Bimbo Bodybuilders
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by Roy Ellison

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Crissy and her friend Liv were stretching. Most people watching this would probably be turned on or turn green with envy. The young women were the exact fit of today's beauty ideal. They were tall, slim, toned and very flexible. Crissy had long blond hair and a surprisingly deep tan. She clearly had a set of breast implants that gave her an astonishing cleavage that drew attention to her pink and grey sports bra. Combined with her make-up and her well-trained butt, she was the archetypal bimbo. Liv was quite similar. She also boasted an enhanced bust, but had brown locks that went well with her freckles. As they went through their warm-up poses before hitting the cross-trainer, Crissy said:

"So I've been like totally been thinking about what Andy wants."

Andy was her boyfriend of a few months. He was a super-hunk. Liv was quite envious of her. Crissy kept talking about what a god he was in bed. Liv asked:

"So? What does he want? What more could he like want when he's got someone like you?"

"I think he wants someone who's like just as much into fitness and stuff as he is, you know?"

That was true. Not only was he a hunk, he was also really good at gymnastics. He could do all the really hard exercises on the bar. Just thinking of him clearly made them both horny.

"You know that's like really hard? I mean, he's like been doing this for ages."

"That's true, but I like totally want to spend more time with him. Also, I want to surprise him, and stuff."

"Surprise him?"

By now, they were on the cross-trainers, sweating. It was clear that these two women had tremendous stamina.

"Yeah. He's like totally going to Europe or Arabia or something. I want to like really blow him away when he's back. You know, just show him I know my stuff."

"Sounds like a plan."

"Yes, totally."

Crissy continued for a while, then asked:

"Liv, you're like my absolute BFF. Like my best bestie."

"Yes ..."

"So, would you like help me? It's going to be hard, so I'll like need you."

Liv thought about it for a second. Actually, she hardly did. Crissy was her best friend since and for forever. She just had to help her.

"Sure. What do we do?"

A month later, the pair was pumping iron. They had switched their workout routines and incorporated more weights. Also, their nutrition had changed and they had found a few interesting supplements.

The pair had switched their thin bodies for fit ones and looked quite amazing now. Their arms were visibly toned and they boasted some very nice abs. Many people admired them for their looks and the girls showed their bodies even more. Crissy now usually wore crop tops to display her abs and her navel. She had a piercing on it that drew even more attention to her core.

"Crissy, I like totally love your jewelry. It looks so awesome on you. Really cute and stuff."

"Thank you, Liv. You should totally also get one. Your abs like totally need to be seen. They're getting like really hard."

"It's like because of your motivation. You're such an inspiration."

"Thank you. You're the best." Crissy lay down on the bench and gripped the barbell above her. "Can you like spot for me? I'm totally going to do my sets super straight now."

Liv nodded and got into position. She watched the weights go up and down. Crissy was sweating and struggling, but she managed to rack the weight. Liv jumped up and down and clapped her hands:

"Awesome. You like moved so much weight! That's incredible!"

"Yeah. I thought about Andy and the weight like got totally light. It's just that I feel so awesome: I talked to him over Skype and he totally misses me, so I sent him a pic of my incredible abs and he was so happy."

"Like happy happy or horny happy?"

"Horny happy, of course. So I wanna make it even better for him. I wanna be the fittest."

"You're gonna be the fittest. Don't worry. I'm like totally going to motivate you."

The gym regulars had followed the two women's gradual transformation with a certain interest. They had slowly continued developing their bodies over the last two months and had definitely become very fit.

Right now, Liv was cheering Crissy on.

"Come on, my girl, push it up! You can do it!"

Crissy was straining to extend her legs, pushing hard against the plate. The weights slid upwards slowly, her thighs swelled and finally, the sled locked. She sighed.

"Whoa. Thank you. This was just what I like totally needed."

She got up, her legs still quivering from the effort. Her body had visibly changed. Two months ago, she had been fit, but still girly. She had rather narrow shoulders and other than some visible abs, there wasn't too much of a sign of the intensity of her training.

Now, that had changed. She had developed a slight V-taper, her shoulders had grown and her arms were now well-muscled. Her thighs would have been more appropriate for a professional dancer and her butt was divine and swollen. Combined with her super-tight boobs, she was slowly leaving the fitness-model-type and turning herself into someone appropriate for physique class.

Liv had equally improved her looks in this way. The pair was amazing when they worked out together. They were rigorous, disciplined and never skipped on their training. The other customers had taken some inspiration from them.

As Liv laid down to train her legs, Crissy said:

"So, Andy is like totally coming home for a week. I have a couple of days to get my stuff like ready. So he's totally going to be blown away and stuff."

Liv strained against the weights:

"So, what do you like have planned?"

"I'm going to like totally get ready for him. I've got everything lined up and stuff. I'm going to get my lips injected so he like really wants me to like totally suck his cock and stuff. I'm also like going to a spa and stuff, so I get all relaxed. You wanna go with me?"

"Like totally! We're going to like be totally sexy!"

At the spa, the girls were enjoying massages, the sauna and every kind of skin care. They drew a lot of attention, parading around in skimpy bikinis and high heels. Their newly enhanced lips had a slight duckiness to them, but they enjoyed them and honestly didn't care about any haters. When one of the other guests sneered at them, the pair gave her a pitiful look and kissed. Liv mumbled:

"Whoa, Crissy, you're like totally lezzing on me."

"I know, girl. It's coz you're like so super hot."

"She's gone now. We can like stop."

"But do you want?"

"Nah. This is like way too good to stop."

They continued, and Liv wondered how Andy was going to feel, getting blown by this super girl. She wondered what it would feel like to get licked by her. She got even hotter thinking about this.

The girls met again a few weeks later. Liv had trained on her own during Andy's stay, and she had made good progress, staying religiously on her schedule. Crissy looked positively glowing.

"It's so awesome! He's like a total god in bed. He's nice and cute and funny and then, when we're horny, he like takes out his super cock and I feel like I'm totally going to wet my panties!"

"That's great! So you've been like having a great time?"

"Like totally! He's the sex god and stuff. His dick is like so huge, I barely get my lips around it!"

"Ahem!"

A woman sitting next to the pair at the café gave them a judgmental look. Crissy blinked incredulously at her. She wore yoga pants and a pink tanktop with "LOVE" printed on it that showed off her rock-hard abs. The girl just shook her head and continued:

"When I like blow him, it goes down my throat and I like used to choke, but I trained with a dildo and now ..."

"Ahem!"

"What?"

She stared at the woman.

"I'm sorry, but this is a public area. Could you not talk about this?"

Crissy frowned and said:

"Yeah. Whatever. Come on Liv, we're like going. This woman won't get any and she won't hear about it too."

The woman grumbled something, but Crissy paid and got up.

Liv replied:

"Yeah. This is like so stupid. They all want sex, but like they don't want to think about it. Stupid. Also no wonder they get ugly. All that frowning."

Crissy nodded:

"Frowning is ugly. It makes you like old and stuff."

"We don't frown. That is, unless you make us, woman!"

The other guest tried to ignore them.

Crissy declared:

"We're like getting botox and there won't be any frowning and stuff. So we'll be young and sexy and you'll be old and ugly."

They strode out.

That evening, Crissy was with Andy. Actually, she'd been with him all the time for days. It was just so nice to be with him. She'd wake up in the morning and greet him with a kiss and a blow-job. They'd eat and work out together. Then, they'd usually fuck for a while. Nothing stressful, just to pass time and enjoy each other's company. They would then either work out some more or go for a walk at the beach or go shopping. Andy had a lot of free time and money to spend, so both options were widely available. When she walked through the hot sand, wearing her tiny bikini and holding hands with her huge hunk, she'd feel wonderful and just a little proud. All the jealous people staring at this perfect couple ... Just looking at their faces was so funny and satisfying.

They'd eat ice cream or have some drinks, then they'd find a secluded part of the beach and enjoy themselves some more. In the evening, it was either the movies, or a fancy restaurant, or meeting with Andy's friends. These guys were also really hot, but nowhere near Andy's level. One evening, as they were fucking, Crissy said:

"Hey, Andy, I've got like a question."

He was just squeezing her wonderfully taut butt.

"What is it?"

"I wanted to ask you: Would you like mind if my friend joined us?"

"A threesome? Really?"

"Sure. My girl Liv, she's heard like so much about you and she's like my total BFF, so I thought, maybe three is better than two."

Andy's mind raced. This was even more of a fantasy come true. Not only did he have this hyper-sexy bimbo girl, but now she wanted to bring a friend ... He could feel his heart beat even faster.

"Is she hot?"

"She's as hot as me."

"Cool. She can come whenever she wants."

Indeed, a couple of days later, Andy arrived at her apartment. He still couldn't believe his luck. The whole situation was totally crazy. Over the last months, his formerly thin girlfriend had become a fitness junkie and she definitely looked the part. For him, this was awesome. He loved fit

women, spending a lot of time ogling them on the internet. Having Crissy become fit had been a dream of his, and it had come true.

He rang the doorbell and waited. Moments later, he heard giggles and some scrambling inside. He could hear the clicking of high heels. The door was flung open and he looked at his girlfriend and her companion. The girls wore white bathrobes and smiled at him with their big pouty lips. Liv said:

"Woo! He's like really cute and stuff."

"He sure is. He's like the cutest. Come in!"

Andy barely managed a "Hi, girls!".

She grabbed his hand and pulled him inside. Andy got out of his shoes and Crissy handed him a cocktail.

"I made it like myself and stuff."

She licked her pink lips and gave the second glass to Liv. The other woman laid her plump, full lips on the straw and sucked gently. She stopped and licked a lone drop from the plastic. Andy commented:

"That's delicious."

Liv grinned:

"I know. Crissy is like the best!"

When he was finished, he asked:

"What's with the robes?"

"They're totally a surprise. We like thought it would be better to show you in the bedroom."

Moments later, Andy was on the bed and watched the girls as they kissed. Liv sighed as her tongue licked over Crissy's lips and said:

"I'm totally going to get some more injections. Your lips are like a goddess'."

The other woman agreed:

"Yeah. I want some big dick-suckers!"

Andy had been hard before, but now he was approaching diamond levels. Crissy had begun to slip off Liv's robe and he could see her big, round shoulders. He was amazed how fit she was. As the robe dropped down to her elbows, she revealed the sheer white lingerie that showcased her round boobs. It was clear that Liv had slightly bigger muscles, but Crissy was way tighter and more ripped. Crissy dropped her robe completely. She wore a pink satin bra and panties and some stay-ups to her pink heels. She kissed her friend again and slid her hands over Liv's powerful and tight muscles. She said:

"So, Andy, what do you think?"

"You're incredible. Both of you."

They turned to him and climbed on the bed. He heard the clatter of their shoes, then he felt their soft hands on his strong chest. Liv commented:

"You're like such a hunk. I love that!"

Crissy smiled wickedly and added:

"You haven't seen his dick yet. It's like massive."

Actually, it was hard to hide by now. Andy's shorts tented and it was getting more and more uncomfortable. Happily, Crissy took the initiative and pulled them down, carefully extricating his huge cock. Instantly, the two women threw themselves at it and licked it from both sides.

Liv stopped for a second and said:

"Whoa, Crissy, you've been like totally right. His cock is like the biggest!"

"I told you. He's the cockmaster and stuff."

Andy grinned. The situation was a bit much, even for him. Crissy looked at him and said:

"Liv, you take his balls and I take the cock."

"No fair. I've been like practicing so long."

"What did you do?"

"Like with a banana. I wanna show you!"

With these words, she engulfed his cock completely and deep-throated him. Andy shivered and tried to keep cool. It was hard to say the least. He felt Liv's lips on the base of his dick and barely managed not to come when Crissy got to work on his balls, sucking and licking them as if her life depended on it.

He couldn't contain himself anymore and shot his load. Liv grunted, her muscular neck bulging as the semen ran down her throat.

She pulled up and licked his cockhead.

"That was like totally awesome. Crissy, your man is like the best."

Andy managed:

"That was incredible."

Crissy looked a little annoyed:

"So that's like all? I don't get any?"

Liv replied:

"Don't worry: Look, he's hard again already!"

"Let's make him even harder!"

The pair rolled to the side and pushed their boobs against his cock. The head protruded from their big fake tits and Andy felt them rub against it. Crissy declared:

"I like really need bigger boobs and stuff. Big boobs for a big cock!"

"Yeah! Me too."

"We should like totally get them together!"

"Boob sisters!"

Liv laughed and flexed her pecs. Her tits instantly jumped up and rubbed his cock even more. Crissy immediately did the same.

Andy stared at the mass of quivering boob-flesh around his cock and couldn't believe it.

As soon as his cock was rock-hard, Crissy climbed on him and slipped herself on it. As he sank into her, she bit her lip and sighed in pleasure. Watching her super-fit, busty body atop him was exhilarating. She began gyrating her hips, rubbing his dick against her g-spot.

"Ooh, Andy, you're like so hard. I love this!"

"But what about me?"

Liv was a little disappointed.

"What do I do now? I'm like so horny and stuff!"

"I'm sorry, but he has like one cock."

Crissy frowned at Andy in a slightly vacant way. Andy shrugged between sighs. Suddenly, Crissy stopped and clenched his cock inside her.

"I got an idea! You just like totally have to sit on his face. His tongue is like awesome and stuff."

"It is?"

Andy smiled and nodded. The thought of having this girl's hyper-butt right up his face made him horny.

"K. Let's do this."

She straddled his face and soon squeezed his face between her powerful thighs. He licked her hard, soon making her drip with pleasure.

"Oh yeah! This is like so awesome. Kiss me, girl. Kiss my big lips!"

Andy heard them slurp and sigh as they frenched at full power. The mere thought almost made him come. Crissy's pace was now increasing. His cock was pulsating and she ground against it as hard as she could. Abruptly, both women orgasmed, screaming their lust loudly. For Andy, this meant he could shoot his massive load and just collapse amidst their tight, muscular flesh.

Eventually, the threesome lay on the bed, relaxed, but not tired. They felt deliciously fucked, having spent their pent up energy and satisfied their lust. Andy felt their tight bodies against his. He still couldn't believe how fit Crissy had become. He loved it.

He sighed:

"Girl, you're awesome. I love your tight, strong body."

"I love your big muscles too, Andy. You're like the best hunk."

Liv chimed in:

"Yeah! You're like sick awesome."

He felt their small hands on his cock and balls again.

Liv said:

"Hey, Crissy, you think we could like get him hard again?"

"Sure, girl!"

Eventually, Andy had to leave again. For the girls, this was a big disappointment, but on the other hand, they decided to use the time to become even sexier. At least, that's what they announced to their guy when he left. There might have been a slight pang of jealousy on behalf of Crissy, but she swallowed it down. After all, Liv was her BFF.

When they were back alone, they sat together to plan the next steps.

Liv took out her phone and showed Crissy a picture of a model she liked:

"Look at her boobs. Like those are like awesome!"

"Sure. They look so round and bouncy. I like totally like that."

"Yeah. I'm like going to get mine done like this soon and stuff. So, are you my boob sister?"

"Like, of course! I'm your BSF!"

"What's a BSF?"

"I'm your Boob Sister Forever! I totally just came up with that."

"That's like so cool. You're like really creative and stuff!"

"Thank you."

She gave Liv a big sloppy kiss with her over-inflated lips and said:

"We also like gotta get bigger, muscle-wise. Andy like totally admired our big muscles and stuff."

"Yeah. He like really loved them."

"So, when our boobs are like bigger, we're like also going to hit the gym and get huge."

"Huge! Yes! We're like going to be big and strong and Andy's going to love it and stuff."

A few days later, they had their consultation. The plastic surgeon was a little skeptical when he heard the two women's ideas. He said:

"I'm sorry, but I don't think such huge implants are a good idea. They will look very unnatural and they will be very heavy."

Crissy tried to frown. Of course, the recent botox made that rather impossible. Instead, she pouted:

"But I really wanna have big titties. They have to like look propropro ... fitting to my big muscles."

Liv joined in:

"Yeah. We're going to get real swole, so we need big boobies to look sexy and stuff."

The surgeon hesitated. These girls seemed really strange. As far as he was concerned, they were really well-trained, easily at the top level of what he thought of as appropriate for women. Any more and they would be, well, grotesque. He sighed:

"I don't recommend it. Besides, custom implants would be very expensive."

Crissy wasn't easily dissuaded:

"So, where can we like get those big tits? Where do all the porn girls get their boobs done?"

He rubbed his temples:

"There are some surgeons who will do such procedures, but I would seriously beg you to reconsider."

The two girls looked at one another in their tiny pink and white outfits. They nodded to each other and Liv declared:

"We have like totally reconsisted and we're still going to do it. What's the other surgeon's name?"

"Yeah. Tell us. We wanna know!"

The surgeon shook his head and gave them Doctor Lazar's number.

"Please don't tell him I sent you."

Doctor Lazar turned out to be a rather weird guy. Certainly professional, but somewhat strange nonetheless. He smiled as he greeted the pair:

"Good afternoon. My name is Eugene Lazar. You told my secretary you're looking for bigger implants. Is that correct?"

Crissy nodded enthusiastically:

"Yes! Like totally. We want like huge boobies, don't we, Liv?"

"Sure! We like want some huge titties and stuff."

Lazar nodded slowly. Most of his clients came here for professional reasons. They liked the look, but they liked the money more. These girls, however, seemed to be true plastic lovers. He asked them to describe what they wanted.

Crissy pulled her phone out of her muscular cleavage and showed him the pictures she had prepared.

"I want like these boobs. And so does Liv, don't you?"

"Yeah, like totally!"

"Okay. Let's see what we can do."

A little later, the pair was both happy, they would get their boobs, but also disappointed: Liv didn't have the money. For Crissy, it wasn't much of a problem, she still had some in her trust-fund, but her friend was out.

The blonde declared:

"We like have to find a way and stuff!"

Moira was sitting in the park, enjoying the cool breeze and working at her laptop. Actually, quite a lot of her work consisted of occasionally switching on various aggregators and either browsing stuff or fighting with people who were clearly wrong. She shook her head in disbelief. What a bunch of crap! Her fingers danced over the keyboard. She carefully formulated a rebuke so sharp it could pierce steel. Yes. That would show that dumbass.

"Hey, Moia!"

She sighed. Her name was a little exotic, fair enough, but she couldn't understand why that airhead was so incapable of just repeating it. She looked up. There she was. Crissy stood right next to her, her fake tits still quivering and her body covered in tight muscles. Moira frowned. They hadn't seen each other for a while. Back at college, the bimbo had suddenly appeared next to her and had charmed her way into Moira's life. Not actually charmed ... She had just appeared to be so completely oblivious and helpless, she just had to save her. It was more out of pity actually. Plus, Crissy was hot. Moira hated to admit it, she wanted to like edgy, tough lesbian girls, but somehow, her childhood's Barbies had made their mark and she loved, she adored the pink little dumbass.

Of course, Miss Oblivious didn't get the signals at all. Instead, she went from idiot hunk to idiot hunk, spreading her legs for them and ignoring Moira completely. She even went as far as to try to hook her up with all those fools.

"It's Moira, Crissy. There's an 'r' in it."

"Gee, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to like annoy you and stuff."

Moira's heart skipped a beat. When Crissy gave her that sheepish, pseudo-cute look, she just wanted to kiss her.

Only then did she notice her friend next to her. What the hell? Where did she get that one? The other woman was almost as hot as Crissy, the brown hair maybe making her look a little less stupid. As soon as she opened her mouth, Moira noticed her mistake:

"Hi! I'm like Liv. I'm Crissy's BFF and her total motivator and BSF."

"Do I want to know what BSF is supposed to stand for?"

The two girlies high-fived and shouted:

"Boob Sisters Forever!"

Moira gave off a groan. The girls' boobs swayed as their hands connected. She desperately wanted to suck on their nipples and squeeze the taut plastic boobs stuck to Crissy's chest. Sarcastically, she said:

"Okay. That's wonderful. So, what do you want?"

"We like totally need your help. You're like so intelligent and we need someone who can figure things out and stuff."

Her friend joined in:

"Yeah! Crissy like totally told me you're like the smartest. She says you're

like eyeing stain."

"Like what?"

"Like that guy with the hair and the tongue."

Moira had to squint involuntarily to understand what they were trying to say. Just watching their plump lips move was far enough. Maybe it was best not to go down that road.

After some deliberation, the two women finally managed to explain what they wanted. Apparently, they both wanted even bigger, faker tits (the thought made Moira smile blissfully) and then, they wanted to grow even more muscular (The smile was now accompanied by a certain wetness in her panties). Listening to those airheads about amping their bimbo bodies to 11 was incredible. She really wanted to be with them as they went through their transformation.

However, the big problem was money. And they somehow expected her to be able to find the funds to pay for all this.

Moira leaned back. The pair was continuing its chattering. It was fascinating to listen to them going on and on about nothing. She nodded to herself. She'd find a way to get them the money.

"Okay, listen." They didn't, still going on about the size of their boobs and how big they were going to be. "Listen!"

Crissy and Liv turned to their homely friend. They had to admit, Moira could really do more. She had black, mid-length hair with a stark blue highlight and was otherwise scruffy and shapeless. Her clothes did everything to cover her completely and her look wasn't feminine at all. Like not even make-up!

It was clear to them that "Moia" wasn't even trying.

Moira slowly explained what she had in mind. The two girls nodded carefully. It wasn't clear they understood what she was saying.

The next day, Moira's project went live. She set up the camera and had Liv sit down in front of it. The brunette was smiling oddly with her overstuffed lips and looked seductively at the camera. Crissy was right next to her and was cheering her on as silently as she could. Moira said:

"Pull down your shirt a little more. We want to see a lot of cleavage."

She fought back a blush as Liv revealed her taut, freckled, bulging breasts and the cuts of her well-trained pecs. The two women had insisted on pumping up hard and who was she to stop them. Instead, Moira had left the camera running. This would come in handy ... later.

"Does it like look good like this?"

Crissy declared:

"It's like totally awesome! You're sooo sexy, Liv!"

Liv squeezed her boobs together with her strong arms, mashing her biceps into them. Moira almost spat out her coffee. What a view! She wondered if people would actually understand why this woman wanted even bigger tits.

It was hard to see the point.

"It'll do. Just remember to say everything as I told you."

"Yeah, sure. I like totally got this!"

"Alright then. Let's get going."

"Woo, I'm like going to be a star and stuff."

Crissy replied:

"You're like totally my star already. My pink, swole boob star!"

"You too, Crissy, you're my super-cute, sexy girl star."

Moira rolled her eyes but immediately stopped when Crissy bumped her massive plastic tits into the side of her head.

"Isn't she the cutest?"

"Let's get going, please."

"Yeah, so, like, hello. I'm like Liv, and I like totally love my big fake boobs. They're like so big and like ..."

Her voice trailed off. Moira's shoulders fell. This was the fifth take. She couldn't believe it. How could girls who knew everything about make-up and hair care and training be so airheaded they didn't even manage to say their little speech?

She thought for a moment. Watching Liv stumble through her announcement was both exhilarating and tiring. By now, Moira was desperate for a break just to take care of her horniness. Crissy's honest nervousness at Liv's desperate attempts of publicity was heart-wrenchingly cute. Moira just wanted to kiss these poor girls' puffed lips and tell them everything would be alright and they'd get their big tits and massive muscles and everything would be alright.

They just had to do one usable take.

Well, desperate times ask for desperate measures. She took a marker and started noting the words on sheets of paper. Maybe this would help.

When they were finally done with recording, Moira sat down with the pair in her living room.

"Want some coffee?"

Crissy chirped:

"No, thank you. It's like really bad for your skin. I only drink uncabonded room-temperature mineral water."

Moira's face grew longer. Liv joined in with her friend:

"You're like so health-conscious! That's like totally awesome and stuff!"

Before Moira could get a cup for herself, some alarm went off on Liv's phone. She immediately fished it out of her cleavage, making their host bite her lip.

"Ooh ... Crissy, my girl, we like totally forgot about the time. We like have to do our afternoon workout."

"But the gym's like really far away now. We'll never make it in time!"

"Shoot. I should have been more careful. Now we're going to miss the best window for muscle building."

Moira decided not to ask. Instead, she heard herself say:

"You could train here. I can ask my neighbor for some weights. He's a jock, I'm sure he has a few."

Their eyes lit up.

"That's like the totally best idea! Wanna join us?"

"No ... I'm really out of shape. I'll just sit there and ... watch."

The women cheered. Apparently, that was a good idea.

For Moira, the next minutes were painful heaven. She watched as the pair went through their routine. They started with simple bodyweight

exercises, push-ups, planks, sit-ups. Watching their muscular bodies contract, stiffen and relax was incredible. She had to struggle to remain calm, at least outwardly. Of course, the unwitting bimbos did what they could to make the experience even more powerful. They drank water from their designed bottles, little streams of water running from their plump, artificial lips. Their bodies were soon glistening with sweat, pearls of water rolling down their tanned skin and their taut boobs.

When they did planks, Liv declared:

"When we like get our big boobies, we'll just lie on them and stuff."

"Yeah. Like then, we'll have to find something else. But we'll like totally have big muscles then, so it's like going to awesome and stuff."

They went on to sit-ups, lifting their tight sculpted torsos, their abs bunching up. As she held Crissy's feet, Liv said:

"Come on, girl, do it like hard! I want to see those totally tight abs grow!"

"I'm like doing what I can, this is like getting so hard!"

"Think of our big boobies. Think of our big muscles. Think of Andy's big cock!"

"I'm like thinking as big as I can!"

Once the "warm-up" part was done, the girls were drenched in sweat. Now, they took the weights Moira had carried in awkwardly. She was amazed by the women's strength. They picked them up quickly and started pumping out reps synchronously. Watching their tuned-up bodies work was hard for Moira. She longed to kiss them, to lick them, to get squeezed between their plastic tits and their big, tight muscles. She had to excuse herself. The women didn't care, continuing their grunting and moaning.

She shut the door of the bathroom and delivered herself from her drenched panties. She was soaking wet with lust now. Her hand went to her crotch and she started masturbating feverishly as the workout went on. Occasionally, she'd glance through the door-slit and fire herself up again. She craved them, but she didn't want to give them the satisfaction or scare them away.

What if they refused her? How awkward would that be? She'd just explode with shame.

Outside, the session was nearing its end. Crissy and Liv's arms were shaking with the strain. Their muscles were well-engorged with blood and power, they were glistening with sweat. The veins were popping out, every part of them was clearly visible under their bronzed skin.

As they finally stopped, they sighed at the same time and broke out into exhausted giggling. Liv said:

"We like totally did that at the same time and stuff!"

"Yeah, that was like totally weird. I'm like really tired, though."

"We like have to shower now."

Moira stumbled out of the bathroom as fast as she could. She cursed herself for not taking a camera with her and setting it up. That was creepy as hell, but she had to watch them!

She stepped outside and saw the two girls undress. She stopped in her tracks and so did the two bimbos, their wonderful physiques glowing. Crissy squeaked:

"Oopsy! I didn't know you were like still there."

There was a lot of awkward blushing.

Moira tried to get out of it by mumbling something about towels, but Crissy had carelessly exposed her breasts now. Moira stared at them. They were perfectly round and fake and seemed to be bolted onto Crissy's steel pecs. Whenever she moved her arms, her breasts rose or fell. Watching them was hypnotic and a little weird. The woman laughed:

"Woo! You like totally wanna see my boobs and stuff!"

Moira hesitated.

"Err ... I ..."

"Don't worry. Everybody wants to see them. Creepy people like also wanna touch them but I like don't let them. Unless they're cute."

Liv interrupted:

"Crissy, they like can't be creepy and cute at the same time and stuff."

Crissy giggled:

"Gee, you're right, Liv. She's like totally right." She stated the following with absolute seriousness. "They can't be both. If they're like one, they're like not the other. Totally." She nodded to herself.

There was a pause while she returned to her previous thought. Moira was unsure of what to make of it. On the other hand, she didn't want to break the spell.

"So like if you want to look, that's like okay. And you can also like touch them."

Liv added:

"Cos you're like not creepy."

Moira would have disagreed. She felt like an absolute creep.

Crissy insisted.

"Come on. Like touch them. I totally like it."

Moira extended her finger slowly, causing the two bimbos to stare at her advancing fingertip. When she touched Crissy's skin, it felt weird. She gave the boob a little push. The implant made it quiver. She repeated the motion, causing Crissy to giggle.

"Hey, stop it. You've got to like totally give them a good squeeze! Like that."

She grabbed her plastic tits and squished them between her fingers. The implant was made even tighter by the pressure, making it look even faker.

Liv did the same and declared:

"It's like so awesome when the boobs are like so really fake, like for real."

"You're silly, they're like fake! Not real."

"That's what I said."

Liv pulled up her shirt and let the fake plastic tits plop out. She embraced Crissy and they mashed their boobs together.

"Moia, you like totally have to squeeze our boobs. You have to like understand and stuff."

Moira wanted to correct them, but then, she just dropped it and grabbed the first pair of big plastic tits she could find. As soon as her fingers dug into the blown-up flesh, Crissy flexed her pecs, tightening them even more and mashing them together.

Moira was shocked. That was some move. Crissy and Liv laughed blissfully at the joke. For a second, Moira wondered what it would be like to have tits like these and be able to control her body like this. The situation was ridiculously sexy. Liv did a little trick with her pecs, making her boobs bounce first together, then alternately. Crissy was enthusiastic:

"Isn't that like the best? We like totally have to teach you how to do this and stuff if you can't do it already, Moia!"

"Err. Not yet, no."

"Ooh, we'll like teach you! You'll be our boob student!"

Liv said:

"Yeah! Totally. We'll be boob teachers."

"Boob perfessors."

"Yeah!"

They high-fived and embraced again, their muscular bodies mashing into each other.

Their host was drooling now.

The next day, the buzz hit. The video was an instant smash hit. Within hours, the pair had several dozens of supporters that pledged quite a bit of money, subscribers eager to see more and a lot of insulted people that protested the girls' appearance and their lifestyle. The controversy further increased the coverage they already received and soon, the pair did regular little shows on the net. Every few days, they'd appear online, posting videos and selfies, chatting with admirers and scorning the haters. Moira had them model cute outfits, train, stretch, talk about their lives, eat, kiss and share styling advice and the pair took to it with absolute dedication.

As their popularity rose, the outfits got even skimpier and fans sent them more stuff. For Crissy and Liv, this was heaven. They were getting even more attention than before and all the little gifts and friendly encouragements made them giggle with glee. Moira was very careful not to burst their bubble. She had taken the opportunity and started filtering all the messages the girls got. No point in making them angry or depressed. She wanted her sexy bimbos to be happy bimbos.

Soon enough, the money was there. The girls were amazed: Moira showed them the account information.

"That's like so much!"

Liv giggled happily:

"I like totally can get my big, round boobies now."

"Yeah girl!"

They high-fived:

"Boob Sisters Forever!"

Moira smiled. The girls were wearing tiny pink crop tops with their names in silver printed on their bulging tits. Their well-trained arms stretched the short sleeves and their relentless workouts had given them ripped biceps which they flexed whenever possible. Combined with their daisy dukes and the four-inch heels, they were so absurdly sexy that Moira was about to masturbate again. She had still managed to conceal her true feelings, but it was getting harder every day.

"So, girls, you have a lot of money. I think you should tell the viewers how you're feeling and what you're going to do with all that cash."

"Yeah, so we like totally are going to get our boobs done. Like together. And Moia is like going to go with us. She's our chopper one."

Liv chimed in:

"She's like totally going to watch over us when we get our big titties and stuff. And then, we're going to like train the hardest, cos we wanna have big muscles!"

"Totally!"

Doctor Lazar was splendidly happy as the two women popped up at his surgery again. The third one was rather bland and uninteresting, but he decided she was some kind of handler. They showed him the money and repeated their wishes. He agreed and had them prepped. Crissy and Liv shared a last, sloppy kiss with their thick, duckish lips before drifting off into the anesthesia. Moira stared at the procedure, while filming it all. There were enough perverts that wanted to see this and besides, the girls had explicitly asked for her to record this.

Once the ordeal was over, the doctor filled the new implants a little larger than before and nodded to Moira. Crissy and Liv slept blissfully, their bodies now even more artificial. As they were wheeled out of the operating room, they slowly awoke. Crissy asked:

"Hey, Moia, how did it like go?"

"It went well. You'll be alright."

"I'll be like so sexy. Call Andy and like totally tell him. I like want him to think of me and be like totally hard."

Liv just stared groggily at her bandaged tits.

"They're like not very big ..."

Crissy noticed it too now.

"Hey, where's the rest of my big boobies? I like totally wanted bigger ones."

"Yeah, they're like totally the same size! We've like been robbed and stuff!"

The confused women exploded into fountains of tears and wept bitterly until Moira said:

"It's okay. The implants will only be filled more later. Your skin has to heal first."

"Oh."

The look of disappointment was heart-wrenching.

Still, after a few days of rest, the two women were back to their old enthusiastic selves. They had now reached part two of their plan: Become more muscular. And they did what was necessary. At the gym, the two airheads pushed themselves relentlessly. If their boobs had to wait, their muscles would do some growing first.

Moira watched them train. She was fascinated. The pair tortured themselves mercilessly, pushing their bodies beyond their limits. The money Moira was making them fueled their muscle-lust. They could afford five, even seven meals a day, gorging themselves on steamed vegetables and cooked chicken. Moira started to order their supplements and protein in bulk packs and got them a masseur to help them grow.

Somehow, the two bimbos had become her pet project. Watching their muscles grow and harden, their skins tighten and their sweat run down their sculpted bodies was better than sex. And all the while, the two girls had no clue. They were always courteous and nice, happy that selfless, ugly Moira helped them.

"You like know that we can totally help you like style yourself better."

"Yeah!", Crissy added, "We can give you like a make-over! You'll be much sexier and it'll make you like feel sooo much better and stuff."

Moira declined:

"I wouldn't steal your limelight."

Blank stares. Then, Crissy declared:

"You like don't have to steal. We like totally give it to you and stuff. Just say when you need it."

The day of the first fill-up came. The girls were really excited. They couldn't stay calm. For Moira, it was like herding cats. She stared in growing panic as the two women tried to pack their bags, trying to choose the correct bras for "after". She couldn't understand how people could have so many clothes. Once she had picked up Liv at her home and helped her get ready, they had left for Crissy's place.

Moira was surprised. Crissy's parents were clearly very wealthy. The house was some kind of mansion, probably constructed for a film star in the forties or fifties. She stood in front of the massive gate next to Liv, who was wearing pink-trimmed yoga pants that showed off her reverse heart-shaped calves and her powerful thighs. Each strong, tear-drop-shaped muscle emerged clearly through the fabric. Her rock-hard butt, its x-shape evident as she stood on the tips of her toes, mesmerized her companion. Moira let her look sweep up the muscular body. The training at the gym had given Liv a powerful midsection, with ripped abs and obliques. Her strict diet made her navel plop out between the bricks of her abs. Her pink crop-top with "Princess" emblazoned over her round boobs in Barbie-font accentuated her look further. Lately, her back was spreading. Her arms now hung down in an unexpected way. With her big biceps and grown lats, there was no other way. She had a growing v-taper, complete with bulging shoulders and a sculpted back.

Liv said:

"I wonder if Crissy is like ready and stuff?"

"I hope so. I wouldn't want to miss our appointment."

"Yeah, that would be like so bad."

Happily, someone answered the intercom and the two guests stepped inside the beautiful garden.

They were greeted at the door by a butler who declared:

"Miss Christine is already expecting you. She is upstairs, but she isn't happy."

Liv stared at him:

"Who is that?"

"I am Edward, the butler."

"Okay, but who is Christine?"

Moira suddenly felt very tired. She said:

"That's Crissy."

"Really?" There were nods. "Oh. I'm like so sorry. I'm like a little like an airhead sometimes and stuff."

She blushed, making her freckles shine. Moira sighed. That girl was so cute.

The butler nodded and said:

"Don't worry. Just follow me."

As the guests reached the top of the spiral staircase, they were greeted by shouts and slammings of doors. Liv asked:

"What's like going on there and stuff?"

The butler replied, his voice lowered:

"Miss Christine has a disagreement with her parents."

"What do they want?"

Her answer came in the form of a man's deep voice:

"I'm not having this! My daughter is not going to turn herself into some kind of porn star!"

Crissy shouted back:

"I'm like totally not turning myself into a porn star! I just want to look sexy! For Andy!"

There was a second female voice. Moira assumed it was the mother:

"Andy? Who is Andy? Please, Christine, stop. This is all getting out of hand."

"It's totally not! I just want to be like who I want to be. Why can't you like just let me?"

The man again:

"Please, Christine, stop talking like an idiot!"

There was another slam.

"I'm like not talking like an idiot. I'm just relaxed, and happy, and sexy. And you're like not leaving me live my life like I want and stuff!"

"We're just trying to protect you. These muscles and the lips and now the even bigger breasts! Can't you just be normal?"

"Leave me alone! I hate you! I'm like an adult now and I can totally make my own decisions!"

With another crash, Crissy ran out of her room, past her parents and to Liv. She embraced her and declared:

"That's like Liv. She's my BFF and my BSF and I love her more than you. I love her like my best bestie and I'm moving in with her and stuff. So screw you. I like had enough."

She gave Liv a big kiss, licking her friend's lips and shoving her tongue into Liv's mouth.

The parents were shocked.

"Yeah, so there you like have it. I'm going away. And when I see you again, I'm like going to be super sexy. I'm going to have big muscles, and big boobies and I'm like going to be with Andy and I'm going to like totally fuck him and you're like going to regret what you just said cos I'm like not going to talk to you anymore and then you're like going to be totally sad and you're going to say that you're sorry and I'm like going to say that it's too late and then ..."

She sobbed and Liv laid her powerful arm on her shoulder and went "there, there".

The parents stared at the second big-titted bimbo powerhouse and were completely overwhelmed by the sheer insanity of the scene. Moira couldn't help recognizing the situation. When she had her coming-out, her parents had freaked. Now, it was better, at least for her father. Her mother, on the other hand ...

Oddly enough, looking at Crissy's mother, she saw where that girl got her looks from. Still, the woman looked much brighter than her airheaded offspring.

Minutes later, the gang was on its way. Crissy was still sobbing bitterly, Liv was trying to calm her and Moira was driving. Between howls and gnashes of teeth, Crissy cried:

"I like hate this! I'm like never going to look at them again! They like totally ruin everything I like!"

Liv continued going "there, there", before saying:

"Crissy, you like totally gotta cheer up. We're going to get our boobs filled! We're like going to be so much sexier!"

Crissy sniffed bitterly and snorted loudly into the handkerchief Liv handed her.

She looked like the avatar of sadness.

"You're like right. This is what I wanna have and I'm like getting it. So yeah. No point in crying."

"That's my Crissy!"

Liv embraced her.

"You gotta stay like focused. This is like what we wanna do. So let's get your face back on and stuff."

The girls whipped out their make-up and began rearranging their looks. Moira found it hard to focus as she watched them paint their plump lips in pink and shade their eyes.

They reached Doctor Lazar's surgery and whizzed past the assistant, yelling "Boobies!" at the top of their squeaky voices. Moira followed behind trying to feign surprise. Soon, the two women were lying on the surgery tables. Doctor Lazar said:

"I'm amazed. You healed well and you've grown even more muscular."

Crissy answered, her eyes gleaming with determination:

"Yeah. We're like totally going to be big and muscular. With huge titties. And we're like going to be the sexiest!"

Liv smiled. Her friend was back.

"Well then, let's get your breasts pumped up."

The doctor found the valves of their implants and started filling them up. The three women stared in amazement as Crissy's left boob swelled. Soon, they passed a liter of volume. The doctor asked:

"How does it feel?"

"It's like so sexy."

"Okay, but is it painful?"

"Nah. Not really. I like wanna get bigger boobs. Put in some more!"

"I will, but be sure to tell me if it hurts."

"Yeah, but it's like totally not a problem."

When Crissy's left tit was done, it was massive. Doctor Lazar declared:

"1,700 cubic centimeters. That's quite huge."

"Yeah. Like totally! Don't it look awesome?"

Liv nodded, looking at the humongous tit in rapture.

"I want mine bigger!"

The doctor said:

"First, let us get them both to the same size, shall we?"

"Yeah! Fill 'em up!"

Eventually, Crissy's boobs were ready. She got up and went over to the mirror.

"Yes! Those are like some grade-A boobies. They're like so big and round. Like totally sexy!"

She mashed them together, squeezing them to make a cleavage the like Moira had never seen before. Crissy added:

"I'm like totally going to train my pecs as hard as I can. I want them to like totally get an extra boost and stuff!"

While the doctor was pumping up Liv's tits, he said:

"You should be careful, though. Don't overdo it just yet!"

"Yeah, I'll like totally be careful and stuff. It's just that I like wanna be the complete package. I want like huge muscles too!"

Liv squealed with joy as her boobs swelled under her skin.

"That's like the best!"

Moira was finding it harder and harder to stay calm.

"Say, could you like give our lips another push? They're like totally not feeling as big anymore ..."

"I assure you, they're still pretty huge."

"Aw, come on. Pretty please!"

The two bimbos clapped their hands and did their best to look cute, an effect that was further increased by the clumsiness the sudden shift in their weight had brought.

The doctor sighed and had his assistant get the syringes. Liv added:

"Can we like also get that botox stuff again? I don't wanna be like frowny and stuff ..."

The doctor sighed. He looked at Moira.

"I assume you have the money to pay for it."

"I think so."

"Well, if you insist."

Minutes later, the two girls' lips looked even more overstuffed than before. Somehow, Moira wondered if they could still close their mouths properly. They were happy, though. It was a bit hard for them to show it. If they smiled, it produced a confusing bulging. The top of their faces wasn't moving either. Moira was grinning hysterically. She was in heaven. This was too much. The girls were completely plastic and so bizarrely stupid, she just wanted to get herself off.

Eventually, all the necessary work was done. The doctor had even managed to pump up Liv's breasts to 1,800 cubic centimeters, causing Crissy to give her a jealous stare. Still, she said:

Suddenly, Liv suggested:

"Hey, Moia, don't you like also want to get your lips done? It's like totally not a problem and it just stings like a little and stuff. You could like be sexy!"

Crissy immediately added:

"Yeah, like totally. You could like absotutely be much sexier! You like totally need to get your lips done!"

Moira made a step back.

"Girls, sorry. I don't ... I'd rather ... It's ..."

They gave her puppy-dog eyes, their strange faces showing some bizarre kind of disappointment and sadness.

"Please ... You'll like totally like it."

"Pretty please!"

It was hard for her to refuse. Eventually, she gave in.

"Okay, but just a little."

Soon enough, the trio was leaving. Moira was feeling weird. Her lips were numb from the anesthesia, they felt swollen and uncomfortable. Next to the sex-bombs that walked beside her, she felt completely out of place. The girls had switched their outfits to some over-sized bras and pink mesh tops that looked insane on them. The spherical breasts, complemented by their massive physiques meant that they drew everybody's attention. Moira said:

"It feels weird. Everybody's looking at us."

"Yeah, like totally!", Crissy chirped, "We're like the sexiest and stuff!"

She seemed to have forgotten the trouble with her parents. Her thick lips meant that the words came out a little strange, but she somehow managed to make it sound cute. Liv added:

"We like should totally take a couple of pictures with our new big boobs. Like rightaway!"

Moira went to the car and got her camera. She checked her face in the mirror. It looked strange to have puffy lips like that. Not bad at all, just strange. Of course, hers were no silicone sausages like Crissy's and Liv's. They were ... tasteful. She thought about it for a moment. Maybe she should start doing a little more for her appearance. Maybe be more lipstick and less grunge. She'd decide later. Now, she had to snap a couple of pictures for the site.

They arrived at a nearby park. Moira filmed the two bimbos as they paraded around in their skimpy outfits. She was careful to catch the spectators' reactions. A young man in a muscle shirt challenged them to a flex and was surprised to find Liv and Crissy to be not only at his level when it came to size, but to also realize they were much more shredded. The girls giggled and did synchronous poses to blow the guy away. As they stood side by side, showing off their ripped abs while explaining about their newly inflated tits, the guy got increasingly worried and his smile started to fade, replaced instead by the "I have an awkward boner"-face.

At the park, mothers covered their children's eyes, young women came to either bitch at the pair or to try to cop a feel. Usually, either one obliged, causing the courageous girls to blush and the others to sneer. Crissy and Liv enjoyed the admiration and ignored the haters. They were bubbly, happy and clearly proud of their sexiness. There was no trace of Crissy's earlier breakdown.

Moira snapped away.

They found an open-air gym installation, complete with bars, ladders and hunks. The men stared at the grade-A bimbos with their newly overinflated boobs and their duck-lips. Immediately, they approached them, taking care to look both casual and suave.

"Hi, my name's DeShawn." He looked deep into Crissy's eyes. "I like your style. It's very creative." He rolled his shoulders a little, showing off his powerful muscles.

Crissy smiled and replied:

"Like really? Yeah. That's like totally true and stuff! I like spend a lot of time on my style."

Moira rolled her eyes. Pickup artists? Really?

"I can see that. It's amazing how it underlines your natural attributes."

Crissy giggled:

"They're like not really natural." Moira made a 'you don't say'-face. These guys annoyed her. Why couldn't she just have her two bimbos exercise on those bars and watch their muscles. Crissy continued: "I just got my atterbeauties like made bigger."

The guy swallowed. His wingmen were just as surprised, but they managed to keep their cool.

Crissy added:

"Yeah. Like totally. My BSF here, Liv, she's like got hers done too. Ain't she like totally sexy?"

Liv struck a pose, squeezing her massive spherical tits between her ripped arms.

DeShawn was shifting his stance to hide his growing boner.

"So you girls like to exercise?"

Liv answered:

"Yeah. We have to like keep in shape and stuff. It's like totes important for us."

"Cool, then watch this."

DeShawn jumped up and did five perfectly executed pull-ups.

"Nice, huh?"

Crissy and Liv agreed.

"Wow, you're like totally fit."

Liv added:

"We're like totally also going to get fitter."

DeShawn was confused:

"Even fitter?"

"Yeah, like big muscles. Andy, who has like a big dick and those big muscles and is also Crissy's boyfriend, he like totally likes strong girls. So we're going to get strong for him."

Crissy said:

"We're like totally trained already, but we like have to get so much bigger. Look."

She flexed her arm. Her biceps popped out, stretching her skin. DeShawn stared at the round mass. She continued:

"It's like still totally puny. Andy's going to be like so disappointed."

"Seriously?" DeShawn was having a hard time believing this. What was going on? Was this some Punk'd show?

Moira noticed his confusion and said:

"Hey, big man, why don't you show the girls how to do those pull-ups?"

He hesitated. Liv started:

"But, Moia, we like totally do pull ..."

She was interrupted by Moira putting a finger on her puffed-up lips.

"Let him explain."

"Okay." DeShawn and his friends were still confused and horny, but also rather intimidated. The combination of the girls' bimbo look and mindset and their steel physiques was hard for him to understand. He shook his head to clear his mind and slowly explained how to do a pull-up. The girls stared at him with utter concentration. As he explained the different hand positions, their eyes slowly glazed over. Crissy's mouth was gaping a little, making her look a little like a very sexy fish. Moira could see the guys' cocks rise.

She couldn't help grinning.

Eventually, the words were said and DeShawn offered to give the girls each a boost up. They agreed after Moira made a sign to do so. They hung on the bars now, their new boobs standing proudly from their chests. It was a completely bizarre sight. People who walked by tried to sneak in a few looks, women elbowed their husbands and boyfriends and mothers covered their children's eyes.

DeShawn said:

"Okay, now do as I explained. If you need some help, just tell me. And don't worry, we'll catch you if you fall."

Crissy and Liv waited for a second, then started to pump out ten pull-ups in perfect form. DeShawn and his friends stared at the pair as their powerful, tight muscles contracted, lifting them and lowering them rhythmically. The longer it went, the more the men's jaws dropped. Watching the two women show off their strength was amazing. Moira couldn't help grinning. This was hilarious. The poor sods could do nothing but stare as the two powerhouses finished their set and dropped down simultaneously. Liv chirped:

"Did you like it? Did we like do everything right?"

DeShawn took a while to recover. What had just happened?

The pair was all smiles. Crissy said:

"Yeah, the bigger boobs are like totally awesome, cos they really like give you a bigger weight to lift and stuff."

Liv agreed:

"It's like much more diffi ... hard to do. That's awesome! We like totally get a harder workout!"

The girls high-fived, their enormous tits bouncing and abruptly colliding.

Crissy and Liv were confused for a moment, well, even more confused then usual. They examined their tits, found them to be alright and embraced, mashing them into each other and causing the men to groan.

When they eventually left, DeShawn and the other had to find a quick hiding place. It was simply too much.

Later that evening, the three women all ended up at Liv's apartment. The two bimbos had requested Moira's help to sort stuff out and get everything ready for them to live together now. Moira resisted the urge to install some cameras. She didn't want to be too creepy. Still, the

thought of the two hypersensual girls living together was hard to banish. For now, just setting up a bed for Crissy was important enough. She had the two musclegirls take care of the heavy lifting and it was weird to watch them handle all the furniture as if it were made of cardboard.

At last, everything was ready. The pair gave her big, sloppy kisses and thanked her for her help. After that, Moira rushed home and took a long and intense shower.

Crissy and Liv lay in their beds and couldn't help talking. It was like a big sleepover. They both wore their cute nighties and tried to adjust their positions to their newly bulging tits. It wasn't easy. Eventually, Crissy said:

"My boobies are like so big I can't sleep on my face anymore and stuff."

"Me too! We like totally need help!"

"Call Moira."

"But she'll like totally be sleeping now. We have to wait until like tomorrow and stuff."

"But it's like so uncomfortable!"

Just in this moment, Crissy's phone went off.

Andy.

"Hi, Andy. We were like totally asleep already."

"We were not!" Liv laughed.

"I'm sorry. It's really hard to get a call out from here. Reception can be extremely bad."

"That's like so bad. They like totally have to fix this!"

"Don't worry. It won't be long now. I only have three more weeks, then I can come home."

"Awesome!" Crissy turned to Liv: "Andy's like totally coming home in three weeks!"

"Woo! We totally have to be super strong then!"

"Yeah. Like, Andy, we totally got our boobs made bigger today and stuff."

"Seriously? Even bigger?"

"Like totally huge. We like got in trouble and stuff."

"Trouble? What happened? Did somebody insult you?"

"Insult us? No. Why?"

Liv added:

"Yeah. Who would like do that? That's like so mean!"

"No, Andy. We like totally can't sleep good. It's like our boobs are like two big balls and it's uncomfortable."

"Like totally!"

Andy made a weird gurgling noise.

"Andy, are you like okay?"

"Sure, babe. Just trying to process all that." He thought for a moment, then said: "Maybe try some pillows."

"Pillows? What for?"

He explained, prompting the girls to applaud and cheer for his ingenuity. He too then left to beat himself off.

Meanwhile, Moira was at her usual watering hole. The La Bris, a lesbian bar, was a nice place to hang out with the usual girls and watch the new patrons desperately try to overcome their shyness and maybe flirt a little. Right now, she was trying to drink her beer. Shoshanna, the most lipstick woman she had ever met, stared at her.

"What are you trying to do, girl?"

"I'm drinking my beer."

"I can see that, but you seem a little ... off."

Moira lowered the glass and looked at Shoshanna's dark, perfectly made-up eyes.

"I've been busy."

"Girl, you haven't been busy. It's your lips."

"My lips?"

Moira tried to hide the whole affair. Now that her bimbos had left, she was embarrassed by her decision. Next to Liv's and Crissy's duck sausages, they looked normal, but in a more sane environment, they were over-the-top.

"Whoa, Moira. Have you finally decided to get your looks in order? They look good on you. Give your face more passion!"

"Err ... Really?"

"Sure. Whose idea was that?"

"I'd rather not talk about it."

Shoshanna shot her a knowing look. She took out her phone.

"Still, since I spotted it, you've got to take a picture with me. For my collection of embarrassing moments in the life of Moira."

"That's a thing?"

"Girl, that's THE thing."

Back home, she looked at herself in the mirror. The lips did look good. She thought of the two stupid goddesses in their tiny outfits, with their ridiculous make-up and their big, swollen tits and their strong muscles. Weird.

She pouted at the mirror. Her lips turned even plumper. She said:

"Hi! I'm like Moia and stuff. I got like totally big and fake lips!"

She stared at herself. The words hadn't come out too wrong. She went and got a big shirt from her wardrobe, slipped it over her head and took a towel. She squeezed into a roll and stuffed it under the shirt, making herself some makeshift giant tits. They looked rather odd and unrealistic.

"I got like totally huge boobs and stuff!"

She did a few mock flexes, which didn't result in much.

"I'm like so buff. Watch my big muscles and stuff."

The roll dropped out from under her shirt. She stood there, rather embarrassed.

This was clearly not her life.

The next morning, she was called by Crissy. The bimbo was clearly very excited. She said:

"Moia, we like totally need your help!"

Moira groaned. She hadn't slept too well and was not in the mood for early morning drama. Also, she was horny, albeit in an abstract way and

really wanted to finally get into the girls' underwear.

"What is it?"

"Andy's like totally coming in three weeks."

"That's great, I guess." Damn. She had to be quick to make her move. She really hoped the girls were at least bi-curious.

"No, it's not. We're like totally not buff enough yet and stuff."

"What?"

"Yeah, he really likes strong girls and we're like still way too small."

"You were stronger than those muscleheads at the park. I think you're strong enough for Andy."

"No! We totally have to like blow him away. We need to be like the buffest!"

She heard Liv squawk in the background:

"Like the swolest!"

"You gotta help us. Please!"

At first, Moira didn't know what to do. Then, she called Chloe, La Bris' bouncer. Chloe was an archetypal butch dyke. Buzz cut, gym shoulders and a taste in clothes that would have made Sylvester Stallone look like a girl.

There was a grunt on the other side of the line.

"Chloe?"

"Who izzit? I was sleeping ..."

"Sorry. This is Moira. I need your help."

"I worked until five in the morning. I sure hope it's important."

Moira hesitated. She thought of the girls' outrageous bodies and felt her loins stir. Fuck this. She had to get them big, even if Chloe would tear her apart.

Crissy and Liv turned up early at the gym Chloe visited. Somehow, they had decided on a professional look, although Moira couldn't tell why. They wore pantsuits, complete with overstuffed blouses. The look was really smooth, but seriously out of place. Moira didn't envy the poor buttons that tried to contain their hypertits.

When they saw Moira, they went into a frenzy of waving and kiss-throwing that almost made their outfits explode. She tried to calm them down, when Chloe showed up. She saw the girls and Moira could see she had instantly fallen in love. Moira felt a sting of jealousy. These girls' were supposed to be hers.

Liv almost shouted:

"We're like so thankful that you like had time for us and stuff. We like totally need to get all big and you like totally have to help us and stuff. We'll like be in your debt and ..."

"Calm down. Let's get inside and you show me what you got."

Chloe did what she could to sound professional.

When the girls sauntered into the training area in their tiny outfits, this time matching pink leotards with cutouts, Chloe almost choked. Crissy smiled and said:

"Do you like like them? Aren't they like the cutest, like totally?"

Once she recovered, Chloe examined their bodies, found them acceptable and more and said:

"Okay. Quite impressive. So, what do you want?"

Crissy replied immediately:

"I like totally wanna be super buff and big and swole and stuff. Like with big muscles, so Andy will be like totally blown away!"

"Me too, like totally!" Liv had echoed her friend's wishes.

"We want like big arms with big bicepses and big shoulders and big thighs. Like big all over!"

"Yeah! Totally. But we also like wanna be femininine. Like girls. Cos that's what we like are. Girls!"

The pair embraced, their fake tits mashing together and squeezing them up to their chins. Liv's huge tit flopped out of her leotard. She giggled:

"Woo! Look, my big boob like totally got out of my outfit."

She began to fussily stuff it back in. The leotard being rather skimpy, this turned out to be quite the procedure. Crissy started to help, her own big boobs interfering with their movements.

There was a lot of giggling and squealing until they were finally ready again.

Chloe turned to Moira and gave her a longing sigh. Wasn't that the best?

When the girls finally had their stuff in order, Chloe said:

"So you want to get big."

"Yeah! Totally. We like have three weeks and we wanna be huge!"

"Three weeks?" She turned to Moira. "That's really soon. I don't think we can do much progress in that time."

Crissy chirped:

"But we'll like totally train so hard! Aren't we, Liv?"

"Yeah. We like totally are going to work our asses off for this. We're like the best at doing this and stuff. We like train hard and fuck hard. So we like are going to be super swole and stuff!"

Chloe nodded:

"The way I see it, you're really well-prepared. But if you want to get big fast, we're going to have to resort to supplements and ... other stuff. This might be dangerous."

"Like really, really dangerous?"

"If you don't follow my instructions ..."

"We like totally will, isn't that right, Liv?"

"Like totally. We're like the best at that."

"Yeah, remember when it like said 'shake before drinking' on that thing?"

"Yeah. We like totally shook before we like drank it. And stuff."

"The boys loved it. The shaking was like the best."

Moira and Chloe decided not to ask.

The next weeks were insane. Moira would never have believed anybody if they told her about this. The two bimbos stuck to their workouts with absolute religious devotion. Every morning, they would appear at the gym. Chloe would inject them with all kinds of weird chemicals through

the day and the pair would punish their bodies with grueling intensity. The torture was almost impossible to watch. They struggled with the massive weights they were moving now. Sometimes, they'd cry just to cope with the pain and frustration. They ate seven, even nine times a day. Watching their weirdly impassive faces as they pumped superhuman amounts of iron was unsettling. Moira caught herself wondering what it would be like to not be able to frown.

Still, Chloe was impressed. Her two students never missed a session. They stuck to the schedule and never complained. Even more, they asked for harder exercises:

"Chloe, you like totally have to give us like harder things to do and stuff!"

Liv was drenched in sweat after finishing her fifth set. Her muscular body was clearly tired, but her spirit was still up.

Next to her, Crissy was just squatting through her third set. Her legs were shaking, but she wouldn't yield. Her humongous tits mashed into her thighs and she stood back up, wincing. When she finally racked the weight, she sighed:

"That was like totally the best pump, Chloe. Thank you."

The bouncer's heart fluttered at these words.

Moira watched with fascination as the pair's muscles grew and grew. Chloe's hardcore regime of drugs and hard training, combined with ridiculous amounts of food and well-timed rest did wonders. After a week, the pair was moving into bodybuilder territory. They spent a lot of time admiring their growing muscles. It was as if the treatment had released a power already present in them. Moira accompanied them on a shopping trip after one of their insane workouts. The sudden growth had made it harder and harder for them to fit into their skimpy outfits. Their look was simply getting ridiculous now. Since Moira managed their finances and Crissy had not yet adjusted to her being cut off from her parents' support, this seemed to be more prudent.

In the shop, the pair was all squeals.

Moira was immediately annoyed as they grabbed pink shirt after pink shirt, holding them against their enormous chests and declaring them "like so cute" and "totally sexy and stuff". The salesperson stared at her customers, unable to understand what was going on. The sight was a little hard to process.

For Liv and Crissy, it was annoying to find that none of these clothes fit them anymore. They were too small to fit a single one of their boobs, let alone their entire monstrous torsi.

In the end, they had to leave, clearly disappointed.

"That's like totally bad. I like wanna have a new outfit!"

"Yeah! Where's like the cute stuff? That's so mean. Just cos we're like so like the swolest and stuff, we like aren't going to look like sexy?"

The girls were seriously upset. Moira didn't know what to say. Honestly, she had no idea. She didn't care about fashion, so she had no concept of how to clear this up. Unless ...

"Girls, I like have to call ..."

Her voice trailed off. What did she just say? Had she just gone Valley Girl? Never go Valley Girl! She shook her head as if to get this out of her mind. Moira took a deep breath, then said:

"Okay. I got this. I know a shop that can help us."

"You can? Moia, you're like awesome! You like always get rid of like all our problems and stuff!"

Crissy gave her a rather sloppy kiss on her cheek. Liv said:

"I like totally love you. You're like so nice all the time. We like totally have to do something for you!"

"Yeah. Like totally!"

Moira didn't know what to say now, so she just blushed.

A little later, she told Chloe of her experience.

"So we went to Laverne's."

"Seriously? The drag queen shop?"

"Yeah. What else could I do? Where do you get outfits for big-titted bimbos with shoulders like linebackers and a fashion taste like Barbie on sugar?"

"I guess you're right."

"I was. The girls loved it. They tried everything. The boys were quite happy. I mean, how often do you get to see women who actually share your taste in fashion?"

"You've got a point there. Let me guess, you took a lot of pictures."

"Sure."

Moira showed her her phone. Chloe whistled.

"Wow. That's the most Jessica Rabbit outfit I have ever seen. And they're both rocking it."

"Of course, we had to buy it. We bought everything. I have never spent so much money in so little time."

"Wait, are those bunny outfits?"

"What else?"

"And you got them to flex?"

"They practically insisted."

"That's like so hot."

Moira grimaced:

"It's contageous. I knew it."

Andy's return was fast approaching. Liv and Crissy were still training as hard as they could. They had really packed a lot of muscle on their frames over the last days and weeks and Moira was finding it harder and harder to concentrate when the two were around. One of the problems was that the drugs Chloe was injecting them were making them ever more aggressive and horny. Watching the two hulks work out was hard, hearing them fight over nothing was annoying and listening to them squeal with horniness was exasperating. Moira was having a hard time not declaring her lust for them.

She desperately longed to touch them, to kiss them, to fondle their huge boobs, to squeeze their muscles, to be cradled by them. Crissy and Liv were completely oblivious to her. It was not that they didn't like her. Not at all. They adored her and insisted that she was their nicest friend. Moira hated that.

She wanted to be desired by them.

As Andy's return loomed closer, she had to make her move.

Chloe sat down next to her:

"What's up, girl?"

"I don't know. I want to fuck them. Seriously. I don't want to lose out to their dumb guy."

"You've got to tell them , then. I don't think they'd be able to get it on their own."

"I guess so."

"You know what, we're going to take them to karaoke night. They get to wear their crazy outfits, you sing a few song with them and then ..."

"That's stupid."

"If it's stupid and it works, then it ain't stupid."

That evening, the people at the karaoke bar fell unexpectedly silent. Liv and Crissy arrived with squeals of happiness, followed by a nervous-looking Moira. The whole process of getting them here had proven to be more complicated than she thought. The girls had insisted on spending three hours styling themselves, and they were amazing. They showcased their outrageous bodies in matching tight dresses and had opted for four-inch heels that boosted them up to crazy heights. Just when they were finally done, they had looked at Moira and said:

"We like totally thought about it and we like agreed that we want to give you a make-over."

"But I'm fine as I am."

"Sure, you're like totally okay, but tonight, we want you to feel glam! So you're like going to get a look that's like way better than now and stuff."

She tried to resist, but the girls practically begged her. In the end she gave in. She just couldn't resist the combined power of their boobs and muscles.

They went to work on her. Two more hours fled as she was washed, massaged, made-up, styled, dressed and sexed-up. When the girls finally revealed her look, Moira found it hard to believe it was her. They had been surprisingly sensible about this. Liv and Crissy hadn't just repainted her. They had actually discovered her strengths and played up to them.

She stood there in her sophisticated little black dress that showcased her comparatively long legs and did its best to hide her rather small breasts. Her lips were carmine and plump. For the first time, the injections really worked. Moira couldn't help pouting and throwing a kiss at the mirror. She looked hot!

The hairstyle was equally flattering. She never expected to look this good. They had used her natural tendency to go curly and had constructed a rather complex hairdo that looked both smart and sexy. The blue was gone, but she didn't miss it. As the two musclewomen helped her stand on her heels, she grinned.

By the time they were at the location, her confidence had waned.

Happily, no one seemed to care about her. The appearance of Liv and Crissy flooded everybody's consciousness and made them completely oblivious to Moira. On one hand, it allowed her to relax a little, on the other hand, she felt a slight pang of envy. The statuesque muscle-bimbos walked onto the bar floor as if they owned the place. The frat guy trying to sing a drinking song choked. All eyes were on them. As they went to their table, there was a flurry of sharp remarks and elbow bumps by envious and angry girlfriends and wives.

The trio sat down. Crissy leaned back and took a deep breath, making her outrageously huge chest wobble. She almost had a wardrobe

malfunction. Liv gave her dress a quick pull to hide her friend's nipple. No sense in getting thrown out before even having a chance to sing.

While an angry looking wife tried to sing about her heart going on, the aforementioned jocks turned up at their table. The boss jock said:

"One of you girls wanna do a song together?"

Liv nodded:

"Like, sure. What are we gonna do?"

"It's a surprise."

Moments later, they were fumbling their way through being the ones they want. Liv was butchering the lyrics, the guy was murdering the tune and together, it was glorious.

It went on that way all evening. The jocks took turns at asking the girls to sing with them, continually ignoring Moira. She didn't mind, she was gay after all, but a little attention would have been nice. Maybe just asking ...

Somehow, Moira wasn't having fun. She stared as Liv and Crissy sang about plastic fantastic. They were wonderful. She just had to finally tell them what she wanted. What she desperately craved.

Eventually, the trio left the bar, not without flirting with the jocks and exchanging phone numbers. Crissy blew the away by giving them a goodbye flex of her powerful arms. The jocks gasped and almost invited her for tryouts.

By then, the trio was quite drunk, but not completely intoxicated. They crawled to the next bar and crashed there, getting themselves more drinks. Immediately, they were surrounded by more men that tried to hit on them. For Moira, this was getting exasperating. Every attempt at telling them had been destroyed either by her own shyness or by some other big man butting in.

At last, they were stinking drunk. Moira managed to hail a cab and have the two bimbos climb in. The driver's eyes went wide. Crissy laughed idiotically and said:

"You like never have seen boobs like these and stuff."

Liv guffawed and latched to Crissy's huge chest and pulled her dress down. Her gigantic breasts flopped out. Each tit was about as large as her head. Liv gave Crissy's nipples a pull and said:

"But look at her tiny, tiny nipples. Aren't they like the tiniest?"

The taxi driver choked.

Moira tried to concentrate. She also tried to remember her address. That wasn't easy. Liv giggled and rambled on about Crissy's tits and her muscles. The driver was now desperate to watch, continually adjusting his mirror to catch a glimpse of the girls' powerful, sexy bodies.

Crissy declared:

"You like don't have to believe anything of what she like says. And stuff. She's like a total bimbo. I mean, she like even lost her panties somewhere. I dunno."

Liv produced an idiotic squeak and said:

"I like never had any panties on."

Somehow, they managed to get home. Crissy and Liv took Moira in their midst and carried her up to their apartment. There was a lot of

stumbling involved, but eventually, they ended up on the couch.

Crissy declared:

"We like totally have to get her a glass of water. It's important to like stay hyderted and stuff."

Liv agreed:

"Yeah, like for the skin. I'll like get it."

She got back up and almost fell on her face, instead catching herself by grabbing Moira's shoulder. The shorter woman slumped off the sofa and landed on top of her. Moira felt Liv's huge bouncy boobs under her chest. The situation was odd, yet comfortable. She slurred her words, but managed to say:

"That's like sooo nice."

She hugged her friend and got all touchy. Liv was still trying to get up, but Moira just clung to her.

"Jeez, Moia, you like gotta get off me if you like want a glass of water."

"But I don't want a glass of water. I want you!"

She immediately blushed. She had said it out loud. This was so embarrassing. Liv gently caressed her head and said:

"I like like you too, Moia. You're like our best friend ever."

Moira got her glass of water. Liv managed to get her off her boobs with a firm, yet convincing push of her powerful arms. After finishing it, she dozed off. The two girls looked at their friend, sleeping all cozy on her couch. They smiled as far as their lips allowed. Then, Crissy said quietly:

"I like think that she might be a lesbian."

Liv was all surprised:

"Like seriously?"

"Yeah. I mean, like listen to her and stuff."

Moira rolled over on the sofa and went "booooobs" before producing a raspberry sound.

The two bimbos sat down on both sides of her and started thinking. One could really feel the struggle of understanding going on behind their botoxed foreheads. Eventually, Crissy said:

"Maybe she's like in love with us."

"That's like totally a thing. She's like always around and she's like always nice and she has time for us and stuff. That's what I'm like when I'm in love."

"Girl, you're like that to me too."

"Yeah, like maybe I'm in love with you too?"

There was more pondering. They sat there, their muscular arms crossed on top of their spherical tits.

Moira woke up. She just had to piss. She struggled to her feet, still quite drunk. She heard some moans and groans next to her. Where was she? A look around confirmed she was at the casa de bimbo. So much was clear. Her eyes locked on the bed. On it there were two bodies. And what bodies they were! She abruptly realized that these were Liv and Crissy, kissing and licking each other's gargantuan lips as they tried to squeeze their outrageous boobs into each other. Their bulging, powerful muscles moved smoothly and with extreme grace. She saw Liv's rock-hard, x-shaped butt-cheeks grind against Crissy's waiting crotch.

Somehow, her urge to pee had disappeared. Instead, she was horny as hell. She stared at the two girls and was hit by a pang of jealousy. A pang? No. It felt as if she had been stabbed in the heart. How could they do this to her?

She'd been trying to get them to notice her, to want to fuck her and now this? This was all they could come up with? First this Andy asshole, and now this? Her face turned ashen.

She stumbled to the door and left.

As she struggled to descend the stairs, she vowed revenge. Absolute, brutal, merciless revenge. Total and incredible vengeance! She'd break their little bimbo hearts. They wanted bimbo? They'd get bimbo! If they couldn't resist each other, they wouldn't resist her!

Moira emerged from the building completely confused, laughed maniacally and threw up into the next garbage can.

When Crissy and Liv awoke the next day, they were sore. Sore from the training, sore from the partying, sore from not lying correctly. Just slumping over the side of a couch wasn't the best idea if you had tits the size of your head. Crissy got up, had a tall glass of water and brought another one for Liv who was still trying to get up. As she passed her full-length mirror, she was amazed. She looked way beyond sexy. Her shoulders were massive now, larger than cantaloupes. Combined with her thick neck and awesome pecs, she now had a kind of broad collar of muscle surrounding her head. Her enormous tits hung from that necklace of steel. She loved it. The taper to her waist was even more impressive. Grinning, she flexed her back muscles and brought them out, creating a pair of wings that would have brought tears to the eyes of most bodybuilding judges. Being this huge was so sexy! She was certain Andy would love it. And she had Moira to thank for it!

Where was she? She looked around, calling out for her in her chirpy girl voice, which was completely at odds with her enormous body. No response. She stopped.

Hm.

What happened? She tried to think of something. No idea. She sighed and went over to Liv.

"Here's like some water, girl."

"Wow. Thanks! That's like totally nice of you and stuff."

Watching her drink with her thick duck lips made Crissy a little hot. Maybe they should get some more injections before Andy came?

Once Liv had finished, Crissy asked her about Moira. The other girl shrugged, making her outrageously muscled body go into a tectonic plate shift.

"I like dunno. Maybe like call her and stuff?"

Crissy went "Ooh." and started looking for her phone. Eventually, she discovered it stuck under her right boob.

"How did that like get there?"

She extracted it carefully. She was surprised:

"Look, Liv, my phone! It's like bent. My boobs and my muscles like must have done that and stuff."

Indeed, the phone was a little out of shape now. She tried to bend it back, but instead of fixing it, the incredible strength of the airhead broke it.

"Gah! My phone! It's like broken! Shit. I like totally broke it!"

Liv looked at the damage and could only confirm the catastrophe.

"Wow, Crissy, you like so have to watch your strength and stuff."

"Yeah. I like know. But how are we going to like call Moia now?"

"I dunno. I don't like have her number and stuff."

They were about to cry, when Liv suddenly said:

"We can't like cry now. We gotta be strong. Also, crying is like bad for the skin. And the eyes and stuff."

Crissy sniffled. Her friend hugged her as good as she could, causing their tits to collide once again.

"We like gotta be strong and do this. For Moia!"

"For Moia! We're like going to be so sexy. For her."

Andy was on his way home. He was very excited about this. Whenever he thought of the girls' outrageous, sexy bodies, he got a hard-on. It was a little annoying, after all he thought a lot of them and walking through the airport with a raging stiff cock was just a little awkward. Still, he was crazy about them. The messages had been as unclear as usual. Crissy had suggested that she got her tits made even bigger. Incredible. She had also said something about being even more muscular. The thought made him grin. They probably were physique girls now. He liked the look. Muscles on a woman turned him on tremendously. Feminine, but strong. Abs were a must, big, hard butts were awesome too. On the plane, he had to go to the toilet and jerk off. He couldn't cope with it anymore. He imagined Crissy's fat plastic lips on his cock and almost came again.

She was really making this hard for him. And her friend wasn't helping either. Liv was just another bimbo, but if she was still the same as Crissy, he'd get to fuck them both and they'd probably get matching huge fake tits.

He had to almost run to the restroom.

He reached the arrival area and looked around. They had to be here somewhere. Could he really have missed ...

His thoughts froze. Actually, the whole place seemed to be in shock. The other people waiting here were just as confused. It was as if everybody's minds had just spontaneously crashed. He stared. He stared some more. It was just too much.

Crissy's chirpy voice going "Yoohoo! Andy! Hey! Here we are!" called him back to reality. And what a reality.

He saw two goddesses. Outrageous, incredible goddesses. It was really hard to take in.

Somehow, they had overdone it. They had overdone it all. He had trouble wrapping his mind about their bodies. Crissy's muscles were large enough to place in a male bodybuilding competition. Her shoulders were closing in on her enormous, round and fake tits for size. She was ripped as hell, and Andy could see every muscle fiber and every vein snake over her outrageous physique. Her back formed an insane taper that went down to a tiny waist that was a coil of rock-hard abs and obliques. Her arms were so loaded with muscle they almost seemed to droop. He wondered how anybody could move like that. Her legs were equally confusing. Her thighs were bulging masses of muscles that showcased her anatomy like a medical textbook amped to eleven. Her calves were so big they touched even though she had to stand with legs

slightly spread just to accommodate the mass of her muscles. Standing on six-inch-heels, she towered over everybody.

Her ripped looks would normally have made her face gaunt and tired, but this wasn't the case. Through the magic of fillers and make-up, her face looked every bit as sluttishly sexy as he had remembered it. Her lips were now so large she could no longer close them and they were very pink.

For reasons he couldn't fathom, Crissy was wearing a skintight pink latex dress that contrasted nicely with her deep tan. The fabric did its best to contain her ample plastic tits, but all that jumping and waving was going to cause a catastrophe sooner or later.

She giggled as her enormous tits popped out of the dress. Next to her, Liv fumbled over trying to help her friend cover up. What followed was a complex ballet of muscles and clicking heels as the girls tried to fix the wardrobe malfunction. Liv was also wearing a very tight black and white dress that immediately blew its own zipper in the back as she tried to maneuver her enormous body to her friend.

Liv was nowhere as tanned as Crissy and somehow seemed more natural, if only because she wasn't as extremely ripped. However, her muscles were even larger and fuller. The girls struggled with their outfits, every attempt to repair them causing more damage. Andy knew that they'd end up naked and arrested if he didn't get them out soon. He ran to them as fast as he could, hoping their mesmerizing performance would continue shutting everybody's ability to act.

When they saw him, they dropped whatever they were trying to do and grabbed him. He was instantly swept off his feet and carried up amidst their enormous muscles and titanic boobs. He was cuddled, squeezed and kissed as they happily greeted him. His mind was hurting, but his cock was hard as steel.

He soon found himself at their apartment. The girls were rather excited and spent a lot of time trying to tell him about what had happened recently, but found themselves hopelessly distracted by a bunch of pointless details. Not only was Andy rather simple himself, but he couldn't help completely losing his concentration. It was just too hard.

Eventually, Liv and Crissy had managed to explain everything. He had no idea what they said. It was just an endless barrage of "likes", "totallys" and "and stuffs". He didn't care. He was now practically salivating. He said:

"Okay, girls, we should get comfortable now. It's been a long trip and I really want to relax."

Crissy immediately agreed:

"You're like totally right. I'm like so sorry I didn't think of it. How about you get a nice massage?"

Liv squealed:

"Massage!"

Before he could say anything, he found himself lying on their bed and the two bimbos squeezing the soles of his feet with her manicured fingers. He was well-aware that they were managing their strength as good as they could. Watching their enormously broad shoulders almost collide and their gargantuan tits block their view of everything lower than their nipples was incredible.

Eventually, he felt seriously relaxed, while his dick was completely engorged. He couldn't help noticing that the two bimbos were shooting

him little looks, apparently waiting for him to be ready. He grinned and said:

"Well, that was awesome. You're really talented for this. So ..." He stretched a little, showing off his naked, muscular chest. He had to admit that they were now beyond his level, but he might as well tease them a little. "How about a little fun?"

Andy barely managed to finish his sentence when the two hyper-titted musclegirls threw themselves at him. He was instantly pinned down under their massive bodies. The situation was outrageous. He could barely move as they pushed their enormous tits against his chest. He felt them fight for a good grip of his cock.

Crissy was now almost drooling. Her lips were always parted, but now they looked like an over-sized O-ring.

She said:

"I wanna blow you!"

Liv protested:

"No, me first! You can like always have fun with him! But I like really gotta blow his big cock!"

For a moment, their harmony was broken. Andy almost panicked. He didn't want to end up in a fight between these two bimbo hulkettes. In his best soothing voice, he said:

"How about you take turns? I got enough dick for the both of you!"

There was a certain agreement.

Crissy suggested playing rock, paper and scissors, which was seriously odd, but only managed to turn him on even more. It took the two muscle-goddesses several tries to get it right, but eventually, Crissy got "first blow" and sank her bulging plastic lips on his cock. She immediately deep-throated him at full power and Andy had to fight hard not to come instantly. She made little grunting noises and sucked him off like a pro.

Suddenly, Liv interrupted:

"Hey, what are you like doing? Leave some for me and stuff!"

She tried to push her friend away. Watching the two muscle girls clumsily push each other for the right to suck him off was even better. Crissy released him for a moment and said:

"I like totally won that game, so I get to go first. We like agreed and stuff!"

"Yeah, but no! Andy, like, do something!"

"Okay." He sighed mockingly. "Liv, you get to suck my balls and Crissy, you go on doing what you were doing."

With a giggle, they went to work. The effect was amazing.

They switched positions after a while. Andy decided to fuck Liv next and had her lie on her muscle-packed back. He lay on top of her and had her lick Crissy's cunt. Watching her gargantuan tits wobble back and forth while he hammered her muscular body was incredible, but the most bizarre thing was that Crissy's butt completely covered her friend's face. He could hear Liv slurp away at Crissy's snatch from under the two muscle butt-cheeks.

Crissy was enjoying herself. He could see the tight, ripped landscape of her back roll and quake. The whole situation was outrageous.

The last act was a crowning achievement of Andy's fucking career. Both monstrously powerful women sat on top of him, Crissy impaled on his cock, Liv getting her wet cunt licked. He could hear muffled sounds of frenching and the occasional "boingish" sound when their taut boobs collided.

He was enjoying himself tremendously, when the fragile balance finally tipped. The girls, ever more horny, suddenly intensified their fucking. Being already pressed down by the weight of their overmuscled bodies, he suddenly found himself in a twin vise of steel-coil legs.

Suffice to say, they had to get him to the emergency room immediately afterwards. The nurses and doctors stared as the two barely dressed hyper-bimbos brought in their mangled and crushed boyfriend. They were on the verge of tears and continually begged the doctors to make him "good" again.

By the time he was whisked away into surgery, the girls decided to call Moira and ask for help. However, they still had no idea of her number or how to find her.

Eighties montage music was blasting at Moira. She was at Chloe's private gym, i.e. her living room, and was pumping iron. Hard. Chloe had been reluctant at first, but had ultimately succumbed to her insistence. The whole idea was insane.

Still, she had to admire Moira's discipline. She trained hard, she stuck to her diet, she eagerly took her supplements and had her friend shoot her up with whatever stuff she needed to grow. The motivation, however, was probably insane. Chloe didn't want to be an enabler, but she could understand the desire.

When Moira had turned up at her place, she was in a bad shape. Only slowly had she managed to make her talk: Apparently, her friend had been rejected once again and she had hatched the most idiotic and fantastic plan imaginable. She'd out-muscle, out-tit and out-bimbo those girls and then, they'd love her. Or they'd at least allow her to satisfy her lust.

After a few weeks of training, Moira stood in front of the full-length mirror. She was amazed. She'd always had a skinny-fat body, narrow shoulders, biggish butt, but no booty, small tits. She'd been out of shape and honestly hadn't liked her body too much. That was okay, she had her personality and the fact that most other lesbian girls didn't have much choice anyway.

Now, however, she was looking ... fine. All over her body, she had built some pretty big muscles. Of course, she was nowhere close to Liv and Crissy's enormous physiques, but since she had nothing before, this was an infinite improvement.

Her looks had generally been updated: She had had more injections to her lips, giving her a big, sexy pout and had some extensions added to her hair. Instead of her mid-length scruffiness, she now had long flowing black locks. She had dyed them jet-black and they looked awesome. Combined with her make-up skills she had acquired over hours of tutorial watching and experimenting, she could look really sexy.

Right now, she was trying her best featherbrained expression. She had made up her eyes to look bigger and more naive and she could make her lips gape really dumb. Flexing her arms, she said:

"Ain't I like much bigger now?"

Chloe groaned.

"I still can't believe you're doing this to yourself. I mean, you used to be the smart, witty girl in our clique. And now, you're selling yourself so

short, it hurts to watch."

Moira walked over to her friend. She put her strong arms on Chloe's bigger shoulders and said:

"But I like really wanna be this. Totally."

She gave her her most innocent and girly look.

Chloe shook her head:

"Seriously, Moira. You're trying to impress the wrong people. They're so dumb, it's really hard to even imagine what might be going on in their heads."

Moira pouted. Chloe couldn't tell whether she was kidding or not. Her friend said:

"You're like really mean to Liv and Crissy. They're totally into this and they're having so much fun. I just wanna have fun. Isn't that what girls are supposed to?"

Chloe suddenly laughed:

"Ha! You're still way too clever for this dumbshit show. Girl, you almost had me fooled."

Her laughter sounded a little hollow.

"What do you mean, we're like not allowed to see him? He's like my boyfriend and stuff!"

Crissy was really angry now. The clerk at the rehabilitation center insisted:

"I am very sorry about this, but the insurance company insists. You caused these injuries and the company is only willing to cover the damages if you stay away from him at least until he has fully recovered. At which point they'll probably terminate his contract."

"What? They're like going to terminetate him? Like in that movie and stuff?"

Liv joined in:

"That's like illegal! You can't just kill someone for like having sex! That's like a human right and stuff!"

The clerk blinked. Why didn't other people get days like these? The moment these two she-hulk tit-bimbos had stormed in and started complaining, she had just hoped it would end quickly. But explaining even basic things to them proved to be impossible. It was as if they did it on purpose. The worst part was that they were dead serious about this. For some reason, they were wearing Daisy Dukes and flannel shirts that barely covered their gargantuan tits, which only added to the confusion. Especially since it was rather chilly outside.

As the clerk decided to call security, she wondered how they even managed to put on their pants. How could they fit legs as big as these into such small pants?

The whole concept eluded her.

Eventually, they left. Crissy wailed:

"Why can't we like be with him? I'd like totally do all the stuff for him, like wash him and feed him and like clean him."

Liv looked disgusted:

"Like, really? Wouldn't that be like totally gross?"

"Yeah, I like know. But I still would like totally take care of him cos he's like, you know, Andy."

"That's like so true."

"That's what I'm like saying and stuff."

"So what are you like gonna do now?"

"What he like totally would want us to do: I'm like gonna train really hard and get really big for him. Totally."

Liv looked at her friend. Even now, she was beyond huge. Even bigger? That was completely weird and really hard to imagine. And still, she was probably right.

The brunette imagined herself with such a colossal body, wrapped in heavy, powerful muscles. Strangely, the thought turned her on.

She agreed.

Moira could feel the anesthetic wear off. It felt strange. She had a bad taste in her mouth and her whole body felt numb. She blinked. Had she really done this to herself? What the hell was she thinking? She drifted back into a weird dream. When she awoke again, Doctor Lazar was standing next to her bed and said:

"I have good news: Everything went well."

"Really?" She sighed with relief. "That's like ... wonderful."

"You should rest for now, but we'll be able to start the fill-ups over the next few days."

"Good ... I wanna be big."

"And you will."

She fell asleep again.

"What do you mean, we like don't have any money anymore?"

Crissy was annoyed. Her rubber boat-lips were quivering.

"Didn't we like have a lot of money on this like account thingy?"

The bank clerk shook his head. He was having a hard time concentrating, but he had to remain firm. The two women in their weird pantsuits and bizarre bodies with their over-inflated lips were really hard to treat normally. The blond one continued:

"But we like need the money? It's like for eating and for the supperments and we like totally gotta get our boobs done and how are we like going to pay for all this and stuff?"

The other one pitched in:

"Yeah. Like how?"

The clerk was adamant:

"I'm sorry, but you've run out. You'll have to get a job ..."

"But it was like Moia who was like in charge and stuff. She like had all the things on the internet ..."

"Maybe you could talk to her?"

The situation was making him uncomfortable. He was having the weirdest boner now and the two girls were about to cry. In the end, he decided to extend their loans a little to give them time to sort this out.

Back at the casa de bimbo, the two muscular behemoths were crying. They were completely lost and very, very depressed. They decided to

drown their sorrows in sticky sweet alcopops. Eventually, Liv said:

"We like got a lot of money from that stuff Moia was doing. If we like totally make that work again, we could get some cash and that would be good."

"Yeah, but that stuff's like really hard. It's with the internet! That's like totally for nerds and stuff. We can't get how that works! We're like princesses and that's like not our thing."

The brunette shook her head:

"I don't think so. We like totally have to try. It can't be too hard."

When the bank clerk got home, he immediately booted up his computer and started looking for those bimbos' page. It took him a while, but he found not one, but two sets of pages on the social networks. That was odd. One set was really well done, stylish and fun, but somehow had ceased updating a little while ago. The other one was bizarre: It was badly constructed, the material was all over the place and the quality of the pictures and the movies was horrible, but the girls were seriously authentic.

He couldn't help grinning when they tried to explain who they were. It was ridiculous, but also funny as hell. Plus, they were sexy in a confused and frankly dumb way.

Moira stared at her reflection. It was strange to look at. She licked her lips. She could almost feel the fillers under her skin. She tried to frown, but her face stayed as impassive as before. The sensation was weird. She smiled. Her lips, which were now pretty thick, changed their shape oddly. They revealed her pearly white teeth. Funny. She never would have imagined herself looking that way. Her body was now quite strong, even muscular and ripped. When she touched them with her fake nailed fingers, she could feel the hard muscle under the skin. All in all, her body had grown tighter. After a few fill-ups, she now had two 600 cubic centimeter bags of saline hanging from her developing pecs. It was different to have such big, round breasts.

"I'm like really coming together, ain't I?"

She gave her plastic tits a good squeeze. Feeling the implants under her skin was odd. She went through a few poses Chloe had taught her, showing off her muscles. She tried to make her impassive face grin. No chance. Still, she had to do more!

She walked over to her wardrobe. The poor thing was now overflowing with clothes. Long forgotten were the days when all she owned were identical black t-shirts and jeans. She grabbed her new bra, a large piece of satin and lace that cupped her enlarged boobs comfortably and put it on. It actually looked pretty classy on her. Black and cream went nicely with her long black hair and her tanned skin. She also added a thong in the same style and put on her stay-ups. All these little things were now coming quite naturally to her. Practice did make perfect. Next came her very short red dress. It wasn't easy to put it on with her broad shoulders, but after a bit of fumbling, she was in. As long as she didn't breathe out too quickly, it would work.

The doorbell rang as she was finishing her make-up. Covering her massive lips deep red took a while. She slipped on her stilettos and walked to the door, opening it with a flourish. Chloe was outside, wearing a double-breasted pantsuit that seemed really weird on a woman. On her, it looked good.

Moira did her best to keep her voice high:

"Like hi! How's my favorite girl-groom today?"

"Oh, come on. We're going to Mika and Allan's wedding. You've known them for years. Please, don't bimbo it."

Moira hugged her. She could feel her plastic tits press against Chloe's tough, muscular chest.

"I like totally'll try to not do it. But I like can't give you any guarantees, okay?"

She gave her a vacant look. Chloe asked:

"Jeez, did you get your forehead done?"

"Yeah! I like totally had some botox. And look at my teeth!"

She opened her mouth.

"Moira, girl, stop. You're overdoing this!"

"Hey! Anything worth doing is worth overdoing. Don't lecture me on extremes, Little Miss 'I added another inch to my biceps lately'."

"Whatever. Let's get going."

"And that's like how you train your pecs, girls!"

Liv pointed at Crissy's mountainous tits. Only a small part of her actual pecs were visible, but those were huge enough. Crissy flexed them dutifully, causing a kind of tectonic shift that could probably make people have an epileptic fit.

"Yeah, like totally! So, we're like so happy you like watched this show and we'll be back tomorrow when we like talk about how to walk in big heels."

"Yeah, cos that's like totally difficult. You gotta be really careful!"

"So, see you tomorrow, kisses!"

The pair embraced and kissed, then turned to the camera and threw little kisses at the audience.

Then, Crissy ran to the camera, jiggling her monstrous breasts and making her muscles shake and shiver. She switched it off and said:

"That was like so cute! The girls are like going to be so inspired!"

"Yeah! It's like really good. I'll upload it right away."

After she was done, Liv dropped on the couch and said:

"I'm like sure Moia would like totally love what we're doing. We're like really getting this to run."

Crissy took out her new phone and checked their account:

"Yeah. We're like making a lot of money now. All those girls must really be into fitness and stuff."

"It's like so cute they all keep us like sending all those super-cute outfits!"

The sound of an incoming message interrupted her. She checked it and said:

"Whoa, girl. We're like invited in a couple of weeks and stuff."

"To what?"

"To like Rhonda! Rhonda like wants us to be on her show!"

Liv squealed. Rhonda! THE Rhonda!

She said:

"That's like the most awesome thing! We like totally gotta get ready for this and stuff! I gotta buy like new outfits and we gotta get our lips

done!"

"Yeah, and we like really have to train so hard, cos we gotta look our best!"

"We're like going to be on Rhonda! That's like the best and stuff!"

Chloe was skeptical. This was now definitely getting out of hand. Moira was really starting to look completely different. If she was honest, she'd been looking completely different for a while now, but now, it was getting hard to even spot remains of her previous look. Also, this was the last straw.

"Moira, I don't think that stuff is a good idea. I think they normally shoot up race horses with it. Only the completely crazy guys even try that."

Her friend looked at her annoyedly. At least she tried. Not being able to frown and having these huge lips made it hard. Moira had a little bandage on her nose, having had a bump taken off recently. She had explained to Chloe that she was making a lot of money now by running all the personal sites and social media accounts for Doctor Lazar's other "special" customers, but still, she was spending way too much on all this. Also, her obsession was really starting to warp her.

Moira sat in Chloe's kitchen and was trying to prepare the chicken for them. Her now volleyball-sized breasts kept getting in the way. She clearly wasn't used to them yet and she kept bumping into them with her bulging biceps and muscle-packed forearms.

She cursed under her breath and rearranged the meat on the cutting board before saying:

"But I like really gotta get big now. I ain't got time for waiting and stuff. And you said that stuff works!"

"Well, I tried it once for a week and it was way too much ..." She interrupted herself. "Say, do me a favor: Stop talking to me like this. You can bimbo everybody else, but please, talk to me like the Moira I used to know. For old times' sake."

Moira hesitated. She was enjoying this quite a bit. Since her transformation had hit her, her life had changed. People noticed her. No. People stared at her. All the time. Wherever she was, she was at the center of attention. And she loved it. Of course, there were idiot comments, but due to her changed physique, she never felt threatened. She had started supplementing her training with martial arts and yoga, but that was mostly for flexibility. She knew she was a powerhouse and people who saw her were immediately aware of her strength.

At the same time, being a bimbo was fun. Nobody expected anything of her, people were courteous, albeit a little judgmental, and playing dumb meant that people always underestimated her.

Also, she enjoyed dressing up. It was a bit like wearing a costume, but when she poured her outrageously muscular body with its magnificient tits into a pink bodycon and slipped on her four-inch heels, she looked amazing and she felt incredibly sexy.

Oddly enough, she was feeling great, but she wasn't getting the sex she wanted. She was as ready as she could be: She had her crotch depilated, her labia plastied and her g-spot injected, while also buying herself a nice little ring through her enlarged clit, but that was it.

Other than her little pink friend, she wasn't getting any action at all. Chloe had backed off and her other potential girls just felt intimidated or disgusted. It was very annoying.

"Okay, I'll like try. For you, Chloe."

The musclewoman sighed:

"Thank you. Seriously, this is so strange. I mean, you don't even look like yourself anymore."

"And do you like it?"

"That's not the point. I don't want to be an enabler."

"But you already were and you did great. So come on! Let me try. If it's too much, it's okay. I'll stop right away."

Chloe didn't know what to say. Somehow, Moira was happy like this, but it felt wrong. She tried to make up her mind, but said:

"Say, what's that buzzing?"

"Buzzing?"

"Yeah. I noticed it before. What's that sound?"

Moira listened for a second, then said:

"Oh, that. That's like my vibrators."

"Vibrators? As in plural?"

"Don't act so shocked. It feels great!"

"Honestly, this is so not you ..."

Rhonda called out for the two bimbos.

"So, here are the two girls that are outrageous internet sensations: Please welcome Crissy and Liv!"

The pair stepped onto the stage on eight-inch heels. They were enormous. Just watching them made peoples' eyes water. Preparing for Rhonda had meant training harder than ever, and that had definitely paid off. Crissy was now a mountain of muscle. Her shoulders were as broad as a door-frame, forming the outer poles of a six-inch thick collar of muscle composed of her pecs and traps. Her lips stood off the bigger part of an inch from her mouth and her cheekbones were out of this world. She had had another fill-up and her tits were the size of basketballs.

Her waist was thin and ripped, but her abs would have put any championship boxer to shame. Her butt was so ripped people could see the individual cords of muscle clearly and her legs were so enormous that every movement made them tremble and shake. Seeing that this was daytime TV, she had decided on a more modest outfit that still left nothing to imagination. It was very pink and had a few shocking cut-outs.

Liv held her hand. She mirrored her friend's style, but it was getting more and more apparent that she was a true mass addict. While Crissy always tried to stay dry and ripped, Liv was more prone to bouts of bulking. It was getting hard for people to imagine how she could move, but she did. They both had this weird swaying gait that came with overly large thighs and the strangely held arms that always rested on their gigantic lats, but with Liv, the effect was mind-blowing.

The pair stared at Rhonda and squealed with delight. Crissy blushed and gasped:

"We're like totally on Rhonda! Wow! That's like the best!"

The talkshow host managed to move them to her sofa and had them sit down. She was still shocked. Of course, she had met the girls briefly

before the show, but they had insisted on pumping up some more and now, it was getting really hard to accept.

She started her interview, amazed by the two girls' naiveté and plain dumbness, combined with some actually sound business ideas. The contrast was as strange as the ridiculously huge breasts that suggested femininity and the enormous masculine bodies.

Still, she was professional.

Meanwhile Moira was pumping hard. The stuff Chloe had injected her with was working wonders. She was packing on the muscle now at an alarming rate. Few men could ever hope to reach her level of muscularity. She lifted the bar again. The poor thing was bending from the enormous weight attached to it. It was a custom built barbell that allowed her to do curls without hitting her gigantic tits. The shells were now overfilled to a point that they looked rippling and ready to burst. She was sweating like a pig, trying to finish her set. Her muscles were burning with pain, but she continued relentlessly. This torture was necessary and it was worthwhile.

Again.

She had the TV running in the background to provide a little distraction from this mind-numbing exercise.

Again.

It was getting harder and harder. Her muscles were shivering with the strain. She opened her eyes for a moment. Despite her headband, the sweat was flooding her eyes and it burnt like hell.

The view was amazing. She was gargantuan. Her face looked completely impassive despite the horrible agony she was going through. Her lips, her button nose, her make-up. Everything was perfectly sexy. This, combined with the body of a goddess, was so confusing most people would just run away at her sight or lose their shit. And she loved every second of it.

She felt the soaked gym outfit on her body. Technically, she could have just worked out in the nude, but she preferred to keep her style. So, she wore an outfit that was basically a hot pink sling swimsuit. She had recently acquired a reasonably real-looking fake tan and it looked awesome on her.

She was about to finish her set when she suddenly heard two familiar voices. She almost dropped the weights and stared at the TV set.

"Yeah, so we like totally do a show a day and it's like the best!"

Crissy was just talking about their business model. Rhonda asked:

"But don't you think that your look sends a strange message to young people?"

Liv and Crissy gave her vacant looks. There was a pause. Eventually, Crissy giggled:

"I dunno. I'm like really sorry and stuff, but I don't like get the question."

Liv shook her head:

"Me like neither. Don't you like it?"

Moira was glued to the screen now. Her sweaty body was cooling down, and she was watching them. On TV. Being their usual, incredible selves. She had to see them. She had to show them. She had to make them love her. Now.

She grabbed her phone, almost letting it slip from her sweaty hands. She had to call Chloe. With her body, she couldn't drive!

Crissy pondered the question, little words being formed by her o-shaped plastic lips.

"Like, I'd say no. It's like their thing, you know. If you like wanna be like sexy like us, that's like a good thing, but if you find like something else and stuff, that's like fine too."

Liv added:

"Yeah. There's like this girl Moia, she like used to be like our best friend but she like disappeared. She was all different, but she was like sexy too. In her way, we like liked her like a lot."

She turned to address the camera and suddenly said:

"Hey, Moia, if you're like watching this, give us like a call and stuff, cos we like totally would like to talk to you, only we like broke the phone."

Rhonda decided that this was too much talk of sexiness for this time of the day and had a commercial break.

Moira didn't hear that last part. She was sitting next to Chloe in her friend's car and urged her to drive faster while she was redoing her make-up:

"I like totally should have showered! Now I'm all sweaty and what are they going to think of me!"

Chloe harrumphed and her friend turned to her:

"Hey, sorry, I'm like really nervous about this. They're just the loves of my life and stuff!"

The driver said:

"Seriously, girl, you should get your head checked. We're never going to get in that studio. It's Rhonda. You don't just barge in on Rhonda!"

"I know, but I gotta try. Step on it!"

They were closing in on the studio when Chloe suddenly heard the sirens wail.

"Oh shit. Why? Why me?"

Moira hesitated. Should she call for her friend to drive on? That was stupid, but it was a stupid situation.

Before she could even say something, Chloe had stopped the car.

The officer walked over and looked inside:

"Do you have any idea how fast you ..."

He stopped. He stared. Moira stared back. Only slowly did she understand what was going on. She smiled and arched her back, almost exposing her enormous tits. The cop somehow blanked. She turned to him and asked:

"Like, officer, we're like really in a hurry cos we gotta get to Rhonda and stuff. Could you like help us?"

The guy was almost drooling.

Rhonda was back on:

"So, we have a surprise for you, girls!"

The pair tried to clap with glee, something which turned out to be complicated by the fact that they could barely make their hands touch.

Liv squeaked:

"I like love surprises!"

The host continued:

"Here's the man who inspired these young entrepreneurs on their journey. Here's Andy!"

The girls almost fainted. Andy! They had missed him so much!

He stepped on the stage. It was weird. The long time at the hospital had left him rather average, maybe a little puny. Crissy and Liv felt a certain disappointment. However, he immediately dispelled this when he sat down next to them and was his usual charming self.

"Nobody is ever going to believe this."

Chloe drove behind the cop, who was running his siren at full power. The studio was looming ahead. She added:

"Seriously. I can't believe you did that. What kind of a lesbian are you anyway?"

"A resourceful one, Chloe."

"Whatever."

She drove on the parking lot and stopped the car. Moira extracted herself from the vehicle and stood up straight. She had decided on some ten-inch overknee boots that would have looked slutty if she didn't have the legs of a circuit biker. She threw a white mesh poncho over her pink outfit and rearranged the thick black braid that went down to her butt.

The cop stood there, mesmerized. She walked up to him, clicking along on her heels and said:

"Thank you, officer. You're like my hero!"

She gave him a peck on the cheek and strode off.

The policeman fumbled for a handkerchief to wipe the sweat from his face.

Andy smiled. The smile was a little weak. After all, he was rather intimidated. Aroused too, but he was also quite afraid of the twin behemoths that waved ecstatically at him.

Rhonda asked:

"So, how do you feel now?"

"Well, to be honest, Rhonda, I'm really glad to be here, but ..."

"Yes?"

"But, I don't know how to put it, but ..."

Before he could finish his sentence, there was a crash backstage. People looked around, there was a slight moment of panic. Was this an attack? What was going on?

That's when Moira burst on stage.

Andy fainted.

Liv and Crissy turned to look at her and completely failed to recognize her. They did, however, shoot her admiring glances for her incredible body.

Rhonda, always a quick thinker, gave her crew the signal to keep going. Ushers held up signs that this was part of the show. The audience relaxed.

Crissy recovered first:

"Nice style! But, girl, who are you?"

Moira looked at her. In her heels, she was roughly her size. She marveled at Crissy's slutty, confused face and sighed when she saw the size of her neck and shoulders. She said:

"I'm Moira. Don't you like recognize me?"

Crissy's jaw dropped. Her lips were even more o-ish than usual.

"Whoa. You like totally changed and stuff!"

Liv got up and kept staring. Her friend continued:

"Hey, Liv, look. It's like Moira, except, like, it's like her or something but it's like different!"

Liv said:

"We like totally called for you and you like totally came! That's awesome!"

She walked over to the surprised Rhonda and embraced her, almost crushing her under her gargantuan muscles in the process.

"You're like the best! We just talked of her and you like made it happen! Thank you, Rhonda! This is like the best thing ever!"

There was a storm of applause.

Moira drifted back into consciousness. Awaking was always the weirdest. That's when she realized how freaky she had become. The initial tiredness meant that she'd experience the incredible weight of her over-muscled body and the mass of her gargantuan fake breasts. At this time, she'd usually wonder whether this was all worth it and whether turning herself into this was actually worth it.

Not today.

She was lying on the floor. Crissy and Liv's bed had proven to be too small for the three hulking women, so after a little debate, they had ended up there. She slowly realized that there was a mirror above her. It was pretty huge and covered almost the entire ceiling. What a bizarre idea! She'd have to ask the girls about it. Right now, they were dozing comfortably next to her, having found a feasible position to rest their amazonian physiques. Moira looked at her reflection.

It was incredible. She was naked, her hairless, incredibly powerful body completely relaxed. She was amazed by the insane taper that led from her enormous shoulders to a tiny waist and the obscenely large fake tits that stood proudly in the air. Carrying fifteen pounds of saline tits on her chest was stressful, but she coped. Even at rest, she was ripped and hard. She started caressing herself and thought of last night.

Andy had collapsed as she walked in. It was too much for him. He couldn't bear the thought of another monstrous woman in his life. He was caught between his desire for them and the need not to be ground into pulp by them as they fucked. Something broke in him.

The girls immediately caught him and quickly carried him backstage as if her were light as a feather. She followed them and as the medic took care of him, she said:

"Girls, I like totally love you and I like so wanna be with you!"

It came out so easily, maybe because she had changed in every way. Her awkwardness and shyness had remained in Old Moira. New Moira could do this. And she did.

Crissy and Liv clapped their hands, causing a tit-quake and some muscle-avalanches, then they charged her and embraced her. Kisses, gropes, squeezes and admiration followed:

"Moia, you're like so big now. That looks like totally good. And I like your face and stuff!"

Liv licked her own sausage lips and started frenching with her as if it were nothing. The position was a little awkward, simply because their enormous, incompressible tits just didn't allow them to get any closer.

Crissy immediately joined in and said:

"We're like so sexy! Moia, I'm like so happy you're back and it's so great that you like look sexy now!"

New Moira just couldn't resist and slipped her powerful hand under Crissy's dress. She felt the wetness there and started working her friend's cunt. Crissy gasped:

"Whoa! Moia, is that you? That feels like sooo good!"

Liv sucked on Moira's tongue, effectively gagging her.

Before it all escalated into an immediate orgy, they were forced to leave. Security liked what they saw, but the massive girls just had to go. They clicked outside on their ridiculous heels and ended up on the parking lot. Moira called Chloe and they all climbed in.

Chloe felt as if she was riding in a clown car. The three muscular uber-bimbos took up so much space nobody could actually move. They barely managed to put on their seatbelts, which were extended to their maximum.

She asked:

"Moira, what does this mean? What's going on?"

"The girls and I are like in love so you like gotta get us to our like nest and stuff."

"Girl, please! Talk like a normal person."

Moira grabbed her and gave her a deep, sloppy kiss.

"I'm like no longer a normal person."

Chloe stayed quiet for the rest of the trip and let them all out at the pair's place. She looked at Moira and said:

"You can call me when you're back to normal. Enjoy, but don't overstay your welcome."

"Yeah, whatever."

The trio practically ran up the stairs as fast as they could, almost falling on their faces, err tits, as they tried to keep up with their ridiculously high heels. Liv was first and literally broke down the door. She just misjudged her strength and slammed into it. The poor panel collapsed under her enormous power, the hinges popping out of the wall.

She stared at it blankly for a moment, then shook her hand and went "Whatever." before getting inside.

The three hyper-women tore their outfits from each others' muscular bodies. When Crissy freed Moira's gigantic tits, they flopped out and stood there, proud bags of saline hanging from her overtrained pecs.

"Like, Moia, those are like huge and stuff!"

Moira grinned proudly and mashed them together. The taut orbs collided. She said:

"I'm like totally going to get silicones and stuff soon. I want them to squish more."

Crissy was as if hypnotized.

"Squishy ..."

After failing the bed, the threesome landed on the floor. There were more ohs and ahs when Liv and Crissy discovered what Moira had been up to in her nethers. She could feel their tongues on her pierced clit. Liv gasped:

"I'm like totally going to get one too. It like looks so cool and stuff!"

Crissy fingered her friend carefully before pulling out a vibrator from Moira's cunt.

"Whoa, girl, you got that thing in you and you like didn't even tell us?"

"Yeah, it like feels like so good when I just like always get a little, you know, stuff."

Crissy sat up and looked at her friend's frozen face. She tried to smirk her inner tube lips and said:

"Girl, you're like so nasty and slutty. How did that like happen?"

Moira grinned. Mission accomplished.

It turned out that Crissy and Liv owned a couple of double-headed dildos which were put to good use before they decided to do the triskelion. As Liv buried her face in Moira's crotch, her friend's gigantic legs almost bursting her head, Moira herself went to work on Crissy. Closing the circle, Liv found her clit licked by her friend. It was a little difficult to get all this to work, but the effect was tremendous. Their muscles bulged as they clung to each other, their gigantic fake tits squeezed between their voluminous bodies.

Moira was in heaven. This was incredible. She had never imagined that such a feeling was possible. Just touching Crissy's legs was fantastic, actually feeling them against her head and her shoulders was even better. She felt she was losing herself in this hurricane of tits and muscles.

So that was what had happened.

Moira was horny from thinking about it alone. She gave her left tit a good squeeze. Yes, getting the permanent implants would be a good idea. Getting bigger muscles too. She imagined herself growing more and more muscular until she finally reached a level where she could no longer move, simply because they would just block each other. It was crazy, but it made her hot. Incredible strength and total helplessness. Was this even possible?

Liv moaned something in her sleep and turned around, her massive arm hitting Moira's abs. She instinctively flexed them, blocking the blow. It hardly hurt. Being invincible was great. Being a bimbo and making herself vulnerable at will was even better.

A few weeks later, they climbed out of the car. Their sponsors had sent them enough money to buy a vehicle more appropriate to their mass. Moira was the first to get out, after all, that evening was her idea. She looked amazing. Insane too, but amazing nonetheless.

She was perched atop ten-inch heeled boots that laced up to her thighs. They were specially constructed to contain calves the size of twin grapefruit. The amount of pleather required for their construction was obscene. She wore a tiny black skirt that barely covered her crotch, it looked more like a broad belt, and a black see-through blouse that could have been a tent for any other person.

In her case, it stuck skintight to her enormous breasts. She had covered her nipples with black tape, but the piercings were easily visible through it. She had continued to build her body and now sported a physique that was frankly obscene. It looked as if an artist had just decided to take an anatomy model and pack pounds and pounds of muscle on it. Not knowing when to stop, he had continued until it was completely distorted.

Her outrageous look was further enhanced by massive temporary tattoos that covered her gigantic arms and her ridiculously wide back. Moira had decided not to get them for real. She didn't want them to be distorted if she continued to grow her body.

The most amazing thing was her face, though. Procedures, make-up and mentality worked together to make it appear doll-like and somewhat unreal. She wore very goth make-up and seemed tremendously happy with herself. Being able to deadlift a large car did that to people.

She giggled:

"Like wow. The other people are like going to be so impressed and stuff!"

"It's like we're totally dressed for that party!"

Crissy had climbed out too. She was also gothed up, but in a cheery, cute kind of way. There was a lot of black, pink and lace, but it still barely managed to cover her body even partially. Her muscles were outrageously ripped. Crissy had decided to get into contest shape and stay there, muscle fibers and veins visible all over her arms and legs. The look was crazy, especially since it contrasted sharply with her plumped, sensuous face. The surgeon had carefully filled her up so she looked deliciously sexy without any of the sharpness and dryness that plagued bodybuilders at her low percentage of bodyfat. She licked her hot pink sausage lips and said:

"Liv, get out! We like gotta go and dance!"

"Like wait a moment. It's not that easy and stuff!"

Liv managed to climb out of the car's backseat. It was quite the procedure. Where Moira had opted to build her body into a forceful muscle machine and Crissy had decided to be as ripped as she could, for Liv, it was mass, mass, mass. She could give the Hulk a run for his money. She wasn't too ripped, although there was still plenty of definition to go around, but she was enormous. Weightlifters looked puny next to her two-feet-arms. She was wearing a full dress, made of transparent latex that hugged her curves. She wore a waist cincher that accented her insane taper, her shoulders more than thrice as wide as her midsection. Combined with her inch-deep cleavage, she was a walking provocation.

The three girls assembled at the door and met Chloe, whose eyes were almost popping out of their sockets now. Moira said:

"Hi Chloe!"

"Hi, girls. What are you up to?"

"Yeah, so I like wanted to introduce the girls to like my music and stuff. Cos you know, even though I like live the bimbo thing now, I'm like still me, you know."

"Moira, please ..."

Moira grinned. Her taut, smooth forehead couldn't wrinkle, her lips were overstuffed to burst and she said:

"Please, Chloe, you like totally shouldn't judge me. We all had it like hard enough with everybody else, you're like totally not helping by being annoyed now and stuff."

"But, Moira, you used to be so bright ..."

Moira bent forward and came very close to Chloe's ear. She whispered:

"Just because I talk like a bimbo and look like a bimbo don't mean I think like a bimbo ..."

She bent back and added:

"... and stuff."

Then she gave her a peck on the cheek and walked right in. Time to introduce her friends to the things she liked.

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Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

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