

FITNESS TRAINER & **FEMDOM**

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Ginnie, Fitness Trainer and Femdom

By K Styler

Looking in the mirror, I realized that age had caught up with me. Sure, I had kept my weight down and looked trim and fit in clothes, but standing there in my glory it was obvious that I was losing ground to gravity.

I had always been fitness-minded. Fitness minded in the sense that I often thought about exercising. Somehow, though, I never quite got around to it. I had accumulated enough equipment in my basement to open a small health club, but judging from the reflection before me, it was not being put to good use.

The idea of hiring a personal trainer had rattled through my head from time to time. Someone to force me to adhere to a strict training regimen. This time the thought didn't migrate out an ear, but stuck, and I resolved to do something about it.

I spent the day at work sucking in my gut and standing very straight, as though this would somehow confer a greater level of fitness. On the way home I stopped at a new health club that had opened near my home to see if they knew of a trainer.

The club was like a dance club with sweat. Spandex clad, tightly muscled men and women pumped and groaned to a driving beat blasting over the sound system. I was glad that I still had my 5'9" nondescript frame hidden beneath my polo.

I asked the girl at the desk if they knew of any personal fitness trainers that would make house calls. She pointed over my shoulder and said something, but with the music blaring, I only heard the word "her". "Her" was a vision to behold. She stood over a slightly overweight man struggling with the lats machine. Her back was to me, but the sight of her blond hair, golden and shining, falling half way down her back, was enough to take my breath away. But the kicker was her ass. Round and firm, it danced as she moved, the muscles visible through her tight transparent shorts. Beneath that perfect ass was a pair of legs that were long, sculpted and muscled. She looked very tall from a distance.





I had not thought about a female trainer. I had envisioned a balding, hairy hunk of a guy who would shame me into working out by comparison. This was a novel and intriguing idea. After all, if I had to suffer, why not do it with something nice to look at.

I mentally composed my speech, "Hi, I'm looking for a personal trainer. I need someone to come to my home. I have a lot of equipment..." After all, I didn't want to come across like a moron the first time we spoke. Tapping her on the shoulder, I managed to get out that I was looking for a trainer before she cut me off.. "Go wait in the lounge, I'll be done in 15 minutes."

Her abruptness was a blessing. It saved me from the embarrassment of stammering before the most beautiful, tall, muscular and intimidating, woman I had ever met. The tee shirt she wore would normally not have covered the breasts of the average woman, but hers were so firm they stood out straight, almost hitting me as she turned. The long expanse of bare midriff was tanned and rippling with muscle. But the topper was her face. Her chiselled features surrounded a pair of piercing blue eyes whose look had turned me to jelly.



I waited in the lounge wondering if I had gotten myself into something I would regret. I decided to play it out and see what happened. She entered the lounge and walked to within 10 feet of me. Stopping, she gave me a complete physical examination with her eyes. When she was done, she walked over and sat on the arm of the sofa on which I was seated and looked down at me from above.

I finally got out my prepared speech, relatively smoothly I might add. Smiling, she introduced herself as Ginnie. She explained that she did make house calls and would take me on on a trial basis. The first session was instructional and motivational, she said. It tended to be quite long. She had some time this Saturday. I quickly made the appointment.



Saturday was only three days away. I decided to spend them dieting and working out to be in the best possible shape for our meeting.

However, after dinner, I found myself thinking about that firm, lush body and that beautiful face. I fell asleep with the image of her in my head and my cock in my hand.



Saturday was forever in coming. At the appointed time, I stood at the front door dressed splendidly in my new warm up suit and cross trainers waiting for the bell to ring. On her arrival, I opened the door. Ginnie I almost lost my voice when I saw her. I thought she was quite tall but standing in front in my door frame I realised she was at least 190 cm. She was so obviously strong I couldn't resist starring at her and she seemed amused but quickly demanded to show her where was my stuff.



I showed her to the basement. I was very proud with my installation, it was initially a theater room and all lights could still be dimmed, but I turned it into a functional gym room with the latest equipment I could afford. We spent the better part of an hour and a half going over various exercises. I was taught the proper sequence and was amazed at how slightly different changes in posture allowed you to isolate just the right muscle group. Ginnie laid out a very specific routine for me to follow, and even scheduled the time of day I should exercise.



I was greatly impressed by her knowledge and was feeling very good about my decision to embark on this program. As we finished ironing out the specifics of the program, Ginnie asked me to stand up. She told me that we had finished the instructional portion of the session and it was now time for the motivational aspect. I was told that in order to gauge my progress she would have to have an idea of the appearance of my body. She told me to remove my warm up jacket, shirt, warm up pants, shoes and socks. This left me standing in only a an intimate brief.

"You have potential", she said.



She then, without warning, stripped off her sweats. She stood before me wearing a leather look bikini. The top barely covered her nipples and the string. She flexed and posed, telling me that this is what I should aspire to.



"Now let me tell you a little bit about me I've been working for then years as a Trainer for the national athletes participating to Olympics. It means I'm used to deal with great physiques. Before I start with a newbie, I usually like to evaluate the strength and stamina of my as well", she explained. "I have found a very efficient way to do this is through wrestling, as it combines both elements. To inspire my students to try their hardest I usually offer a small wager. If they win, I will be their slave for an hour, but if I win they are mine. Interested?"

Speechless, I could only nod my affirmative. "OK, smiled Ginie, Let's go". She grabbed me, I grabbed her and we fell to the carpet in a mass of arms and legs. I was surprised. She was not nearly as strong as she looked. She would tie me up in a hold, but I would always struggle free. With some practice I was sure I could take her.



My confidence began to wane about ten minutes into our match. I was breathing heavily and my arms and chest were aching from the unaccustomed exertion. Ginnie pushed me away from her, sending me sprawling on the rug. "You look pretty beat, boy. I guess it's time to stop fooling around." Grabbing me by the hair, she pulled me to a sitting position. She then wrapped her legs around my torso, trapping me in a scissor hold. Ginnie laughed as she squeezed me between her powerful thighs. I became light-headed as the oxygen was forced from my lungs and I was unable to inhale. My head was pounding and I thought I would pass out.



Just then she released me. Laying me on my back, she locked my wrists between her calves and thighs and straddled my head, facing my feet. Ginnie pulled down her bikini bottoms and spreading her ass cheeks, buried my face in her ass. I lay beneath her, gasping for air, sucking in the aroma of her asshole and cunt. Barely able to breathe, I struggled to worm my way out from beneath her.



Ginnie reached down into my shorts and took hold of my balls. As she squeezed, I heard her say, "I think I've won the match, but just to make sure you agree, when you think you've lost you can show me by putting your tongue in my asshole." She gave my balls a vicious twist to emphasize my situation. I forced my tongue out of my mouth and in the darkness that enveloped my head, searched for her bottom hole. Finding it, I pushed my tongue in as deeply as I could.



After giving my balls one last twist, Ginnie released me. I lay on my back, limp and beaten. Cheerfully, she rolled me onto my stomach. Then she opened the gym bag she had brought with her. "I brought some clothes she said, and some surprises I felt her pull my arms behind me and felt the cold steel of handcuffs encircle my wrists. Rolled again onto my back, I felt her attaching something to my cock and balls, but did not have the strength to lift my head to look.



Ginnie pulled me to my knees. Towering over me, damp with sweat, I was excited in spite of my embarrassing condition. Then, looking satisfied of the scene, she decided to dim the light. Ginnie tried a couple of arrangement, power, color and strenght and a moment later, all lights except one were down. It was then that I realized what had been done to my manhood. As my cock began to swell a jolt of pain coursed through my body. Looking down I saw that I was locked into an apparatus that tightly constricted my cock and constrained my balls. The device was locked at the base of my cock and around my scrotum with padlocks. Ginnie smiled. "Just a little symbol of your slavery, wimp."



Ginnie adjusted her heels, watching me squirm as the metal chain of my cock restraint bit into my sensitive flesh. To increase my torture she rubbed her hot, wet body against me, holding me by the hair and grinding her cunt into my face, flicking her clit with the end of my nose. Releasing me, she stood back and admired her captive. "Teasing is fun, but there's nothing like fuckin, is there slave?" I knelt before her more interested in losing my erection than in her question as the pain was unbearable. She was not terribly interested in a response anyway. She immediately went to her bag and brought out a 10 inch strap on dildo. Ginnie attached the dildo to a studded leather harness that held her plastic cock erect.



As she stood before me the phallus waved in front of my face. "Open wide and get it nice and wet, slave boy, your spit is the only lubricant I plan to use in your ass." Holding me by the ears, Ginnie fucked my mouth until her cock was dripping with my saliva. As she withdrew it I cringed with anticipation of what was to come next.



Ginnie pulled me roughly to the weight bench and threw me face down along it's length. She crouched behind me and I felt the bulbous end of the dildo at my anus. With firm, steady pressure she penetrated me. I felt as though I was tearing apart at the seams. Too weak to scream, I moaned and yelped quietly as Ginnie rammed her cock into my burning asshole. Her thrusts varied, sometimes slow and easy, other times so violent that my entire body was pushed forward with their force.



"With all that whimpering you sound more like a puppy than a man. But that's alright. At least puppies are good with their tongues. Are you good with yours, slave dog?" Ginnie removed her dildo, leaving it buried in my ass. Going to her bag, she removed a riding crop. She pulled me from the bench, leaving me kneeling at the end. Ginnie positioned herself at the end of the bench, spread her legs and pulled my head into her pussy. The command lick was punctuated with the first blow of the crop. My ass, already searing from the plastic rod still buried in it, convulsed from this new attack. But my attention was on the smooth, tight cunt before me. I licked and sucked as though my life depended on it, and I was afraid it might. My endeavours were guided by the rain of blows Ginnie delivered with her crop. I lost all track of time as pain and pleasure intermingled and the aroma and taste of Ginnie flooded my senses.



Ginnie shuddered to an orgasm and threw me backwards to the floor. I saw in her right hand the keys to my cock restraint. Ginnie smiled and said, "You now have a decision to make. I can remove your cock cage and leave here, but then you will never see me again. You will remain the same mediocre worm you have always been, revelling in unfulfilled masturbatory fantasies. Or you can ask me to leave your harness on. You will become my slave, my property, Without the interference of your male organ, you will have the time and energy to complete the extensive program I will put you through. Your goal and inspiration will be my amusement and pleasure. It's up to you."



Crawling and writhing like a worm, I manoeuvred my mouth to Ginnie's feet and pressed my lips to her toes. "Good", she said.

I will call you tomorrow with the time and date of our next session. I expect that you will comply with the directions you have been given thus far. As your physical condition improves and you become more attractive, I will use you to reward my female clients who have themselves shown great progress.



Ginnie knelt and removed the handcuffs, packed her toys in her bag, dressed and left. I slowly recovered my strength and staggered upstairs to the kitchen table. On it I found a bill from Ginnie. Four hours of training, four hundred dollars.

THE END