Strange things had been happening in Tokyo’s Advanced Nurturing School, and Kiyotaka Ayanokoji was not exactly a fan of it. The purpose of this class was to nurture academic advancement and mold the most prodigious young minds in the country. Everything about this institution was designed to work on a strict curriculum and system that fostered innovation and planning, to use any tool and resource at their disposal to stand out from the others and succeed.

Yet classes were in disarray, students were coming and going as they pleased with no regard for the schedule. Assignments were nonexistent, and neither the teachers, the staff, nor the school authorities, looked too concerned about it.

Those things in and of themselves would be *very* strange and raise more than a few eyebrows... but paled compared to the actual instigators of these developments.

Some of the student body had been… well, working on *their* student bodies.

It was difficult not to be aware of such developments when they were as clear as day, and rumors spread fast in the academy. Particularly when some of those ‘eye-catching’ students were his own classmates.

Some of the women in the school had grown. Massively. At speeds that defied comprehension, that flew in the face of every law of biology.

He vividly remembered seeing Horikita a few days ago, sporting a height that towered over him by half a head, and a musculature that put professional bodybuilders to shame. She had grown from a lithe and dainty Japanese young woman to a hulking figure of amazonian muscle that somehow did not lose a drop of feminine allure.

Yes, cold and detached he might be, Kiyotaka was still a man, and he did know when a woman was visually appealing.

He was used to their usual dynamics, this ‘game’ of theirs where half-hearted barbs were thrown, how they pushed the other to aim for greater heights yet still managed to rely on and even help each other in certain situations. He was… fond of her, as much as he could care for other people. She had this charming habit of needing to prove herself the smartest person in the room at all times. But Horikita… she was different now, her muscles came with a powerful sense of self-assurance. She walked with a powerful and enchanting gait as though she owned the school’s very halls. Her competitiveness and classic inferiority complex were gone… at least when it came to him. He no longer intimidated her.

Kiyotaka couldn’t decide if he was impressed or annoyed. He felt so… numb about so many things around him, but some of his classmates served as a respite from his usual drifting stance, be they useful tools to him or people whose company he enjoyed. And now he was trying to make sense of *what* he was feeling toward Kushida or any other of these now-powerful ladies.

He remembered a moment when Kushida’s uniform was so tight, it ripped at the back just from stretching. Later in the day as he showered, replaying that moment in his head, his body made up its mind regarding how he felt at least, given the stiff erection that took place.

Hmph, so annoying, to have his own body betray him like that.

There was more to this mystery, he was certain the school was behind it. He heard rumors about the cause behind this miraculous growth. Some supplements found in hidden places of the academy revealed only to few. His prodigious mind was already putting the pieces together, the events surrounding these events were a test, an experiment by the academy heads and their government financers.

The purpose still eluded him, however. Were they hoping for superior bodies as well as superior minds? That was the most logical conclusion he could come up with.

This whole situation was full of variables he was still missing important data on. And that frustrated him. So he worked out that stress by, well, working out.

It was preferable to find a gym and timetable that would not be frequented by the new amazons. Less odds of getting distracted by them as Kiyotaka gathered his thoughts and tried to come up with a plan regarding his goals.

He sought to advance. To always improve himself. To never be at a disadvantage. Victory at any cost.

His experiences in the White Room drilled that into him.

And yet now with school classes being in disarray, with fellow students becoming immensely strong, large, and… charismatic, shall he say, he found himself surrounded by all sides.

With a frustrated breath, he lifts the dumbbell and the small curvature of his bicep swells with the motion. His body was once the dream of many a girl here, lean but toned, honed by years of physical training and martial arts. Now Kiyotaka felt… inferior, compared to the new bodies strutting around campus. He did not like that feeling, it almost made his icy masque fall.

Between the rivalries between classes, students conspiring against each other, and now the curriculum all but thrown out the window and muscular girls carving out their little fiefdoms with their followers, there was only so much stress he could take. So he hoped he’d at least relieve some of it tonight.

Of course, he wasn’t so lucky, as one of the biggest headaches in the school entered the almost empty gym.

Long legs clad in dark stockings, a dangerously short business skirt, a black blazer with a white polo underneath that hugged the many pronounced curves on a slim body, with buttons *struggling* to contain an impressively endowed bosom.

The perfectly smooth heart-shaped face with supple lips and long brown hair done in a high ponytail with multiple bangs falling over her forehead and framing the sides of her face with two long bangs, along with two smokey brown eyes, cemented the fact this woman was a drop-dead beauty who was well aware of how alluring she was.

To him, Sae Chabashiri was trouble. And of course, said trouble just had to be his teacher.

He noted the bag she was holding in her hand…

“I think you’ve been putting more effort into your training than in any assignment I’ve given you lot” She opened up with a teasing tone.

Kiyotaka stopped curling. Might as well, his arm was getting tired. And stared at her with his usual void expression. “Have you been spying on me?”

“Right now? No” She replied with a grin. “But I took a good guess on what you’d been up”

Most likely by spying on him the rest of the time.

“What do you want?” He had no patience for her games. Not after the last stunt she pulled with him when she brought up his father…

“Well, I was hoping we’d do a bit of a back and forth, but I can see you’re not in the mood,” Sae said cheekily as she walked up to him. “You’re not an idiot, and you’re not blind, you’ve seen what’s been going on around campus” She casually stood next to one of the weight stations, dropping her bag over the bench and idly running a finger over one of the plats on the bar. “Girls getting stronger, *bigger*, at an unnaturally fast rate” She gave him a side glance. “You must have so many questions”

“The faculty is responsible,” He replied.

“That’s right,” She affirmed without preamble. “You see, a certain pharmaceutical company developed *quite* the miraculous compound. Prolonged consumption produces enhanced stamina, strength, overall *perfect health*, with the ‘side effect’ of increased muscle mass, bone density, and a… let’s call it elevated hormonal level”

“And they began deploying it here, instead of testing it on expendable people rather than Japan’s brightest prospects?”

“Don’t be daft, there have been *many* tests with it. It’s perfected. The academy is not being used for experiments… not exactly at least” The teacher shrugged. “But the higher, they figured it was a waste to use such a miraculous drug on random people. They figured it’d be put to much better use on this country’s future”

His eyes ever so slightly narrowed. “So the girls are what, being turned into super soldiers?”

“Hah!” Sae barked a laugh. “Super *leaders* more like. Japan needs more than meatheads. It needs people who excel at everything. Adding physical superiority to their powerful personalities and the results are *very* domineering women with a talent to influence people. I’ve no doubt you’ve heard how Arisu got herself quite the ‘fan club’”

Kiyotaka said nothing.

“The board is happy to ignore all the debauchery going on,” She waved it off. “This is all vital data. They are more than intimidating their fellows, they are making them follow out of *sheer* charisma”

“…And why are you telling me this?” He coldly asked.

Her smile was devious. “It started with Arisu, she was the first to be given the supplement. We just couldn’t tolerate our most brilliant mind would have to endure such a frail body. From that, we told her to do as she pleased, and to our pleasant surprise, she began sharing it willingly with some of her peers without us saying so. It’ll only be a matter of time before everyone is fighting for it”

“There are sponsors among you” He realized. “Who want to ‘invest’ in their preferred candidates”

She merely kept smiling and tagged at one of the bag’s straps to open it better. There he spotted at least half a dozen soda cans of purple color with no clear identifying mark or brand.

“I recommended you. You’ve made *very* obvious to me just how far above most of your pears you are. And I would hate to see that talent wasted” She showed a bit of teeth as her lips lightly parted. “Just like I know you hate being caught behind”

Kiyotaka’s fist slowly clenched, even as his expression remained cold and unfeeling.

“You don’t want that, do you? To suddenly find yourself powerless, at the mercy of another student. As they become bigger and stronger” She let out a fake gasp, “You might even *like* being overpowered by one of these *large and mighty girls~*”

He slowly exhaled, venting his frustration with this woman.

“So…” She took one of the cans and offered it to him. “Why not even the playing field? So you won’t be caught unprotected. If you play your cards right… the scales will be more than tipped in your favor”

The last thing Kiyotaka wanted to experience was to feel small, weak, insignificant. Just a pawn in someone’s game, a tool that would be discarded once his usefulness was up.

It was… tempting. To have that offer dangling in front of him, luring him like a mouse with cheese to a trap. He could not trust Sae’s intentions… but he could play her game, and then turn the board around.

He was good at that.

He took the can from her hands, making sure not never break eye contact with her, even as he popped the lid open. Sae kept her amused and devious smile, but under Kiyotaka’s highly analytical eye he saw something more, he saw intrigue, eagerness… and desire concealed underneath it all.

She was good, he’d give her that. But he knew how to keep a mask better, she couldn’t fool him.

Kiyotaka drew the can to his lips, and he drank. He did not focus on the taste, though somewhat pleasant to his buds, that wasn’t important right now. No, what was important was the effects.

The moment the contents settled in his stomach; the compound began to do its work.

A soft gasp escaped his lips, his eyes widening ever so slightly as his pupils shrank. The can fell from his grasp, and he stared at his hand. It was shaking, not because of pain, or nervousness, or anything like that, but rather because he felt a tingle akin to electric currents sweeping under his skin, from the fibers of his muscles to the larger groups. He slowly clenched his fist, the action causing his forearms to tighten and widen, not much, but it was still noticeable. He could feel his body slowly expand under his clothes, his already athletic tone deepening with each passing second.

It was like a coal engine had come alive in his core, the burning energy fueling him and spreading to all of his extremities, forcing him to do something to expend it lest it’d make him burst. Kiyotaka swiftly sat on one of the benches and got under the bar, his hands grasped it and with a heave lifted it from the rack.

The weight bar was lowered and lifted in quick succession, the weight behind it was somewhat challenging but became less so with each repetition. Soft pants escaped his lips as he burned through all this excess energy. It felt good… amazing even. The feeling of his muscles straining, building themselves back up stronger. It wasn’t just his arms and his chest, his whole body was becoming more solid. The lines of his abs deepened until they finally connected and formed proper blocks, his legs

muscles increased in size until his shorts became more form-fitting, his back widened slightly to accommodate stronger muscles with larger deltoids.

By the time he stopped, he had gained at least ten pounds of muscle. And it showed. He set the bar on the rack without help, catching his breath for a moment before sitting up, letting his teacher get a good view of him.

The shirt was starting to get strained, particularly on his shoulders, the chest strained under the push of traps and pectorals. The faint bump of abs was visible over the fabric, and his thighs were straining the cuffs of his shorts tightly.

Kiyotaka looked at himself, his usual mask of cold indifference momentarily dropped as his lips parted slightly, basking in this feeling of strength overcoming him. One can… just one can had done this. His mind was swirling with the possibilities of more, of achieving a body that would rival even the amazons of the school. He’d be prepared, he’d never be caught at a disadvantage. He would excel…

“Ah, your body is quite compatible with the compound,” Sae said, trying to keep her tone analytical but he caught on to the faint arousal in her voice. “I made the right choice it seems”

To test how much control his teacher had, he did a simple test. He looked at his right arm and slowly flexed it, the muscle rose as faint veins rushed to the surface, the mound of flesh strained the sleeve further. He relaxed the muscle only to flex it again, harder this time, causing a faint sound of tearing to be heard.

With a third flex, his peak had ripped through the sleeve, a wide enough tear split the fabric down the middle, from his bicep to his shoulder, unveiling his arm fully.

Sae failed to surpass the soft gasp escaping her lips, or the blush in her cheeks.

Interesting…

She cleared her throat, “Now then, I will be leaving these to you” The teacher hurriedly said, pointing at the rest of the cans in the bag. “If you run out, you will first need to prove yourself before I consider telling you the location where you’ll find them. Until then, I have other things to do-“

“Here I thought you’d want to stay”

His words stopped her in her tracks. “What?” She muttered in disbelief, “What are you talking about”

Kiyotaka got up (huh, had he grown a bit taller as well?), and looked down at his slightly shorter teacher. “I thought you’d care to see how well your investment would you”

“I may have sponsored you, Ayanokoji, but only because I thought you’d be a worthwhile candidate. Nothing more”

“Hmph,” He hummed skeptically. “Wouldn’t you prefer to see me take another?” He noticed the slight twitch in her body. “Get better material?”

“Material for what?” She annoyedly asked.

“For your fantasies,” He casually replied.

She grew stiff, silent as she stared at him with mounting anger and mortification.

He took a step closer to her. “You know very well what’s going on around campus. The faculty doesn’t care and that suits you just fine doesn’t it?” He saw her cheeks get redder, both with anger and embarrassment he imagined. “You get a kick out of all this, don’t you? All these students became tall, imposing figures of human perfection. Your sadistic side enjoys seeing them engage in these power dynamics, dominating each other… Your fetish is plain as day”

He caught the hand going to his cheek before it could make contact. Sae’s mask crumbled, she was all but snarling at him.

“You…!”

“I wonder…” He deliberately made his voice huskier and guided her hand to his chest. “If perhaps you also enjoy the look of muscles”

She gasped when her hand made contact with a hardened pectoral, even under the fabric she could feel its definition.

“Gets you hot” Kiyotaka accused. “How many times have you masturbated? A lot I imagine, the events surrounding this must be like a dream come true, right out of your most sordid fantasies.”

Sae’s lips trembled, she did not attempt to remove her hand even when he let her go.

“And you particularly wanted to see *me* become like the rest. You hunger for it, you want the sight of me becoming an Adonis. You want a taste of a *forbidden fruit*”

“N-No” She weekly attempted to defend herself. “T-That’s not true”

“If that’s the case,” he leaned so close their faces were inches apart, he felt her hot breath on his lips. “You won’t mind if I do this”

He took one of the cans from the bag and stepped back, she looked so conflicted over the loss of contact it was almost hilarious.

He opened it, and without a second time drank it all.

He sighed in satisfaction, crushing the hand under his grasp and then throwing it aside. Kiyotaka felt it working again, faster, *stronger* than the first time even. There was that fire again, those jolts of electricity, there was *pain* this time, however… as well as pleasure.

Kiyotaka grunted, his carefully guarded expression becoming a soft grimace. The feeling of his flesh expanding was far more intense than before, his flesh pulled in all directions violently, with the sounds of leather stretching. His sneakers groaned in protest as his enlarging feet slowly broke through the material. Calves expanded outwards as his quads engorged themselves with enough flesh they made his shorts look like a pair of strained trunks.

His shirt lifted slightly as his height increased, showing the first rows of abdominals. The article of clothing kept tightening at a rapid pace, in tandem with the exponential growth of his torso. His lats spread like wings, making his arms stand at an angle. Forearms widened in circumference as various lines dotted them, triceps hardened into horseshoe-shaped cords of striated muscle. Veins surged with bursting power as his palpitating biceps exploded, splitting down the middle to give birth to more muscle groups. The other sleeve was soon unraveled, as various rips and tears formed all over his shirt.

Three gashing openings of torn threads spread over his chest, like the result of a wild beast swiping its claws at him. But firm muscles stood triumphant, rising further and further with greater thickness. His traps became small hills, and his dorsal muscles formed a labyrinthian network of lines and bulging slops of flesh.

“Hgn!” Kiyotaka was unable to contain the sound of agonizing pleasure. And soon gasped in euphoria when a last surge of growth *exploded* his shirt, reducing it to mere tatters falling to the ground.

That… That had surpassed any and all expectations. He looked *outstanding*. He must have gained thirty pounds of muscle more, turning him into a professional bodybuilder who was well within a middle heavyweight division. He felt stronger than ever before, and the surge of emotions and *primal* feelings that came with it were… not entirely unwelcome. Much as he prided himself on being an unmovable ice wall, it was *intriguing* to ponder on these emotions.

Namely the growing and unrelenting *lust* he was feeling for this beautiful woman in front of him.

His teacher looked at him with quivering eyes, her lips were trembling, beads of sweat ran down her face… and two notable pinpricks stood on her large bosom, tenting her best.

He could only imagine how wet she had to be under that skirt.

She looked at him from top to bottom, gasping the moment her eyes fell. He followed her gaze, realizing his shorts felt particularly tight-

Ah, he had an erection. A very prominent and insistent one.

“Hmm,” He mused, idly running a finger over the bulge, tracing the outline of his now larger manhood. “Unsurprising, the chemicals released during the transformation seem to include plenty of endorphins”

Sae gulped. The way it stood at attention even under the fabric of his shorts was igniting a fire in her loins, then again, just the mere presence of this *hunk* was doing it for her…

Kiyotaka lifted his arm in an experimental flex, pumping his muscles right in front of Sae. He switched the pose to a side chest that bulged out his arm obscenely and made the line between his pecs striate further. Twisting his hip to the side caused Sae to view his veiled hard-on from another angle, the way his muscles pumped their girth and throbbed those veins, along with that imposing pole nestled between his muscular legs made her knees go weak.

“This is what you wanted, isn’t it? A perfect specimen of masculinity, ten years younger than you, your *own* student no less… the taboo makes this all the sweater for you”

“I… I…”

She hadn’t even realized she put his hands on him, fondling his muscles with trembling fingers, spreading tactile ecstasy as her skin burned with arousal.

“What I thought”

He relaxed his pose, and wrapped his arm behind her waist, pulling her forward. She yelped, hands suddenly finding themselves holding against his shoulder while her bosom pressed against his granite-like chest.

Then his lips were upon hers.

She let out a muffled gasp, feeling his tongue probe into her mouth, wrestling her tongue. Her eyes rolled back as she marveled at the pleasurable sensations while her hands grabbed a tight hold of his ballooning deltoids. She felt his erection poking at her waist…

Then it was over, Kiyotaka pulled away with a gasp, panting ever so lightly and looking at his teacher’s flushed expression with curiosity and arousal.

“I need a bath,” He muttered as he leaned down to pick up the bag full of cans, turning around and walking towards the changing rooms.

Those weren’t the words she was expecting after such a display…

He looked over his shoulder at her, “Join me”

Now *those* were the words she longed to hear.

She followed after him, her heart racing at the possibilities of where this was going. Ayanokoji had become so driven, so commanding, so irresistibly and arousingly *sexy* with that musculature, it was like a fire that had laid dormant for so long inside him was finally set ablaze, and was witnessing it firsthand.

She needed to see more, to *experience* what her student would do.

In the showers, he left the bag over one of the benches, a casual look at his teacher told her to wait a moment, so she sat as he turned on the shower head.

Before stepping under it, Kiyotaka took a deep breath, holding his arms at the sides as he *tensed* all of his muscles, making them pump with sheer force of concentration. A low growl built up in his throat as the muscles seemed to grow a little bit more from their already prodigious size. The sound of clothes tearing made itself known even amidst the shower. In his state, where his clothes had already succumbed to him, what was left to lose?

The answer was his shorts.

They ripped to pieces and fell from him in peals, freeing his painfully hard erection at long last. Sae let out a shuddering breath at the sight of his manhood, it was so swollen, reddish from all the blood rushing to it, the tip still covered by the skin yet a simple tug would unfold it…

Kiyotaka stepped under the shower and sighed pleasantly as the warm droplets bathed his frame. He felt so alive, so vigorously filled with energy and desires he had never experienced before in his life. Like he had been numb all along, and could finally understand what other people, regular humans, went through.

Of course, he imagined regular humans wouldn’t do what he was about to do. But he did not care for that one bit.

He looked at his teacher, and then slowly yet deliberately, took a hold of his erection.

He slowly began rocking his hand back and forth, the motion pulling the skin from his head.

It was an interesting realization, once he fully grasped what was doing. He was masturbating in front of his teacher, giving her a show. And he *enjoyed* it.

And by the way, her tights rubbed together, a hand desperately seeking to slip under the skirt, so was she.

He grunted slightly, soft pants escaped from his lips as the tempo kept increasing. His cock was a mighty tool, its hardness arguably one of the strongest ones in his body. Back and forth his hand went, the grip making his forearm muscles bunch up and his bicep ripple. His core tightened on reflex, as his glutes flexed as well.

Kiyotaka kept adding more and more speed, more force, more energy to his pleasuring, finding this experience to blow all other previous explorations of his body completely out of the water. He groaned as waves of pleasure and heat surged from his dick all over his body. His sack tightened as the build-up of his release kept escalating.

Close, so close…

He watched as Sae was fully masturbating as well now, her hand disappearing under her skirt as she bit her lip, her free hand fondling a bountiful breast. He could just imagine how soft they’d feel under his grasp, contrasted by those hard nipples…

“Nghn!” A groan accompanied a spasm and redoubled his efforts. A rising wave of uncontrollable pleasure kept approaching, droplets of white mixing with the shower’s water heralded its approach as they kept leaking from his tip.

His eyes closed in concentration, his usual cold façade replaced with a grimace that showed his effort as he tried to hold on. Tried to prolong the experience while at the same time eagerly reaching for that release.

Close. Close. Close. So close…!

He gasped before sharply groaning. His cock throbbed in his hand, lurching as he finally shot his load.

A stream of white was propelled from the head, his seed came out in respectable amounts as he released it in two sporadic shots. He let out a long breath of satisfaction, opening his eyes just in time to see Sae squirm and climax with a pitiful moan.

He let go of his cock, watching as it kept dribbling white, the water slowly cleaning him and washing his release down the drain. He looked back up at Sae, enjoying the way she was panting, and how her clothes were rumpled and sweaty against her skin.

“Take it off,”

She looked at him with hazy eyes. “W-What?”

“All of it”

She did so.

His erection remained ever-firm even after such a blast. It twitched at the sight of this beautiful mature woman undressing for him, showing another curve, more patches of skin, with every article of clothing she discarded on the ground. He rumbled in approval as she fiddled with the straps of her bra, showing those magnificent breasts on full display for him, those stiff nipples looked so beckoning.

He idly massaged his sack with his hand, tracing his finger under his cock as her panties fell, showing a completely bare and tempting womanhood dripping with arousal and desire.

Sae sighed, shivering at the feeling of warm steam from the shower reaching her bare skin. She smiled at him, only traces of her sadistic persona could be seen under this submissive want she developed for the hunky student.

“Drink,”

Her eyes widened in surprise, knowing full well what he meant. She looked at the bag, and then at him. His stoic face brokered no argument.

She didn’t know if this would get her in trouble with the faculty, they staff weren’t ordered *not* to drink it after all… and a part of her, a growing part of her, after seeing so many beautiful young women ascend *wanted* in on it.

Just one wouldn’t change her… but it’d be the start of something.

She finished drinking one of the cans before she even realized it.

Sae gasped, letting it fall to the ground as the rush of energy hit her. There were no notable changes in her bodies, no abundance of muscle, as she lacked the starting fitness or training regime to trigger it, but there was a certain ‘firmness’ to her body now.

Kiyotaka growled in approval, “Come here”

She walked up to him with an eager gait, feeling more energized than ever. “Why did you want me to drink one?” She stood in front of the godling, looking up at his brown eyes. Gods he was so tall now, she could bury her face on his chest. She was tempted to do so, just run her tongue all over him.

“So you’d have the endurance to bear what comes next”

The young man placed his arms around her, holding her close once more. Sae shuddered as her curvaceous body made contact with the shredded slab of beef that was his torso. Her soft breasts smushed against his rock-hard chest, while his erection poked her stomach.

“There are aspects my education did not take into account,” He muttered, his breath was hot on her lips. “I require that *experience*”

Sae licked her lips, “Then as your teacher… it’s my responsibility to show you”

Their lips clashed with a maddened lustful dance, the sound of flesh smacking and suckling noises resonated with each contact and separation. He growled into her mouth as one hand began fondling his throbbing cock, slowly pumping him.

“Tell me what you want,” She breathlessly muttered, “Do you want to feel my hands grasping this weapon with all their strength? Do you want them on your muscles as I kiss every inch of you?” Her eyes just exhumed pure lust. “Do you want me on my knees, take all of you in my mouth and then *swallow*?”

Yes. Yes, he wanted all that and more

But first thing’s first…

“I want to fuck you”

He roughly grabbed her ass, she moaned at the handling, and with the other hand lifted her *so easily*.

Sae gasped as she found her back pressed against the slippery wet wall, Kiyotaka positioned her legs so they were up, resting against his basketball-sized shoulders. She held onto his neck for dear life, but with the way he pressed his body against hers she had no risk of feeling.

His manhood positioned itself right at her entrance, an arrow aimed at the bullseye, a spear about to meet its target. Sae couldn’t take it anymore. “*Go*”

Kiyotaka shoved his hips forward and grunted as his thick phallus pierced her folds, a warm wetness welcoming him. This was his first true sexual experience with a woman, and it was *unbelievable*, no amount of masturbation could ever compare with the feeling of his cock throbbing, grinding, thrusting into this tunnel. From the base of his dick to the tip of his head, pure pleasure assaulted his senses and sent waves of ecstasy through his body.

A part of him marveled at the outstanding nature of his situation. Here he stood, larger and more powerful than any young man of his age, with a body that made a dropdead gorgeous beauty like Sae fall for him instantly… and he was fucking her like there was no tomorrow.

She howled, she gasped, she moaned his name a hundred different times as her eyes rolled back, feeling her insides ravaged by the most potent, solid, and delicious cock she’s ever had inside her. He moved like a machine, unrelenting, precise, yet carried a bit of animal-like passion in his movements.

Kiyotaka closed his eyes and clenched his jaw, grunting as he tightly held her waist while repeatedly thrusting in and out of her, he felt the familiar pressure in his stomach travel down to his sack… before suddenly shooting straight through his pole. Sae climaxed alongside him, *hard*, she cried out with glorious ecstasy as she felt his wonderfully hot seed fill her up, her own juices mixing with him as they coated his dick in release, dribbling down his length.

His panting was slow compared to her heaving gasps. He leaned closer and spoke with perhaps a small hint of softness. “Tired yet?”

Sae looked at him *hungrily*. “No…”

“Good”

And locked their lips once more.

Unbeknownst to them, their activities were not private, for a hidden spectator took every detail of what was going on, hidden behind the corner of a wall, a mess of blue hair peaked over as two wide purple eyes watched with rapt attention and voyeuristic fascination and thrill.

Her pants were hidden by distance, the sounds of the shower, and most importantly the loud moans and grunts of the lovers. Part of her felt she should have left already rather than watch this unfold, it was too risk to run close and grab the cans, and most of all it was… improper of her to see this.

And yet Ibuki still did so, her chest heaved as a powerful *overwhelming* heat made her nether regions feel like a forest fire. She watched with such awe at the sight of this masculine hunk, this epitome of male muscularity, rippled and flex with such power as he *fucked* the teacher relentlessly.

What a forbidden sight, what a taboo subject. The younger man dominating the older woman, his own teacher no less, with sexual prowess.

And made Ibuki want to watch all the more.

She gritted her teeth as a hand pawned roughly at her breasts, the fabric of her uniform and her bra rubbing against the sensitive small orbs while two pinpricks of pain swelled. Her hand sneaked down under her skirt, and she let out a shrill moan when her fingers made contact with her swollen bundle of nerves, stifling with arousal as her wet folds tingled under her panties.

God he was such a fucking beast. She disliked Kiyotaka for multiple reasons, namely how he had outsmarted her and defeated her in the past but… she could not deny what a magnificent piece of meat he had become. The way his muscular hips thrust in and out of Chabashira-sensei, shoving that imposing cock into her relentlessly. She gasps when he pulls out and she touches the floor with wobbly legs, only to turn around, squish her large breasts against the wet wall, and wail in ecstasy as he takes her from behind.

Ibuki’s own hips thrust in reflex as she shoves two fingers into her went sex, furiously masturbating at the sight.

Kiyotaka groans, face twisting in a grimace as he cums inside her again. Yet that is not the end for either of them. Ibuki gasps as Sae turns to face him, falling to her knees and looking at his juice-stained phallus with hunger.

Was… Was she going to…?

Sae takes him in her mouth fully, head bobbing up and down without any prompt from him. And Kiyotaka growls in absolute pleasure as his teacher takes as much of his meat as her mouth allows.

Her fingers were *drenched* in her juices, Ibuki bangs her back against the wall as her unrelenting masturbation keeps escalating.

She watches Kiyotaka’s body seize once more, hears him moan. And Sae stops, the cock throbbing in her mouth.

Eventually, she pulls away, leaving his dick clean of any and all juices. She cranes her head back, eyes closed as though she is savoring… and Ibuki watches her throat muscles move, indicating she swallowed.

Ibuki orgasms *so hard* at that moment. No sound escapes from her mouth, only silent ecstasy in choked cries.

X~X~X~X~X

Ibuki couldn’t stop thinking of that day and what she witnessed. An insufferable young man smarter than he let out, with a dour, cold, and unassuming disposition one might as well dismiss him as background scenery… became a god in the flesh. A Greek statue come to life capable of herculean feats. Virility pouring from his every pore, in the ripple of his muscles the pulse of his veins, the throb of his cock…

God, that cock, so thick and mighty. The way he pumped it, masturbating in what could only be described as a power move before his teacher. Wielded with expert and rough primal energy he penetrated Sae with wild abandon. And Ibuki remembered every single detail…

It would haunt her during nighttime, forcing her to relieve herself until she was tired enough to sleep, as the growing desire was too much for her. Yet that was not enough, she would stalk him through the campus, trying to catch more glimpses of his muscular form like that day, hoping to see him nude and watch as he displayed his muscles to erotic results.

He was getting bigger, it was *marvelous*. And she did see him engaging in different acts of debauchery as another… ‘side’ of him seemed to awaken with his larger physique. Like the time with Chabashira. He would be surrounded by fans wherever he went, he would let them touch his muscles, some would be lucky enough to see him flex. Others he could pick to satisfy himself.

So weak, so needy, like bitches in heat, clinging to him and hoping to get a taste of his body and seed.

Ibuki tried to tell herself she was different, she was strong enough, she wasn’t following him with the intention of surrendering her body, she followed him to find his secret, to find the location of more drinks… though the task was arduous, and Kiyotaka proved to be an enormous distraction.

His muscles, his strength, his *arousing* presence. Ibuki was losing herself slowly the more she followed him. The more she did, the more she *wanted* to focus on him instead of figuring out where he’d go for more drinks.

It got to the point where she daydreamed of him, with thoughts of his bulky form dominating droves of beautiful women as they worshipped him. Images of girls bathing him in tanning oil, massaging his body, and showering him with kisses and ministrations from their lips. Fantasies of him *fucking* them with such vigor they were left panting messes begging for more. She pictured two girls fighting for the ‘honor’ of tasting him, on their knees as they shoved the other aside to take him in their mouths and suck him dry, only to share his seed in the end.

No… Those weren’t fantasies, they were things she had witnessed when her spying took her to intimate places and scenarios she was not meant to witness. Against his room window, in the showers where he took other girls to witness him. More and more she kept watching that debauchery happening in real life.

No, the fantasy part came from *her* putting herself in those scenarios. As the women who would worship him, pleasure him, be *dominated* by him. Ibuki moaned as she pleasured herself in the bathroom stall, overcome by the images of Kiyotaka showering with pleasure, filling her with white-hot release as she coated him in her juices.

This had been the third time today…

She couldn’t go on like this, she couldn’t let him *win*. She wouldn’t let him dominate her mind without needing to take action himself. Ibuki would find the source of his gifts, and she would use them against him. She would become an amazon like Kushida, Sakayanagi, Horikita. She would become *great.* Larger and more powerful than any of them, she’d never fail again, she’d never be tricked or overpowered, there’d be no opposition who’d be able to stand against her.

She would turn things around, she would become the *source* of other people’s fantasies. She would make those other buff girls fall to their knees in ecstasy, she would make Kiyotaka furiously masturbate out of sheer arousal at her visage, and then lean on his back, presenting his manhood to her as a gift while she straddled his waist and *claimed* him.

Ibuki grinned with greed and arousal, already picturing the type of *magnificent creature* she would become. All she needed was to piece the clues together, find the source.

Eventually… she triumphed.

Gym 4#, the basement level. A factor *all* those who partook of the beverage had in common. That had to be it. Why else would they go there?

She searched every nook and cranny, almost giving up until her thorough search, fueled by ambition and desperation, bore fruit.

Inside a storage closet stood a large soda dispenser machine. Bereft of any markings or brands, only the scanner for their student cards and a delivery box.

This was it… this HAD to be it.

Her hand is almost trembling as she pulls out her card to the scanner and spends her points on five cans. Enough to get her what she wanted, not so much as to go bankrupt. The tremors had fully realized as her eager hands took the cans coming out of the dispenser box, she pulled them quickly before the next can come up and pile them out, and lined them up on the floor as she kneeled in front of them.

She holds one like it’s a sacred chalice, with a divine nectar flowing within, she smiles as she pops the lid open, and drinks. She drinks it like she has spent days in the desert, parched, desperate. The flavor invades her buds not because it is great, but because it is what she’s been missing.

Ibuki gasped and then took another one, barely letting its effects go through before she’s halfway through the next. By the time she’s drinking the third, Ibuki can feel her muscles *coil* and *squirm* like there’s something writhing underneath the skin. Her outfit feels tighter by the second, and a sudden burn with a surge of energy expands from within the core.

She coughs a bit when a moan escapes her throat while drinking the fourth can, but swallows and keeps on drinking. Her bicep swells and gives shape to her sleeve as these become snug and uncomfortable around her limbs.

When Ibuki finishes the fifth can, a tremor runs through her body.

It’s like she had been struck by lightning, her body convulsed and spasmed, falling forward as she braced herself against the floor. “Ugh! GNHAG!” She let out guttural sounds coming from the depths of her chest, drool and a bit of soda dribbling down her lips as her pupils quivered.

Her limbs were on *fire*, liquid magma flowed through her veins as the fury of a volcano erupted from the depths of her being. Her hands locked into fists as she took a primal stance, laying on her knuckles like a gorilla, her back arched and rose, becoming a hill as her shoulders and traps framed her head. Her face twisted in agony as pain and pleasure wrestled inside her at the same time.

“GRHG!” She slammed her fist on the concrete floor, and this one cracked under the sudden might that awoke inside her. She watched the result of her strength with orgasmic satisfaction and wonder. Yes, yes, *yes*. This was the power she wanted…!

Her arm swelled even more, filling with muscle packed upon muscle. The cuffs of her sleeve snapped, her widening forearms tore at the seems while horseshoe-like triceps made a large gouge on the underside of her sleeve, her deltoids *exploded* outwards, creating jagged tears in the fabric as her voluminous biceps snapped free of her constraints.

Her shoes were painfully tight, and her socks slowly announced their impending death with the sounds of threads coming undone. Her already dangerously short skirt hiked up, showing her enlarging glutes which soon solidified into shredded balls of steel, a myriad of rippling hamstrings stood up like corded cables as her legs widened.

She struggled to stand up, and when she did so her socks and shoes had come undone, destroyed by the advent of her tree-trunk legs. Her skirt split under the strain of her widening hits, revealing soaked panties that were quickly thinning as the glutes and thighs devoured them. Ibuki growled and tore out the midsection of her outfit with her fingers, unveiling the rippling bags of abdominal muscles that jutted out from her core.

She moaned as she trailed her hands over their delicious hardness, before spasming again, this time causing the other sleeve to be torn to pieces, while her back expanded even more. Widening lats spread like wings, splitting the sides of her school jacket and leaving the remains to hang off her like a tattered vest, all while her wide shirt kept being annihilated by the onslaught of flesh.

Her back tore the shirt down the middle, and her entire upper body bloomed with the most aesthetically pleasing mix of muscle power and female beauty. Ibuki raised her arms as if calling out to the heavens, and unleashed a primal roar as remnants of her clothing exploded out of her in tatters.

She heaved, panting with a gravely tone as she then brought down her arm and a painfully hard crab flex, repeatedly, forcing her body to grow more. Her hips quivered as her sex tingled with pleasure, it felt like she didn’t even need to touch herself, just flexing was getting her off. Her pussy leaked liquid pleasure as she hit the most powerful orgasm of her young life. And Ibuki moaned with a wide smile in utter joy.

“Finally… I have all I ever wanted…”

“But is it what you need?”

Her eyes widened in shock and mortification, in the throes of pleasure she had not realized the *herculean* figure that had entered the storage room. Kiyotaka stood there with his usual impassive stare, his monumentally large body a bit larger than before. He wore a sleeveless shirt with the thinnest of straps that show his full chest and some of his abs, and a pair of shorts that left so little to the imagination. A bulge nestled right between his legs…

“Did you think that by taking a few of the supplements, and growing somewhat, you’d be able to beat anyone in your way? The would-be spy who failed her one assignment”

Ibuki gritted her teeth, fury, and arousal mixing inside her as she stared at the source of her frustrations and her desires. “Don’t look down on me,”

“I literally am” He droned in monotone from his greater height.

“I’ll make you eat those words!” And took on a martial arts stance, making her muscles ripple with the act. “I’m now strong enough to beat you!”

“…Give it your best shot,” He said, “I think I’ll enjoy your attempts”

Ibuki was about to punch him… but found herself unwilling to. This is what she wanted, wasn’t it? To show she wouldn’t be a groupie or whatever the hell those lesser girls had become. She was large and mighty! She… She could take down this beast even if his muscles were much larger than hers! Even if their girth and sensuous thickness made her core burn with more arousal…

“What’s wrong?” There were traces of amusement. “Don’t you want to ‘beat’ me?”

The bulge in his pants shifted and slowly rose a tent underneath.

“Here’s your chance” His voice dropped an octave. “*Beat* me”

God, that thick manhood, the source of her fantasies, threatening to rip right through his shorts. He had willed himself to erection so quickly, a sign of his bestial virility…

Ibuki gnashed her teeth and trembled. She wanted him to beg, she wanted to cry out his name. She wanted him on his knees, she wanted to *be* on her knees. She… She…!

Ibuki gasped, dropping to the floor and quickly reaching for his shorts, pulling them down. A pole wobbled to receive her, large, thick, veiny. She reached out with both hands and began to pump up and down with unbridled energy.

Heh, she was *beating* him after all.

When the first drops of release began to squirt out of him, she heard his command. “Take it,” His voice came out grunting, strained with pleasure, “in your mouth”

Ibuki did so, she inhaled that wonderfully thick and large pleasure tool and *drank*.