(Warning, this story contains graphic sexual content)

Academics were a weird thing, college prospects required you to not only have good grades but also the presence of extracurricular activities in your record to make you stand out in their applications. Which never made much sense to Naomi, wouldn’t they prefer students who’d dedicate more of their time to studying? She’d certainly done so for years, and yet her councilors advised her to look for any sort of club or activity she could join to have it shown in her record.

The problem was that by this time of the year, most of the good clubs were full. Particularly the clubs that could make good use of her academic skills, math club, debate club, chemistry, computer club, and the like. Even her backup choices either didn’t have room or she didn’t have the skills necessary for them; Drama club (she couldn’t act to save her life), glee club (her singing voice was best described as ‘choking cat’), film club (she had no idea how to operate half the equipment there).

Which left her with the last option, the various sports clubs. Already she had flunked out of two, swimming and tennis, she failed the tryouts and didn’t manage to make the teams. Now Naomi was looking for something else she could do, something that would look good on her record.

The various papers on the school board presented fewer and fewer options by the day, and the anxiety was getting to her. She ran a hand through her shaggy afro, biting her lower lip. She needed something, anything…!

“No luck yet, Naomi?” The teasing voice of her longtime rival made her teeth clench. Jennifer idly walked by in her tennis uniform, holding the racket over her shoulder. The outfit really complimented her long red locks, and she knew it, her very developed and curvy body had half the school swooning over her. And the smug look in her green eyes showed she was well aware of it. “It’s a shame you didn’t make the cut,” She said in a faux-remorseful tone.

Her dark cheeks flushed with bare repressed anger as brown eyes turned to glare at her. “Oh yeah, you’re so broken up about it. You know I didn’t even want to be in your club anyway, I just needed the extra points”

She wiggled her racket at her. “That right there is the issue, you’ve stayed cooped up studying for so long you wouldn’t know what effort was if it’d hit you on the face” Jen admonished with a smirk. “You flinched at every ball thrown at you, and your serve?” She snorted. “Weakest I’ve ever seen”

“At least my studying is getting me somewhere,” Naomi said with derision, crossing her slim arms over her chest. “Must be so hard to study when you do nothing but go to the mall and smooch up with Ethan. All you get is an A in sluttiness”

Jen’s eye twitched for a moment. “Well, at least one of us has a boyfriend. Who’d want that plank body of yours?” She said, purposefully putting a hand on her hip and showing off her curves. “Shame you couldn’t grow where it matters” She laughed at her own joke, walking away with a confident gait.

Some days Naomi wondered *when* exactly the two had become bitter rivals like that. At this point, she was pretty certain neither she nor Jennifer could pinpoint it. It felt like they just started hating each other one day and things kept escalating from there. Ugh whatever, she could get mad at that bitch any other time, right now she had to keep looking for something. And her choices were limited enough as it is…

Her gaze stopped over a pamphlet on the right side of the board, and she began looking at it with greater attention. She had heard of the club before but… well, it wasn’t exactly the sort of thing she’d go for.

But at this point, she’d take anything. What was the worst that could happen?

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Naomi approached the basketball court, looking at the place like it was some foreign location. Which may as well be given how little time she spent here in all her years of high school. But the head of the club was here in her office, and she needed to ask for her permission to join. Navigating through the inner halls, Naomi came upon the office owned by the basketball coach, one Ada Black.

Miss Ada was… something of a local celebrity. Played college basketball and earned various championships under her belt. Went out to participate at an Olympic level, not just in that specific sport, but also in various other strength and endurance-based competitions. Including weightlifting and bodybuilding.

Yeah, at 30 years old, coach Ada was already an *incredibly* accomplished woman. An enormous one. Naomi caught her in an activity that displayed the sheer level of muscularity she possessed. The coach’s half-asian features were locked in a focused frown, breathing evenly as she lifted a barbell, making her bicep swell and ripple as thick veins sprouted all over the surface of her arm. She was wearing a tank top with thin straps, letting her see the striated muscles of the woman’s shoulders and chest, which were all covered by a thin sheet of sweat, making them glisten in a rather… interesting fashion.

She was completely focused on her task, slowly bringing the barbell up and down as she bent forward from her chair, her elbow resting on her leg as the strong grip caused the forearm muscles to jump. The Olympic woman barely even registered she had company until Naomi cleared her throat.

“Um, coach Ada?”

Her gaze snapped up, short black hair sticking close to her skin from the sweat. She greeted the young girl with a beaming smile. “Hey, Michels!” She said, never stopping her workout. “What can I do for you?”

“U-Um, well” She didn’t know why, but the coach’s strong torso was… distracting. Which was strange because she had seen the woman often during gym class. It had never had that strong an effect on her. “I was wondering if you had room left in your fitness club?”

“Oh!” She perked up. “Want to pump some iron?” Ada asked half-jokingly.

“Well,” It was better if she was honest about her intentions. “I kinda need more extracurricular activities in my records if I want to stand out in my college applications,” She said rather sheepishly, feeling awkward.

“Ah, I see” Ada clicked her tongue, her arm only stopping to switch the barbell to the other. “Well I do have room, but I must say I’d prefer to take in students who are serious about what this club is all about”

“I see…” Naomi muttered, feeling disappointment incoming.

The coach let out a breath through her nostrils. “But… I know a thing or two about doing everything to get a good college to notice you. I don’t envy you kids, that part of high school is rough on everyone. I certainly don’t miss it” Ada paused for a moment, slowly nodding. “Okay, come back tomorrow, we’ll see about getting you in”

Naomi was almost jumping with joy, “Yes!”

“But you gotta promise me to put your heart into it,” The basketball coach said. “This isn’t just a statistic to look good in your records, I want commitment”

The dark-skinned girl smiled with all her teeth. “You got it, professor, I promise I’ll give it my all!”

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It was the first day in the club, and Naomi felt she was going to die.

This was a crazy place for crazy people, no other explanation. Coach Ada was already a demanding taskmaster, but in her club, she turned it up to eleven.

Unending laps around the gym, pushups, and sit-ups that seemed to last forever, weights that poor noddle limbs had *no* chance of lifting. Coach Ada was running a *crossfit* club, not a simple fitness club, it was like the woman was dead set on turning them all into muscle heads like her. For the lift of her, Naomi couldn’t understand how anyone could bear all this ungodly *torment*.

Yet as she sat around on the bench, getting her second (or fourth) wind, she saw the sort of students who did want to be here and endure the strict training regime. A few girls who wanted to pursue a career in Olympic sports like the coach herself, she had seen some of them before, a track-field star, a basketball player, a discus thrower, young women who wanted a future in the sporting field. The rest were easier to fathom, boys who wanted to be buff, easy enough to guess, with all three of them being recognizable figures in the school’s football team, the kind the talent agents were always on the lookout for to offer scholarships. These guys were already pretty built for their age, and they were going the extra mile to add even more mass.

One such guy was Ethan Rivers, a popular linebacker who already was on the scope of different colleges for a position on their teams. Ethen was *big*, the kind of guy to whom bodybuilding could be an honest prospect one day, as was the case with linebackers. His tank top showed a great deal of his upper body, with the collar being low and the traps thin enough to show two large pectorals, shoulders like basketball, and the most rippling biceps that swelled imperiously as he lifted the barbells in tandem.

With his short shaggy hair and blue eyes, accompanied by a chiseled face, Ethan was one of the top hunks in the school and it showed. It was no surprise Jen was dating him.

Now, Naomi wasn’t the jealous sort, and it wasn’t like she liked Ethan or anything, but damn she could still admire the goods. She knew quality when she saw it, and Ethan was a fine cut of meat.

“Tired, Michels?” The coach asked, walking closer toward her with her hands behind her back. Her tracksuit jacket looked a touch strained by the wideness of her torso.

Naomi replied with a long huff.

“Tell you what, you did more than enough for your first day. Take it easy now” Naomi certainly didn’t feel she did… “Fifteen minutes left, wrap it up, people!”

It was amazing to see these young athletes do so much (especially compared to her), these people came here to push their limits, unlike her who just wanted something on her record because she needed it. Coupled with the demanding tasks of their workout and how they carried it out like machines, while she had struggled all throughout, it really made her second guess her choices.

Eventually, the club’s hour ended, and everyone was taking a breather, drying themselves off, drinking water, talking to each other about their progress.

One of the girls, Amy the discuss thrower, was chatting up with Ethan. She had pretty impressive biceps, far from the size of his but very nicely shaped and sized all the same. She flexed one arm to show it to him, her dark skin glistening. “Gonna catch up with you any day now, big guy~”

“Oooof,” Ethan mocked good-naturedly as he flexed his own enormous arm. “You sure about that?”

Amy barked a laugh, “Gonna make you look like a toothpick one day, mark my words” They kept riffing each other the way good friends do.

Eventually, it was time for the showers, and Naomi joined the other girls who kept showing off their gains as they disrobed. Amy was once again comparing biceps, this time with Kendra, the basketball player, who stood half a head taller than the discus thrower, the two laughed when Pam the track field star showed off a rather wide-looking thigh and flexed the multiple muscle groups for them, “*This* is a muscle, ladies”

Naomi couldn’t deny they looked *good*, and it made her feel a bit insecure.

Eventually, their attention was on her, giving her polite and inviting smiles. “What about you, Naomi, got anything you’d like to share with the class~?” Kendra said with a soft tease.

Naomi deadpanned, looking at her lithe limbs.

“Oh don’t worry,” Pam shrugged with a smile, “You’ll bulk up in no time”

“I dunno about that…” The afro-haired girl shook her head, “You gals make it look so easy, I’m not even sure I *can* bulk up like that” Huh, it surprised her she said ‘can’ instead of ‘want’.

“Not with that attitude,” Amy walked up to her, her underwear-clad body left almost nothing to the imagination, letting Naomi see the finely-toned muscles of her legs and stomach, and the striations and her shoulders and arms. “You one of us now, girl. You’re gonna get *big*” She said, striking a pose she most likely saw the coach, joining her hands together to flare out her thorax as much as she could.

The sight made her cheeks warm a little.

“You um,” She gulped, “You trying to be like coach Ada one day?”

“Hell yeah!” Amy smiled with all her teeth. “Who wouldn’t?”

Who indeed.