

# Back at gym

For Yoshatribe

“It feels good to get back to your routine after a break” thought to herself Hannah finishing up her stretches. “I wasted the whole week on that stupid conference trip. Well, I got to sleep in a bit.”

Weightlifting was Hannah’s passion. Or more accurately, living a lifestyle of heavyweight powerlifter and local tomboy sensation was Hannah’s true calling. Standing at five feet ten inches and weighing over five hundred on empty stomach, she was a sight to behold. A massive mountain of hard earned muscles drowned in piles of soft, sweaty flab gained through careless hedonism. Hannah was proud of both her status as strongest girl at her gym and all the attention her massive, jiggly curves brought her.

Right now, it was Hannah’s triumphant return to weightlifting after a bit over a week spent traveling back and forth due to work. That time was, from her point of view, just a matter of gaining two or three extra pounds of bulk to deal with on the next cut. It was also enough time for the gym to get some new, clueless additions.

“Finally starting a diet, huh?” a question came out of nowhere and without context, causing Hannah to simply assume it was for somebody else.

“Hey, I’m speaking to you. The one in orange gym clothes.” The new, more specific callout caused Hannah to look briefly at her massive breasts held together snugly by her orange and black gym bra.

“Wait, you are talking to me?” answered Hannah with slight disbelief.

“Yeah, I thought I’d give you some tips. You look like you need them.” continued the guy sitting next to the weightlifting bench.

Hannah quickly looked at him to assess the situation. Clearly, this man wasn’t a regular. He also wasn’t the most observant guy around, since he missed her photo next to the female weightlifting record board hanging above the dumbbell racks. By looks, she would put him at six to eight months of gym, with decent form though a bit too much effort put into his biceps. Despite his muscles, he was still a bit lanky, as expected of somebody who only started weight training less than a year ago. While Hannah wasn’t quick to judge people by their appearances, she thought that man’s tattoo sleeves and wife beater shirt made him look a bit like a douche.

“Nah, thanks but I don’t need any advice right now. Are you still using this bench or can I start my set?” said Hannah.

“Are you sure you can handle barbells already?” said the man.

Hannah simply chuckled at the absurdity of this statement. In fact, for a moment she has forgotten herself and let out a deep laugh that caused her belly to wobble like a pile of jelly. Stifling her giggling, she pointed at the two small plates already loaded on the barbell and asked: "Is that yours?"

"Of course!" said the man while flexing his muscles.

Without saying anything more, Hannah whipped her hands from sweat, rubbed in some chalk and casually picked up the whole barbell with one hand. Normally, she wouldn't do that for the sake of safety, but today she felt a need to show off at least a bit. Seeing the guy next to her gawk in the amazement, she decided to make a few one handed curls with the barbell just to hammer the point home. Sure, it wasn't the best form to play with barbells, but it's not like she needed to be that careful with a weight this small.

"So, are you still using these or can I start my set?" she asked again, still playing with over ninety pounds of hard metal as if it was a toy.

The man before her just gawked at her slack jawed before muttering out: "I'm sorry... I mean, sure go with your set."

"Thanks dude." Hannah answered nonchalantly while putting down the barbell on a stand.

First thing first, she started by unloading the small weights and putting on proper three by three plates. After securing the plates, she covered her hands in chalk and braced herself to start her set on the bench.

"One, two, three... *Huff!*" She hoisted the weight, putting all her muscle into it before lowering it with a loud "*Clang*". She shifted her grip a bit and lifted it again, this time lowering it to her chest. With deep breaths that sent her lardy gut and chest into rhythmic wobble, she continued raising and lowering the barbell. This was what she lived for, the thrill of pushing herself further and further. With each rep, she felt her body getting hotter and sweatier. After eight reps, she looked like the very image of exhaustion. Red on face and soaked in her own sweat, still pushing forward, towards her limits.

"Nine... Ten... Enough..." she thought to herself before hanging down the barbell. Feeling her muscles burn with exhaustion, she didn't feel like getting up just yet. She grabbed her water bottle and immediately chugged it down. Catching her breath, she let out a loud belch. "I shouldn't have taken that third helping at buffet with guys from work *Buueeerp!*" she said to herself, not that anybody around her cared about noises her body might make.

With a few wobbling back and forth movements, she raised herself up and decided to stretch a bit before the next set. Standing before the gym's mirror, she saw herself slick with streams of sweat and red with exhaustion. With each heavy breath, her fat booty jiggled like a waterbed.

Looking at herself, Hannah slapped her lardy ass and said to herself: "I need to do more leg days. *Hahaha!*" before returning to her lifting routine.