

## Family Curves

“Damn man your chest is huge!” A random guy exclaimed as I sat up from my third set on the bench press. I looked down at my engorged pectorals as they hung heavily off my chest. My stringer tank-top did nothing to hide them or my pert nipples as they pointed downward towards the floor. This was the fourth guy today who commented on my chest, and attempted to strike up a conversation mid-workout. I gave the guy a brief nod of acknowledgement as I attempted to lay back down on the bench press but he didn’t seem to get the message that I was not interested in talking and wanted to workout in peace. I reluctantly pulled one of my AirPods out of my ear and put on my fakest of smiles.

“What’s up?” I asked, already knowing full well what the conversation was going to be like. Wow you’re so huge! What’s your secret? How can I get to me like you? Do you do steroids? Can I workout with you? The conversations were always the same, and always from people who looked like they had never seen a gym in their entire life. Or even attempted a weight training routine.

“How did you get so big?” The skinny guy asked as his eyes hungrily searched my body. I knew how I looked; my short shorts emphasized my thick thighs and bulbous pouch, my large python biceps were bulging against my already monstrous chest, both nipples begging to be touched. Touching which I never allowed due to their over sensitivity. I took a long, deep, depressing breath, remembering that the kid probably didn’t know I get asked that a hundred times a day or that I was actually self-conscious about my size; namely my chest and my hips.

“Just genetics,” I said, giving him the shortest, truest answer I could. Not really in the mood to go through my daily routine or my workout routine with someone who obviously didn’t have what it would take to get to my size. It’s not like I was lying to the guy. All of my family had a pair of wide hips and a set of heavy tits; Men and woman both. For the ones that worked out that gave use a perky buttocks and large pectorals and for those who didn’t got a sizable rump and moobs. It was a constant joke in the family that we got them because of our Latin heritage. I attributed it to our lack of resolve for exercise, and the over consumption of rice, beans, and cheese.

Ever since I was young my butt had been large and my chest had been heavy to the point where I was ridiculed by the other children at my school. I remember having to wear girls pants as a preteen because boy’s pants wouldn’t fit my wide hips or my ample behind. Most of my clothes were either too large or too small. I always preferred them larger but due to our lack of money I usually ended up with clothes bought from the local thrift store. So I was the poor, chubby, Hispanic boy with the weird food at

lunch, an obviously easy target for any horrible fourteen year old bully. But the summer before high school I started working out every day, eating slightly better, and Bam; it was instant popularity. I went from the fat Mexican kid in school to the hot muscular latino who every girl wanted and guy wanted to be. The increased popularity was great, but the insecurities were still their deep down. Even though I had an ass that overflowed with juicy perfection from my jeans and a chest that was every man's aspirations; deep down that same chubby kid was still deep inside me. So whenever I got comments about my body I was always partially afraid it would be a negative.

"It can't just be genetics! Look at how huge those pectorals are!" He shouted as he slammed a fist into my beefy chest. I felt a small twinge of self-doubt at his comment.

"Yea, thanks. I guess," I said awkwardly. I followed his line of sight and saw found both of his eyes glued directly onto my low-hanging tank. I always seemed to regret wearing this type of workout wear but nothing else seemed comfortable when I was working out. And if I was really unlucky I would just accidentally rip through what I was wearing, which had happen numerous times before. I brought back my Airpod to my ear in hopes that he would catch the message that I was done being gawked at, but I was not so lucky.

"Can I work in with you?" He asked, his voice full of hope. I looked at his noddle arms and his none-existent chest.

"Listen. Thanks for coming over and talking. But I'm not really interested in working out with another person. Or teaching you the "secret" to getting huge. Or being your friend," I said shortly before slipping the Airpod back into my ear, laying back on the bench, and readying myself for another set.

"Wow. Fucking asshole. You're going to regret that hulk," he threatened before walking away from the bench. I rolled my eyes in annoyance. What could he possibly do that could hurt me?

I finished my workout with another few sets of the flat bench press, followed by the inclined bench, and ended the day with some decline dumbbells. The entire time I could feel the eyes of the nerd following me. Wherever I went throughout the gym he always seemed to follow me. I could look over my shoulder and guarantee he would be right next to me on another machine or bench press. I tried to ignore him, but there was something that kept drawing my attention to him. There was something about the way he stared at me, as if he was trying to blow up my head with his mind or something.

Before leaving the gym I grabbed my usual protein shake from the front desk and left. I could have sworn I saw him laughing with the guy at the counter as I left. Enthusiastically waving at me as I walked towards my car. I gave a weak wave back wondering, what the hell he was thinking. But I pushed those thoughts to the back of my mind and continued to drink my slightly odd tasting shake.

## 2 months later

“Push! Come on push!” I said to myself as I lifted the heavy barbell. The weight feeling excruciatingly heavier than ever before. What was wrong with me? I looked at the weights that hung off the sides of the barbell and made sure I didn’t overload the bar, but it turned out I was lifting less than I was used to. I looked down at the mounds that protruded from my chest, obscenely pushing themselves together with my movements. Looking like a pair of tits than the pectorals I had grown over the years. I dropped the barbell into its resting place, and pulled myself into a sitting position. Both of my pectorals bounced and jiggled, almost in an erotic sense, which caused many of the surrounding men to look to me and adjust their crotches. My face burned red with embarrassment. My workout was over.

I quickly walked to the locker room, but not too quickly as I had found that not only had my pectorals grown but so too did my butt. I could feel my hips swaying back and forth seductively, as if calling to the men of the gym to come plow my cushiony behind. All of my clothes had become snug over the past weeks, riding up my crack, or becoming completely obscene. My cheeks were plastered against the fabric of all my dress pants, threatening to rip free with the slightest wrong movement. And my gym shorts all rode high on my cheeks, revealing the underside of both of my cheeks no matter how many times I pulled them down. Nothing fit me properly anymore since I started putting on the weight.

In the last two months I had nearly gained forty pounds, and it all seemed to go straight to my hips and chest. Expanding my already sizable ass to epic proportions, and filling out my pectorals until they became almost breast-like. I tried to stop my body from growing; I cut down my calories, upped my cardio, and even started lifting lighter at the gym but nothing seemed to stop the changes from happening.

I walked into the back of locker room and began to undress. My sweaty chest clung to the fabric and heavily fell against my chest once my shirt was fully removed. I turned away from the mirrors not wanting to see my huge chest or my engorged nipples. Those too had grown uncontrollably large over the last few weeks and extremely sensitive; more sensitive than I could actually withstand. I struggled as I peeled away my shorts as they clung to my bare ass, revealing both large creamy caramel cheeks only framed by my jockstrap. The only underwear that seemed to fit over my widened hips. I peeked over my shoulder and saw my massive cheeks. Not an inch of muscle showed through the layers of fat that now covered my ass. My pectorals peaked around the sides of my widened chest. How the hell did this happen?

“Looking bigger,” a high-pitched voice said from the other end of the locker room. I jumped in surprise, not knowing another person was nearby. I looked from the mirror and found it to be the same thin boy from months ago. What the fuck did he want? “Glad the drugs were as fast acting as I hoped.”

Drugs?

I looked back at the mirror staring my body. The growth was unexplainable almost as if something was causing this to happen. Could he have done something.

“The shake,” I said softly remembering the odd tasting protein shake I had drank the day I had talked to him. And the weird way he waved at me from the front counter. He did something to me. I felt rage building up in my chest as I bum rushed him and pinned him against the nearest wall with my body. But as I went to grab ahold of his hands he quickly moved both of his hands and grabbed onto my nipples and gave them both a sharp twist.

“UGH!” I cried in pleasure feeling my cock immediately grow rigid and leak into the pouch of my underwear. I fell weakly to my knees as my entire body shivered with unyielding pleasure which radiated from my pectorals. My body shook with please as I gripped the ground attempting to form words.

“Wha-what dddid you doooo to me?” I moaned, my lips only slightly obeying me and forming the words. The stranger laughed at me as he ran his over my over wide shoulders. He walked around my back and slid his hands over my tit-like pectorals and aggressively grabbed both of them. His hands did not even cover even half of my pectorals.

“That day I talked to you. I had thought you were nice. I thought you looked friendly. A nice guy with an even nicer body. But I guess I was wrong,” he said as he massaged my pectorals causing me to shiver once again. The front of my pouch now completely drenched with precum. I could feel it begin to collect on the underside of my crotch. I had never felt such pleasure before and my dick responded in such. “Then come to find out you weren’t as nice as I had hope. Actually you were quite an asshole. So I decided, instead of being an asshole I would make you a bitch. My bitch to me exact.” He punctuated his sentence with a hard flick of my nipples which caused me to double over in ecstasy, pushing my rotund ass high into the air. “Oh, exactly what else I wanted to check out!”

“What? Wh-what are you going to do?” I asked, my words full of pleasure and fear. Before I could open my mouth to ask what he was going to do I felt an odd, yet enjoyable pleasure, come from between my ass cheeks. “Oh fuck!” I cried loudly as I hit down on my lip, trying to silence my cries of pleasure. I looked into the mirror and saw the stranger’s hand disappear between my large cheeks, obviously pressing firmly against my hole.

I had realized that not only did my cheeks expand but my hole had grown sensitive. That when my pants or underwear would rub against my hole. Not only had it grown in sensitivity but also in size. The rim of my hole had grown larger and softer, and the constant rubbing of my fabric against my crack made me squirm on a daily basis. I had come to learn the best way to stop my constant erection was to wear jocks. But they did nothing to protect me from my own ass cheeks from rubbing against one another.

“Fuck you are coming along even better than I had hope big guy.” He presses firmly against my hole, sinking a finger inside my body. My hole clung hungrily to his finger as it scratched my prostate which stood just inside my body.

“OH FUCK!” I cried as my dick oozed out a massive load into my jockstrap. My body cheeks clenched tightly around his hand as my hole seemed to swallow his finger as if my body wanted more. The stranger slid his hand out simply from my hole and scoffed at the mess that I had made.

“Get up bitch. We are leaving.”

“Why sh-should I go with you?”

“Well it’s come with me now or come with me later then the changes become to intense for you to even function. It’s up to you.”