

# To the Limit

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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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“So you can help me? That’s amazing!”

Vivian was relieved. She was on the cheerleader squad and the coach had insisted on her to buff up. Just a little, of course, but she insisted that she'd build up her strength. Of course, Vivian had failed to do so. Partying had been more

important to her. Now, she needed a quick fix. That's where Irving came in. He was the worst nerd on the campus, he was a little creepy, but he was smart as hell. He was also working on several very complex side-projects. Vivian had discovered his secret when she had accidentally come to his lab, looking for a bathroom to use. She found out that this nerd was built like a brick shithouse. She asked him how he did that, and he answered "Science!". Well, now she needed some science herself.

"Sure. If you don't mind me recording the data?"

"No problem. I just wanna be superfit!"

"Cool! Just come to my lab tonight and I'll do what I can."

When Vivian entered the building, she was a little nervous. After all, there was a certain mad science vibe to the whole situation. On the other hand, Irving's method definitely worked. The guy was super-buff. She found the door and knocked. After a while, Irving opened. He peeked out, saw her, and let her in. Once she was inside, he checked that no one had followed her and shut the door.

"Wow! You're really into secrecy, Irving!"

"Of course. My technology is a game-changer. I can't have any people snooping around, can I?"

"I guess so."

He looked at her. Vivian was tall and slim, but she did have an athletic base. He nodded to himself. She was really nice to look at. The long blonde hair and the big boobs certainly helped. He said:

“Okay. This is how this works: You get two feeds. One gives you nutrients, the other one air. Both are necessary to allow you to grow. Then, you exercise. I have a special machine that adapts to your strength. As you work out, your muscles will react accordingly, and you will get fit. Got that?”

“Sure! That’s what I wanted.”

“Good. Then let’s get started. Strip.”

“What?”

“Well, do you want to tear your clothes?”

“I guess that would be bad. Okay. But don’t get any ideas, right?”

“Don’t worry. I’m way too concerned on recording all available data.”

“Whatever.”

She slipped out of her cute pink shirt with the bunny in front and her leggings and stood there in her bra and panties.

“Those too?”

“Obviously.”

“Hm ... Okay.”

She walked into the testing area naked. It felt off. The room was pretty cool and there was a lot of equipment lying around. The place wasn't dirty, but it was a bit messy. Clearly, Irving was too absorbed by his science to take care of this. He came in, wearing latex gloves and said:

“Okay, let's get you ready!”

He proceeded to stick little patches with sensors on her naked body. When he was done he unwrapped a sterile kind of hose and said:

“The only difficult part is swallowing this thing. Don't panic and just do it.”

She hesitated, but managed to do it. Having this cable stick out of her mouth was a little uncomfortable. Then he handed her a newly unpacked breathing

apparatus and helped her put it over her mouth and nose. He explained:

“That should be alright. I’ll just connect everything and then you can sit down.”

He returned and led her to a heavy steel exercise machine. She sat down and he helped her take the right position. Then he switched on a screen that showed the exercises she was supposed to do.

She looked at the animations. That wasn’t complicated. Irving strapped her in, then sat down at the computer and declared:

“Alright, let’s do this! Start the exercises now!”

Vivian felt the hose fill and begin to pump nutrients into her stomach. She wondered what they tasted like. Then she started pumping. The first set was pretty simple. A computerized voice declared “Baseline established”. Then came the second one. This too was pretty easy. The machine had her use her arms, her legs and her core. There was a short break after this. She didn’t mind this, but she wondered how many sets this would take. She thought of Irving’s muscles. Maybe she’d have abs like his.

The third set started. Now things were getting a little harder. She pushed and pulled. It wasn’t impossible, but she did feel that she was working out.

Set four. She had the weird feeling that something was happening. She continued her pumping and suddenly noticed that her legs had grown a little more

muscular. Wow! That had been fast.

She smiled at Irving, who looked up for a moment, nodded and returned to his screens.

The fifth set felt really hard now. The machine was directing her, but she still had to do the movements. She thought she was struggling now. Her muscles were clearly working and it was obvious that her legs were getting stronger. Also, the slight flab on her waist had faded away. Nice!

Suddenly, the hose increased its output. She felt it was filling her stomach. She looked at Irving and said:

“It’s a bit much!”

“More pumping, then it will be absorbed.”

“Oh.”

She did as he told her and hit the weights again. Indeed, the workout seemed to empty her stomach. It felt weird. Her quads were growing bigger and she saw a hint of some abs. Looking at her arms, she spotted the slight curvature of her biceps. She needed more.

Set number seven started and she once again felt full. The machine was pumping

her full of nutrients, so she pumped iron. The effect was immediate. The training was getting harder again, but it felt good. She liked this strength. A gauge informed her that her power level was now at 125% of the female standard for her body type and age. She was pretty strong!

On set eight, she started to look quite fit. She wasn't at Irving's level, but she was starting to look pretty buff. The coach would be amazed. She'd love this. Vivian wondered what she'd look like in her cheerleader outfit. She'd be sexy as hell.

As she did set nine, she grinned. This hyper-intense workout was turning her into a ripped, sexy muscle girl. Just a little more ... She'd be perfect. She had to work hard now to move the arms of the machine. It seemed to literally fight her over her strength.

Set ten was horrible. She was sweating now, groaning as she went through the exercises. She gritted her teeth, though. This was working, so she had to bear with this. After all, she wanted to impress the coach and the squad. Also, after this set, she was pretty sure she'd be done.

She wanted to take a short break after this hard work, but Irving said:

“What are you doing? Go on!”

“But I'm tired. And I think it's enough already.”

“You can’t stop now. I don’t have enough data yet. Also, you’re getting the nutrients.”

She noticed that she was feeling up again. Reluctantly, she started her next set.

This one was actually a little easier. She concentrated and did as told. Vivian followed the animation and completed the set. It did top up her muscles a little. She was getting that six-pack now. Maybe this wasn’t too bad after all.

She continued her training, hitting set twelve. Once again, the exercises were getting harder. She fought bravely, when she noticed that her muscles were growing as she watched. Up until now, she had only realized the changes once she paused, but now she could see that this was actually happening right now. She panicked. What if she got too big? Did she really want this?

The gauge said 150%. That was big. Set thirteen was hard. Her muscles were aching now, feeling completely broken by the incredible stress. She wondered just how much weight she was moving now.

She hit set fourteen, gritting her teeth with each repetition. Her muscles grew faster now and she stared at her now fully developed six-pack. Every bump was defined and perfect. She wanted to touch it and caress it, but the machine was pitiless.

Fifteen. She saw her thighs bulge. Her lower legs were resting on her grown calves now. The machine adjusted itself to make room for them. She was looking downright athletic now. She checked her arms and immediately noticed that her biceps were getting pretty big now. Twin fists, maybe? Also, her shoulders were

huge now.

“Hey, Irving, I want to stop now. It’s enough! Please.”

“No can do. We have to finish this. I need the data.”

“But I’m really strong now. I look super-fit. It’s perfect.”

Instead of an answer, he activated the next round. She felt that weird paste stuff her stomach. It was really a lot. Her stomach was feeling full. She started pumping.

On set sixteen, things were getting out of hand. Her muscles were now continuously growing. The transformation wasn’t fast, but it was there. She felt that she was panicking. Was she trapped? The machine egged her on.

Set seventeen gave her a faint glimpse of her pecs. They had already started to grow before, but until now, her breasts had concealed them. Now, they began to absorb her boobs. She saw those slabs of muscle appear and grow while her tits began to fade.

“Hey! What is going on? My boobs! Hey, Irving!”

“Please continue. I am getting excellent data.”

“But ...”

“Go on. Now!”

Set eighteen announced itself with the 200% signal. God! She was getting really strong. She looked at her body and couldn't deny it. It was getting covered by thick muscles now. Her thighs were something alright. She had to shift her legs to make room for them. They looked like a speed-skater's now. Also, her pecs were spreading. It was weird to feel her body grow wider. The machine adjusted to her changed proportions and continued.

On number nineteen, she struggled. Even with her now enlarged and powerful muscles, this training was proving to push her to her limit and beyond. She forced her muscles to obey her will, but she couldn't help thinking that she should just stop.

The twentieth set was incredible. The machine had to stop her several times from performing moves in a dangerous way and insisted on her doing them correctly. She was soaked in sweat, the pillow-thing she was sitting on was swimming and she was in horrible pain.

As she finished the set, she gasped for air:

“Please ... Please ...”

Irving was merciless.

Something changed. While the hose had previously filled her stomach with nutrients and then stopped, it was now pumping continuously. She stared at Irving, almost despairing of her fate. She shook her head, surprised to feel her

lats move and continued.

This set took her all. She felt her muscles were really surging outwards now. She had an eight-pack now, her pecs were getting thick and deep and her arms were swollen with muscle. Her biceps were easily the size of baseballs and her shoulders grew to melon size.

She screamed and hit set twenty-two, just struggling to keep the nutrients low. The machine declared her to be at 250%. Indeed, her physique looked the way. The device had again adapted to her body. It now took into account that her back was now easily twice as wide as her waist. Her entire body was now covered in thick muscles that swelled with every new repetition. They were covered in veins and she could literally see the blood pump through them.

Twenty-three. She could barely clear her mind enough to realize just how incredible her transformation had been. Her breasts had long since disappeared, replaced by thick feathered pecs. Every time she contracted them, they grew some more, approaching her chin. How big could a single human get? She was way in the level of male heavyweight bodybuilders now ...

Set twenty-four again increased the strain. Her muscles reacted accordingly. She roared as she once again flexed her thighs, these enormous masses of muscle contracting. Somehow, her mind was beginning to change. Up until now, she had found this insane, even ugly. But now, there was a tiny voice that was protesting. It whispered "more!".

On set twenty-five, she stared at Irving in abject hate. The young man barely looked up. He cared for his data, and she was delivering.

There was a short break. She shouted:

“Let me out. Please! Have mercy! Come on, Irving. Let me stop!”

He shrugged and started the next round.

That was when things got bizarre. Up until now, her growth had accelerated slowly, but now, it was increasing fast. She could see that her muscle fibers multiplied and grew even as she did the repetitions. Her body was blowing up now. The effect was sickening. As she watched, her waist started to overload with muscle. While it had previously been slim and tight, the masses of muscle were now giving her a kind of gut. At the same time, her pecs got so big they started to sort of rest on that muscle belly.

Set twenty-seven brought further adjustments. She noticed that her lats had grown so big that the machine had to adapt her arm exercises. She growled as her arms reached 24 inches. Her forearms were equally huge. She wondered if she'd even be able to bend them completely. She also noticed that the machine had given her more room for her deep back. She could feel the various mountain chains on her back and ... she grinned. As strange as it was, this was starting to feel good. Incredible even.

The twenty-eighth set saw her legs spread further apart to accommodate both her twenty-six-inch calves and her thighs, which were now bigger than most men's chests. The gauge insisted on 350%. She wondered just how strong that was. Her waist had all but disappeared amidst those masses of muscle. Thick veins were now snaking all over her distended body. Some were as thick as her thumbs. She looked at her hand and noticed just how tiny it was now.

Twenty-nine brought the strange realization that her muscles had devoured her neck. The thick rolls of her traps were so swollen now that there literally was no difference between her neck and her back. Her head was just sitting atop a mountain of outrageous muscle. The machine adjusted to her reduced range of motion and piled on the pounds. 400%. What an insane number!

On set thirty, she felt that she was getting excited. She began to love this. Her belly looked nine months pregnant with some muscle-abomination. It almost completely obscured her legs, combined with her gargantuan pecs. Her shoulders were easily the size of basketballs now and they were still growing.

Irving had stopped looking at his screen. He stared. He hadn't expected this. Honestly, he didn't know what he expected. But this ... no.

Vivian was pumping the reps out now at an amazing pace. The machine was reaching its limit. The pump that provided the nutrients was also struggling to keep up with her. She looked only vaguely human now. Her enormous muscle belly concealed her crotch, resting on those gigantic thighs. She was as wide as a double door now and still growing. Her arms were getting so big that she could only do little movements. Most bizarre of all, her nipples were hard and thick now, peeking out of her colossal pecs. She took deep breaths, trying to fuel her muscle growth. The ventilator was pumping hard to keep her supplied.

The perverted cheerleader gritted her teeth, thick veins sprouting all over her face. She looked as if she was going to explode any moment. Her bulging body was growing and growing, her shoulders reaching the size of beach balls. They seemed to try to swallow her arms, which were valiantly fighting back by adding more and more mass. They were now easily three feet around and growing.

He heard her hiss:

“God! This feels so good. I’m going to burst, but it’s so damn sexy! Look at my belly ... It’s so big. My abs are like bricks now. ”

Her navel poked out pointlessly amidst the ripped to shreds blocks of muscle.

Irving panicked and hit the emergency stop, but forgot to flip open the case. He held his hand. Vivian screamed:

“Don’t stop me! Please! More! More! I gotta get more! I need to get bigger! I still feel puny!”

He hesitated. The readings were off the charts. He had no idea whether this woman’s skin would hold all those muscles. Even the smallest blood vessels were now defined to an extent beyond any anatomy chart.

“I have to shut it off! You’ll get hurt!”

“Don’t you dare. I need this! I need this so much! Oh God, this is so good! I want to be huge. I want to be enormous!”

“You’ll burst! Please stop!”

“Hah! Then I’ll blow up. Who cares? I want to grow. I want to be the biggest.

God, I love this!”

Her spherical muscle belly was getting so big that the machine had to accommodate her by leaning her back. Her arms could barely move now, blocked by her shoulders, biceps and triceps. Her tiny hands and feet poked out of insane masses of muscle. Her pecs were now larger than even the biggest breasts Irving had seen on the internet. Even the most extreme porn star had smaller tits than those gigantic meaty pectorals. And they were all deeply striated muscle!

“Look at me! I’m a monster, but I love it. I feel this power in me and it’s so sexy! I need more!”

Vivian’s body was now completely deformed. She struggled to even complete her exercises. Her skin seemed almost translucent now. All the fat in her body seemed to have melted away to fuel her insane desire for more and more muscle. She howled in frustration ... How could she get bigger?

Irving panicked:

“I ... I can’t watch ...”

“Screw you! I love this. I want to get even bigger. Pump me up! I can take it! I need this mass. Ooh ...”

Her skin groaned. It was an otherworldly sound, something neither of them had

ever heard before.

“Shit! I’m ... going to ... burst ...”

Happily, the machine gave out. It reached its limit and just stopped. Vivian stared at it in unmitigated fury. Then she set her monumental physique in motion. The metal screeched and declared 700% before breaking apart.

Vivian took a deep breath. Her enormous chest rose, almost reaching her chin. She tried to reach for her absurdly enormous belly, but her arms collided with her lats. She tried to squeeze her muscles closer, but that only made them thicker and harder. Her fingers were trying to reach her overdeveloped muscle-waist. She switched her stance, trying to bend forward. The pecs squeezed against her belly, blocking her again. She tried anyway, lifting her arms up to detach them from her lats only to find it impossible to bend her arms without flexing her biceps and mashing them into her colossal forearms. She cursed under her breath, then whined:

“Why can’t I reach my tummy? It’s so big and I can’t touch it!”

Then something insane happened. She struggled to get to her feet, which were tiny under all those masses of hard flesh. She took a few clumsy steps before toppling over, landing on her titanic belly. Her body bounced grotesquely as the unnatural power of her abs broke the fall. She flailed with her useless, yet uber-strong arms and legs. Her calves hit her melon-thick hamstrings, forcing her legs into a straight position. Her absurdly ripped glutes poked into the air, an X of steel-cabled muscle. Irving wondered how she had managed to sit on those bales of super-defined flesh. Didn’t that hurt?

Then she stopped.

She tried to look at Irving, but her ridiculously bulky neck prevented her from seeing him. She shouted:

“Get over here! I’m so horny and I can’t reach. You brought me into this mess, now you have to help me!”

His mind melted, Irving complied. She was a beast and he had created her. He might as well take care of her.

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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.

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