

Dangerous Workout

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“Come on, push it! Harder!” Brooklyn addressed her whole fitness class, while running on her treadmill, facing about a dozen occupied treadmills of her class. The instructor was a real hottie, in her red sports top that showed off her tight belly and pressed against her juicy C-cups and her cute, matching leggings that outlined her firm thighs and tight ass.

“Come on Yuki, you can’t be that unfit, you’re like what...100 pounds?” Brooklyn focused her attention on a petite, young Asian girl with long brown hair, who was having a tough time keeping up with her pace. Yuki had no breathe to reply with, simply eyeing her fitness instructor with a deadly stare, imagining all sorts of painful ways the blonde bitch could meet her end. She hated Brooklyn.

After jogging, jump rope was next. The 33-year-old trainer kept berating Yuki in front of the class, while she effortlessly danced through her whooshing jump-rope. “Get your tiny yellow ass moving, Yuki!” she added a racial connotation to her insult, as her wavy blonde hair bounced gracefully with each effortless hop, her meaty tits following suit despite the tight sports bra.

The small Japanese girl was beating copious amounts of sweat, stumbling on her jump-rope every 3-4 swings. As the class was ending and everyone begun departing, Brooklyn addressed Yuki with an authoritative tone “You...wait here”. When all the others had left the room, Brooklyn continued. “Since you appear to suck so hard, we’ll do 10 extra minutes of personal training. It’s on the house” Brooklyn winked with a pompous smirk.

“I know a little trick that will work wonders for you” Brooklyn said grabbing two jump ropes. “Now put your legs together”. After Yuki begrudgingly complied, Brooklyn used one of the jump ropes to tie Yuki’s ankles together. Yuki groaned as the rope bit into her skin. “I want you to jump rope as fast as you can, your ankles being tied will make it more difficult, but your form and concentration will benefit from it” Yuki easily saw how much Brooklyn was enjoying toying with her. She felt so degraded.

The young Asian started jumping over the rope but her ankles being stuck together were a real hindrance. “Faster Yuki! Pretend you’re a roped calf at a rodeo show!” Brooklyn commanded, holding back laughter. Yuki could not jump at a quicker tempo, in obvious strain. “Well if a cow doesn’t move, you know what they do...” Brooklyn said and starting whipping the girl’s tight, legging-covered ass with

the quarter-folded, extra jump rope. “Aaaagh” Yuki yelled in pain, but kept jumping for dear life. Brooklyn smacked her again and again, relishing the power. “Faster, faster, you worthless little tramp!” she screamed in the girl’s ear.

Suddenly, the petite girl mistimed a jump and with her ankles tied she could not catch her balance and dropped to the hard-wood floor like a sack of potatoes, only her hands saving her from smashing her face. “Maybe I should put you in my 65-and-older class. I think that’s the only way you can keep up...” Brooklyn looked down at the floored Asian girl with pure pity and disgust, before walking towards the exit, leaving the ankle-bound girl alone in the room in angry, silent tears.

In another room of the giant fitness center, Yuki’s friend, Vanessa, was not doing much better. The curvy, Mexican girl was struggling to lift her resistance bands over chest-level. “Come on you twig, I can lift those with my bare pinkie!” Monica, the small-sized, but lean and toned trainer mocked Vanessa in front of everyone, while easily pulling her elastic resistance bands upwards. Monica was 28 years old and had pretty, brown hair down to her shoulders. She wore a matching black sports bra and legging shorts with red stripes on the sides.

Things didn’t improve on the mechanical bicycle portion of the class. Though Monica’s legs were going through the bike’s pedals like crazy, Vanessa was suffering, moving at a sluggish pace. Suddenly, Monica turned off the energetic music and told everyone to stop. “You know I work very hard to develop these routines for you. I give it 110%, so it pisses me off when I see someone not working as hard as the rest of the class”.

“Vanessa, get your lazy fat-ass over here! You are clearly not giving my class the dedication and effort it deserves!” Monica spoke like a strict teacher, more so acting mad than actually feeling enraged. “You obviously need some group motivation. So here is what we are going to do. Vanessa will hold the bands up to her chest in the tricep grip. If she lowers them down, the class will immediately hop off their bikes and do ten push-up burpees” she explained this punishment.

“Fucking cunt...” Vanessa mouthed behind her teeth as she stepped on the bands to steady them and in stood in front of everyone, feeling completely humiliated. She tried to hold the bands with all her strength, with the other members cycling on their respective bikes in front of her, but within 15 seconds she had to lower her arms, the elastic force pulling them down.

“Stop!” yelled Monica. “It seems Vanessa cannot even lift a finger to save her class. Everyone, ten burpees now!” she ordered and everyone hopped of their training bike to comply. The tedious discipline continued for multiple rounds, each time Monica “decorating” the thick Mexican girl with more insults. “I bet you can lift cheeseburgers just fine you brown slob” Vanessa heard whispered in her ear, holding back tears of shame. She loathed this bitch more than anyone.

“Come on Valerie! Is that the best you got? It’s like I am fighting a ten year old” a female voice was heard from a corner of the machine- room, which was dedicated to martial art classes. Georgia, the pretty kickboxing coach, uttered yet another demeaning comment as she gave Valerie repeating blows to her thighs and sides. The gorgeous 25-year-old trainer had long, straight blonde hair, caught in a ponytail. She was always this arrogant and cocky, but she was enjoying sparring with Valerie a little too much. Valerie was currently on the ropes.

“Boy, I’m really kicking the shit out of you, aren’t I?” the kickboxing lesson was not very enjoyable for the black-haired white woman, as she was being handed her ass to her. She couldn’t stand these little insult-to-injury comments her instructor blurred out mid-sparring. Georgia was a gorgeous, full-figured, tall woman, her pink leggings and sports bra that revealed her almost defined abs, adding to her feminine approach to this violent sport. Valerie was equally athletic, but she wasn’t reaching the ass-kicking levels she hoped she would by now.

After ten minutes of repeated mean strikes to her right thigh, Valerie stumbled and went down on all fours. Seeing the opportunity to teach her student an unnecessary lesson, Georgia did a roundhouse kick, striking Valerie smack in the mouth. The force of the blow, not only cut Valerie’s upper lip, but chipped one of her front teeth. Momentarily dazed by the blow, Valerie remained floored, only realizing what had happened when she saw the piece of tooth on the floor.

“I told you to keep up you block up at all times. Good thing you signed that medical waiver or I would be paying for your dental visit, haha!” the blonde devilwoman laughed, leaving the knocked down student to return to her battle rope exercises. Valerie looked up at Georgia with a shocked disbelief. Nothing would make her happier than bringing this bitch down a peg or a hundred.

“We gotta do something about these snooty cunts” Vanessa told Valerie, while Yuki was standing a few feet away from them, taking her nerves out on the dart-board, which you would assume would soon crack from the force with which the darts hit it. The three besties were relieved of their gym leggings and sports bras, now in more fashionable, pretty clothes, drinking some beers at the bar. The three pals were of looser morals, gravitating towards each other by their shared psychopathy.

They were tired of the three trainer bitches antics. Georgia, Monica and Brooklyn all had a blast making fun of the way they dominated their three lousy students, laughing their asses off at each humiliating anecdote during their classes’ breaks. They were in on a little unspoken competition, to see who could degrade or abuse them more.

But this abuse was coming to an end. Their days were numbered. All the femme-fatale trio needed was a plan to lure these bitches in...

“Hey, giiiiir! Are you also staying up late?” Monica said to Georgia in an obnoxious-bitch tone, as the gym was slowly closing for the day and the last people working out were either already departing or changing in the locker rooms. “Yes, I got a private lesson coming up with that black-haired boxing bag” she responded, referring to Valeria. “Really? Me too! That Mexican cunt from my class wanted a ‘special lesson to work on her form’, haha! Talk about a coincidence, right?” Monica replied, glad she wouldn’t be stuck alone on the empty gym space.

The gym had been cleared of any other staff or clients, when Valerie and Vanessa showed up together, carrying a duffel-bag each. They were not dressed in their sports gear however, but in sexy leather pants, fancy heels and stylish tops, as if they were going out for drinks. “Finally, you two should be firefighters or something...” Georgia mocked the girls’ late arrival. Both fitness instructors were still in their sneakers and their sweaty leggings and sports bras, from a day’s worth of exercise.

“Chop chop you dumb whores, go and change already, so we can get this circus started” Monica announced in her favorite bossy, arrogant tone, both the girls’ arms crossed over their chests. Valerie and Vanessa simply walked calmly towards them, both with a knowing smirk, until they reached the two trainer-girls and dropped their duffel-bags on the floor. “What are you smiling for? I’m not gonna wait for your sorry ass all day” Monica added, confused and irritated.

“I think you talk too much” Vanessa said in her Hispanic-American accent, as both she and Valerie each brandished a silencer pistol from behind their backs, aiming them at the two shocked women.

“Wh...what is the meaning of...” Georgia stuttered, flummoxed and terrified at the same time. “WHAT DID WE SAY, BITCH?” Valerie ordered, putting her finger in front of her mouth in the universal, shushing gesture. “Another peep from either of you and I’ll pop a third eye on your forehead” Vanessa made the stakes perfectly clear. Both trainer-girls had their trembling hands up, petrified.

Meanwhile, Yuki was out on a romantic date, with her “favorite” fitness instructor, Brooklyn. The blonde trainer was not accepting 1-on-1 sessions, so Yuki had played the card of the submissive, kinky little lass, who had a crush on her coach and wanted some more...lashings from her jump rope. And Brooklyn had bought it, currently making the “fuck-me” eyes on the pocket-sized Asian girl, whilst sipping her second glass of champagne. The bisexual chick was all pampered and made up for this little booty call, not passing on a chance to beat this Chinese ass some more (she didn’t even know her Yuki’s ethnicity). She was wearing a classy, sleeveless, buttoned, peach-pink shirt, tucked inside a beige pencil skirt, which hugged her curvy hips and showed off her knees. Yuki was equally stylish in a pretty burgundy dress, matching her lipstick.

“Should we...” Yuki tilted her head towards the exit of the restaurant, with a mischievous look in her eyes. “Yes” Brooklyn said, trying to contain her enthusiasm. She couldn’t wait to dominate this tiny pussy, like she had done the other day at class.

Just as the two ladies approached Brooklyn's car, Brooklyn leading ahead of Yuki, the Asian girl stealthily took out a small, epipen-like syringe. Before Brooklyn could react, the shorter girl hand-gagged her from behind and simultaneously stuck the needle on the side of her neck. "MMM!..." was all blondie got to utter, before she collapsed limply onto Yuki's arms.

"Hey, are you starting the party without me?" Yuki whined in a teasing tone, while dragging a rolled up sheet through the gym's entrance hall, containing an unconscious Brooklyn. "You only missed the boring stuff" Vanessa reassured her, as she and Valerie were putting the "finishing touches" on Georgia's ruthless bondage. Valerie and Vanessa had elected to tie the girl up using her favorite black cross-fit rope, 1.5 whole inches thick, like a ship-rope.

Since this kind of rope was not suitable for knots, the lethal girls had taken a tensioner, a tool used normally to tighten lashing belts for transport purposes in crates and packages. This particular one came with a metal vice-buckle mechanism that held the rope's tension. With each "crank" of the device, the tight metal clamps that were keeping the rope opened and the rope was fed through the device's two metal holes, further squeezing their "package". Once the crank returned to its "neutral" place, the clamps pressed again tightly against the rope, locking the tension.

In this case, the "package" was Georgia's wrists and thighs, which were tightly bound together in pairs, the right wrist bound to the top of the right thigh and so on for the left side. In addition, the kickboxer's elbows were painfully crushed behind her back with the same tightened battle-rope, which came around wrapping sadistically tight around the woman's belly, making breathing difficult. The woman's ankles and knees received the same cruel treatment, roughly bound together with the same rope. A single coil was all it took, but thanks to the tensioner there was no slack anywhere for the poor fighter-girl. The rope might not be pinching Georgia's skin, but it was literally crushing her, her knee and ankle bones in deep discomfort from forcefully rubbing against each other. Georgia loved using this battle rope to build muscle, but now that it was used against her, she didn't love it as much.

Valerie had also taken the "initiative" of pantsing the helpless damsel before her binding, so that her leggings now rested around her roped knees, along with her sweaty Brazilian-style panties. The front of her sports bra had also been pulled down, simply to expose her full milkduds. The bra's tight fabric actually pushed the exposed breasts out, much to Georgia's humiliation.

"Please don't put this on, I'll stay quietNNGGHAaaahh!" Georgia uttered her last intelligible words, as Valerie wedged a huge, metal ring-gag past the frightened woman's teeth and buckled it tightly. Georgia whimpered, appearing nothing like her arrogant, ass-kicking self. Her current state did not offer her much confidence.

But the main reason for Yuki's entrance question was the sight of Monica, who had already been "set up", suspended upside down on a barbell machine by a LAT pull-down handlebar. Monica was hanging by her knees from the handlebar, with her wrists and ankles hogtied together with her very own plastic resistance bands, tied as hard as possible, like a junkie ready to "shoot" heroin. Another resistance band was squeezing the girl's elbows together. Monica was already feeling her extremities going numb, since the rubber bonds were choking her circulation.

Hanging upside down like that, Monica appeared like a tender piece of butcher's meat. Her black sports bra had been shamelessly pulled up to reveal her perky B-cup titties. Though they did not possess that much weight for gravity to pull them down considerably, they were adorably pointing below towards the earth. A 30-pound dumbbell was currently attached with rope around her neck, cutting off a considerable portion of her air supply and keeping her from lifting her head in the slightest. The crotch-naked woman's head was dangling half a meter from the floor, her long, straight hair almost scraping it.

"Why so red in the face? Are you embarrassed to show off your titties to me?" Vanessa approached the distressed trainer and felt her breasts up. "Fffuuck..you..." Monica said weakly, the rope around her neck closing her windpipe.

"Gnaw on your protein bar, puta" the Mexican mafia-girl added, squatting in front of Monica's face and shoving the girl's dirty pair of socks inside her mouth. "Mmmff.. nggff!" weak moans left the helpless girl, who as much as she tried turning her head away from the gag, it was pointless. "Help me here" Vanessa told Yuki, who came over and kept Monica's socks from being spat out, so that Vanessa could wrap another of the fitness trainer's resistance bands 6 or 7 times around her face to seal them in nicely, tying with multiple knots behind her head. The tension was so tight that the rubber bands squeezed the corners of the girl's lips and the many coils caused her jaw to be stuck half-open. Monica coughed from the further suffocating effect of her staff-gag, as well as the filthiness of it, tickling her throat and nesting on her tongue. Monica moaned indignant, snorting through her heavy gag, tasting her own sweat and feet.

"If you can do one crunchie and reach here with your head, I'll honest to god let you go" Vanessa tormented the asphyxiating, bound gym-trainer, putting her palm flat in front of Monica, at the level of the girl's waist, a proper crunchie spot. "Gmmhh...ggnn *cough*" the half-strangled girl appeared to decline the taunting offer, judging by her expression. "Suit yourself" Vanessa said, leaving the brunette cunt to get some upside-down high, turning her attention towards the new and last arrival, Brooklyn.

Yuki was delighted to have discovered a bunch of her instructor's jump-ropes from the trunk of the woman's car, including the one that'd been wrapped around her ankles the other day. She had already tied the woman's ankles and knees together and was currently rolling the lifeless woman's stylishly dressed body over on her belly, putting her arms together behind her back and wrapping a green jump-rope around her elbows, making sure the tension didn't budge as Brooklyn's elbows touched, before

tying her wrists with another red jump rope of hers. Yuki roughly pulled the unconscious woman's hair up tilting her neck painfully backwards, in order to shove a huge, red ballgag in Brooklyn's "vulnerable" mouth and strap it behind her head in the tightest notch. The girl's jaw would reaaaaally hurt when she'd come to her senses. Yuki had taken the initiative of "reliving" the sleepy chick from her skirt and panties, though she did leave her heels on.

The impatient Yuki gave the woman 5-6 nice, head-ringing slaps to wake her up. "Up you go!" Yuki said, "helping" the bound blonde to her feet by pulling sharply on a tuft of her hair, giving her no time to take in her new surroundings. "NNNGggghhhfff!" Brooklyn whined, finally stumbling on her 4-inch heels. "LL mm GHuuhh yh Bhth!" (*Let me go you bitch!*) the ball-gagged hottie protested, but Yuki was not even paying attention to her. "Cool gadget, can I have some of that battle rope?" Yuki asked of Vanessa, who handed her the ultra-thick rope along with the "tightener" tool. "You seem to have difficulty breathing, here let me help you get some more air" Yuki teased, seeing the heavy-breathing, scared chick, and happily unbuttoned most of her top shirt buttons, revealing the woman's bra-dressed, heavy tits. "Maybe some more room" Yuki added, cutting the bra straps off with a box cutter and letting Brooklyn jugs "breathe" freely. "MMMGGG!" Brooklyn moaned after a sharp nipple-pinch from the small Asian. "Ok, enough easy oxygen" Yuki started looping the thick battle rope around the woman's chest three times and tightly pressing her tits underneath the rope. "NNNNGgh.....gh...!" Brooklyn felt her lungs lose some of their "expandable" room, as the rope was fed behind her back, squeezing her like a boa constrictor and squeezing her meaty tits under it.

"Ok, little rabbit, hop for me" Yuki said and started leading the bound trainer by the same tight hair-grasp. With her ankles and knees tied with her own instrument, the woman was forced to hop, similarly to how Yuki had so degradingly been made to, in order to keep up with Yuki's calm, uncaring pace. Her 4-inch fuck-me pumps only served to complicate her already tough task, as she struggled to follow alongside Yuki. "I thought you were supposed to be good at rhythmic hopping" Yuki remarked at the jump-rope expert's lousy pace, as Brooklyn's heels clanked in unison against the floor.

"Vanessa, catch" Yuki came up with an idea on the spot, tossing her friend one end of another of Brooklyn's jump-ropes. "We're gonna work on your coordination. It'll help your technique" Yuki said Brooklyn's own mean lesson against her. "Each time you miss a hop, you get punished though" Yuki explained. "Uh' Wwhh' dd uhh, 'Gg t' HHH'!" (*I won't do it. Go to hell!*) Brooklyn responded, insulted and immediately received a hard spank on her bare, juicy ass by the smaller girl. "MMmmff!" Brooklyn yelped scrunching her eyes. "Let's go!" Yuki and Vanessa said, starting to heave the rope from either side of the bound damsel. Brooklyn made the first jump, but missed the 2nd. Another hard slap followed on her tooshie. By the 4th one, Brooklyn asscheek (the same one every time) had the red shape of Yuki's palm on it.

"Useless..." Yuki mocked, "escorting" the pulling, but helpless to resist, fitness instructor towards the general treadmill area, where one particular treadmill had been elevated about 5 feet off the ground, supported on two steel drum-barrels (on their flat side). Brooklyn did not understand, but her heart was pounding with fear.

“Nesa, come give me a hand” Valerie yelled from a distance, standing in the boxing area. She was carrying the rope-wrapped Georgia on her shoulder, the bound lass letting out ring-gagged whines, with her tight, exposed ass perked up next to Valerie’s face.

Vanessa helped her friend, bringing a 3-step ladder to the boxing area. Before Georgia’s increasingly worried eyes, the unlawful girls removed a boxing bag from the steel wire-rope from which it was hanging. “Come on, up we go” Valerie picked up the floored Georgia. “NNngaaauhhh! NNNGGGHHH!” the girl moaned and struggled, offering quite the resistance, trying to kick them with fused legs, but Vanessa and Valerie both were more than enough to grab the hobbled girl and push her up the short ladder. Valerie then grabbed a hold of Georgia’s silky straight hair into a single ponytail and fed it through the carabineer on the ceiling. The former agent looked like she had done this before, skillfully forming a knot with the hair-strand and securing Georgia’s long hair onto the bag-hanger.

With one swift kick from Vanessa, the ladder flew across the room and Georgia’s tied body dropped by about 4 inches, now held in the air by her long hair. Her sneakers were a few inches from the floor, but cleanly off reach. Georgia yelped from the sudden tension on her scalp, appearing rather vulnerable.

Valerie looked at the softly swaying, crudely exposed, bound woman. She had been Georgia’s boxing bag for too long. Now it was time for a role reversal. Looking up the struggling, moaning damsel, Valerie bend over her duffel bag and pulled out two metal brass knuckles and a pair of black, chunky combat boots, the hard rubber platform about 2.5 inches thick. They must have weighed 10 pounds each. She put the shoes on slowly, eyeing her helpless victim’s reaction, then wore both the metal weapons. “Nuuuuuuuhgh! “leeeeahhh!!!” (Nooooo! PLEAAASE!!!) Georgia’s squirmed in utter panic as Valerie approached her, causing her exposed pushed-up titties to jiggle. She was like a helpless fly caught in the spider’s web.

Monica could only watch the “action” unfold on either side of hers, Brooklyn being humiliated and taken away on her (inverted) right by Yuki and Vanessa, Georgia beginning to receive a painful lesson in humility on her left. Her neck was killing her, her oxygen scarce and precious. Every time she tried to move her head on either direction, the dumbbell pulled her sharply back towards the earth. Her dirty socks were still getting cleaned inside her mouth, a horrible, retching feeling she could not avoid. She had stopped moaning, saving her energy for breathing normally, her eyes scanning her captors worryingly.

What did these demented women have in store for them?

“Ugh, uh, ugh!” the groans were coming from a crazy-eyed Valerie, as she wailed gut-punches again and again with sheer tunnel vision, alternating strikes between her right and left fist and pummeling Georgia’s defenseless exposed belly. The punches were so hard and in such quick succession, the half-naked, hair-suspended damsel had no breath to vocalize her agony, her abs taut to withstand the onslaught. With her wrists tied securely on the side of her thighs, she also had no way of blocking any blows.

The blonde girl was not looking in good shape. Her pretty tits appeared heavily bruised from all the punching they had received, same for her thighs, which had gotten a thorough kicking from Valerie. Her poor tummy was red from the repeated punching, though it would probably also bruise in a couple of minutes. And all blondie could do was moan pathetically behind her ring-gag and squirm in the air. “Wow, you haven’t blocked any of my strikes, maybe you’re not as good as I thought” Valerie added insult to the girl’s injury. Georgia looked down at her with tired, weak eyes, trying to mouth the word “mercy” through her spread-agape jaw. She was pretty sure two of her right ribs had broken from the woman’s kicks. Valerie was not holding anything back. She’d been beating the living shit out of the helpless woman for the past 20 minutes, during which Georgia could only take the violence, strung up in the air, moaning worryingly and trying to free her wrists that were strongly pinned against her thighs. It only caused her wrapped body to softly sway a few inches from the ground. Valerie clutched her metal fist once again and gave a full force strike on the woman’s pubic mount, right above her cute, brown “bush”.

“AAANNNGGGHHHH!” Georgia cried out, drool flying through the metal hole in her mouth. Valerie continued with renewed vigor, “cocking” her good leg far back and with a full follow-through just demolished the woman’s right shin, like a goalie during a goal-kick. Georgia’s lower body was hurled towards the direction of the kick, as her left shin was shattered to pieces, the bone visibly broken underneath her hairless white skin. The woman’s right shin only got away with some heavy bruising, mostly from being “shielded” by the left.

Valerie brought the metal brass knuckle down on the still-crying-in-pain Georgia’s fused knees, punching them again and again with the hard metal, every time Georgia’s helpless body swung back towards her, very much like a boxing bag. Gravity and Valerie’s violence were the only forces enacting upon Georgia’s bound form, the woman suffering too much to do but the slightest squirm. Mute, gagged cries left the girl, as her knees were first cut open by the brass knuckles, the bones receiving lesions. A strong, platform kick from Valerie finally visibly dislocated the knee from its socket, causing another ear-piercing shrill from the crying woman.

“Offer still stands chica...” Vanessa looked down at the much more defeated Monica, placing her palm at the same height as an hour and a half ago. “If you reach my hand, I will put you inside the dumpster outside the gym, until someone finds you. If not... we keep playing!” Monica looked up at her with blood-shot eyes. There was not much dignity left in her. After a humiliated snorting sigh, Monica

swallowed whatever pride she had left and tried to lift her head to meet the Mexican girl's hand. Vanessa enjoyed watching the girl's humiliating effort at getting out of her nightmare. Monica was fully asphyxiating herself, her abs on fire, trying desperately to reach her captor's palm. She only got her body at about 45 degree, until the dumbbell tied around her neck pulled her back to the "start".

"I'll say that's a failure" the mafia enforcer said with a "sorry not sorry" expression. She and Yuki started getting Monica out of her inversed bondage. The brunette had a brain-splitting headache for the past 45 minutes, from the upside-down hanging. She was in no shape to pose a struggle, like Brooklyn. The bonds that were left on her, all made with the girl's own elastic resistance bands, were the elbow-tie, the wrist-tie, both tightly behind her back, as well as the girl's staff-gag made with her dirty socks. Monica must have swallowed most of the sweat off them by this point; they'd been in her mouth for a while.

The girl's face was getting its white hue back, as the fitness trainer was "escorted" to one of the stationary bikes in the other corner of the room. She had made Vanessa's life so miserable on these. Now it was time to return the favor. "Take a seat" Valerie roughly pushed Monica onto the bike-seat, while Yuki started coiling the elastic bands multiple times around the girl's ankles and the pedals' rotating bars, then another pair of bands was used to wrap around the bridge of her feet/sneakers and secure them tightly against the pedals. In addition, Monica's already bound arms were hitched to the metal pole of her seat by the wrists. "MMmfff! MMFF!" Monica tested the effectiveness of her new bondage with pulling grunts, with no success. Her feet were not leaving these pedals of her own will.

"Mmmmmmmgh!" Monica let out a much more desperate, girly, sobbing moan as she saw an ear-to-ear smiling Vanessa approach her with a clear, plastic bag in her hands. The bag appeared normal, not the thin supermarket kind, but the thicker, shiny kind. Plain, rectangular, open end, no nylon or plastic tying strings of any kind. Then Monica noticed that the top of the bag (the side opposite the open one) converged on a small metallic valve, a centimeter-long tube. From that valve, a small coated wire sprang out, with a male AUX tip. Monica did not have much time to non-verbally enquire about this strange bag, because a second later Vanessa placed it over her head. "MMMNNNGGGG! PLLIFFFF!" (*Please!*) Monica thrashed around on the bike, with no legs or arms available help her. "Be... a ...good... girl... and ...stayyy... still!" Yuki strained to keep the bucking bitch still as Valerie wrapped multiple wraps of duct tape around the bag and the girl's neck, securely encasing Monica's head in plastic.

"MMMFFF!" a worrying, scared moan left Monica, her eyes appearing desperate through the clear plastic. She had plenty of air in that bag, which was making minimal contact with her pretty, band-gagged face, but Monica was already breathing heavily from terrified anticipation and the recent struggle. Vanessa calmly grabbed the end of the wire coming from the bag and sticking it into an AUX receiver on the bike's handle-board, normally used for people to listen to music while getting their cardio on.

She then turned the power on the training bicycle. The small display screen between the handles flashed with the indication "0 mph". "I'd be pedaling if I were you" Vanessa uttered, resting her hand on the bike's dashboard. "You see how these little flaps are closed?" Vanessa grabbed the valve and actually showed it the bound, gagged and bagged damsel. Monica watched, trying to not hyperventilate inside her plastic hood. "The valve is programmed to open when the speedometer of the bike reads 16mph or higher. Otherwise, it stays closed" she explained how the little gizmo worked. Monica whimpered through her gag, looking at Vanessa with puppy-eyes. There was nothing about her that signaled dominance or arrogance now.

"Pweeeehhh! Dnnnt!" (*Pleaaase, don't!*) Monica was still putting all her hopes on the "pleading for release" basket. "I mean, you can just wait the clock out for all I care" Vanessa responded nonchalantly to Monica's pleas. "Your pathetic life is meaningless to me anyways" she made clear that the fitness-girl could either die soon or die very soon. "LLLLl' mmm Guhghhh y' fkkn Btchh!" (*Let me go, you fucking bitch!*) Monica's polite approach drastically shifted, seeing how it had failed her up to this point. The bike-bound, titty-flashing woman struggled on her seat, only succeeding in losing precious time and air from inside her taped-hood. Vanessa and Yuki watched, waiting for the damsel to start pedaling.

Opposite Monica, Brooklyn was putting quite the work in for the past 20 minutes, her cute unbuttoned top drenched with sweat. "FFFFf...fffff...ffFFFf...fffff!" she panted forcefully through the tiny cracks between the hard rubber shoved in her mouth and her pretty lips. Spit flew through those same crevices with force. Brooklyn was fit, but not for a 20 minute non-stop sprint, not bound and sure as fuck not in 4-inch heels. She prayed they would not break, or she'd be a goner. But she was also getting very tired, her pace lacking that certainty and conviction it had at the very start. And no one was even around to keep an eye on her. Not that they'd help.

"Can you give me a hand? I can't reach her face or tits from up there" Valerie asked her buddies' help, and they promptly left the bagged, stubbornly idle Monica to join her. Georgia's beautiful, milky white skin had been tarnished with dozens of deep, purple bruises and multiple cuts. She had three more broken ribs on her other side, one that was painfully pressing against her lungs, as well as one fractured and one broken ankle, all courtesy of Valerie's relentless, full-force boot kicks. She was dangling limply from her ceiling, still conscious, but completely devoid of energy, letting out occasional pained cries through her ring-gag. Her lower belly was killing her with pain. Valerie had damaged her liver and had caused internal bleeding there, about 30 minutes ago. Her head was slumped over one side, her eyes half-open, half-closed. Breathing heavily, slowly.

Vanessa and Yuki came up with an idea. They first released Georgia's rendered useless ankles, and lifted her legs so that her ruined knees bent fully, her legs folded. Georgia let tired, deep groans of pain, both from her dislocated knee rotating, as well as her bent, broken shin being moved. They removed her shorts and panties, leaving only her lowered sports bra on, then tied her ankles separately onto the battle rope around the top of her thighs, effectively frogtying the kickboxing girl with some of Brooklyn's jump ropes that Yuki had no use for. Valerie then got up on the stepladder and lowered the steel rope which Georgia's hair was attached to. The poor woman was now still suspended; her dislocated knees a few inches from the floor, but was now at face-to-face level with her captors.

"Will you show us some moves?" Yuki clapped at Valerie, who stood in front of her "trashed" trainer. With her bloodied brass knuckles never leaving her hands she braced her shoulders in front of the semi-conscious Georgia, and gave a devastating direct punch to her face. A couple of teeth flew off Georgia's ring-gag and her top lip was also immediately bleeding, sliced open. "Oh so sorry, I'm sure your gym's dental insurance will cover that" Valerie made her call-back and followed with another punch, this one catching the defenseless woman on her pretty, french nose, crooking it upon impact and causing blood to run from both nostrils. Georgia cried out in both horror and pain, her beauty destroyed in a flash. Her frog-tied legs squirmed in delightful distress, opening and closing with no real plan. Her fingers also opening and closing, strapped to the side of her thighs. This new barrage of violence had "woken" the poor damsel up.

"Shut up!" Valerie yelled, giving the struggling, battle-roped bitch a fierce kick in her pussy, seeing the open chance with Georgia's "frog-legs" flailing. Georgia was fully sobbing now; only response she could offer to this attack was to clinch her thighs tightly. "Now I can reach these nice udders of yours" Valerie uttered, raising her leg up and connecting her thick boot with Georgia's bare breast. The tender piece of round meat bounced at full speed, before the muscle tissue returned it to its place. They were like two little boxing bags attached to the bigger one. At least that's how Valerie saw them at this moment, wailing on them with the fire-rapid punches. After two, full minutes of this, Georgia's tenderized breasts were covered with red marks, that would very soon turn purple.

But Valerie was on a roll! More disgusting, meaty thuds followed, as the unstoppable force of metal fists met the very much penetrable obstacle of Georgia's face. Valerie was on a fully enraged ride, beating the life out of the vulnerably bound trainer. Nose, lips, cheeks, eyes, nothing was off limits. Every half a second another destroying blow came. In the end Georgia's gorgeous face was a swollen, bloody mess. A monotone sob was constantly leaving the once high-and-mighty kickboxer, only pausing when Valerie's fist made cruel contact with her, then continuing. Vanessa and Yuki watched amused nearby, occasionally throwing a "Woo!" Valerie's way. "Do you wanna see a cool one?" Valerie asked her two-person crowd, which nodded excitedly. She braced herself, momentarily meeting the gaze of a black-eyed, bloody Georgia, before dashing towards her and jumping, bringing her knee up to meet with the immobile woman's face! In the air, she grabbed the woman's head from behind and slammed it onto her incoming knee. More blood splashed out of Georgia's nose, turned into play-doh, and the girl lost her senses.

“Wow coooooo!” Yuki uttered, not giving a rat’s ass about the poor lass. “Is she dead?” Vanessa casually asked, seeing their boxing bag unresponsive. “Hmmm” Valerie put her fingers on the woman’s neck to find a pulse. “She’s just taking a nap” she informed, vastly underplaying the woman’s medical state.

With her negotiation methods proven rather ineffective and with her only chance of release leaving her to chat with Valerie, Monica dejectedly started pedaling, feeling the see-through plastic of the bag close ominously tighter around her face. The speedometer wrote 9 mph, then soon 12, before the girl moved her worked-out thighs and legs enough to reach 16.6 mph. With a tiny click, the valve opened, and the sock-gagged damsel got a precious butch of fresh air, coming slowly through the small hole. She kept at it for 7-8 minutes, until Vanessa came back to check on her.

“Good job my little puta!” the Mexican girl gave a very patronizing tap on the bagged woman’s head, only infuriating her more. Though Monica did not stop her pedaling, snorting through her gag. She kept at it for a good 4 minutes, until her burning thighs caused her to stop. The valve closed immediately, but the girl was already panting heavily from the physical challenge.

“HMmmfff...hhmmffff...hhhmmmmffff!” the heavily gagged fitness trainer instinctively shook her head, as if this would dislodge the suffocating bag, like a dumb animal with something stuck to its head. She had just stopped to rest, but her hungry lungs were already asking for more air. “Only one way to breathe, chica” the arm-folded Latina uttered in her characteristic accent.

Valerie was trying to spur some reaction from her living punching bag, but Georgia seemed too worn out. She had punched the woman back awake, but she was too dull and boring of a living punching bag now. The screaming and body jerking of the first hour was gone. In her place was a tenderized piece of female meat, beaten to a pulp. She was now dangling limply, letting out these droning, low frequency moans. Her internal bleeding had reached her intestines, her nerves killing her with added agony. If she didn’t get any medical treatment, she’d be a goner soon.

Valerie had given the woman’s tits some more kicks and punches, but the reactions were not that good, even though Georgia was clearly miserable. Bored of practicing her kickboxing chops, Valerie took out her box-cutter and started cutting into the frogtied woman’s hair, taut as it was from the tension. Georgia fell down on the floor with an ungraceful thud, her dislocated, cut and bruised knees slamming onto the hard floor. More cries left the girl’s gagged mouth, now lying with her back on the floor. Valerie ignored the cunt’s whining.

Valerie propped the battle-rope bound, frogtied woman so that her head rested on her lap. Georgia was too weak to offer any resistance. She then wrapped her strong, shorts-wearing legs around Georgia’s neck in a figure-four chokehold. Her head was snugly cradled between the former spy’s thighs. A pitiful

Georgia raised her eyes up at Valerie, her cute tongue poking through her wide ring-gag. "We're like a baby and momma bird, hehe" Valerie noted. "Oh, wait" she said, her eyes falling on the three blood-stained teeth she had punched off her instructor's ring-gagged mouth, currently waiting next to her on the floor. One of them was within reach, so she didn't have to leave her little snuggle-hold with Georgia.

"Hungry, bitch?" she asked the hopeless lass, whose eyes looked at her both obscenely swollen, purple from bruising and full of tears. "Uuuuhhnhgg!" the brown haired woman let out a wounded moan. "Down the hatch!" Valerie tossed the first tooth, originally on the front of the woman's upper teeth, through the metal ring-gag, capping her hand over the round hole. "GGgghhhhhhhh *cough*cough*" the woman started choking and gagging, trying to dislodge the tooth from going down her throat. But with jaw sprawled open and with gravity helping the tooth down her throat, it was an uphill battle.

"Come on, you need it for your strength" Valerie chuckled, keeping the beaten woman from turning her face away with her gagging hand, as well as her choking thighs. "GGHH...HHhhh, *cough*... *gulp*!" Georgia finally swallowed her own tooth, her eyes betraying an utterly degraded, broken person. "Open up, I don't want you cheating" Val grabbed stuck her finger inside the woman's readily available cavity, searching for any teeth. She then grabbed Georgia's tongue and pulled it through the metal ring. The tooth was indeed in the woman's bruised stomach. "Wanna see a cool trick I learned at home?" Valerie asked her toy, expecting no answer. Her days training for the CIA had given her some deadly skills.

"This is called the twizzler" Valerie explained to Georgia, who was worryingly, albeit weakly, swaying her froggied legs left and right, utterly vulnerable and surrendered. She had little strength left in her body. "I've only practiced it on ragdolls, so this is exciting. First, you hold the subject like so and theen..." as Val said that last word, the thigh wrapped around Georgia's neck swiftly pressed the woman's head sideways in quick, jerking motion the other thigh keeping the neck locked. The sharp motion caused a gross boney sound, as Georgia's neck was snapped, killing her instantly. She had only gotten to utter the faintest moan before it all ended.

Valerie sighed satisfied, and got off the dead, wide-eyed woman, her head thudding down on the floor with no care. She went to leave, then turned her head back at the corpse. She returned, gave the woman one last awful kick straight to her floored, unresponsive face. It was creepy how unresponsive the lifeless girl was after the kick broke more teeth of her gaping mouth as well as broke her gagged jaw. Val then turned away to find Yuki and Vanessa.

Yuki was joined by Val, while she was having a relaxing gander up at Brooklyn, who was not doing so well, galloping up at the relentless treadmill. She had been running non-stop for the past 40 minutes, probably breaking any 5 or 10-mile race record she might have. Death is a great motivator!

On top of this, the battle-rope constricted her lungs, preventing proper breathing, as was the giant ballgag shoved in her mouth. Her bound arms did not allow for a smooth running motion, either. But

Brooklyn had not shared any of these difficulties with her new “trainers”, simply doing her best to survive, her noose-necklace a constant reminder of what slowing down meant. Her tits were drenched in her drooling and the coat of sweat all over her body made her puncture-wounds burn and the battle rope itch around her bouncing jugs. It was safe to say Brooklyn was not having fun.

“She’s still up there, huh?” Valerie said, joining her friends. “Yeah, biker-girl is also still going” Yuki signaled across the room, towards a furiously pedaling Monica, who was simultaneously being molested by Vanessa who was grabbing her boobies. The bag taped over the girl’s head expanded and contracted with each difficult breath, though mostly filled with carbon dioxide, rather than oxygen at this point. The little valve at the end of the plastic bag was opening and closing back and forth, Monica struggling to keep her speed up.

Same was the deal with the blonde runner, who was on her last spurts of energy. The three buddies gathered up on the “sidelines” gazing up at the exhausted trainer, whose feet were tittering more dangerously towards the edge of the treadmill than before, only 3-4 inches away. “She needs an injection of spirit!” Yuki grabbed one of Monica’s resistance bands, folding it in half and jumping on the barrels. “Giddy up, hoe!” she said and started whipping the heeled, dead-tired woman on her tight, bare ass, getting back at her for that day in fitness class. Brooklyn did not even possess a leftover breath to moan from the pain, taking it all with clenched eyelids. Well, eyelid, since the other was permanently closed, the blood almost dried on her permanently damaged eye.

It was a seemingly random moment, a few moments after the lashing had ended, when the heavily heaving woman delayed her step a little too much, and the speeding platform flung her off the backside! “Finally...” Yuki sighed, as Brooklyn’s body swayed backward by the noose, following the taut rope’s arc. The noose swung her bound body back and forth as she was immediately choking to death. A ring of sharp pain reached around the woman’s neck, as the red-faced gal bit into her gag, no air getting into her lungs. Her pretty, sexy-heeled feet and her naked legs kicked wildly in every direction, finding nothing but air, three feet underneath. “Weeeee!” Yuki was amused by the woman’s trajectory. She enjoyed her clear-as-day suffering even more.

Brooklyn was already pretty debilitated by her bound marathon, so the noose would not have to hold onto her neck for much longer. Her legs galloped in the air with that adrenaline rush of literally dying, as her face was forced to face slightly upwards by the noose. No sound was coming out of her, but the faintest “khkh” throat-squeezed sounds, the ball-gag stifling them even more than the noose. The sound of the taut rope, easily keeping the woman “airborne” was louder than her voice. Brooklyn’s elbow and wrist-tied arms hopelessly tried to reach around her back and up towards her noose. They could not reach it by a longshot, but it didn’t stop the desperate blonde from trying. When not squeezing her eyes shut by the horrible strain, she tried to look down at her audience, for any sign that they had their fill of sadistic fun, that they had made their point and would get her down now, that she had learned her lesson.

Nothing like that happened. A minute later, Brooklyn's kicking and body-shifting became weaker, less intense, slower. As her brain started shutting off, deprived of oxygen, these small kicks and flails became instinctive twitches, spasms of a body refusing to accept its fate. Her heels jerked unnaturally, as if current was momentarily passing through them. Her sight became foggy and her eyes glossy. Foamy saliva left the corners of thickly gagged lips, as Brooklyn's prettied up, brushed eyelashes stopped blinking, and the tit-tied bitch sank in her "neck-hanger", with an blank stare expired.

With her final show over, the three amigos departed to catch the upcoming one, Monica's. As they left, a stream of piss was emptied from the pantyless corpse's bladder, making a characteristic high-pitched splashing sound as it hit the floor from 5 feet high.

Monica had tried to play it smart. Getting a solid 10 or 20 seconds of rest without pedaling, then giving it her all to get some air back in her mostly vacant plastic bag. But debilitatingly tired as she was, three good inhales drained the bag of any air, and she was totally suffocating from then on, sucking only clear plastic though the little gaps of her mouth-filling gag, than any air. Her heart was beating like crazy from the effort and leg muscles were cramping after the hour-long physical stress. "GGNnnnnnffff!" she groaned with pain, as she got her injured legs rotating again, but the screen only showed 8, 10, maybe 12 mph tops. Monica never went over 15 during her daily exercises, and that was for only 30 minutes. Her head felt heavy, dropping from one side then the other, as if she could even hold it up.

"Wakey wakey, don't slouch puta, or you'll be very dead soon" Vanessa hugged the seated girl from behind, pinching both her exposed nipples. It did cause a moan from the hooded girl, but not any visible energy boost. "MMmmmmmm!" Monica gave her body a good push, only managing to reach the 16 mph goal for a split second. The valve barely opened. "PPppmmmmmm! Uh Cnnn' Bhhh!" (*Please, I can't breathe!*) Monica gave one last pitiful attempt at bargaining with her tormentors, as her left thigh was cramping like hell, but she could not get off the bike to stretch it.

"Poor thing, it sucks when you are really tired and can't keep up with the assigned program, huh?" Vanessa got back at the mean cunt for humiliating her for her own workout difficulties. Monica did not seem that mean now, but Vanessa was not the type to accept apologies.

Every inch of the bag's inside, moist and a little foggy from the woman's body-steam and breath, was now clinking tightly to the contours of her pretty, band-gagged face with every desperate, pointless inhale. "MMNNGGhhhuuhhh! NNNGGG!" the girl was now panicking, struggling and shifting her body and bobbing her head in every direction, fully on her way out. Her continuously cramping legs were useless to pedal anymore. "She probably just realized you're not gonna take it off" Yuki said to Nesa, who simply watched up-close as her toy slowly died. "Dumb bitch..." Valerie chuckled, as all three gals were standing around Monica's bike.

“MMMNNGGGGHHUUUUUUUUUH!” another feral muffled squeal left the suffocating gal, as she gave one last good trashing around, bound on her bike. After that last hurrah, she got much calmer, and her half-nude body started drifting forwards, devoid of control. Her bound wrists lessened their pulling on the elastic bands, tethering them to the seat, and her legs stop their flailing in that set, cyclical trajectory they were forced on. Monica’s plastic-encased head slammed free-falling on the bike’s dashboard, her dead, open eyes, staring at nothing, the side of her face pressed over the screen, her fused arms stretched behind her, still linked to her seat. She was gone.

The three killer-ladies gathered their things and exited the gym, leaving the lights on. Brooklyn’s bound, piss-stained thighs were left dangling, as the vilified, undressed body remained strung up from the top of the chin-up bar by the neck. Georgia’s horrifically destroyed, bloody, broken and bruised remains were left to collect flies on the padded floor, with bones going the wrong way as much as her neck, which remained in its last, unnatural position, her ring-gagged mouth missing teeth, her battered, black eyes looking emptily. Monica’s breathless corpse was left on the exercise bike, the clear plastic outlining her gagged, expressionless, sweaty but also pale, face.

Vanessa had told Monica to not let anyone else about their little date, since “they might get jealous”. Same trick was played on Georgia by Valerie and as for Brooklyn, dating a client was against company policy, so that too was on the “hush-hush”. The murders could not be traced back to them. Their co-workers would discover Brooklyn, Monica and Georgia’s disgraced corpses the next morning, upon opening the gym.