

(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!*"

'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.

“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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