(**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 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.