

The Proteus Effect Chapter 7
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Approximately 9,300 words
Version 1.0
Special thanks to Corssan1

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[Small explicit sexual content warning.]

1.)

"It's just not fair!" Selina cried before crossing her bulging arms and pouting.

She was outside with Eric. The two of them were looking at his new car, courtesy of Maya. She was wearing an old t-shirt of Norbert's that was struggling to perform its intended function. Despite the shirt being a size XL and Selina only standing 5'6", it was pushed to its limits. The entirety of her massive biceps were fully visible, as were the bottom of her bowling-ball deltoids; the bottom half of her bulging abs were revealed; and Eric could easily see the full shape and build of her jutting nipples. It was clear that Selina had no intention to wear a bra, not that she needed it. And who could force her to wear a bra anyways? At this point, only the other Live-Sim girls, and they likely sympathized entirely.

Selina's red hair now cascaded down to her waist. It was lustrous and soft, though Eric didn't dare to run his fingers through it. While she was frankly somewhat lax with her grooming, Selina still looked and smelled amazing. Eric knew that she wasn't wearing any makeup, yet her face was flawless.

"What's not fair?" Eric replied.

"That!" Selina pointed to his car before walking over to it. She bent down and placed her fingers underneath, and pulled upward, literally upending half of the vehicle off the ground. "I can't even fully lift it up!" Selina whined. "I bet my mom can!"

Eric considered how Maya certainly could, and how Camille was able to lift the majority of a much larger pick-up truck. Then he considered that Camille was certainly significantly stronger now. "Well... maybe." He admitted.

She let out a loud huff. "You get this awesome car, and my mom gets ultra muscles! What do I get!?"

"Super muscles?" Eric offered.

"Hmph!" Selina grunted with a huff before waltzing back inside.

Eric merely scratched his head before eventually doing the same.

1.5)

Now that he owned a car, Eric had a level of freedom unknown to him before. But with that came a new slew of expenses he hadn't foreseen: car insurance, excise tax, gas, and

potential repairs in the future. He quickly realized he would need a job, as he didn't feel right begging Maya for any money.

Eric applied to multiple jobs, though he was uncertain if they would yield any employment prospects. For the time being he'd have to fight his urges to aimlessly drive around, and instead ration his savings.

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A few days later, Eric learned what Maya had in mind when he wished for her to take care of his family. Camille had called him into the house's office/study room, which was unusual because typically only Norbert used the space.

"Sweetie, come on over here." Camille prompted him. Her staggering bulk was spilling out of the chair she sat in; Eric wondered if it could really support her weight, and just how long until she fully outgrew it.

Eric approached, and even after all of these months around increasingly muscular women, his heart fluttered a bit. Camille was, per usual now, wearing little more than stretchy workout clothing that covered her privates. From behind her lats appeared to be a massive triangle of feminine flesh. Over the past week, she closed the gap between herself and Maya; although Eric was unsure if Maya had grown even further since then.

"Now Eric." Camille started with a kind-but-firm voice that instantly indicated that she wasn't angry, but was in no mood for games, "You aren't in trouble or anything, but I need you to tell the truth. Did you have anything to do with this?" she tapped her small fingers on a document, the entire desk shaking slightly from even that restrained show of force.

Eric came over and peered over Camille's mammoth deltoid - he could feel heat radiating off of it. It took him a few moments to understand what he was looking at, as he was entirely unfamiliar with what it was. But he quickly pieced together that it was a financial document - a mortgage to be precise. And it stated that their home now had a balance of zero remaining.

"What is this? A paper saying the mortgage is paid off?" Eric asked to verify.

Camille nodded. "Yes, and it's peculiar because an anonymous entity paid well over a hundred thousand dollars. Well over. All in a single payment."

"Wh-what would I have to do with this?" Eric sputtered.

Camille squinted her eyes slightly. "Eric. I already made it very clear that you're not in trouble. But I want you to be honest with me." She was channeling a level of 'stern, but loving mother' that absolutely shook Eric to his core.

"Ummm..."

"Eric. Maya bought you an incredibly expensive car. Then a few days later this mortgage is paid off. Come on now, I'm not stupid."

Eric let out a sigh, "Alright. I really don't know 100% what this is, but I wished for Maya to take care of you guys. To take care of my family that is."

"That's..." Camille let out a sigh, "Very sweet of you Eric."

"What's the matter? You seem upset that debt that would take years to pay off is gone?"

"I..." She let out another sigh. "Sorry. I just feel like it's cheating or something. And now I feel kind of indebted to Maya. Anyways, a wish?"

"Yeah. Maya dressed up as a, uh, muscle genie..."

"So she's still buff!?" she cut in.

Eric nodded.

"How buff?" Camille said, carefully eyeing up his next response.

"Very..."

"Compared to me?"

"About as buff as you." Eric admitted. It was true - though he left out the possibility that Maya could be bigger now.

"Hmph. Going to need to train much harder then."

Eric gulped. He was beginning to wonder if there could be some detrimental side effects to the girls carrying so much muscle mass.

"Anyways, what were these wishes you made?" Camille asked.

"Well, the first was for the car. Which I know is selfish, but she told me to make a selfish wish... Then the second was for my family to be taken care of. Then finally I asked for her to be happy." He explained.

"For her to be happy? Did that result in..." Camille gave herself a slight slap on the face. "Well, you are 18, and quite handsome. But..." She shuddered a bit, "I'm not going to dwell on this, you're an adult."

"I am?" Eric asked. "Quite handsome that is?"

"Yes." Camille's face turned a shade pink, "But that's just me speaking as a mother, you know? We always think our children are handsome. But you are genuinely handsome too..." The tables had turned, and now the muscle-mom was endearingly embarrassed. Even Eric could piece together that she likely harbored some level of attraction for him, which made sense considering all of the Live-Sim girls were acting increasingly suspicious around him.

"Anyways, nothing that crazy happened." Eric said, trying to reassure her.

"Riiiiight." Camille was still flabbergasted, "Anyways thanks for being honest." She gave him a soft pat on the bottom, then realized how forward her gesture might be perceived, "Um, yeah. Okay, I'm going to continue going over these documents Eric. You're, er.. dismissed."

Eric spared his step-mother any further embarrassment and left.

2.)

Now that Eric had a car, organizing a meet-up with Chalsey was easy. She gave him her phone number via social media, and the two texted back and forth a good deal. Eric actually found himself intentionally trying to not text her too much, as she seemed to always respond almost immediately - unless she was doing something. Even through text, Eric knew her tone was flirtatious, and she frequently eluded to having undergone a significant transformation. Chalsey hadn't uploaded any new pictures to her social media since her transformation, so Eric would simply have to wait and see. The two decided to meet up after class the next day.

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Eric had been told he was to report to the principal's office after class. This caused him great anxiety as he had no idea what he possibly could have done to get into trouble. He texted Chalsey informing her that he'd have to be a little late for their meeting.

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Eric entered the room expecting to see their principal: a portly, balding man with chubby fingers. Instead, a tall, massive figure in a powerful looking suit had its back turned to him. He quickly discerned a long pony tail, and... visible calves - massive, bulging, jutting calves - situated atop extremely tall pumps that were likely custom built.

Was that...?

The figure turned around. It was Julia. "So, the big man with the expensive car is finally paying me a visit." The woman said with an effortlessly sultry and dominant tone.

Chills ran down Eric's spine, and he found himself wanting to submit to the figure in front of him. It was hard for Eric to gauge just how large she was now, but there was no doubt that she completely filled her suit out. As a result, Julia had an almost blocky appearance to her; though even with the dark suit coat, he could still discern a vast V-taper to her build.

"Have a seat." Julia commanded. Eric felt utterly compelled to comply. It was a feeling that worried him, but he couldn't fight it and sat down in a chair next to the desk.

Julia took long, forceful strides towards him. As her powerful legs pressed against her heels, piercing clicks rang out with each step. Eric began to wonder how Julia managed to find a suit to fit her. There was so much wool covering her that her massive natural bulk was enhanced significantly further. It was difficult to gauge if Julia was as big as Maya or Camille, but under that garment, she cast a larger shadow than them.

"Seems we've both been promoted, in a way." Julia mused.

"You're the principal now?" Eric asked.

She nodded. "We haven't made a formal announcement, as I was supposed to start next semester... But as you can see I've gotten a head start on my duties."

"I'm sure you'll do a great job." Eric offered.

Julia nodded. "It's strange. Ever since last Fall, when I started lifting weights, my life has been changing far more drastically than I envisioned."

"Seems things are working out for the better." Eric added.

Julia nodded again. She closed the distance between them, her sheer presence intensified as a result. "You know, you always were my favorite student, Eric." she purred.

"I-I was?!" Eric sputtered. This made little sense to him. Sure, Julia had become a bit more friendly towards him after the Live-Sim alpha... And yeah, she had assigned him to tutor Chalsey. But she never really indicated that he was his favorite, not like this.

Slowly Julia lifted the chair with Eric still firmly seated within it. Despite the lack of leverage from the position of her arms, she was utterly unphased by the feat. If anything, she was raising Eric inch by inch for dramatic effect, and to make sure he didn't fall out or otherwise get hurt. The feeling of weightlessness while sitting in a place he mentally associated with being grounded was fairly disorienting for Eric; he clung onto the edges of his chair, despite the fact that it was ultimately an unnecessary precaution.

Julia continued to raise the seat upward, bringing it closer to her face. She thrived off of the expression of wonder, fear, and secret arousal that was plastered all over Eric's face. The fact that such a trivial display of her talents prompted this reaction from Eric was even further empowering; and Julia loved to feel empowered.

"Why don't you go ahead and climb onto my shoulder?" Julia asked. "Unless you don't want to, I suppose."

Eric looked around a bit, unsure of the logistics of complying with the request while mid-air.

Julia spoke again, "Aww, come on, I'm doing all this work for you, and you can't chip in to help with the fun?"

He swallowed, gathered himself, and shifted out of the seat. To Eric's surprise, despite his moving around, chair desk remained perfectly stable, as if it were still on the ground.

The back and shoulder muscles beneath him were so wide and so firm, that Eric was able to firmly sit on them as if they were a strangely shaped chair; his bottom failing to encompass the entirety of that half of Julia's upper body. With his legs dangling over Julia's right breast, he realized that this was irrefutable proof that a little less than half of Julia's upper body was wider than his entire form. This fact, combined with the fact that Julia held a far greater amount of muscle mass proportionately on her frame; and every muscle was stronger per pound than Eric's; and the feats of strength she had just displayed, painted a detailed portrait of how vastly superior Julia's body was to his own.

With Eric on her right shoulder, Julia gently placed the chair onto the ground. Slowly, Julia flexed her free arm, and Eric could see a huge mound of feminine muscle collecting beneath the fabric; a powerful shape took form, pushing against the constraints placed on them. Julia let out a soft grunt - it was cute and feminine: a small reminder of the mere schoolteacher she used to be. As the arm pushed against the sleeve, it began to tear - the top of her deeply split bicep began to peak through; even the bulky material couldn't contain Julia's might.

"Be a dear and help free my arm." Julia commanded.

Eric reached over and began the awkward process of trying to tear the sleeve open. The fabric was of high quality and quite thick, and after making some small amount of progress, he found that he couldn't actually tear it any further. Julia giggled, reached over, and effortlessly finished the task. The muscle that emerged was indeed impressive, but Eric mentally let out a sigh of relief as he realized it was smaller than both Camille or Maya's. While Eric liked Julia—liked her enough to recreate her in Live-Sim at least—he felt personally more secure with greater power lying in the other women's hands.

"Y-your suit is ruined now." Eric said, trying to contribute something to the conversation.

Julia shrugged, moving Eric in the process. "I'll just have it tailored. Or pick up a new one. Believe it or not, this was a gift. I've picked up quite a few... admirers."

"Oh, I believe it."

Julia giggled again, "Lots of guys want to worship me it seems. I indulge them time to time. Within reason."

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Julia showed off some more, destroyed her other sleeve, and manually hemmed her top so she could go fully sleeve-less. Eric estimated her arms to be around 32 inches of circumference. They carried particularly large and deep blue veins - a contrast made more sharp thanks to her fairly pale skin.

She gave Eric a pop-quiz on different parts of her arm's anatomy, correcting him time to time as she detailed lesser known muscles like the brachialis, brachioradialis, extensor carpi radialis longus, anconeus, extensors, flexors... so on and so forth. Julia was able to make each individual muscle pop up in a way that he had no hope of replicating.

Before long, Julia received an urgent phone call which she had to take. Her principal duties reared their ugly head. Julia playfully warned Eric that she would be summoning him to her office more often, and told him to brush up on their anatomy: while they had covered her arms today, there would be other bodyparts to be quizzed on in the future.

After being dismissed by his new principal, Eric made his way out to the school's track and field, where he originally planned to meet Chalsey.

3.)

Eric seemed to be alone. He half-expected to see the track team running laps, and half-expected to see Chalsey herself cranking them out. Both expectations weren't met. Eric hoped that he wasn't too late and Chalsey went home already; or she never showed up. He sat down at a bench and stared up at the sky. Spring hadn't fully come around, and it was still fairly cold outside.

Eric considered how Maya had literally taught him how to kiss; how Julia had come dangerously close to ravishing him in her office; how Camille blushed and acted oddly giddy around him that morning - and had always been awfully intimate with him; how Chalsey was acting so outwardly flirtatious in their texting; and how Selina was... affectionate—or

something like it—in her own way. It was true that he gave himself the 'attractive' trait in Live-Sim, but he certainly didn't look or feel that much different. But he also made all of the girls max out their love meters with him in-game. Was it possible that was having a bleed over effect into reality?

The encounter with Julia had his blood pumping, and his loins longing for some kind of release. But that would have to wait. Eric was kind of relieved that Julia seemed weaker than both his mother and Maya, though he wasn't able to truly test the extent of her strength. She was definitely smaller than the other two at any rate. All Eric had to do was check in with Chalsey, then he would know the current progress of the Live-Sim five. The anticipation was killing him-

"Long time no see." A lively and feminine voice called from behind.

Eric turned around and was so shocked by the sight in front of him he fell out off of the bench. He got up and dusted himself off, and tried to take in... Chalsey!

The blonde was, unsurprisingly, huge. She was dressed in a gray sweatshirt and sweatpants. They would have been doubtlessly baggy on himself; and yet, Chalsey's prodigious muscles pushed against the fabric so hard that he could see each individual line and curve to their shape.

After getting over the initial shock, Eric realized that Chalsey wasn't actually as big as Maya, Camille, or even Julia. In fact, he wasn't certain if she was bigger than Selina. But she was still far larger than any other woman, and certainly more muscular than any man he'd seen in person.

Eric noticed that he could see a perfect outline of Chalsey's thick, block-like eight-pack protruding against its constraint; a gap of skin was revealed beneath, showcasing an immensely deep Venus-belt, and a network of pulsing veins unlike anything he had ever seen before. In fact, the thick garment failed to hide even her obliques, serratus, and ribs, the shapes of which were fully visible - something Eric hadn't thought possible.

"It's cool, you can stare for a while." Chalsey giggled, and the network of muscles in her midsection danced in a way that sent shivers down Eric's spine. "Seriously, take some time and soak it all in."

Eric wordlessly obliged. While not as large as any of the other girls', Chalsey's thighs also totally engulfed the thick sweat pants on them. Through their opaque covering he could see the wide chords of definition on her quadriceps; and he wasn't sure if his eyes deceived him, but he swore that even the outline of her veins. He stared longer, and his stomach churned as there seemed to be a visible pulsing emanating from the pencil-thick arteries - seeming to confirm his suspicions.

He finally turned his attention back upward. Eric's eyes hooked onto her chest. Chalsey always had a great rack, but her breasts had still been upgraded considerably over the past few months. Just like her ironclad muscles, the individual details and outlines of Chalsey's breasts were fully visible, and it was abundantly clear that she had opted to not wear a bra today. Facilitating this choice were her pecs - which could also been seen underneath the sweatshirt. Not even that bulky garment could hide the wide plunging valley between each half, nor the spiderweb of striated definition bursting forth.

A quick glance at her shoulders and biceps revealed what Eric expected: four staggering

spheres of power: two biceps, two deltoids - each with their own splits, peaks, and valleys of definition, stubbornly poking through the sweatshirt.

And finally her face. This was the real kicker. Chalsey had always been the most beautiful girl at school—it's what led Eric to recreate her in Live-Sim. But the Chalsey of Fall's past utterly paled in comparison to the goddess in front of him. Her entire facial structure had changed ever so slightly, in all the right ways to effortlessly signal untold beauty. Even in the cold months, her skin was tanned and lively; and her emerald green eyes utterly pierced straight through Eric's soul. His heart beat a mile a minute as it gazed upon her lips - perfectly plump and ruby-red (and Eric would later be floored to learn that she wasn't even wearing lipstick). It had been difficult dealing with Maya's beauty - yet somehow, Chalsey seemed to have surpassed her in that category.

Around Chalsey's shoulders was an illustrious mane of blonde hair that physically shimmered, even in the overcast lighting. This too had grown considerably in the past few months, and instead of cutting it, she allowed it to flourish. It was a choice that Eric found favorable.

"So... I like the attention and admiration, I really do - but are you just going to stare at me all day?" Chalsey said, placing a hand on her hip - even through the sweatshirt every muscle in her frame visibly rippled from that minor action.

"Oh! H-hey Chalsey!" Eric sputtered. All semblance of 'game' was out the window.

"You like my looks that much, huh?" She asked rhetorically, closing the distance between them.

Chalsey had always been a few inches taller than Eric; but just like the other Live-Sim girls, her improved posture and sheer musculature seemed to visibly add another inch or two to her effective stature.

"I... Oh jeeze." Eric blushed, "I'm sorry for making this weird Chalsey... but yeah."

"Mmm... An honest reaction." She came within an arm's distance of Eric - her sheer presence utterly overwhelming him. Despite being smaller than the other girls, Chalsey somehow exuded far more energy and metaphysical dominance. She lifted her hand - her bicep swelling as a result - and brought it underneath Eric's chin. "I like it. Such raw admiration for me. Don't be embarrassed dear, I flourish from your worship." She purred.

4.)

There was something different about Chalsey's voice. It was richer and deeper, yes - that was to be expected as all of the Live-Sim girls underwent that change; but her manner of speaking and cadence were significantly changed. Chalsey was no longer a 'basic' cheer leading girl who was held back two grades - her speech patterns were more suited for someone worldly and thoroughly educated.

"Well, come on then - isn't this what you want to feel?" Chalsey brought her arm close to Eric and tensed it - a magnificent meaty peak rose before him.

Eric estimated that the muscle must have been at least 25 inches in circumference. With shaking hands, he placed his fingers around it and squeezed - his eyes widened; Eric had

felt rock-hard, perhaps even steel-hard, muscles before, but Chalsey's gun on was another level. As he pushed his fingers in, he felt as if her bicep was somehow actively pushing back. This was impossible, but sheer level of density and potential energy made merely gripping the straited peak a challenging task in itself. And while the muscles seemed to be the smallest of the Live-Sim five, but there was no doubt in his mind that in terms of density, Chalsey had them all beat - by a rather large margin too.

"I've been specifically training for strength and neuromuscular efficiency." She explained, "That involves a wide variety of training techniques, some of which are more scientifically sound than others. Either way, my body seems to adapt to things so quickly that even the more outlandish methods yield some kind of benefit for me. I do aim to steadily increase the size of my muscles as well, but sheer strength is my top priority. After all, what's the point of overly cumbersome muscles if they don't grant you immense power, hm?"

"Immense... power?"

Chalsey smirked, "Maybe that's a bit presumptuous of me, perhaps you would like a demonstration?"

Eric merely nodded.

"Good." Chalsey said before dropping to the ground. "Get on my back." She ordered.

"Umm..."

"Come on Eric, don't you want to grab onto my huge, beefy, rippling lats, hmm?"

Without another word, Eric complied. Due to the sheer girth of Chalsey's back, and her slight height advantage, Eric quickly found that it was quite easy to lay on top of her. He started to wrap his hands around her, but found it difficult to get past her shoulders; eventually leading him to just place his hands around her biceps instead.

Suddenly, Chalsey began doing push ups, with Eric still on her back. Eric could feel each and every muscle beneath him shift and ripple; the plates and ridges of muscle physically moved him - the muscles around Chalsey's shoulder blades in particular kept pushing Eric around. Despite the human-sized weight on her back, Chalsey was entirely undaunted in her task: effortlessly performing push up after push up as if Eric didn't exist. Truthfully, Eric was surprisingly unimpressed by the display - he was more enthralled with the density of her muscles.

Chalsey could sense that her feat wasn't properly captivating Eric. She increased the difficulty by placing a hand behind her back - and Eric's as well. The muscles in the right half of her back bulged considerably more, and Eric's attention shifted more to the act itself than the muscles involved.

"How's your grip?" Chalsey asked.

"Huh?"

"Hang on tight. Really tight." Chalsey said.

Eric increased his grip a bit.

"No seriously, wrap your arms around me and squeeze as tightly as you can." She commanded.

Eric complied. For a few years he had dreamed of embracing Chalsey like this, but never imagined she would have such an incredibly powerful body in the process. He was still unable to fully clasp his arms around her indomitable width, but managed to get a strong grip.

"Alright... here we go!" Chalsey retracted the hand behind her back, then placed all of hers—and Eric's—weight onto her hands as she deftly transitioned to a hand-stand; leaving Eric to literally cling onto her in mid-air!

Eric let out a small yelp of surprise.

"Nothing to it." Chalsey said before performing hand-stand push ups, all while Eric still held onto her.

The motion, Chalsey's warmth, her scent, and the power of her muscles... Eric's head was spinning, and his arousal reached a boiling point. Chalsey could feel that, but she spared him any embarrassment - and in truth, she was glad he felt that way.

"Too easy." Chalsey said before removing a hand, proceeding to carry the entirety of both their weight, upside down, on a single arm. And of course, single-armed-upside-down-hand-stands followed. She let out a few grunts of effort, but was still not fully challenged.

In fact, it was Eric who was challenged the most, and he found his grip waning. Before long he let go and tumbled onto his back - utterly spent. Chalsey however was still full of vitality, energy, and strength: she continued performing one-armed upside-down hand-stands while Eric tried to catch his break.

With a single push, Chalsey vaulted her entire body into the air and back onto her feet. "Like I said, immense power." She said with a knowing smirk.

Eric was in a daze. He wasn't sure if Chalsey was stronger than Maya, but there was no doubt in his mind that the former cheerleader's intellect was improving at breakneck speeds. And even if Camille or Maya still had a greater overall level of strength, Chalsey was capable of packing so much more into her muscles. That combined with her scientific approach to improving herself, as opposed to the other girls simply throwing immense effort at the task, made Eric slightly dizzy with anticipation for what Chalsey would look like in a few months.

5.)

"So I take it you're now completely dedicated to building up your body?" Eric asked, making some attempt at small talk.

Chalsey nodded. "You know that saying, right? 'It is a shame for a man to grow old without seeing the beauty and strength of which his body is capable' by Socrates? Pretty cliché, but, yeah."

"Right, I've heard that before."

"I actually hadn't heard it before, but I've been getting into philosophy." Chalsey explained

with a bit of a laugh. "I actually already blew through all of the Greek stuff. Aristotle was a little tricky, but the more I read it, the easier it became. Starting the stoics soon!"

Was this really Chalsey? The ditzzy cheerleader who was held back multiple grades and had to study with him to pass an easy biology class? Even if Live-Sim granted her the 'scholar' perk, was it really this powerful? Capable of granting what seemed to be some level of genius?

"Though, as much as I like the quote, I do have to disagree with him: I think it should be changed to WOMAN!" she giggled before bending down a bit and tensing her pecs - the massive plates of muscular armor sprang to life: the ridges of muscle turned to valley; Chalsey let out a soft grunt, pumping them harder - which resulted in a further separation between them, and the fabric clinging for dear life ripped slightly in the center, desperately seeking release. The tanned skin of the furrow in her chest's center came into view; the flawless skin, brimming with life, called out to Eric, tempting and tantalizing him.

"Woops." Chalsey giggled. "Maybe there'll be more where that came from if you're lucky." She winked.

"Ah... wouldn't you want your boyfriend to be buff too? For him to see the uh, beauty of his body or whatnot?"

"Eh, as long as he isn't fat, can't say I really care whether or not a guy is buff. I wouldn't, like, stop a boyfriend or husband from working out if he wanted to, but at this point I'm pretty ambivalent towards muscles on my significant other. Pretty funny when you consider that being attracted to them was what led me to my last relationship."

"I see." Eric replied.

Chalsey continued: "I hope it doesn't come across as narcissistic or anything, but I just don't really care. All that really matters is that I achieve my true self-actualization, which to me is becoming all that I can physically and mentally. I mostly just want my significant other to help facilitate that. If he were to appreciate my efforts, and possibly even worship me in the process, that would be enjoyable too." She paused for a moment, "And you know Eric, there's a certain someone I know who kind of fits that mould. Someone who isn't fat, and certainly appreciates my efforts - bordering on worship." The blonde purred, closing the distance between them.

"Oh... is that so?" Eric replied.

"Mmmm... Yeah. He's a little goofy though. It's kind of strange that I feel that way about him. But hey, love is blind and all that." She added.

Presuming she was talking about him, that stung Eric a little. And if she wasn't talking about him... well that would be even worse!

Suddenly Chalsey placed a hand on the small of Eric's back and began to guide him - a bit of a gender role-reversal. Even with absolute minimum force, Eric could sense that there was unfathomable power behind her direction.

Chalsey spoke again: "Truthfully... I really had to fight the urge to contact you. There were a lot of times I was working out and I wanted nothing more than for your cute little eyes to adore me in the process. For you to stare in awe as I pumped up more and more,

completing rep after rep with weight that you could never hope to lift even once." She bit her lower lip.

It seemed that Eric's suspicions were all but confirmed: each of the 'Live-Sim Five' were all attracted to him in various ways. Eric's wildest dreams were slowly becoming true, though he both feared and eagerly awaited the day he would have to choose one of the girls. Or maybe he could find a way to be with all five?! The possibilities flew through his mind.

Chalsey brought them underneath the bleachers, where she abruptly stopped. Under the metallic cover, away from the prying eyes of any possible onlookers, Chalsey felt further emboldened. She grabbed Eric's hand and brought it underneath her sweatshirt, rubbing it across her immense eight-pack. Eric let out an audible gasp at how the muscles felt; without the veneer of fabric he was able to finally experience the full extent of her skin's silkiness, the utter invincibility of her muscles, and the heat they radiated.

Feasting off of Eric's reaction, Chalsey crunched her torso downward, entrapping some of Eric's fingers in-between the individual muscles. The pressure hurt slightly, but the pleasure of arousal overrode that sensation entirely.

"Oh come on baby, don't tell me you're going to blow your load already!" Chalsey giggled before untensing her abs and releasing his hand.

Eric went to retrieve his grip, but was interrupted by Chalsey: "Wow, really? You don't want to explore my body?" She asked, visibly offended.

"No, I just-" Eric started, but interrupted himself, and instead spoke by bringing his other hand underneath her shirt as well. With both sets of fingers he began tracing them along her obliques, serratus anterior, and paid further attention to her primary core muscles.

Chalsey's body was like a nuclear reactor of feminine energy. In terms of power yielded per square inch, Eric doubted that any human on the planet could possibly hope to compete. He also considered how durable the other Live-Sim girls were: Maya for instance literally walked out of a direct car collision practically without a scratch on her; and Eric wondered if Chalsey's denser muscles yielded her even more protection than them. If his wildest theories were true, then it was likely a matter of time until the girls truly were bulletproof. At that point, what could possibly hope to stop them?

6.)

Channeling the small semblance of inner 'game' he had, Eric removed the sweatshirt off of Chalsey's body. That tiny bit of suaveness was quickly dashed as Eric's nose literally bled from the sheer majesty of the sight in front of him. Chalsey's breasts were now fully visible, and were every bit as impressive as they hinted to be beneath her sweatshirt. Even with the bleachers shielding against the sun's rays, her skin veritably glowed with a superhuman level of vibrance and vitality. And her muscle definition... the only way Eric could describe it was to say: "You're... you're like one of those famous Renaissance statues or something. But even more chiseled and impressive."

"Yeah. I've seen that art too. So we both know damn well that my body is truly something special." Chalsey winked.

Chalsey lifted her arms, placing her hands behind her head. The combination of her wide

lats, ripped triceps, and expansive pecs gave the illusion that her actual underarms were also striated. Her body was so supremely conditioned that it was as if Chalsey had no skin at all. She put even anatomy models to shame, as many of her smaller muscles had been developed beyond what was known to be scientifically possible.

"I know you wanna punch. My abs that is." Chalsey said.

Eric blinked a few times, "How did you know?"

"Well, I read a book on how to read people. You're pretty easy to understand. Uh... really easy. I like it though. That you're just totally open to me. It's almost like I have telepathy or something. After, my last relationship—you know the one—well, I have to say I don't like the idea of people having secrets from me." She explained.

Eric wasn't sure if he was more aroused by the concept of a woman being able to discern his inner thoughts through her intuition alone, or downright terrified at the prospect.

"Anyways, you can go ahead whenever you want. I really doubt you can hurt me." Chalsey said.

Eric felt a tiny tinge of anger and accepted the challenge, letting loose a few fists that merely bounced off - leaving Chalsey entirely unharmed. As Eric's fists landed against Chalsey's sculpted midsection, he quickly sensed the futility of his task. His hands started to hurt, and he quickly gave up.

"I have to admit Eric being so much stronger than you is kind of thrilling."

Eric worshiped Chalsey's body a bit more, focusing on the 'small' muscles that he had never seen visibly defined on a human being before. Wanting to show off, he gripped Chalsey's forearm, ran his fingers through its unreal ridges, and said: "Even your flexor carpi ulnaris is super defined." Recalling the earlier lesson he had with Julia.

Chalsey giggled, "Wow Eric! Impressive vocab, but that muscle is actually over here..." She tensed the correct part of her forearm, and despite it being a relatively tiny muscle, managed to isolate and pump it up.

"Oh..." Eric blushed.

"It's cool. I like it when you speak nerdy to me. Well, try to at least." She giggled again before placing her hand behind his head and bringing his lips up to hers.

Eric recalled his earlier kissing session with Maya, and thought back to everything she had taught him about the art of dancing lips.

"Wow, you're a bit better at this than I expected." Chalsey giggled in between kisses.

Eric took the backhanded compliment in stride.

After passionately kissing one another for a short while, Chalsey asked, "Is there any other part of my body you want to taste?"

Eric considered being super-forward and going straight for the goddess's fruit... but tried to pace himself by licking her rippling midsection instead. He was pleasantly surprised to find

that even Chalsey's skin was delicious, and rubbing his tongue against those warm, pulsing abs was a level of sensual experience he hadn't anticipated. Eric couldn't help but also grab onto her quads, which even through her sweat-pants were immensely impressive. Similar to his time with Maya, it was all too much for him to handle, and Eric fully climaxed.

Chalsey could immediately sense what happened. "Well... for now that's quite flattering actually. But we'll have to work on your endurance in the future..." she said.

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As Eric collected himself, Chalsey tried her best to put her sweatshirt back on; while Eric did his best to hide the mess in his pants.

Shortly after, Eric tried to rekindle their conversation: "Just... just how strong are you anyways?" he asked.

"The truth is, I don't even know how much I can bench. It's impossible for me to safely rack enough weight on a barbell to really challenge me."

"Then how are you so... ripped?" Eric asked.

"Ah, that. Well, the theory is that in order to 'tone' muscle—usually a pretty terrible term—and to build endurance, it's best to do an extremely high number of repetitions of each exercise. I realized that my body is effectively superhuman to how quickly it builds muscle and adapts to challenges. As such, I wondered what would happen if this unique physiology of mine were subjected to hundreds, if not thousands of repetitions for each exercise."

"Th-thousands?"

Chalsey nodded. "I worked my way up to that, yeah. But take the bench press for example. Instead of lifting 800 pounds 10 times or whatever, I wondered what would happen if I lifted 300 pounds 1000 times. It was tough at first, my body often gave out after a few hundred reps... But before I knew it I was spending up to a few hours pressing that weight 2500 times..."

Eric gulped.

"I think the results speak for themselves."

"They certainly do." He agreed. "So what if I just lifted a small weight for 10,000 repetitions, would I get ripped like that?"

Chalsey shook her head. "Sorry Eric. Not unless you have whatever mutation or whatnot has made me so strong."

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Eric suggested that Chalsey try lifting his car as a way to 'safely' challenge her body. He secretly wanted to show the vehicle off as well, hoping to impress the blonde bombshell. As Chalsey laid eyes on it, she shot him glances containing both envy and desire. She felt guilty about both; Chalsey didn't want to covet someone else's possession, and she also didn't want to be attracted to material displays of wealth. But despite her physique, she was ultimately still human.

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With the vehicle hoisted high in the air above her head, Chalsey gave Eric a knowing wink. She brought it down in front of her and back up, demonstrating her control over the multi-ton weight. Chalsey even went so far as to squat down with the car, using it as a makeshift weight.

"Have to admit, using your car as a weight is challenging me in a new way. I could probably incur further hypertrophy like this." She explained with a loud grunt before squatting again.

"You weren't already lifting up cars and stuff?" Eric asked.

"It's funny, even with my burgeoning intelligence, I hadn't considered simply lifting vehicles to further challenge my body." Chalsey said with a grin.

It was somewhat comforting to Eric to know that underneath her acquired book knowledge, Chalsey still had the capability to entirely lack common sense.

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Eric offered to give Chalsey a ride home. He hoped she would accept so he could show off a bit, but she respectfully declined, explaining that she planned on running back - getting in even more cardio in the process.

7.) Later

Eric wondered what his relationship with Chalsey was. Were they dating? That didn't seem to be the case - they hadn't gone on a date, nor had one of them 'asked out' the other. Were they 'friends with benefits'? That also didn't seem quite right, the 'benefits' weren't really what he expected. And he didn't think making out and exploring her body placed him in the platonic 'friend-zone' either. These things bothered Eric as he found himself developing feelings for the blonde goddess. Though Eric was also developing feelings for the rest of the 'live-sim five', complicating things even further.

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That Weekend

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As much as Eric was trying to avoid driving until he got his financial situation under control, it seemed that there was no way out of this. Selina needed new duds, and he was to take her clothes shopping. Camille gave them each some money, hinting to Eric that his wish to Maya had freed up their budget considerably.

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Despite Selina's efforts to cover up, her immense musculature was still plain to see. Everywhere they went necks craned as people gawked and stared. Some uttered comments of disgust, while others fought desires to throw themselves at Selina's feet in worship. Fortunately for Eric, nobody dared approach his hulking step-sister - sparing him any

awkward encounters.

"How many of them do you think I could take on in hand to hand combat?" Selina asked in a low voice.

"How many of what?"

"These random people around us." Selina clarified.

"What?!"

"I bet I could kill like three of them at once with my bare hands." She theorized out loud.

"Selina! What the hell?!" Eric rubbed his temples.

"What? I would never do that of course. I just like to think about this stuff." She replied.

"Selina..."

"What? Come on Eric, if you were as strong as me, I bet you'd think about things like that from time to time."

He let out a sigh, "I guess. I certainly wouldn't go around asking people about it though..."

"Jeeze. You're no fun. I thought you like video games, huh? Don't you gamer guys think about power levels, stats, theoretical what-if matchups, etcetera?"

"We do. I do at least. But still..."

This time Selina sighed, "Nevermind. Forget I said anything. I won't kill anyone, I promise."

Eric let out another sigh - this time of relief.

"Unless I have to." Selina clarified with a giggle.

Eric jammed an elbow into his step-sister, knowing full well that it had no chance of hurting her. She merely smiled; her eyes glistened a little - indicating that she enjoyed the contact.

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They finally arrived at Selina's clothing store of choice. She had been given a fairly sizable sum, and wanted clothes that she could both grow into, and others to better show off her current gains. After grabbing a large assortment of garments, she made her way to the dressing room - still dragging Eric along with her.

"Selina, I'm pretty sure I can't go in there with you..." he protested.

"Come on Eric, don't you wanna see my big sexy body try out all these different outfits?" Selina giggled.

Eric was flush red. "I won't confirm nor deny anything, but I'm not sure if that's allowed by the store's rules-"

He was interrupted by his step-sister grabbing his hand and forcing him into the private changing room with her. Her strength was so vastly greater than his that there was no possibility of resisting. With the door closed behind them, Selina wasted no time before taking her sweatpants off. She snuck glances to make sure that Eric was staring at her body: he was.

"Now do you understand why it's so important to make me bigger and stronger?" Selina started, "Don't you want to see this big sexy butt of mine become even bigger and sexier? Imagine how I'll look when I'm twice the size of my mother!"

While Eric could indeed imagine that, he still told the truth: "Selina, I don't know how you'd even be able to move if you were that muscular."

"You'd just make me taller."

He let out a sigh, "For the last time, I really have zero control over this."

Selina turned around and took her shirt off, the full extent of her broad back side fully on display. Eric internally drooled a bit at his step-sister's curves - ironically enough, by having the least developed muscles of the five, Selina had the smallest waist, which was quite enjoyable to look at in its own right.

She put a massive looking sleeveless crop-top on. Eric guessed that if he were to wear it, it would limply dangle from his spindly body; but Selina effortlessly filled it out - in fact, she seemed to fill it out too much...

Selina turned around, "Huh. Supposed to be an extra large, but look at how tight it." She wriggled around, until suddenly the fabric tore in half, revealing Selina's bare chest for him to gaze upon. Her breasts, while still perfect, were smaller than both Chelsey and Maya's. They were also less gravity-defying than Chelsey's. Despite being arguably inferior to the other girls', Selina's rack still had a distinct feminine charm and grace to it, amplified further by her creamy skin.

"Eric! For shame! Staring at your step-sister's breasts like that! How uncouth!" Selina gave him a slap on the face, but he knew that she was using an iota of a fraction of her full strength, as it barely stung at all.

"Hey! You're the one who-"

Selina placed a finger to his lips. "Shhhhh." She continued moving forward, causing Eric to shrink back towards the wall of the changing room. A moment later he was cornered; Selina's immense naked body fully enveloping his sight; she utterly surrounded him, and held him at her sole mercy.

She kept moving forward, until her perfect breasts pressed against Eric's frail body. Selina moved down a bit, pressed her chest further forward, and tensed her pecs, which in turn lifted Eric off of the ground! She pushed even further forward lifting Eric higher into the air. He was literally being pinned and held upright against the wall by the might of Selina's breasts alone!

Selina leaned her head forward, bringing her lips dangerously close to his, "You could have me Eric, if you would just simply make me all-powerful." She purred.

"Th-that's a pretty hefty demand! And for the last friggan time, I have no control over any of this!"

Selina let out a sigh and rolled her eyes. She took a step back and let Eric fall to the ground. "In that case, get out of here while I try on the rest of these clothes. You aren't worthy of gazing upon me!"

Eric scratched his head and decided to comply. The last thing he wanted to do was further anger a hormonal teenage super-girl.

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"So yeah. Uh. I put on this X-L, and well." Selina placed the tattered garment on the counter.

The cashier continued staring at Selina's biceps and gulped. "N-n-no problem at all m-ma'am!" he stuttered.

"Good." Selina said, retrieving just enough cash to pay for the clothing she wanted to buy - signaling she had no intention of covering the damaged top.

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With their initial clothes shopping finished, Eric and Selina left the store. Despite her immensely superior strength, she made Eric carry her bags, telling him to act more chivalrous.

"Hey, Eric!" A familiar, warm voice came from behind.

Eric turned around and saw Chalsey. She was wearing casual clothing that showcased her unreal physique. In fact, Chalsey looked slightly bigger. Eric wondered if she had started using heavier weights to build more mass. Either way, she looked just as ripped as ever. Eric gulped. The last thing he wanted was for Selina to meet the cheerleader..

But it was too late. Chalsey was already bounding over, and Selina had turned around as well.

"Ah... so who is this?" Chalsey asked, her gaze narrowing a bit, "Your girlfriend?" Her voice turned slightly dire.

"N-no!" Eric sputtered.

"What if I am?!" Selina cut in.

"She's not-" Eric started, but Selina gave him a light elbowing, which actually sent him staggering back a few steps.

"Then who is she?" Chalsey replied.

"I'm his-" Selina started.

"She's my step-sister." Eric interjected.

"Well who are YOU?" Selina shouted, her inquiry directed at the blonde. "Are YOU his girlfriend?" she added.

"Well what if I am!?" Chalsey parroted the other girl's earlier sass.

Selina took a couple of steps further, and the girls began to square each other up. Chalsey felt confident in her superior conditioning, while Selina's slightly larger size gave her greater daring.

As the girls stared at each other, they both felt anger boiling within them; uncontrollable rage that was frankly unwarranted. They both knew that their feelings were irrational, yet they couldn't help them. Their gaze narrowed, and their facial expressions indicated a mutual desire for combat. Some ethereal force was guiding them to this path, and they were destined to walk it.

"It's your funeral." Chalsey sneered.

Selina lunged.

"Selina, no!" Eric shouted. He grabbed onto his step-sister, but it was pointless; with a fraction of a motion, she effortlessly swatted him away.

Enraged, Selina continued forward and tossed a fist at Chalsey. The blonde intercepted the blow, grabbing it with her hand. Chalsey demonstrated her superior strength by stopping the attack entirely, catching Selina's fist within her palm. Despite Selina's immense strength, the force of the strike failed to budge Chalsey whatsoever.

The blonde calmly held Selina's hand for a moment before applying pressure of her own in a downward fashion, causing Selina to bend down to her knees.

"I could, and some may argue I should, break the bones in your hand." Chalsey said coldly.

Selina merely let out a grunt. She considered trying to mount another attack with her free hand, or even her legs, but realized it was futile.

"But I won't." Chalsey added. "Instead let this be a reminder to not rely on force unless absolutely need be. Fortunately I can't be bullied by your might." After giving a tight squeeze—prompting some pain on Selina's behalf—Chalsey finally let go.

Selina shook her hand and staggered backward a bit, like a wounded animal.

The girls shared one last sneer at one another before Chalsey departed.

The rest of the shopping trip was awkward and uneventful.

8.)

Eric hadn't been feeling well the past few days. He had difficulty staying awake for long periods of time, and everything just felt... off. Camille sensed this, and insisted that he take

a day off of classes and go to the doctor. Eric didn't mind getting to skip school for a day, and it was difficult to argue with a step-mother possessing literal 35 inch biceps.

The visit with the doctor was routine, though Camille had more or less hidden herself from the medical staff. It was clear she didn't want them poking and prodding her superhuman form.

Before long, the diagnosis came in: Eric had mononucleosis. It was a fairly common illness that saps people of their energy for up to weeks at a time. 18 year olds like Eric were among the most common to suffer from it, and the ailment was typically transmitted via saliva. This led to some awkward glances between Eric and his step-mother; the former wondered if Chalsey had somehow given to him, while the latter presumed it was from Maya. Though he also could have received it from a toothbrush, eating utensil, or even food item that somehow came into contact with contaminated spit.

Without even seeing the doctor's note, Julia had already given her blessing, overruling any possible interference from teachers. Eric was given carte blanche to rest at home as long as he needed, provided he complete any assignments given to him by his teachers.

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Eric was sitting in bed, mindlessly staring at his phone. Being sick sucked more than he imagined. He was too tired to really play video games, or do much of anything. There was no cure, no antibodies, nothing he could do to help the process. He simply had to sit and wait.

His step-mother and sister came in to deliver him lunch. Selina was wearing her new clothing, while Camille was dolled up in a dress. Both women were proudly showcasing their immense arms.

"Thanks for taking care of me. Sorry for being a burden." Eric said as Camille approached with the food.

"Oh, it's no trouble Eric. In fact, I'm kind of looking forward to having someone around the house with me." Camille explained with a warm smile, propping the dinner tray on a stand so Eric could easily reach it while laying down.

"That's right Eric, my mother and I are going to take real good care of you." Selina said with a tone more mischievous than Eric would have preferred.

For multiple reasons, Eric believed Camille far more than Selina.

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How long will Eric be ill for? What will bedridden life at home be like? And just how much further can the Live-Sim girls go?! All this and more coming next chapter!

To be continued!