

It felt like an eternity ago when the two friends had started working out, even if their bank accounts had only been charged two monthly fees at their gym. They had both started off flat and feeble as could be, barely able to lift any of the equipment available for their use, much less put on any significant weight. Much as their training regimen promised to yield results in dramatically short timeframes, the Rena and Blaziken had assumed they would be working out for months before reaching anything close to what their dream bodies were... and were frankly perfectly fine with that. It was a long-term investment and a perfect excuse for them to spend some good time together; and besides, the gym wasn't lacking for eye candy, giving them something to do between workouts.

Little did they know they would themselves become the eye candy far before they could've ever expected.

When they began, Scoldria and Renara were around five-and-a-half feet in height and sported so many curves that a flat plank of wood could call itself thicc in comparison; to say they were disappointed in how poorly puberty treated them would be the understatement of the century, and part of why they took up the habit of hitting the gym was in the vain hope that some of that extra muscle mass would end up filling them out just enough that the sweaty hunks they regularly hung out with would actually look at them for more than a few seconds.

How surprised they were, then, when they both went into the shower after their third day and couldn't help but notice there was something on their chests that their hands could grab onto. They both avoided saying anything about during their time on the gym floor, seeing as they had noticed their chest bindings had grown notoriously tight when *something* started to push up beneath them, but it became impossible to ignore once their clothes came off and they were each staring at a pair of breasts that were at least B-cups, if not more. A pathetic amount of size for their liking, but such a massive improvement for their short time there that they couldn't avoid squealing in excitement, making a right mess of the showers and brightening the cheeks of everyone else present with the sounds they were making.

This inexplicable growth continued as their gym days turned into weeks, with each session producing increasingly more obvious results that rapidly turned the two best friends from background window dressing, at best, to star attractions of the establishment, turning eyes, heads, torsos and quite a few more things the moment they walked through the door and dumped their stuff on the ground. It was difficult not to pay attention, seeing as they continued to forgo the use of sportswear and instead bound their chest in cloth straps; but what had been a practical and modest choice of attire when they were carrying nothing of note quickly turned into a deliberately alluring distraction when the breasts being "bound" carried enough bounce to make the straps completely redundant, protruding far enough from their chests that bits of the cloth

ripped and tore whenever either of them flexed too hard. Renara in particular was prone to these kinds of “accidents”; while Scoldria focused primarily on lower-body strength and further improving her legs, the Renamon thoroughly enjoyed each moment she could spend pushing her bosom out while arching her back, giving everyone in the room one hell of an eyeful when her bindings were stretched to the very limit and threatened to start snapping one by one until finally giving in, fully revealing her for all to see. What a shame that such a thing never happened; Renara would’ve *adored* the attention it would’ve gotten her.

It soon became apparent that whatever their workout regimen was doing to them couldn’t be natural; they both very easily topped seven feet in height without even trying, gaining so much mass that only a relative minority of it ended up where it was “supposed” to be. Their bodies were still very much toned and slightly muscular, as befitted two people who had been undergoing rigorous physical exercise every day for two straight months; but somehow, it wasn’t the well-defined abs that could be used to grind metal, or the biceps that looked tight enough to be able to snap a bracelet just by flexing too much, that attracted everyone’s attention. No, that honour went to their swaying hips and meaty thighs, flared and full and *meaty* and looking ready to crush the skull of any man daring enough to place his head in either lap, even if it promised to be softer than a cloud; they were just as inviting as the vast confines of the pair’s breasts, which had swelled so much that one could be forgiven for thinking all the fatty tissue in their bodies had converged on one location! What had once been flat and quickly turned bouncy was now truly gigantic, with Renara and Scoldria both proudly carrying a bust that was wider than their substantially-well-built torsos, impossibly perky despite their obvious weight and hanging low enough to cover their navels. The Blaziken in particular took great pleasure in maintaining her bindings as loosely as she could, while the Rena deliberately tightened them as much as they went, purely so she could then give everyone a show when the pressure made them gush their milky contents every time she strained herself the tiniest bit.

Funnily enough, things had progressed *so* quickly that Scoldria had to be the first one to suggest they may need to pace themselves before things got out of hand; getting through the door was hard enough when they had to crouch, and she didn’t exactly feel all that confident after accidentally hip-checking both sides of the frame and then getting her tits stuck trying to check something in the locker room. Renara didn’t really mind; for her, any opportunity to show off how massive she’d become was one to be taken with immediate and overexcited gusto, even if it did cause more problems for everyone than it did solve them... if it solved any at all. But it was simply impossible for them to carry on doing what they had been so far; the regimen’s effect on their bodies had gradually, but noticeably “worsened” over time, until what used to take days would eventually take hours, and then just a few short minutes of effort.

That was about two weeks prior to them stopping.

At their current point, exercising even more would just rack up an already-substantial repair bill. They'd already broken several benches, three treadmills and an assortment of machines by failing to gauge how strong they had become, and though the extra income from the opportunities afforded by their new bodies helped to shore things up, even high-end modelling shoots couldn't help to cover for all the expenses if they kept pushing themselves; Renara in particular had reached a point where using the peck deck was a surefire recipe to give herself a few cup sizes each time she released the weights, breathing in at one size and breathing out with enough extra pudge to have another gym goer sink their hands into it. Given how the Rena was always one to indulge herself, even when it was objectively unsafe to do so, she'd ended up with the bigger bust out of the two, resting comfortably on her lap whenever she sat and protruding a good four feet in either side of her chest when she stood up; the sloshing as well became loud enough that the gym management respectfully requested that she bind herself again after Renara decided to just go fully nude, with the sounds of her milk being far too loud to allow the background music to be heard.

Not that anyone particularly cared, but the staff still had to *try* and keep things decent, even if the owner shamelessly flirted with the Renamon whenever he got the chance, eager to get a chance at stuffing his face into a cleavage as big as half his body.

But as much as Scoldria complained about her friend taking things too far, Renara could always point to the fact that the Blaziken had done exactly the same thing, except her own brand of excess was focused below the waist as opposed to above. Scoldria herself would deny ever deliberately doing such a thing to herself, but the fact remained that even after it became obvious that they were gaining pounds of mass with each workout, she still kept going at punching bags and any machine that let her work her legs, and was personally responsible for a good three-quarters of the damage the two had inflicted to the equipment itself. It had become impossible for the Blaziken to simply *walk*; every motion had to be a sashay, every bump a hip-check that would send anyone but Renara crashing onto the ground. The sounds of her ass jiggling and clapping against itself were enough to keep everyone on edge, hoping Scoldria would walk close enough to them that they could pretend to get in the way, just for a chance at running into one of her legs.

Each one had become a pillar of ripped, toned muscle that nonetheless managed to pack enough soft flesh for anyone to fully sink a hand into it. They refused to stay still, each motion causing their soft surface to wobble for far longer than it should, all leading up to a pair of cheeks that had forced the management staff to install wider doors just so the Blaziken could walk in without damaging the walls. And Renara would point this out as to why Scoldria was being hypocritical; her friend, meanwhile, swore up and down she had never deliberately worked

herself up purely for the sake of size, even if she admitted to doing such a thing when the two got drunk one night.

Nevertheless, the two agreed that it was best for everyone if they stopped exercising and began taking things more slowly; it pained them not to carry on, but with their bodies already far past anything they thought they could achieve in their lifetime, the gym staff was in no position to complain if they wanted to pay to just hang out there, especially given how they refused any sexual advances on the part of the other patrons. Sure, they took up *most* of the room, whether directly or by their sheer presence creating an area of denial no one dared venture into, but they were harmless and inoffensive; in a way, they had turned themselves from window dressing into the main display, and the owner soon asked permission to use their likeness in order to advertise for his establishment.

Though initially somewhat embarrassed by the thought of selling the place with their bodies, all it took was for one of the other regulars to point out the obvious: he himself was incredibly buff and, by regular standards, would absolutely be considered huge. And yet, when he walked up to Scoldria to tell her she'd been showing off her tits freely for days at that point, he barely reached her nipples, which were themselves about level with the Blaziken's navel. It was quite the feat that he managed to put a blush on that bird's face, and yet there it was; Renara, meanwhile, was already offering to let the "big bad wolf man~" milk her dry, something he gracefully rejected and then proceeded to store away in his memory for later use.

The whole town would learn of the two amazonian beauties roosting in what had previously been a completely obscure gym out in the suburbs. Scores of ogglers paid ridiculous sums of money just for a one-day pass, happily draining their wallets for a chance at seeing the two friends, who had struck a deal with the staff to get a 10% cut off all the revenue as long as they were present in the actual building; this quickly saw their bank accounts stuffed with so much cash that they had no idea what to do with it all... which obviously meant they happily quit their jobs and dedicated themselves to "working" the gym full-time.

On occasion, they would indulge a request to actually *do* something, as opposed to sitting there looking like they owned the place and silently demanding to be worshipped like the goddesses they were. Those instances were few and far between, as both the Rena and Blaziken learned that it was best not to push their luck even more than it already had, but with so many eager new visitors making the same demand day in and day out, it was hard to resist; barely a month had passed since the publicity stunt had started and Renara already sported a pair of tits that hung mere inches off the ground, a feat mirrored by Scoldria's vast and perpetually-wobbling asscheeks. An achievement if anyone saw one, seeing as both of them were tall enough to bump against the ceiling if they didn't constantly bend their necks down.

The biggest chance of pace, however, came with an offer by Rivtech, a big-name, big-bucks company that specialized in high-tech bodymodding and gene therapy, the kind that trust fund owners went to when they needed to flex a new pair of breasts or happened to feel like being a big, fat, wobbly slime-creature. Most of their money went towards their clinics, but parts of their company oftentimes branched off to do some random thing one of their executives thought would be a great idea.

Enter: the “Rivtech Workout Soda”.

It was a dumb product made by people with as much imagination as a snail, but it was promised to be a revolutionary addition to the sports drinks market, because apparently that’s what people were looking for. Advertised as “as fizzy as it is healthy”, it was *supposed* to act as equal parts recreational drink and exercise supplement, designed to “provide the body with the necessary nutrients” for it to “make the best out of every workout”.

The pamphlets were... informative.

At least all Scoldria and Renara needed to do was very visibly take a gulp out of a can, every day, while making sure everyone knew what the can was; just keep doing it for as long as the contract required and they’d be making absolute oodles of cash for basically no effort. Simple and easy, with no side effects whatsoever... or at least that’s what the soda can said.

In reality, Renara and Scoldria managed to recapture some of the magic they had first experienced when starting their exercise regimen months before, when the product they were peddling turned out to have a far larger impact on their bodies than they could’ve expected. The first sign something was dreadfully wrong was their inability to *stop* drinking the stuff. They only ever needed a single sip, and yet downed entire packs before noticing what they were doing. Their stomachs swelling with the carbonated drink became a commonplace sight, abs giving way to rounded pudg that swelled until their stomachs seemed to shine through their stretched skin... right before it gurgled back into the same fit state as before. These repetitive cycles of stuffing and shrinking played merry hell with the rest of their bodies, seeing as the weight and mass from the drinks had to go *somewhere*.

The first of them to have a part of their body other than their feet reach the ground was Renara, her tits squishing against the floor just a day or two before Scoldria’s ass cheeks repeated the same stunt; but even their discrepancy in sizes would be made irrelevant when the Renamon’s rear and the Blaziken’s bust also found a way to drag themselves around, burgeoning with immense quantities of soft flesh that only expanded the more Rivtech’s supply was handed

to them on a silver platter. Neither of them noticed this change, being too infatuated by how good drinking the stuff felt to really care about what it was doing to their bodies. No one around them thought to remind them either; why stop them when the ceiling had to be remodelled and risen upwards just to fit the two giantesses, or the floor needed reinforcement so it wouldn't cave in underneath the four colossal weights they carried wherever they went?

Eventually they reached a point where they gorged so readily and happily on their supply that even the miracle growth substance couldn't process itself fast enough; it was then that the Rena and Blaziken began to slow down, choosing to remain still for longer periods of time, before eventually sacrificing their mobility entirely. They already had a small crowd of adulating worshippers at their beck and call, ready to dump gallons upon gallons of the altering substance down their throats, eventually progressing to just using machine pumps and enormous tankers bussed in by Rivtech's central offices.

The gym turned into a museum for Renara and Scoldria, the equipment being sold off to make room for the pedestals they were raised upon. Anyone who wanted could come see them, even touch them for a special fee, while the two best friends delighted themselves with one another's presence. For the pair, their top priority was drinking more of that delicious soda, which is why Renara reacted with shameless delight upon finding out, by complete chance, that she began spurting that same substance from her own tits! Whether it was from overdose or her body adapting to produce what she loved the most, she immediately shoved one of her nipples into Scoldria's mouth, leading to a growth spurt that not only succeeded in destroying the building and pinning the Renamon under a pair of Blaziken tits that dwarfed her whole body... but also placed the Rena directly under her friend's fully-flowing teat as well, blasting her face and mouth with fresh doses of the same growth-inducing drink that caused the shower of debris around them.

She took deep gulps. It was about time she grew properly.