(**Warning**: This story contains female muscle, graphic sexual content and taboo subjects)

Naomi’s started her morning routine as she had for the past months, by checking herself out in the mirror.

Every day she would wake up a little bit bigger, a bit more toned. Slowly expanding her muscles to professional levels. Though ‘slow’ would be a relative term, because there was no way her mass would be expanding and getting stronger like this on a regular person. There was something different about her, something *superhuman*. How else would her muscles suddenly expand under the pressure of her workouts in a way that surpassed a mere pump? For one thing, the mass would *stay* bigger…

Naomi was trying to get it under control, to *will* those growths to come whenever she wanted. So far, she hadn’t had any success. Some nights she would *dream* she was getting bigger, followed by physical pulses ringing through her body, she’d wake up expecting her body to grow. But in her addled state, she wasn’t sure if *something* had happened or not. Oh sure, she was getting bigger by the day, but hadn’t experienced that *burst* of growth she wanted.

Yet.

Naomi stood in front of her mirror, her sleepwear attire consisted of a dark blue crop top that was tight against her breasts and showed off her core and full arms, along with grey slacks that sadly covered her legs. She’d have opted for something more revealing to admire herself, but they had visits lately. Her cousin James was staying over for a few days as his parents were on vacation, and she wasn’t certain if she wanted to be half-naked in front of him.

The afro-haired girl took a deep breath, flaring her thorax as her arms snapped at attention, the rise of her lats stretching the top while her biceps solidified into uneven balls of steely flesh. God, she was so big now, worthy of entering any bodybuilding contest in the country. But still not as big as couch Ada, not yet, not yet…

“Come on, baby, come on…” She gritted her teeth and flexed with so much strength her arms were shaking, veins popping under the surface. “Get bigger, get bigger!”

She was almost growling at this point, after a few more seconds of intense flexing she gasped and let her arms fall to the side as she panted. No result again, she just couldn’t figure out what the key to trigger and actual growth was. She felt it was like an answer at the tip of her tongue, constantly eluding her even though it was so close…

“Um,” She was distracted by her cousin’s voice. James stood there by the edge of her doorframe, his long locks swaying to the side as he was at an angle. The eighteen-year-old looked at her with an expression she couldn’t quite decipher, but there was an undeniable sense of awkwardness to it. “B-Breakfast’s ready” He mumbled out, his green eyes looking at everywhere but her.

“Thanks, James,” Naomi replied. She was proud of her body, and if people were uncomfortable with it, then she had no reason to care about it. But it was a bit disheartening when it was family like James who just couldn’t look at her in the eye. Did he really dislike her body that much?

Her cousin rushed out of view at a rapid pace, going straight for the bathroom on the second floor. Naomi frowned, thinking she saw something odd about James. Did his pants look tighter than normal? Hopefully, he hadn’t messed them up in the washing machine.