(**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.

The other girls only had so much restraint in the fact that they only fondled themselves, panting and moaning at the sight of their towering amazon. Either out of desire or a sense of devotion, one of the students, a lovely-looking girl with a curvaceous figure and long brown locks pulled in a ponytail, approached Arisu with a towel in hand. The genius girl smirked down at her fan, keeping her pose invitingly, and so she began to towel her off with great care. The student had a dreamy smile on her face as she dried off one of Arisu’s tree trunk-like legs, before tenderly running the tower over her abs as she looked up at her. Her imposing height put Arisu much higher than her worshipper, this one being around her mid-rift, a bit below her breasts.

Kushida and Horikita were painfully reminded that if were to stand in front of her, their eyes would line up with Arisu’s nipples…

Soon the others joined her, helping dry off the genius of Class A as far as their arms could reach, wanting to catch even the slightest bit of muscle under their touch. The further they could reach was her imposing back and enormous breast and pectorals, leaving her head completely wet still. Arisu seemed to be amusing herself by standing taller than them, letting them work for it.

Her gaze turned to the newcomers, the smaller amazons looked at her with jealousy and restrained lust. They were clearly doing their darndest not to jump her, either to fight or to once more pleasure her to high heaven, even the two didn’t know…

Arisu just smirked condescendingly at them, showing she did not need them now. She had her own cadre of followers ready to service her. And she would show them right now. Arisu walked towards the sun lounge and lay down face up, the chair was a touch too small for her, with the armrests barely behind a third of her arms’ width, causing them to lay at an angle, and her feet resting over the floor as they were far too long for the chair. The girls followed after the titan, muttering words of amazement and praise at her size.

“Should we put lotion on you?” A young woman with short shaggy red hair muttered, almost licking her lips in anticipation.

“You already did,” Arisu said with a smile, and the girls whined in disappointment. “I could use a massage though~”

That lifted their spirits up even more, and so scattered around her to cover more ground, claiming a limb or part of her body as they proceeded to run their hands over her enormous muscles, kneading and prodding over the hardened mass.

“God you’re so big…” One of the girls tending her legs muttered in awe. “Your legs are bigger than my torso”

“Enjoy them as much as you’d like,” Arisu simply said. “This is my gift to you” A reward for their faithful servitude.

The girl who had masturbated previously continued once more, one hand shoved underneath her bikini bottom while the other one worshipped the monumental bicep, she panted in between desperate sloppy kisses planted all over its surface. Her tongue peeked out, trailing over a pencil-thick vein on the mound of flesh. All the while her other hand was going to town on herself, rubbing her sensitive folds with vigor, sending shocks of pleasure over her body.

Arisu turned her head to smile at her, “Oh Megumi, you just can’t help yourself can you?”

The purple-haired girl shuddered in agonizing pleasure. “Y-You’re everything I want and more,” She panted, rubbing her cheek over Airsu’s bicep as her hand continued working overtime. “Y-You- I-I dream of you every night!”

“Hmm,” Arisu made an amused sound, “And how many times have you masturbated today, thinking of me?”

Megumi gritted her teeth. “T-Three!”

“Oh my, so little?” She giggled, “Here I thought a cutie like you would show more enthusiasm~”

At being called a ‘cutie’ by this goddess of muscle, Megumi climaxed right there, letting out a strangled sound as she buried her face in Arisu’s arm muscles, mouthing off incoherencies a drool trailed from her mouth, while other fluids dripped from her lower region.

Arisu chuckled, oh it was such an addictive feeling to have others pleasure themselves over her. To worship her, to praise her as she was due. She looked up at the woman who was massaging her massive shoulders and pecs, the first one to towel her off without needing to say so. Oh, Eiri sure was taking the initiative today with how she’d be the first to do whatever she required in an instant. She had tried so hard to earn a special spot among her fans, gone above and beyond her duty… Yes, a reward was in order.

“Eiri,” The girl perked up at her name being called so sweetly. “Sit here,” Arisu pointed at her shredded abs.

Eiri’s eyes widened in realization at what she was offered, “I… you mean it?”

“Come here,” She whispered seductively, “I want to take you for a ride”

The girl let out a choked gasp of delight, before quickly standing up and moving around the chair. All but shoving the other girls out of her way, who looked at her with monstrous jealousy, and crawled until she was on top of Arisu’s tremendously-sized frame. Trembling, she knelt down over Arisu’s stomach, her legs framing the sides of her core. She gasped, feeling the hot and hard bags of muscle brush against her bikini bottom. Eiri bit her lip as her trembling hands pressed over the upper rows of abdominals, holding her steady. “W-What should I do, my lady?”

Arisu grinned, “Enjoy~”

At that instruction, Eiri knew what she had to do. She gyrated her hips, once, twice, thrice. Over and over she kept moving her body back and forth, making her sex *grind* over her muscular stomach, stimulating her through the fabric of her bikini.

“O-Oh!” Eiri moaned, her hands balling into fists over Arisu’s abs. “M-My lady, you feel so good. I-I can’t… c-can’t control myself!” She groaned as her tempo increased.

“Nor do I want you to,” Arisu replied. “Keep going, let yourself enjoy. Feel me, worship me, let my body,” She purposely flexed her abs, “*pleasure you*”

Eiri let out a sharp cry and began grinding even harder. Her peers all watching in jealousy as they tried to picture themselves in her position, imagining they were the ones grinding against their lady’s fibrous abs, the ones blessed with the chance to pleasure themselves over those divine muscles.

More and more Eiri increased her tempo, her hips grinding repeatedly at great speed. She panted and moaned delight, her spine spasming as shocks of pure delight coursed through her. An arm reached forward, grasping over a large breast and holding it firmly, the soft flesh slipping between her fingers. “Thank you, thank you!” She moaned her praise to the genius amazon she adored so dearly as she left a trail of wetness over Arisu’s stomach.

Arisu grinned, and flexed her arms once more, this time harder than before, locking down her core into a tightly packed wall of plated armor. Eiri’s wet folds, already worked thoroughly by those magnificent muscles, couldn’t take it anymore. Eiri threw her head back in a shrill silent cry, cumming fiercely and thoroughly soaking her bikini in her love juices.

The young woman collapses in the middle of Arisu’s breasts, her head buried between two enormous and heavenly soft pillows. A drunken smile plastered on her lips a trail of droll escaped her lips, these gently puckering as they took soft kisses on the boob flesh making contact with them.

Arisu gently petted her head, running a few fingers over her locks. “Good girl,”

The rest of the poor girls had masturbated with great intensity at the display, they could only have enjoyed it more if they were the one riding on Arisu’s magnificent abs. The two young ladies on her legs could only let out shuddering sighs as they held each other in an erotic embrace, making their breasts squish against each other.

“Ohhh, lady Arisu is so amazing”

“As much I wish that were me, she deserves to be the one who is pleasure” A large smile spread, “May we be the ones, my lady?”

“Yeeees, let us taste you, we can make you feel so good…”

Arisu smiled, a grin of sultry deviance. Eyes alight with glee as she spread her legs, her voice a smoky purr that made them quiver with excitement "Worship your goddess" presenting her soaked hot core to her excited followers. “Earn your reward~”

The two *rushed*, almost tripping over each other as they dove into her sex. Their mouths opened in anticipation as they descended upon her and *feasted*. Arisu let out a sharp gasp, then she moaned, her spine arching as two very eager tongues lapped over her pussy with wanton abandon. The two girls panted as they devotedly laid their tongues to work, kissing, biting, worshipping, they did not stop, they did not waver, they kept on pleasuring their goddess’ innermost region and tasted her sweet nectar. Holding onto her enormous legs for dear life as they fondled her muscles.

The remaining girls, the red-haired one and Megumi, squirmed, rubbing their thighs together, making wet sounds with the liquid release coating their inner thighs. “D-Don’t think I forgot about you,” Arisu said huskily mid-pants. She placed her hands on the underside of her breasts, squeezing the soft flesh before tweaking her hardened nipples. “*Go*”

That was all she needed to say for the two young women to pounce on her, climbing over her gargantuan arms and wrapping their arms around the monumental breasts, their mouths soon claiming her nipples.

Arisu crackled with joy and moaned with pleasure, every sensitive part of her was being pleasured to high heaven. She enjoyed the muffled sound of the girls’ mouths, stuffed with her fat nipples, as they suckled and bit like it was a delicious piece of meat.

Kikyo and Suzune watched… they just… watched. They were entranced by this highly erotic display. The congregation of followers Arisu had amassed and put to worship in her temple had left them completely flabbergasted, the way they desperately threw themselves at her like she was the most intoxicating drug in the market. An idol that inspired religious fervor.

For all the fantasies it inspired, it was also a painful reminder.

A reminder of the time the two too had surrendered themselves to Arisu. When she had commanded them to bow… and they did, pleasuring her above all else, shattering their pride.

And the worst part was, they still felt an undeniable attraction for her, as much as they didn’t want to admit. Arisu was more than a goal, or an obstacle to overcome. She was an object of *desire*.

And Arisu knew it. She turned her head to look at them, smiling proudly as her entire frame was pleasured by this orgy of beautiful women, putting her pleasure above their own, yet still feeling extreme levels of ecstasy by mere physical contact with her titanic muscles.

And with that display of superiority, Arisu merely winked at them before moaning as she climaxed.

The two couldn’t take it anymore, they turned and walked away. They made sure not to run, they couldn’t give her that satisfaction. Instead, they kept a firm posture and made their way over to the changing room… Where they finally let loose.

Suzune let out a fierce growl, punching the wall and creating a jagged web of cracks around her first. She let her head fall as her trembling free hand reached down and began playing with herself. Kikyo fared no better, instead slamming her back to the wall and putting both hands over her bikini, moaning gutturally as she fondled those heated wet folds over the fabric.

Once more Arisu reduced them to this. This… depraved state, this feeble moment of weakness where they had no choice but to pleasure themselves in hopes of stifling the unbearable arousal. All because of hair… again.

Anger burned in their hearts as arousal burned in their loins. They looked at each other with rage… and once more lunged at each other, trying to wrestle the other down in a sexual competition, seeking to dominate the other.

It was the only way they could regain some pride, the only way their egos could take it. That they were confronting a rival for their own pleasure, instead of fantasizing about a superior…

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Unfortunately, a session of intense rage-fucking wasn’t enough to settle down the excess energy in their bodies. The damn sodas kept their effects going strong even if hadn’t drunk any today.

So, to the gym it was.

Dressed in their tight-fitting sports bras and shorts, Kikyo and Suzune made their way to the closest facility. Perhaps they’d be lucky and get a few fellow students who would no doubt be very eager to praise and worship their figures. That should help them work out their frustrations some more…

What they found instead was… something surprising.

Between the rows of equipment were two girls. Honami Ichinose of Class B, and Airi Sakura, who went to Class D just like them. They looked *different*, and it wasn’t just the gym clothes in the form of plain white shirts and tight red shorts or the fact that Ichinose had her strawberry-blonde hair in a ponytail, or that Sakura chose to braid her twin tails together.

They were *ripped*. They had very toned and well-sized musculature worthy of athletes, a far cry from the extreme bodybuilder levels of their own muscles, but still something very respectable for normal people. Their sleeves cuffed at the strong biceps while their shorts hiked up thanks to their brawny legs. Sweat ran down their limbs, making their shirts stick to their skin, plus the pumped state of their flesh indicated they had just finished a workout routine.

“No way, those two…?” Kikyo muttered in disbelief.

“Son of a-“ Suzune bit back her swear, “They have *cans*”

Indeed, as evidenced by the familiar purple tin cans they pulled out from a gym bag. “I-I feel I’m going to explode,” Sakura muttered in that usual meek tone of hers, contrasting with her strong musculature. “Is it really safe to-?”

“Of course it is,” Honami eagerly said. “Kushida, Horikita, *Sakayanagi*. Don’t you want to be like them?”

Those seemed to be the magical words, for Airi wasted no time in popping open the can and quickly drank its contents, followed suit by Ichinose.

The two amazons watched with jealousy and indignation. How could *they* possibly have the supplement?! It had run out! Were… Were these two responsible for that? It would explain their miraculous growth, how they got so big that fast.

Said miraculous growth was happening before their very eyes. The girls quivered and groaned, their bodies seizing as the fibers twitched and rippled under the skin. They muttered silent words of ecstasy as their flesh swelled, biceps ripping the seams of the sleeves around the arms and shoulders. Thighs ripping shorts until they looked like torn briefs. Their torso widened as their already prominent breasts inflated with even more size.

“O-Oh god…!” Ichinose moaned, her nipples becoming rock-hard. “It still feels so good!”

“H-Honami-san!” Sakura moaned with a shrill cry, the threads of her shirt giving out as her bosom started tearing through the front of her shirt. “I-I’m going to-!”

Her breasts popped free, the sound of cloth tearing accompanied by her orgasmic moan. Ichinose growled as her back opened a large gash on the back of her shirt.

The two panted as the growth subsided. Their inflation had ripped their outfits somewhat, but they weren’t at risk of getting naked. Not yet. “Oh. Oh my…” Ichinose muttered in between pants. “This was incredible”

“I never thought I’d feel this good. This strong” Sakura said in delight, watching her muscular arms with an enamored gaze.

“And beautiful,” Ichinose said with appreciation for her companion’s body. “If keek this up, we’ll be as big as Kushida and Horikita. You’ll be magnificent…” She said, tenderly touching her arm and feeling its hardness.

“O-Oh…” Sakura’s eyes were glazed over, the recent climax and the chemicals making her libido act up. “H-Honami-san, I…”

And that’s when the two *larger* amazons choose to make their presence known.

“Oh, you think yourselves muscular huh?”

The fit yet smaller women froze, shifting their trembling gazes from each other to the approaching titans. Their footsteps were firm and resounding, their stride imposing as they balled their fists, making their arm muscles jump.

Ichinose and Sakura slowly craned their heads as the two amazons stood before them, at least a head taller than them. Muscles so prominent it put their own to shame. The level of fitness they had acquired paled compared to their prominent mass.

And Kikyo and Suzune knew it.

“They think they’re big” Kikyo cooed with a faux-sweet tone.

“Adorable,” Suzune followed up with a grin. “I distinctly remember you worshipping me not long ago, Ichinose” She flexed a rippling bicep which made the girl quiver. “The experience stayed with you I see. You wanted to feel like me?”

“And you, Sakura-san,” Kikyo said sultrily, “So shy, so timid, you wanted to feel empowered I bet?”

The glasses-wearing girl couldn’t reply, she was too enraptured by their enormity.

“You girls need a wake-up call, you’re far from being *like us*”

Then the two *flexed*. It wasn’t a pose or a fancy display of muscle. They kept their poses firm and *willed* their striated muscles to flex, straining the fibers and making the various muscle groups jump out and ripple, commanding their toned mass with such perfect control their flesh danced at will. Almost growing somewhat…

And so in their flex, their upper bodies *flared*, snapping the straps of their sports bras while tearing them down the middle on the front and back. Their shorts ripped at the sides and were swallowed by their enormous glutes. Bombastic pectorals supported enormous breasts, popping cobblestone for abs that tightened and expanded with each breath, and legs that made the second duo’s arms look like toothpicks.

Ichinose and Sakura stood before their superiors, and they knew it.

After being humiliated once more by Arisu, Suzune, and Kikyo needed this, they needed to feel strong and in control again. And what better way than to indulge themselves with their own worshippers?

“Come along girls,” Suzune said with a low gravelly voice, full of unrestrained arousal. She and her partner kicked off their shoes and tore the remnants of their clothes with their hands. The dark-haired young woman grabbed Ichinose’s hand and pulled her towards the shower.

With Kikyo grabbing Sakura’s own, following suit. “We’re about to have fun~”

The two girls didn’t mind in the least, a large part of them were very eager at the prospect of becoming intimately familiar with those enormous bodies. The moment they reached the shower cubicles, the amazons turned them on and stepped inside, moaning softly under the warm droplets falling upon them.

They smiled with such sultry command at them, such a beckoning smoldering gaze in their eyes, that Ichinose and Sakura had no choice but to undress immediately, pretty much ripping away at their clothes with their desperate tugging.

“You,” Kushida licked her lips as she pointed at the pink-haired girl, “Come here”

She commanded, and Sakura obeyed, stepping into the cubicle and letting the rain fall upon her. Even with her glasses long discarded, she could still bask under the magnificence that was Kushida’s voluminous body.

“Lick me,”

She did not need to say it twice, and Sakura lunged for the garnet-eyed girl’s pectorals, licking and kissing with desperation as her hands fondled a breast and then a bicep. Kikyo’s chest rumbled with approval, but that was not enough, she had something else in mind…

“Lower,” And put a hand on Sakura’s shoulder, easily bringing her to her knees. After seeing Arisu being pleasured in such a way, well, she got a hankering for it herself now…

With Sakura on her knees, a simple push on the back of her head was all she needed to let the girl know her assignment, which she started dutifully.

“Yeeeeeees…” Kushida let out a throaty growl, throwing her head back as she ran her free hand over her brown locks, the other still pushed Sakura’s head firmly towards her pussy as the smaller girl *feasted*. Licking, suckling, and probing her lower lips as far as her tongue could take her. Kikyo’s hips slowly rocked rhythmically as waves of pleasure flowed from her core. Such a good girl she was, eager and talented, a good little devotee…

In their shower cubicle, Horikita and Honami engaged in a passionate make-out session. The much larger woman pressing Ichinose tightly against her muscular frame, feeling her smaller muscles clashing against hers was an undeniable turn-on, for it reminded her of her own superiority. She took pleasure in the rep’s moans, especially when she firmly grabbed a hold of her rear and fondled those firm glutes, before taking a strong hold of them and lifting her. Ichinose gasped and reflexively locked her legs around Suzune’s hips.

The cold wall of the shower hit Ichinose’s back, and the amazon’s breasts were pressing against her face. She could not resist the sight of them so close, so she began to lick and suckle upon her bountiful bosom, much to Suzune’s pleasure. Then she started rocking her hips back and forth, grinding their sexes together in an erotic dance, each thrust creating a sharp spike of pleasure that struck their spines like lightning bolts. It was like stoking a fire that quickly became a great blaze, with her swaying hips intensifying their tempo with each passing moment.

“Ugh!” Suzune grunted in pleasure. “Feel this, feel *us*. Feel how strong we are” Her voice carried over to the next cubicle.

“Worship us,” Kikyo said through clenched teeth as her pleasure kept building. “Make us feel *good*”

“No matter how many of those sodas you drink, we’ll still be larger and stronger,” Suzune said, with her devotee right in her grasp and in the throes of pleasure, she questioned her. “How many do you have left? Did you take them the last ones from the machine?”

“N-No” Ichinose muttered with a shrill sound, the rocking of Suzune’s hips sending her to heaven. “T-There’s a rumor that… Ayanokoji has *a lot*, t-that he has a lot more!”

At that moment, Suzune and Kikyo froze. The former’s rocking ceased, while Kikyo stopped coxing Sakura, yet this one kept on her task.

“…Ayanokoji?” Kushida muttered, her own pleasure forgotten in that moment. Down below, Sakura mumbled her own affirmation.

“They s-say he’s *huge* now,” Ichinose panted, holding onto the larger woman for dear life. “That he’s drunk so much, t-that he will rival Arisu one day…”

Kiyotaka Ayanokoji. A young man who meant so much to the amazons. A rival, an equal, a companion, a friend. Someone who could compete with them on a deeply intellectual level and still dazzle them with his ability to grasp any situation and adapt. Someone who would have an even brighter future in the academy should he actually find the motivation to do so.

And now, if what Ichinose was saying was true… found it. In the same way the beverages had ignited a fire in them, they could only imagine what it would do to him.

The sort of magnificent, enormous, downright *herculean* frame he must possess…

“Ahhhhhh!” Suzune shouted with frenzied lust, restarting her trust with renewed intensity, such that it quickly drove Ichinose to the brink.

“HHNG!” Kikyo growled, and it was like Sakura’s ministrations had become a thousand times better. But it wasn’t the sexual acts performed by their partners that brought such pleasure, it was the mental image of that *exasperating boy* having become the *largest of men*. With the body of a god, in all the ways one could imagine…

As they picture the sheer *manhood* at his disposal, they thought of a hundred different ways in which they could play with it, in which he would bring it to bear and fill them with hot liquid pleasure…

Suzune and Kikyo exploded with the most orgasmic release of the day, filling their respective worshippers with it. But they were not done, not by a long shot. They switched positions and engaged in new and even more desperate acts of sex, indulging as much as possible in their worship, fueled by the thoughts of their own muscles becoming larger and superior to Arisu’s. Along with the images their creative imagination could conjure of Ayanokoji with the body of Adonis, looming over them still, and pleasuring them like there was no tomorrow. While they also pleasured him, worshipping his pole like a sacred totem, tasting every bit of him and kissing his glorious musculature, their fingers, and mouths prodding every inch of him before drinking deeply from his manhood.