

Competition brings out the best and worst in people. This is a fact in many aspects of life, including business, hobbies, and sports, where there is a contest more than anything. Rivalries were often born in the world of sports.

Bodybuilding was not exempt from this, with its athletes trying harder, and harder to reach new heights and grow bigger and stronger each time. Eating more proteins, taking their training to greater levels.

And of course, the use of substances.

One such rivalry involved Alice, a Caucasian woman with long hair the deepest shade of black, and intense grey eyes. And Melissa, an African-American woman with short curly locks and deep green eyes.

Both of them sported powerful physiques that let them compete at a professional level.

Running in the same circles, the two would often end up competing against each other, the number of victories each had claimed put them in a tie *neither* could tolerate.

The other's presence always pushed them to train harder. And try other more... *controversial* methods.

Both Alice and Melissa had been taking multiple doses of powerful steroids that would help with mass growth and pump. Of course, neither knew the other was taking it.

Yet the two would often end up face to face in the pump room, challenging each other.

Face to face, looking at their rival in the eye, watching in precise detail how the other would pump. Every ripple of sinew causing the muscles to pump larger and the veins to throb harder. They committed each other's body to memory, to know what they were up against and how to surpass it.

Alice grinned challengingly, bringing the barbell to chest level, making biceps bulge and her chest to contract. "Getting tired?" Her oiled-up body glistened bronze in contrast to the hot pink bikini covering her. Her stomach shuddered with each breath accompanying the reps.

Melissa bared her teeth in a wild grin, her biceps and triceps taking turns to flex as she lifted the dumbbells up and down, moving her arms fully and causing the shoulders to move in waves. "Could do a full set workout and still wipe the floor with you here~"

They exchanged barbs, not so much to demean and insult the other, or throw them off their game, but to psych themselves up too. Focus their will to keep the pump going, give it their 100% so their bodies would be at their peak for when the time came to go on stage.

The pump was notable, with their striations deepening, their muscles swelling and their veins expanding more and more.

And it was not stopping.

Not after having consumed so many supplements before the show...

Alice grunted, gritting her teeth as the swelling of her chests and breasts continued. Her biceps kept squeezing her orbs together the bigger they got while the veins throbbed harder still with each rep.

Melissa's own arms swelled as well, from forearm to shoulder, thickening to beautifully girthy proportions. The traps on the sides of her neck pulsed with veins, rising to meet her jawline.

Even the parts of their body that weren't not actively being worked were pumping with effort. From the shredded rows of abdominal muscles to the wideness of their quads and calves, every single muscle on their frames swelled noticeably. Each fiber of each muscle swelling larger and making the rest of the flesh stronger. The cocktail of chemicals *burned* inside them, forcing the flesh to enlarge, stretching the bikinis to the limit.

And then, they were called to stage.

Alice and Melissa kept staring at each other, their swollen frames rippling with the slightest movements. They had lost themselves to this competition between them, and would most likely have continued until their arms felt like they were tearing themselves apart. Any chance to show up the other was welcome, regardless of the cost to themselves. Such was the depth of this rivalry.

But for now, the judges and the public would have to decide. The final competition of the night would not be behind stage in the pump room, but under the spotlight.

They ignored the rest of the competition who walked alongside them in a single line, their eyes were focused solely on their respective rival. The others did not matter, they would not win anyway, only Alice and Melissa existed here, only *they* could be each other's true competition.

The lights flashed down on them, the crowd cheered, the judges observed. And the modern day amazons *posed*.

Melissa and Alice both flexed to the fullest extent of their strength, shifting from pose to pose, displaying the front as much as the back in a variety of poses in a show of sensuous movements that made the muscles ripple with great allure. Their oiled-up bodies shone under the stage lights, making them look like peerless works of art.

Their eyes were focused on each other, their smirks for the crowd and judges were strained with the feeling of intense rivalry. They pushed their bodies to the limit, flexing harder and harder still. Their feelings of rivalry while under the cheers of the crowd unleashed a tidal wave of adrenaline and endorphins. Making the chemicals in their bodies *burn*.

The sound of leather stretched came from their flesh, their muscles palpitated, rippled in waves and *engorged* themselves with greater mass. This was beyond the pump of their flex, this was their muscles *growing*.

The crowd fell silent, the competitors stopped. All watched as the two women kept growing larger still, their arms swelling to the size of tree trunks, their legs becoming enormous pillars of meat, and their thorax widening beyond the limits of what was humanly possible.

Alice and Melissa grunted, pain teetering at the edge of pleasure as their bodies underwent this marvelous metamorphosis, feeling far more *power* than they ever felt in their lives.

Their bikinis snapped, unable to contain their swelling bodies, but they were beyond modesty by this point. They growled with euphoria as the climax hit.

They stood larger than any of the women, larger than *any* female bodybuilder in the world. Truly, no one could be their match.

Except each other.

Even when riding the high of such pleasurable experience, Melissa and Alice knew their rivalry was far from over.

This was just the next step.