

The City: A New You

By CimmaronSpirit

WARNING: Contains TF, hyper, growth, muscles, horse, dalmatian, excessive cum, straight to gay, and anal. If you don't like any of that, go bugger off. If you do, enjoy!

Nikolai grunted as he set the bar back down, letting his sore and tired arms fall to his side as his chest heaved up and down. The young dalmatian was starting to regret his sudden infatuation with working out, as his entire body ached and screamed in pain.

“Just... just got to keep doing it,” Nikolai, who usually went by Nick, told himself. “It gets easier...”

But it had been a couple of weeks, and it hadn't been getting easier.

Nick finally managed to sit up on the bench press, sweat dripping from his body. But his legs, which were in pain from the earlier workouts, didn't want to bend enough to allow him to stand up.

Nick looked around. No one else seemed to have really noticed the thin pup, or really even cared. Living in Iron Beach, but not being built with the physical structure of a professional bodybuilder or Greek god, was embarrassing to the thin, scrawny canine. It was like life was mocking him for his size. Really, the only thing he had going for him was his spots. He didn't have any traits, which made him even more of an outcast in this City of perversion and sex.

But as he looked around at the other patrons of the gym, he began to realize something: everyone else around him was a horse. And not just any horse, but massive, ripped, bulging stallions. He hadn't even noticed that before until now, which struck him as odd. Half of them didn't wear any shirts, even the thin tanktops like the one that hung off Nick's body. Every strand, every chord, every sinew of muscle was on proud display: massive pecs, impossibly wide shoulders, mountainous backs, finely carved abs. And half of that group that didn't wear shirts wore only posing thongs or speedos, with massive bulges that, mixed with the sweat their workouts caused, left absolutely nothing to the imagination. Even the guys that did wear shirts had just as massive packages between their legs.

And there were a handful of guys, the pinnacle of muscle and power, who wore nothing at all but their fur coats.

Nick snapped his head away, closing his eyes. “No, no, no. I’m not gay, I’m not gay,” he repeated to himself. He sneaked a peak down to see his shorts beginning to tent, and he began to silent will his traitorous boner to go back down...

“Heeeeeey there Nicky!” a high pitched voice said, followed by a *whomp* as the bench that the dalmatian was sitting on gained another occupant. A massive stallion, Alistair, who was thankfully fully dressed, but in such small, tight clothing that it was clear that it was for show, and not for any modesty. But the horse wasn’t going for modesty. The trainer that got Nick signed up earlier that day was as flamboyant as they came: the white horse wore a bright pink fishnet shirt that stretched over his massive upper body, and the neon blue, latex short shorts that did little more than hold up his junk to show it off better. The multicoloured piercings in his ears, the tall mohawk that was dyed pink and purple completed the look of a horse who would look more at home in a club than a gym. But he was popular here, a good trainer and, if what some of the talk of the other gym goers was any indication, the biggest slut this side of the Hyper district.

“I’m Nick, not Nicky,” the canine growled, shuffling down the bench a bit. Flaming gay this hard had to be contagious...

“Cheer up, Nicky,” Alistair giggled. The horse, despite his massive bulk and muscles, had such a high pitched, squeaky voice that it would have been cartoonishly funny in any other situation. “Here, you look like you need a drink.”

The stallion produced a massive water bottle, seemingly out of nowhere (though Nick had a sneaking suspicion of where that could have been), and held it up for Nick.

Nick was thirsty, and he wasn’t about to waste his weekly stipend on the overpriced sports drinks that the gym provided. And he forgot his water bottle at home. So the dalmatian grabbed the bottle, popped the top, and began to chug.

He gagged, and pulled the bottle from his lips. “Gah! What is this shit?”

Alistair gave one of his effeminate giggles, slapping Nick on the back and nearly knocking the canine, at least half as big as the horse was, off the bench. “Just the best workout supplement there is out there! It does take some getting used to, but it will make you big in no time!”

Nick looked at the bottle again as he wiped his lips with the back of his hand. The liquid was thick and viscous, and even felt a bit warm to the touch through the plastic of the bottle.

And, considering the weird things that happened in the City all the time, what Alistair said of it's abilities wasn't that far fetched.

He wished it didn't taste so salty though.

But, Nick wanted to get big, impress girls and stuff, so, what the hell.

He raised the bottle to his lips and began to chug. His tongue was trying to revolt, his throat tried to prevent the foul tasting drink to get into his stomach. His eyes began to water, but he forced his body to consume it. If it will make him irresistible to chicks that wouldn't even give him the time of day... it was worth it.

When he finally got the last bit out of the bottle, Nick groaned, then gave a loud burp. It felt like he just drank a dozen glasses of water at once. The bottle was large, even in the hands of the beefy stallion that took it back, but it wasn't that big was it?

"Alright, why don't you do another set?" Alistair suggested, hopping off the bench with a grace and dexterity that should not have been possible from the over muscled stud.

"I-I just did... one..." Nick said, but he felt his body tingle a bit, as if energy was starting to flow back into him. "Though... I guess I could do one."

Alistair grinned, positioning himself to spot the dalmatian. "That's the spirit!"

Nick laid back on the bench, and wrapped his hands around the bar. He looked up, to see the bulge of neon blue taking up most of his vision. Nick grimaced, the musky smell of the stallion flooding his senses.

But Nick shook his head, and focused. He pushed up, and lifted the bar off the rack. It only had a couple small plates on each side, just a bit more than the bar itself.

But as he extended his arms, then let the bar come down to his chest, then back up again, the process began to feel... easier. Lighter even. He quickly did 20 reps, then put the bar back down.

"Wow... what was in that stuff?" Nick asked. He wasn't even panting, or felt tired or exhausted.

"It's a secret," Alistair giggled. "Want to bump it up?"

"Hell yeah! Let's do it!" Nick said.

"Sure thing Nicky!" the horse said, prancing his way to the nearby stack of iron plates.

Nick wanted to correct the horse, but, he decided to just let it slide this time.

Alistair placed the new plates on the bar, and got it all set up. "Alright, another twenty?"

“Yep!” Nick replied, lifting the bar up and began another set. This one felt even lighter than before, much to his surprise.

“Well Nicky, I don’t think you need a spotter,” Alistair said, after Nick finished yet another set and the stallion had placed more weight on it. “But I think you could use someone to help release some tension.”

Nick didn’t complain as the massive stallion came around, and straddling the canine’s thickening stomach, began to massage his pecs and sides as the dalmatian started another set.

“Look at you go,” Alistair said, running a hand over Nick’s chest when the dog set the bar down, then over his arms, giving a gentle massage of Nick’s upper body.. The dalmatian looked down, and gasped. His shirt was actually stretching a bit now, his chest a lot bigger than before, as were his arms. He could actually see muscles now!

“How about another one Nicky?” Alistair asked with a grin. Before the canine could answer (he was too busy groping and ogling his new arms, to confirm they were his and not a mirage), the stallion had already put on a few more plates.

Nick grabbed the bar above him, and began to lift it again. Now it was twice as heavy as it was before, which had been twice as heavy as before that. But it felt even lighter than before, like his body was growing stronger than he could work it out.

Nick set the bar back down and tipped his head down to look at the horse, only for Alistair’s bulge to have taken up his whole vision now.

“Ooooh, you are getting to be such a big boy now,” Alistair giggled, making the tight spandex shake, the tightly held balls slapping against Nick’s muzzle and chest

But instead of recoiling in horror, Nick just... lay there. In shock, perhaps. Maybe in lust. Or who knew what.

The canine blinked, and swallowed. Why... why was he staring at another man’s junk? Only gay people did that. And he wasn’t gay.

Alistair then climbed off, and began to put more weights on the bar, with even bigger numbers on the side of the black iron. And when he bent over, all Nick could think was how could those tiny shorts hide all that ass and cock at once?

Then the white horse with the pink mohawk climbed back, straddling Nick, and sitting down on the dalmatian’s stomach. But, where before the muscular horse might have crushed Nick with his weight alone, now his stronger body easily held Alistair without much discomfort.

Except for one spot in his shorts, were the perfect round bubble butt grinded against the canine's erection.

"Alright, this time, just keep going as long as you can," Alistair said. "It will feel light, I bet, but just keep going."

Nick took a deep breath, wrapped his beefy fingers around the bar, and began to bench press some more.

Alistair's hands went straight to work. The massive hands, tipped with hooves, were soft, luxurious, but also strong. The stallion began to massage Nick's chest, arms... everything he could reach.

By the tenth push up, the bar was feeling lighter than air. But Nick continued, focusing on the easy workout. He grunted and shifted as his shirt began to tighten. But after only a few more reps, there was a soft *rip* and the thin straps that went over his now massive shoulders snapped. The fabric that stretched across his shirt also began to tear and give way.

Nick was beginning to pant as Alistair's hands became more forceful, but only because Nick's muscles were becoming too thick. Then the horse bent down and wrapped his mouth around one of Nick's exposed nipples.

Electric shocks raced through Nick's body, and he could feel his boner get even harder, pressing up against the slowly grinding stallion on top of him. He began to curl his toes, groaning as his cock struggled and strained against its prison.

But... but he wasn't gay.

Nick swallowed, and continued to focus on pushing up the bar. He had to be over 30 reps when Alistair switched to the other nipple, using his long, soft tongue to brush against the sensitive spots on his body.

Nick closed his eyes, trying to picture something... a girl with huge boobs, with a tiny bikini holding them up, and an even tinier thong failing to hold back a massive, half hard cock...

Alistair's tongue traced over the cleavage between Nick's pumped pecs, and up his neck, then over his muzzle, until he locked lips with Nick, and began to push his tongue past the confused dalmatian.

He grunted, the bar above him growing unsteady, but he continued to pump it up and down as best as he could, even with the broad shoulders of Alistair in the way. He was

panting by now, the rush of hormones, testosterone and boiling sexual desire, and the drive to get even bigger, consumed him.

But... he...

*RHHIP!* The shorts finally gave out, a massive pair of cock and balls flopping out. Even though he couldn't see it, Nick could give a guess of how big they were: several orders of magnitude bigger than his paltry, "normal" size that he had before.

But it also felt... different. And not just because the stallion was now easily hotdogging his semi-hard cock. It felt... off.

But also right.

When he pushed up, around rep... he lost count, Alistair also pulled away. "My, what a big stud you've become, Nicky," the stallion grinned, one arm reaching behind him to stroke the massive cock. "Maybe I should give this a test drive, huh?"

"But..." Nick panted as Alistair stood up, Nick's cock in hand as he massaged it. His vision was starting to get blurry, the sensation of everything happening to him growing even stronger, even as the bar in his hand began to bend, the tensile strength of steel loosing to Nick.

"Ohhh, this would be perfect for me," Alistair giggled. "It's so hard to find something my size." He then licked the flat, flared tip.

Nick gasped as the horse's tongue dragged over his cock, his entire body shuddering. He shakily lifted the bar up again.

"...I'm..."

Then, through his half closed, half focused eyes, Nick saw Alistair positioning his ass right at the head of the gargantuan cock... then pushed down, his stomach lewdly distending as feet of Nick's cock slipped into his well trained and used ass.

The bar in Nick's hand snap. Hundreds of pounds of iron crashed to ground on each side of the bar.

"GAAAAAYYY!" Nick whinnied, thrusting his hips, his body sized cock and boulder dragging balls up.

Alistair moaned as he felt Nick's cock explode inside him, quickly filling him with churning, white hot seed, making his belly bulge out, the pink fishnet stretching, tearing, and finally snapping. The stallion, his own cock having slipped out of it's own purple spandex containment, also began to flair and bulge as his own massive load shot out, drenching Nick's

upper body, the weights, the equipment, and several other stallions who had stopped their workouts to watch and jack off to the sight unfolding.

Nick nearly passed out from the exertion of pumping gallons, if not barrels, of cum into the stallion riding him. But he managed to reach up for Alistair's legs, grabbing the painted hooves of the stallion, and pulled him lower on his cock. The white cumdump ontop whinnied himself as he was forced deeper and deeper onto Nick's cock, some cum beginning to run out his nose and mouth. It had been *years* since someone filled him this good, Alistair thought.

Eventually the twin flows from the stallions ceased. Nick flopped his arms and legs down to the white sticky ground, while the nearly impaled Alistair panted heavily, rubbing his huge cum gut.

"Wow, that was a show," one of the watching stallion, stroking his own groin cannon remarked, as they watched the new massive, white and black spotted horse in his afterglow.

"Yeah. Always great to see a new face, eh?" another stallion, who was still curling dumbbells with one arm as he jacked off with the other.

Alistair looked over to the admirers of his handiwork, and grinned. "Well, I hope you boys could help me... refuel and get a new batch of supplements ready, no?"

They didn't need to be told twice.