

## Day 10: Pumping and Building Anew

“**Ha!**” Arin laughed, “**Didn’t even break sweat!**” He tossed the eight-hundred-pound weight back into place on his bench press. There were some claps, a few admirers of all sizes surrounding him.

He smirked. Why wouldn’t they gather? A large specimen such as himself was hard not to admire. The rabbit was nearly seven feet tall and somehow even beefier than yesterday, putting most body-builders to shame without looking gorgeous or oddly misshapen. His wide pecs bulged out temptingly, his puny shirt tight over his eight-pack.

Of course, being well-built wasn’t his only incredible feature. He had a striking, strong muzzle with perfect, white teeth. His thick beard was nicely trimmed. His voice was deep and thick, oozing with pleasure. He had dark arm, leg, and chest hairs, even a happy trail leading down to his crotch that added to his masculine charms.

And the biggest and proudest feature he had was his package. Somehow stuffed into his gym shorts, his double grapefruit-size balls and sheath stood out prominently, the material highlighting their large shape. It was a little tight on him, but it also made him feel quite excited most of the time on the positive side.

Plus, the extra attention he liked. All of the ladies he crossed seemed to swoon at the sight of him, which he happily winked and flirted back with. Even some of the men, most of the anthro variety, were sizing him up. Arin had to admit, they were quite good-looking as well.

With a bit of flirting with the crowd, he went and got some new weights. He could feel their eyes on him the entire time as he switched out his weights on the dumbbell. He loved it, though that girl from last night was a total sweetheart, and he wouldn’t let his eye wander too far from her.

Arin laid back down and started pumping iron, his mind wandering to the other night as he did. The date was a complete success. It was a lovely dinner and movie, plus a little light walk home. Gracie was a delight to be around and chat with... when she wasn’t too distracted ogling or feeling up his muscles.

Arin felt a tiny bit of disappointment admittedly that he couldn’t go all the way with her, but there was always next time. Patience was a virtue. They’d get there eventually after some more dates, mingling, getting to know each other, and-

“**Alright, alright folks; break it up! We’re gonna need a mop and bucket to clean up all of this drool if this keeps up.**” Arin snapped back to the reality as a deep voice spoke up, not too different from his own.

Stopping his weight-lifting, he saw the figure in question. It was a rather large, imposing squirrel guy. He was a little smaller and less dense than he was, having a lot less body hair on top of his fur to boot. However, he was definitely packing a lot down below, much like him.

The small group of people either murmured or embarrassingly apologized before leaving. With them gone, the two anthros were alone, prompting Arin to joke, **“Well, there goes my audience. Now who am I gonna impress?”**

The squirrel snickered. “Well, it ain’t me, Mr. Hairy Buns, that’s for sure.”

Arin smirked, sitting up. **“You don’t know that for sure until you see my hairy buns in action.”**

“Maybe another time.” The rodent laughed, his bushy tail shaking. “I got more important things going on. Been looking forward to checking in with you. I see those pills have done some impressive work!”

Arin frowned. **“Umm... do I know you?”**

“Ah man, you don’t even recognize your favorite cousin anymore? ...well, completely understandable considering I almost didn’t recognize you if not for your neighbors’ description.”

The gears started turning in Arin’s mind, the fur on the back of his neck standing up. Suddenly, it hit him. **“Maria?!”**

“Pffffff! Maybe once, but the name is Marco. How about you?”

**“A-A-Arin...”** The rabbit stood up and gave him a big hug. **“Ha! Marco, you look amazing! I love what you’ve done with yourself!”**

“Heh, the same to you, cuz.” The squirrel hugged right back. “These supplements are amazing, aren’t they?”

**“I’ll say!”** Arin remarked, **“Where did you get them?”**

“That’s a secret, but I know a furry guy much like us who knows another furry guy and so on and so forth.” The squirrel winked.

**“Of course of course. Gees man, I dunno what to say! This... all of this is just amazing! My life has just been so much better now!”**

“No more jumping at every noise or letting people walk all over you?”

**“Pffff! Hell no! I’m the one taking charge now! I’ve been exercising and working out every day, even got a job as a personal trainer recently. Been flexing a lot, heh. Also, finally got me a date with this fine as hell lady. Mmmm, who knew gals could be so alluring~?”** Arin smirked as he said that, his gym shorts tenting. God, he loved that feeling.

However, his cousin gave him an odd look. “I suppose, but really, guys are where it is at. Trust me, a big, furry, strong anthro man will really speak to you after a while.”

**“Nah, I’m pretty sure that gal is all I need... unless I’m dumped, but what can ya do?”**

Marco shrugged. “Welllllll, unless your interests change over time. Comes with taking all of those tablets. They really get you all hopped up and horny for certain things.”

Arin snorted, but frowned. He had to admit, his interests were changing a lot. From guys to girls to both guys and girls to now girls and anthro guys. Even though he was out of pills, anything could happen in the future.

That’s when Marco smiled. “You know, if you really think she’s the one this early... maybe you can keep it that way in case your kinks change. I do have another pack of supplements on me. Perhaps she would be interested in them?”