

Working His Body(Suit)

By Soul-Controller

When Martin had first applied for a job at his local S-C Fitness, he figured the concept of actually working at the gym was a total long shot. Given his incredibly average and plain appearance, he certainly didn't seem to fit the intended clientele. Any time he walked or drove past the facility, he was always witnessing the most attractive and muscular men and women he had ever seen entering and exiting. Clearly, this was a prestigious type of gym that seemed to only draw in the most committed clientele possible, which instantly dissuaded Martin from even attempting to enter. He knew he would instantly be viewed as an outsider, which caused his delusional thinking to instantly begin envisioning himself being forcefully ejected from the facility by two burly security guards.

Although most of the appeal surely must have been due to how the company had suddenly burst onto the fitness scene by partnering with the biggest bodybuilding competitions and athletic events all across the world, hardcore gym devotees were drawn to just how state of the art each facility was. Given how expensive the monthly membership fee was, it was also another reason why normal people like Martin couldn't afford the opportunity to enter the alluring facility.

Given its exclusivity along with how highly-lauded the place was, the aspiring fitness fanatic was willing to do anything it took to get a glimpse inside the gym. To his amusement, an opportunity soon presented itself to him in the form of a job opening. The listing was in search of a receptionist, which perfectly meshed with the man's previous job experience. Although he had originally intended to simply apply in hopes of landing an interview and getting the opportunity to just see what was inside the building, a quick look through the benefits of the position left him actually becoming invested in the position. Not only was the base salary for the receptionist job much higher than his current office salary, but working at S-C Fitness also provided free membership to the gym. With such a perfect opportunity to not only make a higher salary and get serious about his desire to get fit, Martin wasted no time filling out the application and submitting it.

When Martin received a call a few days later from S-C Fitness, he was quite nervous to answer and immediately began to expect a flat-out rejection. To his surprise though, the man on the other line (who introduced himself as Tony) revealed that no interview was necessary - they instantly wanted to offer him the job outright. Such a reveal was a shock to Martin as he had forced his hyperactive mind to keep low expectations, so after a moment to compose himself he made up his mind and told Tony that he accepted the position. Upon doing so, the call concluded with the manager revealing

that Martin was expected to show up for work the next morning and that he looked forward to meeting him.

After hanging up the phone, Martin remained slack-jawed for several minutes as his mind attempted to comprehend what had occurred to him. The whole experience had occurred so fast and now he was expected to work the very next morning! So despite how hectic his mind was as feelings of both anxiety and anticipation dueled, the young man forced himself into an early rest as he dreamt about his first day of work.

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As Martin finally made his way into S-C Fitness, the man's eyes couldn't help but dart to the sides. While doing so, he breathed a sigh of relief as he realized that there were no humongous security guards on the verge of pouncing on him. Quickly realizing that his delusional thinking was just that, he shook his head and chuckled as he finally made his way up to the receptionist desk.

Upon reaching his destination though, Martin was instantly in awe by the hunky man standing behind the counter. Not only was he incredibly attractive with his curled hair and handsome visage, but he had a clearly well-defined physique that was only enhanced by the appearance of tattoos. As Martin's eyes diverted away from the mystery man's highly kissable face to avoid the reddening of his cheeks, they soon came across a name tag that revealed that the hunky man was Tony.



"Welcome to S-C Fitness," Tony began, flashing a pearly white smile towards the meek Martin. "I haven't seen you around here before. I'm Tony, the manager here. Are you looking to get set up with a membership?"

Despite knowing that his position at the company included a membership, the concept of being a member amongst some of the biggest men he had ever seen instinctively caused Martin to chuckle. Although he was amused by the visual in his head, it quickly

dissipated when he looked up at Tony and saw that his smile had faltered and shifted to an expression of confusion.

“Oh uh, sorry about that. I was daydreaming about something,” Martin responded, returning a slight smile to try and relieve the hunky manager of his uncertainty. “My name is Martin, I’m pretty sure I talked to you on the phone last night actually. I got hired to be the new reception-”

“Of course, welcome on in Martin,” Tony exclaimed, cutting the new employee off before suddenly extending a hand out in hopes of a handshake. The 24 year old quickly reciprocated and found his hand caught into a tight grip as Tony’s innate strength vigorously shook Martin’s frail limb.

Luckily, the discomfort was only momentary as Tony let go of his hand and returned both hands to the edge of the counter. “We actually just posted the job listing yesterday so it was rad that we got an applicant so fast. Things can get pretty hectic here so I need all the help I can get!”

Before Martin could formulate a response and explain how excited he was to work here, Tony bent down underneath the counter and grabbed onto something. To Martin’s shock, he watched as his new manager pulled out a huge cardboard box that had to be at least 2 foot long on each side. Further disbelief flashed through the new employee’s mind as Tony handed it across the counter to Martin and revealed that the box contained his work uniform.

“Alright, grab your box and follow me. I’ll take you somewhere private so you can get changed,” Tony declared, his tone incredibly cheerful as he made his way out from behind the counter and began to move deeper into the gym.

Despite being confused as to why his work uniform was not only surprisingly heavy but packaged in such a huge box, Martin obeyed his new boss’ orders and followed him. While the gym novice continued to stare wide-eyed at the impressive physiques he witnessed on the gym floor (and in front of him as he couldn’t help but get distracted by the sight of his boss’ plump rear end and firm calves), Tony led the man into the back corner of the facility. After another minute of walking, the duo soon found themselves in front of a locker door that was marked as the staff locker room. Upon fishing out a hefty keychain from the pockets of his gym shorts, the hunky manager quickly found the correct key and unlocked the door for Martin.

“Go on in there and change,” he began, flashing a wide smile as he pushed open the door and allowed Martin to enter. “I’ll come back to check on you in a few minutes, I need to head back to the front desk,” Tony continued, ultimately giving a slight nod to Martin before shutting the door behind him and heading back to the front of the facility.

With his mind buzzing with anticipation about beginning his new job and his weak body desperate for relief from the strain that his arms were feeling, the new employee wasted no time setting the hefty box down on a nearby bench and peeling off the packaging tape that was running along the top. Like a child unwrapping a present, Martin was absolutely giddy as he pulled each flap back one by one to figure out what his official S-C Fitness uniform would be.

But as he looked into the box as the last flap was pulled back, intense fear suddenly coursed through his veins as he took a look at a horrific sight. Rather than a piece of clothing staring back at him, Martin’s eyes were staring directly into a deflated and eyeless face. Upon screaming in fear, the man fell back into a row of lockers with a loud crash before turning around and making a break for the locker room door.

After clutching onto the handle and attempting to turn the knob though, Martin cried out in shock as he found that he was locked in. Looking down at the knob revealed no ability to unlock the door, which left him panicked to realize that he had been locked in from the outside. Whether or not that was intentional on Tony’s part remained to be seen, but Martin’s mind instantly began to assume that the seemingly kind manager was doing some sort of hazing ritual on the new employee.

Desperate to escape from the alarming sight he witnessed, Martin began to loudly scream and beg for someone to come and let him out. He tried this a few times, but each time he tried no help came. To his annoyance, he could hear the loud grunts of gym-goers and the shrill sound of metal weights crashing down onto the floor and quickly realized that his voice was easily being drowned out.

With an escape of his own now seemingly impossible, Martin resigned himself to the fact that he was trapped in the locker room until Tony decided to come back. As a result, the man willed up the courage to make his way over to the bench that had the box on it. Although he originally planned on just avoiding the box entirely and taking a seat next to it, the man’s innate curiosity caused his eyes to glance over and stare at the realistic-looking mask. Despite how unnerving the black husks that were where the mask’s eyes were supposed to be, Martin was intrigued to see just how realistic the mask’s features were. There was a rubber-like shimmer to the skin that made it clear that the mask was fake, but this was counteracted by just how realistic the five o’clock

shadow across the cheeks and chin was along with the slicked up hairstyle across the scalp.

Given how uncanny it looked, Martin grabbed onto the mask and attempted to put it off to the side to see the real contents of the box. But upon using the mask's ears as handles to pull it up, the bewildered man watched as the head was connected to a pair of thick tattoo-covered shoulders. As he continued to lift the head up, more artificial flesh was unveiled as a pair of huge and burly arms and a wide torso made itself known. Like a magician doing a handkerchief trick, more and more of an artificial body continued to unfurl out until a full-length and deflated body found itself resting along the top of the locker room bench.

In awe, Martin observed the husk of a body that was lifelessly resting on the bench. Despite how firm the artificial muscles of the full body appeared to be, there was still a clear huskness to each tattooed limb as they droopily hung off the side of the bench and the hands were horrifically bent against the concrete floor. Although the sight before him was understandably unbelievable to him (especially as he looked down to the body's crotch and noticed the impressive manhood flaccidly resting along the body's burly inner thigh), the sight of the eyeless visage remained unnerving to the young man and he opted to turn the suit over to find some relief.

Anticipating the opportunity to observe the artificial musculature that would appear along the body's back and ass, Martin was instead stunned by the loose slit that ran down the entirety of the body's spine. It was unnerving for the man to see, especially as the slit was wide enough to allow him to see inside the husk and notice the suit's realistically fleshy pink hue. Although he hadn't been the brightest kid in school, there were enough context clues for Martin to quickly put the pieces together. Taking into account the fact that the box containing the lifeless husk was said to contain his work uniform along with how the body had a large slit down its spine, Martin gasped as a lightbulb went off in his head.

"Holy shit, **this** is my work uniform..."