

Jill's presence at the gym was a polarizing one, to say the least. While most furs disappeared as soon as they smelled her coming, some held their breath and watched the train wreck unfold, and some actually *enjoyed* watching her workouts. Everybody assumed that those who continued to watch must not be able to smell anything.

It started innocently enough—if *anything* Jill did could be considered innocent. She sat down next to another fur on an adjacent cable row machine. His form was excellent, but as he drew in a breath, a sudden acrid stench filled his nostrils and burned his eyes. He coughed and lost his grip on the weight, which slammed down on the stack noisily. Holding his breath and glancing at Jill in alarm and disbelief, he hurriedly got up and went to the far end of the gym to take a breath and try to get his eyes to stop watering.

Jill ignored him and got started, pulling the pin out of the weight stack and shoving it into the heaviest setting. She began pulling the weight back using both claws, keeping her back straight as she squeezed her back muscles together to do the rep. Her movement made her smell waft, and the furs two machines over hastily put their weights down and retreated. Cardio suddenly sounded like a *great* idea to them, seeing how it was on the other end of the gym.

But despite doing thirty reps, Jill wasn't feeling the burn she wanted and resorted to pulling the weight back with just one arm at a time. A fur across the room gaped: he'd seen some strong power-lifters before, but *nobody* did seated cable rows one-armed using the whole stack! But his awe quickly turned to disgust at seeing the dragoness's filthy, mottled-pink midriff and its sprinkling of coarse hot-pink hair, some of the strands ingrown and possibly abscessed. He shuddered and had to look away.

Jill did a few sets and decided to switch exercises—maybe she could get a burn doing something else. The thought crossed her mind that she should really find a better gym: one with enough weight to let her get her burn on doing *anything*. As she stood, she left a greasy, brown smear on the bench.

She went around to the other side of the machine and began doing lateral pull-downs. Each time she raised her arms, her pink breasts hung out the bottom of her shirt, and the reek of her hairy armpits shot out to assault the noses of several more nearby furs, figuratively grabbing them by the nose, prying their nostrils open, and raping them as violently as she had raped Mia a few days earlier.

The dragoness snarled at the thought of her. The fucking worthless cunt—didn't she know that Jill was *always* right? Pathetic. Thinking about her insipid wife pissed Jill off enough that she yanked down hard on the bar, jerking the weight so hard that the cable broke, slamming the weight to the ground.

She snorted in frustration. Worthless equipment, like her worthless wife. And where the *fuck* was the management to come fix this thing? She looked around and found the place deserted.

"Fuck it," she growled, tossing the bar aside. She'd go to bicep curls instead. At least dumbbells had nothing to break.

But as she made it to the dumbbell rack, her crack began to itch ferociously. She spread her legs and dug her claws deep between them to scratch roughly, grunting in relief. Then she grabbed a pair of 120-pound dumbbells and took up a spread-leg stance to brace herself. Her shorts—stretched so tightly that even the hairs on her pussy were outlined by the thin fabric—had clear skid-marks on them. A couple of furs behind her quickly looked away, but another fur looked up in awe: nobody actually used the 120-pounders, let alone for bicep curls! Chest-presses, maybe, but *damn*! He reached down to adjust himself as he continued to watch her.

She grunted and alternated bicep curls with hammer curls. The exertion made her stomach gurgle, and she let out a piercing, wet fart. The aerobics instructor in the class next door stopped and gaped. Seconds later, the vile odor wafted in, and everybody dropped their exercise bands and ran outside to get some fresh air.

But Jill was finally beginning to feel good. She could feel her biceps beginning to burn, and she was ready to let that burn spread to her pecs. She dropped the dumbbells where she was, not bothering to put them back on the rack. One hit the floor and began rolling, leaving little brown splotches every foot or so as a greasy spot on it rubbed off onto the floor.

The dragoness made her way to the bench press and quickly loaded up six plates on each side, rubbing her nose with her claws at one point and wiping her snot on a couple of them. She clamped the weights in place, lay on the bench under the bar, and pressed the weight up. A fur next to her looked at her incredulously. There was *no* way she was warming up using 540 pounds plus the bar...was there?

"Yeah, that's a good feeling," Jill growled to herself, feeling the weight supported by her pecs.

Her shirt strained as she lowered the bar for her first rep, and she grunted as she pressed hard to lift the bar again, tightening her scraggly pink belly as she did. The fur beside her watched, her mouth agape, as Jill continued exercising.

Jill roared in triumph as she lifted the bar again, but when she went to lower it, there was a loud rip as the fabric on her shirt tore in half. Both of her hairy breasts popped out, waving in the air, a crust of dried semen from a week ago drizzled between them. Not that the dragoness cared. She did a pyramid, maxing out at 1080 pounds and roaring loudly as she did. Dropping the weight on the rack, Jill gloated and flexed her now-exposed pecs, making her teats jump and bounce as she did. The fur beside her squeezed her legs together in excitement—the dragoness was so strong, and the fur imagined what it would be like if she used that strength on her.

A bit of the crusty cum between Jill's breasts flecked off and fell onto the bench as she flexed.

Speaking of cum, all this exercise was making the dragoness horny; she felt her cock straining painfully against her pants and thought to herself that she would be sure to fuck Mia really well when she got home. She flexed her biceps, snarling at herself ferociously in the mirror and making all kinds of noise. The furs doing cardio across the way popped headphones into their ears and turned up the volume.

But that burn in her chest was addictive. Jill needed more. She went to the cable cross, situated close to a big window that looked out into the parking lot. She maxed out the weight and began doing butterflies, her breasts bouncing freely and flopping around, much to the delight of an on-looker outside who rubbed his crotch discreetly, and the dismay of a mother with two young cubs who hurriedly covered their eyes and led them away as fast as she could. Jill was equally indifferent to both; all that mattered was getting more of that awesome burn.

And bit-by-bit, she got it. It took several good butterfly sets, but her pecs finally burned like she wanted them to, and she snarled at her reflection in the window and grunted in satisfaction.

As long as she was at the cable-cross, she might as well hit her triceps, too, she reasoned. She reconfigured the cable cross and grabbed the push-down rope. That itch in her crotch started bothering her again, and since it was handy, she pulled the push-down rope back and forth between her legs, grazing roughly against her skin through the thin fabric and driving the rope up hard against her vagina.

"Fuck, yes," she growled in relief, hooking the rope to the cable-cross.

But as she began her set, the dragoness grimaced; the rope was slippery now, and that made it hard to hold while she was trying to do push-downs. She finally just relied on the big knots at the bottom of the rope to stop her claws from sliding off the end. Strange—she didn't remember it being that slippery when she pulled it out of the bin. She shrugged and worked out with it anyway. It would help work on her grip, she reasoned—the better to grip her cock when she shoved it into Mia. *Fuck*, her cock was throbbing now. It was kind of distracting, so she let go of the rope, shoved her hand down her tightly-stretched pants, and adjusted herself. Her cock was distracting her today. Mia was definitely in for it.

Having gotten herself adjusted, Jill abruptly decided she was done doing her upper body. As fired-up as she felt, she wanted to do some leg work! She left the rope where it was and eagerly went into the room next door to get started on squats. There were two guys inside. The one on the left grinned—he loved watching her work out. The guy on the right preemptively put in earphones—no amount of the dragoness's reek, obnoxious noise, or—exposed breasts? That was new—was going to stop him from getting *his* burn on.

The dragoness loaded up the barbell with 10 plates on each side and spread her legs for a firm stance. The weight felt good on her shoulders as she began to squat. But her pants were so damn tight, it made her dick hurt!

Power through the pain, she advised herself, dipping lower into the squat.

There was a loud ripping noise. The guys on either side of her looked around, frowning curiously. Jill hardly noticed and dipped even lower. The rip sounded again, but now Jill was good and deep into the squat and ready to feel that addictive burn in her legs. She braced herself, tightened her glutes, and began to drive the weight back up. With another loud rip, her shorts split, and her aching erection sprang up between her breasts.

"Holy hell!" she yelled as the turgid member narrowly missed smacking her in the muzzle.

The guys next to her turned and gaped, the one on the right narrowly racking his weight before he lost it. For a second, nobody moved. The guys looked at Jill expectantly, but after the surprise of almost getting hit in the by her own cock wore off, she slowly began to do her next squat, her bulging erection flopping just as lewdly as her breasts.

The guys looked from her to each other, then back to her. The guy on the right decided that he'd had enough exercise for one day. Exposed breasts he could deal with, but there was *no* way he was gonna work out with a giant cock bouncing around in the open like that. He quickly put his weights away and left in disgust. Jill, meanwhile, carried on indifferently, and the guy on the left leaned on his weights, eagerly watching. Even her dick seemed muscular!

After a good series of squats that shredded any remaining fragments of her shorts, Jill took a few plates off and dropped the heavily-laden bar onto the floor. Time for dead-lifts—no—first, some leg extensions. She always liked to do the dead-lifts after the other big muscle groups so she wouldn't wear herself completely out too early. The guy on her left watched wistfully as she left and went back to doing is own squats, lifting half the weight she did.

Leaving the bar where she dropped it, she went over to the leg extension machine and loaded it fully. Her cock bobbed between her breasts as she placed her bare buttocks and crusty vagina on the leather. A manager happened to walk by and opened his mouth to protest that patrons needed to be clothed.

That was a mistake.

Without any fabric to absorb the stench of the crusted shit, piss, menses, sweat, and vaginal lubricant that had been collecting between her legs since the day she was born, Jill's crotch-reek doubled in intensity. The moment the manager opened his mouth, he began coughing, clutched at his throat, and rushed off. It was as if he'd gotten a face-full of pure ammonia or chlorine gas mixed with untreated sewage.

Jill glanced at the retreating manager disdainfully. She hated males. What good were they, anyway? She was fathered by a herm, and her father was, too. With herms around who could fertilize the weaker sex—and Mia was a prime example of *weaker*—what value did males provide? Jill was easily as strong or stronger than most of them and was twice as cocky—in personality and in endowment. Hell, she even had a bit of facial hair going. They were just as worthless as females, but they didn't even have a nice pussy to stuff full of cock!

Males! Who needs 'em?

It was like her worthless boss. The fucker had actually passed her up on a promotion that she obviously deserved and had given it to someone else—a *male*—instead. Jill gave him a persuasive argument as to why he should reconsider, and he quickly came around. There was something to be said for using her sawblade cock as leverage. He certainly got the "point," and Jill was confident the walking doormat would never fire her—not after what she did to him. She snorted derisively.

She began doing her leg extensions, lifting the weight with both legs, but she quickly switched to one leg at a time; she *needed* equipment that could hold enough weight to challenge her. Nevertheless, each leg extension drove her crusty crotch against the leather padding and made her cock throb and ooze precum.

Fuck, that cunt is gonna get what's coming to her! she grunted to herself as she lifted the weight, thinking of what she was going to do to Mia when she got home.

After multiple sets, her legs finally began to burn, and she at last let the weight down. But as she tried to climb off the machine, something sticky made her vagina stick to the leather. She frowned, annoyed, and

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forcibly pulled herself off, ripping a piece of leather off the bench that was stuck like glue to her skin. She hardly noticed and went to go *finally* do her dead-lifts, the *only* thing that really challenged her.

While the gym was well-appointed, Jill was stronger than most furs, and she seemed to have outgrown most of the equipment. They didn't have dumbbells any bigger than the ones she used, she'd maxed out all the cable cross exercises, and she inevitably ran out of room on the plate-loading machines and the barbells. The *only* challenge left for her was dead-lifting, and although dead-lifts had always been her least-favorite exercise, they had grown on her as the only way to continue to challenge herself.

Bracing her entire core, she bent her legs and wrapped her claws around the bar, psyching herself up. It'd be heavy—she knew that—and it'd be exhausting—she knew that, too—but it would be worth it.

Keeping her back straight, she extended her legs, her filthy vagina with stuck-on leather padding and literally shitty ass on display for everyone. For those watching for the train wreck, the train had just come off the tracks. The guy next to her, though, saw her return, eagerly racked his weight, and leaned on his bar in anticipation.

With a loud grunt, Jill engaged the weight and began lifting it, straining hard. She got it up and immediately bent over to put it down again. She strained again, pulling the weight off the ground and sweating hard with each lift. She did ten reps, put the weight down, and added two more plates to each side.

She felt her heart pounding and knew she was warmed up enough. It was time to break her record. She took several deep breaths, fighting the cloudiness in her head that always came when she dead-lifted.

"Come on, Jill," she snapped at herself. "Let's get it!"

"Yeah, you got this!" the guy next to her said encouragingly, his voice husky.

She glared at him—fucking *males*—then got into position, braced herself, engaged the weight...

...and let out a sputtering fart that got flecks of her excrement all over the rubber mat behind her.

But that didn't matter. With a mighty roar, she lifted the weight and broke her record. Her new record: 900 pounds.

"Yeah!" she bellowed exultantly, dropping the weight and whirling to go do her calf-presses and finish out the day.

The guy beside her grinned and shook his head. The dragoness was different, for sure, but he appreciated someone who really got into her workouts the way Jill did.

Jill was completely indifferent to the gawking the rest of the gym did from the safety of being outside and away from her reeking stench and disgusting lack of hygiene. Aside from the few who admired her strength, the other members had long given up on trying to breathe anywhere inside the 10,000-square-foot complex. Most had gone home, but a few remained to lodge formal complaints against her. But management was powerless to do anything. After all, who was going to argue with an 8-foot-tall dragoness who was built like a brick shithouse and smelled like one, too?

Her erection still throbbing, Jill did her calf-presses using all the weight the machine had and holding a 100-lb dumbbell in each claw. After 200 reps, her calves burned as badly as her thighs and glutes, and she sighed contentedly. It had been a good workout.

Her erection and breasts bobbing with each step, she left as casually as she'd entered. It would be the next day before she found out the gym was closed a week for "deep cleaning and maintenance."

Why did that always happen the day after she worked out?