

(Warning: This story contains female muscle, muscle worship, graphic sexual content, displays of dominant behavior and obsession, and taboo elements)

Lexi woke up feeling energized. An advantage that came with being such a bastion of a woman, whose muscles brimmed with energy akin to the electric charge of a full dam. The liquid that pushed the turbines and powered the generators was the superb serum that had progressively turned her into a creature of amazonian beauty and height. Her body had been hypercharged by the wondrous concoction, filling every single ligament and muscle fiber, every nerve ending, with the capacity to regulate energy far more efficiently than most baseline humans.

Not to mention how much her mind and thought process had been enhanced by the multiple hours of VR training. Giving her a much greater capacity to endure mental exhaustion, as well as increased speeds at which she could wake up and shrug off the mental fog that came with awakening.

Lexi always woke up feeling ready for the day.

Though that didn't mean she didn't like to laze around and take her time. The day wasn't going anywhere.

She had been deprived of her rightful comforts and leisure ever since her mother threw her into this facility to be remolded. She never forgot the luxurious lifestyle she had come from. Oh, she wasn't disparaging the place; it had turned her into a warrior, someone who was not afraid to fight too and nail to get what she wanted. But Lexi never forgot what her mother took from her. It was the principle of the matter; no one would get to decide what she 'deserved' ever again.

It had taken some time to build her influence over this place, but now things were starting to look similar to what she was accustomed to. Her orders for a larger room furnished to her exact specifications were met at long last. The large loft was divided into three sections: the bedroom, the bathroom, and the living room area. Lexi currently lay on top of the extremely large Alaskan King-sized bed, pretty much the best size she could possibly get to accommodate her immense stature and still have room for her sexual partners.

Satin sheets draped over her vast frame, lifting a tent over her torso thanks to the ample breasts. Her chest flared as she stretched her arms to the side, coiling the muscles as she clenched her fists before resting her hands behind her head.

The half-Japanese girl grabbed her phone from the nightstand and inspected her notifications. Stocks, business ventures, social media platforms, everyone a woman in her position checks first thing in the morning. She was almost ready to get up when she felt a happy moan and mewling next to her.

Long locks of fierce red cascading over pale skin, a few freckles dotted across the nose bridge, and a very satisfied smile on her still slumbering face. The woman was naked under the sheets, clinging to her body so tightly like a koala would a tree, burying her face in a massive, soft breast.

Lexi smiled to herself, gently running her fingers over the mess of red hair. One of the most important things she had arranged was for her friend Samantha to visit her. Call it a weakness she still had, but... she had missed someone who could look at her beyond the glamour and influence, who could be there for her regardless of how much money and power she had.

Lexi wanted Samantha in her life, and her friend had been nothing but kind and helpful in her own way. So Lexi repaid that kindness by making their friendship breach a new type of intimacy. Naturally, Sam was *all in* to Lexi's godlike physique. Praising, touching, massaging, and worshipping every enormous muscle on her body, every striation and vein visited by her lips and tongue.

Lexi granted her every favor she could possibly want; it was the least she could do. And not just with the almost daily lovemaking and worship sessions. She'd let her sleep all day, too, but as tempting as it would be to join her, there was still a full day ahead of them.

"Wake up, darling," Lexi muttered seductively, running a hand over her friend's bare curves and planting a soft kiss on her forehead. "Time's a-wasting"

"Hmm, nooo..." Samantha grumbled. "Too comfy..."

"I know," Lexi chuckled. "But I want to get stuff done eventually. And you need to help me."

"Can't," She refused to open her eyes, burying her face deeper into her breasts and running her hands over the shredded wall of abdominal muscle. "Too sleepy..."

Rolling her eyes fondly, Lexi did what she knew best to wake up Sam.

She turned around, grabbing a hold of her much smaller body, pressing a very solid quad between her legs, and flexed. The ripple of muscle brushed against Sam's sex, making her moan suddenly, green eyes fluttering open. "Ah-!"

She kept her motions and kissed her lovely lips, enjoying the vibrations against her mouth as Samantha moaned into it. "Maybe this will get you up~" She muttered huskily as they parted, replacing her thigh with her hand.

Samantha let out a sharp gasp, eyes going fully wide now, as two fingers penetrated her.

It did not take Lexi more than a few thrusts until Samantha was moaning heavily and repeatedly, clinging tightly to her muscular figure and desperately kissing her breasts. Suckling on a hard nipple, she let out muffled sounds of wordless nonsense as the pleasure quickly washed over her.

After a particularly hard thrust, Samantha climaxed, coating Lexi's fingers with her release.

Lexi smiled to herself, feeling her friend's much smaller body heave against her, burying her face in her ample bosom as she softly ran a hand over her back. "Woken up yet?" Lexi teased before licking her fingers clean.

Samantha's reply was a drunken moan.

Satisfied, Lexi pulled out her fingers and cleaned them with her mouth, enjoying the taste of her dear friend. Moving out of their embrace, the satin sheets gently unveiled her as her large legs swung from the bed. Her thick pillars rippled as she stood up, drawing further distance from her and Samantha, who still panted lightly upon the bed. She took pleasure in seeing how much bigger she was compared to a normal woman. Samantha, at full height, could only reach to her bosom, with Lexi also being three times wider.

Lexi stretched as she walked up to a large full-length mirror, popping her joints and twisting her limbs to loosen up. She looked at her reflection and smirked appreciatively. What a powerful beast of a woman she had become; every sinewy bump was carved to perfection. Her striations highlighted every single muscle group, which had swollen to enormous proportions. She took her time admiring herself, seeing the peerless feminine beauty of her face. The luxurious brown hair, the perfect blend of Japanese and Russian features, the ample heaviness of her breasts, everything about her sparked with allure.

She rolled her shoulders, making ridged striations deepen. Bringing her arms down, she squeezed her breasts together, deformed by the large biceps pushing from each side. Her thick pectorals rose at her command, forming a jagged line between them and lifting her breasts slightly. Her forearms coiled with strength as she squeezed her fists before relaxing her stance. Then, Lexi twitched a pec, and the other. She did so in tandem, making her chest muscles ripple and her breasts bounce one at a time, sometimes at the same time.

"Looking divine this morning, ma'am." She heard her maids come in, both holding a set of clothes in their hands. The straight-haired Miri placed Samantha's clothing on the bed for her, the poor girl finally regaining her senses and slowly sat up on the bed. While the wavy-haired twin, Mimi, offered her mistress a bathrobe large enough to fit her.

"Thanks," Lexi said as she put it on, trying the knot around her waist while walking out of the room, followed by her maids. "What's my agenda today?"

"Your first training regimen starts in an hour." Mimi informed, "Coach Elizabeth will oversee it."

Ah, good. It was time she got that country girl's allegiance, and she knew just what to do to get it.

"You also have an online meeting with shareholders at lunch," Miri said, walking with her hands folded in front of her skirt.

If she wanted to start pulling her mother's influence away from the company and direct it to herself, she had to start winning over the money bags. "Ugh, at lunch?" She was a continuously growing woman; she needed her protein and fiber. She did not want to get an hour-long meeting hungry.

"I've already arranged for a large serving of flat iron steak and potatoes to be done by the time you've finished your training with Coach Elizabeth. You'll be finished before the meeting with the shareholders starts." Mimi informed her.

"Ah, good."

"Also, I've arranged for a honey oil massage in your room after the meeting. We've brought an expert all the way from France." The wavy-haired maid continued. "So you'll wash away the tension afterward."

At that, Lexi smiled widely. "Ahh, now that's good foresight, my thanks, Miri." She gave her other maid a look, who tried not to bristle. "You could learn a thing or two from your sister, Mimi."

Miri's blue eyes all but radiated smugness, while her sister's identical eyes and face twisted in displeasure.

Lexi had been encouraging a bit of a feud between the two, and so far, it was getting good results. The two sisters were constantly trying to one-up each other to earn her favor. She liked the initiative. Lexi had no use for women who did not use their heads. And most importantly, if she were to have certain people working closely with her, then she wanted them to be *ambitious*.

The girls looked at Lexi not just as an object of desire. But a *goal*. They each wanted to curry enough favor from Lexi so she'd share the amazing experimental serums and transform them into amazons. Lexi was interested in sharing it with them eventually, if she were to be honest. She might have a newfound appreciation for hard work, but she trusted her instincts and eye for potential more. That said, it was perhaps for the best to make them work for it; that way, it showed Lexi just how much they *truly* desired it. How far they'd be willing to go for it.

The times they've had sex, it amused her to see the jealous look in each sister whenever she focuses on one. And even when they two pleased each other, at Lexi's insistence, it was always more of a... match, to them. Like they were trying to prove the other was superior, even in sex. To themselves, and to their lady.

One of them would become a muscular amazon, once Lexi felt this little competition, and her amusement from it, had run its course.

Sitting over a very large couch, she propped her legs over the coffee table and turned on the TV, idly going over different channels before ending on a sort of media influencer convention focused on fitness. With, of course, Hyppolita sponsored ladies attending.

Samantha, now freshened up and wearing denim shorts and a tank top, casually sat next to her, hugging her larger torso with both arms, using a breast as a cushion. "You know, I think you could get a lot of support if you expanded your social media."

"I already have a large following," Thanks to her selfies showing her muscles.

"But you can do more! I could film you working out, getting oiled and posing, ohhhh flexing out of your clothes is always a favorite," She gushed at the ideas popping into her head.

"And the purpose would be...?"

"Start making people think *you* are the face of the company," She said. "Your mom is always so intense and serious; people are more put off by her than enthralled these days. Becoming the most muscular woman in the world means little if you can't get people to support you. Build a following, establish a rep, make people think you're better than your mom, and that'll work in your favor in the future."

Hmm, Samantha was always the most socially savvy of her friends. And her words had a certain logic to them. It was certainly an avenue she could not discount.

"Look over my schedule for any free time, I'm sure we'll come up with a few ideas."

"Girl, already have *ten*," Samantha said brightly.

"And that's why you're my favorite," She purposely kissed the top of her head, knowing her maids were watching in displeasure and steaming jealousy.

X~X~X~X~X

Once more, Lexi was wearing the suit.

Oh, it was not the same, as she had destroyed the last one. This suit was larger and far more reinforced, as designed according to Freya's specifications. They wanted to feel they still had some form of control over her, so they put her in another suit to preserve those pointless delusions.

The fact that she had agreed to wear it so readily had thrown Freya off, which was exactly what Lexi intended.

She wanted to let them know; no matter how many suits they stuffed, no matter how many rules and limitations, no matter how many barriers her mother erected, there was nothing they could do to keep her from flying.

This cage was going to become her palace, and once she had consolidated enough power and influence, it would be.

So a bit of demonstration was in order.

The enormous weight bar resting on her shoulders bent slightly from the sheer heavy plates on both ends, even the reinforced material dented a bit from how tight her grip was. Lexi squatted up and down, carefully controlled breaths. Instructing her for this training session was Elizabeth, the red-headed farm girl kept a close eye on Lexi with a mixture of wariness and astonishment.

Lexi had come a long way since she first started training under some of the best the company had to offer. Indeed, her brimming musculature was starting to surpass their voluminous bulk, and she showed no signs of stopping. Many felt threatened, concerned about her swift development. True, their task was to make her a 'worthy heir' of her mother, but her actions and her developing attitude put them at odds with their orders. Lexi was not shy about her desire to topple her mother's reign, and the trainers still had their loyalties (well, with the exception of some, like Freya, who cared more about her own agenda). They did not know how to act around Lexi some days.

Which served Lexi just fine, keeping them wary and confused would help her undermine whatever loyalties they had to her mother. One rep at a time.

"That's almost a ton you're lifting..." Elizabeth noted, looking at how her legs bulged with girth, stretching the reinforced material to the point it was groaning.

"Good," Lexi curtly panted. "I wanted a challenge." With each rep, her thighs expanded. Calves rose prominently as her thighs widened.

Ri-Riiiiip!

Two long stretches of torn fabric opened over her quads after another rep, showing the sweaty and striated skin underneath.

"It's breaking already?" Elizabeth muttered in astonishment. "Doctor Freya said-"

"Do you believe, hng," She grunted mid-rep, her legs slowly tearing the lower portion of her suit more and more. "Everything that mad scientist tells you?" As the hamstrings tore the thread, her strong buttocks spread further tears along the way, slowly 'swallowing' the material until it looked more like a thong. "She can run her simulations and all the tests she wants, my muscles, ugh!" Lexi grimaced as she neared the end of her rep, the pain and pleasure that came with the burn filling her every pore. "Are far more than what she can anticipate."

With a prolonged groan and a final stretch of her legs that made the fabric explode around them, leaving nothing but tatters, Lexi finished her set, lifting the weight bar high with her python-like arms. She let the bar fall behind her, cracking the cement open and burying halfway.

With a huff, she snapped her fingers, and the attendants were on her instantly, bringing her water and a towel. The farm girl could only stare at the almost naked half of her body, those legs that glistened with sweat, rippling so prominently with outstanding levels of muscularity unattainable by regular people. Her torso was wide and pumped too, yet the material around it held strong... for now.

"If she wants to waste money on these things," Lexi kicked one of the fabric remnants. "Then I'll keep destroying them until she gets the message."

Taking a deep breath, Lexi *flared* her upper body.

"She can't contain me."

And the rips started again.

