



The Snake's Triumph

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Smashwords Edition

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The tiny maid entered her Iron Queen's room as she ate her breakfast. She bowed and said:

"Madam, we have prepared the gym for you."

The statuesque musclemwoman smiled benignly, having just finished a copious load of delicious protein. She got up, towering over the minuscule woman in every way. The maid looked up at the titanic muscle queen and shivered in delight. Ana acknowledged her faithful servant's admiration and replied:

"Thank you. I'll take my time to train. Have my bath prepared once I am done."

"Certainly, Madam!"

The little woman curtsied and went to work clearing the table. Ana watched her for a second, then headed for the gym. It was in the back part of the mansion, a wonderful open room with large windows to the gardens, with a robust oak floor and the most powerful and challenging machines available. The walls that weren't taken up by windows were covered in mirrors or racks of weights. As she stepped inside, she shot herself an admiring glance. She was almost ready for the Ms Olympia, having carefully sculpted her body into a divine masterpiece that would humiliate her opponents. She wouldn't even call them rivals since that would mean that they even stood a chance. She had been dieting down lately, which had only mad her already magnificent body turn more impressive. Through some strange genetic quirk, she kept her breasts at their usual size, a feat which other competitors could only achieve with implants.

Even without them, her face was a symbol of triumphant divinity. While others in her line of work usually looked brutish or disfigured, she radiated sensuality. No wonder she was such a crowd-pleaser! The association that ran the contest insisted on having her on board, if only for the possibility to use her looks for promotion.

Ha! They were pathetic. For Ana, her genetics were one thing, but her true pride was in her stamina and will to succeed and her relentless honing of her skill. Sure, she had big muscles. Others had those too. But what really set her apart was her amazing flexibility and her skill on the mat.

She slipped out of her robe and smiled at her new workout clothes, which repeated her snake motif in purple and rose. It was a one-piece set whose elegant cut-outs showed more than they hid. She slipped into her training sneakers, and caught her ass-length hair, wrapping it into a rather large, tight bun. Then she quickly tied a matching bandana around her brow. It was a precaution she had taken up because of the sweat that tended to run into her eyes.

She warmed up quickly, stretched a little, then started her training.

Today was her favorite day: Arms!

She walked over to the rack where the maid and her helpers had already set up the dumbbells for her. Each one was 120 pounds of steel, easily the maid's bodyweight. Ana grinned. It felt good to be this strong and in control. She took them both, walked over to the center of the room where the maid had spread out a robust mat, and started doing her reps.

Left, right, left, right ... The dumbbells rose slowly. She focused on the correct tension of her muscles. At this point of her preparations, the big goal was to target her best parts as precisely as possible. She was fully aware that the other contestants were way below her level, but actually, her only true rival right now was herself.

Then again, maybe she should try and compete against the men ... After all, she had defeated a few of them in the ring already, so outposing them should be easy. The thought made her smile.

She finished the first set, put the dumbbells down and admired her muscles. Her arms were not fully pumped yet, but they were close to her 17-inch max already. She could see the striations emerge already, the veins showing up under her silky skin.

The time to rest was already over.

Ana took up the weights again and got pumping. Up and down the dumbbells went. She deliberately slowed down the movement to make sure she could really feel it. It was painful, but also delicious. She gritted her teeth, but she felt herself get aroused from the challenge. The amazon continued her pumping, enjoying the precision and satisfaction of a job well done.

The set was over soon. She lowered the weights and ran a finger over her pumped biceps. The strain had made it swell. She lifted her arms and

flexed them.

Nice, but not enough!

With a deep breath, she focused on her muscles and hit them again.

The rounded shape of her biceps rose through her skin and grew.

That was more like it. One more set, then she'd make the triceps suffer as well.

She wanted to pick up the weights again, but then, she grinned to herself and returned them to the rack.

With a certain anticipation, she picked the 150-pound dumbbells. That would be better ...

She took up position again, feeling the mass of the weights in her hands. Alright. Once more, with feeling!

The musclewoman started pumping, her arms crying out in pain as she lifted the dumbbells with infinite slowness. This wasn't just a challenge of her strength. It was all about willpower, about being able to withstand the tremendous pain that transforming her body meant. She gritted her teeth as the sweat erupted from her brow. It was amazing ... She lifted the weight again, her muscles bulging brutally now. Oh yes ...

The end of the set was closing in. She was struggling now, but she knew she could do it. She just had to do a few more ... Moaning, she continued on, the bandana getting soaked. Still, she fought on. She was not one to give up that easily.

Thirteen ... Fourteen ... and ... Fif ... teen.

She breathed out sharply as she lowered the righthand weight.

The best bit was when the pain subsided. She put the dumbbells back and examined her muscles. Oh God. They were incredibly pumped. She licked her lips. Yes. That was more like it. She flexed her arms again and this time, the muscles erupted into ripped mountains of hard flesh.

She sighed happily. Wonderful.

Now on to the next bodypart. Triceps extensions.

Ana took the 125-pound dumbbells and grinned. She knew that her competitors at the Ms. Olympia maxed out at sixty to seventy pounds. They seemed so ridiculous. Truly, she shouldn't participate in these shows anymore. The other women were just too weak.

She took up position again and started her routine. Her already overcharged muscles complained, but she didn't hesitate, forcing them into growing.

Ana went at it slowly again. It had taken her a while to realize this, but the more controlled she did her exercises, the more she enjoyed them. Ages ago, when she started out, she had just wanted to get big fast, so she had loaded up on as much mass as possible and had just done everything to make her muscles suffer. It had worked, but not too well. Then, one day, she had decided to try a different approach. She switched to long, slow and controlled movements, and it was like a revelation. Suddenly, she felt an incredible lust as she struggled against the weights. Of course, the initially lower weights meant that her numbers didn't look like much, but as she intensified her workouts and stuck to her routines, the payoff was tremendous.

Her muscles didn't just get bigger ... They got stronger and tighter at an incredible rate. A couple of years in, a group of researchers wanted to check on her development and they found that she outpaced people her size by far in muscle density and power. She knew then that she was on the right path.

Now, she lowered the weights behind her head gently, with discipline and control. Her muscles tightened and she felt the familiar strain. It

made her lick her lips. As she went on, carefully progressing through her first set, she felt an incredible tension build up inside of her. She just loved this. It was a similar feeling to when a man she had defeated paid his tribute by giving himself to her. She was in control, she was powerful, her muscles tight and hard.

The first set was over and she sighed. Oh yes ...

She barely could wait until the rest time was over, then she started on the second set.

One, two, three, four ...

Slowly, she strained her muscles, forcing them to suffer for her growth. She thought of the competition, of the satisfaction of completely blowing away any opponents, of the look of humiliation in their eyes. At the same time, she carefully monitored her movements. She closed her eyes to get the sweat out of them, gritting her teeth against its bite.

Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen ...

The weights got heavy in her hands now, the muscles were getting sore. She didn't care. She had to get through this.

She reached the end of the second set, lowered the dumbbells down and wiped the sweat from her face. Good. One more round ...

Ana took the time and enjoyed the pain in her arms fade away. Out of the blue, she examined the deep grooves the training had left under her skin, running her fingers through them. God, she was a beast ... The mere thought of her power made her horny.

She had to remind herself of the third set. Once again, she took the dumbbells up, her muscles protesting ever so slightly. It was to no avail. She was going to be the best, so she had to fight!

In her mind, she counted out the movements again. She slowed down, focusing on the intensity of the feeling. She was getting so horny ...

Eight, nine, ten ...

Oh yes ...

Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen ...

Ooh ...

She reached the end of the set and was drenched in sweat. She had to get this tension out of her. Soon!

Well, there was still a bit to do. She shook her arms to get some life back into them, then wiped herself down again, admiring her body in the mirrors. Her arms were so pumped now, she barely managed to take the whole mass in. Incredible ...

She walked over to the parallel bars and said:

"Dips. That will be fun."

Over time, her routine had become more complex and intense. The wrestling had given her great flexibility, and this, combined with her control of her muscles, made things possible she never even thought about. She wrapped a big leather belt around her trim, muscle-packed waist and hung a sixty pound-plate to it.

"Okay. Let's do this!"

She jumped, caught the bars and pushed herself up. Now she was perched between the bars, the weight hanging between her legs pulling her down. She flexed her core hard, turning herself into a living strut of power. Then, using her intense control of her muscles, she slowly raised her body up, until it was horizontal. This was tough. She had to concentrate to keep her balance and to make sure she would not fall.

Then, slowly, she bent her arms down, lifting her legs up at the same time. Ana kept her balance, but it was obvious just how strenuous the

whole exercise was. Her muscles jugged out, getting harder by the moment.

She rested for a tiny fraction of a moment, then went back up. This was the toughest part. Her arms screamed in pain, but she just went through with it. Up, up she went, until she was back in the horizontal position again.

The plate hanging from her waist was barely swinging.

She groaned and went back down, her body aching already.

After a set of five, she lowered herself back down and dropped on the mat. Her arms were pulsating from the intensity of the exercise.

She'd have to do something she really enjoyed next ...

The long-legged musclewoman walked over to the big sandbags she kept there. Sure, she might make a mess, but that was what her servants were for, weren't they? She used the bags to train her lifts and throws and they usually withstood the punishment she dealt out to them, but this time, the poor thing would have to suffer. She grinned and licked her lips.

With a lazy movement, she sat it up until it stood there, hard and heavy, at some two hundred pounds of sand in a heavy leather bag. Then she got in position and dashed at it, wrapping her pumped-up arms around it. She lifted it up and tossed it over herself, slamming it on the ground. She set it up again, and repeated the movement.

The exhilaration made her laugh. This was great! She loved this bit. It wasn't much in the way of real strength training or muscle building, but it was a wonderful way to feel her power in action. And it just made her happy!

She tossed the bag around some more until she had worked up a good sweat, then she smirked and wrapped her arms around it again. She lifted it up with a grunt, locked her grip and squeezed.

Instantly, she felt her brutalized skin mash into the leather of the bag. She tightened her grip, the tension increasing. She could hear the sand rustle and shift around in the bag as she flexed her arms. Her biceps seemed to explode as they dug into the leather.

She breathed in sharply, making her chest spread out and her pecs bulge against it.

More, harder, stronger!

Ana slipped her hand forward just a little to make the ring of steel muscle even tighter. She could sense the bag getting to its limit as she forced more and more sand to its ends, the midsection getting very, very tight now. The leather was straining, so she hardened her muscles further and compacted her grip.

Then, it started to tear. She knew she almost had it, so she pushed herself on just a little more. She heard the leather groan, the seams of the bag pop and then, with one last extra flex, the thing burst like a balloon. The sand erupted from both ends, pieces of leather shot out and a fountain of sand ran down her legs and back, sticking to her sweaty muscles.

She grunted lustfully and dropped it, chuckling. The idea that she was able to do the same to a grown man amused her.

Ana wiped herself off and looked once more at the destruction she had caused. She was a goddess, alright.

A smile on her lips, she went to her next exercise.

Eventually, she was done. Her arms felt heavy and weak now, but it was just a matter of time. She would have a good bath now, then get a hard, satisfying massage to earn that last bit of growth she would need to humiliate those women, and then, she would enjoy an afternoon in peace and calm. Maybe with some light wrestling, but just for fun. She had made sure that her male personnel was qualified to pose a certain challenge. Of course, by now they were rather outmatched, but as far as the training went, they were good enough to keep on top.

She wiped herself down and reached for her robe, pulling it over her mighty body and quickly tying down the sash. The silk was smooth against her hard, carved body. Just then, there was a strange sound outside. She turned around and saw a masked man open the glass door to the garden. Far from being afraid, she was rather intrigued by what was going on.

Was this some kind of a joke?

The man stepped inside. Ana looked at him and sized him up. He was well-built, clearly strong and fast on his feet. He was also wearing a ski mask and a tight t-shirt and some track pants. Not her favorite choice of outfits in a man, but fine.

He stopped, faced her, hesitated and said:

“You’re Ana Payne, aren’t you?”

She almost burst out laughing. With the slightest of amusement in her voice, she replied:

“Who else do you think I could be?”

The answer took him aback and he got maybe a little overaggressive in his reaction:

“Don’t go to the Olympia! You’ve been warned. I will make you suffer!”

She chuckled.

"You? Seriously? What exactly do you think you are doing like this? Do you believe I will be intimidated by a little fuckhead like you?"

"I'm warning you! I will hurt you."

"Listen, little man, I can offer you one thing: We wrestle. If I win, you piss off and never come here again. Should you win, which I doubt, I'll not participate in the Olympia. That's the best I can do for you."

The man was clearly confused by the reaction. He was obviously used to being intimidating and this woman didn't take him seriously. Reluctantly, he nodded. He had expected to just scare her away, but, hey, if she wanted to get hurt, he'd be happy to oblige.

With a superior smile, she undid the belt of her gown again and said:

"Last chance to back out, little man."

He laughed at the idiotic provocation, but as she opened the robe and let it slide down her heavy shoulders, his laughter faded. He was now having second thoughts about his decision. Holy crap! This woman was built!

To his shock, she immediately fell into a wrestling stance, awaiting his attack. The man took a deep breath and charged.

Ana saw him come at her and stepped into his charge. The guy hadn't expected this and she could see his expression change from confidence to panic. She slid down, slipping under his grasp and pushing herself off instantly. She switched around, slamming her shoulder into the man's stomach and launching him over herself.

The man was tossed around and landed on his back. Despite his surprise, he instantly got back up again, but Ana had already caught him, wrapping her pumped arms around his waist. He was too surprised to do much and she used his moment of defenselessness to hit him with a

German Supplex. The masked man was lifted up and crashed on the floor as she bent over backwards.

He was stunned for a moment, trying to get back on his feet. He struggled to get up, resting on all fours for a moment, rubbing his head with one hand.

Ana didn't even flinch. Exploiting his confusion, she moved in on him, reaching under his belly and catching his far arm and leg. The man tried to get away from her, but the confusion made him slow and she pulled, her mighty arms swelling.

The man was flipped over abruptly, rolling on his back.

Without hesitation, she followed up, sitting on his midsection and pushing down on his shoulders.

The guy shouted:

"Whoa, you're not holding back!"

She was about to pin him when he recovered, attempting to twist out of her grip. She pushed against his chest for a moment before realizing that this wasn't the elegant way to solve this. Instead, she quickly released him. Without thinking, he stumbled right into her trap. He rolled on his face and scrambled away as fast as he could.

Ana went after him as he tried to get up, wrapped her arm around his and forced it back and upwards against the joint. The man screamed in pain as she applied the extra pressure almost breaking his shoulder. He tried to twist out of this, but she held him tight, giving him no space to escape. She was hot now. The training had made her horny and had brutalized her muscles. She should have been exhausted and weak, but the rush of adrenaline gave her the power to continue. He struggled against her, kicking awkwardly at her and trying to get away.

With a grunt, she flipped herself over, launching him over her and sending him against the gym's door.

He landed on the floor with a bump and she was over him again, pinning him for good this time.

The man stared at her, then said:

“Okay, okay, I give up!”

She released him and got up.

“One down. Are you sure you want to do this?”

“Bah. You got lucky. For this, I won’t let you off that easy! You’re staying here, and you can forget about the Olympia!”

Ana, invigorated by her triumph, just laughed.

“Yes, yes, sounds cute. Won’t work.”

She could see that the man was aroused. It was hard for him to deny. On the other hand, so was she. This guy was strong, he was flexible and she sincerely hoped that he looked okay under that mask. She got in position and said:

“Okay, show me.”

The man hesitated for a fraction of a second, then he started his approach. This time, he was careful. He had learned his lesson fast and now, he focused on getting the drop on her. He knew she had exhausted herself in training and her stance showed him that she was right-handed. He’d be able to exploit this, being ambidextrous himself.

To Ana’s surprise, the assailant went in and suddenly switched stances. It was just a small thing, but it confused her and he caught her off-guard. She tried to get away from him, but he dove in, getting his arm and shoulder under her crotch.

He pulled on her, took up the momentum and sent her flying into the door.

It burst open and she landed on the carpet outside. She rolled to break the fall, then, as he followed up on her, did a kip up. The guy closed in on her again, using his bulk and his weird inverted stance to keep her busy in the tight corridor.

One of the maids appeared, called by the noise and the crashes and asked fearfully:

“Madam, what is going on? Should we call security?”

Ana just laughed:

“No, Zina, everything is fine. I am just having a little fun with the young man here!”

The woman curtsied and replied:

“Very well!”

She retreated quickly, but stayed around at the corner of the corridor, with other members of the staff soon appearing to watch their boss fight.

Meanwhile, the man had managed to put Ana into a full nelson, trying to force her down. She grunted as she resisted his onslaught, then suddenly pushed herself off and literally ran up the wall of the corridor, twisting out of his grip.

She jumped from the wall and flew through the air, landing on his shoulders. The big man was surprised by the move and she tightened her legs around his neck. He instantly grabbed at her thighs and tried to force them apart. She flexed her muscles hard, squeezing his head until the bits she could see with the mask on turned a deep crimson. The man staggered around, trying to get her off by slamming her into the walls.

The spectators shouted encouragements at her and applauded.

Then the man suddenly switched his grip, letting her choke him for a moment, but holding her tight around the waist. He dropped on his back, forcing her to hit the ground first. Ana did her best to break the fall, but she was stunned for a moment.

The big man was on his feet in an instant. His face was obviously still red and he could still feel the marks of her thighs around his neck, but he could move again. He reached down, caught her legs and just threw her against the next wall.

She crashed against the wooden paneling, leaving a deep dent in it. The man was on her again without a moment to pause. She was dazed, her mind swimming. She tried to kick him away, but he pulled her to him, threw her on her chest and put her in a Boston crab. The musclewoman groaned, gritted her teeth and tried to get back out of his grip. He pulled her along, swiping her over the carpet. He growled:

"Do you give up? Do you? Come on!"

She did her best to get out, trying to get a grip on something to just escape his hold, but eventually, she gave up:

"Okay, okay. Let me go."

He did and she could tell he was breathing heavily now. This round had seriously taken a lot out of him. On the other hand, she felt just as tired now and her arms were starting to hurt for good.

They got in position again in the corridor and the man said:

"Okay, this is the final round now. You can still give up!"

"Yeah, yeah. You wish! I will break you!"

The two fighters were sweaty, their bodies seemed to give off steam from the intensity of their fight. She looked at him closely, reading his

movements.

Ana took a deep breath, her huge breasts raising and falling. She instantly saw the man interpreted this as a sign of exhaustion. Just as she had planned. He attacked her, pushing himself off the corridor wall and trying to exploit her weakness. Ana let him come, feigning that she was spent. Poor idiot. Anyone with half a mind would have seen that she was faking it, but that guy had little brains. He ran at her and tried to grab her, hoping for a quick finish.

Despite her limp stance, she instantly jumped aside and dodged his attack. For the fraction of a second, she could see a wave of understanding pass over his face. She caught his wrist, the poor fool still driven along by his charge. She lifted his hand up and pulled it up, suddenly turning her mighty body into his and leaning forward.

The muscleman found himself hoisted in the air, passing over her shoulder. Her tremendous energy made her muscles swell and she slammed him back first against the wooden paneling, his feet brushing against the ceiling of the corridor. He hung there for a moment, as if splashed against the wall, then she brought her arms down and smashed him down. The fighter managed to instinctively protect his head. Maybe he wasn't as stupid as he looked.

Still, he found himself landing on the ground, confused and quite stunned.

Without wasting a breath, the musclewoman wrapped a long, mighty leg around his neck and knelt on his back with the other one. She caught his flailing leg and locked it. She twisted the attacker's foot occasionally, making him scream in pain.

Every time he did that, she gleefully tensed her hamstrings and calf muscles, cutting off his cries.

To her surprise, the man still struggled. He grabbed her leg with his arms and tried to pull it away. She gloated:

"You don't have enough yet? Do you really want me to hurt you?"

He flexed his arms and tried to free himself, so she just tightened her muscle mantrap around his neck. The poor guy was turning purple in no time.

"Come on. Give up ..."

"Hrnk!"

"Was that a yes?"

"Hrrr!"

He was fighting, but he was going down. Very well, if he wanted it that way, Ana would provide. With perfect ease, she increased the pressure once more. She could hear the man's bones grind and crack. She didn't want to kill him, so she had to manage her strength. Not that she minded, but they had agreed on a contest, and she was a woman of her word.

The amazon held her grip for a moment more as he desperately clawed against her tough skin, then finally, the man collapsed. She waited for a moment to make sure this wasn't some pathetic ruse, then released him. He landed numbly on the carpet.

Ana stood up, stretched her broad back and took a deep breath.

"That was actually a nice challenge. I can't say I didn't enjoy it. Still, I'm quite curious who doesn't want me to participate in the Olympia. Or at least who is desperate enough to send me a thug like that one."

The maid appeared, handing her mistress a towel so she could wipe off the sweat of her majestic body. As the amazon returned it, she said:

"Call Inspector Damois and ask her to pick up this man. I'm sure she'll be able to connect him to other crimes. He doesn't look like a total amateur."

Zina nodded and Ana added:

"Oh, and draw me a bath. I think I'm going to be done with my training for today."

The short woman replied:

"It's already prepared, madam. We began filling it when the fighting started."

The musclemwoman laughed and smiled at the tiny maid:

"Oh Zina, you know me so well ..."

"It's a pleasure, madam."

Ana shot one last look at the attacker, then left to take her bath. She deserved it after that fight. Somehow, the Olympia had just gotten more interesting!

Ana's limousine stopped at the entrance of the convention center. Carmine, her driver and bodyguard, got out and walked around the limousine. The spectators crowded around the red carpet. Years ago, the Olympia had been a weird show for people who liked to look at freaks. It was pretty much unknown and shrunk down more and more.

That's when the organizers decided to change the format and started paying attention to the quality of the contestants, while also making the challenges a little more interesting. The quality of the athletes meant that they had to look incredible, but the challenges ...

To put it simple, there would be more action than merely turning around and posing.

The results came instantly. The contest was being covered on all stations and the athletes became stars. Winning the Olympia was the door to success: Movie deals, publicity, even political careers. All of these things

could be kickstarted by even placing at the contest. The Olympia had been transformed into a greenhouse for showbusiness talent.

No wonder people came to watch the athletes arrive.

The chauffeur opened the door and stood to attention. Ana stepped out of the car in one elegant fluid motion. She was relaxed, her body barely pumped up. Still, her muscles were as massive as ever, covered by a perfectly tailored flowing dress that revealed her long, muscle-packed legs through a slit up to her waist. The purple silk dress was covered in chrysanthemum patterns and interlocking scales. It went up to her slim waist, then up to her broad, muscular chest. The dress' cleavage went down to her navel, emphasizing her round, heavy breasts and her tremendous shoulders.

In her heels, she towered over the crowd, her long silky black hair flowing down her massive back. As she preferred it, she didn't show the hint of a smile. The spectators just watched her, then bowed to her, prostrating themselves before her power. She was a queen and there was no way to hide her perfect domination.

Instead of a smile and a wave, she looked down on them, then lifted her pale hand and made a dismissive gesture. The fans went wild, gasping at her power. One young woman which was obviously doing her best to train hard herself, threw herself to the ground, moaning "I am not worthy! I don't deserve to look at my queen!".

Ana obviously ignored her, but the words pleased her nonetheless.

She walked down the carpet to the monumental entrance of the building, then turned around once more at the last moment and shot an intense glare at the audience, sending it into a frenzy of devotion.

Satisfied, the queen allowed the ushers to hold the doors for her.

Once inside, she was joined by her assistants which had taken the service entrances. They accompanied her to the athletes' area. The muscle queen passed the main area and went to her own partition. She didn't even take the time to assess the other competitors. Besides, this was something her maids would take care off.

Ana took off the dress quickly and walked over to the weight set her assistants had prepared for her. With a smile, she started pumping up. Instantly, she felt the bite of steel on her hands. She curled some lighter weights to make sure her muscles were properly showcased.

The maids took up position at the partition's door to make sure no one disturbed their mistress. They carefully looked out for spies or peeping toms.

At last, Ana was ready. Two maids carefully wiped the sweat of her skin and went to work on her makeup. Ana didn't like the golden glow or the strange unnatural tan that most athletes used. She preferred her natural pale skin. To look her best in the harsh light of the Olympia's stage, she still needed to add a bit of shading. So she calmly waited until the assistants had carefully defined the depths of her huge, ripped muscles. When they were done, she posed in front of the mirror and took in the full power of her brutally carved physique.

With their help, she put on her posing suit which echoed the chrysanthemum and scale patterns. They added her jewelry, including a pair of beautiful golden snake earrings and a locket that nestled between her round, taut breasts. Each piece was constructed so it could get torn off without hurting her. The fact that they made her a bit heavier was pointless for her. After all, she was competing in the top weight class anyway.

One last check, then the maids helped her into a tracksuit. The piece repeated the pattern once more and barely concealed the incredible mass of her muscles. It wasn't tight, but it was close.

Finally ready, Ana checked herself once more, then stepped into the changing area. The other competitors looked at her, feeling intimidated by her sheer presence. The queen heard whispers all around her.

"Oh my God. It's her."

"Fuck, she's even bigger ..."

"Holy crap! What do I do?"

One voice sounded above the others, appearing more confident.

"Why are they all pissing themselves like that? Is that all that woman got? A big ego?"

Ana looked at her challenger. There was a hulking woman with long blond hair and a massive, tanned body. She was looking as if she had stepped straight out of a schoolboy fantasy. She had full, voluptuous lips, huge round breasts and a ripped, muscular body. Her curves were poured into a golden posing suit and she seemed to sparkle.

The woman examined Ana's stature, trying to figure out what she was hiding under that tracksuit. Then she walked over to her, swinging her hips and oozing confidence.

The queen waited for her to stand in front of her. Ana was a good two inches taller and a bit wider in the shoulders. Also, her legs were quite a bit longer.

The challenger thrust out her chest, trying to push Ana back, but the musclewoman didn't budge. Their breasts collided, but neither woman conceded even a fraction of an inch. There was a flash of insecurity on the woman's look. Still, she flexed her shoulders to make herself seem bigger and put her arms akimbo, power-posing. She growled:

"Those girls are all afraid of you, but I, Cynthia, won't be intimidated by your posturing. My twenty-inch-arms are going to blow them all away!"

Ana didn't even smile. This woman was cute, but she was way below her. Instead, she just asked:

"Are you done?"

"I'm not done with you yet, no!"

Suddenly, Ana's arms shot out and she reached at the other woman's lats. The blonde was surprised by the move, and even more as Ana lifted her up in that awkward position, then turned sideways and set her back down a foot to the right.

There was a pause as Cynthia tried to figure out what had just happened. Ana used the moment to walk along and pass her without even looking at her.

The blond woman stared daggers at her while the other contestants held their breath. As Ana reached the entrance to the weigh-in area, she half-turned around and looked at the fuming Cynthia:

"If you want trouble with me, you can try to beat me at the competition. Try. But don't get in my way. I don't tolerate that."

It was clear that Cynthia wanted to say or scream something, but her trainer put her hand on her shoulder and said calmly:

"Don't let her provoke you. You'll be disqualified."

Ana didn't even hear the woman's reply.

The statuesque musclewoman reached the weigh-in area. The other bodybuilders were also there, getting ready to show the audience a first glimpse of what was to come. Ana barely glanced at them, but she had to admit to herself that the field was quite interesting. This wasn't just a collection of wimps, but actually a bit of a challenge. She wondered which one had sent her that attacker.

With a smile, she thought about how she probably should have taken a trophy of some kind. Displaying it now would maybe have brought the person that had ordered the assault out of the woodwork.

Well, that hadn't worked out.

The judges turned to her after checking a rather bloated female contestant. The woman obviously carried too much fat and water. She was certainly massive and probably very strong, but even though she might be able to handle the contests of strength and skill, she would miss out on the posing. Ana sighed. The last thing she needed was unprofessional people that dragged down the field. She wanted some serious competition.

The head judge, a tall, grey-haired woman that sat ramrod-straight behind her desk, said:

"Take off your suit and get ready for the weigh-in."

Ana could hear the audience rustle. People came to this part of the event only if they were really into muscle, so, as far as she was concerned, they deserved a bit of an extra to reward their devotion. The tall musclewoman turned towards the audience, concentrated and flexed her muscles.

This wasn't just posing. Far from it. Actually, Ana was still mostly standing there, but she was powering up her body under her suit. Years of practice had given her almost perfect control of the various muscles and she could tighten them individually at a thought.

Some of the more attentive observers noticed what was happening early on and gasped. She heard whispers run through the auditorium.

"Oh God ..."

"What is happening? Come on, tell me!"

"She is going to ..."

"Is that even possible?"

"Oh shiiit ..."

Ana closed her eyes, feeling the tension within her body increase. This was still one of the most amazing feelings one could have. Ever since she developed her total flex technique, she had to keep herself under control to stop herself from going completely crazy on that. She knew she could push it even further, but this wasn't yet the moment to show the true potential of her power.

Quietly, she suppressed a moan.

"Aaah ..."

Then her whole body tensed at once, abruptly increasing its volume. The judges looked at her, only one of them understanding what was happening, his expression switching to a grin. The old head judge frowned. This was not the time for whatever the candidate was doing ...

Ana felt the fabric tense and stretch over her hard, dry muscles. Summoning the final bit of mass from the depths of her body, she released it all at once and ...

There was a rip. No, it was more like a bursting sound. Like a very slow but intense explosion.

"Ms. Payne, I don't think ..."

The tracksuit blew up. The sheer tension of Ana's muscles tore it to shreds. The mass of her physique broke through it, the fabric struggling for a faint moment before giving in under the pressure.

The other candidates stared. The audience was silenced for a moment, although some of the spectators instantly broke out into cheers.

"Fuck yeah!"

"Damn!"

"We can go home now, that woman won!"

Applause rose from the auditorium, but the tall, grey-haired woman got up and silenced it with a quick gesture. She frowned at Ana. The musclewoman was completely unfazed. Still, the head judge said:

"Ms. Payne, the jury has little time for vulgar displays of power and pointless bragging. Focus on the task at hand, please."

Instantly, the crowd fell silent, shocked by the woman's harshness. She was obviously taking this completely serious and had no qualms at stopping the candidates from breaking the rules.

The amazon caught the other woman's eye and held her gaze. For a moment, the tension in the room seemed to rise uncomfortably. The two women stood there, locked in their silent confrontation. At last, the older one broke their deadlock.

"Enough of these games. Step on the scale for measuring."

The assistant, who was still recovering from the show, took a moment to realize what he was supposed to do and read the scale:

"230 pounds, madam."

There were nods of appreciation.

"Very good. You'll compete in the women's superheavyweights, obviously."

Ana's expression turned to a grin:

"I will also join the men's heavyweights."

"But you're not a man."

"I don't need to be a man to beat those weaklings. Actually, I think that being a man would make things harder for me, don't you think?"

Her look radiated a terrible energy, intimidating the assistants and the ushers, that now retreated away to the sides of the podium. The head

judge had sat back down and rubbed her temples.

"Very well. If you insist. But I warn you. The men's contest is way more dangerous than the women's ..."

Ana shrugged her mighty shoulders, sending a pulse of muscular intensity through her muscles.

"Of course. It'll be dangerous for the other competitors."

The spectators whooped and cheered at her almost obscene confidence, but she glanced at them, shutting them down with one dark flash of her eyes. They fell quiet and returned to admiring her beautifully sculpted body quietly.

The judge nodded to the assistant:

"For documentary purposes, we're going to measure you now."

The crowd broke into a cheer. This was the best part. The head judge shushed them with a glare.

The assistant unrolled a tape measure and went to work, a little intimidated by the intensity of Ana's muscles. He was used to a lot of mass and energy, but this candidate was way beyond the usual.

"Chest: 55 inches."

The audience mumbled anxiously. That was massive!

The assistant relaxed the tape and let it come down to Ana's waist. The carved packs of muscle struggled against each other as she flexed hard.

"Waist: 27 inches."

There were gasps from the auditorium. A two-to-one taper was the sign of a coming champion! Ana felt a certain satisfaction at their incredulity. She was way beyond them in any case.

The next part was the thigh. She stretched her leg, relaxed it, swung the masses of her quad about and then flexed it with brutal intensity. It instantly locked into place, the brutally carved striations digging into her alabaster skin. The assistant hesitated. It was just almost too much for him.

Ana looked down on him and asked:

"Are you alright down there? You sound ... surprised."

"Uh ... I'm fine, thank you. Thighs: 28 inches."

"Twenty-eight? Are you sure?"

With a grunt, she flexed again and the measuring tape was spread apart.

"Sorry! It's twenty-nine inches!"

"Much better."

"Calves are 20 inches. Wow."

The judge looked almost impressed. The assistant stood back up, faced Ana and said:

"Okay, just the arms now. Which one do you prefer?"

She looked down on him:

"They are both the same size. Do you seriously believe I would compete without watching my symmetry?"

"Oh, okay ... Uh. Twenty-one inches."

The judge nodded.

"Very well. It's all recorded, you can proceed."

Ana smiled and walked over to the desk.

The judge handed Ana her tag and her registration and the athlete walked away past the next competitors. They stared at her, having seen that show and staying there, completely shocked. She didn't do anything to hide her satisfaction with her display.

As she went past Cynthia, she allowed herself the faintest of smiles, enjoying the other woman's rising panic. Even the male competitors were obviously intimidated.

Up on the podium, the judge called out:

"Next." Then she turned to one of the assistants. "Oh, and kindly remove the scraps that Ms. Payne has left us here."

Ana returned to her place and continued her pumping. The little show on the podium had made her eager for more. She wanted to make sure all of her remaining energy was available. After a bit of pumping, there was an announcement over the PA that the show would start any moment.

She finished her set. One of the maids handed her a splendid robe so she could keep warm, then she stepped outside to listen to the master of ceremonies:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to the Olympia, the world's premier bodybuilding, strength and fighting contest! Tonight, you will witness the world's best athletes, showing off their hard work and their excellent physiques! They will compete in brutal, dangerous contests of strength! They will present their bodies and the power of their personalities to the eyes of the world! They will fight glorious, tense matches to find out who deserves to win the title! No challenge is more difficult, no competition is more intense!"

There was a thunderous applause. People got up from their seats and cheered for their favorites.

The master of ceremonies calmed them down as good as he could, then continued:

"Sooo ... Ladies and gentlemen, it's time to start! We will see the strongest, toughest, most agile, most skilled, most beautiful, gorgeous women of the planet, ready to give their all to prove their worth. Ladies and gentlemen, please put your hands together for our female contestants!"

The noise was deafening. With a smile, Ana walked on stage with the others, flexing her muscles and drawing the audience's attention to her.

Then the games commenced!

"As you know, these competitions used to be tedious shows with a lot of posing and doing the same things over and over again. That was sooo tiresome! Happily, we came up with something a little more interesting with our sponsors. To get you all in the mood, we'll start with the Rods of Power!"

There was a thunderous applause across the auditorium.

"And after this, each candidate will be able to show off their strength in a unique presentation. This is a great opportunity for everyone to show their speciality!"

The audience cheered as a clip from last year was being shown.

"Our defending champion, Ana Payne, is here with us and has promised us an interview during halftime! But that is in the future. Anyway, here goes nothing. Ladies, get ready for the Rods of Might!"

The pyrotechnics were fired and the rear curtains opened to show the challenge at hand. On silk displays, there were rows of six-foot steel rods of varying thickness.

"Ladies, please pick a rod and bend it. As always, the judges are looking out for grace, efficiency and power!"

The crowd fell silent as the amazons walked towards their displays and tested the rods, each one selecting one of them eventually. Ana took the second thickest one. It was a massive bar, a little over an inch across.

Cynthia grinned at Ana. Without hesitation, she took the thickest one and gave it a playful swing.

"What's up? You afraid of hurting yourself?"

The raven-haired musclewoman didn't even bother replying. Instead, she walked to her assigned spot and laid the bar against her thick lats. The cold steel felt hard and brutal against her skin. Then again, she expected nothing less from the organizers of this contest. With a snaking movement that showed off her elegance, she slid her arms around the bar and on the signal, she started tensing her muscle.

She didn't care about the other women, completely focusing on the challenge at hand. Her muscles tightened slowly, gradually increasing their power. She knew this was the first of many tests and she definitely didn't want to tip her cards too early. After all, she still had a bunch of tricks up her sleeve.

The audience gasped as the women started their struggles. Cynthia grunted loudly as she tried to get a good position to bring her strength to bear. She first tried it by just bending the rod in her hands. When that didn't work, she went for the knee. She struggled, her brow getting sweaty as she forced her muscles to work at full power.

Meanwhile, Ana just sensed that she was reaching the power necessary to make the metal budge. By now, her neck was a column of muscle and her biceps were swelling, although she was nowhere near her maximum. She was completely concentrated, careful not to expend any unnecessary energy.

"Hrnk! Ffff ... Gah! Why won't you bend, you stupid stick?"

Cynthia's annoyance was echoing towards her and it was highly distracting. Ana thought about saying something, but decided that she didn't need to. Any bit of attention she gave that horrible woman would only throw her back.

Around her, the other candidates were getting their rods to bend, but of course, these were way thinner. For Ana, this was hardly a challenge.

That's when she sensed that the metal started to give. With perfect calm and precision, she started moving her arms forward, her muscles swelling even harder, thick veins popping up under her pale skin. Her breath was still absolutely calm. She was in control.

Now she had the beginning. Using her momentum, she continued to apply her power and the metal gave way. The grunts and growls next to her got louder.

Instead of paying any attention to the vulgarity, Ana now took a deep breath, letting her mighty chest swell. She felt her power flow through her body and directed it into her muscles. As she exhaled, she brought her arms together in front of her, folding the bar into a perfect circle with an almost gentle movement.

Cynthia triumphed, tossing a twisted bit of metal to the ground.

"Yes! Got it! Ha! You stupid piece of scrap! How's that for a change?"

Ana sighed and held up the ring she had shaped in the air above her, the bar's weight seeming light as a feather to her. She gave the audience her best victory pose, epitomizing her physique ideal.

There was a wave of applause.

The judges consulted and awarded the points for the challenge.

"Cynthia Goan, 8 points. Ana Payne, 10 points. Cara Assami, 6 points ..."

The blond contestant stared at Ana.

"But I ..."

If looks could kill, Ana would have died on the spot. As for her, the tall raven-haired beauty couldn't care less. She hung the ring back on the rack and walked over to the second challenge.

The announcer happily spoke again, his voice booming over the PA.

"As you know, this element is made of three challenges, followed by the personal presentation, before moving to the wrestling matches! So, ladies and gentlemen, here's our second round!"

The applause thundered. Ana and Cynthia's rivalry seemed to invigorate the crowd. Everybody loved a good fight.

"The second challenge is a little thing we call ... Under Pressure!"

The assistants wheeled in some machines. They consisted of a massive steel plate under a shaft, combined with some heavy engine. The machines were getting locked to the concrete floor while the announcer explained.

"Okay, now listen everybody, because these little marvels are amazing! The candidates will get under those plates and the machines will push down on them. The longer the challenge lasts, the more intense the pressure will get. If they fail to keep the plate up, they have to stop. Of course, there are plenty of safety measures in place to make sure no one gets hurt ... seriously! Last woman standing wins!"

The crowd went wild as the candidates got into position.

"Get ready ... set ... go!"

The machines started up.

Ana instantly felt the pressure on her shoulders. It was pretty intense for the first moment. The organizers certainly liked to start with a bang. She could hear the other candidates grunt as they were hit.

She looked over to the others for a second and saw Cynthia right opposite her. So the organizers not only knew about showmanship, they also enjoyed a good rivalry.

Cynthia grinned over at her and hissed:

"Okay, you won the first round, but that was because it was just some pansy artsy-fartsy thing. This is about pure strength, and I got plenty!"

Ana barely registered her opponent's boast, but she deigned to answer:

"Focus on holding against that thing. You'll get hurt if you fool around."

"Hah! I can do this all day!"

Just then, the machines kicked in for good.

The groans all around her got louder.

Ana understood she couldn't just push against this plate with her shoulders only, so she switched her stance, opting for a wider, more robust position, then set her hands against the plate. She tensed her back muscles and unleashed her strength. The plate instantly stopped and stayed stable above her, held in check by her power.

Opposite her, Cynthia was gloating. With a strained chuckle, she pushed against the plate at full power and even made the machine go back up a bit. The audience applauded eagerly.

Ana could hear a chorus of "Cynthia! Cynthia!" swell up.

Then the machines geared up to the next level. Instantly, the weight came down again, undoing Cynthia's little show.

Ana controlled her breath. She wasn't against showmanship, but in a contest like this, she knew that she had to manage her stamina. The

other woman thought it was all about power, but the Snake knew better. Strength would be important, but maintaining a level of energy for a long time against an ever more intense pressure would be decisive.

Now she just hoped she would manage.

Again, the machine increased its power. The crowd cheered and applauded. Apparently, there was a counter of some sort that showed the level that was bearing down on them. A bar was filling up slowly. Once it was full, the weight would increase.

It hit again.

Ana groaned. This was surprisingly tough. She could feel her muscles grow tense under the machine's relentless attack. Being tall was somehow a disadvantage now. As she tried to adjust to the weight bearing down on her, she lost valuable room.

Soon, she was covered in sweat. This was hard. She glanced over to Cynthia and saw that the other woman was struggling all the same. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see one of the other candidates bow out. The poor woman was collapsing under the machine, which thankfully immediately stopped.

Cynthia hissed:

"Fuuuck ... This is ... sooo ... heavy!"

Ana clenched her muscles and held against it. Just then, the machine once again increased its pressure. The crowd howled as the steel plate drove downwards relentlessly. Ana would not give up. She could stand it. It wasn't that hard ... at least, that's what she told herself.

Still, she could feel heavy drops of sweat splatter on the rubber-covered floor under her. Another woman broke down, giving out a sigh.

The voice of the MC thundered over the stage:

"Wow! Another candidate has given up. I can't blame her, really. This is one incredible challenge! Let's put our hands together for those still in the race. Oh ... and the louder you clap, the more intense the next push will be!"

The applause was deafening. Ana couldn't help smirking at the awful joke they were playing on her.

The machines growled and the pressure went up.

"Oof ..."

Another one bit the dust. And another one. And another one ... The field was rapidly clearing up.

Ana realized that there were only the three of them left. Herself, Cynthia and a small, thick woman she hadn't paid any attention to yet. What was her name? Cara something. Anyway, she was using her short stature to her advantage now. While Ana and Cynthia had to manage their long limbs, she could just wait down there and withstand the machine's push.

The Snake groaned as the pressure went up another increment. By now, she was forced to squat under the plate, while Cynthia was on one knee, holding it up in a dramatic pose. One look showed Ana that this had been a dumb idea on her part. Sure, the woman could look cool, but she wouldn't be able to switch out of that easily.

As predicted, the blonde furiously tapped out.

"Shit!"

Now it was a duel.

Ana shot a look over to the brown-haired girl. Cara looked young and almost timid, which was a strange combination with her overblown

muscles. At the same time, she lacked anything that could even make her conventionally attractive: almost no breasts, a flat, although strong butt, and as little makeup as possible. And yet, she was using her power to her advantage.

The machine revved up once more. Ana grunted. Her hands were slick with sweat now, the plate was pushing into her neck and shoulders and despite her flexibility, she was finding it more and more difficult to deal with what little space she had left.

She closed her eyes in frustration, then seeing as it was getting almost too painful to bear, she stopped.

The machine halted and she got out, wiping a thick film of sweat from her brow. Next to her, Cara obviously only realized that she was tied for first place as the machine retracted.

"I placed? What? How? Cool!"

She made a cute little jump that looked comically out of place with her thick muscles and blushed as her eyes met Ana's. The Snake didn't react and waited for the announcer to give them the results.

"Cynthia Goan, 14 points. Ana Payne, 18 points. Cara Assami, 14 points ... It seems as if the Snake is taking the lead. Incredible! This competition is heading for three leading ladies! Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together for our contestants! They deserve it after this challenge."

As she waved briefly to the spectators, Ana saw the men watch them from the wings. Quite a few of them were obviously lusting after them, but some were also rather worried by their performance. They were starting to realize that facing the Snake was not an idle threat!

"Wow! That was amazing!" The master of ceremonies walked past the mighty women that were now resting after the effort. "You did great. It was a joy to watch, all of you. But, ladies ... are you ready for the third

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"Wow! That was amazing!" The master of ceremonies walked past the mighty women that were now resting after the effort. "You did great. It was a joy to watch, all of you. But, ladies ... are you ready for the third

and final round? One more grueling challenge of your strength and toughness before we move to the personal presentations? Admit it, you want to know what sadistic little challenge our creative heads have come up with, right?"

There was a burst of laughter from the audience. The man managed to sell his audacity with his charm, so much was true.

"Alright, so here's the final challenge: Want to Break Free?"

Ana groaned. Cynthia rolled her eyes. The other girls seemed completely hapless. The master of ceremonies walked over to a table and held up a length of chain. The spectators roared and applauded. Now this would be a display of power for the ages!

"So ... Here it is. The chain! Forged from the best and hardest steel, tampered and tested! It is up to you to break them and prove your might! There's one thing, though: You can pick the way you get chained, but if you don't manage to break out, you will be penalized. Here you are! Choose your challenge!"

The pyrotechnics went off and a group of burly men and one equally massive woman marched on the stage, wearing smiths' aprons.

"These ladies and gentlemen will make sure there's no weak spot to your binding. Dear spectators, a round of applause for these masters of steel!"

The MC held up his hand in what looked vaguely like a metal pose. The smiths lifted their hammers.

Moments later, things were underway.

Ana went first, being in the lead. The smith asked:

"So, what will you take?"

The tall woman looked down on him, her muscles glistening in the harsh stage light. While she was shredded to perfection, the man seemed thickish, even plump.

"Everything you got."

"Okay ..."

Ana could sense Cynthia's glare. The blond woman answered, a tad too loud, maybe:

"Give me what she's got! Only more! Yes!"

The other smith shrugged:

"We'll do what we can, okay?"

"Whatever! Just make sure I win."

"Hey, lady, anything you want, but you still gotta break out yourself."

"I can and I will!"

Meanwhile, Ana felt the chain bite into her skin. The smith did his best to fulfill her demand. He wrapped the steel tight around her, locking it in several places, making sure that even breaking one part would leave the rest uncompromised. The longer he worked, the more the musculowoman understood that she was being truly immobilized. If she fell over now, she would be like a sitting duck.

At last, he was finished. As he closed the final ring, he said:

"Okay, good luck. Honestly, I don't think you'll get out of that."

"I will."

He bowed quickly to her and walked backstage.

The master of ceremonies was back there. With a magnanimous gesture, he bade the smiths goodbye and said:

"Wonderful! Don't you love good craftsmanship?" He walked over to Cynthia's chains and gave them a quick pull. They barely budged. "Wow. That's solid. How do you feel?"

The blond woman struggled against her bonds. It was clear that she would have some trouble getting out of there.

"It's ... tight."

"As it should be. After all, we're trying to challenge you, right?"

"Right! I'll still break out, though."

"And you should. Fast too. Because here's a little extra surprise." Stagehands were already busy assembling something in the background. "To make things a little more exciting, we're going to put the whole thing into a water tank. We're going to fill it slowly, so you should have plenty of time, but you should hurry nonetheless ..."

A flash of doubt passed over Cynthia's eyes. The other girls wanted to protest. As for Ana, she had expected some kind of extra difficulty.

"Of course, we're going to pull you out should anything go wrong, but we gotta make this as interesting as possible, right?"

The audience clapped and cheered.

Then the pool was ready and the water started pouring in. The pipes feeding it were quite huge to accommodate such a massive pool. So close to the sea, it was obviously saltwater. The candidates were quite a bit miffed by the surprise.

Ana felt the wetness under her toes. No, this wasn't going to be slow ... She had to be quick!

Ana focused. Her muscles relaxed. She pushed the stress and noise around her away and calmed herself down. The water was there, but she decided to ignore it for now. It was no issue for now. She heard the grunts and growls of the other competitors next to her, but that was another thing she had to be rid of.

At last, she found her calm. Her body seemed almost deflated now. It certainly lost a bit of volume, and that was exactly what she planned. While the others were trying to wriggle out of their bonds or tried to pull or push against them, the muscle queen reduced her body as much as possible. Her control of her own muscles was intense enough that she could actually do this.

Sure, she probably could have used her muscles to pop out her shoulder and work herself out of the chains, but that was a cheap trick. There would be no Houdini-things happening here. She was going to do this with her pure, brutal strength.

Finally, she was completely limp. Her body was soft and weak. The chains hung from her body, giving her the slightest bit of room.

Very well.

Next to her, she could hear Cynthia growl at her bonds. The other women were struggling as well. Ha. She was way beyond them.

Slowly, she started summoning all her inner energy. She wasn't just into the purely mechanical part of bodybuilding. To her, it was not just breaking down her muscle fibers to make them regrow at a bigger size. That was just ... aesthetics.

She didn't really care about that. She did, of course, but to her, it was about the ability to shape her body, to take control of every aspect of her being.

She took a breath.

She let out the air.

She took another.

She could feel the power rise within her. As the ancients knew, it was all about breathing.

Ana heard Cynthia manage to break one of the chain links, which meant that the poor woman was actually getting closer to freeing herself. It was ... cute. She just might achieve something yet.

With the third breath, Ana felt the concentration of power in her body reach its apex. Then, with perfect calm, she unleashed the energy.

It took the audience a moment to notice it. Of course, most spectators just looked at the musclewomen struggling with their bonds, managing to break links and slowly freeing themselves as the water rose. Most of them were already in the water up to their hips. The more sensitive watchers felt the power that seemed to emanate from Ana's place. It was as if there was a kind of whirling stream building around her in the water.

People started pointing at her. The other competitors looked over to her now, trying to figure out what was happening.

With an almighty roar, Ana released the pent-up force into her muscles. In a matter of seconds, they grew and tightened into their full form, even expanding beyond their initial size. There was like a harsh silence spreading over the audience.

The chains bit deep into her hardened flesh, but her energy was such that the chain links started to spread. Slowly at first, then faster and faster, her muscles rose against the metal. It hurt. Ana held back her

tears with sheer willpower. She would not allow herself even the smallest display of weakness.

Her muscles grew harder and harder now, the chain links almost getting flattened by her expanding body. There was a kind of tension now around her. One might even believe that it would make the water boil.

She was still standing there, her mouth open, a deep, thunderous, primal scream emanating from deep within her body.

The water was reaching the underside of her breasts and was rising fast. She had to act now.

Ana brought up the last reserves of her energy and hardened her muscles into carved marble. The chains groaned, stretched, resisted ... She felt the pain rise. It was a sharp, terrifying pain that only got worse from the rising waters. She was starting to lose her footing.

The tension increased once more, mobilizing her last reserves. She would either succeed now or be too weak for another attempt.

She felt thin trickles of blood well up under the chains. That was no problem, she knew she healed quickly. After all, she was incredibly powerful, no?

With a final push, she brought her muscles even beyond their mass and the chains detonated. If the water, which had risen up to her clavicles, hadn't been there to slow the pieces down, they would probably have been dangerous to the other competitors or even the audience.

She growled and swam up easily, freed of the bonds.

The spectators just about wanted to start cheering her when there were sudden panicked screams.

Ana looked around and saw a huge monstrosity emerge from the pipe that fed the pool.

What was that?

The announcer's voice rang over the audience, the man doing his best to stay calm.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please remain seated. Everything is under control. This is all part of the show!"

He added a nervous chuckle that was meant to sound soothing but ended up disturbing the crowd even more. The first people started getting up, hesitating what to make of the situation.

Ana looked at the creature that was slithered into the basin. It was a kind of huge shark, its back and head covered in weird bony armor plates. The creature looked around quickly, sending the women around it into a panic. The only reason why they wouldn't get away was that most of them were still bound. For a moment, Ana thought that it might just be time for the organizers to release the candidates.

Then she sighed and faced the beast that was still trying to figure out where it was and what was going on. It was only a matter of moments before it would return to its animal instincts and then, it would be a bloodbath.

Without any hesitation, Ana dove down, picked up a broken chain link and tossed it at the creature, shouting and splashing to attract its attention. That worked very well. The beast's head instantly swiveled in her direction, rows upon rows of very sharp and pointy teeth coming into view.

For the faintest of moments, Ana questioned the intelligence of her move.

Then it was all moot because the creature charged, its mighty fins propelling it forward at an astonishing speed. Ana kept her footing and faced it head-on. As the back fin raced closer, she got ready to grab the animal.

The monstrosity opened its maw now and if anything, Ana would have heard it roar if that was even possible. It was obvious that it was not just hungry, but literally enraged.

Just as the beast was in range to bite her, she caught it by those strange bone plates and moved it around herself, directing it past her. She felt the animal's rough skin scrape over her body, further hurting her. The audience was now mesmerized by what was happening in the pool. People stood transfixed, staring at the fight that was developing.

The huge shark-monster turned around, gearing up to attack again. Ana readied herself. Somehow, there was a glint of malicious intelligence in that creature's eyes. She probably would have wondered to herself where that strange beast had come from, but this was definitely not the time.

The monstrosity charged at her, racing towards her, its maw opening wide. This time, it would not be tricked by the woman's shenanigans. Ana took a hard gulp of air and threw herself underwater. The animal, obviously not expecting this, passed over her.

That's when Ana's arms shot up and she caught the beast around its "waist", for lack of a better term. It beat its fins hard to move and she was dragged through the water, her heavy, muscle-packed body sliding over the pool's floor.

Ana held her breath and tightened her grip, her mighty arms swelling with the effort. The creature's skin bit deep into her own, its muscles working hard against her terrifying grip. The shark seemed to panic. It hadn't expected this. To be honest, it was outrageous in any way.

Above the stage, the audience held its breath. People were completely shocked by what was happening. People stood transfixed, there was

only one weirdly loud call for someone to please sit down. It felt absurdly booming in that huge hall.

Slowly, the shark realized that it was unable to shake Ana like that. The animal did its best to get her off, trying to whip at her with its tail, but Ana hung on. Then, the beast sped up and jumped out of the water, maybe hoping to make her let go.

Ana found herself pulled out of the water. She took a deep breath, filling her lungs, then the monster splashed back into the pool. That's when Ana tightened her grip. Suddenly, the tables turned. She realized that the animal wanted to get away now.

She found her footing and stood up, still holding it fast. The shark slapped her face with its tail, she kept it in her grip and started pulling it out now. Now things were escalating quickly.

The amazon locked her arms around it and squeezed.

The audience stared in complete confusion at what was happening. Then Ana lifted up the whole animal, pulling it out of the water despite its weight and moving into a German suplex. The shark landed in the water again with a splash and tried to turn around to get its belly back down. Ana didn't hesitate for a second and squeezed even harder and more brutally. The animal would probably have screamed now if it could. Instead, it flailed helplessly as the woman's vise-like grip only tightened itself harder. She could feel the rough skin tear into her arms and chest, but she didn't care. Her mind was flooded by a sheer burst of adrenaline and she just stuck to it, constantly increasing the pressure. The beast tried to bite her with its last bit of strength, but it was caught in a deadly trap.

Ana tightened her grip once more. She could feel the animal heave as it tried to resist or at least to make room for her brutal grip. Then it suddenly went limp in her arms.

Slowly, Ana released it. It sank into the water and twitched a bit, completely exhausted and broken. Was it dead? Ana didn't care. The animal did have a brutal ring squeezed into its skin all around it. She stood up straight again, streams of water running down her powerful shoulders. Her long black hair clung to her bare, brutally carved muscles. She looked around. The last few candidates had managed to free themselves.

The audience slowly came to life again, still shocked by the terrifying display it just witnessed. The master of ceremonies came on again, starting his announcement with the kind of nervous giggle people who had seen too much produced.

"Uh ... Hahaha. Yes. Yes ... Sooo ... Yeah. So much for that contest, right. Wow. Just as planned. Incredible. Yes. Ladies and gentlemen, Ana Payne, with our little surprise! Incredible, right? Put your hands together for our wonderful gladiatrix! Wonderful! Yes, wonderful! Amazing!"

The spectators slowly followed suit and then, the applause grew fast, turning into a thunder as they started trampling and cheering.

Ana barely acknowledged them, swam to the edge of the pool with a few powerful strokes and pulled herself out.

Instantly, two maids appeared to cover her nakedness and treat her wounds. Moments later, she was ready and lifted her head. The audience fell silent again. Then she walked off to the side.

Cynthia emerged from the water moments later, hesitated what to do and quickly disappeared backstage too. The audience could see her frustration.

Then the curtains fell and the announcer declared:

"Wow. The judges just declared Ana Payne to be this round's winner, and honestly, who can blame them? Still, the game is far from over: The next

round is posing and you, ladies and gentlemen, are up to a real treat! Those ladies have been perfecting their moves and routines and I can promise you some world-class muscle!"

The applause was a little lukewarm after the previous one, but that was okay.

Just as everybody was getting ready for the posing part, one of the smaller candidates walked over to the judges. There was a short debate, then Ana was called over too. She walked to the desk, a goddess made flesh. Her muscles were now rightfully pumped, and she was dazzling in her majesty. The head judge gave the other candidate a stern look, then said:

"Ms. Payne, Ms. Garcia here has brought to our attention that you outweigh her by fifty pounds."

Ana smiled:

"Is this supposed to be an insult? If it is, I don't see why Ms. Garcia takes it to the judges and insists on having it repeated at me like this."

The judge frowned:

"That isn't it. She argues, quite correctly, that the women's superheavyweights class is for women over 180 pounds. There is no maximum weight."

The amazon queen nodded vaguely. Where were they heading to?

"Ms. Garcia insists that since you signed up for the men's heavyweights, so you should be disqualified from the women's competition."

Ana shot the other musclewoman an amused glance. So that was it. Not very impressive. She shrugged her mighty shoulders and replied:

"I don't think the women's title is interesting to me at all. Ms. Garcia and the other small fry can happily have fun and run up for second place. At least the men will offer a real challenge."

"So you accept this?"

"Even better for her: I'd ask for it."

Suddenly, the other woman looked tiny and humiliated next to the musclebound giantess. Ana gave her a cold smile:

"Have fun, little girl."

"Hey!" She was quickly changed to anger, realizing she had somehow played herself. "Who are you calling little? Look at that arm! That's 17 inches!"

She flexed hard and indeed produced a hard, defined biceps that swelled against the taut skin. Ana thought for a moment whether she should even answer this. Then she thought, whatever, and lifted her arm, flexing her biceps hard.

The other woman almost fainted when she saw the masses of pure, perfectly cut meat explode into uber-defined muscle. It seemed as if every little extra pump just made Ana's arm look even more alien and incredible. Ana smirked and twisted her wrist, sending another pulse into that muscle, making it swell even harder. Her mutant physique seemed to grow even more absurd and brutal. She groaned lustfully, just enjoying the incredible tension within it.

The head judge swallowed, obviously shocked by this level of definition and power. The other women that watched the discussion couldn't help staring.

Ana relaxed her arm again and said:

"Girl, that was cute. But 21 is more than 17. Maybe it's better this way."

She turned around and wanted to go back to her changing room, when she suddenly saw Cynthia right in front of her. The blond woman grinned:

"Yeah, cute. But don't believe I'll let you get away and hide with the boys."

She pushed past Ana and walked over to the judges' desk:

"I want what she's having! Sign me up for the men. I don't give a damn about those weaklings." She pointed vaguely at the clustered musclewomen.

The head judge groaned.

"Fine. I guess we have just created an idiot precedent. But don't come complaining later on if you don't even place."

"Don't worry about that, lady. I'm gonna win that shit!"

"Language, Ms. Goan."

"Whatever."

Ana watched as the blonde stomped off. Okay, that match just got more interesting. And there was still the question about her attacker. She wouldn't let that one go either.

The Snake took her time to relax a bit while the women did their posing competition. She thought about watching them, but decided that it was easier for her to recover from the shark fight. After all, those guys would be seriously impressive.

She heard the announcers voice after a bit:

"Ladies and gentlemen, one last round of applause for our wonderful iron ladies! An astonishing show of strength and beauty! I don't know

about you, but I bow down to their sheer strength of will and their willingness to go all out!"

Ana harrumphed, wondering which one of those weaklings had won.

Eventually, one of the maids knocked on her door and once Ana called her in, the woman said:

"Madam, the men's feat of strength are coming to an end. The posing will follow soon."

"Very well. Time to pump up."

Soon after, the voice of the master of ceremonies thundered over the auditorium:

"This concludes the men's feats of strength. We'll be taking a short break and then, it's time to see our gentlemen in their best shape. I have also received info that for this part of the competition, the two best placed female candidates, Ms. Ana Payne and Ms. Cynthia Goan will participate in the men's division. This is certainly news! You've seen the both of them in the first part, and I have to say: They certainly stand a chance! You see, this is what I love about this sport: There's always a surprise coming up along the way!"

The curtain parted and the candidates walked on stage. Ana held herself as perfect as ever. Her every step oozed grace and elegant poise. The men did their best to suggest power and masculinity. Cynthia was equally impressive, but she was a little overwhelmed by this. Still, she did her best to hide it.

Once everybody was ready, it was time for the mandatory poses. The judge called them out one after the other and the candidates did as they were told. Ana tensed her muscles hard. She watched the competitors out of the corner of her eye. Normally, she would have focused

completely on her own show, but this time, she wanted to see who she was destroying.

The men were invariably huge. All of them sported massive bodies, with heavy, rounded shoulders, massive chests and thick midsections. Their arms and legs were packed with muscle and they did their best to show off their power. It was all a strange, yet elaborate dance.

“Side triceps.”

Ana pushed down her arm, her muscles swelling. She felt her triceps grow out of her arm like a wing. A glance at the others showed her that she was definitely the most defined on the stage. Two men seemed to be at her size level, but they both carried too much water and fat. One had to admit, though, that these two were still superhumanly shredded.

Between her teeth, Cynthia hissed:

“Fucking guns ... Boys, you can go home with those puny little sticks of yours. Look at that shredded side of beef! Twenty fucking inches, all mass, no fat!”

One of the men flexed his arm harder, trying to get to her level. That’s when Ana fully deployed her muscle power, tensing her muscles even harder.

“Twenty-one ... no ... twenty-two inches, you weaklings.”

Cynthia growled, but the show had to go on.

The judge continued, ignoring the little noises.

“Crab pose.”

There was a wave of “whoos” and “yeahs” in the audience. With the men, this pose was easily the fan favorite.

Ana could feel the looks of the male candidates rest on her. She lifted up her arms and took a deep breath, then brought them forward, her upper body exploding with power. One of the weaker men choked when he saw the mass of veins and striations swell. At the same time, her expression was seductive. The men grinned and gritted their teeth. Cynthia frowned angrily.

“Still got my fifty-two inches of chest, you show-off! That’s way beyond anyone! I’m a fucking beast!”

The Snake was calm and sensual.

She controlled her strength perfectly, without the need for strange antics. She could feel the audience’s reaction. She was way beyond the competition.

“You’re mostly loud, my dear. If you were as big as your mouth, you’d have a fighting chance in this contest. But as it is, fifty-five inches beat you easily.”

One of the men choked as he heard this burn. The others did their best not to panic as Ana deployed her uber-back.

Another call rang out.

“Double biceps.”

The competitors lifted their arms and flexed them hard. Now this was a sight to behold. Most bodybuilders love training their biceps and those champions were no exception. The audience broke out into spontaneous applause at the show.

Cynthia grinned, turning and flashing her arms at everyone, taking in their admiration and twisting her wrist again and again to make the muscle pop. Ana could tell that this was annoying the judge, so she just focused on staying at her best level. Besides, she knew that the extra

inches on her arms hurt that blond girl's ego. She had to admit she enjoyed this.

Just as Cynthia to her again, Ana raised two fingers and grinned.

The other woman's expression turned sour.

"Still bigger than the guys!"

Ana shot back:

"That's not the challenge."

"I hate you."

"I don't care about you."

Ana noted with satisfaction that she was one of the three biggest. All that hard work had paid off. She couldn't wait to do her solo routine, and then, the wrestling ...

Eventually, the judges were satisfied and dismissed them.

Backstage, Cynthia danced around, still pumped from her show. She wandered to the various competitors, flexed her muscles and posed, blasting them with her physique.

"Look at those puppies! Like what you see? Those are some fucking guns! Fucking howitzers! Damn, boys, if I'd known you were all so tiny, I'd have gone for the dudes' asses years ago! Look at them and weep, you pussies!"

The scene was cringeworthy, but somehow, the blonde managed to come across as cocky and confident. To Ana's amusement, the men actually seemed intimidated. Cynthia was just letting her pecs bounce, left, right, then she laughed and said:

"And I'm totally going to fuck you up! Just you watch my show!"

She turned towards Ana:

"And you too, Snake. You too!"

"Do that. I might even watch."

Cynthia made a rude gesture and stomped off.

"Ladies and gentlemen, dear spectators, it is now time for us to see what our candidates have come up with. This is their opportunity to showcase their strength, their definition and their skills. You will see some pretty crazy stuff, if I may say as much from checking out backstage. So, without further ado, the individual posing routines!"

Cynthia walked on the stage with a spring in her step. She was wearing a colorful bikini that was way more casual than the posing suit she previously wore. It was covered in floral patterns that fit her large, muscular frame. She had a sarong-style scarf tied around her hips. It was transparent enough to give the audience a good look of her powerful leg muscles. Finally, she had accessorized her thick blond hair with a hairband in the same style. Everything around her gave off vacation vibes and she seemed relaxed and happy.

She was followed by two of her companions, each carrying a large box. They set up on each side of the stage. From the box, they produced a folding table each and the one on the left got a chopping block and a knife ready. The other one had a large bowl.

The musclewoman bowed to the audience, took a microphone from a nearby stand and said:

"Hi! Thank you for being here! For my posing routine, I'd like to do something special today ... I'm gonna make a traditional fruit salad from my home island. You're going to love it, because it's prepared with love!"

She returned the microphone, bowed once more, then shot the left assistant a glance and he reached into the box, extracting two coconuts. He held them up so the audience could see, then he tossed them over to Cynthia. The musclegirl caught them easily, held them up too and placed them against each other in front of her chest and pressed hard. She flexed her pecs and her arms, while keeping her happy little smile. The muscles swelled, the grooves of her chest seemingly reaching for the coconuts. She squeezed harder and harder, and her muscles seemed to grow larger. The collar her muscles formed around her neck seemed to expand and her shoulders grew harder and tighter. She held that pose, showing off her perfect musclework.

Then, with a crack, the coconuts gave way, overwhelmed by her force. She smiled broadly, lifted one up and let some of the juice run into her mouth, a little of it dripping from her lips down into her cleavage.

She quickly walked over to the bowl and emptied the coconut milk into the bowl before casually pulling them apart and carried the bits to the chopper guy for cleanup.

Then she reached into the box and took out a watermelon. She held it aloft, easily balancing it on her fingertips. As if in a dance, she knocked against it, listening for the sound.

A satisfied smile.

Then she tore off the sarong, sat down on the stage, rolled on her back and spread her legs. She placed the melon between her enormous thighs and grinned at the audience, making it clear that she knew that a human head was roughly as resistant as a watermelon.

The spectators stared.

Cynthia tightened her legs around the melon. It looked as if the poor thing was getting swallowed by her hard masses of flesh. She kept smiling, careful not to show the effort she was making. She squeezed harder, the thigh muscles growing around the green skin of the melon. She released it for a moment, feeling the smooth, cool skin expand

again, then hit it again at full force. Having crossed her legs, the calves swelled up as well, producing a muscle-bow around the fruit.

With a happy grunt, she tensed some more, the veins and cuts on her legs getting quite obvious. The audience stared and then, the melon detonated with a loud crack. The reddish juice ran down her mighty thighs to her crotch, soaking her bikini bottoms. Little chunks of watermelon flew into the audience and happy spectators dove to get a bit for them to try.

She laughed, got back on her feet and picked up the pieces. She brought them to the chopping guy and picked up the coconut bits, quickly carrying them over to the bowl dude. There, she got a papaya and held it up again, placing it against her abs. Then, she bent forward, engulfing it completely with her washboard eight-pack.

The young musclewoman took a deep breath and coiled her grip on the fruit.

These were crunches in the truest sense of the word. Her muscles gripped into the hard skin, tightening and exerting the massive force of a superheavy bodybuilder. Cynthia chuckled as the intensity grew, then she flexed her obliques too, completely locking that fruit in.

There was a bang as her muscles obliterated the papaya's shell and she caught it with her hands, carrying it to the chopper. The spectators hooted as she showed off her hard abs, giving them a little vacuum hoover and a belly-dancing ripple.

Once she had the watermelon over, the bowl was looking pleasantly full. The assistant added some berries, and she tried it.

"Nice! Needs a bit of pineapple, though. Could you help me there, Wayne?"

"Sure!"

The young man took out a nice big fruit and held it up.

Cynthia turned her back to the audience and spread it. He placed the fruit against the middle of her lower traps. She lifted her arms into a double biceps pose, giving the audience a good look of her heavy arms, then rammed them back at full intensity, catching the pineapple between two sick walls of muscle.

The sudden intensity of the pressure detonated the fruit. One could only imagine what her explosive power would do once she was on the wrestling mat later on. She rolled her shoulders to squeeze the rest of the fruit to bits, then said:

“Wow! That felt great.”

The audience howled and cheered. People trampled the floor and whooped.

Soon after, the salad was ready, and she lifted the bowl up.

Then she added:

“Maybe some apple, what do you think?”

There were nods from the assistants and claps from the audience. She picked up two apples, held them each in a fist and held them above the bowl.

She grinned mischievously and closed her hands, her fingers instantly sinking into the fruit. There was a squelching sound as she liquefied the apple, thick streams of juice running through her fingers into the bowl. Bits of pulp fell into the salad and she tossed the cores away.

Now glistening with sweat and sweet juice, she said:

“Wow. So that’s how we make fruit salad on our island. I hope you enjoyed it, I certainly did. I’m sure that’s going to taste wonderful.” She

licked her lips. “I just hope I can get clean again before the wrestling. Wouldn’t want to stick to my poor opponents ...”

She carried the bowl over to the judges, added a “Bon appétit!” and went backstage, waving at the audience happily.

There was an ear-shattering applause.

The blond musclegirl walked into the backstage area and licked her fingers.

“I don’t think anybody has a chance against that, boys and girls!”

The Snake didn’t care. She was ready for her own show.

Ana Payne waited in the dark of the stage for the light to switch on. She was ready and pumped. Some of the men had already done their things, showing off their muscles some more, some even doing little dance routines. One of them had demonstrated a haka, another one had done a little gymnastic. That was cute.

Now it was her turn.

The light went on and Ana stood there, her muscles pumped and ready. She started with a few simple standards. She did a double biceps pose, then a side triceps, then a back pose to show the full extent of her taper.

The audience seemed suitably impressed. Next, she did a cartwheel, but stopped standing on her hands. She still faced away from the audience. She lowered herself with perfect precision, her body under absolute control. Slowly, carefully, she brought herself into a horizontal position, her entire muscular mass resting on her arms.

The people in the auditorium got a good look of her rock-dry body, the landscape of her muscles contracted into geological perfection. She

waited for a breath, then slowly went back up, turned around so as to face the audience and then dropped back, ending on her feet.

There, on a pedestal rested the first sphere. It was a full ball made of some exotic wood, polished to a sparkle and incredibly smooth. She took it with both hands, held it up, and tensed her muscles. It was obvious that this ball was quite heavy. One would guess maybe fifty pounds?

She lifted it up and up until it rested on her fingertips, her muscles tensed. The audience gasped. She let it roll down her arm, the heavy sphere following her muscle definition. She lowered her head, showing off her brutal traps. The ball rolled to the base of her neck. She stopped it with a simple flex.

Then she held it there for a moment. There was a slight, hushed applause.

The amazon lowered one arm, letting the ball slide forward, but instantly leaning back, letting the ball run over her pecs and resting it between her taut breasts. With an elegant move, she continued leaning back until she reached the bridge position, still holding the heavy ball with the sheer power of her pectorals.

With a sudden flex, she sent it rolling along her abs, each ab flexing individually to give the ball a meandering course.

The audience gasped. There were more claps.

Out of the corner of her eye, Ana could see Cynthia glower at her. That girl hadn't expected such a display of unstoppable elegance.

Finally, the ball reached Ana's crotch. She let it rest there for a moment, before lowering her upper body even more, using her superior flexibility to twist her muscle-packed upper body under her butt. She felt her breasts brush against the smooth stage floor, then led the ball along her legs. She put them together as the ball rolled on and on, eventually catching it with her feet. Then she lifted her legs. She was now in some kind of scorpion pose, the ball high above her.

Slowly, the spectators understood that she had just performed this with such a heavy weight. With the exception of a slight glint of sweat, there was no sign that the musclewoman had been strained by this demonstration.

Ana abruptly pushed herself up, jumping in the air with the power of her arms and catching herself, the heavy sphere still resting between her feet. She turned around again to face the audience. With a look of calm disdain, she let the ball wander back down towards her crotch.

There, she wrapped her legs around it. There was a pause.

People realized that something special was going to happen.

Ana was very calm now.

This was the *pièce de résistance*. The final act to show her absolute superiority to her competitors. Her legs sensuously danced around the ball, letting it turn around, showing its pure smoothness.

Then she caught it, her pumped, powerful thighs wrapping themselves around the wood. Ana could feel its hardness against her skin. She took a deep breath, still suspended head down in front of the spectators.

Suddenly, her muscles tensed. The audience could see that those thick, sculpted masses of power contracted, exerting a brutal pressure on the ball. Striations dug deeper, veins seemed to explode from her skin, her legs appeared to devour the sphere.

People held their breath. The master of ceremonies was very, very quiet. For a moment, one could probably hear a pin fall in the enormous auditorium. Ana was still perfectly calm. Her face didn't betray the slightest strain while her muscles increased their pressure with every second. It seemed as if they were now growing as they squeezed against the hard wood.

The tension was palpable. The other bodybuilders, watching from the wings, stared at the show, their knuckles white.

Ana only increased the power of her legs, the knot of muscle-power wrapped around the sphere tightening.

Then she relaxed for the slightest moment and locked the legs again.

The crack of the wood could be heard across the auditorium like thunder. Little splinters of wood flew away as the ball split neatly in half. Ana continued to hold them, though.

Calmly, she got back to the floor, stood up elegantly and picked the hemispheres up along the way.

With an expression that mixed smile and smugness, she walked around the stage, presenting the fruits of her labor.

The audience exploded into cheers and howls, clapping frenziedly.

"Unbelievable! I've never, never, never seen anything like it! She did it! She split that ball with her legs, just like that! Oh my God! This is incredible!"

The master of ceremonies was going wild, almost shrieking into his microphone as the amazon returned to the center of the stage.

With a rise of her eyebrow, she commanded the audience to calm back down and held up the two halves. She showed that they were made of wood, that they were complete and that they were not hollow or anything. Then she brought them together in front of her chest.

Instantly, the whole arena was hushed.

What was going to happen next?

People were anxious to know what her next move would be.

Ana held the two halves against each other, twisting them for a bit before getting them back to fitting smoothly. She waited until everybody

had calmed down, then she pushed. If people had been impressed by her most muscular pose before, this was something else entirely. She seemed to grow wings as her back muscles swelled absurdly.

This time, the amazon was obviously straining, her arms exploding with mass, her shoulders ballooning outwards, her traps rising towards her ears. This was pure, unstoppable power. She pushed and pushed, the two halves perfectly locked against each other.

Ana increased the pressure again and again, her muscles swelling, the striations of her sculpted arms deepening as her veins pumped blood through her supercharged body. It felt as if she was giving up a strange, almost supernatural energy, her muscles radiating power.

Her arms were outgrowing their normal size now, the sheer energy forcing them to grow and become more defined at the same time. The announcer's voice grew shrill as he described her muscles:

"Is that even possible? How can she get bigger like that? I swear, those are way over twenty-two inches! Oh my God! She's getting bigger right in front of my eyes! Twenty-two and a half ... No! Twenty-three inches! That's ... impossible!"

With one final grunt, Ana pushed her muscles even further and the ball detonated into a burst of splinters, spraying downwards as she directed the explosion away from the spectators. The explosion was incredibly loud, the people in the wings stepping back from this intensity.

Ana shook her hands to free them from the remaining bits of wood. She did not bow. Instead, she nodded at the audience and walked backstage to the thunderous applause.

After a break, the final part of the contest started. The wrestling matches would be the ultimate test of skill for the competitors. Since both Cynthia and Ana managed to qualify for the men's rounds, they

could watch the female contestants prove their mettle. Cynthia was a little excited about this, while Ana just took it for what it was: Nice, but way below her level. The winner was declared and then, it was time for the men's contests. The schedule was pretty simple. First, there would be some individual rounds which would eliminate half the contestants. Then, there would be a final battle royale between the four best fighters and one for the second set of four. For Ana, it was clear that she was going to be in the better set. No second place for her. Never!

As Zina, her assistant, was busy preparing her for the battle, helping her put on her outfit and helping her limber up for the fight, Ana said:

"I'll need you to be very attentive. Up until now, things have been going well, but there's something bad going on. Remember that attacker at home?"

"Yes, madam."

"I think he was sent by one of the contestants. I wouldn't be surprised if the shark situation hadn't also been caused by him."

"That sounds plausible, madam."

"So keep your eyes open and investigate this. I want to know what I'm up against."

"Certainly, madam. I had the other maids on surveillance duty before, I'll see if they found something."

"Good. Thank you, Zina."

The small woman bowed and left. Ana stood up, her massive body ready for the fight.

"Ladies and gentlemen! I know you've all been waiting for this, and now, at last, it's time! The moment you so desired, the best part of the whole

show! The wrestling matches!"

The stage had been cleared away, replaced by several rings so the fighters could compete at the same time. Of course, the favorites attracted way more attention, but if one wanted to get the whole musclebound wrestling experience, they could prepare to be overwhelmed.

Ana walked in to the applause and stamping of feet she deserved. The audience had expected her to be incredible, and she had gone beyond this easily. Her muscles were glinting in the light. She wore a simple two-piece outfit, purple with a fish-scale pattern. It contained her majestic breasts and clung tight to her butt cheeks. As she reached the ring, she quickly twisted her long, silken hair into a bun and fixed it with a silver needle. She jumped into the ring with absolute ease and looked at her opponent.

The man was a hulking brute. He outweighed her easily by half, his shaved scalp was shining in the stage light. Where she had carefully defined her body through hard work, this beast had only focused on mass.

"And facing off against the splendid Ana Payne, Iron Bull Williams!"

He lifted his arms and flexed his biceps. The audience was impressed, but it was also clear that Ana had their sympathy. After all, she was the clear underdog here.

Ana didn't flinch. She knew what was going to happen and she had known what she had signed up for.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Here are the rules: It's a no-holds-barred fight! Anything goes, damage is expected, and the judges will only intervene if a competitor's life is in danger! The fights end either on submission or on being incapacitated. So, everybody, prove your strength! Let the fights begin!"

Ana got into position, ready to take on her opponent. The huge man grinned.

"You're so tiny, I'm going to rip you apart!"

The musclewoman chuckled:

"You can try, big man. You can try."

He charged her, trying to use his superior reach and size against her. Ana dodged him easily, sidestepping his attack with one stride of her long legs. The big man turned to face her, but by then, she was already out of reach. He went for her again, but she evaded him just as quickly.

Laughing, she taunted him:

"Toro, toro, no wonder they call you Iron Bull!"

The big guy came for her once more, spreading his arms to stop her from getting out of the way. She saw him coming, jumped up, caught his shoulders with her hands and pulled herself over him, vaulting his heavy body. He passed below her, and she wrapped one leg around his neck. The big man stopped on the ropes, wondering for a moment where she had gone.

That's when she tightened her grip and pulled back, using his confusion and her weight against him. The Iron Bull stumbled back and reached for her, trying to dislodge her. She chuckled and slammed her other leg into the small of his back while she caught his nose with her fingers.

"Gnnniii!"

The man squealed and fell backwards. Ana got off him as he fell, rolled and went straight for him while he tried to get his bearings back. She caught his hand and wrapped her legs around his chest, putting him in an armlock.

The Iron Bull recovered, realized what she was doing and laughed:

"So you think this will hurt me?"

He held against her grip and pushed his arm up from the mat.

"Ha! Nice try, little girl."

The monstrous muscleman slowly lifted her up, then slammed her against the mat. He got back on his feet with a twist and prepared to throw himself on her to flatten her. Ana saw his elbow come for her face and did a last-second kip-up. She landed on her feet and immediately charged him, slamming her massive shoulder into his face and neck.

The Iron Bull stumbled and felt her long, musclebound arm wrap around his neck. He grappled for her and tried to get a hold of her own neck, but Ana instantly pushed against him, forcing him back. Now she was below him, ready to strike back. With a quick step forward, she moved her massive biceps under his crotch and lifted him up.

The heavier wrestler was obviously not used to being lifted. He screamed as she pushed him up, raising him up in the air. Her muscles swelled with the effort, but she grinned as she showed her supremacy.

She definitely had the audience's full attention now. With a quick movement, she turned him to her front, holding him face-down.

"No! Please, no!"

She grunted, jumped up and slammed him into the mat face first. The sound was quite shocking.

She released the big man, letting him run from her fingers like a liquid. He lay there, completely busted. Ana lifted her arms in triumph. The audience clapped and even the other wrestlers couldn't help looking at her. She left the ring and returned backstage as the attendants climbed inside to reanimate her victim.

As she entered the area, Cynthia grinned at her.

"That was cute. Fun to watch and everything. Still not very impressive!" She flexed her arms. "But I'm up next, and I'm going to show you how it's done!"

Ana just shrugged. The blonde's bragging was starting to get on her nerves, but she wasn't going to give her the satisfaction of knowing this.

"Have fun."

The black-haired woman returned to her personal space where the maids swarmed her to assist her with her recovery. While they were fussing over her muscles, Zina gave her report.

"I have looked around and listened in, madam. As far as I can tell, there's just one candidate who is nervous to fight you. Most of the others either do not take you seriously ..." Ana snorted. "... or they trust that you are going to just fail even before you meet them." The muscled woman rolled her eyes. "That has certainly changed already. Anyway, the only one I assume to be the contractor of your assailant is Claus Stahlbeker. He keeps acting nervously and he used to be a major contender for the title before you arrived. Also, he was an associate of the fighting organization that let Brutus Invictus fight you. I would think that he has seen what you're able to do."

"Very well. Thank you, Zina. Keep an eye on him so he won't try any more tricks."

"I will, madam."

She left and Ana could focus on getting her body massaged.

Meanwhile, Cynthia marched to her ring, showing off her new outfit. It was a black and gold one-piece which showed off her generous boobage. She made a show of her entrance, getting the audience to clap and cheer. Then she got on the ropes of the ring, waved at the spectators, made the hoot and howl, then stopped them, before sending them over again.

The judge was frowning at those antics, but the master of ceremonies was excited by such showmanship.

Once everybody was properly excited, she jumped back into the ring with a backflip. Her heavy body made the canvas quiver and she turned to her opponent, who was quite surprised by this intensity. Callum MacDonnell, a tall, broad-shouldered man with long red hair, a bushy beard and a set of plaid shorts as well as impressive celtic-style tattoos, got in position. He was as ripped as she was, his body seemed to be carved from marble. He waited for her to finish, then cocked an eyebrow and asked:

"Are you done? I'm here to fight, not to ..." He rolled his eyes. "... whatever you've been doing here."

She grinned at him and said:

"Wow! You're so cute! I love the lumberjack look. It's just ... you're gonna need more than that to take down a girl like me!"

She flexed her chest, making her tits bounce and expanding it absurdly.

"Cos I got fifty-two inches of pure, hard muscle around here, and I doubt even your arms are gonna put a dent in that!"

The man growled, but he was definitely impressed.

"Okay, let's get this over with!"

He came at her, fists raised, and tried to test her range with a few quick jabs. Cynthia slapped his fist away, then ducked out of the way. Callum

went after her, closing the distance. The big woman let him, blocking his attacks.

"What are you up to? This isn't supposed to be a boxing match! We should be wrestling!"

"Come on, anything goes. Stop complaining!"

He dove in striking quickly at her. She dismissed his strikes, but she had to retreat. Soon, he had her cornered.

"So this is it? Just some stupid punching and you think ..."

A blow cut her off. Her arms shot up and she caught his fist. The big guy tried to pull back, but Cynthia quickly brought in her second hand and held him tight. Reacting quickly, he dropped down abruptly and pulled her after him.

Cynthia squealed as she was thrown over him, rolling over the canvas. Callum was on her immediately, crouching down on her midsection and punching at her.

She protected her face, holding tight against his attacks. This stupid guy was getting on her nerves. Without hesitation, she raised her legs and jumped up, doing a mighty kip-up. Callum reacted by clinging to her waist.

Suddenly, she stood there with the guy's legs wrapped around her midsection. She stared at him:

"What the fuck are you doing? Let go!"

When he didn't react, instead trying to twist himself so he would throw her, she grabbed his legs and started spinning. The sudden acceleration threw the guy off balance and she swung him wildly, then, as she sensed that he was losing grip, she forced his legs apart and sent him flying.

Callum landed in the ropes, bouncing back and stabilizing himself.

Cynthia was already upon him as he tried to figure out what was going on. She jumped up and slammed both knees into his chest. He bounced back on the ropes, she pushed herself off and landed with a roll.

Then she got back to her feet just as he got back up. The big man reacted as fast as he could and dove for her. She caught him by the neck and led him past her, sending him into the ropes on the other side. As he came stumbling back at her, she grabbed him by the waist and whirled him overhead, his legs flailing helplessly as she slammed him into the ground.

To her surprise, the guy wasn't out yet. Instead, he pushed himself up with supreme effort and the two locked arms. Callum tried to kick her, but she wrapped her leg around his and they both dropped down again. The pair scrambled to get back in a position to attack, but then, Cynthia locked her legs around his and turned over, sending him on the mat.

Callum was stunned for a moment, so she intensified her hold. He screamed as she twisted his legs against the joints.

"Aaah!"

"Hah! Gotcha! There's no escape from my twenty-eight-inch mankillers!"

He slapped her legs, but she held tight, only forcing more strength on him. Then he suddenly went limp. Thinking she won, Cynthia eased her hold and he slipped out. She growled:

"Hey, no fair!"

Without stopping, he got to his feet and kicked her in the face.

Or he would have if she hadn't thrown herself in the air and caught his leg in an armlock. Turning around quickly, she used his momentum against him and launched him in the air, sending him down to the canvas again. He bounced stupidly, lying there dazed for a moment.

Meanwhile, she quickly climbed the post, stood on the top rope and lifted her arms in triumph. Then she jumped down, landing butt first on

his back. The air was pressed out of Callum's lungs and she quickly wrapped her arms around his neck, leaning back to pull his upper body towards her. He tried to grab at her face, but she only tightened her hold. He clawed at her, but now, she had him.

"Whoo! Why don't you give up, big man?"

He gritted his teeth, trying to find some way to escape, but she just continued to immobilize him. At last, he accepted his fate.

"Okay, okay ... I ... I give up!"

She laughed and let him go. She got up and waited for him to stand. Just then, he turned around and tried to punch her. She caught his blow in her cobblestone abs. To him, it felt like punching a brick wall. He winced and she laughed:

"What was that? What were you trying to do, punch boy? Wanna see what a real punch feels like?"

She geared up to hit him, but he raised his hands to cover his face and whimpered:

"No, please!"

She sighed and shrugged:

"Whatever, Callum, whatever ..."

Then she raised her fists and paraded around the ring to the shouts and whoops of the audience.

The final was now approaching rapidly. Behind the scenes, the four remaining fighters were getting ready. Cynthia was getting a bit of a massage to limber up for the fight, while Ana was sitting cross-legged, meditating. She had watched the remaining two fighters intently as they went through their matches. The first one was Tlamunus Dion, a

massive, handsome man with godlike proportions and long, chestnut hair. As far as Ana could tell, he was an excellent fighter, but lacked creativity and quickness of thought. Outmaneuvering this guy shouldn't be too difficult. The other one was more worrying.

Claus Stahlbeker was a comparatively short, red-haired man with a barrellike chest and strong arms. He lacked the handsomeness of the other fighter and generally seemed less impressive, but that had led his opponents to underestimate him massively. Also, Ana was quite certain that he had tricked his foes early on. Compared to their previous fights, they had seemed slow and clumsy when going against him.

It confirmed her suspicions that Stahlbeker was behind the attack on her. As a result, Ana was very careful to not give him any opportunity to get close to her. So far, her maids had managed to shield her effectively. One of them had strangely fallen ill after tasting some water for her, but the others had taken her to safety.

"She'll be fine, I guess." Zina seemed worried, though. "Madam, I have no idea how they managed to sneak this past our screens." She thought for a moment ... "Unless ... Madam, what if Stahlbeker's agents broke into our home way earlier and actually manipulated the drinking bottles?"

Ana raised an eyebrow. So the attack had been a diversion? If that was true, then Stahlbeker was a truly worrying foe.

She took a deep breath.

Very well. She would have to be careful when fighting him.

"Ladies and Gentlemen! After a fascinating afternoon, we are now finally reaching the best part of it all: The Battle Royale! Now, our athletes will face each other in a mighty free for all match. This is a no holds barred, winner takes all fight for the crown! So, Ladies and Gentlemen, get ready

to be blown away! Here they are! The ultimate fighters! The best of the best! The kings and queens of the ring! The champions!"

The applause was deafening as the four finalists climbed into the ring. The judge went in too and called them to the center. The old woman growled:

"This is the final fight and I want it to be clean. I won't stop you as long as you respect the rules, but I will come down on you like all hells if you try anything crooked. Got it?"

The four fighters nodded. They put their hands together and then retreated to their corners. The judge got out of the way and the bell rang.

It was on!

Cynthia immediately left her corner and went for Tlamunus. For the final, she had opted for another gold and black one piece which was cut out in enough places to make it look flimsy. Her muscles were on full display, and if anything, she looked even more pumped. Tlamunus saw her walk towards him and got into position to fight her. He was wearing a kind of skirt that went down to his knees, and showed off his massive muscles with a few good flexes.

The blonde licked her lips.

"Wow ... Tlamunus, my man, you almost make me reconsider. Make love not war, right?"

He chuckled and shot back:

"Maybe later. There's a time for everything! Besides, I doubt you'll beat those pythons!" He flexed his arms brutally and ran a finger over his biceps. "Twenty-two inches, my girl."

"Seriously? That's all you got?"

Cynthia growled, then flexed her own arms, pushing her muscles even further than before. It was quite a sight, her arms swelling up absurdly as the veins grew into hoses and the deep cuts on her muscles burrowed deeper into her meaty limbs.

"I'm not sure about you, but I'm pretty sure, those are bigger!"

The big man stared. He swallowed his pride. She was right of course. Those brutal monsters were easily his size, and she had room to spare ...

He did his best to be a gentleman and said:

"Very well. How about we continue the comparing after this fight?"

Cynthia chuckled and charged him.

Meanwhile, Ana was approaching Stahlbeker. She towered over him, outsizing him on every front. The man was obviously reluctant to fight her directly, so he tried to get the two others into her view. For Ana, the situation was clear. Right now, Cynthia and her opponent were busy with each other and as far as she could tell, she could deal with the both of them easily. Stahlbeker, on the other hand, was a question mark. He had set up his position for the fight way ahead and she was a little nervous about what tricks he still had up his sleeves.

To her surprise, he did have sleeves, having picked a wide shirt and some shorts as his outfit. That was basically an extra problem for him since he'd be easier to grab, but she wasn't sure he didn't conceal a weapon of some sort in that. For this fight, Ana had picked a tight black and purple one-piece outfit that clung to her muscular curves while still covering the top of her thighs and her arms. She didn't want to be distracted by any sudden malfunctions.

Right now, Cynthia and Tlamunus were grappling happily, their mighty arms interlocked as they tried to get into a good position to knock each other's legs out. Stahlbeker got behind them, which was starting to annoy Ana. Was he really going to spend the fight hiding from her? Why would he go so far only to duck away at the final moment?

Ana shrugged her huge shoulders and said:

"Fine. Then I'll have to go through them."

Just in that moment, Cynthia caught Tlamunus' leg and the big man stumbled, instantly catching himself and trying to hoist the young woman over himself. Ana seized the opportunity and dove through the sudden opening. Stahlbeker stared as she shot out towards him, propelled by her long legs.

He tried to duck away, but she caught him and tore him from his feet. They rolled over the canvas, with each one trying to get on top. At last, Stahlbeker was above her. He laughed and tried to get his arms around her neck. As he did, Ana abruptly rammed both her knees into his stomach, propelling him up. As he found himself suspended up there for a moment, Ana twisted her body around, tossing the man away.

Right then, Tlamunus got back on his feet, his hands free for a moment as Cynthia tried to get her bearings back. Stahlbeker found himself flying through the air, heading for the tall muscleman. The big guy caught him, turned around and smashed him into Cynthia. The blond woman was thrown off her feet, with the smaller fighter landing on top of her.

Tlamunus, seizing the opportunity, threw himself on top of the pair just as Stahlbeker tried to pin Cynthia under him. The blond musclewoman blocked his attacks as good as she could. When she saw the massive man looming above her, she rolled away, barely evading him. He caught her leg and twisted it, putting her into a lock. Stahlbeker scrambled away just as Ana tried to catch up with him again.

In the confusion, he took off his shirt, extracting a small patch from it. As he went for Tlamunus again, he stuck it against the big man's back. The

giant barely noticed this and swung his arm to backhand Stahlbeker away.

The distraction was enough for Cynthia to break from his hold though, and she got her legs around his arm, suddenly twisting herself and smashing him into the canvas.

To her surprise, the tall fighter didn't offer much resistance. It felt as if he had gone limp, or at least slowed down significantly. He struggled to get back up, stumbling about in the ring. Stahlbeker suddenly went all in and threw himself at the man, knocking him over.

Cynthia released Tlamunus and got ready to pick her next foe.

The crowd applauded as Stahlbeker pinned the other man.

Ana had spotted that the shorter wrestler removed the patch from Tlamunus' skin in a discreet moment. She had to be very careful when approaching this guy. In her first attack, she had underestimated him. Still, she had to make use of the distraction provided by Cynthia for now.

The raven-haired beauty moved around her opponent and prepared to attack him. Her muscles coiled, focusing her strength. Stahlbeker released his victim and got in position to fight. Now he found himself facing two musclewomen that easily outsized him.

Cynthia's eyes glinted:

"You broke my dude ... That's not nice! I liked him."

Ana sighed happily. With Cynthia focused on Stahlbeker, she could figure him out and beat him. The man took a step back, unsure of how to deal with this massed female power. Then he decided to go for Cynthia first. The huge woman tried to catch him in a bear hug, but he dodged her quickly, moved under her and grabbed her arm, bringing it behind her back. Using her surprise, he twisted it, trying to get her under control. Cynthia didn't seem too impressed and grabbed him with her other arm. Now he found himself stretched over her back. He wanted to release his

hold, but Cynthia's arm shot out and caught him on the other side. Now he hung crucified from her wide, muscle-packed back.

Ana decided to take advantage of the situation and attacked him. The man lifted his legs and tried to fend her off, but she caught him by his feet and pulled him up abruptly. Cynthia had to release him and Stahlbeker found himself tossed in the air, then instantly brought back to the canvas in a mighty smash.

The audience groaned at the sheer power he had been subjected to. He lay there for a moment, stunned. The judge tried to figure out whether he'd recover or if he'd have to give up. Just then, Cynthia went for him to pin him, but the man recovered and pushed himself off the ring's floor. He wrapped his legs around Cynthia's neck and slammed his crotch in her face.

She howled:

"Yuck! That's disgusting!"

She wrapped her arms around his chest and squeezed him. The poor guy was already upside down, now he was getting squished between her huge tits. The audience was both happy and sad for him.

Ana looked carefully at what was happening. Then she shouted:

"Cynthia, be careful!"

The blond woman turned to her as if to ask what she meant, but she already started to collapse. To fit the show, Stahlbeker squeezed her head some more, but she fell by herself.

He extricated himself from her prone form, ripping off the patch from her exposed skin.

Ana growled at him:

"You're a cheat."

"Maybe? I don't care. I fight to win, as do you!"

"But I win by being the best!"

She attacked him, hitting him swiftly, but instantly pulling back her arms and legs after they connected. The smaller fighter tried to hit her back to stun her with the patch, but whenever he struck for her or tried to grab her, she had already evaded him.

Ana could see that she was frustrating him. While her blows were nowhere as strong as they should be to bring a decisive victory, this was not what she planned. She continued her offensive, provoking him further. He was fuming now. She struck him again with a quick jab, clipping him around the ear. He tried to catch her, but she immediately kicked his shin with a swift blow.

She drove him to the corner while still keeping her distance, using her superior reach to make him suffer.

At last, he had enough.

With a howl, he charged at her, throwing all caution into the wind. As his hands shot forward, Ana could see the patches in both hands. With lightning swiftness, she dodged under his strikes, passed him by, wrapped one arm around his waist and ... lifting him overhead in a German suplex.

Stahlbeker screamed as he was turned upside down. He landed on his head, but he rolled away, clambering to his feet. While still confused, he got his hands back up, ready to strike. Ana didn't hesitate. With a quick sidestep, she grabbed the stunned Cynthia and pulled her up on her shoulders. Stahlbeker was a little surprised by her not immediately attacking him, but she instead pressed the blond woman up, her 220-pound body resting on her strong arms.

Then she grunted and tossed the other musclegirl at him.

Stahlbeker raised his arms to block her, but the huge woman crashed on him and toppled him over, burying him under her bulk.

Ana didn't stop and went right after him. Sitting on top of the dazed Cynthia, she caught Stahlbeker's head and squeezed it between her hands.

Instantly, the guy started screaming as he remembered the wooden ball. Panicking, he tapped out as good as he could, his hands immobilized by the big woman.

As soon as the judge registered it, Ana added one more little extra for good measure. Then she released him and got up, raising her fist in triumph.

An hour later, the award ceremony was over and Ana's maids were packing up her things while she waited. Cynthia walked over to her place, accompanied by Tlamunus.

"Hey, Ana. Good fight!"

The Snake smiled dryly.

"It was good, yes. Interesting."

"I just heard, they disqualified that asshole. So I'm second place now. They discussed whether I actually deserved first place since you tossed me on him to defeat him, but Tlamunus here said it was stupid."

He nodded. Ana shrugged.

"I wouldn't want to win on a technicality. But I'm looking forward to seeing you again next year."

Cynthia grinned:

"Definitely. I'm going to train so much, I'm gonna be huge. Tlamunus said he would train me." She added a saucy smile: "Maybe we'll also do some more stuff together."

Ana smiled:

"Fruit salad?"

"That too."

The women clasped. As they separated, Cynthia added:

"Next year, I'm gonna win this."

Ana just shrugged.

"Good luck with that."

The blonde left with her muscleman and Zina reported that everything was ready. Ana nodded:

"Very well. Let's go, I don't want to miss my evening workout!"

###

Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

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