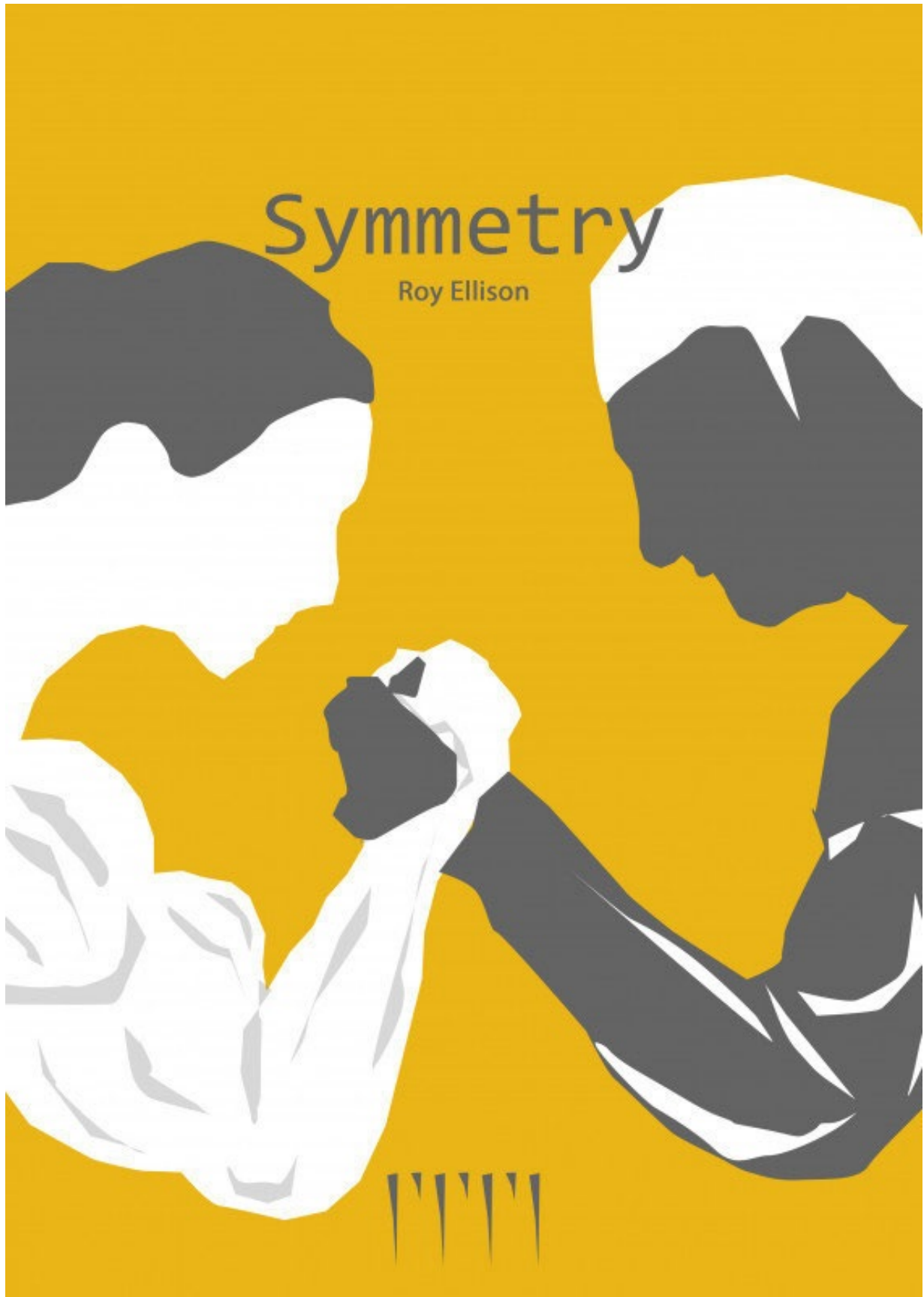


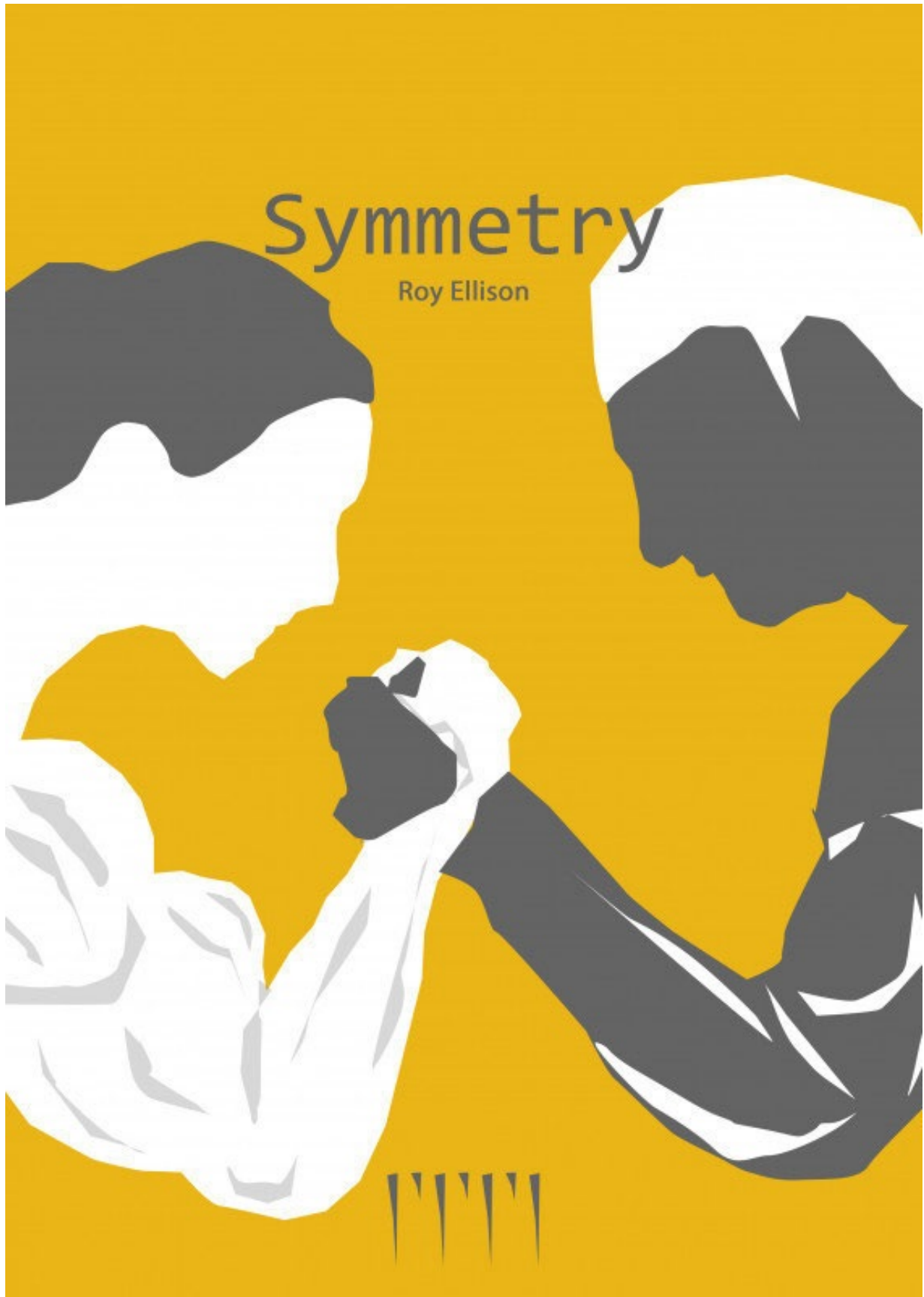
Symmetry

Roy Ellison



Symmetry

Roy Ellison



Symmetry

by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite ebook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters in this book are at least 18 years old.

Copyright 2018 Roy Ellison

Meike was pissed. She had been working out so hard, she had stuck to her diet, she had done everything she could. Her hair was Hollywood, her make-up was on point, her posing suit made her tiny boobs look full enough, her abs were easily visible, her posing had been really elegant and classy.

Nothing. Eighth place. How could that happen? She was angry and frustrated. And hungry. So damn hungry.

She just stomped backstage, jumped under the shower, scrubbed the stupid paint off her skin, and started to cry. Weeks and weeks of super-hard work for absolutely nothing! She was so sick of this.

She had come all the way from Germany to be successful in the States. She had started out as a track cyclist, which had given her incredibly strong, incredibly tough legs and an ass to die for. As soon as she hit the States, she found work as a fitness coach at a gym, teaching spin classes. To earn enough money to pay rent, she also worked as a bike courier. Then, she turned into an influencer, earning extra cash by promoting nutrition and training equipment. Things were looking up.

Her blond hair and good looks, combined with her marvelous ass brought her a job in a couple of music videos and before she knew it, she was also a background dancer.

And then came that stupid, idiot idea of doing a physique competition. The supplement company was all for it and was willing to sponsor a lot of the stuff she would need, so she said yes. She did everything correctly, and when she stepped on stage, she thought she'd win, hands down.

And now ... Eighth place. This wasn't fair! The others weren't better than her. Maybe it was all rigged!

Her bout of self-pitying was interrupted by a rough voice:

“Hey, do you mind not using up all the warm water?”

Meike turned around and looked at the winner. Shanyn. She was maybe two inches shorter than her, and her black skin was stretched over amazingly defined muscles. She also had those super-round fake tits that most other competitors had. She was naked and seemed comfortable with it. Meike appreciated that. She despised all the prudishness around here.

“Sorry. I was just ... I didn’t expect to lose.”

“Happens to the best of us. Can I?”

“Of course. That paint won’t wash off right away.”

“Yeah. That stuff sucks.”

“Do you know why they marked me down?”

“It’s pretty obvious, isn’t it?”

“Not really. Please, tell me!”

“It’s your legs, darling. They’re way too big. You’re not symmetrical. You need to lose some muscles down there if you want to win.”

Meike was shocked. She had no idea how to deal with that.

A few days later, she was back at the gym. She really needed a break after that catastrophe and took some time to recover from the shock. When she returned to her place, her gym-mates got up and applauded anyway. She smiled awkwardly and said:

“Wow. That’s so nice of you. I don’t deserve it. But you know what? I’m going to try harder, win and then, you can give me a hero’s welcome!”

There was more applause and some cheers. Everybody went back to work and she walked over to her trainer, Jesus.

“Jeez, I need your help.”

“That’s what I’m for. You know what they say ...”

They said it at the same time:

“Jesus saves!”

She continued:

“Yeah, I know. It’s just that I’m really disappointed by how it went. I wanted to win this and I was really well prepared and I fucked up. What should I do? Get breast implants?”

“Nah. If they marked you down because of your lack of symmetry, getting bigger tits is only going to make it worse.”

“But I don’t want to lose my legs! They’re my thing! I mean, I literally spent decades building them. I can’t give them up.”

Jesus nodded:

“I understand. You could drop the whole thing. Losing at bodybuilding may be God’s way of telling you it’s not your thing.”

“Nah. I gotta win this. I’m committed, I’m not going to quit. Quitting is the worst.”

“So, what’s it going to be? You have to get more symmetrical if you want a shot at the title.”

That’s when it struck her.

“Okay, but what if I just get bigger everywhere else? I’d be alright again, wouldn’t I?”

Jesus sighed:

“That sounds like a bad idea.”

Meike didn’t care. Up until now, she had trusted her gut, so why stop now. She went to work. First, she had to measure herself. It had taken her forever to get used to the Imperial system, but she liked the smaller, handier numbers. She started with her legs:

“Thighs, 22 inches. That’s a lot. Calves: 15 inches. Biceps ...” This was a little fumbly to get. “Twelve inches. Yeah, I can see the problem now. I really need to add there. Waist ...” That was easy. “22 inches. Awesome. Hips, 38 inches. Bam! That’s a great booty. I still got it. Chest, 36 inches. That should be okay.”

She jotted down the numbers, then checked Shanyn’s stats. If she wanted to look symmetrical, she definitely had to add maybe four inches to her chest and five, maybe six inches to her arms. That was a lot. Basically growing her arms by half meant really focusing on them. She nodded to herself.

This was a challenge she could accept.

She’d get big. Pump it harder!

A couple of days later, her fans saw this posting:

“Okay, everybody, this is going to be a little longer. As you all know, I bombed at that competition, but as they say ‘What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger’. So I’m going to get stronger. A lot. I want to bring my upper body to the level of my legs and I hope you’re all with me. I hereby declare this to be Size-tember! So, join me for a trip to get stronger and bigger and we’ll all be buff like hell!”

Then, she added her measurements and a load of hashtags.

The reactions were mixed. Quite a few people agreed and even encouraged her, but most people went “Oh no, don’t ruin your beautiful body”. The more aware ones encouraged her to ignore the judges and just do her thing, but she didn’t care. She wanted this.

So she hit the weights.

Jesus was amazed. Meike was serious about this despite him trying to discourage her. She picked the sixty-pound dumbbells and went to work, practicing her rows. The first set started and she felt the kick. Up until now, she had always trained hard, but for normal people. She had built her physique on her solid basics, but now, she was expanding beyond it and it was surprisingly hard.

She managed to finish it calmly. She was sweaty, but not exhausted. This could work. She shook her arms. Then she relaxed for a moment and started again. The second set was harder. She had to concentrate. It was going well at first, but then

she noticed that the weights were actually pretty heavy. Her muscles were straining to control her movements. She had to really monitor herself: She didn't want to spoil the training by using the momentum.

When she reached the end of the second set, she was quite exhausted. She looked at Jesus and sighed:

“Wow. I never really cared about my arms, but that's actually pretty hard.”

“And that's just the beginning if you really want to push them.”

“Shit.”

“Yeah. Now do the third set!”

This one was a struggle. She had always believed that she was fit enough for this, but she clearly wasn't. She had so much catching up to do. In the middle of the set, she wondered whether she should just give up. No one would be angry or anything. She could just post a couple of pictures of herself in lingerie and people would instantly forget about her bragging. Strangely enough, that thought carried her through the set.

When she reached the end, she lowered the dumbbell and rolled on the bench:

“Oh shit. That was so hard.”

Jesus smiled and said:

“It’ll be worth it. Now let’s get to the next exercise!”

The weeks went by. People wanted to know how she was doing. She had been posting occasional videos of her workouts, but she didn’t show off her progress. Well, that was going to change.

She switched on the camera and waved at her audience:

“Hi guys! It’s Meike time! I know I’ve been very quiet lately, something which isn’t much like me, but I wanted you to see the changes once they’re big enough. If I just plopped this down every week, no one would see anything and people wouldn’t care. So ... You’re all going to be here with me when I measure the crap out of my arms, cos I’ve been training hard to get symmetrical and I think you’re going to love it!”

She lifted her arms and hit a double biceps.

“Bam! How about those guns?”

Indeed, her arms looked much bigger and harder now. She was carrying a little more bodyfat than usual, but it was still absolutely clear that she had built up her muscles.

Meike grabbed the measuring tape and wrapped it around her left arm.

“Let’s see what it says ... Hm ... Ooh ... Guess who added an inch in seven weeks? Awesome! Thirteen inches of sweet muscle!”

She switched sides.

“And here’s my right arm! Just watch it, isn’t it awesome! It’s even bigger than the other one! Okay ... Let’s give it a good, tight wrap ... Yes! Thirteen inches and a half! That’s crazy. Girls and boys, my training is really paying off! Cool! You know what that means: I need you to train hard too and post your progress.”

She did a few flexes and ran her fingers over her muscles.

“I love this ... So, take a good look, I’m going to put them into overdrive and get them so much bigger!”

She waved goodbye, blew a kiss at the camera and switched it off. A little editing and she could post it.

Time raced by. Meike had fallen into the rhythm of just training and getting stronger. Her sponsors weren’t too sure about what she was doing, but her fans liked it. Also, they were willing to send her quite a bit of cash, so she could really indulge in her new passion.

She was just recording a training video for her supporters.

Right now, she was doing barbell curls and she was killing it. She was done with her first set, her body was aching, but she was just feeling incredible. She had loaded ninety pounds on it and was hitting the weights hard. Jesus was staring at her movements, which were surprisingly precise.

Between her teeth, she hissed:

“Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen ...”

Sweat was pouring from every pore. She was glistening, her veins popping out under her skin and her entire arms just turning bigger and bigger with every curl. She loved this. The last weeks had really kicked her training up a notch and her arms were getting, well, big.

“And ... fifteen. Damn!”

She lowered the barbell and sighed.

“Wow. That was hard! Just a short break and then, I hit those arms again. Yay, symmetry!”

She shot the camera a quick flex. Her arms were now quite big. She had managed to add an inch and a half to her left and right arms, so those were starting to look cool. As far as she was concerned, she maybe needed to add two inches each and then, she'd be perfect. That shouldn't be too much of a thing ...

“Okay, time for the third set! Count with me!”

And she started again. Her muscles tensed and she slowly and precisely lifted the weight up to her chest. It was amazingly painful, but she knew she had to do this. This was her fight and she loved it. She curled the barbell again, gritting her teeth. She knew that what she was doing wasn't usual for fitness models. They were supposed to have a big strong butt and great thighs and most important, they should always look as if they were orgasming or just having a great time when training. Also, no exaggerated sweating.

Yet here she was, glistening and growling, torturing her body for her passion. Not very sexy to look at, but damn amazing to get the feeling!

Guillermo was under her now. She sat on his cock, gripping and releasing him from within. The guy was one of the cute, thin guys she'd fuck but knew that he'd never understand what a relationship with her meant. Ever since she started her journey of building her arms, she was so horny. She was constantly in need of a good fuck and it was starting to interfere with her life. But looking at her arms in the mirror ... Well, who could resist that show?

Certainly not Guillermo, who was finding himself caught between the columns of her arms. Her left one was at 15.5 inches now, and her right one had almost reached 16 inches. Those were amazing, especially since she was now really trying to get her bodyfat back down. It was weird to see. Her body was still rather slim. Well, not really, but she had never really reached bodybuilder territory. Her waist was still at some 23 inches, her hips had gone even bigger, at last reaching 40 inches of muscular uber-booty and her chest clocked in at 37. It was a bit small, but since she didn't want implants, that was her fate. Her best friend Cory had just had hers done and she now had way over forty inches up there, but that wasn't what she wanted.

And yet, despite all that, her thighs and her arms were massive. She had tried to stop herself, but she had now reached 23 inches on her upper legs and she was really wondering how she would achieve some kind of coherent look now.

Still, right now, she was with Guillermo, and she was enjoying her dominance. That guy never knew what hit him. Her arms just held him down and she rode him hard.

“Whoa, Meike, slow down, I ...”

“Shut up! I need this!”

“But ...”

“Zip it ...”

As the weeks went by, Jesus asked her:

“So, are you done yet? Will you switch to maintaining?”

Meike looked at him and smiled.

“I don’t know.” She bit her lip. “I think I might have a problem.”

She had just finished a grueling set on the bench, pressing 210 pounds and feeling rather exhausted now. Still, she couldn’t just stop. She flexed her arm and said:

“It feels so good.”

Over the last few weeks, she had continually increased the loads and forced her muscles to grow bigger. Jesus' massages were now downright brutal and he was doing everything he can to force more size onto her arms. She had added some two inches on both sides and her arms were getting big now. Shockingly big. When she flexed her biceps, it not only popped out, it sort of mutated into a ball of hardened, veiny flesh, with deep, shocking cuts running through it. Her forearms had followed suit and she was looking terrifying in the right light. The problem was that the rest of her body had stayed the same. In a way, her arms were now too big.

Jesus had tried to stop her. He had insisted that she had reached a level that was okay and would win her competitions. She had tried to listen to him, but in the end, she couldn't. The iron called her and she couldn't resist it. She wanted more. And more.

And there she was now, her shoulders and her arms as disproportionate as her legs had been, and she was still dying for more. She grunted:

“I'm going to do another set. I need the bite!”

Her next bigger post on the social networks was met with disbelief:

“Okay, everybody, I have an important announcement to make. You probably remember how I was really annoyed about how I lost that competition. I wanted to win the next one and to get my body to be more symmetrical. Yeah, well, that didn't work. I kinda got bitten by the bug and I over-trained so much. And now, my arms are way too big.

It's a little like what happens when you try to make mayonnaise. You never get the proportions right and in the end, you have a bathtub full of the stuff.

So ...

My arms got huge, my legs are still big and ... I love it. I have decided that I no longer care about those competitions. They're just overhyped beauty contests and I don't believe in this anymore. However, I like my arms. So I'm going to get them as big as possible. That may be stupid, but no one ever got anywhere by playing it safe!

So join me for my year of building my arms. Also, I'm going to learn to arm-wrestle and I think, I can make an impression on the circuit, so don't forget to challenge me!

Kisses,

Meike!"

"Hey, look! It's her!"

Jackson was pointing, waving, shouting and jumping at the same time. The whole football team had just gotten off the plane and he had just spotted Meike, who was just walking to the exit.

The athlete shouted:

“Hey, Meike, hi!”

She turned around. It was cold up here and she was wearing a fluffy down jacket.

“Meike, is that you? I’m a big fan and so is the rest of the team!”

“Cool. So, you’re here for a game?”

“Nah, we’re going to do a special training exercise. Coach says this place is really tough.”

“It is. Almost as bad as back home where I’m from.”

“Germany?”

“Germany.”

“So, Meike, before we have to leave, could we have your autograph?”

“Sure. Where do you want it?”

Suddenly, one of the other players added:

“Ask her about the challenge!”

“Yeah, Meike, about that ... Do you still do the challenge?”

She nodded:

“Of course. You want to try it?”

There were cheers all around.

Moments later, they were in the airport café and the owner was looking a little worried. Athletes frequently came here to train, but they usually ignored his café. Now, it was full of big, muscly guys that were staring at one of them.

Meike watched Jackson as he took off his jacket. A big guy, definitely. She grinned. Maybe she should just turn up at the training camp later on. Once he was done, she unzipped her own jacket and took it off, revealing her 21-inch ripped arms. The guys stared. She was really cut right now and she was huge. She gave them a double biceps flex and said:

“Let’s do this!”

Meike and Jackson locked hands. She grinned:

“Okay ... Impress me!”

They pushed. Jackson was amazed. He had expected her to just strike out fast to overwhelm him early and had braced against this, but no. Instead, she waited for a moment and then started slowly pushing him back. He held against her and managed to stabilize his position. Then, he tried to push her back. There was nothing he could do. His arms were easily as big as hers and he was overall bigger, but she was a good six inches shorter than him and she was made only of muscle, as far as he could tell. It was as if her arm was made of concrete.

He pushed some more.

She held against him and smiled:

“That’s nice. You’re pretty strong.”

“You’re amazing.”

“I know. Ready?”

And she pushed. Slowly, almost gently. Her biceps swelled and swelled, turning even bigger and more ripped from the strain. The other guys shouted encouragement, but there wasn't much he could do. He growled. It was clear that he would lose.

Then Tyler joined in. He grabbed his arm and pushed against her.

Meike laughed:

“Cool. A threesome!”

A blush ran over the crowd as the two hunks joined forces against her. Meike held against them as they slowly forced her back. She let them, but slowly, they realized that she was holding back. Then, gently, but with unstoppable force, she pushed them back. How did she do it?

The other men were confused and started shouting and generally getting excited. Another guy piled on and they tried to push her arm back. However, they were now really getting into each other's way and it all ended in a mess.

With a crash, the table broke down, causing the owner to scream.

They all tried to apologize, offering to pay for the repairs while also shouting that it was a draw.

Meike agreed:

“It was a draw against three of you guys. Might be a win, don’t you think?”

“God, you’re so amazing! You have to visit us during training!”

“Maybe ...”

Once they were gone, Meike looked at the wreckage of the table, then at her arm and grinned. It was incredible just how strong she had become. She apologized again to the owner, then put on her jacket and left.

From this day on, Meike knew no limits. She just wanted to get as big and strong as possible. If she could defeat a bunch of football players on her own, then she could take on the world. Jesus basically gave up. He was just there, staring at the insane torture Meike was putting herself through and admired her just as much as he was getting grossed out by her absurd muscles. And yet, he also wanted her to succeed. Her dream had become his.

She was doing concentration curls now, having picked the 120 pound dumbbells. Her strength was unbelievable. Meike’s huge arms were swelling as she ground through the set. It was obvious that she was in pain, but she had to do this. Her arms seemed to explode.

He was crouching next to her and counted the reps.

“Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen ...”

She was screaming silently to manage the pain. Her body was just muscle, sweat and mind-destroying agony. But she had to do this. She wanted to be huge. She needed to be gigantic. She deserved this. She longed for power ...

With a howl, she finished the set, her arms shaking. Each arm was now as big around as her waist. The look was so insane that most people thought she faked her photos. If anything, she made herself look more normal.

Taking deep breaths, she wheezed:

“Jeez, that hurts so much ... I love it ...”

“Just relax. Let it out. You have two more sets to do.”

“Okay ... I can do it. What would I do without you, big man?”

“I don’t know, but you’re way bigger than I ever will be.”

“Don’t worry, you’re the best ...”

“Let’s not get sappy. Next set, coming up!”

Meike wrenched the dumbbell from the floor and closed her eyes, imagining ever more gigantic muscles on her already disproportionate and insane arms. She'd be the biggest ever, man or woman. Fuck symmetry, size was all that mattered ...

###

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

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

Commissions are available at El_Roy_1999@gmx.de. Rates upon request.