

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle growth and graphic sexual content)

Every reporter was always looking for the scoop of a lifetime, that one piece that would make their careers soar. They'd pull every string, call every contact, turn every stone, and even get down on the mud if it meant getting it. And Joanna Murray was no different.

She had clawed her way through the intensely competitive world of journalism, fought with every competition, sneaked her way into the most guarded places with guile, deft fingers, and a charming smile, all to get the truth to report to her bosses so it'd get printed on the papers.

Joanna had exposed corrupt politicians, covered scandals, showed the ugly side of civil rights movements. And she had *never* shied away from any of it, no matter how many times she was threatened. She was *good* at her job, and she didn't intend to stop.

Was it a sense of justice that motivated her, an honest quest for truth that the often lied to and manipulated masses needed to hear? Or just her own ambition to rise ever higher on the ranks until her name became equated to success and leadership?

Couldn't it be both?

And right now, the current trend was Femmax. The drug that promised equality by making women stronger, gave them what they needed to no longer wander through the streets at night afraid. If men weren't going to make the world safer for them, they'd take it into their own hands.

A lofty promise, a righteous one. But when it came from a private corporation, there were *always* going to be skeletons buried in the closet.

Joanna was intent on getting to the bottom of this, find out whatever it was the Vigorex corporation was hiding.

She took a calming breath as she walked through the halls of the magnificently furnished house, opulence and money dripped from every corner, every drape, every piece of furniture, every single small decoration that most likely cost more than what she made in a month. Joanna wore a business pantsuit, a white blouse, and a black jacket, trying to present herself with both elegance and professionalism. A quick visit to the saloon had left her frazzled auburn bob cut looking pristine and charming with the way her locks curled and framed her heart-shaped face.

She had to look her absolute best when interviewing this woman.

“-these baseless rumors are spread by our jealous competition. Femmax is approved by the FDA, and available to the general consumer. Our success is astronomical, so of course they want it off the market,” An experienced voice said with practiced charm.

It had taken her calling out a lot of favors, but she got a chance to start piecing things together, an interview with the CEO herself, Erica Midswen. A woman in her forties who of course looked *spectacular*, as someone with as much money as she would, being able to afford the best care. Her bronze skin was lacking in wrinkles, her hair was pulled back in a bun without a single strand out of place. She laid back on the couch in front of Joanna, one arm resting over her crossed legs, the other one lying on the long backrest. A posture she no doubt presented to convey power and authority.

It didn't hurt that her arms were pretty sinewy, like a regular weightlifter's. Her sleeveless white blouse revealed the strength of her limbs, while her black skirt allowed Joanna to catch a glimpse of those *very* toned legs. A bodybuilder, she was not, but she looked like a professional athlete or fitness model.

“Congress has been making a push to investigate your newest more experimental batch,” Joanna pointed out, keeping her posture professional as she sat in front of the CEO, her green eyes looking inquisitively at her.

The businesswoman rolled her brown eyes. “They're just making noise. A bunch of men in power don't like what we've been doing, so they've tried to shut us down at every opportunity” Erica smiled, “They have no basis,”

“Your test subjects are basically changing from one day to the next. There have been multiple accounts of strange behavior by these women” Joanna pointed out. She had to make the woman lose her self-control, if only for a moment, get her to make a mistake and slip something up. “And you keep a *mountain* of paperwork for each contract signed by these women to keep things under wraps, and yourselves from being liable in case your drugs have harmful side effects on them”

Erica kept her face stony, “Standard NDA procedure and consent forms for clinical trials. And so far, we have not had a *single* health complication from any of our... volunteers” She picked the word carefully, Joanna could tell. “Your claims are as empty as those of my competition *and* the politicians”

Joanna merely smiled teasingly. “If it’s so safe, then I can only wonder why *you* haven’t tried it yourself if you stand by your product so strongly”

The CEO’s face fell blank, and for a moment Joanna felt she had managed to push her buttons enough for the woman to be outraged and lash out. Good, the papers loved it when a CEO got loud and angry.

Instead, Joanna watched as she slowly fell back into that practiced smile. “Would you excuse me for a moment, my dear?” Erica stood up and walked out with a not-so-subtle sway of her hips.

Joanna didn’t have to ponder on why Erica had left so abruptly, for she soon returned with a pill bottle in her hand. Her thoughts raced at the possibility, staring at the CEO who stood up between the two couches in front of her. Fingers slowly and playfully opening the cap.

“I’ve realized you are right about one thing,”

Erica grinned. It was a hungry, *predatory*, gesture.

“I should stand by my product~”

She threw the lid away and reached inside, taking one capsule pill... and quickly swallowing it.

And she didn’t stop with just one.

Joanna’s eyes widened with each new pill Erica swallowed, almost licking at her fingers before quickly diving into the bottle to retrieve another. The journalist could only stare horrified, wondering what could have possessed the woman to do such a thing. Surely so many supplements at once would cause a terrible overdose.

And here this CEO, the woman who should know all about the potential harmful side effects, was swallowing them like candy.

The pill bottle fell empty to the floor, carelessly discarded.

Erica sighed with a pleased smile, looking down at the still-sitting journalist. “You see, Miss Murray” She raised her arm and held it elegantly as though she was posing for a mural, her hand soon began trembling. “You’re under the wrong idea”

She slowly clenched a fist, and the muscles in her arms jumped, the bicep peaked at split, the forearm muscles bunched as the shoulders sported their ridges in full display. It was like she was flexing it harder and harder still, pushing the muscles to their limits, expanding the flesh as much as she could.

“There are no ‘side effects’”

But soon Joanna realized that wasn’t the case, the arm was *growing*.

All of Joanna was growing.

“It’s working exactly as intended~”

A lofty, exuberant smile formed on Erica’s lips as she watched her muscles grow. Then a twitch of her face, and soon it turned into a grimace, accompanied by a grunt. The sounds of leather stretching soon accompanied her increasingly more frequent grunts and pained moans, her body stretched out in all directions, becoming longer along with the increase in muscle mass.

Her elegant high-heeled shoes snapped under the heavier weight of her frame, toes burst out of the pointy tips as the dark material snapped under the pressure. The diameter of her calves increased noticeably, their volume swelling up as it overcame the width of her shins. Her skirt tore at the sides to make room for her engorging thighs, turning it into a type of long loincloth. The quads *brimmed* with power as the striated flesh flexed, trembling with the flexors and vastus muscles jumping repeatedly like tightly-strung high-tension cables, hamstrings *danced* in waves of rippling musculature, and her ass cheeks solidified and swelled, the lower edges of her derriere becoming visible as they lifted the torn skirt.

“Ah!” The CEO gasped, turning her head around violently and making her impeccable hair let a few strands loose as her bun slowly came undone. “I’ve never felt this strong! N-Not even with...!” She bit back a moan, “With the previous variant!” Her neck pulsated with veins as the meaty hills of her traps surged.

Her thorax *widened*, stretching her blouse to the limit as the buttons held on for dear life. It was assaulted by all sides with the rising lats of her torso, the expanding core and jutting abdominal muscles, the endless spread of her back, and the unrelenting swelling of enormous breasts. The top button was sent flying, and Joanna would have considered herself fortunate that it didn't hit her had she not been too busy staring awestruck at the metamorphosis happening right before her very eyes. Those breasts were on the verge of popping out, the black bra contrasted over the white blouse as they rose.

Erica grabbed the opening in the blouse's cleavage and *pulled*, tearing the remaining buttons and the fabric in one fell swoop with a guttural growl. Her torso was almost completely nude as she held up her bulking arms at the side, brandishing the magnificent presence of her *shredded* thorax, from the road paved with cobblestone abs to her wing-like lats and *book-cover-thick* pectorals.

Her bra was hanging by a threat, digging into the skin as the breasts kept expanding to levels no normal could naturally possess. Her breathtakingly monumental back became a landscape of striated flesh, a mountain range of muscle, so tightly locked against each other they were almost competing for space. The back of her bra's trap snapped.

"F-Fuck!" Erica cried out, and even amidst all the enormous flesh, Joanna did not miss the two hard knobs making a tent under her bra. She impulsively arched forward and brought her arms down in a massive most muscular, the sudden surge of muscle caused by the outstanding flex caused her bra to finally fall from her figure, and unveil her perfect bosom to Joanna.

Joanna had seen some of the women who worked at Vigorex, raw power, and all muscle, with statuesque heights and imposing figures... and now she had witnessed how such women were made.

The CEO of the company had turned into an amazon with her very product.

She stood there, holding the flex, panting, and making her body inflate and deflate visibly with each breath. "Oh... Oh my god," She said with a drunken smile, "I never came so hard in my life..."

Joanna's cheeks were burning, "M-Miss Midswen!"

"Oh don't be such a prude, Miss Murray" She took a few calming breaths as she straightened her posture, idly undoing her bun and letting a cascade of dark hair fall over her immense

back. "It's a privilege to see an amazon come out of her cocoon, I certainly have enjoyed the times I saw it~"

"This... This is-" Unnatural. Shocking. Horrid. Those were the words in her mind. Yet her lips choose to say; "Amazing"

"It is, isn't it?" Erica chuckled, playfully flexing an arm repeatedly at the waist, enjoying how the bicep pushed against one large breast. "God, I should have taken the variant ages ago, I've never felt better in my entire life!"

"Why... Why did you do such a thing?"

"Why?" Erica quirked a brow as she smiled. "To show you what my product is about, Miss Murray. It gives the power women are *owed*, it lets us take what we *want* without this damn society shaming us. No man or turncoat will even *dare* raise their voices against us"

She sounded insane, like a comic book villain, yet Joanna couldn't help but imagine such a world. She looked back at her career and thought of all the times she was forced to fight while men just got their work handed to them.

Would people have still looked down on her if she were *that* big and strong?

"Now," Erica licked her lips, her smile turning... hungry. "Why don't I give you a more *private exclusive* with me?" She twitched her pecs and made her breasts bounce. "You can find all the intimidating details about me~"

Joanna gulped, "T-That is... unprofessional, Miss Midswen"

"Please, call me Erica" She chuckled taking a step forward and making Joanna sink into the coach. "Nobody has to know~"

"I... I don't like women"

"Neither did I," Erica replied. "Until Femmax showed me what true women are like~"

She grabbed the remnants of her skirt and tore them away, revealing a wet sex that was pungent with the scent of her recent release.

It felt... invigorating to Joanna, to see the sight of her herculean physique, and feel the smell of her sweat and juices.

Erica leaned over, those breasts were dangerously close. She tapped Joanna's chin delicately and smiled, before pressing their lips together.

The taste... It was unbelievable. As their lips parted and tasted each other's tongues, Joanna could definitely say no previous kiss had ever ignited such a fire in her.

Before Joanna knew it, she was tasting something else as she buried her face in Erica's crotch.

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Joanna always prided herself on knowing what she wanted to do in life, she never wavered when it came to the things she wanted or her goals. She originally planned to write an expose on Vigorex and their drugs but... now she was struck with an uncharacteristic sense of indecision.

Fuck, she had violated so many codes of journalistic ethics when she slept with Erica. She couldn't help herself, the CEO had become a goddess before her very eyes and awakened something in her. Some so passionate and primal...

The way her muscles rippled and flexed, the way the mass *bulged* at her command. Oh how hard they felt under her fingertips...

God, it had been the best sex of her life. And it would have to remain a dirty little secret if she wanted to keep her job.

And... it was not the only secret she'd have to keep.

After the passionate night, Erica had given her a box of pills, Femmax pills, for her to use. At first, she had wanted nothing to do with them, but... she had been so entranced by the CEO all she could do was accept them, even if she wasn't sure she'd use them or not.

They sat on her nightstand, so temptingly close. But so far she managed to resist, she didn't know what she'd become if she were to take them...

Something powerful, a voice in her head that sounded suspiciously like Erica whispered.

It wouldn't really hurt, would it? To just... take one or two. Enough to get a bit fitter, healthier...

Joanna unscrewed the lid.

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Her boss wasn't satisfied with her interview (the one where she completely omitted details like Erica's miraculous metamorphosis and *that* other thing...), they wanted dirt on the CEO and the company. They wanted to bring the heat on them, be the first paper ever to find out what was wrong with Femmax.

That her boss was a balding, out-of-shape, middle-aged man no doubt influenced why he wanted Vigorex to go under. He, like many other men, was threatened by the presence of women who no longer had to be afraid of men...

He wanted to twist some words of the interview, make it reflect more negatively on the company. They were having no luck in getting any harmful side effects from the women who were on the pill, so now they were resorting to twist the truth.

As Joanna stood on the floor's bathroom, staring at herself in the mirror, she could feel a swelling feeling of frustration build up inside her. Here she was doing all she could to preserve her career, steer herself after the massive misstep that would *surely* cost her job if it ever went out, and now that pig of a boss was flagrantly disregarding all the rules, and yet he got to feel safe in his cushy position.

She saw it more and more, in many people who wanted Femmax to just go away. They were desperate.

Joanna slowly lifted the hem of her shirt, revealing a set of very toned abdominals. It had only taken *days* to come out thanks to only one pill...

Of course, they were scared...

The bathroom door opened, and she quickly pulled down her shirt. Her alarm was replaced by disgust as Janet walked in. Ugh, god how she hated the woman. The two were always competing to get the best scoops, ever since they had just started working on the paper.

She always wore this air of superiority, like she was better than anyone else, with her pearl necklace in blatant display, the Armani jacket and pants, and those black heels that were far too shiny. She smiled a very fake smile at her as she tucked a strange of straight black hair behind her back. "Joanna," She said, taking out a make-up kit from her purse and began reapplying lipstick. "I heard your interview was... *average*" She grinned.

Joanna's fists clenched, making the toned muscles of her arms, hidden beneath her sleeves, tighten. "At least I actually *got* an interview, with the *CEO* herself. Meanwhile, you're stuck interviewing the same people over and over" She knew Janet was busy questioning various women who had been taking the previous iteration of Femmax for a while.

Which was a sore point for Janet, given the brief displeasure shown on her face. "Hmph, won't have to for much longer. At the rate these roided out freaks are going, Femmax is going to get outlawed any day now"

The thought made Joanna surprisingly angry. "You really don't like them, huh?"

"Those meatheads? Ugh, they look disgusting. I can't even begin to fathom why any would woman want to look like that" Finished re-applying her makeup. Janet gave her one more challenging look before walking away. "At least I'm doing my part in burying that rotten company. Which is more than I can say about you"

Joanna was left alone in the bathroom once more, feeling the blood rush to her ears in a sudden bout of anger she couldn't understand. 'Meatheads', 'roided out freaks'. She had no idea, *no idea* what she was talking about.

Her phone buzzed, and Joanna smiled when she looked at the new message. A grin soon spread on her lips.

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“Oh, you have no idea how good it is to see you again!”

“You too, Maddie. It’s been so long”

Vigorex had given her the green light for a representative to give her a guided tour of the facilities. There Joanna got to witness the internal workings of the company. She was very pleased to see how all of the employees seemed to be women, *tall* and strongly built women who covered their physiques with loose clothing and lab coats.

But perhaps the biggest surprise was *who* was giving her the tour. Maddie, her old coworker. Maddie had started as a cheerful little thing, her short wavy hair and freckled face combined with her short stature made her look younger than she actually was. She had started out as an intern, and after a lot of hard work got an official secretarial position in the paper.

Then one day, out of nowhere, she stopped coming to work. She quit because of ‘family problems’ had forced her to seek out employment somewhere.

Joanna remembered Maddie as that mousy-looking thing, but this Maddie was taller than her, and the looseness of her clothes only barely served to cover the *stunning* thickness of her physique. She walked with such a confident stride Joanna needed to hurry up just to catch up to her, it was like talking to a whole different person too.

“How long have you been taking Femmax?” Joanna asked as they walked through one of the laboratories. Through the window, she saw multiple large smart women perfecting the dosage with each generation of pills.

“Ever since I began working here,” She said with a cheerful chirp to her voice. “You get more doses the more your work performance improves. And I’m *very* good at my job”

“Has it been a long time now?”

“Almost a year”

That made Joanna miss a step, “Almost a year and you’re already head of this floor?”

“Oh just the rep department, not the *whole* floor” She waved it off.

“But... that’s still amazing, Maddie”

“What can I say? I got *really* motivated” She smiled, “This company, it’s doing so many good things for women everywhere”

They stopped by another window; a pair of researchers were standing next to a woman in her underwear. There was an ugly surgical scar on the side of her abdomen. She was fed a few pills, and much like it happened with Erica, Joanna saw the woman tremble, squeezing her eyes shut as she slowly but surely bulked up. The muscles expanding and tightening the skin almost made it look like her scar was vanishing.

No, not almost, the skin *was* healing to the point the scar was gone. All while the woman went from regular to professional weightlifter in less than a minute. Flexing proudly and grinning ecstatically.

“We’re not just providing women confidence and the ability to defend themselves,” Maddie said passionately, truly believing in what the company was doing. “We’re healing them. We’ve made so many strides in healthcare”

They kept walking. “Vigorex is getting a lot of criticism for your research to be solely focused on women”

Maddie waved it off, “Side projects go to health in general, we haven’t forgotten that. But our goal continues to be the female empowerment movement. And before you say anything, our detractors are all men, and you know this is true. If we don’t take care of our own, we risk losing everything we worked for”

Joanna didn’t have a reply to that.

They stopped by another room, this one filled with photographers, all women, taking the shoots of various bodybuilders in front of green screens. God, these women were the biggest she’d seen yet, so powerful and alluring, like a dozen Ericas, all posing and lifting heavy weights, while the cameras captured the brief moments of power for eternity...

"And here are our publicity personnel! Here we take all the pictures and shoot commercials and paraphernalia" She waved excitedly at one of the women who set down a large barbell and strode over to them. "Hi, Lisa!"

"Hey, Maddie," The woman said. She was tall, imposingly muscular, beautiful dark skin wrapped over shredded muscles, her bright yellow bikini contrasted noticeably. She drank greedily from a water bottle, and then almost fried Joanna's brain when she poured some of the water over her sweaty frame, sighing with relief. "Who's the cutie?"

"Oh this is an old friend, Joanna Murray" She introduced her. "We used to work on the same paper. Joanna this is Lisa, she's one of our best"

"*Pleasure*" Lisa purred, looking at her from top to bottom with a hungry smirk. Joanna thankfully had enough self-control not to instantly rub a hand over those enormous biceps when she shook Lisa's hand.

Too many memories about Erica flooded her mind, and Joanna desperately hoped she wouldn't flood her panties.

"N-Nice to meet you," She swallowed, her ironclad reporter disposition melting under the heat radiating from Lisa's enormous body. She needed to leave before her self-control finally snapped. "I'm sorry, can I talk to you privately Maddie? There are still a few things we need to discuss"

"Oh, for sure" She nodded, then smiled at the amazon once more. "Still up for lunch today?"

"You know it hun" Lisa winked and went back to her photo shoot.

As they walked back to Maddie's office, Joanna took a few deep breaths to calm herself. Fuck, this whole place was doing something to her, turning her fascination into downright desire. Her fingers twitched, picturing herself opening her jar of pills and just feasting on them so much she would become large and powerful like these beauties.

Maddie let her in and was too distracted by her own inner turmoil to notice how she closed the blinds on her window. As she calmed herself, Joanna took notice of how luxurious Maddie's office looked, complete with a minifridge.

"Do you mind if I-?"

"Help yourself" Her former coworker cheerfully said, and Joanna took a bottle of refreshing mineral water, satisfying her thirst. At least partially.

She gulped and put the water back on the *very* nice desk. "It's amazing how fast you got promoted." The bob cut-haired woman pursed her lips and muttered a touch bitterly. "It's been years and I've barely gotten anywhere"

"That place was horrible from top to bottom," Maddie sighed, walking next to her and leaning against the edge of her desk. "Do you know why I quit?"

"It was... family issues, wasn't it?"

"That was the 'official' story," Maddie said, and Joanna saw an edge she'd never seen before on the usually easygoing woman. "The truth is, I was on my way to get a better position until Jonathan asked me out"

Joanna's eyes widened. "What?"

"I said no, and next thing I know, the offer was withdrawn. They wanted someone more... adventurous"

"That's... that's fucking bullshit"

"Oh it gets better, Jonathan had the chief's ear, so he made sure I was taking calls and serving coffee every day, he kept me away from true journalist work and was determined to make sure I'd stay there *forever*" She spat with an understandable degree of anger.

Jonathan, that fucking asshole. Come to think of it, Joanna wasn't all too certain why he quit the paper too. Something about moving away?

"I... I had no idea"

"Nobody did," Maddie sighed, walking away from her desk and paced. "They made sure nobody would know. I couldn't take it anymore, so I quit. It was... difficult. But then I landed this job, in Vigorex" A smile formed on her lips once more, "Where we make women's dreams come true, where we get the justice we deserve"

Her body tensed, the business suit looked all the more tighter on her.

"They gave me the opportunities men took away, they acknowledged my efforts and *rewarded* me for it" The sounds of threads snapping filled the room, soon there were wide tears forming in her outfit. "They made me powerful!" She laughed, "So I'd never be a victim again!"

She snapped her arms into a double bicep pose, and her sleeves disintegrated.

"And helped me get my revenge on that fucker"

Her clothes unraveled, and she stood in her very tight underwear in front of Joanna.

"Maddie..." The reporter gulped. "What did you do?"

Maddie turned, putting her fists on her hips and flaring her outstanding body. "I took everything from Jonathan, I made him *obsessed* with me, and then I threw him away when he bored me" She licked her lips. "Just like he wanted to do with me"

She took a seductive step towards Joanna, and gently cupped her cheek.

"Don't waste your life in that place, Jo" Her breath was hot on her lips. "Join me, we'll get you a place in Vigorex... you can finally get *everything* they denied you"

Joanna's lips trembled, unable to form a response. So instead she did what came naturally; She planted her lips on Maddie's.

The kiss was slow, tender, yet very passionate. The tempo increased when Maddie easily lifted her over her desk and began undressing her...

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She hadn't said yes... but she hadn't said no either.

Joanna kept Maddie's offer close in her mind, and her card secure in her wallet. Perhaps a small part of her was clinging to the idea she could still rise above at work, that her efforts would finally be acknowledged. Maybe she had something to prove herself, or perhaps she wanted to be absolutely certain before she made a decision.

Yet she never stopped taking the pill, it was getting harder to conceal her constantly enlarging body, her clothes just weren't loose enough. The bumps of her biceps and the swell of her thighs were easy to spot if she moved too much. If her boss found out she'd be in trouble... but part of her felt like she *wanted* to be found out. She wanted people to see her musculature and *bask* in her strength.

It became an obsession, she couldn't stop. Not when the muscles made her feel so safe and capable. Like any risks she used to take in her work were a walk in the park now.

Joanna found herself bringing the pills with her to the office, constantly feeling the urge to down them all in one go and become like Erica, like Maddie, like all those beauties she saw at Vigorex.

All the while they kept ordering her to edit her findings, just cast Vigorex in the worst possible light regardless of what she told them. It made her so furious like she'd go green any moment and get huge. And she knew she'd do one of those things if she kept taking the pills...

She remained working late, pondering her options, the divergent paths her life offered, and struggling to pick one. Joanna looked at herself in the mirror as she leaned against the sink, curiously watching how her jacket strained against her shoulders, if she put in the effort they were sure to rip...

She pulled her pill jar out of her pocket and looked at it for a moment, her fingers played with the lid. Just a little twist and...

Joanna took a deep breath and went back to her office. The whole floor was dark now, everyone had left hours ago, only she remained. And her office was the only source of illumination... yet she saw a shadow flicker inside it.

She heard the shuffling of papers and the opening of drawers and whispered swears of frustration.

Joanna stepped into the door, and the occupant froze. Caught like a deer in headlights, Janet was bending over her desk, hands rummaging through the drawers.

Joanna felt her blood starting to boil. "What are you doing?"

Janet's shock soon vanished under a mask of false confidence and threat. "I know you've been taking that damn drug. Everyone here may have two thumbs for eyes, but you can't fool me" She waved a hand at her. "Your clothes are barely covering you anymore, and when Isaac bumped into you the other day, he said you felt like a wall"

Her assistant, her little *spy*.

"Now you're doing your own dirty work at least," Joanna growled. "You're looking for Femmax"

"I'm going to expose you to the chief," Janet boasted. "He'll fire you over the bribes you've been taking from Vigorex, and then you can kiss your career goodbye"

Joanna should have felt her anger reach a breaking point but... it was odd clarity that hit her instead. "You want to take me down, take my spot"

Janet snorted, rolling her eyes, as though the answer was obvious.

"Just sell me out to win the favor of another dumb man"

Her rival's expression faltered.

Joanna merely looked at her for a moment and sighed. She reached into her pocket. "They were right all along... If we don't take care of our own, they'll just walk all over us... and make us eat each other like rats"

And pulled out the pill jar.

Janet's eyes widened. "That's--"

"We don't have to be like that, Janet"

She opened the lid.

"We can be *more*"

And swallowed *all the pills at once*.

The impact of all those pills in her system hit her like a bomb exploding from the inside. Spreading through every vein and every fiber fast and with far more power than any individual pill. Joanna grunted in pain, yet smiled euphorically all the same, as bones cracked and popped, as flesh swelled with leather-stretching sounds.

"Tired of all this-uhg-bullshit!"

Her back broadened into a mountain range, splitting the jacket and blouse with ease down the middle. Deltoids the size of cannonballs ripped the seams of her shoulders as lone jagged lines of tears coursed over her sleeves.

"Women just... fighting each other became men make us!"

Her feet burst out of her shoes while her calves widened past her shins, ripping the lower pants to shreds as the voluminous thighs kept expanding, cord-like muscles popped out and rippled, unraveling her pants as veins surged to the surface.

"Having to crawl... for just a bit of respect!"

Her breasts pushed against the fabric of her blouse, snapping buttons and letting the breasts come loose while her underwear snapped. Bullet-hard nipples stood prominently from her bouncing bosom. Rows of rock-hard abs paved the way over her midsection as thick v-lines pointed downward to her crotch, where only the tatters of her pants remained as torn underwear.

"We deserve more!"

Her arms flexed imperiously, making the sleeves *explode* in a shower of confetti made from ragged tatters. Enormous pythons full of girth and meat *throbbed* with pulsating veins and the deepest definition.

Her pectorals twitched and throbbed, mighty meat slabs of tremendous thickness that supported a *goddess-like* bosom, a small amount of drool dripped from her mouth over their mass, mixing with the salty sweat.

As the growth reached its climax, so did she. Joanna brought her arms down in a powerful flex, moaning as she did so, relishing in the orgasmic pleasure her titanic muscles brought her.

Janet could only stare shell-shocked, lips trembling at what she had just witnessed.

Joanna panted, "Yeah, I was the same when I first saw this" She chuckled, bringing up her arms behind her head and clenching her tight core. *"God I feel so fucking good..."*

She looked down at Janet, so small and tiny compared to her. And grinned hungrily, taking a few steps and backing her against the deck.

"You see, Janet? This is what we could *all* have, to stop living under *their* thump" She flexed her pecs, making her breasts bounce as she instilled in Janet the sheer glory of her amazonian body. *"We can have it all"*

"Oh god..."

"No longer a need to impress men, to curry their favor, to be *subservient* to what they allow or not" She lifted the woman over to her desk, it was so easy. *"Wouldn't that be amazing?"*

Janet could only gulp, face flushing crimson. Joanna saw the look in her eyes, the same one she had, one of *awe* at the promise of a great future, of hunger for the power and recognition these muscular bodies could give them.

"I don't need this job, Janet," The reporter said, "They offered me a *much* better one at Vigorex, as a sales rep. They can offer us *so much*" She held the woman's chin in her large fingers. "We are *above* the bullshit our bosses put us through here, it's time for a change"

"I..." Janet's mouth trembled.

"You can join me," Joanna huskily said with a seductive tone as her breath clashed with her former rival's. "We'll be among *goddesses*"

Janet shivered. "*God yes*"

Joanna chuckled, "Good girl" And gave her a deep passionate kiss that caused the woman sitting on the desk to melt. The amazon slowly stripped her, clashing the soft and lithe naked body against her own mighty frame. Janet wasted no time in putting her legs around her waist, rubbing her core against those cobblestone abs.

As Joanna guided her lover's mouth over to a nipple for her to suckle on greedily, she was already dreaming of her job at Vigorex. Strength for women, by women, to claim what society had always denied them. Unstoppable in the pursuit of their wants and ambitions.