

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, dominant behavior, graphic sexual content, and taboo subjects.)

There was a new pandemic.

Not lethal, not even 'harmful' in the conventional sense. But it still carried the possibility of creating great societal upheaval.

Experts were running around the clock, studying it.

Politicians tried to pretend everything was fine.

Others tried to downplay its significance.

But Rafael knew the truth; it was in everyone's eyes, the shifting glances. The worry in their voices. The fear that things would change forever, and they were powerless to stop it.

Rafael walked around the office, noting the cubicles that were still empty, the ones they couldn't find replacements for. The talks by the water cooler were forced, carried on by people pretending everything was fine.

All around, you only saw men.

Only women were required to stay in quarantine, as they were the only ones who could potentially contract the infection. Men could only be carriers, so they took great care to practice the proper hygienic procedures.

The young Hispanic man was not convinced that'd be enough, not when you still heard cases of new women developing the... affliction. The women you did see around work and on the street were those who could not afford to remain locked up and needed to go out.

Or those who... had undergone the effects of the virus, and could not be contained, no matter how hard one tried.

Rafael sipped his water, looking at the clock on the wall. Soon it'd be time to clock out, he'd go to the store, get some groceries, and go back home. No delays, no distractions, no issues. He'd take no risk, he'd avoid as many people as possible, reduce the chances of his mother being infected.

Yet even as he packed his things, he overheard the dialogue a cubicle over. "One of the shareholders got infected."

"No way"

"Middle of the conference call, she showed the signs. Then in front of everybody she..."

"You keep hearing about stuff like that. You... You won't believe this, but the cashier at that bakery I always go. She turned, from one way to another, a very 'compatible' case. Freaked me out..."

Rafael had seen the women who turned; he wasn't sure if 'freaked out' was the word he'd use. Not when a part of him really wanted to see a transformation unfold. To see the effects of this 'new age virus', as some people online were calling it.

He'd seen the results already. Pictures, reports, videos, the clinical stuff everyone had been informed about... as well as the 'clandestine' stuff. The postings with women who got taken over by the disease, who *changed* in so many ways. Afflicted, wild... powerful, and unbound.

Rafael took a deep breath, pushed the images out of his mind lest they make his body react, and left work. He got into his car and drove off, stopping by a red light.

He stiffened in both ways when he saw a woman walking on the street, wearing a *very* tight sundress, exposing her massive shoulders and spectacularly muscular arms. Her bulging calves rippled with each step. Ample breasts swayed from side to side, supported by dense pectorals.

Long golden hair trailed after her, and seductive sapphire eyes looked at him, winking and licking her lips before blowing him a kiss as she crossed the street. No mask, no safety precautions. A woman with a high level of infection... who reveled in her musculature.

An occurrence that was becoming common among the infectees.

And one that Rafael was thoroughly *fascinated* by.

He kept driving home, trying to ignore it. Ignore the few women he could see around the city who were just complete amazons. He focused on the road, determined to get home. That's all he could do to shake the mental images off his mind, lest they overwhelm him in a mirage of sexual fantasies.

He parked the car in the garage, rubbing alcohol on his hands before coming out. He heard music the moment he opened the door to the hallway, coming all the way from the living room. Rafael walked to the source in curiosity, finding his mother doing jumping jacks in front of the TV to an exercise video. The plain white shirt clung tightly to her sweaty skin, while her yoga pants revealed far more than he was comfortable with.

"I'm home,"

"Welcome back, *cielo!*" She replied mid-jump. The low ponytail of brown hair swayed rapidly and erratically with each jump.

His mother, Tamara, was a tall and fit woman, even before the quarantine. She always had an active lifestyle; she was always doing a lot of manual labor. Carrying heavy jugs of water, garbage bags, doing repairs around the house. So, she was determined to keep herself in shape while on quarantine. The small paranoid part of his brain harkened back to the warnings of the virus; how infected women engaged in more strenuous physical activities than before. Having an abundance of energy, looking for challenges and workouts that would test their bodies.

But he threw it aside; his mother was nowhere near that zealous threshold for him to suspect she was infected. She just wanted to stay in shape, that's all.

"Gonna be in my room," He said, going up the stairs, leaving his mother to her exercise.

He booted up his pc and locked the door just in case. His mother always knocked, but it was better to be safe.

He rummaged through his files and saved tabs, looking at articles on the virus and the changes happening to society. People, the men mostly, desperately wanted things to go back to the

way they were. The power dynamics would irreversibly change if the virus propagated. No vaccine had been discovered yet, some doubted there was a way to successfully develop one. Analysis said they could contain a percentage of the cases from advancing, but full immunity would prove... difficult.

It was interesting to see men, so sure of their place, so secure in their dominance, frightened by the prospect of the women around them becoming larger and stronger.

Rafael was not frightened, no. He was *enamored* with the idea, with the thought of women developing enormous muscles and dominating their way to the top of the social hierarchy. It was a long-hidden fetish of his; he adored muscular women, would spend so much time looking at pictures and videos of bodybuilders training.

And now, with the pandemic, there was a new source of entertainment passed around the deep web. Clips of women succumbing to the transformation, the most extreme cases growing in a matter of *seconds*, bursting through their clothes like She-Hulk. Displaying outstanding feats of strength and easily manhandling any male on their path.

A favorite of Rafael's was a clip of a young woman, located in some cold region like Siberia, growing through her fur-lined clothing and walking through the snow without any sort of protection needed, then filming herself as she rode on a man whose relation to her was unclear, as Rafael did not understand Russian. The man did not struggle, necessarily, but he was cowed into submission by the woman's sheer physical presence, and he rode him with great delight.

Posts about women who had been infected were also very fun to read. At first, many were afraid and disgusted, worried how the virus might change her, only to later talk about how marvelous the experience was, and how pleasurable it felt to have muscles.

Rafael was about to indulge himself, putting his hand over the crotch of his pants, when he got a text.

'Have time?'

He grinned, looking at the username.

'For you, always'

He shut off his machine and walked down the stairs, grabbing the house keys while waving off his mother. "Gonna go to Layla's!"

"Again?" His mother, face flushed and lightly sweaty, said. "You two really work on those minis a lot."

"Hey, she's a big fan, and I'm happy to help!" He was already walking out the door when he said that.

"Yeah, yeah..." She muttered distantly. "Have fun"

His destination was a couple of houses over, belonging to a neighbor. Not just any neighbor, however. Rafael tried not to bounce on his feet as he rang the doorbell and waited. The door opened, revealing a middle eastern young woman of rich olive skin, dressed rather conservatively. Though not so much that she was required to completely cover her head, as evidenced by the black curls framing her face.

She smiled saucily at him. "Get in," And pulled him inside by the shirt.

The good thing about the pandemic? Layla's parents were stuck at the other side of the country, leaving the house all to herself. She did not have to worry about her controlling parents or her egotistical brother. It was only her and Rafael, and her bed.

X~X~X~X~X

That night, after another session of passion with Layla, he returned home and went back to sleep. Yet even after such pleasurable activities, his dreams were still wet. He dreamt of large women, muscular and powerful. So close yet so far from his reach, wishing to meet the women who became amazons thanks to the virus.

He dreamt of society changing at long last, unable to contain the shifting tides as women took their new place by force. Opening barriers with sheer muscular arms or seductive dominance.

Rafael woke up, half-chubbed, to the sound of weights clanking.

Half asleep, he mumbled and groaned as he stood up from his bed, his member softening. He followed the sound out of curiosity. It came from the basement, even though it was that far away, he still heard it somehow.

That, and the grunts.

Tentatively, he walked closer to the source, unsure of what he should do. If he ought to call his mother and let her know, to warn her, or arm himself with something... But perhaps deep down, he knew, he knew what lay there in the basement.

He just wanted to see it.

He stood by the entrance's edge, peeking, trying to remain unseen. His mother was there, standing over a workout mat, lifting a curling bar with some wicked heavy-looking weights on each side. She took in deep breaths, slow and controlled, her reps never ceasing.

He didn't know where he had gotten that, or any of the weights he could see tucked at the corner of the room.

She was wearing a sports jacket, and the same yoga pants from earlier today... but they looked so tight over the *muscular legs she definitely didn't have today*. Her sleeves framed around the curves of swelling biceps every time she lifted the bar. Her torso looked overall wider.

Fully awake, it did not take a genius to understand what was happening. His mother was infected; she was growing larger, muscular... Here, under their roof, his mother would turn into an amazon. His kind of dream woman.

He... He felt sick. He felt like the world was spinning. No, he couldn't think of her, not *her*, that way. Not now, not ever. He'd just had to... endure, put it out of his head.

"*Venga asi,*" His mother muttered through clenched teeth, watching as small rips formed on her sleeves. "*Damelo!*"

She dropped the bar and wasted no time in taking off her jacket.

Rafael felt himself grow hard at the side of that marvelously muscular thorax. The sinewy bumps of flesh on a flaring back, the rising traps straining her sports bra. She looked like a middleweight division bodybuilder, one who had competed for a long while now. She flexed her arms and stared at them with adoration, laughing softly to herself.

"Estoy mamadísima," she grinned. *"Or not, mijo?"*

He froze, mortified. He must have looked like a deer in the headlights.

"Come here, now."

He obeyed, putting his hands on his crotch in an attempt to hide his shameful erection.

She stood before him, brandishing those impossibly good abs and pecs. Did her breasts get bigger, too? "I don't need to tell you I'm infected; I've known about it for days. But only *now* the results are kicking in." She said results when others would say 'symptoms'. "Now, we're required to report positive cases, but honestly, I don't want to kick up a fuss." She smiled, putting her hands on her hips and deliberately flaring her lats, straining her top more. *"Queda claro?"*

The threat was implied.

He stiffly nodded. *"S-Sí,"*

"Good," She leaned in and kissed his forehead. His cock lurched in his pants. "Besides, we can both agree I look *much better* like this, no?" She took a step forward, and he a step back. They kept moving until his back hit the wall. "I bet I can become the biggest *perra* in the city." She grabbed her wrist, showing him her bulging side chest. "Once this is all over, I'll go bodybuilding. Would be nice to know I have my biggest fan supporting me."

He swallowed. *"S-Sure!"*

Her eyes suddenly narrowed. "But you know... I can't help but wonder *where* I got infected. I haven't gone anywhere. The only one who makes contact with people is... *you*"

Rafael felt in danger as Tamara leaned closer. God, she had gotten an inch taller than him.

“You’re not hiding something from me, huh, *mijo*?”

“N-No! Never!”

“So you haven’t been touching any buff ladies out there? Getting a feel of their muscles,” Her eyes narrowed. “You’re not allowed to touch strangers; the only muscles in this house that deserve your attention are my own.”

God, she had already advanced to the stage where her personality suddenly became more dominant and assertive. He realized with both fear and thrill.

“N-No, I swear!”

Her narrowed gaze drew closer as she rested a hand on the wall next to her head. “Good... I wouldn’t want to find out my *dutiful son*. Was eying up amazons *other* than his dear *mami*”

She grabbed his chin and planted a kiss on his cheek that brushed against the corner of his lips.

Without another word, she merely patted his cheek and walked up the stairs, leaving Rafael alone in the basement with the growing dampness in his pants from the sudden ejaculation.

X~X~X~X~X

It was required of him to inform Layla about his mother. Having been in such... intimate contact with both, it was inevitable that her friend had gotten infected too. It had been an extremely awkward conversation, made worse by Layla just sitting there with a blank on her face. Her face betrayed no emotion as she merely took it all in. The knowledge she was certainly infected, that her life was going to irrevocably change, that *she* herself would change.

“...How long have you known this?” She muttered, her voice almost dead.

“R-Recently”

Layla pursed her lips, and the first flickers of emotion manifested on her features. A twitch of her eyes, the clenching of her jaws.

"I-If you haven't experienced any changes yet, it must mean the virus will be gradual on you." He tried to make things easier. "I've read about it. Long-term, gradual cases are easier to manage; you're lucky in that regard. Means you-"

"Lucky?"

The sheer *biting* tone made him shut his mouth.

"My parents try to control every aspect of my life," Her voice grew angry, scathing even. "What I do, what I say, what I wear. These last few months have been the best of my life, where I don't have them constantly looking over my shoulder."

Her hands tightened into fists, shaking from the intensity.

"Can you even imagine what that's like? Not being in control of your own life," Naked fury slowly morphed her face into a raging scowl, baring her teeth as she clenched them. "And now you're telling me, after I experienced some of the best freedom I've ever had, that's going to get worse. That I'm not even going to control my own body, my emotions... because of *you*?"

He balked at the sheer intensity in her glare. "I... I'm sorry, I swear we were all really careful. I don't know how-"

"Shut up," She hissed. She was shaking with rage on the couch, looking like a firecracker about to go off. Her rich olive skin flushed, darkening even more from the rush of blood. "Shut up, shut up, shut up SHUTUP!"

She suddenly stood up and... and she looked taller than before.

Larger...

"I'm not gonna let anyone tell me what to do anymore, I can't. I-I won't!" She grimaced as if in pain. "N-Not if I... ugh!"

The sounds of fabric stretching, her clothes ruffling.

"I-If I can... do something about it! Augh!"

She looked fuller, more pronounced. The flesh pulsed and swelled under her clothes. Her pants tightened around her legs so much that the lines of muscle became visible. Sleeves wrapped around her burgeoning arms so tightly they almost looked painted on. To say nothing of how her torso widened, shrinking as the muscle expanded in girth, her dress wrapping perfectly around her inflating breasts. Rafael could see the outline of her abs even through the fabric...

"F-Fuck!" She held herself, coiling in pain and euphoria as her body kept growing larger still. "Fuuuuuuck!"

The clothes couldn't keep up. They tore in multiple places, unveiling her sweaty dark skin, revealing rippling cords of strained muscle. She grew larger like a professional bodybuilder, of the *heavyweight* division, running her hands over her increasingly naked and statuesque physique. "Hmm, yes...!" She licked her lips, taking delight in the hardness of her body. Shuddering and moaning as she pinched her erect nipples.

She grabbed her shawl and ripped it off in one swift tug, making her dark curls frame her face like a mane.

"Grgh!" She flexed the remnants off her body, a declaration of what she had become. How there was no going back.

And looked at herself with such awe... like she felt more free than ever before.

"No one," She muttered, watching in wonderment as her arm *swelled* and throbbed with veins from a simple flex. "Will ever tell me what to do again..."

She looked down at Rafael, who merely gulped, unable to look away or even hide his erection.

“So that’s what you truly like, you little thing,” Layla muttered, a smirk growing on her beautiful lips. “Then that’s what you’ll get,” She picked him up in one hand, and threw him over her shoulder like a sack of potatoes. “You owe it to me after all.”

“W-What are you going to do?”

He could feel the grin on her face. “I’m going to suck you dry until you settle your debt.”

X~X~X~X~X

And she did, Layla took her ‘payment’ from him very seriously.

Rafael didn’t know how long he lay on her bed, the mattress bruised and abused, the sheets all but torn, the wooden frame cracking at the joints. The young man could only gasp and moan as she rode him like a wild stallion, clenching around his erection with a tight grip from her inner muscles, all the while her enormous frame loomed over him.

Powerful and muscular, casting a shadow of superiority and dominance, her muscles twitched and rippled with every movement, her breasts jumped up and down with each thrust of her hips. She groaned gutturally as her fingers *dug* into the wall behind the bed, gritting her teeth and squeezing her eyes shut in concentration before howling in pleasure, the seventh orgasm of the day triggering.

“Oh yeah, mmm, that’s the stuff...” She muttered to herself, swiping a few hairs off her sweat-stained forehead.

Rafael merely panted in reply, catching his breath from the latest explosion of pleasure originating from his crotch.

“I’m really surprised you’ve been able to hold on for so long.” She said with a wicked grin on her lips. “I’ve been riding you so much your hips should be dust by now.” Layla chuckled, giving her hips a playful swivel as the still stiff member nestled inside her inner walls. “You think maybe the virus does something to men? Maybe it gives you stamina to keep up with us ladies.” She flexed a muscular bicep, looking pumped and veiny as though she had been working out nonstop. “I think it’s a fair trade, we get the strength we deserve, and you guys get the capacity to tend to our needs.”

Rafael wanted to refute, but he couldn't find a better explanation of why he had it in him to remain erect ever after such a massive drain of bodily fluids his body had experienced in the last hours.

If his body allowed, he'd stay like this forever. This had been a fantasy come to life; having such vigorous sex with a bodybuilder was the best experience *ever*. Perhaps he could call in sick for work, take a break, and just spend time with the muscle ladies of his life.

Ladies, as in *plural*, he remembered. Which quickly made him think back on his mother. That's right, his mother was turning into a woman of his dreams, as well. But... so long as he had Layla, he could put those impure thoughts away, he reckoned. Even if his mother's body was turning into a work of art, even if the mere thought of her invigorated him still.

"Mmm, someone's ready for the next round~" Layla licked her lips as his erection hardened even more inside of her. Not knowing she was not the sole source of his resurgent arousal.

He knew what would follow: another hour of passionate lovemaking. God, he had totally forgotten. How long had he been here? She must be worried sick. If he didn't send her a message soon, it was likely she-

"So this is where you've been."

-would come and find him.

Leaning by the doorway was his mother, Tamara. She wore that tracksuit that now looked a few sizes too small for her, wrapping tightly around her muscles to the point the fabric wrinkled under the strain. Her arms were crossed, making her biceps stand out all the more, and the way they tensed showed she was starting to flex them.

He should have been mortified at his mother catching him in the act with Layla, but honestly, he felt that was a minor thing in the grand scheme of things. Rafael got the feeling her disapproving glare stemmed from something else.

Layla looked over her shoulder at the trespasser. "Did you just break into my house?"

"Oh, I think that's the least of your concerns, *niña*," Tamara said firmly, looking at her with a dangerous, narrowed gaze. "What do you think you're doing?" She hissed.

"What it looks like." Layla grinned mockingly. "Your son's got an amazing cock. You ever tried it? I *highly* recommend it."

"Get. Off. Him. *Now*"

Layla rolled her eyes and did so, dragging a mixture of their juices off his soaked member. She walked up to the older woman, their bodies comparable to each other, and looked at her defiantly while flaring her lats. "I'm kinda busy here, your son is helping me scratch the mother of all itches, so I'd appreciate it if you left *right now*." Her last words came out as a growling threat.

"*Niña*, you better not poke the tiger." There was almost steam coming off her nostrils. "He is not for *you*. Back away *now*."

Layla just leaned in closer and grinned. "Or else *what?*"

Her mother threw herself at Layla like a wild leopard; the two rolled on the ground, pinning and wrestling the other down. A spectacle that Rafael had front row seats to, watching in utter amazement as two muscular beauties clashed, their bodies grinding together as growls and grunts of effort came from both.

Yet it was his mother who emerged victorious, locking Layla in a powerful bear hug before slamming their lips together in a display of dominance.

"*El es mío!*" Tamara hissed, lifting the weakened Layla high in the air, growling in victory as the sleeves on her arms ripped from the effort.

Rafael almost came right then and there again.

His mother grabbed the sheets, wrapped them around him, and threw him over her shoulder (funny how this was the second time today). "We're going home, boy. And we're having a long talk."

He muttered, voice raspy and dry. "A-About?"

“About who is your one and only amazon from now on.”

X~X~X~X~X

Life... became even more complicated after that day.

His mother did not stop working out; she honed her body to heights normal people could not even aspire to. The virus had mutated her cells to the point they were supercharged, multiplying and reinforcing her muscle fibers until they were multiple times denser. Her mass had exponentially increased, turning her body into a stacked pillar of mass, with muscles so large they put even the largest male bodybuilders to shame.

Rafael’s position in the house had shifted from the bread-winner to ‘assistant’. He now spends a lot of his time helping his mother with her workouts, counting her reps, and preparing nutritious meals. And... snapping photos and filming her.

Rafael gulped as he focused the camera on her; the tripod ensured the image would be steady without any blurriness to it. His mother was now over six and a half feet tall and packed to the brim with muscles. She looked younger, too, like she had moisturized with the best skin care; her brown locks flowed freely with a cascade of luxurious, shiny locks. Tamara was like a woman reborn, revitalized, filled with more energy than she ever had before.

The slim yet fit, energetic woman she used to be *paled* in comparison with this titaness. This goddess of muscle.

She had taken to her muscles completely, becoming a whole different person, bold and dominating. She *loved* her body and wanted others to love it too. For that, Rafael took pictures of her, as well as filmed her working out, and uploaded them online. Charging money for more... risqué content.

And already turned in quite the profit. People lusted over her body enough that they were willing to shell out money to get more.

Tamara growled as she kept lifting her dumbbells in rhythmic tandem, making the jacket’s sleeves tighten so much they looked painted on. “Better have it all on high resolution, hng! People want the premium stuff.”

“Y-Yeah, mom”

Her sleeves were tearing under the strain. “Oh, here we go, this is the money shot!”

Rafael gulped as he filmed her arms burst free from their confines. Tamara dropped the weights and flexed, cooing to herself as she further tore her jacket to pieces with nothing but the sheer might and girth of her upper body. “*Hmm, siento que me vengo.*” She moaned, licking her lips as she ripped the threads still hanging on her frame. Showing her naked torso to her son.

Rafael did not hide his arousal from her anymore, nor did she want him to. Whenever he saw her work out or fondly touch her own muscles, he instantly got hard. And Tamara merely laughed it off like it was no big deal, or even gave him a slight squeeze on his crotch.

So he filmed his mother getting naked in front of him, knowing he’d have to edit this one too and later upload it. Fuck, part of him didn’t want people to see his mother’s nude body, yet another part took it as bragging rights, knowing he lived with such a beauty.

Tamara posed her ostentatiously muscular physique, veins throbbing to the surface as she flexed like a professional in multiple displays of glorious muscularity. Her breasts were ample and firm, round like basketballs, supported by the concrete-like slabs that were her thick pec meat. She grunted and grinned with an eager, lustful smile, overjoyed at her own power, aroused at her own beauty.

Rafael couldn’t help it; he shoved his hand inside his pants and jacked off, moaning as tiny drops began to splash inside his boxers. He lost count of the times he had masturbated to his mother, or fantasized about her, and every time she did this, it became harder still to resist.

“None of that,” She grunted at him. “If you’re gonna play with yourself, do it here like it’s proper.”

He gulped, doing as she said. He looked up at her the closer he got, then she resumed flexing with a devious smile. “*Ahora... damelo todo*”

Rafael took out his stiff cock from under his pants and *pumped* like there was no tomorrow. He used his two hands as his throbbing erection pointed at her muscles, namely her powerful, shredded core. He moaned with a desperate need for release, fueled by the sight of his muscular mother, who kept posing like a pro.

"Ni una sola gota, que no se pierda ninguna~"

Rafael loudly moaned and blasted his load all over her abs. Streams of hot white shot out of his dick, coating the deep crevices with his seed as the salty drops trailed down her abs in a surprising volume. Touching all the way to her V-line, and her crotch. She shuddered as she felt his essence dribble over her aroused clit.

"Hmm, that's my boy," Tamara cooed, smiling at her panting son who had just come all over her muscles. "My, that was a *lot*. You must be so pent up from watching mommy get bigger." She said it so playfully, for she had deliberately teased him to oblivion.

"You're so fucking hot, mom..." The young man panted, slowly regaining his bearings.

Her muscles quivered with excitement. "Of course I am"

She lifted him so easily, like he weighed nothing, and sat him over the bench bar. Tamara chuckled as she positioned herself over his still erect member and slowly sat on it. Rafael squirmed and moaned pitifully as his hard-on pierced his mother's velvety folds, breaking the last taboo they had not yet breached, until now.

"You're going to break your previous record with Layla," His mother groaned, pushing him down over the bench as her hips slowly swiveled. "Because I'm not letting you rest until I get every last drop out of you~"