

(**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 whom he'd put posters 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, leading him to delve into the web for such women. Every picture, every video he checked out, 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 him 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 that 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 a red light, accompanied by 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, white 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 regimen 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 regimen 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 supplements. Her face was locked in utter concentration, sweat running down over her dark skin and making it glisten. Her short locks 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 cum splashing over her that did it.

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

He panted in satisfaction with a silly smile before throwing the tissue into the garbage bin once he cleaned himself. Out of habit, he closed all his tabs before stuffing his softening member inside his pants. Woof, that session took a lot out of him; better hydrate now.

Matt stood up from his chair and stretched, popping a few stiff joints. He walked out of his room, intent on going to the kitchen for some water. He was halfway down the stairs when he heard something, a familiar clank. And the grunts of efforts.

Had his mother returned? That was odd, she would have said something, right?

Slowly, Matt made his way to the living room, stopping by the arch that connected it to the hall, and peered over the edge. He almost thought of going for the bat they had for home defense. Or slowly walk away and call the police, because there was a stranger in his home.

It had to be a stranger; that was the only possible explanation. That someone had broken in and was now using his mother's weights.

There was no way that could have been his mother...

His mother was pudgy, large, this woman she... she filled out her tracksuit, yes, but not in the way his mother had! It wasn't fat what lay beneath the fabric; the fabric did not strain because of rolls or any sort of unhealthy overabundance.

No, there was firmness there, not softness. The only softness he suspected existed was in her bosom. Everything about this woman had changed, from the slimness of her neck to how her puffy cheeks had receded into a more angular and lovely-shaped face.

The biceps that swelled under the sleeves with each rep of her dumbbells announced the existence of strength and muscle underneath, straining the fabric bit by bit, molding against the curvature of her muscles.

Such a change could not be possible, for it'd take months and months of training. The kind he could see his mother achieving if she kept up with her workout.

But she had become a different person from his morning.

"M-Mom?" He almost squeaked out with his dry voice.

She did not stop; her arms kept moving up and down rhythmically. "Oh, hey, honey!" She did not even sound strained as she greeted him. "Had to catch my nightly workout before bed."

"What the fuck..." Matt muttered as he stepped closer, blinking owlishly as he noticed she looked taller too. "What happened to you?!"

Her brows furrowed in confusion. "What do you mean?"

He sputtered in disbelief. "What do I-? Look at yourself! How did you get this fit so fast?!"

"I... don't get what you mean," She replied, her voice lost as concern seeped in. "Honey, I've been training for a while now, of course, I'd look like this."

"No, no no no, there's no way." Matt shook his head so fast it almost made him dizzy. "You *can't* gain muscle like this in one afternoon!"

Now did her workout stop, her arms fell limp to the side before crouching and setting the weights on the floor. "Are you feeling okay? Matt, you know I've been like this for a while."

He was going to protest, deny the absurd claim in her face, and demand an explanation... But one look into her brown eyes, and he felt doubt, questioning why he had reacted like that in the first place.

Her eyes, so piercingly brown, so deep and warm and... beckoning.

What... What was he saying? Was there truly any reason to get so hung up over this?

"You... you have?" He muttered, feeling numb all of a sudden. The previous flash of emotions vanished under a sea of malaise.

"Of course, darling," She chuckled, flexing a bicep in front of his face. Even with the sleeve covering it, he got a good idea of how strong it was. "You kept hyping me up! You're my own little coach!"

"Right... right," He slowly said. Memories he almost forgot came to the surface, of his mother training, shaping her body into something healthier and worthy of great admiration.

"Maaaaybe you need a refresher~" Her zipper came down, and Matt stared as it traveled. Slowly, it unveiled a strong line of definition between each pectoral, as well as the ample breasts held up by a black sports bra. His eyes locked in the valley of abs in her midsection, six blocks of tight definition, they looked so strong...

Then she shuffled it off and let it fall to the floor, revealing the strong shoulders and arms she had been exercising. She is *solid*, firm, and toned in all the right places; her limbs are stacked with dense muscle, the arms of someone who has trained for a while. Someone who is on her way to becoming a crossfit athlete, someone who aims for *more*.

“Don’t they look magnificent?” She grins with deserved arrogance, flexing and unflexing the arm repeatedly. The mound rises and falls in tandem, teetering on the edge of splitting the peak with its size and definition.

Matt almost swayed, feeling woozy at the sight. These... These muscles could not be old, he didn’t... he didn’t remember them.

But images assault his mind all the same, of dreams so vivid and descriptive that it is impossible he’d remember them at all. The muscular women he dreams of are replaced by images of his mother, showcasing her outstanding physique to him. And all those improper thoughts directed at the bodybuilders of his fantasies, the ones who flexed and posed on his screen... were now directed to her.

“Am I not beautiful, my boy?” She asked so sultrily, so temptingly...

Matt felt he needed to run, to escape before something terrible happened. But it was like his feet had grown roots; he could not move.

Not as his mother’s eyes got him under her spell.

“You were so happy with all my progress,” She cooed, switching her stance to flex her triceps, making them stand out. “Always called me your inspiration”

Memories that should not be came forth, of times he looked at her muscles with awe, praising them in every way he could.

She took his sweaty hand-

“You were always to... *feel them.*”

-and put it on her chest.

Matt shuddered, feeling those firm pectorals under his grasp, fingertips brushed over the striations of her finely cut pecs. Every bump and ridge sent sparks of electricity down his spine. He was panting, his throat was dry, he couldn't breathe-

"Your words always pushed me to get bigger, and your touch," She *moaned*, as she made the hand reach her bosom, where his fingers found a hardened knob and twitched it on his own volition. "Was downright *magical*"

Matt couldn't think; he couldn't even formulate the words to understand what was happening. His mind was split between the utter confusion of what was going on and the need to continue, to take this *further*.

With his mother, the conscious part of his brain realized with disgust.

With his mother, the hungry and lustful side called out.

The amazon living in his home, his ideal woman within reach.

Her powerful arms pulled him close, surrounding his waist. She looked at him in the eye with that piercing gaze...

"How about you help mama grow some more?"

She kissed him.

She slammed their lips together without preamble, parting them and letting her tongue prod inside his mouth. Tasting him as much as he tasted *her*.

Her tongue wrestled over his, as though she wanted to pull something out of him to claim for her own.

Matt was getting *so hard*. His dick pulsated under his pants even after the load he shot a few moments ago in his room. His mother... Her mere presence stimulated him so much, and he felt her lips form a smile against his as his dick poked at her abs.

Then she pulled away, a trail of saliva momentarily connecting them before she licked it clean. Natalia looked at herself, extending her arms in front of her as though she were waiting for something to happen. "Come on, come on..." She muttered.

Barely recovering from the experience, Matt watched with widening eyes as her skin *rippled*. The muscles tense seemingly on their own as the lines of definition spread and deepened, making the muscle groups more pronounced and toned...

"Yes, yes!" She hissed maniacally with glee. "Mmmm!" She moaned as her chest muscles became even more solid, standing out a bit more.

Then... it stopped. And judging from her reaction, she was surprised her muscles were not getting bigger anymore.

"I-Is that it?" She muttered in disbelief, tensing her muscles as though she could make them grow by will alone. "What more do I need?!" She growled, flexing so hard she strained her sports bra with audible rips.

A moment of cognition made Matt snap back into reality. Realizing his mother had *kissed him*, that he had *fondled* her muscles, that he had seen her *grow* even a little bit.

Matt reacted accordingly and ran. He ran towards the bathroom, locking himself inside as he stared at his horrified reflection. And his still present hard-on.

Matt did not think; he merely pulled out his dick from the confines of his tight pants, already leaking pre-cum, and pumped his meat like there was no tomorrow. He panted heavily, the images of his mother's muscular figure burned into his eyes, following him even if he closed his eyes as his mind *swarmed* with images of muscular goddesses, all who bore Natalia's likeness, and he could do nothing about it, no matter how hard he tried.

Matt *screamed* as he finally let loose his orgasm, shooting load after load into the sink, a far larger amount than he *ever* thought possible.

And still... his manhood did not feel spent in the least.

As exhaustion and dizziness hit him again, he vaguely heard his mother's words.

"Ahhh, of course... *that's* what was missing"

His body limply fell backwards as darkness overtook him.

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His hazy eyes opened, and all his blurry gaze could see was a long, dark hallway. So bereft of light, it felt like it might go on forever. His body bounced slightly with steps that weren't his own. Two strong limbs carried him, pressing his head against the intersection of a hard shoulder and pectoral, with the softness of an ample bosom settling over his chest.

He could barely see his carrier, whose face was hidden mostly in the darkness of her hood.

The black gave way to red, to a chamber bathed in candlelight that highlighted the red drapes hanging from the wall, illuminating the murals of warrior women and goddesses alike. So many they were, from the mythical to the historical, the depiction of a great legacy.

A chorus hummed, and a dozen robed figures stood in a circle around a large and tall stone table. Symbols whose origin or meaning he did not know or understand littered the entirety of its surface, making the table look like a very arcane and ritualistic construct.

His weakened mind, still tired from his previous outburst in the bathroom, could barely understand what was happening. Why this outlandish scenario did not feel like a dream?

Because it wasn't. The moment he was laid on the stone table and felt the cold material on his back, Matt understood this was no dream.

"W-Who are you?" He muttered. "What are you doing?"

The figure that brought him there stood at the center of the circle, looking at him beneath the veil of darkness that was her hood. "We are the ones who have been waiting for so long... for the one who could return to us our rightful gift"

His lips trembled. "Mom...?"

She pulled the hood slightly back, revealing her face. Her dark skin seemed to glisten under the candlelight. "It's about time I introduced you to my club, son."

Her club... These... These people were her friends? The ones she would always meet?

"What is this?" He muttered.

"This," She grinned, leaning over him and placing her hands over the stone table at the sides of his body. "Is the moment our sisterhood has waited for so many generations. The return of the last ingredient to our glory."

"I don't understand," He shook his head. "What are you doing?"

"When you were born," She continued. "I could feel the winds of fate shifting, and as you grew, I felt it in you. The gift in your blood, in your body." She put a hand on his chest. "The key to our ascension"

"I... I don't understand."

"How do you think I got this body, boy?" She roughly growled out, pulling back her robe's sleeve to flex her strong bicep. "It wasn't just training, it was divine providence! The gift of the goddess, fitting and ironically, hidden within a man's body." She chuckled mirthlessly. "Oh, many of us were not happy... but so long as we could get what we needed, we'd make do"

"You... you're a witch or something?" Matt muttered in disbelief. "I... how, since when?!"

"Long before you were born. But as you turned into a man, I could feel your mere presence strengthening my body, your touch, your essence." She tensed her stomach and flexed her abs. "The more we came into contact, the stronger my body became,"

"I did this to you?" His eyes widened.

“Ohhh, that and more, my boy. You were born with the gift, with the last piece of a puzzle years in the making.” Her hand tightened over his shirt, wrinkling it. “And our sisterhood *needs* your gifts.”

In one simple tug, she tore the shirt off his body. His slim frame glistened with mounting sweat.

“You’ve been having dreams, haven’t you?” Natilda said, already knowing the answer. “Of women so powerful they could snap you like a *twig*. Of a goddess of might and beauty like the world has never seen, the type society is too *cowardly* to admit they’re superior!”

Her finger trailed over his pants and slowly rolled over the rising bulge, sending shivers down his spine.

“But you know how magnificent they are, it is *why* your manhood rises at the thought of them... Why you could not resist me, as I showed you this body.”

Her finger pressed, toying with the outline of his dick.

“Y-You grew.” The son shuddered at her touch. “Every time I hugged you, when you kissed my cheek.”

“Steps,” She hissed like a snake. “To a greater outcome. The potency depended on the act; all I needed was to keep you motivated, thrall you into my charm.” Her free hand trailed her thumb over his lips. “But even then, the intimacy of those acts had a limit. There was not enough potency in them to further empower me.”

She slowly grabbed a hold of his waistband.

“...Until I realized what was missing.”

And ripped out his pants and briefs. Manhood throbbed and wobbled before standing still at full mast. The robed people, the women, they muttered among themselves with mounting excitement and eagerness.

"The *vitality* you offer is at the deepest, most intimate parts of yourself," Natalia said with manic glee as she fondled his sack, making him gasp in pleasure. "More than a touch, more than a kiss, *this* is the final ingredient the goddess bestowed upon us to ascend!"

Her hand gripped his meat tightly and slowly pumped him up and down. Her hand was so warm, her motions were so utterly *delightful* that Matt felt he would melt.

"M-Mom," He let out a shuddering breath as his eyes rolled back. "P-Please"

Please what? Please stop? Please let me go? ...Or please, go on?

He did not know what he wanted; he was too lost in this enchanting spell. This haze of pleasure.

"I need..." She gasped, her expression morphing into utter desperation. Like a man seeking the meaning of his existence at the bottom of a bottle, or the thrill that came at the end of a needle. Natalia sought a whole in her soul that only this part of him could fill. "...*your seed*"

Natalia lowered her head and plunged her son's erection into her mouth.