

“This Kind of Body” - The Story of the Ripped Trainer

by Danny

The rest of the gym was cast in moonlit shadow; the exercise equipment creating weird looking shapes in the darkness, but Charlotte Osborne pounded the rubber treadmill of the Power Walker 5000 regardless. That afternoon she had interviewed for, and subsequently been appointed the personal trainer at Silverado's, and she wanted to make sure she was in superb shape.

Everyone, staff and public alike, had gone home hours ago but not Charlotte. She was pushing her body to its limits to be in absolute top condition. Her long blonde hair was plastered to her pretty face by her sweat as she pumped her thighs and moved her arms, running on the spot. She could feel that sweet spot when her muscles were on fire and she just ran on autopilot and let her body guide her to the highest levels of fitness. She knew that the muscles were bulging out of her lean body and that thick veins stood out on her legs, out of her shoulders and along her arms as she motored along.

The gym was silent except for her steady breathing. She had a rhythm going and nothing was going to stop her. She dimly noticed flashes of lightning as she ran. The weather had been stormy on her way to Silverado's and she had been in there a long time.

Her running was halted by a huge rumble of thunder which echoed around the deserted gym ominously. She was not normally a nervous person – after all, she had a tremendously fit body and could take care of herself – but the noise made her stop the relentless pounding of the treadmill. She paused, resting her arms on her muscled legs as she gathered her breath and waited for another clap of thunder. Instead she screamed as a lightning bolt arced its way through the roof of the gym, obliterating concrete and wood as though it were paper, and slammed hard into her, smashing her off the treadmill and into a row of weights.

Fire. Her whole body was on fire. She blinked, worried that the darkness that blinded her was permanent before awkwardly seeing indistinct shapes. She felt like she'd been hit by a truck. Her whole body ached, and her muscles burned. The pain was immense, and didn't seem to let up even though she had awakened.

She struggled to her feet, still groggy and disorientated. She caught a glimpse of a woman in the mirrors, massively muscular with a ripped black tracksuit, unkempt hair and glowing white eyes, not realising that was in fact herself. The gym was in daylight now, and other people were there using the different machines. She ran to one patron, furiously working out, but he did not see her or hear her cries of anguish. In panicked desperation she ran round the whole gym, but nobody saw her, no-one could hear her, no-one acknowledged her presence.

After the thunderbolt she was separate, alone, cut off from everyone else.

Once she'd calmed down, after the shock of what had happened to her had worn off, Charlotte picked up a set of dumbbells and started doing reps, gazing at her arms and looking pleased at how peaked and veiny her biceps were. If she was going to be stuck here, she may as well start a workout, she thought. After all, this kind of body doesn't come without a price.