

Toughen up!

“Come on! Lift! Lift!” The trainer half-heartedly shouted at me as I pushed the barbell away from my chest. My face grew red with strain as I pushed the bar up with what little strength I had left in me. Bullets of sweat dripped down my face as I tried to push the last rep out. As soon as I felt my arms lock from the extension I dropped the bar into its resting, pulled my body up, and smiled at myself in the mirror. My tank top was dark with a large amount of sweat that had soaked into the fabric from the long workout. I looked up to my trainer, smiling widely, proud of my workout session. He, on the other hand, looked disinterested.

I looked back at myself in the mirror, staring at my skinny arms and my flat chest, and my smile fell. Lifting the weight I felt strong, I felt powerful, even manly! But as soon as I looked at myself the feeling was gone.

“Did I do it right?” I asked, looking for some sort of inspirational words from my trainer but as I have learned, he was not the inspirational type. My trainer let out a deep sigh of annoyance.

“Yup, everything looks good,” he retorted. He looked at the watch on his well-muscled forearm. “Looks like times up! I will see you next week,” he said quickly, walking away from the bench press without another word.

“See you next Tuesday,” I said to myself. I don’t know why I even paid for him anymore. I stood up from the bench and re-racked the weights; my eyes darting from side to side looking at the muscular men surrounding me. The way their chest’s popped, their crotches bulged, and the smell of the sweat the drenched their ass’s drove me wild. I could feel a boner growing in my shorts, I inhaled the musky air of the gym smelling the hearty sweat filled the air. I looked down at my shorts seeing the outline of my dick grow. I walked away from the bench press, feeling my dick rub against my inner thigh as I eyed the entrance to the locker room. My oversized shorts billowed between my legs as I power walked away from the weights, hiding my arousal from those around me.

I entered the large locker room and turned left towards the showers and toilet stalls. Picking the shower stall at the end of the row, and pulling the curtain shut quickly behind me. I dropped my large workout shorts and boxers to the floor and sat on the shower bench. I grasped my thick cock in hand, rubbing the large drop of cum around the head before pulling my hand further down my shaft. My cock continued to ooze cum as I rubbed my hand up and down the shaft of my cock, rubbing the head and groping at my balls

“Fuck man you reek!” A deep husky voice shouted as the sound of footsteps grew closer. I held my mouth shut, but continuing to jerk myself much slower to quiet any noises I was making.

“Dude shut up!” Another voice shouted. The sound of two showers being turned on, and the sound of dropping clothes. Through the crack of the curtain, I saw a pile of gym clothes sitting on the floor outside of my shower, with a jockstrap sitting atop like a hidden prize. I quietly reached my hand out, grabbing the jockstrap from the crack in the curtain and brought it directly to my face. I took a deep breath smelling the sweaty ass and balls of the unknown owner.

“Fuck,” I moaned into the jockstrap as my hand moved swiftly around my cock as it continued to leak copious amounts of my thick cum. I pushed the pouch of the jock into my mouth sucking on the sweaty fabric that was just cradling this mans dick. Was he huge like I wanted to be, or maybe a huge frat boy like I lusted after? I created an image in my head of some beefy bodybuilder feeding me his sweaty cock, shoving it into my throat, fucking me my mouth like was his girlfriend’s ass.

“Shit,” I grunted feeling my cum shoot out of my dick onto the tiled floor of the shower. I bit down hard onto the fabric to suppress any of my shouts of pleasure. I heard the sound of the showers turning off and I quickly returned the jock to the pile, but not before wiping up the load of cum I had just shot. I dressed quickly and head to the other side of the locker room, hoping to catch an eyeful of the naked men who were showering but was not that lucky.

As I traveled deeper into the locker room I was lucky enough to pass multiple men, all of them undressing or dressing for the gym. All their huge muscles glistened in the fluorescent lighting. Seeing the huge men made me feel even weaker than I already felt. I tried to not look at them, but they were like gods compared to me. They were Goliath and I was David, and no matter how much I tried I would always be David no matter how much I tried. I unlocked my locker pulling out my street clothes, tossing my jeans and my shirt onto the bench. I pulled my shirt overhead, pushing it into my bag quickly.

“Ugh,” I groaned, staring at my frail looking body. I had been working out with my trainer for at least 4 months now, eating everything he had given me, and still, there was little to no results. My stomach was flat, yes, but it was not rippled with muscles like I wanted it. My body fat percentage was low, but my muscles weren’t big. Every time I looked at my small hairless body I heard the voices of girls saying, “Your so lucky you don’t gain any weight,” or “I wish I could be tiny like you.” Little did they know, those weren’t compliments for me.

“No gains huh?” A deep voice asked from behind me, slightly scaring me. I turned around and found an overly muscled man standing behind me. He was nonchalantly leaning against the lockers,

standing in a short pair of short compression shorts. His large hairless chest hung heavily on his tightly muscled stomach. A pair of large biceps hung loosely by his side.

“Excuse me?” I asked, unsure of how to answer the question.

“Well I have been seeing you here most nights, but doesn’t seem like there’s much progress.” He pulled himself off the locker and squatted onto the bench, pushing my bag of clothes onto the ground. The stranger moving the bag between his thick thighs.

“Hey! That’s my stuff!” I shouted, leaning over to pick up my stuff. As I bent over to pick up my bag I caught a large whiff of the musk radiating from the man. I looked up and was face to face with the full pouch of the man’s crotch. The intense sweaty smell of his crotch overwhelmed my senses and all I could do was stare. The smell reminding me of the jock I had worshipped moments earlier.

“Find something you like down there?” He said, thrusting his crotch into my face. I could feel his heavy dick press against my face. I fell back onto my bony ass unsure of what to do. This was like something out of a porno.

“Oh um, uh, I stuttered as he pulled himself off the bench and squatted down.

“It’s fine. Not trying to get into any trouble in the gym. For now.” He smirked. “Now riddle me this little one. Are you trying to get big?” His dark brown eyes stared into my own, feeling like they were sifting through the remnants of my mind.

“What kind of question is that?” I asked, pulling myself off the floor, my back skidding against the mirrored wall.

“It’s a simple one I thought,” he laughed, pulling himself up from his squatting position.

“Yea I guess so,” I answered, shrugging my shoulders, trying to not sound too overly excited.

“You guess?” The man raised an eyebrow up and crossed his biceps over his plump chest. Both of his pectorals pushed out towards me, looking even fuller and larger than before. I want to look exactly like that

“Yes. I want to get big.” I gave in. “It’s not like its happening.” I reached around the man and grabbed a hold of my jeans, getting a full eye full of a pair of strong glutes. Both cheeks were overflowing with the spandex underwear. He clenched his cheeks, showing off the thick muscles that were covered by the thin fabric. I stood back up, pulling my jeans on over my gym shorts; not wanting to show off my intense arousal.

“Well, maybe I could help with that.” The muscular stranger walked away from me, walking back to the other side of the locker room. I couldn’t look away from his round cheeks that moved from side to side as he walked and the muscular back that tapered to his thin waist. He was perfect.

“Great talking to you,” I laughed confused by the awkward ending to a very awkward conversation. I pulled my shirt over my body, and grabbed my bag, readying to leave, but was surprised when he came back around the corner with a tiny glass bottle in hand. His heavy chest bounced as he walked closer to me, but what really caught my eye was the bulge that seemed to only be growing larger. I could see the head of his cock growing closer to the waistband, would it push itself free?

“Here.” He reached out his hand with the small vial enclosed within his grasp. “First round is on me.” I took the glass vial and looked at the writing, finding it all written in a language I could not understand. “What is this?”

“Let’s just say its god’s little pick me up. Luckily it’s a no needle necessary type of drug.”

“I don’t know about this,” I said uneasily.

“It’s what I take.” The stranger flexed his tattooed arms, revealing a set of sweaty hairy pits. Both of his biceps strained underneath his skin as he briefly posed for me. The arousal I felt continued to grow as I watched his muscles dance in front of me. I looked down at the vial in my hand. Was this really the answer to getting the body I had always wanted.

“Are there any side effects?” I asked, beginning to consider actually taking the drug. Isn’t this what everyone always joked about? Taking drugs from a stranger in a gym? I looked at the guy, and he seemed friendly enough. And he also had a body that I would probably do anything to have.

“Besides getting huge? None,” he laughed turning around showing off his broad back and his juicy ass. A line of sweat ran down the center of his compression shorts. He looked over his shoulder cockily, “You know you want to be me.” He was right. I took the top of the vial off and stared at the clear liquid within the bottle.

“Do I just drink it?”

“Do it all in one gulp. Once you taste it, you won’t want to go back down for another gulp.” He warned. I looked at the vial and then back to the stranger one final time, placing the bill against my lips, and tilted my head back.