

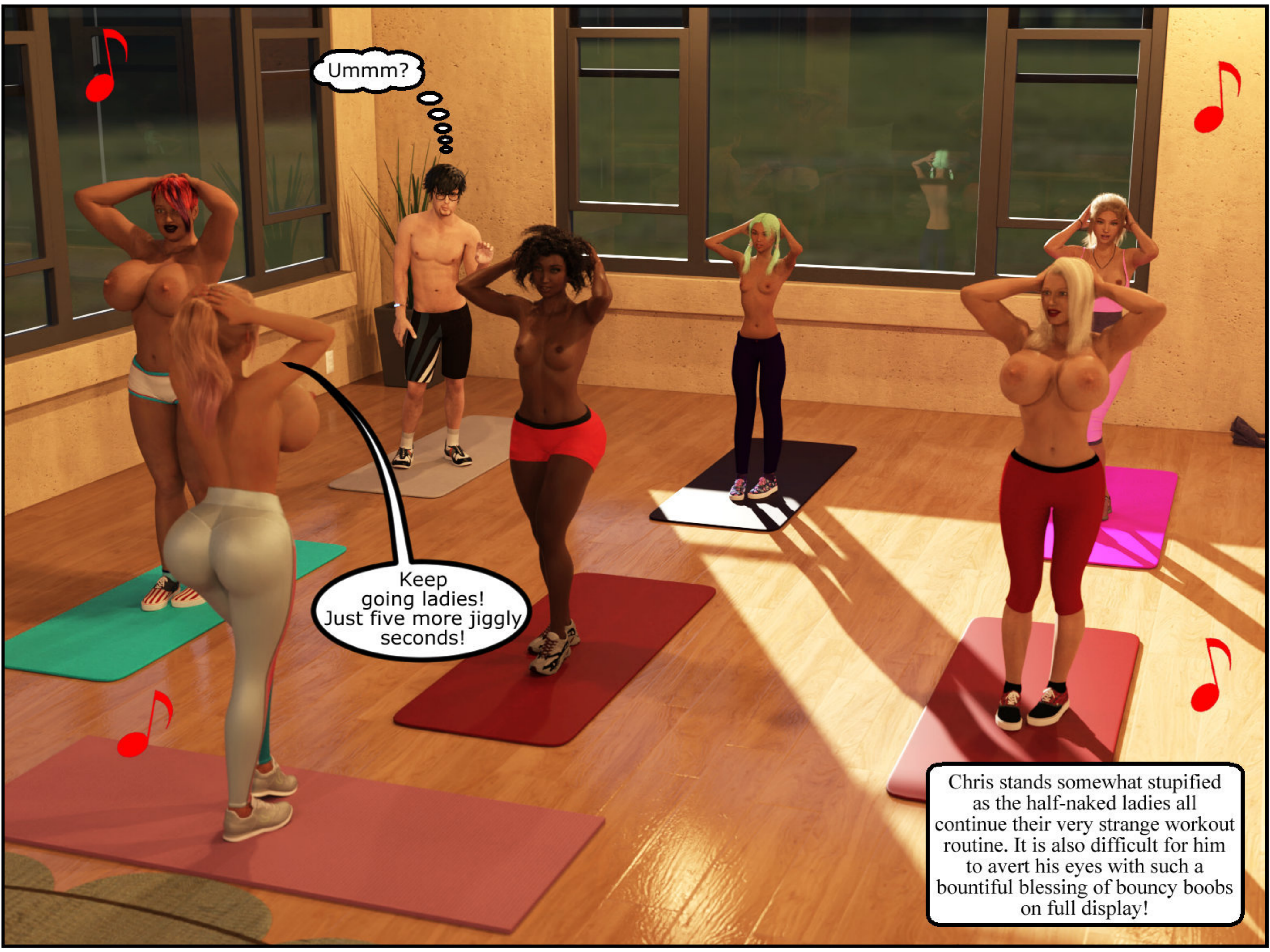
Bim U - Chapter 48

Yoga is good for you. It's also a good warm-up before you do "other" activities...



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STORY BY
DYNASTY CHOPPER 
Art by Mr Phoenyx 



Ummm?

Keep going ladies!
Just five more jiggly seconds!

Chris stands somewhat stupified as the half-naked ladies all continue their very strange workout routine. It is also difficult for him to avert his eyes with such a bountiful blessing of bouncy boobs on full display!



All right! Now that we're all hot and partially bothered, I'll assign each of you to a workout.

The music continues to play, the same song seemingly on repeat, as Elizabeth stops the current exercise routine. A slight reddish glow can be seen in her eyes if you look very closely.

A 3D rendered woman with large, prominent breasts is the central focus. She has reddish-pink hair and is wearing a white and teal athletic top. She is in a gym or spa-like environment with wooden shelves holding towels and mats. Her right arm is raised, and she has a speech bubble. Several red musical notes are scattered around her. The scene is lit with warm, indoor lighting.

But,
you know
what? I don't
think these facilities
are quite right
for what I have
in mind.

Nobody seems to notice the same song playing over and over, or the reddish tint taking over their trainer's eyes. But they certainly notice her huge boobs as she hints at a new routine for them all.



Come on, ladies! Grab your matts and follow me. We are gonna whip your bodies into shape.


Yeah!

However, this new set of exercises is going to require some equipment that isn't present at their current venue. Elizabeth collects her group of subjects and starts to walk them somewhere else.



Why are we leaving? Don't you workout here for... reasons?

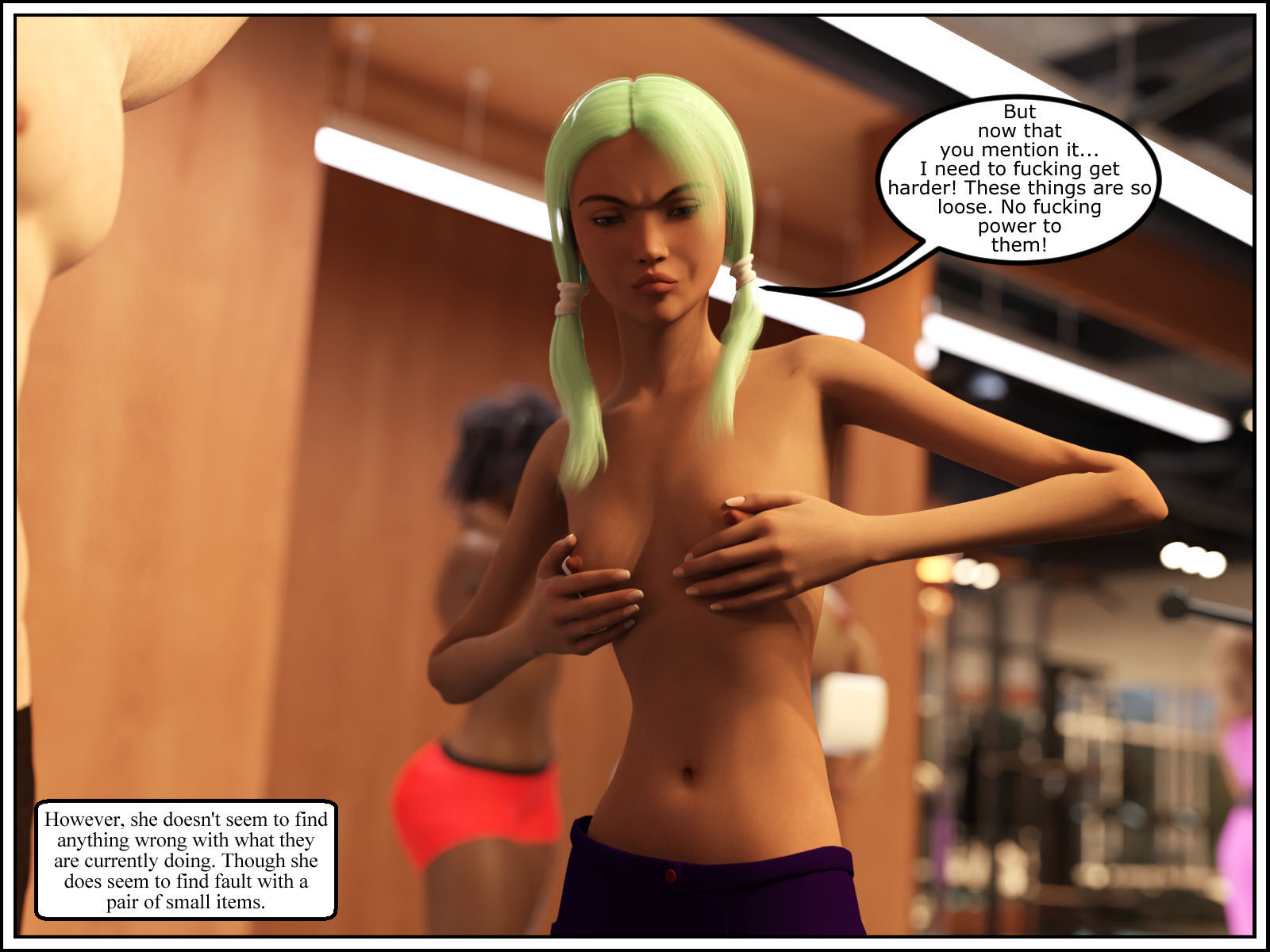
Things are not making any more sense for Chris as he stands there stunned and watching the girls leave. He finally collects himself, grabs his matt, and rushes to catch up with the rest of them.



Ummm, Miku,
didn't that last
routine seem a bit...
unprofessional?

Mmmm,
don't think so.
She is thorough
on getting us ready
for a "hard"
workout.

When he does catch up, he finds them in the very gym that they stopped working out in. He has to quickly stow his gear in a locker and rush to catch Miku so that he can ask her if she knows what is going on with this class.

A woman with bright green hair styled in two pigtails stands in a store, possibly a lingerie or clothing boutique. She is shirtless and wearing dark purple shorts. Her hands are positioned near her chest, and she has a serious, slightly frustrated expression. In the background, another person is visible wearing a red bikini. The store has warm lighting and wooden paneling.

But
now that
you mention it...
I need to fucking get
harder! These things are so
loose. No fucking
power to
them!

However, she doesn't seem to find anything wrong with what they are currently doing. Though she does seem to find fault with a pair of small items.



I can't stick around chatting. I need to bulk the fuck up! Later loser.

Chris's exchange with Miku leaves him even more confused if anything, as she flips him the finger and stomps off. Chris just stands there, shocked and wondering what he said wrong.

Miku?

All right, cutie, you're coming with me now!

Before Chris can go after her, or even muster a response, Elizabeth comes out of nowhere and grabs his arm.

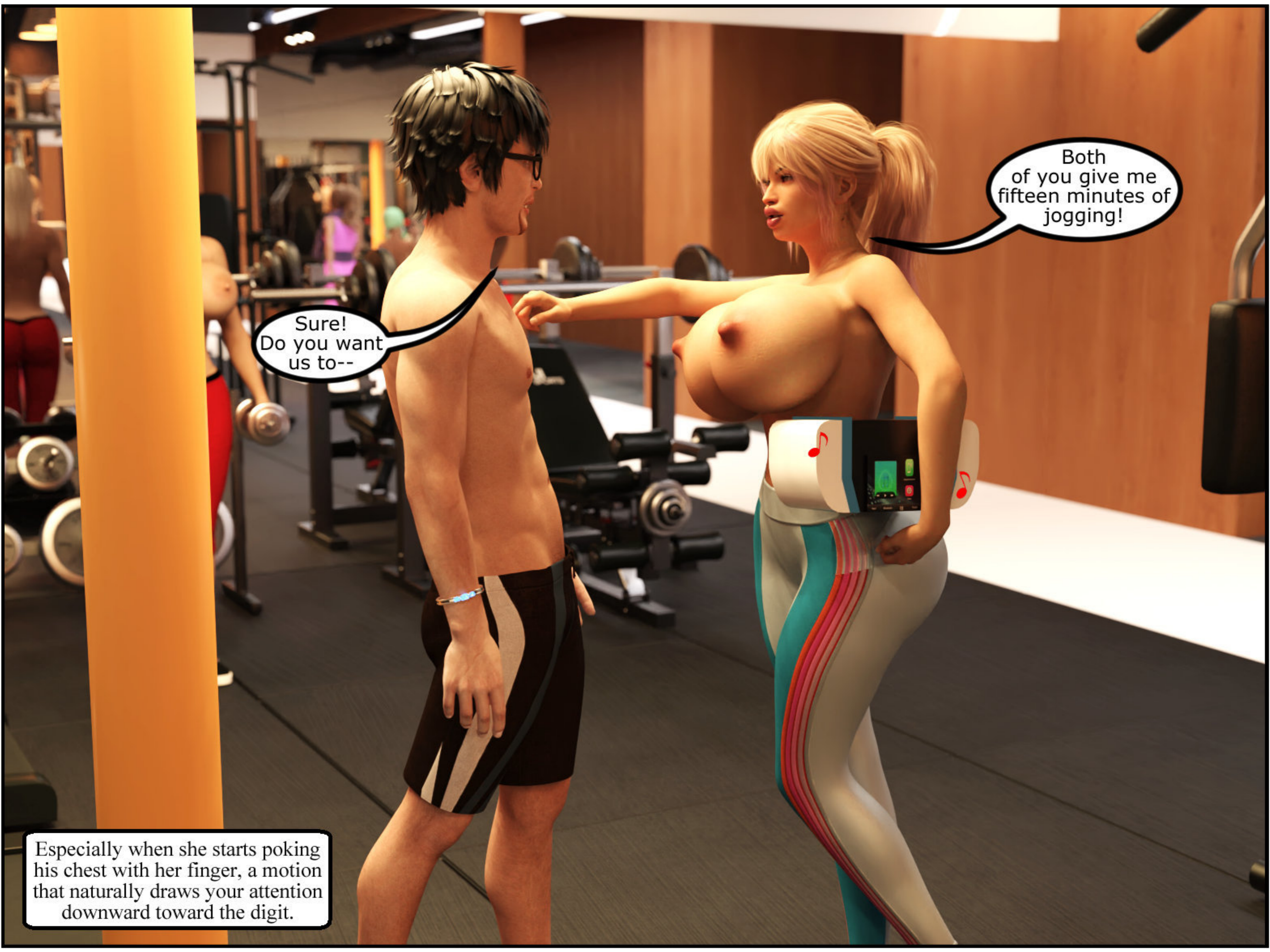




All right, buddy! I want you to work with Harriet on the treadmill.

Y-yes, Ma'am!

She drags him toward one of the treadmills, her massive jugs bouncing and bulging all over the place. The girls are all still topless, and Chris has a hard time not staring at her head-sized tits.



Sure!
Do you want
us to--

Both
of you give me
fifteen minutes of
jogging!

Especially when she starts poking his chest with her finger, a motion that naturally draws your attention downward toward the digit.

But something else grabs Chris's attention before he openly gapes at Eliza's huge hooters.

Taller!

I want to see you sculpt your bodies into hot pieces that I can drool over! Got it!?! 

Ummm... got it?

Leggier! 



Once again, before he can say something, Eliza bounces away and leaves him to join Harriet on the treadmill.

Hey, cutie! Guess we're, like, jogging buddies!

Yep, but don't you think that everyone is acting a bit strange?

Don't think so? What makes you say that?



By this point, Chris is really starting to suspect something odd is going on. However, he would really like some confirmation just to be sure he isn't losing his mind or anything.

Well, going topless being the major first clue, I guess?



He settles into a conversation with Harriet, hoping to get even the slightest idea of what might be going on. All he needs is the smallest hint.

I'm shocked you're unamused by that?



Chris also settles into his jog, finding his pace and letting it carry him along at an even rate. Though he's actually going nowhere, of course, since he is on a treadmill.

I want to be topless.

Lengthen!



The steady pace of his jogging, as well as Harriet's speech, begins to lull Chris. Not so much into sleep or anything, but he finds himself just nodding along with what she is saying.

So you get a hard-on over my boobies!

Longer!





Like,
it feels good
to be free,
right?

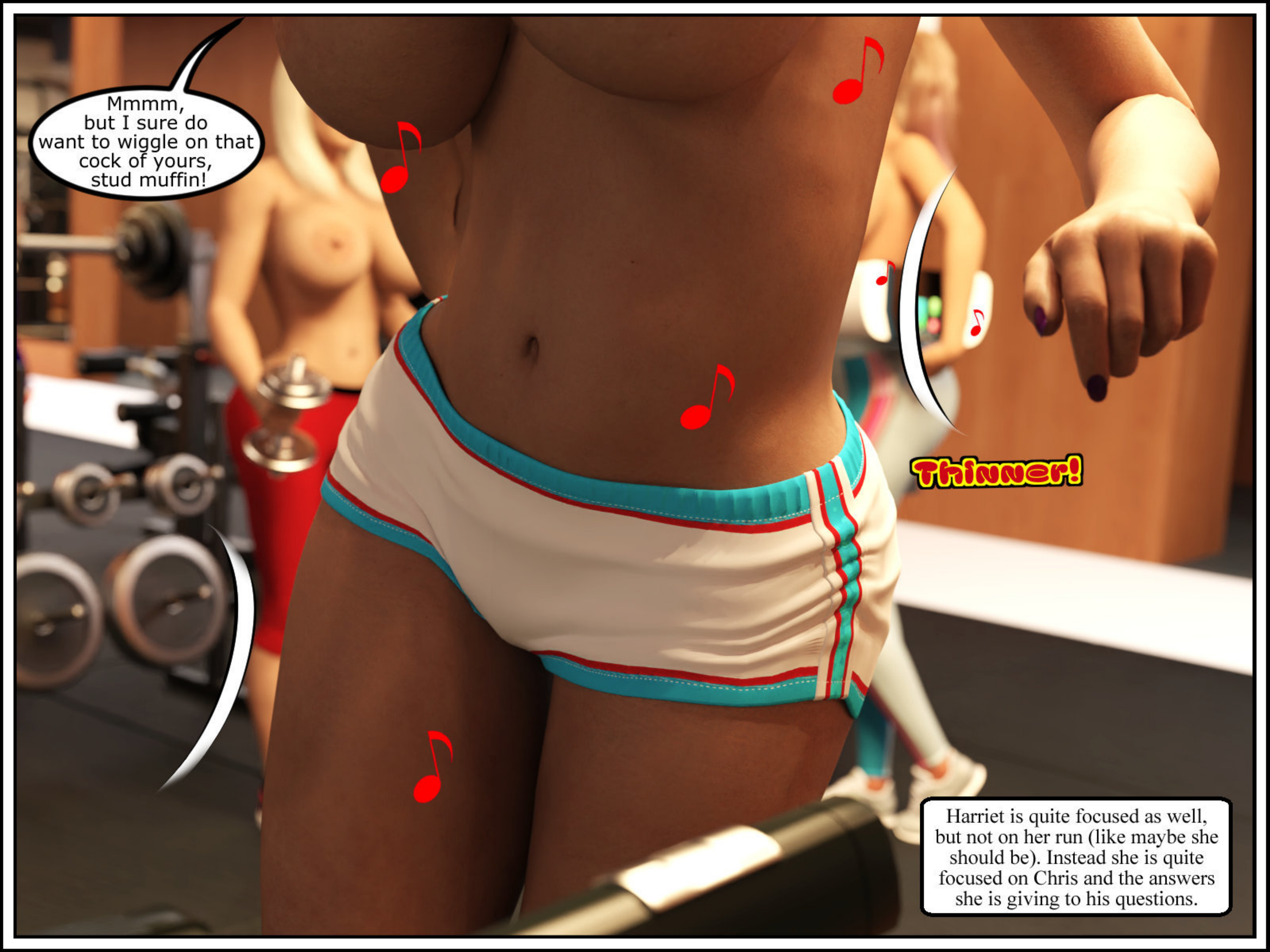
Chris begins to concentrate on his breathing, as he deepens his focus on his run. He can hear Harriet's words, but they are beginning to fade into the background.



Letting
everything
jiggle and
wiggle!

Slimmer!

What she is saying just becomes noise, but it doesn't distract him from his run. Instead he finds what she is saying slightly relaxing, and it settles him even deeper into the pace that he is keeping.



Mmmm,
but I sure do
want to wiggle on that
cock of yours,
stud muffin!

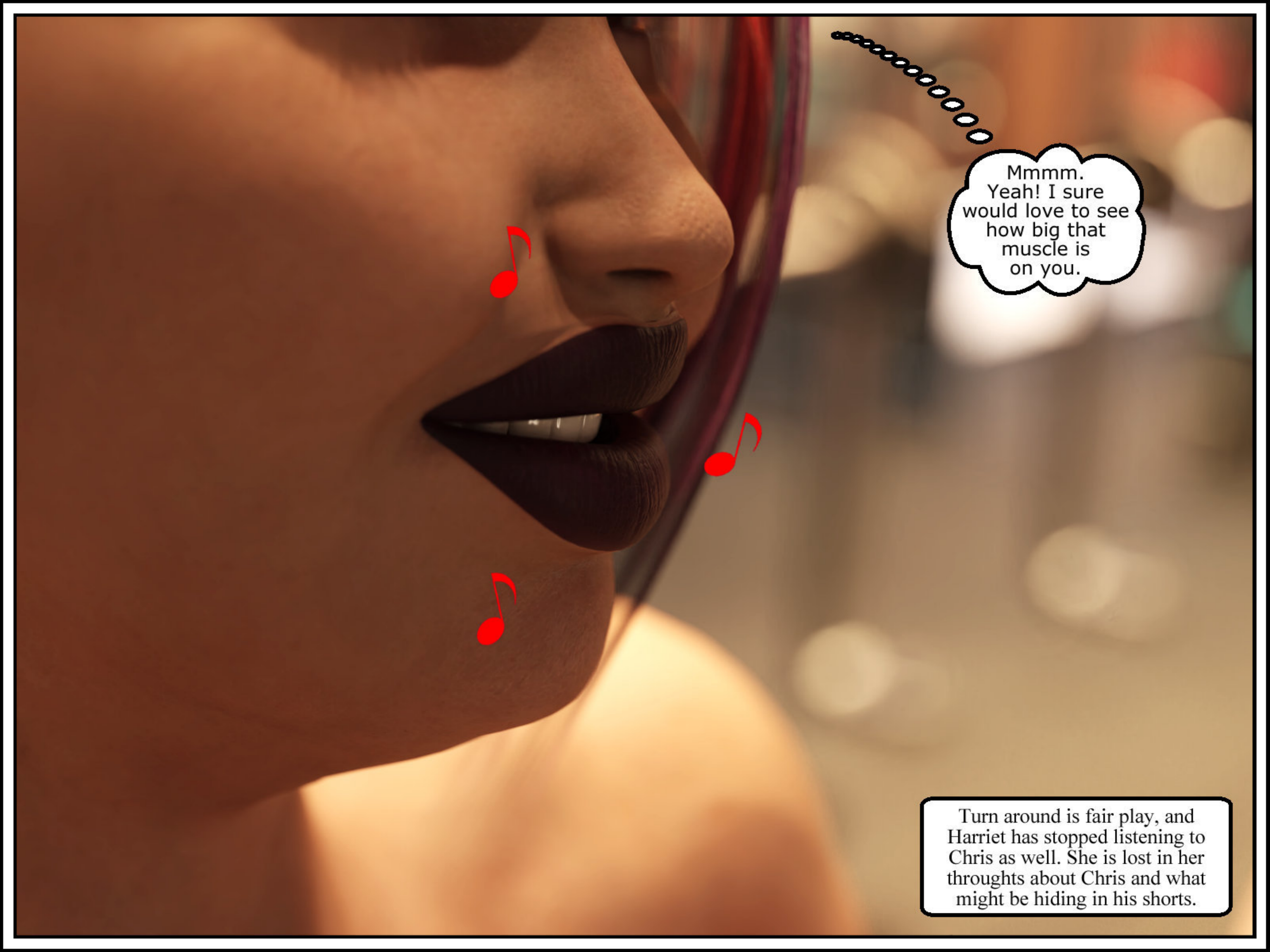
Thinner!

Harriet is quite focused as well,
but not on her run (like maybe she
should be). Instead she is quite
focused on Chris and the answers
she is giving to his questions.



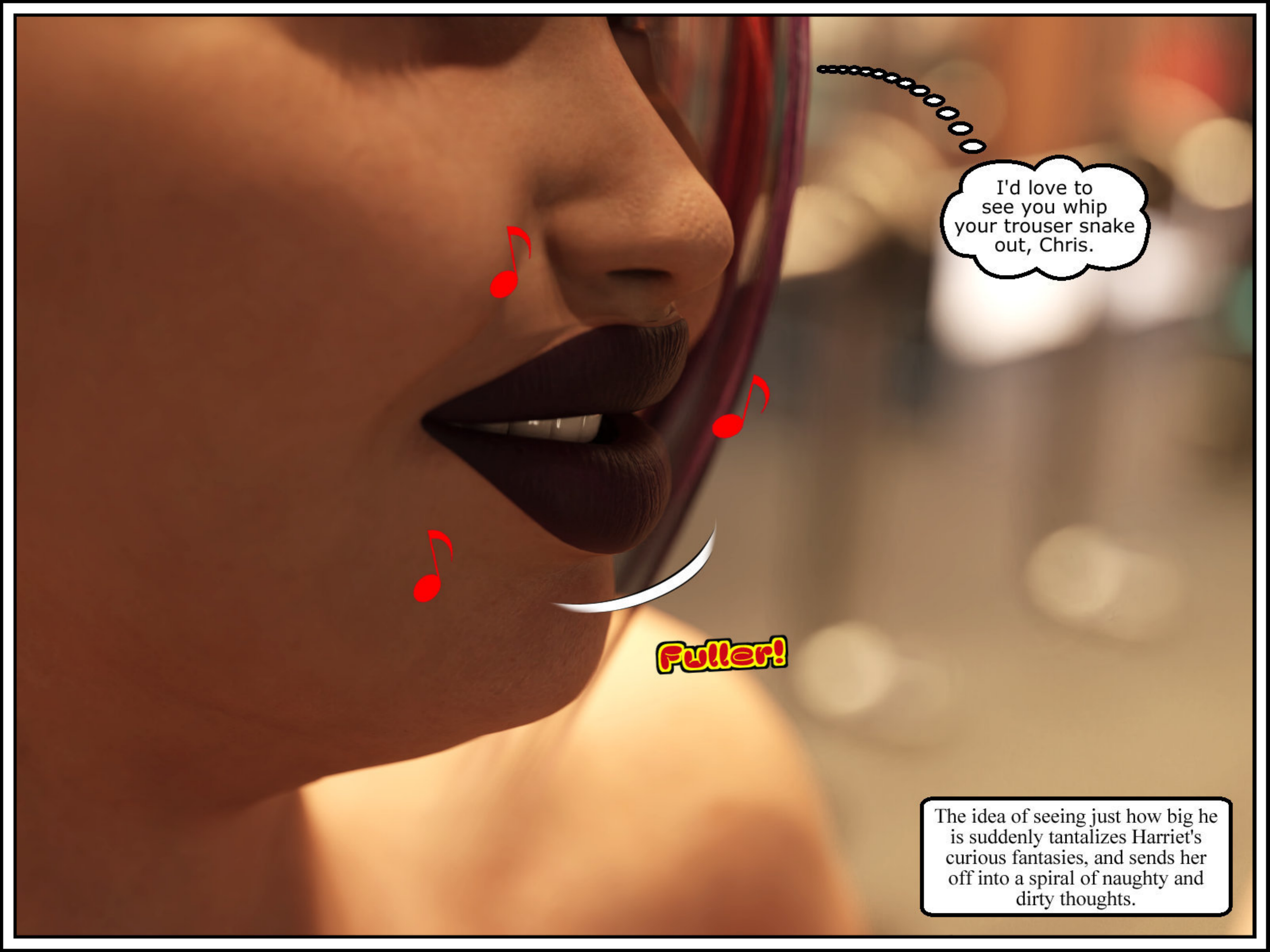
Did you say something, Harriet?

More specifically, her thoughts are all focused on one particular part of Chris's anatomy, while Chris suddenly realizes that he had tuned her out and wasn't listening at all.



Mmmm.
Yeah! I sure
would love to see
how big that
muscle is
on you.

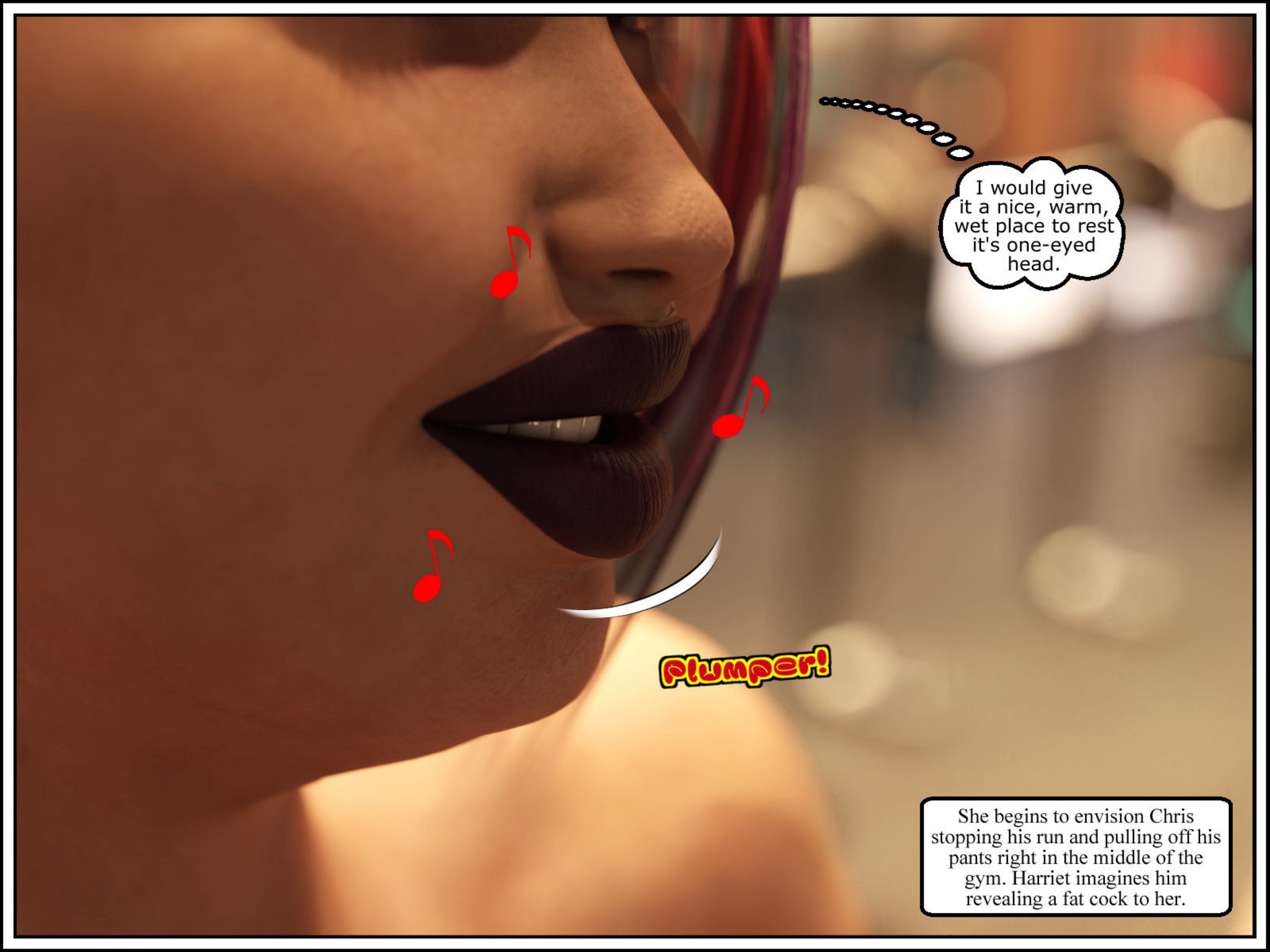
Turn around is fair play, and Harriet has stopped listening to Chris as well. She is lost in her thoughts about Chris and what might be hiding in his shorts.



I'd love to see you whip your trouser snake out, Chris.

Fuller!


The idea of seeing just how big he is suddenly tantalizes Harriet's curious fantasies, and sends her off into a spiral of naughty and dirty thoughts.

A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman's face, focusing on her nose, lips, and chin. She has dark hair and is wearing a dark, possibly purple, headband. Three red musical notes are scattered around her face. A thought bubble originates from the top right, containing text. The background is a blurred bokeh of warm lights.

I would give
it a nice, warm,
wet place to rest
it's one-eyed
head.

Plumper!

She begins to envision Chris stopping his run and pulling off his pants right in the middle of the gym. Harriet imagines him revealing a fat cock to her.



I wonder what he would think if I did that? Just grab him and pull it out right here.

And what she would do with it. She'd rip his pants down even further and start to suck him off for all she was worth, burying his dick in her hungry, waiting mouth.

Then I'd wrap my mouth around it and start sucking him off.

Fatter!


Harriet would thoroughly enjoy seeing how much of his big, fat, throbbing dick she could choke down her throat.



Everyone would stare, and it would be so fucking hot!

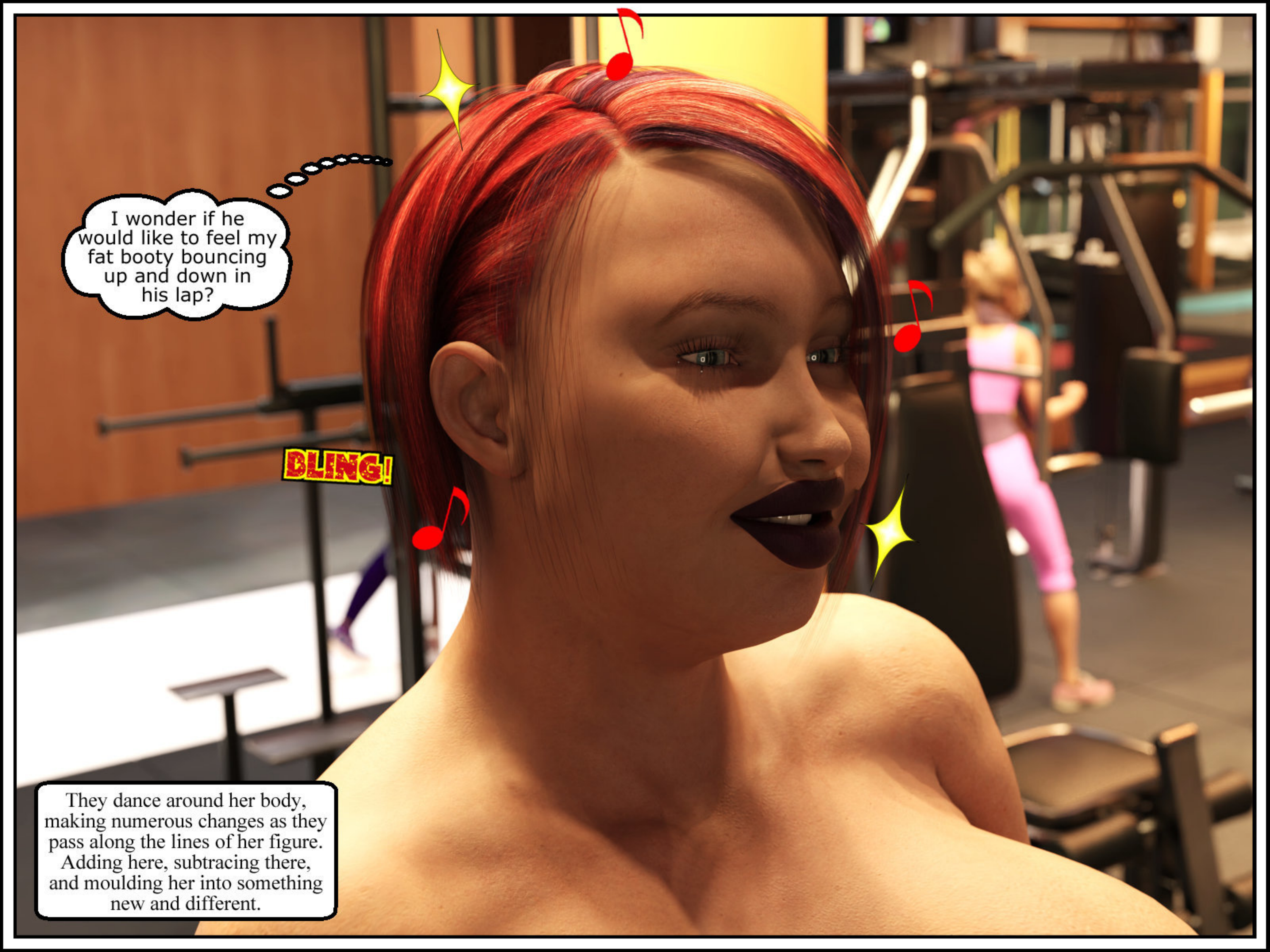
Bigger!

Chris can tell that Harriet has sort of zoned out, and just goes back to his jogging. It is, after all, rather inconvenient to talk while also jogging on a treadmill.

A woman with short, vibrant red hair is shown in profile, looking towards the right. She is in a gym setting, with various exercise machines and a person in a pink outfit visible in the background. Three red musical notes are floating around her head. A thought bubble is connected to her head by a series of small circles.

Ohhh! Maybe I could give him a hot lap dance after I get him hard.

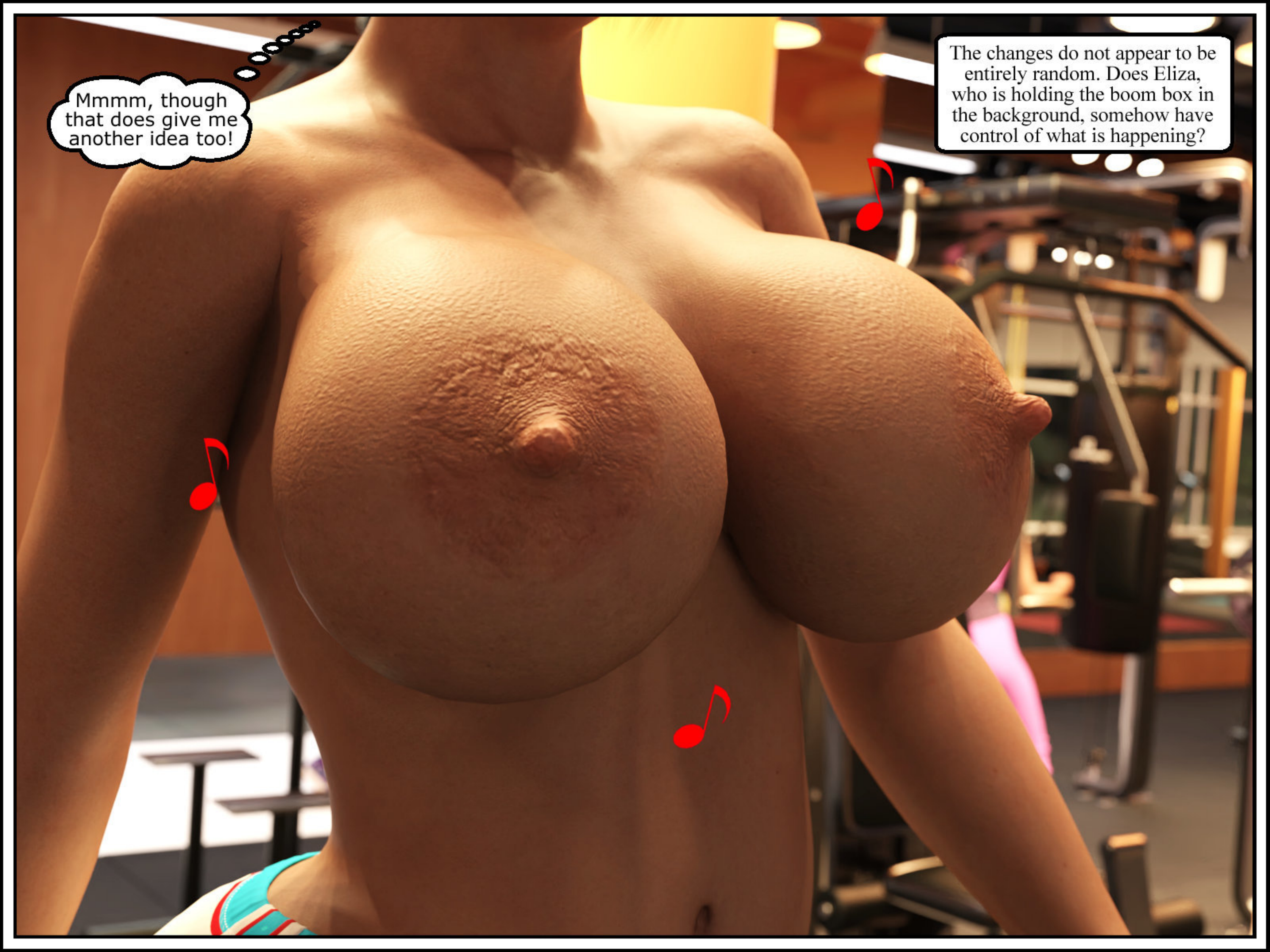
Meanwhile, Harriet remains lost in her erotic day dreams and does not see the red music notes have been swirling around her the entire time she has been running.

A close-up, profile view of a woman with vibrant red hair and dark lipstick. She is in a gym setting, with various exercise machines and a person in pink leggings visible in the background. The image is decorated with several red musical notes and yellow starburst sparkles around her head. A thought bubble is positioned to her left, and a yellow text box with the word 'BLING!' is near her ear. A larger text box at the bottom left contains a descriptive paragraph.

I wonder if he would like to feel my fat booty bouncing up and down in his lap?

BLING!

They dance around her body, making numerous changes as they pass along the lines of her figure. Adding here, subtracting there, and moulding her into something new and different.



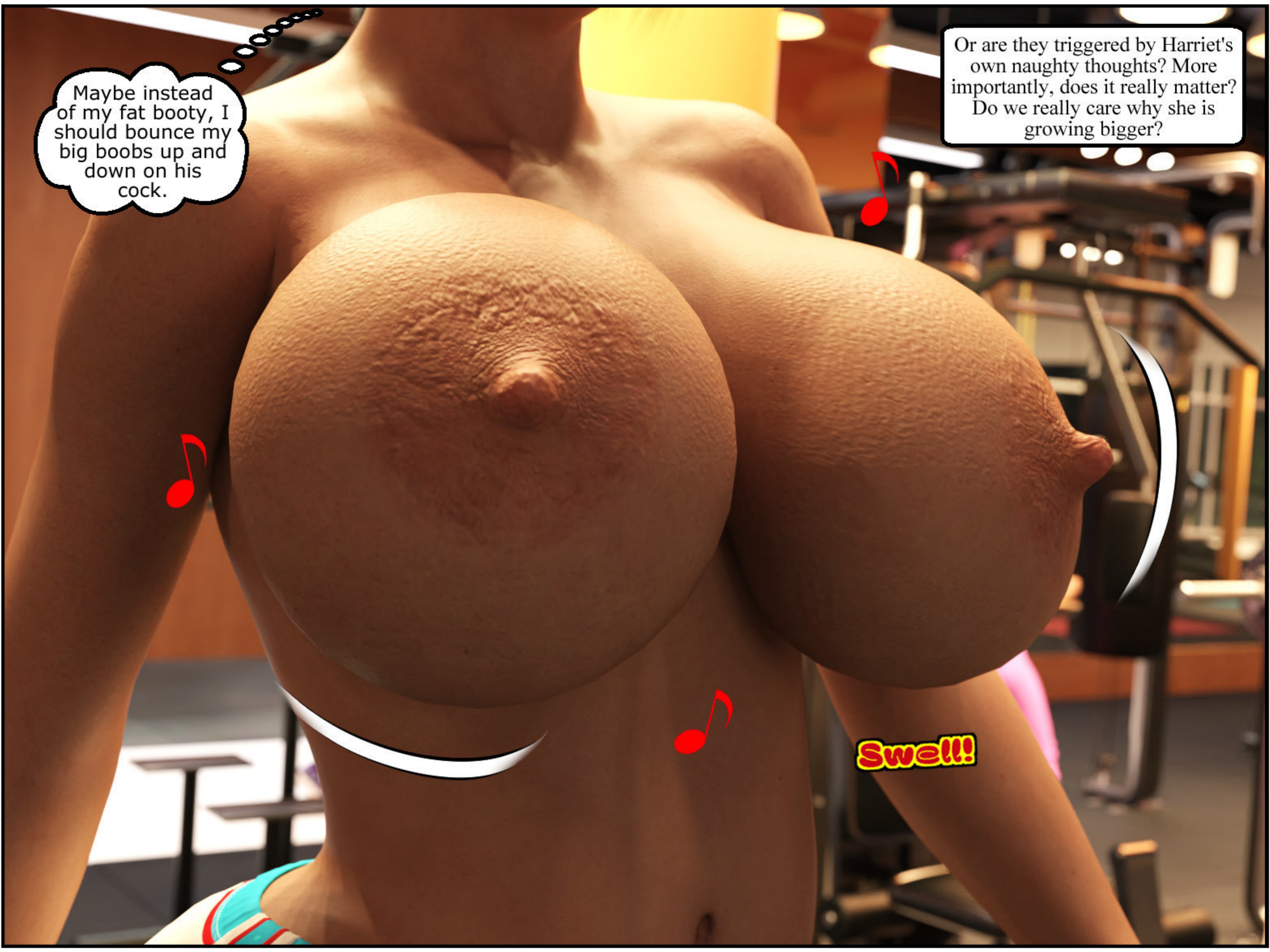
Mmmm, though that does give me another idea too!

The changes do not appear to be entirely random. Does Eliza, who is holding the boom box in the background, somehow have control of what is happening?

Maybe instead of my fat booty, I should bounce my big boobs up and down on his cock.

Or are they triggered by Harriet's own naughty thoughts? More importantly, does it really matter? Do we really care why she is growing bigger?

Swell!!



Mmmm! My great, big, round, bouncy boobies!

Or do we only care *that* she is growing bigger? That could be one of the questions for the ages. A mystery that might never be solved, at least not in this chapter.

Bulge!

Chris's question finally registers in Harriet's mind, even as the music notes almost seem to ride his words into her brain.



I said, like, I want to wiggle and jiggle on that big cock of yours!



She comes out of her little erotic fantasy to answer him, even as the magical notes continue to change her body and her mind.



BLING!

Like, does that make you horny?

But even though she is talking to Chris now, she does not stop fantasizing about what she wants to do to him.

Does my jogging make you as horny as I am?




Harriet just says it to him instead of only thinking it to herself, and her figure continues to be enhanced further and further with each of her flirty comments.

Does watching my huge jugs bounce while I run get you all hot and bothered, Chris?

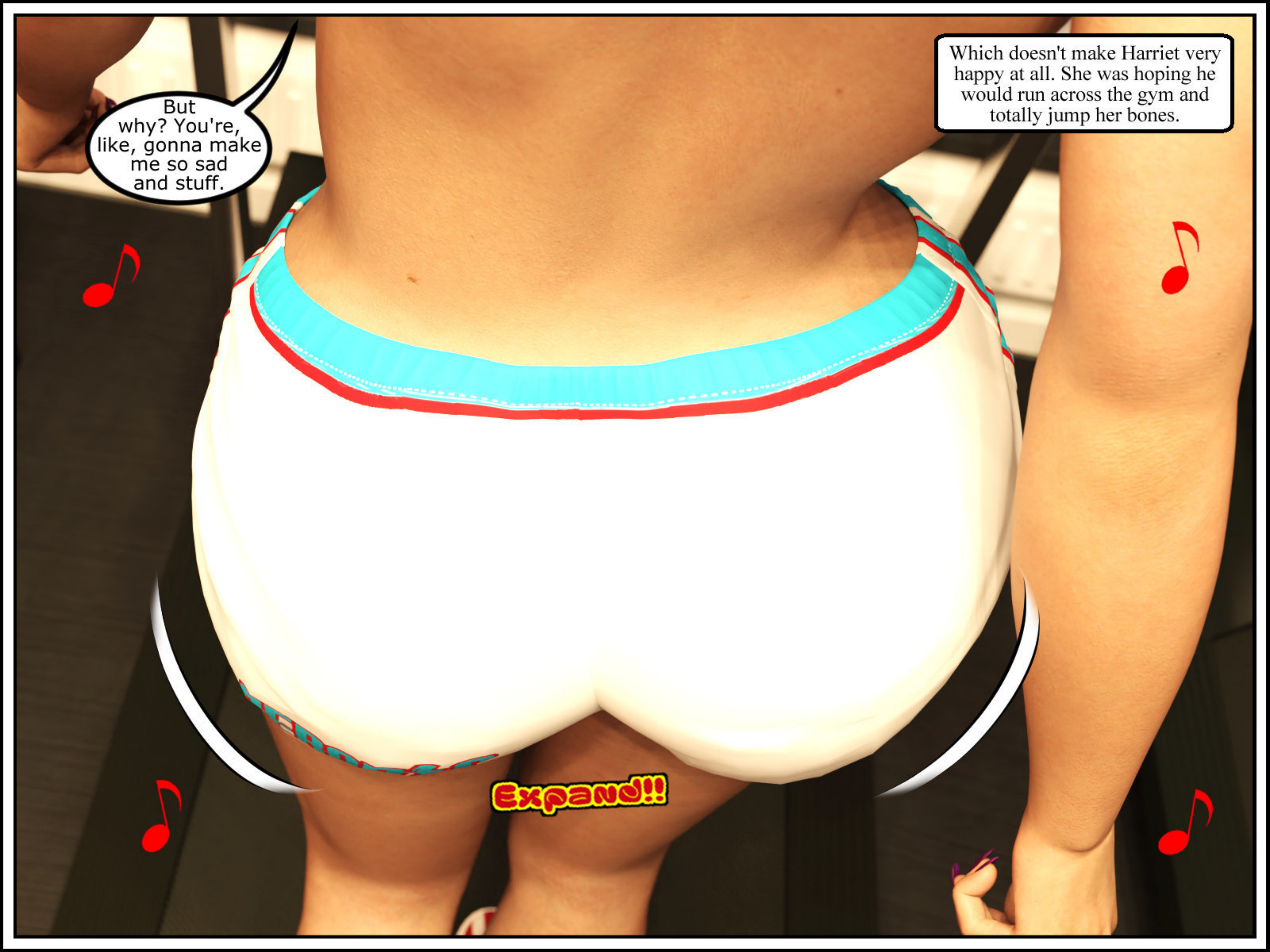
Englarge!!



A close-up photograph of a woman's midsection and legs as she jogs on a treadmill. She is wearing white athletic shorts with a prominent red and blue waistband. The background is slightly blurred, showing the treadmill's structure. The image is framed with a black border, characteristic of a comic book panel. There are four red musical notes scattered around the image: one on the left side, one on the right side, one near the bottom left, and one near the bottom right. A speech bubble is located in the top left corner, and a text box is in the top right corner.

Ummm...
no?

But it seems that Chris is not taking Harriet up on her teasing and flirting. Maybe he is just too busy jogging on his treadmill.



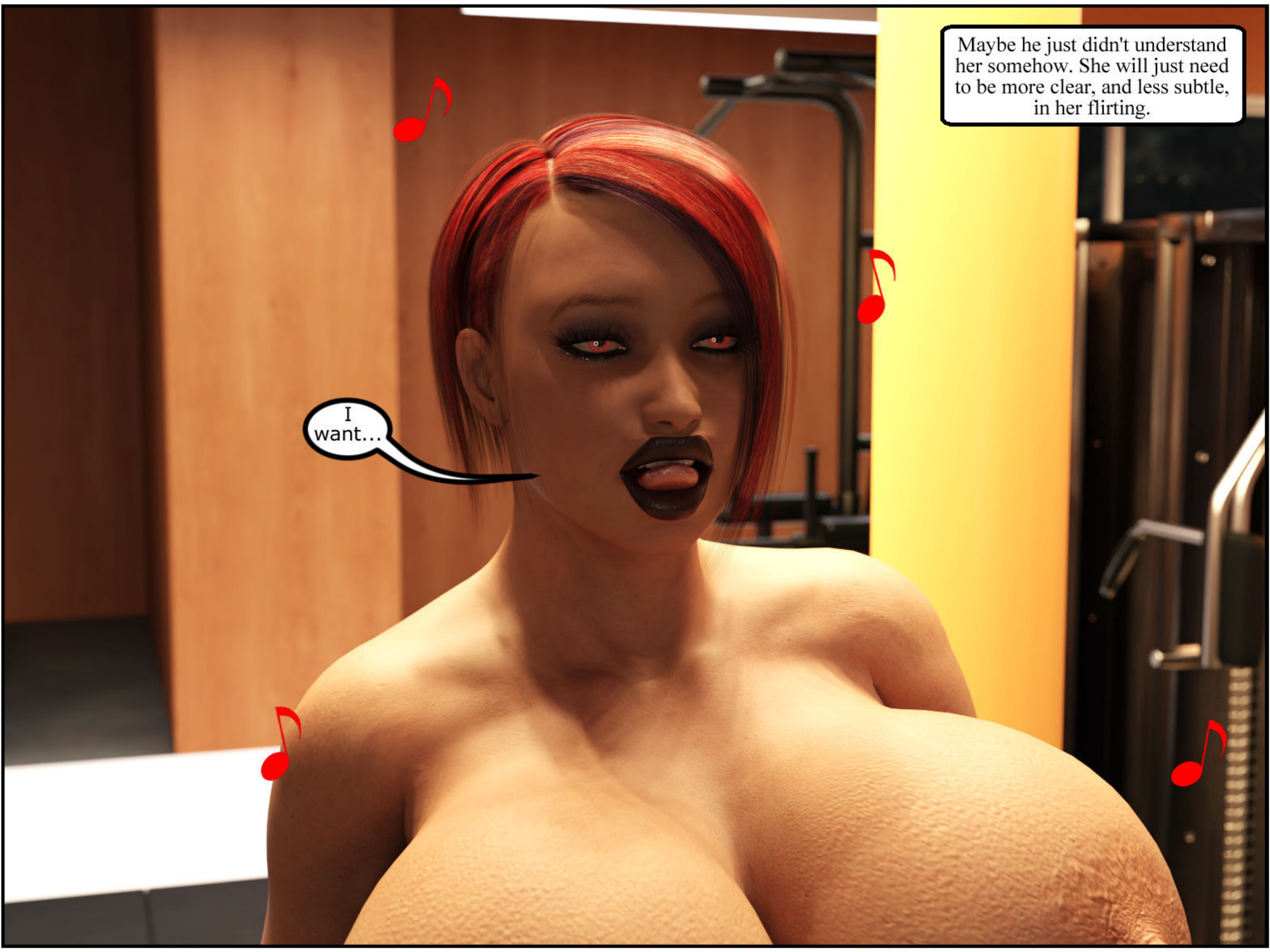
But why? You're, like, gonna make me so sad and stuff.

Which doesn't make Harriet very happy at all. She was hoping he would run across the gym and totally jump her bones.

Expand!!

Maybe he just didn't understand her somehow. She will just need to be more clear, and less subtle, in her flirting.

I want...

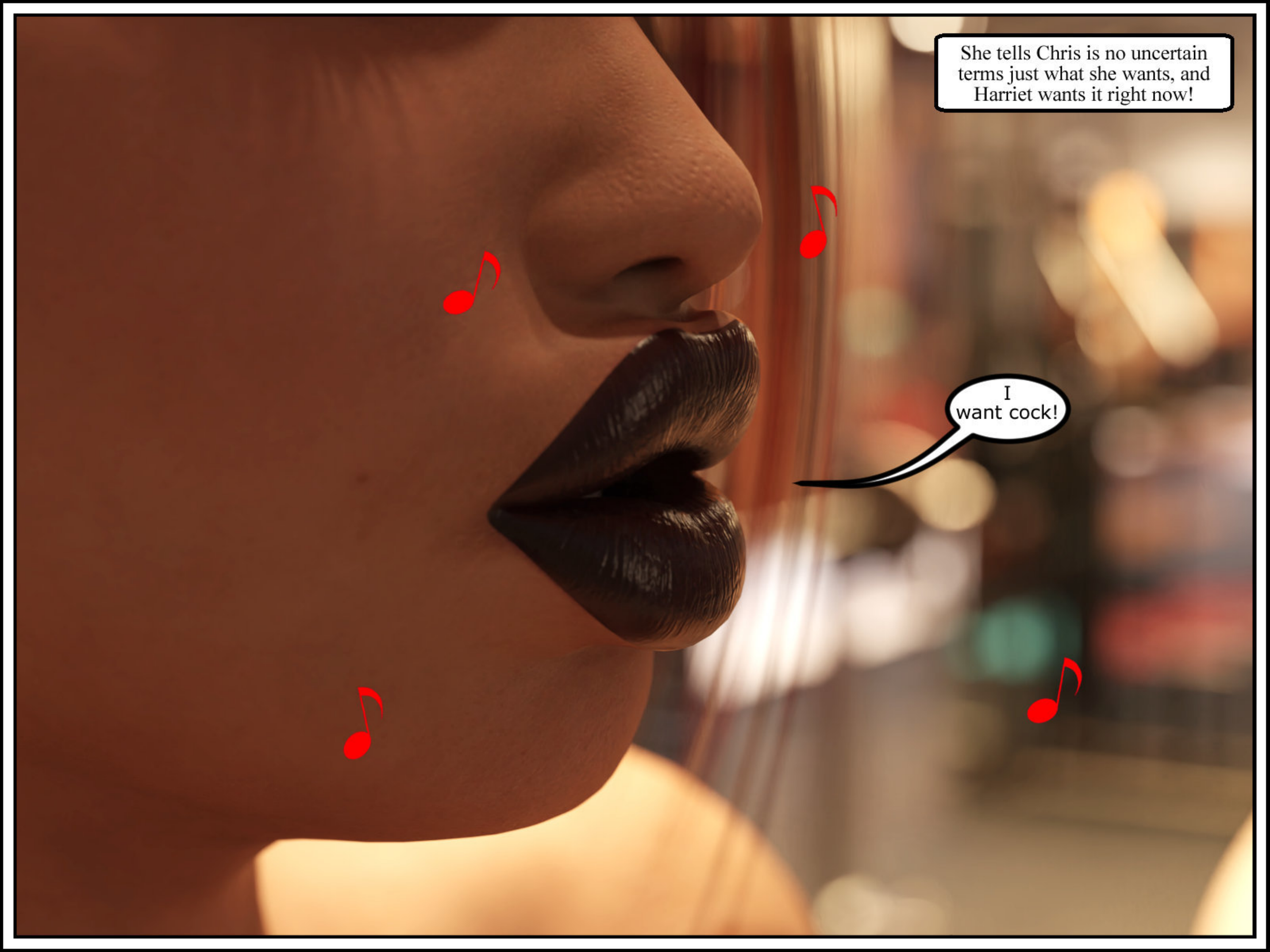


So that is just what Harriet does, with a little help from the red, magical notes that are still altering both her figure and her mind.

BLONDE!

...cock!





She tells Chris is no uncertain terms just what she wants, and Harriet wants it right now!

I want cock!

Harriet basically starts shouting at Chris about her desires, as the music notes boost her cravings to epic proportions.



**I WANT
COOOCK!**

Plump!



HUUUGE,
YUMMY...

Chris slows his pace, wondering what the hell is wrong with her that she would be shouting such things in the middle of the gym.

...CUMMY
COOOCK!!

Balloon!

He turns his head to look at her for the first time in the last few minutes, just in time to watch as her breasts balloon to proportions as epic as her horniness.





Mmmm!
Me see big
cocky cock for
slurping. All work
makes me...
thirsty!

Chris is stunned, but Harriet starts to walk away when he doesn't immediately whip out his dick. She is thirsty, and sweaty. She needs to satisfy her needs, and she sees just where she can do that.

The story will
continue in the
next part.

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