

**(Warning:** This story contains female muscle, muscle worship, graphic sexual content, displays of dominant behavior and obsession, and taboo incestuous elements)

Lexi started this journey at the top of the world. Her place in the company was undisputed, her position clear, her influence unshakeable. She wielded power with words and money, and nothing else was needed for her to make ripples in the world. Control went as far as her fortune allowed, which was a vast reach in itself.

But then her mother decided to take it all from her. To 'teach her a lesson', make her a worthy inheritor. Cast her to the arms of a mad scientist, subjugated to constant training while being experimented on.

Her assets, frozen. Her contacts, cut—her influence, taken.

She was another cog in her mother's machine. Another foundation in Alissa's empire.

Discarded like a broken tool unless she shaped up, unless she proved herself.

What sort of mother could claim to love her daughter when doing all this?

Only Alissa, that's who.

How could one endure such humiliation when all your dignity was stripped from you? How do you build yourself back up when your entire world was turned on its head?

You crawled back up, that's how.

She had to give her mother this; she was right about one thing: Lexi did not know power until she wielded it in her muscles. She could not understand beauty, and the dominion brought by strength and allure combined that came with the physique of a goddess.

That realization, that enlightenment, opened up a whole new world of possibilities for her. She could recover it all, her money and influence, by being the type of goddess the Hippolyta Foundation specialized in creating. The kind that commanded obedience and inspired worship by her mere presence.

She had gone from a thin-limbed waif to a walking pillar of magnificent muscles. Bulging flesh larger than even some of the largest bodybuilders in the world (the ones sponsored by Hippolyta, of course). Tall and statuesque, the doses of chemicals that had routinely been poured into her body had transformed her into this divine vision, forged by the heaviest training given to her by her many mentors.

The people assigned by her mother to mold her in her own image, she had subverted them all into her service.

This entire facility, her prison, her banishment, was now the center of her power.

The staff answered not to the higher-ups, but to *her*. Lexi was the highest authority in this place. She had managed her new contacts from her fortress, built up her influence and finances once more, using her own guile and her muscular presence to get anything she desired.

She did not fuck her way to the top; she *claimed* her way to the top. With even the brawniest women in the base tripping over themselves to worship *her*.

Lexi, the woman who showed she had vision, unlike Alissa, who kept growing distant from the company's operations, disregarded those who had faithfully followed her and threw them aside, too lost in her own reflections to see what was standing right next to her.

These women, who had once been her army, now resented the king who fed on their success.

Her mother's loss was Lexi's gain.

She kept them organized, gave them much-needed structure. Separated into proper groups with responsibilities and levels of authority and power. Those at the bottom were not made to scrap; they were molded and trained, taught to seize power on their own. They were women of small builds who dreamed of becoming amazons and were willing to pull their weight to achieve their goals.

Ambition had been a great teacher to Lexi, so she would teach in kind.

Above them were more muscular women, the rank and file 'soldiers.' Those who would become her athletes, her celebrities, the people who spearheaded her influence. At a higher

rank were those who had doused themselves more often with the serum produced in her facilities, reaching levels of musculature impossible to attain by regular human women. Executives who worked at the heads of her multiple departments showed as much brain as they did brawn.

Her trainers, her agents, those were at the top, the people she trusted above all else. Unlike her mother, who preferred the stick, Lexi knew when to use the carrot to make sure they remained loyal. She gave them far more liberties and opportunities. Oh, Alissa thought that just by making them muscular and giving them a job was enough; she ignored their passions, believed their desires were limited to muscle, and had them forsake any other aspirations.

Lexi made sure they could follow their ambitions, whatever they might be, and in turn they pledged themselves to her with far greater loyalty than anything her mother had experienced.

Fear and dominion only got you so far. When people respected you at a deeper level, they brought even greater results.

Wearing a business suit designed to contain her bulk, at seven feet tall and three times wider than a normal woman, Lexi's titanic steps could shake the world if she wanted to. The base of operations, designed to be a cage, had been turned into her own branch of the company. She watched women go through the training course, sections of ladies lifting weights under the diligent instruction of their trainers. Bodybuilders in training pose and made to rip their clothes with nothing but their own effort, and then battle each other to train their fighting skills.

Women saluted her with military precision as she passed, the ones who trained to be her enforcers and acted the part. Security was key to catching any attempts at infiltration by her enemies. She couldn't be expected to deal with every single nuisance on her own; it was beneath her. She had people to break others for her.

Stepping through the lab doors, she reached her destination for the new project she had ordered. Doctor Freya was much more amicable these days, once she had put her amusing attempts at overthrowing her mother. Kate was useful in keeping her mother appeased that way. It was very pleasing to see the woman's face when she knew she was defeated.

While it could cause problems in the future, Lexi endeavored to make sure the good doctor would be placated. The last thing she needed was rampant mutants in her midst because Freya had a god complex.

The doctor wore her usual lab coat, taking notes while looking over the two test subjects standing side by side. The doctor's assistant Stephanie, and Lexi's maid Miri. Next to them, a pair of women were adjusting some sort of belt around their waists.

"Is it ready?" Lexi asked.

"We followed your specifications," Freya replied. "It's... an interesting project."

"Thank you so much for this opportunity, ma'am." Her maid said with profound gratitude. After being plowed one too many times by her sister, stewing in her jealousy and need for muscle, the girl had all but begged to be made a test subject.

"I'll finally have the body of my dreams." Stephanie mused with a dazed expression, eager to achieve the goal Doctor Freya had held hostage for so long. The promise of greatness, to be the type of woman her son would lust after.

"I'll decide if it suits my needs," Lexi said before nodding at the assistants. "Begin"

They secured the last details of the belts and pressed a button in the center.

Miri and Stephanie gasped as the rush of chemicals flowed from the felt through the injectors that were piercing their skin around the belt with painless needles.

Lexi watched in anticipation as the women twitched, their bodies shuddering as soft gasps and moans escaped their lips. A distinctive look of pleasure crossed their features as they bit their lips and blushed heavily. The chemicals kept pouring through their bodies, filling veins with burning liquid as hormones bubbled under the skin, the serum strengthened every last muscle fiber in their bodies.

Stephanie let out a whimpering moan as she held her arms; her muscles quickly began expanding, straining her clothes to the ripping point. Her mouth formed into a silent O as her musculature reached truly professional levels, becoming a bodybuilder in record time. And she kept growing even larger, even as her clothes fell into pieces.

Miri held nothing back; she fondled a breast while her other hand slipped under the skirt, furiously shoving her fingers into her snatch and masturbating with fierce abandon. She hunched over, moaning loudly and expanding as she did so. Her frame looked even larger

because of her posture, as her deltoids ripped through the sleeves, and her dress split her dress down the middle.

And they both kept growing, their size would not relent, their expansion kept going until they reached amazonian levels.

The miracle of it all? They weren't even using that much high-grade serum. They weren't even using a type of chemical that was compatible with the two women. But one that pigged off the hormonal release generated by arousal to create a chemical cascade in the formula that would unleash strong results instantly.

A far more efficient and powerful version of Hippolyta's serum, meant to create more amazons in record time.

A product of Doctor Freya's ingenuity and Lexi's creativity.

Their moans kept getting higher, the rips on their clothing more prominent as their bodies ascended. They howled with climactic pleasure as their transformations reached an apex, with their clothes looking like rags barely hanging on their muscular frames.

"Yes, yes!" Stephanie hissed, licking her lips and moaning as she fondled her muscles. "Finally..."

"All mine," Miri muttered in zeal as she experienced joy like never before, now that her dreams were achieved. She shuddered with pleasure as her hands cupped her breasts and tweaked her bullet-hard nipples.

Lexi nodded approvingly. "To the weights now."

The two obeyed, quickly going over to the weight bars behind them, awaiting on racks. The large plates on each side were almost heavy enough to bend the metal, showing how heavy the things were. Not an obstacle for someone like Lexi, but to newly minted amazons like Stephanie and Miri.

Their biceps *bloomed* with girth and throbbing veins once gravity took hold of the weights, and they slowly curled them, making the muscles swell imperiously. The strained effort in their faces was twisted with manic grins, overjoyed as this feeling of strength and invisibility. Lexi

almost envied them; it had been so long since she first experienced that wonderful sensation, the day she had truly embraced her change.

These two had always wanted this, and it showed. They felt satisfaction and pleasure just from this act.

Just what Lexi needed.

The belt sent a mild shock of electricity through their forms, activating the chemicals already in their systems, magnified by their arousal. Their already empowered bodies bloomed with relentless energy as their reps got faster and faster.

“Ah! Ah! Ah!” They both cried in unison, though without synchrony, as their forms kept growing larger, tearing through the last remnants of their clothing as their height rose even higher. They gripped the bars so tightly that they were even denting the metal.

“Ohh yeeeeeees!” Miri growled gutturally as she began bending the bar; the weights clanked and rattled with the motion.

“Fuuuuuck!” Stephanie went cross-eyed as her lower lip dripped with liquid pleasure. She *hurled* the bar with such strength that it got buried into the wall, breaking the concrete and embedding itself into a jagged spider-web of cracks.

The two women flexed mightily, relishing as their bodies became truly godlike. Just half a foot shorter than Lexi herself, and brimming with muscles that were only a step below hers in terms of mass and size.

“Yes,” Freya hissed in pleasure as she watched the fruits of her work. She snapped the notepad in her grip, arms reflexing instinctively with such strength that her long white sleeves tightened around her. “The hormones released with pleasure can activate the chemicals again, doubling their effects in an instant!” She muttered with rabid glee. “This will lead to even stronger batches of serum! Compatibility will be a thing of the past; we could inject *anyone* in the world. Turn entire populations into our test subjects!” Her sleeves exploded, brandishing her muscular, veiny arms.

“We have a greater purpose, doctor,” Lexi pointed out, keeping her in check. “One, I hope you keep in mind.”

She watched as Stephanie and Miri proceeded to worship each other, fondling their muscles and whispering praises as they exchanged caresses off their sweaty bodies. "Look at you, you're so fucking hot."

"You're a fine piece of meat yourself..." Miri licked her lips. "Please give your son the ride of his life for me, I wanna picture myself in your place."

"And you give your sister what she deserves..." Stephanie chuckled darkly. "Fuck her like she's never been fucked before."

With a sharp gasp, Miri closed the gap and sealed their lips into a fiery kiss.

Lexi nodded in approval, left just as the good doctor removed her clothes to join the two new amazons. She had all she needed; she was almost ready.

Ready to face her mother.

...Why did the thought still manage to inspire such fear in her, after all this?

Why, even with all her amazonian power and glory, did she hesitate?

Why was her mother's grip on her still so strong?

Lexi sought refuge from this storm in her mind within the sanctity of her room. Once its doors were closed, it was like she could shut off the outside world. No company, no employees, no followers, no expectations. No Alissa.

Lexi sighed, running a hand over her hair, the motion making the sleeve strain around her bicep. She paced around the elegantly decorated room, giving the ample TV and sofa a passing glance. She wouldn't find any comfort or distraction in them.

Alcohol would just numb her, and dulling anxiety with it was a bad call overall.

Lexi merely stood in front of the mirror and sought validation in her own image. The imposing amazon clad in the suit of a successful businesswoman. Her beauty, the perfect blend of half-Japanese and half-caucasian features. The elegance she projected. The *power* she exuded just by being herself.

The woman forged on her mother's order.

Lexi raised her arm and flexed. The sleeve's threads tore in response. Not enough to unveil her bicep, no, that came later with her second, much stronger flex. The sleeve tore audibly, and her bicep peeked through. The perfection of that mound, the supple rippling flesh...

She gave it a sensual kiss.

She kicked off her shoes and flexed her legs with enough strength to reduce her business pants to tatters. Tensing her other arm caused her shoulder to split the seams, her tricep burst free as her forearm unraveled the rest of the fabric.

She inhaled, and the action flared her thorax so much that her lats popped right out, black and white fabric tearing to shreds while the buttons snapped off her bountiful chest, brought up by her superior pectorals.

Lexi got naked in her beloved display of muscularity. Ripping clothes was a fun and *invigorating* activity, like a butterfly coming out of its cocoon.

This body... it was hers, she was this amazon. She had to believe it. She wasn't just like this because her mother put her on this path; she came to *love* this path on her own.

Lexi loved the muscular woman she became. The power in her fingers, the influence she wielded with just one flex of her muscles.

"I'm strong," Lexi muttered to herself. "I'm beautiful. I'm *me*."

"You sure are~" Lexi was almost startled by Samantha, who approached her in a bathrobe. Her long red hair was wet, showing she had just come out of the shower. She almost forgot she was here. God, she was really stressed.

Samantha, loyal, dutiful, and caring, she trailed her hands over her muscles and lovingly venerated them. She kissed her biceps, licking a long vein that trailed over them as her fingers pressed over her shredded abs, while another hand grasped her strong glutes. "You're *you*, Lexi," She moaned, kissing the underside of her breasts. "My big gal, my super hot amazon."

She undid her knot and let the bathrobe fall, pressing their naked bodies together.

"You're the biggest girl in the world," She whispered breathlessly before licking her abs and lowering herself. "I love you..."

Her declaration was followed by placing her lips upon her folds, and Lexi sighed in pleasure, playing with Sam's hair as she coaxed her head deeper into her crotch. "Love you too," She moaned, enjoying her friend's ministrations.

She was here. She was adored. She was *worshiped*.

Because she was Lexi Kotetsu. Not just Alissa's daughter. She was her own queen.

Before she could climax, she picked Samantha up in her arms and carried her. "Thank you for the reminder. You deserve a reward for being a good girl."

She noticed where they were going and giggled. "I already took a bath."

"You'll need two more after I'm done with you~"

Her fated confrontation could wait a little longer. She had a devout friend to satisfy.

X~X~X~X~X

The day had come.

It all had led to this.

Every sacrifice, every struggle. Every last drop of sweat.

Now she was putting it all to the ultimate challenge.

No more tests, no more trials.

This was it.

Lexi took a deep breath, looking behind her at the many women who had rallied to her cause. They were on her corner, supporting her, waiting for her to succeed. She wore a simple white tracksuit with blue outlines, clad over her enormous form. Her hair was done in a bun so it wouldn't get in the way.

She was fully rested, filled with energy, and ready to take on her adversary.

On the other side, *she* approached.

It was like she had purposely chosen to wear the opposite of her colors. With a black tracksuit with red outlines. Her mother's stern face was locked into a permanent frown of judgment, exuding superiority like it were her divine-given right that all should kneel.

Perhaps that's why there was nobody on her corner. Not that she'd want anyone there. She didn't come to show off; neither of them did; they had a purpose in mind.

Alissa stood ten feet in front of her, taking on the sight of her daughter's physique, gauging how they compared in height and girth. And Lexi had to admit, her mother still possessed some advantage over her, not much, but it was there.

Finally, she spoke. "When I sent you away, I did what any loving mother would. I saw a lazy child who was not grateful for what she had, who disparaged her mother's goals and ambitions, the very purpose by which Hippolyta was funded... and I set off to mold her into something *great*."

'*You did not,*' Lexi thought bitterly. '*You threw me away to be someone else's problem.*'

“Now look at you.” She grinned. “A paragon of womanhood. A symbol of strength whose wide shoulders can lift the whole world. I can look at you and be proud of the woman you’ve become.

*‘Only because you wanted a reflection.’*

“Someone who will stand to inherit the company, the empire I built.” Her grin dimmed, her eyes grew fierce. “But you’ve decided to challenge me for it instead of waiting your turn.”

*‘Right, forget that you were ready to cast me aside if someone stronger appeared.’*

“You’re still the same spoiled girl, aren’t you? All that training could not beat the entitlement out of you. You still think you’re owed the world when you should work for it instead,” She shook her head, disappointed. “I don’t know what promises you made these women, but it’s clear the only language you understand is coercion. Do they follow you because they revere you, as it is proper? Or did you buy their loyalty with promises of wealth and power?”

“I gave them respect and opportunities.” Lexi finally answered. “Someone you’ve never done”

She snorted. “You think I didn’t give them opportunities? They’re *goddesses* because of me.”

“So long as they fall in line and do what you want to the letter. And once you get bored, you forget they exist,” Lexi shrugged. “Basically, what you always do with the people in your life. You talk about struggle, about earning your strength and your place in the world... But I think you took all the wrong lessons, mother. You’re not a queen because you subjugate. You’re where you are because you got lucky.”

Her eye twitched. “Lucky?”

“You think you changed the world? That you came to dominate it? Don’t be so arrogant; if it hadn’t been you, it would have been someone else. You were just in the right place and at the right time. You built this company because you got the right people to do the finances for you. The research. The marketing. And yet you act as though their achievements were all yours.” Lexi glared at her. “So I’m done, *we’re done*. It’s time for a new change in leadership. So let’s get this over with, shall we?”

Her mother remained silent for the longest time. The look she gave her was the fiercest glare Alissa had ever given anyone. There was pure, raw anger in those eyes. The Japanese woman's whole body tensed as she clenched her hands until her knuckles popped. Her tracksuit seemed to tighten around her.

"You have no idea what I've had to do to get to where I am today." She hissed through gnashing teeth. "Perhaps it's time you see exactly *how* I achieved it."

Alissa took a deep breath, and her body slowly *flexed*.

The sound of clothes ripping instantly followed.

Sleeves shredded, pants exploded, the tracksuit split in half as her back emerged, and her voluminous breasts popped out. Her enormity, her raw vascular strength... it had a presence all on its own. The sight of a beast that made everyone's instincts flare out in alarm.

As the last strips of clothing fell to the ground, clad only in a black sports bra and very strained workout shorts, her mother raised her arms and growled ferally, brandishing her outstanding musculature as her magnificent definition deepened.

Lexi took a deep breath and steeled herself. "Alright then."

She followed suit, flexing out of her tracksuit just as her mother did, becoming clad in nothing but a bikini-like workout top and briefs. Here she was, battle-clad and ready for the fight. She arched forward and delivered a powerful most muscular that made her upper body bloom with size.

"There we go." Alissa grinned widely. "Hope you can give me a challenge, girl."

"I intend to. Now *shut up and fight*."