

WORKOUT

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FABRIZIO'S PHYSIQUES was printed in huge block capitals on the sign over the door. It was as if the plain typeface was meant to offset the flamboyant name, and establish that this was a real man's gym, not some muscle-queen "health spa." I sighed and entered, damning the genetic make-up that made me prone to high cholesterol and put me at major risk for heart disease and strokes, while also conferring on me a seemingly insatiable sweet tooth and a love of full-fat dairy products! It just wasn't fair — I had practically been weaned on cream cheese, poppy-seed bagels, blintzes with strawberry preserves and sour cream, strudel and rugelach. Now, I had to pay for it by this forced servitude called "working out." UGH! I could still pass for much younger than my 42 years, but I had to admit if I didn't start exercising, I would soon look like a pear with arms, not to mention the threat to my health.

On top of that, Dr. Roberts wouldn't give me a moment's peace until I initiated some kind of exercise program. I could still hear his lecture in his New York accent: "Even I'm getting my fat ass on a treadmill, so ya gotta start exercising." AARRRRRRRRGH! Traitor!

I knew I wasn't disciplined enough to do it on my own, and had no interest in running or swimming. I hated regular gyms because everyone was always checking each other out, and there was no privacy. Fabrizio's Physiques — a trainer in a private gym working with one client at a time — sounded ideal to me. His ad said that Fabrizio aimed to provide a pleasant, non-judgmental environment for the gym-challenged like myself. If I had to go...

I arrived in time to see the previous client finish his workout, shake hands with Fabrizio and leave, giving me a thumbs up with a cheery grin. The client had a perfectly proportioned physique, and had obviously followed a strict exercise regimen for years. I barely restrained myself from pushing him down the stairs. I was the last appointment of the day, so at least I didn't have to worry about someone walking in on the pathetic sight I knew I would present. Fabrizio walked over, interrupting my gloomy thoughts and offered his hand and a warm smile.

"Welcome to Fabrizio's. The dressing room is right here," he said pointing to his right, "and the bathroom is over on the other side of the floor. Why don't you change, and we can start with an assessment of your physical health, and begin to design a program that will help target your fitness goals." He was looking me up and down, undressing me with his eyes it felt like. I assumed he was trying to judge what kind of material he had to work with. In my case I figured the answer was "not much."

I eyed him grumpily, irritated by his slow head-to-foot perusal of my body. Fabrizio was a complete knockout (of course)! He had to be at least 6'5" tall with smooth, tan skin and straight, shiny black hair pulled into a ponytail. He had a handsome, masculine face, clean-shaven, and the body — OY! Bulging muscles everywhere, some in places where I didn't think muscles could bulge. Even his earlobes looked pumped. His arms had to be at least 20 inches around, with huge pecs and a broad chest, a perfect six-pack (or was it eight?) showing under his cut-off sweat top, and totally perfect legs and butt. I would never look like that, even if I exercised every day for the next 50 years. It was so demoralizing.

I stomped off to the dressing room and changed into my workout clothes. My shirt summed up my whole sour attitude, emblazoned with the words “EAT RIGHT. EXERCISE. Die Anyway!” I knew I was being completely unreasonable, and that I shouldn't take out my frustrations on poor Fabrizio. It wasn't his fault that I had put myself in this situation.

Fabrizio was completely pleasant, and seemed to enjoy my wistful (if grudging) admiration of his body, which made me even more crabby. “Lousy, stupid gym bunny,” I thought as I was going through the cardio-fitness test on a stationary bike. “He might have a perfect body, but at least I have a life beyond the size of my muscles.” Or did I, considering how obsessed I was with my own appearance? I tried to ignore that thought, which only made me more grumpy.

“Okay, you're doing great for your first time,” Fabrizio said. “I think I have an idea of how we should proceed. We'll design a mix of upper body, lower body and core exercises to tone and shape your body, and also have a cardio-component that you'll do every time you're in the gym to help increase your stamina.”

I scowled, and sighed. “Thanks, I think,” I said gloomily. He really was a god, and that made me feel so depressed and degraded about myself. My body image issues had never really been resolved.

“Cheer up! You should see some of the guys who come in here. You're practically an athlete compared to a lot of them. You're not in such terrible shape. We'll have you looking and feeling better than you ever have very soon. Take my word for it,” he said smiling at me, looking me up and down again. For a moment I thought I detected some interest in me that was other than professional, but I dismissed it. He could have any man (or woman) in the city he wanted. He couldn't possibly be interested in me sexually, it was just part of his shtick.

We then went around to each piece of equipment as he talked me through the beginning exercises. It was when we got to a relatively simple piece of equipment that it started. It was non-mechanized exercise for the lower back, used to offset the strain on those muscles from doing crunches and other exercises for the abs. It was at a 45 degree angle to the floor, had a foot rest and a padded end that could be adjusted so that you could drape yourself forward at the

hips, and then exercise the muscles of the back by doing a kind of backwards sit up, using the lower back muscles to lift the torso.

I was so wrapped up in my bad mood that I hadn't really paid much attention to what he was saying other than the instructions for each exercise. I now noticed that he was calling me 'sugar' and 'sweetie.' His hand was on my lower back, and then it slipped down, and he began to feel my butt!

I stopped in the middle of the movement, surprised, and said "Excuse me, Fabrizio, but what exactly are you doing?"

"What do you think, baby? That's a really nice ass you've got there, and I couldn't resist it any more. I thought I'd give you a thrill, since your tongue hangs out every time you look at me." He continued to squeeze and fondle my butt.

"Uh, I don't know about this..."

"Relax, sugar. It happens all the time with your type. Pretty looking, slim guys, not in bad shape go nuts over my body," he said, flexing for me. "Think of it as a first-timer's bonus — some hot fucking with a competition-ready body-builder."

I was stunned into silence and stepped off the piece of equipment I was on. I wasn't sure which was more appalling — that I'd been so obvious about my admiration of his body, or his colossal arrogance. His arm went around my waist, and he pulled me towards him. I pushed away, bracing my hands against his huge pecs, doing my best to hold him at arm's length.

"I didn't realize that this was part of the session. Thanks for the generous offer, but I think I'll pass on the 'first-timer's bonus,'" I said coolly.

He looked a little surprised, then grinned, saying "You don't have to play hard-to-get, sweetie. Don't be embarrassed. It'll be hot."

"Fabrizio?" I said softly, my temper coming to a head, "LET GO OF ME!" I shouted. "You seem to think that because you're in fantastic shape that I'm going to be grateful that you even noticed me. Believe it or not, I **have** a life, and I don't need some muscle-bound gym jockey to 'give me a thrill.' I am NOT 'playing hard-to-get.' I'm saying NO!"

His professional demeanor rapidly fell by the wayside. "Nobody says 'no' to *me*, especially not a 98-pound weakling like you who's done nothing but throw 'tude from the minute you got here. If you're not going to put out, what's to stop me from just taking it? No one will ever believe that I had to rape you. So relax and do what I say, or it's going to be hard on you in more ways

than one,” he snarled, grinding his hardening dick into my pelvis. He pulled me against him, easily overcoming any resistance I offered, and slammed his mouth over mine.

I struggled in his grasp, his hands cupping my butt while he thrust against me. Finally, I brought my foot down sharply on one of his insteps. He yelped with pain and I broke away, taking the opportunity to give him a stinging slap across the face before running to the door.

Fabrizio was right behind me, and he was able to pull me away and slam the door shut. His strength was amazing and frightening. I began to worry that it might not be so easy to get away from him. “Should have been practicing your cardio workout, sweetheart,” he sneered. “Now stop this bull shit, ‘cause there is no way you’re leaving before you’ve worshiped every inch of my cock and butt, and I’ve drained my balls in your sweet little ass.”

He advanced on me and I darted across the room, putting a Nautilus machine between us. “You’ll have to catch me first, and I’ll kick your balls in before you can fuck me,” I hissed, trying to hide my fear with angry bravado.

“I love a challenge, sweetie. And I will fuck you, and you will not be able to stop me.” With that he moved rapidly, and vaulted over the top of the exercise equipment that was between us. I was so startled that I didn’t move in time. Next, he was dragging me across the floor towards the treadmill as I kicked and screamed. He grabbed a jump rope on the way to the treadmill, handling me as if I were no heavier or more animated than a rag doll. Quickly lashing my wrists to the hand holds, he got another rope and tied my ankles loosely, with enough give for me to move my legs, but not enough to stand on the edges on either side of the treadmill. Then, he turned on the machine at high speed, forcing me to run, and increased the incline settings, too.

“How’s that for a workout, baby?” he taunted, standing in front of me as I struggled not to fall on the moving conveyor belt. “Put out, or you keep running until you’re too wiped out to fight me. That could be real hot, you under me all weak and dehydrated, taking my cock up your butt! I could fuck you as many times as I wanted!”

I angrily spat in his face. “I’d rather puke up my guts!” I gasped, already out of breath.

His face darkened, and he adjusted all the controls to their most extreme settings: maximum speed, resistance and incline. Then, he stood behind me, his feet on the edges of the treadmill, and felt up my ass.

“Your butt looks really cute when you run, sugar.” He pressed his crotch up against my ass crack, letting the motions of my hips massage his cock. “This is really hot, baby. I’m glad you weren’t a pushover — a challenge like this is rare for me, and lots of fun.”

I was so winded that I could barely answer, and realized that I better pretend to give in before I passed out. Then he would be able to do whatever he wanted.

“Okay, you win,” I panted. “I’ll do whatever you say.”

“I knew you’d come around, sweetie. You’ll enjoy it if you let yourself relax.”

He turned off the treadmill, untied my legs and then my arms. I sank to my knees, out of breath. Thinking that I was now in no condition to put up a fight, he turned away for a minute. I was on my feet, running for the door again, but I tripped and fell before I could make it. I lay face down on the floor, cursing as he lifted me and carried me to the weight machines.

“Okay, now we’ll try working on those abs,” he said nastily. He pushed me on to a stool in front of a machine labeled “LAT PULL DOWN,” weights that were worked via a pulley with a long bar at the end. He pulled down the bar, lashed my arms to it, and then engaged 200 lbs. He got more ropes, tied my head tightly against the wire that connected to the weights, tied me to the seat and bound my ankles securely to the frame of the machine. I could feel the ropes digging in my thighs, and the pressure on my joints from the heavy weight at the other end of the wire. He got between me and the weights, turned his back on me, and started to push his ass in my face. I leaned back, and pushed myself as flat as I could manage. I didn’t know how long I could maintain that pose though, with 200 pounds of weight only counterbalanced by my abdominal muscles, which were already screaming.

“I’m not going anywhere. In a minute, when your abs give out, you’ll be getting a whiff of a real man’s butt hole, and then, you’re going to lick it out. After that you’ll suck my dick, and take it up your butt with your own spit for lube. If you hadn’t been such a little snot, this wouldn’t be happening now. You act like you’re too good for me, but look who’s on top!” he gloated.

My back and abdominal muscles were trembling with exhaustion as I tried to keep the weights from pulling me to a sitting position. “No, NO!” I screamed as the inexorable pull of the weight dragged me upright.

Fabrizio looked over his shoulder at me, and said, “I’m tired. I’m going to have to rest right here,” pressing his elbow down on top of the pile of weights. His ass was inches from my face, and then my muscles gave up the fight, and I found my face buried in the seat of his tight work-out pants, the musky scent of male butt hole filling my nose. I began to breath through my mouth.

“No mouth breathing” he said, taking off his athletic shoes and socks, then stuffing the socks in my mouth, forcing me to inhale through my nose. He quickly pushed his butt back in my face. “My ass is in your face, and there’s nothing you can do about it. Breath deep now, get the scent

of that man's ass hole. I think we'll stay like this for another 15 minutes, or maybe a half hour? How would you like that, baby? Don't move try to move your head – your nose belongs in my crack," he said, pulling apart his butt cheeks, making sure my face was buried in his ass. "Breathe in deep so I can hear you," he commanded. "I wanna know that you're doing what you're told, and If I don't hear you sniff, I'll figure you're not. Then you'll have my butt in your face even longer," he threatened.

He pulled my face into his butt and rubbed his butt hole against my nose, moaning with pleasure. "I'm going to have to make you my bitch. This is so hot I want to do it with you every night. How would you like that baby doll, you'd be the sex slave of the hottest personal trainer in town? The steroids make me horny all the time, and I've got a lot of buddies on the juice who need to dump their loads. You'll eat dick and ass, and be nailed all night every night until you can barely walk. My dick gets hard just thinking about it."

Now he turned and pushed his crotch in my face, rubbing the huge bulge of his erection all over my face. "See what you're doing to me? I want to shove my dick up inside your ass."

He took his socks out of my mouth, and began to untie me. I was completely exhausted, and couldn't even offer token resistance as he slung me over his shoulder and carried me upstairs to his bedroom. My arms and shoulders were numb and tingling from having been tied tightly and the stress of the heavy weight. He dropped me on a king-sized bed.

"May I have a drink of water, please?" I croaked, my mouth and throat completely dried out.

"Sure, sweetheart," he said, and went into the kitchen and returned with a large glass of ice water. I drank gratefully, feeling my tongue, mouth and throat drink in the moisture.

Fabrizio became passionate and sensual, and didn't make good on his threat to force his unlubricated cock up my butt. First, he rolled me over on my stomach and massaged my neck, shoulders and arms to get the sensation back and relieve the discomfort. Then, he laid on top of me, and began to kiss my neck and ears. I could feel his heavy, hard, muscular body pressing me down into the mattress, and his throbbing cock pressing against my ass as he humped me. As much as I hated to admit that exercise was necessary, I hated even more to have to admit that I was going to enjoy his fucking. I certainly enjoyed his lips on my neck — he seemed to know exactly where to kiss and lick to drive me wild.

He rolled me over on my back, and his lips closed over mine. He kissed me deeply, learning the taste of my mouth with his tongue. He really knew how to kiss, too, forceful but somehow tender. I kissed him back, responding to his love-making, my hands running down his broad back to grip his ass, pulling him on top of me, my back arching to push closer against him. He

growled with pleasure, and began to hump me again. His erection was straining in his exercise pants, and he devoured my mouth in earnest now, sucking on my tongue.

“I’ve got to have those lips on my cock,” he said, breaking off his kiss. He got on his knees, threw off his shirt and pulled his exercise pants down. His huge cock popped out, pre-cum oozing from the tip. He started to bring his dick to my mouth, and I met him halfway, grabbing the thick, veined hunk of flesh with my hand, and guiding it between my lips. He began to stroke in and out of my mouth, moaning with pleasure.

“I knew you wanted it. Sweetie, you’re the best. I love how your mouth feels on my shaft. I’m getting close though, and I want to save my cum for your butt,” he said, and pulled out his rock-hard cock, now shiny with saliva from my mouth. “Lick my balls,” he ordered, lowering the sweat pants so they cradled my head and neck. “That’s it, work those nuts with that sweet mouth. Now, keep on going, keep licking, you know what I want — eat that ass!”

I began to kiss and lick his ass hole, teasing it with my tongue, sucking on it as he groaned. He put his hand behind my neck, pulling my face into his butt. “Now sniff it again, like you did before,” he demanded, and I obeyed immediately. His smell was masculine and intoxicating. I wanted this stud to use me for his pleasure, and was getting aroused by the thought of his dick plugging my butt.

He stood and pulled off his gym pants, and then rapidly removed my workout clothes, nearly tearing them off. He reached into a carved wooden box on the headboard, and pulled out a bottle of lube. After greasing up his dick, he pulled my legs over his shoulders, lubed up my hole, and then began to jack me off while pushing his humongous cock inside of me.

“Take that big, fat dick inside that tight, sexy little hole—ooh, it feels really good. You are one sweet piece, baby. I’m not sharing your ass with my buddies! I don’t want anyone else to find out what a fantastic fuck you are. I’m going to make you mine.” I flinched, and groaned, but he pinned me in place and kept pushing inside of me. “Don’t even think about trying to get away, I’m going to fuck you good and hard, the way a man should fuck his bitch!” He was all the way in now, and he started to fuck me, his butt cheeks contracting with each thrust inside of me, while I winced with pain and struggled to move out from underneath him.

“It hurts — you’re so huge, I don’t think I can take it.”

“Why should I care about that, pussy? Only my dick matters, and I like tight holes. Yours feels so good, it really squeezes me every time I push inside of you, and your butt cheeks are nice and soft. I’ve never been inside an ass that could squeeze me like yours does.”

He pumped in and out of my butt fast and hard, the bed shuddering from the force of his thrusts. My ass finally opened and relaxed, and I began pumping my hips in rhythm with his strokes in and out of my butt, pushing my hips towards him as he plunged deep inside of me, pulling away as he pulled back for the next thrust. “Use me, Fabrizio, fuck me harder,” I begged. “Dump a big load inside me, and then let’s do it all night, again and again. I don’t care if you have to split me in half to do it, just keep on fucking your boy toy’s butt!” I gasped, my hands on his muscle butt, pulling him all the way inside of me with each thrust.

My dirty talk pushed him over the edge. He rammed his cock all the way inside of me and bellowed, “CUM WITH ME BABY, SHOOT YOUR LOAD WHILE I SHOOT INSIDE YOUR ASS ! YOUR BUTT WAS MADE FOR ME TO FUCK!!!”

I had begun to cum as soon as he started to shoot inside of me, and I thrashed underneath him as he shot an enormous load into my butt, finally collapsing on top of me. I stroked his balls and ass crack with my fingers as the last of his load spurted inside of me at the same time as I squeezed his dick with my sphincter. He moaned, kissed my neck and shoulders, then my lips. He looked down at me, grinning, and said, “I think you liked that. I know I did. Wanna be my bitch for real?”

“Arf, arf,” I said, pulling his head down for another kiss.