

(**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.