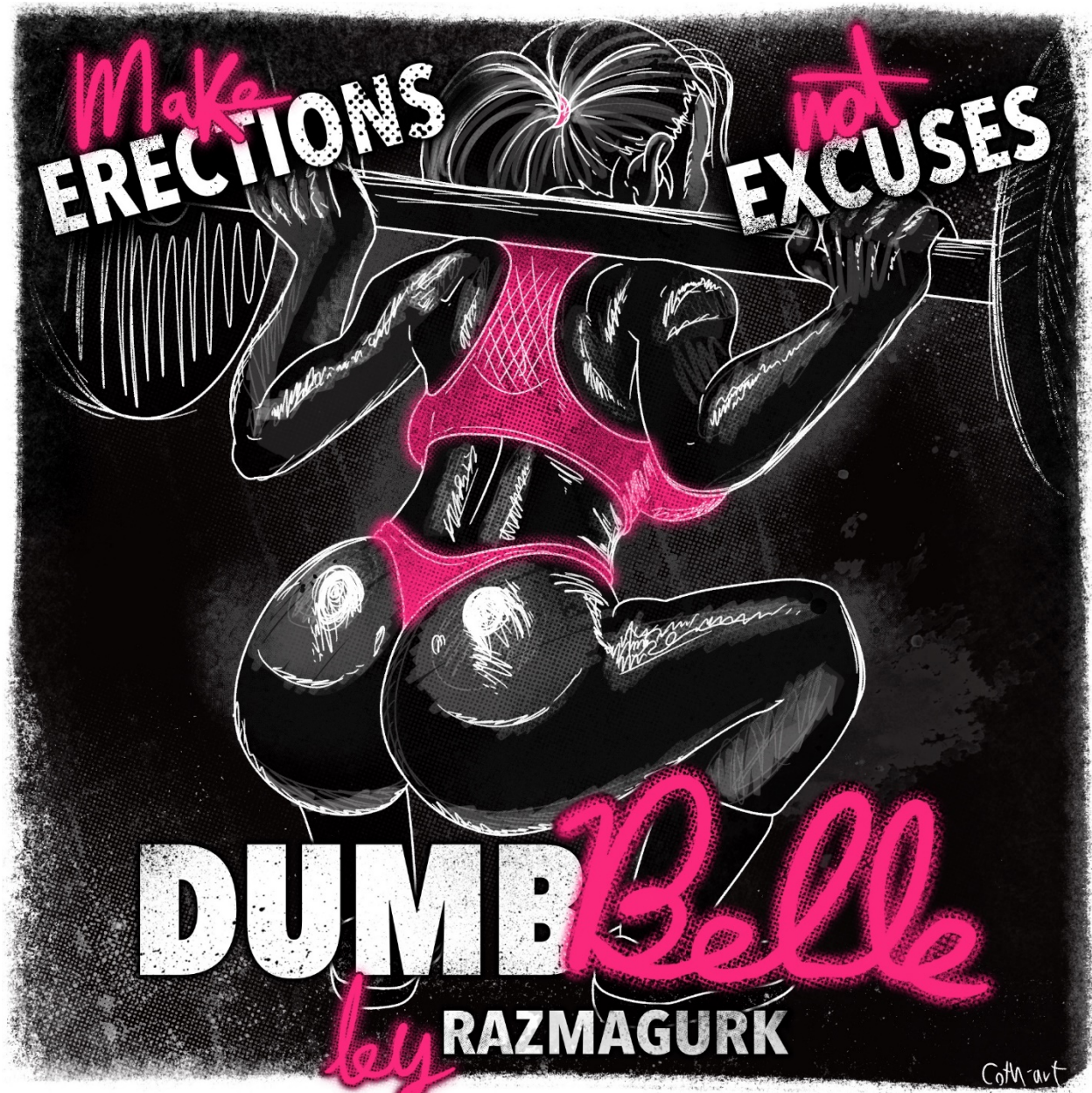




Dumb Belle
A Horny Commission
By Razmagurk

A New You. A Perfect You.

Did anyone actually believe that crap?

I had no idea then how true it would be. How lustily, whorishly true.

Instead I just rolled my eyes at the poster and the other platitudes lining the walls as I stepped out of the locker room.

My regular gym was an elegant, private thing. Well decorated, classy, clean. This place was... well, I wouldn't normally be caught dead in a place like this. The entire thing was one big mirror-lined warehouse with aging machines strewn about at random. The floors were hard concrete. The air was stale with sweat and mold. The weights weren't even rubberized. The whole place was cheap and trashy.

The clientele was no better. Juiced up college kids grunting and taking selfies. Old men bloated and thick like the roided out muscle freaks they were. The few women hanging around were big-titted plastic Barbie dolls fawning over the old men. I sneered. They probably spent more time turning tricks than lifting weights.

Not that I didn't appreciate the eye candy - with the skin they were showing they clearly were happy to give it - but ever since my second wife I liked my girls to have a little substance.

One of them was staring hungrily at one of the childish signed photos of 'professional' weight lifters filling what little wall space remained. Now */that/*, I didn't understand. Anyone that obsessed with their own looks clearly had something wrong with them.

"Derrick! G-man!"

Ah, and speaking of...

I turned and smiled benignly at Kyle. He was the reason I was here.

"Isn't this great?" He gestured around like it wasn't a back-alley disaster. "Man, this place works magic!"

It must have, with how much he'd bulked up in the time I'd known him. After discovering the place, the kid had become obsessed. Now he had the muscle to show for it, even if it was awkward on his lankier frame. Still, despite all the gains he'd been making, he still had nothing on me. At 6' and 220 pounds I had a good four inches and thirty pounds on him, despite my age.

"Hey, kid," I nodded.

The big blonde's open face beamed up at me.

I looked around. Is this really what he wanted to do with his life? He'd been such a promising legal intern before I fired him. It had been nothing personal. Just business. Hell, he had idolized me. Always trying to be like me, always stroking my ego. No surprise, really. I was the star of the firm. I had the life he'd always wanted. And he was giving all that up to be a personal trainer?

As I said, good kid, just questionable priorities.

"Thanks again for humoring me about all this. You uh-" he arched an eyebrow as he looked down at my gym clothes. "You ready to work out?"

“Yes,” I said flatly. “Unlike some people, I don’t need to be half naked to break a sweat.”

My tight sweatshirt and red Nike track pants were a stark contrast to his silly stringer tank top and neon-green camo leggings. He all the other apes here, he thought showing off his chest made him look big. Not next to me he didn’t. I looked in the mirror. I was handsome. Dignified. Masculine. Hell, I was probably the only real man here.

“Oh, right. Of course.” He blushed and changed the subject. “I figured maybe let’s start by blasting our arms for a bit?”

“Sure.” I shrugged.

“This is going to be so great.” He rushed over to the weight rack and I followed. “You’re going to love this. I’m going to give you a whole body workout. When it’s done, you’re going to be a whole new person, just watch.” Just for a moment, I felt a hint of something ominous in the way he said it, but I paid it no mind. I just wanted to get through this and out of there as quickly as I could.

He picked up the 20s. I reached for the 40s. There was a shock of static as I picked them up. Kyle’s grin deepened.

“All the pros lift here, you know.” We started into our set. “Just look at how far I’ve already come! All it took was the right workout partner. This place is going to make me huge!”

“Huge?” I scoffed. “You want to be a freak like the guys in those pictures on the wall? You want to be one of those shrunken-dick gorillas?”

“Are you kidding?” he laughed. “Of course not. Don’t be ridiculous. Those guys are just inspirational.”

I let out a sigh of relief.

“I’m going to be even bigger!”

I rubbed the bridge of my nose.

“Just picture it, Derrick. I’m going to have titles. Sponsors! This place is going to make me rich.”

“Damn it, Kyle,” The weight hit the ground heavier than I’d expected. “You can’t spend the rest of your life weight lifting!” I snapped. “This isn’t a job!”

He looked like he was going to argue back, but he went quiet instead. I had that effect on people. Finally he found his words.

“You’re right. It’s not a job.” His muscles swelled as he brought his weight to the apex of its lift. “It’s a lifestyle.”

“A lifestyle?” I grunted. My anger cut my focus. The weights seemed to be growing all the heavier. “To sit around all day and pay a fortune for whatever steroids this place is going feed you?”

“Steroids?” He stopped and re-racked his... 50lbs? “Nothing so crass.”

I set down my own weights. I couldn’t believe I’d been struggling with them. I’d be damned though if I was going to let him see that.

“Oh right,” I gestured around at the herculean himbos “Because these people are just natural testosterone factories.”

“Some of them are.” He laughed. “I’m telling you, this place is magic. There’s more going on here than meets the eye. Come on,” he slapped my shoulder. “Hammer curls up next.” He moved us to the back row and set up for pull downs.

“Look, Kid.” I rubbed the bridge of my nose. Couldn’t he see I was trying to help him? “You think you need to be big to prove yourself or something? You’re not getting it. Real masculinity isn’t like that. The thing that makes me so good in the courtroom, the thing that makes people respect me: it isn’t muscles or hormones or any of this stuff. It’s something deeper. It’s your tone, it’s how you carry yourself. It’s how you see the world. You either have it or you don’t.”

“You see?” We stopped by the bench. He looked down at me and his smile just grew. “That’s what I’m talking about. You have it! You have it all! That’s what I want. That’s why I have to become a great trainer. That’s why I need you here today!”

I turned back to admonish him further, but there was just something about the way he’d set his jaw that held me back. His features seemed harder, more defined. Strangely... handsome?

I sat down instead, ready to start the next set.

“Let’s see you do twenty this time.” His voice had become tight and controlling. Intimidating, even. From youthful and excited to deep and self satisfied.

“I-” I looked back at the machine. Had I put on too much weight? “I was going to do twelve”

“No!” His voice was firm, stern. Like he was commanding a dog. “You’re doing twenty.”

“Okay, okay.” I turned back to the machine, chastised. “You don’t have to yell.”

I started on twenty, struggling the whole time.

“Weren’t you telling me a real man speaks with a firm voice? Doesn’t take any shit? Now come on, you’re doing this all wrong. Straighten your back. Like this.”

I hadn’t said it like that, but there was just something about his tone. I didn’t want to argue the point. My form though was immaculate. Where did he get off trying to correct me?

“I know how to lift, kid.” I grunted as I struggled through the motion. “Don’t tell me what to do.”

“Why not? I’m your trainer, aren’t I?” Kyle just laughed. “Now come on. Less talk, more sweat.”

"I -" My throat felt tight, my voice sounding oddly high. Was I nervous? What the hell was I nervous about? I swallowed whatever it was I was about to say.

Who the hell did he think he was talking to me like that? Then I stopped. I */was/* doing this wrong. The anger turned to embarrassment. I hurriedly corrected my posture.

But every curl was harder than the last.

It took all the strength I had to keep going.

"I think the weights must be off" I was shaking with sweat by the time I'd finished. "I've never struggled so hard with these, and I lift this all the time."

"Really?" Kyle crossed his hands across his expansive chest. "A little thing like you?"

"Little?"

I looked up at him. He was giving me one of his shit eating grins. As if he knew something I didn't.

Hadn't I been taller than him a minute ago?

I turned to look at the two of us in the nearby mirror. It wasn't just the height he had on me. He was broader too. And where before his bulk had seemed artificial, now his weight was well framed, just like mine always had been.

Except... except I barely had half the muscle he did.

My eyes widened with panic. I was thin, skinny! I looked like some teenager who'd only just started to hit the gym.

"What -" I held a hand up to my face. It looked so innocent. So youthful. "What happened?"

"What are you talking about?" Kyle smirked down at me. His face! It was older, mature, more sophisticated. What the hell had this kid done?

But no, I couldn't call him 'kid' at all, could I? If anyone deserved that title it was me, if I was being honest. This person before me was a *man*. And there was no denying it. Had he always been so big? So... rugged and good looking? My heart began to pound in my chest.

He stood behind me and put a firm hand on my shoulder. It took all I had not to melt into him.

But no, fuck. This couldn't be right. This had to be some kind of hallucination or stupid trick. I quickly checked my phone. Reminders popped up in the schedule about booking meetings, and sorting papers. Photos of me partying in bars with the other legal aides after work. But that didn't make any sense, I wasn't a legal aide, I was a... a... why couldn't I remember?

"What- what did you do to me?"

"I'm getting you into shape, aren't I? What's the matter? You don't like what you see?" He clapped his firm hands on my shoulders.

My hand shook, making a fist, my instincts were going wild, telling me to punch him, to fight back, to resist! But I faltered. How could anyone with a smile like that be up to no good?

"Don't worry, sweetheart, we're just getting started. That's why people come to the gym, right? To make their body better? Trust your trainer. We'll get you your dream body in no time."

Humiliation flooded back through me. It wasn't some dream. I wanted my body back! I'd been a pinnacle of masculinity. I'd been a man among men!

Right?

It was all... fuzzy. I could remember what I'd been, barely, but I couldn't remember what it had been to *be* it. I'd been powerful! Successful! Confident.

Except - I let out a breath - how could I seriously think that when the kid staring back at me from the mirror was anything but? How could I call myself a man when Kyle - with all his bulging muscles and classical good looks - was right there?

I tugged at my loose pink muscle shirt and my baggy shorts and my little white runners. Honestly? I was exhausted and sweating and weak. I certainly didn't feel like a man. I looked more than a little girly.

"Everything okay?"

No, everything was very much not okay. What was happening to me?

I had to get out of here. If I couldn't fight, then I had to run. I didn't know what was going on but I had to escape! I was still a man enough for that, wasn't I?

"I- I'm sorry!" My words were supposed to be decisive and firm, but I couldn't even look Kyle in the eye as I said it. "I think I have to go."

"Oh no you don't." His grip tightened on my shoulders. His grin grew all the more malicious. "No chickening out so soon. I'm not about to let one of my clients give up half way. We're just getting started."

With each beat of my heart new emotions coursed through me. Uncertainty, doubt. Submission? Kyle just seemed so big and strong and I was anything but.

I whimpered. His smile told me he knew exactly what he was doing. That here was a man I could trust.

What could I do in the face of that confidence but submit? I could figure out a way out of this after our workout, right?

I looked helplessly around the gym, hoping for at least some clue as to what was going on.

All these other men. Big bulging muscles. It looked like any one of them could pick me up and carry me off. My heart beat faster and faster as I looked from bulging biceps to bulging delt. God, they were all so cut and hard working and well defined. It was like seeing marble come to life. What sweaty secrets lay beneath those muscle shirts and jock straps, I wondered?

I'd always hated these apes. But now. God, just look at them!

I swallowed, feeling heated. This was getting me dizzy. This was getting me hot. Sweat prickled at my brow. All my scorn was turning to obsession.

No wonder those trashy bimbos flittering around were so eager to get fucked.

Not that... not that I was gay or anything! Couldn't I just appreciate the aesthetics of these well-cut masculine forms?

I tried to focus back on Kyle. I had more important things to be worried about right now, didn't I? But damn if he wasn't the best of the bunch. Tall, cut, and bulging with muscle. He could put any of those professionals to shame.

"Derrick?"

"Huh?" My eyes snapped from his crotch to his eyes. My whole body turned red.

"Break time's over, sweetheart." There was a sadistic glint to his smile. "We've got a lot of body left to work."

I let out another whimper. He was right, we were just getting started.

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It really was the workout of a lifetime.

Every muscle. Every machine. Each pump of iron was harder than the last. It was like I had no business in a gym in the first place. I'd seen teenage girls who could lift more than I could. How many times had I been about to quit? Luckily Kyle was always there to put me my back in my place.

"That's all you've got!?" His face wore a mask of disapproval. I'd fallen once again to my knees in front of him. I wish I could just stay there forever. "How many times do I have to tell you! You're never going to build any muscle pushing so little weight."

"Please..."

"Don't you talk back to me!" He added another plate to each side. "I don't like my bitch- my clients walking away; making me look bad, you hear? You're going to pour every ounce of strength you have into this. Or are you too weak to do even that?"

I grunted and tried again to give it my all.

His teasing was kind at first, competitive, but the longer it went on and the worse I got, the darker it seemed to turn. There was a time when I wouldn't have brooked any such insult, but now it felt fitting, it felt right. Of course I was a little bitch! Look at how I was struggling. Could you blame him for getting mad? I couldn't do anything right! Here he was trying to help and I was fucking everything up.

I just... I just wanted to please him. To satisfy him. To show him that I wasn't a complete failure!

Besides - I tried to hide the moan in my voice as I re-racked - there was something about the way he spoke that just sent a shiver clean through me. My briefs were painfully tight.

I stared dizzily at the mirror. I couldn't make out the person I was supposed to be. I'd gotten so thin. My hips were wide and my waist slender. Although my legs had lengthened even as I continued to shrink. I think. Had I shrunk? I was barely up to Kyle's chest now. Yet no matter how much I lifted I just kept getting smaller and weaker. I looked like I'd never been to a gym a day in my life. What the hell was happening to me?

Then it crystalized, like a frame coming into focus.

I looked like a girl!

I wasn't much of one, granted. I was an androgynous tomboy drenched in sweat, but there was no use denying it.

I felt suddenly very awkward.

All the other girls here were these fierce lusty animals. These big titted beauties. I was just... plain. A pang of jealous stabbed in my heart. Why did that bother me so much? It wasn't like I wanted to be a girl at all!

I should be grateful that I didn't look like that! They were trashy, they were cheap. Skanks was what they were. They were probably literally whores. I shouldn't want to look like that. I shouldn't want to be that. But fuck, look at the way those muscle studs kept eyeing them up like the meat they were.

My breath grew hot and heavy.

In the swirl of hormones coursing through my brain I found myself wondering what it would be like to be stared at like that. To have Kyle look at me the way he looked at those bimbos.

"What do they have that I don't?" Blushing, I crossed my arms over my sore chest.

Kyle raised an eyebrow. "Are you seriously asking that question?"

"What?" I blushed all the harder. I hadn't intended anyone to hear that.

"Not just a bitch, but a dumb one too. Look at them. They've got tits and asses. See the way they've squeezed them into that lycra? See the way they jiggle and flaunt them, getting all those dicks hard. They know what men fucking want. That's what they have that you don't."

Another pang of envy ran through me as I saw the appreciative curl on his lip as one bent over to show off her cleavage.

Why couldn't he look at me like that?

After all the work I'd put in. After all the struggle I'd had to endure! Was that so much to ask? To want his attention? A man like him; to want him to like me?

But no. Of course not. Look at me! I burned in humiliation. A man like him deserved better. A man like him deserved a real girl. A girl who earned the name. A slut with the biggest fattest horniest tits, the most obscene badonkadonk ass. He deserved a girl who put those other girls to shame.

I put a hand to my forehead, suddenly dizzy.

I... I had to do better. I had to be better. For him.

"Aw, what's the matter?" He caught the daggers I was glaring towards the girl who had just slipped away into the men's locker room with one of those bulging Adonises. I could only imagine all the lurid nasty fucking he was going to give her in there. "Jealous?"

I blushed that I was so obvious, so readable. But I couldn't deny it.

"You want to look like that? You want a body like hers?"

I nodded, despite myself. Desperately!

"Good. That's why we're here, remember?"

"Huh?"

"To make yours a dream body." His teeth glinted. "To make you... perfect."

I looked back in the mirror, confused. That didn't seem at all right, but if Kyle said that was the case then who was I to correct him? My heart fluttered at the thought that someone so manly and perfect - the object of my obsession! - would stoop to helping a weak little nothing like me.

Had I really thought myself a real man before? What kind of man would throw that all away to be... to be...

A pair of bimbos jiggled past, giggling at my plight.

I don't know what kind of a man I had once been, but if I was willing to work so hard to throw it all away, I must not have been a very impressive specimen. So why was so much shame burning in my cheeks? Maybe it was good I'd been reduced to this sniveling little bitch. This mewling little thing. Now I got to build myself back up as something better. I could be the kind of bitch all those muscle-gods would want to hold down and use like a cocksleeve. The kind of slut they'd line up to get their big strong sweaty dicks wet in.

I shivered and tried to shake the fantasy loose. I didn't want anyone to see how whorishly turned on this whole situation had gotten me. God, why was I thinking this way? But then - I looked down past my crop top to my skin-tight shorts - if that was the case I shouldn't have worn this, should I?

But even with the fabric hugging my skin, my dick was so small it was barely noticeable. Hardly a dick at all next to the snaking python Kyle had been pressing up against my body this whole time. But damn if mine wasn't leaking so much precum I was getting a wet stain on my crotch.

Good. I let out a naughty exhilarated breath. I wanted Kyle to know exactly the effect he had on me.

"But if you want this..." He gestured down at his own glistening form. His perfect, herculean form. "You have to fucking earn it."

I nodded. No pain no gain. You didn't have to be a man to understand that. No one knew better than a woman how much suffering went into beauty.

And fuck, he was right. I did want this! I wanted to please this fucking perfect specimen of a man. I wanted to show those dirty bitches who was boss. Was that so wrong?

Wasn't that why I was here?

We turned back to the workout.

But things were getting harder, and I'm not just talking about Kyle's body. Weights were right out at this point. I couldn't lift to save my life. All that remained was body-weight exercises.

I found myself dangled helplessly from the pull-up bar, unable even to bend my arms. I was a total disaster. I don't think I managed to pull off a single actual pull-up.

Every time I got close, my hair would fall into my eyes. I had no idea it had gotten so long. No matter how I tied it up it always seemed to slip loose. It was like every time I tried to pull myself up it grew another inch behind me. Swishing behind my neck. Swishing behind my back. Swishing all the way down to my butt.

Why hadn't I put it up in a bun? Why hadn't I tied it back properly? With hair as long as mine it needed to be carefully tended. I'd just been to the salon last week. Long bleached blonde waves. Trashy, sure. Tacky, absolutely. But what could I say? I was as obsessed with bottle Barbie blonde as I was with those big strong men.

Not that I... um... why was that a bad thing?

Again I tried to think of who I'd been, but all I could focus on was how fun it would be to tie my hair back into pig-tail handlebars for Kyle to play with.

And that, it seemed, was all I had in me.

"Why did they make this thing so high?" I flailed my legs.

Kyle circled me, appraising my body as I dangled helplessly. My heart thumped. He just shook his head and laughed.

"Maybe you should be doing yoga like all the other basic bitches" He teased, gesturing over to a pair of girls doing serpent pose so their huge honkers were on display for the world to see.

"No! I can do this! I'm better than those sluts!" I poured all my energy into trying to make my arms move, to do one last pull-up, but it was like they were getting weaker by the second.

My hand slipped, and then the other. I fell back off the bar and tumbled down, flailing in the air.

Kyle caught me effortlessly in one arm.

"I -" My sweaty body was hot against his. My breathing was intense. Could he feel the bulge in my pants? I could feel the bulge in his...

"Really?" He raised an amused eyebrow. "Cause the way I see it, you can't even lift. You're useless. At least those girls are good-looking. At least those girls know their worth."

I trembled against him. It was one thing to think it, another entirely to hear him say it outright. It shouldn't have sent shivers through me despite the warmth of his body.

"But we're not done here yet, are we?" His grin grew. I could feel him pressing tighter against me. "You want to look good? You want to show up these trashy bimbos?"

"Yeah!"

"Than fucking earn it." He thrust me down roughly onto the mat. "Situps. Let's go. Even a weak-ass small-chested bitch like you you should be able to do something like that. 3 by 20. Then we'll see how they look to you."

3 by 20!? I balked, and not just at the amount. His words triggered some residual burst of panic and awareness. He was changing me! Twisting me! But was I afraid of what I'd be if I did this? Or what I might remain if I didn't?

My abs were already burning as I dug into them. With each rise I could feel the strength draining from my core. I could feel my belly tightening, my waist thinning to doll-like proportions.

"You want to know what they have that you don't, bitch-kitten?" he smirked. "Look at them! They got those soft doe eyes."

I let out a mewl as I came to the apex of my motion, struggling to hold there, burning with hate and jealousy.

But then I blinked at the sight in the mirror before me. Hope broke through the storm of my emotions. I had those soft doe eyes too! Big and blue and expressive! Euphoria rushed through me as I fell back down to the mat.

“They’ve got those long fake-ass lashes. The trashy kind way longer than they have any right to be. The kind that catches cum when men nut on their face.”

And as I rose back I saw that I had those too. I couldn’t stop grinning. Of course I had those too! Lashes cutting through the air like switchblades. How could I forget?

“They got those soft round faces!”

“Yes!” I grunted in effort.

“They got those little button noses!”

“Y-yes!” I struggled through the pain.

“Most importantly, they got those big, fat, filler-plumped dick-sucking-lips!”

I faltered. My big blue eyes going wide in panic. That was too much, wasn’t it? I couldn’t do it! I fell back down instead.

“What?” Kyle slapped the mat right by my head. “Oh come on you dumb slut! That’s the important one. You aren’t done yet, you hear me? Work that fucking body, you filthy, no good whore! Do you want this or not?”

Here he was cheering me on and all I was doing was failing him.

I struggled back up, straining with effort, barely even managing to rise up half way.

Did I want this or not? That was the question. I didn’t know if I did! But I had to, right? Why else would I be doing this? And how could I disappoint Kyle? After all the effort he’d put into helping me. Besides, he had this aura of sheer masculine authority that was so hard to resist.

Another shiver went through me. I couldn’t fail at this. I had to prove I was better than any of those plastic Barbie whores. I had to prove I had what it took!

I had to earn Kyle’s attention. To be a good little skank slut bitch for him. To be his well used gym-floor fuckmeat. God, where had those thoughts come from?

But for that - fuck! - I’d do anything.

Right?

I pushed through the pain, the excruciation. I rose triumphantly and shakily to the peak.

“That’s right!” I ran my tongue over my big fat fake lips. “Those skanks don’t have anything on me!”

“Well, maybe a couple things...” Kyle looked down at my chest with a smirk and one of his perfect little smiles.

My heart skipped a beat. He was playing it cool, but he was proud of me! What a fucking rush that was!

“Oh my god!” I ran over to the mirror to get a closer look, downing a bottle of water as I went. I gasped for breath, water dribbling down my chin and causing my diaphanous mesh top to stick all the harder to my flesh.

I looked good! I was hot! My wide hips and slim waist gave me an hourglass figure that perfectly complemented my girlish face. No, wait, I was better than hot. I was sexy! I was scandalous. I was slutty and trashy and whorish. Just like I’d always wanted!

But the piece de resistance was those fat pillowy lips, glistening with plumper. I know it was bad to wear makeup during a workout but who was I kidding? The only working out I was here to do was with Kyle in the locker room after. What other business did a girl like me have to be here?

But fuck, those lips! Calling them lips just didn’t do them justice. Real whorish Dick Suckers. There was no better way to describe them. I ran a tongue around them, then bit them coquettishly. The only thing that could make them any better was if they had a big fat chode pressing up between them. A fat sweaty meatstick dripping with precum as it thrust in and out of my fat cock-kissers.

Mmm...

I shook the intrusive visions from my head, but that’s what they were, weren’t they? Cumcatchers not just visually but by their whole fucking nature. I gave them a wet lick as they tingled wantonly.

I couldn’t wait to try them out.

Kyle stepped up next to me. Every last ounce of energy within me had been expended. All the machismo, all the manhood I must have had in me when I’d entered, I had exhausted. But Kyle? Kyle was like an endless fountain. I’d never seen anyone with such strength or stamina. God he was so big.

He’d promised me a dream body alright. But whose dream was this supposed to be?

My phone dinged. The club manager wanted me to come serve tables tonight. I wasn’t good enough for the stage, but with the right bra I could sure bring in the tips and God, I wriggled as I remembered all the stares I’d gotten last time. I loved my job.

I twirled in front of the mirror, the hem of my short-cut lycra shorts rising. It had been bold of me not to wear anything over the sports bra, but at least it gave the impression that I had tits.

I looked amazing.

“You like what you see? “

That was the question. What I liked was the hunger in his expression as he locked his big muscular man eyes on my snake slurpers. It made me feel complete. Like an object that had found its purpose. I knew I should hate it, but god why did being a horny little bitch feel so damn good?

“Mmm..” I wiggled my hips as my eyes fell to the bulge in his crotch. How had I not seen that before? “I really do...”

I wanted to see that dick hard. I wanted its full and undivided attention.

I looked back in the mirror. A new you. A perfect you? Not yet it wasn't. I looked around, still jealous of all those other bimbo sluts flittering around. Their titties so big and fake, their asses equally plastic.

I still found it crass. I still found it undignified. But suddenly, the more I gazed, the more I was beginning to appreciate the whole aesthetic.

Just think about it: no one cared about the rest of them. No one needed to. Pretty round holes to be fucked. I chewed my lips. Worthless fuck toys for big strong men to get their fat fucksticks off in. My breath was getting hot.

Mmm...

I looked over at Kyle. He loomed over me, somehow all the larger. I was this tiny thing next to him. Anyone who saw us could tell exactly what we wanted from each other.

Somewhere in whatever forgotten well of masculinity I may once have had, something else now bubbled up inside me. Something hot and lurid. Something hungry and fierce. Something primal and breedable and oh so achingly submissive.

And that roiling sea of desire wanted only one thing.

“More,” I purred.

“What's that?”

I licked my meat munchers and pressed into the brick wall of him. I wanted to show him every ounce of my lusty desire. I wanted to be held down and manhandled and humiliated and treated like a fucking onahole.

“I want more! Oh god,” I cried. “I want you to work out every inch of my body. I want to feel those strong hands gripping me, controlling me. I want you to want me as much as I want you!” I ran a finger up his chest. “And I want you.”

He smirked, evidently pleased with himself.

“Except no one's going to want a flat underdeveloped gutterslut like you, are they, cockhole?”

“Please!” I whimpered at the rejection, looking out over the exercise machines. “Just tell me what to do. I'll do anything.”

“God, you really are desperate aren't you?” He slapped me on the rump. “Come on you dumb drooling cunt, let's put that pathetic ass to better use.”

I bit my swollen lip to suppress a moan. I loved it when he played rough.

He pushed me over to the squat rack. The bar that had been such child's play to me... once upon a time? ... now seemed so intimidating. So impossibly heavy. Such strength was the domain of real men. Men like Kyle.

I took a breath, centering myself.

"At least your form's looking good." Behind me Kyle grinned. He had a perfect view of my ass.

"I haven't started yet."

"I know."

His grin widened as I lowered, my already exhausted legs struggling to keep me standing through the smooth motion. I wondered, if I fell would he catch me?

Again and again I battled on, with gritted teeth. Every time I went down I had to find new reserves of strength to rise back up. And each time I came back up I could feel them draining from me completely. I found depths I'd never known I had. Depths I'd never needed before. Now I was plumbing them not for strength, not for fitness, but for much more important reason!

There! A jiggle!

I bounced up and down in surprise.

I looked over my shoulder at Kyle. He was reclining like the muscular king he was. But this he took an interest in. I could see his cock hardening!

His cock was hardening for me! For my fat ass. My fat fuckable ass!

Down I went again, my ass getting fatter, jigglier with every rise. Booty-fat shaking in my thin cut-offs.

In the mirror I could see the burgeoning perfection of it. Swelling to the ideal size for any girl, the kind that would get attention. It was the kind of ass jeans were designed for, the kind models had. Frankly, it was beautiful. It was the kind of ass any girl would be glad to have.

But I didn't want beautiful. And I wasn't just any girl.

I struggled to lower myself again, teetering to find my position. Why did I think I could do squats in heels?

"Come on!" He stood. "Work that cumcatcher, you horny bitch! Shake that fucking fuckmeat!"

I burned bright in humiliation. I burned bright in arousal. I wiggled my hips for him, showing him just how desperately horny I still was.

I went harder. Down and up. With the gusto I poured into it, no one would ever know I was once a guy.

Every pump made it bigger. More extreme. This went beyond fat. This was the kind of butt that spoke of cheap plastic surgery. This was the kind of fat Kardashian butt that no one had naturally. Pillowy fat cheeks.

Now the boys were noticing, though it may have just been the way Kyle kept shouting his lewd encouragement.

Oh wow. I saw the way they leered at me. All around me, the men were staring. Hard dicks getting me all turned on. Making me want to fall to my knee and put my salivating sausage suckers to work. God, when even was the last time I'd wrapped them around something hot and hard? Not nearly recent enough.

Focus.

I looked back in the mirror. My own dick was barely a bulge in my skintight shorts. God, I'd been so proud of it once, but that didn't make any sense. What kind of a man would be proud of something so tiny?

Not that I was really a man any more. Not that my dick mattered any more.

I could feel something hot and wet staining my shorts.

"Stop."

I froze. Kyle stood right behind me, so close our bodies were practically touching. His pants bulged around the pendulous python within.

"God I love a client with a thick fucking booty." He gave it a slap that sent both it and me buzzing. "Go on, shake it."

I jiggled it for him as best I could, twerking as I'd never twerked before. He put his muscular hands on it, slapping it, manhandling it, massaging it. I moaned whorishly at the abuse.

Fuck, his big fat cock was so near, so present. I could smell him! His sweat, his, his musk. Like someone had distilled strength and masculinity down to a perfume.

"You want to make me happy?" There was a manic glint in his eye.

I nodded dumbly. I did!

"You want to make me proud?"

Oh god more than anything! After all he'd done for me.

"You want more?"

"Please, yes!" I lowered myself again. "I want to be a slut for you! I want the biggest fattest ass in this gym! I want everybody to know my ass is your... your..." I tried to think of a poetic way of saying it but all

that spilled out was trash and filth. "I want to be your personal boner garage!" Fuck, it felt so good to admit that!

And as soon as the words were past my lips they were as good as true.

"Then work for it, you lusty little cunt!"

I poured all I could into rising one last time.

Heat flushed through me, and it was not from the exertion. I was sweating in need. My inch long bulge was oozing and straining as my hamstrings met the growing meat of my glutes.

My fat fuckable ass. My needy bitch hole. My cum locker.

And then he gave me everything I'd asked for. Everything I'd been dreaming about.

He pulled down his shorts and rubbed his dirty white jocks into the vast valleys of my huge behind. I leaned back into him, pressing against him, enveloping him. His firmness, his rigidity, like his every muscle was a slab of stone.

I trembled, needy. A hot terrifying heat ran from brain down to my groin.

He pulled down my flimsy workout shorts to get a better look. He liked what he saw.

An all too familiar sensation, my panties dropped to the floor.

My heart skipped a beat as he slid that huge cock of his up and down within" ? the suffocating crevasse of my jumbo ghetto booty. I could feel his pre-cum oozing down my thigh.

In that moment? With that cock slapped against my skin? I'd never before felt so complete.

"Keep going" he growled.

I jumped to action! I sank my hips down, squatting more firmly against him, my ass rubbing his dick up and down, jacking him off with my butt like some ridiculous porn star.

I trembled at the pressure and the size of it. This thick swollen babymaker slapping against the buoyant crack of my big ass. My hole twitched in mute desperation.

He slapped my cheeks again. A shiver of pleasure shooting through me . I didn't know what was hotter - the sensation of his firm hand on my soft flesh, or the knowledge that I was getting handled in public by this Adonis, like a fuckdoll.

"That's more like it" he laughed. "A big old hyper-inflated ba-donkadonk." He gripped each cheek firmly with a hand. God, he had such big hands! "An ass built for strangling a python like mine!"

He squeezed my cheeks tighter around his massive member and started sliding them up and down it, using me like the masturbatorial aid I was. I could feel his precum lubing my cheeks up, and dribbling down my back. I groaned appreciatively.

But then he pulled his dick away, giving my ass one last slap with its girth.

“What?” I cried. “No! Come on, stud, please!” Could he not see how desperate I was? Could he not see how badly I needed it? Was my ass not good enough?

But I saw it in the mirror. It was a comical thing. Oh wow.

My butt.

No, my horny, obscene, double-stuffed dick-squeezer.

I swiveled my huge hips, admiring how they made my waist look even tinier than it already was. This ass was more than just juicy! It was unnatural. My cheeks looked like couch cushions. I looked like a cow ready for breeding. And there, over the top of it - if anyone could draw their attention away from those cheeks first- was a tattoo of two candles melting hot white wax down my crack. It said “Jizz Dumb-ster” in trashy cutesy hot pink letters with hearts on either end.

I grinned. There was something about the lasciviousness of it, the sheer low class trampiness of it that sent my heart spinning. A bonafide stripper-worthy tramp stamp for a cake-clapping stripper tramp. It was everything I’d always wanted.

Trashy? Sure. Fake? No. This was truth in advertising.

I turned again, back to Kyle. Back to that perfect specimen.

Something hot and wet was growing between my legs. Something slick and moist and hungry. I didn’t even notice my own shrinking dick. It didn’t even seem important. Not anymore.

What was important, after all, was the dick in front of me. Well, all of the dicks in front of me, but the one Kyle was handling especially.

He plucked my little thong panties away, then with one last grope and tease of my body, he pulled my little bright pink booty shorts back up. They swelled around my juicy behind like bubble-gum. For anyone else it would have been a struggle to get them up and over, but for him, it was like it was nothing at all. The comically stretched words on them spelled out “I only do BUTTSTUFF at the gym” in girlish letters with a silhouette of a girl squatting.

God - I drank in the deep scent of his musk. His closeness! His attention!

I felt so fuckin’ special.

“More,” I whimpered. “Please”

“More what?” He grinned as though he didn’t know exactly what I needed. “You think you’re good enough for my dick? You think you get to say when?”

He slapped my ass again and I shivered in pleasure.

“Look at yourself. You really think you’re woman enough for the likes of me?”

And my heart ached because I knew it was true. Because I wasn’t.

Not yet anyway. Sure, I was trashy. Whorish. A man like him deserved better, right? He deserved an unabashed gutter slut - the filthiest, nastiest girl in all the world – to be his own personal bimbo whore.

I looked around at the other girls for inspiration. They were giggly, they were vapid. Anyone looking at them could tell the only thing they cared about was their looks.

But no, that wasn’t quite right, was it? That was the trick. That was the secret. When Kyle looked at them, they weren’t girls at all. They were pieces of meat. That’s what I needed to be.

I let out a frustrated whimper.

Kyle just laughed.

“Wow, this place really did a number on you, didn’t it?” He took my head in his huge hands and looked me first in one eye, then the other. “I guess you really did have something special. Most don’t even get half this far.”

“Huh?”

“You thought you were so smart. With all your money and your fancy place in the firm. Now look at you. You look like the only reason you don’t have tits is because you can’t afford implants, getting so caught up taking dick you forget to charge customers. “

I pouted.

“But we both know the truth, don’t we? You’ve still got quite the mind in there, don’t you? As smart as you are flat. Let’s change that, shall we? Tell me, what kind of a brain do you think a body like this has, huh?”

I didn’t have to say it. I knew the answer. Vapid. Giggly. Dumber than a bag of dicks. It was everything I’d assumed of those girls when I first walked in.

“A perfect body has a perfect mind. Working together in harmony. You know how these bimbos are.” He laughed. “The bigger the tits, the smaller the brain. That’s just science.”

My heart thumped. Being turned into *this* was one thing, but... he was going to make me dumber? Could he do that? Had he been doing that? Before, I’d been... he’d been...

It was like there was a war going on inside my head. My heart was racing. I didn't want to be dumb, but I didn't want to let him down either!

But... if I got big boobs out of it was that really so great a cost? It's not like a pretty thing like me needed a brain anyway, right? I worked the cheapest, dirtiest strip club in town! I wasn't a lawyer or anything. And boobs were so big and round and fuckable. So pretty. So slutty. Big silly sex melons! I grinned at the thought. Wasn't that worth the cost?

No, wait, what the hell was I thinking?

Kyle sat down in front of me, his legs akimbo. His body and cock were monstrous. Every ounce of him oozed this impossible masculine authority. I could smell it in his sweat.

I could only imagine that every inch of manhood I'd lost, he had gained.

He looked at me like a wolf playing with his food. "You thought you were a real executive genius." He said it like he was talking to a child. Hell, he probably was. I couldn't be any more than eighteen now. A barely legal tramp.

"You were the number one profit earner for the partners. A real superstar."

Was I?

I was popular at the club, sure but I don't know if I'd call myself a star. Except.. that's not what he was talking about, was it? Visions of offices and courtrooms start to swim about my head. Dancing on tables in front of judges. Sucking off witnesses. Paperwork and polework blending together in an incoherent mess.

Confused, I looked up at Kyle for guidance. But no, fuck! He was the one responsible for all this! What had he done? Panic surged at the hackles of my neck. I had to get out of here. If I still had any brains left I'd get away from this, to fix this. I had to get out of this gym! I had to get away from Kyle.

But, like, how was he supposed to fuck my slutty brains out if I ran away, huh? God, that'd be so much worse. I guess I wasn't as smart as I thought.

"You could still be a star," he winked. "With an ass like that."

I blushed at the compliment. It was probably the nicest thing anyone had ever said to me.

I took a step, trying to go around him, to get out of there, but he was just too big, and smelt too good. He was tall and handsome and mature and I was this trashy, weak, no good nothing.

"But there's still something you're holding on to isn't there?"

He put out an arm to stop me. My lithe soft belly pressed against his hand.

My cunt twitched at his touch. Heat flashed through me. This deep need to please him. This juiced up beast of a man.

Whatever he wanted -- I let out an eager sigh -- e could have.

No! Fuck! Fight, dammit!

"Look me in the eyes, Derrick."

I did. And I trembled. A rabbit before an alpha wolf. I couldn't look away. Instinctively I leaned towards him, putting my body on display for him.

Why was I struggling?

"It takes a real man to make it in this world. Ambition. Intelligence. That drive to succeed. I've seen you with it. Everybody respected you, loved you.

Had they?

Who could ever respect a walking cunt like me?

He lifted a hand to my offered chest and lazily pulled my sports bra down. My pliant little breasts popped loose.

I don't know why it came as such a shock. Of course I had boobs. I was a girl, right? Well, if you could even call them that. They were flat and boring. Barely even pancakes. Certainly not the soft round fuck-melons everybody else around here seemed to sport.

Not that I was jealous or anything.

His other hand came up, molding the pliant flesh of my fluttering pubescent chest. I gasped at the sensation, the pressure, the warmth.

"While you've still got some brains left, I want you to imagine something," he laughed. "If you were even half as smart as you thought you were, then just think what I'd be able to do with that. I could be a real professional. I could be more than just a brand. I could be a franchise!"

His grip grew firmer and my gasps turned to low whorish moans. He was right. He could be on TV. He could be on billboards and movies. I was completely caught up in this vision. I'd follow him anywhere.

My chest tingled under the attention of his large hands, beneath this massage he was giving me. They were... they were growing! Inflating as he held them. Pressure under my chest. Nerves I'd never known existed suddenly sprang to hypersexual life.

But as he built up my body I felt an opposite pressure in my head. Like all the air was starting to leak out of my skull.

Oh no.

"I could get some supplement lines." He pondered. "I could have the money and sponsors and get to the olympics. Hell, with your know-how I could make the kind of money to start my own fitness empire!"

He started going off about business strategy but my eyes were glazing over. All I could do was smile dreamily and nod along. He could have whatever he wanted, as long as he kept mauing my hypersensitive tits.

And then he stopped suddenly. I mewled in frustration.

"But I'll need all your brains for that, Eric. All of it. Every last IQ point."

Wait - fuck - right, that's what he was doing to me right now, wasn't it? He'd stolen my manhood - literally! And now he wanted my brains -- and still I burned to please him!? And still all I wanted was to bury my face in his groin and have him split my ass open with his bitch breaker in front of the weight racks while everybody watched.

"I'll be the biggest, most successful body builder the world has ever seen!" I tried to wriggle out of his grasp, but it just set him laughing. Powerful earthquakes rocking his giant body. "And you'll just be another dumb bitch. No, the dumbest bitch. My bitch."

I didn't know if the whorish moan that passed my lips was in panic or arousal.

"But don't worry Derrick. With the kind of money I can make, I can keep a brainless alley-trash big-boob bimbo like you very happy."

He stood and stretched. He was wearing an immaculately tailored Armani tracksuit. His shaggy hair was cut close in a fine utilitarian coif. I was as much his opposite as it was possible to be. My booty shorts now read "Spank me!" and I twirled a finger around my long bubble-gum highlights as I struggled to keep up in my sky-high heels.

"I'll be the business *man*. And you can be my number one *girl*. I'll put you to work. My stripping, pole dancing little money-maker. My porn star girlfriend. Or one of them, at any rate. I'll take good care of you, no mistake. And in return, you'll take care of any of the dudes I rent you to."

I tried to turn from his powerful, lusty hands, but with my delicate musculature it was impossible. I was trapped.

"You won't ever have to worry your pretty little head about anything ever again." His voice was a lusty growl. "I'll have so much money I can give it away! Like to my favorite front desk girl - a tit job for your birthday. Remember? Dumb bitches like you love having big fake titties, don't they?"

It was so hard to think about anything but agreement. My brain was on a rollercoaster, more and more air whooshing around inside my head by the second. My boobs swelled again in his hands, bulging erotically against his grip. My heaving breasts were ballooning up like he was working a bike pump, until they were bigger even than his hands.

God, my tits were huge! My big dumb eyes widened in shock. So big and so heavy, though Kyle handled them effortlessly. They were flawless and round. A fitness model's perfect tits. I'd squealed in happiness when he'd arranged for the implants.

"You like that."

It wasn't a question. Good. I wasn't in any position to give any sort of answers. I nodded blankly.

"You like the feeling of these fat bazongas bouncing around?"

They were so soft they rippled as he slapped at them. I watched in dumbstruck awe as they bounced and swayed.

"Mmm," I cooed. They were like melons. The kind of trashy stripper tits that told everybody watching exactly where your priorities lay. But fuck! No matter how good they felt, the tingling in my tits was echoed twice as strong in the tingle of my clit down beneath my daisy dukes.

He gave another squeeze. Like a sneeze, what few thoughts remained drained from my head completely. My chest swelled bigger still.

"Oh no!" I whimpered in faux panic as I pretended to beat my weak fists against his chest. Silly little cartoon panic. "You've made my boobies so big!"

Big titties. I giggled.

Big fat round titties! I laughed.

The kind of fuckmelons a bimbo would have. Perfect for me. Getting bigger as I got dumber.

"And that's just the start." His eyes flashed. "With the kind of money I'm going to be making, sweetheart, I can afford to take you to all the best plastic surgeons. Every vapid gym bunny's greatest dream! Massive Double-Gs. Huge freaky porno titties."

And he squeezed again at my chest. Another surge of growth, another flood of idiocy as my IQ dribbled out into my cup size.

God - my jaw dropped, look at these things! It was like two mountains bolted to the front of me. I looked freakish. I looked whorish. I looked...

"I'm freaking hot!" I giggled

I was bigger than all these other sluts now. Everybody in the gym was staring. I was the center of attention. Let them be jealous for once.

I finally had the perfect body.

But that wasn't the end wasn't it?

His hands kept going.

I should have stepped away, should have said something. But I couldn't work up the will to defy him. I couldn't move from the heat of him. I was too submissive. Too breedable. He was enjoying it now. More meat to drool over. More of my big fat honkers for him to handle. Who wouldn't enjoy playing with something like that?

He worked me over like I was his freakish fuck-cow.

"More?" he smirked.

"Uh?" It was so hard to focus

"Beg me." His voice was commanding. Deep. Powerful. "Beg me to make them even bigger."

My heart leapt into my chest. My toes curled. My inner whore - that swelling new central aspect of my personality - was salivating at the prospect. Bigger! Bigger titties! Bigger muscles! Bigger cocks!

But god, look at them. Look at me.

"But - but aren't they already too much?" I put a finger to my fat cocksucking lips. I'm already so big, daddy. I'm already so fucking stupid."

"You must be stupider than I thought to try to talk back to me. I'll say it again."

He clapped a hand on my shoulder. He looked me straight in the eyes.

"Beg me."

"I- I-." God it was so hard to think.

And then he put his big strong hand between my slick thighs and pressed on my gooshy new pussy and everything else stopped mattering.

"Oh fuck!" I cried out. "Please!" My voice was husky and seductive even through its horny bimbo twinge. "Please Kyle, please baby." I ground my titties against his chest. The inner whore had won. "Make me bigger, make me dumber! Make me a braindead porno freak! Fuck the brain right out of my ears! Give me the biggest fucking jugs the world's ever seen."

And then I squealed in delight as he did.

He pinched at each of my lurid thumb-sized nipples. They were so big and eager and trashy there'd be no hiding them. The rush of air from my brain to my tits was like a rocket blast taking off. They swelled and they stretched until even his hands were lost beneath the impossibly perky masses.

But now the sensation set me shaking, my soft blonde hair starting to fall all about my face like a whore who'd just been fucked.

And all I could do was grin like the idiot I was as the pleasure swelled higher and higher.

“Oh my fricken’ god!” I giggled and screamed. I bounced in joy and clapped my hands. “Look at my big bimbo boobies! My big uh - uh - ooooh!”

In the space where my brain had once been, the pleasure, the bliss, the sheer dirty deep down horniness of this whole fucking thing had caught onto something and was tugging. Like a sneeze it coursed through my every nerve. I was... I was-

“Ah!” I fell to the floor moaning. I was cumming, my every girly muscle tensing up! I was cumming from having my trashy bimbo tits manhandled. God, what a desperate fucking slut!

And as I caught my breath after, all I could think - if indeed they passed for thoughts at all - was how *hot* that was!

“Ah!” I cried. “Oh fuck! Oh god!” My orgasmic screams echoed through the gym. Everyone stared as my titties swelled and swelled and swelled as I came! Stretching like overripe balloons! Sexy big-boob thunder, frying what was left of my brain!

I looked up pleadingly at Kyle even as my body lolled. “Th-Thank you!”

“Thank me, what?”

“Thank you daddy!”

And then I squirted so fricking hard I fell over.

Fuck.

I don’t know long how I lay there squirming before he picked me up and put me back on my feet.

My tits were huge. All the bigger now he wasn’t squeezing them. An obscene mass of fucktoy so large I struggled to stand. I could feel them smacking against each other with a “Thwap!” sending a fresh jolt of fleshy pleasure through me at even the slightest provocation. God, I couldn’t even move without some constant reminder of what an oversexed barbie-blond big-booty, big-booby bimbo bitch I was.

And I fucking loved it!

I looked past my shelf of tit flesh at the amazing manly man who had done this to me. He gave an impossibly charming smile past his elegant designer glasses.

Just the sight of him sent my pussy ringing like a bell and the rest of my lurid whore-body agreed.

“Mm...” I jiggled up at him, cooing, one hand buried shamelessly in my cunt. “Wow! You weren’t kidding about that ‘whole body’ workout, were you?”

The air in my head had stopped. Nothing there but vacuum now. And it was totally worth it. What else could matter more than these supernaturally large funbags? What did people care more about? Brains and respect? Or giant jiggly jubbly jumping jugs for everybody to play with?

Duh. The answer seemed so obvious. Maybe I was smarter now than I ever was before?

"I told you," he smirked. "Now come on, let's put those money-makers back to work. I know of a handful of up-and-comers at a certain legal firm who would be thrilled to see you like this."

"Up and cummers?" I grinned and clapped in approval. There was nothing I'd love more.

-

I walked into the gym.

The entire thing was one big mirror-lined warehouse with aging machines strewn about at random. The floors were hard concrete. The air was stale with sweat and mold. The whole place was cheap and trashy.

I was home.

Muscular studs grunted and took selfies. Powerful men heaving with muscle lifted and flirted with all the amazing big-titted plastic Barbie dolls rightfully fawning all over them. I grinned. The only thing those girls would be lifting would be their tops.

"Yo, Candi!" One of the guys called my name. "Looking good!"

Candi DumbcumMellons. I liked my new name. It made me horny every time I heard it. More importantly it was the only one I could actually remember for more than five minutes. Plus, if a guy forgot it, there were plenty of other fun things he could call me!

I turned to flash my huge freaking titties to him as I minced my way past. The guy gave me a wolf whistle that left my pussy drenched.

"You're late!" another bimbo giggled as I got to the front desk.

"Sorry! I got way carried away on my onlyfans stream." I grunted needily at the memory. "Someone sent me a new monster dildo! O. M. G. Big and strong and shaped like a fist? Totally fricken' five stars! It would be rude if I hadn't filmed a thank you video of just how much I enjoyed it, wouldn't it? For those who paid of course."

That was one of Kyle's rules. I could show off my swollen gazongas and bounce and play and tease as much as I wanted (and I wanted all the time!) but putting my cocksuckers to work, or titty fucking or taking any of my dildos up my big slutty python presser all cost extra.

But I mean, it made sense after all, even to an airhead like me - what better way to prove to everybody what a desperate needy fresh-off-the-street whore I was than to charge people to have sex with me?

Not that I was good with money or anything. Numbers were hard! But Kyle could figure all that out, he was so smart!

And god I Fuckin loved being a whore!

“How do I look?”

With the way my fat slutty nipples hardened against my tank top, the words “Gym Bunny” were stretched comically upon it. My tiny gold nylon shorts rode up high on my thighs, exposing the bottom of my giant round ass. A scanty pink thong poked out above it like floss between my perfect globes.

Kyle said the big hoop nipple rings made me look like a dumb cow, but that just made it all the better when he bent me over his desk after closing and tugged on them like the horny heifer I was.

My face was young, horny and empty of thought. Long platinum blonde hair hung down with trashy pink highlights in a ponytail behind me. And god I loved the way my resting face had my big juicy cocksucking semen suckers hanging dumbly open, just ready and inviting for some fat meat to be thrust between them!

“You look like a two-bit fucktoy.” She gave me a thumbs up. “Like a dick-dumb horny pornstar without a thought in your head.”

I grinned and giggled at the compliment.

“Go get ‘em sweetheart!”

I rushed past the gym’s latest blowjob queen, gratefully sucking a hyper-muscular VIP off as he did his bench presses, and ran into the locker room.

Business was booming. Turns out there’s more than one way to get a guy’s testosterone up.

With his improved business smarts, it hadn’t taken long for Kyle to take over. And now every day there were more and more big, strong, muscular men to lift me up and fuck me silly.

And sometimes one of the younger trainers would bring in some stick-in-his ass but strong older man. He’d give them a full workout and when they were done, I had a new bimbo sister to play with, making out and sucking each other’s big fake tits as we discuss boys and makeup and boys and boys.

Well, not boys. Men. Big strong muscular men. Chiseled chests and eight pack abs and firm delts and strong hands and most importantly a big fat cock just as hard as any of that muscle. Could other men even call themselves real men?

I pushed into the locker room and was greeted by a cavalcade of just that. One of the other girls was just starting to lick the cum off her naked tits as we tag teamed off.

All around me, sweaty masculine muscle glistened in the locker room light. Men in various stages of undress. It was almost cliché. Not that any of these guys could ever come close to Kyle, of course. Just like none of those other sluts could come close to me.

I looked around at all the real men . They knew what they wanted from a wet hole like me, and so did I. Their sweaty cocks were straining against their jockstraps. All that lifting, all that eye candy? It had them all pent up.

I smiled as a handful of them took out their cameras.

Time to get to work. Time to feel the burn.

And as they took me into their hands to work my body out and over I couldn't help but see that poster one more time over the door.

"Making A New You. A Perfect You."

I couldn't have agreed more.

God I loved this gym!

The End.