

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

Lexi's routine became pure repetition. Wake up, eat a nutritious meal, endure VR-conditioning, training, and finally rest. She was still allowed her freedoms, her indulgences. She was not a prisoner but an *investment*. And it wouldn't do for her mother's 'precious project' to grow restless.

Her amenities were plenty, her luxury penthouse the pinnacle of class and money. She could live here and be comfortable for the rest of her days. Like a prized canary...

She missed her parties, she missed going out and exploring the world. But until she finally showed the progress her mother wanted, until then the company labs and the training grounds were as far as she was allowed to go.

Her only escape was the luxury of her penthouse, her giant TV would be the window she'd use to peer at the outside world, and her phone the only way to contact it.

Lexi sat on her large couch, browsing the texts of her friends. She frowned in jealousy at the pictures of the beach Samantha sent her, she wanted to sink her fingers in the sand so badly...

Her friend, aware of her circumstances texted: 'At least you're getting ripped'

Well, that was the positive out of all this.

'Can I get a sneak peek 😊?' She texted.

Lexi smiled, gratified by the knowledge her developing body excited her friend. Oh, she tried to play it cool, but she knew Samantha well enough to see the girl was thirsting. It stroked her ego in all the right places.

Lifting the hem of her shirt, Lexi clenched her core and brandished the three rows of tightly coiled abdominal muscles, highlighted all the more by the tanned skin from the sunbathing saloon. She snapped a single picture on her phone and sent it to Samantha's way. She barely had to wait a couple of seconds for the reply.

‘Guuuuurl, you getting hotter by the day!’

‘Of course I am’ Lexi texted back. ‘Perhaps once you finish your vacation you can see them with your own eyes’

The reply took longer this time, no doubt she was fondling herself in arousal. Lexi chuckled as she slowly circled her fingers over a nipple, hardening it under her touch, imagining her friend smitten and aroused by her muscles.

A shy voice coughed a couple of times. Lexi sighed and looked over her shoulder to see one of her maids standing dutifully behind the couch. Mimi, she was a pretty thing, with curly black hair and blue eyes. “What is it?” She asked.

“Your scheduled uh,” She paused for a moment: “‘training session’, miss”

“Right, how could I forget?” She droned with the aridness of a desert. She sent her goodbyes to Samathan and stood up, stretching as she turned around. Mimi blushed and looked down. Ah right, she still had her shirt up, she was flexing her stomach at her.

“No need to be shy” She grinned at the maid’s embarrassment, liking the flash of lust she saw in her eyes. “They’re meant to be stared at after all”

“I-It’s not proper, with my position-“

“I decide what your position entails,” Lexi said, making the maid freeze as she cupped her chin. “So stare to your heart’s content, take a good look at their size” She flexed a bicep that strained against her shirt. “Because they won’t be this small for much longer”

It said something she considered her current fitness-pro size to be ‘small’.

But in the Hyppolita Foundation, they had different standards.

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The training session proceeded as usual, beginning with a round in the VR helmet to 'educate her'. This time, the subjects were particularly focused; they had a specific purpose in mind. How to seduce and make others submit.

Lexi had experience in that field, she'd had plenty of lovers after all men and women alike. Some had been honest things, and she looked back fondly, if ultimately temporary. If there was something her mother had long since drilled into her was that nobody was up to the standards of their family when it came to true romantic entanglements. Even her father was an unknown figure, just a donor who was the most compatible with her mother's desire to raise her legacy. Their standards were *high*, it'd take a miracle to find a true partner.

Others were just pure fun, they knew what they were getting into. The 'games' she played with them often involved her position, her wealth, her connections, all the power she wielded in an abstract sort of way. Even those who came from wealth would be shaken to the core knowing how much influence and money she truly had, shifting the dynamics completely in a way that Lexi loved.

However, the women in HF had other means to seduce people. It was the rawest, most physically in-your-face obvious that wasn't flashing your tits. Oh no, they used the sheer imposing factor that came from pure physical presence, of course, all stemming from their powerful muscles.

This was another vital part of her training, how to command devotion, awe, fear if need be, merely by flexing her muscles. Well, to say 'merely' downplayed things. Much like bodybuilding posing was an art that required practiced movements, seducing through muscle was about making the other person *feel* your power without needing to resort to physical force. To truly dominate someone was to make them submit.

Some eagerly did so in the face of such a superior specimen, others took more... *convincing*.

The video displayed in the headset was one such example, the woman involved was Sarah DeNoi. A venerable goddess of muscularity wrapped in ebony skin with a mane of curly hair. The business suit she wore clung tightly to the shredded curves of her body, highlighting her powerful physique even as it obscured it. The video showed Sarah in an argument with another woman, Katherine Newman, a host show, lobbyist, and 'philanthropist' once known to oppose Hyppolita Foundation's activities and influence. A known conservative and old-fashioned woman who got lost in the male dogma regarding women's roles in society. The fool advocated for everything that took away women's autonomy and had been highly critical of their company for promoting such a 'sick and unnatural' look on women.

So of course, Sarah met with her in private to make her an offer.

The recording in Katherine's dressing room showed her standing up to Sarah even when it was just the two alone. Demonstrating she had a spine even in the face of such a large woman. Sarah demanded to know if Katherine really believed their bodies were 'sick', to which Katherine firmly agreed.

So Sarah showed her the error of her ways.

It started with a simple pose, lifting her arms and flexing her biceps, slowly at first then kept tightening their flex until the sleeves ripped at the seams, showing her strong biceps popping through the torn threads, followed by her shoulders and forearms.

Katherine backed away in fright, thinking the large woman was about to inflict physical violence upon her, but Sarah merely kept flexing shifting her pose to bulge out her muscle groups even more, tearing her clothes more and more until she was almost naked if not for the special underwear she had on.

She kicked off her shoes and made her pants *explode* into confetti with the mere flex of her thighs, popping monstrously-sized quads and calves larger than Katherine's torso. The shirt split down the middle, buttons flew and fabric ripped open, it was like watching She-Hulk emerge, only instead of green Sarah was a lovely shade of black.

Lexi bit her lip as the suit stimulated her erogenous zone, chemicals churned as they pumped into her bloodstream. Her nipples hardened, her hands twitched in her manacles as she desperately wanted to satiate her arousal while watching Sarah unveil herself fully. Katherine fell on a chair as Sarah loomed over her, flexing her enormous body with such fine control and practiced ease that it was like she was on the stage, but her audience was just one woman. A singular woman who was experiencing things she never had before.

Sarah was seducing this stubborn and old-fashioned victim of the patriarchy with nothing but displays of her glorious body. It did not take long for Katherine to masturbate furiously, overcome by intense lust and desire. Sarah put one of her legs in the armrest and Katherine latched on to it like a tick, suckling and kissing the huge muscles with hunger before diving straight for Sarah's crotch and feasting.

The recording here was no blackmail, Katherine had become a willing and vocal ally of HF. Advocating for their business anywhere her voice could reach, cutting her previous ties with patriarchal lobbyists and politicians.

Just like that, an enemy turned into a follower. All thanks to the beauty and irresistible allure of an amazon.

“Agh!” Lexi’s back arched as she orgasmed softly, she panted, slowly coming down from the high.

The assistants began removing the helmet and restraints. “Your trainer is awaiting you in Room C, ma’am,” One of them said.

Lexi took a deep breath, calming down. “Where is Doctor Freya?” Usually, she was around overseeing things.

“The doctor is currently busy with another project” The assistant replied.

“More important than my mother’s pet project?” Lexi sardonically said.

“I... am not in liberty to say”

The response made Lexi raise a brow. Huh, keeping secrets now Freya?

Intriguing. It bore investigating later.

For now, she had to go to her next training session.

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This was the second or third time she met Miss Jimenez in person. The model/actress-turned amazon had been assigned as one of her teachers, specializing mostly in back workouts. The latina grunted in tandem with the clang of weights that rose and fell swiftly, pulled up by the pulley system of the back workout machine. The rear muscles of her arms rippled whenever the plates went down, and tightened fiercely the moment the heavy metal lifted, straining with dense definition and veins.

But the true star of the show was the venerable wall of shredded flesh that was her back. The way the muscles contracted and rose into hills, forming deep ravines and endless canyons, a truly vast landscape of highly prominent muscles shifting with the force of tectonic plates.

She no longer thought of Julie as another of her mother's tools, another hapless fool who got roped into becoming a copy of her (Indeed, she no longer thought that way of any muscular woman). No, to her Julie had become a liberated woman, who rose above those old-fashioned standards and achieved a new level of beauty.

Though Lexi would have followed her training example on her own, the suit still had a role to play, circulating the supplements in her body while stimulating the muscle groups to maximum efficiency as the wired weave forced her to keep training even as her limbs tired themselves. But the exhausting threshold had been vastly increased now that her body was becoming lovingly muscular. Lexi swallowed, panting softly as the arm and back muscles pulled tight, fibers stretched themselves firm, breaking so they would later rebuild themselves stronger.

The that Julie provided was invigorating enough to keep going. But alas, their training session drew to a close.

"And that's a wrap," The beautiful woman said, finishing the set. She was swiftly tended to by various assistants, who towed various parts of her body and handed her a water bottle. Julie herself had the suit pried off her sweaty form, bringing relief as her skin could finally breathe.

"Hmph, I could have gone another hour" Lexi bragged, which would have carried more weight if not for the fact her panting was more pronounced than Julie's.

"I don't doubt it" Julie winked at her as she stepped up from the machine. She thanked the girls, winking one in particular who shuddered and proceeded to take a sniff from the towel soaked with Julie's set once her back was turned. But no doubt the famous woman was used to such behavior around her, especially since becoming an amazon. "Alright, time to hit the shower"

Lexi followed after the trainer, stepping into the cream-colored bathroom, filled with rows of showerheads and a jacuzzi at the corner. Julie removed her soaked garments and threw them over a bin, the Japanese-Russian woman allowed herself a moment of indulgence to marvel at her nude body before following suit. The two stood side by side at the showers, they moaned in satisfaction as relaxing warm droplets fell over their figures, soon they began running their hands over tired muscles, washing away the sweat and fatigue as the fog kept rising across the shower room.

"You did amazing today, honey" Julie complimented, running her hands over her hair and thrusting out her generous chest. "You're lasting longer every day"

"Naturally," Lexi said. "The goal is to reach the level of the best women in the company's employment"

"I can still appreciate your growth rate" The latina smiled, turning to look at Julie's wet form. "Come on, show me a bicep"

Eager for any chance to show off her muscles, Lexi did so, brandishing the ball of muscle before the actress and feeling proud of it.

"Hmm, lovely" Then Julie flexed her own bicep to contrast it, and her pride took a hit at that mound twice the size of her own. "Still a long way to go though~"

A long way indeed...

"You know, I heard about your session in VR today" The model got a coy look on her face. "Saw Sarah's recording huh? Phew!" She whistled. "That woman is a beast. A *sexy* beast. She can get anyone to drop their pants. I knew my panties were *soaked* first time I saw it"

"It was... educational" Lexi's voice lowered an octave.

"It takes skill, darling, to seduce someone like that. You need practice" The coy grin returned. "Are *you* getting enough practice, Lexi? There's a difference between watching records and putting the knowledge to use"

Lexi rolled her eyes. "My lovers were always plentiful before, having muscles just makes it easier"

"Oh, it's not just having muscles, honey. You gotta learn *how* to use them. And it's not just flexing like a beast, there's subtlety and buildup involved"

"Were *you* subtle when you fucked that woman against the wall?"

Julie actually laughed sheepishly. "Oh saw that didn't you? I was just coming out from the high from the *good stuff* the company gave me to become *this*" She growled the last word, flaring her lats and placing her fists on her hips. "I *really* needed to fuck. *Bad*" She winked. "But trust me, honey, I know how to work up someone without skipping steps"

Intrigued and a bit aroused, Lexi merely lifted a challenging brow. "Do you know? I'd certainly want to see it"

Rising to the challenge, Julie closed the distance between them. "Well first of all, if you want someone to swoon you can't forget the basics" She put her hands on Lexi's hips, slowly and tenderly moving up and down. "You need to get the nerves going, a bit of shiver on the skin" A soft press on the flesh, and Lexi was feeling that shiver she spoke of. Those fingers were experienced.

"Look at them in the eye" Julie muttered, her breath so close to her lips. "Make them get lost in yours"

Her hands pulled her a bit closer, and their breasts were suddenly touching, rubbing the soft mounds against each other and creating a shared rise of heat. Lexi's nipples became painfully hard, her hands found themselves on Julie's firm shoulders.

"And the most important part," The latina gasped, and Lexi realized her own lips were parted, panting softly. "Take their breath away"

She kissed her, not with force, but with supreme tenderness and delicacy. A gesture amplified in passion by their current state, their naked bodies intertwined, naked under the hot shower. The sound of the water around them almost drowned the sound of their lips softly touching, gentle moans, and delighted gasps accompanied by their hands wandering over each other's muscles.

Lexi didn't know when she had stopped kissing those supple lips, but her mouth had found another target: Julie's muscles. She kissed the shredded pecs, trailing her tongue over bulging deltoids and firm biceps. She tasted so good, the faint traces of her sweat were still there, giving her a sample of how Julie tasted at the heights of her strength...

"Hmm, that's it" The actress moaned huskily. "Good girl..."

Lexi's head bobbed softly as she captured a nipple in her mouth, suckling, nibbling, and licking. She wanted to capture all of Julie's tastes, even felt the need to go down on her knees and... and...

Lexi gasped, eyes snapping wide open. She looked at Julie with bewilderment: "Fuck... I wanted to- Just from a kiss?"

"Use all your tools, darling" Julie softly said, giving her another quick kiss. "Seducing and dominating can be as far apart or as close as you want them to"

They heard a gasp, followed by the sound of a body hitting the floor. They turned to see one of their assistants, a pretty little thing who came in with a set of towels (now spilled over the floor) on her knees, furiously shoving a hand under her pants and another roughly fondling her breasts. She had witnessed the sight of the two women making out, and it had been too much for her. So much that she sought immediate relief, moaning pitifully as she masturbated.

"Ohhh" Julie cooed. "Seems we have the poor thing a show too strong for her to handle" She stepped out of the shower and walked up to the young woman, who could only stare up at the amazon with awe from her place on the floor.

Julie smirked. "Hello there darling" She licked her lips. "Want to know what a star tastes like?"

After a second or two, the assistant launched herself at Julie's crotch, arms coiled tightly around bulging quads and steely glutes, eating the muscular woman out with frenzy.

"Ohhhh yeeees" Julie moaned loudly, caressing the girl's hair with her strong fingers, throwing her head back while pinching a nipple.

The girl moaned, letting out incoherent sounds while feasting herself on the model's wet sex.

Lexi stared at the scene with dripping arousal, gaining a whole new understanding and appreciation for Julie's craft.

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Lexi's practice did not end with her training sessions, she took time in her personal hours to pose and flex in front of her mirror. Clad in a black bikini, the heiress tensed her limbs and slowly flexed them, imitating the poses drilled into her head by the VR and the lessons. She had two mirrors facing each other so that she might see herself from all angles. Lexi moved her long locks over her shoulder to stare at her wide back, slowly flexing it and bringing her muscles to bear, making them bulge out and the lines of definition to deepen.

She smiled at the sight of her rear biceps rippling in tandem with her dorsal muscles, painting a lovely canvas. Her glutes clenched tightly as her hamstrings popped one after another in a display of fine muscle control. She was still far from her trainers' level, let alone her mother, but she was making good progress.

Lexi smirked as she turned around, flexing her front by grasping one wrist. Her shoulders rippled and her biceps bulged, a few veins rising to the surface in response as she tightened her chest muscles, making the thick blocks jump repeatedly with her control.

The ruffling of clothes caught her attention. She saw one of her maids, Miri, stand at the door with her new change of clothes. She was biting her lip and looking down at the floor, not out of embarrassment, but because of the effect Lexi was having on her.

Lexi *liked* having that effect on others.

Might as well have some fun for the night.

"Do me a favor, Miri" The heiress called out, and the maid was already setting the clothes down on a chair while walking up to her, her posture servile still. Lexi handed the maid her phone. "Take a few pictures while I flex, would you?"

The woman took a moment to reply as she processed her words. "Y-Yes! Of course!" She raised the phone with trembling hands.

"Excellent. No" She put her hands on her waists, taking a deep breath and flaring her lats. "Proceed"

The maid gulped as she took photo after photo, her face tried to remain neutral but it was an impossibly daunting task. Lexi couldn't blame her, she knew her body was too much for one to remain impassive when in its presence. She took her time slowly flexing with masterful skill, displaying her rippling muscles for her fellow young woman to enjoy, feeding into her ego and

satisfaction. Flexing her prodigious body felt good, watching her muscles flex and pump was a delightful sensation, only amplified by the arousing feeling of her muscles exciting someone else.

"You know, you and your sister have something in common" She commented.

"O-Oh?" The maid gulped, forcing her eyes to meet Lexi's instead of her muscles. "W-What is it, my lady?"

"You and Mimi both have *wonderful* taste" Lexi coyly said as she flexed her tricep and thrust out her chest. "You can't keep your eyes off me"

"I um" The girl stammered. "It's just you're such an amazing sight, my lady. I don't think we can be blamed for... ogling"

"Hmm, I suppose not" Lexi mused with a fake pensive tone. She dropped the pose and walked up to Mimi, taking the phone from her hand and throwing it away. "After all, who could ignore all *this*?"

She raised her arms to the ceiling and slowly brought them down into a powerful most muscular, all in front of the maid, letting her get a good view of all her muscles rippling and straining. Traps and deltoids bulged, rising like hills as the bra strained under the surge of muscle. Veins throbbed to the surface of her skin, highlighting their strength all the more.

"How about you get a taste?" She huskily asked. "As a bonus for all the work you do"

The maid's lip trembled, her hands were sweaty and clenching with spasms. As if possessed, she kept her eyes planted on that strong chest as a shaky arm rose to reach it. Fingers pressed against the solid surface of her pectorals, and a moan escaped from her lips. "My god..." She muttered.

"Feel it" Lexi licked her lips in pleasure as the fingers massaged her muscles. "That's all woman"

A gasp was heard, not from Miri, but from another maid. Mimi had arrived with Lexi's dinner, she almost stumbled with her tray cart as she caught sight of what was transpiring between her sister and muscular lady.

“Ahh, right on time” Lexi let go of her pose and walked away, leaving Miri’s fingers to grasp the air as she put on her shirt and pants. She took a certain joy in depriving them of the view. “I was starving”

“Y-Your favorite, my lady,” Mimi said, removing the tray’s cover to show a delicious piece of steak and potatoes. “Full of protein and iron for your training” She kept giving her sister a side stare full of envy and anger.

“Oh thank you so much, darling” She used that word on purpose to make the maid blush.

The two sisters were glaring at each other, a sense of competition brewing between them.

Lexi had to admit it was fun, she kept a mental note on how much further she could push this with Julie’s teachings.

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VR training was different this time, the images were geared towards violence, combat. Martial arts both old and new. Her mother had to fight her whole life, a lot of times drawing sweat and blood, so of course she also wanted her to be a fighter. Lexi doubted there’d be anyone foolish enough to pick up a fight with an amazon, but history had shown the world did not lack fools and would not run out of them anytime soon...

There would always be someone who would challenge her physically, someone who’d take a shot at her, metaphorically as well as literally. Alissa did not have bodyguards, she had personally pummeled into the ground all those who dared harm her or her company. More than a few assassins met their end at her enormous hands.

Not to mention those who would challenge her position, HP’s goal was the advancement of women but in a place that fomented women’s ambitions some would be led astray by their goals and greed. Indeed, her mother had fought her fair share of fellow amazons who sought to take her place as the empress.

Lexi would always have to be ready for a fight, be wary of any signs of betrayal.

And what a coincidence, the good doctor was missing once more.

This would be the fourth time already.

Lexi did not trust Doctor Livingstone as far as she could throw her. The woman's mind was a maze, you never knew when she might be leading you to a trap. Always taking twists and turns, keeping you guessing on her true intentions.

Officially, the woman developed some of the greatest muscle development methods in the company. She held a great degree of authority, she didn't even need to answer to other department heads as she was also the head of RnD.

Freya answered to her mother directly, meaning she had autonomy to do whatever she wanted with their research projects, particularly those focused on muscle enhancements so long as it aligned with her mother's vision.

But she had been too absent lately. Lexi's sources told her she was moving more money and equipment than usual into her main lab, access was heavily restricted with only a few assistants going in and out. She was certain that not even her mother knew what was happening behind those doors, not while she was still busy on her business trip.

And considering how Freya liked to go on power trips...

Lexi was resolved to investigate on her own, she'd rather know if there was another would-be upstart trying to steal *their* company from under them.

After taking the skintight suit off and showering, Lexi put on loose pants and a jacket. Both black with orange lining that formed the tracksuit ensemble. She went to Freya's office to find her main assistant, Stephanie, working on the desk. She looked up and greeted her cordially. "Miss Kotetsu, a pleasure to see you." She said with a practiced line, keeping her face perfectly pleasant to the point of looking robotic. "Doctor Livingstone is not available right now, would you like to leave a message?"

"I'd like you to cut the bullshit and tell me where your boss is," She said without preamble, walking up to the desk.

Pausing for a second, the secretary recovered her impassive stance. "I... am afraid the doctor is busy, she will not be available for a few hours. She's conducting sensitive research and-"

"And that research should be disclosed to the heads of the company," Lexi said, leaning over and resting her hands on the desk, looming over the woman and showing the difference in physiques between the two. "My mother might give her a lot of leeway, but I'd rather know what my employees are doing"

"But... Doctor Livingstone does not work for you"

That simple statement, and it was a statement, it wasn't a challenge or an insult.

It was a *reminder* of where she currently stood on the company's totem pole.

And it *angered* her.

Her hands clenched into fists over the desk, making her arm muscles jump and expand under the long sleeves. Something Stephanie clearly noticed.

"Let's do this another way" Lexi growled, her voice low and husky. "You take me to get right now, or I can show you what this body is capable of thanks to the company's best training methods"

She grasped the sides of the desk, squeezing hard enough to leave a dent.

"And *you* get to decide whether it'll be a display you'll enjoy... or one that'll *break you*"

The impassive mask broke, cold sweat trailed down her face as she gulped. She stood up so fast she almost stumbled, fishing out a keycard out of her pocket with fumbling fingers.

"T-The elevator," Stephanie said, a bit more high-pitched than usual. "T-This way"