

S-C Fitness: The Trial Run

By Soul-Controller

Although most citizens of his small British town were still fast asleep at 3 AM, Tom Williams had a pep in his step. With a thermos of coffee in hand, which he occasionally took a sip of every minute or so, the man briskly made his way down several blocks towards his local gym. Despite barely getting any sleep the night prior writing fanfiction rather than doing much-needed assignment marking, Tom pushed aside his grogginess due to the promise of what would be awaiting him.

As he made his way around the corner and arrived at the front entrance of his gym, a bashful grin emerged onto his face. Leaning against the brick walls of the building while checking his phone was his gym crush Dylan. Given the late hour, Tom's footsteps against the damp concrete quickly alerted the bald bodybuilder about his arrival. Upon looking up from his phone and taking note of the new arrival, Dylan's face lit up into a light grin as he quickly slipped his phone into the pockets of his sweatpants and pushed himself off of the wall. Once he finished readjusting the strap of the gym bag slung over his broad shoulder, Dylan approached Tom until they met right in front of the gym doors.

"Uh, alright mate?" the bald man began, his smile never faltering even once he got an up-close look at the average new arrival. "You're Tom, right?"

Realizing that his cheeks were already reddening in thirst upon seeing the man, Tom opted to try and say as few words as possible until his mind could finish wrapping itself around the bizarre situation at hand. As such, the teacher quickly nodded his head to confirm Dylan's inquiry.

Unfortunately, this confirmation only caused the hunk to become even more cheerful and talkative. "Oh great, it's nice to meet you man! Sean told me about you the other day, so it's great to finally put a face to the name." After taking a pregnant pause, it seemed as though Dylan was eager to have a full conversation with his fellow



gym-goer. “This whole situation is pretty crazy right? Free memberships just for working out with someone new! Absolutely beautiful trade-off if you ask me! Should be fun, right?”

As Tom stood there for a minute looking at the other man, his hectic mind was shifting between moods of thirst and annoyance. Although the thirsting was understandable given just how hunky he found Dylan to be, the annoyance wasn't related towards any jealousy of the man's muscular body (although Tom dreamed of one day being a similar size). Instead, he was annoyed that he hadn't tried to introduce himself to Dylan sooner. Given how enthusiastic and nice the man was being along with how truthful he seemed to be about his eagerness to meet new people and make new friends, it was quite frustrating that Tom had immediately seen the guy's bulky physique and had just spent years automatically assuming that Dylan would be this cocky asshole.



Before he could fall deep into this hole of self-loathing and regrets, the turning of a lock in the gym doors interrupted and demanded both men's attention. As they both turned their heads, they watched as the doors pushed open and revealed the hunky body of the gym's owner. The man, whose name was Sean Carpenter, was decked out with a Nike windbreaker and shorts that were quite form fitting around his prominent biceps and thighs. “Hey bros, are y'all ready to get started?” he said, his voice drenched in dopiness. Although the dim-witted tone in which he spoke was already quite disorienting for Tom to listen to, the man's additional American also always threw the gym novice for a loop.

After looking in Dylan's direction and nodding his head, Tom forced himself to keep his blushing under control as Sean moved out of the way and allowed the man to enter the gym first. Upon passing through the threshold of the entrance and finding himself engulfed in darkness, the man turned his head to look towards the other two men.

While he did this though, his eyes got a quick look at the prominent ass that was jutting out of Sean's shorts.

Although Dylan was certainly the main recipient of Tom's thirsting, the meek-mannered man couldn't deny that the hunky owner was a rather impressive guy. Not only did he have one perky ass, but the man was quite buff and looked incredibly intimidating given

the tattoos that covered a vast majority of his body. In fact, checking out that intimidating physique of his had actually been the catalyst for how Tom was here for this early morning gym session.

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This occurred around two weeks ago, when Tom had finally decided to return to his gym in hopes of shedding the holiday weight he had gained. Given his hectic job as a teacher with exams and a neverending list of assignments, the amount of marking he was required to do was out of this world. As such, his near-constant gym routine was the first thing to be sacrificed in order to make deadlines and prevent getting in trouble with his asshole of a headmaster.

When he first arrived at the gym, Tom had expected everything to be the same as it had been the last time he had visited two months prior. To his surprise though, the gym had undergone a significant change as the older owner had seemingly finally opted to retire and sell the property. As he entered the newly named **S-C Fitness** and made his way past the front desk, he was shocked when the young and tattooed hunk sitting there stood up and extended a hand. Upon extending his own out to shake hands, Tom talked to the new owner for the first time as they each took turns introducing themselves. Although he certainly understood why the man would get into the gym business given his ripped physique that was fully showcased in a tight tank top, the gym-goer was confused as to why an American man had opted to purchase this small town British gym. Despite the confusion over Sean's purchase of the facility, Tom enjoyed meeting the man and continued to think about the encounter as he went towards the locker room to change.

On his way out of the locker room after his hour-long workout though, Tom took a moment to slow down his pace and take a look at the busy gym floor. Given how long he had been away from seeing Dylan in person due to the stresses of his job (although he'd continued to admire from afar by keeping up to date with Dylan's Instagram posting), the man was eager to get even just a passing glimpse at the hunk since he knew that the man usually worked out around the same time. Yet while he was unable to see his crush working out, Tom's eyes were still quite content with observing the new owner working out.

As he slyly leaned against the back wall of the gym to secretly observe Sean's routines, Tom got the perfect view as he watched the man from the back. Unfortunately, while he took the moment to savor the sight of seeing everything from his thick calf muscles up to the man's globular ass, Sean had finished his routine and turned away from the mirrored wall to see Tom's lustful staring. Before he could pretend to try and look elsewhere so as to not get caught, Sean was already approaching him with an

emotionless look on his face. Mentally expecting to be called out by the dopey yet intimidating jock, Tom was quite blindsided when the man's expression shifted into a smile and began to ask how his workout went.

While he explained what he had done for his first workout after months, Tom noticed how Sean listened with intent and seemed to be fully engaged in what he was saying. It was certainly not what he was expecting and definitely a far cry from the gruff older owner that had often looked at him with disgust, which left Tom pushing aside his confusion over how Sean had ended up here and instead becoming thankful that he had.

This appreciation was further cultivated when Sean proposed a plan that he had hoped would create a more unified connection between all of his gym clientele. With his plan, he was hoping to pair up incredibly buff and devoted gym regulars with novices in hopes of fostering a friendship that defied the typical setup of cliques. Although he wasn't too convinced that his plan would be effective (and wasn't really a novice but rather just returning from an extended break), Tom was more than willing to go along with it when he learned two important pieces of information. Firstly, joining the first iteration of the program would provide Tom with a free six-month membership at the gym. Given the fact that his teaching salary was nefariously low, any way to save money was quite appealing to him.

The second piece of information about Sean's proposed plan was the cherry on top that caused Tom to agree without even asking too many questions. According to Sean, Dylan had already signed up to be the gym regular mentor in the trial run of the program. Knowing that this would be a natural way to finally force himself to talk to his crush along with getting turned on by the concept of getting trained by the hunky stud, Tom eagerly agreed and asked Sean when the plan would start.

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The sudden speech of Sean forced Tom out of his trip down memory lane as he attempted to pick up on what he was saying.

"So, for this whole program idea of mine, I thought it would be a great opportunity to merchandise and promote the gym on social media ya know?" Sean began, a wide grin on his face that was further illuminated as he flicked on the light switch and the bright white fluorescent lighting roared to life. "Alright, wait here for a second, I'll be right back," he said, giving no man a chance to respond before turning back and breaking into a quick jog towards the backroom.

Now left with each others' company, the duo awkwardly looked at each other and gave a light smile to diffuse any awkwardness beyond their random pairing. While Sean seemed to be stuck tearing apart the backroom due to the loud noises of banging and clattering echoing through the door and reverberating through the empty gym, it was Dylan who opted to break the silence.

"He's uh, he's quite the character huh?" he asked, lightly chuckling as he heard Sean suddenly scream a profanity and grunt in pain.

"Oh yeah," Tom began, "he's... odd!" As if the duo were playing a game of Simon Says, the man felt compelled to copy Dylan's light chuckling himself. After seeing Dylan give a soft nod, he found himself growing more comfortable now knowing that he hadn't embarrassed himself thus far. With this small win already boosting his confidence, Tom found himself beginning to speak more and thus break out of his awkward shell. "He's definitely better than the last owner though, he was a proper asshole! This guy's a breath of fresh air, don't you think?"

Although it seemed as though Tom had more he wanted to say, he wasn't given the opportunity to do so as the door to the backroom was pulled open with haste and Sean jogged back out towards them. Once the man was finally in front of them, the duo then watched as Sean suddenly held out a set of clothing to each of them. After quickly explaining that the two sets were plainly colored prototypes and promising that there would eventually be designs added to the fabric, Sean ushered the two men into the locker room so they could change and get through the photoshoot quickly.

Following as Dylan led the way into the locker room, Tom's horny mind couldn't help but savor the close proximity to the hunk as he could smell the man's woodsy cologne. Not wanting to get caught or rock the boat too much prior to the photoshoot and workout though, he kept himself in check as he picked a separate area to change in order to prevent wandering eyes.

After setting his bag and thermos down on a bench, Tom instinctively looked around to make sure no one was nearby before pulling off his clothes. Obviously there was no one there given the fact that the gym hadn't yet re-opened to the public, which left Tom quietly chuckling to himself as he began to pull on the set of clothing he had been gifted. As he opted to wear each garment provided to him, Tom soon found himself wearing a pair of black shorts along with a dark red t-shirt, unremarkable but feeling comfortable enough against his skin.

Turning to look at himself in the full-body mirror near the end of the row of lockers caused Tom's face to slightly drop into a frown. While the sleeves looked quite snug against his noticeable set of biceps, the shirt and shorts failed to show off the rest of his body in a positive light. Given the tight fit of the athletic shirt given to him, the man's pudgier midsection was on full display as it bulged out against the fabric. On top of that, the man's pale legs lacked much definition and looked rather mismatched with the sleek and shimmery gym shorts. Knowing that both Dylan and Sean were in possession of rather prominent and firm asses, a quick turn and look over his shoulder caused Tom to grimace at the lack of firm muscle that was filling out his shorts. For some reason, the shorts made him look like he absolutely had no hint of an ass!

Not wanting to grow even more self-conscious about his physique, Tom turned himself away from the mirror and shook his head to brush aside those negative thoughts. Assuming that enough time had passed for Dylan to get dressed without accidentally stumbling into him nearly nude, the man grabbed onto his clothing and thermos before heading down the few rows of lockers.

After the fourth row of lockers, Tom finally found himself stumbling onto the area in which Dylan had changed. While he had purposely planned to wait a bit before heading over here in order to prevent getting turned on by his crush's slightly nude body, this was all for naught because Tom ended up stumbling onto Dylan having a flexing session. Just as his cock twitched in delight at the sight of the hunk's huge bulging biceps, Dylan's eyes moved in the reflection and noticed that his gym partner had caught him.

After chuckling and pulling his arms down, Dylan quickly turned himself around and looked into Tom's eyes. While he did so, Tom could instantly pick up on the slight reddening of the hunk's cheeks as he was clearly embarrassed by getting caught in the midst of some self-obsessed vanity.

"I- uh, you must think I'm some image-obsessed asshole huh?" Dylan asked, chuckling at the awkwardness of getting caught mid-flex. "I know some guys with builds like mine



are like that, but I promise I'm not! I've got this bodybuilding competition coming up in a few weeks and I'm quite nervous about it. I just wanted to check and see where I should focus my next few workouts so I could look the best I possibly can..."

Although it was certainly not the response he was expecting from the jock, Tom was quite amused by what he was seeing. It was so bizarre yet sweet to meet a jock who wasn't some raging narcissist who thought they were God's gift to humanity. "Oh no, you don't have to explain yourself," Tom began, himself also blushing as he added in a chuckle. "I mean, I know you're just preparing for that competition, but I wouldn't blame you for showing off just for your own enjoyment. Hell, I mean if you've got it, flaunt it right?"

Relieved to know that Tom understood and accepted his response, Dylan gave a nod of approval before saying that they should probably head out there to keep him from waiting much longer. Although he was sure that Sean wouldn't mind waiting given the fact that the owner's plan of having him and Dylan bond was working, Tom certainly didn't want to test the hunk's limits and thus agreed and exited the locker room right behind Dylan.

Once they both made their way out into the gym floor, the duo returned to Sean to begin their photoshoot. Despite Tom's own body image issues and disinterest in being photographed, the man continued to push through the photoshoot as he reminded himself of the free gym membership along with the hope of becoming close friends with Dylan. Although this was enough to encourage him to keep going, Dylan was also quite helpful as he cracked jokes and caused Tom to do a laugh that wasn't forced in the slightest.

After about twenty minutes of photographs throughout the gym floor with each man taking turns being the mentor and mentee, the shoot was abruptly stopped when Sean's phone rang. Upon answering the phone and having a conversation for a couple minutes, the owner hung up and quickly explained that there was an emergency that he needed to handle back at his flat. Clearly confused over what's going on, Henry asked whether they needed to leave or just wait there until he came back. Upon thinking for a moment, Sean told the two of them to go ahead and begin their workout session together and that they could just finish up the photoshoot later once he returned.

Nodding their heads to agree to the man's proposition, the duo watched as Sean quickly made his way towards the gym doors and exited the building. After hearing the click of the doors locking to make sure that no one could sneak in during their workout, Dylan turned to Tom and flashed a pearly white smile. "Shall we get started then?"

For the next 30 minutes, the duo took turns working out while the other eagerly encouraged them. Of course, Tom knew that Dylan didn't need much encouragement given his impressive size, but it still seemed like the bodybuilder appreciated the support as the man grunted and pushed himself to complete every set with haste. As for receiving encouragement, the man quickly understood why the bodybuilder had a successful personal training business as Dylan's words of motivation kept Tom focused and reinvigorated no matter how exhausted he felt.

This was especially true as Tom took his turn doing a bench press session. After finishing up a successful 120kg lift, Dylan took a moment to pull off half of the plates to bring it all the way down to 60kg. Now a little more confident that the weight would be manageable for him, Tom took his place on the bench and shuffled beneath the loaded barbell. With Dylan leaned down and hovering over him like a gorgeous guardian angel (especially since the fluorescent lighting above created a perfect halo of light around his bald dome), the gym novice felt the desire to impress and thus began to do his routine with vigor.

As the man was halfway through his standard eight reps though, Tom's eyes began to widen at the bizarre sight he was witnessing. Although it seemed impossible, his intense staring towards Dylan (who was still leaning over him and offering words of encouragement) caused him to notice that his head was changing. As such, the man could swear that he was watching the man's shiny scalp lose its sheen as dark hairs were populating along his scalp. Such a concept should be impossible as Tom knew that hair couldn't just manifest out of nowhere, but his eyes continued to observe Dylan's scalp gaining a stubble-like appearance.

Luckily, the shock of the situation caused Tom to push through the remainder of his reps without even focusing on the intense strain his body was feeling. Upon setting the bar back onto the rack, the man pushed himself up from the bench until he was upright and on his feet once more. As he turned around to look at his gym partner, Tom's vision was proven to be correct as Dylan was now sporting what appeared to be a short buzzcut hairstyle.

"Wha- what's going on with your head?" Tom inquired, his voice wavering in confusion. Of course, such a question caught Dylan off-guard and thus caused him to ask what the man meant. Upon pointing towards the mirrored wall of the gym, Tom watched as Dylan turned around and stared at his own reflection. The sight of hair on his scalp was clearly quite confusing to the man, as evident by his hands quickly moving up to the top of his skull and rubbing the coarse hairs in confusion.

“How is this possible?” Dylan asked, moving closer towards the wall so he could take a closer look at himself. As he tilted his head down and lifted his eyes up to stare at the wall, he suddenly gasped in surprise as he watched hair suddenly push forth from his scalp at a uniform rate. “M-my hair is growing back?!”

Shocked at what was occurring to his new gym buddy, Tom approached the mirrored wall and lifted his head up to stare at their reflections. As they did this though, the man observed his sweaty visage and noticed how his thick and luscious hair had fallen forward from being drenched in sweat. Wanting to make himself look presentable and get rid of the wet sensation along his forehead, Tom lifted his hand up and wiped his forehead before continuing the motion to push his hair back to match its intended style.

Unfortunately for him though, the simple action led to devastating results as Tom watched as a large chunk of his hair had painlessly been tugged from his scalp. Gasping in shock, the man looked and saw the remaining horseshoe of hair that had residence along the sides and back of his skull. “What the fuck!” he exclaimed, pulling his hand back down away from his head and noticing the large clump of hair that was now resting in his palm.

Although Dylan had originally been devoted to his still-growing hair, the fearful cries of Tom caused the bodybuilder to turn his head and observe the man’s new hairstyle along with the thick clump of hair he was holding. “Holy shit dude,” he exclaimed, lifting up his hand to rub the soft and frictionless flesh that Tom was now sporting. “You’re totally bald now,” he began, stopping himself as he suddenly turned his head and looked at his reflection once more. Upon doing so, the bodybuilder was quickly realizing that the dark-haired, slicked-back style he was now sporting looked quite similar to Tom’s. “I-what the hell is happening to us?!”