

Workout Girl

by Evil Dolly

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Look at her run.

She's been at it for hours now on the treadmill. She looks so lovely jogging. Her ponytail swinging from side to side. Her arms bent just so. Her breasts bouncing rhythmically inside the top of her lycra leotard... I know she wishes she could wear a jog bra. The growing, dark circles of sweat that stain her outfit. Her firm, rounded butt tensing with every step. Her legs, lean and well-formed, covered in shiny, opaque tights. Her pristine, white slouch socks and cute running shoes. The desperate, haunted look in her eyes as she runs. So lovely.

She had gotten far too lazy. That's what started it all. She knew I didn't approve, although she claimed that she wanted—no, needed—to please me. Given the choice, she would rather sit on her fat ass and stuff her face in front of the tv than even think about exercise. She knew I preferred a sculpted form, but just kept getting heavier and lazier. She took me for granted. I put my foot down. I told her she could either get in shape under my direction, or get out. She had nowhere else to go, and she knew of no one else that would let her control her the way she wanted; I knew she would submit.

It started off simply enough. Walking more, a diet, a little jogging (her plump body looked obscene jiggling around in those sweat-clothes). Watching her, I soon discovered something about myself. After the first time she finished a short jog, I realized that I was enticed by her complaints and the way she gasped for air. Far more aroused, in fact, than I had been by anything for a long time. I did a little research and experimentation, and began to realize just how strong this desire might be in myself. A fantasy was growing in me. I had a vision of my lazy girl becoming an extreme stereotype. I pictured her as a fitness-driven, exercise-obsessed, body-sculpting gym queen. I knew she didn't have it in her nature to be that kind of woman naturally, but with effort, I might be able to mold her into a remarkable facsimile.

After a short while, her endurance grew a little and she shed a few pounds, but that wasn't enough to satisfy me, not anymore. I took to calling her fat names all the time. Just as a means of encouragement. Alright, I admit, that's not true. I just liked seeing her humiliated by her own body, uncomfortable in her own flesh.

I explained to her that her lifestyle was going to change drastically and how it would help her to become the slave she claimed she always wanted to be. I kept to myself just how drastic the change was going to be. She was nervous, but agreed. Again, she didn't have much choice, considering her options.

The pieces of bondage equipment in the 'dungeon' (actually, the spacious room in the back of the house) were gradually replaced by all new torture devices. Exercise equipment filled the room. A treadmill, a stationary bike, a mini-gym, among other things. I even put mirrors on the walls. It looked very professional. She thought I was crazy. Then her new life began.

She cried when I threw out all of her clothes. I got her a brand new wardrobe, though, so she had nothing to complain about. It was to be her new fetish gear, her slave uniform, but of a different sort. Instead of stiletto heels and sheer stockings, she got jogging shoes and Danskin tights. Instead of jewelry, she had sweatbands and a heart-rate monitor. Instead of miniskirts and the fetishy outfits she used to wear to clubs, she got leotards and unitards. In place of materials like silk, satin, or vinyl, she wore spandex and lycra. She was very self-conscious in the shiny, skintight clothes (especially since she was still plump), but I loved to see her in them. She had to wear them at all times, even to sleep. When she had to go out shopping, she would be allowed to wear snug nylon shorts over top of her outfit, but that was all. Her hair was to be worn only in a high ponytail.

Her diet also had to change. She probably whined more about that than anything else. I couldn't really blame her, since it did take some time for her stomach to shrink so that it didn't feel empty and aching all the time. She was to drink only bottled water, and plenty of it. For breakfast and lunch she had to make do with diet shakes. For dinner she would be given a salad with a little chicken for protein. And pills, so many pills. Vitamin pills, mineral pills, herbal supplements, metabolizers—just about every variety of pill I could find in the health food store were to end up in her stomach. Most of them were probably next to worthless, but she had to swallow dozens of them every day, nonetheless. The idea behind the strict diet and countless pills was not for her to lose weight, since, with the workouts she would be doing, she could have eaten junk food all day and still lost pounds. The important thing was that they were part of the fitness 'lifestyle' she had no choice but to adopt as her own.

Her exercise plan was very simple—I would push her body until it couldn't possibly go farther. It took a lot of patience at first. For example, before she had bicycled two miles on a mildly 'hilly' course, her head would droop and she would gasp out that she couldn't do anymore. I knew she wasn't trying her hardest, wasn't taking it seriously enough, so I made some adjustments. I attached electrode pads to either side of her pussy, beneath her tights, with the wires

leading to control unit I held. When she started to slack off, slow down, or stop before I wanted her to, I'd give her a surprisingly painful jolt. This was problematic at first. After a few such applications of electric 'encouragement', she would go skittering off the bike, pulling the wires out of the unit. It was a natural reaction. So, I added cuffs to the handlebars and peddles. She could jerk, strain, and beg all she wanted, but eventually she learned she had to keep peddling to keep the pain away. She could finally push herself to the limit. It was such a sight, this girl, peddling away, bound to the machine as if a part of it, tears of desperation running down her cheeks. She would give up trying to beg and focus instead on sucking air into her lungs and forcing her twitching leg muscles to pump long after they started to burn and quiver. She would make a ragged sound of despair when I would make the exercise bike simulate going up yet another hill.

Finally, when shocks would cease to have much effect and I sensed she truly could go no farther, I would release her from the bike and let her collapse onto the floor. I was elated the first time that happened. It was exactly what I wanted, seeing her gasping for air, drenched with sweat, and too weak to move. The heat coming off her body was an aphrodisiac.

I used the same technique on the other equipment with great success. I would tether her waist to the front of the treadmill so that she would have to keep up or else lose her footing and scrape her knees on the tread. She ruined a number of tights doing that. She hated the whole concept of the stair stepper. Just climbing and climbing up endless stairs, unable to pull her bound feet off the peddles, and not getting anywhere. Shocks to her ass would keep her going. Cane strokes to her thighs would encourage her on the gym as she worked out her upper body. Every possible exercise available by the equipment she was forced to use until she was crying and her muscles would work no longer. She swore at me through gritted teeth, spittle flying, as I made her use muscles she didn't know she had until they burned. It was a delight to watch her on her back, lifting weights with quivering and rapidly-tiring muscles as perspiration collected in the hollow of her neck and in darkening patches on her outfit. It was music to hear her grunts and sobs as she forced herself to do one more tummy crunch.

And, oh, how she hated limbering exercises. She couldn't even come close to touching her toes at first. Those devices meant to stretch legs into splits looked very painful, I'll admit. That didn't stop me from making her tendons stretch another inch apart after she was crying out for mercy. She did have some positive incentive to get nice and limber, though. I placed a vibrator on the floor and told her that when she could reach it, she could enjoy it to her heart's content. Once she was finally able to do a full split, her leotard crotch would be mashed against the vibrator. If she had been well-behaved during a workout, I would reward her by

binding her in that position with her crotch and inner thighs flush with the floor, with the vibrator going, and leave her like that for hours. She couldn't complain about that.

I would vary the workout randomly. Sometimes they were short, sometimes long. They always ended in her gasping for air and rubbery muscles, occasionally a bout of dry heaves. I always squeezed a little more effort out of her. I was never satisfied until her body gave up. Once she was able to jog four miles without collapsing, I would make her do a quarter mile more. Once she could do that, she'd have to make four and a half.

Those first few weeks were a nightmare for her, with her sore muscles and believing that she would never be able to get used to it. Her body adjusted and grew stronger in spite of her doubts, and she fell into a routine. Normally, I would make her jog or bicycle in the morning, and after she had recovered, force her through a full body workout in the afternoon. As the months went on, I gradually increased the frequency of her workouts as well as their intensity. She started feeling good about how well her body was shaping up. She was still under the belief that I was simply trying to get her into good shape, that there was an actual goal to be reached. She didn't realize that her straining, sweating, and begging for an end that was a goal in itself.

You might wonder why someone would put up with this kind of punishment. Partly, it was her own submissiveness that made her endure it all. She did enjoy at some level the loss of control of her own life and gradual transformation into someone else, even though it was not the kind of transformation she had fantasized of when she first got interested in slavery. Also, she was never had much self-esteem. She did what she was told because she didn't have the will to refuse. It might have been cruel of me to reinforce that and take advantage of it, but I was pursuing an obsession of my own.

She grew accustomed to her outfits. It helped that I punished her for even asking for regular clothes. She got new jogging shoes every two weeks and brand new, cushy white socks to wear each day. She would strip off her drenched clothes after a workout and put on a clean, dry set after a shower, as if she was getting ready to go off to the gym again right away. However, I found I liked the scent of her exertions and wouldn't allow her to wash her workout clothes. I enjoyed her discomfort when she had to pull on tights that were stiff with dry sweat and leotards that were sometimes still damp from the previous day's efforts. Concentric rings of old stains formed mosaics on the light-colored clothes. She hated that.

Of course, I kept tempting junk food in the house. What's the point of a diet without temptation? Sometimes I would catch her sneaking something that wasn't

in her diet; it gave me a great excuse to punish her, telling her how much she would have to exercise just to work off that cookie, saying how I could already see the cellulite on her fat thighs. Other times I let her think she got away with it. After all, what fitness queen didn't indulge herself in secret from time to time? I would mess with the bathroom scale sometimes to make it look like she had gained weight and let her punish herself mentally for the lapse of self-control. I also got her to pick up her old smoking habit, which she had quit before she met me. That might sound counter-productive, but I knew many fitness-oriented women smoked to keep their weight down. So part of it was to help her fit the image I wanted her to have. Smoking also had an added benefit of making her workouts a little harder and make her short of breath a little sooner. I loved it when she started coughing in mid-workout, seeing her gasp for air.

I acquired a video library of aerobics videos which I had her watch and exercise to, in addition to her regular workouts. She didn't mind these as much, since there was no punishment involved. I was happy if she just kept up with the videos until the end. A little at a time, I increased the number she had to watch a day, slowly taking up her free time with even more exercising. Low impact became high impact. Pretty soon, she was spending hours every day sweating, huffing and puffing in front of the tv. It was fascinating to watch. Eventually, I decided to restrict all of her tv watching to those aerobics tapes and to recorded exercise shows. Even when she was sprawled on the sofa, too tired and sore to move, the only entertainment she was allowed was watching other women working out. Though unable to keep her interest at first, after weeks of being forced to watch them, she would stare at the moving bodies as if entranced. They became her role models.

She was desperate for my approval. Through months of subtle conditioning, she had become desperately afraid of gaining weight and was convinced that she still had fat to lose. I think I had given her a body image disorder, just like so many of the women I wanted her to be like had. I wondered if she would spend the rest of her life looking in the mirror and seeing ugly fat where there was none. She needn't have worried about it, for in time, she got into quite phenomenal shape. Her muscles got tight and lean, her skin smooth. She had very little fat to be found anywhere on her body. She could have graced the cover of a fitness magazine. She had developed a body to make any other woman at a gym jealous, if she actually went out to a gym. Ironically, the better she looked, the more I wanted to keep her to myself. Besides, isolation was good for her.

She spent so much time in our private, little gym that she had gotten very pale. This went against the image I wanted for her, so I had her start using liquid

tanners on her face, arms, and shoulders (the only parts of her flesh that were ever visible outside of the shower). The fake tan didn't look quite natural, but that was okay. Nothing of what she was doing was quite natural.

It began to take longer and longer to work her to exhaustion. I countered that by having her work out even more each day, giving her body less time to recover. I seldom needed to use pain to keep her going anymore. She had learned to force herself to reach her limits in order to avoid punishment. It was very rewarding to watch her throwing all her strength into peddling the stationary bike up a simulated hill, mouth hanging open, eyes glazed, hardly able to swallow her own saliva, shapely shoulders and arms glistening with the effort—all without me having to say a word.

I would often attempt to bring her orgasm immediately after a workout when she had done so well. I also experimented with vibrating butterflies held inside her leotards during workouts. The overwrought, blood-drained state of her body made it difficult to get pleasure in such conditions, but it worked often enough. It was important to get her to associate pleasure with that mix of pain and muscle-burning exhaustion. I wanted it to be like sex for her. I wanted her workouts to be what she lived for, in spite of the pain. A little at a time, she was becoming a slave to the gym, a slave to the cruel exercise equipment, a slave to the drive for unattainable perfection that I had instilled in her.

Nowadays, the old her is all but gone. She spends almost all of her waking moments either exercising or recovering from that exercise. Her workouts can last for hours, and the aerobics in front the tv last for hours more. She can do the splits as easy as you please to settle her leotard crotch onto her vibrator, grinding against it even while toning her upper body with light weights. She is no longer physically able to orgasm unless she is working out in some fashion, so inextricably linked the two have become. Long ago, on a whim, I forbade her pleasuring herself by touching her bare pussy. She can only pleasure herself through the material of her leotards and tights. I want it to become like a second skin to her, more natural to her than the skin underneath. I think she's starting to enjoy lycra.

The rest of the time she's eating her liquid-and-pill meals and rabbit food, soaking her muscles in a hot shower, or smoking while reading one of the many fitness magazines and exercise clothing catalogs I get for her. A while back I started to punish her, physically and verbally, and with increasing frequency, whenever she would talk about things or express interest in subjects that didn't involve fitness and exercise. She learned quickly enough to stop asking about going to a movie or a mall, or even trying to carry on a normal conversation. Instead, she talks only of subjects like diets, her workouts, and the exercise shows

on tv. I know she still thinks about other things, but on the surface she appears to be completely one-dimensional with no life beyond the mirrors of the gym and her own self-image. One might think it would be boring to have a partner who is so apparently shallow, but I want her that way—she’s my sweaty, ponytailed gym queen. I wonder if, in a few more years, that will be all she truly does think about.

Since she spends so much time in the gym now, I’ve been thinking of making it a permanent arrangement. I may fit her mattress in there, bar up the windows, and put a big lock the door. A gym/cage. She would be upset at first, but she would realize it was for the best. With no distractions, she could devote even more time to exercise. She could spend all her day working out, straining, being goaded by pain and pleasure to push herself to physical collapse several times a day. She knows that’s where she’s heading by now, anyway. She realizes now that there is no goal to be reached, no end to the effort, and that the only reward after working out all day is to start it all over the next day. She no longer tries to fight it. After all, she’s become the slave she always wanted to be, even though it’s not a slavery of a type she ever imagined. And so she keeps striving for me and for the for the voice I’ve instilled in her head that tells her that stopping equals pain. The knowledge that her jog on the treadmill will never truly end, that her journey on the bicycle will never take her anywhere but in circles, shows in her face as a mixture of dread and anticipation.

Look at the way her sweat falls like rain as she jogs and jogs. I think her endorphins are kicking in. I bet she can make it another five miles. Maybe I’ll make it seven.

Look at her run.