

(Warning: This story contains female muscle growth and graphic sexual content)

Every reporter was always looking for the scoop of a lifetime, that one piece that would make their careers soar. They'd pull every string, call every contact, turn every stone, and even get down on the mud if it meant getting it. And Joanna Murray was no different.

She had clawed her way through the intensely competitive world of journalism, fought with every competition, sneaked her way into the most guarded places with guile, deft fingers, and a charming smile, all to get the truth to report to her bosses so it'd get printed on the papers.

Joanna had exposed corrupt politicians, covered scandals, showed the ugly side of civil rights movements. And she had *never* shied away from any of it, no matter how many times she was threatened. She was *good* at her job, and she didn't intend to stop.

Was it a sense of justice that motivated her, an honest quest for truth that the often lied to and manipulated masses needed to hear? Or just her own ambition to rise ever higher on the ranks until her name became equated to success and leadership?

Couldn't it be both?

And right now, the current trend was Femmax. The drug that promised equality by making women stronger, gave them what they needed to no longer wander through the streets at night afraid. If men weren't going to make the world safer for them, they'd take it into their own hands.

A lofty promise, a righteous one. But when it came from a private corporation, there were *always* going to be skeletons buried in the closet.

Joanna was intent on getting to the bottom of this, find out whatever it was the Vigorex corporation was hiding.

She took a calming breath as she walked through the halls of the magnificently furnished house, opulence and money dripped from every corner, every drape, every piece of furniture, every single small decoration that most likely cost more than what she made in a month. Joanna wore a business pantsuit, a white blouse, and a black jacket, trying to present herself with both elegance and professionalism. A quick visit to the saloon had left her frazzled auburn bobcut looking pristine and charming with the way her locks curled and framed her heart-shaped face.

She had to look her absolute best when interviewing this woman.

“-these baseless rumors are spread by our jealous competition. Femmax is approved by the FDA, and available to the general consumer. Our success is astronomical, so of course they want it off the market,” An experienced voice said with practiced charm.

It had taken her calling out a lot of favors, but she got a chance to start piecing things together, an interview with the CEO herself, Erica Midswen. A woman in her forties who of course looked *spectacular*, as someone with as much money as she would, being able to afford the best care. Her bronze skin was lacking in wrinkles, her hair was pulled back in a bun without a single strand out-of-place. She laid back on the couch in front of Joanna, one arm resting over her crossed legs, the other one lying on the long backrest. A posture she no doubt presented to convey power and authority.

It didn't hurt that her arms were pretty sinewy, like a regular weightlifter's. Her sleeveless white blouse revealed the strength of her limbs, while her black skirt allowed Joanna to catch a glimpse of those *very* toned legs. A bodybuilder, she was not, but she looked like a professional athlete or fitness model.

“Congress has been making a push to investigate your newest more experimental batch,” Joanna pointed out, keeping her posture professional as she sat in front of the CEO, her green eyes looking inquisitively at her.

The businesswoman rolled her brown eyes. “They're just making noise. A bunch of men in power don't like what we've been doing, so they've tried to shut us down at every opportunity” Erica smiled, “They have no basis,”

“Your test subjects are basically changing from one day to the next. There have been multiple accounts of strange behavior by these women” Joanna pointed out. She had to make the woman lose her self-control, if only for a moment, get her to make a mistake and slip something up. “And you keep a *mountain* of paperwork for each contract signed by these women to keep things under wraps, and yourselves from being liable in case your drugs have harmful side effects on them”

Erica kept her face stony, “Standard NDA procedure and consent forms for clinical trials. And so far, we have not had a *single* health complication from any of our... volunteers” She picked the word carefully, Joanna could tell. “Your claims are as empty as those of my competition *and* the politicians”

Joanna merely smiled teasingly. "If it's so safe, then I can only wonder why *you* haven't tried it yourself if you stand by your product so strongly"

The CEO's face fell blank, and for a moment Joanna felt she had managed to push her buttons enough for the woman to be outraged and lash out. Good, the papers loved it when a CEO got loud and angry.

Instead, Joanna watched as she slowly fell back into that practiced smile. "Would you excuse me for a moment, my dear?" Erica stood up and walked out with a not-so-subtle sway of her hips.

Joanna didn't have to ponder on why Erica had left so abruptly, for she soon returned with a pill bottle in her hand. Her thoughts raced at the possibility, staring at the CEO who stood up between the two couches in front of her. Fingers slowly and playfully opening the cap.

"I've realized you are right about one thing,"

Erica grinned. It was a hungry, *predatory*, gesture.

"I should stand by my product~"

She threw the lid away and reached inside, taking one capsule pill... and quickly swallowing it.

And she didn't stop with just one.

Joanna's eyes widened with each new pill Erica swallowed, almost licking at her fingers before quickly diving into the bottle to retrieve another. The journalist could only stare horrified, wondering what could have possessed the woman to do such a thing. Surely so many supplements at once would cause a terrible overdose.

And here this CEO, the woman who should know all about the potential harmful side effects, was swallowing them like candy.

The pill bottle fell empty to the floor, carelessly discarded.

Erica sighed with a pleased smile, looking down at the still-sitting journalist. “You see, Miss Murray” She raised her arm and held it elegantly as though she was posing for a mural, her hand soon began trembling. “You’re under the wrong idea”

She slowly clenched a fist, and the muscles in her arms jumped, the bicep peaked at split, the forearm muscles bunched as the shoulders sported their ridges in full display. It was like she was flexing it harder and harder still, pushing the muscles to their limits, expanding the flesh as much as she could.

“There are no ‘side effects’”

But soon Joanna realized that wasn’t the case, the arm was *growing*.

All of Joanna was growing.

“It’s working exactly as intended~”

A lofty, exuberant smile formed on Erica’s lips as she watched her muscles grow. Then a twitch of her face, and soon it turned into a grimace, accompanied by a grunt. The sounds of leather stretching soon accompanied her increasingly more frequent grunts and pained moans, her body stretched out in all directions, becoming longer along with the increase in muscle mass.

Her elegant high-heeled shoes snapped under the heavier weight of her frame, toes burst out of the pointy tips as the dark material snapped under the pressure. The diameter of her calves increased noticeably, their volume swelling up as it overcame the width of her shins. Her skirt tore at the sides to make room for her engorging thighs, turning it into a type of long loincloth. The quads *brimmed* with power as the striated flesh flexed, trembling with the flexors and vastus muscles jumping repeatedly like tightly-strung high-tension cables, hamstrings *danced* in waves of rippling musculature, and her ass cheeks solidified and swelled, the lower edges of her derriere becoming visible as they lifted the torn skirt.

“Ah!” The CEO gasped, turning her head around violently and making her impeccable hair let a few strands loose as her bun slowly came undone. “I’ve never felt this strong! N-Not even with...!” She bit back a moan, “With the previous variant!” Her neck pulsated with veins as the meaty hills of her traps surged.

Her thorax *widened*, stretching her blouse to the limit as the buttons held on for dear life. It was assaulted by all sides with the rising lats of her torso, the expanding core and jutting abdominal muscles, the endless spread of her back, and the unrelenting swelling of enormous breasts. The top button was sent flying, and Joanna would have considered herself fortunate that it didn't hit her had she not been too busy staring awestruck at the metamorphosis happening right before her very eyes. Those breasts were on the verge of popping out, the black bra contrasted over the white blouse as they rose.

Erica grabbed the opening in the blouse's cleavage and *pulled*, tearing the remaining buttons and the fabric in one fell swoop with a guttural growl. Her torso was almost completely nude as she held up her bulking arms at the side, brandishing the magnificent presence of her *shredded* thorax, from the road paved with cobblestone abs to her wing-like lats and *book-cover-thick* pectorals.

Her bra was hanging by a thread, digging into the skin as the breasts kept expanding to levels no normal could naturally possess. Her breathtakingly monumental back became a landscape of striated flesh, a mountain range of muscle, so tightly locked against each other they were almost competing for space. The back of her bra's trap snapped.

"F-Fuck!" Erica cried out, and even amidst all the enormous flesh, Joanna did not miss the two hard knobs making a tent under her bra. She impulsively arched forward and brought her arms down in a massive most muscular, the sudden surge of muscle caused by the outstanding flex caused her bra to finally fall from her figure, and unveil her perfect bosom to Joanna.

Joanna had seen some of the women who worked at Vigorex, raw power, and all muscle, with statuesque heights and imposing figures... and now she had witnessed how such women were made.

The CEO of the company had turned into an amazon with her very product.

She stood there, holding the flex, panting, and making her body inflate and deflate visibly with each breath. "Oh... Oh my god," She said with a drunken smile, "I never came so hard in my life..."

Joanna's cheeks were burning, "M-Miss Midswen!"

"Oh don't be such a prude, Miss Murray" She took a few calming breaths as she straightened her posture, idly undoing her bun and letting a cascade of dark hair fall over her immense

back. "It's a privilege to see an amazon come out of her cocoon, I certainly have enjoyed the times I saw it~"

"This... This is-" Unnatural. Shocking. Horrid. Those were the words in her mind. Yet her lips choose to say; "Amazing"

"It is, isn't it?" Erica chuckled, playfully flexing an arm repeatedly at the waist, enjoying how the bicep pushed against one large breast. "God, I should have taken the variant ages ago, I've never felt better in my entire life!"

"Why... Why did you do such a thing?"

"Why?" Erica quirked a brow as she smiled. "To show you what my product is about, Miss Murray. It gives the power women are *owed*, it lets us take what we *want* without this damn society shaming us. No man or turncoat will even *dare* raise their voices against us"

She sounded insane, like a comic book villain, yet Joanna couldn't help but imagine such a world. She looked back at her career and thought of all the times she was forced to fight while men just got their work handed to them.

Would people have still looked down on her if she were *that* big and strong?

"Now," Erica licked her lips, her smile turning... hungry. "Why don't I give you a more *private exclusive* with me?" She twitched her pecs and made her breasts bounce. "You can find all the intimidating details about me~"

Joanna gulped, "T-That is... unprofessional, Miss Midswen"

"Please, call me Erica" She chuckled taking a step forward and making Joanna sink into the coach. "Nobody has to know~"

"I... I don't like women"

"Neither did I," Erica replied. "Until Femmax showed me what true women are like~"

She grabbed the remnants of her skirt and tore them away, revealing a wet sex that was pungent with the scent of her recent release.

It felt... invigorating to Joanna, to see the sight of her herculean physique, and feel the smell of her sweat and juices.

Erica leaned over, those breasts were dangerously close. She tapped Joanna's chin delicately and smiled, before pressing their lips together.

The taste... It was unbelievable. As their lips parted and tasted each other's tongues, Joanna could definitely say no previous kiss had ever ignited such a fire in her.

Before Joanna knew it, she was tasting something else as she buried her face in Erica's crotch.