

(Warning: This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, dominant behavior, graphic sexual content, and taboo subjects.)

There was a new pandemic.

Not lethal, not even 'harmful' in the conventional sense. But it still carried the possibility of creating great societal upheaval.

Experts were running around the clock, studying it.

Politicians tried to pretend everything was fine.

Others tried to downplay its significance.

But Rafael knew the truth; it was in everyone's eyes, the shifting glances. The worry in their voices. The fear that things would change forever, and they were powerless to stop it.

Rafael walked around the office, noting the cubicles that were still empty, the ones they couldn't find replacements for. The talks by the water cooler were forced, carried on by people pretending everything was fine.

All around, you only saw men.

Only women were required to stay in quarantine, as they were the only ones who could potentially contract the infection. Men could only be carriers, so they took great care to practice the proper hygienic procedures.

The young Hispanic man was not convinced that'd be enough, not when you still heard cases of new women developing the... affliction. The women you did see around work and on the street were those who could not afford to remain locked up and needed to go out.

Or those who... had undergone the effects of the virus, and could not be contained, no matter how hard one tried.

Rafael sipped his water, looking at the clock on the wall. Soon it'd be time to clock out, he'd go to the store, get some groceries, and go back home. No delays, no distractions, no issues. He'd take no risk, he'd avoid as many people as possible, reduce the chances of his mother being infected.

Yet even as he packed his things, he overheard the dialogue a cubicle over. "One of the shareholders got infected."

"No way"

"Middle of the conference call, she showed the signs. Then in front of everybody she..."

"You keep hearing about stuff like that. You... You won't believe this, but the cashier at that bakery I always go. She turned, from one way to another, a very 'compatible' case. Freaked me out..."

Rafael had seen the women who turned; he wasn't sure if 'freaked out' was the word he'd use. Not when a part of him really wanted to see a transformation unfold. To see the effects of this 'new age virus', as some people online were calling it.

He'd seen the results already. Pictures, reports, videos, the clinical stuff everyone had been informed about... as well as the 'clandestine' stuff. The postings with women who got taken over by the disease, who *changed* in so many ways. Afflicted, wild... powerful, and unbound.

Rafael took a deep breath, pushed the images out of his mind lest they make his body react, and left work. He got into his car and drove off, stopping by a red light.

He stiffened in both ways when he saw a woman walking on the street, wearing a *very* tight sundress, exposing her massive shoulders and spectacularly muscular arms. Her bulging calves rippled with each step. Ample breasts swayed from side to side, supported by dense pectorals.

Long golden hair trailed after her, and seductive sapphire eyes looked at him, winking and licking her lips before blowing him a kiss as she crossed the street. No mask, no safety precautions. A woman with a high level of infection... who reveled in her musculature.

An occurrence that was becoming common among the infectees.

And one that Rafael was thoroughly *fascinated* by.

He kept driving home, trying to ignore it. Ignore the few women he could see around the city who were just complete amazons. He focused on the road, determined to get home. That's all he could do to shake the mental images off his mind, lest they overwhelm him in a mirage of sexual fantasies.

He parked the car in the garage, rubbing alcohol on his hands before coming out. He heard music the moment he opened the door to the hallway, coming all the way from the living room. Rafael walked to the source in curiosity, finding his mother doing jumping jacks in front of the TV to an exercise video. The plain white shirt clung tightly to her sweaty skin, while her yoga pants revealed far more than he was comfortable with.

"I'm home,"

"Welcome back, *cielo!*" She replied mid-jump. The low ponytail of brown hair swayed rapidly and erratically with each jump.

His mother, Tamara, was a tall and fit woman, even before the quarantine. She always had an active lifestyle; she was always doing a lot of manual labor. Carrying heavy jugs of water, garbage bags, doing repairs around the house. So, she was determined to keep herself in shape while on quarantine. The small paranoid part of his brain harkened back to the warnings of the virus; how infected women engaged in more strenuous physical activities than before. Having an abundance of energy, looking for challenges and workouts that would test their bodies.

But he threw it aside; his mother was nowhere near that zealous threshold for him to suspect she was infected. She just wanted to stay in shape, that's all.

"Gonna be in my room," He said, going up the stairs, leaving his mother to her exercise.

He booted up his pc and locked the door just in case. His mother always knocked, but it was better to be safe.

He rummaged through his files and saved tabs, looking at articles on the virus and the changes happening to society. People, the men mostly, desperately wanted things to go back to the

way they were. The power dynamics would irreversibly change if the virus propagated. No vaccine had been discovered yet, some doubted there was a way to successfully develop one. Analysis said they could contain a percentage of the cases from advancing, but full immunity would prove... difficult.

It was interesting to see men, so sure of their place, so secure in their dominance, frightened by the prospect of the women around them becoming larger and stronger.

Rafael was not frightened, no. He was *enamored* with the idea, with the thought of women developing enormous muscles and dominating their way to the top of the social hierarchy. It was a long-hidden fetish of his; he adored muscular women, would spend so much time looking at pictures and videos of bodybuilders training.

And now, with the pandemic, there was a new source of entertainment passed around the deep web. Clips of women succumbing to the transformation, the most extreme cases growing in a matter of *seconds*, bursting through their clothes like She-Hulk. Displaying outstanding feats of strength and easily manhandling any male on their path.

A favorite of Rafael's was a clip of a young woman, located in some cold region like Siberia, growing through her fur-lined clothing and walking through the snow without any sort of protection needed, then filming herself as she rode on a man whose relation to her was unclear, as Rafael did not understand Russian. The man did not struggle, necessarily, but he was cowed into submission by the woman's sheer physical presence, and he rode him with great delight.

Posts about women who had been infected were also very fun to read. At first, many were afraid and disgusted, worried how the virus might change her, only to later talk about how marvelous the experience was, and how pleasurable it felt to have muscles.

Rafael was about to indulge himself, putting his hand over the crotch of his pants, when he got a text.

'Have time?'

He grinned, looking at the username.

'For you, always'

He shut off his machine and walked down the stairs, grabbing the house keys while waving off his mother. "Gonna go to Layla's!"

"Again?" His mother, face flushed and lightly sweaty, said. "You two really work on those minis a lot."

"Hey, she's a big fan, and I'm happy to help!" He was already walking out the door when he said that.

"Yeah, yeah..." She muttered distantly. "Have fun"

His destination was a couple of houses over, belonging to a neighbor. Not just any neighbor, however. Rafael tried not to bounce on his feet as he rang the doorbell and waited. The door opened, revealing a middle eastern young woman of rich olive skin, dressed rather conservatively. Though not so much that she was required to completely cover her head, as evidenced by the black curls framing her face.

She smiled saucily at him. "Get in," And pulled him inside by the shirt.

The good thing about the pandemic? Layla's parents were stuck at the other side of the country, leaving the house all to herself. She did not have to worry about her controlling parents or her egotistical brother. It was only her and Rafael, and her bed.

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That night, after another session of passion with Layla, he returned home and went back to sleep. Yet even after such pleasurable activities, his dreams were still wet. He dreamt of large women, muscular and powerful. So close yet so far from his reach, wishing to meet the women who became amazons thanks to the virus.

He dreamt of society changing at long last, unable to contain the shifting tides as women took their new place by force. Opening barriers with sheer muscular arms or seductive dominance.

Rafael woke up, half-chubbed, to the sound of weights clanking.

Half asleep, he mumbled and groaned as he stood up from his bed, his member softening. He followed the sound out of curiosity. It came from the basement, even though it was that far away, he still heard it somehow.

That, and the grunts.

Tentatively, he walked closer to the source, unsure of what he should do. If he ought to call his mother and let her know, to warn her, or arm himself with something... But perhaps deep down, he knew, he knew what lay there in the basement.

He just wanted to see it.

He stood by the entrance's edge, peeking, trying to remain unseen. His mother was there, standing over a workout mat, lifting a curling bar with some wicked heavy-looking weights on each side. She took in deep breaths, slow and controlled, her reps never ceasing.

He didn't know where he had gotten that, or any of the weights he could see tucked at the corner of the room.

She was wearing a sports jacket, and the same yoga pants from earlier today... but they looked so tight over the *muscular legs she definitely didn't have today*. Her sleeves framed around the curves of swelling biceps every time she lifted the bar. Her torso looked overall wider.

Fully awake, it did not take a genius to understand what was happening. His mother was infected; she was growing larger, muscular... Here, under their roof, his mother would turn into an amazon. His kind of dream woman.

He... He felt sick. He felt like the world was spinning. No, he couldn't think of her, not *her*, that way. Not now, not ever. He'd just had to... endure, put it out of his head.

"*Venga asi,*" His mother muttered through clenched teeth, watching as small rips formed on her sleeves. "*Damelo!*"

She dropped the bar and wasted no time in taking off her jacket.

Rafael felt himself grow hard at the side of that marvelously muscular thorax. The sinewy bumps of flesh on a flaring back, the rising traps straining her sports bra. She looked like a middleweight division bodybuilder, one who had competed for a long while now. She flexed her arms and stared at them with adoration, laughing softly to herself.

"Estoy mamadísima," she grinned. *"Or not, mijo?"*

He froze, mortified. He must have looked like a deer in the headlights.

"Come here, now."

He obeyed, putting his hands on his crotch in an attempt to hide his shameful erection.

She stood before him, brandishing those impossibly good abs and pecs. Did her breasts get bigger, too? "I don't need to tell you I'm infected; I've known about it for days. But only *now* the results are kicking in." She said results when others would say 'symptoms'. "Now, we're required to report positive cases, but honestly, I don't want to kick up a fuss." She smiled, putting her hands on her hips and deliberately flaring her lats, straining her top more. *"Queda claro?"*

The threat was implied.

He stiffly nodded. *"S-Si,"*

"Good," She leaned in and kissed his forehead. His cock lurched in his pants. *"Besides, we can both agree I look much better like this, no?"* She took a step forward, and he a step back. They kept moving until his back hit the wall. *"I bet I can become the biggest perra in the city."* She grabbed her wrist, showing him her bulging side chest. *"Once this is all over, I'll go bodybuilding. Would be nice to know I have my biggest fan supporting me."*

He swallowed. *"S-Sure!"*

Her eyes suddenly narrowed. *"But you know... I can't help but wonder where I got infected. I haven't gone anywhere. The only one who makes contact with people is... you"*

Rafael felt in danger as Tamara leaned closer. God, she had gotten an inch taller than him.

“You’re not hiding something from me, huh, *mijo*?”

“N-No! Never!”

“So you haven’t been touching any buff ladies out there? Getting a feel of their muscles,” Her eyes narrowed. “You’re not allowed to touch strangers; the only muscles in this house that deserve your attention are my own.”

God, she had already advanced to the stage where her personality suddenly became more dominant and assertive. He realized with both fear and thrill.

“N-No, I swear!”

Her narrowed gaze drew closer as she rested a hand on the wall next to her head. “Good... I wouldn’t want to find out my *dutiful son*. Was eying up amazons *other* than his dear *mami*”

She grabbed his chin and planted a kiss on his cheek that brushed against the corner of his lips.

Without another word, she merely patted his cheek and walked up the stairs, leaving Rafael alone in the basement with the growing dampness in his pants from the sudden ejaculation.

X~X~X~X~X

It was required of him to inform Layla about his mother. Having been in such... intimate contact with both, it was inevitable that her friend had gotten infected too. It had been an extremely awkward conversation, made worse by Layla just sitting there with a blank on her face. Her face betrayed no emotion as she merely took it all in. The knowledge she was certainly infected, that her life was going to irrevocably change, that *she* herself would change.

“...How long have you known this?” She muttered, her voice almost dead.

“R-Recently”

Layla pursed her lips, and the first flickers of emotion manifested on her features. A twitch of her eyes, the clenching of her jaws.

"I-If you haven't experienced any changes yet, it must mean the virus will be gradual on you." He tried to make things easier. "I've read about it. Long-term, gradual cases are easier to manage; you're lucky in that regard. Means you-"

"Lucky?"

The sheer *biting* tone made him close his mouth shut.

"My parents try to control every aspect of my life," Her voice grew angry, scathing even. "What I do, what I say, what I wear. These last few months have been the best of my life, where I don't have them constantly looking over my shoulder."

Her hands tightened into fists, shaking from the intensity.

"Can you even imagine what that's like? Not being in control of your own life," Naked fury slowly morphed her face into a raging scowl, baring her teeth as she clenched them. "And now you're telling me, after I experienced some of the best freedom I've ever had, that's going to get worse. That I'm not even going to control my own body, my emotions... because of *you*?"

He balked at the sheer intensity in her glare. "I... I'm sorry, I swear we were all really careful. I don't know how-"

"Shut up," She hissed. She was shaking with rage on the couch, looking like a firecracker about to go off. Her rich olive skin flushed, darkening even more from the rush of blood. "Shut up, shut up, shut up SHUTUP!"

She suddenly stood up and... and she looked taller than before.

Larger...

"I'm not gonna let anyone tell me what to do anymore, I can't. I-I won't!" She grimaced as if in pain. "N-Not if I... ugh!"

The sounds of fabric stretching, her clothes ruffling.

“I-If I can... do something about it! Augh!”

She looked fuller, more pronounced. The flesh pulsated and swelled under her clothes. Her pants tightened around her legs so much that the lines of muscle became visible. Sleeves wrapped around her burgeoning arms so tightly they almost looked painted on. To say nothing of how her torso widened, shrinking as the muscle expanded in girth, her dress wrapping perfectly around her inflating breasts. Rafael could see the outline of her abs even through the fabric...

“F-Fuck!” She held herself, coiling in pain and euphoria as her body kept growing larger still. “Fuuuuuuck!”

The clothes couldn’t keep up. They tore in multiple places, unveiling her sweaty dark skin, revealing rippling cords of strained muscle. She grew larger like a professional bodybuilder, of the *heavyweight* division, running her hands over her increasingly naked and statuesque physique. “Hmm, yes...!” She licked her lips, taking delight in the hardness of her body. Shuddering and moaning as she pinched her erect nipples.

She grabbed her shawl and ripped it off in one swift tug, making her dark curls frame her face like a mane.

“Grgh!” She flexed the remnants off her body, a declaration of what she had become. How there was no going back.

And looked at herself with such awe... like she felt more free than ever before.

“No one,” She muttered, watching in wonderment as her arm *swelled* and throbbed with veins from a simple flex. “Will ever tell me what to do again...”

She looked down at Rafael, who merely gulped, unable to look away or even hide his erection.

“So that’s what you truly like, you little thing,” Layla muttered, a smirk growing on her beautiful lips. “Then that’s what you’ll get,” She picked him up in one hand, and threw him over her shoulder like a sack of potatoes. “You owe it to me after all.”

“W-What are you going to do?”

He could feel the grin on her face. “I’m going to suck you dry until you settle your debt.”