

VENUS GYM

Chapter 1: Investigation

BY BEWCI



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“Oh God, what has come of me?!” Scott yelled as he watched the reversing pill drop from his hand into the hole in his kitchen sink. Despite feeling confused, a part of him was happy to throw it away. As if a tremendous burden had been relieved from his shoulders. “I don’t need to turn back, do I? I am perfect just the way I am!” Scott said, tracing his hands down his lithe feminine body.

A few days ago, Scott Wray was a freelancing private investigator, looking for a client for months and on the verge of closing his office down for good. One day, a man walked into his office. Robert Thompson, a wealthy banker, came down crying for help. He said his wife had been acting weird and wouldn’t even let him touch her. She had been spending hours alone in the bedroom, playing with her toys instead. He had to sleep on the couch every night. Any objection to her absurd behaviour, and she would retaliate with physical abuse. She didn’t go anywhere except the new “females only” Venus gym. Robert suspected she was having an affair with a male coach there. Scott knew this was his last chance, so he took the case.

Scott conducted his investigation by snooping around with his binoculars, but it seemed fruitless, since the glasses were tinted. He tried to enter the gym, but two guards sitting inside at the entrance stopped him. He was not giving up so far. Scott devised a plan with Robert that was seamless, but expensive. Robert, being a banker, didn’t mind taking care of the expenses.

A few days later, Robert brought a box that contained two pills. A pink pill and a blue pill, with a page of instructions.

Scott didn't hesitate for a moment as he gulped the pink pill with some water and waited. A few minutes passed and nothing happened. They were both getting anxious, wondering if they had been duped, when Scott's stomach rumbled and his bones cracked. "OH!" he screamed, feeling the agony tear down his spine as his pelvis split apart. Robert backed away, staring at Scott's convulsing muscles and shaping curves in horror.

Scott's whimpers shifted into a higher, more delicate pitch, as his shoulders slumped inward and his tummy seemed to shrink. Scott leaned forward, feeling the weight of buxom breasts tightening around the fabric and overflowing out of his shirt. Long and thick brunette locks jutted out from his scalp and adorned his slender back, cascading down with a mesmerizing elegance. "Oh, fuck!" With an uncontrollable urge, Scott moaned in his vibrant voice as his small semblance of masculinity retracted into his abdomen and blossomed into the depths of a woman's womb. Struggling to maintain his balance, he took a few unsteady steps forward before finally collapsing into the comforting embrace of Robert, his vision fading away to darkness.

As soon as Scott regained his senses, he lashed out at Robert for getting the wrong set of pills. "I told you to buy the small pack, not XL!" Scott said, noticing the label on the corner. "Well, the pharmacist doesn't sell these things without a prescription! Do you really think convincing him was easy?! I got what I could!" Robert said.

"Ugh, these are so hefty to bear! How am I going to live like this for days?!" Scott clamoured, lifting his drooping breasts.

“I have got the clothes that would fit your size,” Robert mumbled, handing over three bags of lingerie and fit wear for the gym. Scott noticed the bulge in Robert’s pants and said, “C’mon dude, it’s still me!” Robert chuckled and replied, “Mmm, not really.”

The next day, Scott walked into the gym with fake ids of the name Miss Samantha Reid, age 23. He had put his long hair in a braid and wore the most decent shirt and shorts he could find in the bags. A blonde, dainty woman with glasses sitting at the reception took the id and handed out a form. “Miss Samantha, would you like to opt in for our new ‘Self-Love Unconditioned Training’ program that aims to develop a new age society of independent women?” The receptionist asked.

“Hmm, interesting,” Scott whispered. “Can you please explain to me what this training entails?”

“It’s a unique programme that meshes in physical fitness with mental and soulful well-being. I am pretty sure you have come across people, especially men, who think they’re entitled to your presence in their life. Could be your own spouse, even. I know it’s heartbreaking. The chauvinism and misogyny, coupled with our own insecurities and lack of body positivity, leads to many women developing obesity and other health complications. Working out is always a welcomed solution, but it doesn’t treat the root cause. If you’re looking for a faster and lasting result, then I would suggest you enroll in this training programme at just two-ninety-nine dollars!”

“Could this be why Nancy has been so rude to Robert?” Scott thought. While he was at the reception, he noticed Nancy

walking in through the entrance and entering an unfamiliar route to the right without going to work out in the gym. “Uh, where did she go?” Scott asked to the receptionist. “Oh, she is a member of our special training. She is in her fifth session this week, and she loves it!” she responded.

“Yeah, alright,” Scott signed the documents and swiped Robert’s card without going through the details. His curiosity drove him to discover what was occurring behind the door. The receptionist ushered him through a long, narrow hallway that Nancy passed through. The multiple doors on either side of the hallway puzzled Scott. “She must be in here, somewhere,” he whispered. The blonde receptionist stopped outside a door on the left and unlocked it. Inside, there was only a chair and a VR headset. “Um, I thought I would join in with the other girls?” Scott muttered. “Oh, that will be tomorrow. Today, you will go through an orientation process that will prepare you for the training.”

Scott was not so sure about it. He sensed a flicker in the receptionist’s facial expressions, suggesting that she was lying. “Is this necessary? I mean, I am a quick learner. You don’t need to prepare me for anything!” he exclaimed. “Haha, I know it looks sus being alone in a room with a headset on, but you don’t have to be afraid of anything. I will be right outside. It will be just a few minutes tops!” the receptionist said.

“Oh, okay,” Scott succumbed to her reply, as he didn’t know how to respond without looking like a wuss. He walked over to the chair and sat on it. As he felt the receptionist’s gaze lingering on his chest, he adjusted his tight shirt by tugging at

it. “Don’t worry, I don’t mind,” she said. “My name is Lucy, by the way.” She looked at Scott with a sultry smile that made him choke on his breath. “Good to know. I, uh, you already know my name, so, hehe,” Scott fumbled. The lady put the headset on his head and pressed a button. The dark screen turned into bright flashes of pink, red, and blue, increasing in brightness and intensity. Whispering words of a woman echoed through the speakers. Scott lost all sense of time and space, losing his consciousness in the wide array of dancing colours.

Click.

“Oh, God, my head is on fire!” Scott pulled out the headset off his face. “Ew, Gross!” he bawled, noticing drool wetting his entire front of the shirt, exposing the black bra underneath. “What happened?! How long was I watching? Wait, what did I watch?!” Questions flooded Scott’s thoughts.

“Oh, hey! You’re awake! Congratulations on completing your orientation!” Lucy walked in and cheered. Scott noticed Lucy’s smile. It was fake. He had so much to ask, but he couldn’t get past the eeriness of all of it.

“I don’t feel so good. I will get going,” Scott said. “Don’t worry, Miss. It happens when you spend hours looking at the screen. You’ll get past the migraines by morning. Perhaps a cup of iced coffee will help! Should I get one?” Lucy asked.

“W-Wait. What did you say? Hours?” Scott responded, looking at the clock hanging off the wall. The time was six-thirty in the evening. He realized he had been in the room

staring at the headset screen for over nine hours! “I-I need to go!” Scott said as he stood up and ran.

“Miss, wait!” Scott heard Lucy’s calls, but he couldn’t care any less. He sprinted down the hallway and bolted out of the gym, struggling to maintain his balance as he adjusted to his new, curvier physique. He pulled out his car and drove to Robert’s house.

“What do you mean?” Robert asked. “I mean, I don’t remember!” Scott said.

“Nancy was there, but in another room. There’s something fishy going on! I don’t know why. I feel so weird and scared!” Scott cried.

“Jeez, get a hold of yourself. You probably just slept through the presentation. You spent three hundred dollars from my card and didn’t follow through with the investigation. It would have been better if you had insisted on going to Nancy. Told the receptionist you both were friend or something.” Robert said.

“Why are you being so insensitive?! They did something! And they are doing the same to Nancy!”

“I don’t have time for your conspiracy theories. She’s probably getting her pussy railed by some instructor in one of those rooms. Why don’t you do your job and catch her red-handed? I need you to get her tomorrow, so I can divorce that bitch for sure!”

“Wow, so you are mansplaining now because I am a woman?! I’m not going back to that place!”

“The fuck did you say?!” Robert said, getting closer to Scott and grabbing his arms. “I have wasted over two grand on this investigation. Do you think I will pay you another cent unless you do your job? And don’t even bother trying to escape. I can hire more men, and they won’t be as civilized or incompetent as you.”

Scott had never felt so helpless and intimidated by a man before. He wanted to punch Robert in the face, but his fists didn’t raise nor his knees dared to kick him in the crotch. He could sense the desperation in Robert’s breath on his breasts and his leering eyes. They were alone in the big house in the middle of the night. Nancy could come through the main door anytime then. Yet Robert’s intentions seemed more ominous with every passing second. Scott jerked his hands off of him and shoved him away. “You piece of shit. It won’t surprise me if Nancy is having an affair with someone else. I hope she does. I will find it out tomorrow.” Scott said and walked out of the house.

As Scott sat down in the car, he glimpsed his gorgeous face in the rear-view mirror and burst out crying. He bashed his hands on the steering wheel and screamed to let out the frustration. Broke, almost homeless, stuck in a woman’s body, and hired by an abusive man to investigate a gym that could be the gateway to hell. Scott had almost lost it, but he didn’t have a choice but to finish the job. Escaping this predicament and preserving his reputation as a private investigator were only possible through this course of action. Scott stopped sulking and drove away before Nancy returned.

Next morning, Scott waited outside the gym and approached Nancy when she arrived. Nancy walked down the parking lot with a proud gait and a seductive smile. She was a tall woman with a toned body and a chic short blonde hairstyle. She was wearing a textured blue crop top and leggings. “Hey, Nancy?” Scott greeted.

“Yes?” Nancy responded with mild bemusement. “Hi, I’m Samantha. I would start my first session today in the training you are in! I would love to know how is it?”

“Oh, you are in for a treat!” Nancy said with radiating enthusiasm. “I am in my fifth session and it’s so good to be a part of this. It’s not just a physical training, but an empowering movement. You’re going to love it,” Nancy said, putting a hand on Scott’s left shoulder. “Why don’t you join in with me?”

“Yeah? Sure!” Scott said, delighted. They walked into the gym. Lucy raised an eyebrow as she noticed Samantha walking in with Nancy. “Hey, Lucy!” Nancy greeted. “Hi, Nancy. Hi, Miss Samantha,” Lucy greeted, “You forgot your id in the room yesterday.”

“Oh, I am sorry. I panicked,” Scott said with a nervous laugh.

“Yeah, you were in quite a hurry.” Lucy smirked. “So, ready for your first session?”

“Yes,” Scott said. “How about she joins me? I need someone as a partner and she needs someone to guide her. I swear I will be gentle with her,” Nancy said, as she giggled with Lucy. Scott let out a chuckle to join in.

“Sure, you can, but please talk to Mrs. Ritchson first,” Lucy said.

“Oh, for sure,” Nancy replied.

Lucy waved goodbye to Nancy and Scott as they went in through the hallway, walking up to a different door than yesterday. Scott’s anxiety shot up as he contemplated what lay on the other side. However, in the meantime, moisture increased between his legs, as if his body had readied itself for an unknown event. Scott had no remembrance of the lost nine hours. And given the state he woke up, as a private investigator, he was quite aware of what had happened with him, which terrified him.

Nancy opened the door and welcomed Scott in. He expected an empty dark room, but to his surprise, he saw a large, well-lit room with some women practicing yoga, others doing Zumba, and some others just twerking. Scott was not so sure what was so special about this training. He walked past them while Nancy went to Mrs. Ritchson for a quick talk. He wondered how did kegel exercises empowered women. Soon, he was along the line, being taught by Nancy on how to tighten and relax the vaginal and anal muscles.

Scott had never paid attention to his new nether or explored it, so being aware of it and controlling the muscles made him quite flustered and shocked. In the last three days, the chaos in his life had kept him in a limbo of getting things done. For the first time, he felt relaxed and good. He was in the moment, feeling the sensations of his femininity pulsating between his legs. He laid on his back and followed Nancy’s instructions, doing bridges, planks, and thrusts.

After half an hour of exercises, Scott saw the women putting on headsets and sitting on their mats with crossed legs. Nancy brought along two sets of VR headsets and extended one of them to Scott. "Um, is this necessary?" Scott asked, a chill running down his back.

"Yes, you don't need to be afraid of it. I know it's intimidating at first, but you're gonna love it, I swear!" Nancy said with an endearing smile.

"I-uh.. okay," Scott gave in to the peer pressure, since everything so far in the session was so good for his body. The pain in his back because of the cumbersome tits weighing down on his chest had vanished. The throbbing discomfort in his tailbone caused by the bulbous ass was gone. His head felt lighter, calmer. Scott put on the headset and turned it on.

Click.

Scott felt a jolt of energy course through his body. He tried to move his hand, but he couldn't. He tried to open up his legs, but they didn't budge. A lady appeared on the screen. She had short blonde hair, fair skin, blue eyes, and a slender body. She had a blue top on and olive sweatpants uplifting her thick booty. "Hey, baby girl! My name is Sarah, and I am your self-love companion!"

Scott was terrified, trapped in the sitting position. Now he knew what yesterday was all about. The girl sat down in the crossed leg position, talking about the complex, beautiful female body and how women should own it instead of conforming to the male gaze. Scott tried to bend his finger to click so he could get out of the hypnosis that locked his body,

but the mental hold was too strong. “Baby girl, get ready to be amazed by your own body! Follow my lead,” she said with a mischievous smile.

Scott wanted to scream, but his plump lips didn’t falter. His hands raised itself up, mirroring the movement of the woman on the screen. The girl kept instructing, as well as doing what she said. Scott’s hands went back, raised the top, and unbuckled the straps of his bra. A tremendous sigh of relief escaped Scott’s mouth in instinct. The breasts jiggled out from underneath the raised top as Scott pulled out the bra to the floor.

“Boobs are, like, super popular, aren’t they?! But we don’t take care of them as we should! Most dudes suck at playing with boobs, or they’re just too damn impatient. This ruins the fun in bed and can leave you with emotional baggage and physical injuries! Girl, you gotta learn to heal yourself!”

“Now follow my hand movements, and you’re only allowed to make soft moans, no loud screams. Let’s not disturb the fellow sisters, okay?” the blonde woman giggled as she placed her hands beneath her modest breasts and circled them around in an anti-clockwise direction. Scott’s hands followed, tracing across the circumference of his ample udders. Echoes of whimpers and fumbled moans across the room penetrated the headphones and jarred Scott’s mind. His diminished self fought to blink as tears flowed down his cheeks. Sweat trickled down from his forehead as he tried to keep his lustful moans under check. As the cold air brushed against his puckered nipples, he couldn’t help but let a brief gasp escape his lips. He could never imagine them so hard

and sensitive ever as a man. As the hands inched closer, his heart raced in his chest and his senses became more heightened, all fueled by the surge of adrenaline coursing through his veins. She tapped her digits around her areolas, never letting one brush against the nipples. Over and over, the woman teased, her fingers retracing their path each time. Pleasure consumed Scott's mind, urging him to reach out and feel the alluring buds. But he was under the hypnotic spell, following her steps with reluctance.

In a bold and unexpected move, the blonde lady raised her right breast to her mouth and latched her lips over her protruded teat. Scott gasped, his hands defying him as they grabbed his right breast and brought it to his opened mouth. "Mmm," Scott sighed like others, relishing the wet tongue roll over his engorged projections. "I bet you've never felt like this with a guy," the lady in the video said. After a few minutes, she let the right one swing down and worked on the left tit. The strong streaks of tantalizing lust thumped within Scott, making him more compliant with the lady's suggestions. His inner walls throbbed and squelched with lubrication. Scott could feel his mind wavering with new feminine feelings and desires, thoughts that repulsed him. "*How do I fight this?! This feeling... Oh, God!*" Scott's mind screamed.

"Tiffucks are so overrated! It only pleases a man. Guys get off on watching a woman and getting themselves off. But women shouldn't limit themselves to their crotch like men do. A woman feels pure ecstasy when she's touched just right. We are experiencing a woman's touch right now."

“Oh, mmm,” Scott gasped as he let go of his left breast and continued nibbling on his right nipple again.

“Most men don’t give a damn about a woman’s happiness in bed. They climax and flop down next to you. Sweetheart, it’s time to take control of your happiness. Yes, baby girl, suck on those magnificent nipples! Did you know women can orgasm just through nipple stimulation?!”

Scott’s inhibitions went out the window as his enormous breasts blushed red and turned veiny from the intense arousal. His hands caressed and massaged the fleshy, sensitive globes as his mouth devoured the rubbery swollen teats.

“Omigawd! Yes! Keep going! Don’t let them sit on your chest for free! They are your personal stress balls! Give them a good squeeze, pull on them, show them some love! Don’t they feel so good?! Mmm, so good! Your boobs are worth more than a man!”

“Oh, God! I feel it! I’m cumming!” Scott screamed as he let go of the beaten, meaty nipples, sinking his fingers deep into his breasts. His back ached from the muscles contracting in his womb, squelching out fluid dripping onto the mat. Unlike the immediate post-nut clarity Scott felt as a man, Samantha was riding one after another wave of full-body orgasms. She didn’t feel the urge to stop. Her hips jerked in instinct as she kept stimulating her nipples, her legs opening up from the cross-legged position. The hypnotic spell had shattered as the Scott embraced his new identity as Samantha Reid under the powerful influence of the ecstatic state.

Samantha spent hours along with the other trainees in the room, following the blonde lady's instructions to explore the erogenous zones present throughout the body. A woman's touch from the back of the head, behind the ear, along the neck, back of the arms, trickling down the ribs, then mid-riff, and so on. Affirmations kept echoing in the headphone while Samantha rocked with another gushing climax by the time her hands reached her inner thighs.

Samantha, although exhausted, had yet to learn the most important lesson of them all. She was eager to explore the secrets of her womanhood. But the session had ended. "Baby girl, you did great! You learnt so much about yourself today! Forget the old you! You can be whatever you want to be! And isn't this version of you so much better?!"

"Yes," whispered Samantha.

"But this is just the beginning, baby girl. You have a lot to learn about unconditional self-love and evolve as a self-sufficient woman. I have a task for you. In the next few days, you'll practice what you learned today to be more in tune with your body instead of your nether. Don't let your boyfriend or hubby touch you down there, and nor you should for the next few days! Every time your phone dings, you'll be a bit more aroused."

"Oh my," Samantha mumbled. "Remember, practice makes you perfect!" the blonde lady said before raising her right hand and *click!*

"No!" Samantha screamed. The screen went black.