

# **Bim U - Chapter 50**

**Do you even lift bro? How much can you bench? My rod is pretty heavy! Can you lift it?**



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STORY BY  
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While Melanie is sending selfies to Dean Phoenyxx, Chris is finally reaching the end of his treadmill session across the gym.



His body glistens with sweat from the running, because he does not usually do so much of it.

Woo!  
That was a fun little warm up.  
Can't believe I sweated that much.



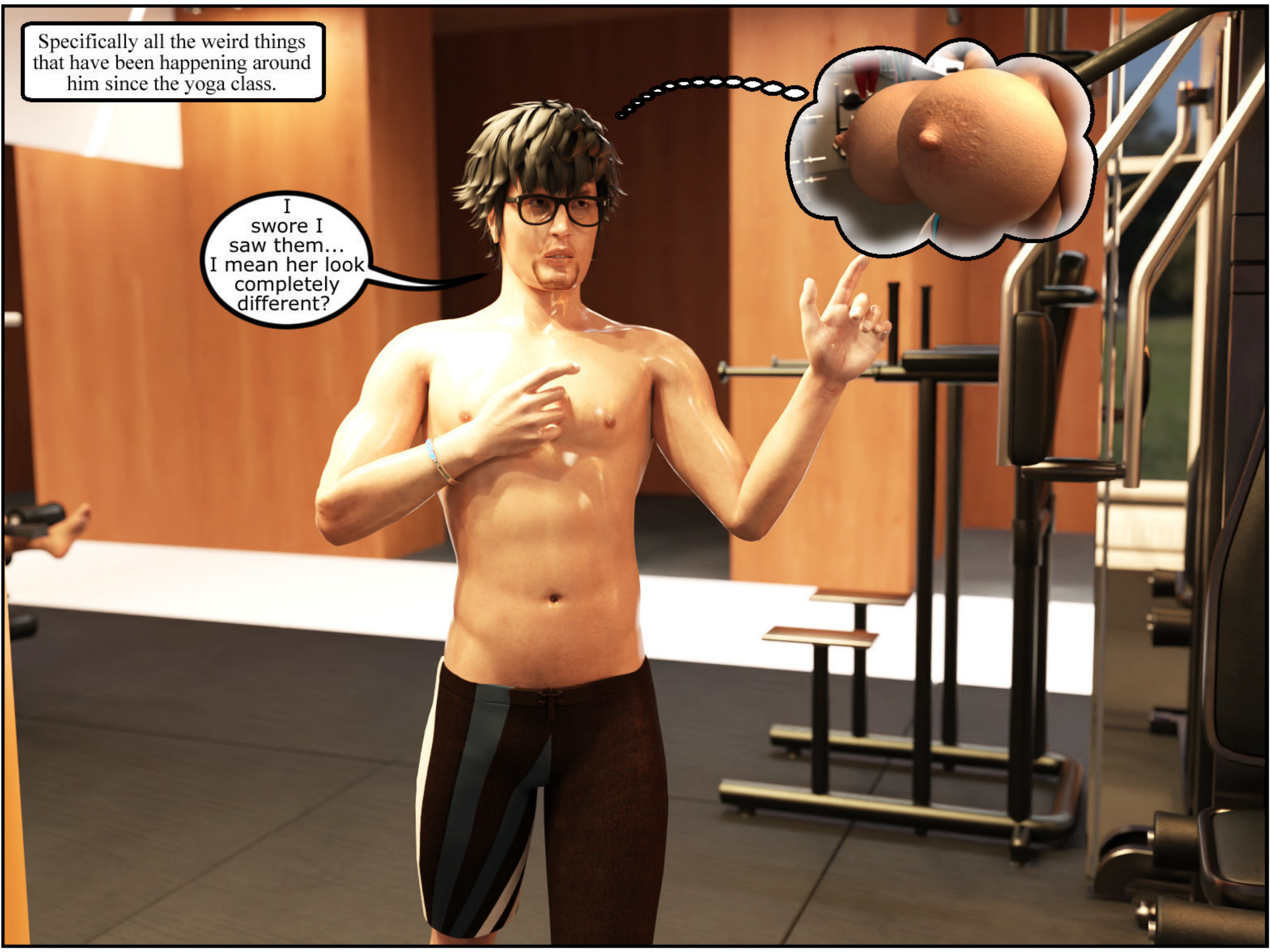
And now that he is done breathing so hard, he has a moment to ponder the events of the day.



But did Harriet grow?

Specifically all the weird things that have been happening around him since the yoga class.

I swore I saw them... I mean her look completely different?



But his reminiscing is interrupted by the proof of his suspicions walking right up to him.

Harriet!?

Hey stud, don't mind me! I'm going to do some stretches. Better fucking watch!





Maybe if he follows her, he can get to the bottom of what is going on. Even though he is still not sure what is even happening.

Harriet, wait a minute, please!

Hey! Watch it, you idiot!



Melanie?!

Since Chris still isn't completely sure what he has even been witnessing. Has he really been watching them change?



However, his plans are foiled once again by a seemingly accidental meeting.

Of course, what the heck are you doing running in the gym room? You're going to crash into somebody with that scrawny physique!



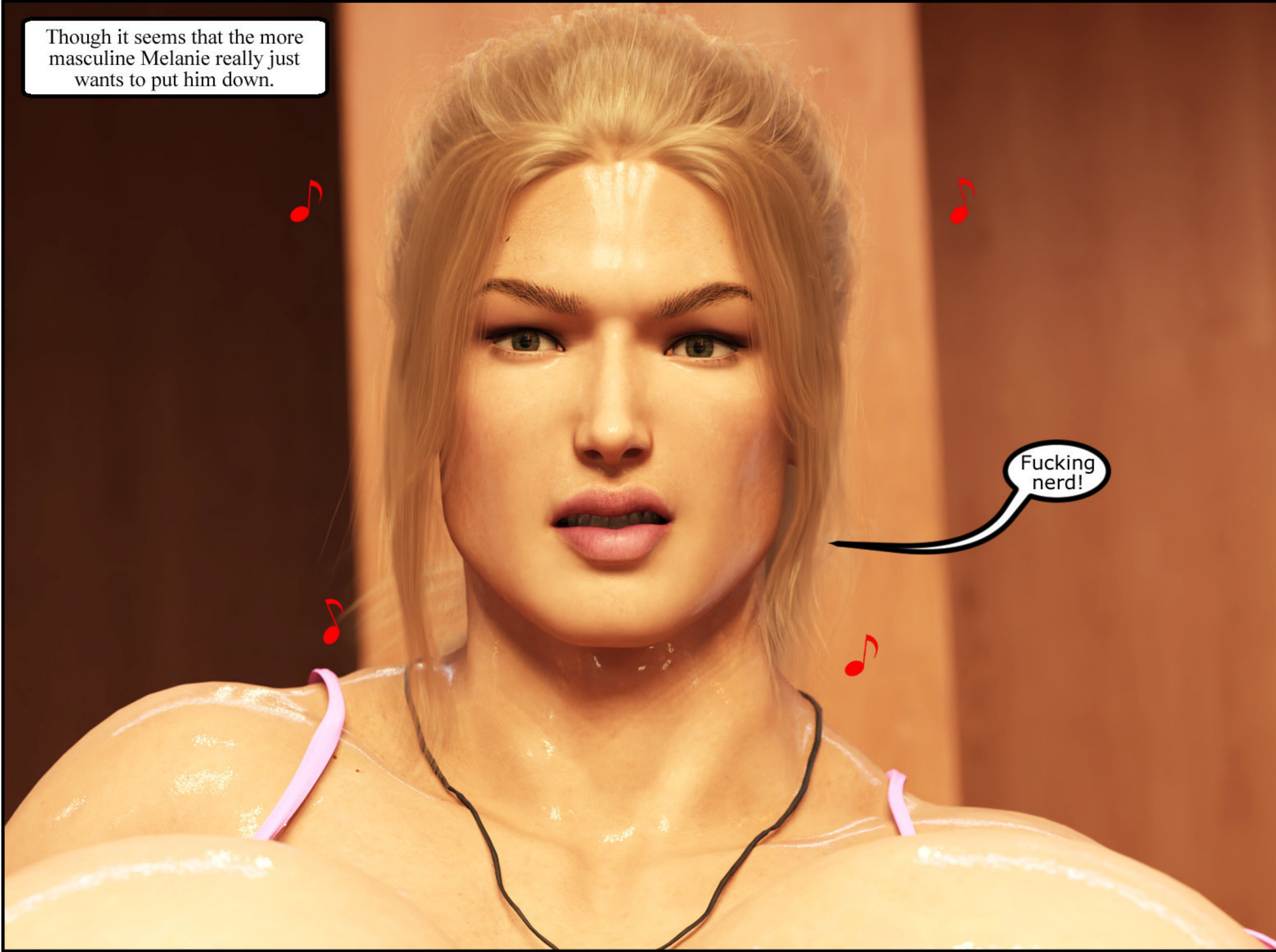
This time it's the much altered  
Melanie, who wants to have a  
word or two with Chris.

Seriously,  
why are you here?  
Trying to scope the  
scene for sluts?  
Pathetic...



Though it seems that the more masculine Melanie really just wants to put him down.

Fucking nerd!



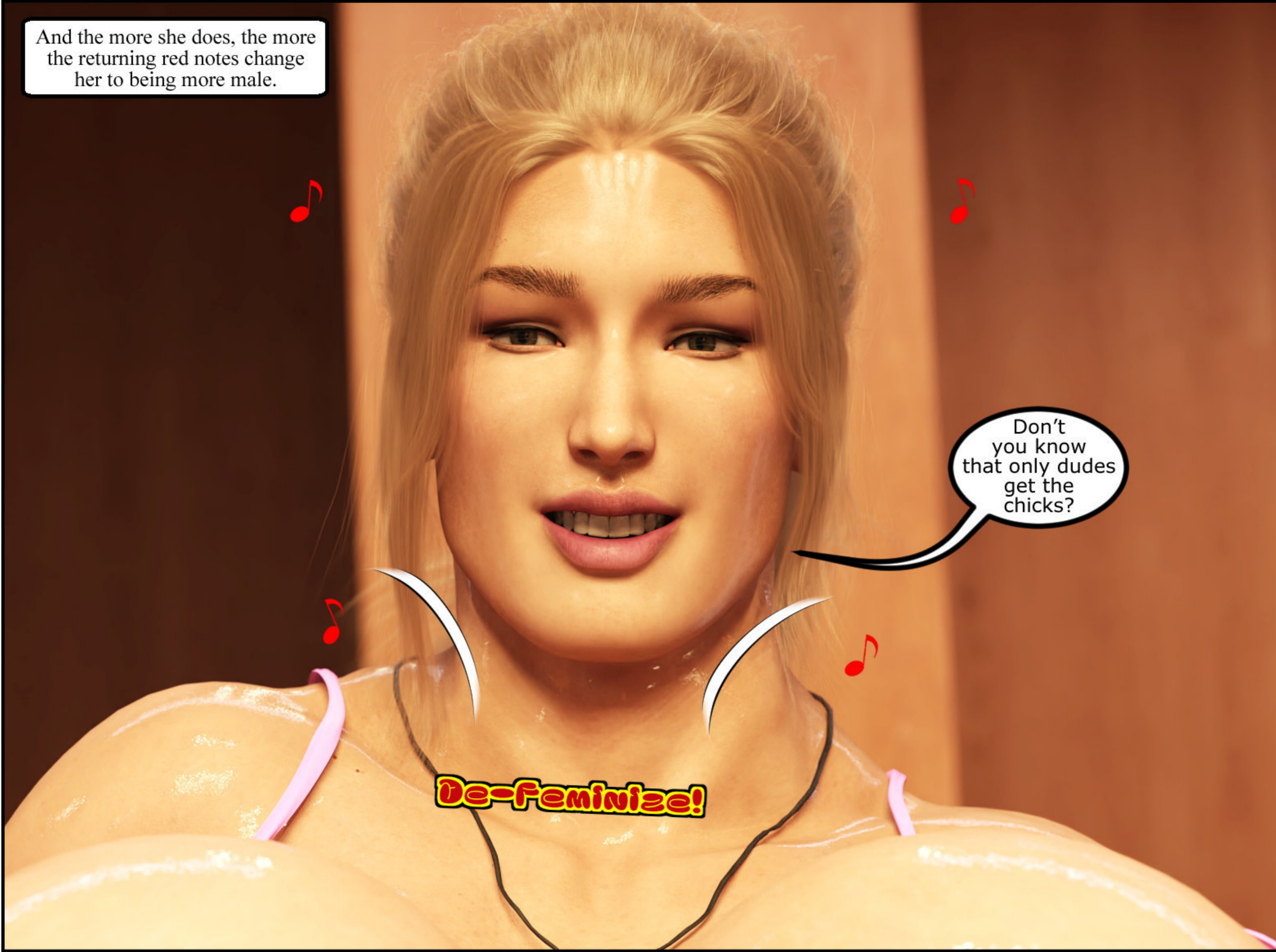
And the more she does, the more the returning red notes change her to being more male.



Don't you know that only dudes get the chicks?



**De-feminize!**



Or should we say, "he" at this point? Maybe Mel is a more appropriate name now.

No wonder you and that prick Phoenyx are looking for girlfriends. I'd say some hookers are less caring of your feelings and will fuck you for pity!

**Male-ify!**



Mel soon gets bored putting Chris down and shoves his way past to resume his workout.

So boring talking to you. I'm off to get a real workout.

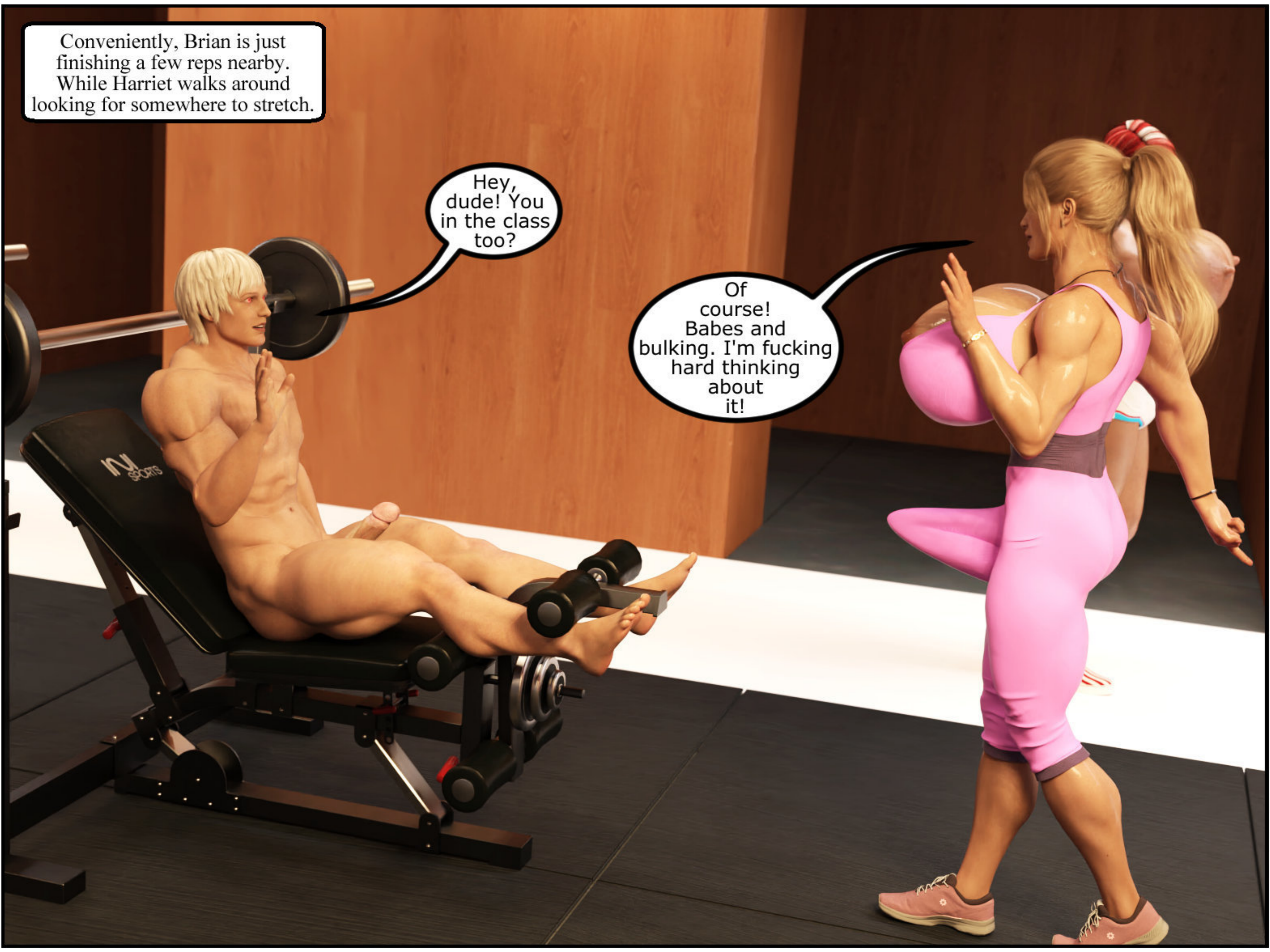
Ow!



Conveniently, Brian is just finishing a few reps nearby. While Harriet walks around looking for somewhere to stretch.

Hey, dude! You in the class too?

Of course! Babes and bulking. I'm fucking hard thinking about it!



It's a good thing Brian wasn't holding the bar when Mel walked up with that rack on display.

Damn, dude! Nice tits!





But Mel is happy to jokingly pose for him and show it off after his witty remark.

Hahaha!  
What?! You want to cum on these knockers? Nice cock, bro. I'd almost give you a tit fuck! As if I was some slut!



The red notes seem to react to his snarky comments again and collect around Mel's head.

Like, totally! Ooooh, Brian! You want to cum on my make believe boobies?



This time providing him with a hairstyle that is more appropriate for his continuing changes.

**BLING!**

God, I sound like some dumb bitch!



Brian isn't sure how to react. He sort of wants to take Mel up on his arousing offer.

Ugh...



However, Mel really was joking around, and he doesn't seem to be aware of his huge jugs.

Come on, man. I don't have boobs! Now move aside, it's my turn to lift.



The two sort of switch positions,  
with Mel lying on the bench and  
Brian spotting for him.

All  
right, thanks!  
Oh, think you  
can be my  
spotter?



But Brian is still having a little bit of an issue focusing on the weights instead of Mel's tits.

Yeah, I'll spoOot...  
Ahem, spot you.



A photograph of a person's feet on a black gym floor. To the left is a piece of black gym equipment. A small puddle of clear liquid is on the floor between the equipment and the feet. Yellow rectangular markers are placed around the puddle. A speech bubble above the equipment contains the text "You OK?".

You  
OK?

His constantly leaking and rock  
hard cock isn't helping with his  
efforts any either.



Mel has a pretty impressive member too that is standing at full attention, but that isn't of interest to Brian.

Time to gain some mass!





Come on, man. Push it!!


Grrr! I'm trying, but your damn dick is almost in my face. What the hell, man!?

As Mel starts to lift, Brian does finally manage to pull his attention to the bar, but then Mel is the one being distracted.



Sorry,  
bro. I can't  
stop staring  
at those!

It doesn't last long, however.  
Brian glances down to respond,  
and all he can see is Mel's  
massive mountains.




Mel assumes that he is looking at a nice set that happens to be on somebody else.

At what?  
You see boobs  
somewhere!?

But pretty much everyone in the gym other than Mel is fully aware of the giant jiggs jiggling away on his chest as he lifts.

Hell yeah!





Especially Brian! Who just can't seem to control himself, or his raging hard on.

Oh, man!  
I can't help myself!

He leaves poor Mel holding the bar and walks around to where he can get a better look.

What do you mean, dude?



And also a better angle to aim his throbbing dick at Mel's mountainous mounds.

I got to! Oh, man. I have too!

**Pump!**





It takes a moment. Mel's focus is on keeping the bar up, but he eventually notices Brian's dick.

Dude! Seriously!?



In his anger, Mel drops the bar back onto the rack and sits up to confront his spotter.

**Clang!**



Yelling at Brian, Mel starts to reach out to slap him, shove him, or grab his twitching penis.

Bro!  
What the fuck!?



He isn't really sure which he is going to do, but it doesn't matter. Mel moves too late.



Brian just keeps on pumping his cock and thrusting his hips, emptying his load on Mel's chest.

Oh yeah!  
Right on those balloon tits!

**Spew!**


**Pump!**





Sorry, I couldn't resist. I just have to mark my territory when I see bimbo tits!

With Brian's sticky mess dripping from his huge boobs, Mel rockets to his feet as the red notes return.

A woman with large breasts is shown from the chest up, wearing a pink sports bra. Her skin is glistening with sweat. She is in a gym setting, with various pieces of exercise equipment visible in the background. Three red musical notes are floating around her breasts. A speech bubble is positioned above her right breast.

I get it, but why the fuck would you do that to me?! I'm not some bimbo!

Surprisingly Mel doesn't murder Brian right away, and those notes are hovering awful close to Mel's great, big boobies...



**Smaller!**

Don't you do it red notes! Don't you dare... Awww, man! Why would you go and ruin a perfectly nice set of mega-juggs?





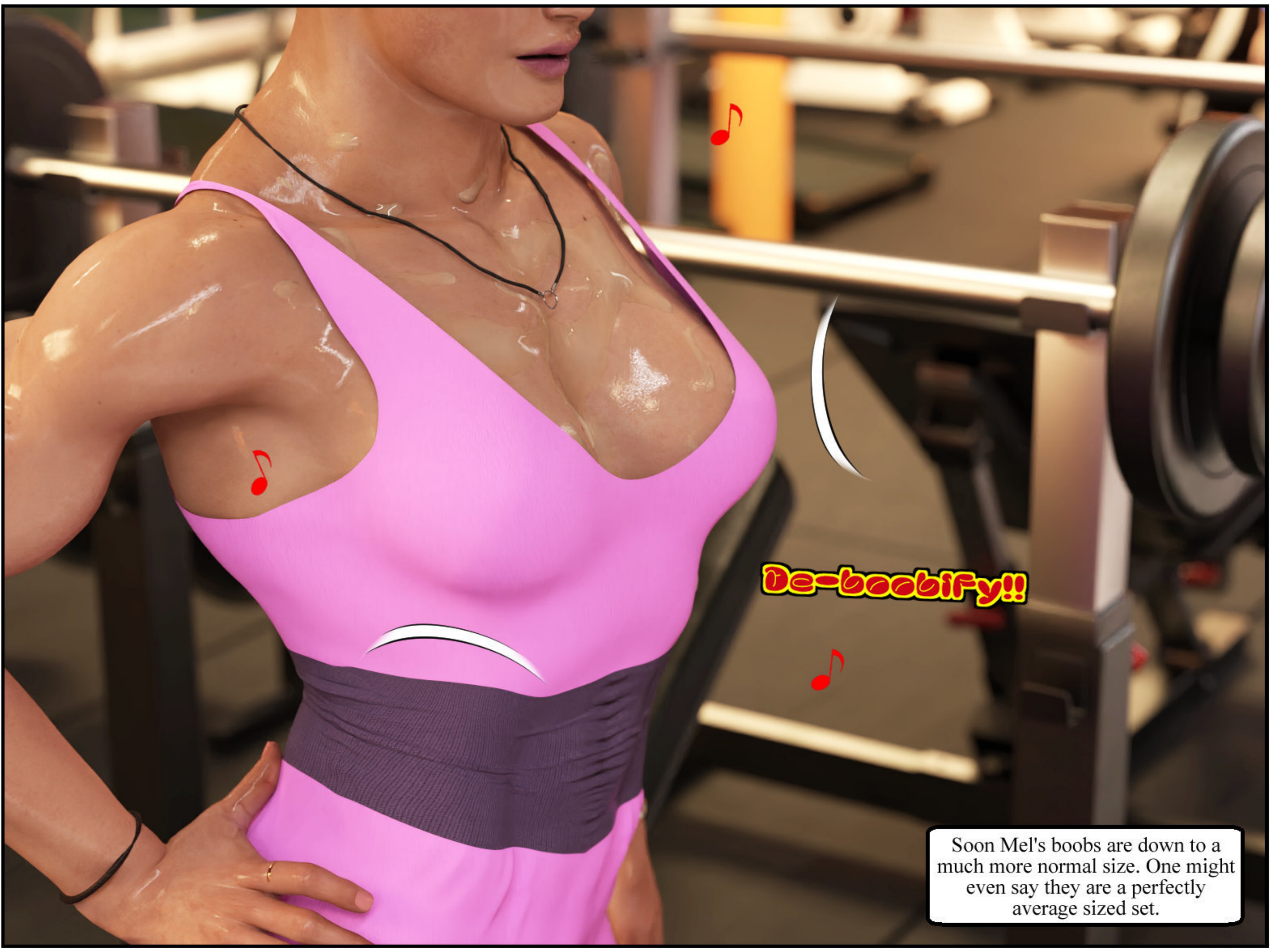
**Shrink!**

I think I might cry. Brian might too, as Mel and he continue to argue about why he just came on his deflating rack.



**Deflate!**

While the two debate whether Mel counts as a bimbo, if he has big tits or not, and why you'd cum in the gym, the red notes keep on shrinking his jugs.



**De-boobify!!**

Soon Mel's boobs are down to a much more normal size. One might even say they are a perfectly average sized set.




**Flatten!!**

And yet the clearly evil red notes do not stop there. They keep on shrinking Mel's boobs until they are completely gone.



All right. I accept your apology, but you must be a real idiot if you thought I was a bimbo with big boobs.

Eventually the argument ends, and Mel accepts Brian's weak apology. But not before he starts taunting him back.



But now I'm going to have to go clean this shit off! How am I gonna get your jizz off my pecs, bro?

But the magic of the notes has one last alteration in store for Mel, as he becomes fully male. I am telling you, they're evil!

The story will  
continue in the  
next part.

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