Battle in the Gym

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A black bodybuilder get challenge by an over weight woman

Author Note- This was a Commision I did for someone

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Battle at the Gym

 Theresa was working out at a gym that she never worked out before. She had started working out there because it was an all girl’s gym. She got tired of men looking and hitting on her. It was not against men making moves on her per say, it just that it got in a way of her work out. Also she wouldn’t be distracted herself. She didn’t feel the need to make herself up at all girl’s gym. It wasn’t that she didn’t look hot when she went out. She was very attractive fit black woman with a body of a bodybuilding model and a face of a cover model. At 1,65 m tall and 79 kg she had a very tight body. It didn’t seem to be an inch of fat accepts for her breast and tight ass that was very firm. Her body was thick muscles not over vascular. She had thick muscles that would put most male wrestle to shame. Her biceps were a tight 17 inch bigger then what most men could get their hands around. They felt like solid steal wrapped in smooth skin. When she pumped her arm when she flexed she felt herself filled with power like a motor being turn on the car. She loved the senses of power combined with senility that being a bodybuilder gave her. Her body felt like sculpted steal with plenty of black girl’s curves to add with it. Not a bit of her body seems out of place. It was feminine with strength combo she loved. She found that men loved feeling on her biceps as much as they did her breast and she would use that in love making sometimes. She loved to her muscles squeezed, love seeing the look of awe in a man face. She would laugh as men tried to see how hard they could squeeze and show test of strength on them. Theresa loved it when she showed she was stronger than them. She wasn’t a man hater though. Not an Amazon who beat up men. In fact she had very little fighting experience. Her body was enough to make most people back out of a fight when she didn’t have to. Her calves were a solid 17 inches that made her look intimidating. Her thighs were smooth and her skin was soft despite the muscle underneath. Her thighs were 21 inches and one of things she loved most about her body. It made her run fast and could wrap tightly around a lover. When she ran she felt air whisk through her hair and her strong legs moved like the pistons of the train. She felt run with the world as adrenaline went through her body pumping her heart up. It took her a long time to get tired due to the strength of her legs making her able to run for miles. It was a feat that she would push and pushed to see if she could top herself. Her stomach was flat and tight as a board and her skin smooth chocolate dark. Her lips were thick and juicy and she had a wry smile when she laughed. Her eyes were deep and brown. Her hair was down to her shoulder, flowing long locks and black. She had a cute face and big shoulders. She wore red s lipstick. And tended to dress in tight clothing when she worked out. Her nails and toes were painted blue. Now that she was in a call girls Gym she felt comfortless enough to wearing Gym shorts that showed off her legs and a baggy sweat shirt that covered her arms a lot of her muscle. The outfit was blue with white stripes across them. She had on sandals. She was doing legs pressed a couple of hundred and making up a nice sweat She pushed a few 100 pounds on with her legs breathing it heavily with each moved. She was starting to feel the burn. Theresa had just finish running a mile on the treadmill and all ready was working up the burn. She always starts with stretching, then cardio and then an hour of weight lifting to keep her muscles. She like the legs pressed and bench pressing the most. That way she could really stretch her muscles and work on her legs. She gritted her teeth a bit as she pushed her legs out. Her breast heave with every pushed as she breath in and out. She added some weights to it doing up to 500 pounds. It took her years to get this body so she knew she had to maintain and top herself or her muscle might turn into fat like some other bodybuilders that let themselves go. She had started weight lifting when she was in teen and never stopped because she loved the way it felt. She got up and wiped it down with the towel and took a swung of water. Her muscles seem to glisten under the lights she started to get eyes on her. People were amazed watch such a strong men. Most of them admired her, or was scared of her or just curiosity. There was one that was looking at her in anger

 Her name was Cherry. She was overweight with pale skin. She stood 175 m and 195 kg. Her hair was short and blond. She was extremely overweight with saggy breast but what she made up for it in anger which made her intimidate people around her. Her eyes were blue and she wore a lot of lipstick. She loved the color pink like her lipstick and wore a lot of baggy sweat clothes. She was currently in tight sweat shirts that were too small for her. She had long nails that were brightly painted with roses on them. She walked around with an attitude that she owns the world. Cherry been at the gym working out trying to lose some weight but it wasn’t taking. Party because she didn’t push herself that had and had an attitude with all her trainers. She hated to be told what to do so really didn’t listen to trainers when they told her how to lose weight and to die. She got frustrated when it didn't happen first She always dislike skinny women and finest model. She always thought that those women thought they were better than her, and that their shit didn’t stank. Most of them were all muscle she thought and no brains. With all that fit muscle most of them crumble when that got into a fight. Cherry loved seeing the shock and humiliation in the skinny or fit bitches face when a fat girl beat them up. She would humiliate them sometime and sit on their face and smother them. “Not so pretty now” she would say. “Your muscles and tight little tits isn’t helping you now isn’t it bitch” She would add. The friend she was with would laugh. Some of them were girl she knew in high school back when she was a bully. She watches Theresa lifting weights. She sneered at Theresa and thought that this hot bitch was showing off. She reminded of her of one of that big booty, fit ghettoes bitches in the rap videos. Always showing off their curves like the gods gifts and showing attitude. Cherry didn’t know her but already she had grown a big dislike for her. How dare she come in HER gym and show off. Maybe it was time to put little ms fitness in her place. Cherry had 2 other women with her. A chubby red head name Denise and another Blond name Sandy. Cherry watch Theresa do the arm pressed, pushing the weight of with her arms. Therese breast held tight together, pressing against her shirt.

“Slut” Cherry thought to herself

She walked over to Theresa

“You been on these weights a pretty long time how about you let someone else try” Cherry

Therese looked up at her. Cherry was standing over her with a towel draped over her shoulder and a coke in her hand.

“Oh sorry. Didn’t know I was taking so long”

“It ok” Cherry Said “My name Cherry what yours. This gal over here name is Sandy and the other Denise”

Cherry stuck out her hand and when Theresa shook it, Cherry squeezed harder then necessary. She said her name

“Hey…how about you get a real work out. Just me and you.”

“I like to work alone” Therese Said

“Come on. There a ring me and you we spare a little bit...wrestle. ”

Therese was hesitant. She wasn’t sure. She didn’t want to wrestle because she didn’t want to fight. She had no experience wrestling

“Don’t think so”

“Well if you’re scared...ok small fry”

The other two girls laughed

“What was that” Theresa Said

“It ok… a little girl like you might not last long. Come on I go easy. You don’t want everyone to think you’re not serious about working out. You not just some fly by night work out girl” She Said “It just a little sparing to help us work a sweat. I make it worth your while. Just ask...I scratch your back you scratch mind. What do you want in return?”

A crowd was forming. Theresa was getting a bit nervous. She knew if she wanted to work out at this gym it be best not to get pushed around that much. She didn’t want to look scared and after all it was just a little sparing between customers

“Ok do it for 100 dollars” Theresa Said

“Good…meet me downstairs”

Cherry walked down and slipped the guy in charge of the gym that day, some cash.

“Don’t send for help...even if she cries” Cherry whispered

The guy smiled and he slipped the dollars in his pocket. They walked downstairs where there was a big ring. People started to gather around. Cherry got into the ring first and took off her top, showing off big saggy tits, a big ass and some fat. She swung her fist around and hit some air.

“Dam your going to murder her” Denise laughed

“She don’t know what she got herself into, going to where that little slut as a belt. I think maybe I break the little bitch arm. Accidently of course” Cherry laughed “We won’t see her around here anymore. By the time I finish were her she will be on a stretcher. Going to make her little ghettoe ass cry.”

Therese got in and took off her shirt. Cherry nearly gasp on what she saw. Cherry was wearing a thin sports bra with firm tits nearly flowing out. Theresa breast were round and firm. Her body was amazing, hard thick sculpted muscle. The shirt had hidden most of her muscle. She was dripping with sweat from her work out. Droplets of sweat went down her six packs abs that looks like it could take a punch from a prize fighter. Her biceps were bigger then ones Cherry seen on men in the gym. Her biceps flexed and moved as she cracked her neck stretching out. Therese cracked her knuckled and then stretch out her long muscle bound legs. They seem like two tree trunks to Cherry. They seem like they could break person necks in half. The girl was a walking action figure. She turns around and stretches some more showing layers of layers of perfectly sculpted muscles on her back. Her skin was smooth, dark and creamy like sweet chocolate milk. She didn’t see a bit of fat on her. Theresa seems to have more confidence when she saw the look on Cherry face. She stretches her arms behind her back causing her biceps to flex. Cherry didn’t think she could even get her hands around those gigantic muscles that she had. She kicked off her sandals showing painted toes. Her nails were painted red. Her gym shorts seem tighter showing just a little crack of a perfect ass. Cherry gulped. The smug smile went away from Cherry face. She felt her hand shaking a bit at the sight of her. Then she thought how strong this bitch cans. Cherry felt she was taller and still had some weight on her.

“You ready” Theresa Said

“Let’s try...A...a test of strength first”

“All right..a little hand wrestle”

They got out of the ring for a moment where there was a little table. Therese pulled up a chair and took a seat. She put her strong arms that seem like could punch a hole into a brick wall. She gave her Pecs a flex and then wink at Cherry. “Bitch” Cherry thought. She was going to show her. She pulled up a chair and put her elbow down. Cherry grabbed her hand. Cherry palm was sweaty

“Ready” Therese Said

“On the count of 3. 1…2”

Cherry went on two but it only budges a little bit. Cherry gritted her teeth putting all her strength in it. Therese hand felt like a vice gripped nearly crushing her. Sweat dripped down Cherry face but she was getting it to budge.

“Get ready to lose bitch...first of many lost...don’t know what you gotten yourself into” Cherry Said

Theresa then smiled. The look in her eyes sent a spike of fear through Cherry spine. They seem to be looking through them.

“Think you forgot to say 3” Theresa Said “Guess I will start now

Then she gripped Cherry hand hard nearly making her screamed. She was moving Cherry’s hand down with ease. Cherry was struggled to stop her.

“You look red in the face, you’re sweating, and you’re not coming down with a fever are you” Theresa mocked

“Dam you”

“Your right this is fun. Was worried. Then remember how much stronger I am then you” Theresa Said

She slammed her arm down hard nearly breaking the table. Cherry held her arm in pain.

“Want to try the other arm” Therese Said innocently

“Yes Dammit”

They tried again this time with the other arm. Theresa added insult to injury by yawning. This cause people in the gym to laugh.

“Come on your not even trying. …least I hope now” Therese Said

“Fuck you bitch” She Said

Therese laughed

“Come on this my weakest arm. Oh by the way, heard everything you said to those girls when you got in the ring, look like you’re the one going home in the stretcher”

With that she slammed it down on the table. Theresa walked away and shook her ass as she walked.

“Think I made my point” Theresa Said

Cherry was filled with fury. She saw a rope on the ground and tossed it to her.

“Not so fast. Tug of war. Let’s see how you do in a real test of strength. Not just arms but your whole body your steroid freak” Cherry Said

“If that what you wish”

She grabbed hold of one side of the rope, and Theresa grabbed the other. Before Therese could say anything she pulled the rope and made Therese budge, nearly knocking her down the surprise. Cherry smiled thinking she got her but then Theresa got her baring back. She held strong as Cherry pulled as hard as she could, he flab shaking

“Come on your blond fat bitch. Little black girl to much for your fat ass. What a matter little too strong for you. Come on girl look at these muscles. Look how each biceps moved like it’s a life on his own. Look how they worked together adding strength to my arms and gripped. Look at these thick muscled legs that help keep me ground. I am design to kick snotty ass blond broads like. I didn’t get this body by steroid. I got it from years of working out and hard work. Something you never tried. And even if you did you would never get tight curves like this...and ass this find. You would never get strong biceps like this. Look at them big as a great fruit. That Genetic combine with determinations. Two things you are lacking in little girl” Theresa scolded

“Fuck you” Cherry Said as she pulled. She was getting rope burns as she pulled. She was losing inch by inch.

“Got little piggy on the rope. Come little piggy piggy. Here piggy piggy” Therese laughed

The crowd was cheering Therese on and laughing at Cherry. Cherry had been a bitch to everyone.

“Come on piggy, imagine there some food at the end of this rope” She Said

She pulled the rope dragging Cherry with her over the line. Cherry got up and took a swing but she swung Cherry into the wall spreading their legs and pushing her breast into her. She squeezed her hand nearly crushing it as she held the struggling Cherry against the wall

“Arrrrgg let me go, you win”

“Win we haven’t even wrestled let” Theresa Said

“Wait noooo”

She let her go and grabbed her arm twisting it. She gripped her hair making Cherry yell in pain

“Get your fat ass in the ring or I stripped you down and ride you like a pig around this gym”

She was pushed into the ring. Therese leaped on the ropes and into the ring. She cracked her knuckles and motions her in. Cherry came in the ring meekly and then got up some energy and swung at her. Theresa dodges her as she swung. Theresa calmly dodges them. Cherry punches were sloppy and she couldn’t move nearly as fast. Theresa tackled her slamming into her. She slammed her fist into her saggy tits pushing her against the ring post. She was punching her tits making them black and blue. Cherry couldn’t even fall down cause her back was stuck against the ring post. Her punches came down like thunder. It was no real skill just brutal strength and speed. Theresa was savagely beating her. The punches hit her eye making black bruises. Cherry hung down on the ropes, her bruise tits hanging out of her bra. Theresa pulls Theresa Bra off as he hung there.

“Well look like a cow brought out her milk jugs, thanks for letting me get a big target” Theresa Said

Cherry screamed for help. Theresa pointed at her friends

“Yea come on in and get your fat asses beat to” Theresa to.

Denise and Sandy hesitated but then back off scared.

Theresa punches her again but this time let her walk. Cherry was walking with wobbly knees. Her nose was bleeding. So was her lip. Theresa shook as she walked. She staggered as she wobbled back and forth. Her saggy tits went back and forth like pensilum. She seems to be trying to walk to escape the ring. Theresa tackled her knocking her down. Cherry face hit the ground as she fail down like a tree. Theresa kicked her while she was on the ground.

“Aint done with you fat bitch” Theresa said.

She grabbed her arms and pushed her knee deep into her back. She was pulling her arm pressing her knee deeper into her back. Tears ran down Cherry face. Her muscles flexed as she put her strength into it. She was early pulling Cherry's arms out of their sockets. Therese never been this violent but finally get the feeling of how it feels to release all this power. She was filled with adrenalin and her heart was pumping fast. Blood was flowing through her body at record pace. Theresa never felt just alive. She wanted to totally destroy this fat bitch. It only fair she thought, it what was what she was planning to do to her

“Aaaaaaaaaa. No more you win” Cherry cried.

“Come fatty trying to get out. Oh what you can’t because my muscles to strong. I could tear your arm out. You the run that Screamed for me bitch” Theresa Said

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh goooooood it hurts so bad” Cherry cried

“Oink like a pig little bitch” Theresa Said

“No..Don’t make me do”

Theresa pulled harder.

“Oink Oink…Oink” Cherry Said

She was red face with embarrassment. The pain and humiliation was too much. She stopped the hold and put her foot on her back and flexed her arms for the crowd. People in the crowd were shock by the violence but they couldn’t stop looking. They were amazed by her strength. They could beleave how easily she was handling this big woman. Cherry arms felt sore. She tried to get back up but Theresa slammed a foot on her back.

“No so fast fatty. You aint going anywhere. Going to ride you cow ass all day, you blond bitch” Theresa said

She got down to the ground as Cherry was trying to crawl away. Theresa put her in a headlock move. Cherry felt like it was snake wrapped around her neck squeezing tightly. Her face started turns blue. Theresa gave her a few punches as she held him. Cherry was slamming her fist on the ground trying to escape. Theresa was pushing her feet into the ground and keeping the leverage. She was pushing her down so she could get up. Therese had a look of confidence as she knew the hold was held on tight. Cherry didn’t have the skill to get out or the strength. She watch Cherry as her face started to get as blue as a blueberry She grabbed Theresa arm and tried to break the hold but she couldn’t budge it. She felt Theresa strong biceps pressing into her throat. She heard the crowd cheering Therese on as she whispered insults in her ear.

“Not so tough now are you blond. What were you thinking coming to try to fight me? Look at these muscles, this body is perfect. Perfect strong legs that could snap your neck like a twig huge biceps that could tear your apart. Smooth beautiful dark skin and body that just won’t quit. I am a fat girl ass kicking machine. Come look at these arms girl. Look at them now. See how strong the biceps is, bigger then a grape fruit, sold firm steal. No drugs, just years of working out making them firm. Don’t worry you’re going to get familiar with all my muscles as I used them to crush you. This body perfection and that why you hate it so much fatty. Your wish you could have this perfect ass and perfect tits.Maybe after I am done with you I work on your fat friends. They don’t seem to be helping you much are they” Theresa said patting Cherry’s head “No one going to come to your help because you’re such a bitch. Look that cheering me on. Wave at them bitch. Don’t be rude”

Theresa added pressure to her headlock. Soon her arms stopped moving and darkness came. She had passed out. She kicked her awake.

“Don’t you passed out on me let fattier” Theresa Said

Cherry started to wake up. Her eyes were daze and she was getting her second wind. She crawled away franticly trying to get her to the ropes. She caught her in a leg lock pulling her leg and twisting. Cherry screamed tapping out.

“Ahhh piggy think this a real match that you can tapped out at. You know I never really wrestle...so beating your ass surprisingly easy. This is could practice to try out some wrestle moves”

Cherry cried as pain went through her legs. She tried to crawl away but Theresa pulled her into the middle of the ring adding more pressure. She felt like her legs were about to break in half. Theresa put her hands through her hair and got a relax hold to her. Cherry face was covered in tears bring down her makeup. She changed it into an ankle lock lifting her off the ground a bit. She was twisting it back fourth making Cherry let out a loud scream. She kept that hold for 2 minutes and then broke the hold. Therese got up and move to her arm. She grabbed her arm and put in a worst lock. Theresa grabbed her hair and slammed it into the mat grinding her face into it.

“Get ready”

Her arm had already been bruise from her last hold. She twisted hard making her scream dislocating her arm.

“Ahhh does that hurt. Look like you’re going to have trouble stuffing your fat face now” Theresa Said “and no more midnight fingering for you fat slut. What would you do little girl. You’re afraid. You’re scared. I could hear your heart beating. You’re sweating like a pig. What afraid of a short girl you big bitch

She wrapped her legs around her neck and squeezed. Cherry couldn’t stand up due to her bruise leg from her the leg lock. The tight grip of her leg was making the oxygen leave her head. Cherry gagged and could barely breathe. She felt like she was going too snapped. Theresa decides to get more comfortless. She took off her bra and tossed her bra across the room. Her nipples were dark and big. She flicked it squeezing it as she pressed her legs around her neck. She squeezed her breast together. Therese knew Cherry was jealous of body and seeing it would just add insult to injury. Right now Theresa represented everything she hated. Cherry tried to get out fuel by pure anger, but the hold on her was too tight. Cherry felt helpless. Theresa rubbed Cherry hair in a patronizing way.

“Feel free to snapped picture folks. I want people to know to remember this moment. I want them to see my body as I break her. I want to see how she looks when compared to real women with real breast. I want her to be reminding on how she would never look.

 She release the pressure caused she wanted the pain to last. She held her arm and twisting it making a snap. Cherry screamed as her second arm was dislocated. She pulled her hair making her look at everyone flashing pictures and laughing at her.

“Dam you bitch”

“Took off my Bra..Thought I show the crowd what REAL tits look like. It won’t be like those nasty milk bags that you have. Hopefully my punches rearranged them enough to look better” Theresa Said “Now here I want you to do. Apologize to everyone for being such a bitch”

“I am sorry” Cherry cried

“For what piggy”

“I am sorry I was such a bitch”

“And why were you a bitch”

“Cause I was jealous cause everyone was better looking them me...cause I am out of shape”

“You only got yourself to blame for that slut. Lot of overweight women who don’t act like bitches. “

Cherry squeezed her legs harder. Cherry panic trying to get out but she couldn’t move her arms. Her whole body felt filled with pain. Suddenly her vision started to get dazy. She passed out lying on the ground. Theresa got up and put her foot on her face and flexed her arms.

“Bitch” Theresa said “Think the fans still want more holds”

People cheered. When Cherry woke up she felt her strong legs around her waist. She screamed in pain as it got even more intense. Cherry found that she was wearing nothing anymore.

“Got tired of your screaming so though I put something in your mouth to quiet you up” Theresa Said

She stuff Cherry own smelly panties in her mouth forcing it in.

 She started to stretch her arms and put her arms behind her head and relaxed.

“Wow this is great work out for my legs and very relaxing”

Cherry grunted. She heard a snap of a couple of ribs. It felt like pop corn snapped. She knew it was no way to get out. The only hope was just to ride through the pain. But it was too intense. She was crying at pain force to look at a body that looks amazing. Sweat dripped down her body. He breast glisten as she put her legs to good used.

“Think you’re paying me 400 instead of 100” Theresa Said

“Anything you asked” She cried

“And I don’t want to see your fat ass around here anymore”

“Yesss…ohhhhhhhhhhh goooood anything you asked”

Theresa gave a smug smile and put her on her stomach. Theresa started stomping on her bruise leg making her scream in pain. She grabbed her good one and put her foot on the back off her neck. She stretches her leg and twisting it as she held it. She took a seat on the back of her head and twisting her good leg back. She changes it into an Argentina Leg lock where you sit on a person’s back and draped their leg over your neck. They then uses their arms to force the shin and thigh of the opponent down, thereby placing pressure on the opponent's knee It a vicious hold because it hurts their back and their leg and give the holder a lot of leverage to add weight pressure to the leg hold. Cherry couldn’t believe the amount of pain she was in

“Can do this hold all day bitch” Theresa Said “Someone tossed me something to drink, water, beating this bitch made me thirsty”

Some tossed a water bottle. She drank it down enjoying the taste. Half it was drunk down as she calmly kept the hold on. She poured the rest of the water on her face and body making her hair draped down.

“Damm you make a relaxing seat”

“Ahhhhhh my leg!!!” Cherry scream feeling the leg get dislocated

She switches hold. Cherry pressed her arms into her back twisting them. Her arms were already bruising. Cherry started punching her as she held her arms behind her back. She whispered in her ear.

“If I hear you causing shit at any other Gym, I will find you bitch, understood. Oink if you understand”

“Oink Oink”

“Good girl. But the pain is not over; wants to show the crowd something
Theresa stood over her and slapped her hand together. She stepped back and looked at her prone body. To people amazement she lifted Cherry up, lifting with her legs, using her strong thighs for balance. She scooped her up. She manages with another heaving to put her into the backbreaker over her shoulders.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa” Cherry cried

“Quit your crying you fucking wuss. Damm you such a baby. How do you think it feel to have to lift your fat ass?”

She walked around the ring two times showing off as flashes from camera flashed. She gave the people a wink.

“This big bitch won’t be bothering you any longer” Theresa Said

She then got near the ropes and dropped her back across her knee. Cherry screamed and with the same motion she lifted her back up. She heaved her over her head holding her arms. It was like lifting a heavy bar bell over her head

“Better back up people”

She body slammed her out of the ring and through the table. She laid their knocked out back broken, legs and arms bruise. She was a messed knocked out. She pointed to her friends.

“Give me that bitch’s wallet and you two fatties” Theresa Said

Denise and Sandy were terrified and did as told. She took the cash.

“Now get the fuck out of her and dragged your fat friend with you. I don’t want to see any of your bitches around this Gym again”

The quickly did as told and people cheered.

“All right now that those bitches

Theresa soon was Queen of the gym

The end