



Taking A Chance With Bella Kingdom

Chapter 1: **Kingdom Come**

Starring:

Bella Kingdom	Peter Smith
	

The local gym in Harper City buzzed with the clanging of weights, the rhythmic thud of treadmill belts, and the collective sound of determined grunts. It was here that Peter, a somewhat scrawny man with fading bruises on his face, ventured for the very first time in his life. As he walked through the gym, several concerned gym-goers asked if he was alright, their eyes lingering on his injuries. Peter brushed off their inquiries with a tight-lipped smile and reassurances that he was perfectly fine.



In the midst of this bustling gym, Peter's eyes were immediately drawn to a figure in the distance. Bella Kingdom stood there, a powerhouse of a woman with bulging muscles and vibrant pink hair. Despite her formidable appearance, she was engaged in a friendly conversation with fellow gym enthusiasts, flexing her massive arms and discussing her recent gains. Peter couldn't help but mutter to himself in shock, "She's beautiful."

Determined not to stare, Peter focused his attention on trying to navigate the gym equipment. However, his lack of experience became evident when he attempted to use a weights machine, struggling to understand its functions. Just as frustration started to mount, Peter stormed across the gym, his huffs of desperation unintentionally catching the attention of the mighty lady whose phenomenal physique had impressed him mere moments ago.



Eventually, Peter moved to a pull-up tower, where Bella was now certain that he was out of his depth. "...what is that silly little man doing...?" she muttered, turning her head sideways as Peter contorted his poor body in angles that would make even a pornstar blush. Bella warmly chuckled, with the centre of her brow raising with sympathy, before approaching the man who was crafting his own perfect peril.

"Need some help?" she asked, her voice friendly yet commanding. Peter, somewhat starstruck, nodded eagerly, so mesmerised by the approach of the beautiful Bella that he'd completely forgotten what he was trying to learn in the first place.

Bella stepped closer to tap on the machine as she discussed its functions. "Its mostly for lifting exercises, bend-you-til-you-break exercises!" she laughed, padding the handles and explaining the different types of sets a person can perform on them.

As her colossal body reached up to touch the pull-up handle, leaning over Peter to get there – Her bust and belly drew dangerously close to the smaller-statured man, who stared into her titanic abdominal muscles like they were some sort of brainwashing void. He knew himself as a respectful man, by the heat from this woman's strong body was like a furnace, and something snapped deep down inside him.

His heart raced as he soaked in the sensation of her immense strength. Emboldened by the moment, he decided to take a chance, albeit blurting his words out with a stutter, though somehow managing to deliver his sincerity.

"You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. – W-Would you ever consider... going out with me....?"

Something about Bella made Peter feel safe. Not only physically, but to ask her this particularly daring question. It allowed him to land his shaky tone well, ending his statement with the small degree of comfort needed to avoid the unintentional creepiness that nerves can bring.



Bella paused, her eyes fixed on him for a moment. Then, a smile tugged at the corners of her lips. "You're quite forward," she remarked, "Most guys are too intimidated to even approach me."

"It's... probably because you're... **immensely** muscular." Peter uttered, humorously stating the obvious, and scoring a warm chuckle from Bella.

Despite her initial response, she continued, "I really can't promise a relationship, I'm a busy girl. But how about we grab a bite to eat instead? The diner's just around the corner and it's always fun to meet new people."

Deep down, Peter knew this was one of the nicest rejections he had ever seen, but still a rejection. But one so nice that friendship had been offered instead, and he was more than willing to take it.

As Bella led the way, Peter once again had to avert his gaze from soaking up every last inch of the titanic woman in front of him, build like a tank but gliding like a breeze in her skintight sports gear, pink, just like her hair.

As the bruise across his eye stung a little, Peter remembered his wounds, and briefly wondered why Bella hadn't said anything, given how noticeable they were. But Bella was more than aware of them, and was mentally jotting down each and every little thing that Peter said to her, just in case.

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