

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, dominant behavior, graphic sexual content, and taboo subjects.)

Matt dreamt of the same thing he'd been dreaming of for weeks now: Beautiful women.

Oh sure, a straight young man like him, dreaming of women was a very common occurrence. Puberty hit almost everyone the same after all. Celebrities, singers, supermodels, icons of beauty of which he'd put posters of in his room, were among the roster who inhabited his dreams and masturbatory fantasies.

But what had changed lately was the... attributes of these women. They were tall, they were busty... and they were powerful.

In presence, in demeanor, in *body*.

Muscles, he dreamt of muscles, of women with extraordinary physiques, of pageantry queens who looked as if they could bench press him effortlessly. Rippling striations of fierce musculature, biceps that rose like hills, clenching abs that formed a blocky road, thighs of such thickness and splendor...

He could barely find the words in his dream state to capture the scope of it all, to fully express how they made him feel, in ways he barely understood at all.

Women tending to him and his needs, amazons driving him to the ground and dominating him. Both scenarios were more than welcome. It had inspired deep curiosity in him that led him to delve into the web for such women. Every picture, every video he checked out, it all served to feed a need that sprouted like a seed, taking root deep inside him.

His dreams did not follow any specific pattern, mostly flashes of muscular women. Flexing and displaying their bodies, showcasing their strength in a variety of ways with weights, large objects. Performing sexual acts on himself and *each other*.

Just a constant stream of images and moments.

But one dream... one in particular followed a 'plot' if you could call it that. Some strange pattern he could not decipher.

He was led through a dark hall, so obscured it almost felt like it was endless if not for the red light at the end. Rectangular in shape, becoming more and more like a gateway until he finally crossed it.

Inside, there was red light, there were noises, chants, and words in a language he did not understand. A chorus of black-robed individuals sang for a purpose unbeknownst to him, calling to him, *beckoning* him like a siren's call. The darkness inside their hoods was infinite; he could not see a single face. Between them, a leading figure spread their arms, raising them higher and higher as though they were a conductor leading this choir.

His body hit a stone table, and the leading figure approached, peering into his soul from within the blackness.

*"Almost time..."*

The voice echoed inside his mind, as the hood drew closer and closer to his face until the darkness swallowed him.

And then he woke up.

Like he always did, sweaty, panting, and given the state of his pants, lifting a tent, very much aroused.

Matt sat up on his bed, brushing a bead of sweat off his forehead as he gathered his breath. His skin, dark and smooth, felt clammy against his shirt with the sweat pooling on his thin chest.

He looked at his phone, checking the clock. 8:30, not too late. Good thing the holidays were on.

There was a knock on his door, and he instinctively covered his erection with the blanket. "Matt, sweetie," Came the muffled voice. "Don't sleep in too late. I'm gonna need you to help around the house while I'm gone."

"J-Just woke up!" He called out.

“Okay then,” His mother cheerfully said. “I’ll go finish my set. Your breakfast is ready.” He heard steps as she walked away.

Matt sighed, rubbing his eyes as he calmed himself. He wasn’t the only one in the house who was in the ‘fitness craze’ ... but not in the same way as his mother, of course.

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As Matt walked downstairs, he heard the clank of weights and sounds of strain in the form of soft gasps and grunts. He came across the living room, where the couch and coffee table had been moved out of the way to make space for the yoga mat and the assortment of light weights.

In the middle of it all was his mother, her figure filling out the yoga pants with large, meaty legs and a training jacket that accentuated pudgy rolls and a stomach that lightly bulged out to the sides and the front. Natalia was not the fittest of women, but not long ago, she had taken it upon herself to change that, undergoing a strong training regime and diet to become healthier.

Only it wasn’t just to be healthy, Matt suspected. People didn’t go all in with training regimes in the name of health, no, there was another motivation there, something he was not seeing. When he asked his mother, she always passed it off as a good training regime recommended to her by her dietitian. However, these training programs didn’t typically involve training early in the morning and then again at night. His mother wasn’t overweight, and not so unhealthy that she *had* to get in shape as fast as possible.

Not to mention, it wasn’t normal how fast she progressed. There was something... off about all this.

Her belly had shrunk considerably in a week. Her rolls slimmed down along the entirety of her figure in nothing but days. Matt reckoned it wouldn’t take her long to wave her old body goodbye.

As he watched her squat up and down, her hands holding dumbbells in each, he wondered if she was taking any supplement. Her face was locked in utter concentration, sweat running down over her black skin and making it glisten. Her dreadlocks swayed back and forth over her shoulders with the speed of her movement. This drive and determination were something new, fierce.

It looked good on her.

Shaking his head off those thoughts, Matt walked up to his mother. "You said you needed help?"

"Oh hey," She brightened up, smiling heartily at him. She finished her rep and set the weights down before taking a long sip from her water bottle. "Sorry to bust your weekend, but I'm gonna need you to clean the bathroom while I'm away."

"It's okay," He waved it off before asking in curiosity. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm meeting with my friends at the club." She exclaimed while toweling off her face and neck.

Right, it was a book club or something? Honestly, Matt had never asked, and his mom was vague about it. Sure, he could handle it. "No problem."

"Thanks, honey!" She leaned in and gave him a big wet kiss on his cheek, which he instantly felt the need to wipe off as sons were wont to do. Then she grabbed her things and walked out the door. "I'll be home late!"

Wait, did she just leave in her workout clothes? Wasn't she going to take a bath first, at least?

And... the car keys were on the table. She hadn't taken the car. Was she... just going to walk there? Or jog?

The feeling of unease, that something was fundamentally *wrong* but he couldn't quite place, came back, making him wonder if something was going on he just wasn't seeing.

Shaking his head, he decided to just clean the bathroom now and go about his day. Best to take care of things now than later.

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Night had fallen, and in the comfort and privacy of his room, Matt indulged himself. His screen shone on his face as his eyes absorbed every detail of the video playing. It was a woman, asian, beautiful, and ripped as all hell, flexing imposingly against a small man, cornering him against the wall while he worshipped her muscles.

He pictured himself in his place, his lips puckering as he imagined that was his mouth and tongue tasting the bicep. His free hand rubbed the bulge forming on his pants, increasing in intensity as the scene escalated, ending up with the woman throwing the man on the bed and riding him.

He whipped out his erection, now at full mast, and with a tissue, he began pleasuring himself. Moaning in tandem with the people on the screen, fantasizing how fortunate the man was to be dominated by such a beautiful hunk of a woman, riding his length up and down with vigorous energy, the slick juices flowing from her easing the friction.

All the while she flexed, displaying the hill-like biceps and her granite chest, shifting her pose even as she rode the lucky man. Matt moaned, throwing his head back as his tempo increased, pumping his meat and pulling himself closer to the edge.

He imagined himself in that place, under the amazon, over her, behind her, doing every conceivable thing.

And it was the thought of his thought cum splashing over her, that did it.

“Uck! Hng!” He grunted and came fiercely on the tissue.