Chapter 10:

Two weeks passed and for Calvech and Dobrica life quickly got back to normal for the two friends. Though they both had discussed possibly dropping in right as they had their grand opening they decided against it, letting Santer and Modino enjoy the first few days as proud owners of a new fitness center. They did however begin to see their influences even outside of it, discovering that there was a hot new trend growing that involved spandex and leather, both of which seemed to be mostly targeted at finess enthusiasts. They also saw something that had caused them both to pause while they were walking along the sidewalk, both of them trying not to point when they saw a Cerberus jackal and Cerberus lizard talking casually to one another as they waited for the bus, neither of them even wearing anything spandex or leather related that linked them to the gym.

As Dobrica had predicted though the pier community quickly folded them into their way of life. T-shirts and other merch with their names on it began to get sold by vendors along the pier along with the other various identifiers that went with the area. Some of them even had team moose or team bull and the like too, Calvech grinning when he realized that the rivalry he had created among the trainers to help spur them on was still going strong. It definitely appeared that things were going well with the fitness center and that all of their changes had been implemented.

But the two weren’t just going to stand by and watch idly to see if that was the case. Calvech and Dobrica both packed their usual workout gear and made their way to the Iron Bull and Horse fitness center themselves, walking among the crowd of people that was either going towards or away from the building. Even before they got inside they saw signs of the supernatural, watching a leather moose man helping someone with their pull-ups while a spandex antelope ran on a treadmill facing out. When they looked around and saw that no one else was reacting to such unusual oddities the two grinned at one another, feeling like it was a little secret that only they knew about as they continued to head inside.

The second they got in through the doors they found the place was humming with just as many people on the inside as their had been outside. From what they could see beyond the second set of doors that led into the main exercise area the entire room was full, almost all of them not transformed in the slightest as they watched the televisions that hung overhead while listening to music on their headphones. The two wondered just how many would continue to stay like that, and how many others would follow the hypnotic suggestion that was being pumped subliminally into their heads…

“Well hello there!” a cheerful voice behind them, the two turning around to see a spandex horse looking at them with a few pieces of leather adorning his body that could be faintly seen under the clothes he was wearing. “Welcome to the Iron Bull and Horse, how may I help you today? Is this your first time here?”

“Not exactly,” Calvech stated as he and Dobrica pulled out their cards. “We’ve already got memberships.”

“Oh, well in that case you can slide your cards through the reader… and… wait…” the two continued to hold up their cards as the creature looked at them more closely, then at the ones holding them before he put his hands up to his muzzle. “Oh! You’re them! You’re Calvech and Dobrica!”

“In the flesh,” Dobrica replied while putting her card away. “Though we really couldn’t say that a few weeks ago. We were in the area and thought that we could break in these cards they gave us.”

“Of course, of course,” the spandex horse said as he took the clipboard he was holding and put it back behind the reception desk. “I do apologize for not recognizing you sooner, though admittedly this is the first time that I’ve seen you two. My name is Reggie, I’m the new guest liaison for the fitness center and occasionally a personal assistant for Master Modino and Master Santer.”

“You’re an assistant for both of them?” Calvech asked, the creature nodding his head. “You must really have your hands full helping those two out.”

“Well I’m sort of the go-between for the two,” Reggie replied. “They also have their own servants that are just for them, but they decided for me since I really liked both leather and spandex that I would be the perfect intermediary so that they could keep up to date on one another’s business. Speaking of which I’m sure you don’t want to be standing here just talking to me, go on and have a look around and I’ll go inform them that you’re here.”

The stallion and hybrid thanked Reggie and after watching him scurry away up the stairs they went over to the main entrance and used their cards on the reader. After a quick chirp the light turned green and they walked inside, immediately hearing the sounds of machines running and people working out as they went in. When they looked around they found that they had really taken their ideas to heart, the entire main area of the first floor completely open and filled with general work-out equipment. From the looks of it none of the creatures that they would normally see hanging around were here, likely off converting others or hanging around with their own kind as they moved further in and spotted one significant change.

“Subtle guys,” Dobrica as Calvech just covered his muzzle as they looked up at the giant statues of the spandex bull and leather horse in a back to back pose. “Could they any more clearly mark their territory?”

“I wouldn’t say anything around them,” Calvech stated as they continued on past the statues and over into the more specialized areas of the fitness center. “You never know, those might have been people they turned into statues because they liked standing still for long periods of time with people looking at them or something. Now why don’t we see if we can find Santer and Modino before they find us.”

The two continued to wander until they found themselves in the pool area where they found one of the spandex sharks teaching some sort of water aerobics class. When they didn’t see anyone else they were about to leave when they saw another door that hadn’t been there before that sat next to the sauna area, which was marked as a private infinity pool. Calvech and Dobrica looked at one another before they walked over and went inside, waving at the spandex wolf-shark before doing so. What they saw was a much smaller pool that had jets to push people back, keeping people essentially in one place as they swam which for trainers meant they could jump in and adjust someone’s form without having to wait for them to go the entire length.

Swim training was definitely not what was happening though as they saw two more spandex shark men in the pool, one of them on top of the other with their hips thrusting up and down until they realized they were not alone. Both Calvech and Dobrica stepped back to avoid the splash as the tiger shark quickly dismounted from the one that used to be a cobra, both sputtering against the jets until they turned them off and saw who was standing there. “Calvech! Dobrica!” The spandex tiger shark said as a smile formed on his triangular muzzle. “You scared the living daylights out of me, our fellow shark mate is supposed to stop people from coming to this door or at the very least give us some form of warning.”

“Well I apologize for ruining your… workout,” Calvech replied. “We were just thinking about maybe doing some exercises and use our memberships here. You two no longer doing the whole threesome thing?”

“Oh we are,” the green spandex shark said with a grin. “But we’ve learned that time spent together without someone between us can be just as fulfilling as when we have a three-way.” The gaze of the two immediately went over to Dobrica, both of their grins growing wider as they saw the orca-jay standing there in her workout clothes. “Of course we are always looking for a third if you’re interested in some private swimming lessons.”

“Well I don’t know about all that,” Dobrica replied with a chuckle. “You boys definitely got the bodies for it and if what we walked in on was a show of your style then that looks really good too. But Calvech and I were hoping to find Modino and Santer and should probably-“

Her sentence was cut short with a squawk as she felt herself get nudged from behind from the stallion that had snuck up behind her, causing her to fall into the arms of the two males beneath her while he kept hold of her bag. “Don’t pass up on an experience like this!” the purple stallion said as he gave a wink to the other two. “As someone that has personally been between them you’re going to find yourself in very, very good hands.”

Dobrica went up to splash at Calvech but he was already at the door, telling them that he’ll make sure to lock it so that they’re not disturbed before leaving. Dobrica just huffed and splashed the water once more before she looked from side to side and saw the two spandex sharks still grinning at her, causing her to roll her eyes. “Well, I’m already wet,” she stated as she pulled her soaked top off before tossing it aside. “I wouldn’t mind seeing this technique of yours that my devious friend spoke so highly.”

“Don’t worry,” the tiger shark said as he helped her with her bra, already feeling his erection pressing slightly against her backside as she did so. “We’ve actually come up with some new techniques in the past few weeks, there’s a surprising amount of things you can do when your body is made of spandex.”

“Oh I know it,” Dobrica replied with a slight smirk as she began to feel their hands sliding all along her body, the two working in sync with one another to tease as many of her erogenous zones as possible. They definitely knew their way around a woman’s body, the orca-jay thought to herself as those spandex hands continued to roam. She began to wonder if she was going to be affected by their special ability, but it didn’t take longer for that question to be answered as she could feel her boobs tingling and saw that bright blue spandex had already started to cover them.

Before she could say that perhaps she might not have time to fully be turned into a spandex shark creature, even temporarily, she suddenly found herself brought onto her back and splashing into the water. She wasn’t under for long however as she was brought back up by those muscular arms. As she craned her head she could see that in the brief time she was under the water they had shifted their position, now with the tiger shark holding her up by her head while the green spandex shark had gotten between her legs. It was a position she had seen before, feeling the surface of the water press against her back as the continued to press together in order to keep her braced up.

They really were good, Dobrica thought to herself as they not only kept her up but managed to get her so that she was the perfect height to take both of their cocks. It helped that most of her chest had already been assimilated by spandex as well, transforming her flesh and feathers as the tiger shark began to guide her head towards his cock. She could feel her throat being helped up as she wrapped her arms around the waist of the spandex creature, her legs doing the same to the other one that began to push inside her.

The second that her pussy was nudged open she almost fell back into the water, only to have the two males continue to keep her up as the tiger shark guided his cock into her beak. It quickly wasn’t becoming her beak anymore though as the spandex that seemed to jump from his member to the rest of her maw and shifted it into a different shape. Though it was hard for her to see, especially as the thick cock of the male at her head began to push even further inside of her, she guessed just from what little she noticed that her muzzle wasn’t becoming triangular like a shark. Her only guess was that her orca heritage was starting to take over as the spandex kept covering her like a website, enhancing the already sensitive areas of her body as the other male continued to push into her.

“Man, you’re even better then your friend,” the spandex tiger shark commented as the other male rubbed against her increasingly spandex-covered stomach while sliding into her depths. “Of course that makes sense since he’s a guy… I think…”

Dobrica would have said something but with the cock sliding into her transforming throat the only thing she could do was lick her tongue around the shaft sticking out of it and causing the male to tremble. Her entire body felt like it was being submerged in pure pleasure, especially as the other shark kept working his hands up to her breasts and teasing them while he began to thrust into her vagina. The two had built quite a rhythm between the two and not once did she get squished between them as they filled her throat and pussy. The feeling of the two shark cocks inside her nearly caused her eyes to roll back into her head, the only thing she was able to focus on was keeping her grip on the waists of the two males rutting her, the pure bliss that their cocks were giving her, and what she was going to do to Calvech once she was done…

The purple stallion kept grinning to himself as he imagined the fun his friend was having with his two spandex shark pals, wandering around to see if he could find Modino and Santer. “Well look who came crawling back,” a voice said as Calvech tuned to see a spandex bull with a shirt on that that read Team Bull and a leather horse with the words Team Stallion on it. “You come crawling back to join team bull, the most superior team in the entire team?”

“It’s clear that he wants to be a part of team stallion,” the leather horse trainer stated.

“That’s because he was a horse to begin with dumbass,” the bull trainer replied. “The only thing that’s clear here is that he belongs to my team.”

“Or… he could just go with the best team,” another voice joined in, Calvech turning around to see a large, very muscular leather moose walking into the area. “Team moose has got you covered.”

“I say we have a little competition,” a fourth voice chimed in, this one belonging to the other lead trainer as the spandex elk came into view with a smirk on his face. “One that team stag is going to win for sure.”

“Team stag?” Calvech asked. “I thought we called you team caribou.”

“Yeah, the horse and I changed our names to something a little more fitting of our stature,” the spandex elk replied as the spandex jockstrap he wore. “Now how about this, we have team moose, team bull, and team stag all trying to recruit Calvech here, the one that he ends up turning into is the winner.”

As the others nodded the leather horse trainer from team stallion balked and folded his arms across his chest. “Wait a second!” he said angrily. “Why am I being excluded from this?”

“First of all, as pointed out earlier, he’s already a horse,” the spandex elk said, gesturing at Calvech. “So we don’t really know if that’s going to influence his decision or not and in the sake of fairness we’re just going to have to leave you out. Second of all, building off that first thing there’s really only three places that one can call when pleasuring a male, which means that we would need someone to sit out anyway.”

As Calvech realized what they were going to do he stated that he didn’t know if he was going to have time for all this, but the three had already started to call what part of him they were going to attempt to influence him with. Much like what he had just done with Dobrica he was going to be a victim of his own previous success, the trainers keen on showing the one that recruited them that they were the best. Once they had gotten squared away on who was going to take what they moved the party into one of the private weight rooms set aside for specifically this purpose, especially the weight bench that was far more reinforced then it needed to be.

The muscular creatures motioned for the purple stallion to lay on his back and get comfortable, Calvech doing so as he scooted his body until he was positioned properly. Since the spandex bull was arguably the lightest, the leather moose and spandex elk both bulkier in comparison, they decided he would get to take the horsecock that was already being revealed as they pulled Calvech’s shorts. After that it had just been a matter of who would take the front and who would take the back, the elk going for the former while the moose took between the legs while braced up against the back of the wolf. As they started to press against him he realized that he had just left Dobrica in a similar position, except that he had one more guy leering over him as they began their impromptu training session.

Calvech grunted along with the spandex bull that began to slid down his rock hard member, the stretchy material allowing the trainer to slide down rather easily while he braced himself with his hooved feet. The bench beneath them didn’t buckle an inch as the moose and elk quickly moved in as well, already seeing the shiny material of the bull’s butt starting to flow over Calvech’s groin. The next time the stallion attempted to make a noise his muzzle was stuffed full of elk cock, hearing the elk tell him to breathe through his nose that would have prompted him to laugh had it not already managed to get down into his throat.

With being sandwiched between the three synthetic males all Calvech could do was let them see who was going to win, feeling all three of their influences on his body as spandex and leather swirled around his body. At first his legs and tailhole were dominated by the leather of the moose while the bull’s spandex had claimed his stomach, chest, and hips and the elk getting his head and shoulders. As the three continued to thrust into him or ride his cock, the sensations coming from one manipulating the others causing his own body to shudder. He wasn’t just transforming into something else, he realized as the elk and moose started to get into a steady rhythm of one pushing in while the other pulled back, he was being molded and mutated into three different creatures at any given time!

“Team stag is going down!” the moose shouted as he gave a particularly hard thrust into the tailhole of the stallion, causing the spandex bull to slide the entire length of Calvech’s cock out of him while the transforming stallion’s muzzle pushed into the groin of the elf. “I already got his entire lower body!”

“You would!” the elk shot back, Calvech feeling the maleness of the elk bulging out his throat as he pushed back. “I got his head though!”

“Or do you?” the bull interjected, pointing down to the spandex bovine horns as he rode up and down the still shifting rod of leather and horse flesh. The three continued on like this with Calvech orgasming more than once, his hands grabbing against the weight bench as they continued to ride him. One thing that was growing no matter what was his physique, the exertion of three trainers on one person was causing his body to thicken so considerably that he was starting to approach bodybuilder size. With all that newfound strength Calvech decided HE was going to be the one to take the lead, shifting his leather legs to wrap around the moose’s hips while he reached back and grabbed the spandex cheeks of the elf inside his maw.

The sudden dynamic shift took all three by surprise and Calvech had them moaning and grunting, keeping the moose and elk there while using his hips to keep himself fully hilted inside the spandex bull. It wasn’t long before the three of them all climaxed themselves, leaving the four males a sweaty, panting mess as Calvech finally let them go. His muscle-swollen body quickly reverted back to its former state, his body likely already used to the magic as he nearly fell off the weight bench when those two cocks pulled out of his body and the bull pulled himself off of his.

“Well… I think we know who won that round,” the moose said as he reached out a hand and helped Calvech up. “You definitely showed us a thing or two, excellent workout man. You think you want to do one more set before you go?”

“I think that Calvech has other arrangements,” a voice said, the four looking over to see the orca-jay leaning up against the wall with a smile on her face. “Of course that’s not to say that he can’t play with you all later, but right now we were hoping to catch up with Santer and Modino. Do you think you can hold off on your little private training session until later, maybe find someone else out there whose going to want to join whatever team you happen to be a part of?”

The three trainers nodded sheepishly and grabbed the clothes they had chucked off themselves at the beginning, quickly getting dressed back up before heading out into the public area of the fitness center. For Calvech he wouldn’t even fit inside his clothes for another few minutes, still letting the transformation wear off as Dobrica sat down on the bench next to him. They both mentioned how much they had missed just going off and doing such things, and was glad that nothing seemed to change in the few weeks since they had left. It was an odd sense of familiarity with the bizarre, thinking how much stranger their lives would be without it.

Once Dobrica and Calvech managed to meet back up with one another and the purple stallion transformed back into his former self they found his way into the one area he definitely wanted to visit, looking out at the indoor track. He had heard early on that the fitness center was already in the planning stages of an exhibition center, a place where they would host sports including the horse races and fighting tournaments. Until that happened the indoor track was going to be their staging area, the horse and orca-jay seeing additional stands had been built as well as advertisements being displayed. They frowned slightly when they saw that a number of them predominantly displayed were that of the crocodile’s face while his casino sat in the background.

That momentary disgust was quickly replaced by joy as they saw that the four leather race horses had been joined by two more, the four stretching out the other two as they prepared for the day’s practices. “We almost have enough for a full race,” a voice said behind them, the two looking back to see Santer coming up behind them. “And given the amount of people that apparently like to gamble in this city we might have the ability to run two heats before the year is out.”

“Wow, that’s quite the growth Santer,” Calvech stated as they all sat down in the bleachers that bordered the track. “I’ve heard that you guys are already adding on a stadium in order to help facilitate these races as well as other sports venues. You sure you guys are prepared for all the added responsibilities?”

“Luckily for us we have two of the three best heads of our accountant working on the plan,” Santer grinned. “The other one of course making sure that everything looks legitimate, including all the land contracts and things of that nature. Wouldn’t you know it though that this little peninsula we sit on has just enough space for a waterfront property to be put on?”

“What a crazy coincidence,” Dobrica replied with a smirk of her own before looking at the black leather horse in concern. “What about Lazarus? Has he tried to do anything in order make your lives miserable yet?”

“He’s tried one or two things that we know of,” Santer said as he looked out at the field of creatures starting their run. “He knows better then to come at us directly so he’s been trying to find ways to sabotage us and attempting to take the horse races and fighting tournaments for himself. The first thing he did was attempt to send a spy that was loyal to him masquerading as one of his debtors, though he seemed to forget one important thing that was a rather big mistake.”

“Oh?” Dobrica asked. “What’s that?”

“He shouldn’t have sent someone that he bonded with over the same… interests,” the leather horse said with a bemused grin. “Not only did I find out about this little plan rather quickly but I have a brand new plush in my office now, this one rather enjoying himself rather then the crocodile. After that he continues to keep attempting to use backwater channels in order to subvert us, but that happens to be where we specialize so I don’t think he’s getting an upper hand on us anytime soon.”

The two continued to talk for a while on the plans of how they were going to pretend the finance the stadium, what sort of sports they were offering, and things of that nature. Even though they knew that the two now had a better handled on it they found themselves wanting to know what the day to day was. Santer was nice enough to chat with them about it but eventually Dobrica and Calvech knew that they were getting to the point of prying. In order to change the subject they asked if they could go down and see how their race horses were doing, the nexus creature grinning and saying that he would be more than happy too.

Santer explained that for most of those that were coming in under the thumb of Lazarus they were so happy that they had a way out they would pledge themselves as minions immediately, and instead of having them commuting back and forth from their realm to here in order to participate in the races Santer had provided fitting accommodations. When they went out of the training center and into another part of the building the two thought they had been brought into a set of actual stables. While that’s what it looked like on the outside as Santer gave them a chance to peak in they saw that all them were fitted with a bed, personal cooking area, and entertainment station that the nexus creature explained was of their choosing.

“Some of these look better then my first apartment,” Calvech stated as they stepped out of one that Santer had just recently finished. “You guys are really going all in on this horse racing thing.”

“We see a lot of potential there,” Santer explained before looking at Calvech. “If you wanted to throw your hat in at any time I’m sure the others would love to have you, in fact we’re doing a race soon if you wanted to join in.”

“Well, I don’t-“ Calvech started to say.

“I think that’s a wonderful idea,” Dobrica stated, grinning as she pushed herself against Calvech. “Why don’t you go ahead and sign him up and we’ll keep wandering around while you get ready.”

Santer nodded and left the two in the stables, Calvech sighing and shaking his head. “I can’t believe you roped me into this,” the stallion said as he went to one of the nearby windows and looked outside at he others training. “Now I’m just going to look silly in front of a whole bunch of people.”

“Oh don’t go on like that,” Dobrica said in reply. “They’ve been training for like two weeks, how much better could they have gotten?”

“You’re forgetting those two weeks were by a nexus creature after transforming them into ideal running machines,” Santer stated. “I may be in pretty good shape but I don’t know if I’m going to be able to keep up with them. I just wouldn’t put any money on me, that’s all.”

“I don’t know…” Dobrica teased. “Maybe I should float a line of credit with Lazarus so I can put down a big wager on you.” Calvech just gave her a looked the hybrid to chuckle. “It’s not like you have anything riding on this, just go out there and have fun with them.”

A few hours passed and eventually Calvech found himself in the waiting area with the other race horses, the purple creature feeling a bit out of place as he stretched his muscles with the others. It wasn’t his appearance; before he had gotten into the racing area two of the race horses had given him a set of harnesses to wear that immediately shifting his purple flesh to that of latex. He could also feel the familiar strength that came with Santer’s augmentations, which he figured would give him at least a fighting chance when it came to the race.

Eventually the call was given to them to start lining up, Calvech adjusting the number on his chest before going out onto the track itself. Though it was indoors it felt like they had walked out into a race track in the middle of the starry sky as an announcer went through their names and what they would be racing. Calvech was surprised how many people were out there in the stands, hearing the cheer of the crowd for certain favorites as they galloped out towards the starting line. It felt like a a strange hybrid of actual horse racing and running track and field, the former coming when they were all lined up in certain stalls that corresponded with their numbers.

“You nervous?” a familiar voice asked, Calvech looking over to see the steel-blue leather horse grinning at him from the next tall.

“Would be lying if I said I wasn’t,” Calvech admitted. “It’s hard to believe there are people out there actually gambling on this, though I suppose anything that has people competing against each other could have the same thing. Still, a lot of hype out there just to watch some stallions go out racing.”

“I feel like it’s something back to ancient times,” the other leather stallion stated. “I remember reading about how they would take the equine anthros like ourselves and race them essentially for their amusement. Of course with Santer and Modino being as old as they say maybe they were the ones that arranged it, can just imagine those two sitting there in those ancient stadiums doing the same thing they were doing now.”

Calvech chuckled but before he could respond the thirty second light came on, telling all the racers to get ready for the green light. He heard on the other side of him another leather stallion say not to worry and that they won’t beat him too badly. All that did was cause Calvech to focus as the yellow light turned on, followed a second later by the green one as the gates opened and allowed them all to leave. Everyone left the starting gate in a flash, Calvech feeling the rigging on his body shift and move with him as he immediately moved to keep with the pack.

Though it was impossible to tell with everyone cheering in the stands Calvech swore he could hear Dobrica in the stands cheering him on, feeling his muscles pumping with every step he took. This was a runner’s high amped up to a thousand, the combination of Santer’s transformation along with the thrill of competition and just being out there on the track with his fellow equines was bringing him a euphoria he hadn’t thought was possible even with everything else he experienced. He could also see why great care was taken on making sure his groin was secured as they made their final turn and Calvech burned what energy he had left down the stretch.

For a few moments he almost caught up with the steel-blue stallion but in the end Calvech faded a bit and ended up getting third place. It was still better then he had thought he was going to get and once the announcements on the winners were ready they continued to wave to the adoring fans before making their way back in. They were a few other events going on as well, the horse race not the only thing that Santer and Modino had planned, but it meant that they would have to stay in the stable until all the events were finished.

It was something that Calvech didn’t mind doing as the masseuses that the nexus creatures had hired for the facility were there, ready to oild down their leather bodies. “It was definitely a pleasure racing with you,” the steel-blue stallion said as he laid down on the table next to him. “To be honest I was hoping that I would be able to race you at one point and was a little sad when you didn’t come in during the fitness center opening.”

“I think that we were a little leery coming back to a place that we helped opening,” Calvech stated with a small grin. “But I think that Dobrica and I will definitely be coming back now, we’ve had a lot of fun. Plus I wouldn’t mind racing against you again.”

“That’s awesome,” the other stallion said with a smile. “Do you think that you’re going to help those two again with other things?”

Calvech looked forward, groaning slightly as the masseur got rid of a particularly stubborn knot. “Perhaps…” the purple stallion said as he put his head against his arms. “You never know, there might be some room for a little more cooperative management…”