

Paige 4

### The Discovery

Paige was crazy excited for her date with Chris tonight. So much so, that she had a hard time sleeping the night before because of the nerves. She still wanted to get out early and put in a full-send workout, giving every last drop of effort and sweat she had, as it was only hours before she met up with Chris.

She pulled on some stretchy workout shorts, a sports bra and then threw on the hoodie. The hoodie was great because it hid her body a little and Paige could still be a little self-conscious about her arms and shoulders, not wanting to draw any attention, good or bad...and it also kept her warm and allowed her to hopefully burn a few more calories and help her get more defined.



She took her pre-workout pump powder and downed the drink on her walk to the gym. Her body was already tingling from the mix by the time she hit the leg extension machine. Paige

quickly towed it off after the guy that was on it conveniently was done with his final set as she approached. She recognized the guy since he was there in the mornings too, she remembered his name was Eric, but he probably didn't remember hers, she was just a couple days in and still a bit plump when they first met, so he probably didn't bother. She gave a quick smile and a nod and then sat on the equipment.

Paige looked to adjust the weight down as she was just starting with a warm up set. But the weight was already at the amount she was going to warm up with. It boggled her mind a little bit, but she started with her extensions and realized, there was nothing wrong with the machine, and she was actually warming up with the weight that that decently in-shape guy just finished with. As Paige took a closer look at him, he was certainly thin, but lean and fairly fit. How the hell could she be warming up with his max?



With a couple sets under her belt, Paige already started to see the pump. As she sat on the machine seat, her quads were looking thick and full of blood. Mounds of firm muscle was underneath just a small layer of fat that she needed to eventually get rid of, but with the right

lighting, you could actually see some definition starting to develop. With the right diet and continued exercise, Paige was really confident she'd be able to look similar to the crazy hot CrossFit chicks she had looked at on the internet.

One set turned into two, then three, four, five and actually as sixth set on the extensions. As hoped, Paige was starting to get warm in her hoodie and little beads of perspiration started to appear on her forehead and lip. She felt the burn and slowly licked the salty tasting sweat from her lip and then wiped the dampness from her head with the sleeve of her hoodie.

As she got off, Paige methodically cleaned off the seat and then grabbed her gym bag to move over to the leg press. It used to be a difficult chore and a pain in the ass to put plate after plate onto the receiving bars on the leg press rack. But now, with much stronger arms and a lot of motivation, it was no issue for her to load 10, 12, even 16 plates on the piece of equipment. She knew it was making her stronger by the workout and it was exciting to push two more plates than the time before. At this point in her work-out life, she was nowhere near her plateau, so encouragement and motivation was still very, very high!

While lying on the low seat of this machine, Paige always liked to grasp her quads and hamstrings with her hands. She loved to feel the muscle flex and get bigger and harder with each rep. She was feeling larger muscles atop her thighs with each workout and the extended roundness of meaty muscle growing on the underside of her leg was exhilarating to her. Paige had no idea she could grow muscles there and she was finding and discovering new muscles on her own body all the time.

But that said, she still couldn't get over the teardrop muscle that was growing at the base of her thigh to the inside of her kneecap. It was beautiful to her and the main reason she liked to start with the leg extension machine. It gave that muscle a nice pump and she got to ogle it for the rest of the workout when she would often flex and pose her legs in the mirror between sets. And now seemed like a good time. Paige stood up from the leg press apparatus and gave herself that pose where she would put her hands on her hips, kind of bend one leg slightly beneath her while she extended the other leg out and just a little to the side and flexed all her calf and quad muscles simultaneously. Her legs grew gorgeously and the hardness and rounded, muscular shape they had developed looked breathtaking to her. Paige still couldn't believe these were her own strong, buff, muscular legs.



They looked like the highly developed quads of a seasoned athlete or someone who had been working out for years. But Paige's genetics gave her the potential to develop and build leg muscle quickly and her two-a-day rigorous gym sessions and killer nutrition plan was certainly doing it. Paige hoped she could eventually match the size and strength of those CrossFit girls she recently came to admire. Chris probably liked those kinds of girls, Paige thought...and she was in her own personal race to develop muscle-laden physiques just like theirs.

Paige was still admiring her own muscular legs in the mirror when the guy from earlier walked behind her. She wasn't super-self-conscious about it...but did get a little embarrassed that she seemed so vein in front of him.

"Are you done with this?" he asked as she had taken a bit of time in front of the mirror and wasn't on the leg press seat.

"Oh. Ya. Actually, I had just finished my set...here let me grab my stuff." She said back with a smile as she quickly wiped down the seat and grabbed her bag.

"Thanks. Just in a bit of a hurry today and need to get out of here and head to work." He

answered back while sitting on the seat.

“Yep. Me too...me too.” Paige answered back, not sure why...she had today off of work, but it just seemed easier than explaining anything more really.

Paige walked a few feet away and put her stuff down on the Olympic platform where she was going to start to do some back squats. But as she looked back and Eric, he hadn't taken a single plate off her rack and was attempting to do the leg press with the weight she had finished with. She knew Eric had not done much on the leg extension machine a few minutes earlier and admittedly was going to be blown away and impressed if he was considerably stronger on the press.

He let out a bit of a gasp as he pushed the weight up just a few inches with his legs. It was far enough for him to twist the catch bars out of the way and he performed that motion with his wrists and readied for his first rep. Slowly, he lowered the weight down and Paige watched intently. His legs were fit and lean like Chris's so she liked his look immediately. Drawn to watch him, she quickly noticed that when he got the weight all the way down and his quads were in his chest, there seemed to be a struggle.

Eric probably figured she wasn't pushing a ton of weight...hell, she hadn't even been working out that long he thought when he quickly got under the platform and hadn't taken time to notice how many plates were loaded onto it.



“Humph!, Harrrrr!, Humph!” Eric struggled but couldn’t move the weight. It wouldn’t have squeezed him down any further to hurt him as there is a final little safety extension that won’t allow the platform any lower...but wiggling out from under the bent up legs and uncomfortable position was going to be an issue. Paige quickly rushed over and placed her hands on the platform next to his feet. She was squatting next to Eric’s head and pushed up with her meaty, strong legs. With her help, Eric now pushed the weight all the way up and then in a fast motion twisted the safety bar to lock the platform in the up position.

“Holy shit!” Eric exclaimed. “You were working out with that much weight?” he asked in disbelief.

“Oh. Um...Ya. I maxed out with that today for a new PR!” She answered, kind of embarrassed that she could obviously lift a lot more than him, but also proud of herself as well. Eric stood up and said, “Well, that’s amazing. Um, I’m kind of embarrassed to ask, but what was your name again.” He said as he reached out his hand.

Paige was right. He didn't remember it then, but he sure wanted to know it now. She politely shook his hand and answered, "Paige. I'm Paige."

"Well, I'd like to thank you for helping me out, can I buy you dinner?" he asked abruptly, seeing the opportunity and obviously being impressed by this strong, helpful girl.

"Oh gosh...Thanks Eric. Um, that would be awesome, but I'm kind of seeing someone right now?" She answered kind of honestly, without having to mention the date she had planned that very night.

"Well, lucky guy I'd say Paige. Thanks again and, um, I guess I'll see you soon." He finished as he again held out his hand for a shake before having to rush off to work.

She watched him walk away and did find his tall, athletic physique attractive, but thought it was funny that in a month, he had gone from not caring to even remember her name to now asking her out on a date. Paige again peered at her reflection in the mirror. As she looked in her own eyes, she saw a fierce confidence now and an inner strength as well as the physical strength she ogled as she eventually peered down again at her buff, powerful, moist quad and calf muscles. Paige eventually finished her leg workout and headed out of the gym to walk home. As she did, Paige would look over at her reflection in the mirror. With each stride, Paige watched her separated quad muscle flare out, create a nice, curved separation between the thundering thigh and the side of the leg. At the same time, the roundness and protruding hamstring also moved and flexed gorgeously with each step. It was the look of a complete stud! She loved growing these muscles and her reflection was becoming more and more attractive to her every day. It was obviously attracting the guys as well, as she had now been asked out by two hunks in the last week.





So now, Paige was finding her own tremendous self-confidence grow right along with her muscles. There was definitely a connection and as good as Paige now felt, she realized that the more muscle she put on, the better she would feel mentally too!

Getting home, Paige went into her bathroom and lifted the soaking wet hoodie over her wet red hair and sweaty head. She dropped it to the floor and loved looking at her body and the pump she just got. Even though she didn't even work out her upper body, the trap and shoulder muscles were bloated with blood from lifting all the plates all workout long. There was a hint of a vein showing on her right shoulder and her eyes almost popped out of their sockets. Paige was having a hard time believing she was already getting buff enough to have visible veins in her shoulders, and she couldn't help feeling and caressing her own stunning muscle.





Paige got really close to the mirror and started running her finger over the little, bluish vein. She wasn't even sure why she was so enamored by it...but she was. Would Chris like it? She was wearing a shoulder-less blouse tonight and her rounded, fit shoulders were going to be on full display. She turned her head and started licking the new development. The skin was still covered in sweat and it was moist and tasted salty...but she liked the feel of her own muscles under her tongue and licked it for a while before enveloping it in her supple lips and finishing it off with a cute peck.

Having finished that self-admiration, Paige peered down at her thighs. They were experiencing a full pump and she reached down with her right palm to feel the expanded muscle body. She had seen this thing on the internet and wanted to try it. She tried to fully relax her leg and kind of shake it from side to side. To her surprise, it worked perfectly the first time and the slabs of meat rocked wildly and loosely in and out, left to right and back again. It was a huge wave of big, relaxed muscle rocking massively!

Then, with a quick shock, Paige flexed the leg. BOOM! The muscle became rock hard, solid and monumentally flexed in a millisecond! God Damn! It was awesome!

She then did it again...and again...and again! Paige was getting tremendously turned on by her own little muscle show and she continued to do the muscle shake and then flex over and over! The right leg, then the left, then the right. Sometimes she left her hand on the surface of her quad to enjoy the intoxicating feel of the nicely developed muscle, and sometimes she kept her hand off, grasping her own pec and even titillating her nipples as she watched her gorgeous legs move so incredibly.



Paige had no idea she could possibly enjoy getting buff and muscular this much...but she did. It was going to be amazing to continue this muscle-building journey...now hopefully Chris would love it too...

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Paige finished curling her gorgeous, long red hair. It laid nicely over and kind of covered her rounded, firm shoulders. The white blouse was affixed perfectly and fitted over her bulky biceps and triceps, stopping short of the collar bone and leaving that part of her body exposed. With her high-heels on, Paige felt like her legs looked longer. The illusion would help, because

in the painted on Lulu Lemmon jean-like skin tight pants, her curvy thighs and calves were kind of accentuated.



She did a quick side turn and noticed the bulging glutes and hamstrings. God she loved that look. But was it too bulky? Paige figured Chris liked those muscly CrossFit chicks, so she was really hoping he would like her new, added shapeliness...One last bit of lipstick and she was off. A small handbag in her palm, Paige reached the door to her lower apartment building entrance. She took one step out and immediately noticed the handsome man she was having a date with that evening. Wow! She thought. Chris looked amazing. Tall and thin and fit. He was wearing cool leather shoes, not dress shoes, but nice and probably worked in casual and formal settings. He had on skinny jeans that had the slight tearing in the right places, was wearing a tight long sleeve shirt with a V-neck. The sleeves were pulled a third of the way up and his lean, vein covered forearms were exposed. Perfectly positioned in the V-Shape of the shirt was a necklace and it was a simple chain but looked great on him. His smiling face and wavy hair looked energetic and confident and his chiseled jaw line let everyone know he was definitely into being fit.

Paige hurried towards her good-looking date and they embraced in a firm hug before saying a word.

Chris was immediately shocked by a few things. First of all, Paige never wore heels in the office, so she was always a bit shorter than him. But the three inch lift gave her plenty of height and he now only stood two inches taller than the energetic red head. He had immediately also noticed her more full and curvy look. Was it a bit of extra fat she had put on the last week or so?

But as Chris wrapped his arms around his younger, very thrilled looking date, he was immediately in awe. Her torso was rock solid and felt incredibly strong. Her grasp of him was also quite commanding and there was an instant realization by Chris that there was more than originally met the eye with Paige. As they slowly backed away from the initial hug, he couldn't help but notice her meaty, towering traps and broad, full, rounded shoulders. The red hair had not done enough to conceal this added muscle on Paige and Chris had noticed it almost instantly.



“Wow Paige!” he exclaimed, “You look amazing...and really fit. I had no idea you were in this great of shape.” Chris had always thought of Paige from work being just a little thick...but kind of out of shape, popcorn and ice cream thick. Not muscle-thick.

“Oh my God Chris...you’re the one in ridiculously good shape. But thanks, really.” Paige said back, trying to deflect any compliments Chris’s way and not on herself.

Paige was still grappling with how she wanted to be seen by others in real life and away from the gym. This whole recent, fit and muscular body type was relatively new to her. So she was easily embarrassed about it and not quite used to accepting and relishing in the fact that



normal people will be in awe and admiration of her and her ridiculously muscular body. But the cool thing was, that Chris belonged to a CrossFit gym. He was used to seeing muscles on girl's every day. So she knew she'd feel a lot more at ease with him seeing her buff shoulders and traps than she would a normal co-worker.



Greeting aside, Chris made small talk with Paige as they walked up the street to the hip, new, restaurant. He didn't touch her again until they approached the doorway, where he opened the door for her and placed his hand on her shoulder to guide her inside. Again, he was blown away by the size, shape and hardness of it. Had she always been buff? Had he just failed to notice it?

Whatever it was, Chris was immediately turned on by the muscular Paige and super glad she had agreed to go out with an older dude. As she stepped inside first, Chris then looked down and got a glimpse at her lower body. Her glutes looked absolutely huge and delicious. They were bulging out immensely and their curved shape was absolute perfection. Not only were they big, but there was an unreal concave shape that formed on the sides of each cheek as she walked. This girl was In Shape!

In addition, her legs stretched her fancy yoga pant material to the limits and the billowing out

of her leg muscles with each step and the size of her calves were next level shit. Chris was fit, but more tall and thin and he immediately knew her quads and calves put his to shame. How much could she squat? He asked himself as he quickly followed her up to the host stand and then took a spot next to her side before he got caught staring at her legs and ass.

As the cute host escorted them to their table, Chris again found himself ogling her bulging calves. The high-heels made them flex even more than normal and he couldn't get over just how wide and strong they looked in that position. He was dying to see what they looked like without being concealed under the tight pants. And with each step, he found himself admiring this book worm, HR nerd from the office.



They grabbed their table for two and sat across from each other, with a nice white table cloth and a dim candle providing the ambiance and added to the romantic mood. Neither of the two were in high school or college any more, and if Chris played his cards right, he'd be taking Paige



home after a fun night. At the same time, Paige stared across at the attractive face and dreamy eyes of the cute guy from work she'd admired for quite a while now.

Again, the small talk continued and as the two constantly complimented each other, Chris found himself wildly attracted to the little, petite "Cute" vein running over and throughout Paige's right shoulder. It was the sign that she was hitting the gym hard and Chris had always admired that same feature in some of the really hard core CrossFit girls at his gym.



Her neck looked thicker and more muscular than he ever remembered and he was still having a hard time getting over the size and shape of her amazing traps. But Chris didn't know how to compliment a girl about muscular traps and veins running through their highly trained muscles, so he just kept the conversation basic and asked her simple gym questions and constantly complimented her obvious, new fitness level.

He was smart though and instead of letting her just order a glass of red wine with her steak, he made sure to order a bottle. He wasn't out to get her drunk, but a half a bottle for someone who doesn't drink much would probably put her in a nice, very friendly mood. They toasted when it arrived and before the meal came, were telling funny gym stories and laughing away. Chris poured Paige a second glass as the food was out on the table and knew the evening was

starting off well. That's when he noticed another development. Paige had been careful to conceal her large arms in the sleeves of the white blouse. But as she began to flex her arm and cut her meat, her biceps and triceps bulged tremendously under the material. Chris was staring right at it as she pushed and twisted her arm during the cutting motion.

"Damn Paige...is that your biceps?" he blurted out. Unable to control his thoughts at that moment. Sure a girl can develop buff legs and even shoulders. But seeing actual, muscular biceps on a girl is absolutely next level.

Paige looked up at Chris in a bit of shock. She had purposely tried to kind of hide them in long sleeves and avoid turning him off if for some reason that wasn't his thing. But frozen in motion from the comment, she kind of peered down at her own arm. Sure enough, it was flexed to the max! The hand was kind of turned which forced the muscle to ball up in a huge bulge and the bump from her triceps muscle was pushing the blouse material forcefully out to the side. There was no hiding or denying it...her big biceps secret was completely exposed!

But she didn't know how to react. Stunned, Paige kind of slowly peered back at Chris, not saying a word but praying it didn't freak him out.

He was still staring at her arm though and not even looking at her. She noticed his glare of awe and a bit of excitement as he slowly reached out his arm and hand. But just before his palm made contact, he did look her in the eye and asked, "Can I?"

Paige, still holding the steak knife in that hand, with a piece of meat still in her mouth, couldn't speak so she just nodded yes and kind of moved her arm gently in his direction. Chris then eagerly grasped the upper arm and his jaw dropped as he saw and felt the actual size and insane hardness of her biceps. "Holy shit Paige! Your arm is huge."

"Umm. Is that ok?" she questioned, her voice and speech muddled by the food in her mouth. "Ok...Ah, It's amazing. I mean, it's really awesome Paige. I had no idea you were so muscular. But ya, you just keep surprising me more and more by the minute." He complimented her uncontrollably now.

"So, you're OK with muscles on a girl?" she had to ask.

"Absolutely Paige." Chris answered honestly. "I didn't know I was until I started CrossFit, but I find myself increasingly more attracted to the muscular girls over the skinny ones now." Paige relaxed her shoulders and let out a satisfied sigh at the news. She had been a little worried that he wouldn't be super into her growing, muscular physique. But those fears were now completely gone and she could now happily show him her amazing physique and talk to him about wanting to get even bigger, even stronger, even more muscular.

Paige loved that he had openly professed his attraction to muscle and she scooted her chair over slightly around the table and let him grasp her arm for several more, lustful moments. She

even started kind of relaxing it slightly and then flexing it over and over, to give him a real sense of the size and hardness and power it contained. She watched him lick his lips and squint his eyes slightly as she did that and she knew she could have him begging her for a muscle show later that evening.

They polished off the bottle of red and finished the meal off with another glass before rushing out of the restaurant and on the way to Chris's house. He had his left arm around her wide, muscular shoulders and held her closer arm in his palm, grasping at her gorgeously muscled biceps the entire walk home, impatient to get her upstairs and continue exploring her muscle bound body square inch by square inch all night long...