

## **Total Rebuild - 1 - Hell of a Workout**

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Harold, or Hal as he made sure everyone called him, was determined not to lose a single game for his team. He hadn't yet but he was terrified of putting a foot wrong, his reputation as the school jock had the girls throwing themselves at him and the boys who wouldn't follow his lead scurrying away in fear. He was king of the castle in his little school and was captain of the rugby team. Life was good but he was not going to let himself lose it through complacency. Not that he ever could when his father never missed an opportunity to point out his shortcomings; his best efforts were never enough for him. Hal was of the opinion that making him feel small made his father feel big, something he in turn used on the smaller students at his school.

He stood at six feet tall but was packed with muscle for his age. Close cropped blond hair and a shaved body. He always wore something to show off his muscles and revelled in the attention. He was the dream, every guy wanted to be him, all the girls wanted to be with him.

But he was going to be a success at the one thing he was good at and he wouldn't need his father any more. To do that he never gave anything less than 100% when he was on the pitch and in the gym. The school gym was a fine place to hang after school but if he was to become more serious about his fitness then he would have to level up his training. When asked Coach Richards recommended a place called Total Rebuild, a little known gym just out of the town centre. It was a 24 hour gym and Hal could spend all his free time there. He was already the fittest guy in school but there was no such thing as strong enough to his teenage mind. Richards had always been supportive and said he knew there were big things in Hal's future. Hal would never admit that he would rather Richards as his father and regarded him as a role model. The man was starting to go grey but had the body of a fitness champ only gone slightly off. He had been the pride of Rotherham and seemed only too happy to pass on his knowledge and Hal hung on his every word.

Upon arriving at the gym the first Friday since he had been told about the place he knew this was the gym for him; there were about ten guys working out among the equipment and all of them were in excellent shape, most in vests but some topless and all in shorts. The sweat was drenching their clothes and permeating the air and even if they hadn't been tight to begin with they were now clearly showing all the muscles on their bodies. This gym was for hardcore fitness buffs and Hal would soon become one of them. His ego would not let him be the gym runt for long. They were all silent; there wasn't even music playing, save for their panting and grunting which only fuelled the masculine image. They were all wearing headphones, all the same make and seemingly Bluetooth.

At the desk he asked about a membership and was surprised when they were expecting him. "Oh yes," said the receptionist, "Your coach sent word you might be coming." The guy was the least muscled guy in the place but still bigger than Hal and with a friendly demeanour and

cheerful smile. While the members were in their gym clothes this guy wore a shirt and tie but looked like they might burst at any moment. He introduced himself as Sam and showed Hal into the office of the Gym's owner, who went by 'Gruff'.

It was clear why he went by that name. He was large, hairy and solid, nothing soft about him and full of hard edges with the exception of his face. He had a warm smile but was clearly to be respected, there was a glint of danger in his eye. Hal immediately straightened and puffed out his chest without realising to impress the man who put every other man he had ever met to shame and tried to return the crushing handshake he was given. Gruff smiled knowingly and confidently at his display like a father would at a child trying to earn his approval and effortlessly outdid Hal's attempts at appearing to be an Alpha himself.

Hal was offered a complimentary protein shake and he accepted without a second thought and downed it in one under Gruff's approving eye. What followed was an interview of sorts but Gruff seemed to take his membership as a foregone conclusion; Coach Richards had put in a good word for him and what Gruff wanted to know was why he wanted to workout and what sort of person he was.

"What motivates you to work out?"

"I just don't want to lose. Sport is my passion and my life and I've gotta be the best."

"What about your team-mates?"

"They help but I can't control their commitment and strength. I can only make sure I am up to the task and if I have to carry the team then I want to be able to."

"So you want to get big. How big is too big?"

"Is there such a thing?"

Gruff laughed, a deep belly rumbling laugh. "I think you'll fit in well here. Just a few more things; tell me about how things are outside sport. How do you get on with the other students?"

It was odd but Hal wasn't going to question it. In fact he was feeling relaxed and, although he wanted to impress this man, he also wanted to tell him the truth even if it might be unfavourable. "Well I have friends, the guys I hang out with. All the girls want some of this! As for the others, I don't bother with them other than to make sure they leave me alone."

Gruff blinked and cocked his head. "And how do you do that?" he asked but clearly already knew. He just wanted to see if Hal would tell the truth.

Hal told him the truth. "Just shove them aside, discourage them from making mistakes. Generally keeping them in line."

"Sounds like a bit of bullying." He didn't sound angry or judgemental, he was just being factual.

Hal shifted and thought of his father. "They have called me that but I think of it as keeping the natural order. If they can't handle people and want the world to be all sunshine and lollipops then they better get used to people walking all over them. They need to toughen up, that's why I'm here."

“To toughen them up or yourself?”

Hal stopped. Gruff had seen right through him. The look he was being given looked like Gruff could see his whole life story, even what was to come.

Gruff nodded slowly, seemingly to himself. “Yes, you’ll fit in here well.” He slapped his hand on the table lightly but Hal jumped at the noise all the same. “Come on, get your kit off, I wanna see what we’re working with.”

Hal barely hesitated; he was still feeling relaxed and slightly hot. He might have called it like being drunk if he gave it more than a passing thought. He wanted to show this god of a man what he had to offer and stripped off his shit with a practised ease that showed off his six pack abs and chest. When Gruff looked at him expectantly he unbuckled his trousers and dropped them to his ankles and kicked them off, leaving him just in his underwear and trainers. Seemingly satisfied, Gruff stood and began an examination.

He walked around the kid several times, slowly taking in all the worked and underworked muscles. “We have a strict regimen here, no muscle group will be overlooked. You will soon be aching in places you didn’t know you had. You’ve focussed on the muscles that look good, that’s not enough here. We’re about getting the most from every muscle. We also have an equally strict diet, nothing like junk food allowed. You understand.” He had a way of speaking like there was never any question of anything. His word was law.

“Yeah, I get it.”

“In this gym it is your job to work out and that makes me your boss. You address me as Sir.”

“Yes, Sir,” said Hal, a little hesitant at first. Again he was thinking of his father and how he demanded to be called Sir even though he was a slob and deserved no respect. This man however did deserve it and the moment the word left his lips he liked them, the way he acknowledged this man’s place in relation to his own. He blinked a few times at this strange feeling, being submissive was not something he was accustomed to, let alone doing it willingly.

Gruff then began a more physical examination. He barked out poses and felt Hal’s body as he flexed his muscles and got out a tape measure to wrap around them. At this point Hal was so impressed by the commitment of Gruff and expectations that he was willing to put up with anything. Another guy touching him was weird at first but Gruff was so big and manly he was clearly a Man’s Man. No need to say ‘no homo’ for him. He didn’t even make a noise when Gruff knelt down and began feeling his calves and thighs, his fingers coming close to Hal’s junk. He did, however, almost say something when Gruff took a hold of his underwear and pulled up the leg holes to get a good view of his ass cheeks without pulling them down. Hal remembered what he had said about exercising every muscle and supposed this included the glutes. Whatever, chicks digged a tight ass. The rough hands ran over his ass and squeezed them and Hal felt hot in the face but remained still and silent throughout.

After a while of this Gruff stood up in front of Hal, a good six inches taller and looking satisfied. “Consider yourself a member of Total Rebuild,” he said and offered his hand. Again Hal tried to squeeze it and again Gruff looked amused at his attempt.

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Training began immediately. Hal was given a supply of shakes to be drunk thirty minutes before a workout to promote muscle growth and booklets detailing the workouts and diet. He was also given a complimentary set of Bluetooth headphones like the other members had. When he asked about this he was told by Sam that it was part of some contract they had with a local university where they played pre-selected music to the members to see how it affected their muscle growth. Hal wasn't sure about this but took them and when he was told participation in the study gave members a 25% membership discount he agreed with enthusiasm. He had already taken the shake when he had entered Gruff's office and was ready for his first session. He could stay as long as he wanted so long as followed the rules, it all seemed like a perfect arrangement. Hal changed in the locker room and donned the headphones and went to work.

He let himself get lost in the workout, feeling the burn and taking it as a sign that he was doing a good job. He felt, not more energised, but more willing to push through the burn and he wondered if it was the shake or the music—which was upbeat and mostly monotonous like trance music. He wasn't bothered by any of the other members, everyone got on with their work and, even with the headphones, seemed very content to just get on with it.

It didn't feel like a long time had passed when he stopped. He wasn't even sure why he had stopped, he just felt like he had done enough. When he pulled off his headphones and left the mental zone he had been in he found it was dark outside and he was the only one left in the gym. He was aching all over but it felt good and he was drenched in sweat—absolutely soaked—but that too felt good. He headed for the locker room, glad there was a shower there, and saw Gruff standing in the doorway to his office, leaning against the frame.

“Good job, kid,” he said and Hal felt pride run through him like a wave. As Gruff turned back into his office Hal thought he saw a figure behind him but only for a second before the door was closed.

There was already someone in the shower when he got there but they were just coming out. The guy was about his height and a little older with so little fat all his muscles were visible. A six pack was clear and becoming an eight pack. He looked at Hal in a dazed sort of way when they almost bumped into each other and, when Hal prompted him, introduced himself as Dave. Hal didn't care much that the two of them were naked, one glistening with water and the other with sweat and no doubt reeking. They were both men, why should they worry about being manly around one another?

The really strange moment came after the shower. As Hal stepped out he found Dave dressed in a t-shirt and shorts and ready to go but lingering nervously. He looked at Hal with a look he couldn't name and opened his mouth a few times without saying anything.

Finally he managed: “Are you sure this is the gym for you?”

Hal snickered. “If this place can do for me what it has done for the rest of you then this is definitely the place for me.”

Dave looked pained and quickly excused himself. Hal thought nothing of it as he dried himself off and dressed. As he left he did not spare a backward glance more than to say goodbye to Sam at the front desk. If he had he might have seen Dave in Gruff's office, on his knees and begging for forgiveness the only way he knew how. Hal never saw him again and, on the moment or two he thought about it, assumed the regiment had been too much for him and that he wouldn't be deterred so easily.

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Over the next few weeks Hal quickly saw changes that only grew more pronounced as weeks turned to months.

True to his claim he was committed to his fitness and went to Total Rebuild every day for hours at a time, sometimes even whole days on weekends. It was like an obsession to him or even a religion. He barely spoke to the other members and they returned the treatment but that didn't bother him—they were there to get fit, not to make chit-chat. Also true to his word Gruff's regimes were having him ache all over as he learned routines he didn't know to use muscles he didn't know he had. But it was all worth it to see his growth.

He was putting on muscle fast and he was earning comments from all around the school. He could feel the eyes on him as his clothes started getting tighter, bit by bit with each passing day. At first he returned the looks with winks and eyebrow wiggles to all the girls and brief jerky nods of the head to the guys but after a while he stopped caring—he seemed to come detached from it all, he was advertising himself but not giving it away so saw no reason to lead anyone on.

When his friends goaded him for not eating anything remotely bad for him he considered eating a crisp to prove them wrong and immediately felt sick at the thought. One time when he reached for a can of pop he felt the nausea come over him in a wave and he had to focus on his breathing for a few moments until the feeling passed.

He was also getting comments about his class work—but not in a good way. It seemed he was so focussed on his gym time that he was neglecting his homework but no matter how much he was lectured about it he couldn't bring himself to care. So long as he was doing well at sports he was sure he could make something of himself without knowing maths and science. It was beyond him anyway, he wasn't a nerd.

Coach Richards was delighted with the gains he was making and the effort he was putting into his body. After three months he had Hal strip down to his underwear in front of the class to show off his muscles—something Hal hadn't thought odd in the slightest. He wanted to show off his body, that was why he was getting big! Let them look, let them want him. He didn't care who was looking so long as he was getting bigger! Richards had examined every muscle in a similar way to Gruff but his hands had been more lingering, less clinical and more sensual. Hal liked the feeling of worship and barely thought it odd.

His growth was slow and steady, anything faster and he might have noticed things were wrong.

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It was six months after he joined the gym when things took a turn in another direction. He had finished another workout and had indulged himself by posing in the mirror for a few minutes. He had put on more muscle than he could ever have imagined and was starting to look more like a bodybuilder than a school student. He loved it, even down to how he was covered in sweat, something he now considered manly. As he flexed and admired his swollen muscles he felt his cock start to stiffen in his jockstrap. Since he had joined the gym his sex drive had disappeared but he got hard whenever he saw himself in the mirror. He didn't consider himself a narcissist, nor was he turned on by muscles on a guy—or so he thought—but he couldn't deny the facts.

He was heading for the shower when he heard a noise from Gruff's office. It was gone two in the morning, not unusual for him these days, and he had assumed he was the only one there apart from the staff. Pausing to listen he heard a clattering and a curse and went to the office to see what was going on and if he could help. He opened the door without knocking.

Sam the receptionist was on his back on the desk, naked and with his legs over Gruff's shoulder as he was fucked brutally by the beast of a man. They were both covered in sweat and grunting like animals in heat and Hal wondered how long they had been at it, the smell of sex was heavy in the air. But that was the only thing he wondered, nothing else. Sam's head was over the edge of the desk and he was letting it hang, his eyes screwed shut and mouth open and letting the noises out while his hands grabbed for Gruff's hips to try and keep him inside him. Gruff had his eyes open and fixed on his partner with the fury of a sexual frenzy, his hands closed over Sam's shoulders tightly and pulling him into every thrust. Neither seemed to notice that they had been disturbed, they were so consumed with each other.

Hal didn't think it odd or even strange as he stood and stared. He didn't think less of Gruff for fucking another man or think Sam a fag for letting himself get fucked. They were both marvellous specimens and clearly enjoying themselves. It was like another form of workout, the ultimate expression of manliness.

"Ah, Hal," came a voice from the corner of the office, "I was wondering if you would join us." Sat on the sofa in the corner was a young man, he was the only guy Hal had ever seen in the gym who wasn't muscled—in fact he was thin like a twink. Hal wondered how he knew that word and why he categorised anyone as that but the man gestured to him to take a seat next to him. Hal crossed the office and sat with a front row seat of the sex show the two studs were putting on, they were going so hard it was a wonder the table wasn't about to break under their combine weight and power of their fucking.

"Magnificent, aren't they?" said the man, drinking from a glass. "I love watching them fuck, Gruff in particular is a delight to watch. They will keep on going until I tell them to stop, they cannot cum without permission and they cannot stop until their partner has cum so they're stuck like this until I say otherwise. It's part of the programming, to bring their partner to climax, regardless of their own pleasure—but that's not to say they don't enjoy it, what guy wouldn't? Especially when they're all hyped up and charged for it. They've been at it for, what?" He checked his watch. "Three hours! Have you ever had sex for that long?"

"No, Master," answered Hal.

“When was the last time you had sex, Hal?”

“I haven’t, Master, and I haven’t cum for almost six months.” He had kept that to himself, as hard as he got by his own reflection he hadn’t had any inclination to touch himself and on the few occasions he had tried he hadn’t been able to cum. He had spent a whole hour furiously jacking himself after two hours before that persuading himself to. He had thought about going to see a doctor but never seemed to care too much. He was too busy working out to cum.

The Master was very pleased with this. “Good, you’re a virgin. That would make for a high price but Richards has already called dibs on you. It’s only fair as he sent you to me, he knows my type; bullies make the best slaves.”

Slave? Hal found himself panting and suddenly the situation was becoming clear to him. How long had this been going on—what had been going on? He tried to move but could only shift in his seat, drawing the attention of his Master—why was he even thinking of him like that?

“I think they’ve had enough for tonight,” the Master said. “CUM.”

And they came. They both roared as their glistening bodies went rigid with what looked like ecstatic pleasure. Gruff’s ejaculation couldn’t be seen but Sam’s cock erupted in spurts all over himself, shooting all the way up to his face and laying rope after rope of cum on his chest and abs. For a full minute the two gasped and twitched like that before they seemed to come down from their high. Gruff bent down and lapped the cum off of his partner and Hal dimly remembered how he had considered Gruff to be a Man’s Man when they had first met. Maybe he hadn’t been wrong.

The Master was speaking again and Hal had no choice but to listen. “It’s okay to panic, everyone does, but soon you will realise there is nothing you can do. There is no way out of this new life of yours, you’ve been mine for some time now, hasn’t he, Gruffy?”

Gruff had collapsed onto Sam in exhaustion but turned to look over at Hal and gave him a sad smile, for the first time looking anything less than the Alpha Male Hal had thought him to be. “This place isn’t a gym, it’s a glorified whorehouse.” Sam trembled beneath him and Gruff gently pulled out and brought him into a hug. “Master collects us: the bullies, the mean, the arrogant, and trains us to be his sluts. I used to be his bully in school but for the last ten years I’ve been running his brothel at his command. I’ve been drugging and brainwashing guys like he did to me, building up his harem. I was only a little bigger than him when this first started, now I’m this from all the workouts he makes us do to keep us as premium products.”

“Don’t tell me you don’t love it,” gloated Master. “The size, the sex. Sure you may have been straight but that’s just a state of mind.”

Gruff looked like he was resigned to this. There was no real hope in his eyes. “Yes, Master, I love it. But it is also torture. I... I’ve done things...Had things done to me...” he screwed his eyes shut and hugged Sam all the tighter. Hal wondered if they had something or if they both just needed a hug.

“Torture is just the way it is supposed to be. And the way it is for you now, Hal. You’ve been mine since the moment you entered the door, and now you’re ready for your introduction to the group. But before you go on the market you have to pay back your Coach, he deserves

something for bringing me a new toy to play with.” Master put his hand on Hal’s thigh and ran it up to his crotch.

“I’m not gay, Master,” Hal said quickly, annoyed how he had to address the fag who was feeling him up.

“No, I’m the only gay man at this gym, but as I say, that hardly matters. Soon you’ll be fucking and being fucked by a lot of men and you’ll be enjoying it. That’s how you are now and always will be.”

“How long will you keep me, Master?”

“I’m sure there’s someone out there who will want to take full time possession of you, I’ve already had offers on some of you. David was starting to become trouble, he needed a serious session of the shake and subliminal conditioning before I sold him off after he tried warning you about this place. The only one of you I won’t sell is Gruff, here.” Gruff abandoned Sam on the desk and walked to Master, kneeling at his feet with his head bowed. “Gruff is mine,” he said, scratching his head like a dog and Gruff visibly relaxed like he had been given a drug he was addicted to.

“You can’t do this... Master.” He couldn’t help but end the sentence with the correct form of address.

Master smiled knowingly. “I already have, many times. I have twenty-six men, including yourself, following my every command and others who I have sold. If it’s your life you’re worried about there is no need, you’ll be able to have a life outside this gym, but you will come when I call, in every sense. You should thank me; I’m going to make sure you don’t have to worry about work and school. So long as you stay fit and virile and obedient then you will be fine. But if that’s a problem I can always dumb you down a little, some are happier like that.”

“No, no, Master, please,” Hal pleaded. “I just wanted to be a success to prove my dad wrong.”

“Well you can still be successful, and maybe you will be a football star too!” Master laughed at his own joke. “But for now I think it’s time for you to give Richards what he wants. You will go to him, right now. You know where he lives, jog there. You will stay with him until he gives you leave and do whatever he commands. Go.”

Without any choice Hal jumped up and jogged out of Total Rebuild gym. He left Gruff and Sam at the Master’s pleasure and went to serve his own master for the night. If he thought he was tired and sweaty before he was even worse when he reached Coach Richards’ house thirty minutes of non-stop jogging later. He knocked and waited and trembled with fear and exhaustion for his debut of his new career as a sex slave.