

**(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.