

What do you do when your world collapses around you? You wander. Aimlessly.

That's what Jessie was doing as she drifted through the streets, narrowly avoiding crowds. The bumps of shoulders were all too frequent. She didn't blame them for missing her; she never stood out. Always so discreet and small.

It was so easy for people to just... forget she existed, huh? From the way she dressed to the way she walked, Jessie was merely another dot in that made up the larger picture. Not important enough to be the center of the canvas. Nor, interesting enough for people to just stop and *look*.

She had never been the most confident person, but... she used to think she was enough. Her looks weren't exactly pageantry-tier, but she had thought herself pretty enough that she had a mousy charm about her, with her short brown locks and brown eyes.

...She never realized she was *this* plain.

Arthur certainly thought so.

He told her, in no uncertain terms, that he wanted to date other people. Right at the point where Jessie thought their relationship was progressing to the point where the next step was logical. Moving in together sounded right to her. They had fun, right? They were *good* together. Compatible.

She hadn't realized how much they had been drifting. How much Arthur had truly lost interest in her. She made the mistake of looking at his social media to see the kind of woman Arthur had left her for.

The shining golden locks, the beautiful smile, the absolutely stunning curves.

It devastated her. Now that she had something to compare, Jessie could see her own insignificance.

She wasn't even ugly; she was just... unimportant, beneath anyone's notice. A plain little thing, the vanilla of people. Jessie could get lost in that woman's shadow.

She had always stood behind people; Jessie came to realize. Always standing in the safe zone, never making waves, never doing *anything* of importance with her life. Forever kept her silence, even with the things she wanted. She lacked the confidence even to tell a waiter that they got her order wrong.

No wonder Arthur had left her.

She slipped through the crowds and into the alleyway, just so that she'd have a wall to lean against as she felt the world twist and turn while the ground crumbled around her. She held back a soft, unwilling to let herself cry out in public. Not that anyone would even notice her...

She took a deep breath, swallowing her grief and self-pity. God, what a pathetic sight she was.

She just wanted to get home and crawl into her bed, fall asleep until her pain was a memory.

But she was certain even her dreams would be filled with images of Arthur and that *gorgeous* woman.

Jessie sighed to herself, "Just keep on moping, Jessie. That'll help..." She muttered sardonically as she leaned back against the wall, idly turning her head to the side. Doing so allowed her to spot a shop's window on the other side of the alley, buried between the concrete walls of the buildings.

Huh, odd place for a location. But what did she know?

Deciding it was better to indulge in curiosity, lest her mind continue to replay these dark thoughts over and over, Jessie pushed herself off the wall, adjusted her hoodie, and walked to the shop.

From the contents in the window, she noticed that the place appeared to be an antiques shop. There were old lamps, furniture, and mantles. And once inside, she saw a bunch more things, like myriads of paintings hanging from the walls. Centerpieces and table decorations, all sorts of old-looking trinkets.

"Welcome." A mature voice greeted her, and she saw a middle-aged-looking woman behind the counter. "Can I help you with anything?"

"I'm just looking around." She softly replied.

"Please, feel free to do so." The woman invited her with a gentle smile and a wave of her hand.

Jessie roamed about, looking over the multiple items standing on display around the shop. From grandfather clocks and masterfully crafted chairs, to very detailed plates and tea sets, the sort of things you don't find anymore, with how trends and styles have shifted over the years. The whole place reminded her of her grandmother's place; her house had a lot of old-timey hand-me-downs from decades ago.

She had to admit she had a certain fondness for the style. Jessie had thought about adding one or two decorations to her apartment once Arthur moved-

But that was never going to happen now.

Jessie let out a sigh and kept browsing, going over a large vanity with a wide circular mirror. Her own image reflected back at her, Jessie couldn't help but once more assume a self-critical look. Would... Would Arthur have stayed with her if she looked different? If she tried to look more beautiful, or act more confident?

As her gaze dropped, her eyes caught sight of another item on the vanity. It was a small statue, made of creamy marble. Clearly inspired by the ancient greek statues. It depicted a woman in a rather dynamic pose. With a hand raised while the other held a spear.

The detailing was *marvelous*. From the flowing locks of hair to the crevices carved on the robe, enough of the body was left bare for Jessie to admire the lovely craftsmanship and detail of the female form. Myriad muscles etched into the stone frame to perfection. The woman depicted in this statue was a warrior, her expression locked with intensity and willpower.

Driven, powerful, confident. All the things she was not.

...But could she be those things?

Was she honestly going to spend her life feeling sorry for herself? Or... Or should she take risks, try to improve herself, forge something new and better? Make *something* out of her life.

Be strong and driven, like the woman carved in this statue.

If she never took risks, how could she be expected to move forward?

Well, it all starts with one step.

Jessie gently held the small statue in her hands and brought it over the counter.

“How much for this one?”

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Whenever someone sets out to change themselves, to put in the effort to truly improve their lives, they realize they don't actually know where to start.

Jessie mused to herself on the myriad possibilities of what to use her free time on. Previously, her hobbies involved a lot of reading and not much else, all indoor activities that kept her locked into the same static routine. She was determined to make herself a more decisive and overall stronger person, but it's not like she was going to spend her time reading self-help books. She'd just be falling under the same patterns again.

Being bold and decisive was easier said than done when your goal was vague and nebulous without a clear objective or steps.

“Hmm...” She hummed in thought as she placed the statue of the warrior woman over her living room's cupboard. She traced a hand over the fine details carved into it. Someone had taken great care and time to work on the musculature.

She wondered if perhaps there had been a real-life model for this, a woman of imposing height and physique. What a sight to behold, she must be. Jessie bet nobody could ever say no to a woman like that.

The thought prompted an idea into her head. She lifted her shirt to look at her plain stomach, pinching at the side to tug a small trace of fat. She did not have much in terms of curves. Poking at her stomach caused a dent in the soft flesh.

She remembered those bikini photos from Arthur's new girlfriend, whose stomach was flat, firm, and with the lightest lines of definition, all accenting her curves.

Perhaps getting in shape was a good way to start. Physical activity did a lot to improve one's mental state and fill the body with energy. A good way to stay healthy, yeah, perhaps that was the best way to start her journey. A way to start working on her looks to feel healthy and attractive.

Jessie looked up on her phone the gyms closest to her area.

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Her lungs burned as the treadmill came to a halt; she had to hold herself on the bars lest she fell to the ground in exhaustion.

God, she hadn't exercised like this since PE in high school. She felt like she was sweating off every last bit of moisture in her body with how sweaty and sticky her clothes were. She downed half her water bottle to quench her thirst and cool herself off.

For a moment, she felt this was all a terrible mistake. She wasn't built for this; she didn't have the strength or endurance to train like this. Jessie began questioning every single decision, thinking she might have been fooling herself from the start.

How was she supposed to change herself if she couldn't even handle a single tread run?

"Easy there, sunshine." A cheery and teasing voice spoke up, and Jessie lifted her drenched face to stare at a lovely-looking woman. Dark-skinned, nicely shaped face, green eyes, unruly curls of black hair. Her dark-pink workout top and pants highlighted a shapely figure that showed a bit of muscle tone etched into her black skin. "You gotta know when to pace yourself."

"...Yeah, I'm realizing that." She panted, trying to stand upright, but still leaned on the bar for support. "God, I'm starting to think this was a mistake."

The woman barked a laugh. "Oh, everyone feels like that the first time, honey. It's only when you find your rhythm that things really start 'clicking' you know?" She held up her hand. "I'm Emma, by the way."

"Jessica," She replied, shaking it. "Everyone calls me Jessie."

"Nice to meet ya." She smiled politely. "So, what brings you to this fine place of sweat and tears?"

Jessie had to laugh a little at that joke. "I'm... trying new things."

"Ahh." She nodded in understanding. "Getting into shape is the first step?"

"I guess? I'm honestly piecing it together as I go along." She admitted, feeling too exhausted to really guard her real thoughts and feelings from this stranger. "Guess what I'm really trying to do is to reinvent myself..."

"Gotcha," Emma said with a knowing smile. "Trust me, sunshine. It gets easier."

"Yeah, I hope so." She sighed, letting out the exhaustion flow out of her as she slowly regained her breath. "But to me, honestly, I don't know what I'm doing."

"Mhm." The black woman nodded a few times before turning around, pointing to another area of the gym. "See that hunk over there?"

Jessica did see him. And a hunk he was indeed. His arms looked like cannonballs, just positively brimming with power and throbbing with thick veins as her curled weights were heavy enough that they'd snap Jessie's arm if she tried them. With how thick and filled with muscles his entire frame was, Jessie pegged him for a bodybuilder or a gym nut.

"That's my man, Oliver." She said with a bragging smile. "And I've learned a thing or two from him. Can coach you if you'd like."

Honestly, some coaching would be appreciated. If only to stop feeling like she was dying whenever she exercised on her own. "I don't want to be a bother..." She said, feeling self-conscious about needing the help.

"Honey, we all need a bit of help from time to time," Emma said, as though she could tell what was bothering her. "Trust me, I know what I'm doing. You want a new you? We'll get you there." She gave her a smile filled with so much confidence that it made Jessie jealous. "Maybe getting a new friend is a good way to start."

Jessie was a touch... starved for connection, ever since Arthur left.

She couldn't really find it in herself to object. "Alright."

"Awesome." Emma brightly cheered. "Don't worry, that beefcake over there taught me well. You're in good hands."

"You really like pointing out he's your boyfriend, huh?"

"Hey, when you got yourself a man like that, wouldn't you wanna parade him around?" She wiggled her eyebrows.

"Heh, maybe." She softly laughed. He was a very attractive man if you liked muscles. Jessie wasn't sure she did, however. Though she could see the appeal.

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The first few days after the gym, she was *sore*. Sore and moody and constantly regretting every choice she ever made. But she had promised herself to see this through. Emma was nice, she was amicable and cheerful, her presence made her time at the gym a much better experience, at least.

The next weeks were much better, the soreness was gone and replaced with a much more bearable sensation, the one that came when you did a lot of training, and your body was starting to respond positively to it.

There was energy coursing through her limbs now; they were hardening in response to her efforts. She could run a few miles on the treadmill, and her legs kept going; her lungs didn't burn anymore. The effort she had put into her training had prepared her to take on harder challenges. Emma moved her to lift small weights next, and Jessie surprised herself with how much she could keep up with the regimen.

One morning, when brushing her teeth, the bending motion of her arm revealed something new. There was a small bump in her arm, not too toned or prominent, but it was an unmistakable bicep. Jessie stared dumbly, her arm frozen mid-motion with the toothbrush still in her mouth. She spat and cleaned her mouth before taking a better look.

She slowly flexed her arm, and the muscle responded, slowly taking shape and rising in her limb. She could see the faint lines of her triceps stretch in tandem with the movements.

It was... interesting. She patted the bicep, squeezed it, and found herself experiencing a pleasant sensation.

She slowly grinned as she raised both arms and flexed the small muscles; she had to admit her reflection looked good like this. Oh, did that also mean-?

Yup, lifting the hem of her shirt, she saw a few lines of abdominal muscle starting to take shape.

Alright, her muscles were looking good on her. But she still didn't want to take it too far.

Though a part of her couldn't help but wonder how'd she'd look like if she were to get... bigger.

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"Thanks for the help, but it wasn't necessary," Jessie said as she put down the box next to her living room. "I could have done it all myself."

"It's cool! I'm happy to help!" Said the young and peppy voice, though there was a more notable strain to its quality. Clearly, the young man had more trouble carrying the boxes than she did.

Leo was a nice guy. At nineteen years old, he was already taller than her (not that it wasn't a high bar given Jessica's shorter stature). Long straight hair, a long, shapely face, and blue eyes that shone with mirth. Already out of high school, but he hadn't hit that mature outlook on life yet. Ahhh, she missed those days of innocence.

"Jesus, it's heavy!" He huffed as he put down the last box. "What do you have here, bricks?"

"Dumbbells actually." She patted a long box lying against the wall next to her. "And a barbell."

"Shit, really?" He blinked in surprise. "You're lifting now."

"Been going to the gym a while now." She admitted. "But I'd like to get a few hours in if I can't make it for whatever reason."

It was funny, whereas once she had to struggle to go to the gym, now she looked forward to each and every session. And the thought of maximizing her training regimen by pulling extra workouts whenever her schedule allowed was too much of an enticing thought to ignore.

The feeling of her muscles burning, tearing down, and building back up stronger... it made her feel alive like nothing she had ever experienced before. The adrenaline that came with the challenge and the rush of endorphins at the sight of her muscles getting stronger each day...

Sometimes she hesitated, wondering if she was changing too fast.

"I mean, now that you mention it." He mumbled awkwardly, trying and failing to hide the fact that he was staring at her arms rather intently. "You're getting ripped."

"Thanks!" She beamed at him and flexed an arm unprompted, proud of her development. "Wanna feel?"

She froze the moment those words came out of her mouth. Why did she say that? Why would she say that to her young neighbor? She was proud of her own progress, but she didn't do it to brag or get attention... did she?

"I..." He gulped, looking enraptured at the small mound of muscle. "Sure, I guess- *oh my god.*" He muttered the moment his fingers pressed against her arm, feeling the hardness under the skin.

Jessica had to stop herself from humming. It felt... *good*, to have her muscles be felt like this. It opened up new sensations she was unfamiliar with, emotions that made her feel *curious*.

Leo suddenly let go as though her bicep was on fire. "I-I just remembered I have other stuff to do!" He suddenly turned around like he was trying to hide something and rushed out of the room. "Later, Jess!"

The sound of the door slamming was the last sound heard in the apartment for a while. Jessica stood there with an unreadable expression.

Finally, she exhaled slowly, running a hand over her face. "Fuck, what was that...?"

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Jessie dreamt that night. She dreamt of the statue she had bought, the icon that had inspired her to change herself. Or rather, she dreamt of the woman that the statue was modeled after. Tall, imposing, powerful, *muscular*. The commanding look in her eyes demanded rightful obedience from everything and everyone around her.

And she looked at Jessie with such a smoldering gaze that she felt her body be set aflame. The woman discarded her toga, baring herself completely in all her nude, muscular beauty. So many ridges and bulges, perfectly etched into the surface of her beautiful skin. Alabaster, almost like the marble she was made from.

The woman walked up to her and gently took her chin, drawing her into a loving kiss.

Jessie twisted in her bed, moaning as the dream escalated. The kiss was followed by hungry touches; her lips found themselves tasting those bulging muscles relentlessly. The body of an Olympian, under her grasp...

She felt hands reach out for her, feeling the lines of definition starting to mark her skin. The small muscles that held so much potential. The hands clamored, *begged* for more.

In the dream, Jessie flexed for them, getting larger and stronger, surpassing the weak shell of her old life, ascending to become something *more*.

Jessie woke up with a gasp, her underwear drenched with her climax.

She walked up to the bathroom on wobbly legs, splashing her face with water from the sink. She panted as she stared at her own reflection, at the wet logs gathered into sharp points that framed her forehead.

That dream... the idea of becoming larger. Growing bigger and more imposing, the type that people could not ignore. The sort of woman who could do anything, *be* anything she wanted.

Not a faceless bug lost in the crowd. A true and proper amazon.

"...Do I want this?" Jessie asked herself. The doubts once more slipped through. She wanted to change herself, yes, to become someone... better. But was she really willing to go so far?

Perhaps the better question was: What would she lose if she were to discard her old self? The small, meek woman nobody would even give the time of day.

She had committed to the gym; she had committed to becoming larger and stronger. And she *enjoyed it*. It filled her with the type of confidence she had been missing her whole life. Her journey of self-improvement was *working*.

Perhaps... she just needed to commit a bit more.

She slowly reached into the drawer and pulled out a pair of scissors. She grabbed a handful of her hair and aimed the blades at her nape's height, stopping for a moment as she debated what she was about to do.

The scissors quickly and easily cut through her locks.

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When she first started with the weights, her arms groaned in protest. Now the only groans that came from her were the groans of satisfaction and effort each time her limbs lifted the dumbbells and bars. The clanking of the weights was such an intoxicating feeling, almost as good as whenever she looked at herself in the mirror to truly drink in the sight of her pumped muscles.

Because her muscles were quite prominent now. Her biceps measured at *sixteen* inches, rising with each movement and pumping the veins under her skin as the blood flowed with energy. Jessie loved the way her shoulders and neck all rippled, making the tendons and flexors stand out. Her chest was firm, separated by a defined pectoral line, acting as support for her breasts even without a bra.

Her stomach was a delicious six-pack, a wall of shredded muscle you could slow a quarter in between the deep lines of definition. Jessie *loved* how her legs quivered and bulged, vast cords rising and splitting the myriad groups with arousing power.

Jessie didn't recognize herself in the mirror anymore. The hair had been cut short, dyed a deep black that formed into multiple thin strands when wet. Her eyes looked smoky lately, too, even though she wasn't applying that much makeup in her attempts to change her looks. It was like her own visage was slowly changing alongside her body to reflect a more nuanced, darker look than the meek and small lady everyone would overlook.

And that's what gave her pause. The changes kept happening very fast. She was building muscle with much greater speed and efficiency than was natural for some people. It had been a little over a month, and already she looked like a cross-fit athlete or a bodybuilder.

These changes... it wasn't normal, Jessie knew that. But at the same time, she craved them with a strength that rivaled the sun. She desired more power, more strength, just... *more*. The swelling surge of might that delved in her growing muscles completed her in ways she could barely understand but knew she desperately needed. And that was what frightened her.

She didn't know where this desire was coming from or *how* she was achieving these results.

All she knew was that she needed more.

The bar hit the rack, and Jessie wasted no time in reveling in her gains, smirking at the sight of her thorax stretching her shirt, so stained with sweat it looked painted on.

Emma could only shake her head in shock and fascination, looking at her like she was a marvel of the world. "I don't know how you're able to get this big fast, you've got insane genetics..."

Jessica quirked a brow at her, teasingly. "You're not gonna accuse me of juicing?"

"I know what juicing looks like. How muscles get when people inject themselves often." She trailed off, giving Oliver a look. The beast of a man was busy on the other end of the gym... letting a random woman feel his bicep and touch him intimately.

It enraged Jessie to see him act like this when her girlfriend was *right here*. "Are you alright with that?" She asked in concern.

"I used to be, when we got our jollies from it." The black lady mused, looking down. It felt wrong to see someone she knew to be full of life so downcast. "Now it's like... I'm not even there. Not when he feels he can get any woman he fancies."

Jessica dropped her flex and walked up to Emma, momentarily noting how they were now the same height, another impossibility that should have aroused more concern from her, but didn't. "You deserve better,"

"It's what I get, picking a meathead just because I'm into this." She muttered in self-deprecation.

The words both infuriated and hurt Jessica. Her friend, because at this point Emma was more than just her coach, talking about herself like that reminded her of the person she was trying to leave behind. Because she hated seeing her like this... and she intended to do something about it.

"Gonna hit the shower now." She declared, grabbing her back and giving an inviting look to Emma. "Join me?"

It did not take much convincing for her to say yes, mostly she wanted to ignore her ex(?)boyfriend blatantly flirting with other women now.

Jessica did not waste time removing the sweaty clothes, and the soft gasp that came from Emma made her tingle in all the right places. She stretched, deliberately flexing her back muscles, contracting them to display the many lines of definition. "Nice view, huh?" She grinned at her, purposely rippling her hamstrings and flexing her toned glutes. Every muscle was highlighted by the nice pump she got from her workout.

"Oh, my god..." The curly-haired woman muttered with a dry voice. "How are you getting so big?"

Jessica smiled over her shoulder, turning around to boldly present her naked front. She relished the way Emma looked at her, how she bit her lip, and how her legs rubbed together. It was making her *wet*.

Jessica hadn't thought she liked women that way before, but ever since that first *dream*... her changes had expanded, so to speak.

And she wanted to explore those tastes even more.

She went into the shower and turned the knob, moaning in delight when the refreshing rain came upon her, splashing against her solid muscles and washing away the sweat and grime. She smirked at Emma coquettishly. "Come here"

Emma stripped like she was in a trance and entered the same shower. Jessica closed the curtain behind her and settled her arm around Emma's waist, pulling her closer. Their fronts rubbed together to great erotic effect, particularly with how their breasts were smooshed together and their hardening nipples touched. "Ah!" Emma gasped in pleasure as her hands delicately settled on her large shoulders. "Jessie-"

"Jess," The muscular dark beauty muttered. "Call me Jess."

Jessie was a small name. A diminutive name... Jess could be strong, firm, *imposing*.

"Jess..." Oh, how her folds *flooded* with the way Emma said her name. "Jess!" She moaned, tracing her palms over her powerful muscles.

Jess raised her arms, resting them against the tiled shower walls, flexing her biceps and making them *rise* with volume. Emma eagerly reached out to feel the mounds of muscle and the wideness of her thorax as Jess flared out her strong lats. Her eyes rolled back as her fantasies came to life. Emma's touch was divine, and when her lips touched her striated skin, she felt as though she was floating to heaven itself.

"Hng!" She let out a throaty growl as the black woman kissed her breasts and captured a hard nipple in her mouth, suckling and nibbling it to great effect.

Jess held her close and slammed their lips together into a searing kiss. Tongues wrestled each other, but it was Jess's that found complete domination as Emma surrendered herself to the dark beauty in full.

A small touch on her shoulders pressed down, and Jess made her intentions clear. "Down, girl..."

Emma smiled eagerly at her and went to her knees.

"Ahhh!" Her hands slammed against the tiles, moaning in utter ecstasy as Emma's masterful lips found her innermost regions, where they sampled her sensitive, damp folds, captured a bundle of nerves, and prodded into her depths with her tongue.

The muscular woman howled in pleasure, uncaring that there could be someone else in the bathroom.

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It only got worse after that day.

No, worse wasn't the right word. It was... oh, Jess had no way to properly explain how she felt. That erotic moment with Emma inspired an even more voracious hunger in her, one she could barely control. She wasn't even sure if she *wanted* to control it.

She had become more blatant with the display of her muscles. Dressing in more revealing attire, as she had long since thrown away the ones that had become too small for her. Black tops that showed off her midriff, mini-skirts, and tiny denims that proudly presented the outstanding muscle groups that rippled with the slightest movement. The gazes of strangers,

one half filled with awe and the other half with fear, as she performed feats that should be downright impossible for a regular person. Jess came to adore that burning sensation that swelled inside her just by knowing she was that much stronger. That if she wanted to, she could pick a man and fling him various feet in the air.

And she could do it very easily, with these new powerful muscles of hers. Her arms were positively large, at nineteen inches of circumference, they bulging balls of steely muscle had achieved the level of a body a seasoned bodybuilder. There was no room left between the ample quads that quivered with palpating muscles. Her stomach was a stunning six-pack, shredded to the core. And her breasts? Oh god, they were ample to say the least. And completely natural.

What was prompting these changes? Was this truly what she had envisioned when she first set out to change herself? To turn herself into some type of dominant goth muscle mommy?

Was she still truly Jessica at her core?

It was hard for her to say, as she kept indulging this new vice.

“And now for a side-chest,” She called out, smiling at the camera.

Leo gulped as he kept taking photos, struggling to keep a firm hold on his phone. A hard task, given how he kept periodically trembling.

Jess posed for him, shifting from pose to pose, brandishing her bulging musculature as veins dotted the surface like roads on a map. Girthy, throbbing muscle groups swelled with astonishing power. Jess grunted as she poured effort into each flex. All the better to delight the camera, and the people who would see them.

Her social media was flooded with the adoration of individuals. Many who wished to look like her, others who dreamt about her while no doubt jacking off.

And it aroused her greatly.

Leo, sweet little Leo, he tried so hard to suppress his own arousal so hard, stuffing the erection up his belt. But she could tell from the way he walked. He was carrying an uncomfortable mast. All because of her.

Part of her thought it was too far; Leo was too young for her to be doing this. But she truly enjoyed the way he looked at her, the way his eyes widened at the sheer immensity of her body, the soft gasps he made. She kept giving him masturbatory fantasies that would last a lifetime.

The nineteen-year-old young man was hooked around her little finger, abiding by all her requests without question.

“Think we have enough for now.” She teased him cruelly, dropping her pose.

“N-No!” He coughed, controlling his voice. “S-Still a few things we haven’t tried?”

“Oh?” She quirked her head and walked up to him. “Like what?” She enjoyed the way she towered over him now.

Leo gulped. “L-Lift weights maybe? No, wait, you already did that. Um, s-some show of strength? Maybe try ripping a phonebook in half? O-Or rip your clothes!” He winced at the last words, regretting he could not keep his mouth shut.

She grinned at him. “Rip my clothes, huh? You really want me to do something so wasteful?”

“I-I just think you’d look so h- cool,” He stammered with a hopeful smile. “K-Kinda like going Hulk, or something...” Leo mumbled, clearly having thought about the scenario plenty of times.

Her smile widened. “Wait here.”

She went to her bedroom and came back wearing a loose sweatshirt and pants, much to his confusion and eagerness. She knew the clothes were too large to attempt this, even with her new mass, but... she still wanted to try it. She wanted to dazzle this boy with a sexual fantasy that would make him cum on the spot. Jess had something to prove to herself: that she was the ultimate seductress, that every movement and action from her could incite torrents of pleasure. That there was no obstacle she could not overcome whenever she set her mind to it.

“Watch closely,” She pictured the statue that had inspired her so much; even now, she still dreamt of that goddess. Pushing her to do more, to do better. To be *bigger*. “I don’t want you to miss a thing.”

She took a deep breath, holding out her arms to the side at an angle, and *flexed*.

She flexed harder than she ever had before, harder than any posing or training. It was like she was fighting against her own body and its limitations.

Jess flexed more and more, a long, dragged-out groan ripping out from her throat like a starting lawnmower. She could feel the fabric tighten around her bulging muscles, the fabric strained against fibrous mounds of flesh that felt like they were tearing themselves apart... and rebuilding themselves stronger in an instant.

Jess could feel her outfit go from loose to snug, and then skintight in nothing but *moments*. Her prodigious physique was *expanding*, swelling everywhere like she was being pumped full of air. But it was pure power that was causing her muscles to *grow*, larger and denser and *stronger*.

Her muscles were being highlighted by the strained fabric, sweat seeping into it to reveal the finer details of her definition. The sounds of threads groaning in protest were almost drowned by her own loud groans.

Then, there it was, a single ‘rip’. A tear in her shoulder.

Followed by another, right over the peak of her bicep.

A few more rips formed between her breasts.

And it was like a domino effect, one tear making another pop out elsewhere in her attire, unveiling more of the magnificently striated flesh and her immensely defined muscles.

A moan escaped her lips as her lower regions were drenched in arousal. The sensation of getting bigger, growing stronger and more powerful... no drug in existence, no act of carnal ecstasy, could ever compare to this feeling of *ascension*.

“Ahh!” She moaned once more, subtly changing her pose, thrusting her chest forward as her arms rose. “Ahhhh!” Another moan, and the clothes were pretty much disintegrating around her. Bullet-hard nipples lifted tents in the swiftly-tearing fragments of her sweatshirt, soon revealing the areolas as her sports bra became a tattered bra. “AHHHH!”

Jess came more fiercely than she ever had in her life, and the clothes became tatters in the wind, dropping from her gloriously naked body.

She panted, looking down at herself. She was *enormous*. Impossibly muscular and yet did not lose a single drop of feminine beauty. God, she had to be the most muscular woman alive; she could blow away any competition and win all the medals and trophies, all the accolades and adoration.

Nobody would ever ignore her now.

She looked down at her little fan and grinned in delight at how he twitched, softly groaning as he struggled not to cream his pants. A pointless endeavor.

She wanted to see him do it.

“This is the part where you start masturbating.” She said, invitingly with a husky voice.

No sooner had the words left her lips than Leo’s pants were on the floor along with his underwear. The swollen head between his legs was dripping already as he pumped it like a man possessed, moaning in utter desperation as he worshipped the goddess before him by stroking his pole relentlessly as an offering.

“Oooorgh!” He let out a barely-human sound as he fiercely shot his load, splashing directly over her abs.

Jess did not mind at all. She purred at the sensation of his seed touching her hot skin, she trailed the fingers over the sticky substance, and took a taste with her tongue.

She looked at him with hunger. “*More*”

She gave Leo a day he would never forget. No other woman would ever catch his attention as she could; no moment would even come close to the furious haze of pleasure he experienced this moment.

Part of her, a very small still cohesive part of her, pointed out he was still a younger man. Her neighbor was just a good boy whom she was taking advantage of to fulfill her own fantasies.

But that side of her had been smothered for a while now, crushed under the enormous might of her muscles.

She tore the clothes off his, and easily lifted him in her enormous arms, fulfilling multiple fantasies at once as she pulled him up and drew his cock into her mouth. It did not take long for him to cum fiercely once more.

He impressed her with his virility. So young and already full of vigor.

Jess took him to her bed, looming over him as an immense figure. A gothic beauty of monumental girth who flexed her body into a mighty, most muscular, showing him how *meek* and small he was before her. And he adored every second of it, as his hands eagerly roamed over the ridges of her muscles and the fullness of her breasts.

“You deserve a reward for being such a nice lad.” She chuckled, positioning her hips right over him. His flagpole pointed straight to her entrance. “You deserve the ride of your life~.”

With a quick downward thrust, she captured his length, letting it pierce through her folds as her inner muscles clenched around him.

Jess moaned in delight, moving up and down as she felt the young man *squirm* under her, already blowing load after load inside her. She laughed, running a hand through her dark locks, fucking him to kingdom come as she already fantasized about the myriad lovers that would all too happily prostrate themselves before her in adoration, fulfilling every single fantasy and desire she had. All for this gloriously muscular amazon.

As she finally climaxed herself, unleashing a deluge upon his cock, Jess was certain *this* was the life she had desired all alone.