(**Warning**: This story contains female muscle and sexual content)

Kikyo hated competition. She viewed everyone around her as obstacles to obtaining what she felt was hers by right; Clout and recognition. Even if someone had not personally crossed her, she believed their talents and excellence would eventually pose a threat to her, that it’d eclipse her own achievements and brilliance.

If she couldn’t shine brighter, then she’d dim other people’s lights until she alone stood in under the spotlight.

For those ends, she had cultivated a persona, a façade that allowed people to open up to her, to show their vulnerabilities to her, to lower their guard and spill their secrets to her. Secrets she could use. And even if they did not confide in her, well, she had become quite the expert at digging up the truth without anyone knowing.

Much to her chagrin, not as good as she had hoped…

The blog where she revealed the secrets of everyone in her class in middle school had its intended purpose, they began fighting one another… but she had slipped up, and they realized what happened, who truly was responsible. It resulted in her expulsion, and she had to move heaven and earth in order to get into this prestigious academy even with such a black mark on her history.

Suzune had attended the same middle school, she *had* to know what she had done. She possessed knowledge that was a threat to her, knowledge that could *ruin* her. That would lead to her bubbly and cheerful mask crumbling into pieces.

She was a threat, an obstacle to remove. Kikyo had plotted so many ways to get Horikita expelled lest she spilled the whole truth about her.

…Funny, nowadays she felt the opposite. Kushida wanted her to *stay*.

Perhaps it was foolish of her, a critical lapse in judgment… but Kushida felt more fulfilled with Suzune around, seeing her as a true rival. Someone who would *push* her to become better.

It all started the day Suzune first bulked up when she saw those firm muscles at work. All thanks to that miracle drink.

Kikyo did not take long to follow her, grabbing her own hoard of soda cans that held greatness inside.

With that greatness came *size*. Girth. Power. Muscle.

Kikyo had become an amazon, a youthful bodybuilder filled to the brim with muscles that pulsated with energy, rippling lines of definition, and throbbing veins. And she *loved* it. She had never felt so invigorated in her entire life before.

Kikyo rose from bed with plenty of energy like she always did nowadays, she looked at her partner on the other side. Horikita, the girl she was supposed to hate, to force out of the academy through any means necessary… but now felt compelled to keep her around, her presence inspiring a sense of completion, a drive, a need to surpass her.

Kiyko adored that muscular beauty as much as it caused her rage. She felt a flame of lust and anger burn with equal intensity. She wanted Suzune around as her equal, her heated rival, her passionate lover, her inspiration to become bigger and surpass her. To reach greater levels of strength and muscle.

…The two needed each other, for Arisu had thoroughly surpassed them and left them in the dust.

And that inspired far greater loathing than Suzune’s presence ever could. For this meant someone had truly and completely surpassed her.

But not for long, they had sworn. Suzune and Kikyo promised they would reach the top together, and then truly compete as the two became the last ones standing.

Kikyo removed a few strands of hair from Suzune’s sleeping face, tenderly touching her cheek as she debated kissing her. God, the line between endearment and dislike was true a thin one, wasn’t it?

Kikyo huffed, flinging her feet out of bed, and stood up naked, walking straight towards her full-length mirror where she began to hit pose after pose. It was a morning routine the two had grown fond of, to admire each other in the mirror, to bask in their own musculature, and relish in the pleasure that the rippling of their heavy muscles brought.

“Hng!” Kikyo grunted, tightly holding her wrist in a powerful side chest that made her bicep swell imperiously and her chest tighten.

Soon a figure joined her in the mirror, seems Suzune had quickly woken up and was ready to start the day just as her. “Sloopy form,” The long-haired girl commented, placing a quick kiss on Kikyo’s shoulder.

Kikyo huffed a laugh, “Oh and you are the master of flexing then?”

Suzune smirked challengingly and stepped around her, hogging the mirror. She stood in front of it and snapped her arms into a double bicep pose, making thick veins crisscross her python-like arms, her ballooning shoulders rolled with waves of muscle as she slowly brought down her hands upon her hips and spread her wing-like lats.

Kikyo arms came up from behind her, hugging her shredded stomach nuzzling against her neck. “Soft,” She muttered before placing a seductive kiss upon Suzune’s neck, followed by the gentle prodding of her tongue.

Suzune chuckled before gently moaning in pleasure, memories of last night’s activities surging to her mind. Another night of frenzied, angry, and very much passionate sex fueled by their intense rivalry, and their boiling desire to surpass their common enemy.

Arisu still surpassed them so much that it hurt their pride.

That would have to change, soon. They were reaching their limit, there was only so much they could grow on their own. Their supplement reserves had been almost exhausted; they needed a new batch.

“We need more cans,” Suzune said, making Kikyo stop kissing her neck.

“Yes,” She *growled*. “That bitch won’t remain the biggest much longer. We won’t *let her*”

No, they would not. A fire was ignited in their eyes, a fire they both had come to love, making an equally fiery flame burn in their lower regions.

“A shower first…” Suzune licked her lips.

Kikyo’s chest rumbled. She took Suzune’s hand and quickly guided her towards her bathroom.

Soon after, the two were under the hot shower. Its warm droplets splashed against their soft skin and hardened muscles, trailing down as waterfalls and coursing rivers until their amazonian bodies were soaking wet. Kikyo sighed in pleasure as she ran her hands over her curves and muscles, momentarily stopping on her breasts to fondle their massive softness, before finally setting her hands behind her heads. Posing to flex her core and bounce her breasts in Suzune’s direction. She smirked haughtily at her rival, “I can see your mouth watering even under the shower, you can’t resist how much you want to *fuck me*”

Suzune’s jaw clenched, and the muscles in her neck rippled from the action, fists shaking slightly as her arm muscles *jumped* from the effort. She may have proposed the shower, but; “You were in a hurry to get me here,” She brought her arms down and arched forward, pulling a fierce most muscular, “Because you can’t wait to get a taste of *this*” Her shoulder muscles and neck framed her upper body in an arc, positioning her head between the shredded lumps of flesh, her arms vigorously pumping veins as she put more strength into her flex.

Kikyo’s burning anger mixed in with the heated arousal building in her loins at the sight of her rival’s body. She wanted to wipe that smirk off her face…

So she threw herself at Horikita, squeezing her arms around her body as hard as she could in a display of dominance, trying to overpower her. But it wouldn’t hold, for Suzune was just as motivated to take her down, tightly pressing her arms around her in turn.

Their breasts squished against each other, bridging the gap between them until smushed-up balls of soft flesh remained, hard knobs digging painfully into each other’s breasts. They tumbled against the walls, panting and grunting as she tried to dominate the other. Legs roughly grinding against their cores, with their enormous thigh muscles flexing and stimulating each other, competing to see who would cum first.

Their clash continued in the way of their lips locking, smacking wet sounds escaping their mouths as they moaned and grunted in between sloppy kisses, their tongues dancing around each other with frenzy.

Their hips slammed against each other like hydraulic hammers, bringing themselves closer to the edge as juices spilled around their thighs, mixing with the water running down their enormous bodies.

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Gym #4, basement level, the place where their beloved supplement was stored. Hidden away inside a supply closet, its location a secret except to those, as far as they could speculate, were found worthy and full of promise. That was the best hypothesis they could come up with as to how Arisu had come to know about it in the first place. But the mere thought was infuriating, for that meant they were considered unworthy.

It was a mystery that had yet to be unraveled. Between the two and Arisu, they were the only girls who began drinking the sodas. No other student so far showed signs they had been taking the supplement… yet.

So they needed to stock up. Their mutually beneficial partnership could allow them to get as many of the precious cans as they could and split them equally. Even if they would eventually confront each other to secure their place as the biggest, brightest, and strongest students in the academy, they first needed to surpass Arisu.

And for that, they needed more cans.

…But it was with horror and disbelief they stared at that purple vending machine, its casing lacking any sort of glass panel preventing them from seeing how many cans were left, so it was a single note adhered to the machine that informed them.

‘Empty’

No… No that couldn’t be right.

“M-Must be a test,” Kikyo stammered in denial, “They couldn’t have left it empty, they just couldn’t!” She fumbled with her student card and slotted in, pressing the button. They heard the thunks and thuds of the internal mechanism, but there was a different quality to it from other times. Like the mechanism wasn’t pulling and loading anything, further proved by the clicking sound in the dispenser area, only for nothing to come out.

Their fears were realized. There were no more cans, and they had no idea when they would fill it out again. If ever…

On the card slot, the digital numbers showed Kikyo’s number of points, and the amount subtracted from it with her purchase.

The short-haired girl trembled in indignation and anger, “Damn you…!”

Suzune tried to reign in her mounting frustration, trying to think of a way around their situation. “We still have a few cans,” She reasons, “We can run them through the lab, find out their components, and start brewing them ourselves”

“We need to request permission to use the facilities!” Kikyo turned around with a furious gaze. “And we need to disclose our findings to the school staff, who’ll report it to the school authorities! What do you think they’ll do if they find we’re trying to copy their formula?!”

“You think they’ll expel us?” Horikita scoffed, “Why even give us the beverage in the first place? You are not thinking logically.”

“They didn’t give it to *us*, they gave it to *Sakayanagi*” Kushida spat through her teeth. “We *took it*”

“And yet we received no warning, no reprimand, nor punishment for doing so” Suzune pointed out.

Kikyo couldn’t argue with her logic, but that only stoked her rage even further. She growled and turned to the machine one more, placing her hands on one of the borders, and began gripping it with all her strength.

Her form-fitting uniform, custom-designed to fit her larger frame, became snug as her muscles flexed from the effort, the metal of the machine *groaning* as she began to pry the surface panel off its hinges. Shoulders swelled slightly as faint sounds of threads snapping were heard, evolving until the fabric snapped at the seams. The back of her vest tore down the middle, revealing the white undershirt that was quickly ripping in tandem.

The peaks of her biceps ripped through her sleeves as with a mighty pull, Kikyo managed to remove the frontal panel from the vending machine. She desperately looked inside, panting from the effort, hoping to find at least a single remaining can left.

She found none.

Kikyo let a strangled noise from her throat and punched the machine on the other side, making a dent in the metal.

Suzune watched all this with a judgmental eye. Honestly, for a girl who prided herself in keeping her true nature hidden, this was a massive slip on her part. Was it because she knew the truth and so didn’t bother restraining herself in this moment? Or was it because their changing biology, which involved increased libido and stronger bursts of emotion led them to become like this?

She added herself to the last question because she wasn’t certain how she would have reacted. Suzune knew herself well enough to admit part of her wanted nothing more than to break the damn machine.

“If you finished acting like a rampaging gorilla,” She ignored the glare sent her way. “I believe we should plan out our next move”

“…Later,” Kikyo grunted, looking at the state of her dress. “I need to blow off steam”

Well, Suzune had to admit she was feeling stressed as well. They wouldn’t get anywhere until they worked off their frustration. “Gym?”

“The open-aired pool,” Kikyo replied, a hint of that false sweetness creeping in. “It’s a hot day, a few pretty girls are bound to be there”

Well, now that was something Suzune could get behind.

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Kikyo and Suzune were *very* aware of the effect their bodies had on others. Being tall figures built with the most powerful and tantalizing muscles, they stood as the apex of human potential, exuding raw allure and inspiring pure arousal and feelings of devotion.

Suzune was very fond of that moment she had with Ichinose, how she got the girl to worship her muscles so easily. She’d have to look her up again one of these days, no doubt she’d *love* her even larger size.

Kikyo remembered a late night at the gym, a young man was watching her intently when it was just the two of them, seeing her muscles bulge and ripple under the strain of heavy weights. His erection poked underneath the fabric, she pretty much demanded her masturbated right then and there as he watched her. She held great satisfaction in hearing him moan and cum in his pants as she finished her set that day.

Indeed, there was nothing more arousing than to display their dominance before those who were smaller, let them bask in their muscular beauty, and make them succumb to unbridled lust. The open pool would be the perfect place to catch the gaze and touch of a few fortunate students. It was a mutually beneficial deal really, they’d unload some of this stress, and they’d get to fondle their bodies until pleasure overwhelmed them.

Dressed in skimpy bikinis, the two approached the pool area, grinning at the congregation of female students gathered there. Five of them in total, of varying each possessing an undeniable feminine allure. They were huddled up around a sunlounger, looking rather… anxious, eager? The two amazon women wondered what got them in such as state, considering they weren’t even looking at them…

The reason made itself known, emerging from the pool like a siren. Yet this one didn’t need to sing to bring them under her spell. Arisu’s massive upper body rose, water cascading down her figure, her blue bikini looking like it was almost painted on as it stuck to her wet skin. The space from shoulder to shoulder was a massive mountain range, and her biceps, goodness her biceps were larger than any of these girls’ heads.

Arisu remained larger than them by a wide margin, a gap they couldn’t bridge…

The two could do nothing but watch as Arisu climbed out of the pool, her enormous legs rippling magnificently as she stood up, water quickly pooling around her. The girls all shuddered and moaned, experiencing arousal and pleasure at the mere sight of this titan of a girl. “Hmm that was refreshing…” Arisu cooed as she placed her arms behind her head, flexing her muscles at once. The sudden tensing of her figure made the bikini snap, revealing her naked body. One of the girls couldn’t stop herself, and began to furiously masturbate, falling to the floor on her knees.