

(Warning: This is a side-story to Taboo and Muscle After Lockdown, as such; it contains female muscle, graphic sexual content, and taboo subjects)

Yukiko was not someone adverse to change. Far from it. She wasn't afraid of trying new things. She went to different places, did new activities all the time. Variety was the spice of life after all.

But sometimes those changes could be too... sudden. Too drastic. It took a while to get used to things. The pandemic had been hard on everyone; overcoming and adapting were harsh teachers. The world changed in the year they spent locked down, and when she came out, there were changes she was not prepared for.

She was talking about Yvette, of course, her neighbor of many years. Someone she liked to consider a friend. Yvette was a nice woman, warm and motherly, a very nice neighbor. The woman who emerged after the pandemic was a whole different person.

The greatest change had been, of course, her body; it seemed that Yvette had picked up exercise to keep herself sane, and it spiraled from there. The body she possessed was outstandingly muscular, perhaps the most muscular woman Yukiko had ever seen in her life. She walked with a stride that held more than confidence; it screamed pride and domination. Like she *owned* the world. Now, Yvette had gone from a doctor to a full-time bodybuilder, going to pageants and the like, showing her physique to the world. Flexing her outstanding arms, crunching those abs with quivering strength, veins flaring to the surface of her skin with throbbing palpitations...

Yukiko... may have watched a few of those, as a show of support to her friend. It never ceased to astound how much her friend had changed. Even if she still smiled and greeted her like always, sometimes she would playfully pick her up in a hug in greeting, as though she liked to remind the smaller woman just how strong she was now. An underlying message hidden in the act: 'That's right, feel how powerful I am'.

Yukiko swore she did not touch herself while watching Yvette in those shows, really.

Yvette's body was a... curiosity. Whatever feelings it may or may not awaken in her meant nothing in the grand scheme of things. She just went on with her life.

Like right now, she was going up for a jog to the city. Only ten minutes after she left, Yukiko swore to herself, realizing she had forgotten her phone. You couldn't go uncommunicated in this day and age, so she went back to get it.

The moment she stepped into the house and grabbed her phone, she felt something was wrong.

She heard sounds. Squeaks. Groans. Muffled words.

As though she were approaching a beast's lair, Yukiko slowly walked up the stairs. Her destination was her son Isaac's room.

There were moans, muffled by the walls. Sounds of pleasure and exertion, with the sound of creaking springs on a bed.

An eighteen-year-old boy like him... well, Yukiko didn't need to do the math.

It was his computer, she tried to rationalize amid her mortification. She wanted to let things be and just walk away, ignore this like any mother would.

But what kept her from leaving was another voice.

A woman's voice.

"Mmm, ay si!"

Yvette's voice.

Yukiko froze as she neared her son's door. Her mind struggled to comprehend what was happening, even as the clues slowly connected. The sounds, the moans, the creaking, Yvette's voice, her *son's*.

A force beyond her compelled Yukiko to move, silently walking ever closer to the ajar door. She did not want to see this... yet her body moved all the same.

Pressing her body against the wall, her head inched closer until she was peering into the room. And her breath left her lungs in a sharp gasp.

Her son Isaac lay on his bed, blonde hair sprawled everywhere over the pillow, throwing his head back, his half-asian features locked into a deep scowl, his eyes squeezed shut, and his teeth clenched. Sweat drenched every inch of his naked body as another nude figure *bounced* up and down on his waist. His companion was a massive woman, outstandingly muscular, glistening with salty drops cascading down her body, pooling between deep lines of striation.

It was Yvette.

Her friend was fucking her son.

She was riding him to kingdom come, moving with fierce strength and speed, rattling his body and the bed with each motion as her vaginal muscles clamped tightly over Isaac's length. She laughed and moaned with a euphoric smile, bringing up her arms and flexing her biceps, which split with ridged mass as throbbing giant veins crossed their surface. Her ample breasts bounced with her wild thrusts, making Yukiko feel insecure about her own modest chest.

And her son, her boy, the strained expression on his face wasn't one of discomfort. It was one of *concentration*, forcing himself to endure for as long as he could. He grasped one of the enormous legs pinning his torso, while the other hand grabbed a tight hold over one of her sensuously toned buttocks. His fingers dug into the flesh, but it was so hard that it couldn't slip between them; there was no softness to be found there.

"*Ay papi,*" Yvette gasped in her tongue at the throes of passion. "*Lo tenes tan duro*"

Isaac didn't reply; he could only lie there, gasping and grunting as this amazon dominated.

"*¿Quién es tu mami?*" She flexed her arms down in an unreal, most muscular, and her upper body bloomed with outstanding muscularity. "*¡Dilo!*"

As she leaned forward, it gave Isaac enough room to reach up with one of his hands and fondle her breasts, slipping between the massive bosom and running his fingers over the deep striations of her pectorals. Yvette leaned down even more and all but shoved a hard nipple into his mouth.

'Who's your mommy?', Yukiko understood. She was too transfixed by this lewd act, unsure of how she should feel. Mortification that she was watching her son having sex. Betrayal that her

friend was doing this... Arousal at the sight of Yvette's magnificent body as she displayed such erotic dominance over someone.

But a part of her soul screamed in hurt when her son answered.

Yvette pulled back, freeing his mouth from her breast. "Y-You are!" He screamed. "Y-You're so fucking big, m-my favorite amazoooooOOOH!" His words trailed off into a guttural orgasm.

And Yukiko saw it, the base of his cock throbbing as the rest of his shaft pierced Yvette's womanhood. No doubt shooting load after load into her, a monumental release for the woman of his dreams.

Yvette laughed once more, moaning in ecstasy as she basked in the glow of her own orgasm, enjoying the white tide of his semen flooding her.

Yukiko couldn't take it anymore and ran.

She ran from her problems. From the images plaguing her mind. From the knowledge of what her son did and what he enjoyed. From the anger at her friend for infringing on her family like this and crossing this boundary.

And most of all, she ran from the jealousy. From the envy of Yvette's body. Her confidence, her drive. Her unabashed will to go after everything she desired.

The envy of how she watched her musclebound friend fuck her son, and plaguing her with sick, uncertain feelings that a mother should not be feeling.

She ran until running was not enough, and the images kept chasing her. The memory of what she witnessed kept going after her like a heat-seeking missile, plaguing her with insecurity and unwanted twisted arousal.

How do I stop them? The Japanese woman asked herself. *How do I recover control over my life?* She begged to know as her whole world was turned upside down.

She stopped when something caught her eye, and realized her running had taken her all the way into the city like she had originally planned. She saw through the wide transparent windows, and inspiration hit her.

A gym, filled with people trying to get into shape. Others trying to build muscles, either for its own sake, or to become athletes, or just to show off.

Perhaps... Perhaps Yvette could not be the sole bodybuilder of the block. She did not have to hoard all the fame and fortune. If her neighbor managed to grow so big, then who was to say Yukiko couldn't?

Maybe then she'd feel empowered and in control of her life again. Maybe then her son would not need to look far away to find the amazon he desired.

She shook her head vigorously at the last thought. No, that... that wasn't why she was doing this. She wanted to be muscular, sensuous, and beautiful, not to... not to entice her son.

That was a sick thought that Yukiko refused to entertain.

Her mind made up, she pulled her black hair into a ponytail and walked inside the gym.

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Yukiko knew it'd take a while.

She stared at her reflection in the mirror, clad in nothing but her underwear, as she inspected every detail of her body. There was a firmness to her build now, the presence of muscle that hadn't been there before. Small, almost unperceivable mounds dot the surface of her arms. With her black hair pulled in a ponytail, she let her shoulders bare to show the small amount of tone in them, born from her time in the weights in the gym. Her stomach was firm, the barest lines of definition were *starting* to appear, and she still was a long way from calling it a washboard. And while her legs had a better definition, accompanied by a healthy swell of mass, they were far from the muscular limbs she was hoping to develop.

She knew it'd take time; she knew greatness would be born from one day to the next. It had only been a week, but...

Yukiko huffed as she raised her arms, flexing them and making small, almost gentle, bumps rise.

It wasn't enough, not by a long shot.

Not when she lived next to the hulking statue of amazonian beauty, whose body brimmed with such unbridled power it made her feel inadequate every single time she stepped out of the house. Fearing she'd run into Yvette and be reminded of the sharp contrast between their bodies. Worried that she wouldn't be able to control her anger and hopelessly lash out at her for having sex with her son in her home.

She couldn't live like this; she *needed* the confidence that came with such strength. She desired the muscle above all else; only then would she finally feel complete.

Her phone pinged over the bed, so she picked it up. Yukiko's eyes narrowed at the text on the screen.

'Okay, come in.'

Her heart drummed against her chest. The chance she's been waiting for.

Yukiko dressed up swiftly, putting on the basics: a white shirt and grey yoga pants, the attire she'd wear for the gym today.

But if she played her cards right, then there wouldn't be a need to go to the gym today. Or any other day. She grabbed her phone and keys. Isaac wouldn't be home until later tonight, which gave her ample time to get her surprise ready.

And most importantly, Yvette wouldn't be home for a few days.

She knocked on the door a few times and didn't have to wait long before it opened, revealing a young man with Hispanic features. He looked like just any other boy of Isaac's age, nothing out of the ordinary, but his eyes... There was a heaviness to his eyes, like he'd seen so much, the eyes of someone who carried a devastating secret.

"Miss Okina," He said, trying to remain casual. "Come in, please."

"You know you can call me Yukiko," The Japanese woman said as she stepped inside.

She'd been in Yvette's house countless times before, to the point she knew the layout like it was her own home. But in recent years, things had started to change; Befitting Yvette's new bodybuilder status, there were weights scattered around, furniture was moved away to make room for training areas (even when she knew Yvette had a dedicated gym room). The woman's tidiness was replaced by a sort of 'organized chaos'. Yet the thing that remained pristine was a new furniture taking center stage against the wall of the living room.

A trophy case, showing her myriad bodybuilding trophies, along with pictures of Yvette striking different poses. A monument to her victories, celebrating the modern amazon.

Smiling so confidently, so proudly at her own body, knowing how much she made the audience go wild.

Yukiko needed all her self-control to keep herself from fondling Yvette's body whenever the two met, much to her shame. That kind of power over people... that's what Yukiko craved so much.

That's why she had come here.

"So um, listen." Marco awkwardly started. "I can get you a few of mom's supplements. Enough so she won't be able to tell the difference. But that's it," He waved his hands to signal finality.

"I think you and I both know your mother must have *much more* than just a few supplements," Yukiko said, using a tone all mothers had developed to push sons into telling the truth. "She did not get to be that size without some serious enhancements."

"It's..." He paused before sighing. "Look, already this is pushing my limits. I can help you get started, but I'm not sure if I should go that far."

The Japanese woman turned to face him fully. "Does your mother have your loyalty? Do you want her to remain the only amazon in the neighborhood?" She slowly grinned machiavellishly. "Aren't you the slightest bit curious to see what I would look like with muscles like hers?"

By the way he loudly swallowed, she figured he *really* wanted to see it.

“Your mother acts like a queen, and I can’t blame her; she has the body for it,” Yukiko said, stepping closer to the boy. “But perhaps it’s time she has a more ‘equal competition’ instead of being handed victory every time.” She slowly placed a hand on his shoulder, her thumb rubbed the spot over his shirt in a tantalizing fashion. “Someone to keep her on her toes,” She muttered huskily.

“I...”

Yukiko leaned in closer, her eyes hardening. “She fucked Isaac.”

Marco froze, not out of shock. The mortification in his face wasn’t surprise. He *knew*.

“Your best friend, my *son*. She intrudes wherever she pleases and takes what she wants... And Marco?” Her voice dropped even lower. “*I. Want. That*”

She took a step forward, and Marco stepped back, her hand still on his shoulder.

“Perhaps you’d like a bit a revenge, make sure her attention doesn’t get so... divided.”

It was a shot in the dark, but with how his cheeks flushed a deep crimson, she knew she hit the bullseye.

Of course, a woman like Yvette would cross those boundaries. Yukiko had to... respect how far she’d go for what she desired.

“Help me become an Amazon,” She hotly whispered into his ear. “And I’ll make sure you and Yvette get what you both deserve.”

She almost chuckled when Marco sprinted away to the basement. Her mirth was replaced with excitement as he came back with two pill bottles.