

Pump it Up

The gym had always been an adequate place for Manny to release his pent-up testosterone. Lifting weights had a way of curbing his libido when it was wreaking havoc on his mind and helped to clear his thoughts. However, other times a trip to the gym could lead to a spike in his sex drive.

Today was one of those days. Every gym has its couple overly-attractive women. The kind of women capable of making you switch up your routine just to use a machine facing their direction. The kind with too many curves to hide under their sports bra or yoga pants. Today, When a new woman walked across the gym floor, Manny knew it was going to be one of those days.

She looked straight out of an 80s workout video with voluminous brown hair tumbling over her shoulders. A skin-tight body suit hugged her toned body like plastic wrap, yellow spandex stretching over her torso and between her thighs before turning red and covering her legs. Little was left to Manny's imagination as she strode in front of him. Her breasts looked large enough to easily fill his hands and he desperately wondered how big they could be when not imprisoned in such a tight suit.

A sly smile crossed her lips when she caught his wandering eyes, Manny quickly looking in any other direction as was common practice. The moment her back was to him, however, his gaze returned. He had never seen this woman before and now he couldn't possibly keep his eyes off her. It made him glad the gym was empty save for the two of them; being caught staring by someone else was almost as bad as being caught by the woman of his attention.

She started on the bench press. Manny watched her put an impressive amount of weight on the bar for a woman of her size and wondered if he should offer to spot her. Instead he decided to watch.

Gripping the bar, she raised it into the air before slowly lowering it into her chest. Manny could see her chest bulge around the cold metal, her nipples quick to stand against the tight fabric.

"One..." she grunted, lifting it into the air. Her breasts pushed up and against each other between her extended biceps like two pillows reaching for the bar supported overhead. Again it was lowered and allowed to press into her bosom like two cushions slowing its descent. Manny couldn't help but stare at the beautiful sight, her tits seeming to engulf the metal.

"Two..."

Manny knew it wasn't right to gawk at someone just trying to be healthy, much less a woman who was otherwise alone. But the sight was too great to ignore. Again the bar was lowered onto a waiting bust. Manny held his breath when her curves swallowed the bar and pushed into her arms like airbags.

"T-Three!" she grunted, letting the bar rest with a loud clank. It was a strange number of reps, but Manny wasn't about to complain. He stared at the woman breathing heavily on her back and at the bulbous udders heaving on top of her chest. Hardly any of her head was visible behind their slopes, only her voluptuous brown hair peeking over like a brown cloud. If Manny hadn't been positive he was seeing things, he would have said her breasts had grown.

Suddenly the woman sat up with incredible core strength, her eyes locking with Manny's as she caught her breath.

"Can't let a girl do her warmup in privacy?" she asked in a sultry voice.

Manny would have apologized had she not adjusted the front of her bodysuit a second later, pulling at the taut fabric over her chest.

“Uh...” he could only stammer.

“You must have seen something you like,” she giggled. Rising from the bench press, she walked past Manny and made his pulse quicken. “Still, didn’t anyone ever tell you it’s rude to stare...?”

Every note in her voice told Manny he could stare to his heart’s content. Only just now remembering his own machine he had been occupying, Manny started work on his quads while the woman strode into the free weights section. His heart leaped when she reclined on her back once more to do butterflies, her feet facing him.

“There is a God...” he said softly.

The woman grunted with effort, opening her arms to each side before raising two weights above her head. Seeing her mammaries shimmy with each movement before being squished between her raised arms made Manny feel strong enough to add twenty pounds to his own weight, his libido pulsing wildly.

Her set continued, body shaking with effort as the weights bore down on her. Again Manny’s mind trailed off from his own workout and he gazed at the tits wobbling on her chest. With each rep they pushed together again, their supple curves overflowing around her arms more each time. Less and less of her hair was visible afterward, a larger mass of flesh testing the confines of her suit. Manny was certain her breasts were somehow growing larger. Had she walked in with tits the size of basketballs, he would have noticed. These were far more than the handfuls he had previously ogled.

“N-Nnngh...” she grunted. The weights were lowered onto her chest for a break, sinking into her torso. “Getting...tight...”

Manny couldn’t be sure he had heard her correctly. From the looks of the spandex pulled over her bust, the woman’s words seemed accurate. Her breasts were growing from her workout, and she seemed all-too-eager to share her progress. Manny wasn’t about to complain.

“Ok...” she breathed.

The weights rose again. An steel pipe crept down Manny’s leg at the sight of her bloated tits dominating her chest.

“Mmmmm...” she moaned, bringing her arms together once more. The weights could no longer touch, the size of her chest forcing her arms apart. Slowly she spread her legs, giving Manny a healthy view of what lay beneath her suit pressing into the fabric.

The weights clanked to the floor and she huffed with exhaustion. Remaining on her back, two hands slid over her stomach and massaged her inner thighs, a stray finger running over her crotch teasingly.

She rose from the bench, face flushed with what Manny recognized as arousal. A pesky smile crossed her lips once more, the woman fully aware of the massive jugs stuffed into her suit and reaching toward her belly button. Without a word, she rose and walked towards the butterfly machine. Falling into its seat, the woman situated her body in full view of Manny. Her legs spread wide for support, she grasped the handles on either side of her head.

Nothing could compare to the scene before him. Eyes closed and bottom lip clamped between teeth, the woman brought the machine’s arms together over her chest.

CRRK!!

The machine squeaked as it moved. A massive surge ran through the woman's tits, Manny capable of seeing them grow multiple inches and push outwards from her body with growing curvature and weight.

"M-Mmm..."

CRRK!!

The machine closed across her bust again, each rep pumping her breasts fuller. Thighs trembling with arousal and stress, the woman releasing an increased number of labored gasped. The spandex groaned audibly as its yellow color grew pale with tension. Flesh bubbled into every available space, creeping across her stomach and into her sleeves.

"A-Almost...there..."

CRRK!!

CRRK!!

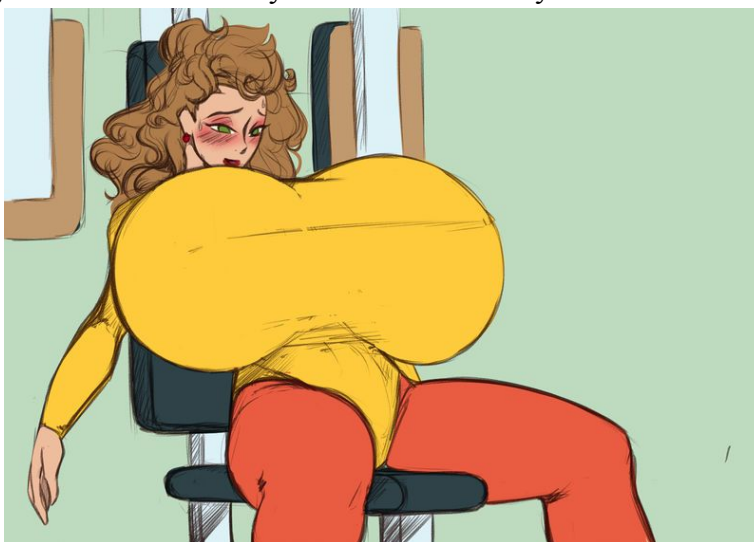
CRRK!!

More reps blew into her bust and Manny stared awestruck at the rounding shape of her breasts. They were growing tighter, her skin squeaking together as cleavage fought madly in the depths of her clothes.

"Nnnngghhh o-oh, God..." the woman panted.

CRRK!!

Her tits pushed into the machine's arms and she released her hold, slumping back before gazing at the fleshy beach balls so firmly swelled on her body.



Seeing Manny slackjawed across the room, she moaned, running a hand over her chest. "Think I can take a few more...?" she asked teasingly, "They're pretty full..."

Manny's stunned silence was answer enough, as was the rod nearly jutting out from his pant leg. Her eyes locked onto her spectator, the woman began pumping once more. Her chest compressed between the arms, refusing their meeting together as they ballooned and groaned.

CRRK!!

CRREEEAAK

"M-MM!" she moaned loudly.

Manny could swear outlines of veins were visibly pushing against her spandex, all rushing over her surface to fist-sized nipples. Each rep pushed her larger and tighter, her breasts brushing against her legs as they filled.

CRRK!!

A seam popped along her side, allowing an overflow of shiny flesh to burst into the open. It wasn't long before more tears formed across her front; Manny wasn't sure if her skin or her suit would give up first.

CRRK!!

CCRREEEAAK

“NNNGGHH!”

Likewise, he himself didn't think he could stand it any longer. Abandoning any hope of finishing his workout, Manny rose with a massive erection pointing to his target. The woman grimaced as he eyed her bloated body, trying to smile against the pressures raging against her skin as Manny came up to her. She could hardly work the arms anymore, her chest as wide as the machine itself. Concerning tension filled her eyes and visible skin. Still, she gave her best smile when Manny stood in front of her, admiring her body.

“How's it goin'?” he asked, watching as she struggled for a final, arousal-filled rep.
“What do you say we--”

CRRK!!

BOOOOOM!!!