric was awestruck by the display of power. He knew Camille was strong—superhumanly strong—but even he didn't think she reached this level of strength, not yet at least.

Camille quickly mastered this new level of adrenaline-fueled strength, and found that she had complete control over the pickup truck's backside. After bringing it up as high as she could without damaging the truck's front, she brought it back down, demonstrating her mastery of the challenge.

"Well... sorry to disappoint everyone, but I don't think I can pick it up overhead... Yet." Camille explained, "Give me a few weeks for that one."

Mick and Eric both laughed nervously. Mick wasn't sure what to think anymore, but Eric took his step-mother's claim seriously.

Camille performed a few repetitions with the makeshift weight, her arms gorging even further, power oozing from her very form. After five reiterations, she finally placed the truck back down, careful to place it gently enough to not cause any damage.

She wiped her hands, which had become considerably reddened from the task. "Well Mick, I think that my arms are finally pumped up and ready for a remeasurement!"

Without a moment to spare, Mick scrambled to fulfill her request.

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Now that the limb had become even larger from its recent pump, the task of wrapping the measuring tape around it became even more difficult than before. On top of this, Mick found himself even more aroused and slightly terrified, causing his hands to shake slightly. Camille helped steady the instrument, and after a good deal of finagling, they finally got a steady read: "31 inches!" Mick declared, "Actually..." he continued, shifting the tape around a bit, "It's more like 31 and a half!"

Camille giggled, "Now THAT'S more like it!" she proudly untensed and retensed her arm, watching with glee as the oversized muscle danced as a result. "The best part about a measurement like that..." she started again, "Is that whatever my 'pumped up' state is, my rested state usually catches up within the next week or two!"

Both Mick and Eric had to shift around to hide their growing arousal towards the implication of this knowledge. Eric thought back to the past few months, and realized that it was mostly true. Whenever he saw Camille 'freshly pumped', she generally did grow to that size before long.

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The rest of the meeting with Mick went by without incident. Camille teased that he would need to check in with her some time in the future to see her progress, and she promised that by then she'd definitely blow his—and the viewers'—collective minds.

While she was still somewhat unsettled about the growing reality that she was abnormal, Camille enjoyed showing off, and lifting the truck provided a visceral rush. Camille remained extra-pumped for the rest of the day, and she allowed Eric a few glorious feels of

her even-greater muscles.

7.)

The car ride home had a strange atmosphere to it. Camille had imagined that the photoshoot would be a fun, simple thing that would boost her self-esteem a bit, and possibly give her some minor fame. Instead she received more confirmation that she was almost certainly supernatural. Eric wasn't entirely sure how to act, because he had a general idea of what caused her transformation, but he knew that even if he told the truth, it would be too outlandish to believe.

A ray of positivity persisted through the doubt in Camille's mind: Did it really matter if she was supernatural? Sure, maybe she was handed a special gift; and perhaps her daughter, Maya, and that school teacher also received it. Maybe she wasn't normal, and maybe her transformation wasn't 'supposed' to be possible. But she did have this gift, and she had a choice whether she would foster it and use it for good, or let it go to waste.

After driving for roughly ten minutes, Eric finally broke the ice: "So... Let me preempt this by saying that I think your strength and your muscles are awesome. I really do. But, just out of curiosity, what drives you so much? I think most people would have stopped by now, even if they had your potential."

"It's simple dear; in my mind, the stronger I become, the better I can be at mothering for you and Selina. I know it's kind of late since you're both already 18, but I want to do everything I can." Camille explained warmly.

"What do you mean?" Eric replied.

"There's a lot to it. I've been thinking about this for a while. But basically, for starters, the stronger I am, the more energy I have. I know that right now I'm relying on you guys to do more chores around the house, but pretty soon I'll take over again, and I'll be able to do everything way faster than before."

"Well, sure. But why would you need superhuman strength to do housework?"

"Superhuman?" Camille raised a brow. Truthfully, she knew precisely what he meant.

"You don't really think that all of this is entirely normal do you?" Eric said cautiously.

"I'm not really sure. Some people tell me that it isn't, but I feel normal. Plus Selina and Maya are growing super fast too. And there was that school teacher at the bodybuilding competition. Norbert doesn't seem that surprised either. But still... I am starting to realize that I might actually be the strongest person alive already... Or at least up there." An awkward silence hung in the air for a few moments. Fortunately for Eric, Camille segued into a new topic, "Anyways, as I was saying before, it's more than just housework of course."

"Right. Well, care to elaborate?" Eric prodded.

"For starters... While I'm proud of Selina for what she's accomplished, I think that it's in everyone's best interest if I'm a fair bit stronger than her. I don't think Selina would ever actually hurt us, but, well, I remember how it was being a teenage girl, and Selina's situation is tougher than mine. You and Norbert provide a good family for her now, but she

spent a lot of years without any male influences in her life. And now she's been given a tremendous amount of strength, and she clearly feels threatened by me being bigger. Still, while I think she needs to learn to control her temper a bit, I do still believe that her improving her body that way is ultimately a good thing."

"So what you're saying is you want Selina to keep training, but for now you think you should be able to handle her if need be?"

"Exactly. Also, I hope this doesn't come across as too haughty or self-centered or anything, but I've realized that as the mother of this family, in a lot of ways I'm the foundation. Norbert provides the financial security, sure, but everything else rests on my shoulders... And cheesy as it'll sound, the broader I make these shoulders, the more successfully I can carry everything."

Eric nodded. Not another word needed to be said. He knew that Camille's reasons for strengthening her body were pure, and that was more than enough for him to support her as much as he could.

8.)

Eric was in bed, staring at his phone. He was trying to find instances of people, regardless of gender, who were as strong as Camille. He couldn't find anything, other than various accounts of people lifting cars in times of dire emergency - and even then, it was just a temporary burst of strength. His step-mother was capable of lifting the rear of a small pick-up truck indefinitely; without any leverage, and using mostly her arms. There truly was no lingering doubt that somehow Live-Sim was allowing these girls to become truly supernatural.

He heard a knock on his door, which was unusual as the house was typically quiet by this hour. "Come in." Eric called out.

The door opened, revealing Selina wearing a robe over her wide frame.

"H-Hi Selina..." Eric still found himself generally intimidated by the girl.

Wordlessly, she strode in, closing the door behind her. She moved over to Eric, and after closing the distance, dropped her robe, revealing a lingerie-clad body. It was easy for Eric to forget just how strong Selina was when he compared her to Camille. Face to face however, he was quickly reminded of the vast difference between her and himself. Despite Camille's accomplishments, Selina was still held far more muscle mass than the vast majority of men on the planet.

There was something else about Selina's physique that separated her from her mother. While Camille looked young for her age, Selina still had a far greater level of dormant youthful energy to her appearance. Just by looking at her, Eric could tell that Selina was bursting at the seams with potential, and a desire to realize it. While Camille wanted to become the best mother possible, Selina wanted the world.

"H-Hi Selina..." Eric repeated himself.

Selina continued slowly striding towards him without a word, her rippling muscles dancing with each step. After closing the distance, she placed her hands on her hips and loomed over him. The low-light of the dark room caused her muscles to appear even more

impressive and impossibly defined.

Still silent, Selina moved closer still, and got onto the bed. The entire mattress creaked from her added mass, which was far greater than Eric's own. She proceeded to put her hands down, flanking Eric's head with her arms; the combined mass of her upper body filling the entirety his sight.

Even in the darkness, Eric could sense Selina's intensity. He could envision her deep eyes bearing into his soul; even more heat radiated from her than usual - Eric knew that Selina had her mind set on something important to her. Eric decided that if human souls were a real thing, then Selina's must have burned brighter than anyone else's.

Selina gripped the bed; her forearms bunched up to inhuman proportions, and Eric could literally feel the mattress warping around him. She let out a soft groan before finally speaking up, "Don't be shy Eric. Touch me." She ordered, intentionally lowering her voice to a seductive crawl.

"Selina..."

"Come on brother dearest. Or should I just call you Eric, let's keep this as non-incestuous as possible, hm? Eric dear, just reach up. Feel my muscles. Come on, do it."

Eric gulped before shakily bringing his hands upward. He wanted so badly to deny his primal urges for, but he found it increasingly difficult to resist Selina's siren song. He finally reached up, wrapping his fingers around his step-sister's biceps, at least as far as he could bring them.

Selina brought her face directly next to Eric's and huskily taunted, "Oh yeah, I know you like that Eric. I know you want to feel more than just that. Go ahead, be a man and have some fun." She giggled.

The girl's breath was surprisingly pleasant, and Eric couldn't help but grow extremely aroused from the encounter. Before he could collect himself, Selina grabbed both of his hands and squarely placed them onto her ample bottom. Eric's eyes grew wide, and his breathing intensified.

Truth be told, it was the only pair of female buttocks he had ever felt in his life. Or rather, the only ass in general that he intimately groped. The sensation was overwhelming, and just when he thought he had a handle on the barrage of stimulation, Selina tensed her cheeks, making them literally hard than rock itself - yet still covered with velvet soft skin.

"Oh yeah. I know you like that." Selina taunted with a soft giggle. "Pull Eric. Pull with all of your might. Dig those little fingers of yours as deeply as you can. You can't hurt me at all.

She was right. Eric pulled with all of his might, and found that he was totally and utterly unable to either move Selina's mass, or inflict any amount of harm on her. If anything, he was hurting himself from the strain of the activity.

Emboldened, Eric reached down further, grabbing hold of Selina's monolithic legs. With his left hand he explored her thick, bulging hamstrings - which were so well-developed that he could physically grab hold of each individual cord of muscle; with his right he surveyed the extent of her right quadriceps, paying special attention to the massive teardrop crevice in

the center of the muscle.

Selina uttered a soft groan of what seemed to be pleasure. While Eric was receiving the lion's share of satisfaction, it was undeniable that Selina enjoyed having someone lusting over her; likely because it granted her another form of metaphysical power.

After Eric explored a part of Selina's legs for a few moments, she would instinctively tense that part of her body, which further added to Eric's thrill; literally feeling her muscle expand in real-time, growing even more indomitable to his futile grasp. She moved in close to him, strands of hair falling onto his face. Eric thought she was about to lay a kiss, but she suddenly pulled her head back.

"What's it gonna take Eric? I tried playing hardball last time, but you went ahead and made my mom even stronger!" She nearly yelled.

"What...?" Eric was nearly in shock from the sudden shift in tone.

"Don't you remember? Our little conversation where I asked you to make me stronger – because I know that you're the cause of all this. Then right after, Camille starts getting even bigger!"

"Selina, really..."

"What do you need Eric? Do you need me to treat you real good? Is that it? I can do that you know." Selina pushed herself forward, pressing her jutting breasts closer to Eric's face. "Isn't this the closest you've been to a girl, hmmm? I sure hope nothing like this has happened between you and my mother..."

"N-no, of course not!"

Selina brought her bosom a mere inch away from the bridge of Eric's nose. "So, is this the closest you've been?"

"I guess? I mean you picked me up before, that was technically closer."

"Oh please. Don't try to get off the hook on this one." She intentionally brought her chest down to his, smothering him slightly with her overwhelmingly larger body. "What if I was your girlfriend, hmmm? Then would you make me all-powerful?" Selina purred, continuing to strategically rub her thighs against Eric's comparatively tiny body; careful to apply enough pressure to entice him, but not cause any harm in the process.

Eric had to try and reclaim some sovereignty in the exchange, "You don't even like me though. What's the point? Plus it would be ridiculously awkward since we live together." He countered.

"Who carrrrrrreeeeeeesssss?" Selina groaned. "You want to keep feeling my bod. I enjoy having my physique worshiped. I want unlimited power. You want to see me get more power. We both win!"

Selina raised a compelling point, but there were still too many problems with the proposal. Chief of which was the fact that Eric truly had no control over the distribution of power these girls were receiving. Beyond that, it was just too awkward. He liked Selina, sure, but she didn't really like him in the same way. Not that he knew of at least.

"Selina, I really can't. I'm not lying. I literally, physically, can't! I don't know why you've all transformed!" Technically he told the truth - he knew Live-Sim caused some kind of transformation, but he didn't understand the logistics behind it.

"OK, but why is my mom getting so much stronger than me?! It isn't right!"

"Again, I don't know! Maybe she just works harder or something."

The teen's intensity was offsetting for Eric. Later, upon reflection, he would somewhat understand where Selina was coming from. She was always a fairly hormonal and intense girl. Now her body was packed to the brim with energy and potential to build muscle. On top of all this, presuming his theory about the Live Sim traits affecting the girls was true, her already competitive nature was being probed into overdrive. Seeing her mother outgrow her must have been infuriating on multiple levels.

Despite understanding the rationale behind her behavior, Eric still had to confront Selina's rage with all of that fury behind it.

Frustrated, Selina changed her tactics. "Tell me I'm a goddess." Selina whispered throatily, continuing to guide his hand across her hard legs.

With a moment of introspection, Eric understood. This was really a display of insecurity. He never truly knew Selina, but he had personally felt what it was like to lose a parent. At times, he too, felt like perhaps he wasn't good enough. Selina must have had that boiling within her, and for Camille to outstrip her - it must have ignited a fuse that had been dormant for far too long.

"Selina..."

"Say it. Tell me I'm a goddess. Tell me I'll end up the strongest!"

"I really don't know!"

Suddenly a loud bang came from the door.

9.)

Another bang rang out and the door opened. Camille's staggering frame filled the entryway. She was so wide that she barely fit through it. "What on heavens is going in on here?" She asked before clearly moving for a light switch.

"We're just wrestling!" Selina yelled before shifting herself to look like she was struggling with Eric instead of straddling him.

Eric caught on and quickly started to push against the mass of feminine muscle pressing against him. "Yeah, just wrestling!" he agreed, continuing to futilely press.

The light switch finally came on, illuminating the scene. Camille guffawed at her daughter's lack of attire. Her gaze narrowed. "A young man who is, what, 150 pounds soaking wet? Is wrestling with my daughter who can probably press that overhead with one hand?" She asked, crossing her arms, causing massive ridges of forearm muscle to bulge outward.

"Y-yeah, totally!" Eric replied.

"He might be weaker, but he's got some killer moves!" Selina retorted.

"Riiiiight. Well, it's time to stop and go to bed." Camille ordered.

"Hey, we're both adults, we'll keep wrestling if we want, isn't that right Eric?" Selina quipped.

"Yeah! Of course. Just some healthy exercise!" He meekly added.

"That's enough for now. If you truly want to wrestle, do it tomorrow. On a yoga mat. Wearing actual clothing. Using real wrestling moves." Camille's tone grew more dire with each passing word.

"Frig off mom! We could move out of here tomorrow if we wanted to!" Selina barked.

"Then you have every right to do so. But while you live under my roof, you have to follow my rules." Camille retorted.

"No!" Selina had been reduced to a rebellious child.

Camille wasn't going to stand for it.

The older woman strode towards the bed, intentionally adding weight and dominance to her body language. The floor shook slightly from her movements. "Last warning Selina. Let go of Eric and go back to your room. And stay there for the rest of the night."

"NO!"

"Selina. You remember what happened the last time you disobeyed me. I'm even stronger today." She calmly explained.

Selina let out an animalistic noise instead of a proper response. The intent was still clear: she wasn't going to budge.

Camille finished closing the distance. Without another word, she grabbed hold of Selina and hoisted her into the air. The comparatively smaller girl still had Eric within her grasp, which led Camille to lift both of them at once. After safely hoisting Selina into one arm, she used her spare to pry Eric loose. He fell to the bed without any incident. Camille wrapped her arms around her still-squirming daughter, and slowly brought her out of the room.

Eric was conflicted as he watched Camille physically carry Selina away. He enjoyed being up close and personal with the muscular beauty, and felt that they were starting to make some real headway into developing their relationship. On the other, it was perhaps too physical too quickly, and Eric didn't want to cause any problems for his father or Camille. Ultimately, he was glad that the older woman stepped in and had the power to keep Selina in check.

At that moment, he also realized that while he would like to see Selina happy – for her to become an unstoppable goddess – which would be both incredibly arousing to witness, and would presumably bring her some peace of mind; Eric was glad that for the time being Camille was still on top. It was an advantage he would have to help encourage and foster.

Either way, he had a lot to think about that night, and a tremendous amount of arousal that needed to be tended to.

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Unable to sleep, Eric brought up his email on his phone.

He decided that it was time to cash in Maya's coupon. He wanted a break from the escalating tensions at home, and he was also genuinely curious to check up on her progress. Eric wondered if Maya had kept pace with Camille, had fallen behind, or perhaps - somehow even pulled further ahead. He considered her beautiful, radiant form; her seemingly boundless energy and energy; her unending sex appeal and desire to obtain pleasure... When he detached the stigma of her being "His step-mother's friend", Maya truly was a bombshell.

With a few taps of his fingers, the deed was done. He requested they get together this weekend, and if Maya was a woman of her word, all he would have to do is wait a few days.

- To be continued!