

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

Mars, the Red Planet, was what many people called it. In the natives' tongue, their world's name translated to 'The Warm Sands' or 'The Great Dunes', often used interchangeably once the great tribes had unified ages ago. Martians were not a hegemonic culture; a few planets were. The empire was an amalgamation of the many Martian cultures it had assimilated since its birth. Their people were old long before the earthlings of that third planet from the Sun even learned to make mortar.

Mars was a jewel of the galaxy, the true seat of power of the Sol System. A millennia-old empire with a history of strength and order, having brought many worlds to prosperity, elevating them. Not like the Galactic Protectorate, which mired in indecision, corruption, and inefficiency.

At least, that's what Vyl'ahnee, crown princess of the Martian Empire, was raised to believe.

It was hard to remind the universe of the pride and might of the Martian people when so many things kept reminding you of your people's many failures.

The princess sighed to herself as she stared out the window in her chamber, sitting on a highly ornately carved stone chair, her long white locks spilling behind the backrest while her personal handmaiden delicately brushed them. She rested her chin on her palm while looking out at the permanently red sky, lost in thought.

"Was the meeting fruitful, my lady?" Her attendant Lo'mari asked, pretty much knowing the answer as she continued brushing her princess's hair. Both women were dressed in the typical Martian outfits for females, meaning they were exposing a lot of skin. Which was common in their culture, they didn't get why other species were so shy about their bodies. Vyl'ahnee's, an ornate metallic bra, multiple pieces of jewelry, a see-through tabard hanging from her waist, and a headband on her forehead. By contrast, her maid's uniform was far less ornate, and she wore instead a tube-top made of fine white fabric, with a small skirt tied around her waist. Both their hairs were the typical vibrant martian-white, with the princess letting her long locks hang loosely, while her maid wore hers in a large bun with a pair of strands framing her face.

"It was *perfect*." Vyl'ahnee let out a long-suffering sigh. "Everything was going according to plan. I had gone over every single detail to win the mirelukans and induct them into the empire. I spent countless hours learning their customs, their history. Show them how much better their lives would be under our empire than the Protectorate." She slammed a hand over the window's stone arch. "And then *that duck* arrived..."

"Let it out," Her handmaiden said patiently, knowing her lady needed to vent.

"He crashed, *crashed*, through the meeting chamber! Destroyed priceless cultural artifacts, and yet managed to uncover a plot to depose the mirelukan royal line, and save their precious resources from being sold off to another megaport!" She threw up her hands in exasperation. "And that convinced the miralukans to join the protectorate! As though *WE* weren't going to protect their resources!"

"We were?"

"I- Yes, we were! We're not tyrants... at least we don't have slaves. *Anymore*," She whispered the last word with shame while rubbing her arm.

"Well, did you tell them that?"

"It was in the specifications of our *treaty*. The one they clearly didn't bother *reading*!"

"Seems Duck Dodgers got lucky again."

"The duck is always getting lucky. I once heard the saying: 'the gods love fools,' and clearly there is no bigger fool in the galaxy..." She was almost trembling as she clenched her fists with absolute fury. "And you know the worst part? He called me by my mother's name. Mistaking us *again*!"

"You are the spitting image of your mother, my lady."

"I'm four feet taller than her!" She shouted, proving her point by standing up. Towering over her handmaiden in her 9'8 feet height. Her servant's face could only reach just below her bust, and she needed a stool to do her hair when Vyl'ahnee was sitting down.

"Well, you didn't exactly take after your parents in that department." Lo'mari once more spoke patiently.

One would think the child of Queen Tyr'ahnee and Commander X-2 would fall somewhere between them in terms of height. Not completely blow them both out of the proverbial water.

"Ugh!" The princess groaned with suffering, falling back into her chair once more as she dragged her hands down her face. "People are always comparing me to her, Lo'mari. I heard the troops whisper; 'We would have gotten the miralukans had my mother been there instead.'" Her limbs limply dangled over the seat. "How am I meant to inherit her throne one day, if people can only see me as her copy? Her less successful copy, I might add..."

"Now, now." Setting the comb on the table, and settled her hands over her lady's shoulders in a comforting gesture. "You are more than the queen's daughter."

"Am I? We *both* seem to fail constantly at the hands of that *duck*."

Great gods of Mars, how much it hurt her. How she *hated* that damnable duck. *He* was the reason why Mars was no longer respected (and *feared*) as it had been in the past. Constantly foiling their plans through dumb (emphasis on dumb) luck... and somehow, beyond all logic, put her mother under that sickening charm.

Tyr'ahnee had been a fierce queen. Mighty and fearsome. And Vyl'ahnee could see those respectable and regal traits in her mother... except when Dodgers was involved, and then she turned into a caricature of herself who flipped between wanting to kill the duck and *marry him*.

It had been... difficult, growing up like that. Trying to be a family when her father had been so thoroughly rejected by her mother *on their wedding day*.

But, unbeknownst to the two at the time, the queen was already pregnant with his child. So, what followed was eighteen awkward years of 'family' dinners, forced quality time, and father-daughter trips. All while trying to tiptoe around the huge rancor beast in the room, how her mother had left Commander X-2 to follow her infatuations for the duck. Costing Mars more of its reputation, driving the empire into on and off wars with the Protectorate that were *never finished*. And somehow had lower casualty rates than what a poorly regulated asteroid mining facility did...

Sometimes, Vyl'ahnee felt the cosmos operated on a weird sense of humor.

She let out another sigh through her all-but-invisible lips. "I... want to stand out on my own. I need to prove that I can be more than what others see me as. I'm not just the queen's daughter, I'm more than a princess born out of wedlock because of *damn duck*. That I'm more than my mother's shadow."

She'd seldom show this level of vulnerability to anyone. But to Lo'mari, her lifelong handmaiden? She was a different story. Their relationship was not so base as to just describe it as 'master and servant'. Lo'mari was her friend; she was a trusted confidant. "You are always more than that, my lady."

"Perhaps I still want to prove it to myself." She muttered.

"Hmm," Her handmaiden hummed in thought. "Well, far be it from me to tell you what to do. But perhaps you need to broaden your horizons, seek out another inspiration." She turned to face the other side of her room. One that still held a lot of (embarrassing) childhood memories.

In particular, posters and momentos belonging to her 'Aunt', the woman who had mentored her mother in hand-to-hand combat.

Images displaying a *magnificently* large martian woman, taller than even the statuesque Vyl'ahne. Absolutely brimming with muscle that dwarfed most species in sheer girth, combined with her impressive size, the woman was an absolute *beast*. She wore purple boots and gauntlets, along with a large mask that covered her head while letting her medium-length platinum hair flow over her shoulders. Pictures of a giant woman defeating an incredibly varied number of opponents, machines, beasts, men, and women alike. All brought low by mighty submission holds and piledrivers.

"You mean, Issus?"

The Martian Titaness, the Pharaoh of the Valley Dor, the Regina of the River Iss, and undisputed champion of the Martian World Wrestling League. The Earth Culture Boom period had really endeared its people to a lot of Earthling media. It came as no surprise that wrestling was among the things they assimilated into their own sports. There was just something so raw and passionate about the way masked warriors did unarmed combat in the ring that appealed to the Martian's own martial culture.

More than a sportswoman, more than a spectacle, she was a true warrior of the Martian people, with over two thousand years of history and battle to her name. There was a reason

she had been her mother's mentor and friend. Why, she was close enough to the family for Vyl'ahnee to consider her an honorary aunt.

She stood up from her seat and walked up to the posters and photos. Taking into account the momentos of her youth, like a picture of her when she was little, and Issues was carrying her on her shoulder, flexing her mighty arms. The little Vyl'ahnee was mimicking the pose with her own tiny limbs.

"You've tried to follow in your mother's footsteps all along," Lo'mari said. "Tried to be a commander like your father."

"Perhaps... I should follow my own path, taking the best traits of the people who inspire me." The princess muttered as an epiphany dawned on her. "My father's intellect, my mother's royalty... and my aunt's strength."

"You are halfway there then, my lady."

"...No, not yet." She muttered, but there was no disappointment in her voice. Only determination. "But I will be."

She swore to one day reach those heights, Mars and its gods as her witness.

X~X~X~X~X

The clanking rattle of weights accompanied soft grunts with each repetitive motion. Deep black arms raised and lowered the bar, coiling the muscles and straining them with a burning sensation. Vyl'ahnee felt a thin sheet of sweat permeate over her void-dark skin, seeping into the fabric of her purple sports bra and shorts.

When it came to physical training, as a whole, martians preferred a very spartan and old-fashioned method. Pushing the body through its physical limit, testing their strength and endurance until they could reach higher levels. It was all a matter of personal glory, the pursuit of physical perfection and superior power.

But the empire was also very invested in efficiency. There was a reason most of their forces were made up of their Centurion droids. Or why they bred that fast-growing race of green sapient martian birds to serve as common foot soldiers. Genetically altered for swift

development when buried underground, and needing only water to mature in just a few seconds. Or for their more adept warriors, who would be given a chemical cocktail of enhancement supplements to go along with their rigorous training.

Vyl'ahnee decided to approach her training that way, a vigorous workout regimen supplemented with the same drugs they gave their prestigious warriors. She was determined to step out of her mother's shadow by following the same path the powerful Issus had taken. She was fortifying her body and skills through intense workouts, as well as combat training by way of studying her aunt's combat style, and practicing with droids loaded with programs meant to mimic it.

The first day, her body burned and was sore everywhere. Tendons and fibers pulled so painfully tight she had needed over an hour of rest in her personal bath just to climb onto the bed.

But it was worth it. Every day, the training got a bit easier. Every day, the equipment weighed a little less. And every day her muscles became a bit larger and more defined. Adopting lines of definition that became visible even in the solid blackness of her skin.

And when it became too easy, she made the training harder again.

The current weight bar would make even the most accomplished honor guard struggle under it. And while Vyl'ahnee too fought against its weight, she thrived under the challenge. She actively sought it out. A greater challenge meant she was pushing her body through new limits; it meant she was progressing.

She could feel it in her limbs, in the power coursing through the veins, while her muscle tissue tore to rebuild itself stronger. Vyl'ahnee could see it in her body too...

She set the weight on its rack and sat up, panting as she swiped the sweat from her forehead. A service droid came floating with a tray and a bottle of ice-cold water. She drank the bottle greedily before splashing the leftover drops over her head, letting its cold freshen up her overheated body.

After placing the bottle back on the tray, she inspected her arm, following the lines of definition and the way the bicep rose when she clenched her hand. Small veins trailed at the edges of her skin, slowly rising to visibility.

It was almost two inches larger than yesterday.

“It’s good progress.” She mused to herself. “But not enough.”

Not yet.

X~X~X~X~X

The next day, Vyl’ahnee was even bigger.

She got out of bed in her underwear and stared at her reflection on the very tall mirror. Her biceps were prominent, and her quads had gained a distinct thickness. The tone in her body was carved beautifully, to the point that she looked as if she were carved out of the finest obsidian.

“Not bad.” She said with a smile as she turned around, moving her hair away to try to see her back muscles better. “Not bad at all,” She ran a hand over her derriere, feeling the muscular density of her glutes.

She had small pictures of her aunt stuck in the mirror’s frame. Reminders of what her goal looked like, how large she was yet to get before she could call herself a warrior princess of Mars.

Sometimes she wondered if this was the right path. If she wasn’t just following after someone else’s shadow in her attempt to get out of her mother’s.

But when she flexed these muscles, when she put her strength to the test... she felt a feeling of exhilaration and thrill she hadn’t experienced before. Perhaps it was that martian pride, their martial culture, that had molded their civilization, particularly the royal line, that led her to *enjoy* all her training.

Whenever she fought the droids, putting her new skills to the test, her fists *denting* and sometimes even destroying the metal.

It felt glorious.

She was honing her body into a weapon, a manifestation of her pride and dignity. And the ferocity she carried as the scion of the royal line. Their people were as majestic as they were fierce after all. They were creatures of passion, so she channeled her passions through discipline and control.

...Though that control sometimes slipped a *bit* when she put Dodger's picture on some of the droids for 'motivation'.

When she was done, they couldn't even serve as scrap metal.

Focusing on Issus' pictures once more, she copied the poses displayed in them. First, by raising her arms and flexing her biceps, the mounds of muscle rose with impressive size as her lats flared outward. She then put a foot forward and focused on her leg, arching it while the quad muscles split into a myriad of groups that coiled with tight definition. Then she put her arms behind her head, and with a grunt, tightened her core. Making her abs lock into a powerful wall of cobblestone abs. Her muscles rippled and coiled at her command, flexing with a superb display of control.

When she started, Vyl'ahnee had not considered she'd look... good. It had not been present in her mind at the time. She was very aware of her beauty; her mother's line produced great exemplars of martian allure after all. But it had been a fact, not something she was particularly vain about. But these muscles enhanced her natural looks, reflecting her own progress and dedication, blending martial might and feminine beauty in a delightful combination.

Truly, she understood now another aspect of Issus and how much glory she exuded. Why she had chosen that path. Why Vyl'ahnee felt comfortable having chosen it as well, like it was becoming a part of who she was.

She looked at that outstanding pose, the one where Issus brought her arm down in a crab-like flex while arching her body, looking like she was about to explode in size.

Vyl'ahnee copied it, slowly grunting as she poured more strength into her flex. Her muscles responded with a powerful bulge, pumping and striating themselves as though she had just finished training. Veins rose prominently over her dark skin, coursing with power all over her limbs. From her bulging biceps to the rising traps, and her widening thighs to her sharp calves. Like she was forcing her body to grow.

“Mm-hng!” She grunted with effort as she pictured herself as the pinnacle of martian warrior strength, with the regal dignity of her line, and the body of a goddess.

Her upper body seemed to *bloom*, tightening her bra until this one pulled so tight that the straps snapped.

“Ah!” She gasped as she released her flex, looking at the now torn piece of underwear on her feet. Then looked at her reflection. Great dunes of Mars, had she grown bigger just now? Vyl’ahnee ran a hand over her chest muscles, feeling the wide slab of striated flesh that supported her bosom. And then softly palmed the underside of her breasts, acknowledging a development she had overlooked. Even these looked bigger too... she truly was growing everywhere. She shuddered a bit at the sensitive spot her hands found, biting back a soft gasp that threatened to become a moan if she kept going.

“Perfection.” She muttered, looking once more at her mirror and seeing the warrior princess stare back at her. “Almost in my grasp...”