

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

Lexi woke up feeling energized. An advantage that came with being such a bastion of a woman, whose muscles brimmed with energy akin to the electric charge of a full dam. The liquid that pushed the turbines and powered the generators was the superb serum that had progressively turned her into a creature of amazonian beauty and height. Her body had been hypercharged by the wondrous concoction, filling every single ligament and muscle fiber, every nerve ending, with the capacity to regulate energy far more efficiently than most baseline humans.

Not to mention how much her mind and thought process had been enhanced by the multiple hours of VR training. Giving her a much greater capacity to endure mental exhaustion, as well as increased speeds at which she could wake up and shrug off the mental fog that came with awakening.

Lexi always woke up feeling ready for the day.

Though that didn't mean she didn't like to laze around and take her time. The day wasn't going anywhere.

She had been deprived of her rightful comforts and leisure ever since her mother threw her into this facility to be remolded. She never forgot the luxurious lifestyle she had come from. Oh, she wasn't disparaging the place; it had turned her into a warrior, someone who was not afraid to fight too and nail to get what she wanted. But Lexi never forgot what her mother took from her. It was the principle of the matter; no one would get to decide what she 'deserved' ever again.

It had taken some time to build her influence over this place, but now things were starting to look similar to what she was accustomed to. Her orders for a larger room furnished to her exact specifications were met at long last. The large loft was divided into three sections: the bedroom, the bathroom, and the living room area. Lexi currently lay on top of the extremely large Alaskan King-sized bed, pretty much the best size she could possibly get to accommodate her immense stature and still have room for her sexual partners.

Satin sheets draped over her vast frame, lifting a tent over her torso thanks to the ample breasts. Her chest flared as she stretched her arms to the side, coiling the muscles as she clenched her fists before resting her hands behind her head.

The half-Japanese girl grabbed her phone from the nightstand and inspected her notifications. Stocks, business ventures, social media platforms, everyone a woman in her position checks first thing in the morning. She was almost ready to get up when she felt a happy moan and mewling next to her.

Long locks of fierce red cascading over pale skin, a few freckles dotted across the nose bridge, and a delighted smile on her still slumbering face. The woman was naked under the sheets, clinging to her body so tightly like a koala would a tree, burying her face in a massive, soft breast.

Lexi smiled to herself, gently running her fingers over the mess of red hair. One of the most important things she had arranged was for her friend Samantha to visit her. Call it a weakness she still had, but... she had missed someone who could look at her beyond the glamour and influence, who could be there for her regardless of how much money and power she had.

Lexi wanted Samantha in her life, and her friend had been nothing but kind and helpful in her own way. So Lexi repaid that kindness by making their friendship breach a new type of intimacy. Naturally, Sam was *all in* to Lexi's godlike physique. Praising, touching, massaging, and worshipping every enormous muscle on her body, every striation and vein visited by her lips and tongue.

Lexi granted her every favor she could possibly want; it was the least she could do. And not just with the almost daily lovemaking and worship sessions. She'd let her sleep all day, too, but as tempting as it would be to join her, there was still a full day ahead of them.

"Wake up, darling," Lexi muttered seductively, running a hand over her friend's bare curves and planting a soft kiss on her forehead. "Time's a-wasting"

"Hmm, nooo..." Samantha grumbled. "Too comfy..."

"I know," Lexi chuckled. "But I want to get stuff done eventually. And you need to help me."

"Can't," She refused to open her eyes, burying her face deeper into her breasts and running her hands over the shredded wall of abdominal muscle. "Too sleepy..."

Rolling her eyes fondly, Lexi did what she knew best to wake up Sam.

She turned around, grabbing a hold of her much smaller body, pressing a very solid quad between her legs, and flexed. The ripple of muscle brushed against Sam's sex, making her moan suddenly, green eyes fluttering open. "Ah-!"

She kept her motions and kissed her lovely lips, enjoying the vibrations against her mouth as Samantha moaned into it. "Maybe this will get you up~" She muttered huskily as they parted, replacing her thigh with her hand.

Samantha let out a sharp gasp, eyes going fully wide now, as two fingers penetrated her.

It did not take Lexi more than a few thrusts until Samantha was moaning heavily and repeatedly, clinging tightly to her muscular figure and desperately kissing her breasts. Suckling on a hard nipple, she let out muffled sounds of wordless nonsense as the pleasure quickly washed over her.

After a particularly hard thrust, Samantha climaxed, coating Lexi's fingers with her release.

Lexi smiled to herself, feeling her friend's much smaller body heave against her, burying her face in her ample bosom as she softly ran a hand over her back. "Woken up yet?" Lexi teased before licking her fingers clean.

Samantha's reply was a drunken moan.

Satisfied, Lexi pulled out her fingers and cleaned them with her mouth, enjoying the taste of her dear friend. Moving out of their embrace, the satin sheets gently unveiled her as her large legs swung from the bed. Her thick pillars rippled as she stood up, drawing further distance from her and Samantha, who still panted lightly upon the bed. She took pleasure in seeing how much bigger she was compared to a normal woman. Samantha, at full height, could only reach to her bosom, with Lexi also being three times wider.

Lexi stretched as she walked up to a large full-length mirror, popping her joints and twisting her limbs to loosen up. She looked at her reflection and smirked appreciatively. What a powerful beast of a woman she had become; every sinewy bump was carved to perfection. Her striations highlighted every single muscle group, which had swollen to enormous proportions. She took her time admiring herself, seeing the peerless feminine beauty of her face. The luxurious brown hair, the perfect blend of Japanese and Russian features, the ample heaviness of her breasts, everything about her sparked with allure.

She rolled her shoulders, making ridged striations deepen. Bringing her arms down, she squeezed her breasts together, deformed by the large biceps pushing from each side. Her thick pectorals rose at her command, forming a jagged line between them and lifting her breasts slightly. Her forearms coiled with strength as she squeezed her fists before relaxing her stance. Then, Lexi twitched a pec, and the other. She did so in tandem, making her chest muscles ripple and her breasts bounce one at a time, sometimes at the same time.

“Looking divine this morning, ma’am.” She heard her maids come in, both holding a set of clothes in their hands. The straight-haired Miri placed Samantha’s clothing on the bed for her, the poor girl finally regaining her senses and slowly sat up on the bed. While the wavy-haired twin, Mimi, offered her mistress a bathrobe large enough to fit her.

“Thanks,” Lexi said as she put it on, trying the knot around her waist while walking out of the room, followed by her maids. “What’s my agenda today?”

“Your first training regimen starts in an hour.” Mimi informed, “Coach Elizabeth will oversee it.”

Ah, good. It was time she got that country girl’s allegiance, and she knew just what to do to get it.

“You also have an online meeting with shareholders at lunch,” Miri said, walking with her hands folded in front of her skirt.

If she wanted to start pulling her mother’s influence away from the company and direct it to herself, she had to start winning over the money bags. “Ugh, at lunch?” She was a continuously growing woman; she needed her protein and fiber. She did not want to get an hour-long meeting hungry.

“I’ve already arranged for a large serving of flat iron steak and potatoes to be done by the time you’ve finished your training with Coach Elizabeth. You’ll be finished before the meeting with the shareholders starts.” Mimi informed her.

“Ah, good.”

“Also, I’ve arranged for a honey oil massage in your room after the meeting. We’ve brought an expert all the way from France.” The wavy-haired maid continued. “So you’ll wash away the tension afterward.”

At that, Lexi smiled widely. "Ahh, now that's good foresight, my thanks, Miri." She gave her other maid a look, who tried not to bristle. "You could learn a thing or two from your sister, Mimi."

Miri's blue eyes all but radiated smugness, while her sister's identical eyes and face twisted in displeasure.

Lexi had been encouraging a bit of a feud between the two, and so far, it was getting good results. The two sisters were constantly trying to one-up each other to earn her favor. She liked the initiative. Lexi had no use for women who did not use their heads. And most importantly, if she were to have certain people working closely with her, then she wanted them to be *ambitious*.

The girls looked at Lexi not just as an object of desire. But a *goal*. They each wanted to curry enough favor from Lexi so she'd share the amazing experimental serums and transform them into amazons. Lexi was interested in sharing it with them eventually, if she were to be honest. She might have a newfound appreciation for hard work, but she trusted her instincts and eye for potential more. That said, it was perhaps for the best to make them work for it; that way, it showed Lexi just how much they *truly* desired it. How far they'd be willing to go for it.

The times they've had sex, it amused her to see the jealous look in each sister whenever she focuses on one. And even when they two pleased each other, at Lexi's insistence, it was always more of a... match, to them. Like they were trying to prove the other was superior, even in sex. To themselves, and to their lady.

One of them would become a muscular amazon, once Lexi felt this little competition, and her amusement from it, had run its course.

Sitting over a very large couch, she propped her legs over the coffee table and turned on the TV, idly going over different channels before ending on a sort of media influencer convention focused on fitness. With, of course, Hyppolita sponsored ladies attending.

Samantha, now freshened up and wearing denim shorts and a tank top, casually sat next to her, hugging her larger torso with both arms, using a breast as a cushion. "You know, I think you could get a lot of support if you expanded your social media."

"I already have a large following," Thanks to her selfies showing her muscles.

“But you can do more! I could film you working out, getting oiled and posing, ohhhh flexing out of your clothes is always a favorite,” She gushed at the ideas popping into her head.

“And the purpose would be...?”

“Start making people think *you* are the face of the company,” She said. “Your mom is always so intense and serious; people are more put off by her than enthralled these days. Becoming the most muscular woman in the world means little if you can’t get people to support you. Build a following, establish a rep, make people think you’re better than your mom, and that’ll work in your favor in the future.”

Hmm, Samantha was always the most socially savvy of her friends. And her words had a certain logic to them. It was certainly an avenue she could not discount.

“Look over my schedule for any free time, I’m sure we’ll come up with a few ideas.”

“Girl, already have *ten*,” Samantha said brightly.

“And that’s why you’re my favorite,” She purposely kissed the top of her head, knowing her maids were watching in displeasure and steaming jealousy.

X~X~X~X~X

Once more, Lexi was wearing the suit.

Oh, it was not the same, as she had destroyed the last one. This suit was larger and far more reinforced, as designed according to Freya’s specifications. They wanted to feel they still had some form of control over her, so they put her in another suit to preserve those pointless delusions.

The fact that she had agreed to wear it so readily had thrown Freya off, which was exactly what Lexi intended.

She wanted to let them know; no matter how many suits they stuffed, no matter how many rules and limitations, no matter how many barriers her mother erected, there was nothing they could do to keep her from flying.

This cage was going to become her palace, and once she had consolidated enough power and influence, it would be.

So a bit of demonstration was in order.

The enormous weight bar resting on her shoulders bent slightly from the sheer heavy plates on both ends, even the reinforced material dented a bit from how tight her grip was. Lexi squatted up and down, carefully controlled breaths. Instructing her for this training session was Elizabeth, the red-headed farm girl kept a close eye on Lexi with a mixture of wariness and astonishment.

Lexi had come a long way since she first started training under some of the best the company had to offer. Indeed, her brimming musculature was starting to surpass their voluminous bulk, and she showed no signs of stopping. Many felt threatened, concerned about her swift development. True, their task was to make her a 'worthy heir' of her mother, but her actions and her developing attitude put them at odds with their orders. Lexi was not shy about her desire to topple her mother's reign, and the trainers still had their loyalties (well, with the exception of some, like Freya, who cared more about her own agenda). They did not know how to act around Lexi some days.

Which served Lexi just fine, keeping them wary and confused would help her undermine whatever loyalties they had to her mother. One rep at a time.

"That's almost a ton you're lifting..." Elizabeth noted, looking at how her legs bulged with girth, stretching the reinforced material to the point it was groaning.

"Good," Lexi curtly panted. "I wanted a challenge." With each rep, her thighs expanded. Calves rose prominently as her thighs widened.

*Ri-Riiip!*

Two long stretches of torn fabric opened over her quads after another rep, showing the sweaty and striated skin underneath.

“It’s breaking already?” Elizabeth muttered in astonishment. “Doctor Freya said-“

“Do you believe, hng,” She grunted mid-rep, her legs slowly tearing the lower portion of her suit more and more. “Everything that mad scientist tells you?” As the hamstrings tore the thread, her strong buttocks spread further tears along the way, slowly ‘swallowing’ the material until it looked more like a thong. “She can run her simulations and all the tests she wants, my muscles, ugh!” Lexi grimaced as she neared the end of her rep, the pain and pleasure that came with the burn filling her every pore. “Are far more than what she can anticipate.”

With a prolonged groan and a final stretch of her legs that made the fabric explode around them, leaving nothing but tatters, Lexi finished her set, lifting the weight bar high with her python-like arms. She let the bar fall behind her, cracking the cement open and burying halfway.

With a huff, she snapped her fingers, and the attendants were on her instantly, bringing her water and a towel. The farm girl could only stare at the almost naked half of her body, those legs that glistened with sweat, rippling so prominently with outstanding levels of muscularity unattainable by regular people. Her torso was wide and pumped too, yet the material around it held strong... for now.

“If she wants to waste money on these things,” Lexi kicked one of the fabric remnants. “Then I’ll keep destroying them until she gets the message.”

Taking a deep breath, Lexi *flared* her upper body.

“She can’t contain me.”

And the rips started again.

The back of the suit split open perfectly down the middle, showing the spin bordered on bulging muscles from all sides. Giant shoulder plates that looked like dragon scales on a myriad of lines and deep valleys. Her shoulders ripped at the seams to unveil shoulders larger than bowling balls; her lats took flight as they flared open, tearing through the material.

From the corner of her eye, Elizabeth watched as the three assistants squirmed, looking at the half-japanese woman with mounting arousal, struggling so very hard to contain themselves. Yet it didn't stop one from bending over slightly, standing on crooked legs, with a hand shoved under her pants and clearly moving back and forth. The assistant let out a series of 'mmms' and 'ahhs', uncaring that the others knew she was masturbating.

Elizabeth could not blame her; she felt her own arousal ignite at Lexi's display.

"Hng!" Biting her lip, Lexi brought her arms in a flex at the sides of her torso while thrusting out her chest. Large gashes opened so the biceps may burst free with all their girthy strength. A tear formed in the middle of her breast, a little thing that stretched open with every passing second, showing more of the sweaty orbs underneath, before spreading from the base of her neck to her navel. Sweltering abs and slabs of pectoral meat came unveiled, pulsing and flexing magnificently as the rest of her.

With little more than tatters clinging to her, Lexi ripped them off her body with a simple tug, standing fully naked and flexing her body in a dominating, most muscular.

"Ahhh!" The girl who was masturbating reached a new threshold, falling to her knees as her hand furiously worked overtime. Her free hand kneaded her breast over her shirt like dough, convulsing as she felt the pleasure overcome her. "Ahhhhhhh!" She cried out brokenly as she climaxed to the sight of Lexi.

Lexi grinned at the squirming girl, walking over to her and looming over her much smaller figure, particularly with her on the ground. She looked up at her mistress with a drunken gaze, eyes full of adoration and worship. "Appropriate response," Lexi said approvingly, bending over to grab the woman in her arms and carry her bridal style. "I'll take you," She said, like she was making her pick of the groceries. The girl cried out, overjoyed at being chosen, showering her lady's chest and breasts with kisses as Lexi carried her to the showers.

"...Fuck," One of the two remaining assistants swore with a surprising amount of anger. "Why her?!"

"Should have been me!" The other ground out. "I can pleasure the lady much better than Claire!"

"You? You can barely tickle her!"

The argument devolved to the two women pushing each other until they were finally rolling around on the floor. Elizabeth watched as they began making out in sheer frustration, shedding their clothes and grinding against each other to make up for the fact that the subject of their lust had overlooked them this time.

They hadn't even considered asking her to relieve their lust... Elizabeth hadn't even been the target of their desire.

Leaving the two alone on the floor, the farm girl followed after Lexi to the showers. The facility was ample, with multiple showers and more than a few jacuzzis, and some massage tables scattered around to loosen up worked-up muscles under a professional's gentle touch. Lexi had chosen the former to relax post-workout, with the lucky girl acting as her stress relief.

The already moving waters of the tub looked like a violent sea as the motions of Lexi's hips splashed the water around. The young heiress grunted softly with each thrust as she held onto the assistant's hips, fucking her from behind. The girl was bent over, draped over the edge of the tub, moaning in utter pleasure as her lady claimed her.

"Ung! Here to join us, Beth?" Lexi asked mid-motion; her hips never ceased moving.

"Maybe," The bodybuilder said, not quite sure yet. Not sure why she was there at all. "I've... been pondering lately?"

"O-Oh?" Her reply hit a high note for a moment. "What about?"

"Your progress is... insane. I dare you, you've surpassed me and a lot of your trainers already."

"Thank you for the, hng, kind words." Her brows furrowed until they were almost touching. "I've put... so much work into this training." She raised one arm to flex the mighty bicep. "And I've got the body to show for it"

The girl who was being fucked to high heavens squealed. "T-T-The most glorious, my lady!"

Lexi chuckled, "Of course it is. But thank you... what was your name, dear?"

"C-Claire!"

“Thank you, Claire.” And kept fucking her like there was no tomorrow. “So what is it bothering you?” She asked her trainer.

“I was thinking about-“

“S-Sorry, hold that thought.” Her breathing grew more labored, and Beth saw the signs of an orgasm’s impending arrival on her twisted features. “Almost. There.”

Claire let out a silent, choked gasp, eyes rolling back as her entire form seized, the synapse in her brain causing her to freeze up as the pleasure overrode all normal functions. Such was the strength of her orgasm.

Lexi let out a slow and deep breath, sighing contentedly to herself as she too climaxed.

Letting go of the young woman’s hips, Lexi sank into the jacuzzi and leaned back against the wall, with both arms resting over the edge. Her ample breasts were half-covered by the water, with the nipples going in and out of the water. Claire dragged herself over to the heiress, cuddling against her muscular frame, mewling as she fittingly rubbed her cheek over her muscular chest and bosom like a cat addled by catnip. Her hands trailed over Lexi’s wide legs, prodding the hard vastus muscles and running circles over her shredded stomach.

“Join us,” Lexi invited Elizabeth.

The cowgirl did so, taking off her clothes and joining Lexi and her partner. Funny, it wasn’t long ago that Lexi was just another job. One, she had been very keen on observing and mentoring along with the other trainers, but a job that had been issued by the head of the company, all the same. She looked upon her spoiled attitude and just shook her head, amused, knowing they’d teach the young woman the value of diligent hard work.

She had not expected Lexi’s progress to be so swift, for her to embrace the muscle so fiercely as all of them had.

If anyone were to ask Beth, she’d say her job here was finished. That Lexi was the perfect heir Alissa wanted. Driven, powerful, spectacularly muscular, and resourceful. Yet here she remained, here they all remained.

Beth wasn't sure what Alissa was trying to achieve with Lexi anymore. She wasn't here to see her winning minds and bodies with her superior physique and smart wit. She just got reports and sent orders, never bothering to check out their progress themselves. Or take a moment to consider if this was the best use of their assets.

Elizabeth wasn't dumb; there were those dissatisfied with the way Miss Kotetsu was running things. It's like she had developed tunnel vision, venturing into too many projects and discarding them halfway once she got bored with them.

*'Like me, ' Elizabeth thought bitterly. 'Like all of us.'*

Just sent to the ass end of nowhere to continue training Lexi, who had more than proven herself already. Forced to follow Doctor Freya's orders and endure that creepy daughter of hers. It had been a long while since Beth last participated in a bodybuilding pageant or a strength competition. Fuck, she missed her friends and family. But the senior Kotetsu didn't care about what any of them wanted; she ordered, and that was the end of it.

"You look tense, Beth," Lexi noted before looking down at Claire, who was softly kissing her breast. "Be a dear and help her unwind." And planted a kiss on top of her hair.

Claire merely smiled adoringly at her and dutifully drifted over to Beth without a word. She knelt over Elizabeth's muscular leg, placing her already stimulated sex over the valley of sinewy hills that was her thigh, pressing a knee against Beth's sex.

She hefted a large breast and ran her tongue over her nipple, lapping at that swiftly hardening knob before suckling. Elizabeth softly panted as Claire began to do her magic, feeling the waves of pleasure flow from her crotch and breasts at the same time.

"How long have you been training me now, Elizabeth?" Lexi asked with curiosity. "Is it four, five months now?"

"S-Six," She grunted. Fuck, Claire was good.

"Half a year," Lexi mused with a surprised expression that looked more practiced than genuine. "My, where does the time go?" She gave her a pitying look. "It's been a while since you had any free time, I imagine."

“Back home, mmm, I’d be building a whole barn by myself around this time. Just because... I wanted to.” She closed her eyes, feeling Claire’s kneading increase in speed. “Haven’t been home in a while.”

“Because my mother hasn’t given you leave.” Lexi rolled her eyes with exasperation. “That woman is a petty little tyrant.”

A flash of fear coursed through her, as though that might invoke the CEO like some movie monster. “Your mother-“

“Has treated you all like *nothing*.” The heiress passionately said. “Through you, I have become the epitome of womanhood and might.” She flexed her enormous arms to demonstrate. “And yet instead of acknowledging your hard work, instead of rewarding you like you deserve, you are all still here, treated like slaves when you should be *queens*.”

The water splashed as she swiftly stood up, unveiling her wet, naked form. She stepped closer, and Beth had to crane her head as the sheer musculature loomed over her.

“She grows lazy and weak, sequestered in her little games while *we* do the real work around here. She is all too happy to reap what *you* all sow, and then leaves you to scramble for scraps once her interests shift.” The sinewy cords of her muscles seemed to ripple on their own accord, manifested by Lexi’s seemingly heartfelt frustrations.

Beth stared at her in awe, truly *seeing* this woman for what she had become. It reminded her of Alissa, the woman who at first had given her all she needed to ascend, transforming her into a muscular beauty. Unbound by the rules of men’s society. The days when she truly cared for her cause seemed so far away now, replaced by this obsession for her own personal legacy.

Lexi’s presence, the strength in her words, reminded Beth of those better times.

Claire’s ministrations doubled, making herself climax on Elizabeth’s leg. But she barely paid attention to the girl, focused instead on the titan.

“I can turn this company around. I can lead us to a true, glorious future, one for all women, instead of my mother’s selfish need for personal glory.” She reached out with her hand, cupping Beth’s cheek so tenderly. “Join me, Elizabeth. With you and your fellow sisters-in-arms at my side... this company, this *empire* will be ours. No longer subject to the whims of a

madwoman who lets maniacs like Freya do as they please. Where you, all of you, will once more be free to pursue your dreams.”

She believed her, God help her, Beth believed this woman she had seen grow from the small, lithe thing to this pillar of muscle that embodied everything Hippolyta was about.

“Yes,” She muttered in a haze of devotion, pushing Claire away to get closer to her leader.  
“Yes,”

Lexi smirked. “Then show me how committed you are.”

Elizabeth's first act was to place her head between Lexi's legs and feast.

X~X~X~X~X

Lexi finished her next workout under the afternoon sun, hauling an *enormous* tire three times the size of an average person. The type of wheel designed for mining vehicles. It carved a path over the dirt as Lexi pulled it with all her might, huffing as the ropes tying her body to the tire pulled with maximum strain. Her vast legs never stopped moving, stomping on the ground as she dragged the giant thing one step at a time.

It'd be her fourth lap. She had already carved her own personal track field with it.

“Grhng!” She growled, chest pumping massively as she reached the end once more.

She did not wait for the assistants to remove the ropes; she *tore* them off her body herself with a tug of her mighty fists. And left without another word.

She no longer wore the suit, she wore a pair of sports bra and shorts so tight, that whenever her muscles pumped, they slowly transitioned into a bikini. Freya had given up on that front. Good. Her walls were crumbling with each of her victories. Even Kate was swaying before her might, as the doctor's daughter watched her progress with an all too thrilled smile, pinching a hard nipple over her shirt.

Lexi gave her an uninterested look, knowing it would drive the girl crazy. Their rematch would not happen yet; Lexi was going to bring her absolute best if she wanted to defeat her. She wasn't there yet; she was close, but not fully.

Lexi checked her phone, going over her acquisitions. Her mother was either uncaring or too distracted to notice how many stocks she was buying. The woman was once more lost in her own privately sponsored bodybuilding peagent to make a bunch of randos cum in their seats. At this rate, the company was going to be neglected...

Ugh, that she'd have to step in and fix her mess. She wanted to claim her mother's throne, but she did not expect her mother to be an unworthy leader after all she had built.

Fitting then, that she'd be the progeny she'd always wanted at long last. The one to truly embody what Hippolyta was all about.

But enough about that, she was in need of some downtime.

Stepping into her room, she kicked off her sweaty shoes and grabbed a beer from her fridge. She plumped down on the couch, making it groan with her weight. She didn't care if she was getting it all sweaty; that'd be her maid's job to clean up.

Kicking up her feet on the table, she leaned back and took a moment to relax. She'd take her time before finally going for a bath. Maybe get Miri or Mimi on the shower with her, depending on her mood.

"Miss! Miss!" Speaking of, she heard said maids rushing over to her. Mimi was struggling with her twin, trying to snatch something out of Miri's hand. "Miri stole from you!"

"Shut your mouth!" The wavy-haired teen snapped before looking pleadingly at their mistress. "N-No, my lady, you have to understand I just-!"

"Liar!" Mimi cut off whatever 'lie' she was going to say. "I saw you take it!"

"I-!"

"Enough"

Her soft-spoken command was enough to silence the two.

Lexi sighed, rubbing her temple. "What, exactly, is that in your hand, Miri?"

The wavy-haired maid gulped and slowly opened it. Showing a vial filled with a very familiar liquid.

Ah-ha.

"A Hippolyta Mark 4 serum," Lexi clinically observed before raising a brow at the twin. "For instant muscle growth"

Miri looked down, ashamed.

"She stole it from the batch we have here in the facilities!" Mimi said triumphantly. "*Your* facilities, my lady. She took something from *you*."

"Is this true, Miri?"

"I..." The young maid looked like she wanted the ground to swallow her. "I just... I wanted what you have, miss. What all the *beautiful* amazons here have, to be so... big and strong. I thought if I performed my duties as best I could, you'd allow me to take this"

"Allow?" Lexi raised her voice. "You'd think I'd allow this? Is that what you truly want, permission?"

Mimi reveled in smugness, and Miri's gaze fell to further shame.

"In Hyppolyta, we do not ask, we *take*. We ask for no one's permission; we *claim* the strength that belongs to us."

Both twins looked at her in shock, both for different reasons.

Lexi shrugged. "If you seek that strength, don't let anyone stop you. Claim it for your own. Never ask for permission, never ask for apologies."

"But... But my lady!" Mimi screeched.

"You're both still sworn to me; that will never change. You will always be *my* maids," Lexi firmly reinforced. "So it's natural you'll always stand below me. But if you want to stand *above* other women here, well, that I can very much condone." She took another sip of her beer. "Claim what you truly desire, without fear or remorse; that is the company's mission."

As Miri's face lit up in absolute joy, Mimi fittingly descended into despair. "Oh, thank you! Thank you, my lady! I swear, I'll be your strongest servant! I won't let you-!"

Her words cut off with a sudden, quick scream, as her sister swiftly pushed her to the ground, taking this opportunity to snatch the vial from her hands. She held it in shaky hands as she quickly twisted the cap off.

"Never apologize..." Mimi repeated with religious zeal, her eyes quivering. "Claim what you truly desire."

And drank the vial in one gulp.

"No!" Miri shouted in dread and fury, banging her fists on the floor as she tried to stand up. "No, that was mine, you bitch!"

Lexi merely watched, amused. Oh, what a fun twist.

Mimi sighed contentedly, throwing the vial away. She took a deep breath before her face slowly twisted into a pained grimace. Her fists clenched, holding them tightly at the sides as a sound akin to wet leather stretching was heard. "Hng!"