

FitMiss Club
A Mercynaries Story from SinComics.com

Willard pushed his way through the morning congestion in the subway station. Even on a Friday, the small station was cramped with its legion of unhappy office workers trudging off to their buildings for one final day before freedom. Willard hustled his way to front of the hoard only to find, yet again, that the escalator was out of service. He sighed and shuffled off to the stairwell.

Bounding up the stairs, Willard started to huff by the time he could see the sky and leave the subway, and its smells, behind. As he reached the final landing, he noticed a young woman with her arm outstretched at the top of the stairs.

"You look like you could stand to workout more," the peppy woman chimed.

Willard laughed and then feigned behind hurt. He pat his stomach, a bit larger than he'd have preferred, but that was the price of living the cubicle life. "Is it that obvious?"

She pushed a small card from the top of her stack in his direction. "A few sessions and you'll be able to sprint up these steps without breaking a sweat. Here, we're running an end of year special. It's a free trial!"

Willard took the card with a smile. "You're not even going to wait and let me make a New Year's resolution first?"

The woman giggled. Willard knew she probably laughed at every stupid thing a potential customer said to her, but she was good. The sounds of the subway crowds were growing closer, so Willard pocketed the card and waved good-bye to the woman.

She waved vigorously as Willard disappeared into the morning traffic. "I hope to see you soon!" With that, she gave herself an encouraging nod and then prepped her cards for the approaching herd.

Throughout the workday, Willard's hand kept finding its way into his pocket and to the card he received in the morning. He couldn't help but fidget with it, turning it over in his pocket, feeling the slick smoothness of the glossy coating. Willard shook his head at how easily distracted he was. Only to then find himself thinking about it again mere minutes later. It was an unproductive day, but that only made him match the typical output of the office with the weekend so close.

The guys from the marketing crew dropped off the usual box of doughnuts when they returned from their ritual Friday drinks. Workers from every department predictably hurried over and Willard certainly wasn't one to sit back and let the HR department pick the stash clean. He plucked out his favored chocolate eclair and shuffled back to his desk. The treat was delicious as usual, but Willard felt uneasy as he chomped it down. His hand found its way back to his pocket and touching the card once more filled him with an almost spiritual guilt.

"Saturday. First thing in the morning. I mean, it's a free trial. It only makes sense to take advantage of it..."

The next morning, Willard snatched up the gym card he has propped up on the kitchen table next to his coffee cup. His resolve wasn't quite as admirable as it was when he was wolfing down pastries, but Willard knew he wouldn't find peace until he'd gone through with at least an effort at healthier living. Maybe he could treat himself on the way home.

A modern, glass building loomed above Willard. His eyes darted back to the card to confirm the address. It looked more like an office than a gym. The windows were mirrored so he couldn't see in, but that seemed to be the way these places operated nowadays. Keep everything covered up so the people inside weren't self-conscious. Willard stepped through the automatic doors and into the lobby. In a large, red high-impact font "Bloomers Club" was proudly plastered above the next set of doors. This was the place.

As soon as he stepped through the doors, a cheery voice greeted him. "Gooood morning!"

Willard startled and then gave the reception lady a smile. He flashed the card and nodded towards it. "A woman gave me this yesterday. She said it was a free-"

The reception worker took the card with an enthusiastic nod. "Good for you, sir! Congratulations on starting down this road to a healthier you! Just give me oooone minute and I'll call in your trainer."

Willard nodded happily. Her enthusiasm was contagious! He surveyed the lobby as the woman picked up a phone and made a request for the trainer. Before he could even flip through the brochures, one of the many mirrored doors swing open and a woman confidently entered with a duffel bag on her shoulder.

He felt guilty, but Willard couldn't help but look her up and down. Several times. "Athletic" didn't do her justice. She looked like she'd run a marathon as a warm up. Fit and trim, but with soft curves, she was a great advertisement for returning once the free trial was over. The woman casually brushed a long brunette lock of hair off her shoulder and held out her arm.

"Jasmine."

"Huh?" Willard gawked for a minute before his brain kicked back in. "Oh! Oh, uh, Willard. Hello."

She gave his hand a firm pump and then tossed the duffel bag to him. "Well then, Willard! I'll be your trainer for the day. That bag is our gift to you. Suit up and then let's see what we can do to get you on the road to health."

Willard peered into the bag and pulled out a pair of red shorts and a slick, shiny dark gray shirt. He couldn't help but rub the fabric between his fingers, it was so soft. It was probably some new kind of material sports equipment was made out of these days. Polyester was the rage at one time, so maybe this was the hot new thing. It had been a while since he'd been to a gym... Willard held up the shirt. It looked a bit big, but that probably covered their bases for free gifts. As he stuffed the shirt back into the bag, he saw the gym logo, a small white flower, printed on the upper-back of the shirt.

Willard left the changing room and Jasmine gave him an approving nod.

"Looking good, Willard. Now, I work hard so I'm going to get you started right away. Follow me, please."

Jasmine immediately turned on her heels and headed down the hallways, with Willard struggling to match her pace. The facility was almost bizarrely simple. It consisted of hallways and large offices, closed off or with giant mirrored windows. Willard could just barely make out the muffled sounds of machines and weights behind them, but that was all.

"What's place's deal?"

"Pardon?" Jasmine finally slowed down to a pace Willard was comfortable matching.

"It's just... The place doesn't really look like a gym."

Jasmine nodded slightly. "Yeah. It was so hard to find a big enough space in the city for our facilities, so we had to take over an office building. We own the whole tower, but it's not really ideal. On the plus side, converting the offices into workout rooms really gives our guests plenty of privacy. The common areas are up a few floors and the pool is below us. Ah, here we are."

She gestured to an office and motioned for Willard to follow her inside.

"You have this room reserved all day."

Willard followed her in, cautiously peering past the door. He felt silly once he entered and saw a beautifully modern space. The place didn't seem like a scam now. The room was spacious with bright pastel walls and decked out in wooden flooring with large areas covered with padding. Sets of various supplies and equipment lined the walls and the meeting rooms had been converted into areas for more specialized workouts.

As he was surveying the room, Willard felt a hard jab in the back between his shoulders. He spun around to see Jasmine's smiling face.

"No time for gawking. I said I was getting right to work. Jumping jacks! Always a nice warm-up. You set the pace and I'll follow."

Willard rapidly nodded and backed up to the padded area. He figured he probably hadn't done a full set of jumping jacks since high school gym class, but this was hard to screw up. Willard set up and then started a slow, methodical set. Jasmine quickly followed behind him. He could tell she was frustrated with the pace, much slower than the one she would no doubt set, but she kept a reassuring smile and counted out the sets.

In the beginning, Willard could feel his body bouncing up and down heavily. His stomach did a wobble each time he hit the ground and he could feel the weight of his backside going up and down. Willard felt self-conscious and embarrassed about how much he had let himself go. He had been fairly trim in college, which he reminded himself wasn't THAT long ago, but nowadays he was so burned out when he got back from work each night, he let himself slack off.

As they continued to exercise, Willard started to relax and keep with the rhythm. Soon enough, he could no longer feel his stomach wobbling around at all. Jasmine gave him a nod as he wiped some

sweat from his brow, but he kept up as best he could. Having a beautiful guide just made him feel ashamed about throwing in the towel this soon.

At the end of the jumping jacks, Willard puffed and bent forward. Jasmine put a hand on his back and rubbed it lightly.

"You're doing great, Willard!"

He gasped. "No, no. I think I need a break. I-I must be more out of shape than I thought. I feel... tight all over."

Jasmine gave a soft laugh. "That's called 'working out', Willard. Here."

She thrust a Bloomers Club water bottle in his face and nodded her head towards the office space containing the machines.

Willard gulped down the water and straightened himself up, his bones creaking and shifting. "I really think we should stop a bit. It's not you, it's just, I- "

Jasmine grabbed his hand and pulled him towards the room. "There are no quitters here. Your pulse feels fine and your face isn't even flush. You've barely broken a sweat, hun."

She pushed Willard into the room with a treadmill and he forced a smile as he got on.

Jasmine started up the machine with a few key presses and stepped off to the side. "We'll start you off slow and then see what you can do once you're up to speed."

Willard jogged forward as the treadmill pulled him back and he soon found his pace. Settling into a brisk walk, Willard silently assured himself that this wasn't so bad.

After a minute or two, Jasmine sidled up to the machine and started poking at the console again. "Looking good! Let's make it a touch more interesting. Get ready for a bit of a jog."

Willard feigned confidence and gave her a thumbs up. He worried that if he tried to speak, she'd hear him pant and wheeze.

As he started off at the new pace and his sneakers slapped harder on the treadmill, Willard started to shift uncomfortably. He brushed at the shorts that felt like they were now riding up and tugged at the collar of the shirt. He rolled his shoulders trying to get comfortable and started to fall back.

"Willard! Hun, you're starting to slack off. I'm really proud of your effort but I need you to pick it back up!"

Willard forced himself to comply. "It's the, huff, shirt. It's all clingy. Oof. Feels tighter. I think I, I need to rest."

Jasmine moved back to the front of the treadmill and stood with her hands on her hips. "Oh, Willard... I've heard excuses you can't imagine but blaming a shirt... If you have energy to come up with cop outs, you have energy left to burn. We're going to end strong!"

Before Willard could reach out and stop her, Jasmine had already dialed up the machine and the treadmill started to whirl.

Willard was forced to stop focusing on the discomfort from his clothing and go all in on running. He huffed and puffed, feeling the shaking, wobbling feeling come back to his body each time his sneakers slammed down. As he ran harder, he could feel his thighs brush up against each other. It was a smooth, but disconcerting feeling and Willard could feel his hips shake so he moved to try to stop it. Practically in instinct, Willard found himself rolling his hips as he ran, swaying them slightly from side to side to get his plump thighs around each other and keep the machine's pace.



The more he ran, the more he could feel the sway and wobble in his body. With one exaggerated hip sway, Willard stumbled, his arms thrusting out to grab the machine to steady himself. Jasmine quickly swooped in and killed the machine with two quick key presses.

Willard held himself up on the arm rests and let the slowing tread carry his feet back. With a breathy groan, he gasped out, "Need a- a break. Stop..."

Jasmine helped him to his feet and gave his back a hearty rub. "You're doing great, hun. Doing great!"

"Reallly- Really want to stop..."

Jasmine thrust the water bottle into his mouth and gave it a long, firm squeeze, draining most of

the contents down his throat. "You know we can't do that, hun. Nobody gets in shape by doing the bare minimum. If it worked that way, I'd be out of a job!"

She gave the water bottle another hard squeeze and then helped Willard to his feet and away from the machine. Jasmine shook the bottle and gave him a wink. "You get a one minute break while I fill this up. Consider it a lucky break." She gave Willard a slap on the shoulder and briskly jogged over to a water fountain on the wall and placed the bottle inside. Willard could just barely hear the gurgling water over his raspy breathing.

Jasmine was back before he could recover and held the now-full bottle aloft. "Let me know when you need another drink!"

Willard grunted back.

"Okay then, maybe later. Do you want to lay down for a bit?"

Willard's face lit up. "Good gods, yes."

Jasmine swept her arm to the padded area and hurried off again. Willard followed behind her, trying to shake off the continued sway in his stride. Once Willard reached the padded area, he flopped down hard onto his back and stretched out.

"Oh, no no no, hun. This isn't nap time. Let's go, legs tucked in, arms crossed on your stomach. Hop to it, Willard!"

"You have to be kidding me!"

"I don't kid about fitness, Willard. Sit-ups. One. Oooone! I said 'One', Willard!"

Willard groaned and forced himself up. Jasmine kneeled down in front of him, holding down his feet with the weight of her body and continued counting. Willard huffed and puffed with each sit-up.

Into the second set, Willard felt the tightness return to his body. He was no longer comfortable in the position and squirmed. Jasmine pressed tightly down, pinning his feet in place. Willard grunted out another sit-up, but he just didn't feel right and shifted his butt and hips around, raising and lowering them until he plopped into place. Jasmine reached forward and grabbed his hips, her hands sinking in slightly on his soft flesh. She wiggled his hips into position and squished him back down. She gave him a smiling nod and then started her counting up louder to grab his attention and refocus him.

With the final set done, Jasmine hopped back to her feet and gave Willard a clap. "See, hun? You can do this when you put your mind to it. So much of healthy habits is just in your mind."

Willard went to rise up but found that he was weighed down. He changed position and tried again, but his backside just shifted and wobbled under him. With one more groan, he rolled to his side and was then able to push himself up to his knees. Back to his feet, Willard felt the weight on his hips settle uncomfortably. The fabric of his shorts was now bunched up and taught, stretched tight on his backside. Willard gently tugged down at the legs but the fabric just snapped back to its clingy ways.

Willard shook his head and wiped away from sweat from his forehead. "That's enough for today. I- I don't feel right."

"Hey now. What did I say about no quitters in my gym?"

Willard stepped forward, but Jasmine stepped to the side and blocked him. Willard glared at her and moved to push past her. He walked into her shoulder but it was like hitting a wall. He bounced back and Jasmine stayed perfectly still.

Willard shook himself back and stepped to get around her, but Jasmine stuck her arm out and gently caught him by the waist.

"Willard, please. I expected more from you."

He tried to reply, but Jasmine leaned forward and gave him a light kiss on the cheek. She smelled sweet and his body tingled.

"Drink some more water, take a breather, and you'll be fine."

Willard stared at her silently but then slowly nodded and took the water bottle from her hand. After draining it, he felt like a cloudiness passed from his mind. Jasmine rubbed his shoulders and pointed back to the mat.

"We'll finish with some push-ups. I'll even join you."

She dropped to the mat and propped herself up in front of him. Willard complied and got on his knees.

"Again, you set the pace. I'll count off for you and don't be afraid of resting on your knees when you need to."

Willard got into position and started the exercise. Jasmine's peppy counting slowly matched his pace and she kept bubbly eye contact and a smile the whole time.

The pair finished off one set and started the next, but Willard found he couldn't go down as far. He lowered himself down again but his chest pressed softly against the padded floor. Willard stopped and craned his head down, but Jasmine reached out and gently lifted his chin with her thumb.

"Eyes up, head straight. Keep the proper form."



Willard continued the push-ups, but he could dip down less and less as they continued. He felt heavier with each push-up and felt the gym mats pushing back against him even more. Jasmine

snapped her fingers to keep his attention but Willard was panting. He forced out three more push-ups before collapsing to his side. His chest jiggled and swayed and he was splayed out on his back. Willard panicked, seeing the wobbling mounds in front of him and the heft under him.

Willard rolled to his side once more and bolted upright, his body shifting and swaying with the motion. His gym clothes clung tightly to his curves, stretched across his new feminine shape. The rise of his chest pulled the shirt up, revealing a slim waist between his breasts and now rounded hips.

Jasmine gave his stomach pats. "Look. At. That. So trim and firm! Now that's what a healthy workout gets you."

Willard pulled back and stammered. Scared and confused by the new wobbling and bouncing. His panting breaths sounded foreign and his head spun.

Jasmine stepped in closer, wrapping her arm behind his back and pulled him closer. "I know what you need. A nice hot steam. Let's get you down to the sauna to round out the day's training and we can let all this exercise set in properly."

Willard tried to pull back but her grip was tight and she held him in close. He could feel his new curves pressing up against hers. Willard tried to speak but Jasmine put a finger to his lips and shushed him. She stared deep into his eyes and Willard swore they shifted and swirled.

Willard blinked and shook his head. He startled and saw he was now in an elevator, traveling down into the depths of the facility. Jasmine stood in front of him, her arms crossed behind her back and her legs spread wide to block the door. The elevator smoothly stopped and the door opened to a large room with a tiled floor.

Jasmine leaned back and gave Willard a wink. "I'll bring you to your sauna. You take a niice, relaaaxing steam and I'll see what kind of paperwork the gals at the front desk have ready for you."

Willard was led to a wooden room with several hangars and towels on the walls. Jasmine took him to the center of the room and pulled at his gym clothes, the material stretching in ways Willard wasn't able to make it move. She slipped off the outfit and wrapped a towel around her guest. With another kiss on the cheek, Willard was shuffled into a smaller room with a steam vent in the middle. As he plopped down onto the wooden bench, he heard the door close with a hearty clunk.

Looking over the shape pushing against the towel, Willard felt like a haze was clearing from his mind. It was easier to think when Jasmine wasn't around. She was distracting. And pushy. But there had to be more to her than just that. He pressed gently against the rise on his chest. What had he gotten himself into. Glaring down at his hands that seemed smoother and more dainty, Willard huffed, now a petite little sound. Never mind the drastic changes that bestowed him with this woman's body, the weight loss alone was unnatural and wrong. It was... unholy.

As his mind churned through the day's events, Willard startled at the sudden clunking and the burst of air that spewed forth from the vent in the center of the room. The noise settled and was followed by a gentle steam wafting up from down below. Willard clutched the towel and hurried over to the door. Rattling the handle and doing his best to ram it down, the door was resolutely shut closed. After another grunting push, Willard admitted defeat and shuffled back to the wooden bench.

Time passed and Willard shook off another line of sweat wiped from his forehead. Being trapped in a steam room was bad enough without knowing he was surrounded by an organization doing who knows what to their clientele. While fretting, Willard sat up and sniffed the air. The small room now had an almost fruity smell to it. It had a bite to it, citric, lemony. As the steam continued to churn in, it started to take on a pale green hue. Willard backed himself as far into the corner as he could and raised his towel to cover his nose and mouth, but the smell permeated everything. He could feel the steam on his skin, sticky now, like a thin sap. His body felt like it was absorbing the new moisture to replace everything he'd sweat out.

Willard wiped his hands down his arms and legs, trying to wick off as much of the steam as possible. The wooden door swung open and Jasmine entered the steam room in a hurry before slamming the door back closed. Despite still wearing her workout clothes, she looked unperturbed by the heat and steam and flicked through a tablet before looking over at Willard.

"Good news, Willard, dear. The ladies upstairs were able to get you a choice deal on your membership. I put in a good word for you after how hard you worked today."

Willard's mind churned for what seemed like minutes before he could compose himself. "Are you kidding me?! You're nuts!"

"Willard... You don't just throw away progress like you made today. You have to stick to a plan to reach your goals! If you walk out that door without signing up, you're going to fall right back into old habits, wolfing down doughnuts, and then you'll be right back where you were."

"Y-yes! That's what I want! I want to be out of here. Back to normal!"

Jasmine's eyes seemed to sparkle in the steam and she stepped forward with her hand outstretched. She grasped onto Willard's wrist but a crash and ruckus outside the room caused them both to jump. Willard yanked his arm back and the slick sweat on it allowed him to slip through Jasmine's grip. She looked nervously towards the door and then flashed her gaze back at Willard.

"I can't let you leave here without signing up, Willard. I swore an oath to get you healthy."

Jasmine reached out again, grabbing Willard by the shoulder. She effortlessly pulled him to the steam vent and held him over it.

Willard thrashed around but couldn't break her grip. He coughed between gasps of the sweet steam. Drenched in the sticky liquid, Willard felt heavy all over. With each gulp of air, he felt a tightness in his chest and backside trying to push its way out.

Jasmine looked nervously back at the door as the sound of something rolling down a hallway was heard outside the sauna. Moments later, there was a soft thud against tile and the sound of something slumping to the ground.

"Just sign the contract and you'll get to go home and relax for the night. Doesn't that sound nice, Willard?"

He took short gasping breaths as Jasmine kept him centered over the steam vent. He wrapped his arms across his chest, feeling like it was the only thing holding back whatever was pushing out from his body. Jasmine pulled Willard forward for a brief moment to thrust the tablet at him, before

pushing him back over the vent.



The sauna door burst open and Willard came barreling out. Panting and sweaty from the steam, Willard gasped for air and slumped to his knees on the cool tile floor. His towel strained against his body as he propped himself up. Looking ahead, a woman in gym clothes similar to Jasmine's was slumped against the wall, dazed and sleepy. Willard looked to the side and saw a red haired women extending a hand to him.

"Whoa there, buddy. You're okay now. We're here for you."

Willard looked back at the woman slumped against the wall. The red-head paused for a second before following his gaze and then laughed.

"Oh no, no, no. She was totally evil. Ruth here just gets rough sometimes."

A blonde woman wearing a clunky white arm band nodded toward Willard before glaring at the redhead.

"Oh, like I'm wrong?"

The blond shook her head slightly, her mane of hair bobbing with the motion. She held her arm out for Willard. "C'mon, man. Let's hurry up and drain you of whatever this is. I don't trust this whole building..."

Willard took her hand and wobbled up to his feet. Ruth held the hand with the arm band to Willard's shoulder and it was cool and tingling. He stood more upright and felt the tightness drain from his chest, allowing him to breath easier and the towel to feel not quite so tight.

"Whoa there, valkyrie pawns!" Jasmine stood outside the steam room waving her tablet. "He's mine for a month!"

Mercy spun around to the instructor. "Get off it, lady! We're freeing this dude and then you'll be-"

Jasmine practically growled and thrust the tablet towards the women. "I have a contract!"

Ruth immediately let go of Willard and he struggled to stay on his feet. Mercy stomped over and yanked the tablet out of Jasmine's hands. After minutes that seemed to stretch for hours, she thrust the tablet back to a grinning Jasmine and threw her hands up.

Glaring back at Willard, Mercy shouted, "You dunce! C'mon!"

Ruth drooped before angrily thrusting fists onto her hips. "Seriously?! Idiot!"

Willard looked around in a panic. Grasping the towel tightly and backing up to the wall. "Wh-what? I-"

The two women started to stomp off before Mercy turned back to glare at Willard once more. "You never sign a contract, dolt! Ugh! We'll be back in a month, you...". She continued to grumble and berate Willard as the two marched back out of the sauna.

Willard stood, weak and gasping. Murmuring in confusion. Jasmine sidled up to him and placed an arm around Willard's thin waist.

"Apologizes for the intrusion, hun. You shower off, get dressed, and then go home for a nice rest. I'll see you bright and early tomorrow for your first real session. No more going easy on you! Oh, and I want to get you into some classes with our other new guests."

Read more Mercynaries comics and stories at: <https://www.patreon.com/SinComics>