

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

Lexi started this journey at the top of the world. Her place in the company was undisputed, her position clear, her influence unshakeable. She wielded power with words and money, and nothing else was needed for her to make ripples in the world. Control went as far as her fortune allowed, which was a vast reach in itself.

But then her mother decided to take it all from her. To 'teach her a lesson', make her a worthy inheritor. Cast her to the arms of a mad scientist, subjugated to constant training while being experimented on.

Her assets, frozen. Her contacts, cut. Her influence, taken.

She was another cog in her mother's machine. Another foundation in Alissa's empire.

Discarded like a broken tool unless she shaped up, unless she proved herself.

What sort of mother could claim to love her daughter when doing all this?

Only Alissa, that's who.

How could one endure such humiliation when all your dignity was stripped from you? How do you build yourself back up when your entire world was turned on its head?

You crawled back up, that's how.

She had to give her mother this; she was right about one thing: Lexi did not know power until she wielded it in her muscles. She could not understand beauty, and the dominion brought by strength and allure combined that came with the physique of a goddess.

That realization, that enlightenment, opened up a whole new world of possibilities for her. She could recover it all, her money and influence, by being the type of goddess the Hippolyta Foundation specialized in creating. The kind that commanded obedience and inspired worship by her mere presence.

She had gone from a thin-limbed waif to a walking pillar of magnificent muscles. Bulging flesh larger than even some of the largest bodybuilders in the world (the ones sponsored by Hippolyta, of course). Tall and statuesque, the doses of chemicals that had routinely been poured into her body had transformed her into this divine vision, forged by the heaviest training given to her by her many mentors.

The people assigned by her mother to mold her in her own image, she had subverted them all into her service.

This entire facility, her prison, her banishment, was now the center of her power.

The staff answered not to the higher-ups, but to *her*. Lexi was the highest authority in this place. She had managed her new contacts from her fortress, built up her influence and finances once more, using her own guile and her muscular presence to get anything she desired.

She did not fuck her way to the top; she *claimed* her way to the top. With even the brawniest women in the base tripping over themselves to worship *her*.

Lexi, the woman who showed she had vision, unlike Alissa, who kept growing distant from the company's operations, disregarded those who had faithfully followed her and threw them aside, too lost in her own reflections to see what was standing right next to her.

These women, who had once been her army, now resented the king who fed on their success.

Her mother's loss was Lexi's gain.