

To the Bitter End

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by Roy Ellison

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“Katie, are you sure this is a good idea?”

Manny was almost intimidated. He knew his girlfriend tended to have intense ideas and she did like to try dangerous and frankly crazy things. This was part of her appeal. She wasn't into extreme sports or anything, but she wasn't the person

to just say “no”. Just the opposite, actually. She loved stupid suggestions and challenges.

As a result, the Double-You-challenge was right up her alley. This was just another one of those things. She ended up in the depths of the dark web and looked for the strangest and most intense message boards. Manny was used to crazy stuff, but this was too much, even for him.

Not for her, though.

She loved it. She joined the discussions, held her opinions and picked fights with obviously insane people.

Not that Manny had much to complain. If he wanted to try something, it never was much of an issue. Katie was in on anything he suggested. She was of rather average height, she insisted on 5’9”, thin and blond and she had a bunch of stupid tattoos that she had acquired mostly through the same challenges. She was also pierced in many nice places, six studs in her tongue, two in her brows, septum, lips and the ears too. Obviously. She also sported a couple of tunnels.

For Manny, this was great. He was big, strong and hunky, tall, with short brown hair and a nicely shaved beard. Handsome. If he wanted to try something new, he just needed to say the magic words:

“I dare you.”

Obviously, other people had noticed too. On one of the bodybuilding message boards, they had the Double-You-challenge. The idea was simple. Double your own weight, but with muscles.

Somehow, no one had managed to do this, but there were a lot of people insisting that they were trying. The guys there were obviously quite the freaks and turned each other on with probably manipulated pictures. For Katie, this was something of a call to action. She joined in instantly, bragging along and finally declared that she could do it.

No problem.

Once the laughter died down and she was still there and insisted that she was serious, the guys joined in and declared:

“Fine, let’s do it. You get everything you need, but we get to watch. Okay?”

That was literally no problem for Katie.

So here they were. Manny had just taken the before pictures and Katie posted them. Then she grinned:

“You’ll see. This will be awesome!”

He looked at all those boxes and crates that filled their apartment. The stuff was

covered in weird letters and didn't look reassuring. She walked over to him, sank her hand down his track pants and kissed him:

“From what I heard, that stuff makes you really horny. I think you'll enjoy this too, dear. Now stop grumbling and get to work!”

With a final grumble, he took the list the guys sent with the packages and said:

“Okay. So ... this looks as if my granny's drug list and a pack of alphabet soup had a kid, but if you really think ...”

“Screw this! Come on!”

She pulled down her pants and showed him her ass.

“Hit me!”

He opened the boxes and extracted an impressive collection of syringes, shakes, powders, pills and bandages. Then he went to work.

Once she was pumped full of that stuff and grinning like a maniac, she went over to his training equipment and went to work. She had been training for a while now to maintain her figure, so now she mostly went for longer and more intense exercise. Manny hovered around her the entire time, ready to save her should she get hurt. She liked the idea, but at the same time, it was a little odd.

Anyway, as far as the plan went, she was supposed to do abs and legs first. Then a massage, and then eat, eat, eat.

She was okay with that.

A couple of weeks later, it was picture time again. Katie had definitely changed. She had her hair cut short and went for a fashionable pixie cut. The reasons were simple: They were easier to take care of like this and honestly, she didn't like it when her mane got in the way as she trained. That was a point: she did train a lot. A whole lot. Every day, she spent three hours at some machine, lifting some massive weights and running all over town. Other than that, she didn't do much.

Okay, she ate a lot, like five to six meals a day and she slept long hours. She was really into that. At least eight hours, often ten. For Manny, this was quite tough. Financially, this was a disaster. They lived together and he could pay for the apartment on his own, but the food ...

Since she had already eaten up all her savings and saw no sense in picking up a full-time job, she started spending his money.

On the one hand, this annoyed him, but on the other, it did have his perks.

As a matter of fact, Katie started at 130 pounds. Due to the training, she lost a bit of weight and dropped to 125. Then she started seriously building her muscles. In only four weeks, she went up to 144 pounds. And that looked amazing.

Her shoulders got broader and rounder, her pecs pulled her tiny tits up and buffed them up a little, and her waist got quite tight. The six-pack was just the extra. In no time, she went from normal-skinnyfat to fitness-model sharpness. Her thighs and her butt got pretty hard and thick and her calves were in their best shape ever. She also sported a couple of nice biceps which she loved to show off. Lately, she got her nipples pierced and got a pair of sweet steel bars through them. The next step was rings, but she wanted big ones.

There was something else too:

Katie didn't notice at first, but since she was doing all that stuff, her clit got bigger. Okay, it was maybe the size of her pinky's tip, but it was extremely sensitive. One little caress and she was horny.

The result: Manny was having a hard time focusing because of all the fucking. When he came home after work, she would strip him of his pants and blow him. Her piercings were amazing for this.

And it went on like that. Katie was constantly horny and he loved it. He pumped her full of her internet drugs, she tortured her muscles to the limit and got fucked into oblivion.

As far as he was concerned, this was perfect.

Katie showed him a couple of poses she picked up on the internet. Manny took as many pictures as he could. The outfits got more adventurous too. Okay, Katie

had always liked the more open looks, but her leggings and her tight t-shirt combo, combined with those heels was sexy. And when she flexed her butt, it was heaven.

Once he was done with the pics, she would get out of her clothes. Her underwear wasn't bad either. There was a bit of a fetishy look to this, but it went well with her new style. He just had to help her out of it.

Soon after, Manny had to take a trip abroad to some construction site. Since the money was getting tight, every little bit helped. As a result, he'd be away for a good month. She made it even worse:

“No fapping, no fumbling. Same for me. I want you to come back with the fullest balls ever. I wonder whether you'll manage.”

“Hey!”

She grinned:

“Don't worry. It'll be awesome. Just focus and I swear, it'll be worth your while ...”

He nodded. It did make him hard already. He left.

As soon as he was gone, Katie packed up and went to the gym. The weights here

were nice, but she needed pro stuff now. Also, the crazies on the net had sent her some more packages and those drugs looked even stranger and more potent. The constant posting of motivating pics had paid off.

Time to test that stuff.

She opened the box. The syringes were waiting, nicely lined up. Everything was clean and orderly. She quickly read the instructions, wiped down her rather hard ass with some disinfectant and shot herself up with the whole battery of drugs. It stung and burned, but she had to admit that this even felt stronger than before.

She grinned. Nice. And now, it was time to really make her muscles suffer.

Katie started with chest training. Every time she pulled on the machine, she could feel her muscles transform, the fibers in her body getting ripped up to heal again. She would be huge ... Twice was nice, but why not thrice? She sighed. This turned her on ...

The month went by way fast. Manny was finally back home and he really couldn't wait anymore. A month without fapping made him get hard just by looking at a round object. He started shaking as he tried to unlock the door.

At last, he managed to open it.

He immediately heard her voice and got rock-hard.

“There you are ... Wow. I missed you so much!”

She came into view and grinned. She had recently gone to town and had her lips plumped and her cock-pillows now formed a small taut O. He groaned. Fuck. Katie had been hot before, now she was amazing.

She wore one of those kimonos that hid her figure, but even like this, she was incredibly sexy. The tunnels in her ears were a bit bigger and she obviously had spent a little more time in the sun, so she wasn't as pale anymore. Somehow, her face had gone wider, or at least harder. Something was different ... Nicely different ...

Katie took him by the hand and pulled him into the living room. He noticed that she obviously had gotten stronger than before. There wasn't much he could do. Then she gently pushed him to the floor and pulled his shirt and his pants off. When she saw his shorts getting tented by his cock, she licked her thick lips. He was under her now and she asked with a silky voice:

“Wanna see what I did all month?”

He nodded like a madman. She grinned mischievously and said:

“What's the magic word?”

“Please ... Please!”

She opened the belt of her kimono. He could tell that her shoulders had gone even wider. Now he tried to get up, but she put her foot on his chest.

“Nope. Not so fast.”

Manny noticed that she was obviously not just stronger, but also heavier than before. He tried to get up again, but she held him down. He couldn't do it. She opened the kimono and let it slip off her shoulders.

Manny managed not to blow his load right away.

Her upper body was now incredibly ripped. It was thoroughly shocking and very impressive. Her pecs were easily as big as her breasts used to be and some heavy-gauge rings were hanging from her nipples. Below this there was a hard, defined eight-pack, with tight obliques. Her shoulders were covered in deep ridges, standing out proud and taut. Next were her muscle-packed arms ... In no time, she had moved up to bodybuilding level and she was not afraid to show it.

He groaned:

“Fuck! That's incredible!”

She dropped the kimono. Her shaved pussy was now rather thick and meaty. Her clit was peeking out a bit and was also decorated with a metal ball.

“Okay ... What the hell happened to you?”

“For information on risks and side-effects please fuck your girlfriend and crush your doctor or pharmacist. Cool, huh?”

She leaned forward and slipped her hands over her massive thighs. Manny was ready to blow his load, but she suddenly squatted down, grabbed his cock and squeezed it gently, yet firmly. His dick got harder, but he couldn't cum. She grinned:

“Nice, isn't it? You know what?” He was shaking with horniness. “I'm gonna take out a bit of the pressure.”

He nodded hysterically. She started rubbing against his cock. He could feel the metal ball that stood from her clit glide along his shaft. Manny moaned:

“Shit ... How are you doing this? I can't bear it anymore ...”

Before he could cum, she caught him again and squeezed him mercilessly. He gave her a look of anger and absolute horniness:

“Why are you doing this, I thought I could ...”

“Sure. But no. You can't. Not yet.”

Mocking him, she started again, this time even slipping her pussy over his cock. She enveloped him and held him with her equally strong and hard interior muscles, massaging him. Manny was stuck. He just wanted to cum, but every time he was almost there, she stopped him.

In the end, he was just a shaking pile of despair, begging for release. Katie grinned evilly and shoved his rod inside her. It was hard as rock. He gasped for air and came like a fountain. It was insane. It was so much that it literally flooded her. She rode him as hard as she could, her wonderful muscles glinting as she worked herself up.

After what felt like an eternity, he laid in her arms. It was strange, but it felt right. She ran her fingers through his chest hair.

“Cool, huh?”

“Unbelievable.”

“It was worth the wait.”

“Well ... Yes, it was.”

“Good. Do you have any idea what I weigh now?”

“I don’t think any dude ever got asked this by his wife.”

She laughed. Somehow, her voice had gotten rougher. It was deeper and more dominant.

“So, wanna guess?”

“Yeah, I don’t know. 160 pounds?”

Katie grinned:

“A little more. 192. Almost got you now. You’ll have to train hard if you want to stay ahead.”

“Damn! 28 pounds in four weeks? That’s unbelievable!”

“Mhm. I really felt it. It’s hard, because I really noticed when my muscles grew. You can’t believe it. The crazies on the net sent me a lotion to protect my skin from tearing. Otherwise, I’d be covered in stretch marks.”

“You’re pretty crazy. Katie! You’re really doing this, aren’t you?”

“Sure. I mean, I got one third down, give or take. You know, I started at 130

pounds, so I need to hit 260. And muscles only, obviously.”

“Will you even be able to move like this?”

“I guess I’ll find out.”

He gave her a shocked look. As she was, she could probably join a bodybuilding competition and win. And she wanted to get even bigger ... She grinned:

“Okay, so now, you have to make me cum with your tongue. That would only be fair.”

He nodded and went to work.

Spurred on by the success, Katie only increased her training. Work was out of the question now. She now lived in the gym and constantly blasted her muscles with newer and more extreme exercises. The other patrons started feeling annoyed by her constant grunts, growls, howls and screams. Of course, no one dared tell her, the people weren’t suicidal, but the mood was starting to shift.

A month later, she admired her work in the mirror and posed, enjoying her huge body. She was looking fantastic. She had finally passed the 200-pound limit, and she couldn’t stop looking at herself. The stuff she was shooting was just outright dangerous and her ass looked like a pincushion, but she didn’t give a shit.

She moaned lustfully as she put her hands together in a crab pose. Her neck muscles swelled and expanded, making her head look tiny. This wasn't just a bullneck anymore, it was more like a cattle herd. Combined with those massive shoulders, she looked as if she was as wide as she was tall. She would get there if she continued like that.

The thought turned her on. She gritted her teeth in order to blow herself up some more. Fuck ... What a sight!

Actually, she was quite extreme in every way now. Katie had expanded her tunnels until her earlobes rested on her traps and her nose ring was bigger too, increasing the bullishness.

She had also had her lips blown up some more, which formed a strange contrast. She had those blowjob bimbo lips and the body of a male porn god. People who saw her had a hard time taking her all in. Most just switched sidewalks.

Besides, her outfits were getting pretty extreme now. She usually wore some oversized leggings, with an extra large shirt that fit her huge upper body. She especially liked those with the big head holes which she could hang over one of her shoulders. Ever since she got that big, her sewing machine ran nonstop.

Lately, she was invited to Manny's sister's wedding. All traditional Bavarian, dirndl and the works. She worked three hours on her outfit. To her surprise, it actually worked. Sure, her pecs gave her an incredible cleavage and her tight waist went well with that. Adding that heavenly muscle butt, she blew everyone away ...

Manny had started seriously working out, and his calves were growing nicely, but hers were still larger and more defined.

Right now, she was wearing a super-tight crop top so she could keep an eye on her eight rounded, ultra-defined abs. To this, she had added a pair of tiny shorts. Her thick nipple rings were clearly visible through the fabric, just like the twin knobs on her clit.

She had recently added a couple of implanted studs at various places, just because she liked the look. The other thing she still had to take care of were her tattoos. To her frustration, they started looking ugly now that her enormous muscles stretched them in weird directions. So she had to make up her mind: get them removed or covered up? Maybe she would just wait until she was done growing and then fix everything at the same time. She couldn't make up her mind yet.

Looking at her uber body was great, though. She grinned and flexed her giant arms into a double biceps pose. It was awesome!

“Ahem.”

She turned around. There was some dude. Ah, yes, it was the gym's owner.

“Yeah?”

The guy was rather huge at 6'4", and he was definitely built, but next to her, he

looked rather small.

“Sorry, but we need to talk.”

“Fine. I just wanted to finish this, but ...”

He cut her off:

“Please. Just a quick break.”

“Okay, what’s up? Spit it.”

“Well ... I’m sorry, but we can’t have you here anymore. The other patrons have been complaining.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously. I honestly regret it. I admire your ambition, but it doesn’t work like this anymore.”

“Fuck!”

“Please stay calm. Finish your set, take a shower and leave. We have a little goodbye present for you, and we’ll return any fees you already paid.”

Katie felt that the anger was rising within her. She knew that already. When she got angry, things got bad. She lost control. So she went as quick as she could. The last thing she needed was trouble because of shit like that.

She packed up her things and left.

“Okay, so I talked to Izzy. He doesn’t mind you training at his place.”

Katie looked up at Manny. She had cried for an hour. He had sat down next to her, caressed her and tried to console her. Somehow, it was a strange sight. Her super strong, hypermasculine body, and those tears ... Manny stayed calm and handed her more tissues.

She blew her nose and sighed:

“Thanks. That’s so nice of you.”

“Yeah, well, you know I can’t watch you cry. And the people there will be more up your alley. They’re really hardcore and don’t give a shit about this. Besides, you’re probably outsizing half of them!”

She had to grin now.

“Let me guess. I’ll be the only girl there.”

“Probably. But I can come with you if you’re afraid.”

“Actually, I think they’ll be afraid of me.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised.”

She smiled again, even though her eyes were still wet. She pulled him towards her and held him in her giant arms. Despite his training, he looked a little fragile.

“So, better?”

“You’re the best. Thank you.”

“Phew. By the way, your fans on the net have sent you a package or two. I think they really love you.”

She grinned and said:

“Not just them ...”

She started playing with his cock.

The next day, she went to Izzy's place. The drive was long, but she had to do this. She got out of the car and took her stuff with her. When she walked in, the people stared at her in shock. She was used to this. She smiled and walked to the bar. Izzy was there already, a massive guy, almost 6'8", big beard, broad shoulders. Next to him, she looked somewhat stunted. She looked up to him and said:

"Hi. Manny told you I'd come."

"He did. I honestly didn't believe him, but okay ... Come on in. The other guys will have to deal with it."

"What?"

"Well, that you're a woman and that you'll train here. They can be a little ... old-fashioned."

"Whatever. I'm just here for the training."

"That much is obvious."

He led her around. The machines were simple but functional, the guys here were similar to him. There was a boxing ring too, with two guys smashing in each other's faces. When they saw her walk by, they stopped and stared. Izzy showed her her locker and added:

“Please tell us when you're showering so I can make sure you'll be left alone.”

“Thanks.”

Then she went to work.

Time flew. Katie trained like crazy. She mostly lived at Izzy's gym. The initial problems she might have had with the boys disappeared. She ate and grew like one of them, so they took her in as one of them. She pumped hard, had Izzy give her massages and shot herself up with everything from that package. She fucked Manny like a machine. He really tried to keep up, but it was getting harder and harder. Not that it didn't turn him on.

At 260 pounds, she was crazy to look at. This wasn't just buffness, it was just too much. Her muscles were gargantuan.

She now had a muscle gut that was mostly the result of her abs having grown too big. If she wasn't careful, she looked as if she were nine months pregnant. Above these, she had a pair of giant pecs that were just absurdly huge. Even the largest silicon tits looked just barely big next to her muscle udders. The whole thing was being framed by her spherical mega-shoulders, each one almost the size of her head. Her upper arms usually rested on her lats, which were now equally wide. In addition, she also sported incredibly muscle-packed thighs

which forced her to constantly wear those bike pants just to stop her skin from chafing.

When she walked, her upper body swung sideways and forced people to get out of the way. Looking away was out of the question now.

As to her outfits, they were turning into a challenge. Despite stretching exercises and yoga, she was getting rather immobile. Manny was so nice as to help her with some things and she changed her clothes so she could put them on from the front. And still, they frequently just didn't work anymore.

She took the opportunity to get her whole body depilated permanently, since shaving was no longer an option. The lady at the beautician had appeared to be slightly annoyed and it took forever, but what else should she do?

Meanwhile, she continued her body modifications. Her lips were thick and sexy and she had her tongue split. Both halves had healed quickly and she had them pierced again. Katie also heard of a procedure to get her tongue lengthened and she was very interested. Otherwise, she hadn't been loafing around: She found a solution for her tats. All over her body, black stripes were growing, making her muscles look even bigger and covering up all those crappy decisions. Lately, she had her cunt pumped. That was another thing. Somehow, she had decided that she wanted to be big all over, so she got that done too. The surgeon stuffed her pussy lips and her clit and plumped her g-spot. She had no idea whether this was the reason for her intense orgasm or just the massive drugs she was shooting, but she loved it.

Right now, she was sitting on her favorite bench at Izzy's and pumped 120 pound concentration curls. She had come up with a technique so she could do them with her giant arms and she enjoyed the bite. After the other patrons

requested it, she had put on a wife beater. As far as she was concerned, she would have preferred to be topless. Not that she had any boobs left.

She was mostly focused on getting everything ready. Tonight would be the big final show. She did it!

Then she had to find out what she should do next. Somehow, she liked her current mass. For now, however, she had to beat the challenge. She finished her training and went home.

At home, a very nervous Manny was already waiting for her. Somehow, his girl was only making him nervous anymore. Sure, she was super sexy, and she fucked him all the time, but she was also terrifying. There was nothing he could do about it. Then again, he had to think about how she sucked him off with those tongue-halves and he relaxed again. Bullshit. He didn't relax. He got turned on. This way, he managed to deal with her muscle addiction.

He grinned as she hung up her winter jacket. It was a huge, custom made thing, basically a stuffed blanket to hang over her shoulders. It only made Katie look more massive. Then she asked:

“So, everything ready?”

“Sure. I've been ready for hours.”

“Cool. So, let's do this!”

She was completely pumped up and ready to go. He helped her into the super-stretchy rubber outfit she had ordered. In that thing, she looked like a superhero. Okay, no, actually, she looked like two or three male superheroes sharing a costume. But for that audience, it was perfect.

Once she was ready, she grinned.

It actually worked. Katie had given her all, but even she didn't think she'd manage to do it. And now, the rubber was biting into her overstuffed skin that was stretched to burst. Damn straight.

She turned to the camera.

“Okay, boys and girls, this is it. Double-You-challenge? Accomplished!”

She climbed on the scales and Manny aimed the camera. 261 pounds, 3.2% bodyfat. She sighed lustfully and asked:

“Did it work? I can't read the display. Pecs too big.”

She laughed. The impulse shot through her muscle-packed body.

“Okay, so this is that now. And, now, here's something for you to look at. Not

that anybody thinks I'm not the real deal.”

With these words, she gave her all. She flexed her incredible mass, pumping herself up to become even more massive. The comments on the chat just roared by. She ran her hands over her super taut muscles and moments later, she was rubbing her cunt. Manny wanted to say something, but he didn't dare.

As the situation was about to escalate completely, a message got posted and reposted.

“Why not another Double-You-challenge?”

It ran down the chat at high speed. More and more people quoted it, filling the window.

First, Katie went for the “guys, be happy with what you got”-line, but then, there was this sentence. This single terrifying sentence:

“I dare you.”

Katie cut it off immediately. She knew what was going to happen and she realized that this was a very stupid situation. Seriously, at the level she was at right now, life was really difficult and it certainly wasn't healthy. She liked her muscles, sure, but maybe not that big ... And seriously ... 520 pounds? That was hard.

No. It was completely impossible!

Or was that just an attempt to justify her own weakness?

She groaned.

Why was this all so stupid? She went back online.

To Manny's mounting panic, she typed:

“Challenge accepted. Send me what you got. I'll do it!”

And send.

There was a tsunami of comments which she ignored.

A year later, there were a lot of rumors in the group. Somebody heard that the disappeared muscle queen had resurfaced. There were no details, but it sounded promising.

Apparently, she might have been spotted training at a studio and somebody had managed to film her. But that thing was only a few seconds long and blurry. Another user claimed to have seen her in a pedestrian area. Again, no clear pics,

no proof.

Since that evening when she took up the challenge, she had vanished.

Then, without warning, a message popped up:

“Missed me?”

And bam.

The community of crazed muscle lovers was awash with speculation. Was this a joke? Fake news? A scam? Something else?

The great confusion started, but then, there was another little hint:

“Soon ...”

There was a blurred picture of what might have been a shoulder. It was hard to make out. The worst nerds tried to enhance the picture and find out what was actually on it.

And then it happened.

Out of nowhere, Katie started her video chat. First, there was nothing special. A sofa, a potted plant. The poster of a band. Then they heard Manny's voice:

"Alright, I guess."

They heard a chuckle. It was a weird sound. Somehow too deep and full for a woman. It wasn't manly either, but strange nonetheless.

And then she walked into the frame. It took a while, simply because she was so huge. Apparently, she really managed to do it, but it was hard to believe. Even Manny couldn't really accept it. For the last twelve months, Katie had tortured herself even more excessively and it had paid off in the craziest possible way.

Katie grinned as she finally was fully in the camera's view.

The sight was stunning.

She was now safely as wide as tall, no doubt about it. Her head looked squeezed between her brutal neck muscles and somehow, she looked unreal, yet definitely impressive. Her massive upper body was so overloaded with muscle that her movements had to be slow and precise. The same was true for her legs. She had this weird gait, otherwise, she would have been completely immobile.

It was completely insane. The enormous mass of her pecs stood a good twelve inches from her chest and only made her body bigger. Under this were her abs,

each one as big as a normal bodybuilder's pec.

Carefully, she turned to the side and allowed for a peek of her butt. It was just as humungous, but every little muscle fiber was so defined, it was sickening. It took the spectators a while to understand that she was naked.

No one cared. Normal rules of decency and morality were no longer her problem.

She stood there, breathing. With every breath, her giant muscle bosom rose and fell. She grinned mischievously at the camera, then she said:

“Didn’t expect that, did you? Look at those muscles. That’s not normal anymore. I don’t think anybody has muscles this size. Fuck ... When I look at myself, I get horny ...”

She tried to find her crotch, but she couldn’t reach it. She groaned:

“Yeah, shit. That was bound to happen. But my boyfriend is going to help me, isn’t he?”

Manny took the cue and started licking her. She grunted happily as his tongue danced along her fat clit and her meaty labia.

“I gotta tell you, boys and girls, this is incredible. It’s the best, and it was worth

it. Fuck, yeah.”

She came with a grunt. Manny pulled back so as not to be crushed by her thighs.

“And since you were all good, I’m going to get seriously pumped up for you. So you can see me when I’m big, not as tiny as now.”

She made a few careful steps back, finding a strangely shaped barbell. Katie explained:

“Alright. This is my newest toy. With it, I can get pumped although my muscles are in the way. Take a look!”

She clumsily squatted down, her calves colliding with her hamstrings. She managed to get the bar. Both sides were loaded with massive weights. She looked at the camera again, closed her eyes and started pumping.

She did her best to curl the extreme weights with her enormous muscles. It worked well enough. Manny stared at the brutal display of strength. With every pump, her muscles seemed to get bigger. He counted along quietly.

“Four, five, six, seven ...”

Her striped skin started sweating. She moaned lustfully. The weight in her arms had to be around 500 pounds, at least as far as the plates on the reinforced bar

suggested.

“Nine, ten, eleven ...”

Manny’s eyes were big as saucers. This was too much. He knew she loved to train on an extreme level, but this was way too much. She groaned.

“Katie! How are you doing this?”

She shot him a glance that made clear that there would be no answer. Instead, she pumped on. Up, down. Her muscles got even bigger. All the fine lines and groves in her skin got deeper. Thick, hoselike veins grew on her muscles. The sweat poured from her skin. She gasped.

“Sixteen, seventeen ... Oh my God!”

Manny’s voice was now rather loud. He started egging her on.

“You’re the best! Come on! More! Do it! Katie, you beast! More!”

She did it for him. It turned her on too. She tightened her muscles again. They swelled all over the place. There was a loud sound coming from her skin. Somehow, she was on the verge of overdoing it.

Thick streams of sweat ran down her shoulders.

“Twenty-two, twenty-three ...”

She screamed as she brought the massive barbell up once again. Her face was a mask of fury and lust.

“Shit ... This is ... Oh God.”

Manny saw her cunt pulsate. He started fingering her, licking her. He knew that there was this huge weight that would just crush his head if she dropped it.

He didn't care. He had to do this now.

Katie tore the barbell up again and again. She had fallen into a kind of muscle trance. More. More! She needed more mass, more power, more pain!

She had to give it her all and blow herself up to be the biggest, most muscular person on the planet. Unchallenged and massive! She felt her skin creak and crackle.

Between her teeth, she hissed “Thirty ...”

Then she realized she was at her limit. With a quick twitch of her cunt muscles, she pushed his tongue out and slapped him away with her abs and thighs.

He fell on his ass and fled.

Once more!

She lifted the barbell once more and ...

It was over.

She dropped it. The floor cracked, but held.

Katie looked at the camera. With a brutal, devastating grin, she lifted her arms and flexed them at full force.

It looked as if her body was blowing up. The absurd mass of muscles tore through her tortured body and she stood there, grinning like a madwoman and staring at the enormous, pulsating power.

Groaning, she said:

“Okay, I’ll have to have a doctor look at this. But damn ... That was amazing.”

Then she collapsed.

The last things she saw on the screen were three words:

“I dare you.”

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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.