

The Limit 01



Render and Story:
Juanito Brown

Life drama

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Important Notice:

***Due to Carnival week, there has been a decrease in posts on our website.
This will return to normal starting Monday.***



COME ON, RUN, TAKE-OFF, JUMP, ROLL, AND LANDING... BLOCK OUT THE CROWD, FOCUS ONLY ON YOURSELF. FOCUS!



FOREST
HIGH SCHOOL
WILLY BEAR

12:00
24












11.2! GIRL, YOU
MANAGED TO GET THE
LOWEST SCORE IN THE
HISTORY OF THIS
COMPETITION...


YOU EMBARRASSED ME
IN FRONT OF THE WHOLE
WORLD, ARE YOU SATISFIED
NOW?




I'M FINE... THANK YOU
FOR ASKING.

FUCK IT, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN.
YOU KNOW WHAT I CARE ABOUT? A
GOLD MEDAL. EFFORT, YOU WERE SO
GOOD, ELISA... NOW YOU'RE LOSING TO
RUSSIANS AND AMERICANS WITH NO
EXPERIENCE WHATSOEVER, AND WORSE,
TO OLDER WOMEN TOO.






I TOLD YOU I WAS
HURT, IT'S BEEN 3
MONTHS. YOU DIDN'T
LISTEN TO ME!




THAT'S THE PRICE YOU
PAY... AND YOU DON'T
HAVE THE COURAGE TO
SACRIFICE MORE THAN THE
OTHERS.

PLEASE GET OUT OF
HERE!



DON'T WORRY, YOU WEAKLING,
I'LL MAKE SURE YOU NEVER
COMPETE AGAIN IN YOUR LIFE,
YOU MEDIOCRE PERSON, BUT
FIRST... I'M GOING TO USE YOU
ONE MORE TIME.



LET ME GO, YOU SON OF A BITCH!
YOU'RE HURTING ME!

I'M GONNA FUCK YOU
ONE LAST TIME, YOU
SLUT, AND THEN I'LL
STILL BE THINKING ABOUT
THAT RUSSIAN GIRL WHO'S
GOING TO BE MY NEXT
STUDENT.

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU DISGUSTING PERSON! THE TRUTH WILL COME OUT AND YOU'LL NEVER WORK WITH ANYONE AGAIN IN YOUR LIFE!

AND WHO ARE THEY
GOING TO BELIEVE? THE
COACH WHO HAS YEARS OF
EXPERIENCE IN THE FIELD OR
THE ROOKIE WHO FELL ON
HER BUTT WHILE WEARING
HEELS?

ACCEPT IT, ELISA... YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE VENTURED INTO THIS SPORT.

THAT'S HOW IT'S GOING TO BE... BUT DON'T WORRY, THIS IS THE LAST TIME WE MEET... MY RUSSIAN STUDENT WILL TAKE CARE OF IT. AND I'VE HEARD SHE'S NOT ASHAMED OF ANY OF THIS. I'M GOING TO FORGE A REAL CHAMPION AND EVEN HAVE HER WHENEVER I WANT.

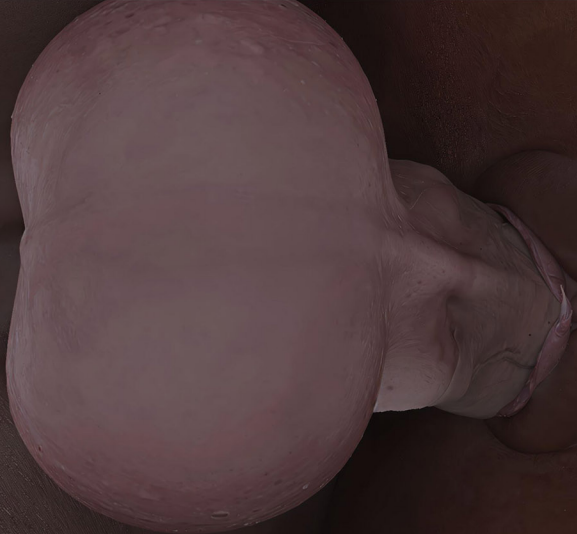


NOW BE THAT GOOD LITTLE
SLUT YOU USED TO BE AND
ENDURE IT ALL WITHOUT
COMPLAINING.



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AAAAH!

STOP NOW! YOU'RE
HURTING ME!

FLAPT

FLAPT

SHUT THE FUCK UP,
BITCH!

FLAPT

FLAPT

ON SECOND
THOUGHT, SCREAM ALL
YOU WANT, NOBODY'S
GOING TO HELP YOU, THE
LOCKER ROOM IS
SOUNDPROOF AND
LOCKED.

FLAPT

FLAPT



FLUPT

FLUPT



FLIPT

FLIPT

ELISA'S ENTIRE LIFE WAS NOW FLASHING BEFORE HER EYES, LIKE A MOVIE WHOSE ENDING HAD BECOME A HORROR FILM. SHE REMEMBERED HER CHILDHOOD DAYS DOING ACROBATICS IN HER STREET, AND ALL THE SACRIFICES SHE HAD MADE TO GET THERE, AND HOW SHE THOUGHT EVERYTHING WOULD TURN OUT LIKE A FAIRY TALE.



BUT IN REAL LIFE, ELISA ALWAYS HAD THIS DILEMMA WITHIN HER. AS SOON AS SHE DEMONSTRATED AN EXTRAORDINARY TALENT, INDECENT PROPOSALS BEGAN TO ARRIVE, AND THE PERSON DEFENDING HER WAS PRECISELY THE ONE BEHIND IT ALL. MAURO WAS MANIPULATIVE AND HAD A FETISH FOR SLEEPING WITH HIS STUDENTS, AND SOMETIMES HE USED FORCE TO ACHIEVE IT; HE ONLY WAITED FOR THEM TO REACH THE AGE OF MAJORITY BEFORE MAKING HIS MOVE.

FLUPT

FLUPT

ELISA TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND REALIZED THERE WAS NOTHING MORE TO BE DONE BUT ACCEPT REALITY, AND ONCE IT WAS OVER, SHE WOULD NEVER GO BACK THERE AGAIN.

FLAPT

FLAPT

OKAY THEN, YOU SON OF A BITCH... DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO... BUT DO IT FAST, YOU DISGUSTING BASTARD.

THAT'S MY LITTLE
FAVELA'S WHORE.

FLAPT
FLAPT





FLAPT

FLAPT



FLAPT

FLAPT



FLUPT

FLUPT



FLAPT

FLAPT



TAKE THAT, SLUT!

SLAP

I ALWAYS ENJOYED
DOING THIS WITH YOU!

FLAPT

FLAPT

SEEING YOU
VULNERABLE IS MY
GREATEST
ACHIEVEMENT.

FLAPT

FLAPT

I CONFESS I'M GOING TO MISS USING YOU LIKE THIS, MY LITTLE SLUT.

FLIPT

FLIPT



I WANT TO FUCK YOU
STANDING UP, LITTLE
SLUT...

FLAPT

AND I'M GOING TO CUM
IN YOUR LITTLE MOUTH.
IT'S GOING TO BE
BEAUTIFUL!

FLAPT

FLAPT



FLAPT

FLAPT



FLAPT

FLAPT




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FLIPT



PLEASE MAURO, LET ME GO, STOP THIS.



IT'S NOT ENOUGH THAT
I'M BEING HUMILIATED IN
FRONT OF EVERYONE, BUT
NOW BY YOU TOO.

LISTEN HERE, YOU BITCH!
YOU HUMILIATED ME IN
FRONT OF EVERYONE.

YOU KNOW HOW HARD I
WORK FOR THIS, AND YOU
DON'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO
DO THE SAME.

SHUT THE FUCK UP AND
ENDURE IT LIKE YOU ALWAYS
HAVE. IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION,
I'M ALMOST THERE. IF YOU
COOPERATE, I'LL LEAVE
SOONER.

NOW STAND UP
AGAINST THAT
PILLAR.

VUUUPT



OH MY GOD... I DON'T
DESERVE THIS!

BUT THIS ISN'T
GOING TO STAY LIKE
THIS. I'M GOING TO TURN
THINGS AROUND AND SHOW
THAT SON OF A BITCH HOW
GOOD I AM. I WON'T STOP
UNTIL I SUCCEED.

THAT'S HOW I LIKE IT.
YOU STANDING STILL,
QUIETLY, IN THE PLACE
I'VE DESIGNATED.

FLAPT

FLAPT





FLAPT

FLAPT



ELISA, KNEEL
DOWN RIGHT
THERE.

FLIPT



FLUSHHH







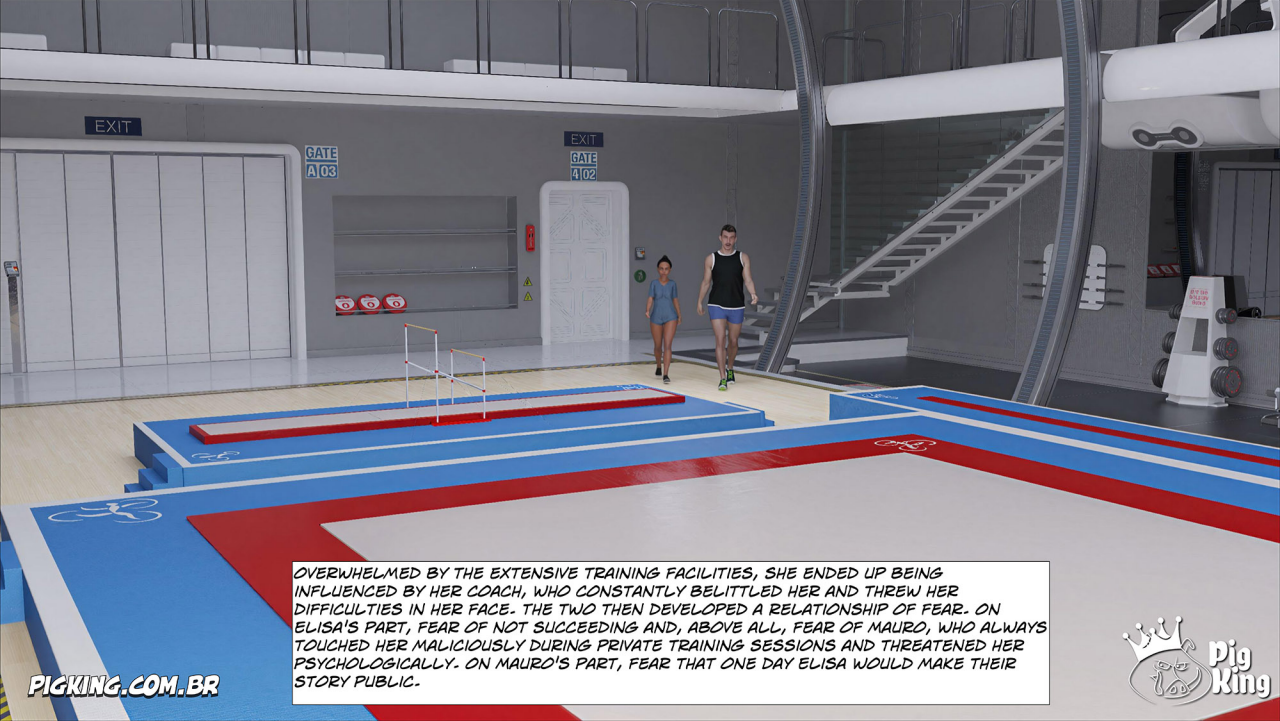
NOW... GO BACK TO YOUR SHACK IN THE FAVELA, WHERE I SHOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN YOU FROM. OUR BOND ENDS HERE, FOREVER. I COULD WISH YOU GOOD LUCK FROM NOW ON, BUT I DON'T REALLY WISH YOU THAT.

WELL, THIS IS ELISA, 21 YEARS OLD, FROM THE ALEMÃO COMPLEX IN RIO DE JANEIRO, AN ATHLETE ON THE BRAZILIAN NATIONAL ARTISTIC GYMNASTICS TEAM. EXTREMELY DETERMINED, A PERFECTIONIST, INTROSPECTIVE, WITH DIFFICULTY EXPRESSING VULNERABILITY. SHE FEELS "BEHIND" IN HER EMOTIONAL AND SOCIAL LIFE. SHE STARTED GYMNASTICS AT AGE 5.



BUT TO BETTER UNDERSTAND THIS STORY, WE NEED TO GO BACK A FEW YEARS.

MAURO, HER EXPLOITATIVE AND SOMETIMES ABUSIVE COACH, ESPECIALLY PSYCHOLOGICALLY, DISCOVERED HER AND SAW POTENTIAL. SO SHE MOVED WITH HIM TO A TRAINING CENTER, DISTANCING HERSELF FROM HER FAMILY, BUT WITH THE PROMISE OF CHANGING HER LIFE AND BECOMING AN OLYMPIC CHAMPION.



OVERWHELMED BY THE EXTENSIVE TRAINING FACILITIES, SHE ENDED UP BEING INFLUENCED BY HER COACH, WHO CONSTANTLY BELITTLED HER AND THREW HER DIFFICULTIES IN HER FACE. THE TWO THEN DEVELOPED A RELATIONSHIP OF FEAR. ON ELISA'S PART, FEAR OF NOT SUCCEEDING AND, ABOVE ALL, FEAR OF MAURO, WHO ALWAYS TOUCHED HER MALICIOUSLY DURING PRIVATE TRAINING SESSIONS AND THREATENED HER PSYCHOLOGICALLY. ON MAURO'S PART, FEAR THAT ONE DAY ELISA WOULD MAKE THEIR STORY PUBLIC.



PERIOD
BONUS
FOULS
SHOT

ELISA QUICKLY BECAME A RENOWNED ATHLETE ON THE WORLD STAGE.

AS SHE GREW UP, SHE STOOD OUT FOR HER POWERFUL AND BEAUTIFUL PERFORMANCES AND FOR WINNING MANY MEDALS, MAINLY GOLD.


THAT WAS HOW SHE OVERCAME HER FEARS AND INSECURITIES ABOUT HER LIFE AND HER COACH.

THE BREAKING POINT WAS THIS COMPETITION. ELISA, NOW OF LEGAL AGE AND TIRED OF THE CRUELTY HER COACH INFLICTED ON HER, ENDED UP INJURING HERSELF AT THE OLYMPICS DUE TO BOTH PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAUMA. THIS MADE MAURO VERY ANGRY.




WHICH BRINGS US TO TODAY.

MY SHACK. MY FAVELA. HE THINKS THAT'S AN INSULT. THAT IT'S THE END OF THE LINE. HE FORGOT. IT WAS THERE THAT I LEARNED TO FIGHT FOR EVERY CRUMB.




I NEED TO DECIDE MY NEXT STEPS;
I CAN'T GO BACK TO MY PARENTS'
HOUSE. I'M NOT GOING BACK TO
ALEMÃO DEFEATED.

A woman with dark hair in a bun is seen from behind, standing at a wooden sink in a locker room. She is looking into a mirror that reflects her front view. She has a determined and somewhat angry expression. The room contains blue lockers and another wooden sink with a faucet.

AND IF HE DOESN'T WISH ME LUCK. FINE, FUCK IT.
I DON'T NEED HIS LUCK. I NEED MY HATRED.
AND MY MEMORY. I PROMISED MY PARENTS I'D
ONLY COME BACK WITH SOMETHING IN HAND.
SOMETHING CONCRETE. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE
A GOLD MEDAL, AN APARTMENT, MONEY. BUT I
ALREADY HAVE THAT, I MEAN, I'M STILL MISSING
SOMETHING...

BUT MAYBE WHAT I ALSO HAVE TO BRING THEM
NOW IS BIGGER. THE TRUTH. MY WHOLE SKIN.
AND THAT SON OF A BITCH'S HEAD ON A PLATTER.

A woman with dark, wavy hair, wearing a bright green, long-sleeved, form-fitting top and matching green leggings, is walking towards the camera. She is pulling a teal rolling suitcase. The setting is a locker room with rows of blue lockers on the left and wooden sinks on the right. A speech bubble above her head contains the text "JUST YOU WAIT, YOU SON OF A BITCH!".

JUST YOU WAIT, YOU
SON OF A BITCH!

ONE YEAR LATER...



FINALLY, MY NEW HOME! I'M SO HAPPY TO HAVE INVESTED THE MONEY I EARNED FROM THE COMPETITIONS I PARTICIPATED IN. LOOK AT THIS APARTMENT, IN THE CITY CENTER, BOUGHT OUTRIGHT... A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT FOR ME... BUT IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING.



TOMORROW IS THE DAY OF MY FIRST AUDITION... WILL ANYONE RECOGNIZE ME? OF COURSE NOT! HOW SILLY OF ME, ESPECIALLY SINCE I LOOK A LITTLE DIFFERENT SINCE THE LAST TIME I COMPETED. NEW HAIR, TATTOOS. THE ELISA THEY KNEW HAS CHANGED, BUT NOT THE TALENT.

WELL... WE'LL SEE TOMORROW. I NEED TO SETTLE IN PROPERLY; I'D ONLY BEEN HERE IN THE US TO COMPETE, AND NOW I'M FULFILLING MY DREAM OF LIVING AND TRAINING HERE... I HOPE EVERYTHING GOES WELL FOR ME THIS TIME.



NEXT DAY...






ELISA, COME TO MY
OFFICE, PLEASE!

MY GOD, WHY ISN'T SHE SAYING ANYTHING? WHAT A WORRY, DID SHE RECOGNIZE ME? SHE'S GOING TO KICK ME OUT OF HERE, FOR SURE...


ELISA RAMOS... I
KNOW YOU...



NOT FOR WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. I WAS IN ROTTERDAM, AT THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS, TWO YEARS BEFORE THE OLYMPICS. YOU DID A FLOOR ROUTINE. SAMBA MUSIC, A MIX OF POWER AND FLUIDITY... ALMOST A CONTAINED RAGE. I REMEMBER THINKING: 'THIS GIRL HAS REAL FIRE. SOMEONE JUST NEEDS TO DIRECT IT, NOT EXTINGUISH IT.'


AND THEN YOU DISAPPEARED. OR RATHER, YOU WERE HIDDEN. AND WHEN YOU REAPPEARED AT THE OLYMPICS... THAT WASN'T YOU. THE BODY WAS THERE, THE TECHNIQUE WAS THERE, BUT THE FIRE... WAS COVERED IN ASHES. AND FEAR.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, GIRL?



SOMEONE TRIED TO POSSESS ME. MY BODY, MY CAREER, MY FUTURE. AND WHEN THEY REALIZED THEY COULDN'T POSSESS WHAT WAS INSIDE... THEY TRIED TO BREAK ME. TRAINING STOPPED BEING ABOUT EXCELLENCE. IT BECAME ABOUT SUBMISSION. EVERY CRITICISM, A BLOW. EVERY TOUCH, A VIOLATION. THE FALL AT THE OLYMPICS... IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT. IT WAS THE FINAL MESSAGE. "WITHOUT ME, YOU ARE NOTHING. WITHOUT ME, YOU FALL."

I FELL. BUT I GOT UP
ON MY OWN. AND I CAME
HERE TO REBUILD MY
CAREER AND ACHIEVE MY
DREAM.




I DON'T TRAIN VICTIMS,
ELISA... AT LEAST, I
DIDN'T, UNTIL I BECAME
ONE MYSELF...

NOT LONG AGO, A MAN DECIDED THAT MY VALUE AS A COACH WAS DIRECTLY LINKED TO MY OBEDIENCE TO HIM. THAT MY IDEAS WERE HIS, MY VICTORIES HIS CREDIT. MY MISTAKES... MY MISTAKES WERE PROOF THAT I NEEDED TO BE CONTROLLED. HE DIDN'T USE THE SAME METHODS. HE WAS MORE SUBTLE. HE POISONED REPUTATIONS, DIVERTED RESOURCES, ISOLATED ME. UNTIL ONE DAY, THE ATHLETE I BELIEVED IN MOST, THE ONE I CONSIDERED ALMOST A DAUGHTER, LOOKED ME IN THE EYE AND SAID SHE PREFERRED TRAINING WITH HIM. BECAUSE HE "HAD MORE CONNECTIONS."

HE BROKE MY CAREER. AND FOR A TIME, HE BROKE ME. SO I PICKED UP THE PIECES, CAME TO THIS COUNTRY, AND BUILT THIS FORTRESS. WITH ONE RULE: NEVER AGAIN ALLOW A PREDATOR TO LAY A CLAW ON AN ATHLETE UNDER MY ROOF. AND NEVER AGAIN WILL I BOW DOWN.



UNDERSTAND, ELISA... WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU ISN'T UNIQUE, BUT IT DOESN'T LESSEN THE CRUELTY OF WHAT YOU SUFFERED. THE FACT IS... THE MEN INVOLVED IN THIS SPORT RUN A MAFIA, A SHADOWY ORGANIZATION. THEY DON'T LOVE THIS SPORT LIKE WE DO.



AND I'VE BEEN TRYING TO
EXPOSE THIS FOR QUITE SOME
TIME NOW... AND NOW I THINK
I'VE FOUND MY KEY PIECE OF
THE PUZZLE.

SO I'M ASKING YOU THESE
QUESTIONS... DO YOU WANT THIS
TOO? DO YOU WANT REVENGE? ARE
YOU WILLING TO END THIS ONCE AND
FOR ALL?



LET'S FUCK THESE
BASTARDS UP!

END

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CONTINUE IN THE NEXT EPISODE...

