

Gym Bunny Fever

Siggy Commission for St.Louis

Simmons was a ferocious hulk of a man who knew no equal when it came to the physical side of things. With an imposing height that bordered the 8 feet range and a frame that took up two seats on the bus, there were very few who could even stand before him without feeling a measure of fear.

And with a face that bore so much muscle that had become bunched together to form what looked like a permanent scowl that made his true emotions impossible to read, Simmons social life was a lonely one with barely any company besides the musclebrained jocks at the gym he had become a regular at and the illiterate monkeys at the warehouse he worked at for his day job making fun of him all the time, thinking he was as dumb as he looked and treating him as such despite the fact he was a college grad when most of them weren't.

So it was no surprise when the meek, shy personality beneath the muscle grew to become just as spiteful and ominous as the shell appeared to be. Engaging in underground dogfights where illegal bets were placed all the time and drugs were dealt. The Beast was a moniker he had earned soon after making his thunderous debut in the basement of the gym.

With a wage far larger than what he had been earning from his modest job hauling cargo to and fro in a stuffy warehouse, there wasn't much reason for Simmons to stay anymore, resigning the very same week he had started his slipper descent into wickedness.

But not before giving his former colleagues and bullies one hard slap on the face that, when taking Simmons strength and size into consideration, was more than enough to give them a concussion and broken teeth. Being aware of all the bullying going on despite repeated warnings, the overseer was more than happy with letting Simmons walk with that one victory under his belt.

Around the same time however, off in another discreet corner of the warehouse where a shipment was just about to leave. The excited workers joking and laughing about the well deserved fate of the jerks at Simmons hands don't notice the strange figure slipping in from a back door off to the far right, meandering slowly towards one of the trucks before remarkably sliding into one of the loose crates with a space just big enough for a teenager to crawl into.

And on the reinforced lid laid a simple sticker that detailed the final destination of the crate full of dietary supplements and protein powder; a little known gym off in the downtown area that definitely wasn't hosting illegal boxing matches with a side of dabbling in the drug trade.

With the speedy delivery of the contents, it didn't take long for the booby trapped crate to finally arrive at its destination, unloaded and processed without problem as a nameless young man probably there for some summer dough pops open the lid...

"Rick? Rick! Why aren't the stocks refilled yet? You hear me boy?"

Cursing with heavy footfalls making their way down towards the loading bay, a portly man switches on the lights of the darkened interior, only to find no luck with the switches.

"Goddamnit boy, what the hell'd you do with the power?! I don't pay you to screw up my business!"

Stomping his way into the abyss, the manager of the gym fiddles with his pockets, looking for his phone to use as a flashlight before a brief vocalization freezes him in place, feeling a shiver down his spine with wide eyes peering into the darkness, trying to locate the source of what sounded like a girl giggling.

'Damn kid...think he can scare me now does he?'

But the man's fate was sealed the moment he had stepped too far from the light of grace beaming from the only doors that led outside, closing shut behind him with a loud clang as he spins around with a startled yell, flailing his arms as his stubby legs trip him up and send him tumbling to the floor in a heap.

And as his eyes struggle to adjust to the all encompassing darkness around him, the doomed man could only scream for a brief moment as two lithe figures descend upon him with sly giggles, with one of them wearing the baggy overalls of the missing laborer he had been looking for. Hanging loose over the slim, buxom figure of the mature lady silencing the panicking man with a suffocating kiss...

A FEW HOURS LATER

Punching in his card with a deep sigh after finally slipping his way into the warm shelter provided by the building. Simmons drops his bag down on the waiting seats by the entrance to the gym before taking out his towel to dry himself off after a mildly annoying trip through a heavy storm that had broken out just as he was leaving after handing in his resignation papers and leaving his old job for good. With absurd fees for transport and public buses and trains stuffed to capacity, the giant had simply braved the rain, walking briskly while being careful not to slip up.

Despite the detour however, he'd arrived at the gym with just an hour to spare before the first match of the night. But this evening was...most certainly a strange one to say the least as Simmons slings his bag over the shoulder before stepping foot inside the gym proper. Gaping at the sight before him that seemed like it could force the man's stiff facial muscles into a new configuration. But alas, the most it did was make his jaw drop.

"What the hell?"

While the gym was almost always populated to the max outside of lunch, dinner and closing hours, this was probably the first time Simmons had ever seen the place packed full of women, outnumbering the men 7 to 3.

And these weren't just average women, they were all stunning with amazing figures to boot. The only reason they had to be here was something Simmons hated in people; vanity. Hogging up spots not to train or grow muscle but to maintain their hourglass figures or even worse; using their allure to pick up men.

But it wasn't just the sudden overstock of gym bunnies that made Simmons raise a metaphorical brow, some of the regulars he knew well in his long stay here that never failed to turn up every day were gone, with an array of women taking their place.

Sighing before trying to make his way over to the usual corner of the gym he trained in, Simmons could instantly feel the searing gaze of all the women around him piercing him, with hushed murmurs and excited giggling soon permeating the air as the awkward giant passes through, keeping his head turned towards the floor.

"Oh? Mr Simmons! Glad to-*hngb*- see you could make it tonight!"

Hearing that sweet voice call his name so casually turns his gaze upward, looking upon a young woman that was probably in her early twenties bracing herself against the glass wall of the gym with an exercise ball squished between her firm thighs. And with her choice of attire leaving very little to the imagination from the tight leggings that revealed a little too much of a clear outline between her legs and an ill fitting top that

looked like it could snap at any second from the weight of her burgeoning breasts, Simmons was doing his best to keep his gaze firmly locked with the unknown woman's sharp purple eyes.

But even that wasn't free from her strangely erotic charms with an expression that seemed to imply a deeper meaning behind it plastered over her face. Turning her simple squat endurance gig into something very wrong if one's imagination was strong enough to replace the exercise ball with-



"See something you like? My eyes are up here Mr Simmons~"

"Ugh...I'm sorry miss, just wondering who you were, I've never seen you around here before..."

Heaving herself off the steaming wet ball covered in a mix of her sweat and juices, the silver haired beauty strolls over to the hulk, standing confidently before him with a charming smile on her face. She was so unlike the others he had seen before trying to put up a false persona when conversing with him.

That smile was genuine, and she wasn't afraid of him.

"But I have...the Beast himself in the flesh...I see why they call you that~"

She was so fast, with her refined movements coming off as naturally as she exuded sexual dominance, that by the time Simmons had realized it, her sweat slick hands had already slipped under his shorts and were delicately rubbing his erect shaft with manicured fingernails stimulating the sensitive head.

"W-What're you?!"

In a silver flash, the woman side steps Simmons swinging arms. Despite her top heavy stature and seemingly untrained body, she was one highly mobile minx. Giggling at the sight of the Beast being a flustered mess with the finger that had successfully extracted a fresh spurt of precum idly sliding in and out of her petite mouth.

'The hell does this cunt think she's up to...'

Despite sensing his anger and the darkening atmosphere around him however, the sly lady didn't seem the least bit discouraged. That keen analytical look on her face never once falters as she wags a finger at him in warning.

"Uh huh~ Raise a hand against the manager herself, and you'll regret it~ not like you could catch me in the first place, Beastie!"

"Manager? But I thought...what happened to Old Man Tucker?"

"Old Man Tucker...is old news. Things haven't changed much if that's what you're worried about Mr Simmons, just call me Tristina."

Before he could question her further however, the new manager had already strolled right by him and, with a hop that brought her up to face level, landed a delicate peck on his lips with a raunchy giggle before heading off to the back rooms containing the secret entrance to the underground ring with the pink ball tucked away under her armpit.

"I'll see you later in 30 Beastie~"

And just like that, the daring and bewitching beauty had vanished just as quickly as she'd made herself known to him, leaving Simmons dumbfounded with the women giggling amongst themselves and the men cursing him for being so lucky.

But one look around was enough to silence the crowd with the exception of the girls, only growing more excited as his fierce eyes gazed over each and every one of them, growing a little disgruntled upon the realization that just like Tristina, they all didn't show one luck of fear or discomfort at the sight of him. Although he could've sworn that there were now more women than there were men from when he first entered just a few minutes ago.

'Can't be...must've gotten women in the head after that little trick she pulled on me...'

Setting down his bag in the corner Tristina once occupied and slipping off his jacket to reveal his workout outfit ready to go, Simmons breathes a heavy sigh of relief after finally getting a chance to work off the stressful events of the day. Settling down on the bench to start off with some simple weight lifting as he shifts the rack over to him, picking up a pair of heavy 50kg dumbbell while remaining totally oblivious to his softening facial muscles slowly unwinding themselves alongside the bulk of his body, pulsing unnoticed beneath the darkened hide as it too undergoes it's own changes; bleaching with a deathly pale coloration across the expanse of his back and only spreading further, converting his coarse skin into a smooth creamy blanket.

Not the type to warm up before exercising since he saw no actual benefits besides wasting your energy reserves better saved for more strenuous activity. Simmons immediately starts with his reps, lifting both weights in each arm in his usual routine. Progressing nicely toward the 50 rep mark...

Until a sudden spike of pain travels up his shoulders, forcing him to set the weights down with his biceps undergoing a severe cramp. A first for the weathered gym goer as he struggles with the pain, grunting as the seemingly innocuous cramp begins to grow more severe, paralyzing the giant on the seat with his back leaning against the glass as it creaks in protest to his weight.

For the first time in years, Simmons the unfaltering Beast, felt pain. Brilliant scorching pain.

'W-What the h...this...hurts!'

With his groans turning into choked cries as the muscle spasms soon spread to his abs, Simmons twists his head skyward with his teeth clenched in an effort to endure, missing the sight of his beefy arms losing their tree trunk stature, pawing wildly at the bench in response to the rapid conversion of muscle, ebbing like organic slush into petite layers of soft tender meat coupled with perfectly calculated portions of baby fat, spreading further until the last traces of his callused hands vanish into slim dainty digits tipped with polished pink shells.

Bringing his gaze toward the other people in the gym who should've seen him lying in an awkward manner and in need of help, Simmons' brow furrowed at the eerie sight of the women around him smiling with their eyes narrowed into leering slits. Not giggling, not gossiping, just standing still and watching with unblinking eyes.

'The hell is wrong...with them?!'

Doing his best to crane his neck around to find someone who seemed sane enough to help, Simmons eyes widen at the sight of the absence of a single man in the sea of women gazing back at him, until settling on one last man running on the treadmill in what looked like an effort to impress and snag a girl for himself as she continued to sprint with a grin on his face, surrounded by gym bunnies cooing their love and encouragement.

Unaware of the odd pink mist emanating from their mouths, filling the air around them like a fine vapor before fading away, seeping into the skin of the man as he continues unabated, more focused on impressing women than he was with safety.

But it wasn't the vain sight that caught his attention, it was the fact that he could see the man's clothes beginning to ripple and unwind themselves, shifting into the new, tighter fitting configuration of a sports bra and hot shorts with tight black stockings beneath, complete with a baggy green jacket to finish it off.

A very ill fitting getup for running...much less for a man of his stature.

Continuing to watch however, Simmons realized with horror that the man too, was changing to fit the clothes; rapidly losing height, muscle and focus as his steady pace drops to a haggard crawl that saw his slender arms falling to his sides, landing each foot harder than before as they turn into perfectly chiseled pillars that curved to match his brand spanking new handlebar hips flanking a flabby navel jiggling with thick fat where hardened and once were...and a noticeable absence of something every man should have down below where the thick outline of a new mouth between the runners legs presses up against her shorts everytime her plump thighs rubbed together.

Drawing his eyes upward past a freshly grown set of tits that had filled in the empty cups of her sports bra bouncing madly with her momentum, Simmons eyes meet the former man's for one last time before they become shrouded by a newly grown mane of brown hair that cascades down and around the newly formed female, who had realized her mistake far too late.



By the time her hair had tied itself into a cute side hanging ponytail that slides neatly down the side of her right shoulder, the fearful dark irises that had looked to Simmons for one last plea of help were now replaced by crimson orbs, narrowing into that same leer the other women surrounding her were sporting as they turned their attention towards Simmons as one, leaving a lone woman to tend to their newly inducted sister as the dominant one forces the freshly changed man to the floor, stripping her down to the nude before ramming her tongue down her throat with the horde blocking the final view of her eyes rolling up into the back of her head as they begin to close in on Simmons. Now the sole survivor in the gym.

So he hadn't been overthinking things at all, the number of men really was dropping rapidly. And not because they were leaving, but because they were all being transformed into mindless babes that all seemed to share the same goal, like there was a hierarchy they shared, perhaps even a hive mind of sorts.

This was beginning to look like some sick parody of a zombie flick. Only instead of the undead, Simmons had to contend with hot gym babes.

"Tris...tina...need...help"

Forcing himself to move, Simmons could already tell that he too was beginning to fall to whatever this is that was transforming bodybuilding men into vapid gym bunnies; feeling the softness of his derriere as he slides across the bench alongside the fact the familiar feeling of his right, compact body no longer being present, clicking his tongue at the uncomfortable sensation of fat bouncing around beneath his skin. His very sensitive and smooth skin...

"Damn it...not like...this...guh!"

Landing hard on his feet, Simmons rises up in a hard fought effort to get moving, growing discouraged at the sight of the sea of women blocking his way. But there was still a glimmer of hope in the form of the exit just beyond them. He was still tall enough to see through them all, so if he could just fight off the pain and get moving, Simmons figured he had a real chance of making it out of there with his manliness intact.

Although there was the option of seeking out Tristina for help, something told him she couldn't be trusted at all. From the way she spoke earlier, it sounded like the change in management with the gym wasn't a voluntary one at all.

'Won't be surprised...if she's in...on all this crazy...stuff!'

But Simmons wouldn't have much time left for indecision however, with the distance between him and the hungry horde of salacious gym bunnies looking to add him to their ranks.

Pushing past the first girl, Simmons fully immerses himself in the wave of soft bodies, willing his aching legs forward and holding his breath as they all begin to coo and giggle, releasing fresh sprays of the transformative pink smoke that he had no possible hope of escape from; filling the air all around them and thoroughly dousing him in it as it seems into his skin.

With his transformation already long underway since the moment he had begun breathing in the unclean air of the gym, the fresh dosage of the unknown viral agent accelerates the change, impeding Simmons as his immense height finally begins to drop, painfully snapping him down to a tiny 4 feet that made pushing past the women that much harder as the last of his muscles ebb and fade away under soft skin, halting his progress just short of the exit with the front desk receptionist he hadn't noticed before waving goodbye as she closes the shutter behind her. Trapping him for good. Still not willing to give in, the Beast inside of

Simmons brings forth its last burst of strength, tossing aside an especially grabby lady and barging past the group in front of him with a deep, throaty yell that was already cracking with the Adam's Apple in his neck being removed.

But even with the impressive display of Simmons defiance, the horde far outnumbered him, and with his might and inability to feel removed, the man was helpless to resist as a multitude of arms hold him still while giggling faces refill the air with a fresh spray of pink gas that does the trick, finally revealing emotion on Simmons face as the last of his muscles unwind and fade, leaving radiant cheeks, a cute nose and twin eyes framed by sleek lashes. Gasping in a womanly voice as the collective begins to run their hands all over his body, tracing sensitive skin, kneading at his chest as they balloon outward into a pert set of breasts to fill in the pale sports bra clinging to his nubile young body that sported right curves and inclines in all the right places.

'Can't...move! Feels...so...'

And as an adventurous hand wanders down below, slipping through loose pants to grasp ahold of the effeminate man's still defiant member, the final spark of anger within Simmons mind dies away as a sudden shock of overwhelming pleasure shoots through his body, stemming from the hand now firmly wrapped around his dick spinning like a drill, engulfing it in the warmth and softness of an organic passageway as the tiny trail of precum staining his shorts develops into a large stain, symbolizing his final orgasm as a male when the hand formerly moving back and forth was now pistoning in and out of the freshly opened slit that had swallowed his testicles whole, hungry for something longer and harder to fill its insatiable innards with the formation of a womb and a healthy pair of ovaries pumping Simmons full of estrogen and hormones, telling her to give in.

"...good!!!"

Arching her back and twisting her neck upwards in time with her crew cut hair flowering into a silky mane of snow white hair, Simmons experiences another orgasm just seconds after her first, although this one was far stronger and mind blowing than the first, racking her poor brain as it comes under attack by a multitude of images and self inserting scenes of herself being taken by faceless men in a variety of different situations; kneeling as she takes a cock in her mouth, panting on all fours while being fucked from behind and all sorts of other deranged memories she never once experienced before.

But as more debauched mental videos fly by, Simmons' wide eyes would begin to fill with a crimson coloration with her mind overloading, claimed by the infection that had subverted the rest of the gym before her.



Gasping sharply, Sasha is forcefully ejected from her lucid wet dream at the sudden touch of a tender finger running over the tiny bulge beneath her skin tight leggings. Going commando was a thrill for her, so it was natural her aching clit would show itself so clearly against the fabric, squished between the thick lips of her labia to form a tantalizing camel toe.

And her partner seemed familiar to her; a fellow sister with a disheveled head of chestnut brown hair pouring down around her lovely face strewn with love bites and an intense blush beneath her deep red eyes.

'Just like...me!'

With the crowd parting around them and resuming their own business, Sasha finds herself ushered into a storeroom where she and her lover could get all the privacy they could ever want, weakly panting and moaning as she presses herself up against the wall, not

resisting the aggressive lady's advances as her soft lips meet hers, pushing a warm tongue into her mouth deep enough to have her gagging before eventually getting used to it, giggling happily while wrapping her dainty hands around hers.

With Simmons fully embracing the identity of the very sort of person she used to despise with all her being, every single human within the gym was now a stunning babe of a woman, idly using the machines or making out with each other in the open.

Unbeknownst to the horny lesbian couple however, the camera above them focuses its lens, recording every detail for the sole viewer on the other end to enjoy as she grins in lust, licking her lips with her bright purple eyes gleaming a brilliant red for a moment before assuming their previous coloration.

"Good girls make for excellent meals~"

With Simmons The Beast now fully converted into her collective, Tristina turns off the video feed before making her way outside, striding past the gym now entirely populated by women as they all fall silent and limp; an array of bowed heads with lifeless crimson eyes, ready to do as their Mistress commanded as she peers into the storage room with a mischievous look.

"Sasha dear? You're on in five~"

Epilogue

A few weeks after the little known takeover of a popular gym downtown, the underground fighting ring had been completely abolished, replaced instead by a red light district-esque business of sorts where the proprietor; Tristana, leant a select group of girls who were said to be some of the best pieces of ass money could buy as rumors and word of mouth spread around the shady establishments and gangs in town.

Unknown to the rest of mankind however, the gym was now a staging ground for a sinister parasite that thrived off of the essence from men, imbuing those affected by its pheromones with the divine figure of a beautiful maiden in exchange for the complete submission of their free will and personality. Whether male or female, the viral particles given off by the parasite would render all into beautiful girls in their prime to act as bait with their bodies now serving as envoys to spread their mistress's message of submission to all.

For now, 'Tristina' was content with her small little empire of beautiful girls, but the seeds of her plans for total world domination were already being laid through the work of her new business. For each man and rarely women, that came stumbling in through those underground doors. They would leave bearing her contagious virus, lying dormant and waiting for her call.

And when she did? The world would be drowned in the orgasmic bliss of femininity as ugly old bodies would warp into young flowers that never aged, finding bliss in each other's arms below their mistress, their mother, their queen...

But until that day came, the alien disease would fester below the seemingly innocuous human establishment known as a gym, with her very promising batch of daughters all working to help advance her dream to fruition, with a certain silver haired girl shining above the rest of her sisters as she stalks an unwitting gym goer heading into the toilet after tiring himself out entertaining the women. Blocking him in before unzipping her jacket and bearing her naked body for the stupefied human to gaze upon as she sways her hips in a mesmerizing manner, juggling her breasts as they rub against the midnight black jacket that seemed too small for someone her size.

“Hey there big boy...I’ve been watching you out there...and i’m feeling all riled up now...”



“W-What’re you...you’re not...Damien didn’t put you up to this did he?”

Cornering him against the wall before tracing the lines of his abs with a sharpened nail, Sasha leans in close before breathing down his ears while drawing his hand downward, forcing his hand against her sopping wet snatch while delivering a hidden payload alongside her needy declaration;

“Do I feel real enough? This is your fault y’know?”

“So..what do you want me to do?”

Giggling before letting her jacket fall to the floor, Sasha leers at the man with sinister red eyes...

“Take responsibility~”

THE END