

# Voodoos and VooDON'Ts



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## Chapter 5

Thanks to Tess's last voodoo concoction, a month of workouts had made a massive change to her physique. Her shoulders were broader and rounder. Three inches were added to her arms. Anytime she flexed in front of a mirror, she would always make sure to shake her quad back and forth on her extended leg, and then flex it stiff in place. Even with the added mass to her legs, her butt was still the main attraction; one she strutted around with pride.

Alongside her, Dani was still getting used to her size, and the attention that came along with it. She started working out with Tess, to have her as a buffer from randos walking up to her every five minutes trying to score, and to protect her from judgmental looks and words from some of the women at the gym. Even with the negative attention, Dani liked the way she looked. She finally got workout clothes that fit, and her workouts with Tess were beginning to trim and tone the rest of her.

One person still not afraid to approach the two of them was Mayse. She continued to take jabs at Tess, but the tone was different. She wasn't bullying as much as she was trash talking. As if Tess was a legitimate threat, (even if Mayse would never admit it.) Today was no different, as she passed by.

"Whatever kind of cycle you are on to get those results is going to make your heart explode in less than a month," she jabbed.

"Pot calling the kettle black," Tess shot back. Mayse was looking rougher. Like she had been upping her dosage. "The only thing exploding, is your mind when I beat you on stage in my final form."

After Mayse was out of earshot, Dani turned to Tess and whispered, "How has it been going? Any side effects? Any backfires?"

"No, I really think I got it right this time," Tess flexed her bicep, impressed with herself. "I've been growing where I want to grow, and none where I don't. By the time competition time rolls around, I'll be able to steamroll everyone on that stage."

"That's awesome."

Out of the corner of her eye, Dani clocked Alix entering the gym. It was the first time Dani had seen her here since the surgery. Keith was with her, his arm around her waist, with his hand on her hip. He was beaming with that greasy, unearned confidence. Alix didn't look as happy as she usually did. She also didn't look like she usually did in general. Even from where

Dani stood, she could see Alix's face was different, with lip filler and botox. Dani watched as the two separated, as Alix headed into the women's locker room.

"I'll be right back," she said to Tess, and headed after Alix.

Dani carefully looked around the locker room, while also making sure there was no one else there. She spotted Alix, and gently tapped her on the shoulder. Alix turned around, but before she could say anything, Dani held her hands up and started in, "Please, just let me say something, and if you want me to go away after that, I will." Alix crossed her arms under her bountiful chest, pushing her cleavage up closer to the incredulous expression on her face. Dani continued, "I'm going to tell you why I came over and said what I said, but you can't repeat it to anyone. Not that they would believe you, or that you will believe me. I'm sure you've noticed that both mine and Tess's bodies have gone through some drastic changes in the past months. Long story short, we used voodoo, and the way I used it was to have breasts like yours, but that's when I thought they were real, (not that I don't like the look of fake ones), and then you went bigger, and because I wasn't specific enough with the voodoo, I became bigger too. And now you are talking about going even bigger, which is freaking me out, because it means I am losing control over my own body."

Alix stood unphased, with her arms still folded as Dani waited for a response. Alix finally spoke, "You're right, I don't believe it," she paused, while Dani looked defeated. "You actually thought my breasts were real?" she asked with a twinkle in her eye.

"Your doctor apparently did a great job."

"He actually did a terrible job. I was going for the obvious fake look."

"Well, you have it now!" the two laughed. "So, do you believe me? About the other thing?"

"Not yet, but I can think of a way you can prove it. Meet me at my place tonight."

"Okay. I'll see you there," Dani agreed to the ominous proposition.

Back out on the gym floor, a different proposition was taking place. Keith had made his way over to Tess, and with his ill-gotten cockiness, was attempting to hit on her. He was offering to pay for procedures for Tess, like he did for Alix. Saying some botox would soften up the hard edges of her face, and that he could get her a 'sweet rack' to match the 'junk in her trunk'. Tess didn't know if she was more offended by his offer, or his outdated euphemisms for female body parts, but before she could jam a 45 lb plate into his trachea, he mentioned having enough cash on hand to pay for a hefty down payment on the procedures right now. Tess stood up, grabbed him by the waistband, and led him behind her.

They ended up in the storage room of an unoccupied multipurpose room used for yoga and Zumba classes. Tess tossed a workout mat on the ground and told Keith to lie down. He obeyed. She then told him to take off his pants. He did that as well, revealing the bulge in his underwear. She motioned to his undies, and he slid them off. Tess pulled down her workout shorts, exposing her exceptionally round ass, and stepped out of her shorts. She then mounted Keith's dick, standing at attention like a good little soldier. Keith tried to grab onto Tess's amazing ass, but she slapped his hand away, and waver her index finger in front of his face. Tess didn't move, but Keith could feel it; her pelvic floor muscles gripping onto his dick for seconds at a time, and then letting go. The sensation was like nothing Keith had experienced before. He had to do everything he could to not blow his load right then and there. Keith closed his eyes as they rolled into the back of his head. Time had no meaning, as Tess milked his cock. It could have been minutes or hours; he didn't know. All he knew was Tess's grip on his cock kept getting stronger, and stronger, and stronger, till it felt like Tess was gripping it with her muscular hand. And then it got stronger. And stronger. And tighter. Too tight. Alarmingly tight. Like he was experiencing extreme claustrophobia, but just for his dick, as it felt like the vaginal walls were closing in on him with every forceful squeeze. And then suddenly it was too tight with no release. Keith's eyes snapped opened to meet Tess's staring back at him.

"Hey! Stop!" he pled.

Tess stuffed his underwear in his mouth. His hands went to rip them out, but she intercepted them, grabbing him by the wrists. She continued, tighter and tighter. Keith regretted skipping so many laundry days.

Tess finally spoke, "Do you think we like the way you talk to all of us? Like the way you talk to me? Like the way you point out your perceived flaws of ours? We don't."

The pain was getting so bad, Keith's vision was clouded with tears.

"You're going to stop talking to me. Stop talking to Dani. You're going to leave that poor Alix girl who doesn't know any better alone. In fact, you are not going to come back here at all. And you are most certainly going to stop thinking with THIS."

With all the flexing, the muscles in Tess's vagina had grown to the point that they had gained the strength and power of a pneumatic vise, and with one final squeeze, Tess could feel Keith snap inside her. Keith wailed through the soiled cotton. Tess lifted herself off of Keith, his shattered pride smacked against his pelvis, causing him to wail again. She put her shorts back on, and then picked up Keith's pants, removing his wallet, and then thumbed through the cash inside. There had to be at least a few grand in there. She pulled it out and tucked it in her bra.

"You know, I just might take you up on that offer to get some work done after all," she said, and tossed the empty wallet on his chest, leaving him to wallow in pain.

As she was leaving the gym, the guy at the front desk stopped her.

“Hey Tess, someone turned this into lost and found. I think it’s yours.”

It was her phone. She must have left it back at the bench in haste. “Thanks,” she said, and took the phone from his hand. Exiting the building, she sent Dani a text:

*Sorry to bail. Something came up. I’m okay, but I might need to find a new gym.*

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