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.