

THE GYMNAST

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CHAPTER ONE: THE CONTRACT

The place was called 'Gymini', a fitness center and gymnastic school. They had classes for all age groups and abilities. They even boasted having trained several Olympic athletes within their walls.

Walking inside for the first time it was intimidating. The place was simply huge, built like an airplane hangar with no interior walls or supports. It was divided into four main areas, and each area was filled with as much equipment as was physically possible. A low buzz drowned out the noise of other kids and adults practicing, the sound of the massive heating system up in the rafters at work. It was still rather chilly inside though.

My mom signed me up for weekend lessons and left as I was being introduced to my teacher. His name was Anatoli.

Anatoli was a Russian gymnast with a short, stocky build, greying hair and stubble, and only basic understanding of English, often reverting to his native language when excited or angry. However, despite his seeming oldness (and oddness!) he was deceptively strong and his hands were practically made of granite from countless years of working on the rings and bars. He was also quite skilled, and loved to show off tricks to his class.

I learned quickly, as I always did, and while already physically fit I immediately saw the improvements that my new regimens had on me. I felt stronger, more agile, and confidence flowed from me in ever increasing amounts. I felt like a ninja sometimes, walking home from practice. It seemed like there was nothing I couldn't do, barriers that previously existed vanished as I learned that those limitations I put upon myself were born of nothing but my own self-doubt and fear of the unknown.

Skip forward several months. I had been doing extremely well training with Anatoli. We would even sometimes have private classes after gym hours where we would train and share stories. He and I were starting to become very good friends, and not just student and teacher, and I was even starting to learn Russian from him.

It was around that time that I met the owners of the gym. They were a group of older Chinese businessmen, all of whom seemed oddly wealthy. The gym wasn't *that* big, but at the time I thought nothing of it. They talked to me, congratulated me on my training, and then sprung a very large surprise on me.

"We like what we see in you, Alex," said Mr. Shuhao, a thickly built if not short man with too-black hair. He seemed to have the most authority of his group, or at least he did most of the talking. "You're one of the most promising students we have, and we were wondering what your ambitions are regarding gymnastics."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I'd like to take it as far as I can."

"Would you be willing to take it as far as becoming an Olympic athlete?" he asked as he was handed a box from behind.

"Well, yea, of course I'd want to try to..." and then I noticed what Mr. Shuhao was holding in his hands. He opened the lid, and inside was a leotard folded so that the logo was centered. It said 'USA', and underneath that 'Olympic Candidate'.

"We would be your sponsors, of course, and will compensate you for all time spent training here. We won't ask you to quit school either, so long as you keep up your fitness and work at home as much as you can it won't be a problem... and we can't guarantee you'll be able to actually become an Olympian either, that all depends on *you*-"

“Are you serious?” I interrupt. I’m slightly stunned.

“We are *very* serious,” Mr. Shuhao said with a laugh. “Of all the students we have at *this* gym you show the most promise, and even more importantly you have the correct body-type. We’d have preferred for you to have started training sooner, but considering how quickly you’ve obtained your current ability we don’t foresee any difficulties. We are taking a rather... unorthodox approach to this. We have several other candidates in training and each one is showing surprisingly good results, and we think there is a good deal of money to be made here both in the short term and the long term. As such, considering the unusually large and unique investment we’re prepared to make in you, we *will* require that you sign a contract with us.”

And suddenly the box was closed and someone placed a packet of paper on top of it. A small box at the bottom of the page left room for a signature.

“Among other things it basically means that you must commit to this path, and moreover must commit to us and our training. We will compensate you with an hourly wage as well as 10% of any other forms of revenue we generate from you, and rest assured we will be marketing you as hard as we can...”

“I’ll do it,” I say before he can continue any further.

“Are you sure?” he asked abruptly, as if unnerved by my quick response. “Once you sign there is no going back...”

“I’m sure,” I said, cutting him off once more. I snagged a pen from the nearby table and signed the document with a flourish. “I will do whatever it takes to do this.”

Mr. Shuhao studied my signature with slight surprise before looking back up to me and smiling.

"I'm sure you will make us proud," he said, before bowing. All his fellow businessmen also bowed, and I bowed respectfully back. He then took the signed papers and handed me the box.

"Please go ahead and put it on. It should fit perfectly. We actually anticipated that you would say yes, and have already prepared an exhibition for our investors, to show them what we're starting with. That is... if that's okay with you?"

"Why wouldn't it be?" I responded immediately. My adrenaline was already pumping from just holding the box. It was like something magical had just happened. I definitely wasn't expecting anything like this when I woke up that morning.

"Then go ahead and get changed. We'll be upstairs in the bleachers. Just do that routine you've been working on and everything should go swimmingly."

"Yes sir!"

And with that they turned and left, and after watching them go I wasted no time in finding the changing room.

I quickly got undressed and tossed my clothes in my locker before throwing the lid off the box and digging out the leotard.

I was immediately surprised. It wasn't shaped like the usual men's leotard. It had no leggings or shorts built in, but rather was more like a full-body speedo with long sleeves. I was used to the reverse, actually, and usually a zipper wasn't necessary.

But maybe it was some sort of new design, or maybe it was fashionable in China, so not wanting to insult anyone I started to step into it.

The second thing I noticed was that the inside of the leotard was coated with fine white powder. I wasn't used to that either, but

considering how unusually tight the leotard was I immediately assumed it was to help me put it on and so I kept going.

It was only after I had put it on completely, and had already managed to zip up the back, that I realized it was a women's leotard, and not just some special new design. They must have gotten it mixed up. I looked in the mirror and laughed: the thin strip of fabric covering my crotch looked so funny, it didn't even *begin* to hide my junk, and the slimming effect of the body of the outfit made me look two years younger. I never did have very high muscle definition, and now it appeared that my shoulders and chest were no longer as wide as I knew they were.

And my belly! Was it really that flat? My abs barely even showed through the taught fabric, as clingy as it was. And my legs, without the legging, looked longer and lither as well. It even made my ass look rounder.

Hell, if they could just find a way to contain my junk so it wouldn't flop out into public view I might have actually sort of liked wearing this thing, despite the fact that it was crushing my balls and trying to give me a wedgie.

But enough was enough; time to take it off and go break the bad news. I hoped they had a spare men's uniform... the woman's was definitely not going to cut it.

And so with a laugh I was preparing to start unzipping the back and work my way out of the clinging uniform when my movements caused a rather peculiar sensation.

My nipples were hard, and as I tried to reach around behind me to get at the zipper I looked down to see two rather distinct tents being formed against the silken fabric. As I continued to try to reach that zipper the fabric of the leotard slipped over them and I found myself suddenly breathless.

Just what was *that*? Since when were they *that* sensitive?

I did a double take at my nipples. Were they bigger? I distinctly remembered them being rather small, but the way they were pushing against the fabric...

I needed to get this leotard off!!

I found the zipper and quickly tried to pull it down, but it immediately stuck. I tugged on it a few more times, harder and harder as I became more and more anxious, but it didn't budge... and when I looked back down at my chest things looked even more different.

Why was my chest raised out like that? Was I holding my breath? I let out a lungful of air and it made no difference. My chest seemed enlarged, as if I had grown muscle mass in my pecks... but as I reached up to feel my chest I realized instantly that it wasn't muscle. I touched my now definitively bigger and thicker nipples and found that they were *shockingly* sensitive, and quickly let go.

It couldn't be...

I looked up at the mirror and gasped. It took me no time at all to resume attempting to unstick the zipper in the back because it was very hard to deny that something strange was happening to my body, and the only thing I could think to cause it was the leotard.

Heat flushed over my skin as I felt out the zipper and I managed to start working it back down, breathing slowly in a futile attempt to calm myself. I managed to force it down half of the way before I got impatient and started getting out of the leotard as fast as I could, rolling my shoulders to let the tight fabric fall

free of them and furiously tugging at the sleeves to get them to let go of my arms.

Slack opened up in the front of the leotard and I jumped at the opportunity to free my chest, pulling the fabric down and yanking my arms out of the clinging sleeves.

“Oh God,” I murmured as I saw myself. I couldn’t believe it, even looking with my own eyes, but I had the chest of a teenage girl. Long gone were my strong, rippling shoulders and toned pecks, and here to say hello were two fat, apple-sized mounds of flesh that mocked me in the mirror.

I then doubled over as my gut started twisting up, and I gasped as the pain headed down lower towards my junk.

Panic set in as I forced myself to stand back up and continued to try and get the rest of the damned thing off me, hoping in vain that whatever was happening to me would stop and reverse. I couldn’t take my eyes off the twin orbs of pale skin though as they moved up and down in the mirror, nor could I keep them from traveling down my bare, flat belly down to my curvy waist to look at my steadily shrinking bulge.

My fingers dug into the fabric in a desperate effort to get it off me, but it clung so tightly to me that it was all I could do to work it off an inch at a time, and progress slowed nearly to a halt when I tried to push and pull it down off my widened hips. The delay was all it took, and as I struggled with the last of it the bottom of the uniform pulled tight and flush against me as my dick and balls disappeared... to be replaced by a pair of wet lips.

I did not like that one bit, let me tell you, but the more I struggled with the leotard the tighter it seemed to become, digging into the fork of my legs where it quickly became undeniably obvious as to what was underneath, the fabric digging into my ass and crotch.

With force that nearly tore the leotard in half I managed to force it past my girly hips, and tears grew in my eyes as I was presented with a fat, pink, pretty little pussy. Worse still, I felt inexplicably horny, as if my transformation had aroused me despite the horror it caused me. Looking in the mirror I no longer looked in any way shape or form like a guy, I had been completely transformed into a girl, and stood there dumb-founded in front of that as I looked on in shocked confusion.

“Put it back on,” said a familiar voice behind me. It was Anatoli.
“They expect you to wear it.”

“W-what?” I asked, teary eyed. I tried to cover myself a little with numb and shaking hands.

“You signed, yes? Beautiful girls sell better. No pouting, get dressed.”

When I continued to stare blankly at him he sighed.

“No need to be upset. It’s just for the show. You understand? Here, let me help.”

And so he proceeded to pick the leotard back up from around my ankles and pull it tightly into place, the cool feel of it against my skin making me gasp and helping to snap me out of my daze. The sharp relief of feeling it pull tightly up against my pussy and ass made my mind reel, the fabric slipping snugly into place as he worked it up and past my hips. It seemed to shrink to fit when in contact with my body-heat.

“Arms,” said Anatoli simply, and I complied, slipping my arms back into the sleeves. The front of the leotard quickly snugged up tightly against my breasts as the back zipped tightly, and once it had settled securely into place Anatoli stepped back and I turned

around. I had calmed back down, but I felt as though my entire body was buzzing, and my head was spinning.

“Why?” was all I could think to ask.

“The investors want this,” explained Anatoli in his simple way. “So this is what they get. Is small inconvenience, nothing more. You must perform now.”

“What if I don’t want to?” I ask, my head clearing and my focus sharpening once again. As if suddenly aware of what had happened to me I lift up my hands and gaze over my transformed body with equal parts curiosity and disbelief.

“Don’t do that,” warned Anatoli, suddenly serious. “Would be breach of contract. Now let us go.”

And so Anatoli took my hand, and I let him lead me out of the locker-room.

The leotard seemed to only grow tighter as I walked, and while it didn’t become uncomfortable it did grow snugger than I would have liked, the soft fabric gently rubbing against my vulva and making me grow red in the face. I could feel myself starting to grow wet as my nipples hardened even further, pushing against the tightening material of the uniform. I squeezed Anatoli’s hand.

“Um...” I started to say, but he just chuffed at me.

“Is okay. They want you like this. No shame, okay? You are strong. Show them your floor exercise.”

“Okay,” I answered, taking a deep breath.

“If they like what they see, they invest in you. You get percentage. Very good money. You train with me for real, but this is for show. Do your best, okay?”

I just nod my head, and Anatoli slaps me on the ass like he always does, making me jump from the unexpectedly familiar routine.

“No worries. No problem.”

I nod my head again, smiling.

“Good, now get out there. No fear.”

And so he pushed me out onto the gym floor. It’s after hours, and everyone is gone except the trainers who are picking up and putting away their equipment. Everyone stops what they’re doing as I walk out.

The spring floor is empty, and across from it the bleachers are filled with a speckling of men in expensive looking suits, most with assistants in tow or fetching drinks. I would have felt self-conscious even if I didn’t have breasts, but I feel my cheeks burn as I realize just how exposed I am in this uniform. Specially designed my ass... it’s getting so tight it’s starting to dig into me a little down there, and while I try to ignore it I can’t stop my blood from growing hot. I’m already breathing heavily by the time I’m out in my starting corner.

I question what I’m doing for a moment. How did I let myself get talked out here by Anatoli? He took advantage of my disorientation, using familiar routine to trick me into being compliant! I stopped, and turned around with the full intention of walking back into the locker room and tearing up this blasted leotard. Maybe it would change me back if it did. This sudden violation of my body has made me soft in the head, I don’t know what the hell I’m supposed to do anymore!

But as I turn around I see Anatoli standing there smiling like he always does. He doesn't appear in the least perturbed by anything. I can hear what he would say to me right now if he thought I was about to quit. He'd say 'So what? Deal with it.'

"Don't fuck it up!" he instead yelled across the gym, and that was the straw that broke the camel's back. All my fucks went straight to the wind. If he didn't care, then I didn't care.

And so with my teeth set I span sharply back around, set my feet, and glared at the trainer nearest the stereo system. He took the hint and ran over to press play.

My routine was rather unique, in that it wasn't meant for competition. I designed it with Anatoli so that it would be fun, and was a mixture of power-moves like handsprings coupled with back-flips and break-dancing. I wasn't sure if I could still perform it now, but I was sure as hell going to try. Die Atzen's "Disco Pogo" turned on, and with a deep breath I jumped straight into the first round of flips and handsprings.

I was immediately shocked to find that I was just as strong as I was before, but I had to be at least thirty or forty pounds lighter. The result was that my first handspring launched me much higher than I expected, and with more spin, and each of my flips afterwards was accidentally doubled. My feet pounded the spring-floor with enough power to send me nearly six feet in the air, and as I landed on the other side I was surprised to find that my sense of balance had actually improved substantially, and despite my numerous double-flips and high hand-springs I landed like a cat.

Needless to say I was shocked, but I didn't stop. I was excited, exhilarated even. My practiced moves were immediately thrown to the wind as I did a two and a half front flip with a twist and landed it on my hands, which I immediately turned into a

somersault that turned into a forward handspring with a twist, landing on my hands only to immediately start the 'flare', which turned into a windmill, and finished with a 1990 (a one handed hand-stand).

Already there were problems: all my moving and spinning was causing a lot of friction between my bare skin and the silky leotard. It was more than enough to escalate what started as a 'problem' into something more like me getting myself off on gymnastics. I knew what I was feeling couldn't be normal, but the leotard felt like it was getting tighter by the second, and each movement I made caused very pleasurable rubbing in certain areas.

My high from being able to move so perfectly quickly was doused by the embarrassment as I realized I had soaked through the front crotch of the leotard, and with panting breath I stopped in the middle of my routine before I made it worse, sitting down heavily where I was.

Anatoli was next to me in seconds.

"Up," he said sternly. "You must finish."

"I can't," I say, though I accept his hand as he helps me stand. "If I keep going..."

"The routine doesn't matter now," he insisted, looking me in the eye. "But you *must* finish. It's expected."

"What?" I asked, but he just rolled his eyes and bluntly span me around to face the bleachers, then reached underneath me with two of his fingers and began rubbing.

"Hey!" I cried, feeling my knees nearly buckle from his touch as he began roughly rubbing my wet mound. He held me up.

“You need this, yes?” he asked.

“I do, but-”

“Then it is okay,” he said with finality, digging his fingers through the fabric of the leotard and into my pussy, pushing apart my lips to find my clit. He then proceeded to rub it with his rough fingers through the soft fabric, and I gave in to his forceful personality because I *did* need it. I needed it so bad, and he knew how to give it to me.

I stood there for almost a full minute in front of the judges until I was stimulated to a full-blown orgasm... only it wasn't like any orgasm I had ever experienced. It was much more intense, and lasted for a good deal longer, and instead of a single release it was much more akin to a chain of explosions inside of me. I cried out as I literally squirted, and Anatoli kept rubbing me down there even as I became crippled from the enormous explosion of sensation that is the female orgasm.

After an eternity Anatoli let go of me and I was reduced to sucking in air in amazement. I was made blind to the world as I marveled at the powerful happiness that I suddenly felt welling up inside of me. If *that* was going to be my reward for doing this... I think I could learn to live with it.

And after that eternity passed I looked up to see Anatoli smiling.

“You did good,” he said simply, and I nodded my appreciation as I tried to catch my breath.

“You made big show, investors will be happy for now,” he continued.”

“That's good,” I managed to say as I tried to straighten myself back up. The leotard was a mess, and had become so tight that

it'd slipped into me quite a bit, giving me a little camel toe. My labia, showing from the sides from the tightness of the fabric, are bright red and slick.

"So can I take this off and turn back into me again?" I ask him.

"No, not for the next four years at least," he answered nonchalantly. "That is when your contract expires, I believe. Until then you will remain as you are."

"Well that's just great. How am I gonna explain this to mom?"

"I will help. It's not such a big deal, honestly. You know?"

We start walking for the locker room together.

"No I don't," I answer, though I couldn't possibly feel mad at the moment considering that I'm still tingling from orgasming so powerfully. "But I suppose I'll have to live with it."

"That's the spirit!" laughed Anatoli, right before he smacked me on the ass. "Now go get changed. Your parents are waiting outside."

"Oh goodie," I answer back, but I hurry up and jog into the changing room anyway. If nothing else I'd like to get out of this damned leotard!