

(**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 just left him and Isabela alone for the night. Marco figured he could just lock himself in his room and watch the contest online on his computer, get 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 wanna 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.