

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

Hippolyta Foundation, or HF for short. A conglomerate of multiple companies and industries famously (or infamously depending on how you asked) led solely by women. HF dedicated itself to placing women in positions of power and authority, researching ways in which women could stand above men in all fields; Economic, political, entertainment, scientific, and even physical.

Many were the rumors about HF, some bordering on the insane conspiracy theory. That they had bought plenty of politicians and industry tycoons. Brainwashed women into adopting their 'dogma', to explain why so many famous women became spokespeople for the company. And that they engaged in human experimentation... to explain why so many women in the company's employ began looking so... different.

Many competitors had sought to bring HF down, lobbying against their operations or even resorting to corporate espionage to subvert their activities and steal their secrets. But they had all been crushed with ruthless efficiency.

HF was a force to be reckoned with. One many feared would someday acquire a monopoly over many economic fields.

Hippolyta Foundation's main headquarters stood like a vast monolith in the middle of the city, looming over other buildings and casting a wide shadow. At the very top floor, a woman was walking through the marble halls, barely giving a sparing glance to the various pieces of artwork, paintings, and statues, depicting women of power and authority, and physical supremacy.

Lexi Kotetsu was a young woman of spectacular beauty. Her features were a blend of Russian and Japanese, bringing the best aspects of both heritages. Her long brown hair cascaded down to her shoulder blades in a perfectly straight and luxurious curtain. Long legs took one step after the other with an elegant yet tempting gait on expensive high heels. Her skirt hugged a perfect rear while showing her shapely legs. A red flower-embroidered blouse exposed the perfect amount of cleavage and the expensive jacket hung over her shoulders while leaving her arms bare.

Bracelets clinked as he held her phone next to her head. "You got my package?" She smirked as she heard the reply. "Excellent, now have them use it"

She frowned in displeasure. "You agreed to this, you *all* did. So either use it or you can forget your payment" She slowly smiled as the other person on the line admitted defeat. "Don't forget, I want pictures"

She ended the call, knowing the fool would go along with it not knowing she'd give him the perfect blackmail if she ever needed it. Ahh the things some people did for money and fame.

Speaking of, Lexi checked her stocks and hummed in appreciation at the numbers. Not bad, her investments with the new beauty products were having decent growth, and her new clothing line picked up with the latest season. She'd have to call up the advertisement for the next launch.

She stepped through large maple doors into the main office. It was grand, divided into multiple sections. A small library and resting area with various liquors and drinks in a mini fridge, a flat-screen TV on the right side of the wall with a large couch in front of it. The left side of the room led to a dressing and a bathroom, complete with shower, behind another ample wooden door carved with intricate design. And perhaps the most surprising section (to people unfamiliar with the office and its owner), was a small gym that consisted of multiple weights and a few machines. The weights were *large*, and honestly, Lexi had never seen her mother lift anything light in her life when it came to training.

Indeed, her mother was a workaholic, and she designed her room to practically live there with how many hours a day she spent in the office sometimes.

Alissa Kotetsu, a Japanese woman in her fifties, though you wouldn't know it because of the perfect blend of genetics and self-care she had routinely gone through her entire life to remain in peak condition. Her black hair was neatly arranged in a bob-cut, ending with two sharp edges around her neck, framing the incredibly thick flesh.

Her mother was an absolute *powerhouse* of a woman. A renowned athlete who redefined the meaning of 'female bodybuilder' with her spectacularly immense physique and downright superhuman feats of strength, breaking all records previously held by any man or woman. Even sitting in front of her desk she looked immense, and it was almost comical to see the giant woman typing on her laptop while wearing a tight business suit. Her relentless pursuit of physical perfection was equal to her desire for power in all aspects, leading to her creating a multinational conglomerate with her sharp mind, business acumen, and ruthless actions.

"You want to see me?" Lexi said as she walked up to the desk, almost bored as she felt she could be doing something better with her time.

“Lexi, darling” She didn’t even look up from her laptop. “Be with you in a moment”

Lexi rolled her eyes and looked up at her phone for a moment before she heard the chair roll backward, groaning as her mother’s large weight no longer put pressure on it. Her sleeves clung tightly over those large arms, the steams strained over her spherical deltoids and those buttons on her blouse were holding to dear life. The business skirt allowed one to see those *massive* corded legs wrapped in see-through stockings. To most people Alissa was a beast of a woman, imposing and intimidating, to Lexi who had grown up knowing nothing else, she was just her mom.

“I heard your newest venture is taking off,” She said, pacing around the room and going to the TV on the wall. Lexi followed after her.

“Games are all the rage nowadays, might as well put female-oriented games as part of the mainstream” Apparently, people loved making a ‘muscle mommy character’ for reasons beyond her.

“Hmph, it is wise to appeal to a wider audience to shift viewpoints,” Alissa said. “So long as people hold to those ‘old fashioned’ values we’ll never get our rightful place”

Her mother was a firm believer in their ‘cause’. Not that Lexi didn’t care for it, but she saw it as a certain victory anyway, why bother putting so much effort?

“Have you checked our newest spokeswoman’s progress?” Her mother brought up, grabbing a remote control from the couch and turning on the TV. Instead of a channel, it showed what appeared to be a direct recording. That of a woman working out.

Lexi recognized her, Julie Jimenez. Model/actress of Latina descent, she had seen her in various posters and commercials highlighting her long brown hair and rich golden brown skin, she was a good actor, she just needed to land a bigger role to be considered for the academy. Lexi saw the potential in her and recruited her as another woman sponsored by the company.

And then her mother got her hands on her like she often did with anybody she signed up personally...

Once a curvy and dainty symbol of classical feminine beauty, Julie had become a shredded figure of coiled rippling muscles ever since she signed up with the company. Sharing their vision of female empowerment, it did not take long for Julie to begin the supplement plan and

high-intensity treatment to change her body. Displaying her Olympian build with a thin sports bra and shorts.

“What a beautiful specimen she has become, hasn’t she?” Her mother said proudly.

Lexi raised a brow at how she performed exaggerated chest presses while growling and grunting almost ferally, multiple patches over her skin in various muscle groups that relayed information from her vitals to a computer and researchers. Like the regular-sized woman who was writing on a notepad at her side.

“I kinda liked her more before she roided out”

Her words displeased her mother, as she glared at her from the corner of her eye. “She *chose* to become great”

“More like you beguiled her into becoming another mini-you” She had seen the same dance time and time again. Her mother was dead set on turning nearly any woman she wanted into amazonian beasts who would barrel their way through any inconvenience.

She watched as Julie let out a sharp groan when she finished her set, letting go of the machine and striking a savage most muscular that made her upper body flare up, and her bra snap in half. She reached out to the researcher next to her and began kissing her wildly.

Lexi rolled her eyes. “You called me here to watch amateur porn?”

“I called you here” Alissa hissed through her teeth. “To get some *perspective* in you, young lady. Your duties within the company leave a lot to be desired”

“Excuse me?” Lexi ignored the display of quickly unraveling eroticism on the screen to glare up at her mother. “I lead some of the most successful fashion lines, I oversee the cesspool that is social media, I sign up on the new faces of the company, whom *you* always decide to turn into bodybuilders instead of advancing their respective careers”

“I’m giving them broader horizons” Her mother replied firmly. “Something you’ve been lacking. You’ve been handling the *easiest* part of this company, leaving the research and development aside”

“Because that is not *my* area”

“It’s not your area because you *refused* to involve yourself. And that’s hardly the only one” Alissa retorted. “My attention is already split in five different directions. How am I supposed to leave this company, this *legacy*, to you if you are not interested in ingraining yourself into who we are? What our *goal* is”

Lexi sighed. “Yes yes, the ultimate potential of women. You’ve been selling me that pitch my entire life. Perhaps if you actually slowed down for a moment you’d realize there is *no* point in keeping up the ‘fight’”

Her mother grew *very* still. “Explain yourself, *now*”

“It’s done” She spread her arms wide. “Everyone is bending over backward to play ball with us. Anyone who still tries to take us down is either beaten into submission or chickens out at the last minute anyway. The world knows who we are, all we need to do is sit back and reap the rewards”

“...You think victory is just handed to you” Alissa muttered.

“I was born winning, mom. You and this company already won the contest a long time ago” She said, inspecting her nails. “Perhaps you should take a vacation, get some ‘me time’ and reflect. Maybe you’ll realize not everyone wants to be a hulking behemoth like you”

For a moment, there was silence, and Lexi dared to think she finally shut her mother up for once.

Then she heard a straining noise and the sound of threads snapping.

She looked back at her mother, her expression was... frightening like cold fury and stern discipline only seen in soldiers. Her clothes looked *tighter* than usual. Her knuckles popped as she tightened her fists.

The fabric rustled and strained by the second, it was like her muscles were inflating. But Lexi knew what this was, this was her mother flexing just by *tensing her muscles*.

And when Alissa Kotetsu flexed, a spectacle always followed.

Rips loudly manifested over her deltoids, biceps popped through the sleeves as buttons started flying to unveil ample breasts. All natural, never implants, perfectly supported under two slabs of thick pectoral muscle.

Her arms slowly unraveled the sleeves, reducing them to tatters and exposing the *pythons* she had for limbs. Enormous rippling and highly striated muscles capable of bending metal, and she'd seen it, flexing out of the fabric through sheer concentration.

Her ample quads ripped through the sides of her skirt, popping with behemoth strength as cable-like muscle groups jumped up and down. The skin-tight fabric of her stockings, for all of their elasticity, too began ripping under the strain of such voluminous thighs and wide calves.

Her back split the blouse and jacket down the middle, exposing the tremendous wall of *densely* packed muscle. Bulges upon bulges competing for room, descending in slopes and ravines to form an amazonian topography. The front completely ripped open, revealing the jutting muscles of her core, eight sandbags of corded flesh with lines separating them, dozens of smaller muscles framing the sides and leading to wing-like lats that popped through the fabric.

Half-naked, her mother tore the remnants of her attire like wet paper. And under the enormous body carved out of magnificently toned flesh, Lexi felt small.

She didn't know why, she had seen her mother in the pool, on contests. Seen her flex and display her enormous strength... Yet this time she felt intimidated and afraid.

"You think this body came easy to me?" Alissa took a heavy step, her heels breaking under the weight. Lexi stepped back. "You think I just stood there and waited for someone to hand me victory? You think I didn't struggle all the way through bigots and pigs and cowards?!" Veins throbbed over her bulking neck, and her arms, and her legs.

"|-"

"I've coddled you too much" Alissa growled, grabbing Lexi's waist and lifting her like she was a toy. "You don't know what it is to struggle. What it is to work hard to *improve* yourself"

Lexi panted, feeling like a cornered animal under her mother's hawkish gaze. So intense, so hypnotic...

"You think your little games make you strong?" Alissa muttered; her lips dangerously close to her daughter's as she pulled her up to eye level. "Playing with lives. Trick and use them. Darling... you do not know what it is to truly *dominate* someone"

Lexi's lips trembled. Afraid of what her mother would do... desperate at the idea of what she *wouldn't do*.

Her breath hitched. Her mind stopped.

Alissa joined their lips into a slow deep kiss.

Lexi felt... powerless. Controlled. Submitted.

She didn't like that. She didn't like feeling weak.

Didn't like how *right* this felt. To be completely under the control of a superior being.

Then, Alissa parted their lips. And Lexi didn't know if to feel relief or disappointment.

"It's about time we change that"

She set Lexi down, who held onto the couch for support as her legs had turned to jelly.

Alissa walked off to her weights. "I've devised a special training program for you. It's finally time you pick up the mantle and properly inherit *my legacy*" She lifted two enormous dumbbells and began pumping, making the arms rippled and engorge themselves with veins. "You'll become what you were always meant to be... an amazon like me"

Lexi knew she had no choice in the matter, she was completely under her mother's control.

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Her mother's 'special training program' was nothing like Lexi had expected. She thought it'd involve supplements from their pharmaceutical programs, the ones they always used to mold their female employees into bodybuilders, and rigorous training with cutting-edge technology.

Well... she wasn't wrong in the end, the program involved both those things, but administered in a way she hadn't seen before.

Grunting uncomfortably, Lexi tried not to shift as the skintight bodysuit was fastened around her body. The material felt cold against her skin as it wrapped around her, with her bra and panties being the only articles of clothing she wore under it.

The material was some sort of dense weave made from alloy and circuitry, as the thing was supposed to display her vitals while administering supplements straight into her bloodstream. At least she was thankful that the invasive part of the procedure was subtle as she could barely feel the thin tubes connected to the suit.

The VR set was not heavy and clunky like those game sets sold on the market, it looked more like a half-spherical helmet with a completely see-through glass surface that looked more that was a high-definition screen.

So this was her fate now, to be her mother's lab project...

The woman at her side put the finishing touches to the machine, programming it from a nearby computer. She was tall, muscular but not as much as her mother, yet imposingly buff all the same. Her long blonde hair was arranged in a ponytail, her teal eyes narrowed over the data running over the screen. "All systems look optional" She spoke in her rich british accent. "We'll begin shortly"

Doctor Freya Livingstone, PhD in biology, head of R&D. This suit was her project meant to Lexi into an amazon.

"I'm only going through with this because I have no choice" She bitterly told the doctor. "I don't care for any of this stuff"

"Indeed" She merely replied. "Half the project is getting you to our level of physical excellence, the other half is teaching you to like it, to crave it"

Lexi shook her hands, rattling the manacles that kept her strapped to the chair. "Keeping me prisoner is not going to help you there..."

Freya chuckled. "Deer, that's only so you don't thrash around"

"Thrash- What?" She looked at her concerned.

"Oh, you'll see" The doctor stepped away from the computer, letting Lexi get a full view of her figure. The lab coat did an impressive job of hiding her full physique. "Lexi, you've been given opportunities most women would kill for. When I was your age, I was already on my weight to enter physique competitions, I lifted and trained whenever I wasn't studying" Freya looked at her arm, slowly curling and uncurling it, making the bicep stand out against the straining material. "And HF has given me all I desire and more... if you'd just broadened your horizons, we wouldn't have to go through this. We could jump straight-" She grunted, and with a particularly swift and strong flex she created a large rip across the sleeve, making the bicep poke out. The mound rose and rippled, further ripping away at the sleeve's seams. "To this," She said with excitement.

She repeated the process with the other sleeves, and slowly flexed her arms in front of her while arching her back. Lexi heard the back of Freya's lab coat split open, the doctor smiled arrogantly as her upper muscles inflated, with deltoids ripping through the fabric as the sleeves further deteriorated.

"You could have this all *now* if you stopped being so stubborn"

"...You know, my and I have something in common, much as I hate to admit it" Lexi replied. "We both *hate* changing our minds"

Freya frowned, then signed. She casually ripped the remains of her lab coat, revealing the sleeveless shirt she wore underneath that too had suffered some tearing and went over to the machine. "As you wish"

She clicked 'enter'.

The visor on her VR set darkened, becoming a proper skin.

The suit felt warm on her skin, a tingling sensation manifested on her breasts and crotch.

Chemicals rushed from the tube directly into her bloodstream.

Lexi panted, feeling her body suddenly warm up at a fast pace.

The screen came to life. It started with images, pictures of multiple women. Pioneers of female bodybuilding and women's sports, tiny compared to the behemoths of today's society, and yet... these women were the first.

Even Lexi felt grateful for all they had done to get them here.

The images changed, depicting bodybuilding across the decades, women of the sport becoming bigger, more muscular, and toned as the divisions expanded. Feats of strength and endurance were shown as well, women with strong toned physiques lifting, throwing, running, swimming.

All of them bore such determination on their faces.

Lexi's breath hitched, finding herself strangely attracted to the women on the screen. Having grown up surrounded by amazons she never found them *that* extraordinary, it had become a common sight in her life. She'd seen more women train and pose than she could count, so why was this making her feel aroused?

...The suit.

It pressed against the right zones, stimulating her, the chemicals...!

She was being turned on.

Her legs shuddered, her hands clenched. Lexi watched image after image, clip after clip of women becoming stronger with time.

Eventually, she reached the current decade, where the tipping point happened.

The rise of her mother Alissa as the largest most muscular bodybuilder to have lived. Her triumphs, her successes, the many women she had inspired to become like her. To take control of their lives and wrestle dominion back from stupid old men...

Enormous amazons, powerful goddesses...

Muscles bulging with unreal size, superhuman displays of strength.

Her nipples slowly hardened. Her sex grew wet.

Lexi panted at the videos of these *warriors* flexing, training, posing, showing their physical superiority in every way. The dawn of the amazon had changed society in many aspects, slowly veering public opinion more favorably over muscular women.

Then a longer clip played out. She recognized the movie, HF had produced and filmed it after all.

'The Rise of Hippolyta', a science fiction film featuring actress Janice Lovewell. The African-American woman was one of the beauties of their generation, and her mother showed her there was more to beauty than old-fashioned values.

The movie was about a woman in search of strength and power, and through her own experimentation she developed a potion to turn herself into a powerful goddess.

The special effects had been praised, for how realistic it looked that Janice grew into a seven feet tall amazon right in front of the camera.

Only there hadn't been any special effects. Lexi knew for a fact the serum Janice had drank wasn't just dyed water. It was the secret formula HF had developed for... special occasions, reserved for those who had the utmost compatibility. And Janice had been one.

It was all real, the tremors, the shaking, the way she grunted in pain and moaned in pleasure. How her bones cracked and reformed stronger, her muscles *swelling* rapidly and tearing through her puny clothes. Unrivaled mass piled on stronger and denser, with so many deep crevices marking the most shredded muscle tone.

The clip showed Janice's full transformation, laughing in utter joy before moaning in complete ecstasy as she climaxed heavily, leaving no strap of fabric on her person as she ascended into an amazon.

That was what HF promised, ascension for all women.

Lexi's legs thrashed and squirmed, the suit was stimulating all her erogenous zones *perfectly*. She watched this beautiful woman throw her desk with ease and revel in her newfound muscles, knowing it was no acting, it was the actress herself *in love* with her very real new muscles.

She looked at herself so adoringly, intoxicated with her own power, her beauty.

Lexi wanted so desperately to rub her pussy, pinch her nipples, anything. But the manacles kept her from doing so. Instead, all she could do was pant and moan as she watched this... spectacle while the suit pleased her.

She reached the part where Janine's co-actress entered the scene, and the tall ebony goddess of muscle picked her up like a toy and kissed her. Then ripped the clothes off her and *fucked* her so relentlessly and with such vigor-

Lexi's back arched, she let out a sharp breathless cry as her own orgasm triggered.

It had to be the most powerful climax she had ever experienced in her life.

It lasted for a few moments before she collapsed back on the chair, panting heavily as she barely had the strength to keep her eyes open.

The screen reverted to its see-through state, and she found Doctor Freya removing the headset and smiling at her.

"Did you enjoy it?"

Lexi took a few seconds to catch her breath. "So that's how you want to make me love what you are..." She muttered. "You'll condition me to"

The blonde woman's grin widened. "Is it working?"

Lexi scoffed and looked away but did not answer. It had been... an experience, alright.

If it meant repeating such orgasmic pleasure then perhaps she wouldn't mind going through it again.