

**(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, on getting 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 stuck close to her sweaty skin while her yoga pants showed 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.