

The flickering ghost of streetlights filtered through tinted limousine windows. Seated in the back was a sleek black cat, golden-yellow eyes seeming to glow in the pitch. Ice cubes clinked, crackling quietly in the old-fashioned glass. It rocked slowly between slender fingers, amber liquid refracting light through frosted glass.

Seated along one of the benches was a nervous-looking gray wolf. He flicked his eyes left and right as if set on edge by the opulent environment. His clothes were loose—a few sizes too large—only a few steps away from swimming in them.

He was nearly as slender as the suit-bound cat. Wiry muscles tensed as the lupine fidgeted with the hem of his shirt. Even his shoes seemed ill-fitting, paradoxically worn sneakers struggling to stay snug around his heels. The wolf nearly jumped as those ice cubes rattled, his companion taking a long swig of his drink.

"Jumpy, aren't you?" the feline, Sebastian, asked with a low, almost sultry purr. His cocked smile suggested amusement, a pearly white fang poking out.

"I..." He cleared his throat, gulping. "I ain't used to' this..."

"Traveling in such luxury?" The cat chortled softly before taking another sip. "I can imagine..."

The lupine stiffened, jaw setting. "You know what I mean."

"*Mm...*" The feline contemplated the last drops of his drink before setting it aside. "You were compensated well for your services. Don't tell me you're fielding a complaint to me now..." There was an edge to his words, a knife wrapped in the finest silk.

"L-Listen, I just..." The wolf gripped his pants, pulling them up around his waist. Even with a belt cinched tight, it was still uncomfortably baggy. "Don't tell 'em that I sent you."

Sebastian laughed, a near-musical titter as he slid a salacious finger along his finely cut jawline. "You don't think I can be discrete?"

The passenger blushed, his ears warming as they folded back.

"Oh? Reveling in memory already, are we?" Sebastian asked, his head tilting to one side as he squinted at his companion. The car slowed to a stop, pulling up along the side of a chipped and dingy sidewalk. Sebastian peeked out the window, shading his eyes with a palm.

Platinum's Gym. The signage outside was something straight out of the 90s, a neon knock-off of a more popular national brand.

Sebastian leaned further, eyeing the building critically. It was nestled in a downtown strip mall corner, the buildings merging with their companions. It was sandwiched between an embroidery and a do-it-yourself apothecary. Whatever that meant.

Well, you can never judge a book by its cover. Sebastian had certainly seen more glamorous gyms in his life. Usually with less-than-appealing occupants...

"This is the location?" Sebastian's commanding tone caused the overdressed wolf to jump in his seat.

"Y-Yeah... This is the place," the canine muttered shamefully, his ears ducking down as he snuck a few glances out the long window. "It's where I usually—" He choked on his words, expression screwing up as he squeezed the hem of his pants hard. "Where I *used* to work out."

Sebastian flashed him an expression of surface-level sympathy. "*There there*," he cooed, a smirk forming over his muzzle as the wolf jerked away from the initial pat to his knee. "All you've lost can be yours again—in time."

"It took me years—!" The wolf cut himself off, chest heaving as he jerked his gaze away.

"And you have plenty of them left," the cat fired back, his tone turning icy. "Be thankful."

"Can I go home now?" The defiant tone had melted, replaced with a whimper. He watched Sebastian reach into the cubby beside him, pulling out a stuffed gym duffel.

"You'll be taken home. Knock twice on the driver window when you're ready to leave," the cat informed as he popped the door open, orange running lights kicking on as it illuminated his dark silhouette.

"And my compensation?" he asked hesitantly, flicking a submissive glance at the slender feline.

Sebastian's wingtip clacked lightly over the semi-wet stone, slicked by a recent rain. He dipped his head back into the car before flashing a charismatic smile. "You'll find the money in your checking account. Put it to good use."

The wolf had nothing to say, fingers clasping over his lap as he jerkily nodded his head.

"Maybe we'll meet again in a few years." Sebastian's fingers hooked on the edge of the door. "Until then—*Ta-ta*," he said playfully before slapping it shut.

The car drove off shortly after, the finely dressed feline watching for a moment before hiking the bag over his shoulder. His soles slapped over chipped concrete as he headed to the front entrance. He was hilariously overdressed for this kind of atmosphere, but he didn't care.

The more attention on him, the better.

Front doors opened automatically, ancient doors rattling unreliably along their tracks. By Sebastian's judgment, this must have been initially a grocery store years—if not decades—ago.

Stepping inside, the odor of masculine musk hit his nose as cool air wafted over him. The scent of sanitizers floated along with the titillating aroma, a futile attempt to mask it. The familiar clanking of weights echoed, with deep, strained grunts preceding.

Sebastian sauntered past the front desk like he belonged there. The meathead behind the counter didn't even pay attention, too enamored with whatever inane video was playing on his phone.

The dark cat in an equally dark suit caught a few curious glances as he sashayed around bench press machines, his tail lingering and tracing the railing. He made a purposeful show of looking unsure and curious, glancing around the sizable establishment—like he had a question on the tip of his tongue.

Sebastian shook his head, putting his hands in his pockets as he made a beeline for the lockers in the back. A few of the men working out watched, eyes lingering on this peculiar newcomer.

The bait had been set. Now, all he needed to do was reel it in.

The air was even cooler inside the lockers, a fan blowing over him as he stepped onto the white tile. His pointed ears twitched as he heard explosive laughter from the back of the maze-like room.

"Yeah, dude! I totally fucked her!" a bassy boom called out. It seemed that Sebastian had slid into the middle of a conversation...

"Yeah, *right*," a doubtful voice chimed, higher pitched. "You *always* exaggerate. What, isn't she the tenth girl you've fucked this week or something?"

Sebastian made his way to a corner, carefully stripping off a suit that was worth more than this place's monthly rent. His pointed ear twitched as he listened in on the budding banter.

"She had great tits!" the first voice barked. "You know I can't resist a girl like that."

The cat chuckled quietly as he unzipped his duffel. Inside was packed with clothes—far more than he would need for a simple gym trip. Shuffling through the contents, he found what he was looking for.

The door to the corner locker popped open with a quiet rattle, the feline's manicured brows rising. Built into the back wall was a full-body mirror. Or...at least, a slit of one.

The slender feline admired his nearly nude self. A pair of crimson briefs hid the generous heft of his crotch. He was handsome by any standard, with a light muscle tone that gave his sleek black pelt a pleasantly sinewy texture. Sebastian had a perfectly slicked-back undercut hairstyle, gelled strands brushing the inside corners of his pointed ears.

Sebastian gave a little turn, before flashing himself a charismatic smile. Pure white teeth broke the congruous pattern of pitch, a devilish smile that only enhanced his model-like facial features. With a lightly chiseled chin and high cheekbones, he was the envy of most fashion-minded men. A single stud glittered at the base of his right ear; a pure white diamond caught the light as it dazzled. The same could be said for twin barbell piercings in his nipples, polished silver glistening.

He swapped out his underwear for a jockstrap, snapping the creamy-white straps around his taut rear before stepping into a set of cerise workout shorts. His tank top was snug enough to show off his curves, creating a striking figure with his light musculature.

Kicking on a pair of white sneakers, he tossed a towel over his shoulder before grabbing a water bottle out of his bag. He threw the duffel into the locker just in time for the gibbering brutes from the back to go strolling by.

A golden retriever led the pack, head and shoulders above a lion and a dappled draft horse behind him. He must have been at least six and a half feet tall with enough muscle to make his workout clothes set to burst. His swollen pecs bounced with every step, the thin strip of fabric doing little to hide his hirsute assets.

They made eye contact for a brief moment, Sebastian's expression shifting to a convincingly shy smile. He moved to bashfully play with the neck of his water bottle, his thumb sliding around the edge as he stared into electric green eyes.

The big dog's companions nearly tripped on his heels as he slowed, one of them giving him a shove and a quick, admonishing "*dude!*" A shade of rosy pink rose into the dog's floppy ears, tinting his cheeks as he snapped his gaze away from the feline under half his size.

Sebastian snickered internally as the entourage departed, the others casting curious glances his way. The horse, in particular, snorted, flashing disdain Sebastian's way.

It was a familiar expression for Sebastian. But, no matter. It wouldn't hold.

Not for long.

He timed his departure after theirs, stepping back into the gym, treading lightly as he surveyed his surroundings. His associate wasn't wrong; this place was packed with herculean bodies.

He felt like a kid in a candy shop. It took all of his willpower to keep from drooling as he strolled around the edges of the gym, following the outer track. He decided to stop at the dumbbell rack, tossing his towel and water bottle onto a nearby bench. The weights unracked with a soft clink, the weight testing some of the smaller sizes.

Considering this wasn't "baby's first gym," even the lightest ones had a surprising amount of heft to them. Sebastian puffed as he curled, feeling the burn in his biceps as he did. This was undoubtedly harder than it was only a few days ago.

Then again, he was missing nearly a hundred pounds of muscle.

A shadow cast over him, the cat turned his head, eyes adjusting to the sudden dark. Looming over him was the retriever from before. He flashed a dumb, but charismatic smile as he approached.

"Hey. You need help with that?" He asked, already moving in behind the feline, fingers tracing the edges of the cat's dumbbells.

Hook, line, and sinker.

"Ah, sorry!" Sebastian said with a bashful lilt as his ears dipped back. "I'm not very experienced, so..."

"You gotta keep your elbows tucked in. Use your forearms—like this," the retriever said, guiding Sebastian through the movements.

"Th-thanks," Sebastian stammered, a light giggle coming out of him. Truth be told, the canine was shouldering some of the weight, making the movement incredibly easy.

"I haven't seen you around before." The retriever stepped forward, their thighs brushing along with the hem of their tank tops.

Sebastian laughed again. "Yeah! I only just signed up a week ago. A buddy of mine recommended this place," he said with a glowing pep.

"Oh yeah?" the canine asked, cracking a half-cocked smile. "Anyone I might know? I'm pretty much the king here," he said with a low chuckle.

Sebastian cringed inward at the self-proclaimed title but didn't allow it to show. "Oh, no! He was an old college buddy of mine. He hasn't gone here for years." He internally twisted his fingers, hoping his little story would float—that this ramshackle dump had been open for that long.

"Aaah, okay!" The dog said with a chuckle, leaning forward so his pecs brushed against Sebastian's back. "Just so you know, I usually charge for this."

"For what?" Sebastian asked, putting on his best innocently curious tone.

"Personal training," the dog said with a low rumble. "Figured I'd give you a free sample."

It was amazing the things you could make your body do when you had control over it. Sebastian's cheeks flushed a light, rosy pink as he giggled timidly. "I bet most of the guys who come here train with you, huh? Bet that's how you afford all that bulk."

The dog puffed proudly as Sebastian racked the weights. "Yeah! I pretty much run the place. The old dude who actually owns the plot just pays for maintenance."

"Well..." Sebastian laced his fingers together, thumbs tapping as he gave the hulking retriever his best wide-eyed stare. "Would...um..."

"Jake," he said, pointing to himself. "You?"

"S-Sebastian..." he stammered. He didn't bother to use an alias in situations like these. What was the point? By the time he came back, none of these faces would be familiar. The cat cleared his throat before saying, "Can...you flex a little for me?"

The grin on the scruffy dog's face widened.

"S-Sorry if it's forward. I just want to see what I might be getting if I, um, sign up for your package?" He made a deliberate look at the sizable lump between Jake's thighs, calculatedly lingering.

For someone who was supposedly straight, the dog seemed enamored with the attention. He huffed through his darkly padded nostrils, spreading his stance as he hit a double bicep pose. His chest swelled, puffing up with air and more than a bit of ego.

"It'll take you *years* to get to this size, but don't worry, little dude! You stick with me, and I'll make you huge."

"Oh...I don't doubt it," Sebastian replied, his salacious slip of voice completely flying under the bombastic retriever's radar. He slipped forward, reaching out to feel overbulging pectorals.

It took *every* ounce of self-control to keep from taking a taste of his treat, Sebastian quivering nearly as much as his trainer. Jake's breath hitched, the retriever's flex slacking. The front of his shorts swelled, a noticeable outline forming in one of the legs.

A deep shade of ruby swirled in those golden irises, rising to the surface as the cat invoked his innate powers. To his amusement, he could see a similar effect in Jake's jade-green orbs. They hazed slightly, growing just a little duller—unfocused as he grunted.

"U-Uh... Yeah, so... How about we, uh..." Jake stammered, trying to wrap his fogging mind around his prior plan. "Do some overhead presses?"

"Oh, I'd love to," Sebastian cooed, subtly catching glances leveled their way. A little worship would raise some eyebrows—precisely what he wanted. The longer they lingered on him, the deeper his hooks sank into them.

They took their spots on the rubber mat with Jake behind him, guiding his elbows. With a toothy lil smirk, Sebastian pressed himself backward into the dog's already swollen crotch.

"Sorry," he said with a light giggle as the retriever groaned. "Am I too close?"

"N-Nah, man..." the retriever muttered, sweat beading over his forehead, expression partly screwing up. "Just, uh... G-Gotta get your form right..."

"Maybe you should come a little closer then," Sebastian said, his voice low. "I don't know how to lift properly unless you show me, *big guy*."

The cat secretly reveled in all of that meat wrapping around him. Jake's chest was hot, the retriever's thudding heartbeat hovering near his ear. He was quite a catch. The dog was most likely a professional bodybuilder—or, at the very least, he should be.

Maybe he was stuck in his own little world, selling workout routines that anyone could easily find on the internet. Who could say?

But Sebastian wasn't interested in any of that. His ruse was simply to get the metaphorical fox into the hen house. Funny, considering most of the men around here could snap him like a twig with just one arm.

They wouldn't know. They *couldn't*.

Too many eyes had lingered, too many thoughts enthralled by the enticing allure of Sebastian's body. Ensnared by the black cat's supernatural enticement.

Sebastian didn't miss the way that Jake's hips subtly ground against him, crotch against his ass. The dog panted, paddled tongue hanging out over a dark lower lip as his tail wagged.

"I thought you were straight," Sebastian whispered teasingly. He leaned back so the top of his head pressed against Jake's bulbous chest, his words tickling a scruffy, blocky, golden chin.

"I...I am..." Jake muttered, confusion racking his words as he shuddered. His hands wandered, seemingly of their own accord. They left the weights to trail over Sebastian's arms, thick, callused digits squeezing and groping. He shuddered and sighed as he lowered himself down, nose brushing against the cat's neck as he took a deep breath of his cologne-tangled scent.

"*Fuck...* What's..." Jake leaned forward as if guided by an invisible hand, his lips brushing against short, dark fur. "How are you so...fucking hot?" he asked, his voice a delicious blend of uncertainty and carnal need.

"Just my natural magnetism," Sebastian replied smoothly. "I like what you've shown me so far, but... I think I'm going to go with the accelerated program."

"Th-the...huh?" the dazed dog asked, hands already dipping lower, feeling over Sebastian's firm chest and taut stomach. He couldn't let go, his subconscious demanding intimate contact with this absurdly alluring cat.

"Don't strain too much," Sebastian cooed, going back to hefting the weights over his head—putting up the front that nothing was out of the ordinary. "Thinking isn't your strong suit anyway."

Not that he could think of much anyway. The fog continued to fill the corners of the bodybuilder's mind, squeezing around it like the heavy muscle bulging across his overstuffed body. Sinew stood on end, muscle tapering like a good pump as veins surfaced. Just being around this feline made him feel *so good*. It was outright orgasmic, his form swelling subtly as if going through a full-body erection.

The crimson in Sebastian's eyes grew bolder, swirling from the corners of his irises as golden pools ceded to incandescent scarlet. Nearby meatheads faltered in their workouts, eyes dulling and hazing over. A few weights dropped with a clatter, absentminded apologies, and grunts following the muddle-minded clamor.

Jake gulped, the straining boner in his navy workout shorts twitching. A slow stain was forming, spreading from the outline of his helmeted glans. "Y-You're hotter than any girl I've..."

"*Fucked?*" Sebastian succinctly finished, a small giggle bubbling out of him as he finished his set. He haphazardly tossed the weights aside, showing flagrant disregard for gym etiquette. He turned, casually tracing a finger between the canine's swollen pecs.

Jake's eyes nearly rolled back in his head as he let out a surprisingly high-pitched moan. The canine's body shuddered as that damp spot grew, creamy white bubbling past the fabric as his knees wobbled.

"Oh, you *are* a needy one," Sebastian snickered as he spread his hands, taking the curvature of those swollen pecs between his fingers. He squeezed down, relishing the subtle give in those banded boulders. "I'm surprised you're even pretending to be straight. Such *adorable* sounds."

"B-But... I-I am..." he muttered unsurely, brows furrowing in as he tried—and failed—to think.

Sebastian leaned forward, hands cupping under that muscular chest as he fluttered lashes up at the flustered, red-faced canine. "Do you want to fuck me?"

"I-I... I've..." Jake tripped over his words, stammering. "I-I only..."

"C'mon," Sebastian cooed, putting his chin in the exposed cleavage of the retriever's tank top. "Tell me."

Jake gasped as supple lips pressed into the divide between pectorals, a shiver going up his spine as that rough tongue licked. His hands automatically reached for the absurdly attractive cat, fingers dipping over the small of his back. Fireworks practically exploded in his brain as the feline lasciviously lifted his hips, pushing his ass back into thick, padded digits.

"*You taste good*," Sebastian whispered, an almost malevolent edge to the breathy statement.

The dog whined, another spurt of creamy white dribbling down his trunk-like thigh. He gripped tight, desperately grinding himself against the lithe feline in his arms.

"Mm...or...maybe you're into something else? A big boy like you itching to be ridden..." he mused aloud, flicking his thumbs back and forth across sensitive pink nipples—savoring the sensual whines that followed. "Or maybe on your knees... You would look so cute with my cock down your throat."

He wasn't bothering to whisper in hushed tones anymore. The nearest jocks could hear *exactly* what Sebastian was saying.

And they were into it.

The once-contemptuous horse was ironically struggling with his own erection, white-furred cheeks flushed a rosy pink. Too fixated on the seductive spectacle, he failed to notice his own fingers were betraying him. Instead of shoving it down, they wrapped around the exposed, jet-black base of his shaft, slowly pumping it with every breath.

Despite the filters and the flowing air, a musky, heady aroma seeped through the weight room. Purposeful grunts yielded to soft moans as padded noses twitched, distracted gymgoes forgoing their workouts.

Sebastian smirked as he reached the zenith of his control. Several of the men—like the panting, drooling horse—were outright stroking themselves now, muscle standing on end as their jerking arms grew ridiculously defined pumps.

Jake moaned, a high pitch warble. Sebastian squeezed his shaft, stroking down the length, thumb tracing under the ridge of his glans as even more sticky white spilled from his loins. Sweat beaded over his body, rolling down and dripping from swollen, sinewy hills.

"Ripe for the harvest," Sebastian whispered, a toothy little grin spreading across his muzzle.

"I... *U-Ughh... Nngg...*" Jake mindlessly moaned, bulky body buckling with every sensual touch from the demure feline.

The first taste was *always* sublime. The feeling of raw *power* flowing up his limbs...

Sebastian's fingers clamped over the golden retriever's pecs like a vice, nails sinking slightly into his flesh. Tendons lifted, swelling as digits thickened dramatically. Mass flowed through his hands as light and dainty digits plumped with power. His forearms ballooned, muscles rippling as they stretched his jet-black pelt.

Meanwhile, those proud pectorals started to shrink, pulling inward with every gasping breath. The straps of Jake's tank top loosened as he slumped forward, gasping in orgasmic bliss. Despite losing years of careful cultivation, the ecstasy was beyond anything he had experienced. Sex, women, lifting? It paled in comparison to the visceral pleasure that rippled through his body from head to toe.

"*Oohhh...*" Sebastian moaned, a low chuckle bubbling up as his arms doubled—then tripled—in size. His biceps engorged, lithe mounds plumping with mass as a split grew between bulging heads. Triceps feathered, pushing out the back of his arms as steel cables for forearms engorged.

"Divine... Absolutely *divine*," the cat murmured as his shoulders engorged, light curves turning rounded and mounded as delts blossomed. Traps humped up around his neck as his chest pushed forward with every breath—gaining size in relation to Jake's loss.

Curls of ethereal crimson rolled off of Jake's diminishing form. They wrapped around Sebastian's engorging arms, radiance seeping into branching webs of veins.

"*Haaah, yes! Give me more!*" Sebastian growled, his neck thickening, Adam's apple proudly popping out as his voice dropped. "*Nggh!*" He grunted once as a fat trap ballooned, forcing his neck to the side, then once again as the other returned it center. Each grunt fell by an octave even as veins crawled up the fattening pillar.

On the other hand, Jake's mewling moans were growing more pathetic. His voice raised in pitch as density bled from his upper torso. It was like someone pulled the cork on a water basin, all of that swollen muscle draining away.

Without a strong core to hold them up, the retriever's shorts dropped to the floor. Jake whined as he stepped out of his shoes, his footwear suddenly several sizes too large for the canine. He gripped at the strap of his tank top as it fell from his shoulder, the garment looking more like a tent over him now, threatening to hide his mid-thighs.

Sebastian's thighs ballooned. Once loose and comfortable, shorts painted over him like a second skin. Glutes barreled outward, twitching as one boulder jumped, then the other. They dimpled deeply, rippling and banding with a salacious moan. The cat's thighs thickened, hamstrings and quads pumping together to form mighty pillars that tore the inner seams wide open.

The cat's feet twitched as he grunted, expression screwing up as the front of his sneakers bulged and writhed. The outline of his tendons pushed up against the laces before breaking them, each loop popping like miniature explosions. With a few final pops and tears, his footwear failed, swollen stompers spilling out of the ruined material.

Poor Jake was stuck in a twitching orgasm, the (now) diminutive dog struggling to stay on his feet. Sebastian's mammoth hands circled around his sides, fingers threatening to touch. Just a simple movement sent fat veins spidering up those limbs.

Sebastian's clothes were in tatters, scraps clinging to a body that should have spent a lifetime in the gym. Mass heaved from him, swollen pectorals jutting over cobbled abs, bobbing as he breathed slowly.

"*Mmngghh...*" Sebastian grunted, his jaw popping—the final touches.

He reveled in the sensation of testosterone flooding through his face. The cat's lower lip slowly swelled as his jawline bulged, sagging subtly under increasing weight. His thin chin burgeoned into a split boulder that threatened to crash into his chest. Cheekbones chiseled, jutting proudly even as the feline's brows engorged and pushed forward. His eyes seemed to shrink, sinking deeper as the christening cherry on top of his transformation.

"What a *rush*," Sebastian boomed with an unbelievably deep voice, the timbre shaking the floors and walls—and the moaning men clustering up around him. Gone were any autonomous thoughts. No longer were they interested in lifting—or even fleeing from what would have otherwise been a horrifying spectacle. One of their gym members, a prominent figure in their lifting community, had been reduced to a whining beanpole.

Sebastian and Jake had effectively swapped sizes, only that Jake didn't inherit the feline's naturally good looks. If anything, the testosterone he had stolen had amplified Sebastian's splendor, adding a brutish flair to the conventional beauty.

Brutiful, one might say.

Without Sebastian's huge hands wrapped around him, Jake fell to his knees, the hem of his tank top fanning around him in a sweat-stained circle. Jake's tail was wagging hard despite the theft

of his life's hard work. The golden retriever panted, face and ears flushed as he continued to fire twitching blanks down below.

The dog blinked in surprise as a stocky shaft nudged at his chin, precum smearing across his cheek. He didn't need coaxing, a single "*Suck*," from Sebastian prompting him to open his mouth.

Sebastian moaned softly, allowing his eyes to roll shut. His toes curled before the brute spread his stance, stepping out of the ruined soles of his shoes. He couldn't see the diminutive canine from past his herculean pecs. It didn't bother him, however. It was part of the allure—the impediment that offset the power.

The cat cracked open an eye, crimson iris swiveling across a sea of white to lock onto the desperately jerking draft horse. He raised a hand, pulling it from Jake's hair to curl a beckoning finger.

He was unable to resist, the equine stumbling forward, tongue dangling out of his mouth. Like his predecessor, muscle stood on end, pumped and swollen like after a hard workout. He let out a surprised grunt as he was gripped, his tank top tearing as he was brought close to the shorter feline. Sebastian yanked him down into a kiss, tilting his muzzle at the last second as he locked lips with the equine.

The horse moaned deeply, eyes rolling back in their sockets as he surrendered to the deep kiss.

Down below, Jake dutifully swallowed the sizable sausage. He nearly had to unhinge his jaw to fit, Sebastian's shaft sliding down his throat as it subtly bulged.

The same crimson glow enveloped the horse as Sebastian made out with him. The cat gulped, Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed. Muscle mass seemed to pull out of the horse, humping up, bulging in rolling waves of sinew. And then it went up his throat, jawline bulging before it shifted straight into Sebastian.

The black cat's neck swelled, thickening and webbing with veins as it traveled in turgid lumps. The muscle mass spread, augmenting Sebastian's already sizable physique—all while the horse diminished. He couldn't resist or break out of the kiss even if he wanted to. His clothes grew baggy, his t-shirt tenting over him as his shorts billowed and eventually dropped.

It was like someone had poked a hole in a balloon and let all the air out. The taut fitness band Jake wore loosened, scooting down his forearm until it fell from his hand. It tumbled to the floor in a clatter, the screen cracking as it rolled under a nearby bench.

Sebastian grew beyond rational size, bigger than any bodybuilder, as he drained every drop of excess muscle from the horse until only a scrawny twig remained.

Only then did he break his kiss. His tongue slid out of the horse's mouth last, strings of saliva snapping as Sebastian's breath came out as a visible puff.

He had almost forgotten that his cock was being sucked. The sensation of drawing out such mass and masculinity from another man was...*far* beyond such mundane carnal pleasures. The golden retriever's slender hands worshiped over his herculean body shakily, moaning and whining around the base of his engorged endowment. It was a wonder he could still swallow it, considering he added the shriveled equine's virility to his own.

With his widened frame, reaching out to the nearby weight rack wasn't an issue. He didn't even have to move, keeping those fat stomps firmly in place. Sebastian snatched dumbbells, carelessly gathering them between fat fingers. He growled and huffed, hiking heavy metal wads into the air, curling them slowly even as metal screeched and bent under his grip.

He flashed a little amused look—barely able to see the top of Jake's head even as he bent over. "Hey—you're the fitness pro," his booming bass rumbled, raw sexual energy thrumming from double-enhanced vocal cords. "Am I doin' it right? You got anything to say about my form now?"

Jake's head lolled, bobbing shuttlewise over that turgid cock. "*MmMmm...*"

"Nah, I didn't think so," Sebastian snickered, the sound like the growl of an industrial engine. The rest of the men watched in awe as Sebastian worked mammoth arms. Biceps swelled, pushing higher as veins branched over those bloated peaks. His pecs jumped, feathering as muscle banded and rolled, the black cat's hide creaking subtly from the strain.

As more thralls offered themselves up, so did Sebastian grow. The lion kissed his back, licking along his neck even as he diminished. A puma had his head jammed between his meaty thighs, panting and moaning with every twitch of those pillars around his skull.

Cement cracked underfoot, Sebastian's soles slowly spreading outwards as they widened. The men around him crashed against his body, moaning and grinding themselves. Sebastian didn't seem to mind the mess, a throaty purr shaking through him as they painted his dark fur in sticky white.

He feasted; crimson rolled off of shrinking bodies in waves, all flowing into his engorging form as shrinking men worshipped and prostrated. Pecs swelled up under his blocky chin, rolling into twin planetoids. His delts fattened up as traps crawled along the sides of his slowly shrinking neck. Lats descended, threatening to crash against bulbous, deeply dimpled glutes; they formed a delicious v-taper for his burly back as hills and valleys of feathered brawn blew out.

Even his facial features augmented further. His lower jaw expanded, cracking and popping as it grew twice as wide as the top of his skull. It formed a powerful diamond-crushing lantern-like shape, a perfect counterpart to his jutting, balled chin. The cat's brow thickened, cheekbones racing forward to match as he growled and grunted like a beast—or a primal force of nature.

Sweat rolled down Sebastian's body, mingling with the stains of his supplicants' seed. Sinew swelled, testing the boundary of his taut pelt even as Sebastian lifted. He threw his head back, going only inches before slamming into mountainous traps. With a booming, earth-shaking moan, he threw the cluttered wad of dumbbells, one and then the other. They flew across the gym, whirling over shriveled occupants as they crashed into machines and fixtures alike.

"HhuuuuhhhfuuuUUck..." Sebastian growled, his obscenely thick jawline rippling as it clenched. His relatively small eyes unrolled, opening back up, a crimson glow burning under the deep shade of his broad brows as he observed the men around him.

Their muscle mass was gone, and ill-fitting gym clothing littered the floor. They shook in the throes of ecstasy, several of them panting with their tongues out, firing blanks, having given everything they were worth to the herculean, hulking, sinew-swollen Sebastian.

He took a moment to look over himself—a feat considering how monstrous his chest had become, stealing most of his peripheral. It stole his breath as surely as the heaving brawn on his frame.

This was the first time he had ever let loose on such a succulent buffet. His usual meals were singular, perhaps one or two more if he got lucky.

Never before had he drained a dozen men of their mass—*professional bodybuilders* too!

"It feels so...**GOOD!**" he boomed, throwing his head back, bringing his arms above his head. Fists that were several times the size of his skull rolled into tight balls, tendons bulging over the back of mammoth mitts. His biceps exploded, hiking high enough to indignantly shove fists out of their way. The sanguine glow rippled up those luminant veins, branching along his limbs as wisps of crimson rose from those turgid limbs.

Veins crawled over his herculean body, branching down to the tops of his feet as he spread his stance. Sinew swelled, pulsating with the drumming beat of Sebastian's heart. Heat radiated off him, sweat steaming as the feline's brutiful features twisted into a terrifyingly toothy smile.

Sebastian was as wide as he was tall—discounting the swell of delts and the jutting width his angled elbows gave him. His triceps flared like feathered horseshoes, giving him almost a foot in width on either side.

With a wet pop, Sebastian's cock dislodged from Jake's throat. It pulled out of his mouth with a tug, saliva dribbling and dripping from the dog's lower lip.

The feline stepped away from his reaching thralls, crushing the previous rack of weights under one of his monstrous feet. He strolled to the wall-length mirrors, the ground shuddering and shaking, cracking with every footfall.

Sebastian had seen enough bodybuilder footage to be able to mimic their poses. He hit an archer stance, one arm snapping out as the other curled, sinew standing dutifully on point. Arms swung as they were brought low, curled fists perching on his hips—a feat considering how those bloated biceps and wing-like lats clashed.

The herculean feline sucked in a breath, slightly beveled abs pulling inward into a cavernous vacuum pose. Sebastian took the time to stroke down those cobbled abs, tracing down to his navel and the base of his pre-dribbling shaft.

"Heh," he growled, eyes rolling shut as he enjoyed the growling bass of his augmented voice. Fat fingers wrapped around the base, already lovingly lubed by a sheen of saliva. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the testosterone-oozing hulk in the mirror.

Sebastian curled his free arm, lifting it up ever-so-slightly so he could kiss the head of his bloated bicep. His tongue slipped past a fattened, slightly sagging jet-black tire for a lower lip, the scratchy pink appendage traveling around the cavernous crack between battling heads.

He had a lifetime of collective muscle bulging his body, a dozen men still moaning and writhing, lost to the lustful abyss. Just one thigh was larger than his prior stature, the cat giving a pointed wobble of one of those mighty trunks. It snapped taut as he flexed, standing on the end of his toes as teardrop-shaped heads serrated and stood on end, battling against the creaking hide constraining them.

"Nnffuckk..." he hissed under his breath, jaw gritting, muscles rolling in a taut wave as he squeezed his eyes shut. As if it had a mind of his own, his other arm kept jerking, pulling and tugging on the fat cannon between his herculean thighs. Sebastian's bloated balls jumped, swinging between his knees as obsidian spheres webbed with pulsating veins.

He went over the edge with an undignified grunt. The cat's cock jumped, twitching as his urethra swelled subtly. White splattered over his reflected image, painting over it with ropes of stolen seed. His entire body tensed, rippling with explosive brawn, seizing up as the last of his load dribbled to the spreading puddle below.

It took several seconds to gather himself back up, Sebastian unscrewing his eyes as he breathed heavily.

The sensation of his banded pectorals brushing his bloated, balled chin with every breath was euphoric in itself, the cat taking a long moment just to appreciate how absurdly packed his body was. He could feel overblown musculature grinding, peaks pressing together as muscle ground against its neighbor. It was like a symphony across his body, neurons firing as muscles twitched and flexed.

"Heh, what a feast," he rumbled to himself, tilting his head left and right to look at his testosterone-enhanced features. "Might take a while to work this meal off."

Not that he wanted to. Such was the downside of the feline's vampiric powers. He could steal as much muscle as he wished: to become a living titan of unbridled brawn and masculinity. But, it would only last for days—maybe a week if he was lucky or determined enough to hang onto it.

But it eventually bled away, returning him back to the slim, sleek cat the rest of the world knew.

Considering his prominent status as the heir to a near-ancient winery, it was a good cover. When he wasn't peddling the world's most expensive grape juice, he was busy modeling. Though the paycheck was inconsequential. The attention alone was well worth the effort.

Besides, seeing your face plastered out in the public was always titillating.

But now? Nobody would recognize him. Not with over a thousand pounds of muscle rippling across his overblown body and a bulked out face that would have made the Hulk jealous.

He had gained several inches in height—but not nearly enough to keep him proportional. He would have needed entire feet for that. Sebastian's elbows were forced at a near-constant 90-degree angle. Legs were kept far apart, monstrous thighs fighting for space as heavy junk sat between rippling tree trunks.

The mammoth cat gave his cock a little shake, whipping the last of dribbling cum from it before turning for the lockers. Sebastian quickly discovered that the entrance was far too small for him. He would have to turn his shoulders sideways if he hoped to fit.

But that would imply that he cared. The wall of living muscle stepped forward, meeting its stony counterpart. It yielded, cracking and collapsing into chunks and dust. The metal that comprised the doorframe squealed and bent as it broke free. It clattered to the floor, knocked aside along with the door, metal denting, caving in by a powerful, yet casual kick.

The door to his locker pulled open, ripping off the hinge like pulled putty. Fingers nearly as thick as the legs of his slacks folded his suit carefully. The cat slipped it into his bag, stopping for a brief moment. Amusement filled him as he realized that he couldn't get the strap of his duffel beyond his forearm. It was simply too large.

Sebastian was simply too large.

The thought was gratifying enough to get him erect all over again, his endowment twitching and swinging between his thighs. Apparently, he hadn't had enough of today's excitement. There was an itch deep inside him, that unfulfilled, always-hungry desire for attention that he still craved.

But, first, he was going to need a change of wardrobe. Unless he was planning on hand-puppeting his three-piece suit, there was no way he could keep up his night of debauchery in the nude.

As fun as a thought as that was.

No, he needed a tailor. Luckily, he knew exactly where to find one at this late hour.

Sebastian used his nail to hook into the zipper, pulling it back. The feline pulled out his phone, the XL sized model looking like a toddler's plaything in his expansive palm. He carefully tapped out on the screen, pinching it between digits. The thing dialed, trilling even as Sebastian struggled to contort his muscle-laden limb to get it close enough to his ear.

"I need you to rent a truck," Sebastian said with a thunderous rumble. The cat shook his head, small eyes rolling under his dense, furrowed brows. "The biggest you can find—no, I don't care what it costs. Get it here. *Now.*"

The feline flinched as a press to the screen caused the phone to snap in half. Glass shattered to an opaque white as the frame bent. A few sparks shot out of the exposed, cracked sides. He tossed it aside with a whimsical sigh, the broken device clattering into a far corner.

Whatever. He could always buy another one.

What he *couldn't* buy was more time. And he wasn't about to waste any of it.

"Not when there are people out there to worship all of *this*," he cooed to himself, flashing a seductive look at himself in the locker mirror, the musclebound behemoth cupping under shelf-like pecs, thumbing and flicking pink nipples. Padded thumbs traced the silver barbell piercings, enjoying the fact they had grown along with him—a little perk of his magic, he had found out when he was far younger.

With a low huff, he broke away from his own enchanting image, the ground rumbling and shaking with every step as he left the building. He spared his drained thralls one last glance, a malignant little smile splitting his brutish features.

A fine harvest. Better than any in memory.

Maybe he would return in a few years...

Yes, that sounded fun.