

Big Competition

“And now for contestant number 6. Everyone can welcome to the stage, Mark Crawford!” The head judge announced as I walked out onto the stage. The lights, the clapping, the cheering; everything pushed me to smile wider and flex harder.

I strutted across the stage feeling my chest bounce and my poser ride high over my hips. I hit the end of the stage and did a double bicep pose and received cheers of appreciation. I continued my process; biceps, legs, glutes. Every pose I felt my muscles tighten and glisten under the harsh spotlights that hung from the ceiling. And when the music reached a crescendo I brought out the big guns, well the big chesticles.

My overly robust pectorals flexed and bounced as I moved my body from side to side. I could see the eyes of the judges as they bulged out at my oversized muscles. I knew this competition was in the bag. So what if I got a little help, but they would be able to tell. I gave one final pose; I bent over slightly, clasped my hands together, and pushed my tits out as far as possible. I smirked at the judges as they all excitedly scribbled notes upon their papers. But as my eyes moved from one judge to another I found that the most scrupulous of the judges stared at my body with contempt. A frown covered his face as he looked at me over the half circles of his glasses. I couldn't imagine what this fifty plus-year-old man could be thinking as I posed, but it didn't matter. I knew I had this in the bag, and I smiled in a way that proved it.

“Thank you, Mark. Everyone give him one last round of applause,” the announcer commanded. I walked away from the crowd, giving an extra sway to my hips as I returned to the wings of the stage. If the last part of me wasn't going to be my chest, I was happy that it could be my ass.

My red poser dug into the underside of my back and deep into the cleft of my buttocks. The strings of the poser cling to the upper side of my cheeks due to the shelf like nature of my glutes.

I sauntered into the backstage, heading towards my own station ready for the award ceremony. I practiced my award-winning smile in the mirror as the second half of the competitors walked out onto the stage. I paid them no mind while they posed or danced on the stage, attempting to garner the highest scores from the judges. But it was meaningless, they had no chance of winning this competition, especially with the latest additions to my appearance.

“Will Mr. Mark Crawford report to the judges’ room. I repeat will Mr. Mark Crawford report to the judges’ room,” a PA shouted from the shadows of backstage. I scrunched my face in confusion. The judges rarely spoke one on one with the competitors, and never spoken to me; even after the competitions. I wrapped my body in a loose robe and walked from behind the stage and down a hallway towards the marked rooms of the “celebrity” judges.

I knocked on the door and heard a deep gruff which I interpreted as my admittance into the room. I pushed the door openly quietly and strolled in; still curious as to why I was being called out. In my experience being singled out was usually to be praised by my teachers, friends, trainers. So I could only expect something positive. But some part of me feared that they had figured out my secret.

“Hello. I’m Mark Crawford. I was told that you -.”

“Stand in the center over there on the podium.” The older man ordered. I raised an eyebrow in annoyance at the order. Who did he think he was talking too? Without a word of defiance, I stepped onto the podium. “Do you know why you were called here?” The man asked. His words were like the bait used to lure in a fish. I had a slight suspicion but knew to keep my thoughts to myself. Ignorance was always best.

“No sir,” I said as I shook my head. He looked over his spectacles in suspicion.

“Really? Not a single thought? You must have some sort of guess as to why you were brought here.” His words hung in the air, more bait. I shook my head once more. “Interesting.” He pushed himself from a desk located in the corner of the room and crossed the room.

“You are being brought here for a physical exam.” I gave the man a strange look at his explanation. He let out a heavy breath of annoyance. “You are brought here for a physical exam because we have received reason to believe you have cheated.” There it was, the accusation. I knew it was a possibility even though I had taken every precaution to ensure all proof was hidden; no scars, no paperwork, and no witnesses.

“I don’t understand what you mean cheating sir. I don’t take any type of performance enhancers if that is what I am -.”

“We know you passed the piss test, Mr. Crawford. If this was as easy as a piss test you would have been disqualified from the competition without a second thought.” The judge circled my body, a pen tapping certain areas a few times before he moved to another area. I could feel my heart quickening as he grew closer to my chest. He tapped my left pectoral a few times. He lifted up one pec with the pen and did the same with the opposing pectoral. The judge watched as they jiggled and repeated the

process a few times. Each time I felt them drop I felt the weight hit my stomach as my nerves grew worse. What was he looking for? Could he see the scars even though they were microscopic?

“So Dr. Jenson is still doing work I see.” It wasn’t a question, but more of a statement. “Barely any scars either. How many CCs? 400? 450? I can’t really tell with the muscle on top. Very nice though.” He places his pen on a nearby table and placed his hands on my pecs and squeezed. My oversized nipples fell between his fingers and were pinched, causing a yelp of surprise to come from me. “Oh and still some sensitivity. He has gotten better,” he said surprisingly. “Okay, that is all I need from you. You may be gone now.” He said dismissively as he walked back to his desk.

“What are you going to do?” I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

“Well, obviously you will be disqualified. Barred from competitions. I would like to thank you for your time, and good luck Mr. Crawford.” He turned back to his papers on the desk and began to scribble notes, his actions clearly dismissing from his prescience.

“You can’t do that!” I shouted as I stepped from the podium and towards the judge.

“I can’t do what? I can’t stop a cheater from competing in a competition where it CLEARLY states that there will be no exceptions for any use of drugs, bribery, or SURGICAL ENHANCEMENTS.” He nodded towards my pectorals. I crossed my arms covering my pectorals from his accusatory looks.

He was right there, I did have a little help from a doctor. But why is that a bad thing? Why is it okay for a woman to have breast implants during their competitions but when a man does the same thing he is disqualified. I looked at my chest, I should be proud of these babies. Even though both were filled with many CCs of silicon; I still put hundreds of hours in the gym to make them bigger. I know I had to take a few pills here and there to control the amount of fat being deposited in my pectorals so my gyno wouldn’t return, so why should this matter!? My face was growing red with anger the longer I stared at the gray-haired man.

“What’s it going to take for you to look the other way?” I asked. I had nothing else to lose. So why not try a different approach. The man placed his pen on the table. And turned around in his chair.

“What could you possibly give me, that I don’t have already?” I looked down at his unsightly outfit and could see a slight bulge in his groin. Maybe I could use exactly what he was using against me. It hadn’t been the first time I flirted with men to get what I needed. Even though I was straight I knew my body was the best weapon to get what I wanted.

“What do you think of these?” I asked as I flexed my pectorals. I saw his eyes jump as they followed my tits as they bounced. “Dr. Jenson said I shouldn’t have gone this big, but I wanted them a little obscene.” I grabbed a hold of my right pectoral and gave it a squeeze. I gave a higher than normal

groan of enjoyment. “Weirdly he gave me female implants, slightly modified ones, of course. You can’t tell can you?”

The man crossed his legs as he stared at me, his eyes narrowed to my chest and looked me up and down. There was a silence that hung in the air that I could not discern. Was he buying into the act? Or was his look one of contempt, one that would have me escorted out of the building by security and a sexual harassment lawsuit with my name on it.

“You sure about this?” Were his only words. I weighed the negatives and positives of giving in for this one time to this older man. I nodded. He took his tie in hand and slowly undid the knot. “Come here,” he ordered. I stepped from the podium, attempting to give a little bit more shake to my hips while I tensed my muscles. “Don’t do that,” he snapped. I paused.

“I didn’t ask you to whore yourself out to me, so don’t expect me to enjoy it. Just walk over here like a god damn man.” I felt my face flush red in embarrassment, the few times that I had done this; all the men had enjoyed my overtly sexualized approach. I finished crossing the large room walking normally, feeling how my chest bounced with even the weakest of steps.

“Much better,” he grinned as he rubbed his dick through his trousers. “Must make you a little self-conscious feeling those jugs bounce when you walk doesn’t it?” He reaches out his hand and squeezed my chest roughly while his other hand continued to massage his growing dick. “Wrote bitch tits on my notes when you came out. The judges and I all joked about their size too. There was no way these could have been real,” he teased. I felt a twitch of embarrassment behind my eyes, one that he caught.

“Oh hit a nerve did I? Don’t worry, I told them I would examine you to see if my assumptions were true.” He pulled his free hand from his cock and began to knead my other pectoral. I stifled my moans as his kneading began to grow my sensual. His fingers worked deep into the muscle and silicon beneath the skin. His hands moved around the large orbs of my implants until his fingers reached my nipples.

“I can see the that you had gyno too.” He pinched my fatty nipples. I turned away from his face in embarrassment. “Oh is it a sore subject?” He teased once more, obviously happy to have found a sore subject. He pulled his hands away and began to unbutton his pants. Fear filled my eyes.

“Go ahead and pinch them,” he ordered as he pulled his cock from underneath his unsightly boxers.

“Holy fuck,” I muttered as his monster sized cock flopped free. It was a monster. I had always known my cock was average and the amount of LEGAL supplements I took caused a slight shrinkage in

my private's. I was still averaged size, slightly below depending on the day. But the pouches I wore during competitions lifted me enough just to give me the extra size I needed.

He sat before my stroking his cock, and I just stared in awe. His balls were the size of limes and his cock was larger than a monster can. Short gray hairs covered his cock, obviously trimmed. A self-confident smirk sat on his face as the awe still covered mine.

"What's taste?" I asked, pointing his cock in my direction. A droplet of precum sat at the tip of his cock, ready to be licked.

"I'm not gay!" I shouted, a little too loudly and he laughed in response. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Suit yourself. They always say that in the beginning. But shouldn't you be tweaking these nipples?" He asked with a raised eyebrow. My hands moved to my nipples and slowly began to pull and twist them intermittently. My knees grew weak with every tug and his urges for me to pull harder. I silently obeyed all of his commands; I twisted my nipples, I jiggled my pectorals and even was ordered to show off my ass to him.

I could see that he was getting close by the harshness of his breathing. His dick had grown to a deep red as it the stream of precum leaked onto to the floor. I was disgusted by his heavy flow but also somewhat hypnotized by the way his cock jolted and jumped whenever he wrung out the extra cum within his cock.

"Fuck baby get on your knees," he shouted. I fell to them obediently. He released his cock and positioned it between my beefy pectoral muscles and thrust his cock between the muscles. His loud groans of pleasure caused my own cock to become fully erect. The air was electric with sexual energy. His cock left lines of cum along my pectorals as he pushed in and out between the two, lubricating them as he tittie fucked me. "Big breasted freak!" He screamed as his hands grabbed onto my nipples, and pulled my chest in time with his thrusts. "God there're so big! God, what I would give for them to be bigger! Can you imagine making them bigger and not seeing your own tiny cock anymore?" My hands snaked into my poser and began to massage my own cock. The pleasure became too much for me to ignore.

"Fuck make them bigger," I moaned as I enveloped my 5-inch dick in my oversized hand. "Make me a silicon freak!" I begged as his thrusts became longer and more aggressive.

"Fucking right bitch! I loved watching you show off like you were some huge god! But all you really are is a bitch you need to be grown! Say it! Say you're a fucking muscle bitch!"

“Ugh!! I’m a muscle bitch!” I cried as he twisted my nipples one final time and launched his load over my face. My own cock exploded in my hands the stream hit the underside of his cock and the judge’s body as my body shook from orgasm. I closed my eyes as I felt his load cover every inch of my face; my eyes, my hair, my lips. I could only imagine what I must have looked like covered in his load.

The judge’s cock fell from between my chest, as a dull heat formed between the two; a slight Indian burn from his intense fucking. I stood up from my position as I heard the judge say look. A bright camera flash filled the room as he snapped repeated pictures of my face.

“Just wanted some proof in case it was ever needed,” he said matter of factly as he began to wash himself off in the sink and readjust his outfits. “I will be seeing you in the winner’s circle, Mr. Crawford.”

“I’m not disqualified?” I asked, excited that my sexual exploration would have not been for nothing.

“No. You are not disqualified. I will mark that the examination was thorough and you passed. But I will be seeing you and those tits very soon,” he said tauntingly.

“What?” I had expected this to be a one and done type of scenario, but it seemed like the judge had a much different plan forming in his head.