

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

Life goes on, and eventually, the bad times come to an end.

The effects of covid had changed the world, it would be a disease that'd spring out sporadically, but nothing like the deadly virus it originally was.

For now, the lockdown was over, and people were able to return to their normal lives.

Except for Marco, nothing would ever be normal for him and his mother again. And he couldn't be happier.

His mother had transformed herself so thoroughly during that time, exercising heavily and with the help of a wonder supplement, turned herself into an amazon of godly physique. Marco was forced to confront the fact Yvette had become the woman of his dreams, living in his house, his own mother... and she enjoyed the effect her muscles had on him.

They had crossed a threshold they could never come back from, and they *loved it*. His mother had become a professional bodybuilder, a sensation that won pageant after pageant, bringing loads of money with them to live comfortably.

The taboo they lived in, the sinful boundary they had crossed during the lockdown was their little secret, one they kept from everyone if they wanted to keep a happy life. Something that became a touch... difficult to do when they had company staying over for a time.

Namely, Marco's cousin Isabela, his senior by only one year, would be staying over for a few weeks. And they'd had to reign in the habits they'd grown so used to. Until then, they'd enjoy the time they still had available.

Such as now in the shower, as he bathed/massaged/worshipped his mother's enormous back while the warm shower fell, the way the droplets trailed down over her shredded figure was mesmerizing, and Marco got to enjoy all of it with his deft hands, pressing closer as his erection rested firmly over the hardened glutes of her derriere. She playfully flexed from time to time, making his dick bobble, shuddering with pleasure.

“She’ll be here while I’m on pageant, so make sure to treat her right”

“Yeah”

“She’ll be here for a few weeks, we have to be *extra* careful,” She said, running her fingers through her wet locks.

“I know,” He grunted, trying to contain the urge to cum.

She sighed, turning around and granting him the wonderous sight of her amazonian front, her great breasts loomed in front of his face as she looked down at him. “It’ll just be for a short while, we can make it work”

He nodded stiffly, basking in the sight of his muscular mother. “Y-Yes,”

“Until then...” Her smile grew devious. She took a deep breath and placed her hands behind her head, flaring her muscles. “I’m gonna need my lotion, *mijo*”

Marco moaned, and desperately grabbed his erection, pumping like a man possessed while his mother flexed. It didn’t take long for long streams of white to shoot out from his head, landing on Yvette’s jutting abdominals, the water slowly taking care of cleaning her.

She shuddered, looking down at him with hunger. “*Buen chico~*”

Marco found himself hoisted against the wall, as his mother slammed her enormous body into him, her breasts smooshing against his smooth chest while she positioned her legs, and with a swivel of her hips, took him in completely.

The two cried out in shared pleasure as his mother thrust her hips back and forth, while he held on for dear life.

He was going to miss this. Marco told himself it’d only be a few weeks, they just had to remain strong.

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It was easier said than done, and yet it wasn't Marco who broke first, surprising as it was. It had been Yvette.

It was almost midnight when she entered his room, he looked up from the bed, face still illuminated by the glare of his tablet when he turned to look at his mother with surprise. She wore a white bathrobe that seemed to shine in the darkly lit room.

"She's sleep," She coyly said, closing the door behind her gently. "We got a while~" Yvette sensually muttered as she opened her robe and let it fall from her wide shoulders.

No matter how many times Marco saw her naked body, it never failed to invoke a response from him. His dick slowly stirred as he idly set the tablet on his nightstand. "T-Thought you said we had to~"

"Shhhh," She silenced him, "Not so loud, we don't want to wake her up~" She pulled the covers off him, looking at the tent rising in his shorts with a grin. "I know what I said, but the thought of leaving you all pent up was so unfair to me~" She didn't need to say she wanted him as much as he wanted her.

Marco gulped, leaning back on the bedrest as his mother climbed on top of him, her wide legs squeezing his as her fully nude and shredded torso stood in full view, looming over him. She flexed her python-like arms, managing to pump them and spread the network of veins with just a few motions. Before holding her hands together and bouncing her perfect breasts with a twitch of her pecks.

Marco groaned, his erection throbbing under his shorts as his hands wandered over her meaty quads, savoring the sensation of their hardness under his palms.

"That's it..." She muttered, unveiling his swollen manhood with a tug of his waistband, he had no time to prepare as she sank into his pole without warning. He stifled a moan, not wanting to let out a sound that would wake up Isabela. It amazed him how *wet* his mother already was, her entrance provided all the lubrication needed as she began to hop up and down over his length, her face twisting in pleasure as she grunted and clenched her teeth. "*Mierda, me no me podia aguantar mas...*"

The bed lightly creaked under her motions and weight, he squeezed his eyes in concentration, willing himself to last a bit longer, but she clung so tightly around him, every inch of her canal

brushed everything from the base of his dick to the tip. He was already leaking pre-cum and losing control and it had barely begun...

"Hmm, un poquito mas...!" She stifled a moan by biting her lip, milking him for all his worth as her own fluids cascaded down his length in a shower of pleasure as load after load of his release was shot into her.

The two panted in the aftermath, with Marco letting his head fall backward as a silly smile spread over his lips.

Yvette let out a long sigh, *"Thank you, mijo"* And planted a tender kiss on his forehead, lifting herself as his cock dragged a messy mix of their fluids still coating him. *"I needed to work off this tension, it's been hard with Isabela here..."*

"I know," His showers were longer precisely so he could relieve himself while she was in the house.

"Hmm, pageant still isn't for a few days," She mused, picking up her bathroom and putting it on. *"Maybe if you came with me... no that'll be even riskier"*

"Guess we just have to make do," He muttered, before looking at his half-hard pole and its sticky mess. *"Um, c-can you pass me a towel or tissue?"*

Yvette was finishing wrapping the knot on her robe when she stared at him for a moment, looking pensive... and then that devious smile from before appeared on her face. *"Hmm, I'll help you with that~"*

Marco yelped as two powerful arms lifted him up, and a sharp gasp escaped his lips, his eyes bulging wide as his mother took his cock into her mouth and proceeded to lick him clean, suckling and running her tongue all over him. He grunted, widely patting her massive shoulder to warn her as his balls swelled, quickly preparing another load.

Yvette felt him throb in her mouth, and the stream of white fell over her mouth and the back of her throat. She remained there for a moment more before fully cleaning him, her lips brushing over the shaft until they were connected to his tip, leaving a quasi-kiss upon it as she threw her head back, her eyes glassy as she lazily smiled before swallowing.

X~X~X~X~X

Yvette huffed a breath as she walked out of the home gym, drenched in sweat, her pumped muscles rippling with her every move, the workout bra and shorts were pretty much a second skin in her state. She walked by the kitchen and grabbed a fruit-flavored energy drink to recharge electrolytes.

She really had to work extra hard today to erase the arousal left over from the other night. The sex with Marco had scratched that itch at the time, but eventually, it left her desiring more. With Isabela present their usual daily life of debauchery was put on hold, and it was proving to be a serious challenge for her self-control.

She entered the living room, where she found her niece sitting in front of the TV. Isabela was a lovely young woman, with flawless mocha skin and a small afro filled with curls. Along with a very impressive figure as displayed by her crop top, with endowed breasts and drop-dead gorgeous curves, her stomach was flat and rather toned. As a result of her being a track-field athlete who still competed even in college. At 20 years old she already looked like she'd be a star one day.

A truly beautiful young woman she was... If Yvette was willing to part with whatever morals regarding family she had left, she'd consider... No, it was already too far with Marco, that was its own thing, she couldn't do that to her niece.

It was then she noticed what Isabela was watching, a bodybuilding special of the latest events and upcoming ones. Yvette recognized a few, she had participated in them after all.

Isabela looked over her shoulder, feeling her aunt walk in. "That you, *tia*?" She asked knowing the answer, pointing at the screen with the remote in her hand.

Yvette grinned and flexed her sinewy arm pumped with veins. "In the *ample* flesh~"

"Wow..." Isabela muttered, "I've seen some girls on the field get toned but... the way you bulked up is unreal" She sounded so amazed, and Yvette felt good at the compliment.

"Took a lot of dedication" And experimental drugs, but she didn't have to know that.

“You completely transformed yourself, it’s...” Isabela trailed off, her green eyes shifting.
“Sometimes I’ve thought about trying other stuff”

“Oh?” Yvette raised a curious brow, intrigued by where she was going with this.

“Like... weightlifting” She muttered, “Bodybuilder...”

Oh.

How very *interesting*.

Yvette’s mind was racing with newfound ideas.

“It’s just, women like them, like you, you all look so strong. Like-Like there’s nothing that can hold you back. Like people would think twice about messing with you, and so many doors are open to you! Nobody dares get in your way just because of your skin...” She muttered distantly.

Oh, Yvette knew that intimately. The number of bigots she dealt with on the regular decreased massively when they realized she could break them in half.

“You want to get big, *mi amo?*” Yvette lowered her voice to that tone she knew drove people wild. Setting down her drink, she stood in front of her niece, with her hands on her hips as she flared out her massive lats. “You want to be like *me?*”

Isabela looked at her starstruck. “...More than anything.”

Yvette grinned, “Then I believe I can help you~”