

In-Shape 1+2 Retouched



In-Shape Retouched
by MagnusMagneto

1.)

It was Brody's 50th birthday. He stared at himself in the mirror, unable to shake the thought he was starting to become an 'old man'. He was tall and broad—standing at 6 feet of height with a wide frame. He had put little effort into taking care of his body, instead skating by off of his fortunate genetics. However, the past decade had slowly taken a collective toll. No longer were his arms toned with tight muscle. His previously flat stomach now had a pouch of flab covering it, while his forearms and calves looked softer than they used to.

Despite this, Brody still looked a lot better than the average man his age, as many of his friends, and his loving wife, Donna, were quick to point out. Donna, 51 years old, was particularly kind to him about his appearance, ensuring her husband that it was easy to mistake him for someone a decade younger.

Brody didn't agree with these assurances. He was starting to feel like he looked old, and he didn't like it.

"Donna, I think that as part of a birthday resolution, it's finally time I got into shape," he announced that afternoon.

Time had also diminished Donna's appearance, who was equally lethargic. She was a tall woman, only an inch and a half shorter than Brody. She was blonde with bright blue eyes, and had large facial features. When they had met, Donna was thin and busty with long legs; today however, she was fairly flabby.

Brody was arguably quite lucky to have married Donna 20 years ago. At the time she was a brilliant biologist who made twice as much money as him. There was an almost eerie level of logic that she applied to everything that scared off most other men, but Brody found attractive.

It would be an understatement to say that Donna was more intelligent than Brody. The truth was, Brody didn't know the full extent of their mental disparity. During their marriage, they both experienced several pay raises, but eventually, Donna's salary truly eclipsed Brody's—when they retired, she was making more than three times what he was. Donna's huge earnings and intelligent savings allowed them to retire during their late 40s.

The disparity in their financial contributions didn't matter to Donna however—she loved Brody deeply, and they were mostly happy with their marriage.

"Brody..." Donna replied. "I'm telling you that you look good. I love you just the way you are."

Brody shook his head. "Well I don't love the way I am. And I'm going to do something about it."

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With Donna's assistance, Brody made a diet and exercise plan which he stuck with for the next two weeks. He went running in the morning and lifted weights in the afternoon five times a week. He cut

his beer intake in half, and stopped drinking carbonated sodas. Donna prepared healthier meals for him, using a fraction of her immense knowledge of the human body to better shape his diet.

By the third week, Brody had started to see some results. He was looking more like his 40 year old self. That evening, he and Donna had sex for the first time since his birthday. It was a moderately fulfilling session, but still not as enjoyable for him as their younger days.

The next morning, Donna confronted Brody while he stared at himself in the mirror.

"I can tell you're dissatisfied with me," she said.

He looked over at her with confusion. "What do you mean?"

"Last night you were clearly distracted. And even right now you aren't looking at me very much despite me being totally nude."

He sighed. "I swear babe. It's not really you. It's me. I have to become satisfied with myself to really focus on other stuff, like you."

Donna shook her head. "Nonsense. If I was in peak condition you would be throwing yourself at me right now, even if you had a giant pot belly."

"No way, I'd be too nervous," Brody replied.

She shook her head harder. "Even if you consciously believe this, it's a face projected by your subconscious to save face. The truth is different."

Brody rolled his eyes.

"Are you going to really pretend that if I was in perfect shape you wouldn't be more interested?"

"Donna... That's not possible."

"Sure it is."

"Well, I guess in this impossible theoretical, then sure. But like, you'd be more interested in me if I were Adonis."

"Irrelevant. I'm going to also get into shape."

Brody grinned at her. "Great! Are you going to lift weights with me today?"

Donna nodded her head. "That I will. But I have to warn you Brody... when I'm in-shape, I'll physically be a completely different woman."

Brody found this statement to be quite bizarre. "What do you mean sweetheart? I remember what you were like when we got married... Sure you're a little pudgier now, but it's not that much different..."

Donna snickered. "That wasn't in-shape, trust me, that was far from it."

Brody was intrigued. “What’s your idea of being in-shape then?”

Donna tilted her head for a moment as she contemplated the best way to answer the question. “That varies for everyone,” she started, “Every human being has vastly different levels of being 'in-shape'. It's my opinion, that the state a body achieves after being used actively for a prolonged period of time, perhaps a few months, is adequate for being in-shape. Obviously a body can be brought beyond that.”

“Right.” Brody wanted to roll his eyes, but stopped himself. “So, what’s your idea of YOU being in-shape?”

“Well, probably the peak I brought myself to in my early 20’s.”

This intrigued Brody even further. “Oh? I could’ve sworn I’ve seen pictures of you back then, you looked like, well, similar to how you did when you were 30. That’s to say, pretty damn good!”

Donna laughed a bit. “You have no idea dear. There were no pictures taken of me when I was REALLY in-shape. Truthfully, I very easily could have walked onto a competition stage for a women’s fitness or bodybuilding contest, and likely won.”

Now Brody was extremely intrigued. “Can you... elaborate?”

“What is there to elaborate on dear? I used to be, well, jacked. Yolked, ripped, huge, buff, a real beefcake, a stud—you know... Though I was still very womanly at the same time.” Just then Donna noticed something, “You're attracted to that idea aren't you? The thought of me looking like that?”

Brody recoiled slightly. “What? Why do you think that?”

Donna smirked. “Come on Brody. You know you can’t fool me, even though you try, and try again. I can read you like a book. The way your lips curled ever so slightly, your breathing sped up a bit, your eyes suddenly darted to my arms, then down to my legs; you were obviously imagining what my body would look like with big, rippling, bulging Muscles. Mmm... Even right there, with each of those adjectives, you subtly reacted. You’re craving it Brody. Just keep thinking about it, these little bingo wings—“ Donna then shook the small deposit of fat underneath her arm, “Would be pure, rock solid muscle. Think of all the stamina I’d have. All the power I’d have. You love it already, don’t you?”

Brody’s face was beet-red. *‘What on Earth has come over Donna?’* he wondered. *‘It's pretty hot though. Even this little theoretical explanation is really turning me on. When we first met I wouldn't have really liked the idea. But after having been by her side for so long, the thought of Donna's powerful mind with a body like that is really appealing.’* He finally broke his train of thought to say, “Yes. That... would be pretty amazing. I’ll admit.”

Donna’s tone shifted to serious. “There is something I have to warn you about though.”

“What’s that?”

“My body... it’s special. Trust me, I would know—I’ve studied a LOT of bodies.”

Brody cautiously replied, “Special... how?”

“When I initially got into shape, it happened very, very quickly. Additionally, you might have heard of the term muscle memory—in short, once you’ve developed a muscle, it typically requires less effort to rebuild than the initial building. Anyways, this... muscle memory—from the experiments I’ve performed, well, it seems that my body has a kind of super muscle memory that functions far faster than regular muscle memory. Believe me, there have been many times in the past few decades where I’ve actively had to remain entirely sedentary to prevent myself from triggering it.”

“What exactly are you trying to tell me?” Brody cut to the chase.

“Simply put, unless I’m wrong, and let’s be honest, it’s pretty darn rare that I ever am, if I start to push myself, I’m going to develop muscles very, very quickly.”

Brody blinked a couple of times, his mind was unable to formulate a response.

Donna started again, “Wow dear. This whole concept must be really, really tantalizing to you, isn’t it?” She laughed lightly and stepped closer towards him, while Brody’s breathing intensified.

“Well, alright, yeah. It is. I think you’d look pretty amazing like that, though I have to be honest—I don’t believe that you ever really were a bodybuilder back in the day, nor that you’ll magically pack on muscle like you say you will.”

Donna smirked. “You’ll see. If you’re positive that’s what you want, then I’ll do it. I’ll start getting in shape with you—just know what you’re getting yourself into here.”

Brody failed to see a downside to any of this. “Just promise me you won’t take steroids or anything weird like that.”

Donna laughed a bit, *‘If only he knew,’* she thought before replying, “Don’t you worry about that dear. My line of work and studies make me more intimately familiar with the potential pitfalls there than 99% of the population.”

“Right.” Brody nodded. “Then let’s do it, let’s both get in shape!”

2.)

Brody’s alarm awoke him at 7 AM. He turned to his side, and noticed that Donna was missing. This was strange to Brody, as ever since they retired, Donna always slept in until at least 10.

He made his way to the kitchen, where he found her preparing breakfast, wearing a pink track suit. “Morning dear,” she greeted, flipping some eggs in a pan.

“Morning. Surprised to see you up this early,” Brody replied, still wiping the night’s residue from his eyes.

“As long as the plan is for me to get into shape, then get used to it!” Donna chuckled, “I’ll be rising with the sun to prepare for what’s ahead pretty much every day.”

Brody shrugged. “No problem with me. We’ll see if you really stick with it though.” He laughed as he opened the fridge and grabbed the milk.

Donna suppressed a chuckle. “Just wait dear. The first week or maybe even two, you won’t think too much about it. But pretty soon, your expectations of me are going to be completely altered.”

“We’ll see. So, what’s the plan? Going to join me for my morning run?”

Donna laughed lightly and replied, “I already did my morning cardio. Admittedly, I didn’t go particularly far since my body isn’t quite suited for the task yet, but I still got it in.”

“Did you really?” Brody thought for sure that she was just messing with him.

“I did. I also completed a full body-weight circuit, and ate my first meal. I suppose that I can go for a second cardiovascular endurance session. I hesitate, because my initial objective should be to redevelop my former muscle mass as quickly as possible.”

“Err... you with guns sounds great and all, but why is that such a high priority?” Brody grabbed some of the food she had prepared.

“A few reasons. The most obvious ones would be because the more lean muscle mass I have, the higher my base metabolic rate will be, and I’ll have greater functional strength. Plus, I can start initiating the compounding process.”

“I kind of got most of that since I read some health blogs for my own resolution, but... what is this compounding process? Pretty sure that’s finance stuff for our IRAs and 401ks.” Brody sat down and started to eat.

“Oh. It makes sense you’d never have heard of it, because, frankly, it’s something I made up to try and explain the phenomenon that is my body. I really must warn you dear, sometimes I wonder if I’m actually human.”

“Well, don’t leave me in anticipation, just tell me what this compounding stuff is.” Brody had already almost finished his meal.

“Right. Well, for most people, after they’ve gained an initial burst of muscle and fitness from a new exercise routine, they tend to plateau. That is to say, after you get your initial ‘gains’, it becomes harder to gain more naturally. I on the other hand... I seem to have the opposite phenomenon: The more initial muscle mass I have on my body, the more energy I have, the longer my workouts are, the more protein-packed calories I can easily consume, and thus, the more muscle I can build.”

Brody’s face was slightly red. He only somewhat followed along with what his wife was saying, but he liked the idea of Donna growing muscle faster. “Well, I guess we should get that process started,” he offered, finishing the last bite of his plate. “Guess I’m running alone then. I’ll take care of the dishes when I get back since you cooked.”

Donna cocked a brow. “It’s suboptimal to engage in heavy cardiovascular exercise so quickly after eating...”

Brody shrugged. "Who cares. I've been doing this, and it works fine for me. You coming or not?"

Donna smirked. '*Good ol' Brody,*' she thought. '*I love his... masculine simplicity. It counterbalances my overactive mind.*' At last she replied, "Alright. Just don't complain to me if you get cramps."

"Yeah, yeah," he replied dismissively before getting up, kissing her, and heading out.

3.)

Upon returning home, Brody looked for Donna. Her car was still in the driveway, so she had to have been home. She wasn't in the living room, the kitchen, nor in her office. Only one place remained. He checked the basement, and heard feminine grunting alongside the occasional clanging of metal weights.

Donna was hard at work in their home gym. She had taken her track suit off, revealing her slightly flabby body. Brody watched as she lifted weights, the loose limbs tightening somewhat as dormant muscles bulged underneath her loose skin from the task. '*Does she really believe that she's going to turn into some kind of bodybuilding goddess?*' he wondered. '*With her knowledge and work ethic, I'm sure she'll make a lot of progress. But becoming what she described? No way. Guess I could join her, but... I'd rather not show her up. Might hurt her ego. Which... much as I love her, can inflate and deflate quickly...*' he thought before simply yelling out "Great work dear, keep it up!" and heading back upstairs.

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Later that morning, in their bedroom, Brody stumbled upon Donna sitting upright with her eyes closed. "Sooo... what're you up to dear?" Brody asked, completely befuddled by the sight in front of him. He presumed it was some form of meditation, but it looked far more intense than anything he had seen on television, and he had never seen her bother with that before.

Donna's breathing intensified, her chest heaving.

"D... Donna? You okay? You need a doctor or something?" Brody continued to badger her.

Her breathing intensified even further.

Genuinely worried, Brody ran over and shook her shoulders.

"STOP!" Donna barked.

Brody obeyed.

Donna continued, "I was trying to strengthen my mind-body connection," she explained, as if that was something Brody should have already known.

"Your what?"

Donna sighed. "There's a theory that emotions and thoughts can have an impact on our bodies. While a lot of it is junk science, there is something genuine to the concept of the placebo effect. You know what

that is, right?”

“It’s when you’re affected by something that isn’t supposed any effect on you. Or at least when you think you’re affected...” Brody was already slightly confused by the idea.

“In its simplest terms, yes. Anyways, during my years in the field, I’ve found more and more evidence that there truly is something there. When I was younger, when I was truly ‘in-shape’, I felt as if my thoughts were deeply in tuned with my body. I’m recreating this connection. Over the years I’ve read study after study about meditation, and now I’m going to use my powerful mind—that has only become even more powerful over the years—towards creating the strongest mind-body connection possible.”

Brody remained silent, his mind transfixed on what Donna was saying.

She smirked and continued, “There it is again. You’re doing it.”

“Doing what?”

“You’re totally into the idea of my razor sharp mind—capable of deducing problems and soaking up new knowledge far more effectively than your own—becoming even sharper”

“Wh-what?” Brody shifted about a bit.

“Oh come on B. You know I’m only saying this because I KNOW I’m right. You’re totally hot for my powerful brain, and it becoming moreso. Isn’t that what brought us together in the first place? The power I wielded in proportion to you due to my mind and my career being so much greater than your own?”

Brody gulped and Donna laughed.

“I... I dunno. That makes me sound a little shallow, doesn’t it?” he retorted before inwardly admitting, *‘She’s totally right...’*

Donna shrugged. “Shallow’s such a... hypocritical criticism, isn’t it? Let’s face it, all beings, human or not, are ultimately what we’d call shallow. Nature teaches that better than anything else—animals mate entirely due to reasons we’d deem shallow or convenient.”

Brody rubbed his temples. “Babe, I love you, but you’re doing that thing where you go on a wild tangent. We’re not animals, we’re people!”

Donna laughed again. “Believe what you will Brody, but trust me when I say that human behavior has proven itself to be far closer to that of what you deem an animal than you’d ever hope to believe.”

Brody sighed. “Alright, whatever. What was the point of this whole thing again? The you being smart part?”

“Right. Would you like that dear? I do admit that while I have been reading literature and browsing the occasional academic study since we retired, I’ve been pretty slack in regards to training my mind. I really could be doing a lot more to sharpen the mental saw further.”

“L-look. Donna. You do whatever you want, okay? But yeah, of course I think your brain is hot. I’m pretty sure that reading doesn’t really make you smarter or whatever, but if you think it’ll help you with this whole getting in shape thing, then go for it.”

Donna chuckled once more. “Okay dear. I’ll let you off the hook for now. Get out of here so I can continue working on connecting my body and mind. I’ll catch up with you later.”

His head spinning from everything Donna had been saying and doing the past day, Brody left the room, making his way to the nearest television.

Donna returned to her task at hand

4.)

Over the next few days, Brody and Donna settled into a fairly comfortable routine. In the morning, Brody rose to an empty bed, met Donna in the kitchen, ate some breakfast, then the two of them would go for a run. During these runs, Brody always ended up going further than her, who often had to stop and go back before him. Brody knew that Donna lifted weights twice a day, usually once before noon, and again at around 7 PM. She also engaged in frequent meditation sessions, during which, Brody presumed, she was strengthening the ‘body-mind’ connection she talked about earlier. He still thought that it was a load of hogwash, but wasn’t going to interfere with anything related to her getting into shape.

Donna had also made good on her other promise to sharpen her mind as well. Brody frequently found her reading, often while doing something else, such as bodyweight squats or leg raises; though Brody still didn’t think that reading could actually make someone smarter. To him, intelligence was something you were born with, and reading a bunch didn’t really change things.

In general, Donna began eating more food, which confused Brody as he thought that her goal was to lose weight. He decided not to mention it though, because he knew that she would go on a diatribe about how she knew infinitely more about the human body than him, and how she had some kind of ‘special physiology’.

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Brody wasn’t sure if his eyes deceived him, but with each passing day, Donna actually looked a little bit better. Her ‘bingo wings’ wobbled a bit less, her belly-fat seemed to shrink slightly, her butt felt a bit rounder, and even her breasts somehow sagged less than the evening prior. He told himself that it was likely just his imagination—that he was thinking about her changing, so he started visualizing differences— but there were some things that he couldn’t deny. For instance, Donna was able to run further with each passing day. By the fifth morning, she was actually capable of running the entire distance that he did, albeit at a slower pace.

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Seven days after Donna started getting back into shape

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Brody and Donna were on their morning run together. To his surprise, she managed to stay neck and neck with him, perfectly keeping pace, despite her being unable to finish the trail a mere week ago. Brody pushed himself, desperate to try and pull ahead of her. It was a petty action, but there was an unspoken understanding between them: this definitely was a competition.

Despite his best efforts, Brody found that he simply could not move any faster. He was stuck at the same pace as Donna. It baffled him that she was able to match him in running speed so quickly after she started getting in shape.

His mind wandered towards thoughts of whether his wife's rants about some inevitable transformation of hers towards becoming a hulking female bodybuilder possessed merit. He imagined her legs growing larger and stronger, capable of propelling her beyond him in their daily run. *'Shit... if we keep progressing at the same pace... Then tomorrow she's going to be ahead of me!'* he realized.

This train of thought, in turn, created a significant distraction for Brody. As a result, Donna managed to sneak past him as he slowed down, giggling just loud enough for him to hear. Brody snapped to and redoubling his efforts, allowing him to barely match pace with her.

They continued running for a while, before eventually reaching their destination, indicating they had reached the halfway mark of their run. They rested for a few moments. Brody noticed Donna closing her eyes and inhaling deeply, in almost the same fashion as when he witnessed her meditating—although this time she was standing still. Donna continued doing this for a short while, and Brody looked on, somewhat mystified by this.

Eventually, Donna stopped. “Okay. I’m recharged. Hope you’re good to go B!”

'Recharged?' he wondered. *'What on Earth is she talking about?'* Brody shook his head a little bit before replying, “Whatever you say babe, let’s get going.”

The couple started their return trip back. Right off the bat, Brody pushed himself and caught an early lead. He was slightly fatigued however from the trip there, and was not quite as fast as he was before. Donna followed suit, increasing her own speed, matching his pace. A few minutes passed, and Brody became more tired, causing him to slow down further. Donna on the other hand maintained her pace, and was now winning the race back. The gap between them continued to slowly increase as Brody grew more and more tired, while Donna remained steadfast.

There was no avoiding it. Donna was already better than him at running, a mere seven days after starting her training.

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Back at the house, after catching his breath and settling in a little Brody asked, “What was that back there? When you, uh, ‘recharged’, and then, well, kind of whooped me on the race back.” His face was slightly red, and he was already shifting about from growing pangs of arousal; losing to Donna in this fashion proved to be arousing to him.

Donna grinned, her large, bright teeth forming a brilliant smile. “It wasn’t a race dear. We were just exercising together.”

Brody rolled his eyes.

Donna spared him the usual banter and skipped to answering his question, “But yes. I invoked the mind-body connection that you laughed at. I told my body to discharge the buildup of lactic acid in my muscle— the stuff that forces you to stop after you push yourself too much. I also told it to start burning the remaining body fat on me for more energy.”

Brody stared in disbelief. “Donna, you can’t just order your body to do stuff like that.”

Donna shrugged. “Okay, I’m not going to pretend that I know it’s really working, since, as a woman of science, I’m well aware of how ridiculous it sounds. I do still insist that I have a highly advanced form of muscle memory however, and a highly adaptive body in general; an impossibly adaptive body to be precise. So, with that all said, I don’t think it’s *too* ridiculous to presume that psyching myself up was what gave me the edge back there,” she explained with a wink.

Brody’s head spun. How could he possibly respond to all of this?

Fortunately for him, Donna made it easy. She confidently strode towards him. “I know that me kicking your ass at running has you really worked up. How about we get in another cardio session while the thought is still fresh on your mind?” she asked, circling a finger on his chest.

It was an offer he couldn’t refuse.

5.)

The following morning Donna was wearing athletic shorts instead of her usual long track pants; her upper body was still covered however. “Morning big B!” she greeted with a warm smile.



“Morning Babe.”

Donna smirked vividly. Despite it being so early, she looked like she was brimming with energy. “Already finished my morning weight training session and had my first meal of the day! Ready for our morning run when you are.” She winked.

Brody nodded and grabbed a quick breakfast. While he ate, he couldn’t help but stare at his Donna's exposed legs. Brody had been vaguely aware that they were becoming shapelier and more muscular, but despite having seen her naked every evening, the extent of her transformation hadn’t fully dawned on him until now. They were now toned with little to no fat on them. Small lines of definition adorned her quadriceps, hamstrings bulged outward, and her calves had become small balls of pure power.

He wouldn't admit it out loud, but Brody was somewhat reluctant to go for the morning run with Donna. She had bested him on the run back yesterday, and her legs looked even more impressive today. Still, he couldn’t back down now, and after all, 'it wasn’t a race' as she had told him.

It was totally a race.

A race that Donna won by a wider margin than that of the day before. She was faster than him on the trip to the halfway point, 'recharged' through meditation once they got there, and on the trip back, outstripped Brody by an even further margin.

After returning, Donna, feeling invigorated, and Brody, feeling aroused by his wife’s growing superiority, had the best sex of their lives in over a decade.

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This became their daily ritual. They’d wake up early, Donna would flaunt that she had already worked out while Brody was snoozing, then they’d run—during which, Donna’s growing legs would propel her to a more decisive victory than the day before. And upon returning, they’d have endorphin-fueled sex.

Of course, during all of this, Donna continued pushing herself with weight training, general meditation, and improving her mind. Her progress came day by day resulting in an undeniable transformation.

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Fourteen days after Donna started getting into shape.

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Donna stood in front of the master bedroom's full-length mirror, wearing a sports bra and athletic shorts. Brody entered and caught sight of this, taking in the full visage of her. The transformation she had undergone the past two weeks was undeniable. He couldn't find any body fat aside from her still-prodigious breasts. She looked like an incredibly athletic woman decades younger than her true age. There was now a slight X-taper to her shape from the changes in her lats, waist, and glutes. She even had the outline of small abs in her midsection.

All of these changes intrigued Brody, though he was most perplexed by how much younger she appeared.

"You like?" Donna asked. She already knew the answer, but wanted to hear it again.

"Of course!" Brody was quick to respond with a grin.

"You must have some more thoughts on my progress than that," Donna probed.

After taking a few moments to think it over, Brody finally replied to Donna's question, "Well, I do have to admit that it all happened really fast. You're already fitter than me... Like you can run faster and further, probably do more sit ups, all that kind of thing. You're also leaner than me too."

"Awww, you noticed! And if I continue, I'm going to become stronger and have bigger muscles than you too!"

Brody cleared his throat. "I mean, Donna, there's very clear differences between men and women. You know fully well that men just, well, generally build muscles much more easily."

Donna held back a roar of laughter, but a few snickers still escaped, "Sweetie. You know what I'm going to say, so I'll just let you off the hook for now. Let's just hope in a couple of weeks you're humble enough to admit how dumb it was for you to say that. I mean, for chrissakes, my legs are already on their way to eclipsing yours!" She stuck out her thigh and tensed it, the round expanse of muscle hardening in response.

Secretly, Brody feared that Donna's legs may already be more muscular than his own.

Donna continued talking, "So, what's it gonna be? Still think I should keep going?"

Brody nodded. "Of course I do. You seem to be becoming happier from all of this, plus you're looking better and better by the day. And yeah, sure, if you WERE able to build yourself up to look like a bodybuilder, while still retaining your femininity, and did it all naturally... then yeah, that'd be great."

She smirked and said, "It's settled then."

6.)

Donna's ascension steadily continued. With each passing day, Brody noticed that her upper body in particular appeared fuller than the last. Only a few days after their discussion about her continuing to

build her body, a visibly round bicep on her arm danced from the smallest movements she made. Donna began wearing sleeveless clothing at all times, making it easier for Brody to notice as her shoulders became rounder and more striated by the day.





Nearly every time he grabbed onto her bare back, he felt new lines of definition. She became fiercer during their sex, which in turn heightened his ferocity. They were soon having the most intense sessions of their lives daily, each one surpassing the last.

Three weeks into Donna's journey to get in-shape, she compared arms with Brody. His were still a bit larger, but hers looked far more defined, and were harder too. Brody was pretty positive that by then her legs were now as large as his, and held less fat.

He had lost some more weight, and was looking better, but his progress paled in comparison to Donna's. There was nothing resembling a real contest in their daily runs—to the point where she would finish the trek full minutes before he could. And they now had sex at least twice a day. Donna seemed to possess limitless stamina, and her body was so enticing that Brody couldn't help but laugh at the fact that most of his friends needed drugs to become aroused for their wives.



One month after Donna started getting back into shape, she demanded that they go to the beach. Brody agreed, though he was somewhat worried that he'd look weak next to her.

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After setting up their towels and supplies at the beach, Brody and Donna stripped to their bathing suits. It was now blatantly clear that her body was more impressive than his. While he had a barrel chest and moderately thick arms, there was still a palpable layer of flab over his midsection; though he had made significant progress in the past month.



Donna went off to swim in the ocean while Brody lounged with a six-pack of beer.

Two long hours later, Donna returned. As she emerged from the shoreline, her tremendous figure fully presented itself to Brody. Her upper half was an upside down triangle of muscular development: a wide pair of lats cascading downward into a tiny waist protected by rippling abs. She looked bigger than a mere few hours ago, as if all of her muscles had been pumped up from the activity of swimming in the ocean.

Donna jogged over towards Brody, thick chords of muscle erupting from her thighs shaking slightly from the motion. As she drew near, there was a pleasurable scent of sea-salt mixed with Donna's natural musk accentuated by her spent vitality.

Donna's posture was excellent, and while she was already quite confident in the past, she now looked supremely self-assured at all times. In many ways, her body was starting to truly match her mind and personality.

“You okay Brody?” she asked, noticing his transfixed expression.

“Yeah, just... Damn Donna, you look good,” he said, staring directly at her abs.

“Aww, thanks B! I warned you, I’m pretty close to getting back in shape!”

“Close? Sweetie, what do you mean by close? I’d say you’re definitely already there...”

Donna smirked. “Trust me, me in my prime would smoke this out of the water,” she said while patting her abs.

Brody raised a brow. “How so?”

“You really wanna know?”

“Obviously.”

“Right. Well, for starters, this embarrassment of a six-pack will be completely different.”

“Embarrassment? Donna, you’ve got the best abs of any woman here. Better than the vast majority of the guys too.”

Donna shrugged. “Doesn’t matter, this is pretty weak compared to me in-shape. To help you understand better, I should have two more visible ‘packs’.” She brought her fingers to the bottom of her six-pack, “Actually, if you look closely, you can kind of see them. Once I get back into shape, they’ll stick out. In fact, all of these abs,” she ran her fingers up them, “Will be a LOT bigger and stick out much further. Continuing, my little belt here,” she brought her fingers to the area of skin beneath her waist and above her crotch, “Will be noticeably deeper. Also, there will be cool little ridges around here,” she moved her hand over where defined serratus would lay, “Trust me, if we were to take a comparison photo of these abs next to what’s coming... it would be almost comical.”

Brody gulped and shifted his legs around to hide his growing arousal from imagining these changes. “I... I see,” he replied.

“That’s not even mentioning the rest of my muscles. Let’s just say that these babies have a LOT of growing to do!” she flexed her arms, causing a pair of hard looking lemon sized biceps to erupt.

“Naturally.”

“Of course... that’s unless you want me to stop. I could get back out of shape if you want, there’s still time to turn back.”

Brody blinked a couple of times. *'Time to turn back?'* he wondered. *'She's making this sound like it's dangerous. Though she's usually pretty dramatic.'* He replied, “Err... what do you mean there’s still time? Just stopping and getting out of shape again is always an option.”

“Well, sure. technically I could just be lazy again and let the muscles fade... but there’s something else you should know. The further down this path I go, the more my personality is going to change.”

“Wh-what?” Brody's mind raced. *'Sure, it would make sense that going from a, frankly, flabby 50 year old woman to a smoking hot rippling muscle goddess would change her personality a bit, but what's she on about?'* he wondered before replying, "Can you elaborate?"

“Sure. For starters, I’ll be more dominant and assertive. Surely you've noticed that starting to happen. Notice how my body language is more upright—my posture improved, my chest sticking out further. In comparison you’re slouching over a little—more than usual. That’s okay, you can’t help it. Right now my primal self is staking its claim as leader of our family. Your body on the other hand, is surrendering a little to me.”

“Donna, what on earth are you babbling about?”

“There will be a slew of changes for both of us if I continue. At first it may be a bit tough for you, as your body is going to continue becoming naturally submissive to my growing muscles. Once I hit my prime in particular, you may find yourself having thoughts you normally wouldn’t have.”

“Such as..?”

“This isn’t to insult the current you dear, but you’ll likely become more attentive. Your mind will be transfixed on me more often, especially about ways to appease and pleasure me.”

“Okay...” Brody replied while he processed what she said. *'Let's just get it all out in the air,'* he thought before adding, “Well... I guess you should just tell me all of your theories on this while you’re at it.”

Donna nodded and continued, “I will, naturally, acclimate to this new role—that of the ‘leader’ between us. Bit by bit, I’ll make more decisions between us. Don’t worry, I won’t abuse my power or anything like that, quite the opposite—you’ll find that my choices will benefit us mutually. As my confidence increases, we’ll continue having having at least as much sex as we currently are—likely with other pleasurable activities sprinkled in too.”

Brody stroked his chin while Donna continued, "This will, in turn, have further benefits for you. You’ll take your training towards becoming in shape even more seriously, and your body will improve faster

as a result. This will feed into itself—the fitter both of our bodies become, the better the sex will be, and the more motivation you'll feel. Unfortunately, you don't have the same genetic predisposition to build muscle that I do, nor the muscle memory channels benefiting me further, so it'll be a much longer process for you. There is, frankly, also a distinct possibility that my ultimate potential, which I've never reached, is simply far greater than yours. That said, since I've never touched such full potential, nor seen yours, I can't really know for sure. Still, as I continue to grow and grow, you'll be more naturally inclined to listen to me, and I'll supercharge your regiment.”

Brody head spun as he collected himself enough to reply, “And... the downsides? What part of this can't you stop? Why would you need to stop now?”

“Well... I can just sense that if I keep going, I'll become very motivated. There's a reason why I stopped when I was in my 20's. Pushing my body consumed my mind, it was what I did all the time. I was like a rabid beast, and it eventually had a negative impact on my career and social life. Of course... things are a lot different now. I don't really need to worry about my career, and my accumulated wisdom of the past nearly 30 years will help ensure that I handle things more tacitly.”

“Wait...” Brody interrupted, “What's so different between you now and then mentally?”

Donna suppressed a laugh. “Magnitudes dear. Magnitudes. Hell, even between now and when we got married, my mind is a totally different beast.”

Brody raised a brow. “Honestly, I'm pretty sure that my brain is like the same it was when we got married. I don't see how yours could be different.”

“Dear, I don't want to be belittling, but think about how we spent all of that time. I worked a high-intensity research job discovering scientific breakthroughs. I constantly reviewed studies from my peers, along with other non-fiction books, and a healthy smattering of literature. The sheer amount of knowledge I've gained is, well, quite staggering. Fortunately, I have a highly above average mental capacity, so I can retain all of it.”

Donna continued, “You, my beloved Brody... You're a smart guy, and were a fine businessmen. That said, you didn't submerge yourself in academia for the past 20 years like me. I don't see what's so difficult about accepting that my mind has continued to grow stronger while yours remained the same.”

Brody gulped. “R-right.”

“So, dear. What do you think? Should I continue getting in-shape? Are you ready to see what happens next to me?”

Brody tossed the idea around internally. *'Have to admit I'm jealous at how much faster than me she's making progress. And I also kind of hate that I didn't improve my mind much the past 20 years while she kept sharpening hers... Still, she looks absolutely amazing. And I kind of love her becoming such a beast of a woman. Plus she's always been kind of superior to me and always treated me well. In fact, she might've become nicer the more money than me she made... What's the harm in her going all the way? Besides, who needs old gender roles in the current year?'*

He finally broke his train of thought to reply with a grin, “Yeah. I think you should. I'm excited to see what happens.”

A knowing smirk appeared on Donna's face and her eyes lit up. "I won't let you down. In fact..." suddenly, her entire body quaked slightly, and right before Brody's eyes, Donna's already wide upper-half seemed to grow a smidgen broader, becoming even more impressive, "I think my body heard you, and wants to help." She winked playfully before continuing, "I'm going to work out at the beach's open gym over there. Feel free to come over later if you'd like, or think up a way for us to have some fun when I'm done."

And with that, Donna started jogging over to the weights that would fuel her growth even further. Brody simply watched the shapely muscles in her perfectly round bottom jiggle, and her thick back similarly dance from the motion, his mind racing as he wondered if she really just grew a little more muscular in front of him. *'Regardless of what just happened,'* he thought, *'Things are becoming more and more interesting!'*

7.)

After the beach visit, Donna's already rapid transformation accelerated faster. With Brody's blessing to cut loose and truly return to her 'in-shape' form, she now had a singular goal in mind: improve herself. This resulted in more of everything she was already doing. More workouts as she forced herself through three separate weight training sessions and two bouts of cardio a day alongside spontaneous bodyweight exercises. More meals with more food in each of those meals. More reading. More mind-body connection meditation. And, to Brody's delight: more sex—during which Donna constantly used new, exciting positions and techniques to place more strain on her body. This also meant that Brody was getting more cardio too—which as Donna predicted earlier, was helping him progress towards his own goals with greater speed.

Her confidence surging, Donna started to only wear sports bras and athletic shorts when around the house—her bulging, powerful, constantly improving body always on full display. This led to another of Donna's predictions to come true: Brody couldn't stop thinking about her. He hadn't experienced lust like this for her nor any other woman before. His mind was dominated by thoughts of his wife's muscles pumping up to larger and larger sizes.

Despite the overwhelming evidence in front of him, he still wasn't entirely convinced that everything Donna had said about having a special body was true. He still believed that eventually her progress would slow down, then in due time, he would catch up with her, giving them some kind of balance.

Brody's belief remained false however, and as Donna had warned him before she even started, her rate of progress only accelerated. Yet another of Donna's predictions held true: Brody began to think of ways to accommodate her. He started delivering her premade meals and protein snacks after her workouts, was always extremely eager to massage and pamper her body, and even found himself offering to do some of the household chores he never bothered with before.

Soon enough he was offering to do Donna's laundry, reasoning to her "Well, since you're putting in so much time and effort to bettering your body, I guess I can handle a load of laundry instead of watching that 37 minutes of television."

Another of Donna's many prophecies came to pass as well: Brody's body automatically slumped a little slightly at the sight of her tremendous form. Donna on the other hand, stood as tall as she possibly

could. As a result of this, since Donna wasn't much shorter than Brody to begin with, they appeared to be the same height. Only Donna noticed this, and she never rubbed it in, instead she was singularly minded with finally achieving the same level of fitness she had at her past peak.

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Eight days after the trip to the beach.

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Donna stood stark naked in front of the master bedroom's mirror. Brody watched as she examined herself, flexing her outrageous muscles, and probing her body for any signs of weakness. In the past week, she had—in Brody's mind at least—become the very image she had proposed of herself as 'in-shape' back at the beach. She now had a protruding eight-pack of full, powerful abs; her arms were now slightly larger than Brody's, while being far harder and better defined; her legs downright dwarfed his; her back was wider than his; and her waist was narrower. She was a powerful paragon of vitality, constantly brimming with energy at all times. Perhaps most impressive of all was the fact that while all of her body fat had melted away, her breasts remained the same size and became even more impressive as they no longer sagged whatsoever.



“Is... is it safe to say you’re back in-shape?” Brody inquired.

Donna smirked. “It’s really tempting to tell you no. Just to mess with you really. But yeah, I think I’m back in-shape.”

Brody scratched the back of his head. “I have to say... sorry for doubting you. I can’t believe that anyone, even you, could transform so much in a mere five or six weeks or whatever.”

She nodded, “I do. It’s okay B. I wouldn’t have believed myself either. After all, my transformation is practically impossible by the standards of nutritional science.”

“And that kind of makes it even hotter,” Brody said, walking over to Donna and placing his hands on her broad, muscular back, feeling the ridges of power between his fingers.

Donna continued talking while touched her, “You know dear... I’m really not sure why I let myself get out of shape to begin with. Being like this feels so... GOOD!” she laughed softly before flexing her tremendous arms for emphasis. “I just LOVE having this much power in my body! I know that it’s entirely a primal thing, that at the end of the day a gun could end me just as easily as anyone else, but still... being stronger than everyone around me, building myself up even more and more... it gets me really excited.” She glanced down towards Brody’s crotch. “And gets you excited too I see,” she said with a wink.

“You know it babe.”

“So. I think you can anticipate what my next question will be. Let’s see if you’re ready to preempt me with an answer.”

Brody considered for a few seconds what Donna was referring to, but eventually connected the dots and replied, “Oh, you’re going to ask if you should go even further, right? See just how far you can bring your body?”

“I dunno, is that what I’m going to ask Brody?” Donna teased.

“Yeah, it probably is. So, I’ll go ahead and say yes. Get as huge and jacked as you can, as long as you want to, and as long as it’s natural. Natural for you that is.”

Donna grinned with genuine joy, “I’m so glad you understand!” she wrapped her beefy arms around Brody and literally lifted him off of the ground before putting him back down and planting a kiss on his lips. “So... with my brawn and brains on the incline, do you have any other ideas for ways I can improve?”

Brody blinked a couple of times. “You’re not like... upset that I’m not as jacked as you?”

“Why would I be? You’re doing your best. Well, maybe not your absolute best, but soon enough I’ll help you bring it to the next level. I’ve always loved you, even if I’ve been smarter, made more money, so on and so forth...”

Brody cleared his throat. “Right. Well... I mean, I don’t know how this would be possible, but obviously to really be, uh, superior, you could always use some more height.”

“Height eh?” Donna mused out loud. “I didn’t realize just how deeply your desires went.” She smiled. “You really want your wife to be as supreme as possible, huh?”

“Like I said, I know that even for you it’s probably impossible. Just an idea, since I think we’re both on the same wavelength here.”

Donna could see her husband’s member already hardening in anticipation. “Oh, yes, I would say we’re definitely on the same page. Just imagine it honey, imagine me being not only more muscular than you, but taller too. Hmmm... that is quite an enticing thought. Plus, we don’t even know just what kind of limit there is to my muscle growth. Like I said, I straight up stopped last time I got to this point out of fear... but now... now I’m not afraid. Now I want more, and with you supporting me on the emotional side, I don’t think anything will be able to stop me!”

With a playful shove she pushed Brody onto the bed and straddled him.

'I have no idea how far this can go,' Brody thought as Donna started to ride him, 'But I'm loving every step of the journey!'

8.) One Week Later

Life with Donna had become intense for Brody—in a good way. As she continued to transform day by day, her energy increased accordingly, as did her sexual appetite. Brody was pushed to his limits to keep up with her activity level and growing lust. A year ago, he never would have imagined that he’d be having sex upwards of four times a day—and often pleasuring Donna additionally as well. Even during his skirt-chasing days of college, where as a handsome, tall, man he easily won ladies over, he was far less sexually active. And on top of that the sex was far better than anything he experienced back then.

While Brody's physique developed far slower than Donna's, it continued to improve, which helped him somewhat keep up with her. As Donna had predicted, his belly-fat mostly disappeared, and his body was noticeably well-toned. Despite his progress, he still paled in comparison to Donna. While his flat stomach was admirable, better than most college-aged men's, it still appeared weak next to the rippling, throbbing eight-pack Donna displayed. His naturally large arms were becoming chiseled, yet they were smaller and less defined than his wife's. And their legs were barely comparable at all: Donna's were so much larger, thicker, tighter, and more striated, that Brody's otherwise strong stems looked like chicken sticks when stacked up to Donna's.

Donna continued to innovate their numerous sex sessions. She became strong enough to literally hold Brody upright in her arms, holding him off the ground while they went at it. This looked fairly

ridiculous as Brody was still an inch taller than Donna, and weighed around 180 pounds. But despite the awkward logistics of the position, it was one of Brody's favorites. The combination of immense strength and physical dominance Donna exuded during it combined with a feeling of total safety thrilled him to no end.

With each passing day, Brody could physically feel Donna growing stronger while they made love, better able to control the ebb and flow of each session. And he could also feel that Donna clearly got off on wielding such tremendous power, as her own arousal increased accordingly.

It was an upward cycle that continually fed on itself, just as Donna had predicted. They were both increasingly aroused from the developing situation, which pushed them even further to continue with the current trajectory.

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One afternoon, after a particularly intense session, Brody lay in bed with Donna. It was a rare moment of stillness and peace. Donna was so full of energy, focus, and drive, that it was difficult to get her to stop for any extended period of time. Brody realized that she actually took up more space than him on the bed, her upper half wider than his, and her bottom much larger overall. Only her waist, hands, and feet were smaller—otherwise, Donna was the larger.

Brody ran his hand over to the wide, thick, striated slabs of muscle beneath her chest, tracing his fingers between the ridges. "I've come to really like these muscles here," he explained, continuing to explore them.

"Huh. You really like my pecs?" Donna asked. It was a somewhat rhetorical question—she had already seen the way Brody reacted as he occasionally explored the thick, powerful muscles with his hands.

"Hmmm... Would it be weird if I do?"

Donna shook her head. "Of course not. Granted, I can't recall the last time, if ever, I heard a guy in person unironically compliment a woman's pecs... but hey, since when have you seen a woman like me up close in person before?"

"Never," Brody murmured as he continued to trace his fingers along the grooves of her chest muscles. *'They're so deep, striated, and warm,' he thought, 'Yet still covered by such soft skin.'*

Brody placed his head on Donna's chest and listened to her heart beat. It was a slow, loud, deliberate thump with perfectly timed regularity. He felt its force bump against his cheek with each pulse.

"Funny how your heart beats slower than mine," Brody observed out loud.

"Of course. A stronger heart pumps more blood with each repetition, less beats required to fully circulate," Donna explained.

"Yeah. I know." Brody kept listening to the deep thumping. There was something calming about its powerful rhythm.

"I can hear that your own heart rate is speeding up, guess someone even enjoys *that* aspect of my improvement, huh?" Donna asked with a warm laugh.

"Guess I can't hide anything from you, huh? Well, I won't deny it. I like what I like," Brody admitted.

"Well, it will be even harder to hide anything if my mind continues improving at the rate it has been the past couple of weeks," Donna added.

"What?"

"You heard me."

"How is that even possible though?" Brody wondered out loud.

"Honestly, I'm not so sure. I'm a biased judge of this, so perhaps my assessment is off... but I swear, when I read scientific journals and works of literature, it's even easier than it was a few years ago. It's like I can focus with extreme acuity, and my mind soaks up the information faster than ever. When I reflect on things I recently read, I can recall it much more clearly, and create deeper inferences," Donna explained matter-of-factly.

Brody merely stared, and wondered how true her words were. It was a fantastical claim, but given all that happened the past few weeks, was easy to believe.

9.) Later that day, in the home gym.

Brody was watching Donna lifting weights. He had just finished his own session, but tired much more quickly than her. Fortunately for him, she didn't seem to mind his comparative weakness, and made no attempt to belittle or demean him. Instead, she seemed happy that he pushed himself to his limit, and offered advice to improve his technique that he took to heart.

Donna was performing bicep curls. Brody stared with admiration as her arms swelled with each repetition.

Brody walked over to her. "Your veins are so thick," he observed, tracing his finger along the wide capillary snaking its way down Donna's bicep. He glanced over at his own exposed arm for comparison. "I've got some veins of my own, but yours are just way bigger and badder."

"You enjoy them?" Donna asked with a smirk.

"I never really thought that my wife's bicep veins would be something I find alluring, but... yeah, I do," he explained, continuing to play with the blood vessel.

As Donna raised the dumbbell to the apex of another curl, her bicep swelled even further. Brody's heart raced as Donna repeated this motion and it pumped up even further.

"Your muscles get so much bigger when you work out," he observed somewhat blankly.

"Well duh, so do yours," Donna snickered.

“I know that. I mean, yours blow up way more than mine.”

“You do have a point. My pump is much more pronounced than yours, which helps illustrate how 'supernatural' my body is.”

“I don't remember you getting this pumped up in the past. It seems to be happening more as you build more muscle,” Brody noted.

“That's right babe, and the bigger the pump, the more power I gain,” Donna stated.

“You gain more power?” Unintentionally, Brody was egging her into one of her scientific spiels that he secretly loved.

“Yup. The size of the pump is proportionate to how much strength you gain. Well, that's some bro-science at least. Fun to think about though,” Donna giggled.

“Can... can you elaborate?”

“I'd love to,” Donna purred, eager to showcase her intellect. “It's been said that the 'pump' creates space for new blood vessels and capillaries—pathways for new nutrients—to form and develop. Of course, that is but a simpleton's explanation of the process, but it's a good one to visualize. Let's work through it, so we can maximize your fun, shall we?”

“Alright.”

Donna continued, “Grab onto my blood-engorged bicep.”

Brody did as she ordered.

“For the sake of fun, let's pretend this is all scientifically true, so no questioning anything I've said before, or anything you may have read ok?”

Brody nodded.

Donna resumed, “You feel how my arm is even larger, warmer than usual? How there's that pulsating sensation?”

Brody gulped and nodded.

“Let's call that added size, heat, and energy the 'pump'.” Donna started, “Now, this pump, like I just said, lays the foundation for more growth. Just envision it. Imagine all manner of tiny little biological networks forming, taking shape within this added mass. That's right, it's occurring right now as we speak.”

Brody remained silent, enraptured with what was occurring.

“And remember my little compounding rule Brody. For this thought experiment, it applies here too. Can you tell me what that infers?”

“Compounding... you mean when you said that you think your muscles grow faster the bigger they get? As in, they compound onto themselves?”

“That’s right babe. Can your imagination think of what that would mean for my pump?”

“No... not really...”

“I’ll spell it out for you then. Let’s say that every pump I get helps build the network that makes my muscles so big, hard, and all-around superior, right?”

Brody nodded.

Donna continued, “So, following my compounding rule, the bigger my muscles are, the bigger the pump is. Do you know what that means?”

Brody nodded again and replied, “It would mean that the bigger your muscles are, the more they grow from each pump, right? A process that would feed on itself, kind of like a compounding investment with a fixed rate—that is to say, with each compounding period, there is more growth than the last.”

“That’s right dear.” Donna grinned.

“Wouldn’t that mean that you just keep building muscle faster and faster?!”

“Mmmhmm. Isn’t that what you really want?”

Brody shuffled around a bit. “Yes,” He admitted.

“Perfect,” Donna said before grabbing onto him and drawing his head close for a make out session.

10.) That evening, after dinner.

“So, I really didn’t want to go down this path, but it seems like it’s going to be inevitable,” Donna said with a preemptive tone.

Brody had only heard her speak this way a few times before, and it always resulted in him doing something he didn’t really want to. Though ultimately, after enough time had passed, he always admitted Donna’s plans were always for the best.

After knowing she captured Brody’s attention, Donna continued, “My transformation is running along quite smoothly, but if I’m going to become everything you want me to, it’s going to require more.”

“More what?”

“More everything, resources and time mostly.”

“What kind of resources exactly?” Brody had a vague idea, but liked hearing her say it.

“Well, food is the most obvious one. I’m going to need lots and lots of food to continue powering up this body. Like I said, time is another one. I’m spending too much time on activities that aren’t directly related to me becoming stronger.”

Brody gulped. “So... what exactly is the solution?”

“I’m sure you already have an idea. For starters, I need you to cook my meals. I’m wasting far too much time on that. Same goes for cleaning up the house, and whatever other frivolous maintenance things I end up doing—I’m sure you’ll figure them out soon enough,” Donna explained.

Brody groaned. “Really? I have to waste my time with that crap?”

“And you'd prefer I waste mine on them?” Donna retorted. “Wouldn't that run contrary to your goals? To watch your wife turn into the most powerful, intelligent, sex-bomb of a goddess possible?”

Brody averted his gaze. “That’s true, I do want that. But seriously, why does it revolve around me cooking meals?”

“Think about the sheer amount of sustenance I need to develop my body Brody. Thousands of the highest quality calories possible. That means meal after meal has to be prepared. This could all be done at the start of the week, or day by day; either way, multiple hours have to be spent on it.”

“Okay, and?”

“And, that means every hour I spend doing that is another hour I’m not pumping up these guns!” Donna flexed her biceps which rippled to their full size right in front of Brody’s face. “Plus, didn’t you say earlier you wanted me to become smarter? To increase my dominance in every possible way? If I’m cooking, cleaning, or whatever, then I can’t read. I can’t do any of the other things to improve myself either.”

Brody sighed again.

“Don’t you want me to become as amazing as I can be, and as quickly as possible?” Donna added.

“I do.”

“Alright, sounds like it’s settled then.”

Brody didn’t respond, but Donna inferred from his body language that he had accepted his new fate.

“Oh come on, don’t act all gloom and doom.” Donna brought her thick arms and draped them around Brody’s shoulders. “Just think about how your wife is going to turn into a GODDESS!” she squealed before locking lips with him.

Brody returned the passion and groped Donna's biceps while they kissed.

A minute later Donna broke away. “I think it’s time for another cardio session,” she said huskily before literally lifting Brody off of the ground and carrying him to their bed.

'Well...' he started to think, *'I'm not thrilled about having to cook and clean around the house. But if it makes Donna grow even faster and we have more cardio sessions like this, then it's a trade-off well worth it.'*

10.5)

Despite his initial hesitation, Brody quickly acclimated to his new duties. It was difficult at first to learn all of the basic life skills he had neglected over the past few decades. And he often found himself without enough time to complete all of his chores. But Brody steadily discovered ways to complete each task more effectively. He gained a newfound respect for how Donna was always able to cook, clean, and do laundry over the years—all on top of earning much more money than him.

As Brody looked over the pile of laundry in front of him—most of it Donna's workout clothing, (which had to be changed multiple times a day due to the extreme amount of exertion she frequently underwent), he began to feel inferior—more so than usual. All of these years, Donna was able to effortlessly complete this task along with so many others—all while having more work than him. And she apparently was also enriching her brain to a much greater degree than him at the same time. How was this possible? How did Donna manage to get so much done during the day? Brody recalled evenings sitting on the couch with a beer, watching the football game, as he lamented not having enough hours in the day to finish all of his office work and enjoy himself; those thoughts seemed foolish now.

This feeling of inferiority was not a strictly negative thing however. Brody derived pleasure from there being yet another area in which his wife was dominant: time management and efficiency. He started loading the washing machine with Donna's garments, and imagined her large, muscular body stretching the fabric to its limit. It amazed him how quickly she had developed so much muscle. He knew there was some superhuman, perhaps even supernatural element to it—a mutation maybe, but at the same time, it was only possible due to Donna's towering intellect and time management abilities. Even if Brody had the same physical gifts that she did, he highly doubted that he would be able to achieve as much as she did in the same time frame.

As Brody's body automatically performed the task at hand, his mind wandered to Donna. He dwelled on the array of implications his new position as house-maid truly held. Considering that Donna was able to achieve so much while also taking care of all these chores, he could only fathom what she would be capable of accomplishing now. Brody realized that, due to her far superior time management abilities, him freeing up her schedule was not a zero-sum game—every free minute Donna had would ultimately yield far more productivity than his own.

Instead of upsetting Brody, the realization comforted him. He was happy that making this minor sacrifice was going to help Donna—and ultimately both of them—so much. Brody loved Donna, truly and thoroughly. They may have had no children, and her staggering intellect combined with her obstinance could be fairly difficult to deal with, but he was enamored with her. And while he didn't like to admit it, even moreso after her transformation.

And Brody realized that he even loved her ego. He loved the way that Donna was so vibrant, confident, self-assured, and full of life. Or in a way, larger than life itself. Brody realized that he had witnessed Donna cry only a mere handful of times—possibly fewer than himself. She was simultaneously brimming with feminine energy and tempered by traditionally masculine stoicism—a combination that

he had taken for granted, but began to truly appreciate more and more with each passing day.

Brody thought about how Donna's ego had been increasing even further ever since she decided to get back 'in-shape'. He thought about her self-proclaimed upward spiral, and started mentally tackling the subject on his own terms. To him, perhaps the core element to what made Donna so powerful was her ego and confidence. He realized that the stronger she became, the more muscular she grew, the more power she wielded, the greater her ego became. And the greater her ego, the more likely she was to push herself even further. All of this coupled with whatever made her so strong in the past few months meant that she was going to continue becoming better and better—more vibrant, more dominant, more full of life, more unstoppable.

He looked down at his throbbing erection and grinned. Despite being fifty years old, he felt more virile than ever before in his life. He never thought he'd feel the need to masturbate, at least not with Donna in the form that she was now, but the fantasies in his mind were becoming too great. Brody gave in to temptation and pleased himself, climaxing hard at thoughts of Donna's continued evolution.

11.) The Following Day

Brody walked into the bedroom with a tray of grilled chicken tenderloins, one of Donna's preferred post-workout snacks. She was meditating, deep in tranquil thought.

Ever since he started taking care of her chores, Brody noticed that Donna meditated a lot more often. He wondered if it truly benefited her mission, but Brody no longer bothered questioning her methods as they seemed to always work.

Donna heard Brody enter the room, and smelled the chicken. "Come Brody. Feed your developing goddess," she commanded with a warm tone.

He complied, bringing the food over to her. Even in a state of tranquility, Donna's muscular, statuesque form radiated intensity—her breaths deep and deliberate. Brody swore there was an intangible aura of energy around her. After approaching, he brought one of the small pieces of chicken up to her mouth, which she opened, and he delicately placed it inside. Donna chewed softly while still remaining in a trance.

Slowly, Brody fed her all of the food off the plate this way. He thought about how he was directly fueling her growth, both by affording her more time, and by literally feeding her. It was satisfying to nurture the improvement of the person he loved most in the world.

After the meal was finished, Brody spoke up, "What are you thinking about?" He had learned by now that while Donna generally preferred to be left unbothered during her meditation sessions, she was still receptive to conversation if it intrigued her enough.

"Human growth hormone," Donna blankly replied, her eyes remaining shut.

"Uhh... Isn't that the stuff athletes use to dope with?" Brody replied.

"Technically, yes."

“Don’t tell me you’re going to use that shit…” Concern crept into Brody’s voice.

Donna chuckled. “Your worry for me is flattering sweetie. But you should know by now I wouldn’t mess with external HGH, no. Instead, I am focusing on my own natural supply of the hormone,” she explained.

“Time for another one of your explanations?” Brody replied.

Donna smirked. “I’m not positive what you enjoy more, my long-winded diatribes on how whatever the topic at hand is going to improve me further, or my incredible body. Though maybe it’s my dominance? My warmth? My beauty? I guess all of the above. Anyways, enough self-flattery. Everyone has human growth hormone, it’s part of what regulates, well, how we grow. After puberty however, growth, in particular growth pertaining to height, tends to cease for a few reasons. At that stage, even externally taking HGH typically won’t cause someone to grow taller—especially not a 51 year old woman. However, what I am experimenting with, is coaxing my body into re-entering growth mode. Of course, this has myriad complications: bone, tendon, and muscle structure; ‘growth plates’; distribution of skin; organ placement—so on and so forth. Still, considering I was able to do this—” her eyes still closed, Donna flexed her mammoth biceps, “through sheer force of will and whatever it is that’s different about my body, I don’t see why I can’t convince myself to grow taller as well.”

Brody remained silent for a few moments as his brain processed the information laid out before him. Donna smirked knowingly. Even with her eyes shut, she knew what Brody was doing—and found it cute.

Finally, Donna opened her eyes, standing up to her full height. She was still a full inch shorter than her husband, but thanks to their postures, the difference was less significant. “Now for the next part of my height-gain routine,” she announced before reaching her thick arms into the air, tendons and striations of muscles rippling in accordance.

“What are you doing?” Brody asked.

“Stretching my body out,” Donna explained. “Old bro-science says that stretching can help you grow. May as well include it. At the very least I can improve my flexibility, increasing my supremacy in another avenue.”

Brody watched in awe as Donna started a full stretching routine. He didn’t realize that someone so muscular could also be so flexible. After going through various poses for a few minutes, she sat down on the ground and reached forward. “Come over here and push my back,” she ordered.

“Will this really work?” Brody asked.

Donna chuckled softly, “Honestly B, it shouldn’t… but hey, was I supposed to gain all of the muscle that I have?”

Brody shook his head. “Alright, let’s do it.” He grabbed onto her feet in front of him, and started to pull backward.

Donna grunted a couple of times—the sound of bones popping and tendons stretching filled the air. Brody worried that he had pulled too hard, and exerted less force.

“Harder!” Donna demanded.

Not wanting to defy her on this issue, Brody resumed pulling, forcefully stretching her form as far as it would go.

“Yes, that’s it, keep it up!” Donna encouraged, her voice strained.

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This went on for a while as Brody continued to push, pull, and stretch out Donna's body to her specifications. From this point onward, helping Donna stretch became a ritual for Brody, and almost every time it culminated in yet another ‘cardio session’.

12.) One week after Brody took up the mantle of housekeeper.

Brody stared in awe at the magnificent naked specimen in front of him. Donna was admiring herself in the mirror as Brody gazed from afar on the bed. They had finished yet another one of their ‘joint cardio sessions’, which meant that while Brody was physically exhausted, Donna brimmed even more brightly. She thrived from physical exertion, displaying her dominance, and being worshiped—all of which occurred during their lovemaking. Donna was an endless fountain of energy that persevered through activities that rendered most people breathless.

Still stark naked, Donna stepped onto the nearby bathroom scale, weighing herself. She chuckled, “Hey Brody, how about you come over here?” she said.

Still somewhat winded, Brody got off of the bed sluggishly before making his way over. As he approached Donna, he remembered they were now the same height, as somehow Donna's mind-body connection meditation and stretching techniques had worked. And with her superior posture, she appeared taller than him. Brody glanced down at the scale beneath Donna’s feminine feet, it read ‘229’. He audibly gulped, and felt his erection slowly return despite having just recently climaxed.

After acknowledging that Brody had read the number, Donna stepped off. “Your turn.”

Brody got onto the scale, and a few moments later was met with ‘181’

“Pretty good for a 50 year old man that’s six feet tall and mostly muscle!” Donna enthused before pinching one of his well-rounded butt cheeks. “You’ve lost almost fifteen pounds since we started this a couple of months ago, really remarkable progress since you haven’t lost much lean mass,” she added with a warm smile.

“Yeah...” Brody got off. The tinge of disappointment in his voice betrayed how he truly felt, as he had already returned to ‘full mast’ from this tangible reminder of his wife’s dominance over him. “Hard to believe you have more than 45 pounds on me,” he murmured.

Despite his outward hesitation to the news, Donna could see that this was turning Brody on.

“Umm...” Brody started, acting uncharacteristically shy, “Just how big are your biceps anyways?” He blushed.

Donna giggled. “Brody, really, we’ve been married for how long? We’ve had how much freaky sex where you grope, squeeze, lick, and practically worship my muscles? Why are you being coy about this?”

He shrugged.

“Anyways, I don’t know,” Donna continued, “Let’s grab a measuring tape and find out.”

Brody shuffled over to the bathroom’s closet and fetched it. He returned, Donna flexed her right arm, and merely jut her chin towards it a couple of times with a knowing smirk. His fingers trembling slightly with anticipation, Brody wrapped the tape around her limb— which proved difficult due to the bicep’s impressive size. Finally, Brody managed to come to a measurement. “Just around 18 and a half inches,” he explained.

Donna grinned. “But wait...” she inhaled deeply, filling her powerful lungs to their capacity, and focused on generating as large a pump in her arms as possible before untensing and retensing the bicep a few times, forcing it to swell bigger.

“Holy shit...” Brody murmured as he fiddled with the tape to put it precisely over the split peak at the top of Donna’s arm, “19...” he said out loud.

Donna bit her lower lip in ecstasy—she was getting off on how amazing she was, and Brody’s reaction to it. “Your turn babe.”

Somewhat reluctantly, Brody handed the measure to his wife and flexed his own right arm. A fairly impressive bicep popped up and rippled slightly, but he knew right away that it was far smaller than Donna’s. She quickly wrapped the tape around. “15 and a quarter!” she declared with a grin. “It’s pretty much all muscle too! Nice!” she enthused sincerely.

Brody remained silent.

After a few moments, Donna spoke, “Whatcha thinking about?”

“Well, not only are your muscles larger than mine, but they’re a lot stronger inch for inch.”

Donna smirked, gently draping her arms around Brody’s shoulders. She leaned in and kissed his lips. “And we both know that’s the way you prefer it. Me too.”

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Shortly after the encounter in the bedroom, Brody requested that Donna further fine tune his training habits. She happily accepted, agreeing to push him even further. They started to work out together more often—which led to Brody realizing more of the extent of the difference between them. No matter what the exercise was, no matter how much vitality Donna had already spent before hand, she always lifted heavier weight, performed more repetitions, completed more sets, worked out more body parts, performed more challenging forms of cardio, maintained that cardio for longer, and managed

more of these workouts each day than Brody could. On top of this, Donna consumed far more food without any risk of adding body-fat to her frame, or ever becoming bloated or experiencing heartburn. Brody on the other hand, who was trying to remove the small vestiges of remaining fat on himself, had to intentionally eat a calorie deficit. As a result, Donna fueled her body with multiple times more nutrition than Brody, further increasing the gap in their progress.

Brody came to realize that Donna was truly superhuman—there was no way he could ever catch up to her. And truthfully, he was ok with that.

13.) One week later: two weeks into Brody's tenure as home keeper

Cooking all of the household's food provided more benefits for Brody beyond making Donna even greater. First, learning all of the recipes activated the parts of his brain tied to acquiring new skills, which had remained mostly dormant for years now.

Beyond this, Brody became more aware of precisely what went into his food, and how much of it did. In the process of learning to optimize Donna's nutrition, he understood how to optimize his as well. The caloric and nutritional breakdowns of almost every food in that entered the house became ingrained in his mind. This resulted in Brody eating healthier, trimming excess calories from his diet. *'It's impossible to become as muscular as Donna,'* he thought, *'But I can at least try to be as sexy as possible for her. And getting more ripped and lean is my best bet.'*

Brody was shirtless, wearing only jeans and underwear. He stood over a frying pan filled with a huge batch of eggs—most of which were for Donna. *'Funny that I used to think these were unhealthy. Now we eat a ton of eggs almost every day,'* he mused as he flipped the pan's contents.

He had become proud of his body, despite its inferiority to Donna's. His midsection now had a thick four-pack with a developing bottom pair of abs underneath. His arms and pecs were noticeably more toned than the average man's. *'I look better than most 30 year olds,'* he thought with a chuckle as he admired himself.

Donna entered the kitchen and slowly walked up behind him with a playful grace to her movements. A few moments later, she stood directly behind Brody, hands on her hips akimbo.

Without even turning around, Brody could tangibly feel Donna's presence looming over him. Her body was so large, so powerful, and so full of energy that its heat radiated onto him, without physical contact.

Donna was now an inch taller than Brody. He slowly turned around to face her, finding she was nude. He was pleasantly surprised by this, and immediately eyed up her body from head to toe. In the past week alone, she had gained over eight pounds of muscle in tandem with her height growth—increasing her width everywhere except her impeccable waistline, which appeared even slimmer next to her broader shoulders and wider hips.

Waistline was the only area that Brody was still thicker than Donna in—yet her midsection had bigger, harder abs.



“Smells good!” Donna cheerfully exclaimed before bending down slightly and kissing him with a little tongue.

Brody was still getting used to Donna being the one to lean down slightly for their kisses. “Thanks,” he replied. “I know it’s important to make sure you get the best fuel possible, so I’ve been working on my cooking game.”

“I can see. You’ve been working on your body-game, too—nice six-pack babe!” Donna exclaimed with a toothy grin, stroking her hands across his flat stomach—taking extra care to poke and prod the visible slabs of muscle.

“It’s not really a six-pack,” Brody muttered.

“Crunch your abs down,” Donna ordered.

Brody obeyed, the muscles in his midsection hardening in response.

“See, the bottom rows popped up—I’d say that’s a six-pack!” Donna grinned.

“Yeah, but, well, crunch yours down,” Brody replied.

Donna’s grin widened as she stretched up, breathed in deeply, then brought her abs down with as much force as she could muster. An explosion of muscular power rippled in front of Brody’s eyes. There were far more visible bumps on Donna’s abdomen than Brody’s, they were all thicker than his, and they jutted out further, despite her having less total surface area.

Brody ran his fingers through the deep, powerful ridges. He compared with his own midsection, which, while hard, felt comparatively soft next to hers.

“Another thing that occurred to me about the height growth,” Donna started mischievously, “Is that now I have more room to grow.”

“Errr... come again?” Brody replied.

“You heard me.”

“By growing, you have more room to grow... what?”

Donna giggled. “Yeah. By growing taller, I will have more surface area for the muscles to grow into. There’s good reason why taller individuals typically have a higher upper limit on how much strength they can develop.”

“Oh, right.” Brody understood, and his arousal increased even further. “So, that, combined with your ability to ‘compound’ muscles...”

“Mmmmmmm...” Donna cooed, “I love hearing you use my terms like that.” She licked her lips. “That’s right, all of this feeds into itself. The upward spiral. As I become taller, my capacity to hold muscle increases. Since that increases, the compounding factor can kick in even harder.” She giggled playfully.

“Bigger muscles on a bigger frame mean bigger pumps...” Brody murmured.

“You know it babe.” Donna grinned before undoing her husband’s pants, dropping them to reveal his awaiting erection. It was time for another ‘cardio session’.

14.) One Week Later

Brody entered Donna’s study with another meal for her. She sat in the desk’s chair, which was becoming increasingly small for her with each passing day. He knew from her position within the seat that she had gained another inch of height in the past week. Deep down, this caused some degree of relief for Brody, as there seemed to be consistency to her height gain: one inch per week. While he thoroughly enjoyed her continued ascent, the irregularity of it was somewhat stressful to deal with.

Donna’s thick lats sprawled beyond the chair—her rounded, cannonball-like deltoids flanking each side. Only Donna’s narrow waist remained covered by the back of the furniture.



Brody was somewhat surprised to find that Donna wasn't squatting, standing on one leg, or something similar to place some level of strain on her body. He figured this meant that she must have seriously exerted herself not so long ago, which made sense considering the musky, feminine scent of spent vitality filling the air—a mere whiff of which thrilled him.

Brody imagined Donna's impossible body recharging itself, even while she was busy training her mind. He knew that before long, whatever stamina was lost would be recovered, and she'd once again have a far greater reserve of energy than he could hope to.

He brought the meal over and set it beside her. Donna looked up with a grin. "Thanks Brody!" she greeted.

"So... what are you up to exactly?" Brody asked, looking over her desk.

"I'm listening to a podcast about philosophy while reading this report on protein synthesis in a recent clinical trial," Donna explained nonchalantly. "Oh, and talking to you as well it seems," she added with a wink.

"Are you really doing that though? I thought that multi-tasking was actually impossible, and no matter how good we think we are at it, we're really just dividing our attention between the tasks. Usually leading to us not doing as well of a job," Brody replied, referencing a few blog posts he had read.

"You really are a glutton for my explanations, aren't you dear?" Donna chuckled.

Brody shrugged. "I guess so. Well, enlighten me."

"Sure thing," Donna started, continuing to read the report, with an active earbud still producing noise. "What you said is true. Which is precisely why I'm doing this. It's tough to do, I must admit, but I feel it's challenging my brain much more."

"And let me guess..." Brody started.

"Let you guess what?"

"That your brain, like your body, is some kind of super mutant Donna thing, meaning that the more it's challenged, the stronger it becomes?" Brody explained.

She turned away from her reading just long enough to shoot Brody another huge toothy grin and wink. "You know it!" she said before returning to the report.

"Hmmm..." Brody started thinking out loud, "Normally when you're busy like this, it means you shouldn't be distracted... but by your logic, doesn't distracting you help challenge your mind even further?"

"Fair point," Donna replied, still absorbing information from both the podcast and the papers in front of her. "Well, have you done all of your chores?" she asked in a playful tone imitating a motherly figure.

"Yup. I'm getting pretty good at them."

“Judging from the tone of your voice, you aren’t lying.”

A shiver ran down Brody’s spine. Donna had been saying things like that more and more often over the past month. He wondered if she really possessed the capacity to know when he was being truthful or dishonest based off of his tone alone. Either way, the thought of yet another aspect for Donna to be superior and wield even more power thrilled him.

Donna spoke again, “Well, how about you make yourself useful and come massage me?”

Last year, Brody would most likely have made a smart-aleck comment and ultimately refused to massage Donna, unless there was something in it for him down the line. Today however, as he stared at the wide expanse of craterous muscles adorning her back, he wanted little more than to dig his fingers into it. So he eagerly did. Donna’s skin was still as smooth and soft as always—if not more so from the nutrients she was consuming—but underneath lay the hardest, densest, most intense, and most impressive back muscles he had ever felt. In comparison, his own were mushy, despite being well-developed for a regular man.

Brody continued kneading Donna's muscular backside with increasing vigor. She groaned with pleasure, enticing him to continue. Brody recalled how long before Donna got back in-shape he tried massaging her a few times, but had to exercise caution as even the slightest added force was painful for her. Today however, it seemed that no matter how hard he squeezed, Donna felt no pain at all, in fact, the harder he massaged, the more satisfied her moans were.

This continued for a few minutes as Brody's forearms began to burn. Eventually, Donna spoke up, “I have to say, the added distraction does seem to be helping as you predicted it might. This will be an even more fruitful study session, all thanks to you dear.”

Donna could sense that directly behind her, Brody was already becoming aroused like he usually did at any hint of her further improvement.

Brody’s mind whirled and he came up with an idea, which he internally praised as genius. “So... the more you’re distracted, the better, because your mind will be challenged that much more?”

“That’s one way to look at it,” Donna agreed.

“So... what if I really, really distracted you?” Brody said with a playful tone.

“Oh?” Donna raised a brow.

“You know, maybe if I did everything I possibly could to take your mind from the task at hand...”

“What exactly do you have in mind?”

“Something very... pleasurable.”

“Mmmm...” Donna purred. “Well, I do like pleasure. Let’s see what you’ve got in mind, big guy.”

Silently, Brody got down on his hands and knees and crawled underneath the desk. For the first time in a while, Donna was genuinely surprised—she didn’t expect him to go this far, but she didn't object.

With Donna's huge, jutting, diamond-like calves flanking him, Brody could clearly smell Donna's awaiting sex. Without delay, he slid her athletic shorts down her tremendous trunk-like legs. Heat radiated from the immense thighs, which could doubtlessly crush his neck at any moment—not that Brody harbored any fear of such a thing occurring. Instead, Brody derived comfort from this fact, knowing that Donna was inching ever closer to effective invulnerability. With no further obstructions, he passionately began to service her. Despite thoroughly enjoying his efforts, she was utterly focused on continuing to read the report while listening to the podcast. This challenged Brody to consume Donna harder and faster. She uttered soft moans of pleasure, which in turn heightened Brody's arousal.

At last, both Brody and Donna could no longer control themselves, and they climaxed in tandem—marking the start of another regular ritual between them.

15.) One Week Later - The Beach

It had been about a month and a half since Donna and Brody last visited the beach, and the disparity between their bodies had increased greatly. Despite this, Brody's body was ripped from his efforts. Donna however, had grown yet another inch in height and gained over twenty pounds of sheer muscle in the past week alone.

Donna was now noticeably taller than Brody, and looked much larger. There wasn't a single muscle on her body that wasn't prominently developed—she was like a living, breathing anatomy structure with large pert breasts and wide hips.

All eyes that turned in Donna's direction stayed on her. None had ever seen a woman simultaneously so large, muscular, powerful, and beautiful. There were very few men remaining on the planet that held more muscle mass than Donna.



About an hour into the trip, Donna led Brody over to the beach's gym, where an assortment of muscular, bronzed individuals were busy pumping their bodies, flaunting them to an admiring public. The weight lifters were used to being around other muscular people, but none were prepared for Donna. She had the heroic figure of a Mr. Olympia winner, combined with the vitality of an Olympic athlete, the radiance of a supermodel, and the confidence of a high-powered executive that knew their worth.

Donna strolled up to the dead lift area, where a huge man—taller than Donna—was lifting a tremendous amount of weight, and making a great ruckus to generate hype for his onlookers. In particular, a short hard bodied woman with dyed blue hair clung to his side, who Donna presumed was his girlfriend or similar.

After he dropped the weight with a huge clash, Donna spoke up “Mind if I work in?” she asked with a smirk.

The man stared silently for a second.

Donna continued, “I was just being polite. I'm going to take a turn.” She stepped up to the barbell. “Five hundred, huh? Pretty good. Though, I'm looking to push myself a bit today—use heavier weights than what I've got at home,” she explained before grabbing onto the bar with both hands and performing a dead lift with perfect form. Her back and hamstrings rippled, filling to even greater proportions as they were challenged somewhat from the motion. “Still, not THAT tough,” she declared before dropping the hefty weight down with a crash and lifting it again. Donna performed a few more repetitions before stopping. “Someone be a dear and slap on another 100 pounds for me,” she ordered.

The man grunted. “Fuck that,” he said. “Rack up your own damn weight.” The girl at his side looked fairly conflicted—her gaze frequently darting between the man and Donna.

Donna scowled at him. Fortunately, before the situation could become any more tense, Brody came over and fulfilled her request. He had to use two hands to lift up a single 50 pound plate, which was somewhat humbling for him after watching Donna dead lift ten times that.

The man snickered. “I see you've got your little beta bitch whipped real good.”

Donna shot him a freezing glance and silently entered position to lift again. With the total weight up to 600 pounds, Donna next grunt was louder as she lifted the weight, the activated muscles bursting forward even further. Despite the added weight, Donna was still able to stand up completely straight with relative ease. She performed another repetition for emphasis before glancing over at the man, “What was that about beta bitches?” she asked with a grin before demanding, “More weight!”

Brody hopped to and racked up yet another 100 pounds, bringing the total to 700.

At this point, even the heckling weight lifter was watching with baited breath as Donna strolled up to the barbell. She entered position and confidently grabbed onto it, her muscles bunching up even more menacingly. A few moments later, after a loud, feminine grunt, Donna had conquered the enormous weight. “Not enough,” she declared loudly, letting the bar fall to the ground with a clash that filled the air.

Donna turned to the short girl accompanying the weight lifting man. “You. Want to do the honors of adding another 100 to the bar?” she asked with a knowing smirk.

The girl seemed genuinely surprised that Donna paid her any attention at all. She looked up at the weight lifting man with an expression of uncertainty. He looked down and scowled. “You going to really obey this bitch, Vanilla?”

The girl, shrugged her capped shoulders, a cute collection of feminine traps rising in response. “I guess so,” she replied before walking over to the plates and grabbing onto a fifty. It required her considerably more effort than Brody to pick it up, but she still managed. Her shapely biceps popped with life as she eventually added one plate on each end of the barbell.

“Alright kids, let me show you what REAL athletic prowess looks like!” Donna declared as she got into position to lift the new total of 800 pounds.

As Donna slowly lifted the weight, the muscles in her back, which were already engorged from prior engagement, exploded in a symphony of triumph. Even more blood flooded into them as her inhuman pump increased to heroic proportions; the thick veins cascading across her body thickened intensely as they worked even harder to fuel Donna’s muscles; her normally unchallenged face grew deep red from the effort; beads of sweat poured down her forehead; her arms, legs, and even torso also expanded as her body continued working at the Herculean task at hand.

The barbell holding the weight began to warp and bend as it buckled from the pressure pulling against it. Donna grunted loudly, demanding the attention of everyone within the vicinity.

After a short moment, Donna managed to fully stand up straight with the weight still in her hands. “Fuck yes...” she uttered, a rare obscenity for a triumphant achievement. Donna let the weight fall with an even greater crash than the previous repetition.

Her body flooded with endorphins, her confidence rocketed to a new high. And with increasing desire to push herself while simultaneously mentally dominating everyone around her, Donna reached down to grab onto the bar again. The second repetition required more effort, her already hyper-pumped muscles managing to gain just a little extra temporary size. Donna released the weight again, and engaged in one final repetition, her body achieving mind-blowing proportions in the process.

There was no contest—Donna was by far the strongest person in the vicinity. In fact, she was the strongest woman alive. Only a few elite men could hope to challenge her whatsoever, and Donna knew it was only a matter of time until that was no longer true. She was unbridled power and sex appeal wrapped together in an unreal package. Even the man who had been heckling her was finally coming around.

“I guess I do gotta give props for your mad gains,” he admitted.

“Oh yeah? You think that an old woman like me has good muscles?” Donna asked rhetorically.

“No way you’re older than most of the bitches here,” he replied.

Donna narrowed her gaze, “Firstly, stop arbitrarily referring to women as bitches. Secondly, yes, I am, I am fifty one years old,” she declared proudly.

The man guffawed, “No way you’re 50. You’re like 35, tops.”

“I’m flattered, but no, I’m much, much more muscular and intelligent than I was at 35.”

“Must be hotter too,” the man added.

Donna knew that it was going to lead to this, and now she could strike. “You want to feel?” she asked turning around and flexing her back directly in front of him.

Brody looked on as the younger, larger man made passes at his wife, and felt his stomach churn. *‘I trust Donna, but... Is she actually flirting back with him?’* He wondered. *‘Despite being married for so long sometimes she's unpredictable for me. I just have to put my trust in her for now...’*

The man reached over and placed his hands on Donna’s awaiting back. He explored the deep ridges of the hard, feminine muscle.

“You like that?” Donna asked.

“Gotta admit that I do.”

“Well, enjoy it while you can.” Donna snickered.

“Right...”

“Say, what’s your name anyways?”

“Brah.”

“What. No really, what’s your name?” Donna laughed.

“I already told you, it’s fuckin’ Brah!”

“Really... Brah? BRAH?!” Donna exclaimed, laughing heartily. She turned around looked at him incredulously.

“Got a problem?”

“That can’t possibly be your real, biological, birth name,” Donna quipped.

Brah cleared his throat. “Nothing wrong with a man changin’ his name. Don’t need mommy deciding that for me,” he retorted.

“Considering you went ahead and apparently named yourself ‘Brah’, I would say that yes, you do need your mother to determine what to call yourself.” Donna laughed harder.

“Wow. No need to be a cunt.”

Donna’s expression turned from bemused to angry. “You want to know what I do to uncouth men that insult my husband, Brah? Especially those that use the word ‘cunt’?”

“You want to fight or something bitch? Seems pretty basic to me, thought you were all smart and shit.”

Donna smirked, “No. There would be no fight between us. It’d be a purely one-sided assault, a massacre—how injured you’d end up would entirely rest on how merciful I feel like being. Fortunately for you, I don’t resort to violence unless absolutely needed.”

Brah averted his eyes. He wanted to fire back with a retort, but deep down he knew it was pointless. Somehow, this random woman, claiming to be 20 years older than him, was superior to him in virtually every possible way.

During this, Brah’s girlfriend, Vanilla, continued staring more and more intently at Donna.

Donna continued, “What I do is I take from them. I take something important that can increase my glory even further. For example, if you were in business, I would find a way to compete with you and funnel your success into mine. Unfortunately, you’re a complete loser, so that won’t be happening. Instead...” she paused for a moment to ensure that Brah was following along, “Unless I’m mistaken, the entire foundation of your relationship is based off of you showcasing your alpha qualities. Metaphorically, and possibly literally, beating away the competition into submission. Am I incorrect?” Donna asked with a smug expression, her hands still on her hips.

“Uhhhh...” Brah replied.

“What does she mean?” the girl whispered to him.

Donna heard that and answered, “What I’m saying, is that I’m pretty sure that you only date Brah here because he’s the largest, strongest, and overall most dominant person you’ve met—that has taken an interest in you at least. Right?”

Vanilla thought about the question for a moment, pouting cutely before replying, “I... think so. Yeah.”

“I mean, surely you’re not attracted to his mind, ability to raise a family, or future prospects. Even from this brief encounter I can effortlessly deduce that his personality is trash, and he’s likely borderline abusive. Right?”

Vanilla blinked a few times. “Yeah...” she said turning her gaze to the ground.

“So, considering I am stronger, harder, faster, smarter, more athletic, worth far more money, and have even greater potential to improve myself, I think it’s fair to say that you should abandon Brah here and service my husband and I tonight.”

Vanilla scratched her head with a confused expression.

Donna added, “I’m saying you should dump Brah and have a threesome with us.”

Vanilla’s eyes widened. “Oooooooh....” Her thick lips curled into a perfect O-shape.

“That is, if my husband is okay with it,” Donna said, turning to Brody.

Brody grinned and nodded eagerly.

“Sounds like fun! Seeya some other time Brah!” Vanilla moved over to Donna, reached up, and started groping the older woman’s huge biceps.

“So tell me, Brah. How does it feel knowing that a mere 51 year old lady like me has managed to not only emasculate you in terms of strength, but also stole your arm-candy?” Donna smirked somewhat cruelly.

“I...” Brah was entirely flustered.

“And the next time we meet, if we meet again, I’ll be even greater. I’ll be so much larger, stronger, and all-around superior to you, that you’ll be more akin to an ant in my presence.”

Brah shook his head and muttered something unintelligible.

Donna wrapped an arm around Vanilla and another around Brody. “That, Brah, is what happens when you call my husband a ‘beta bitch’—you cunt.”

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Triumphant, Donna led the love of her life, and a new fling away from the beach and towards a new future that would mutually benefit all three of them.

To be continued!