

Yang's Transformative Workout, Part 2 (Inanimate Gym TFs, RWBY, Male Victims)

Yang stretched her brand new sweatband tight, tugging the soft purple fabric till it felt like the thing would snap. Satisfied, she brushed her hair back, forced it over her head, and turned to the mirror. Studying herself in the glass, she couldn't avoid smiling. She looked great – it really matched her eyes.

She grabbed her water bottle and towel, and without further ado, set out. Leaving her once busy dorm room behind her, she headed fast for the stairs and the academy's on-site gym.

It didn't take long to arrive. Since she wasn't carrying much, she went straight to the gym floor and her favorite treadmill. Tucking her exercise mat in the gap between it and its neighbor, she placed her water bottle in the holder, hung her towel over the rail, and stretched, readying herself for her warm-up.

As her sneakers pummeled the conveyor, her curvaceous body did that thing it was most famous for: like puddings on a platter, her boobs jiggled, stretching her dark red sports bra tight with the energy of their movement. Her buttcheeks did something very similar, shaking and clapping till it seemed certain they'd pop out of her violet sports shorts, while her tight white thong slid a little further into her crack with every step.

With a smirk, she set the machine to a faster pace, sucked in a deep breath, and started running even faster, enjoying the tingling of her scalp as she worked up a sweat. Her new headband drank it all up obediently, of course, but then she'd always been a professional. Deputy Sweatband Glynda Goodwitch... Yang smirked at the idea.

By the time she'd finished her first set, her heart was pounding, her skin was red, and she'd worked up a good sweat all over. Grabbing her cute pink towel, she wiped her face and her armpits and followed up by taking a long swig from her delightfully green water balloon. Soon enough, she felt refreshed, ready to begin Round 2, which was...

"Yang! Hey! What are you doing here?"

Yang turned with a grimace. Oh no. Please tell her it wasn't...

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Sun and Neptune strode into the gym with the confidence of men who know full well what effect their attractive faces and muscular bodies are having on the ladies present.

That they were wrong, and that no-one was taking any notice of them, did nothing to dent their energy. It was just a matter of time until someone took notice of them, after all. Just a matter of time...

"So, er, what do you want to start with?" said Neptune.

“Huh?” Sun blinked. He’d been so focused on picking up chicks he hadn’t thought about what they were meant to do here. Waltz in, get a hot girl on his arm, and waltz out. That had been the plan.

As he scanned the gym, struggling to figure out what all the different machines were even used for, his eyes caught a hint of what, for a moment, he thought was his own hair. It took him a second to realize it was way too long and also: attached to one of the hottest girls on Beacon’s campus.

“Oh, hey, it’s Yang,” said Neptune. “Want to start with her?”

“I guess.” Yang was using the treadmill, which was one of the few gym machines he knew how to work. Well, he knew how to run, anyway. How much difference could there be? “Hey, Yang!”

The beautiful blonde turned to face them, and for a second those violet eyes flensed him layer by layer. As he recoiled, her look warmed, and she smiled. “Oh, hey, Sun. Neptune. What are you doing here?”

Neptune grinned. “Picking up hot—” Sun kicked him. “P-picking up hot exercise. Hot exercise.”

“Uh, okay.”

“Mind if we start here?” said Sun, clambering onto the neighboring treadmill.

“Be my guest,” said Yang, barely slowing her pace.

Sun took the treadmill to Yang’s left, and Neptune the one to her right. Together, they ran on the spot for about half a second before realizing the belt wasn’t going to move on its own, and several further seconds passed before they finally got them going. Naturally, Neptune’s launched him like a catapult.

“Have either of you ever been to a gym before?” asked Yang, as Neptune clambered back to his feet.

“Of course we have!”

“You haven’t.”

“We haven’t. We’re anime characters, Yang! We eat whatever the hell we like, do one training montage, and instantly develop a six pack! We never needed to before now!”

Yang massaged her brow. “Just follow my lead.”

The instant the words were out of her mouth, Yang regretted them. Ugh, what was she doing? She didn't need two dweebs like these following her around like ducklings! She wanted to transform them – she just couldn't while so many people were watching. Ugh.

Having torpedoed her own options and generally left herself with very little choice otherwise, she showed the two how to use the treadmills and ran with them until they'd accomplished something resembling a warm-up. This done, she led them to the cross trainer and showed them how to use them, then when this failed to achieve results switched to the step machines on the off chance they might do slightly better there. They didn't.

And so on. All the while, she kept looking around her, checking how many witnesses there were to her actions. If she could just get Little Boy Blue and Sunshine here on their own for *five* minutes, she could turn the pair into her trash and dump them in the nearest waste bin.

She just hoped she'd get the chance sooner rather than later...

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The dumbbell hit the ground with a clang. "Phew," said Sun, falling back and panting. "That was... That was a lot harder than I thought... I don't know if I can keep going, Yang."

His workout partner lay on the ground in a heap, his butt up in the air. "Y-yeah, me too. I didn't... I didn't expect this to be so *hard*."

Yang stood over them with her arms crossed, looking unfazed. Apart from a little extra sweat in her strangely-mismatched gymgear, she didn't seem to have changed at all since they'd entered. Their torturous workout she'd just run them through had been the worst day of Sun's life, but to Yang it was just Tuesday.

With a sigh, she glanced at the clock. "Okay, I guess that's enough for a couple of beginners. I need to get back and get ready for my pilates class anyway."

Sun struggled back to his feet. "Wh-what do we do now?"

"What do you do now?" Yang raised an eyebrow. "Well, generally you'd take a shower and—"

She stopped; her eyes lit up. "You know what? Why don't you follow me? I'll show you what you have to do."

He and Neptune simply stood there and stared at her. Then their eyes slid from her to each other, and the things she'd said came together in their heads and reacted. 'Shower'. 'Show you.' Yang was going to show them how to shower, and that could only mean one thing:

MISSION SUCCESS

They refrained from high-fiving, if only because it might have ruined things.

“Come on,” said Yang, setting off. “I can’t *wait* to get these tight, sticky clothes off.” She looked back and winked at them.

Sun barely caught it: his eyes were locked on her ass as it bounced in those tight, purple sports shorts of hers. Fuck, he really wanted to sniff them for some reason.

Catching his eye, she smiled. “This way,” she said, leading them through the corridors and into the changing rooms. Sun went to follow and froze as he saw the woman’s sign above the door. Neptune bumped into him.

“What’s the matter?” said Yang. “Don’t worry, it’s empty. And no-one will see you once we’re in the shower anyway.”

Sun’s cock throbbed so hard he had to grab Neptune to keep himself from toppling forward. Yang disappeared into the changing room, and the two of them hurried in after her.

True to her word, it was empty. Yang’s things already lay discarded on a bench, those beautiful purple sports shorts hanging limply over the side – Sun paused a second to snatch them up and sniff them before resuming his search for Yang. The scent of her ass sweat left him hornier than ever.

“This way!” called Yang, from around the corner. “Round here!”

Heart pounding, Sun hurried after her, Neptune not a second behind him, and soon they found themselves staring at a long line of shower cubicles – the hiss of water sounded from the nearest.

Swallowing, Sun shared one final glance with Neptune. “H-here we go.”

“J-Jaune.”

“Yeah?”

“I think I’m gay.”

Jaune ignored this.

He hurried to strip, tearing off his shirt and his exercise shorts and everything else he was wearing and flinging them into a pile on the bench with Neptune’s and Yang’s. In a second, both him and his best friend stood disrobed. Sun couldn’t help but sneak a peek – fuck, Neptune’s trident was even bigger than his power pole.

He took a deep breath and stepped into the shower.

500 years under a mountain couldn’t have prepared him for what awaited him inside, for the sight of Yang’s curvaceous figure, fully exposed and slick, water trickling over her breasts and down stomach and her thighs. She looked like a fertility goddess, and it made Sun’s

already erect cock throb so hard it hurt, dribbling precum all over the shower floor. Together he and Neptune stood there enraptured, unable to find even a word.

“Hey, do me a favor,” said their mistress.

“Anything,” said Sun and Neptune, simultaneously.

She clapped them on the shoulders. “Turn into a sponge and a bottle of body wash, will you?”

At her touch, a tremor rolled through Sun’s body. “Wh-what? What do you—Nnnnnnah! Ah! Ah! Oh Dust!”

Pleasure unlike anything he’d ever felt lanced him from head to gut. He screamed and thrust his hips and came with the force of a fire hydrant, forcing Yang to leap back out of his path with a laugh. Beside him, Neptune squealed as his own cock fired off semen like a hose. It felt like someone had jabbed his prostate with a cattle prod.

The two of them stumbled back, spurting semen all over the walls of the cubicle, and as they hit the door, all remaining strength vanished from Sun’s legs. With a gasp, he dropped to the floor, knees striking the tiles with a thunk, and knelt there, heart pounding, as the terrible heat of his pleasure burned through his form and melted him. Mewling, he dripped like a candle under the flame.

With a feeble whine, he flowed downward, down, down, till he lay on the floor of the cubicle as a formless mound of human flesh, in real danger of pouring down the drain. Beside him, Neptune’s body had undergone a similar change, but where Sun’s cock pressed against his stomach, melding with his belly, Neptune’s stretched taller and taller, seeming to suck the rest of his shriveling form into its length.

Invisible hands took Sun’s flesh in their grip and crushed him. He shrank fast, losing height with the instant, and the smaller he grew, the stronger the strange sense of hollowness. It was like his throat had joined up with his anus and his earholes and every single pore that studded his skin, as if a network of tunnels had been dug through his body, leaving him as porous as it was possible for a human being to be. *Nnnnnn~! What’s happening to me?!*

All that remained of Neptune, meanwhile, was his cock, and with every second, it seemed a little shorter, a little fatter, a little smoother, less like a penis and more like—

Sun gasped as the magic working his body squeezed tighter, flattening his sides, shaping him into a cuboid with six neat faces. His skin no longer looked like human skin, but soft and yellow and spongy, while Neptune’s crackled as it froze into smooth blue plastic, his tip flattening to form the cap of a bottle.

Finally, just as Sun thought the pressure and the pleasure couldn’t possibly get any worse, there was one last spike of ecstasy, so strong he would have cum again had he still had a penis, and with that it was over. With a tiny, almost imperceptible thud, he fell and landed on

his face, where he drank up the water coating the tiles like a parched man in an oasis.
Nnnn~! Oh! Oh!

Next to him, Neptune shook a few final times himself and toppled, his cap popping open to squirt a thick glob of body wash.

“Finally,” said Yang, bending down. “Why did that take so long this time?” She snatched them up.

As her fingers sank into his flesh, igniting a whole new round of ecstasy, Sun struggled to regain his composure and think. What had happened to him?! Wh-what had Yang done to them?!

Turn into a sponge and a bottle of bodywash, will you?

His thoughts shook with the memory of her words.

“Well, whatever,” said Yang, “now you’re finished.”

As Sun quaked in terror, she brought the two of them together, aiming the open end of the bottle that had been Neptune as Sun’s front. He recoiled instinctively – he hadn’t forgotten which part of Neptune’s body had become the bottle’s tip – but he had no real power to move, and in the end all he could do was lie there in Yang’s hand and wait as she tightened her grip on Neptune and–

Body wash, thick white, glutinous body wash, spurted from Neptune’s tip and all over Sun’s face. He squealed, struggling to pull away, but his body drank it up as easily as it had absorbed the shower’s water. Its acrid taste, strangely salty, washed through him, bludgeoned his taste buds into submission, and generally left him wishing he could vomit.
St-stop! Stop, please! Urgh!

“There, that should be enough,” said Yang. Tossing Neptune aside without further thought, she gave Sun a squeeze, leaving him whining in fresh ecstasy as her fingers sank deep, deep into his spongy new body. *Oh! Oh! Oh Dust! Oh Dust! Oh Dust!* It was like the world’s harshest handjob.

No matter how tight her grip, it did little to prepare him for what came next: without the slightest hint of tenderness or mercy, Yang tightened her grip, squirting his contents over the floor, and slammed him into her body. *Ah! Ah! Oh Dust! Nnn~!*

It was her stomach she’d chosen. Holding him firmly as its smooth, taut surface, she worked him in circles, squeezing him against her so that his thick, creamy contents spurted out of every orifice. His face struck them, his face and the rest of his front, and picking them up, lathered them all over her belly. He moaned at the taste – it was like being forced to lick up his own semen.

His soapy ejaculate wasn't the only thing he could taste though: mixed in with it was the sweat Yang had worked up in her exercise. It added a sharp, salty tang to the otherwise acrid taste of bodywash, and left him whining, wishing he was able to pull away.

Finishing with her stomach, Yang dragged him up her, working him in sliding spirals up her torso and from there to her breasts, and making him squeal as his face crashed into her engorged bust. He'd wanted it so badly a few minutes ago, but all of a sudden, it didn't seem quite so appealing.

Her nipple stabbed into him like a knife, forcing itself half-an-inch into his foam, and Dust if it wasn't like having her thumb stuck up his butt. As he thrashed, or tried to thrash, she resumed rubbing him over her smooth, soft flesh, deforming her breasts around him as she pushed him from one side to the other and slid him between them, forcing him to suck up every drop of sweat trapped between her cleavage. Finally, she stabbed him with her other nipple for good measure.

Please... Please, no more! Please, Yang! Stop!

Naturally, she picked up the pace instead.

Working him in soapy circles down her back, she raised a leg and began to rub him over that, as well, making him moan as his face slid across her thigh. The worst part, however, was when he finally reached her foot, and she forced him between her sweaty, tangy toes, before grinding him against her sole. Then, as if he hadn't suffered enough, she repeated the process all over again with her other leg, slowly snatching away every speck of his remaining sanity.

Now she slammed him into her armpits, into her disgusting, stinking armpits, so coated with sweat it was like taking a bath. Sun screamed as she rubbed him around them, squirting his soap everywhere and forcing him to suck up every last gross drop as well. *Didn't you even towel them?!*

At last, they came to the part he'd been dreading from the start, the part of bathing he'd neglected as a child and been punished for severely: washing the ass. As she worked him over her cheeks, bringing him closer and closer to her crack with every circular motion, Sun pleaded with every god he knew to make her stop, to have mercy, to get distracted, to do anything, *anything* but stuff him in her crack!

But the gods weren't listening. And just like that, Yang wedged him into her ass.

Nnn~! Ah! Ew! Ew! Ew! Oh my Dust, it's like being dipped in a swamp! Get me out! Get me oooooout!

Yang forced him a little deeper, forcing one of his corners into her anus. Sun screamed even louder.

Jaune lay in a roll between the treadmills, his face smushed into his crotch. He could no longer hear Yang, not even her breathing. Either she'd abandoned him, or she'd forgotten about him. And why wouldn't she? He was just an object now. Just another worthless exercise mat.

He wanted to scream, but he no longer had the energy. Two weeks of Yang being smushed against his face, driving him to the heights of an ecstasy that never seemed to reach orgasm, had stripped him of what little willpower he had left. Now he planned to do nothing more than lie there and wait, lie there and wait for what awful torment happened to him next.

"Hey," said a new voice, as if on cue. He distantly recognized it from somewhere, but he couldn't pinpoint who. "Look, someone left their mat behind."

Soft hands grabbed him by the straps and yanked him into the air. He squealed as they wrapped around him – it was like his whole body was his cock, and they were stroking him... stroking...

His straps flew off; they unrolled him. Through the ecstasy, Jaune fought to focus and found himself staring at the familiar face of Coco Adel. Velvet Scarlatina hovered behind her, frowning.

"See, I told you we didn't need to bother bringing our own," said Coco. "Why bother? People leave them lying around anyway."

"B-but what if they come back for it?"

"We lie and say we thought it was the gym's? What's the problem?"

"B-but there's only one! We can't share it!"

"Sure we can," said Coco, throwing him at the ground. "Sure, it'll be a little cramped, but it's no different to me sharing your bed."

"I-I don't like it when you do that either!"

Ignoring her, Coco spread him, using her foot to make sure he was flat, and stepped onto him, making Jaune whine as her heel pressed into him. *Nnn~!* It felt like she was standing on his—

After a second, a reluctant Velvet swallowed her fear and joined her teammate. She weighed a little more than Coco, and Jaune felt every gram as she lowered herself to all fours. Blushing, she struggled to fit beside her teammate, smacking her hip into Coco's as she fought to avoid falling off.

"Alright, let's start with some simple stretches," said Coco.

"W-wouldn't it be better to do it one at a time?"

“Hush.”

They began by leaning on their arms and lowering their hips, smooshing their crotches against his front as he whined and pleaded for them to stop. Then they rolled onto their backs and did something resembling situps, leaving *him* crushed under their more than generous butts. *Nnn~!*

For the next ten or more minutes, they continued like this, torturing him with one ridiculous stretch after another, until at last, just as he thought they might finally give up...

Velvet stood, but before she could leave, Coco grabbed her arm and dragged her back down again.

“Now, let’s try the scissor stretch,” she said.

Velvet blinked. “The scissor stretch?”

“That’s right. It’s a very special stretch,” said Coco. “It needs two people, in fact.”

“O-oh, okay. What do you need me to—?”

“You sit right here,” said Coco, guiding Velvet to his feet. “And I’ll sit here.” She shuffled over to his face, crushing it beneath her lycra-clad buttcheeks.

Mmmphf!

“Now, spread your legs, like so,” said Coco.

“Okay...?”

“And intertwine them with mine, like this, and—” Coco’s breathing sounded a little heavier all of a sudden. “That’s right. Now, shuffle forward and... Ah!”

“Nn~! C-Coco! You’re pressing your... you’re pressing your privates against m-mine.”

“Th-that’s all right, Velvet. That’s the point of the stretch! It’s to work your... your, uh, pelvis.”

The two sidled forward till they were almost exactly on top of Jaune’s cock, leaving him whimpering in pleasure as they made themselves comfortable.

“O-okay,” said Coco, “now you’ve got to, like, wiggle a little, so that—”

“Wiggle?!”

Despite her protests, Velvet followed her teammate’s instructions, and the rolling of their buttcheeks from one side of Jaune’s crotch to the other left him wanting to scream in delight. They might as well have been hotdogging him.

“H-harder, Velvet! T-that’s right! N-now, take my hands, a-and we’re going to lean really close together and–” Something hot and sticky landed on him.

They moved harder, harder and faster, their panting growing louder and louder, while their butts wiggled on his crotch as if they were trying to drive him to madness – with every little movement of their bodies his own pleasure grew greater. *Nnnn~! Let me cuuuuum!*

Finally, Coco shrieked in delight, and just like that, it was over. The two parted, removing their weight from Jaune’s crotch – he should have orgasmed then, but instead he simply lay there burning with pleasure.

“Well, that’s enough exercise for today,” said Coco. “Let’s go.”

“E-eh?” Velvet still sounded breathless. “But we didn’t even…”

“I said, let’s go.”

“W-what about the exercise mat? Should we take it?”

“Nah, just leave it for the next person to come here.”

And with that, they wandered off, leaving Jaune to his torment.