(**WARNING**: This story contains male muscle, female muscle, graphic depictions of sex, and plenty of taboo activities between relatives)

Life for the Komi family had taken a turn. They couldn’t exactly say when it had truly started, but the chain of events that was unleashed resulted in a new… ‘lifestyle’ for them, should we say.

A lifestyle of determination, tenacity, and rigorous endeavors, all felt in the fierce purpose of training their bodies into perfect representations of human potential. A voracious hunger had awakened in the three members of the Komi family, from the ever-perky and cheerful mother to the silent daughter and the stoic son, a need to train, to push their limits and break them, a hunger for strength, power, and *muscle*.

Perhaps they should not have been surprised Tadano joined them in that quest, the boy and Shouko were attached to the hip, so it was only natural he developed such an affinity with the rest of his family. But what was surprising was the sheer level of progress he had achieved alongside Shosuke.

Progress mother and daughter were more than eager to check out this day during their training session.

The two arrived home simultaneously, wearing identical tracksuits except for the color. Shuuko’s being a hot pink while Shouko wore a dark purple one, “Come on, honey!” The perpetually smiling mother of the Komi family cheerfully called for her daughter. “Our boys got a head start! Can’t let them have all the fun~!”

As always, Shouko silently nodded, the only sound coming from her was a very mild hum as she nodded. Though her confidence blossomed under the training regime, she was still a timid and anxious person at heart, traits she hoped would vanish over time as she precisely trained to show herself to the world.

The body that hid under her tracksuit was proof of that desire, slowly she would hone it until she was ready to unveil it…

As mother and daughter entered the house, the sound of weights clanking quickly reached their ears. A not insignificant amount of money had been spent to turn their home into the perfect home gym, with all the assortment of weights and machines they could possibly need. Instruments of bodybuilding the three Komi had taken to use with extreme diligence, leading to fantastic results.

None more fantastical than the figures Tadano and Shosuke now sported.

Shouko and Shuuko eagerly walked towards the home gym and watched with enraptured gazes at the fine specimens of male power and vigor who were pumping iron.

Muscles that bulged with the most shredded tone, striations so deep one could bury the tip of a nail between those ravines they called definition lines. Deltoids of boulder-like size with rippling biceps that burst with each curl of their dumbbells, making veins throb towards the surface like hungry snakes. Quads almost as wide as the women’s torso, split into multiple groups of fantastic and rippling tones, making their shorts cling tightly against them, highlighting prominent bulges in their crotches. Tight shirts stretched over the immense width of their torsos, their prominent backs stretching like mountain ranges spreading a labyrinthian wave of definition, shredded abdominals pumping from their rippling cores, and the thickest pectoral muscles a human could have stood proudly, pushing the fabric of their shirts defiantly until they looked painted on with the sweat seeping into it and sticking against their skin.

Tadano and Shosuke had become gods of bodybuilding, capable of entering any heavy-weight division and blowing the competition out of the water. The way their biceps swelled and split in prominent peaks of bursting flesh was mesmerizing, harmoniously rippling with the engorging veins that pulsated from forearms to shoulders, spreading in multiple paths.

Tadano’s boyish face was locked in a concentrated frown as he lifted the dumbbells one at the time, while Shosuke’s face remained perfectly passive, the only signs of exertion being a slight narrowing of his eyes along with rhythmic controlled breaths.

Shouko felt her face heat up at the sight of such stunning specimens of virility, while Shuuko clapped happily at the display. “Ohhh my, you boys sure don’t waste time!”

Tadano’s expression shifted, going from concentrated to happy. “Ohhh Komi-san! And… Komi-san!” He chuckled awkwardly as he dressed the mother and daughter, he never ceased the reps.

Shosuke’s greeting was a barely perceivable ‘hmm’, barely even sending a look their way as he still focused on his set.

“Working on your pump?” Shuuko rhetorically asked as she approached the two, marveling at how *big* the two were. “Oh you boys are going to *crush* it at the competition”

Tadano chuckled as he set his dumbbells down, shaking his arms to ‘shrug off’ the stiffness and burn of his muscles. Shosuke for his part just kept going unbothered.

“Hmm~” Shuuko tapped her chin with a finger, smirking. “Heavy weight class for you boys for sure” Her smirk turned playful as her hands went to her hips, hooking a thumb on each side of her pants. She first kicked off her shoes, and then pulled down the pants, revealing two long and very nicely shaped legs, though they lacked the sheer girth and meat of the boys, they still possessed a very respectable tone and level of muscle. “Shouko-chan and I will do our best in the middleweight class!” She pulled down her tracksuit’s zipper, brandishing three rows of firm abdominal muscle and strong pectorals supporting ample breasts. She let the jacket fall to the ground, showing her mature and curvaceous body adorned in hardened muscle, showing plenty of skin thanks to the hot pink bikini she wore. Her apple-sized biceps brimmed with undeniable strength, even if they were smaller than the boys’ by a wide margin. “Mom and daughter super duo for the win!” She struck a pose, pulling down one arm in a flex while the other made a peace sign next to her eye as the other one winked.

Tadano blushed at the alluring figure presented by the elder Komi, even Shosuke had to spare a glance at her, admiring the curve of her muscles and firm tone. Graceful yet strong.

She turned to her daughter who still stood there, staring awkwardly. “Honey! Come on you’re supposed to do this with me for the act”

Shouko frantically nodded and soon disrobed as well, regaling the two young men with a visage on equal footing with her mother in terms of muscularity and allure. Not the sheer bulging towers of mass that were their bodies, but still prominent and powerful on its own weight. Fitting for any middleweight class competition, the younger Komi was the perfect balance of muscle and elegant female beauty. With a firm posture held by her squared strong shoulders and the swell of her toned derriere that created a curve along the path of her strong back, pressing her shredded muscles with great diligence, both the frontal and dorsal groups.

Tadano gulped this time, mesmerized by her beauty. And Shosuke’s lips lightly parted when his sister’s allure joined their mother’s as the two put a hand on each other’s hips, with Shouko copying her mom’s peace pose, although lacking the same energy and confidence.

“Sexiest duo!” Shuuko called triumphantly as the two shifted their pose with perfect synchrony. Making their fronts face each other, their breasts squishing together while each put a hand over their glutes, and the other on their backs. “Judges will go nuts with this!”

Shouko tried to reaffirm her mother’s statement, but the sound that came from her sealed lips still carried traces of uncertainty.

Being able to read her daughter’s moods like no one, Shuuko cooed. “Oh honey, just wait till they see how beautiful you are!” She planted a large, loud, and sloppy kiss on her daughter’s cheek. “You’ll blow them all away!” Another, closer to her lips, making the younger Komi blush. “With how *stunning* you are~”

And finished with a full-on kiss on the lips, which continued for a few seconds uninterrupted.

Neither Shosuke nor Tadano reacted strongly to the sight. Such occurrences had become… common in the Komi household. Behaviors that were not only accepted but slowly became *encouraged*…

Tadano cleared his throat, unable to keep the blush off his cheeks, trying to keep the rising snake in his pants down. “U-Um, I’m not sure that part of the routine is gonna be accepted, Shuuko-san”

Breaking the kiss and leaning against her equally ripped daughter, Shuuko winked at them. “Oh I know, this is just for you two~”

Shosuke let out the softest of grunts. Yet it was annoyance at his mother’s antics, more like resigned exasperation.

Shuuko untangled herself from the embrace with her daughter and skipped over to her son, “Now! We should get to work on our routine too!” Even if they were in different classes, she and Shosuke could still perform for the exhibition part of the contest. “Put the weights down, sweetie. Gotta plan it!”

He did, dropping the weights and stepping away without stretching. He merely walked to a wall-length mirror and stood before it, looking over his enormous physique with restrained satisfaction. Shuuko quickly stood at his side, looking at him from his reflection, admiring the way the shirt clung to his sweaty frame, highlighting his muscles’ girth. “What do you have in mind to start? It has to be flashy, *eye-catching*~”

Shosuke did not reply, her merely clenched his fists and *tensed*. Shuuko’s eyes widened as the effect was instantaneous, the shirt seemed to *shrink* around his torso, with the sleeves pulling even further back and cuffing the shoulders tightly, the wideness of his chest expanding and forcing the fabric to highlight every bump of muscle in his stomach. Tighter and tighter it seemed to get, to the point it looked painted on, the sound of fabric straining and tearing was the only sound coming from him.

Shuuko licked her lips at the display, watching intently as a few tears appeared on his chest, his short sleeves split upon his shoulders, the back of his shirt slowly ripping down the middle in a long gash.

Then the shirt exploded completely, unraveling in a shower of confetti and showing the fullness of his muscular perfection. Every single line of definition was carved to perfection, highlighting an amazing depth to all of his muscles, the sheer striation between his pectorals alone was breathtaking…

Indeed, Shuuko was panting. She took a steadying breath and gulped, cheeks heating up as she looked at Shosuke’s bare chest. The sheer *breadth* of his torso was maddeningly alluring. Such a magnificent stallion of a man he had become…

“Well…” She smiled crookedly, walking around him to truly appreciate his body. He towered over her by half a head, and the span of his shoulders made it so she could fit between them. Shuuko, for all her fitness, felt small when compared to her hunk of a son. “You certainly know how to make an opening.” Her hands slowly, sensually, trailed the length of his arms, making sure to grasp his biceps and triceps, before settling upon that mountainous chest. “But can you be a team player ~?” She coyly asked.

Shosuke gave the barest of nods.

With a wink, Shuuko turned and the two struck a pose in perfect synchrony, looking at themselves in the mirror as they held their arms in a side-chest. The mother-son duo slowly shifted, flexing their triceps, engaging in a great duet of rippling flesh. They went from doing the exact pose to complimenting each other by striking different ones that paired off well with each other’s.

Shosuke had to admit, his mother looked *good*. A perfect blend of muscle and female beauty, just like his sister. He had to admit a lot of lust-addled thoughts sneaked in whenever she twisted and showed off more of her physique.

It got especially arousing when she squatted, stretching one leg while flexing both her arms in a rear flex, presenting her back to the mirror. It made their reflection a rather ‘compromising’ position, with her head leveled right over his crotch, as he flexed his biceps to the fullest extent…

The images it called to his mind made his body react. And Shuuko blinked when she saw the tent lifting in his shorts right in front of her face. It was getting bigger, bridging the distance between the two ever closer until it was an inch away from her lips.

So engorged and thick, the head’s outline visible even under the shorts. It tempted Shuuko to pull down his shorts and see his manhood spring forth, to plunge her head and take it into her mouth fully.

Her lips quirked into a teasing grin, she lifted her gaze to look at Shosuke’s face half-hidden behind two voluminous pectorals thanks to the angle. “You’ll need to get that under control, you know?” She coyly said. “Wouldn’t do to go parading on the stage at full mast~”

Shosuke grunted in reply, clearly bothered by his erection. Not out of a sense of shame, but for the fact his mother was clearly playing with him. With the way she leaned ever so lightly and licked her lips, only to back away. He was tempted to thrust his hips forward and let her have a taste of his cock, even through the fabric. Though that could be easily remedied if he flexed his glutes enough…

Then Shuuko stood up, slowly *grinding her front* against him. He tensed, lightly shaking as her bountiful breasts squeezed against his hard-on, rubbing all the way until they reached his shredded abdominals and the tip of his erection touched hers. Shuuko flexed her chest to raise her bosom slightly, pressing them against his titanic pecs, letting him feel their softness companied by two hard knobs. Her hands slowly trailed up and down his core, touching his obliques and grasping his wide lats.

“Hmm, so hard…” She muttered, enjoying how his penis pressed against her stomach. “If you can’t handle it before we go on stage, I’ll have to help you relieve the tension~”

Shosuke was *throbbing*. Such a damn tease…

Her tone was dripping with arousal. “Why don’t we finish our routine and then… I take care of your ‘little’ problem”

Those were the words Shosuke needed to her.

Shuuko yelped when her sound’s strong hands grabbed a hold of her waist and lifted her right over his head, balancing his mother with a palm acting as her seat. Shuuko blinked a few times before giggling, crossing a leg over the over and flexing her arms, looking at herself in the mirror as Shosuke supported her with ease. Shosuke put his free hand on his waist, spreading his torso in a powerful pose while flexing his legs at the same time. The strained fabric lightly tore around his already tight crotch.

Shuuko was *dripping* with arousal, invigorated by her son’s display of strength. The way his palm gripped her derriere made her quiver. He looked like a god in the mirror, and she a regal matriarch of fitness on her ‘throne’. Suddenly, she went from sitting on the finest chair to riding a wild animal. Shuuko once more yelped out in surprise, when Shosuke positioned her on the crux of his arm, making her new seat unsteady though the shifting nature of the bicep flexing underneath her.

*Grinding* against her crotch…

Shuuko bit her lip at the sensation, the way the muscle rolled like a wave, rippling as it brushed against her wet folds over the fabric of her bikini, touching a sensitive bundle of nerves as she bounced up and down every time he flexed his enormous arm. It was like having a watermelon between her legs, only this one she could not squeeze apart…

Shosuke wasn’t looking at her directly, he still stared at their reflections enjoying the sight of his mother squirming against his bicep as she swayed her hips in tandem with his muscle rising and falling. More and more he upped the speed, harkened by the whines and moans coming from the fitness beauty. The dampness in his arm grew by every passing second. His cock was throbbing, leaking tiny bits of pre-cum as he sent Shuuko into a world of ecstasy.

Shuuko arched her back, letting out a choked gasp as she climaxed on her son’s biceps. She panted, looking down at this beast of a man. “Oh, darling… You sure wanted to show your mom a good time~”

Shosuke looked up at her with *hunger*.

“Only fair I take care of you now~”

With those words, Shosuke tore his shorts apart with a simple tug, unveiling the prominent manhood at full length proudly standing up from his crotch.

Shuuko smiled so much eagerness.

She let Shosuke position her again, walking the two towards the wall until her back was pressing against it. The feeling of her hot flesh and the cold material made her shiver. Almost just as much as the sensation of that Adonis-like body pressing tightly against her. She placed her arms around his neck, and legs tightly locked around his waist while his erection lined in, ready to strike.

Shuuko kissed him, a deep, loud moaning kiss as her tongue prodded his mouth, with his own darting back and wrestling hers. When they finally parted with a trail of saliva still connecting them, she gave him the signal. “*Go*”

Shosuke grunted, and with a sharp thrust entered his mother fully. Shuuko threw her head back in pleasure, moaning as the thickness of his rod stretched her walls, filling her oh-so-magnificently with its steel-like firmness. Her moans filled the room while Shosuke kept thrusting in and out of her with vigor and boundless energy, his hips moved with speed and might, creating wet sounds of flesh smacking under the cacophony of his mother’s moans. Fuck, she was so tight…