

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

Matt dreamt of the same thing he'd been dreaming of for weeks now: Beautiful women.

Oh sure, a straight young man like him, dreaming of women was a very common occurrence. Puberty hit almost everyone the same after all. Celebrities, singers, supermodels, icons of beauty of which he'd put posters of in his room, were among the roster who inhabited his dreams and masturbatory fantasies.

But what had changed lately was the... attributes of these women. They were tall, they were busty... and they were powerful.

In presence, in demeanor, in *body*.

Muscles, he dreamt of muscles, of women with extraordinary physiques, of pageantry queens who looked as if they could bench press him effortlessly. Rippling striations of fierce musculature, biceps that rose like hills, clenching abs that formed a blocky road, thighs of such thickness and splendor...

He could barely find the words in his dream state to capture the scope of it all, to fully express how they made him feel, in ways he barely understood at all.

Women tending to him and his needs, amazons driving him to the ground and dominating him. Both scenarios were more than welcome. It had inspired deep curiosity in him that led him to delve into the web for such women. Every picture, every video he checked out, it all served to feed a need that sprouted like a seed, taking root deep inside him.

His dreams did not follow any specific pattern, mostly flashes of muscular women. Flexing and displaying their bodies, showcasing their strength in a variety of ways with weights, large objects. Performing sexual acts on himself and *each other*.

Just a constant stream of images and moments.

But one dream... one in particular followed a 'plot' if you could call it that. Some strange pattern he could not decipher.

He was led through a dark hall, so obscured it almost felt like it was endless if not for the red light at the end. Rectangular in shape, becoming more and more like a gateway until he finally crossed it.

Inside, there was red light, there were noises, chants, and words in a language he did not understand. A chorus of black-robed individuals sang for a purpose unbeknownst to him, calling to him, *beckoning* him like a siren's call. The darkness inside their hoods was infinite; he could not see a single face. Between them, a leading figure spread their arms, raising them higher and higher as though they were a conductor leading this choir.

His body hit a stone table, and the leading figure approached, peering into his soul from within the blackness.

"Almost time..."

The voice echoed inside his mind, as the hood drew closer and closer to his face until the darkness swallowed him.

And then he woke up.

Like he always did, sweaty, panting, and given the state of his pants, lifting a tent, very much aroused.

Matt sat up on his bed, brushing a bead of sweat off his forehead as he gathered his breath. His skin, dark and smooth, felt clammy against his shirt with the sweat pooling on his thin chest.

He looked at his phone, checking the clock. 8:30, not too late. Good thing the holidays were on.

There was a knock on his door, and he instinctively covered his erection with the blanket. "Matt, sweetie," Came the muffled voice. "Don't sleep in too late. I'm gonna need you to help around the house while I'm gone."

"J-Just woke up!" He called out.

“Okay then,” His mother cheerfully said. “I’ll go finish my set. Your breakfast is ready.” He heard steps as she walked away.

Matt sighed, rubbing his eyes as he calmed himself. He wasn’t the only one in the house who was in the ‘fitness craze’ ... but not in the same way as his mother, of course.