

# THE SCIENCE FAIR (Part 1)

- a FemGrowth story -

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## CHAPTER ONE

HYDE ACADEMY FOR GIFTED GIRLS - FRIDAY, 10:54 PM

The janitor whistled as he mopped the dark hallway. Looking up, he noticed a light coming out of one of the classrooms. He made a mental note to shut it off when he passed by, and continued swabbing the mop over the floor tiles.

As he got nearer, he heard girl's voices. "Strange", he thought, "what would they be doing here at 11 o'clock on a Friday night?" He decided to investigate. However, it was not uncommon for students to stay late to do schoolwork. This was, after all, the Hyde Academy for Gifted Girls. Girls with high academic achievement from all over the state came here to complete high school in an atmosphere where they could have their intellects challenged and stimulated, without the distraction of boys. Students from other schools called the Hyde girls "H.A.G.G.s"; certainly the school's name suggested that acronym, but also it fit with the stereotype that these girls were all ugly nerds.



The janitor looked through the little window in the door. It was the chemistry lab. Two girls were inside, chatting excitedly, working on an elaborate array of chemistry equipment. The janitor knocked on the door, and the girls were visibly startled. He walked in. "Hey, you kids, watcha doin' around here so late?"

The taller girl was about 5 foot 7, and even though she wore a lab coat the janitor could see that she was unusually skinny, bordering on anorexic. She could have been one of those waif-like models, except that she was not particularly pretty. Only a man with a fetish for the nerdy, bookworm type would have found her attractive. True, she had beautiful eyes, but her thick, Coke-bottle-bottom glasses made them look like blue fish in an aquarium. Her lips were thick and sensuous, but her buck-teeth and braces distorted them in an awkward position. Her dirty-blond hair hung limply by the sides of her thin, narrow, pale face. If he had to use one word to describe her, it would have been "mousy". She could do with a make over.

The other girl was short and somewhat cute. She had lovely Oriental features and long silky black hair that hung down to her buttocks. Her lab coat was open, and the janitor noticed that she was relatively shapely, especially compared to her blonde friend, who was flat-chested and sickly.

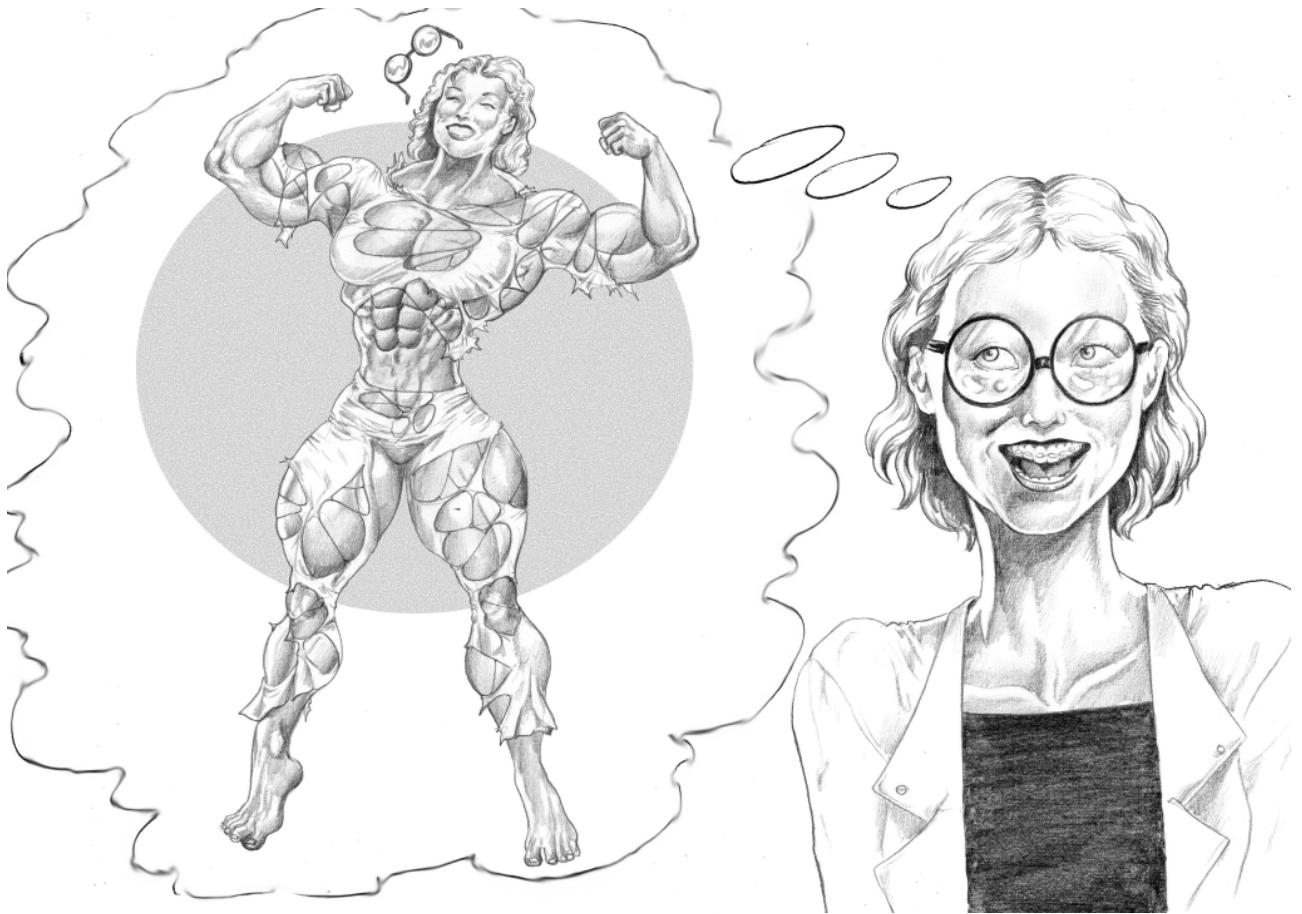
The blonde girl spoke up. She had a soft, high-pitched, girlish voice. "I'm Wendy and this is my friend Kim. We're finishing up an experiment for tomorrow's science fair. We won't be much longer."

"Science fair, eh?" the janitor was aware about the science fair that took over the school's basketball court. He had to help set up tables and clean before the big show on Saturday. "OK, but I've got to get going. Turn out the lights when you're finished. The front doors will be locked. Just close them behind you when you leave." He noticed the blackboard was covered with incredibly complex chemical formulae. "And wipe that board when you're done with it". The janitor decided to trust them; what could these two girls do, anyway?, he thought. Besides, these brainy ones never seem to cause trouble. "OK", Wendy said, visibly relieved. She was worried that they would have been kicked out, just as her project was nearly complete.

When he was gone, Wendy told Kim: "At last, my Amazon Strength Potion is ready. It took me six whole weeks to develop it, but it's finally perfected." Wendy Maloney was a genius in a school full of geniuses. Her I.Q. went right off the scale. When she was given an assignment to enter a project for the fair, she decided to develop a substance that would give a woman superhuman strength. She kept the nature of her project secret to everyone but her best friend, Kim Ts'ao. When asked, she would say that she was working on "the acceleration of tissue generation through the infusion of hormonal catalysts in the female endocrine-reproductive systems" This answer, though true, was obscure enough to deter further discussion.

Kim Ts'ao was not up on chemistry. Her speciality was art and music. She could paint like a demon and play the cello like an angel. But when Wendy told her about W.A.S.P. (their pet code name for the project: it stood for Wendy's Amazon Strength Potion) she became very excited about the possibilities. "You mean, I'll finally be able to beat up my brother?" she asked disingenuously. Kim's 20-year old brother Donald kept wrestling her, tickling her ribs, groping at her. Kim was tired of these semi-incestuous games. She was 17, and this had been going on since she was 12. There was no point telling her parents.

Donald was their first-born son, and could get away with anything and everything. There seemed to be no end to their parents' favoritism. Kim was just their daughter. In their traditional Chinese point of view, she didn't count nearly as much. Still, Kim's parents were pleased that their daughter showed artistic ability. "It might get you a good husband" her mother said. They enrolled Kim in Hyde Academy to foster her talents, and also to avoid having her go to school with boys. Dating for her was out of the question; dating non-Chinese boys was even more unthinkable. When it is time for Kim to get married, the marriage will be arranged. Kim rebelled inwardly against this, but didn't dare confront her parents. All of her frustration at the injustices in her life were channelled into her powerfully expressive paintings and the hauntingly sad melodies of her cello.



Wendy Maloney trembled with excitement. The culmination of a life-long dream was finally at hand. Her whole life, Wendy had been a weak, sickly child. She was anaemic and painfully skinny. Doctors tried to help her parents augment her diet with vitamins and hormone treatments, to no avail. Wendy's childhood was marred by bouts of illness so severe that several times it was feared that she would die. When she was well enough to go to school, she was unmercifully teased by her classmates. "Toothpick Legs", they would call her. "Stringbean. Beanpole. Bony Maloney." The list goes on. School was hell for her, especially gym class. She was always the last one picked when sports teams were being formed. She was always an easy target for schoolyard bullies. Being brilliant was no consolation; her self-esteem was extremely low. Despite her keen mind her grades suffered as she moped through elementary school. Wendy hated her body. She wished that she was strong instead of smart. She dreamed of big, strong, bulging muscles growing underneath her skin, her clothes ripping to shreds as powerful, muscular flesh rippled all over her body. Ever since she was a little girl, she fantasized about becoming Wonder Woman or Supergirl; she even ate entire cans of spinach in the hope of growing stronger. She secretly sent away for Charles Atlas' course which she read about in the comic books. Nothing worked for her. She was too sick to eat well and too weak to exercise.

Despite her low grades, Wendy was admitted to Hyde Academy on the strength of her phenomenal I.Q. scores. Hyde, it was hoped, would give her the opportunity to explore her growing interest in biochemistry while sheltering her from the social pressures of an ordinary high school. And blossom she did. Not having to take gym class, not having to look pretty for the opposite sex, she could indulge in her studies to her heart's content.

Kim and Wendy met in their freshman year. One day during lunch hour, Wendy was sitting in the hallway, her bony limbs straining to prop up a heavy chemistry textbook. Suddenly the achingly beautiful strains of a cello began wafting down the corridor. Wendy was not a music expert, but she recognized this piece. It was one of her favorites. She put the book down with a thud, got up, and went inside the music room.

There was this pretty Asian girl, eyes closed in concentration, gliding the bow across her cello, seeming to implore it to sing and cry. The music poured out of the instrument, filling the room with its power. Her eyes, still closed, filled with tears as she tore out a final crescendo of resplendent purity and pathos. Then silence, interrupted by the sound of one person clapping. Kim opened her eyes with a start. She hadn't heard or seen Wendy coming in.

"Barber's "Adagio for Strings"" Wendy simply said. Kim smiled, wiped her tears, and nodded.

That day they had lunch together. Kim gave Wendy a taste of her passion for Bach, Debussy and Dvorak. Wendy spoke of the music of sub-atomic particles and cosmic strings. A friendship was born. They were both 15, physically so different, their interests so diverse, and yet with identical sensibilities, almost as if they shared the same soul.

Now, two years later, having laid bare each other's innermost secrets and desires, the girls were ready to make dreams come true. Wendy filled a small vial with the opaque, milky liquid.

"At last! The Amazon Strength Potion!" she exclaimed. Her big blue eyes were fixed on the vial's precious contents. Her sensuous lips trembled with anticipation.

"You'll definitely win first prize at the science fair," Kim said, "but how do you know it'll work?"

Without taking her eyes off the vial, Wendy answered, "There's only one way to find out." She put the vial on the table and began to take off her clothes. She slung her lab coat on a chair and began undoing the buttons of her school blouse.

"But, wait, Wendy, it hasn't been tested" Kim said, a note of alarm in her voice, "What if it's harmful, even poisonous?"

Wendy turned her large blue eyes on her friend. "Ever since I was little I dreamed of becoming strong and muscular. I'd kill to have muscles. I'd die in the attempt." Sensing how serious Wendy was, Kim silenced her objections. Wendy let her skirt fall to the floor and peeled off her pantyhose. There she stood, in her bra and panties, the vial in one hand. "Get the camcorder. I want to record my transformation." Kim set up the camera on a tripod and focused it on Wendy. Except for seeing Wendy in her one-piece swimsuit when they went to the beach or the pool, Kim had never seen her friend's body. Ashamed of her bony, skeletal appearance, Wendy always wore long sleeves, and slacks or skirts that reached the ankles. The Hyde Academy for Gifted Girls required its pupils to wear the school uniform, a rule that was often stretched or broken by some of the girls, including Kim. Not Wendy. She loved to wear the blue blazer and long plaid skirt that hid her gaunt arms and legs.

Kim was almost shocked to see how skinny Wendy was. She could see the ribs poking through her torso. Her elbows and knees stuck out, the joints visibly larger than the thighs. She looked so frail, Kim felt as if a slight breeze would knock her over.

Kim got the camcorder whirring.

"Go for it, Wendy!" she stood back to observe her friend. She wanted to be as encouraging as possible. They both took a deep breath.

Wendy took a sip. The milky, viscous liquid in the vial tasted slimy and gross. She licked her lips, and put the potion down.

"Well, do I look any different? I sure don't feel any different." Wendy shrugged, and looked at her arms. They were still skinny. She flexed her left arm, rubbing it with her right hand. Her bicep wasn't even hard.

"Maybe it takes a while for the potion to work", Kim suggested.

"URK!" Wendy gasped, as if on cue. Suddenly her entire body felt tense, as if struck by a spasm of electricity. "URGH!" She shook with excruciating pain.

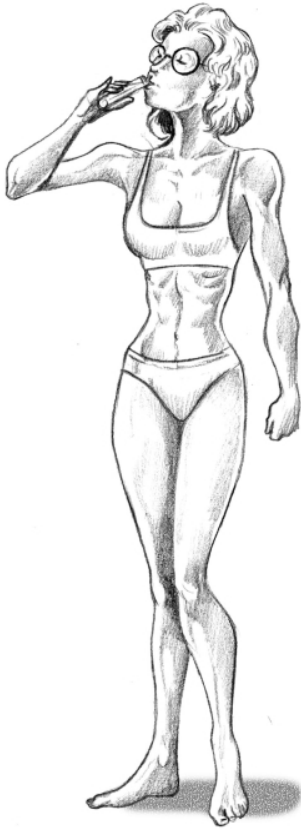
"Wendy! Are you all right?" Kim asked in obvious concern. But only groans could escape her friend's lips.

After a few agonizing moments Wendy managed to mouth a sentence: "I can feel it WORKING!"

Kim watched in amazement as Wendy's body underwent a startling transformation. She could literally see her friend's musculature growing. From an emaciated 88-lb. anorexic, Wendy began to look like a fit aerobics instructor. Her muscles weren't huge, but she looked healthy and toned for the first time in her life. Kim could no longer make out the ribs on Wendy's torso, and the bony shoulders became enveloped with noticeable deltoids. Her toothpick legs and knobby knees turned into shapely thighs and calves. When she flexed her biceps, a small, hard ball of muscular flesh appeared.

"WOW!" Kim said. "It worked! You've You've changed!" Even her friend's breasts seemed a little bigger.

"Mmmmmmmmm, yesssss" Wendy moaned in agreement. Contortions and cries of pain ceased. Her lips curled into a satisfied grin as she flexed and unflexed her new muscles. Waves of pleasure washed over her as delicious feelings of strength coursed through her veins. Her eyes half-closed with ecstasy, she examined her new body in the full-length mirror. "This is like a dream come true, Kim", she said in a soft voice. "I never thought I could become so STRONG!" Wendy admired the changes in her body.



Her once once-bony buttocks became round and full. Her cleavage, non-existent a moment ago, was now obvious. But the most exciting thing to Wendy was the change in her arms. She had always desired to have bulging biceps, and although her arms were not even as big as, say, Rachel McLish's, it was a thrill for her to flex them and see her biceps balloon up. "Come and feel these," she asked Kim.

"Wendy! Your arms are as hard as steel!"

"I wonder how strong I've gotten." Wendy scanned the room for something to lift. Her blue eyes rested on the big black filing cabinet. It was almost as tall as she was, and full of heavy books and papers. Wendy strode towards it, squatted down and placed her hands at its base.

"Wendy, that thing must weigh a ton," Kim objected.

"By my calculations, only about 800 pounds or so." With a little feminine grunt, Wendy lifted it off the floor and straightened up to her full height. She held the filing cabinet at arm's length, her body trembling a little from the effort. As she put it down again, Kim exclaimed, "Wow, Wendy. You're even stronger than you look!"

Wendy flexed her little biceps. Veins pulsated all over her arms. Suddenly a strange desire came over her.

"If only one sip is this good", she speculated, "what would happen if I drank the whole thing?"

She picked up the formula from the table.

"WENDY, DON'T!!!" Kim shouted, hands lifted up in alarm as Wendy began to gulp down the white fluid. "What if it kills you???" She pleaded, powerlessly, as Wendy kept drinking. "Besides" she added as her friend finished off the last few drops, "leave some for meeeeeee"

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" Wendy's entire body exploded in a fit of convulsions. Her face contorted with pain as her muscles grew at an alarming rate. Kim couldn't believe her eyes. Wendy's biceps soon grew to the size of tennis balls, then to the size of grapefruit then to the size of melons, and they were still growing. Her bra strap snapped under the strain of her expanding chest and back muscles. Her legs became striated with knots of convoluted muscles. Sweat poured from her every pore. Kim couldn't help noticing that Wendy's white panties became soaked at the crotch, the fabric becoming unbelievably tight, almost failing to contain her growing rock-hard buttocks. "UNH! AAARGH!" The sight of Wendy in pain was too much to bear for Kim, who hid her eyes in her hands.



Within a minute, which seemed much longer, the transformation was over.

"AAAAAAAH! WHAT STRENGTH! WHAT POWER!" Wendy exclaimed. "I FEEL AS STRONG AS HERCULES!"

Kim slowly opened her eyes. She was dumbfounded by what she saw. "W-Wendy!" she stammered, "y-you look magnificent!"

Wendy smiled at her friend. "I feel magnificent, Kim." Reassuringly, her sweet, feminine voice hadn't changed. Everything else had. Wendy's entire body glistened with sweat, filling the room with a pungent yet not-unpleasant odor. She simply reeked with strength and muscle. Wendy stood in front of the mirror and ran her hands all over her new body. Her skin felt unusually warm to the touch, despite her near-nakedness, and she was amazed at how hard her new muscles were. She removed the shreds of her bra and admired the growth of her breasts. Ordinarily she might have felt shy about exposing her chest to her friend Kim, but that was when she was a 32-A cup.



She glanced at herself for a long while, flexing each of her newly built muscles in turn. Kim stood in awe, all the while repositioning the camcorder to capture every angle of her friend's spectacular body.

Wendy suddenly understood the myth of Narcissus in a new light. It was possible to fall in love with one's reflection after all.

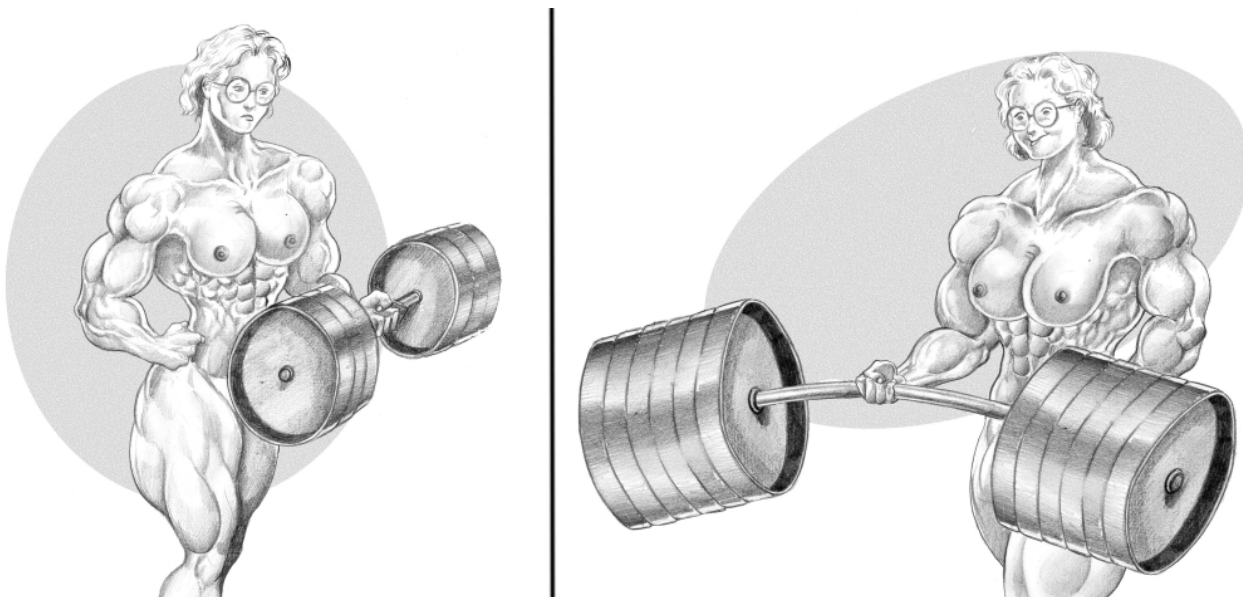
Feeling a little ashamed at this, she shook herself from the mirror and said, "Let's go to the school gym. I want to see how strong I've become."

Kim took the camcorder while Wendy threw on a school sweatshirt, size XXXL, which she had brought in advance. It was the largest they had at the school store, and even so it fit Wendy's new torso rather snugly. Kim noticed that it accentuated Wendy's form rather nicely, even though it was neon pink with the letters H.A.G.G. printed on it. Not one of the store's bestsellers, she thought.

The pair ran down the deserted school hallways. They found the gym door locked. "No problem", Wendy said. And with a twist of her mighty wrist, she ripped off the doorknob, lock and all. "Gee, Wendy," Kim said, "do you think we can break into the cafeteria later and get some eclairs?"

When Old Widow Hyde left all her fortune to the endowment of a school for gifted girls, the trustees had more money than they knew what to do with. One thing they did do was build the school a decent gym. Fancy, state-of-the-art machines and literally TONS of weights filled the large room. Hardly anyone ever used it, except for the gymnastics team, the swimming team and occasionally the ballet club and the odd figure skater.

Athletics were not a major program at Hyde Academy.



Wendy walked over to the heavy end of the dumbbell rack. Why anyone thought that a high school full of brainy teenage girls needed a pair of 200-lb dumbbells, no one ever knew. Until today, no one even looked at them, much less entertain the thought of actually lifting them. But Wendy picked them up with ease. "Hmph. These are too light."

She strode over to the Olympic Weightlifting bar and stacked it as heavy as she could, handling 100-lb plates as easily as if they were cookies. When the bar was so full that it couldn't hold any more plates, Wendy put her hand in the tiny space in the middle and started doing one-armed curls. "That's better," Wendy said. "I actually have to strain to lift this."

Kim opened her lovely Oriental eyes in shock. "Wendy! That's over a ton you're lifting! With one hand!"

"Then it's a good thing you've got it all on video" Wendy answered. "The Guinness people will want some proof. Don't worry, Kim. I'll whip up a new batch of the potion so that you too can become as strong as I am."

Kim looked at her friend's magnificent body. "Gee I dunno Do you feel any side effects?"

"None whatsoever. I've never felt better in my life! Except" Wendy put down the huge barbell as if it was merely a phone receiver and sat down at an incline bench. Beads of perspiration appeared on her forehead. She squirmed her hips in seeming discomfort.

"Except?" Kim prompted, concerned for her friend's health.

"A funny feeling down here becoming hot and moist" Wendy began fingering her crotch. Her panties were soaked with sweat. "It appears that the potion is affecting my libido." She began rubbing herself vigorously. "In other words," she said between pants, "I'm feeling unbelievably HORNY!"

Sheltered and undesirable as she had been, Wendy had never given much thought to sex. She once had a crush on a guy named Brad, but he ridiculed her mercilessly and she strove to avoid such feelings ever since. Now the thought of achieving orgasm consumed her. Sitting on the incline bench, she furiously rubbed her inflamed clitoris. "Oh. I want to cum so much, it hurts!"

Kim was transfixed by the sight of Wendy masturbating before her very eyes. Seeing Wendy's massive body heaving and contorting awoke a peculiar desire in her. Although Wendy was incredibly muscular, she was still unmistakably feminine. She looked at her face. It hadn't changed. Kim always thought that Wendy was prettier than people gave her credit for, and indeed she was cute in a goofy sort of way.

Her thoughts were interrupted when Wendy let out a terrific moan. "I'm so excited by my new strength!"

"So am I," Kim said in a loving tone. She bent down over Wendy and began rubbing her body. Feeling the hardness of Wendy's muscles under her sweaty skin had a stimulating effect on both of them. Kim felt the elasticity of Wendy's new breasts, expressed surprise at how hard her nipples had become. She bent down lower and began kissing and licking them. Wendy closed her eyes and gave out a little moan. Kim knelt down in front of Wendy and peeled off the wet panties. She gently pushed Wendy's hand aside as she cupped her fleshy lips onto Wendy's most sensitive part. Kim's tongue darted in and out of her mouth, lapping up the odorous, salty wetness. "Mmmm. It tastes so good, Wendy" "Aaah. It feels so good, Kim".





Neither of them had ever thought of themselves as lesbian. Wendy, of course, was a virgin. She had never even been out on a date. Kim, on the other hand, sometimes had sex with guys, mostly out of spite for her parents' tyranny. But neither had ever felt a particular attraction for the other until this potion turned their lives around. Kim found that she enjoyed the raunchy taste of Wendy's pussy.

Quivering with ecstasy, Wendy looked down at the lovely Chinese girl. Kim. Her best friend. Her lover. And why not? They stimulated each other intellectually and emotionally, why not physically? Whereas a moment ago Wendy felt the sexual tension throbbing and pulsating in her temples, now she relaxed and let Kim's tongue bring her to realms of sexual ecstasy she had never even imagined. Over and over again Wendy's body exploded with cataclysmic orgasms, drenching Kim with more juice to lick.

As Wendy began to feel satisfied, she looked at her partner. Kim is beautiful, she thought. It was true: Kim had a gorgeous face, with enchanting dark brown eyes, lovely complexion and sexy full lips. Her hair was silky and raven-colored. Her body was well-endowed and athletic, with shapely legs formed by years of ballet.

Kim was still wearing her clothes. Suddenly they heard the sound of something ripping. "Oh! W-What's happening to me?" Kim said, her body stiffening. Again a ripping sound.

Wendy sat up on the bench. "Kim, are you all right?"

"I suddenly feel so **STRONG!**" Kim said as she flexed her upper arms, tearing the sleeves of her blouse. Her chest and back expanded, ripping her shirt at the seams. Her buttocks' growth strained her skirt to the breaking point. She was growing bigger and more muscular with every passing second. She gave out an unearthly moan as the transformation ended.

Kim's muscularity underwent a tremendous increase. She was by no means as huge as Wendy, but she would have placed reasonably high at a national women's bodybuilding competition. Her breasts, which were already quite large for an Asian girl, looked rounder and firmer than ever before. "How how did this happen?" she blurted out, in shock. Wendy smiled and said "It would seem that the formula quickly becomes concentrated in bodily fluids. You must have absorbed a large quantity of it by swallowing my vaginal emissions."

Kim smiled broadly and gave Wendy a big hug. "Sometimes you sound like such a doctor. Never mind winning the science fair, Wendy, you're bound to win the Nobel Prize!" Kim picked up those 200-lb dumbbells and proceeded to crank out a dozen reps of bicep curls. Swollen veins and softball-sized biceps bulged under her tawny skin. "What a blast! Being strong is exciting!"



Wendy quickly started getting dressed. "I can't wait to report these exciting new findings in my journal!"

"Ahem." Kim cleared her throat. "My turn." She sat down on the bench, opened her legs, and beckoned Wendy to come to her.

Wendy looked at Kim's wet, inviting pussy. "On the other hand," she said as she began slurping Kim's love juices, "the journal can wait."

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## CHAPTER TWO HYDE ACADEMY DORM ROOM - SATURDAY 8:02 AM

The next morning, Kim woke up to the face of Albert Einstein looking down at her. It took her a while to realize that she was in Wendy's dorm room, and that Wendy had a poster of Einstein above her bed. (Kim, of course, had a poster of Beethoven instead). She looked at Wendy sleeping beside her. Kim's heart skipped a beat. Wendy's face was actually beautiful when she took off her glasses and slept. Then she remembered last night, how they made love in the gym, and then put away their equipment in preparation for the fair. She remembered how they spent some time testing their new strength. They abstained from vandalizing school property. They could have bent lampposts and ripped trees out of the ground, but they were not destructive by nature. However, on their way to the dormitory they lifted Mrs. Pinch's Volvo and turned it upside down on its roof. Mrs. Pinch was the principal of Hyde Academy, a humorless, dried-up old crone. The two girls thought that their prank was hilarious, and they giggled all the way home. Kim looked down at her arms, flexed, and...

Her muscles! What happened to her muscles? She looked down at her body and realized that the potion had worn off. She was the same size and shape as she had ever been. She tore the sheets off Wendy, and gasped at seeing her skinny naked body. Just then Wendy woke up. "Hmph", she said sleepily, "Good morning, Kim. Did you sleep well?"



"What happened to us, Wendy? Where's our strength?" Wendy explained that she was still working on making the potion's effects permanent. "But don't worry there's a new batch off the stuff waiting for us at the school." Wendy, ashamed of her naked body, quickly threw on a bathrobe.

Kim couldn't believe that this was the same girl whose powerfully muscular body had turned her on so much the night before. She felt a little embarrassed by what had occurred between them. It was as if they had been drunk, they couldn't control themselves. Wendy was her friend, her best friend, no more, no less. Besides, neither had ever shown lesbian inclinations before. No, what happened between them last night was only the result of excitement at the success of Wendy's research.

Wendy was brushing her teeth in the small, tidy washroom. Kim stood in the doorway, swallowed hard, and said, "Wendy about last night"

The blonde spat toothpaste in the sink. "Don't mention it, Kim, really don't. We both got excited and carried away. I like you so much your friendship means so much to me. But let's face it. It's men that we want. That's the reason I made this potion in the first place, for men to find me irresistible. Even last night when you were eating me," Kim blushed at this, "it was Brad I was thinking of. I want you to understand, Kim. Last night was very special for me. It was the first time I had sex with anyone. But I need a man to fill this void inside of me." Wendy choked back her emotion, as she rinsed her mouth with water.

Kim went over to her and they hugged warmly.

They showered together, "No sense wasting hot water," they reasoned. After their experiences of the night before Wendy could no longer be shy being naked around Kim, but she still lived in dread at the emaciated condition of her own body. Kim was beautiful and shapely, and Wendy couldn't suppress the dull ache of jealousy. She burned with desire to take the potion again so that she could regain her massive muscles. All she could think of is how wild and wonderful it felt to be strong and powerful. Just the thought of growing bigger and stronger again made her increasingly excited sexually. Under the pretext of washing herself, she discreetly began to rub her engorged clitoris. Kim was unaware of this, preoccupied as she was with washing her long mass of silky black hair. Wendy came with a moan. All of a sudden, her entire body became rigid. She felt a momentary paralysis through her limbs. Looking down, she could see her muscles growing. "Kim! Kim! It's happening again!" The Oriental girl washed the shampoo out of her eyes. She was dumbstruck to see her friend's nude body becoming more and more muscular, her breasts growing larger, right before her eyes, right there in the shower. She turned off the water. "Wendy! What's happening? Did you put the potion in the water supply?"



Moments later, while they were drying off, Wendy explained what happened. With some embarrassment, she admitted masturbating in Kim's presence. "It would appear that the formula stays in the bloodstream and can be triggered by sexual stimulation I would enter this in my findings but one case isn't conclusive. It may very well be that I merely experienced a form of relapse."

Kim smiled at her. "Well, Ms. Scientist, let's do an experiment." She threw her towel on the rack and lay down, naked, on the bed. Looking at Wendy's newly-built body, she began to rub her own breasts and crotch. "Pose for me, Wendy," she implored.

Half-ashamed, half-flattered, Wendy turned around. For a moment Kim thought that she was going to retreat back into the bathroom in shame, but instead she began to flex her back muscles as Kim watched. Knots of convoluted muscles rippled and bulged all over Wendy's back as she hit a back double bicep shot. The smaller girl was lying on the bed, fingering herself.

Kim couldn't believe that the massively muscular woman standing before her was her friend Wendy. Just a few minutes ago, Wendy was a stick figure. Now her bony ass had turned into round, rock-hard glutes. Her skinny legs acquired powerful thighs and calves. Her puny arms were bursting with size and strength. Kim grew more and more excited as Wendy's posing grew more and more confident. Before long, she let out a yell in Chinese: "Al YAAAAAA! HAO AH!" Her body underwent convulsions as waves of ecstasy swept through her, causing the potion to activate. She could literally feel her body filling with strength and energy. In less than a minute, her muscularity reached levels similar to Wendy's. "Oh, that's so good" she said, out of breath and perspiring profusely.



Rubbing her skin, she could feel the muscles hardening. "Mmmmmmm. I love the feeling of being strong!", Kim said in her softly-accented voice.

"And I love the smell of your sweat," Wendy said as she got dressed. Fortunately, confident of the success of her experiment, she had bought some XXXL clothes. Today was the day of the science fair, so she wanted to look good. She had the foresight to buy one of those blouses with big, puffy sleeves. Even so, the fabric clung and strained as she moved her arms. "I'll have to be careful not to get any bigger, or else I'll never find anything to wear!"

Kim tried to put on her school uniform, but it was all torn from her previous transformation. "Here," Wendy said, "I've got a spare". She gave her a sleeveless black mini dress which showed Kim's arms, cleavage and legs to their best advantage.

Admiring herself in the mirror, Kim said "I can't believe you even own something like this. It's a lot sexier than what you usually wear." To which Wendy replied, "Hey. If you've got it, flaunt it." Old habits die hard, and today Wendy opted for the professional look. Long-sleeved blouse and slacks. There was no hiding that impressive physique, however, and Kim was concerned that Wendy's clothes would rip off at the slightest movement.

**THE END**  
(Part 2 – Coming Soon)

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