

Foreseen Consequences

A TF story by Alloner

If there can be such thing as an “average overachiever”, Amanda would be the prime example; straight A’s since the first moment she set foot in a school, annoyingly participative, with a schedule chockfull of extracurricular activities since before she could walk, and what she lacked in charisma she more than made up with her boosted self-esteem and aggressive, business-woman-like interactions.

However, as she reached her 30’s, Amanda started to feel a strange void inside, no matter all her doctorates and masters, all her articles and researches, not even the almost certain Nobel prize she would get for one of her projects in the next 5 years, nothing could fill that sense of dread, a feeling that she was starting to get left behind, she was starting to stop “achieving”, and that was destroying her. There had to be something she could do... Something that would make heads turn towards her with renewed appraisal... And she quickly found it... An Asian woman with dozens of Ph.D.’s who deadlifted? That was the next big thing for sure.

Amanda was no stranger to sports, she had a dedicated wall in her house for all her medals and trophies, gymnastics, figure skating, iron man’s, marathons, hexathlons, she could do anything. But weight lifting proved to be a much more challenging road for her; it could be her small build, maybe her age was starting to catch up? For the first time in her life, Amanda was making less than optimal progress in something. She was too intelligent and prideful to resort to steroids of course, but day after day her pride shattered more and more towards a dark path. Fate would have it that she’d come across an “experimental” substance through her vast connections, a collaborator of a colleague of a friend of an acquaintance.

“Once you start taking this, there is no going back...”

There was no theory about the substance, nobody in the community knew about it, except for a very particular genealogy within the forgotten ways of alchemy... Alchemy, fantasy, lies, fallacies, they were all synonymous for the highly educated Amanda, but in her situation, it was enough for her that the preliminary tests she ran on the strange liquid proved it was “safe”. It was not a steroid, it was not an stimulant or an analgesic, but it seemed to deliver enough “motivation” for her to accelerate her training, why or how? It didn’t matter, as soon as she got her trophy, she would drop the strange drug. It was a foolish bet, but of course, anything that came from Amanda’s brain couldn’t be “foolish”.

Since the first moment Amanda drank the substance her mind changed into a new gear, a mood she never imagined she had; as if flipping a switch inside, Amanda suddenly found a new love for the gym: the music, the routines, the outfits... And... For the first time ever... The men... Before she could realize, Amanda started to enjoy showing off her body, she loved how the men stared at her, she loved her new tiktok and Instagram content... But in a grim turn of events, that mental switch steadily stood “flipped” more and more, day after day, even without taking the drug, Amanda found it harder and harder to focus on her researches, she needed to make more and more precise notes for her talks and most worryingly, she craved her gym hours.

By the time Amanda decided to drop the substance it was already too late... She could feel the weird fog in her mind growing thicker... And if she forced herself to stay home and work on her science, her mind would grow simpler...

One day she woke up early, just like all her life, but she couldn't stop herself from preparing to go to the gym, she felt happy yet terrified, she sobbed as she got into her best outfit, her tears ran down her cheeks as she jogged to the gym... Somehow, she knew that was the breaking point... She grabbed the dumbbells and began her routine... Sobbing... Scared...

“Hey, are you... New here?” a guy asked the girl

“Kinda...” She giggled as she bit her lip