

# Champion

## Obsession

Written & edited by Amnoartist

Libby just couldn't stop eye-fucking herself in the mirror. The way every muscle on her frame seemed to flow gracefully from limb to limb, inch by inch in spite of its engorged size was nothing short of exhilarating for the girl. Bulging outwards in sync with her distinctly heavy breaths, veins of varying thickness snaked across the length of her chest that once proudly boasted a porn star-shaming rack of breasts. No more, replaced with pectorals champion bodybuilders could only *dream* of possessing, instilling jealousy towards Libby.

Libby's parents never understood her clear-cut obsession with bodybuilding. She was never really a sporty kind of kid, growing up. Something must've changed in her during high school, like a switch had been flipped at some point, and she only got more interested — obsessed — by the time college came around. By then, Libby was already bigger than most guys — students and tutors alike — and had a small collection of trophies from bodybuilding contests that rested on a small shelf in her bedroom. That was a couple of years ago. Now, that shelf had been swapped for a cabinet to house yet more trophies, each bigger than the last in both sheer size and sense of achievement.

Her long mane of lush red hair matted with sweat, Libby turned sideways to present her bicep proudly, smiling confidently as its sharp peak rose to meet her eyes, the veins atop it cute yet fierce, soft yet packed with power. Libby wasn't one for keeping track of her measurements. What would be the point if she wanted to keep growing anyway? She'd set a precedent for herself to grow as much as she possibly could, even if that meant breaking the barrier of human capabilities, meant growing so big she couldn't move. Libby was bigger than anyone she knew — directly or otherwise — but still had a ways to go before reaching that goal and inevitably striving to push past it.

Libby's grunt was as deep as expected from someone who regularly ladled HGH into their system like it was a soft drink. She, of course, knew of the dangers in going too far with such things, but they were blatantly disregarded in her obsessive pursuit for 'more.' To match, her jawline had become squarish in shape. Gone were the cute dimples she was once known for having, replaced with striated cheekbones and the light redness befitting an outbreak of acne. Libby was far from the once cute girl most boys fawned over, now a freakish mass monster they'd be too afraid to even look at.

Of course, Libby had received her fair share of comments over the years, more derogatory than complimentary, but she didn't care much for them. Instead, the comments themselves were worn like armor, actively basking in her new descriptors: 'freak,' 'weirdo,' 'she-man.' Such labels were what Libby actively sought. If she was being identified as such on account of being so ripped and man-shamingly huge, then she must've been doing something right.

The weight on the squat rack behind her was nothing short of impressive. At something well over 1000KG, Libby was all too aware there was nobody out there in the world stronger than her, not to mention bigger. Her all-encompassing shadow swallowed the squat rack long before she even brushed her callused hand over the bar. She wasn't one for heeding safety precautions, preferring her workouts to be as raw and animalistic as possible, so it was no wonder her hands were so roughened and leathered. Like the names, she wore the collection of scars as armor too.

Positioning herself under the rack's bar, Libby grunted softly as the full weight was lifted upwards with relative ease. There was no mistaking the redhead's brute strength, but for one to see it displayed so effortlessly was nothing short of a spectacle. Her quads expanded in their fated flex, slowly at first, audibly stretching themselves outwards as the first rep was executed flawlessly. Her abs crunching under and atop one another, Libby exhaled as the bar was manipulated to push upwards and reset for the second rep, feeling her calves tremble under the motion not with strain, but a sensation — a want — to expand.

Libby's chuckle was deep, something that would instill a sense of surprise in even her father, himself a deep-toned bear of a man. Or at least, a bear to everyone who wasn't his comparatively gargantuan daughter. Libby loved this sensation: that of feeling powerful, as though she could do anything, take anything on, her biceps pressing hard into the bar and threatening to bend it out of shape.

It didn't take much for Libby to slip into a state of arousal. Outside of the unhealthy and self-obsessed eye-fucking, Libby was turned on by her sheer strength and size. So it was no surprise that by the time she'd completed her fourth squat, she'd found her pussy pulsing with excitement, its respective muscles bulging with a curious want. It was all just part of a normal, routine day for her. Eat, workout, pose, workout again, and touching herself in between if the occasion called for it. And when that happened, it was a blur of emotions, feelings. She was strong enough to hold the rack upright with one hand while the other was used for self-pleasure.

Even to so much as to touch herself was a light workout for Libby, what with the way the thick sinews of her forearms flailed and rippled with the motion of her digits massaging her even thicker pussy muscles twitching with ecstasy. She bit her lip, the arousal was so overpowering, the slightest trickle of blood curving down her chin and dripping onto her thick pecs.

Her reflection stared back at her, this monstrous, beastly, inhumanly large redheaded thing with a perverted desire to grow. Those known to Libby would call this a dangerous obsession, but to her it was more than that. To her, it was a way of life, a calling like a religion. It was something that her mind had crafted to make her believe had to be done, as though her life depended on it. As far as the Herculean redhead was concerned, she needed to grow, and wouldn't dare think what life would be like if things were any different — if she was the mousy, scrawny redhead of yesteryear.

Libby's heartbeat quickened, the thrill of arousal taking precedence over all things now, vision blurring to the crippling sensation of the redhead's musculature

expanding hand-in-hand with it all. Skin stretching and creaking, bones breaking from resistance against the collective weight of the muscles layered over them ballooning to house such a girl of gargantuan size, drooling over her own growth. Her shadow towered higher now, widening and stretching to engulf the weight machines in a fierce darkness, leaving them in naught but a field of black in its ever-growing wake...