

The Dinner

It was Friday morning and Paige was more than excited about her upcoming date with Chris. He was tall, handsome, athletic, and successful. She knew she had no chance of dating a guy like this in the past. But now...after a month of rigorous workouts and a protein infused diet, mixed in with a ton of rest and stretching...she had transformed a bit about her appearance and a ton about her self-confidence. Even so, there was still that sense of nervousness. Had she done enough? Had she trimmed off enough fat?

She expected to see him in the office that day after he had been gone on a sales trip the last week. She couldn't wear anything she was going to be dressed in later that night, so she pondered on what to put on. Paige went through drawer after drawer and just couldn't decide. Finally, she took one more peak in her closet and spotted a spring dress that actually had shoulders and sleeves on it. It was a bit long and would pass just above her ankles and hide her kind of bulky calves.

Paige pulled the dress up to her waist. It felt really loose there since she'd shed a few inches around with all of the day after day workouts and avoidance of fatty, sweets and junk food. At the same time, when she fed her arms into the sleeves, they were the opposite. They felt incredibly tight. Maybe the material had shrunk a bit from washing. She knew she was 10 pounds lighter than she was almost six weeks ago and a little leaner too. The fact that the sleeves were a bit tight kind of confused her.

But she managed to get the dress on and just in time. Work started in twenty minutes and that was the exact amount of time it took for her to get there. Paige rushed into the bathroom for a quick brush of her hair and maybe a small amount of lipstick. She grabbed the brush and lifted her arms up to run it through her long, beautiful red hair...

RIIIIIIIIP !!!

"Oh Shit?" Paige said out loud as her right arm had flexed during her brushing and burst the seams of the material.

"FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK...I don't have time for this right now!" She exclaimed in a panic...knowing she didn't have a spare second to try to find a different outfit and get to work.

She lowered her arms and was in dismay of what to do. As a last minute fix, she thought the only solution was to basically cover up the tear by wearing a shawl over her shoulders and letting it hang down over that arm. It would look kind of stupid in this weather...but she had no time for anything else.

With that decided, Paige left in a rush and hurried up to work. She constantly looked at her reflection in the windows of buildings she walked by, and lamented at her dumb outfit. She actually wanted to see Chris's cute, athletic, smiling face, but at the same time didn't want him to see her looking so goofy. She decided she'd stay in her area all day and try to avoid the Sales zone if at all possible...avoiding contact with Chris till she was done up later that night.

As always, she arrived well before anyone in Sales and she made her way to her cubicle to hide out. And after only an hour at her desk, she received a text from Chris.

Hey Paige, so sorry to give you the bad news, but we're stuck here in Minneapolis for another week on this damn sales trip. SoleX loves our product and we're meeting with their parent company next Thursday...can we set this dinner up for next Friday??? ...

Saved! Paige was sorry to have the date postponed, but the fact that she looked so dumb in what she was wearing relieved her incredibly!!!

Oh my gosh...of course Chris. I was really looking forward to seeing you tonight, but ya...for sure that will work...Good luck with SoleX and the big sale!!!

The sense of relief also turned into a sense of great opportunity. First of all, Paige was going to have to shit-can her idea of not buying anything till she hit 135 pounds. She had to be presentable in the office and tearing the sleeves in her dress had already eliminated one item from her clothing inventory. Also, it would give her a week of two-a-day workouts to feel better about herself going into the date.

Thanks Paige! I am looking forward to seeing you too! Have a great week...see you soon.

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Paige immediately opened up her browser and typed in: *Hot CrossFit Girls*

"Holy Shit!" Paige said out loud.

These girls were not at all what Paige had expected. Not one of them was skinny...not one! They all had long hair, thick bodies, full of muscle and for the most part had several tattoos. They were buff, but ya...crazy hot and sexy...and just like Paige...not small. This was a look Paige could attain with her slightly bulky body type. This must be what Chris is into since he's stayed at that Zen CrossFit instead of going to the 24 Hour Fitness type places.

"Damn...do I have to get tattoos now?" Paige thought to herself and laughed.

It was a long Friday at work and Paige spent a long time flipping through pages and pages of random sites featuring these CrossFit girls. There was Annie Thorisdottir and Brook Ence and Katrin Davidsdottir and Amanda Barnhart and maybe the hottest of them all...Sara Sigmundsdottir. Newly motivated by this more attainable...sexier look, Paige couldn't wait to change and get over to Lunar.

She rolled into Lunar, took out her phone, showed the CrossFit girls pics to Lauren and said, "This!"

"Oh thank God." Lauren responded. "This is definitely more your body type and what I was already kind of working on with you last week...I didn't know if these chicks would be off-putting to you, but we can definitely do this!"

With that goal in mind, Paige committed to a morning weightlifting and sculpting session, an afternoon stretching and mobility session and an evening powerlifting session. Paige would also need to nap once a day and eat about six small to medium meals per day. It was calendared out like clockwork but she would need to take the next week off of work. Since she had plenty of vacation time still left on the books...Paige texted her boss and made it so.

She had a full eight days of training she could put in before her date and she was going to make every second count. Today was Friday, then I guess...kind of three-a-days, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and again on Friday. She was going to live, breath and sleep her physical focus and do everything she could to be the apple of Chris's eye. Paige had gained a few pounds of muscle while shedding a little fat already since the last time she had seen Chris, and was hoping to add a little more muscle, while losing just a small bit more fat percentage before seeing him in a week.

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Paige stayed with the plan day after day after day and was totally sore. A couple of days, she had a hard time even walking, but was totally satisfied. She did nothing but workout, drink water, eat protein and sleep for a solid week. As she looked in the mirror on the Thursday evening after her night workout, the changes were already visible. She had noticeable traps, a seemingly thicker...buffer neck but yet a more chiseled and angled face.

Lauren had mentioned to Paige that she had a genetic gift for large, rounded, muscular shoulders and she was right. As Paige again put her arms on the counter and leaned forward, like she had week or so earlier, forcing all of her bodyweight upon her arms and shoulders, they absolutely exploded in size. It was almost freaky how big they were and Paige got a huge grin of satisfaction on her face as she noticed some real, actual, sizable muscle.

She then reached her arms up and gave herself a double biceps flex. They became larger and immensely hard. There was not your standard baseball sized biceps muscle there yet...but there was additional roundness to the top of the muscle and it was definitely larger in circumference than it had been even a little over a week ago.

Paige then looked down at her legs and had to give herself a quad flex. The teardrop muscle on the inside of her leg, that she had noticed a couple of weeks ago was double the size and impossible to miss. She was lucky, gifted and happy that her mom and dad had given her these thigh muscle genes and she was certainly taking advantage of it. The rest of her upper leg was

well rounded, large and rock hard. She kind of pounded on them to test their strength and she was impressed that she barely even felt the strong blows.

With the visual look feeling so appealing to her, Paige walked to the corner of her bathroom and stepped on the scale. She had no idea what to expect. She had definitely gained some muscle, but at the same time knew she had to have lost a couple more percent of body fat. Her body still seemed a little bulky...but it was lean. It had a much more fit and athletic look and she was overjoyed at how the intense training was transforming her body.

As she stepped on it, she watched the digital numbers flash and flash for several seconds before giving her the final reading. But before it did, she couldn't help but notice the majestic looking sweep to her calves. They were more rounded, more firm and more defined than she had ever remembered. Paige had been really focused on her shoulders and thighs over the last month and a half, she really hadn't even considered that her calves might grow. But they definitely did and she began flexing them up and down by standing on her tippy toes on the scale.

She turned to look at her reflection in the mirror. Holy Shit! There was a nice, curved, angled shape to the muscle there...it was fucking hot. Damn, she knew they would look amazing in heels and knew right then she needed to shop for a pair that night. Paige just kept doing her calf raises over and over, finding that she might have just discovered her new favorite body part.

Paige reached down and gripped her lower leg. Yep, those calves definitely were hard as rocks and bigger than ever before. She was kind of popping her fingers over the rigid edge of the granite like muscle and she realized that without even trying, these babies were her hardest and most developed muscle group now. It was so much fun and she received so much gratification from growing these new and bigger muscles. At the same time, she just started feeling so strong. She felt like she could lift a damn bus compared with before and the self-confidence was flowing through her body.

But back on focus Paige she said to herself. She calmed down, stood straight up and still on the scale and let it do its job. Beep beep beep, boop, boop, boop....the scale finally stopped and flashed the reading...147 pounds.

"What the fuck?" Paige said out loud to herself in the privacy of her own bathroom. "How have I actually lost a pound?"

She stood naked in front of the mirror and hit a double biceps pose. The muscle was bigger than ever. Her biceps were thick and meaty and gorgeous. Her neck was thicker. Her shoulders were more rounded and she had visible traps. Her boobs did seem just a little bit smaller she guessed, and her stomach was now flat instead of flabby. As Paige peered down to her quads, they had gorgeous muscle built on them and they were certainly bigger than ever...but she did notice the hip width from her past had reduced greatly and had basically disappeared.

Paige seemed more sculpted. Still kind of bulky...yes. But her curves seemed to be in all the right places. Wide shoulders...a flat, thinner midsection and waist, rounded thighs and her favorite of all...rock hard calf muscles. Her initial disappointment at not gaining a pound faded quickly. And she had to laugh. Her initial goal was to get down to 135 pounds and potentially more. But now, after realizing that CrossFit girls...were meaty and muscular and heavy, she was mad that she hadn't hit 150.

She loved the muscle-bound reflection in the mirror and grinned as she took one more look at her stunning arms and shoulders before walking into her room to get ready to go shopping for tomorrow's outfit.

Her buff arms reached out and Paige opened her dresser drawer and pulled out a small pair of white panties. They were silky and smooth to the touch. She loved the way they felt as she slowly pulled them up and over her bulging calves. God they were glorious she said to herself again. Next she slid the silky material up further. First over the rounded, growing teardrop muscle that had formed and grown nicely on the inside of her kneecap. She paused briefly and lightly brushed its magnificence with her palm. It was rounded and firm...she never even knew this muscle existed till recently...but she loved it. Finally, she raised the thin panties up and over her curvaceous, solid quads. They were growing by the day and she had to give herself a little thigh flex as the panties slipped past and made their way to her thinning but rock hard waist.

It was going to take Paige forever to get dressed if she kept admiring her muscles instead of just putting on her damn clothes. But at this point in her training, there was always a new growth, always larger muscles, always a new discovery in her physique.

She now sat on the end of her bed and started to pull on her jeans. They had been tight when she originally bought them, because of her more plump body shape. But like all girls, they buy clothes assuming they're going to lose weight and fit into them better shortly. Unfortunately, like most girls, Paige hadn't done anything about that for the last year and until she started at Lunar Gym six weeks ago, they always seemed to fit worse every time she wore them.

As she positioned the legs beneath her feet, Paige was sitting on the edge of her bed and leaning over and down, extending her arms to the floor to grab the Jeans and pull. Before she did though, she kind of looked up and over at the full-length mirror leaning against the wall. To her absolute shock, these huge shoulders and large arms with bulging biceps and triceps stared back at her. "Holy shit!" she exclaimed. "I look like a dude!"

Not true of course, her face was still feminine and pretty and beautiful, long red hair flowed downward and almost to the floor as it hung from her bent over head. But ya, in the reflection, from several feet away, her arms did look bulky and massive. Looking at your reflection from seven or eight feet away gives a different perspective than super close in the mirror and it is more true to how you look in public. But there was no denying it now...Paige was BUFF!

She shook her head in awe and with a certain bit of satisfaction. Becoming this muscular in such a short time let her know that the sky was the limit with her amazing genetics and she couldn't wait to see what she'd look like in three months...six months...a year!

But enough self-admiration for now. Let's pull on these damn jeans. As she lifted up, even getting them past her bulky calves provided a bit of resistance and she knew she was going to need every bit of stretchiness the material had in it. She got the upper portion to her knees but the lower leg was now stuck. The need was to get the knee portion of the pants past her calves now. But the material was tight. Super tight, and as she tried to slide it past her rock hard, muscular calves, there was no more stretch left.

She pulled hard anyway and the tightness of the jeans around her bulky calves was starting to cut off her circulation. Paige tried relaxing her calves...flexing them, pointing her toes and feet down to maybe make them more aerodynamic. But nothing was working. Paige had put a lot more size and muscle on her calves than she realized and these jeans were not going to pass!

She stood up and looked again in the mirror. What a sight. This thick girl was starting to experience the frustrations of being muscular and big...Shit! She kicked the no longer wearable jeans to the floor and walked back to her dresser. "Yoga pants it is you dork!" She said as Paige realized she now had no long pants that would fit her any more.

Paige pulled on the slick, super stretchy yoga pants. She had only been wearing workout shorts to the gym the last couple of weeks and realized now that even the yoga pants were hard to pull on and super tight. But they did go on. She then threw on a sports bra and capped it off by pulling on her once oversized, but now perfect sized Lunar Gym hoodie. So much for wearing regular clothes...until she does some shopping.

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It was only a few blocks to the mall...so Paige walked over in a matter of minutes and headed inside. She tried on jeans and blouses and several outfits. But she was a bit frustrated in that she couldn't buy normal sizes in any of them, so they always looked a bit off on her. The legs were too thin, or to get them wide enough, the length was too long. On her upper body, all the blouses were so small around the shoulders, she had to try on sizes that were for extra-large women, so the midriff was like a damn balloon.

As the adventure continued, Paige was quickly realizing why all the gym Instagram and TikTok girls wore gym clothes all the time. She thought it was a bit pretentious that they would go out on the town and still be wearing revealing...gym type attire. But Paige quickly realized that there was a reason. Clothes makers simply didn't make outfits, tops and bottoms to fit in-shape, muscular girls. Good luck finding pants with large enough thigh and glute area. Good luck finding tops that wouldn't burst at the seams the second you accidentally flexed or picked something up.

She knew she needed to go to a store that catered to fit, shapely women. So she made her way over to the LuLuLemon outlet in hopes they had something she could wear outside the gym that wasn't a thousand dollars. It was going to have to work. She walked in and started browsing around and looking through the different racks. Outfit after outfit...too plain...too gym like...too expensive...there it is!

The look spoke to Paige and she quickly pulled the garment off the rack and rushed to the dressing room. The pants were perfect. They were essentially a super stretchy material like yoga pants, would hug to her every thigh and calf curve...but they looked like jeans. Even down to a fake seam line down the sides and fake pockets in the back!

She rushed to pull them on. Yes, they were a little tight...as they were supposed to be, but they looked awesome. She pulled them all the way up, adjusted the seam line on the side so it was perfectly to the side of her quads and calves...all the way down to her ankles. Looking at her profile, Paige was shocked at the development on the back of her leg. Her hamstrings were huge and shot out to the rear almost as much as her quads were rounded out to the front. They tied into her massive and beautifully bulging glutes perfectly and she was blown away by her insanely muscular lower body!

Wow! These super-tight pants that looked like jeans really accentuated her gorgeous, muscle filled legs. Next, she stood on her tippy toes and her calves bulged greatly...stretching the material even more but looked tremendous! It was hard to quite ogling her own muscular stems, but she had to save that for later...

After a few more minutes in the store, Paige found a beautiful top. It was white and frilly around the edges but tight fitting around her breasts. It had a deep v-shaped neck to leave some cleavage exposed and it only went down to just below her breasts, leaving her flat stomach bare as well. It had long sleeves to kind of cover up her bulky, muscular arms, but the top went around kind of like a tube top and left her thick neck, towering traps and buff, muscle-bound, rounded shoulders uncovered.

Her long, red hair would be slightly curled and left to be long and draping her shoulders in a very hot and sexy way. A tiny bit of makeup to highlight her more athletic facial features and some white high heels would finish the look. Paige was stoked at the find and couldn't wait for her date with Chris the next evening...he was about to be blown away by this hot, curvy, muscular girl!!!