

The Proteus Effect Chapter 3

By MagnusMagneto (<http://www.magnusmagneto.com>)

Plot / characters outline, and special thanks to: Corssan1

Version 1.0

Approximately: ~9,100 words

((If you are reading this, then it probably means you've supported me on Patreon or a site like GumRoad! If that's the case, then thank you very much! It's only thanks to your generosity that I'm able to spend so much time working on stories like this.

If you are reading this and you haven't supported me, well, I hope that you enjoy the story regardless. If you like what you see, then please strongly consider dropping by my Patreon: <http://www.patreon.com/magnusmagneto>))

The Story So Far

Eric, an 18 year old high-school senior with a secret penchant for muscular women, was invited to the closed alpha of his favorite life-simulation video game: Live-Sim. Upon booting up the game during its one day testing period, he recreated all of the pertinent women of his life: his 18 year step-sister, Selina; his step-mother and Selina's biological mother, Camille; his teacher, Julia; his 20 year old cheerleading classmate he had a crush on, Chalsey; and his step-mother's very attractive older friend, Maya.

Inside the virtual world, Eric endowed each of the girls' avatars with a 'body builder' perk that gave the characters greater muscle-building potential, a faster rate of improvement. Additionally, Eric gave each of the women another powerful perk related to their personalities, along with a life-goal to further shape their personalities. Once the game started up, Eric forced the female characters to become supremely muscular, and to all romance Eric's virtual self. He assured himself that this was harmless fun, and none of the women were related to him by blood.

Over the next few weeks, changes started to occur in the women around him. Eric couldn't help but notice that they were growing stronger, and much more muscular. They were also, mostly, becoming far nicer to him.

By the end of Chapter 2, all five of the girls had developed extremely impressive muscular bodies. Camille, with bulging 17 inch biceps, announced that she was going to enter a bodybuilding competition at the end of January. At the end of the chapter, Camille tried to show her posing routine to Eric, only to be interrupted by Selina; who then disrobed, showing off her bikini-clad body, revealing that she had secretly built herself up to become even larger than her mother.

With all five of the women

1.) A few days after Chapter 2

Eric could hear Camille and Selina, his step-mother and step-sister, pushing their powerful bodies in the basement. The clash of weights, the heavy groans, and occasional yelling to

get pumped up met his ears. It seemed impossible for Eric to ignore the noises. Even from his room, the loud, feminine grunts from the basement pierced his ears.

In a mere few weeks, Camille was going to be entering a local bodybuilding competition, and as a result, was taking her training even more seriously. Eric had a feeling that Selina would live up to her promise to do everything she could to try and beat Camille at the show. This meant that the two of them were likely going to bring their training to ridiculous intensities.

The young man, who thoroughly enjoyed muscular females, and had, so it seemed, accidentally empowered the women in his life, couldn't help but imagine the girls pumping themselves up. Eric hated to admit it, but it drove him crazy: The thought of his step-sister and step-mother's muscles growing even larger at that very moment. He knew damn well that their bodies reacted to weight training at a super-human rate, and they would almost certainly be even stronger, and possibly larger, tomorrow as a result of this training session.

Eric's mind wondered just how much weight they were hurling, and what the atmosphere was like in that basement gym. He knew that Selina was competitive, perhaps to a fault, and Camille had a bit of that in her as well. At the same time, the mother and daughter duo did love each other, and Camille in particular wanted to see her daughter fulfill her full potential.

The whole thing was driving Eric crazy. How could he possibly just sit around while those two were going at it just a mere two floors beneath his feet? He wanted to simply sit there and watch as their powerful limbs pumped up and engorged with blood. Unfortunately, he knew that would be considered weird, and the last thing he wanted to do was cause any more friction in the household, especially not with the girls being as strong as they were.

Suddenly, an idea hatched in his mind: What if he brought them protein shakes? Surely they'd be grateful for the refreshing beverage packed with extra muscle-building nutrients. It'd be viewed as an act of spontaneous kindness that would win him 'brownie points' with both of the girls, AND he'd have a valid reason to see them up-close and personal during their workout. Eric couldn't believe he had come up with such an ingenious idea, and quickly scurried down to the kitchen to begin his work.

Eric read the label of the protein powder, meticulously following its directions on how to make a shake. A few moments later, two finished beverages sat in front of him. On a whim, he decided to add in an extra scoop of protein powder, his femmuscle focused mind imagining Camille and Selina's bodies utilizing the added resources to grow even larger.

His hands shaking with anticipation, Eric brought the tray down to the basement. As he approached the home gym, the sounds of feminine grunts and clanging weights became louder. Gulping, Eric prepared himself to cross the threshold.

Before he entered, he heard Camille yelling, "Selina! This isn't safe, you can't just--"

Suddenly she was interrupted by her daughter, "Just watch me! I can handle it! I'm going to become a god!" Eric then heard what sounded like a tremendous weight being unracked followed by his step-sister letting out a groan of effort.

Eric finally crossed the threshold, and saw a sight that he should have expected, but still instilled so much shock in him that he nearly dropped the protein shakes: Selina was on the bench press hoisting a tremendous amount of weight into the air. Eric quickly calculated

how much there was, his many years of watching women work out finally paying off; the total was 500 pounds flat.

Selina brought the weight down to her huge, thick, chest; her outrageous horse-shoe triceps quaked and trembled from the effort. With a loud, feminine groan, she managed to hoist the weight back up into the air, beads of sweat pouring down from her proportionately tremendous arms. With heavy pants, she finally gave in and re-racked the weight.

"Holy sh- shoot dear!" Camille yelled, "I guess I shouldn't have doubted you."

After resting for a few more moments, Selina finally sat up. Every muscle on her upper half had grown engorged from the torture she just put it through. She was still breathing heavily, her thick, bulging pecs heaving with each exaggerated breath.

The buzz of the tremendous weight she had just lifted wearing off, Selina finally noticed Eric. "Looks like we have a visitor." She said with a sinister giggle.

Camille turned and faced Eric, "Oh! Hey honey, didn't notice you there. What's up?"

Eric almost fainted. Camille and Selina were so... huge! They were bigger than almost every female bodybuilder he'd ever seen, and they looked far more beautiful and feminine than those who were comparable in size. Unlike any of them, Camille and Selina had no need for steroids that would endow them with masculine side effects; instead their natural feminine charms: their breasts, hips, and general beauty; continued to only increase as they packed on pound after pound of sheer muscle.

After an awkward moment of silence, Eric finally mustered up the courage to speak: "I-I brought you ladies s-some protein shakes." He felt like a doofus for stuttering. In his mind, the whole thing went far smoother. In practice however, being around the overwhelmingly attractive and powerful women left him unable to properly formulate his thoughts.

"Wow Eric, what's this? Bringing the muscle goddesses of the family an offering?" Selina asked with her usual teasing tone that bordered on cruel at times. "Or did you just come here to ogle the two women of your dreams as they pump up to even bigger and bigger proportions?"

Camille tried to stop herself from laughing, but couldn't help but utter a few giggles, "Oh stop it Selina, no need to torture the poor boy."

"I... I just wanted to help out." Eric sputtered.

"See Selina, no need to be so rude." Camille added warmly. "Eric has the best of intentions."

"Well step-bro, I suppose I wouldn't want to turn down some perfectly good protein." Selina grabbed a shake and began to chug it down, her thick chest heaving from each gulp. Without breaking stride, she finished the entire thing before letting out an exaggerated 'ahh' of refreshment. "That's good stuff. Let me guess Eric, you're mentally getting off to this already, aren't you? The thought of the very shakes you delivered making us bigger and stronger. In a way, you're directly contributing to making us even more powerful in relation to you. We're just going to keep growing and growing, all while you helplessly play along and contribute to it!" The young woman's eyes were alive with fiery intensity.

Eric's face was beet-red. He had to shift his pants to try and hide his growing pangs of arousal.

Camille's face was also slightly red. "Selina!" she barked, "What's gotten into you. That's... that's so... ridiculous!" Her words betrayed her true feelings. Deep down, Camille knew her daughter was right. She knew that Eric dug their muscles, and knew that he was directly contributing to helping them grow... but was that really so bad? How could she blame him anyways? He wasn't related to either of them by blood, and he was eighteen – his hormones were at their peak – and she and Selina were becoming pretty physically dominating. Any guy who even remotely liked muscles would be all over them; Norbert for instance was already all over her new body.

"Anyways..." Camille continued, "Thank you very much Eric. Your kindness won't go unnoticed." She reached over and took the other protein shake, bringing it to her lips. After taking a few gulps, she stopped to comment: "Say, did you add more protein than the recipe calls for? Not that I'm complaining."

Selina's eyes lit up, "You definitely did, didn't you? It tasted way stronger."

Eric shrugged, "I might have."

Selina laughed, "Wow Eric, you really ARE even more dedicated to making me superhumanly strong than I thought." While her mother resumed drinking, Selina decided to terrorize her step-brother a bit. "Say, Eric, why don't we have a little muscle comparison: brother versus sister?"

"Selina..." Eric quietly objected.

"Come onnn bro, don't you want to get up close and personal with my guns?" Selina snickered.

Eric gulped. The truth was, he did. He really did. He wanted to get as close as possible to them. He wanted to feel them, and deep down, he wanted them to grow and grow to evermore ridiculous proportions. But this? Eric wasn't so sure how much he wanted this; he knew exactly where it was headed. Selina would go on at length about how much bigger and better her arms were, how she was going to keep getting stronger, so on and so forth. On the other hand that WAS pretty enticing... and he also was curious to see Camille's reaction to all of this. So long as he didn't do anything too awkward or pervy, it was probably ultimately in his interest to go ahead with it.

"Well, okay." Eric came closer.

"Go on Eric, flex us up a bicep." Selina ordered.

Eric rolled his t-shirt up and flexed his thin, spindly arm; it expanded marginally as a small bicep tensed up slightly.

Selina giggled. "My turn!" she cheerfully exclaimed before bringing over her proportionately tremendous limb. Even without flexing it at all, she was far larger and better-developed than Eric; and after tensing it, the exaggerated difference between them grew even more. "Hold on, I can do even better than that!" she announced before untensing and retensing her arm a few times, forcing it to pump up to even more obscene proportions.

Selina couldn't help but burst into laughter. "Just LOOK at our arms Eric! Look at how different they are!"

"Y-yeah, yours are pretty impressive." Eric said, trying to collect himself so he'd stop stuttering.

"Ha! Just impressive?" Selina was really getting into it now. This was her chance to REALLY show Eric who was the boss between them. She loved the idea of teasing Eric more and more; she just wanted to keep teasing him forever, it was so much fun! "Look at the sheer difference of muscle on our arms! I'd guess that my arm is almost twice as large as yours in raw circumference, yet ALL of the difference is muscle, none of that pesky bone or fat stuff. Pure, hard, MUSCLE, and I'm gonna get even MORE thanks to your protein shake!"

"Selina! Control yourself!" Camille cut in.

"It's cool Camille. I can't argue with that. Selina's right, she's got some great guns." Eric was finally getting hold of himself, and was starting to come off more like the smoother talker he envisioned instead of a stuttering bumbler.

Selina looked flustered at how Eric simply deflected her taunt. "Don't you remember Eric? Just this last summer I was just as puny as you. Now I'm three, four, or maybe even FIVE times stronger than you! And I'm just going to keep getting stronger and stronger and stronger and there's nothing you can do!!" Selina was getting redder in the face from her almost maniacal rant than the five hundred pound bench press she had just accomplished.

"Yup. I look forward to seeing what you can accomplish." The words were coming to Eric from some subconscious ether. For all of Selina's strength, she would never intentionally lay a harmful hand on him, and Eric knew that fully well. He knew that Selina knew that he liked female muscle, and she only gained such a stupendous amount of it after confronting him about it.

"Aww, Eric, you're such a mature, nice young man!" Camille said with a warm smile.

Eric felt like he was on a roll, he kept going: "Well, you know how it is – building you two up is a family effort. I just want to do my part, since you ladies are working so hard and all."

"Yeah... well... well..." This time it was Selina who was having difficulty putting her thoughts into words, "If that's the case, then you should go get us another round of protein shakes!"

Eric looked over at Camille, curious to see what her response would be.

Camille knew that Eric was looking to her to chime in. After a moment of consideration, she spoke up: "Well... I don't want to boss you around or anything Eric, but, the truth is, we could actually use some more fuel down here... if you don't mind that is."

"Yeah, more fuel!" Selina spoke up, "And throw in ANOTHER scoop of that powder! Didn't realize how tasty that stuff is!"

Feeling bold, Eric decided to try and barter a bit, "Well, I could, though if I'm going to help out so much, what're you going to do for me?"

Selina was shocked, her dorky step-brother was going to challenge her like this? That was...

kind of interesting. Selina liked the idea of Eric having a bit of a backbone, AND serving her at the same time. She decided to play into this. "Welllll.... I'll work my biceps while you're gone, and let you feel them when you bring those shakes down."

Deep down, Eric was thrilled. This was his chance. He had been around numerous women who were all gaining obscene amounts of muscle, yet he had only been able to cope a very small number of feels.

"Selina!" Camille cut in.

"What? What's wrong with that?" the younger woman replied.

Camille wasn't so sure how to respond. Technically, there wasn't actually anything wrong with the proposal.

Eric decided to chime in, "That's cool Selina. I was mostly just messing with you anyways, I would've gotten the shakes regardless."

-

Eric returned to the kitchen, prepared another duo of shakes – making sure to add in even more protein powder per beverage – and made his way back to the basement. As he approached the threshold to the home gym, once again he was met with the sound of Camille warning Selina, "Dear, you can't, that's too muc-" only to be interrupted by a tremendous feminine battle cry as Selina presumable hurled far too much weight into the air.

He entered the room, and his suspicions were confirmed as he witnessed Selina literally curling 100 pound dumbbells; her tremendous arms swelled with godlike power, a few choice veins erupting outward, and the deep split down the center of the bicep's peak appearing even more impressive than usual. With another loud cry, Selina forced herself to curl the other dumbbell, giving her other arm a similarly intimidating appearance.

Selina eyed Eric, and casually dropped the dumbbells leading to a deafening crash.

"Selina!" Camille shouted, "We need to be more careful with the weights, these aren't children's toys!"

Selina shrugged, her thick traps bunching up, and her wide lats flaring in the process, "Nobody got hurt. Now give me that shake and you can have your reward."

Eric handed the shake to his step-sister, and she quickly chugged it in its entirety. "Mmm... yes! More fuel for me!" she exclaimed with glee. "Okay, time for your reward." She tensed her arm, the tremendous bicep bulging to obscene heights. "Almost as big as your head." She observed with a giggle.

As Eric placed both of his hands on the bicep, he felt a nearly overwhelming flood of sensations. The limb was radiating an inhuman amount of heat, and Eric could palpably sense the sheer amount of energy and strength it yielded her. For a brief moment, Eric thought about how fast Selina's metabolism must be now, as the furnace that was her body had to burn more and more fuel to both function and grow.

Selina gave him a look, and Eric instinctively knew that she was urging him to try squeezing

the bicep within his grasp. He dug his fingers in, and there was absolutely no give whatsoever. This impenetrable arm could literally curl 100 pounds with the strength of its bicep alone. The heaving pecs a mere few inches away from him could press up a quarter of a ton. Selina's strength was reaching worldwide records for women, and was far greater than 99% of men; and Eric had a feeling that it wouldn't be too long until she shattered all of those.

"That's right Eric. All that after just a mere few months, and I have no plans to stop. I'm going to keep going and going, as far as I possibly can. Nobody is going to outmuscle me, ever!"

"Oh, we'll see about that dear." Camille giggled grabbing the other protein shake before drinking it down.

-

Eric lingered for a short while later, but he was starting to become overwhelmed. The sensation of witnessing the girls lift such tremendously heavy weights, the feeling of Selina's bicep within his fingers, and the newfound knowledge that he could get a peak whenever he wanted by delivering shakes; it was a lot for the young man to take in. Eventually, he excused himself, and retreated to his bedroom.

2.) One Week Later – Mid January

Despite the fact that Chalsey had completely turned her grades around, she managed to convince her teachers to allow her to continue meeting with Eric regularly for a study group. She reasoned that she only achieved such high marks to begin with thanks to the sessions, so they should be allowed to continue.

Eric looked at the papers sitting in front of Chalsey; they were a collection of quizzes from the past two weeks, all of which had perfect or near-perfect marks. Truthfully, Chalsey was consistently scoring better than Eric now.

"I gotta say Eric," Chalsey's voice cut in, "My classwork alone isn't really enough to stimulate my mind anymore. I don't really get that feeling of my head pounding after a study session with this stuff."

"Oh, oh yeah?" Eric still wasn't entirely positive what Chalsey was referring to whenever she discussed this study induced head-pounding.

To Eric's despair, Chalsey was wearing a thick winter jacket, that managed to hide the details of her form. Despite this, he could tell that she was definitely getting... bigger. Her face remained as slender and beautiful as ever, she almost definitely wasn't gaining fat. Eric had a pretty good idea of what was going on underneath, as the pattern of the five girls her recreated in Live-Sim becoming more muscular was too strong to doubt.

Still, Eric wanted to see just how developed she was now. Was she as tremendously large as Selina? As ripped as Camille? Maybe she was closer to what Maya looked like in the picture she sent. Or perhaps... Chalsey's body had a different appearance altogether?

"So... I guess you'd like to know that I broke up with top douchebag. Well, maybe he broke up with me. I dunno. I guess it was mutual."

Eric's ears perked up, "Oh, sorry to hear that." He lied.

Chalsey snickered, "Don't be silly Eric, I know you're secretly relieved. I hope you are at least. Anyways, yeah. He kept going on a rant about how he didn't want to date 'a man'. Kind of hurt to hear that, though, really, what man has these?" Chalsey gathered and pushed her bosom forward, which was still somewhat visible through the heavy jacket she was wearing.

Eric blushed.

Chalsey giggled, "So yeah. For now, I'm just going to focus on me. Becoming the best Chalsey that I can. I don't want to get too full of myself, but I feel like I have some kind of great potential within me, and all I have to do is continue working it. I want to keep pushing my body and mind; I have this feeling that I can transform myself so much that I can change the world. Know what I mean?"

"Y-yeah." Eric gulped.

His mind was swimming with thoughts. Just how far would the transformations of the five girls go? How strong could they get, and in Chalsey's case, how intelligent? How would they differ from each other? Who would end up the strongest?

He'd just have to wait and see.

3.) One Week Later - One Week Until the Show

It was a school holiday, meaning that while Norbert was still at work, Eric and Selina were home free. To Eric's disappointment, Camille had been intentionally wearing large robes, and similarly covering clothing. He presumed that she was trying to keep her progress a secret from Selina, to leave a bit of a surprise for the bodybuilding show.

All day Eric had been playing video games in his room. He had always been an avid gamer, but lately he felt like he couldn't stop. In the past, he wasn't particularly amazing at games, but he seemed to be getting much better at them with each passing day. In multiplayer titles, he frequently dominated the scoreboard, and in single-player endeavors, he found himself regularly increasing the difficulty settings for a better challenge.

During the afternoon, Eric looked out of his bedroom window, which faced the home's backyard, to see a rather interesting sight: Selina appeared to be sunbathing. Bikini-clad, the young woman was sprawled out on a lawn chair, lazily watching something on her tablet computer. This was simply too bizarre for Eric to not follow-up. Despite the fact the sun was shining, the temperature outside was close to freezing - certainly not the kind of weather one would want to be outside in a bikini during, let alone to sit in one place for a prolonged period of time with an outfit like that.

His curiosity too great to not sate, Eric threw on his winter coat and thick pants before heading outside. As he crossed the threshold of the door to the backyard, Eric could see his

breath in front of him, as the bitter coldness smashed against his uncovered face.

There was no denying it; Selina was simply sitting in a lawn chair with nothing on aside from a bikini that revealed the vast majority of her form. Selina's tremendous body, which had grown even more since the protein-shake incident in the home gym two weeks ago, was on full display. It was one of, if not the, most muscular female shells Eric had ever laid eyes upon. There were only a few women Eric had seen online with greater overall muscle mass than Selina, but she still looked far better than them. Selina had no need for androgen-increasing steroids, nor any other chemical aid. Selina's body also seemed to instinctively know where to place its developing muscle, retaining its feminine curvature and a tiny bit of fluff atop her bulging muscles.

Despite the harsh weather, Selina seemed entirely comfortable, if not somewhat bored. Eric wondered how long she had been out there.

"H-hey Selina." He greeted, still unnerved by the combination of his step-sister having the body of a muscle-goddess, and the fact that said body was apparently sunbathing during winter.

"Sup step-bro. What're you doing out here? Trying to peep on me? You could just use some binoculars you know." She let out her usual mischievous giggle.

"No, not that. I was just curious is all. Since you're like... Well, what are you doing anyways?"

Selina let out a sigh, dimming the screen of her tablet and turning over to face Eric. It was here that Eric was confronted with Selina's hefty mammaries. It was also here that it occurred to Eric that despite having a rippling eight-pack of thick, throbbing abs, Selina still had the same sized breasts as always; or perhaps they were larger? It was difficult for Eric to tell if they had grown, or if they simply looked more impressive due to Selina's armor-like pecs pushing them upward. This reinforced what he was thinking about earlier: how Selina had retained all of her feminine charm despite having gained dozens, if not a hundred, pounds of sheer muscle. In fact, Selina was even more of a goddess than ever, as her curves were larger, more pronounced, and her mere presence was somewhat overwhelming. A pleasant scent emanated from the young woman, that of overflowing vitality and sexually-charged energy.

"What does it look like I'm doing lame-brain? I'm sunbathing, duh." Selina rolled her eyes. She couldn't believe what a bozo Eric could be sometimes.

"But... why? Why are you sunbathing?"

Selina shot him a look of utter confusion and disdain. He just kept acting dumber by the moment! "I have that bodybuilding show next week. So I need to get a tan, duh."

"Those girls just use a spray tan though."

She sighed once more, "I know that, but, like, I don't want to do that on a totally pale me. Plus, now that I'm all jacked, I should be tanned regularly. It'll make me look more energetic and better show off my muscles, don't you agree?"

Eric had to admit that she had a point. "Yeah, I guess you're right." He replied as he envisioned Selina's already impressive body looking tan. He had to quickly change his train

of thought before growing aroused from the subject.

"Well, you got your answer Eric. So, like, what do you want?"

Eric shrugged. "You... you're not cold?" Eric asked, still bewildered by the whole scene.

Selina snickered. "Nope."

"Oh, come on. There's literally snow everywhere!"

"So? It's sunny outside. Plus, you can see my skin, do I LOOK cold Eric?" She held her arm outward, closer to his face; unfathomable triceps pumped up from the mere motion.

Eric closely examined her perfect, hairless skin; he wondered if perhaps, somehow, the game had altered this too, or if she always had such great complexion. To his surprise, there were no discernible goosebumps on it.

"I guess you're right. That's kind of..."

"Awesome? Crazy? SCARY?" Selina finished for him, she laughed. "Think about it Eric. Not only am I magnitudes stronger than you, but I'm not even bothered by the weather. Imagine the implications of that. Even the biggest muscle bitches you spend too much time looking at online would be cold right now, but not me. I've got something else going on. More energy, more life, more power... And I'm just going to keep getting more and more!"

Eric gulped. He had no response.

Selina spoke again: "Now, make yourself useful, and go get some suntan oil. There's a bottle in the bathroom. That brand in particular will help me tan more quickly and efficiently."

"Why don't you get it yourself?"

Selina rolled her eyes, "Because then I'd miss out on some sun. Plus, like I said earlier, you really need to start treating me better. Doing more chores for me, you know, the goods."

Eric rubbed his temples. He knew that, if the logic that the changes made to the girls was applied to them in real life, that Selina would start treating him better, as their virtual avatars had entered a romance. This had a series of implications that Eric didn't want think about right now. He ultimately concluded that while Selina would probably never actually hurt him, she could very well be a huge, powerful, thorn in his side. He'd placate her for now until he had a better handle on the situation as a whole.

After agreeing, Eric headed into the house, found the suntan oil, and brought it back outside. During his return trip, he noticed that Selina's position had changed: She was now sitting upright in a perfect V shape, her legs and upper torso no longer touching the lounge chair. As Eric walked towards Selina, he noticed her bringing her individual knees up and back down one at a time, her huge abdominals bulging even further from the effort. Eric came within an arm's length of distance, and after a few more repetitions, Selina finally stopped moving her knees. She still maintained her V-sit position however, only her prodigious glutes touching the lounge chair.

"Well, I recommend you start by putting that oil on my legs." She ordered.

“Wuh... what!?”

Selina sighed. “You really didn’t think I was going to oil myself, now did you?”

“Yes actually! I did think that!”

Selina brought a palm to her forehead. “I’m a developing goddess Eric. That stuff’s beneath me. Now oil me up. You can have a nice squeeze of your sexy step-sister’s muscles in the process.” She giggled menacingly before spreading her legs out apart, displaying her flexibility, all while still maintaining the quasi-V-sit position.

Eric considered refusing, but even if it was Selina, those were still some premium quality female muscles. It’s not like he had felt anything comparable to Selina’s bicep two weeks ago anyways. With a shrug, he placed some oil on his hands, and wrapped them around Selina’s calf. She then, in turn, tensed the limb, forcing it to expand to even greater within his grasp. The most difficult part of Eric’s task was to not lose his nerve. It was simultaneously arousing and terrifying to be holding such an immensely powerful muscle, especially since it belonged to Selina of all people. They weren’t really related, and had only known each other for a relatively short amount of time, but there was still a definite ‘sibling rivalry’ between them.

After finishing lathering both of Selina’s calves with the oil, Eric prepared himself to move up to her thighs. Something suddenly happened that interrupted this plan: Selina physically grabbed onto Eric with her feet, placing one on each side of his torso. With a single yank, of her power-packed legs, Eric’s slight body went hurtling towards Selina, where her hands intercepted him, holding him in mid-air.

“What was that for!?” Eric yelled.

Selina had finally laid down on the lounge chair, no longer holding the V-sit position. “Just wanted to see if I could to be honest.” She replied with a giggle.

“Well... You did... So now what?” Eric asked, growing increasingly aware of the fact that he was literally being held in mid-air by his step-sister. His fear and arousal both increased even further.

“I dunno. Guess I may as well see what else I can do with you. You’re really light you know. I wouldn’t be surprised if we weighed a similar amount before I beefed up.” Selina proceeded to take Eric and pull him towards her chest, as if he were a barbell at the gym and she was performing bench presses. She then pushed him up and brought him back down, using him as a human weight.

“Ha! Maybe you ARE useful after all!” Selina continued to effectively bench press her step-brother. He could see her pecs writhing and throbbing from the motion, coming to life with untold power. “Actually, I don’t know if you really are that useful. You’re pretty light...” She then shifted the entirety of his weight onto one palm, holding him flat by his stomach with her right hand alone. Selina proceeded to continue pressing Eric up and down. “What do you weigh, like, 150? Maybe even less. I guess it makes sense. After all, I could bench press five hundred pounds a couple of weeks ago, and I’m even stronger now!”

“You’re even stronger!?” Eric wasn’t really sure why he asked. He knew that it was the truth already. Selina was even larger than she was back in the home-gym. It only made

sense she'd be even stronger.

Selina laughed while she continued to press Eric to and fro. "Of course. It's no secret to you though, you just want me to rant about my muscles. You just want to hear me go on about how strong I am. You just want to listen to the tirade about how I keep improving. How every day I feel like I have even more energy than the previous one. How I can sense my body growing, the muscle fibers tearing and repairing with each and every workout. I'm already superhuman Eric. I'm not stupid. And soon... soon I'm going to become a god!"

Eric gulped.

Selina suddenly held him completely still before speaking again, "What you did to me... I want more." Selina held him in such a way that their faces were directly in front of one another. Her grip was firm, but not painful.

"What... what do you mean?" Eric sputtered.

Selina's eyes narrowed, "Look Eric. I'm not stupid. I know what you did. To me, to my mother, to Maya... and if the rumors are true, then to that teacher Julia Williams, and that cheer-leading broad Chalsey too."

Eric gulped.

The truth was, Selina was bluffing. She had no idea about Live-Sim, and ultimately, even Eric didn't fully understand what happened to cause all of these changes. While she wasn't an academic, Selina was still a bright girl. She could connect the dots. Eric obviously loved muscular women, and all five of these suddenly superhuman girls all had one common bond: Eric. Of course, Julia and Chalsey were less apparent, and Selina had to dwell on that topic for a short while before some investigative work revealed that Julia was his biology teacher, and he had been tutoring Chalsey. What perplexed her the most was why Eric, if he had this ability to turn women into superhumans, why he'd use it on Maya - some random friend of her mother's, and Chalsey, a cheer-leader who was already far out of his league.

Selina continued to watch Eric's facial expressions. She knew that he did something. The way he gulped and shifted his gaze around proved it. She just had to figure out WHAT exactly, and why he chose who he chose. If Eric had the power to just make anyone a superhuman, why not beef himself up? Why not beef up every single woman he comes into contact with, or hell, every woman in the world? Now THAT was a thought: every woman ever having the same strength and muscle building capability that she did. The battle of the sexes would no longer even be a consideration.

Still, that wasn't what Selina wanted. Selina wanted absolute power. She wanted to be the strongest, stronger than everyone else by a country-mile. Eric had to be the key to this. She had to win Eric over, somehow. She could try being nice to him, but... would that really work? He clearly gave her this insane strength despite the fact that they never got along. Was she really capable of kissing his ass a genuine level anyways? Probably not. Plus, that wouldn't be very fun.

After the prolonged silence, Selina spoke again, "Come on Eric, I know it's what you want. You gave us all this muscle and strength, the ability to build more and more... I get it Eric. You love powerful women. It's cool, because I happen to love being a powerful woman. Still..." she brought him closer, mere inches separating their faces; her voice became

breathier and huskier, "Why keep everything equal? Just imagine it Eric. Imagine me becoming bigger than everyone else. Imagine me making my own mother, as tremendous as she is, look small and weak in comparison. Don't get me wrong, I love her, but what's she going to do with all that power? Clean the dishes and do house work really fast?"

Selina laughed and continued her rant, "But me... mmm... God Eric, just think about it. I'm already so... thrilling, aren't I? Can't you imagine me with unfathomable strength? The ability to lift cars? Hell, what about buildings? Just HOW strong can you make me anyways? Can you give me other powers? Can I fly? Oh God, just imagine me with UltraMan's powers." Selina bit her bottom lip as she considered this possibility.

Eric remained silent.

Selina spoke again, "Aww, come on step-bro. Why the silent treatment? It'd be in your best interest too. I'll let you touch my muscles and stuff as long as you keep powering me up! Now, about the other girls... maybe you can like, cut back on whatever you're doing for them? Maybe you could like, beam more power into me instead?"

"Selina..."

"Go on Eric, go ahead and feel my triceps. Grab onto them and imagine them growing even bigger and harder than they already are. You felt my legs earlier, just think about what you could make them become. I may give you trouble here and there, but I'll take care of you Eric, you know that. All that power is best in my hands, wouldn't you agree?"

The entire situation was too much for Eric to handle. Muscle-goddess Selina being so close to him, nearly naked in this freezing weather while he was cold, her grabbing onto him, effortlessly suspending him in mid-air, being right next to her rather attractive face, and worst of all, that insane rant about how much power Selina craved. It was too much. Eric couldn't control himself and had an entirely unstimulated climax.

Selina could tell, and let out a tremendous laugh, "Wow Eric. I knew you were into this stuff, but, man. You're too easy. I guess I'll let you down for now." She gently placed him onto the ground to her side. Eric stumbled a bit, trying to get his bearings, which were quite screwy from both having been held in the air for a prolonged amount of time, and from involuntarily releasing a few moments ago.

Eric glanced over at the sunbathing oil. Selina laughed and spoke again, "Go wash yourself up. I can oil myself. Thanks for getting my calves though."

And with that, Eric made his way into the house. A change of boxers and a long contemplation on what to do next were in order.

4.)

The next week was slow. Agonizing even. For some reason, all of the muscle girls, Selina, Camille, Chalsey, and Julia; all four of them were wearing the most covering clothing they possibly could. Eric couldn't figure out why. If Selina was virtually immune to the cold, then certainly the others were as well. His mind then drifted to Maya: surely she was living it up somewhere in a micro-bikini. He wondered what she looked like now. Had she kept

up with Camille? Perhaps she got lazy and remained the same size, or even... maybe she got even bigger, and would actually dwarf his step-mother and step-sister in a comparison!? He then wondered if the other traits applied to her, the desire and ability to seduce people and generate great wealth were kicking in. How rich was Maya now? Unfortunately, he had no way of finding out; she had been conspicuously absent on social media.

What kept Eric sane during the next seven days were video games, and the knowledge that he'd know for sure what Selina and Camille looked like at the bodybuilding show.

Eventually the day of the show came. The girls continued to wear extraordinarily covering clothing, even for the weather. Eric came with them, and nobody uttered a word in the car. The young man could sense that there was a mother-daughter rivalry occurring, that had been brought to a fever pitch today.

After arriving at the location of the event and finishing the final steps of registration, Selina suggested Eric come into the back room to help spray tan them. As they entered the room, Eric was flanked by muscle women all around him. He had never seen so many females with ripped abs, tight buns, and powerful pipes. If he hadn't been living with two women that dwarfed all of them by a wide margin, it may have been a nose-bleed inducing moment for the 18 year old. Fortunately, he had developed a slight tolerance to being around female muscle in the flesh.

Finally, Selina and Camille disrobed, revealing that they were already wearing the stage-bikinis underneath their outfits.

All eyes in the room lay on them. Audible gasps could be heard from the other women in the room. They were justified; Camille and Selina were on another level altogether. Their muscles were larger, harder, better shaped, better proportioned, better defined, and even more symmetrical. On top of this, they were more attractive, and had another, less tangible quality to them: Eric's step-mother and step-sister utterly radiated vitality; their hair was shinier; teeth brighter; lips redder; eyes whiter; skin more perfect; and breasts all-natural (the strict diet the other women in the room had to follow robbed them of their breasts, only those with implants had much to show).

Truthfully, virtually every single girl in the room, even the full-blown bodybuilders, looked like weak little girls in comparison to Camille and Selina. Whispers asking what their 'gear' fluttered from hushed tones. Eventually, the other women had averted their gaze, either from embarrassment and shame, or from desire to not be caught staring. Eric however couldn't take his eyes off of Selina and Camille.

"Come ONNNN Eric, don't stare!" Selina giggled, goading her step-brother.

Fortunately for him, a good retort flashed through his mind, "How am I supposed apply this spray tan on your glorious bodies if I can't look?" Eric replied with uncharacteristic smoothness.

Camille giggled, drew close, and wrapped an arm around him, "What a smooth little talker you can be! So cute too." She kissed him on the forehead. "Anyways, Selina, just let your brother do his thing. A couple weeks ago you were practically forcing him to feel your muscles anyways."

Some of the women in the room shot the trio dirty looks.

"It's not like that!" Eric quipped up. "We're not related! She's my step-" Eric realized it was pointless and interrupted himself. It's not like he knew any of these people anyways. He sighed, collected himself, and grabbed the spray tan bottle before getting to his task.

-

As Eric proceeded to coat Selina's body with the spray, the difference in appearance became quickly apparent. Selina's muscles looked visibly more defined and intimidating by the moment, even though they had remained exactly the same. Eric still wasn't really sure if he liked the fake spray-tan look, but it certainly did bring out another side of the girls' physiques. Selina gave him more difficulty when he started to spray her glutes. In particular, she kept wiggling them, 'twerking' subtly, and flexing them. She did this with most of her muscles.

At one point, she flexed her back, causing the inhuman collection of muscle to bunch up and spread in front of his gaze. "Make sure you get in-between every nook and cranny!" she demanded. Eric gulped and redoubled his efforts. It was trickier than he anticipated due to the myriad valleys and dunes of female muscle he had to spray between. She eventually turned to him and placed her arms behind her head. Selina oozed natural confidence and dominance. "Get beneath my arms too." She ordered, drawing attention to her pits, which appeared extraordinarily deep due to the sheer width of her back and shape of her triceps.

After Eric finished spraying there, he made eye-contact with Selina, who proceeded to whisper in as seductive a voice she could muster: "Eric... remember what I said before... make me stronger... turn me into a god!"

This demand from Selina ended up acting as a blessing in disguise for Eric, as he could now think about something only slightly related to the unreal muscles in front of him. He began to wonder just what Selina knew in regards to her transformation. The more he thought about it, the more it dawned on him that Selina didn't really know much at all about what really happened. She must have decided that the five girls who were beefed up were all connected to Eric in some way, and she obviously understood that he loved female muscles, so she must have come to the simplest result.

This was both a source of relief and worry for Eric. On one hand, it meant that she didn't know about Live-Sim, or what he did during it. If she did understand that he simply recreated the girls in that game, and somehow, by some force, they began to mirror their avatars, then she'd understand that Eric currently had no control over what happened next. There was no way for him to play Live-Sim at the moment, meaning, there was no known way for Eric to give Selina even more power in relation to the other girls. In fact, Eric wasn't sure if playing the game again would even make any meaningful alterations.

On the other hand, this meant that Selina really didn't understand, and if her frustration continued to grow, he'd have no way of appeasing her. He didn't quite like the idea of being blackmailed into handing more power to her, but if he did have the capability of beefing her up just a bit faster to get her off his back, that would probably be worth it (and secretly, quite enjoyable for him to witness anyways).

After he finished coating Selina with the spray tan, Eric turned his attention to Camille. Camille was, unsurprisingly, much easier to work with than her daughter. She did still tease Eric a bit though, asking him if he appreciated her look, which he verbally tripped over himself to compliment her about. The older woman giggled a lot, and also flexed her muscles time to time, though without as much interference as when Selina did. Eric quickly

noticed that despite being a bit smaller than Selina, the spray-tanned parts of her body looked much more defined than Selina's.

A few minutes later, and Eric had finished spray-tanning his step-mother. He took a step back, scanned the room, and locked eyes with someone that he instantly recognized; someone who wasn't in the room when they got there, she must have recently walked in.

"Ms... Ms. Williams!?" Eric stuttered, thoroughly shocked to see his biology teacher of all people at a bodybuilding competition. There was no denying it though: Julia Williams was in the backroom, her tremendous body on full display.

"Oh my, hello Eric. I didn't expect to see you here." No longer covered by her business attire, the full extent of Julia's musculature was laid bare. She had constructed a powerful physique comparable to that of Camille and Selina; the teacher was smaller than Selina, but similarly ripped to Camille. "Let's keep this between ourselves, shall we? Of course, this whole event will be on public record, but I don't need the other students going out of their way to acquire pictures of me in the contest suit, if you know what I'm saying."

She then turned to Selina, before speaking again: "Ah, and you must be Selina. Eric's step-sister, correct? I've heard quite a bit about you. Well, not from Eric, just through the school's grapevine. There were lots of rumors that you may have super strength. You must have hid your physique quite well for your classmates to not see the correlation that it came stemmed from your muscles. Anyways, you likely don't know me, but I do hope you will also keep this to yourself as well. Unless I'm mistaken, you have similar aspirations to me, in that you'd like to keep your musculature a secret, so a mutual silence would be most beneficial."

Selina nodded, "I got it. We'll both keep quiet."

Eric nodded. "I won't say anything either, although I think most of my classmates have figured out that you're, well, you know, gaining a bunch of muscle."

Julia giggled, "Of course. I suppose that when Spring finally comes around I'll have to start dressing more appropriately for the weather. At that point, the proverbial cat will be out of the bag."

Eric couldn't wait for that. Every day in class he'd get to see Julia's huge form, which likely would be even larger by then... This train of thought added yet another layer of arousal to the stirring concoction from being around the three amazonian goddesses.

Julia then turned to Camille, "And... You would be Eric's step-mother, correct? I believe we met once at parent-student conferences..."

Camille smiled, "Yup, that's me."

"I suppose we've both had quite the transformation since then, eh?" Julia laughed.

"Definitely!" Camille replied, "I hope I don't sound too arrogant, I'm really shocked that someone else is, well, as buff as my daughter and I!"

Julia replied: "Don't worry, those thoughts are fully justified. Truth be told, I really wasn't expecting any competition myself."

The women knowingly laughed with one another.

"Well, may the best woman win!" they both agreed before Julia excused herself to finish with her preparations.

-

Twenty Minutes Later

-

"And the winner is... Camille!" the crowd cheered. Julia faced her opponent, grinning kindly, while Selina scowled with discontent.

Despite the tremendous display from both Julia and Selina, they simply couldn't compete on a technical level with Camille. The older woman possessed a level of muscular definition and vascularity that the judges, who had spent literal years observing and critiquing muscular females, had never seen before. Julia and Selina came in second and third places respectively.

Ten minutes later, in private, the three girls were promptly banned from all future officially sanctioned bodybuilding events. The announcement came as a shock to the women, as they were envisioning new careers as professional bodybuilders after doing so much better than the other women; especially since all three could sense that they had even more potential to improve further.

They were told that they were simply too good. Too big. Too beautiful. Too defined. Too symmetrical. Too everything. All three of them demanded to be drug-tested, screaming that they would come out as clean. The judges assured them that they believed the girls; after all, not even the most pumped up female bodybuilders on the planet could realistically compete with them. There was nothing on the market that could give a woman a body like that. They were banned because, in as simplest terms as they could put it: They would completely trivialize the entire sport.

-

During the car ride back, the girls were more talkative. Selina was still a little sour that she didn't win, but Camille's confidence and energy were at new all-time highs. At one point, Selina (who was sitting in the front seat), turned and faced Eric, asking him how he felt about his mother's more defined look compared to his own.

"I'm pretty sure I answered this before..." Eric replied before explaining that while he liked all female muscle, the more ripped look was a bit more intimidating. He added that, ultimately though, it was probably strength that was the most impressive to him. He elaborated that a girl with 15 inch biceps that could bicep curl 100 pound dumbbells was more impressive than someone with 20 inch arms who could only do 50's.

"Okay. So get as ripped, defined, AND strong as possible. Got it." Selina announced with one of her trademark mischievous laughs. The sting of defeat had already passed her by. Selina had a new goal, and her mind was already entirely focused on it.

-

Eric had a lot to think about.

Just how much potential did the girls have? Why was Selina being so touchy with him? How could he convince Selina that he couldn't give her more power willingly; or, perhaps, would he convince her he could, and use it to his advantage? Why did Camille compliment him and kiss him on the forehead in the backroom? What goals and aspirations did Julia have? What happened to Maya. And... And what about Chalsey? What was the future of Live-Sim!?

Eric shook himself to and looked out the window. He was just going to take things one step at a time, and enjoy the roller coaster his life had become.

- To be continued!

(copyright MagnusMagneto www.magnusmagneto.com)