


Bim U - Chapter 56

Chris discovers more of the insanity occurring in what was supposed to be a fitness class.



<https://dynastychopper.deviantart.com>
<https://patreon.com/mrphoenyxx>
<https://mrphoenyxx.deviantart.com>

STORY BY
DYNASTY CHOPPER 
Art by Mr Phoenyxx 



Mr.
Sawyer, slacking
off are we? Should've
known I would have
one bad boy in
my class...

At the sound of Miku's voice
scolding him, Chris turns around
to respond.




M-Miku!?

But he finds himself catching an eyefull of a huge pair of bulging, fat boobies.

That's,
"Instructor"
to you, young
man! Oh, I
see...

However, there is more wrong here than Chris just accidentally staring at some breasts.



How bold of you to be staring at your instructor's tits. Bet you want to have these knockers do anything for you right?

This Miku is quite a bit taller than what Chris is used to, among other things.



Well,
tough my titties!
Pay attention!

POW!


But before he can take in all of the things that seem wrong, his instructor takes steps to get his undivided attention.



OW!


POW!

Chris is more surprised by the strength of the blow than actually hurt at first.

A muscular woman with bright green hair and glowing red eyes stands in a gym, holding a white clipboard. She is looking towards the camera with a stern expression. In the foreground, the back of a person's head with dark hair is visible, looking towards the woman. The gym background features various exercise machines and warm lighting.

Now
quit fucking
around! Or will I have
to just drop you from
this class for being
incompetent?

There is almost a delayed reaction
before the full power of Miku's
punch takes effect.




Shit, that hurt! Was she actually trying to hit me?!

And Chris suddenly finds himself flat on his ass on the ground with Miku yelling down at him.



Miku!?
Your face! It
looks like our fitness
instructor, Ms.
Morales.

He quickly pops back up to his feet and tries to explain that there is something wrong here.



Like who? Am the only instructor teaching this class, and what is this disrespect of calling me by my first name like we're acquainted, you little shit.

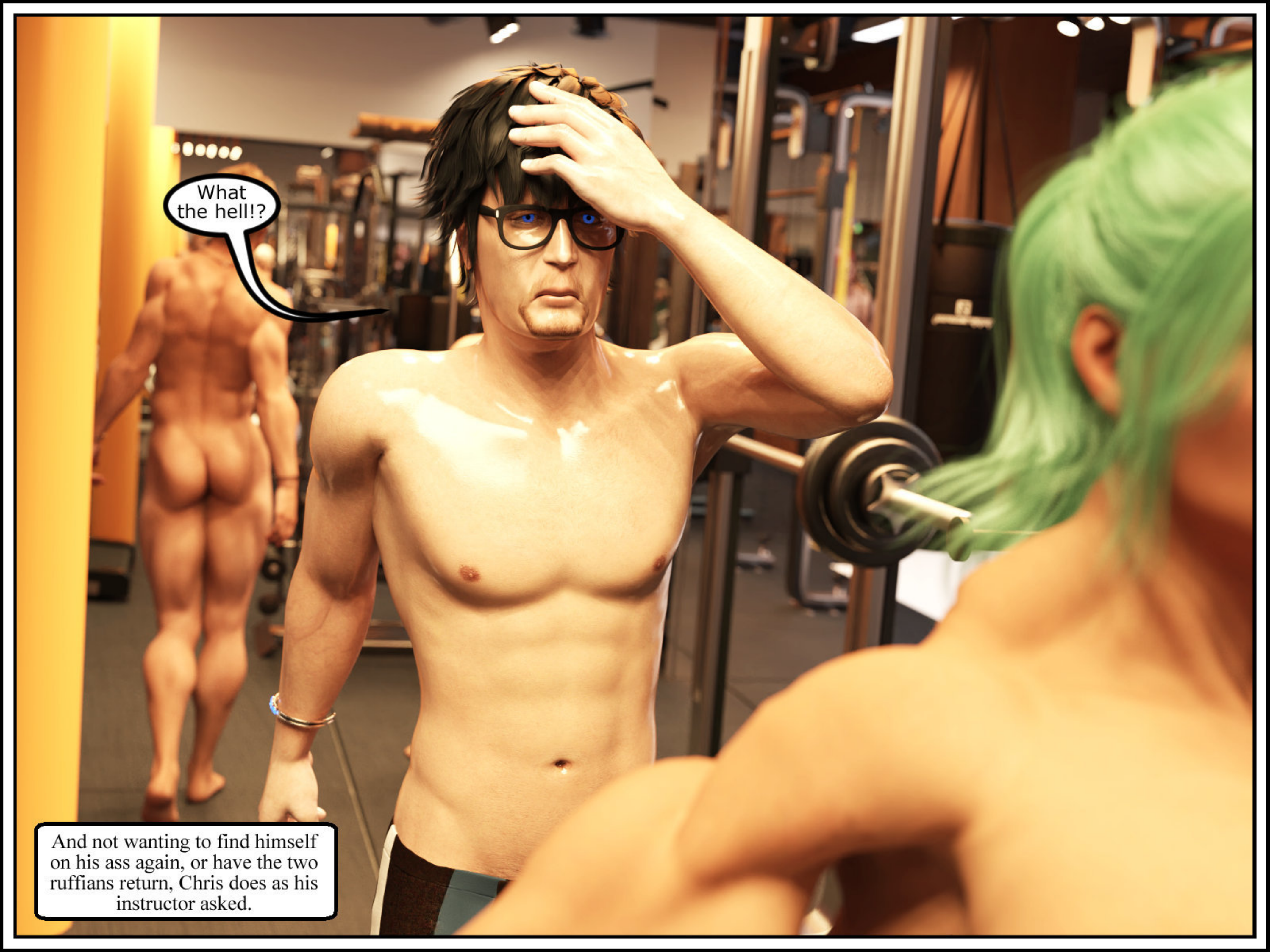
But the corrupted Miku is having none of that kind of behavior in her class!



Now
quit fucking
around and follow
me, Mr.
Sawyer!

Flick!

She flicks Chris in the forehead
before he gets more than a few
sentences of protest out.

A man with black hair, glasses, and a goatee is shirtless in a gym. He has a confused expression and is touching his forehead with his right hand. In the background, a woman with long green hair is visible, and another person is seen from behind. The gym is filled with various exercise machines and equipment.

What the hell!?

And not wanting to find himself on his ass again, or have the two ruffians return, Chris does as his instructor asked.

Quit
your bitching
and follow me,
am going to put
some muscles
in your
arms.





This should be enough for you to lift.

Don't those look like...

Just do as you're told!



Woah,
these look like
boobs?

Bet
it's the
only pair you'll
hold in life,
kiddo.

Here,
I'll leave
my music player
to make you feel
like you're actually doing
something while I tend
to my smarter
students.



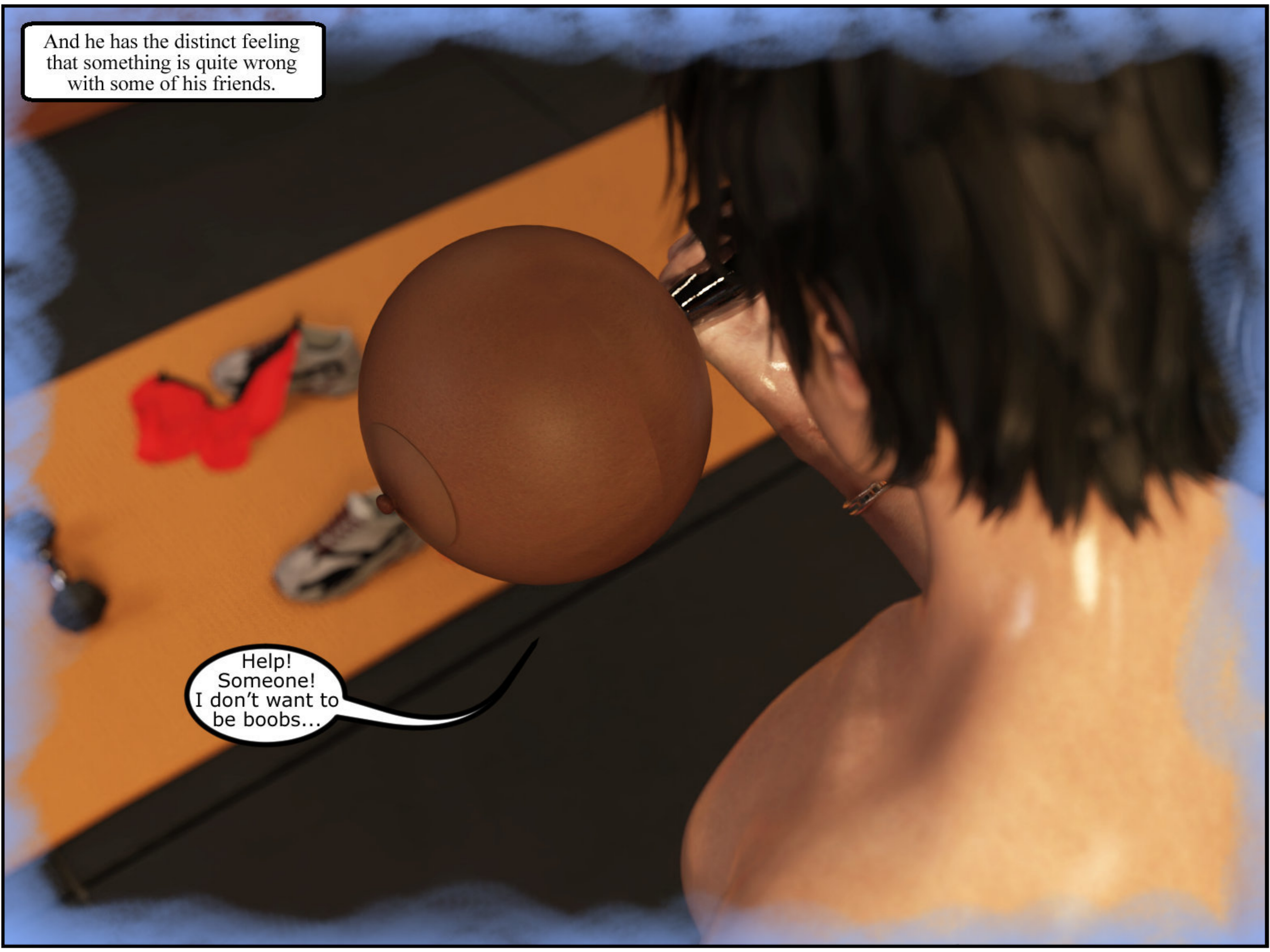
While Chris doesn't wish to anger his instructor any further, his eyes and bracelet still glow blue.

Hmm?
Wait, these things...



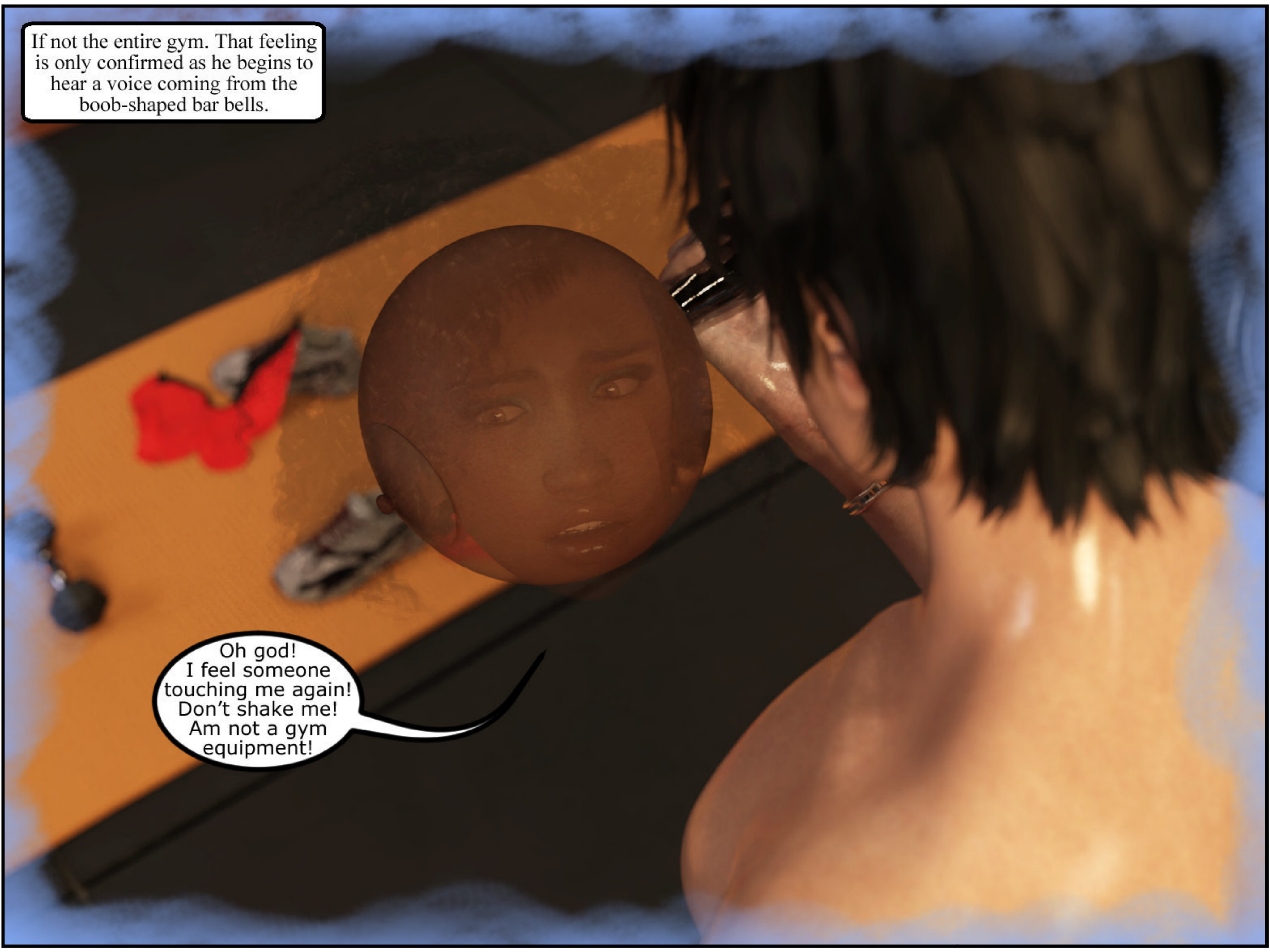
And he has the distinct feeling
that something is quite wrong
with some of his friends.

Help!
Someone!
I don't want to
be boobs...



If not the entire gym. That feeling is only confirmed as he begins to hear a voice coming from the boob-shaped bar bells.

Oh god!
I feel someone touching me again!
Don't shake me!
Am not a gym equipment!



And his blue-tinted vision reveals what he is truly holding.

It is me!
Bianca! Please, someone!




But another voice soon intrudes
on this strange weirdness.

Bianca!?
Why is her
voice coming out of
this dumbbell?
She sounds...
scared?

Help!



A photograph of a man in a gym, shirtless and sitting on a piece of exercise equipment. He is looking towards the camera with a concerned expression. The gym is filled with various machines and other people in the background. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text that suggests a humorous or surreal scenario involving the dumbbells he is holding.

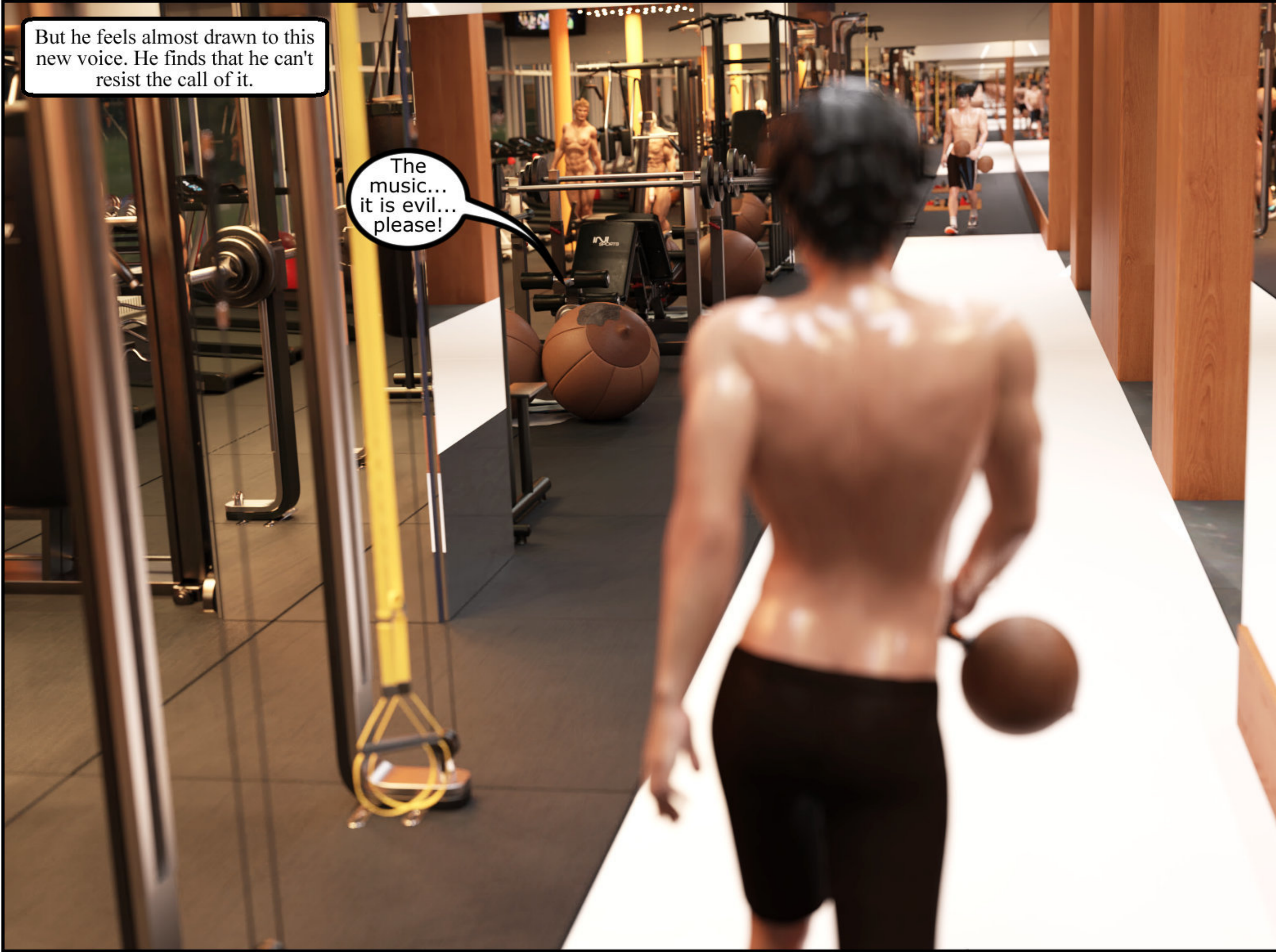
Chris is concerned by what he is hearing from the dumbbells that he is holding.

What the!?

Anybody...
I can't move...
This isn't right!

But he feels almost drawn to this new voice. He finds that he can't resist the call of it.

The music... it is evil... please!



And he follows the voice to its origins: the large "bitch balls" that are just as odd as his dumbbells.

My students... please hear me!



His enchanted vision shows him something even more odd than two giant sized boob-shaped balls.

Ms. Morales!

Someone called my name!
Yes I'm here! Please help me!



The instructor's voice is coming from these bitch balls much like Bianca's is coming from the bim-bells.

I can't move... these things are holding me down!





I
feel...
something on me...
wet... I can't
see it!

Needing a moment to process the situation, Chris sets the bim-bells down on the floor.



But the strangeness does not abate, as much as Chris might have been wishing that it did.

Hello!
If you can hear me, my name is Bianca. Am a student here... That bitch instructor did something to me!





My
music player...
please... you have
to turn it
off!

A woman with dark skin and curly hair is shown from the chest up. Her breasts are extremely large, inflated, and spherical, resembling balloons. She has a shocked or distressed expression on her face. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing text. The background consists of vertical wooden panels.

She
did this...
She gave me
these horrible balloon
tits before she
changed!

I swear...
I didn't know about
the songs it
played!



Chris listens to the voices and is slowly being convinced that he will need to take some sort of action, but before he does...



Huge red notes, twice the size of the previous ones, issue forth from the player's errored screen.



Oh, fuck! What are those?! Stay away!

The notes swirl around Bianca and Elizabeth, who desperately try to wave them away.

They're back! Oh god, someone **help!**



But there is little that they can do,
as their cries for help mix with
the almost hypnotic phrases.



No,
stay back!
I am not a piece
of equipment! I am
Elizabeth Morales! I am
bitch balls... No,
I'm not... I'm
human...

And the magic of the red notes goes to work on them once more.



My head! No, I'm a cheerleader... I am a cheer... set... of bim-bells... **No!** What am I saying!!?



I...
am... Eliza--
I am... nothing but...
big boobs...
please
save--



P-please...
hold... me...
anyone... boobies...
need...

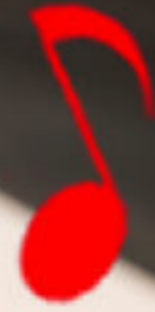
But try as they might, they simply cannot resist the magic.

Mmmm, am **bitch balls!** My big fuckable boobs want a hard stud to work out on me and totally cum once he's done.



And their eyes glow even more brightly red with its influence.

Ooooh!
Bounce me,
shake me, lift me!
Use me like the simple
piece of equipment
that I am! Please,
please use
bim-bells!





Come on, Boys! Let's get physical!

Chris shields his eyes as there is a massive explosion of red magic.



Workout time!

And the only thing left when it clears is gym equipment.

No, no, *no!*

What the fuck!?



Chris suddenly finds himself surrounded before he can even blink the red stars out of his eyes.

It's the music player! Miku, please listen! None of this is right.

Again you call me by my name instead of title!

Fucking rude!



Brian and Mel, the two brutes, close in, and this time there is no escaping a right cross to the face and a punch directly to the gut.

Come here, asshole!

We got this, babes!

Smash!

Thud!



Chris crumples to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

Enough games! The Master calls to us, and soon you will too!!

FLASH!



The story will
continue in the
next part.

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Art by Mr Phoenyx 