

Alice knew who she was.

She was an athlete. A champion. A bodybuilder. She'd been participating in strength competitions since she was sixteen, building up her body to the perfect level she is today. Winning over hearts with her dazzling looks that blended feminine beauty and muscular might perfectly.

Those victories gave her the recognition and trophies she deserved, along with the small fortune she used to live in luxury. Her own private gym was packed with every machine she could possibly need, where she would spend most of her free time seeking to hone her powerful frame to even greater heights.

Even if some days she felt she hit a wall...

Alice bit back a growl threatening to escape her lips as she pushed off the weights from the chest machine. Her long black hair was tied in a bun, and droplets of sweat ran down her bulking neck as the rest of her clothes soaked against her skin. Muscles were pumping with great ridged definition and outstanding vascularity.

Akin to the one she had displayed in that competition against *her*.

She should have won, she *should have*. Her body was a masterful display that would fill the crowd's dreams for years, they should have praised her and acknowledged her beauty. What do those witless fools do instead? They penalized her for getting naked on stage and got a temporary ban from any official events.

If there was any consolation to be had, it's that Melissa was hit with the same ban...

But that did little to assuage the *rage* she felt against her rival. Who, loath as she was to admit it, *achieved* an equal level of pump and size that day. She'd have to train harder than ever to defeat her...

That meant more training hours, more supplements, more pain, and more gain.

So she'd never lose again. Not to anyone. Not to *her*.

The grey shirt had become damp and dark against her body, framing the curves and highlighting the magnificent tone. "More" She huffed a breath, feeling her chest throb with the workout. "More strength. More muscle" She chanted her mantra to herself, keeping herself focused on her goal. "The muscle is *all*"

Her arms were pulsating and throbbing with thick veins, her chest was jutting out like thick book covers as the ample breasts pushed against the fabric. With a final growl, Alice finished her set, finally letting her limbs rest, panting as she felt her heart beating a mile a minute.

"T-Three hundred reps," A young male voice said. "N-New record" The awe in his voice was unmistakable.

Chris was a young man, barely in his twenties, with a head full of blonde hair and lovely blue eyes. He was so youthful and full of promise, *beautiful* in a way.

That's why Alice had hired him as her assistant, she liked them young.

She took the water bottle he offered her and drank the contents greedily. Gasping she used the last bits of its stream to splash her head and freshen up. The sight of the liquid running over her strained muscles, visible through her shirt, made Chris audibly gulp.

Alice stood up from her seat, briefly taking pleasure in the height difference between the two. With half a head taller than him she could easily smooch his head between her breasts. Not to mention the sheer breadth discrepancy, from shoulder to shoulder she had him eclipsed.

The bodybuilder walked up to the wall mirror at the edge of the room, checking her progress she looked up and down at her reflection with self-admiration and gratification. "I'm beautiful, aren't I?" She said, spreading her lats wide and letting her arms hang.

"God yes..." Chris muttered, the smallest hint of a bulge forming in his shorts.

"Yeah, look at all this muscle" She slowly raised her arms in a double biceps pose, the motion ripping the ends of her sleeves. "I'm so fucking yoked..."

"You're a beast," Christ said in encouragement. "So buff..."

“Yeah, I’m glorious” Her proud smile slowly degraded into a sneer, then a grimace.

And then she was snarling. Her arms *shook* with vigorous force as she flexed even harder, making the muscles *swell* and pump in a monumental fashion as they slowly began unraveling the threads. Her torso flared wider as rips and tears formed everywhere on her frame.

“Then why the fuck didn’t I win?!”

She growled savagely and brought down her arms in a massive most muscular. And the shirt was *disintegrated* under the onslaught of shredded muscle.

Alice stared at the mirror and saw a *goddess* looking back at her, wrapped in fibrous sinewy muscle and the curves even supermodels would kill for. She was utter perfection, beauty, and brawn refined to the absolute limit.

*Just like her.*

Alice growled in pleasure and frustration at the very *confusing* feelings her rival inspired in her. The memory of that lovely tan skin wrapped around an equally magnificent figure she wanted to defeat and admire in equal measure.

“I’m the fucking biggest” She ground out as she put more strength into her pose. “I should have won, I should have gotten the gold!”

Sensing her need for adulation, Chris's hands were soon wandering over the mountainous back, moaning as he took pleasure from the stunning hardness. Alice grinned at the feeling of his erection poking at her mighty ridged glutes through the fabric of his shorts. Staring and touching her muscular body brought her immense satisfaction, knowing this was the effect she had on him and many others.

“Yeah, feel my muscles,” Alice said as she flexed her biceps, each larger than his head. And Chris all but wrapped himself around her like a koala, touching as much as he could while his lips desperately tasted the sweaty striated skin of her muscles, bathing the rear biceps with slobbery kisses.

She flexed her rear as this one rubbed against his clothed cock, making him shudder and moan. Alice could make him cum right then and there if she wanted to, but right now she didn't feel like wasting his virility inside his shorts.

Turning around, Alice easily drove him to the ground with a simple push and straddled his waist, flaring her immense torso and once more showing how *small* he was compared to her, something they both adored deeply.

"Workout ain't done yet" She grinned down at him as she unveiled his dripped manhood. "Time for stamina training~" But she didn't mean *hers*.

Alice laughed as she lifted herself up, and buried the young prick inside her, where it almost instantaneously climaxed.

Oh, Chris still had plenty to learn to truly be his assistant, luckily she was more than happy to educate him.