

Being One's True Self

For Katie

By TheSpiralledEye

*A trans woman longs for the gym but worries she may end up looking masculine again.
Luckily, a magical sports drink seems to be the cure she needs.*

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I stood at my bedroom window, peering across the street at the bustling gym. The large glass panels allowed me an unobstructed view of people working out, their muscles rippling with each movement. I watched with a mix of envy and admiration, wishing I could be just like them—strong, fit, and confident in my own skin. If I closed my eyes I could still feel the soft, slightly worn foam of the grip around my fingers; even though it had been years since I stepped foot in a place like that.

As I observed the men and women lifting weights and performing intense exercises, a pang of jealousy tugged at my heart. Their toned bodies, sculpted arms, and defined abs spoke of countless hours of dedication and hard work. But then I noticed the squared shoulders, the smaller busts, the more square frames that came with a life of fitness. Once I'd had a body like that too, only those features had been even more defined and I hated them.

All my life I'd be uncomfortable in my own body; it had taken me a long time to realise why exactly. I'd thrown myself into gym life and self improvement from the time I was old enough to do so, in a desperate effort to become comfortable with my own body. It turns out, that had been a waste of time.

It took a lot of soul searching but eventually I found the root of the problem. I may have been born with a cock but it wasn't right; I'd always been a woman deep down; all those times I found myself staring at girls in highschool, it hadn't been in lust but envy of their growing curves.

Then when I went to college I looked at other women's bodies with even more envy and self loathing. I wanted what they all had naturally; I hated my Adam's apple, I hated my square shoulders and straight body. How I had longed to be soft and curvy like them! When I had finally started HRT and transitioned I felt right. My breast came in, my shoulders sloped and my face began to soften and round. I looked gorgeous and feminine for the first time in my life!

I threw myself into femininity, desperate to fill in all the years I missed; I was here for it all, skirts, dresses, make up, long hair, the works. Now, five years later my body was almost perfect. I passed with ease, my long golden hair spilling down my back, my large breasts now filling out cute, frilly bras and equally feminine outfits. Each time I slipped into a tight pair of jeans and felt the stiff fabric prop up my peachy, round ass I felt a surge of confidence I had never been able to acquire as a man.

And yet, here I was, longing for something more again. Not to go back to being a man of course but for a body that was maybe a little stronger, a little less fifties pin up model and a little more fitness freak.

Yet, a lingering fear held me back—fear of becoming too muscular, fear of transforming into something society might deem unnatural for a woman. The constant whispers of societal expectations echoed in my mind, telling me that I should be delicate, graceful, and gentle, not brawny and powerful. It was as if there was an invisible boundary, a limit to how much muscle a woman could possess before being labelled as masculine. The idea that I could undo all my hard work and start looking androgynous or even worse, masculine, was something I wasn't sure I could risk.

So I sat and stared wistfully and slightly sad. Perhaps I would never be truly, one hundred percent happy with my body. Perhaps the damage had already been done? I would just have to take solace in knowing that at least soon I would be in the right kind of body. The only part of me that remained male was between my legs and any money I would have spent on gym memberships could go to the surgery that would finally make me the complete woman I knew I was on the inside.

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It was hard to keep the gym and all the beautiful people inside it out of my mind when it was right there across the street. Especially when I returned home from work, slightly stressed and in desperate need of some way to let off steam, only to find they were doing a free trial evening.

A smiling woman with swimmer's shoulders and a tiny A cup bust grinned at me, shoving a flyer into my hands proudly promoting the event.

"You get a free water bottle too." She grinned, "Come on, why not come in and try the treadmills out. The place is packed. I am sure we can find some other beginners to join you."

"Oh no, I couldn't..."

“Why not?” She asked, “I’ve seen you pass us by loads of times and you always look like you want to try it out.”

She was pouting, there was genuine confusion and sympathy in her eyes and I felt my resolve starting to crumble. I hated pushy sales people, I was awful at saying no. It was the reason I paid for at least three separate charities monthly.

“Well...I just don’t think I will feel comfortable.” I tried.

“Because you’re a woman at the gym? Nonsense. We have a zero tolerance policy for harassment-”

“No it’s not that uh...”

“Oh!” Her eyes went wide, “Are you self conscious?”

My cheeks turned pink.

“Even more reason to give it a shot.” She insisted. “Here, I’ll tell you what, follow me.”

Before I knew it she had her whole hand around my tiny wrist and was dragging me inside. I didn’t bother resisting, she was far stronger than me; I could see her well defined muscles rippling as she moved and my stomach ached with jealousy. I tried to remind myself of the cost of those muscles.

She led me through the gym and I was immediately struck with the friendly chatter and pumping music that made my heart beat fast. Before I could get too caught up she brought me inside a little break room and closed the door.

“Here,” She smiled, handing me one of the free water bottles. “I pre-filled a few of these with my own protein powder workout recipe. It’s magical, almost.”

She giggled.

“Trust me. I made it to give me the body I knew I belonged in and it worked! I bet it works for you too.”

Now, any sane person would take the bottle, smile and throw it in the nearest bin. But I couldn't help but try a tiny sip; she was looking at me so expectantly, what was I supposed to do? To my surprise, it tasted sweet and sugary; tasty even. Not like the chalky stuff I had drunk before transitioning. It left a warm feeling on my tongue and without thinking I took another swig, deeper this time.

“Good isn't it?” She smiled, “Go on, enjoy! Go work out and get a body you can be proud of showing off!”

Just like that, she slapped me right on my peachy butt and pushed me out the door into the busy gym. I was so shocked I could only stand there, blinking with my mouth open in surprise as the tinge of pain faded from my cheeks.

The lingering sweetness on my tongue from the drink called and without thinking I took another sip. Already a sort of unnatural energy seemed to be filling me and I felt the need to move my body before it built up too much. Almost as if in some sort of trance I found myself moving to one of the rowing machines and sitting myself down on it. My round ass fit snugly in the little saddle seat.

I reached forward to grab the handles and pulled, feeling the burn in my muscles for the first time in years. It felt glorious and I quickly adjusted the machine to give it more tension as I began to work out properly. I could feel my arms tightening and relaxing over and over as they stretched. I moved at a steady pace, enjoying the burn and eagerly drinking down the drink the mysterious woman had given me.

Then I felt something shift; right after finishing the last drop I felt something in me change, a sort of pulse moved from the top of my head down to my toes and my whole body shivered. I pulled at the machine once more and I felt my muscles bulge. I gaped, moving out of habit now as I watched my body change beneath my skin.

It was as if I were getting the results of months of workouts in a single afternoon. With each pull of the cord I felt my muscles growing, becoming more defined. My smooth arms began to disappear, turning taught and strong and my thighs burned as I pushed back against the machine.

My legs were also growing more muscled, my thighs remained thick though, my shape womanly, but strong. My muscles burned and I groaned, the sensation of my body shifting was indescribably good. It sent shocks of pleasure through my whole body and I felt my pace begin to quicken.

I should have been horrified, the curvy, thin, dainty body I had worked so hard for was disappearing before my eyes but it felt so good and what's more, I looked good too. I loved how strong my body looked now, the athletic build somehow still looked feminine. My

large breasts slapped against my skin; lacking the support of a sports bra, and they were just as large and curvy as before. Even as my abs turned hard and defined.

I grit my teeth, the pleasurable sensations from the workout was going beyond a satisfying burn now. It felt like real pleasure was coursing through my veins, granted, it had been quite a long time since anybody had touched me. Ever since I started transitioning I hadn't even liked touching myself; I hated being reminded of what was between my legs. Especially now that I could feel myself hardening.

This was so wrong, getting turned on by my own body but...fuck. I couldn't stop. I kept on pulling on the rowing machine, trying to ignore the growing bulge pressing against my shorts, thankful that my position was hiding it from anybody else, at least for now.

There was something else going on as well; I was hard but there was another sensation running down my length. It almost felt as if the skin was shrinking and changing shape the same way my muscles were. I kept pumping, keeping the ecstasy rising as I let my eyes slip down to my between my legs.

The bulge in my pants was disappearing! Growing smaller and smaller until it disappeared completely. I could feel my cock shrinking and the idea made me more excited than even the instant muscles. The woman had mentioned that the drink was special...could it really be doing what I thought it was.

I bit my lip, feeling the soft skin buckle slightly under my teeth and I held back a moan as my cock continued to shrink. My balls along with it as they began to melt back into my skin. The right ball seemed to pop back into me, making my whole body jolt, then jolt again as the second one followed suit. Each small jump was matched with a huge burst of pleasure between my legs, close to an orgasm but not quite.

My cock was still there, but barely and I could feel it getting smaller with each and every muscle that grew on my arms and legs. As my strength grew the machine seemed to adjust itself adding more and more resistance to the rowing machine until somehow, I had it on the highest setting.

“Woah, check this girl out!”

“Holy shit, no way!”

People were crowding around now as I grunted and groaned; they all thought it was from the effort of the workout but really it was the pleasure of feeling my body mould into the perfect shape. I had rippling biceps now and I could feel my abs standing out against my torso as they worked hard, burning with the strain.

I pumped again, each pull of the rowing machine shrinking my cock further and sending my pleasure higher. Then finally, I felt it melt away completely and something new formed. Instead of poking outwards the pleasure seemed to move inside me, forming velvet walls and a soft, sensitive pussy.

God, how I had dreamed about this! How it would feel to crush my sensitive folds against a chair like I was doing right now. I couldn't help but lean forwards slightly, letting my newly formed clit press into the hard plastic seat of the rowing machine. I grunted, the pleasure finally reaching its peak as I came.

My body seemed to move on auto pilot. Leaning in for one final pull as orgasm finally swept over me and with one final, deep moan I pulled back, pleasure rippling through me as I ripped the rowing machine cord straight off.

The small crowd that had gathered around me cheered in shock and awe while the aftershocks rocketed through me. Nobody knew I was cumming, but I could feel wetness between my legs like I had always dreamed of and that brought a smile to my face.

As I stood my back was straight, my form toned and muscular, but still undeniably female. My shoulders were wider, but so were my hips. I placed a hand on one and tilted them slightly, winking to my audience as they clapped. No doubt some manager was on their way to yell at me for breaking their machines but I couldn't care less.

My eyes were glued to the mirrored wall behind the crowd. I could see myself reflected in the glass there; tall, muscular, with a heavy build. Yet my tits were still there, round and full and while my ass was taut now, my wide hips ensured my womanly figure was going nowhere.

I had finally found my perfect body and I shuddered as the soft lining of my underwear brushed against my new pussy; still sensitive from its first ever orgasm. That residual pleasure continues to tease me as I took long, strong steps toward the mirror, eager to see myself in full detail. It brought a smile to my face; I was butch now, yes, but I was still a woman. Dare I say, the perfect woman.

The crowd dispersed and I quickly made my way to the locker rooms. That manager would be coming along any second now and I could think of far better things to be doing than getting yelled at. Like finding a private place to explore my new pussy in peace.