

F*cked pt.4 - Housemates II

(Futa on Male domination)

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Preface

Author note: This erotic series contains explicit Futa on male domination scenes, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

(Please remember to love and support the LGBTQ+ community, privately and publicly if possible.)

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F*cked pt.4 - Housemates II

Mark hung at the back of the group as Benz made his intros to the cameras. He knew being too central in shot would piss Benz off for sure.

“WELCOME guys and girls, to DELTA gym!”

The runt of the litter. It had always been the case with his friends whose coattails he had clung onto; with the smallest number of subscribers and a rather un-divisive personality compared to the rest, Mark understood his place in the pecking order. He pushed his (naturally unassuming) smile wider.

Don't rock the boat, be reliable. They were the main reasons Benz hadn't found a reason to oust him in the face of his natural pudginess and general lack of 'x factor'.

The boys all cheered, pretending to do stretches or give grousing faces to the camera as they posed their weedy biceps and stringy muscles, Jaz the only one with any definition worth flexing for.

“With me we have our Rowdy Boyz.... and here on our left we have... The DELTA GYM LADIES!”

The camera panned to a collection of women so fit and toned they looked like an Olympic volleyball team, tall with heavily toned muscles and bulging quads everywhere.

Each girl seemed to have something that stood out. Zalta's height, almost a head above the rest, Clem with her young, slim body but pert butt, Jessica with her prodigious cleavage and Pasha, the raven-haired woman with razor-sharp cheeks and a look that could freeze a man at forty paces. As well as this, the armour-plated abs of the black woman were on full display as she stood as close as possible to Benz, who looked even smaller in her shadow.

Mark found his eyes wandering over all the muscles and fats gripped by overworked yoga-pants and sports bras... and saw a pair gazing back at his own. Whilst Benz rabbited on to the cameras, Mark found himself lost in pools of Amber. Clem, the shortest (and to his eyes, cutest) girl there blew him a kiss, and he felt a specific female-driven terror and excitement hit him like a train. The mere concept of a girl this hot being interested in him was enough to throttle his brain.

“AND CUT!”

Benz clicked his fingers and motioned Stu and Frankie to heft the cameras with them, along with Fozzie who had only just caught up with them.

“Guys, get your personal cams out... Frankie and Stu, hover around... and as for the ladies...”

He smiled at the girls who all cast a stern gaze in his direction.

“... Well, I guess Jaz can go with his... friend.”

“Ah shame... Guess I get the hot one” sighed Zalta which provoked a few titters from both parties, smirking at Jaz, who seemed excited and scared in equal measure, docile like a puppy before he was led away. Benz watched them go with a nasty look, gesturing for Fozzie to follow them closely with his camera before turning to the rest of the ladies.

“... And I’ll go wiiiiith...”

He pointed at Jessica.

“...you.”

Jessica didn’t move a muscle.

“No.”

Benz turned on the charm, “look, for the video let’s-“

Jessica replied with a harsh enough tone that stopped him in his tracks.

“I said no.”

She followed up by walking to Dom and snaring him by the collar, before pulling him unceremoniously away from the group.

“Come.”

Benz didn’t like being out of control, looking like he was about to say something before taking a deep breath in through his nose. That was when he noticed the black woman watching him, slowly slipping a studded tongue out of her mouth, and making a circle across her lips, leaving them wet. Her nostrils flared, bringing his attention to the silver-nose ring, delicate and at odds with her lustful gaze.

Benz felt a chill inhabit his body.

This woman gave off a sense of danger he was quite unfamiliar with, and almost certainly unprepared for. He broke eye contact quickly, fidgeting with his shirt, instead focusing his attention on the cold-faced woman.

“Alright then.... how about y-“

Pasha grabbed Duppie so fast he barely had time to say “Oh!” before he was being manhandled almost violently towards the treadmills.

“-ou...”

Benz’s arms fell to his sides.

“Well...”

The bruising black woman stepped a little closer. He bristled, the colour leaving his face.

“I-I think I’ll go with-“

Clem, the younger girl smirked and jumped straight into Mark’s arms. Mark staggered back, falling to the mat with her on top of him. “Wooo! Floor exercises already?” she asked with a cheeky grin, and Mark started laughing with her, although he let out a small wheeze as her hand snaked down and openly grabbed between his legs.

“OOhhf!”

Benz looked at the pair with incredulity, then at the camera man who was zooming in on the hand openly grabbing Mark’s crotch, kneading at the lumpy collection of objects inside Mark’s trackie bottoms that was obviously his cock and balls.

“Stu, are you getting thi-“

Something came into contact with his side, and he looked sideways, and then up into the face of the black woman standing far too intimately in his personal space. He could feel the heat from her rock-hard abs as they pressed against his arm, the two-piece gym-gear leaving open midriff where her sweat could rub against his skin.

“Name’s Jewell. What’s your name boy?”

“U-uh... that’s a little friendly of you!” he said in a charming, internet personality vlogger voice, although it was far higher pitched than usual. “Maybe you need a lesson in manners!”

“OH trust me, I’m reaaal friendly,” she said in a hoarse voice that sounded like she ate gravel every day for fun, “.... now, I ain’t gonna ask again... What’s your name?”

“B-benz!..... You probably know me, leader of the Rowdy Bo-”

A huge, calloused hand touched his bicep, not hard, just enough to squeeze the meagre amount of muscle there.

“... Leader huh?”

Benz felt his extremities go numb, the winning smile on his face faltering towards dislike and outright fear.

“Ah... Yup! Now, I reckon we should start on the b-“

Jewell grabbed him before he had finished his sentence. “-icycles...?!”

Mark watched Jewell pull Benz away, incredulous. He couldn't believe his luck... Benz was being manhandled by a brute of a woman, whilst the girl currently pulling him towards the floor section was petite, of a similar height to his 5'5 and far too cute for his pimply ass. Her hand felt so soft.

“What's your name?”

High-pitched and sugar-sweet. Her tone could soften a mountain.

“M.. Mark.”

“Clem.”

Her hand squeezed his tighter.

This never happened.

Mark looked behind to enjoy one last picture of Benz's shocked expression, squirming in the grasp of the eager-looking woman with ebony skin and humungous muscles.

'Thank goodness....'

“C'mon Mark! you're gonna love this.”

“Love what?”

“Urrm... I dunno... but c'mon, we're both gonna love it.”

Mark couldn't find anything to dislike in Clem's sunny smile, her light-brown curls bouncing around her. But... the bulges on every girl..... in his excitement he hadn't checked, but she surely must have had one?....

Somewhere far away a squeal in the corner made him spin in time to see Benz being forced harshly onto a machine where Jewell was gripping him with dustbin-lid hands, firmly on his waist like a ballerina.

'Whoa....'

He couldn't pretend it wasn't enjoyable to see Benz, usually so smart and calculated, on the back foot for a change.

As he was pulled towards the floor section with matts arranged in a large square, Clem bounced on her tiptoes away from him with the grace of a gazelle, turning with a grin that seemed somehow broader than her face, a rich, sunny smile.

“Right... what do you wanna work on...mobility, flexibility or strength?”

“Yup, I have all of those.”

She regarded him with a smirk and a raised brow, taking in the pudgy legs, squat demeanour and overall lack of athleticism.

“Ohh *sure* you do...”

“Yup. That’s why I don’t need gyms.”

“Okay, touch your toes.”

He bent over and was fortunate to reach his shins.

“Woww.... Your flexibility.... that’s a lot to work on.”

“Ah.. is that so...?”

“Don’t worry... I’m a great teacher!”

“Very humble of you.”

She grinned.

“You’re cute.... Come here.”

She gestured him to the corner where some lesser-used equipment and yoga mats were stashed, partially hiding them from view. Something in his chest pulsed faster as he was led to the shadier spot.... Why were there so many partitions? As he never went to gyms, the collection of iron bars in different shapes with grips in different places all looked identical and rather menacing, but he’d probably have followed Clem into quicksand if she asked.

“Now, I think we can work on your flexibility...”

“And how do we do that exactly?”

Mark was so entranced that his handheld camera hung limply by his side, forgotten.

“First a warmup... I reckon we should try... wrestling!”

She barrelled into him, and Mark felt the wind leave his stomach as she, surprisingly strong, used her speed and athleticism to flip him onto his back.

“Are you embarrassed getting beaten by a girl?”

“Who... said I... lost...” he panted, trying to bridge his back up. She pivoted her hips easily so she was sitting directly on his groin, and he uttered a surprised “UH-“ as she grounded him, straddling his lap with pillowy thighs. That’s when he saw the

boner in her yoga-pants, and realised... it was the most terrifyingly sexy thing he'd ever seen. A dot had formed at the end of what looked like a sweet five-inch cocklet, and he watched, mesmerised as she sat up slightly, tenting her skin-tight bottoms even more obscenely.

"Problem?"

Unlike some of the others, he had no reservations. This was too good an opportunity to pass up.

"... No."

"Ready to do some stretches?" she grinned.

"... Yes."

"Cool.... Let's start with my ass!"

"*HUH?! Uh... okay...*" he whispered, scared that he might ruin the moment by saying something stupid. It felt inevitable that this would be too good to be true somehow. Instead she sat down harder on his hips... and began to grind.

"*Huh-*"

Their eyes widened as their cocks rubbed against each other.

"Wow... you're... a big girl..."

"Me?! I'm only five inches! *You're... well...*"

Despite all his faults... Mark did have one thing that he was fairly sure the others didn't.

Her smile grew as she rocked back on her hips and felt a much larger than expected bulge begin pulsing between her cheeks, and purposefully made a show of grinding her ass against his crotch, right against his growing erection.

"Wow.. is that still getting bigger?..."

His face flushed with heat as she began to ride up and down like a stripper.

"Urm... it's a little... little shy at first."

"Doesn't seem embarrassed to me.... *or little...*"

"Well... I think stretching helps," he managed, his face flushing with heat as she ground her ass a little harder against his burgeoning manhood, too horny to tell her to stop, but too nervous to make a move of his own. Her ass was a healthy size compared to her body, and enveloped his manhood between the cheeks wonderfully.

"You didn't tell me you were a grower."

"I.. didn't think it was important in the gym."

“Well, seeing as we’ve got plenty to work with... we’d better put it to good use then.”

Glancing past the equipment shelves helpfully blocking the view, she checked the cameramen were pointed at various other figures, each in their own rather interesting positions. She smirked, and pulled Mark’s gaze to her before he could see what the other girls were doing to his cohorts.

“Lemme see if I can stretch this out a little further....”

She uncouthly grabbed his dick through his pants, and Mark moaned as a woman touched his manhood for the first time in ages. It felt so solid he might explode at any moment as slender fingers tickled up his length.

“Oh... that’s super hard... barely any give at all.”

She squeezed and wiggled it, changing gear and jerking harder. He bit his lip, desperately trying to keep himself from blowing right away despite also wanting her to just rip his pants off and go to town.

“Do you wanna stretch me?”

“H.. huh?”

“Do. You. Want. To. Stretch. Me.”

“Y.. yeah..”

“So let’s start with my ass?”

“YES.”

“Well then... I’d better take your dick out.”

She sat up, allowing him to catch his breath before peeling his pants and boxers down, unveiling a rock-hard eight-inch penis which sprang up ramrod straight, disproportionally large for his rather small, chubby frame. A trail of white was gently leaking from the tip at a steady rate.

Her expression morphed into glowing hunger.

“Oh *fuck yeah.*”

“Is it... okay?”

“Okay?! It’s *more* than okay!... I’ve not even held one that big before... at least, not on a guy.”

“*Thanks.. wait, on a guy?*”

She winked.

“Don’t worry about that cutie. Just stay still... unless I have to wrestle you again.”

“N.. no... that’s cool...”

“Shame,” she smirked, as he obediently lay flat, his erection a clear pillar jutting straight up from his body. “Wrestling you was fun....”

His cheeks warmed to boiling as she grabbed the log jutting from his crotch, girthy enough to fill her hand.

“*Goodness me*....I think I picked the right horse... literally..”

Mark glanced out, just able to see a cameraman hovering near Dom and the tall woman clad in pink yoga gear, the pair ensconced on a weight machine. Frankly nothing surprised him in this gym after seeing the way Jewell was treating Benz.

Clem reached down and tipped his eyes back to hers so he didn’t notice what was beginning to happen to the others, noting Duppie and Benz who were being manoeuvred into incredibly deferential positions. Benz in particular looked like he was being manhandled off the back machine towards a pull-up frame with evil intent by Jewell.

She put her finger to her lips and winked.

“Shhhh..”

Mark watched in shock as she rotated, moving into a reverse cowgirl, and pulled down the back of her leggings. A white pair of panties revealed itself... and pair of balls bulging inside it. Mark stared, and then felt a thrown packet hit his face.

“Hey, idiot, lube me up!” Clem hissed, snapping him out of his trance.

“D... do you always wear panties to the gym?”

Clem smirked.

“Nah... only when we know naughty boys are joining us.”

“Oh...”

“You gonna put that on?”

“B.. but what if they see us?”

She growled.

“Ya know what? If you’re gonna take this long, I’ll do it myself.”

Pftoo!

She spat on her hand, and began to slid her fingers underneath her white panties, right up against her asshole.

Mark couldn’t help a murmur, hypnotised by the display.

“Hhoo...”

“Okay big boy... let’s see if I can take you...”

She reached down and pulled her panties aside, showing a pink starfish. Grabbing his shaft, she then guided herself to a seat. Her brow creased, struggling to go deeper.

“*Jesus fuckin’-a christ* you’re big.”

“Uh... ha... yeah.. sorry about that.”

“Don’t worry, you can make it up to me by sucking me off later.”

“Suck you o-OhhHN...?!”

Before he could finish she pressed downwards and grimaced, her own moan escaping her as she pushed downwards and managed to force the thick mushroomed head into her ass. Their breaths came deeper and heavier, Mark squirming as his sensitive helmet was wrapped tight by her anal rim.

“HHohh....”

“W-why are you moaning,” she grunted, “not like *you’re* getting f-fucked in the.. *hhohhhh... ass...*”

“... It’s... tight...”

“I KNOW it’s tight!” she managed, forcing a pained grin.

His speech wasn’t working properly. Neither was hers. All Mark could do was as she took a few deep breaths before letting her weight sink closer to his hips. She stopped a few inches down, letting out another moan of pain and blossoming pleasure over her shoulder.

“Ghhhodddd.... I’m... *n-not gonna be walking much tomorrow...*”

“S-sorry...”

“Stop being sorry and start lubing that fucking dick!”

“Sorry!”

He grabbed the packet with shaking fingers, a murmur wheedling its way from his throat as she pulled back up a bit, knees shaking in a half-squat.

“Any... time.. today *prince charming...*”

“S-! Y-yeah, okay, okay..”

He tore the packet open, splashing half of the lube on himself, the rest gathered by messy fingers where he began to rub all around the five inches of penis still outside the girl’s buttohole. As he was doing this, he glanced around to see if anyone else had clocked his embarrassing position... and realised in fact that he had perhaps

the luckiest seat in the slaughterhouse. Duppie was in a bend-me-over-daddy position against the glass with Pasha, the raven-haired Botox nightmare hugging his back, crunching her hips against him. If it was a decent-sized penis, she was surely re-arranging his insides. Dom meanwhile sat within a woman's bear hug with his hands behind his back, making a poor attempt to look like he wasn't desperately wanking off the goddess hugging him tight. Benz's position in particular made Mark's eyeballs pop, clutching the pull-up bar with terror in his eyes as Jewell ripped down his pants and boxers in one go, revealing a hilariously small cock too small to droop, instead perched up on his balls. An ache hit Mark's own testicles before he could process it properly, as Clem's vengeful fingers clutched them.

"Holy-HNN"

"Keep. Lubing."

"Y-Y-YES-"

Quickly his shaft from the middle down was slathered, and he even tried to feather some around the off-colour ring of her asshole, bringing a shiver from Clem.

"Hhohh...."

He fiddled again with her rim, and she let out a few effeminate whines.

"Yyhheah... y...."

Her weight released downwards, and this time the journey was significantly easier, her taut butthole sliding inch after inch downwards, greedily consuming his lubed up, raging-hard boner until with a whinny she came to a shaking straddle of his hips. A twitch of her torso made it obvious there was a lot going on inside the otherwise sweet, pristine figure, and when she turned her head, her eyelid spasmed, giving away that things weren't quite sitting in her abdomen yet.

"Wwww-oww... *biiig*...."

"Uh... sor-"

She bucked her hips and he felt her insides hug his dick as she slid a little up and down his pole, grimacing as she did so.

"Y-you say sorry one more time.... we're... switching places.... got it?"

"Got it."

She began to buck her hips, and the ripple that went through her slender back muscles immediately was followed by a low moan that began to bubble up from her gut, a hypnotic drone as she rocked her hips, presenting her magnificent, pert ass-

cheeks to Mark. They felt like the most perfect, innocent pair of white pillows gripping his horsecock, and it sent shivers of pleasure through his body to have a front row seat of her sitting reverse-cowgirl, rim distended and hugging it.

“Hhhoh shit...”

“HHn... hnn...”

Their grunts came faster as she started to ride him fully. Clem thrust her hips down with less regard for her welfare, and she pushed her sports bra up, tantalisingly revealing the side of her left breast which Mark couldn't quite see from her reverse cowgirl position, running a hand across one. Any attempts to disguise what they were doing faded, Mark moaning as he tried not to give into the wonderful pleasure of her warm insides hugging his dick, caressing it with brutally tight strokes. Elsewhere he could hear moans over the background gym music as other pairs melded into each other with passion, violence, or both.

Then a burst of pleasure from her insides hugging him brought a moan.

“Hhhuh-“

Her ass tightened whenever she had his full length inside, clutching the hilt and drawing extra pleasure from Mark's manhood as he began to rock his hips with her, working together to hilt deeper into her body. Orgasmic energy began to build as he watched her bite her lip in the most innocent way whilst riding his dick, small yips coming from her lips.

“Nn.. hnn!...nh..”

The vision alone was so perfect that the swirling excitement in his torso was already coming to a head, about to take over. He was going to cum, and it had only been two minutes-

“W-wait!.. wait-“

Clem paused, chest heaving.

“Hnnnh... uhhhg...”

“Just... one second.”

Clem smiled, eyes shut, basking in the feel of being filled with dick, before grimacing.

“You okay?”

“Y-yeah! I'm fine... just... little excited..”

“Ha...*Alright*...”

She pulled upwards, and Mark almost came anyway as he felt her pull his dick all the way up, anus sliding across his tip and exiting with a slurpy sound as lube dripped from her wide, pink hole. She began to awkwardly slide her leggings completely off, falling to her side as she did so.

“Come... on.....!”

Eventually she pulled them clear, and flung her sports bra away. Mark beheld this slim woman, like a dandelion in spring, flawless... and the cute (perhaps slightly smaller than five inches in his opinion) penis which was twerking in time with her fast-beating heart.

“I wanna look in your eyes as you fill me.”

He could barely croak out the word, “yes.”

She came back to straddling him, now facing forwards and taking her time as she teased her fingers across his still-sensitive hardness, bringing whinnies of pleasure and discomfort.

“T.. *tickles...!*”

“Oh.. is my well-endowed bull scared?....”

“N-no-“

“Good.....”

Despite the enjoyment from teasing, she couldn't resist his endowment back inside her any longer and quickly guided him back to her hole, squatting over it before pushing down slowly. Her ass accepted him a bit easier this time, and she let out a long slow breath as she began to slide down, eyes going glassy as she approached the bottom.

“HhohHHH-“

She feathered her asscheeks down to his hips, quads trembling as she placed her hands on his chest. Mark drank in everything... that little bite of her lip that was so adorable; tear-drop breasts that were every bit as sweet as the rest of her... and a hard penis twitching quietly in time with her heartbeat, a wet dot of white liquid at the tip. He didn't know what to touch first.

Overwhelmed by choices, he didn't object as she took his hands to cup her breasts. Automatically he needed them and sighed as the warm, squidgy flesh resisted his fingers with that perfect cushion and warmth that only breasts provided. Her flat

nipples felt like small buttons that needed to be worked and pressed and fondled, which he began to do with gusto.

“OoooooHHh-“

Her voice was pained, overwhelmed by too many sensations.

As they began to find a jerky rhythm, Mark having to take a few moments to match her movements (“*We’ll work on that.*”), he had to work incredibly hard not to let himself explode immediately, grimacing and breathing deep as he tried to avoid his heart pumping itself to death, or his balls emptying every last stable. He could feel them already quivering, ready to let loose.

Thankfully Clem tensed up first.

Mark watched as her cute dick bounced up and down, and whinnied as it launched a little jet of pre-cum over his shirt. He stared at the stain, then at the throbbing erection leaking icing onto his now ruined tee... and then at her gorgeous, youthful face scrunched into an anticipating gurn, the bouncing becoming less rhythmic and more forceful, her groans growing louder..

She was going to cum properly in a few seconds....

“OOhhMma.. Mmark... OHhMark....!”

“Yeah...”

“OHHMMA-“

She arched her back, and Mark watched with glassy eyes as the ecstasy blossomed from her cheeks and open lips, her buttohole clamping down on his shaft. He lurched, crunching up as his own balls released pure pleasure up his dick and squirted it into her bowels.

“AAAUHHHHGH-“

“HooONN-“

They rocked back and forth, her insides clutching his weapon as it forced pleasure through her shaking, overworked body. A white string of pearly liquid shot out and almost hit the wall such was the force with which it was expelled from Clem’s penis, and Mark watched, mesmerised as another line of warm wetness fell across his face.... And then another, and another. Some went in his mouth, and he stayed open, aghast, lost in his own orgasm as he felt her asshole crush his hilt. A whinny escaped him, cum gushing up from his pipeline into her bowels, a jizz tsunami which

would engulf her insides in a flood of heat and seed. The pair rocked, zombie moaning, lost to the world.

It was only after the last few spasms and whimpers had died down that either one spoke.

“W... wow....” Mark murmured.

Clem didn’t speak. She just rested on his chest, full up with seed, and cock.

“AND CUT!”

Jaz watched with bated breath as Benz clicked his fingers and motioned Stu and Frankie to heft the cameras with them, along with Fozzie who had only just caught up with them.

“Guys, get your personal cams out... Frankie and Stu, hover around... and as for the ladies...”

Every syllable in Benz’s voice threatened to cut to Jaz’s core.

‘God just let this day end...’

Benz smiled at the girls who all cast a stern gaze in his direction, then at Jaz with cold eyes. To Jaz, it felt like the walls were squeezing inwards.

“... Well, I guess Jaz can go with his... friend.”

A Nascar race would have lowered the adrenaline coursing through his veins as Zalta fixed him with a smirk of warmth and humour and reached down to grab his hand.

“Ah shame... Guess I get the hot one” she sighed which provoked a few titters from both parties, smirking at Jaz.

He gulped, searching for a place to put his hands. It felt strangely naked being on camera without his hat. He looked at the large, pink-nailed hand on his, feeling the gentle pressure in fingers that could crush if they wished, leading him away. Once they were out of earshot he leaned in.

“Hey... Zalta?”

“Yeah cutie?”

He lowered his voice.

“Thanks for covering.... earlier.”

She smiled.

“Oh, when that *Benz* guy asked if we fucked? Of course... *Anything* for you cutie.”

She squeezed his hand and he felt that heat in his chest blossom, stomach turning over and over like he was on a one-man rollercoaster. It just felt so *safe* being comforted by someone so imposing.

A heavy ball suddenly appeared in his throat as he tried to swallow it down.

"Thanks..."

"No problem at all....Besides, why would I tell that smug little prick anything?"

"I know, just.... I appreciate it."

She leaned in and brought her head close to his. Jaz recoiled, peering over his shoulder to see Fozzie in his grey hoodie creeping in behind. The black lens held between a one-armed gimble was steady and pointed straight at Zalta's ass, panning to his nervous face. He threw a hasty grin up.

"We're on camera...." he whispered, turning back.

She grinned.

"So?"

"Just... not now..."

"So you don't want to kiss me?"

"Of course I do," he said out of the corner of his mouth, "just not RIGHT now."

"So when? Tomorrow? Next week? "

He paused, staring up into a look of total confidence and control, and realised that Zalta wasn't going to take no for an answer. He gave a tiny nod.

"Tonight."

"Huh... cute... I've been thinking about your tight butthole for the last three hours."

Fozzie's eyes briefly flicked from the hand-held camera gimble to Jaz's, brow furrowed curiously.

"Shhhh!" he hissed, putting on his best 'entertaining' expressive mask for the cameras.

"What?"

"I MEAN ah... You gonna work me out, or do I have to go to a REAL gym trainer next time??!"

An eyebrow raise was her only response. She turned round to Fozzie and, after a split-second of ugly lines of hatred on her face that rarely saw the light of day, Zalta's dazzling smile returned.

“Ah... Fozzie was it?”

Fozzie’s rat-like face peeped up curiously, unused to being referred to by guests. Usually they were so engrossed with being on camera that he became almost invisible, which was his preferred mode of existence.

“Yep. Just act like I’m not here, yeah?”

“But you are here.”

“W... well... yeah. But just act like I’m not.”

Zalta gave a deep sigh, and then put a hand on his shoulder.

“Look, did you sign yourself in at the front desk?”

“Uh, no, but no-one else-“

“Well then, let’s do that before any filming. Safety first!”

“But-OUCH-“

Zalta grabbed tight to his shoulder and steered him brusquely back to the entrance. Jaz watched her march past Benz who looked like a child in the shadow of Jewell.

‘Is she gonna corner him?’

Jaz watched from ten paces away in growing anxiety as Zalta pushed him out of sight.

‘What’s happening... they didn’t sign anyone in, so why him?’

A cold, shocking thought gripped him then.

‘Wait.. what if she’s going to fuck him?’

The betrayal and jealousy that didn’t gnaw, but rather consumed his gut entirely grew to every corner of his body as the seconds ticked past. He turned and put his hands through his hair, the lack of hat making him feel more naked and exposed than he already did.

‘I don’t believe it... I thought she liked me, I thought she loved-‘

“Hey!”

Zalta came back, alone. The blood began to pump through Jaz’s body with such fervour that he almost collapsed with relief.

“Hey.... Where’s Fozzie?”

“Oh he’s just running through a few things with Gloria at the front desk.”

“Gloria?”

“Secretary.”

He hadn't noticed the secretary on the way in.

"Oh... what are they running through?"

"Well I hope his ass...."

Jaz blanched, eyes bulging as he checked the others disappearing to their separate corners bar Benz and Duppie who were still fairly easy to spot from the weights section.

"... but they might start with oral."

"She's... fucking him?!?!?"

Zalta looked at him reproachfully.

"Hey! We're not savages.... She's just offering him into the back office right now. I reckon she'll not be inside him untillll.... Five minutes from now?"

"Oh."

Jaz held down a burp. His stomach hadn't stopped feeling queasy for the past couple of hours.

"If Benz heard...."

"UGH grow some balls cowboy! He can eat a dick... and probably will pretty soon, seeing as Jewell looks like she's gonna eat him alive."

"... Jewell?"

She pointed.

"Muscular. Black. Piercings.... Currently touching up your glorious leader..."

Jaz's whirled to see Benz being manhandled onto a seated row machine by Jewell in the distance. It was rather gratifying seeing the precious young man's air of superiority wilt in the face of this bull woman's aura; just as sleek and powerful as the black and steel-coloured machines around her.

In another part of the gym Dom was already going with Jessica, looking like a schoolchild being led by his milf mother in her workout gear. Jaz had to blink to stop himself looking a third time at the woman's ferocious curves as they swayed off to another section of machines in the opposite corner, only to snap onto Mark who, from Jaz's vantage point, looked like he was being fully straddled.

"Huh.... *Brother...*"

'This sure ain't a workout...'

In fact looking closer he realised the gym seemed... a little *too* ideally separated. The place had seemed fairly open at first glance, yet temporary partitions seemed

to have been erected to close-off certain spaces and angles. It looked set up for all of them to be partially hidden from view.

“Zalta... did you uh... plan all this in advance?”

Zalta gave a ‘I wouldn’t know’ little shrug, but the smugness in her knowing smile told a different story.

Jaz watched as Jewell, or rather woman judging by her prodigious body-builder physique, pulled Benz off the machine like an unwilling dog being walked by its owner.

“She seems... sweet?”

Zalta snorted, an ugly chuckle sounding so charismatic in her deeper tone.

“HA... I know right? She’ll do things to him that’ll make me look like a Jane Austen character.”

“Who?”

“Oh God, I like you better with your mouth shut.”

“You sure about that?”

She smiled, impressed.

“Well look at *you* with the dirty talk.”

His cheeks heated up to boiling point, and he glanced over his shoulder, before feeling his heart hammer a little harder as she pulled him more firmly to her, rubbing her hand far more invasively than a friend would down his back, resting just above his ass. As she guided him past the row of running machines, he looked back and found almost everyone except Benz was now out of his eyeline.

‘This is crazy... are they going to fuck us in front of the camera guys?!’

As they moved towards a mirrored area with dumbbells sitting in long racks, Zalta squeezed his ass-cheek almost painfully hard, sending a jolt through his body.

“Hnn!”

“Problem?”

He puffed up his chest.

“N... no. Just... interested to see how good a gym coach you *really are...*”

“Oh *brother...* I’m the best.”

Her mocking of his oft-used phrase did nothing but stoke the fires in his belly. He decided that privacy from the rest was much-preferred in Zalta’s company. Gripping

the handheld camera in his hand, he turned it away so it wouldn't capture him blushing.

"Well then miss Schwarzenegger..... what first?"

"Let's start with the bench seeing as you've got such a cute chest..."

"Hey, it's not cute," he shot back, "*your* chest is cute maybe."

She grinned.

"Thanks... want a chest press competition?"

"I wouldn't want to embarrass you," he said airily.

"Good boy. I like my boyfriend not to be a sissy."

His heart opened up the throttle and sped away faster than his brain could keep up, pumping like it was preparing to leap over the pacific in one bound as his gaze snapped to the camera-men lingering back near Benz and the others.

"Thanks... m-maybe don't label things on camera," he muttered.

"Why, do you want me to dress you in women's clothes and be my girlfriend instead? It's an option."

Her demeanour was so worryingly relaxed and confident that he believed her.

"Urm, *no thanks!*"

She laughed.

"Wow, you're really scared aren't you?"

He glanced over his shoulder and leaned into her.

"Well... maybe *you're* just scared I'm gonna outmuscle you."

This sent her into a fit of giggles, and she pretended to trip, falling into his arms which nearly took him to the floor.

"Oh g-g-gosh you overpowered me.... my legs... I can barely stand!"

Her tall frame struggled to be contained in his arms, Jaz finding it impossible not to love the solidity of her uncompromising muscles against his fingers, the weight of her tugging him down.

"Well if you don't want me to drop you on the floor I would suggest you try," he urged, his face going red.

"Maybe I wanna be dropped on the floor by you..... gimme a kiss," she responded, smooching her lips and closing her eyes.

He snapped a quick look over his shoulder.

They were just over ten metres away from the rest, and no cameras were pointed in their direction yet, Stu closely following Benz who was being forced onto the pullup bar.

Her eyes peeled.

“If you don’t want to kiss, then I won’t ask again.”

Jaz felt that molten excitement bursting in his veins as he dipped her like a tango dancer without thinking, met her lips and tried to push his tongue down her throat.

“MMmhh!

She moaned in surprise as his tongue attempted to crash into her mouth, then whinnied as her weight proved too much for him, and they both went crashing to the floor.

“MMPH-“

They tangled and Jaz fell on top of her in a straddle, feeling warm mounds against his face which were oscillating up and down. She was laughing, with his head directly between her breasts. The rose tattoo just below her neck looked beautiful against her skin, dark against white.

“Mm-now we’re having fun....!”

“Mmmmp-....maybe a little too much...”

He glanced up at Stu who glanced in his direction and smirked, the camera quickly following. Zalta clung to him as he tried to extricate himself.

“Where d’ya think you’re going?”

“Z-Zalta-”

“*Baby,*” she corrected.

“... *Baby.* We need to be a little more subtle...”

“Ugh fine, but just call me that one more time?”

“Can we-“

“*Pleeeeee* cowboy cutie?”

“I.. don’t think I’m a cowboy without my hat,” he murmured, glancing over to where Frankie was following Duppie with his camera as he spoke with the raven-haired woman.

Zalta clasped his head, turning it back to her and leaned forwards, touching their noses together.

“You’re still my cowboy though... *cutie.*”

Their lips pressed together briefly. Jaz murmured as his opened, unable to resist even when faced with public humiliation as he knew Stu was probably aiming straight at them. Zalta however, cruelly stopped just shy of their mouths opening, leaving Jaz waiting to lock their tongues. Zalta's heart was pounding in her chest, a mistress basking in the knowledge that her bitch was ready to be taken whenever she deemed necessary.

"Later then," she whispered, pulling back.

"Ho... r-right.. yeah..."

As they paused to gaze into each other's eyes, their cheeks mirroring flushed crimson, Jaz felt something much deeper move in him, like a clock being reset, or the changing of a season, yet more permanent. A warmth that spread to every part of his body... and something large pressing against his groin. He looked down to see the tightest tent he'd ever witnessed in her leggings beginning to push against his own. Suddenly the gym no longer mattered. Not Benz or Stu or the potential ruin of his career...

"Ooh... is that a baby carrot I feel or are you just happy to see me?"

"It's... just because I think I saw a girl over there checking me out-"

She smirked and ground herself against him, controlling him with tight grips around his wrist and side.

"Which one... the one that's inside your friend, or the one being wanked off by your other friend?"

"The..... other other one?" he grinned nervously, barely able to believe what was happening as he shuffled back to check around the gym, jaw dropping to the ground as he witnessed Duppie being punished by his handler who was railing him like a pornstar up against the glass, or Dom pretty much openly wanking Jessica's dick behind him whilst trying and failing to hide how excited he was in return. And Benz....

Benz was in trouble. Gripping the pullup bar, he was scrabbling in his attempts to lift upwards... and Jewell was eyeing his rump like a prized steak, hands clawing into the poufy flesh there.

"Oh brother... fucking shitballs..."

'How am I in the most normal position right now?'

He shuffled back to Zalta.

“Wow... There’s a lot happening out there.”

“Interesting... anything similar to how I rearranged your insides last time?”

That intense emasculation seemed to provoke a deeper pleasure and lust than he’d ever felt before, bringing a smothered, warm feeling to his neck and throat.

“I-...”

‘*What is wrong with me...*’

“Oops... no comeback?” she grinned.

“Just... wondering if you forgot your cheerleading baton in your yoga pants..”

“Oops... yeah I did... could you get that for me?”

“... Later... like you said,” he murmured, glancing down at the angry tent pointing up at him, threatening to take his head off with a cannon blast. He had to quell the urge to reach out and grab it, the fear of being caught mixed with the thrill of having a rock-hard pillar of masculinity bulging against his inferior specimen overwhelming to the senses, swirling in his body at a steadily increasing pace.

“Well, it’s easy to get... *motivated*, around cowboys....”

“How motivated?” he murmured.

She sat up, and in an easy display of power lifted him clean of the ground. His arms and legs came naturally to her waist and shoulders, a human fanny pack as she grunted into a squat and lifted him all the way until she was standing straight up, her hands under his butt as if she were a husband carrying his wife to their bed. He could see the slight crustiness of dried sweat on her forehead, and the glowing dew from her more recent exertion and arousal. The usual intelligence and humour in her eyes was beginning to slip a more feral side, ready to devour at the merest hint of weakness. Fast thumps from her chest vibrated against his. This close to her, the scents of a rather rough-and-ready chemical deodorant and lipstick combined with the musk of sweat that she’d already worked up from the gym that day to create a thrilling cocktail of Zalta which swirled in his nostrils. Light-headedness came the more he breathed her in. She rubbed a little of her lipstick against his nose, leaving some gloss on his wet bands.

“I’d say I feel *this* motivated.”

“Oh...”

Their erections mashed against each other through their gym-wear, Jaz whimpering as she made sure to butt a little too hard against him, the giant pipe in her pants squishing his outmatched manhood against his belly.

“You better be ready Cowboy... today is gonna be an extra-intense session.”

“Y-you’re... talking about the gym right?...” he squeaked.

“Sure.”

He looked out to see Stu pointing his camera dead on at him being held like a college girlfriend with his legs wrapped around her waist; the girl in the romance scene two seconds from making out with her newfound love. He whimpered and hugged tighter.

‘Might as well enjoy it... Benz is probably in a far worse state by now.’

She let him down after a few more seconds of confirming that she was in total control of the situation. Jaz staggered slightly, drunk on the intoxicating scents of Zalta.

‘Who am I.... She’s got me barely able to stand.... and she hasn’t even entered me yet.’

The internal monologue made him cringe.

“O-Okay... can... can we please do something.. some exercise for a few minutes... just for the content....”

She kept him deep in her personal space, almost crushing him against a wall with her soft fats and hard muscles.

“Or what?”

He whispered, trembling from what he hoped was fear, but knew was almost entirely lust.

“Because... I’ll do anything you want later....I-I promise....”

She ground her hips against his for a moment, letting the pleasure of grinding against her bitch work its way through her groin before spanking him.

SMACK

“HHUGH-“

“Anything?”

“A-Anything-“ he stammered, sighing as she went for his neck like a tiger, grazing it with her teeth and sending a shimmering thrill of danger through his body, “Hnnh-h!”

“Fair enough....”

The room was hazy. Jaz could feel the hard warmth in his trousers where the blood had left his brain entirely as Zalta unpinned him from the wall, before shoving him in the direction of the benches.

“Lie down.”

He staggered over to a bench and did so, awkwardly trying to cover the clear erection in his shorts before bleating at the ludicrously tight tent bulging out like a cucumber hiding against her groin. She wasn't even trying to hide it, and he realised with growing frustration that she was manoeuvring it to be as visible as possible, jutting out in front like a crane, almost at a right angle to her body. She placed her hands on hips, openly displaying her crotch bulge like she was in her bedroom on a lazy Sunday.

“Z-Zalta!”

“What?”

“Y... *your dick*,” he hissed.

“Why?... he's got his out too,” she said, gesturing behind her.

Jaz looked back over his shoulder. His jaw dropped as he saw Benz was holding onto the pullup bar... and his penis was flopping out in front of him, or rather serenely perched up on his balls like a cocktail sausage. This in itself would have been surprising had the black power lifter not also had her face buried in his naked buttocks, her features lost between the pasty white cheeks. There seemed little doubt she was eating his asshole with aplomb judging by the way he was trembling.

“W-what the-“

“I'm sure no-one will notice,” Zalta said airily, looking over her shoulder with cruel satisfaction at Benz, whose face seemed to resemble that of a collage of one hundred faces rolled into one flitting between fear, confusion, pleasure and anger, his eyebrows doing the worm across his face as he bleated softly, just audible over the hypnotic techno music droning through the air through the gym speakers.

‘This is crazy...’

Stu seemed to be making sure to zoom in on Benz's tiny penis, and Jaz could see the grin as the cameraman steadily circled the scene.

‘Maybe Mark was right when he said we should pay the cameramen more...’

Zalta was watching with her hands on her hips, her erection tenting out like a badly placed cucumber (possibly genetically modified to be larger than any cucumber had a right to be). Jaz nudged her leg, sliding off the bench to stand at her side.

“I know you like to show off but... can you hide your crotch-rocket *please?!?*”

“Well, what are you going to do about it?”

She continued to survey the scene in a power pose, her hips thrust forwards where any cameraman would surely notice the gigantic erection with Jaz’s wide-eyed, colour-drained face next to it.

“*Brother.... Fuck*, you’re such a dick babe,” he muttered, running a hand across her prodigious back muscles. How could a human have building foundations inside them?

“Like I said, what are you going to do about it?”

Jaz swallowed, reached around... And slowly teased his fingers around the soft, static material covering her hardness. Both figures swooned as the hard musculature and ligaments under the material pulsed.

“This,” he murmured, squeezing a little tighter.

“HHhhn...”

Jaz’s worries temporarily melted as he held onto the nuclear torpedo, pulsing with lust that was seeping into his skin. Zalta closed her eyes as Jaz explored her weapon.

“Hhnn....”

“*Such... a dick*,” Jaz murmured to himself, jerking up and down until the movement of Stu in the background diverted his attention. He blinked himself awake and quickly pulled her by the penis towards him until she was rotated away from the rest of the room.

“Ohhh... you know how to turn a woman on huh?” she groaned, knees quivering from the feeling of a tight hand on her manhood.

“Sorry, I didn’t catch that, were you saying something dumb again babe?” he growled, wanking her a little more openly... and then sliding all the way from tip to base and back up again. It throbbed like a strange sea creature between his fingers, and he saw a little dark spot appear on the front of her leggings.

“Hhnn...”

Jaz felt all kinds of warning signs flood his brain as she threw her head back, moaning openly to the ceiling. It was intoxicating having Zalta be a puppet in his hands. He began jerking her, shivering as he the grunts and sighs seemed to tumble from Zalta's throat one after the other.

It took a minute for Jaz to pull his senses together, breathing heavily as he continued to keep his wrist loose, the jerking motion become easier and natural.

"Right... I know you're having fun... but can we do some working out now?!"

"You're having fun too," she shot back, and indeed both their chests were inflating to bring oxygen to their overstimulated minds.

"I didn't say I wasn't," he murmured.

He gave three quick pumps of her dick and then somehow summoned the willpower to drop it, the dick trying to bend and burst through the leggings like Freddie Kruger through a bedroom wall as Zalta growled, a grudging smile coming to her features.

"Ohhhh... cowboy *you're in trouble tonight*," she murmured, taking a moment to catch her breath.

A heady potion of memories and conjured scenarios involving Zalta's dick entering various holes spread through Jaz's mind, and he had to force on his bravest 'entertainer' face, struggling to smile, belied by his eyelid quivering as well as having to re-adjust the clear erection in his shorts.

"O-okay... so... wasn't I supposed to be lifting something... that *wasn't* your dick?"

"Killjoy," she panted, two thirds of the way through an orgasm and sporting a wet spot the size of north America on her tented leggings.

He managed a tense grin.

"I'd finish you off, but you're just too small for my taste."

She guffawed loud enough in response that it made his cheeks flush even deeper red as he saw Stu's camera pan over in his direction, unbeknownst to Zalta. He subtly put a finger to his lips, and she gave a grudging nod.

"Well.... I guess the cowboy comes to play! Okay than *brother*... You want to work out? Let's work out. What say we start with some twenty plates just to warm up."

She began racking two 20kg plates onto the bar. The clang of metal on metal rang in Jaz's ears as Zalta hefted them like they were nothing. He felt that swell in his bosom of basking in the presence of a Goddess, her muscles not even tensing as she hefted the large plates around like Lego bricks.

'She warms up with thirty plus the bar?... Jesus...'

"Hey, well I... warm up with a little more, actually."

"Oh yeah?"

A cocked eyebrow never looked so good. Jaz felt a rush of adrenaline as Zalta clearly saw through his silly bluff and bluster, her lips threatening to curl up as she considered all the possibilities of humiliating him at her disposal. It was worrying how everything she did seemed to make his insides swirl.

"What, worried I'll make you look bad?"

"As a trainer definitely... I don't want people thinking I train sissies."

"*You're* gonna look like a sissy once I clear your workout easily."

Zalta looked like she was drinking up every morsal of this childish banter, a sly grin back on her features. Jaz couldn't help thinking she'd be incredible as a content creator herself. Perhaps better even.

"You sure you can do forty plus the bar? How much do you weigh cowboy... Two kilograms? Three point five?"

"Do you actually do any training or just talk all day baby?"

He enjoyed the subtle bite of her lip as she responded.

"Oh yessirrrr..... Well then, go ahead."

He gripped the bar.

"Hands slightly wider."

"I know how to exercise."

"Oh honey... you just *think* you know how to exercise."

"Huh, just let me show you how it's d-"

Zalta turned around, her dick displayed to the rest of the gym. Stu was pointing in their direction. Jaz hurriedly grabbed her dick, leading her to face away from the rest again.

"... Is done, *can we not?!'*"

"Oopsy... I forgot!" she said in a deadpan voice that meant she absolutely knew what she was doing.

"God if I... just jerk you off will you keep it under wraps?!"

"Oh *hey*, what a good idea cowboy!"

She put her hands on her hips and thrust it so the wet tip at the end of her groin rubbed over his shirt.

“Jeez... w-what did they feed you back home?!”

“Hey, I’m not a horse...-HNN-”

He squeezed her fleshy hardness again, eliciting a low moan. Slowly he began to stroke it. She whimpered as he played and chugged a little harder, before reaching forwards to press against her, sliding his hands into her leggings. The gigantic hardness, already wet with pre-cum, felt like a salami covered in slime.

“You sure? Coulda fooled me....”

Her hands came around him, and she began to gently rock her hips up so her cock would receive greater stimulation from each subtle tug from his fist as he was pulled into her wingspan.

“HhI’ll.. take that as a *complimennhtthHhuh-huhuhu-*“

Her zombie moans began to vibrate his body, and Jaz began to forget that there were others in the gym as he buried his face in her tits, sighing into them, once more at peace and at home, where he belonged. To the rest, it might seem like Zalta was giving him an unusually long hug.

At this point, Jaz could feel himself getting caught up in her gravity, like a moth being drawn towards a flame as her hands cradled his back, sliding down to his ass. He could feel the warmth and squishiness of her breasts hit a deep mother-seeking part of his brain, brushing her rock-hard abs whenever he jerked to the lowest point of her dick...

“W-wait, wait-... *c-can we just finish up a bit later...?*“

Zalta growled. It wasn’t a friendly sound.

“You’re gonna.... edge me *again* cowboy?...“

The hands on his buttocks began to dig in with sharp nails, and Jaz mewled as he felt himself teetering on the edge of a Zalta cauldron.

“I-I... *we can do this...and more... later....*”

“Why.. later...?”

“B-because... *I’ll do whatever you want... all of it... tomorrow too...*”

“*And the rest of the week?*”

Her voice was raspy like a viper’s hiss. His barely made a sound.

“Y-yes.”

She released him roughly, her jaw tight as he staggered back.

“Good.”

“O-okay so..... just keep your.. *it* pointed towards me, and later this week you can give me my hat back... plus, all the...other stuff.”

“Other stuff?”

She reached out her hand between his legs and squeezed the small lump growing there, bringing a squeaky grunt.

“HNn... Y.. yeah... *th-the other stuff.*”

“Okay... but just know you’re still getting punished tonight.”

She let go. Jaz staggered back to the bench before she could change her mind, his tail between his legs having seen the same demonic lust on her face that he’d experienced days earlier.

“Now if you’re going to embarrass yourself on these weights then please get on with it?”

He caught his breath, and immediately checked to see if the cameras were rolling. Stu was turned back to Benz, but from the bench he couldn’t see what was going on. Nonetheless Frankie might approach at any moment... and Jaz’s handheld camera was still positioned to film them. He needed to film at least *some* content.....

“Yeah, yeah.... Maybe.... S-stay off the steroids if you’re going to give gym advice?”

“HEY... these muscles are all me bitch,” Zalta growled, having to hold herself at bay. She curled her bicep and squeezed the hillock it had created, before slapping the bar.

“Now... lift.”

Jaz grabbed the bar. As he did so, Zalta leaned in and squatted directly over his face, on the loose pretext of spotting him. Her hands under the bar were far less overt in his vision than the bulge hovering so close to his nose that it was obscuring almost sixty percent of the room with its sheer mass, two thick thighs framing it. The overt stench of sweaty balls and cloying jizz sent a direct bolt of anxiety up into his brain. It shouldn’t have made his mouth water so intensely.

“Uhh...”

“What?” she uttered.

He stared at the zeppelin threatening to crash down on him at any moment, hands becoming sweaty, watching the large dark patch of fabric at the tip spreading slowly.

He blinked.

“N... nothing....”

“Then lift.”

He closed his eyes, and gripped the bar tight. 40 plus bar wasn't crazy difficult, but for a warm-up for a guy his size it wasn't exactly chicken feed, so he took it slow, letting a hiss out as he gently pressed up.

The bar moved in a measured, precise way. The looming shape above him gave an impressed grunt.

“Nice form...”

“Th.... Thanks.”

“...For a girl scout.”

“Huh.... You're pretty funny... for a blond....”

She trickled her nails across his chest as he shoved the bar in the air again. Jaz felt his attention sliding away from the weight to the tickling on his shirt, trying to look nonchalant although his arms quivered slightly on the way down.

“Nice muscles,” she murmured.

As he pushed the bar up, he watch that huge dark stain at the centre of her gym leggings become wet and reflective... and begin to spread further. The musk of semen began to permeate through the air, lancing his nose and making him cringe. Glands in his mouth went into overdrive to begin producing buckets of saliva, and Jaz had to swallow audibly as the large hand on his right pec squeezed.

“.. *really*... nice muscles...”

Jaz's arms shook as he pushed the bar up for the eight time.

“I... can't... tell if you're... being patronising.. or not,” he stammered, continuing to shove the bar into the air.

“Oh honey, if I was gonna be patronising, I could talk about other.... *Smaller* features.....”

The harsh white gym-light reflected in her eyes, making them seem like they were almost overflowing with evil glee as Jaz whimpered, and the bar began to approach his chest again.

“Need help?”

“.... Hn... *no*,” he squeaked, but Zalta ignored him and easily pulled the bar up and back on the rack.

“To be clear, I was talking about your penis,” she said casually.

“Zalta, *can you not talk about that with the cameras around!*” he hissed, “*This could... this could cost me my career.*”

“Might gain you a wife though,” she said casually.

“... *Wife?*” he said, suddenly hazy.

She leaned over him and brushed her upside-down lips with his, letting him attempt to seal their lips together without engaging, pulling back just enough that he had to lean in.

“Yeah.... that’s what comes after girlfriend, dummy,” she whispered, drawing back further, leaving him groping for thin air.

Jaz managed to force his lungs to work again after forgetting to breathe for a brief moment, his heart pounding as Zalta clicked her fingers.

“Now, lift.”

Jaz obediently settled in for another ‘warm-up’ set.

The bar felt decent in his grip, and he smashed out three reps with ease.

“Ohhh.... do it for me, big boy...”

A blush came to his face.

“A... aren’t you supposed to be spotting me?”

“Oh... I’m sorry. I’ll concentrate.”

This time as the bar rose, she rose with it.. and when it came down, she squatted so deep that the bulge came down like a meteor onto his face. Jaz moaned as it descended directly onto his eyeballs and mouth, trying to rack the bar in panic as he felt moistness on his mouth; her leggings wet with cum and containing a hot fleshy pole with steel at its centre.

“*Mmf-!*”

Zalta kept the bar steady with one arm, keeping him in his wonderful torment.

“Lift.”

Jaz grimaced and pushed, the bulge thankfully rising up in time with his arms, panting from the smothering of a moist crotch that had just left a light sheen of sperm across his face. He tried to ignore it, but the stickiness felt emasculating in the extreme as he tried to rack the weight.

Zalta’s hand stopped it.

“Down.”

Jaz let out a woodland creature's pitiful whimper, trying to keep the weight steady whilst Zalta emasculated him..... and seeing no other option, lowered the bar.

The bulge flew towards him and mashed against his face, almost painful from how much weight Zalta was putting behind it, sitting on his face to the point he could feel her throbbing against his cheek. Then the hips began to rock.

“MNNg-“

“Hold,” Zalta grinned, basking in the defiling of her lover as she rubbed her sweaty, cum-covered crotch against his face. The heavy musk and BO of having a woman's sweaty groin pressed against one's face acted in a soporific manner, Jaz's world going hazy as the air going into his lungs was tainted by her essences, forced to breathe her foulness through the polyester material.

The prone figure began to squirm, arms shaking.

“I think you've got... two more in you,” Zalta groaned, her dick throbbing on his face, his head almost clamped to the bed as she sat her junk into a crushing T-bag.

His arms came up, barely.

“mMMgh-“ he moaned into the bulge and tried to rack the weight.

“What are you gonna do for me,” she growled, stopping the weight with ease, holding it above him.

“MMNnything!” he squealed.

Then the bar was being racked, and he barely had time to think before a large body straddled the bench, and Zalta in her scariest, most dominant physical form came down in a heavy missionary position on top of him, her eyes filled with furious lust, hair unkempt and lips shining with saliva.

“What do you wanna do?”

He could barely breathe under her weight. His face was slick with cum. His lungs pulled as much oxygen as possible in after being smothered by her crotch.

“Uh...uh we could do some... bicep-HN-“

She clamped her hand on his neck, and Jaz felt a terrifying, primal surge of pure submission as she squeezed and growled on him, the feeling vibrating through her buxom chest and into his.

“I'm gonna fuck you... right here and now... I'm gonna fuck your mouth, hell maybe I'll stick my tongue in your hole and spell the alphabet with it..... .”

Her voice grow quieter as she brought her lips to his ear. He could smell the subtle perfume mixed with more masculine smells of gym chalk and ball-sweat. Time stood still.

“... And because you’re making the mistake of falling in love with me... I’ll be exploring every inch, every crevasse, every flavour of your body from now until I know you inside out.”

She made sure to bring her lips close enough to his ear that it tickled, yet she didn’t kiss or nip his lobe, instead withdrawing, and standing tall.... With her erection now protruding from her yoga pants.

He stared at it, and then Zalta thrust her crotch forwards... and the leggings split.

RRRIIP

Her weapon tore through them and began to droop slightly, and Jaz forgot everything in the face of the bulging veins criss-crossing it’s surface, the ugly mushroomed head, the taut ligaments keeping it powerful and dangerous; because this weapon was made to be worshipped. A law of the jungle embedded in his DNA simply caved in for a weapon of such size, and all the bravado that he projected onto the world was swept aside.

“F-fuck...”

“Huh?”

She grinned from ear to ear and leaned in, speaking unnecessarily loud.

“Something you wanted to say?”

“F... Fuck me,” he whispered, eyes bulging as he looked out at the rest of the gym. He didn’t see Stu, Benz or Jewell anywhere.

“*When?*” she whispered back.

“... Whenever,” he murmured, his face flushed, almost hyperventilating, “just... the cameras...”

She nodded, suddenly warm and understanding.

“Sure cowboy... come.”

Large hands pulled him from the bench, and Jaz was marched to a back room which seemed made for dance classes and floor exercises, thrust through the door into a room with varnished wooden floors, storage cupboards along one side and mirrors across the rest.

He barely had time to blink before a one-woman hurricane descended on him, Jaz squealing in fright as she tore his shirt, pants and boxers off with her bare hands, almost slavering from her jowls as she mounted him.

The mewling of a bitch and grunting of an alpha gorilla echoed off the mirrors and windows, swirling as if there were multiple Jazes and Zaltas getting to grips with each other.

Being winded whilst being tackled to the ground by a female linebacker was quickly followed by passionate lips crashing against his, and Jaz found his mouth being attacked until a scared parting was hastily accepted. A tongue slammed into his mouth.

“MMM-!”

It swirled, coaxed and bullied. Zalta’s palm whipped his ass hard enough to leave a burning memory of the pain seared into his flesh.

SMACK

“mMM-!”

He squealed into the kiss as Zalta grabbed all the parts of his body she loved; his back, his neck... down to clutch his ass like she was trying to puncture it.

Jaz latched his now-naked limbs around her body with pure survival instincts, sucking on the tongue like it was the only water source in a desert or risk being devoured, sucking copious amounts of built-up saliva into his belly.

The steel-hard bulge ground against his sweet hardness.

Roving hands came up to his chest and biceps, the parts of his body he was most proud of feeling utterly outgunned by the odious, perverted touches of his besieger.

Then, strangely, a moment of calm.

Zalta broke the kiss, slobbering across his face as she did so. Jaz watched, panting, as she slowly peeled her leggings over the huge tentpole. As she managed to work the material over the head, the cock bounced out and hit Jaz in the stomach. He looked down at it, completely hiding his own manhood behind it, the heat of it dribbling cum onto his belly button.

That was almost how deep it was reaching inside him whenever he fucked. Strangely it felt like being able to X-ray his anal tract to see what was about to be inside it.

‘How did it ever fit inside me?..’

The mere notion of it would have been hilarious if it hadn't been so real, and if it hadn't happened to him already. Seeing all twelve inches taut and ready to go in the flesh made his buttohole squeeze even tighter, as if the first time were a mere fluke and this time it would surely be impossible.

"You ready?" she murmured.

Her top slowly came up, and her breasts were revealed coming to just under his neck to cushion slightly, hiding what was about to happen to his lower half. It was too warm and comforting not to enjoy.

"Y-yeah."

"Good...."

She kissed him on the forehead, a sloppy wet splodge that felt more like a baptism.

"...Hold onto me."

Hands filled with tension and desire came to cling tight to her thick back muscles as Zalta stared into his soul, all whilst sliding her dick down across his, nudging his hips wider.... Something poked at the crevasse of his ass, and Jaz bleated, glancing at the door. It remained firmly closed.

Her weight settled. His legs had nowhere to go other than wrap around her hips. The wet, drooling monster slithered between the valley of his butt-cheeks, and Jaz almost began to hyperventilate as he felt the touch of her manhood on his puckered asshole.

"Hh-ohmy-"

"Hey."

She put a hand on his neck and squeezed.

"I'm here."

"Hnn..."

"It's me. Relax cutie... this is gonna be fun..."

Sweat rolled down his forehead as he nodded, letting out an anxious, shy smile. Stripped of his bravado, he let himself slide into the world of Zalta, enjoying the way her back was so powerful due to the tension in the thick cables; the fervent, almost zealous passion burned across a saliva-covered grin.

The buttohole which had been cinched tight loosened a touch.

She cupped his ass with one hand, the other stroking his cheek... as she pushed her hips. Jaz grimaced, and then moaned as he somehow relaxed his asshole to allow the trojan horse of her thick helmet to just about squeeze inside.

“HNn-“

“*I’m here... look at me... look at me,*” she hissed.

Every little twitch and grimace was studied by Zalta as Jaz managed to budge his clamped eyelids up. An angel with the hunger of a demon panted into his face.

Then the log in his ass journeyed deeper.

“HNH-nNhhuhg-“

“*Say you love me.*”

“HNN-lllvv-HNN-“

The deranged smile on her face only grew bigger as that perfect warmth of his insides hugged more of her cock up, having to push her hips to slide deeper into his caves, looting any of the innocence that remained.

Around three quarters of the way Jaz started to mewl. The discomfort of having a salami inserted to the tip into one’s asshole is never easy, and although it would get easier in their shared years and decades in the future, this was only the second time that she had mated him, his asshole too taut even with their attempts to relax it.

Zalta was not one to let up, and Jaz had to push back tears as the final few inches came in, the last carriage on a dick-train that had just reached its destination.

“UGHNNn-!”

The orgasmic moan as she nudged his prostate with her weapon, combined with being balls deep in his abdomen was enough to send a long tremor through Zalta’s body as she crushed the body beneath her, putting every bit of her body heat against his, imposing her weight on his form.

Like any good lover, Zalta knew when to go slow. She paused again, letting Jaz cling to her as his body trembled, letting it understand that it was safe, that this was good, that her instrument wasn’t going to break him in half.

Sometimes the subconscious mind needed soothing too.

On the outside, Jaz’s eyelids had scrunched up again. Sweat dappled his skin. His head wagged slowly from side to side as if he were having a nightmare, yet the occasional slutty bite of his bottom lip and quiet sighs meant that something pleasurable was going on out of sight.

Zalta just took a deep breath, a whiff of his scent. The earthiness of his sweat, the richness of some cologne that he'd applied came sharp to the senses... the subtle smell of his little penis leaking a cute aroma of seed was there too, barely present under her own far more brutal cock-musk.

Her body rocked back slightly. Jaz felt a gap open in his abdomen where her head had been. She quickly rocked forwards again and filled it, snugly plugging the hole and making Jaz spasm.

“hUHNuhn-“

“I've got you... nowhere to run now,” she whispered tenderly, smooching his cheek and nibbling his lip.

She rocked again.

Jaz gurned as she slid out and into his asshole, his walls clinging to her invader the whole way as Zalta whinnied in delight, wanting to crush the bitch beneath her with her love, but making sure to not completely suffocate him under her weight.

Another slow rock. The energy in Jaz's belly grew as he felt the world moved out.

“M'gonna be your girlfriend...”

Schlick

The wet plunger-sound of lube and pre-cum sloshing in his guts issued as the log hilted inside him.

“Hnnnh-“

“... gonna go to restaurants with you... watch TV together whilst you ride me...”

Schlick

“HNnn-“

“... I'm gonna wear your hats and slap your ass.... We're gonna take a million pictures together.....”

Zalta began to fuck a little harder, rocking her hips in a more regular rhythm, her dick pulling out longer, and making Jaz's mouth burst open every time she slammed his special place in the core of his body, a shameful secret intimately revealed.

Thwap

“UUGHN-“

Zalta rolled him up, his legs coming to the air until she was almost fucking downwards. Jaz began to squeal as she fucked him for real, her balls spanking his buttocks with ugly meat-on-meat noises.

Thwap-thwap-thwap

“UHGN-HGh-UHH-“

Her rolling up began to squeeze the air from his lungs, and the sounds became staccato and stilted as the sheer force of nature that was Zalta extracted every last trace of masculinity from Jaz’s pretzeled frame.

THWAP-THWAP-THWAP

“Hn-gh-gh-“

Powerful hands trapped his against the mat. She drank in the way his eyeballs bulged every time her dick bottomed out inside him, the way his asshole clamped down when she got to the hilt. Sounds of a woodland creature calling for its mother emanated from his lips along with trickles of drool, and as she began to fuck harder the calls got louder and more urgent, so effeminate and pleasure-filled as the shame vacated his features, replaced perfect o-shaped lips and fluttering eyelids.

“HN-ng-ng-!“

“Uhhnn... Gonna... chain you to my bed... MMMM... you’re gonna need a wheelchair after I’m done with you... you’re the ssssexiest fucking bitch in the world-uhh... and I own you now.... you hear me?... *I OWN YOU!*...”

Her skin was hot against his. Sweat from her forehead and chin dripped onto his face along with little flecks of spit whenever she spoke.

“Nowhere to go.... *God so tighttuuHHHH!*....”

Jaz was lost. His world was the hot tits against his chin, the bear trap hands gripping his body.... the nuclear missile sawing in and out of his ass. Every time it bottomed out, a horrendous submissive pleasure would hit him in waves, as if she were radiating masculine energy through his anal walls.

And there was no doubt how masculine she was despite her feminine charms, every action diminishing his size and ego, Jaz wrapped up and helpless as she pounded his buttohole like she was trying to drill to the centre of his body.

Hip slaps and slutty whimpers echoed around the room.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

“N-H-gn-H-Uh-“

“OOHh yeah.. OHHH Yeah.. OHH-“

The tension in Zalta's body heightened. Her stabbing thrusts became erratic, and Jaz felt pure bliss close in as her endless shaft pulsed deep in his core, his own muscles tightening.

She shrieked into his face.

“YOU'RE MINE!”

“yhghhHUh-“

“YOU'RE MINE!”

“HGUHn-ghgh-“

“YOU'RE.... MIIINHHUHHHHHH-“

And then their rippling bodies became one united earthquake as Zalta groaned like a rhinoceros, Jaz shrieking beneath her.... As a nuclear explosion detonated in the depths of his body.

Jaz's whole body went taut, nails clawing Zalta's back as a deep heat flooded his guts, insides sullied by love goo as his own cocklet let fly, gluing their bellies together. The pulsing reactor in his core continued to squirt and drive effluence into his core, Jaz's mind lost as his eyes rolled up in his head.

Zalta drove jerky thrusts into his ass as she chuntered to him, her voice almost inaudible through her drooling.

“...ove... juuzzyeh....hnn!!....”

The pair rocked and pulsed in their own sweaty, disgusting world, an octopus sliming over and inside itself as they consumed each other in dirty, ill-gotten ecstasy. Eventually, after nearly a minute of the sublime orgasmic tempest... the last trickles of her jizz found its way into Jaz's sacred hole, and with a final tepid cry, Zalta slumped, spent.

She was panting, as Jaz tried desperately to heave life back into battered lungs.

Her body was so heavy and yet so safe on top of him, her breasts crusted with sweat and uncomfortably hot against him as she murmured vile nothings into his ear, just enjoying the way he panted as she rubbed her sweaty forehead against his temple.

“Yeah bitch... you like that *don't... don'tcha... oh yeah....*”

“Hnn.... Hu.....”

Dom and Jessica looked around, one in horror and the other in satisfaction at what had taken place in the gym.

Pasha was enjoying a second round with Duppie, who was near-passed out on the floor, forced into a speed-bump position as his vacant stare was only matched by his gormless zombie moans as Pasha let out feminine moans of pleasure, belying her expressionless, botoxed face. The squelches every time she hilted her sizeable manhood in him meant he was full to the brim.

Frankie the camera man was faring worse, camera forgotten as he clawed the mat floor, a blond bitch that Dom hadn't seen before hugging his back, ravaging him. His eyes bulged as she bounced her hips violently against his buttocks, thick manhood rooted in his ass each second as the blond cackled, madness in her pretty blue eyes.

“OHH hhhahaaha.. you feel so TIGHT BABYYYYY...!”

“OHHGhg-GH-HGH-“

Tears rolled down his cheeks.... And then his eyelids quivered, and slutty whines left his throat as the young man soared into his orgasmic state once more, pancaked by the woman mauling him from above.

“J-jesus...”

“Happy I picked you uh?” Jessica whispered in his ear.

“Definitely,” he murmured back, averting his gaze from Frankie who was squealing his way through a blistering anal orgasm, the blond relentless as she grabbed his head and squished it against the floor.

“Hey y'all!”

Dom jerked as Zalta's voice rang out, and then felt a weight in his stomach as he saw the superwoman swanning towards them gleefully with her arm supporting a rather ragged-looking Jaz. The boy looked barely conscious, his knees shaking, clinging to her side.

“So, enjoyed your workouts?”

“Uh yeah....”

“He rode my dick. I'm satisfied,” Jessica said firmly, making Dom's cheeks burn.

“Ah.. yeah....”

Zalta smirked.

“Huh... pathetic. Not like my big man here, he actually got some working out done!... well, until I fucked him of course..”

She brushed a little of the saliva from Jaz's mouth, and he looked up in doting confusion.

"That's it cutie... you did good."

"*Mmh....*"

Dom looked around.... And noticed something curious.

"Hey... you guys see Benz?"

Zalta sniffed.

"The one with anger issues? Nope, not since Jewell got hold of him."

"Right... Stu's not here either..."

Their eyes pricked up as they heard a faint cry of sluttiness coming from the reception area.

"Did...?"

Jessica chuckled.

"Yes. I think he is enjoying it already."

"R.. really? I mean Benz is pretty.... stubborn..."

Jessica gave a dismissive wave.

"Well go check. Zalta, we go back to mine?"

"Oh hun I'm gonna take this one back to his place... I think he needs to change, plus we need to start packing.... *Don't we,*" she cooed, nuzzling his nose with hers. A blank smile crawled across his features, and he tittered as she placed the gentlest kiss on his lips.

Dom already knew what the answer was, but he had to ask.

"Packing?"

"I thought you were going to check on your friend," Zalta snapped.

Dom jerked back. He thought about getting annoyed but Jessica and Zalta were already discussing plans for their week, move in dates and coordination.

"I was thinking maybe I'll check his place and see..."

"Just take him to your place. I did with my bitch."

She gestured to Dom, who felt that same slutty warmth in his stomach, and a cringing sense of self-worth and pride.

'I'm her bitch. I've earned my place at her side... and at her feet.'

"I've been wanting to move apartments for ages though... maybe his place is nice?"

"They live together."

“I don’t mind a little noise.”

“You make noise.”

“Huh, that’s true...”

Dom stopped listening. He wanted to see what was going on with Benz. As he crept towards the reception area, the noises grew louder. An office chair squeaking. Tense breathing. Still muffled by a plain grey door.

‘She must have taken him there..’

This was quickly confirmed by a boy’s voice squealing at the top of his lungs, muffled by the locked door but nonetheless easily audible over the background noise of the gym. Dom’s heart began to race as he closed in on the doorknob.

“Hn-hn-ugh-uh-hg-“

His fingers closed around it.

“HGn-JH-Gh-IH-“

He squeezed it open.... And saliva entered his mouth as he witnessed the pink ring of Fozzie the cameraman being prairie-dogged by the thick cock of an overweight, grey-haired receptionist. She had him kneeling on a desk-chair, and was using it to slingshot him onto her hammering, erratic thrusts, heaving and sweating from the effort. Her body was curvy but not healthy like any of the gym ladies, the flab on her back and ass jiggling as she hammered her hips against his butt-cheeks, large wrinkled balls swinging underneath and slapping the cute, reddened grapes that Fozzie possessed.

Fozzie’s squeals were a complete demented abandonment of all his masculinity, pure feminine howls of pleasure that filled the room.

Dom quietly closed the door, heart hammering in his chest as Jessica and Zalta joined him.

“How is Benz?”

“He’s... not there.”

Jessica seemed not to care at all where or who Benz was, instead coming to stroke Dom’s hair in the most mothering, comforting way. Out of nowhere Jaz managed to utter a few words, still leaning on Zalta’s side although his legs looked a little stronger now.

“What about... Stu?”

“No sign.”

“*Ttheyy....* Escaped?”

“Fuck.... I hope not...”

*‘If they are out there somewhere, we’re fucked....Stu has the camera footage...
We’d be ultra-screwed...’*

“Oh trust me, I don’t think Jewell is letting this one go,” Zalta said, “you remember how we treated you boys the first time?”

Dom and Jaz both nodded with enough force to hurt their necks, scared of the consequences of saying no.

“Well... I don’t wanna scare you or anything but... Jewell? She’s the one you don’t wanna mess with.”

The boys locked eyes with each other, assholes aching, red-faced from the sexual deviancy that had been bred into their bodies by their dominant paramours. Dom’s voice was hopeful.

“Maybe Stu will show up.”

“*Yeah... maybe... and Benz?*”

Dom managed a grim smile.

“I think he’s in trouble.”

“Brother... I sure hope so.”

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About the Author

Thereshegoes123 has been creating erotic literature for a number of years, and loves to write about girls with bulges in their pants, as well as various other genres.

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