

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

Marco wasn't sure he understood his mother's 'plan'.

She began training his cousin Isabela, gave her small doses of the supplements that had turned his mother into the amazon she was today during the long lockdown. Isabela for her part was very eager at the prospect of turning into a bodybuilder like her aunt, and while Marco was very intrigued at the prospect of the drop-dead gorgeous track-field athlete getting bigger and more toned, he still had... reservations about what Yvette was going for.

In her words, 'Once she is like me she will understand, and we won't have to hide in front of her'.

Marco didn't dare question her logic out loud, he just went along with her scheme.

Might as well enjoy the sights, he mused to himself as he watched his mom and cousin step out of the home gym, clad in stretchy one-piece gym suits that hugged the curves of their legs and waists but left their back and arms bare. The discrepancy between the two was like night and day, with Yvette's arms being twice the size of Isabela's, she could obscure the younger woman's frame just by standing in front of her. Still that did not diminish Isabela's progress in the least, her muscles were coming along nicely, getting larger and more toned as time passed. It reminded him of the days his mother started building muscle, a memory he now held very fondly in his heart.

As he sat at the kitchen table, he watched the two walk in, towels draped over her shoulders, gym suits stained with sweat, and curly hair dripping. Yet they still carried themselves like they had extra energy.

"Don't mind us" Yvette said with a smile, opening the fridge and getting sports drinks for her and Isabela.

"Just taking a breather,"

Marco had *no* issue. He would never complain about the sight of two sweaty muscle beauties strutting about in the house.

Though the faintest sound of a swear and a gasp reminded him he wasn't alone.

He looked over to his side where his friend Isaac sat, their plans for their next DnD session briefly forgotten as he too stared at his mom and cousin with barely concealed lust in his blue eyes. Marco wagered that Isaac wouldn't stand up even if he wanted to, lest he embarrass himself in front of everyone.

Oh, he remembered when that was his problem. Thankfully he mastered the art of keeping his boner down at inopportune times.

Though he'd be lying if the sight of his mother and cousin feeling each other's muscles wasn't testing his resilience.

"Hmm, *mija* your biceps are coming along nicely!" He heard his mom say excitedly.

Isabela grunted as she flexed the praised arm, "*Va ser grande como el tuyo un día, tía~*" She grinned proudly at her lemon-sized muscle, "Getting bigger every day!"

Yvette chuckled in a way that reminded him of the times she began to seduce him. "Harder too~"

Marco started to wonder just how far his mother was willing to go so they wouldn't have to hide in front of Isabela...

"I-I think you both look amazing!" Isaac suddenly exclaimed with a large silly smile. Marco resisted the urge to roll his eyes, so obvious...

"*Oh gracias, Isaac*" Yvette smiled at him. "You know, I might be able to get you a free pass for my next event~"

He looked like he won the lottery, "R-Really?"

Isabela grinned proudly, rolling her arms to flex her triceps. "Maybe you'll go to mine when I start competing,"

Guy looked like he'd die of sheer happiness right then and there.

Marco shook his head. Was it any surprise Isaac's DnD character was a large muscular barbarian woman?

At least *he* knew how to keep it down. Both figuratively and *literally*...

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Well, Mom was away for her next competition, which left Marco and Isabela alone for the night. Marco figured he could lock himself in his room and watch the contest online on his computer, getting a good look at Yvette's gorgeously muscular body, leaving the other women in the dust.

As he made his way to the stairs past the living room to go to his room, he noticed the light still on, along with the sounds of the TV. He curiously looked over to see Isabela sitting on the couch, wearing a simple t-shirt that clung tightly over her strong shoulders and revealed her strong biceps, along with a pair of loose pants and sandals. She looked very comfortable as she leaned back against the couch with her legs crossed, enjoying what was on the screen.

Which apparently was his mom's competition...

He hurried to the stairs as silently as he could, but it was to no avail. "Hey there, cuz!" He heard her voice cheerfully calling out from the couch. Turning around, he saw her giving him a large smile. "Your mom is gonna be on soon. Don't you want to watch?"

"I'm... not really into women's bodybuilding," He lied through his teeth.

"Come on, it's *tía's* show! We gotta support her!" She patted the space next to her, "She said you always cheer her on!"

God damn it, mom. What happened to being discrete?

"I think I'd rather just turn in-"

"I insist"

The words weren't even intoned with that much strength behind them. And yet they had a 'presence' that compelled him to listen... the same sort of command he'd grown used to, and even attached, whenever his mother got 'dominant' on him in that way he enjoyed so much.

He sat right next to her as they watched the TV, his posture tense and rigid compared to her relaxed stance. He knew he should have walked away, and now he was caught in a trap that might expose him unless he was careful.

The moment the bodybuilders took to the stage and began posing, he felt as though he was in a race against time.

All those muscles.. oiled up and shining, rippling and bulging. Grinning both triumphantly and seductively at the crowd as they displayed their mighty frames for the world to see in tight bikinis...

He spotted his mom in the line, standing out even among the beauties, and had to force his dick from hardening. God he missed touching her openly, any other time he'd moan and touch himself to her, but not with Isabel present...

Who apparently had no problem showing her appreciation

"Hmm~" She let out a pleased hum as she smirked at the bodybuilder, her fingers twitching as they seemed to play with the hem of her pants. *"Son todas unas diosas"*

He silently agreed while giving his cousin a side look. His mom's efforts to turn her over to the muscle side seemed to work *great*.

Which of course, just made it harder for him to control himself, knowing Isabela was enjoying the sights too...

"They're... imposing," He chose to say.

"God you can't imagine how *badly* I want to be like them," Isabela dreamily sighed, laying against his side and resting her head over his shoulder. The contact was making his body heat

up. "To be so strong and beautiful..." Her lips formed into a devilish *hungry* smile. "Just like *her*"

Yvette remained on the stage while the others left, she was the first to go for the singles exhibition.

No matter how many times he saw her pose in that tight bikini, she never failed to make his heart skip a bit and his loins harden.

Isabela let out a shuddering sigh, clinging a bit *too* closely to his body as she hugged him with a toned arm. "Can you picture it, Marco? Me getting as *shredded* as your mom?" She looked up at him with a playful smile as her hand drew circles over his shirt. Marco was *deathly* still, feeling as though the slightest movement would shatter his concentration and cause the budding erection in his pants to shoot up. "Who wouldn't resist a beauty like her?"

"I..." He gulped. She knew, she... she had to know somehow. He was certain of it. She must have caught on.

"To have anything you want... and anyone, in the *palm of your hand*"

Her hand reached down and grasped his crotch.

Marco gasped, his cock hardening almost instantly.

"You want to see me become like her, don't you, *primito*?" She muttered hotly in his ear, her hand slowly trailing up and down. "Get as sexy as the woman who *owns* your dreams. Have *two* amazons training and praising each other under your roof..."

He couldn't speak, he was too overwhelmed.

"She's turning me like her, teaching me to *claim* what I want... But she hasn't shared the stronger stuff with me yet. The supplements that made her into *that*" She nodded at the TV, giving a squeeze as his mother let out a savage most muscular. Marco moaned, a little bit of precum escaping into his underwear.

"Give it to me, *Marco*" She sensually whispered. "So that I can be your muscle girl too~"

The next moments became a haze, Marco felt like he was going on autopilot. Only brief flashes of cognition let him know he was opening the cabinet to his mother's supplement stash, the pills that had, over time, turned her into the muscle goddess she was. And gave them to Isabela, who accepted the pill jars with an exuberant grin.

Marco was certain his mother wouldn't like this, but... he wanted to see Isabela's progress. He wanted to see his cousin grow.

And when she saw him pop *multiple* pills into her mouth, he got it. Just not what he originally thought.

His mother's transformation had been gradual, she had consumed them for weeks which had led to a tremendous increase in mass, muscle, and bone alike, which had increased her size to incredible proportions that made her dwarf him.

And Isabela had consumed a jar's worth in *one go*.

Moments after she swallowed, she gasped. The chemicals in her stomach were *churning*, exploding in a chain reaction that spread *all* over her body, to every fiber and every cell...

Isabela let out an inhuman sound, holding her head in her hands, shaking violently as her body was ripped apart from the inside, only to be remolded and reforged stronger than before. She sputtered as the rush of power overwhelmed her, "*Ah dios mio, lo siento, lo estoy sintiendo! Hmm, que bueno que esta!*"

She moaned in ecstasy, and she *grew*.

Her toned arms swelled until the sleeves were stretched to the limits, her deltoids inflated and began tearing at the seams. The fabric of her shirt was pulled tight in all directions by a combination of her widening back and her inflating breasts. Veins pulsated to the surface as she slowly let go of her head and clenched her fists tightly.

Her feet outgrew her sandals, bulging calves tore at the sides of her pants while bulging thighs exploded with girth, shredding the fabric apart as the muscles jumped with supreme hardness, popping like corded cables of flesh.

Her shirt gave out under the onslaught of muscle, shredded, rippling, and toned to perfect. So much like his mother Yvette. A new youthful beauty of amazonian muscle was being born right before his very eyes, shedding her cocoon like a majestic butterfly. Marco was grunting, at some point having pulled out his member, and began pleasuring at the sight.

"Me vengo...!" Her face twisted in pleasurable agony as liquid pleasure dribbled down her inner thighs. *"Me vengo!"*

She orgasmed right in front of him as the last vestiges of his clothes exploded, and did him, moaning loudly as he shot his load over her blocky rows of abdominal muscles.

Isabela took no time in admiring her imposing musculature, she growled at him like a savage beast, and then she was upon him, planting him against the couch where she proceeded to fuck him relentlessly.

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Yvette liked to consider herself a calm woman, someone who was in control of herself and her emotions, who displayed an unflinching will she developed after pumping so much iron her own willpower became just as unyielding.

(The fact she chose to sneak to Marco's bedroom despite trying to keep it secret from Isabela showed her own perceptions about her person weren't as accurate as she might think, but that's bias for you)

Yet ever since she returned from that contest, Yvette felt she was existing in a constant state of *anger*. Not even her latest victory could diffuse the scathing hot sensations that bubbled under her skin.

The reason for her anger was obvious. Yet... complicated at the same time.

Her plan was to take advantage of Isabela's interest in muscles, and slowly train her while subtly sharing her worldview so that it might resonate more with her niece. Shift her perspective on morality and what was 'acceptable', telling her those limitations had no place with amazons like them. That, in their beauty and strength, they were free to claim whatever they wanted. And whoever.

The idea was to seduce Isabela, in more ways than one, turn her into a smaller amazon version of her so she might have the girl wrapped around her fingers. Indulge her into some muscle fantasies before delivering the final blow and have Isabela accept the boundaries of 'family' and 'blood relations' as no obstacles to the things one would desire.

She did not expect the girl to be taking her lessons *that* well, to the point she *seduced* Marco.

That was the source of her anger. Isabela had *taken* what was rightfully her. She wasn't training her to claim her boy!

She also hadn't expected Marco to just hand her the very supplements that had turned her into a towering figure of muscle. Nor that Isabela would consume them all in one go, growing to the point she was almost as tall and muscular as *her*.

Now she strutted around *her* home, displaying her musculature for Marco, and the boy was *clearly* enjoying it. Yvette had seen that enamored look filled with barely restrained lust... but it was usually reserved for his mother. Now Isabela had *him* wrapped around her finger.

Oh, Isabela tried to omit his involvement in the whole thing, that she had taken the pills herself. But Yvette was not fooled, she knew Marco was involved, just as she knew that he *desired* his cousin fiercely, much as he wanted to deny it.

She wanted to confront him, she should have confronted him. But what right did she have to claim him? As his mother, his lover? Taboo mattered not to her anymore, and so she felt none of them should be bound by any sense of 'commitment'.

Yet, the jealousy remained. The feelings of inadequacy and anger. Was she not good enough for him? What did Isabela have that she didn't?

She watched through her window as Isabela sunbathed by the pool, laying chest-down on the long white chair while Marco was applying lotion to her, the same way he would do her. Her fists clenched tightly as she spotted his evident erection in his pants. She could only imagine what they were saying to each other.

Her eye twitched when she saw Isabela turn around, showing her naked torso and grinning at Marco's erect manhood. Yvette nearly lost it when she grabbed him by the hem of his shorts, pulling him closer before playfully pulling down his shorts and letting the erection spring free.

They didn't even care she was in the house. Isabela wasn't playing games, she was going for what she wanted... just like Yvette taught her.

Through the windows, she heard the muffled sound of Marco gasping as Isabela, still sitting, took his length fully into her mouth, bobbing her head back and forth as she lubricated his length with her saliva. She put a hand on his waist to keep him in place, while her other arm flexed an imperious bicep, which Marco was all too desperate to massage as he enjoyed the pleasure of his cousin's mouth. Grasping and touching the enormous biceps and deltoids with mad need as his pleasure built up.

Try as she might, even though the fury she felt was immense, Yvette was still partially aroused at the sight of her son being pleased by another mighty amazon, as evidenced by the warmth in her loins and the hardness of her nipples.

Marco's face twisted in pleasurable agony, he shuddered as he gave a small thrust into Isabela's mouth. All motions ceased, and Yvette knew it was over. Isabela pulled his manhood out of her mouth, smirking at him while swallowing.

Then she laid back on the chair again, and ripped out the bikini bottom, spreading her legs.

Marco threw himself at her, his much smaller frame laying over Isabela's much larger one, burying his head between her breasts while his other head was buried inside her loins.

The blatant open-aired sex did not dissuade either of them, they kept going at it with Marco relentlessly thrusting his hips into Isabela's, who merely smiled and held his smaller frame locked under her enormous arms and legs.

Yvette wanted to go down there and pull him out of her. She wanted to dominate so she'd get a taste of her own medicine. She wanted to pleasure herself at the sight, for even underneath all the rage and jealousy she still felt... proud of her niece?

Family was such a complicated thing...

Yvette didn't know what to do. She just... she just wasn't sure.

She needed a win. A moment where she felt in control of her life again. Something simple and easy.

She knew where to get it...

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Yvette watched as the door opened, revealing a blond-haired blue-eyed youth. Isaac was the same age and build as her son, and had the same look of *awe* that Marco would often give her. He was a small figure compared to her, with his head at the same height as her breasts. Isaac just looked up with a hanging mouth at the enormous musculature of her frame, clad in a sweatshirt and long pants that seemed to cling perfectly to every curve of her powerful muscles.

“M-Miss Ortiz!” The lad yelped, making a silly smile. “W-What brings you here at this hour?”

“Are your parents home?” She bluntly asked without preamble.

“Um. N-No. They won’t be back for-“

“Good” She stepped inside, so abruptly that Isaac had to get out of the way lest she toppled him. He blindly reached for the doorknob and closed the door, watching as the amazonian woman just came inside unbidden. Not that he’d have any problem with it, this was a dream come true for him no doubt, just being alone with her.

Which was just what Yvette wanted. The boy’s infatuation with her was evident, and if she wasn’t getting the attention from Marco, she was going to get it from somewhere else.

“Is... Is there something I can help you with?”

“Your room,” Her voice was firm and commanding. “*Now*”

It was funny how swiftly he led her to it. It reminded her of Marco’s room, a computer, various posters from music bands, movies and games. A nightstand, a closet and a well-sized bed were the only furniture in place. The stereotypical room of a young boy in his 18 years.

As such, she knew intimately what secrets it hid. And where.

She did not ask permission when she opened the drawer of his nightstand, and went to the bottom underneath all the sports and gaming magazines, too old to be up to date now, just camouflage for the real prize.

She unfurled the long poster that had an image of her in a hot pink bikini flexing.

Isaac looked so mortified.

Yvette merely hummed as she looked at it. "If you wanted to keep this a secret, you should have stuck with pics on your computer" A grin slowly spread as she looked at the state of the poster. Namely the faint white 'stains' in places. "Then again, it's not the same to cum on your monitor, ruins the fantasy"

Isaac loudly gulped. "I-I..."

"Tch, I looked smaller back then" Yvette grunted in displeasure at the sight, those arms didn't look anywhere near as big as hers were today. "Can't believe I ever called those sticks biceps"

A loud tearing noise was heard, and before Isaac's widening eyes her left sleeve came undone with a single yet fierce flex. The bulging muscle snapped threads like wet paper, unveiling the sinewy and veiny perfection of its toned visage"

"This is a bicep"

Yvette turned to face him fully and proceeded to get naked. Not a sensual and deliberate stripping, but a demonstration of full force as she flexed her entire body and reduced the puny sweatshirt and pants to mere tatters. Her muscular glory was on full display to the boy, who could only stare with dry lips and a rising tent on his pants.

She basked in the effect she had on him, knowing he was swiftly under her charm. She struck pose after pose, sensuously enticing him further and driving him mad. He groaned painfully as the hardness of his cock became too much to bear. "The real thing is much better huh?"

Isaac clenched his teeth, wanting nothing more than to shove his hand down his pants and relieve himself. Yvette smirked and granted him permission, "Was that poster the only version of me to get love? Or are you going to keep me waiting?"

The young man dropped his pants and shorts with desperation before using both hands to work his meet furiously and with zealotry. He displayed his adoration for this goddess with lustful abandon, grunting and groaning as the pressure in his loins became too much.

He screamed as he achieved release, Yvette smirked at the sensation of multiple shots of semen squirting over her stomach and wide thigh. Ahh now this was familiar.

With a hand, she grabbed his waist and easily lifted him until his manhood was at eye level. Her ruby-rimmed mouth opened and took him in his entirety. Isaac let out sharp gasps and whimpering moans as he was sucked off for the first time in his life, barely recovering himself before he finally shot his load down her throat, which Yvette drank greedily.

It help satisfy that 'itch'... but it wasn't enough. Nowhere near enough.

With a grunt, she dropped the boy on his bed and gave no warning, waited no time to rest her legs at the side of his waist and impale herself on his still-hard member. She rode him ferociously, picturing it was Marco who was underneath and inside her.

...But he wasn't, Marco was at home. With *Isabela*.

A raging growl escaped her lips, and she slammed her hips upon his like a hydraulic hammer, making the poor youth gasp in utter exhaustion and pleasure as she milked him in earnest. He barely had the strength to grasp her magnificent muscles.

"Feel it, feel my strength!" She commanded, "I'm gonna fuck you until I grow tired of it. Then I'm gonna find your mom and give her the steam gift," A wide savage grin appeared on her lips. "Wouldn't you like that~?"

Isaac whimpered as he shot another load.

"Yes... Yes, you would~" Yvette growled in satisfaction as her own orgasm built up. "*Seguro que tu mami le gustan mis musculos tambien~*"

Even as she indulged herself in this power play, she knew it was a temporary reprieve. She could easily make anyone worship her, pleasure themselves to her, and she derived great pleasure from it.

But there was only one man she *truly* desired at this moment... and she had to get him back.

She had to put a certain *upstart* in her place.