

# Gym Bro to Bunny

For ONIX911

By TheSpiralledEye

*An older gym bro ends up being transformed into a bimbo who gets dumber and more horny with every like she gets on social media.*

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I grumbled to myself as I stepped into the gym, the familiar clang of weights and hum of treadmills assaulting my ears. At forty-something, with aching joints and a body that seemed to betray me more often than not, I clung to my passion for bodybuilding like a lifeline. It was the one thing that made me feel alive in a world that seemed to be leaving me behind. Even the gym wasn't what it used to be. Gone was the simple, red and brown decor, replaced with mirrored walls, overly complicated machines and a stupid amount of potted plants. The place practically looked like a day spa. I would have changed gyms but they were all like this now and I'd had this membership since I was a young thing myself.

But as I scanned the room, my annoyance flared like a match struck in the dark. Everywhere I looked, there were young bucks, their eyes glued to their phones, filming stupid little videos and taking selfies like the gym was some sort of social media spectacle. Back in my day, real men came here to lift, not to parade their pumped-up egos for the whole world to see.

To add insult to injury, my son Logan was among them. I'd started bringing him here when he was a teenager to help put hair on his chest, so to speak. He'd been a bit of a reedy kid and he needed the extra push to become a real man. To my delight he had taken to the gym like a fish to water, but then the social media age really started to boom and I lost him to all those stupid apps.

He didn't care about bodybuilding, not really, he just wanted washboard abs to look pretty. He shaved his chest, most of the young fellas did these days apparently, and spent just as much time in the tanning bed as he did at the weights station. I'd tried to talk him out of it but he was an adult now, in his early twenties and under the foolish impression that he knew what was best.

I grunted as I grabbed the barbell, the weight feeling heavier than it used to. The mirror reflected back a face etched with lines of frustration. Behind me a gaggle of young women walked giggling away as they carried yoga mats over to the other side of the gym.

Women in the gym, it was just unnatural./ I was all for the fairer sex wanting to be fitter but some spaces were sacred, the gym should have been one of them. I scoffed inwardly, feeling a pang of nostalgia for the days when the gym was a sanctuary, a place where sweat and iron forged bonds stronger than any fleeting trend.

As I lifted, I couldn't help but overhear snippets of conversation from the group of youngsters nearby. They spoke of macros and supplements, of influencers and protein shakes, they started filming videos that were far too short for something called 'Tick Tock' and laughing madly.

I felt my face go red in shame and embarrassment knowing that my son was among them. I saw Logan turn to glance at me from the corner of my eye before turning away. We'd decided months ago it was better to ignore one another in the gym; he knew exactly how I felt about the way he carried on.

Today though, it was grating on me more and more. I tried to focus on the burning in my thighs but every time I started to enter the zone those voices broke my concentration.

“Dude, you just hit 30k!”

“I know! Boost Juice wants me to do a sponsorship, all I have to do is post 3 pics in a week and I get a payout!”

“Based on engagement?”

“Yeah! They said if I can get #BoostYourWorkout trending I will get a bonus and everything.”

The group let out impressed gasps and I couldn't take it anymore; I threw down my weights and turned to face them, crossing my arms over my broad chest. I may be getting on in years but I knew full well I could still look intimidating.

“Back in my day, the gym was a place people came to better themselves and bond as men, not a place for hashtags and smoothies.” I grumbled.

“Dad.” Logan groaned but I ignored him.

“You...metrosexual types, you're ruining the experience for all of us!”

Logan groaned and rubbed a hand over his face before picking up his towel.

“I’m getting out of here guys, this old fossil is ruining my vibe.”

I scowled, yelling after him as he stepped out onto the street.

“A real man wouldn't let a few sharp words ruin his work out!”

“Isn't that what you're doing? We were just chatting and now you're over here with your panties in a twist.” One of Logan's friends, Jon, taunted.

“I am going back to lifting after this, I just had to tell you all what you needed to hear.”

“Don't underestimate the power of social media, Mr. Wolf.” Jon grinned, “I bet you'd love it if you gave it a go.”

One of the other young guys, a blonde with a sunburnt face elbowed Jon with a wicked grin.

“Why don't we make him a profile on *that* site, Jon?”

Jon threw back his head and laughed.

“Wes, you're diabolical, let's do it.”

A flash momentarily blinded me as Wes held up his phone and took a picture. I considered snatching the phone and crushing it with my bare hands but decided against it. These airheads would never change; I was wasting my time.

I turned back to my workout, trying hard to ignore them snickering and whispering like a bunch of school girls. It didn't matter if they made some fake profile online, none of my friends would ever see it; they were real men.

For a few minutes everything was normal until I started to notice the weights getting heavier. At first I was panicked, yes I was getting on in years but I didn't usually tire *this* quickly. My muscles weren't burning from exertion either, they were struggling. I put down the dumbbells to adjust my grip and noticed how smooth my hands were. For one horrified second it reminded me of Logan's after he moisturised (What sort of man moisturised?).

My arms were looking smooth too, the thick hair I was used to seeing now pale and short, so much so that it was barely visible at all! Now, I am not a vain man but I know what

my own damn arms look like! I jumped back, stretching out the limbs in confusion and slowly following them back to my body.

I am ashamed of the sound that came out of my mouth.

There is such a thing as a manly cry; what I made was closer to the scream most bad actresses use in cheap horror films. And yes, I did say actress, not actor because it was positively girlish.

My broad, muscular chest was...soft. More than that it was round! Not even the sort of round that came with letting ones self go no, but a very distinct kind of curvy that could only be caused by-

“Tits!?”

How the hell did I have tits? My now soft hands grabbed for them, trying in vain to stop them from growing but it was no use. The soft, delicate curves kept swelling like balloons and the pressure of my palms elicited a strange wave of sensation. I expected pain, considering how tight i was gripping them, but instead a unique, wonderful pleasure started to form and the nipple went from soft to diamond hard. Stiff enough to be seen through my tight fitting sports bra.

Wait, what? Sports bra?

I twisted, taking in my rapidly changing body as it shifted, my gym shorts had gone from loose and flowing to skin tight and hot pink. Showing off the distinct cleft of my ass more and more every second as it too began to grow.

I turned on my heels, twisting and jumping as I strained for a better look; if only to get a grip on exactly what was happening. Each movement made my new rump jiggle like jelly. Which made no sense considering just how tight the pants were. I groaned, in fact they were so tight it was starting to hurt as the fabric pressed and stretched over my cock.

I should have known better than to complain, even if it was just in my head. Because a second later the pressure became too much but instead of the fabric ripping my cock began to push back into my body. It was all I could do to keep from ripping those tight pants off to watch it happen. Feeling it was enough though.

It was disturbing, feeling my cock and balls, my manhood itself, melting away. Even if it did make the pants fit better and give me some relief it was short lived as I felt a strange warmth and wetness forming between my legs. I wasn't wearing any underwear and if I

stretched enough the outline of what could only be considered a pussy were visible through the stretched fabric.

Behind me the two young men were laughing their asses off, clearly they knew what was going on, and I turned around to yell at them.

“W-what did you do to pfffff!”

I never got a chance to finish that sentence because as I whipped around my face was suddenly assaulted by a thick wall of hair. Long, brittle and a horrid shade of peroxide blonde. I combed my fingers through it, ready to slap the girl who walked into me silly only to find the hair attached to my own skull.

Confused, I pulled it away from my lips, fingers brushing along the plumped skin that felt alien to my touch. I pulled back my finger and found a trail of sticky, scented gloss came away with it. Somehow, the fact that I had somehow magically quired a full face of makeup seemed like the most violating thing that had happened so far, strange as that sounds.

“You look great, babe! Come on, continue the work out, we’re recording.” Wes teased, phone held up high.

“Wha-what?” I blinked in confusion as a camera snapped.

“Yeah girl, you’re on the ‘gram and TikTok, gotta get those likes! They are already rolling in.”

Wes faced the camera toward me and a stranger looked back. The woman in the photo looked bewildered, plump lips in a perfect O with a finger to her cheek; she looked like a total bimbo; and yet...she was me! So young too, I couldn’t help but smile at that. Who didn't want to be twenty again? Even if it was as a big titted woman?

A tiny heart next to the picture suddenly gained a number, then another, then seven more. With every ‘like’ my new picture got I felt a pressure building in my new breasts, growing them to the size of melons while all I could do was moan. The stretching tits felt so nice, it was hard to think.

“Come on, you’ll get loads if you do a squat, come on.” Jon told me, “with every like, you get bigger.”

“And dumber.” Jon snickered quietly.

I was so confused, but it was nice to see how popular I was all of a sudden and that feeling in my tits was so nice...Without thinking I started doing squats, pushing out my bubble butt and thrusting it toward the camera. Within seconds I groaned, feeling my chests growing again along with my ass. People had to be liking my video! They liked me! They really did! It felt so good!

“Enjoying yourself?” Jon grinned, I wanted to say no but I was having trouble remembering why.

“Ummm...what else do people like?” I asked as innocently as possible. “So they like weights?”

“Nah, treadmills.” Wes chuckled, “let them watch those curves bounce, girl!”

“Oh okay!” I bounced on my toes and skipped up to the treadmill only to be confused by the complicated looking buttons and dials.

I was sure I'd used these machines hundreds of times but suddenly it seemed like a monumental task to even turn it on. So many buttons and dials, wasn't it supposed to just move.

“Uh, so...how do I work this?” I asked, blushing a little.

“I don't know.” Jon said with a shit eating grin, “Why don't you ask that nice man coming our way?”

I turned just in time to see a very attractive looking young man walking toward me. With a square jaw, waxed chest and oiled skin. My heart gave a little flutter and my pussy clenched. The reaction surprised me but not as much as what came out of my mouth.

“Hiya, could ya maybe help me out. This machine is so complicated, I can't work it all by myself.”

I giggle girlishly and chewed on my thumb a little, rocking my shoulders back and forth to show off my chest. His eyes darted down and I felt my body heat; I hadn't felt so horny in

years, my libido was out of control! Still, I couldn't resist putting my hand out and touching his arm. I could feel the corded muscle beneath it, so sexy!

"Sure, sweetheart, you just hit this, then select your speed." She smiled charmingly, for some reason that had me giggling again.

He had to explain it three times before I could get the instructions to stick. It was just so hard to think, Wes and Jon were still posting videos and pictures of me trying to use the machine and the likes must have been piling up. My boobs just kept getting bigger and bigger and it felt so good.

Finally I started to run and oh, that was such a feeling! My bubbly ass was moving up and down and my breasts were simply too large to be supported by a mere sports bra. I could feel them moving and the subtle push and pull of muscle. My hard nipples rubbed against the fabric which only made them harder as I started to get more and more wet.

I could hear the phone behind me pinging constantly as likes flooded in. Only for them to slow and then stop after a few minutes. My breasts were not more than DD, and yet...I was left wanting. I was so wet the moisture was seeping through the shorts and it was hard to concentrate.

"Having fun?"

"Huh?"

I turned, instantly forgetting the treadmill I was running on was moving. I fell on my ass and squealed with shock as I was deposited onto the floor. People laughed and my cheeks burned but then I felt the now familiar sensation of my breasts growing once more. Wes was still filming; good. I couldn't resist turning toward the camera and pressing a finger to my thick, glossy lips.

"Oopsie." I giggled, "Silly me."

The airhead display got the desired effect and likes began to pour in. I moaned, getting on all fours so I could let gravity help my breasts grow even further. It felt so nice! I wanted more. Unfortunately, this burst of likes was even shorter; did people not like me anymore? I wanted them to like me!

"Aw, what's the matter?" Jon cooed, "such a pretty face should never be sad."

A distant part of me was mortified with the way I was behaving, I should have lied but thinking was too hard. So instead I pouted.

“I want my boobs to be bigger, they feel so nice when they grow.” I sighed. “How do I get more likes?”

“Just keep working out and show off those milkers.” Wes grinned, sitting back with his hands behind his back to enjoy the show.

It was hard *not* to show them off. They were so heavy that just walking around was practically a work out. Despite that though, I still had a fairly strong physic, for a woman of my stature at least. I lifted the weights, giggling as they crushed against my breasts as I tried to do elbow crunches.

I giggled and flirted with men as they passed, all while Jon and Wes filmed and watched. I couldn't resist grabbing the phone myself and staring at the little hearts as they came flooding in. Every new like and comment filled me with desire. I lifted the camera high and took a selfie, then another and another, each one was slightly different but I couldn't get enough of the way my hair caught the light. I kept trying to get my full cleavage in the picture but it was almost impossible. I had G cups now and they kept going out of frame.

“Hang on...” I said after a moment, “That's not my name.”

I pointed to the profile's title.

“My name isn't GiGi Bunny.”

Wes put his arm around me, instantly I felt a blush spread over my neck, cheeks and shoulders. I wanted him to touch other places too, really badly.

“It is now. Besides, do you really look like a 'Gary Wolf' anymore?”

I pouted. I guess he was right, but should I name myself. I wracked my brain but nothing came to mind, besides I was a gym bunny now! GiGi is such a cutie pie name! The more it sat in my head the more right it became.

The phone pinged and a new wave of likes came in and I groaned feeling my body stretch and warp even more. I was well and truly addicted to the sensation now; I began to fiddle with the phone but found the menu, despite looking simple, so confusing. I wanted to



read all the comments but even that was hard. My brain was moving so slow now, oh well, I could still look at all the pretty pictures of myself.

I gripped the phone in one hand and Wes' waist in the other. His eyes dipped to the wet patch at the front of my pants and smirked.

“Seems tech isn't the only problem you need help with.”

I shivered.

“Would you...?”

“There is a change room right over there if you need some release, Gigi.”

I pushed myself closer to him.

“Would you like me if I did that?”

I loved likes and being loved so much. Wes nodded.

“Very much.” He grinned, gripping my hand. “Let's go.”