

# Nova and Ryan - A more "literary" Take on Muscle Growth

By AndrewWrites

## Prologue: The Right Woman

The grunts and the clanking of metal were coming from the basement at regular intervals, like waves crashing against a rocky shore. They were loud enough that they could be heard from outside the house, but to Mr. and Mrs. Steelshaper, the sounds were a routine and they signified a return to normality. The couple were, by now, accustomed to having a daughter who could move around weights that would make an Icelandic strongman green with envy. And what's more, they were just glad to have her back home, even for such a short time as her two-week holiday.

Nova Steelshaper had made the old basement her home away from home. Littered with weights, dumbbells, barbells, benches and pull-up bars, the room looked more professional than the most expensive gyms in the city. Nova gazed at herself in the mirrors that covered the opposite wall. She was doing bicep curls, with dumbbells so big they obscured her hands completely. 25 kilograms each, to be exact. Her body was covered in a glistening sheen of sweat, so that light reflected off her bulging, veiny biceps and forearms. She was breathing heavily and her tank top was struggling to contain her gigantic pectoral muscles. In spite of all her struggles, the girl was smiling, content with the masterpiece she had created. She was gorgeous, huge and as powerful as an ox. The perfect human specimen. He will see me for what I am, soon, she thought.

The dumbbells fell to the floor with a thud that seemed to shake the house. Still smiling, Nova brought her arms up and flexed her biceps. The mounds of muscle rose up at her command, growing into pulsating mountains, covered in veins that resembled rivers. She held the flex until her arms started shaking, reveling in the pain and the exhaustion. Then, she brought her arms down and flexed her mighty pectorals. The tank top fell to the floor, in tatters.

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## Chapter 1: Birdsong

This is the worst, thought Ryan McCoy, resting his head on the backseat window. In a few minutes they would arrive at the house and this new status quo will be cemented.

Ryan had always felt like his parents considered him an afterthought. He was important to them, of course, but, whenever he asked them for help, something or other always came up. He was never the first thing they thought about. His father would help him with his math homework, but only after he was done with his own calculations. His mother, if she even happened to be home in the afternoon, would prepare dinner, but "only after finishing this important call with my client".

Looking out the window, his new future slowly came into view. A traditional American home, in the suburbs, from which nothing really stood out. A navy-colored tiled roof, white walls, a small driveway leading to the garage. Just like every other house in the neighbourhood. He already hated it.

A moving company helped get them installed. At first, Ryan was completely lost inside his head, imagining himself elsewhere. When, for a moment, he looked up, he saw that the people carrying the heavy furniture were a man and a woman. The woman seemed to be the one helping out the most. This, Ryan found curious. But, bored and angry as he was, he did not pursue the issue further.

When the house was finally ready, Ryan sprinted to what would become his new room and jumped on the bed. He thought a nap might help. He fell asleep immediately and woke up refreshed and energized. He decided that he'd go outside and take a walk, to see this new neighborhood.

Outside, he used his hand as a makeshift parasol and scanned the street through squinted eyes. He started noticing a soft sound, coming from somewhere nearby. Somebody was whistling a melody. Intrigued, he went in search of the source.

As it turned out, he only had to walk a few meters, as the sound was coming from the porch of their neighbor's house, up the street, to their left. A little girl was whistling a country tune through a blade of grass. Ryan inched closer and sat down, on the ground, near the front steps. Her hair was a fiery red, like a furnace. Burning with life, Ryan thought. The girl didn't look up, seemingly lost in her melody.

“It’s rude to stare, you know”, she said, when she finally finished. “People usually say ‘Hello’, when they meet someone for the first time.”

Ryan’s cheeks began to redden at the reproach. “Well, I... sorry, I just didn’t wanna disturb you. You were playing so nice.”

The girl smiled broadly, seemingly forgetting the offense. “It’s okay. And thank you. My name is Nova”, she continued, extending a hand. Ryan took it.

“Ryan”, he retorted. “I’m Ryan. It’s nice to meet you.” For a moment, they stood silent, neither knowing what else to say. Then, Ryan had an idea. “Hey, look. My parents and I just moved here today and I was going to take a walk around the neighborhood. Maybe you can be my guide?”

With that, they walked, arm in arm, on a tour around the vicinity. Nova was an enthusiastic guide, pointing out such and such houses and telling him stories about their inhabitants. At the end of the day, they both felt an instant connection. The thought formed in Ryan’s mind, Maybe this new life won’t be that bad.

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## Chapter 2: A Time of Discoveries

### Part One

Ryan and his friend helped each other through the years. Their relationship matured along with their bodies and their minds. They talked much and shared everything with each other.

They went to separate primary schools but always found time to hang out at the end of the day. Most often, Nova would come by and they would listen to music in his room, music that she usually brought, or he would read to her. They talked about their dreams. At that age, everything seemed possible and natural. By that time, Nova had been practicing the violin for a couple of years. She wanted to become a professional musician and her teacher's opinions of her talent supported it. Ryan was a voracious reader. As a result, his linguistic skills were impeccable, for primary school standards. He did not yet know his path, but was sure that his affinity for the English language was a sign, pointing in the right direction.

Their parents noticed that their children were inseparable and made arrangements for them to be colleagues in middle school. And that time is when the path started to take shape, for both of them.

Ryan started writing. At first, he tried poetry, but it soon turned out that his talent lay more in the realm of prose and he started writing short stories of various lengths and themes. These he would present in class, to the cheers of his classmates and the praise of his teacher.

Nova participated in music competitions and won numerous awards. Her dexterity was praised continuously by judges, as was her flawless tempo. Nova was always the first to read Ryan's stories and he, in turn, served as willing and excited audience for her practice sessions.

In middle school, Ryan experienced something that would mark him for the rest of his life. One day, while put shopping with his father, on one of the very few occasions that they could hang out together, Ryan went to browse the comics and magazines section of the supermarket and he found a Fitness Magazine. Normally, he would take no interest in something of the sort, as he cared little for the musclebound oafs featured on the covers. But that one was different, in an essential way. It had a woman on the cover.

Unconsciously, Ryan's mind drifted back to the day they first moved to the suburbs. To that woman lifting the heavy couch, almost all by herself. He felt an overwhelming urge to possess that magazine. Being with his father, he couldn't just show up with it and ask him to buy it, so he resolved to wait for the next day, when, after school, he darted to the supermarket and bought it with the last bits of his allowance.

At home, Ryan stacked the magazine under his bed and waited for the cover of night. Until then, he could think of nothing else but that woman. Excited, his mind supplied details that he did not even know he had noticed. The woman sweating, her triceps and forearms straining, reddening and shining in the morning sun. Her smile, as if the heavy lifting was but child's play for her. And the fact that the man on the other side of the couch was struggling so much that Ryan could swear he heard his teeth grinding. Until then, Ryan had never been one for sexual exploration, but the effect those thoughts had on him, especially on the lower part of his body, was starting to make him reconsider.

At night, under the bedcovers and with a flashlight in his left hand, he began to leaf through the pages. The woman on the cover, he soon found out, was called Denise Masino and the magazine, Muscle Elegance, was hers. She was a vision, sitting in the water, her head tilted backwards, soaking in the rays of the sun. She had the most beautiful face Ryan had ever seen, with soft lines and curvy lips, the facial expression of an empress, a goddess. Her body was bulging with muscles. Ryan could see every striation and vein in her arms and her abdomen reminded of Italian Renaissance sculptures. She radiated power, in a way no other woman, in Ryan's mind, ever could.

He started panting heavily and his penis, trapped between his body and the mattress, spasmed. He wanted to see more. The magazine, it turned out, had just what he needed. Page after page, the most muscular, most beautiful women he'd ever seen paraded before his eyes. Eventually, his excitement got the better of him. He experienced the first orgasm in his life, one that needed virtually no manual stimulation. And he knew, right then, that he had discovered something important.

## Part Two

Months after discovering the magazine, Ryan spent his free time on the internet, searching for more erotic material. He found countless sites and went from pictures of female bodybuilders, to videos. Little by little, he discovered a dedicated and friendly community of fellow lovers of strong women. He found talented artists on Deviant-art, who turned their passion for feminine muscles into beautiful and stimulating art, as well as authors who, with just words on a page, gave life to Ryan's deepest, most titillating fantasies. As far as he was concerned, he was in heaven.

This new discovery had the added effect of gradually changing his opinion on the girls he saw at school and on the street. As a boy, he had had his share of fantasies involving the

women he saw in his daily life, but he had never been very interested in any of his classmates. Therefore, he had never even kissed a girl. And as soon as he discovered what his passion actually was, he found out he had no interest in ordinary girls. They were just another manifestation of the banal. They did not manage to hold his attention. At the same time, he was ashamed of being so different from the other boys. At that age, every little difference makes you question yourself.

All this time, Nova herself was busy with her own new discovery. Boys. More specifically, Jacob, a cute, blond haired boy in her class, and her first boyfriend. She and Ryan still talked and, almost every night, she called him to say she was coming over. As always, standing on his bed, watching the ceiling, and imagining they were sitting under the moonlit sky, they shared everything with each other. Well, in Ryan's case, almost everything. He was not yet ready.

Nova, it turned out, had many things to share and he found himself listening intently to her every word. When talking, she was very animated. She would often move her hands around to emphasize a point, or she would smile dreamily when remembering a moment. She was in love and, like many young people in that situation, she had her head in the clouds.

Over time, the new experiences changed Nova for the better. She became more confident, more sure of herself. Whereas Ryan was busy hiding his newly discovered self from the world, like a tortoise too afraid to leave its shell, Nova was learning to embrace the world, a butterfly fresh out of her cocoon. This gap in their experiences created a rift between them, one that they noticed, eventually.

Looking at Ryan these days, Nova thought, it was as if he was wearing a mask. He was doing his best to learn to be more sociable and people liked him well enough. When he wanted to, he could make them laugh. But Nora knew him too well not to be able to see beyond the image he projected. And what she saw was the sadness and confusion underneath. Her youth and lack of experience meant, however, that she found herself unsure of how to proceed. Eventually, they found themselves in high school.

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## Chapter 3: Shame

Not long after breaking up with Jacob, Nova found herself another sweetheart. This time, she was more cautious. She did not let this new one, Arthur, sweep her off her feet as easily. And she made sure to devote more time to Ryan.

In his room, on the bed, Nova talked about love. She explained to Ryan that an experience like that is invaluable, subtly hinting that he might want to go through a similar one, himself. They even found themselves talking about marriage.

"So, I was thinking... I mean, I know it's a bit early and all, but... I've been thinking about marriage. We're gonna have to do it sometime, right? And I've been thinking about who I'm going to marry, when the time comes. And I have this image in my head of the perfect guy, this prince, come to take me away in his white carriage." At that, she chuckled, briefly. "No, but seriously. Do you ever think about that? About your perfect woman?"

Ryan kept the silence. He could feel his heart start to beat a little faster.

"Ryan...?"

What am I going to tell her?, he thought. I mean, I can't... really tell her anything, can I? She'll think I'm a creep, a weirdo. Oh, well, you know Nova, my perfect woman is this beefed up, bronzed chick loaded with steroids. It's ridiculous. What the fuck is wrong with me?

Still lost in these thoughts, Ryan turned to his side. Nova got closer and held him in her arms. They remained like that, neither one making another sound.

That day, Nova understood that something had really changed in Ryan. She was determined to find out what it was and to help him through it. With that in mind, as a first step, she wanted to help him have fun. She decided to make him a surprise visit, with a six pack of beer and a few new music CDs. Her plan was to get him in the mood to party, then go find a club in the city and dance the night away. She wanted an unusual night for him, one that would help shake him out of the shell he had created for himself. She could not have chosen a worse day for that, thought Ryan, a few days afterwards.

Ryan's parents, if and when they happened to be home, were accustomed to Nova coming in without prior announcement. And, seeing what she was packing, Ryan's father sent her up with a sly smile on his face. Nora, however, knew much about her friend's boundaries, so she approached silently, not wanting to surprise him. She opened the door slowly, without making a sound. When she got into the room, she almost dropped the beers to the ground.

Right in front of her, sitting in front of the computer, Ryan was furiously masturbating. It took a moment for Nora to collect herself and then she saw what Ryan was looking at. On the screen was a very muscular person. A man, she assumed from the close-up of a large, defined bicep that she first saw. When the camera zoomed out, however, aside from the ridiculously large and muscular body that was now on full display, Nora noticed other things: dark, flowing hair, luscious, blood red lips and manicured fingernails. Buried deep beneath the leg muscles was the bottom part of a bikini. The sound on the speakers was turned low, but Nora could still hear the woman moaning loudly, seemingly turned on by her display. And as Nora could see, Ryan himself was just as aroused. He was shaking, breathing heavily and emitting low moans, in an effort to remain unheard.

Nora's brain was being overwhelmed with conflicting thoughts and emotions. She felt ashamed of being there at that moment, as if she had intruded on a deeply personal ritual. At the same time, she felt confused. She had never thought about muscles as overly sexual in nature. Slowly, another feeling began to snake its way between the others, like wind through the gaps in a concrete wall. Curiosity.

Ryan was usually very careful to avoid any potential exposure. He always masturbated at night, when he was sure to be alone in the room. He always locked the door, just in case. His worst nightmare, at the time, was someone barging into his room and into his secret life, unbidden. That day, he had not taken the usual countermeasures. He had felt unusually bad and, truth be told, unusually horny. As always, his stories, comic books and videos were there to welcome him. But, as it turned out, one moment of being careless was all it took to be discovered.

After a while, Ryan ejaculated violently. As he wiped himself down, he turned the monitor off. In the dark screen that now faced him, he saw Nora's reflection and froze.

Slowly, as if afraid, he turned his chair around. Nora saw tears sneaking out of her friend's eyes. His cheeks were reddening.

For a while, they stared at each other and let silence engulf them.

Ryan was the first to speak, his voice shaky, uncontrolled:

“Please, go away.”

“Ryan...”

“Please. Just go”, he pleaded. She had never before seen him so sad, so broken.

“Please...”

Nora did not have the strength to respond. She turned on her heels and walked out of the room.

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## Chapter 4: Bond

### Part One

Over the next few months, they thought about each other much of the time. Ryan was deeply conflicted and, as much as he wanted and needed his friend, he was too afraid to approach her. For her part, Nova took some time for herself, in order to figure out what to say to him, how to make things right. She missed Ryan, but found that she could not go back to him until she knew how best to act.

Nova found herself replaying the memory over and over again, until she knew every detail by heart. How Ryan sat in front of that monitor, lost in bliss, ignorant of anything but his pleasure. And his object of worship. Nova had that image plastered to the back of her eyelids, so that she saw the woman every time she closed her eyes. It was unexpected, unbelievable. Could Ryan truly be turned on by muscles on a woman? And why that, of all things? A woman was definitely not someone you'd associate with such a body as the girl in the video possessed. Was Ryan gay? But then, had he been gay, she would have seen a man on his screen. By all accounts, the person in the video was, unquestionably, a woman. And the more Nova thought about her, the more she started to see the appeal.

The fact that a woman could have such a body was mesmerizing. Those round, wide shoulders, as big as any football player she had ever seen. Big, defined biceps that looked like they could lift a grown man with ease. The power, the intoxicating confidence that must come from knowing you have gotten from being a small, physically weak woman to being a perfect female specimen, stronger than any man and more beautiful than any other woman. She wished she could call Ryan right then and have him tell her more.

It was not easy for Nora to accept these feelings. At first, she downplayed them, attributing them to the novelty of the thing. But then, one night, she started searching the web, randomly, to see if she could find a video close to what Ryan had been watching that day, just to see if the interest would hold when presented with the real thing again. To her surprise, she found the exact video and could not help herself. Ironically mirroring Ryan's usual pre-onanistic rituals, Nova locked the door and sat down in front of her computer. She put the video into full screen and sat glued to it. She roamed the girl's exposed skin with her eyes, over every pore, every inch of skin, every tendon, every muscle. Slowly, imperceptibly, she started imagining that she was using her fingers instead of her eyes.

She thought about how the smooth skin and hard muscles beneath would feel under her fingers. Feeling the girl flex and harden each muscle in turn, as Nova touched it, feeling the slight trembling deep within the muscles. Hearing the girl in the video moan, Nova thought about how arousing her fingers tracing the girl's every line and sinew must feel to her. To have her body worshiped like that must be amazing. To have somebody treat you like the goddess that you are.

As the video neared its end, the excitement faded. Turning her attention back to the room and to her own body, Nova noticed she was wet. For the first time in her life, she had gotten wet for another woman. The gears in her head stopped spinning, for a moment. She did not know what the appropriate reaction to an experience like this would be. Then, all at once, she knew. She thought of Ryan. I understand, she said to herself.

## Part Two

The next day at school, when her eyes roamed the room and set on Ryan, she realized that they had not talked in almost two months and that she missed him terribly. Tonight, after school, she decided, she would visit him and they would talk through everything.

Upon arriving home, Ryan greeted his father and bolted upstairs, to his room. He and his family's relationship had not improved much over the years, but even so, Mr. McCoy noticed that, for the last few weeks, his son's disposition was even more sullen than usual. As always, these problems overwhelmed him and father-son discussions were beyond his expertise and comfort zone. Therefore, when he heard the knock on the door and saw Nova standing before him, waving, he was ecstatic and wasted no time welcoming her in. In doing so, he also noticed how long it had been since Nova had last visited. He was glad to see her.

Upstairs, Nova made sure to knock. At first, there was no answer. He probably thinks it's his dad, Nova thought. After a few moments, Ryan got up and went for the door and he stood there, his mouth agape. His ability to speak had been taken from him by the suddenness of the situation.

"Hi. Gonna let me in?"

Ryan realized he had been staring at her, dumbly, for what must have been half a minute. He stepped back into the room and Nova followed.

They sat up on the bed and, hands in their laps, they were silent.

Ryan was the one who broke the ice, again. "I've missed you so much."

The sincerity in his words made Nova blush. “Yes, me too”, she replied.

“I’m so sorry, Nova. For everything. I can’t even begin to express it in words. My reaction was inexcusable... and so was abandoning you these past few months. I only thought about myself.”

Nova listened as Ryan apologized, wishing with all her heart to interrupt him, to tell him it was all right, that he had nothing to apologize for. But she felt he needed her to hear everything he had to say.

While he was talking, Nova pondered how best to begin her own confession. Ryan finished and Nova simply said “I want you to tell me everything.”

So he did. He told her the story of how he discovered the Fitness magazine, about the explosive effect it had had on him that first night. He explained his fascination in detail and Nova nodded, a sort of intrinsic understanding dawning on her. She knew what he was talking about and it made her happy to learn more. When Ryan finished his tirade, his eyes were misty and he looked exhausted, having poured his heart out.

Seeing him so distraught and realizing how much strength this discussion had taken from Ryan, Nova decided to keep her own experiences to herself, until a better time presented itself. She hugged him, tightly, stroked his hair and told him everything would be all right. Ryan cried into her shoulder and Nova surprised herself when she found that this turn of events brought her pleasure. She loved being his pillar, his rock. For a second, she imagined herself much bigger, her gigantic frame encompassing Ryan’s entire body in a loving hug, burying him in her muscle, her love, her protection. As soon as it had appeared, the vision was gone.

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## Chapter 5: Determination and Success

She is magnificent, Ryan surprised himself thinking. The way her hand moved, like a spider dancing on each thread of its web, the way her body seemed to flow into each note, every passage. Her perfect synchronization, as if she and the song were one. Ryan, in spite of himself, was spellbound.

Nova outclassed every other contestant. It was no surprise. For months, she had been on a roll and had, by then, amassed an impressive collection of trophies. The world, her parents said, was beginning to see her true value. Nora felt unshakably certain that her future lay in music.

After the show, Nova darted outside the auditorium, where she and her "group", comprised of her parents, Ryan and her boyfriend, Joseph were supposed to meet. She jumped in Joe's arms. Nova had no idea how long this one would last. When it came to love, she always seemed to mess something up. Something always got in the way, whether it was school, music or her friendship with Ryan, which many of her previous boyfriends seemed to dislike.

The years following their heart to heart were kind to them. Nova saw all her patience and hard work rewarded with tremendous success in musical competitions, which eventually secured her a place at a prestigious University. She could already see a faint outline of her future, and what appeared before her eyes pleased her deeply.

Ryan, too, saw recognition for his work. As his writing became more proficient, as it started to flow better, he began to distribute his works to his classmates and teachers. The praise and cheers he received drove him to make a name for himself, online. He created a website and adopted a nom de plume and, in the span of a few months, gathered a few hundred followers. As a result of this, his confidence as a writer soared. He felt appreciated.

As the college application season drew near, it became apparent that Nova and Ryan's futures lay in different places, at least for the moment. Ryan applied to an English degree at Harvard, while Nova was confident she would get accepted to the Music degree at Berkeley. For at least the next four years, they would be 3000 miles apart. The thought pierced them like a finely sharpened spear, leaving a hole that would remind them of each other in the years to come.

While mentally preparing for the upcoming divide, they sought to spend as much time together as they could, while they could. All this time a thought had been nagging at Nova. She had been in a couple of relationships, most of which ended after a short time and, while many of them were sad at the end, she couldn't help but think that each and every one had left her cold. She did not miss any of those boys, she realised, and even more than that, they didn't really contribute to making her life any better. Mostly, they were just there. But the thought that she could not get out of her mind regarded Ryan. She had a feeling that the only boy in her life that made her feel complete, completely herself and happy, was Ryan. They had been friends for as long as they could remember. The thought of parting from him was close to unbearable for her.

Slowly, in her mind, she played back the movie of her life until that moment. She noticed, with surprise and not a small amount of relief, that the best moments of her life seemed to always feature Ryan. She thought back to the first time they met, their march through the neighbourhood, the nights spent gazing at the stars on Ryan's ceiling, dreaming, their bodies and minds given to the music. The fact that he was always there. That he listened. That he always put her needs before his own. That he hid a significant part of himself from her, out of shame and for fear she would abandon him. He loved her enough for self-sacrifice.

As thoughts of this nature roamed through her mind, Nova made a decision. Or, more accurately, she came to a conclusion that she had been unable to see before. She loved Ryan and she always had. She probably always will. She knew, in her heart of hearts, that nobody else could ever make her happy.

This realisation, however, came with quite the catch, as she now knew where Ryan's preferences lay. She reminisced the girl in the video. Ryan's reaction. Then her own reaction, when she found the video herself. If anybody else could gaze at Nova at that moment, they would see fire in her eyes, not smoldering but sustained, the kind of fire willful enough to stand as bulwark against the other elements. She imagined herself as Ryan's ideal woman. In her mind, she saw her body expanding. Her shoulders slowly became rounder, stretching the material of her blouse. Her arms filled with never before seen sinews and she clenched her fists to feel her new strength. Her chest billowed out, muscles the size of pillows filling her vision and her back growing to the size of two grown men, pushing her arms to the side in its expansion.

If her arms resembled tree trunks, her legs were akin to telephone poles, two overwhelming pillars of muscle and strength. She thought of the ground shaking beneath her feet. She saw herself embracing Ryan with all her being. She would transform herself for him and he, in turn, will be hers. Slowly, a smile formed upon her lips. She would do whatever it took.

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## Chapter 6: Birth of a Dream

### Part One

The next few years were hard on them, in different ways. The day before they left, they tried to keep their tears to themselves. It didn't work. The tears came out in floods. Sitting on his bed, the last time for the foreseeable future, they hugged each other and let their feelings pour out.

Ryan had a difficult time adapting, at first, just as he had imagined he would. He got over it fast, however, finding a group of kids with similar interests to his. They created their own little club and read stories to each other. But we will leave Ryan behind for now, as he struggles with the challenges of a regular college undergrad, and turn our attention to Nova, whose determination to achieve the future she envisioned for herself led her to changing her life for the better.

The first day she arrived, she enquired about the sports facilities. The campus had a gym, a swimming pool, two tennis courts and a basketball court. After unpacking, talking to the student counselor about the next few weeks' schedule and her first lunch at the cafeteria, she went to visit the gym and talk to one of the trainers. She told him she wanted to get big. Really big. The man cocked his head to one side and tried to process the information.

"And what does that mean, exactly?"

"I want to get as muscular as I can. I want to become a bodybuilder."

And so began Nova's journey toward physical and academic perfection. She practiced the violin for hours everyday, neglected none of her classes and, at night, she followed her trainer's instructions to the letter. She ate a mountain of food every day. Soon, her efforts were rewarded and she started to see progress.

Her communication with Ryan kept up its regularity, at first. The summer after their freshman year, they met at home and shared many interesting anecdotes and plans for the future. But, as the years went by and as the pair got more and more absorbed in their own lives, they scarcely had the time and the willingness to send ample regular updates about themselves to each other. They also found various reasons to postpone their homecoming every summer, be it a project, summer classes or even, in Ryan's case

travel plans with his new group. The few weeks they met each summer were never enough. They reached a point where one's life would not make much sense to the other. Not to mention the significant part of Nova's life that she could not yet share with Ryan. Therefore, as much as it pained her, she let their relationship grow colder.

Yet, even as she saw this, Nova knew that what she and Ryan shared could never be broken by time, nor by distance. Confident in their relationship, she focused on her workouts with newfound determination. Knowing that they would probably not see each other much for the remainder of their college lives gave her all the more purpose to make herself into the best version she could before they finally did. Her consistency and drive proved equal to the task. She noted everything down and had filled numerous notebooks with her diets and weight progression. Every summer, before going home, she looked over these notebooks and marveled at how far she'd come. She always wondered how long it would take Ryan to figure out her secret, but he was usually too busy or preoccupied with other things to notice her changes.

## Part Two

But change she did. The first year, there were so many things to learn, so many things to do, that she felt overwhelmed, at times. But she pushed on. She worked out 6 days each week, amid the yells and cheers of her trainer, Mark, and her muscles felt the burn and reacted to the strain. Within six months, she had a visible set of abs, her arms were toned and her legs could actually be called muscular. It was a pleasant development, she thought, as she examined herself in the mirror one day. As she flexed her arms, she could not help imagining them much bigger. She thought about how it would feel have a bicep so big that she could reach a finger out in the middle of the flex and touch the peak. She shuddered.

As much as Ryan was busy cultivating his social life, Nova, already experienced in that regard, decided not to stress too much about going out and making friends, not to mention dating. She turned all her steely determination to working out.

In two years, it was apparent to everyone at the gym, including Mark, that Nova's genetics were exceptional. She was all but bigger than her trainer already. Her biceps stretched the tape to 16 inches. Her midsection was a ripped cobblestone wall. Her legs were big and striated. In fact, the first striations on her body appeared on her quads. She was ecstatic when she saw them.

Nova was an outstanding student in the art of muscle growth. She did not limit her involvement in bodybuilding to the time she spent at the gym. Instead, whenever she had any free time from classes and violin practice, she researched. She read voraciously, every fitness book she could find, every article. Sometimes, even during class, when her colleagues were taking notes, she was reading a new article, calculating her supplements

or searching for more effective techniques. As she did so, she could feel her muscles tighten under her baggy clothing. She imagined what those around her would think if they knew what her body was starting to look like.

Looking at other women on the internet, it was apparent to Nova that all the big ones were using and, in some cases, abusing, steroids and other dangerous substances. The thought always made her smile. Her genetics were superior, so that she could get as big as them with no artificial help, she realized. Just her hard work and determination would see her become the beast she saw in the back of her mind, whenever she looked in the mirror.

She did not focus on concealing her transformation when going out in public, but neither did she flaunt her newfound strength and musculature. She wore whatever clothes would fit. Of every challenge that came with her quest, the most annoying was that she had to waste time replacing clothes every few months. She spent almost the entirety of her student budget on food, natural supplements and clothes. Mark was so sympathetic and respected her so much that he lowered his price significantly, so that she had no problem affording to pay him. He was immensely proud and he could not fathom quitting on her before she saw her ambition fulfilled.

By the fourth year, Nova was the most muscular person on campus, by far. Her biceps reached heights undreamed of by even the roided muscleheads on the football team. Whenever she measured herself after a good pump, it was not uncommon for the tape to stretch over 21 inches. The rest of her body was just as impressive. Her shoulders had broadened to the point where she was wider than most doorways and she had to enter any room by turning to the side. Her legs rubbed against each other with every step, the friction sometimes making her grit her teeth in pleasure. Her ripped pectorals had all but absorbed her once modest cleavage. She loved her chest more than any other part of her body. Sometimes, when she wore a sufficiently large top and she found herself drifting off during class, she bounced her pectorals for pure entertainment. The thought that she alone knew what was going on under her blouse turned her on to no end. Mostly, she kept her legs crossed when she attended class.

She knew she had accomplished something, she knew she had turned herself into a dream woman.

It was not lost on her that many of the boys and men at the university knew it too. She could feel their gaze on her, whether in the gym or on the street. She knew that, had she ever wanted a companion, there would be no shortage. But there was only one man she wanted. Needed.

She thought about Ryan almost every day. When she pumped those gigantic weights at the gym, she saw him in the room, watching, admiring. When, at the end of an excruciating set, her muscles trembled wildly and she could feel herself giving up, she imagined Ryan standing behind her, urging her to go on. When she admired herself in the mirror, sweaty, pumped and beautiful, running her hands all over herself, she thought about Ryan doing the same. The prospect of it made her pussy tingle and she usually ended up masturbating to fantasies of Ryan and herself.

In a flash, college was over. Nova packed her things and looked into the mirror one more time. She was wider than the mirror now. She was anxious and ready to return home. But she had no idea what she would find there when she did.

# Nova and Ryan - A more "literary" Take on Muscle Growth

By AndrewWrites

## Chapter 7: The Accident

"Yeah! Damn! Wohooo! I didn't know this could be so much fun!" These were some of the last words Ryan uttered before it happened.

They had arranged the trip for months. One last vacation, to celebrate their graduation. They were going to take some cars and drive to the Boston Mountains. There they would go camping and hiking. They had everything ready: the cars, the food, the drinks, the tents, the people.

Ryan hitched a ride with Jack, his new best friend at college, a cool guy that had a penchant for short and busty women and loved getting drunk while Ryan read him his stories. Jack was also a bit of a speed demon and, unfortunately for them that day, his bruised and battered BMW could still take it.

It all took less than a second. A turn taken too fast. A car floating in midair, wheels spinning like pinwheels, trying in vain to gain any traction. And then darkness.

When Ryan awoke, to his horror and surprise, the darkness did not go away. He opened his eyes again and again, at first thinking that his muscles weren't listening, but he brought his fingers up, touched his eyelids and felt that they were open.

He had been in a coma for two months, the doctors told him. And, as a result of the accident, he was now blind as a bat.

He couldn't wrap his head around it. How does life change so completely, so utterly in just a few seconds? On top of that, he could barely even remember the event. It seemed like his mind had filtered it out.

The weeks that followed were a period of adjustment. It seemed to Ryan that the only constant in his life, the only thing that had not changed very much, was his writing. Sure, he had to resort to dictation now, but, with his parents' help, he had no problem keeping up with his previous schedule. He wrote daily, for at least two hours. As well as being his passion, it was also the best form of therapy. Sometimes, he wanted to scream, to bang his head against the walls until he drew blood. Why did this have to happen to me, of all people?, he thought. It's not like I had been very lucky to begin with. But when he was

writing, he found he could cope with anything. As long as he could put words on the page, he could keep on going.

Unbeknownst to him, Nova had also returned home. But, now that the time had come, she was too nervous. Now's not yet the time, she would think. No, not after what happened. He must be devastated. I'll just let him adjust some more. He has enough to deal with already. I don't want to burden him.

But, as she tried to rationalize her reluctance, troubling questions plagued her mind, questions she was too afraid to give voice to. What if he had found someone else? What if he's already forgotten all about me? I mean, we haven't spoken in almost a year.

But, most anxiously, she was afraid of one thing: what would happen if he didn't like muscular girls anymore?

# Nova and Ryan - A more "literary" Take on Muscle Growth

By AndrewWrites

## Chapter 8: Recall

For his entire hospital stay, Nova had been by his side. She had talked to his parents and they had allowed it. Every morning, after her workout, she was beside his bed. Sometimes, when she felt brave enough, she would hold his hand as he slept. She left at noon, for lunch and another workout, and at night, most nights. Sometimes, she found herself sleeping in the room with him. The nurses had brought a reinforced steel chair that could bear her sleeping mass.

Now that she could finally see him again, Nova thought that he was gorgeous. Even in his present condition, when he was more corpse than man, when his muscles had atrophied, she loved him. He looked so peaceful, that she had to wonder what he could have been thinking about. What images his mind conjured in that state. She did not know much about comatose patients. Did coma resemble a prolong sleep? Did the patient dream? And if so, what about?

Nova knew about his blindness. She was beside herself with worry for him. All her previous plans for their reunion felt like childish fantasies. The world was a much bigger place than she thought. There were things that outweighed teenage romances and big muscles. There was a life to be lived outside your own head. Things happened that were beyond your control. Things that, sometimes, changed everything.

Nevertheless, just as Ryan, later, found his coping mechanism in his writing, Nova kept working out to keep her mental state in check. She was getting closer and closer to her dream physique. She could bench press 150 kilograms for a full set. Her clothes stretched perilously over her gigantic body. She could obliterate her tops with the slightest twitch of her pec muscles. In her pumped state, none of her clothes would fit. As a result, she had started to out naked. She thought about this measure as a means to economize. There was no need to ruin perfectly good clothing when you could avoid that, was there? At first, she felt very weird and self-conscious. She worked out in their parents' basement, where there was only one mirror. In the first few days, she would shyly avert her gaze from her nude reflection. But, as time went by, she got used to it and began admiring herself more and more.

By the end of the first month, she had, somewhat anxiously, begged her father to install mirrors on every wall. Soon, she had a ritual. After every workout, she would run her hands over every part of her body, every crevice, every hill, every valley. She would

caress every muscle, starting from her forearms, moving on to her triceps, then flexing her biceps mightily, feeling them grow into mountains in her palms, her etched and cut deltoids, spreading her lats in the mirror and admiring how her back eclipsed her arms. She would trace every separation on her quadriceps, feeling them swell and throb underneath her fingers, then move on to the cobblestone wall of her abdomen, softly massaging and counting every ball. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.

She'd always leave her chest for last. At first, she would stand tall in front of the mirror, breathing hard, each intake of air swelling her chest more and more. Then, she would slowly flex each pectoral, analyzing every contraction, how her tendons moved under her skin, the way veins pumped blood into the thick muscle. She would make her chest perform a dance of power. It was always intoxicated. Slowly, her flexes would get more aggressive, her chest would get bigger, redder, as it filled with blood. As a coup de grace, she'd bring her arms forward into a most muscular pose, her favorite, grit her teeth and let loose.

She would flex her entire body and watch it explode with hard earned mass. Her veins would thicken. Her arms and shoulders would seemingly double in size. Her pectorals would overfill her view. At this time, she would imagine standing over Ryan, watching him gaze at her in complete lust and abandon. Then, usually, the dam would burst open and she'd lose herself into that blissful and rewarding release of chemicals.

# Nova and Ryan - A more "literary" Take on Muscle Growth

By AndrewWrites

## Chapter 9: The Sense of a Beginning

### Part One

This was going to be the day. Enough time had passed since Ryan had been discharged from the hospital. Today's workout was going to be special.

She was gorgeous, huge and as powerful as an ox. The perfect human specimen. He will see me for what I am, soon, she thought.

Ryan had been on her mind throughout the whole ordeal. She had spent hours in the basement gym that morning, training every single body part to twitching, sinewy perfection. When she was done, every limb glistened with sweat, every vein trembled softly under her skin.

This was the first workout in months where she wore something. She had had the outfit custom-made for her. She had sent her current, pumped measurements and had even accounted for a few extra cm here and there. She wanted to challenge herself. Technically, even after the most grueling of her workouts, the clothes should have been intact.

As she stood in front of the largest mirror in the room and brought her arms into the biggest, hardest, most intense most muscular pose she could muster, the tank top shredded down the middle and fell to the floor, in tatters.

She knew she was ready. She had become the woman she had dreamed about for all these years. No, she had been that woman all along. But now the outer shell matched the interior to a fault.

After showering and devouring her breakfast, she put on the best clothes that could fit, a black blouse with little wooden buttons on the front, a frilly milk white vest that she decided to just drape over her oversized shoulders and a black skirt. She hovered by the phone in the living room for some minutes, frantically replaying it all in her head. There was so much she wanted to say, she could make no head nor tail of how to do it. She felt like a little girl again.

Eventually, she decided to stop postponing it and just take the bull by the horns (a move which, quite frankly, she might have really been able to do at that point).

His father answered, sounding very happy to hear her. Immediately, he put his son on the line.

“Hello?” The unmistakable gentleness in his voice soothed her.

“Hi . . . remember me?” She laughed softly. She had wanted to make a little joke, to cool the atmosphere, but her trembling voice must have betrayed her overtaxed nerves, she thought.

“Nova! Hi! How are you? God, I can’t believe this! I haven’t seen you for years, I . . . Ok. Breathe. I’m talking too much. Please, your turn.”

“I just . . .”, she began, forgetting for a moment the monumental reason for the call, so relieved was she to finally hear his voice after all that time and anticipation. “I just wanted to let you know I’ll be in town for a while and that maybe you wanted to meet.”

“Sure, I’d love to”, he responded instantly. “It’s just that . . . well, you must’ve heard what happened. I can’t really go out per se, yet. So if you want to see me, it’ll have to be at my place.”

“Yeah, of course, why not? For old time’s sake, right?”

Ryan chuckled softly. “Right. How about six tonight? I’ll have my parents give us some space. See you then.”

Nova put the receiver down, but she could not yet move. Her heart fluttered and sputtered and hopped and skipped in her chest.

## Part Two

She knocked softly on the white front door. The door rattled, making a sound like a little boom.

Shortly, Ryan stood before her, a cane in his hand, his eyes closed. He beckoned her in.

They sat down at the kitchen table, across from each other, neither one speaking, for a moment. They felt that, having found each other again after such a long and arduous journey, they could stay a while and enjoy each other’s silence.

Ryan was, as usual, the first to break the silence. “So, how’s life? What have you been doing since we last saw each other?”

I've grown, she said to herself. "Well, you know, actually, not much . . . Still playing the violin, studying a lot. The usual . . ."

"Any new conquests? What was the last one's name? Mike something . . .no, Mick. Mick McCray. That was a son of a bitch if I ever saw one."

She laughed and her cheeks turned a shade redder. How ironic to talk about this with him, first thing.

"Yeah, he was. And no, not really. I mean, no new conquests."

"Why not? Guys used to be all over you. I've never been that lucky with my girls." Thinking he might sound too morose, he flashed a bright smile. Nova could swear she could see the streetlight outside the kitchen window reflected in his teeth.

"I've just been busy with a lot of other stuff."

They talked a little bit about school, sidestepping all the awkward memories like talented racers. Ryan had Nova put a record on, soothing jazz music coming in waves from the speaker in the living room. They let the music wash over them as they thought up new topics. A few more minutes into their awkward attempt at conversation, Nova realized that it wasn't going anywhere fast.

"I've actually been looking forward to seeing you for a while. I wanted to talk to you about something. Something I realized quite some time ago, but I knew I had to wait a little to tell you." She exhaled. Before she could begin, Ryan started talking.

"I want to thank you for visiting me. Yeah, my mom told me. She said you were the best help she had. Thank you, Nova. For everything. And whatever you want to tell me, whether it's good or bad, because I sense it's going to be something important, I want to tell you this: you're the best person I've ever met. And I've always been a jerk to you. The truth is, I've always been ashamed that you were the only one who knew about my . . . secret. You still are, by the way. And I thought that, if I distanced myself from you, I could forget all about it. Just throw the bad memories away from my life, like plucking feathers from a chicken. But now I realize that I don't know what my life would be like without you in it. You're the best friend I've ever had. And I hope you never forget that. Now go on. Sorry for the interruption."

Nova felt fresh, hot tears running all over her cheeks, ruining her make-up. She put a trembling hand over his. He squeezed her arm in return.

"I love you." She pressed on his arm again. There, she'd said it. Might as well go on.

# Nova and Ryan - A more "literary" Take on Muscle Growth

By AndrewWrites

## Chapter 10: Fortresses

"I love you." The words rung in Ryan's ears, like the echoes of a church bell. I love you. I love you. I love you.

Ryan's mouth hung open, uncomprehending and willing her to break the sudden silence.

"I don't know what more there is to say. I've known it for years. I've always known, ever since we first met, that I'd never meet anyone quite like you, Ryan. And for a long time I tried to find love in other places, in other people. And then, slowly, I realized it. Those other boys, they were fine, some were sweet, some were smart, or good-looking. But they were not you. All this time, I've been thinking about what it was that never worked out. I admitted it to myself, after a while. The fact that, in the back of my mind, I always used to compare any boy I saw and talked to with you. And they always fell short. I haven't been with anyone else for years. Not since I realized that the only person I really want to be with is you. And there's something else, too . . . although I think I'd like to hear what you have to say to it all, first . . ."

Ryan let the ensuing silence calm his nerves, for a moment. His mind was a hurricane. All the beautiful moments of his life, moments that he would never again get to see, flashed before his eyes. A kaleidoscope of the highlights of his existence thus far. How many of them included Nova, in some capacity? Well, all of them, Ryan was surprised to see. How many of them were tied, in any way, to his sexual attraction, that so far had given him only pain and anxiety? A few, to be frank. It would be hypocritical to downplay the impact his fetish had had on his life. Still, however, the fact stared him plainly in the eyes: he had sacrificed much of his happiness on searching for the perfect woman and had nothing to show for it.

In his university years, he tried to distance himself from his past, from his pain, as much as he could. And look what it led to, he thought. I've almost lost everything. But she's still here. She's always been here. And then, Ryan felt, in his heart, the certainty that, yes, she will continue to be here. And he would not wish for anything more than he wished for this. "I love you, too!", was all his mouth could muster.

In his fervor, he had all but forgotten what she had mentioned at the end.

Ryan heard the chair scrape the floor and footsteps approach. He felt Rhea grab him by the wrists and pull him up. Amazed at the ease with which she did so, he tried to recover his senses when he felt her hot mouth press on his own. He stood like a puppet, letting the excitement, the heat of the moment, wash over him. The kiss lasted for a while, all the pent-up emotion and unsaid things coursing from one mouth to the other, from one heart to the other.

Finally, Rhea pulled back and let go of his wrists. Immediately, Ryan felt his hands dart up, of their own volition, trying to grasp, to touch, to feel, as hands are wont to do. She clasped his wrists again.

“Maybe . . . It’s better to go to your room. Come on, I’ll lead you.”

She took him firmly by the hand, willing her own not to tremble, and they hurried upstairs, making careful steps.

In the room, Nova sat Ryan down on the bed.

“Alright, well . . . what’s up with - “

“Shhh”, she says. “Don’t move, please.”

Ryan could hear a rustling of clothes. What he couldn’t see was that Rhea had taken off her top and exposed her magnificent upper body. Gently, she took his hands in hers again and placed them on her chest.

Ryan could not believe what his skin was telling him. For a moment, he couldn’t move. His hands froze in place. His fingers seemed to rest on the biggest, thickest pectorals he had ever imagined. But how could that be?

“Nova, what is this . . . ?”

She did not answer. She could feel his hands tremble softly on her skin, which sent little shockwaves of pleasure throughout her body. The moment is upon us, she thought.

Ryan tried to pull his hands away, not knowing what else to do and having been taught that it was rude for your hands to linger on someone else’s naked chest.

But Nova wouldn’t let him. Her hands held his in place and started moving them around her pectorals.

“Is this you? Is this your chest?”

“Yes, my love.”

“But how?”

“For us”, was all she said. “Now’s not the time for questions.”

She let her hands fall to her sides. To her surprise and overwhelming delight, Ryan made no attempt to remove them, this time. Instead, his hands moved with a will of their own, as they would on a piano, tracing every tendon and sinew on her massive pectorals. He tried to squeeze them, to no avail. Like a geologist, he wanted to feel what every inch of that surface was like. So he explored it all, for some minutes. Gently, by mistake, his right hand brushed her nipple, which was as hard as a bullet. Nova gasped. She took his hands off her chest and, gently but firmly, pushed him onto his back. She carefully climbed on top of him and started to massage his chest, to ease the tension in the room.

“This is unbelievable. You are unbelievable. I love you so much.”

Nova flushed, her cheeks turning a deep red. If Ryan could see her face at that moment, he would see a girl whose every wish had come true. She bent over him, cautious not to hurt him with her considerable bulk, and kissed him again.

“Come on, feel me. I know this must be a shock, but, as I told you, now’s not the time for questions. We have all the time in the world for that. But right now, it’s just us. I love you so very much, my little lover. Come and enjoy the fruits of my labour.”

His hands moved up her abdomen, counting each block. They moved to the sides, to her obliques. He tried to form a mental image of her, but his imagination failed him.

She took his right hand and placed it on her upper arm. He felt her unflexed bicep, which, he could tell, was considerably bigger than any flexed bicep he had seen before, in any magazine or video. Everything that had happened up to that point was stored in a mental compartment, for further analysis. It was too much for Ryan to comprehend, at once. Therefore, he decided to immerse himself in the present and leave any musings and existential questions for later.

Slowly, her bicep rose under his hand, like a sequoia tree under the sun. He felt every nook and cranny as it rose, like a 3D printer trying to map its digital blueprint. To create a picture of that exquisitely carved biceps brachii, in the back of his mind.

To his embarrassment, he could feel his member press against her body. He went red in the face. In response, Nova smiled and kissed him again. He was loving it! She was ecstatic.

“I would give anything to be able to see you right now . . .”

“You don’t need eyes to see me, Ryan . . .”

She felt his member through his pants. It pulsed in her grasp.

“Do you . . . have some . . . ?”, she asked, shyly, for she had imagined this moment in a myriad of ways over the last four years, but, finally coming into collision with it, she was hit by the thunderous reality of it all. Ryan was hers. And she was his. For a moment, they were one.

After, she sat on her back and held him to her bosom. For his part, Ryan let himself relax, let his head sink further and further into Nova’s muscular pillows, and, maybe for the first time in his life, knew it would all turn out all right.

“I love you, my little, gentle, creative lover . . .”

“And I love you, the big, strong, determined and pure-hearted love of my life. All these years I’ve been searching for a phantom, never knowing that the person I really wanted to be with had been by my side all along. I was blind. Compared to that, I think I have the eyesight of an eagle now.”

“I want to be with you for the rest of my life, Ryan. These last four years, seeing you slip away from me, like a grain of sand that I could not hold between my fingers however I tried, and knowing that I loved you more than I did anyone else, have been torture for me. You, too, have opened my eyes. And my heart. Without even knowing it, you’ve shown me who I really am. And I hope, in turn, that you can be who you really are with me, as well.”

And so, for the umpteenth time in their lives, they slept in the same bed, but, for the first time, they slept together. They were each other’s fortresses now, as they would continue to be, for the rest of their days.