

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?