

Everyone admired the Avatar, it was a logical thing to do. Defender of the Balance, hero of the world, and all that. But few could claim to know the person underneath the title and the phenomenal powers. Opal Beifong considered herself privileged to count Korra as a very dear friend, not because she was the Avatar, but because Korra was someone you could trust to have your back through thick and thin. Oh, she still admired Korra, but in a more familiar sense than other people might do distantly; Her courage, her morals, her spirit, her ability to endure, those were things worth aspiring to in anyone.

Though lately, Opal began to feel a sense of... 'admiration' in a very different manner. Now, she wasn't a vain person, and she could admire beauty in both men and women, but Korra... well there was something in her that made her thoughts grow foggy and her cheeks warm.

Korra was powerful in bending, *and* in body. Opal was keenly aware of that fact by the number of times she'd seen Korra in a myriad of attires. Her muscles were outstandingly defined and magnificently sized, proportional in all the best ways to make her bulky yet feminine at the same time. She looked like a warrior and a divine visage at the same time, particularly after a round of heavy training when her muscles were pumped and a thin sheet of sweat covered them, making her glisten as those tightened sinewy bumps *rippled*-

Okay so many it wasn't so much 'admiration' as it was 'being down *bad* for a piece of sexy ripped South Tribeswoman'.

She had enough dignity to admit it... to herself at least.

But that body, those muscles... Korra certainly wasn't afraid of showing off, she flexed often enough. And then there were pictures, the Avatar had no problem posing for a photo op for a fitness magazine; Bending Bodies proudly displayed an article on the Avatar's routine, and said Avatar was flexing in several poses that highlighted every great part of her shredded figure, front and back. All while clad in a tight bikini...

Opal gulped, the magazine trembling in her hands. The right one in particular moved with a mind of its own, wanting to move down and reach her innermost place to deal with the uncomfortable heat igniting there...

Korra's body was succulent, glorious, all sorts of awe-inspiring... and she had her routine written down there in the interviews. Could she... If she followed this to the letter, could she also achieve such a strong figure?

Opal closed her eyes, letting out a long breath as she envisioned it. Her own body stood proudly under the spotlight, as thick and muscular as the strongest earthbenders. Muscles rolled with power as she flexed with all her might, and at her side was the Avatar, joining her in that erotic display...

"Hmm, yes..." She said with a sharp breath as her fingers reached the damp spot. "Korra..."

X~X~X~X~X

The metal plates clanked as burgeoning biceps swelled with vigor, girthy striated flesh pulled taut with each motion of her reps. Swelling veins traversed all through her thick limbs, ending on the thick pectoral muscles that contracted each time the bar was pushed up.

Opal huffed a hot breath as she finished her set, setting the bar back on its rack. She sat up and took a moment to relax, easing her breathing and stretching her solid arms. By following Korra's routine to the letter she had managed to achieve a body comparable to the Avatar in a surprisingly fast rate. Airbender she may be, but she was still of a powerful earthbender lineage, which meant her body was naturally predisposed to building muscle.

Opal shook her arms before holding her hands in front of her muscular midsection, tensing the limbs she was rewarded with the pumped muscles flexing at her command, regaling her with a marvelous level of striation and bulging size. The muscles stretched her black tank top, making the straps over her shoulder thin out even more as firm traps rose higher and the expanse of her back broadened.

She hummed as she looked down at her chest, enraptured by the deep line separating her pecs and the way the muscles stood out, yet stared with a bit of chagrin at how her small breasts were almost disappearing under the solid muscle. "Waited all puberty for these to pop out, now I'm getting rid of them"

"My lady," Her attendant Yimei spoke up as she held a tray with a water bottle for her. "No one can say you lack feminine allure" She smiled with playfulness in her Fire Nation features, her gold eye shimmering with excitement at the sight of her mistress, the other covered by a bang of deep black hair. Her family had many attendants, but a couple was particularly assigned to her who had no problem tending to her needs and requests, especially now that her body had become so muscular.

Opal was not blind to her muscles' effect on them... and she kinda liked it.

It felt good to be looked at with such admiration. More than admiration. And it made Opal experience a similar euphoria to when she looked at Korra's muscles.

So perhaps it was a bit deliberate that after she drank from her bottle, she splashed her face with the water and let it run freely over her chest to freshen up. Yimei licked her lips at the sight of the muscles shining, the droplets mixing with her salty sweat...

Opal stood up from the bench, looking down at her legs she tensed them and flexed. Rippling quads burst with power as the muscle groups jumped, splitting into dense corded sinew. Her shorts were so tight around her that they pretty much became a bikini bottom at this point, clinging tightly against her strong waist and dense glutes.

Opal smiled in satisfaction and put her fists on her hips, flaring her back to display her upper body in a show of perfect muscle control. Of course, it had the effect of forcing the tank top to its limits, making a loud tearing noise manifest on her back as the fabric ripped apart.

"Shoot," Opal hissed, dropping her flex. "Another one..."

"N-Not a problem my lady" Yimei stammered for a moment, struck by the awe-inspiring sight. She set down the tray to pick up another item, a folded shirt. "The new garment with your specifications arrived, it's reinforced as to withstand your... *growing* physique," She said the last part with a sultry tone.

The shirt was gray, ample yet looked like it'd fit nicely. Opal pulled her arms and heads through before adjusting the fabric over her sweaty skin, the soaking material lightly sticking close to highlight her figure. The sleeves were only a tiny bit loose, while the area around the chest and back was a touch tight, the result of her pump after all.

Rolling her massive shoulders, Opal tested the way the material held out against her frame. She walked up to a full-body mirror by the wall, followed close by Yimei, to get a better look. The shirt's hem reached just above her waist, showing her immense legs and shorts that looked close to a swimsuit piece. Opal took a deep breath, flaring out her lats and stretching the grey shirt further. It looked very tight on her, yet the material held on, even as her sleeves strained when she flexed her biceps.

"Lined with reinforced threads" Yimei supplied with a smile as she admired her lady's posing. "Your muscles will not be breaking through this one"

Was that a challenge she heard in Yimei's voice?

Opal took it as one.

A smirk grew on her lips. "We'll see about that"

Taking another deep breath, Opal lifted her arms as if reaching to the sky... and then with a grunt brought them down swiftly in one powerful motion, "Hhgn!" She grunted through clenched teeth.

The reaction was instant, her muscles *jumped*. Hardening and bursting with excessive power, sinewy fibers rippled under her skin as pencil-thick veins spread like countless rivers over the valleys of her enormous muscles. They rose higher and higher, invoked by the insane flex of her most-muscular pose, making her upper body swell like never before.

Opal felt she was struggling against a straight jacket, the fabric was cutting into her skin while the threads held on for dear life. The shirt was so tight it almost looked painted on. But Opal could feel the material struggle against the onslaught of flesh... And it was losing.

Opal was not just testing its resilience, she *wanted* the shirt to tear, wanted to test her growing muscles against harder challenges. Even against the fabric which felt like a tight metallic mesh the more her muscles pushed against it. Opal *needed* to feel her strength push through any obstacle.

Then she heard it, a small rip. The snapping of threads. Here and there. Small openings forming on the seams around her shoulders, the edge of her sleeves, and the middle of her back.

"Spirits..." Yimei muttered with a dry voice.

*More, just a bit more.* Opal thought while growling, giving the flex her all. *Almost there...!*

Then, the shirt came undone.

It tore simultaneously in every direction; the muscles pushed through and widened the gashes while giving birth to countless new ones. The reinforced material was disintegrated at the

expanse of her flesh, reducing itself to tatters as her enormous muscles escaped their confinement.

Opal gasped and moaned as her muscles came for air, the meaty expanse of her chest rippled with power as her back widened imperiously. Her arms were pumped to the max, trembling as she still held on the pose. She panted, droplets of sweat falling from her chin as her entire body was *drenched*, particularly her nether regions as her shorts now looked like a thong...

Opal slowly eased her breathing. "Well... guess we can throw this one to the garbage" She relaxed, with a single tug she ripped the remaining strips of clothing still sticking to her figure, uncaring she was half-naked in front of her attendant.

Yimei certainly didn't mind. She was breathing heavily herself, her cheeks flushed as she stared at Opal with pure lust. "I'll... order a stronger one, my lady"

"Thank you" Opal let out a long breath as she idly flexed her chest. "Well, workout done for the day. Time for a shower" She looked over her shoulder at the lovely woman. "Gonna need some help with my back"

Yimei's smile was positively *voracious*. "Anything you desire~"

She guided her attendant by the hand to the showers, where this time she was given a show. As Yimei's robes slipped from her shoulders and fell to the floor, Opal was treated to the sight of the beautiful curves worthy of a magazine, and two well-sized breasts. Yimei smirked as she stepped under the shower with her lady and Opal sighed in pleasure at the fresh droplets splashing on her muscular frame.

Yimei stood behind her, running her delicate and skilled hands over the vast expanse of her back. Cleaning and massaging the powerful muscles to great effect, Opal sighed pleasantly and rolled her neck, enjoying the tender ministrations of her servant. The Beifong flexed her arms, peaking her muscular mounds and brandishing the striated view of her rear biceps. She lightly bit the edge of her lip when Yimei's hands traced an erotic path over them before placing her lips upon the hard muscle, suckling and kissing, pressing her breasts against Opal's back and closing the distance between them.

Opal moaned while holding her flex, letting Yimei's hands wander to the front where they fondled her breasts and pectorals with great skill. Oh she just knew the right places to touch, and what kind of energy to bring Opal to the heights of pleasure.

She shuddered as those amazing fingers trailed down to her abs, then lower still to her v-line and finally...

Opal gasped, throwing her head back as Yimei's fingers playfully worked on her folds and the bundle of nerves. With hot blood rushing to her ears, it was like Opal heard a buzzing and fiery instincts took over. She turned around, stopping Yimei's ministrations just to look upon her smiling hungry face before claiming her lips with a growl.

Their kissing was passionate and fiery, their bodies collided as Yimei's arms surrounded her powerful neck and Opal's muscular limbs grabbed a hold of her waist, pulling her closer.

Yimei gasped in ecstasy when Opal easily lifted her and placed her against the wall, supporting her rear with her hand and having the attendant's legs wrap around her hips, opening her entrance for the muscular airbender.

"My lady...!" Yimei shuddered in desperation. "*Take me*"

And so she did, Opal grunted as she drove her hips forward, electing a loud gasp from her lover with the clash of her sexes. Slowly she repeated the motion, the gyrations of her hips grinding their sexes together, picking up speed moment by moment. Yimei's nails scratched the surface of Opal's mountainous dorsal muscles, bringing a pleased hiss out of her lips while waves of ecstasy spread from their burning cores.

Soon enough, the locomotion of Opal's hips hit a powerful stride as she slammed them against Yimei with relentless energy. The woman's eyes rolled back as she descended into incoherent moans and gasps that muffled all the words of admiration and desire she had for the muscular Beifong.

As Opal lost herself in the throes of pleasure, feeling her companion climax fiercely on her sex, she smiled in empowerment, feeling beautiful and mighty at the same time. Just like a certain Avatar that had inspired her.

As her own orgasm triggered, Opal was hit the sudden desire of testing herself against Korra physically. In more ways than one.