The clang of weights came to an end, as Chun Li set the bar upon its rack. The enormous weights on both ends caused the reinforced bar to *bend* and only straightened out when it was set back in its place.

Chun Li stepped away, panting as her body drenched itself with sweat, seeping into the stretched yoga pants that highlighted every nook and cranny of world-wide-famed legs. Her blue crop top and black sports bra underneath were tightly clinging against her strong back and prominent bosom, showcasing the rows of pumped abdominals that seemed to pop with each breath.

Her arms twitched and rippled with the slightest movement, forearms tought from firmly grasping the bar during so many reps, droplets of sweat cascading from her shoulders and down her biceps, one fittingly coursed over a thick vein.

Her body was a weapon, an instrument of her duty, a source of pride. She had to keep it in shape.

But it was not enough, it was never enough, not with every maniac rising from the shadows every time the last one was defeated.

The bun-haired woman took another deep breath, this time bringing her hands together in front of her stomach, and exhaled. She repeated the process a few times, timing the rhythm of her breathing with the flow of chi.

In and out. Push and pull. Opposite forces working in tandem. Yin and Yang.

She visualized the swirls in her mind, emanating from the depths of her soul, the chi gathering with such *power* it manifested *outwards*.

The sounds of leather stretching filled the room. Her biceps began first, inflating with mass, her built limbs lengthened and thickened, changing her built arms into pythons packed with meat, her wristbands struggled under the surge of flesh until they began to crack...

Her back widened, her lats spread like wings, the material of her tops stretching further and further until it was skintight against a valley of flesh, the traps next to her neck rising like hills.

And her legs, her *powerful* legs reached far beyond the realm of one of the world’s best fighters, and became *divine*. Even the stretchy material was straining under the rise of such magnificent mountains, sounds of fabric tearing accompanying the sounds of flesh growing, joined by grunts and stifled moans as the seat of her pants dampened, and not with sweat.

Her hands ceased their lock and clenched into fists as she slowly lifted her arms until they were perpendicular to her chest, giving room for her ample bosom to expand even more. Stretching the black workout top and her blue crop top to the limit, gashes and tears spread on all sides as thick pectorals rose…

The surge of chi reached the apex, and Chun Li howled out a cry of victory and ecstasy as she spread her arms to the side, thrusting her chest out and triggering the utter annihilation of her clothes. Her wristbands exploded into pieces, her tops flew like confetti, and her leggings unraveled utterly, leaving not even a trace of fabric on legs so monumental they were rubbing against each other. Stoking the head as liquid pleasure dribbled from her sex and coated her inner thighs.

Chun Li panted, a satisfied smile spreading as she looked down at her imperiously large body. Strongest Woman in the World, that was her title, and with this body she intended to keep it.