

The clang of weights echoed through the gym as a pair of dumbbells were dropped.

A ginger cat smirked, pointed fangs showing as he admired his reflection. He turned sideways, arms hiked up in the air as he twisted his waist. Blocky abdominals rippled and curved on command, jumping to life in an intricate dance while veins wildly webbed along his thin waistline.

“Ha-Ha!” the cat laughed as he rolled his stomach gratuitously, swinging his hips forward and back as he forced his abs to ripple like ocean waves. “*Magnifico!*”

Sweat dripped from his body, beads rolling down the curving mountain-like musculature that adorned his upper torso. Droplets traveled over traps, traced his overblown delts, and pooled between his powerful pecs. The musky stuff sprayed into the air as the feline hiked his arms under his pecs, biceps tucking under those bulging mounds as he hiked them higher, practically wrapping his face on those monstrously large mounds.

“Bigger than I’ve ever been!~” the cat cooed, tilting his head, kissing his right pec and then the left. He gave each mound a slight drag with his rough tongue, slathering the saliva-slicked appendage across the banded muscle. So extensive were those globes that his natural fur pattern stretched, darker orange stripes warping to fit over such enormous shelves.

Puss laughed, folding his arms behind his head, savoring the feeling of his biceps nearly popping it like a grape. The bloated biceps he had cultivated flexed, steel wrapped in furred flesh clenched around his head. A little moan slipped out of him, eyes rolling back in his head.

He could feel the pressure mounting around his skull and groin. Mammoth thighs flexed and squeezed his sizable endowment between quads. His leather thong creaked as it stretched, fighting against the throbbing endowment that started to tent out the front. He could feel the strap digging between his glutes, squeezing in deep between banded globes as the taut string squeezed over his winking hole.

“Oj!”

The shrill sound broke the cat out of his trance, green eyes blinking as his pose slacked.

“Alright!” an annoyed, petulant voice called out. “I’ve jus’ ’bout had ’nuff of you!”

Puss turned his head, lowering only his left arm to see past his significantly developed delts. Standing nearby was a muscular brown bear with blue eyes and a tear in his right ear. He had an unsatisfied sneer pulled across his face as he drilled his gaze into the shorter cat.

“You keep throwin’ weights around without rackin’ ’em! Don’t even bother wipin’ down the machines!”

He was several feet taller, forcing the cat to crane his head back.

“*What??*” he asked, petulant tone continuing unabated. “You deaf? I’m talkin’ to you!”

The cat exhaled low, his hype blowing out as he lowered his arms. "I can hear you just fine, *osito*."

The bear's expression screwed up, dense brows furrowing as his eyes darted left and right—visibly thinking. "The *wot* did you jus' call me??"

"I called you 'little bear,'" the cat said with a chuckle, casually bouncing his pecs—easily distracted with them as he watched those globes bounce and roll together. "Do you have a problem with that?"

The casual ease with which Puss dismissed him caused the ursine to stomp his foot. The impact was sizable, causing the nearby weights to subtly rattle from the temporary loss in temper. "I ain't little!" he snapped, baring his teeth as his muzzle rippled. The white tank top swayed over his muscled chest, stained along the middle from sweat as his silver chain necklace swung around his dense neck.

"Or would you prefer I still call you '*Baby*,'" the cat said with an amused, dismissive chuckle, "It would still be fitting." He continued amusing himself with his chest as if the conversation meant nothing to him. Biceps banged against the side of his chest as he spread his stance wider, new extra-sized boots creaking under the strain of encased stompers.

"Y-You!" he snapped, clenching his fists as he grew more flustered. Cheeks turned red, heat creeping up his neck as the bear glared at the aloof ton of muscled cat. "My name's '*Big B.*' now! Ain't nothin' 'baby' 'bout any o'this!"

Puss casually lifted his gaze to watch a double bicep. B. had flipped his arms up, meaty fists curling as he clenched; those biceps bloomed, pushing against his equally muscled forearms as they rippled with corded muscle. In a vacuum, it would have been an impressive sight; unfortunately, it held little weight while in Puss' gravitational pull.

"Impressive," the cat said, his tone leaving something to be admired.

Picking up on this, B.'s muzzle rippled, his brows furrowed as he glared down at the walking wall of cat. "You mockin' me or somefin'?"

"*Aahh*...caught me again!" he said with a playful laugh, the cat hiking his arms up. He mirrored the bear's pose, biceps exploding as they slammed against his curled fists. They pushed his fingers out of the way, shoving past his palms as they expanded higher than the top of his head. "Nothing gets past you, eh, *osito*?"

Another stomp caused the lightest weights on the rack to rattle. "I told ya t'stop callin' me that-!"

"Or...what?~" Puss' voice was a silky, teasing purr, the cat's green orbs sliding up to lock with angry blue.

The bear stepped closer, trying to drape Puss in his shadow. It wasn't working, the fact far too wide for such a tactic. Even though he was taller, he wasn't built like an absolute tank like the

half-sized feline below him. Even with all the muscle filling out his tank top and lycra shorts, the brown bear bodybuilder was only half the cat's width.

"I'll smash that smug lil face in!" he snarled, having to hunch over to see eye-to-eye with his adversary. "You keep comin' in here and throwin' weights around and showin' off! You think people care t'see that y'little soddin' shite??"

Puss could smell the bear's breath as it wafted over his face, the pair of muzzles only inches away. Undeterred, the cat shrugged, a sly smile forming on his face. "Mm... I think I have enough of a fan club to warrant some...*flaunting*," the cat said with a sultry purr, tilting his head and gesturing.

B. tilted his gaze, shifting to watch the crowd of other gymgoers. Several of them had stopped to watch the unfolding conflict. However...even more were intently watching Puss, eyes locked on the titanic feline to see what he would do next—what mind-blowing pose he might assume soon.

Before he could turn his anger back on the cat, Puss had reached out, grabbing him by the back of the head. "Wot the fuck are ya—*MMPH!*" His muzzle landed squarely between the cat's pecs. He squirmed, pushing at the sides of those meaty mounds as they undulated, banded muscle pulling his broad blocky muzzle further in.

He tried to hold his breath, to keep from breathing in—but it was no use. The first deep inhale sent Puss' natural, masculine musk surging up his sinuses. "*BUuughhUUHHhh-!*" he moaned, eyes going comically crossed before rolling back in his head. His stance faltered, his pushing weakening as B. dropped to his knees.

Puss clicked his tongue, smirking as he held the bear face-first in his chest with his pecs alone. "Now, do you see, osito? This is a *much* better look for you." The weak thumping of B.'s fists made him chuckle as they bounced off of his bulging chest in vain.

The bear groaned a deep, guttural sound as Puss lifted his foot and pressed it down. His boot had found a tented bulge stretching the front of the ursine's shorts, the mid-heel of the leather sole grinding over the already-drooling head.

"*G-Guuh....*" B. moaned, his eyes fighting to unfurl from the back of his skull.

Puss let out a low groan of his own, the bear's padded palms having found his jutting nipples pressing down on pink flesh, making his crotch twitch. "What's that, ositio?~" he asked, his voice low and breathy, "I can't hear you from between my tits."

"*G-Geddoff...me...*" The bear said the words; however, his heart wasn't in it as he struggled to get them out.

"Have you learned your lesson yet?" the cat asked in return, one of his cream-colored brows arching as he watched the squirming bear. The defiant inner fire that fueled B. was starting to go out; the bear's incessant pushing was beginning to shift into pawing as palms pressed against Puss' burly body.

B. tried to speak, but his words were mush—muddled just like the contents of his mind as his eyes rolled around in his head. He barely heard the sound of shifting leather, the cat subtly shifting his pose from foot to foot. A deep, guttural moan boomed out of him as he felt his erection pressed again—this time directly by a meaty foot.

“You see, I don’t usually remove the boots, but...” The cat chuckled softly, licking over his lips. “I do make exceptions for naughty ositos.”

Despite himself, B.’s crotch automatically ground into those meaty soles, thighs twitching as his hips swung. His leaking glans were forced to slide around the muscled, padded contours of Puss’ thick soles as the cat maneuvered it around the bear’s aching endowment.

Puss swore he could have heard a muffled expletive, perhaps even a slur or two. However, it was muffled by the bear’s muzzle still wedged deep between his sweat-slicked pecs. He gave them a little jiggle for effect, squashing the ursine’s face between banded muscles that refused to let go of their prize.

B. was on his knees properly, spread wide as Puss pushed his foot down over his crotch. The band of his shorts slipped down, pushed and pulled by curling toes until, eventually, that length popped loose.

The cat’s pointed ears perked as he heard a sharp sigh, the bear in his grasp shuddering. An egotistical chuckle bubbled up from the cat as he smirked, pointed fangs poking out as he regarded his latest prize. A dense digit reached down, twirling the silver chain necklace that wrapped around B.’s neck, giving it a casual, almost possessive twirl.

“Now... What do good ositos do?” Puss asked, his voice a low, purring trill.

“*Mmm...Mmgghh...*” he responded, voice muffled, eyes only half-open. His hands were wandering the titanic torso of the shorter cat, feeling over boulder-like pectorals before sliding along his wing-like lats.

Puss’ jawline shifted, brows arching in thought. “Eh, good enough. I think you’ll know if I give you a hint...”

B. gasped as he was finally pulled loose from his pectoral prison. A sheen of sweat glistened over his muzzle as he dropped back onto his ass, his thighs going wide. Before he could speak, Puss’ foot came down over his crotch, grinding his dense soles down.

“*UUUh... Uughh... F-Fuckin’...hell...*” the big bear groaned, the end of his crotch being handled expertly by those meaty feet, a pair of toes slipping around the dripping head. Puss’ heel slid up and down his urethra, pushing down on it as it massaged the length.

Toes slid up from the bear’s tortured cock, tracing up the cobbled abdominals outlined by his taut tank. The foot pushed between the bear’s pecs, the end of his padded stomper sitting over the ursine’s wide, padded nose.

B. looked apprehensively at the foot that flexed in front of him. However, a new urge gripped his mind, his addled state pulling him towards that meaty appendage like a magnet. He whined as he started nosing at it, breathing deeply before giving the first experimental lick over the underside.

“Ahhh... He learns quickly!” Puss chuckled, folding his arms behind his head, balancing himself easily on just one foot. Muscles twitched, engaging as they balanced the herculean bulk the ginger cat possessed. Calves rolled, rippling with webbed veins as his quads twitched and rolled.

The warm sensation of B.’s tongue underneath his sole was enough to get him hard, Puss dropping one of his mammoth limbs down to fish out his shaft. A wiggle of leather found his sizable endowment popping out into the air, the material of his thong acting like a hammock for his melon-sized balls.

The musk had enthralled B. once more, the bear’s eyes rolling back in his head as he shamelessly moaned. His hands gripped the cat’s legs, fingers sliding worshippingly along his bulbous calves, padded fingers tracing every inch of the shelf-like muscle. His padded tongue slipped between his toes, going so far as to wrap his mouth around the end of that stomper.

“MMhh...” Puss moaned, bucking his hips into his hand. “I’ve got to hand it to you, ositio... You’re really showing me what those thick bear lips can do.”

Down below, the bear was shamelessly jerking himself. His right hand squeezed his cock, working it up and down, his fingers slipping around his hooded glans repeatedly as sticky precum slathered over his digits. His other hand continued to worship over the leg that had him pinned, reaching up high to feel along the insides of the cat’s enormous thigh.

B. Blinked, sticky haze clinging to his mind like a fog as that foot was pulled away from him. He watched as the cat moved, straddling around his sides. With a shove, his back smacked the floor, his arms flopping up over him. He let out a confused groan, peeking past his chest—only to spot the glistening head of Puss’ cock. He bit his plump lower lip, chewing on the jet-black flesh as he watched the tantalizing flesh slide forward and back, the hooded head bumping into his thickly padded nose.

“Go on. Be a good boy,” the cat said with a seductive purr, folding his arms behind his head as he watched over his bloated chest at the bear with a sultry look.

A soft whine leaked out of the bear as he watched the subtly pulsating cock sitting between his pecs—wedged perfectly like a hotdog between a bun. He licked over his lips, slopping his tongue along them as he subtly and slowly leaned forward—a small part of him still trying to hold him back. It was all over the moment he got a taste of that salty precum, his tongue licking along the domed head of Puss’ subtly leaking shaft.

“Ohh... Oh-!” Puss moaned unexpectedly, the grip behind his head slacking as his hands loosened. The feeling of the voluminous muzzle plunging over his cock was divine, disrupting

his overconfident bravado for just a moment. He huffed, bucking his hips, grinding his bulbous glutes over B.'s rippling abdominals as they lifted.

Greedy sucking echoed through the gym as the bear's sloppy maw suckled over as much of the cat's cock as he could fit in his mouth. Several nearby onlookers were enraptured, watching the scene with lustful awe. More than a few had already whipped out their cocks, jerking them shamelessly to the display in front of the wall-length mirror.

"Greedy, *greedy* osito..." Puss grunted, the left half of his face twitching, eye screwing shut as he felt the vacuum-tight pull of the taller bear's maw. Feeling generous, the cat lowered his arm, reaching around behind him. It wasn't difficult to find the bear's twitching cock. Just giving it a simple squeeze was enough to make the ursine moan, Puss having to bite his lower lip as the vibrations traveled up his sensitive member.

He slid further up over the bear's chest, forcing him to swallow more and more of his cock. He was surprisingly stretchy, and Puss wondered if this wasn't the first time he had taken dick to this level. If not, he was a natural—something he would remember for the future.

"*Aaahh...muy bien, osito. Just like that...*" the cat cooed, reaching down with his other hand, stroking around the ursine's broad skull affectionately. He thumbed over B.'s undamaged ear, working around the base in a way that physically communicated his praise.

B. shuddered hard, his muscular body bucking as he shoved his endowment into the cat's paw. Thick dollops of precum were dripping from his cock, some shooting up between Puss's thick fingers.

"*Ah... Mnngg...*!" Puss' eyes threatened to roll back in his head as B. practically pulled the cum out of him. He went unexpectedly over the edge, a series of moans churning out of him. He released the bear's cock, gripping both sides of his head with strong hands, holding it tightly into place as he unloaded straight down his throat.

The cat let out another hiss of pleasure as he felt spreading warmth splattering over his back. Down below, B. had blown his load, his cock flexing and jumping as it unloaded thick ropes of spunk over the broad, mountainous back of the cat straddling him.

Sweat rolled down Puss' body, dripping onto the bear below. It was enough to displace B.'s built-up sweat, slathering the bear in the cat's musky aroma—essentially marking him. With a low grunt, Puss stood, his cock unreeling from the bear's maw until it pulled past his lips with a wet pop. He chuckled, giving the sides of that cock a gentle, affectionate pat on either side of the groaning bear's muzzle.

He sneered as he turned his attention to the crowd, emerald eyes sweeping across his audience. Most of them had already blown their loads, the last few painting their stomachs as they dropped onto their asses and across the equipment. He let out a low huff, licking over his lips hungrily.

There was no doubt in his mind that he was stage ready now.

With a nearby towel, he wiped himself up. He wasn't even sure who it belonged to—probably B.'s from the look of it. Not that he cared. He wiped off the worst sweat, slathering it over his cock before tossing it over the splayed bear's bobbing chest.

"We really should do this again," the cat said with a suave chuckle as he hunched over, slipping his powerful stompers into the only footwear that could contain him. "A little rough around the edges, but I'm sure we can straighten you out with a few more sessions, eh, *osito*?"

The bear gurgled, eyes rolling around in his head, his chain necklace spread around the ground. Puss gathered up his things with an amused smirk, hitching his cape over his broad back before nestling his hat over his head, the brim threatening to tickle the edges of his mounded traps before turning to the crowd.

"I hope to see you all again in just a few hours! While the show won't be as potent, I'm sure you'll enjoy my victory regardless!"

The crowd cheered, the gathered people clapping for the cat, a few of the men still trying to clean the worst mess off of themselves. Puss waved the crowd, arms spread, biceps blooming as he basked in the adoration, soaking it up like an egotistical sponge.

With a tip of his hat, he passed by his entourage. Mighty footsteps shuddered the floor as he stepped out the door and out onto the streets for his next conquest.

The door clicked behind the cat as he entered the bodybuilding contest venue. Signs pointed the way for contestants to head backstage. It was a little dingy and behind the times, but the worn-out concrete and steel girders above had a certain charm—even the flickering fluorescent lighting. Plenty of people were bustling about, and Puss could only assume it was stagehands or potential onlookers judging by their lack of overt muscle mass.

He cut a path through the crowd like an ice breaker through northern waters, broad shoulders carving a path as he waddled along, elbows out at far angles. He smirked, flashing winks at the men as he passed, noticing a few flushed faces in the crowds. He gave those a little extra sugar, blowing a kiss or two at the most overt of watchers.

Puss stepped down a ramp, heavy leather boots clapping the cement as he walked underneath the stage and into the backrooms. The sound echoed around him in the tight hallways, the cat chuckling to himself. They obviously didn't design this space with him in mind, his shoulders threatening to graze either wall as he kept to the central hall.

He gazed from door to door—unremarkable save for one. A paw print emblazoned it with a signature scratched out "P" in the middle—a logo he knew far too well.

“Well-well...” he chuckled to himself, adjusting the clasp of his cape with a smirk. “I see someone here is a fan!” He allowed himself to ogle the craftsmanship of the paper logo before grasping the handle and twisting it before stepping in.

It was like he expected. A dressing room refitted to be a miniature gym—everything he would need to get a good pump before stepping on stage. He spotted his reflection, green gaze catching on it as a smirk reformed over his muzzle.

“Hello, *handsome*,” he purred at himself. Tucking his arms behind his head, he gave himself a little belly dance, undulating his hips before rotating them about. He loved how his body responded to every movement—every twitch he commanded. He was like a wall of living muscle; shorter stature or not, he was a god walking amongst men.

Even B. wouldn’t have stood a chance against him should it have come down to a tussle. There was no doubt in Puss’ mind that he could have lifted the bear as easily as a chair, hefting him over his head before throwing him as if he weighed nothing.

Keeping that in mind, he strolled to the nearby weights. He undid most of his attire, unclasping his cape and giving his hat a little toss, his forearm rippling obscenely as he hucked the headwear. He spread his stance, boots creaking as the leather strained, subtly bulging in the shape of the feline’s dense toes as he picked up a pair of the heaviest dumbbells on the rack.

They were almost nothing to him—warmup weights at best. He chuckled to himself as he started to mindlessly curl, pumping his arms to higher heights as he swung them. It was enough to get him ready for the stage. After all, he didn’t want to completely tucker himself out with a full-blown workout.

Still, it was gratifying to feel the burn, the cat turning to watch his reflection in the long mirror that stretched behind the dressing room’s countertop. He threw himself a shameless wink as he turned. His bicep swelled as he purposely curled the weight in his left hand with gusto. Veins webbed along that limb, creeping like vines crawling up a great tree.

“*Mm...* Puss, you still got it!” he said to his reflection, blowing himself a vain little kiss. “Even more! You’re bigger than you’ve ever been in your entire life! A true *god!*”

His reflection waved back dismissively, attempting to feign humility. “Oh, surely you jest!”

“Aaah...but *do I?*” he asked in return, giving another flex of that arm as the weight reached the apex of its swing. Bloated bicep heads fought for space, the divide deeper than several fingers squeezed together.

His reflection thought for a moment before laughing, grinning wide. “I see your point! There’s always room to grow, eh?~”

“Always!” he responded, puffing his chest out, the mounds grazing under his furry, blocky jawline. “After all, I’m everyone’s favorite herculean hero!~” He tossed the weight aside, the metal smashing into the floor, cracking and cratering tile as it sank into it.

“Stronger than a bull! Bigger than any man!” he continued, giving the other one a toss, landing next to its counterpart with a room-shaking crash. “I’m unstoppable!” he said with an egotistical cackle as he clenched his fists.

He brought his arms forward as they exploded with raw brawn, slamming them under his pecs. Bloated biceps nestled under his fat pecs, forcing them up as his entire torso rippled, showing off his wider-than-tall physique. With a low, lustful rumble, he opened his mouth. The cat’s rough tongue unfurled as he slurped along the insides of his pecs, moaning as he got a mouthful of himself.

Salty sweat tickled over his taste buds as he groaned, popping another boner as the front of his poses stretched tight. He redoubled his flex, veins creeping down his limbs, webbing over his fat pectorals as forearms grazed and pinched plump nipples.

Fat fingers pushed south, groping over his cobbled set of taut abdominals, feeling the veins concentrate tighter as he reached lower. He gripped the base of his cock, giving it a slow pump, peeling the edges of his posers back, letting them snap over his overblown thighs as he shifted his stance wider.

“Show me some of that Puss-power,” his reflection cooed, striking a similar pose to his own, shamelessly jerking to his counterpart.

“*Gladly...*” he said breathily, leaning back as he jerked himself. Grabbing his cock with both hands, Puss went to town, bucking his hips as the flesh over his shaft pulled, tugging the hood back from the head.

Despite filling up his latest conquest only a short time ago, his libido refused to be quenched. It was always like this—especially when the cat got into admiring himself. There was just *something* about his own body that could get him going from zero to one hundred in only a few mirror-gazing moments.

His thumbs traced shamelessly around his glans as he tugged at his flesh. The feeling of his powerful fingers was sublime; the sheer strength denting in his vivid pink flesh was enough to make the cat curl his toes. He rocked his hips, feeling the pump spread throughout his body, every muscle flexing on edge as his orange, striped pelt started to subtly creak.

“*Mmhh...cum for me, tu bestia sexy...*”

His words were enough to tickle the right nerve, his ears flattening back in his skull as he took a few shuddering breaths. His cock bobbed, bouncing erratically even with his strong hands gripping the base. Veins crawled up from the bottom of his stomach, surfacing underneath the glistening pre-slicked skin of his bottle of a shaft. The cat’s urethra bulged, swelling up in a lewd wave before the first heavy ropes of cum went shooting across the room.

“*HMmGGH-!*” He bucked his hips, leaning back, allowing his overly muscled body to crash against itself. Biceps slammed into pecs as lats flared. His stance spread wide as his quads crashed together like tectonic plates. His bloated balls rolled between his thighs as they

twitched and swelled, causing them to bounce and roll as they unloaded potent spunk. It splattered across the mirror, hazing the panting cat's reflection as sweat steamed from his shortstack frame.

A low sigh blew from the cat as he dropped onto his heels, having been balancing his toes the entire time, feeling the burn in his calves. "Muy bien..." he chuckled to himself, licking over his lips.

While it wasn't the best idea to have blown his load over everything before his show, he didn't feel it would take away from his performance. After all, there was hardly any better way for him to get a full-body pump than to push himself to the edge of mortal pleasure.

The cat bounced his pecs, smirking as he watched the little show through the haze of his splattered seed. He licked over his lips as he gave his still-hard cock a few more strokes, slathering the musky cum along the twitching length.

Thankfully the drawers weren't just for show. Rifling through a few of them produced a set of towels, the cat using them to wipe the worst mess off himself.

He wasn't too concerned about the musky aroma radiating off his body. After all, nobody could smell it from his spot on the stage.

And, even if they did, it would only push things in his favor. Perhaps it could be considered unfair, but Puss didn't feel that way. Natural assets are there to be used, of course.

A glint caught the cat's eye. Conveniently placed along the countertop was a numbered button. He picked it up, looking it over; emblazoned on the white was the number one. His gaze lidded smugly as he brought it to his hip, pinning it properly onto his posers.

"Well, I suppose they aren't wrong," he cooed, giving the plastic button a playful flick.

Giving himself one last lookover in the stained mirror, he decided he was stage-worthy, playing with his mustache as he smoothed through the curled facial hair. Reluctantly, he kicked off his signature boots before looking over his thighs. He shook them, the massive mounds wobbling around before suddenly freezing as they tensed into pure steel.

Bare footsteps slapped on cold cement as he strolled out of his room, clapping the door shut behind him. Despite his height, he cut an impressive figure, his unbridled form thudding through the hall. He glanced at the signs as they passed by. At least things were readily labeled, the cat finding his way backstage without issue.

The lights were still out, and things were dim. Even with eyes dilated, it was difficult for Puss to make out much beyond the stray table and chair.

"Hm...?" He tilted his head, pointed ears swiveling to pick up any stray sounds. Despite bustling when he first walked in, the lack of activity in the venue was growing worrisome. In fact, where was the receptionist? Or anyone else, for that matter.

"Heeeello?" the cat called out, cupping the side of his muzzle, bicep bashing into a pec as he brought his arm in.

Almost to answer him, the curtains shuddered. Rings above rattled as the deep blue fabric parted to reveal the rest of the stage. The lights were off, and the seating was bathed in shadow that obscured a potential audience. Even when squinting, Puss couldn't see beyond the darkened ledge.

The cat's mouth twitched, and just as he was about to turn around and go back to his room, a voice came from the darkness.

"Step forward."

Puss cocked his head, thumbing at his chin as musculature bunched. A tug of war waged in his mind, ego fighting with better judgment. He seemed to decide, bringing his titanic shoulders up in a shrug. "Well, I might as well put on a show while I'm here." Hubris led the way as he strolled forward, stopping just short of the edge of the stage. He took a breath and flicked his arms out, spreading them wide like wings.

Like a blur, his arms snapped into place, Puss hitting a classic archer pose as he twisted his hips. Audience or no, his attention was the only one he needed, focused on the rising peaks that jutted from his tensed arms.

As the oversized cat continued to pose, a pair of eyes watched from the darkness. Crimson orbs subtly glowed as the only source of light in the dark.

"Are you...finished?"

Puss paused; a foot stepped forward on its toes, his teardrop-shaped quads on display with his arms folded behind his head. "...Excuse me?" he asked with genuine confusion.

"I asked," the voice spoke, a sound of a chair scooting back as the pair of eyes moved through the darkness, "Are you finished?"

"Hardly!" the cat scoffed as he puffed his chest out and dropped his arms. "I've barely begun!" He snapped his arms in front of him as he hunched forward, spreading his stance wide as his toes curled. His entire body rippled, muscle rising as it threatened to engulf his head. Traps wrapped around the sides of his head, brushing the base of his pointed ears. Pecs ballooned, wrapping around his chin as the sweaty mounds rose.

He gave it everything, pulling his arms out wide only to slam them back in again. His knuckles refused to touch, the sheer size of his rippling body forcing his arms wider as he seemed to subtly balloon. Leather creaked as his thong strained, his bulge jumping as his shaft plumped, balls dropping a little lower as the fabric lost the ability to conceal its prize.

The floor shook, and for a moment, Puss looked confused.

He hadn't moved, his feet planted firmly in place.

The wood creaked, boards subtly shaking in time with ground-shaking quakes. Puss' eyes widened, the cat's ears folding back as his jaw slacked. A familiar silver and gray wolf was rising from the shadows like a leviathan from the waves.

Except he wasn't familiar.

Monstrous shoulders bobbed as they came into view, titanic delts capping the ends. Traps rose like flanking mountains with a nearly nonexistent neck in the middle. "Surprised to see me?...~" he asked, a sultry purr to a new growling bass. A mammoth foot stomped on the edge of the stage, thick toes with obsidian nails wrapping over the edge as a monstrous stomper pushed forward.

"No..." the cat muttered, taking a shaky step back. Another foot slammed onto the stage, cracking the boards as it was forced to bear new weight.

The wolf loomed, a toothy, terrifying sneer plastered across his muzzle. The once form-fitting poncho that he used to wear was nothing but a decoration on top of his overblown chest, something that he swiftly removed with a flourish of a monstrosity massive arm. It fluttered in the wind, floating off into the darkness.

"Aww..." the wolf cooed, standing twice the height of the bulging feline. "Now, is that any way to treat an *old friend*?..."

His mammoth pecs made Puss look small as they hung away from the rest of his titanic torso. Monstrous delts branched into mountainous delts that stretched from either side of his blocky jawline—neck practically nonexistent. A powerful stomach adorned his midsection, abdominals beveled out from sheer size like a tortoise's shell. Titanic thighs spread his stance wide, leg wraps clinging to his lower legs and paws along with his rippling pillars for forearms.

It seemed that Puss wasn't the only one hitting the gym.

And certainly wasn't the one making the most gains.

"You know, *Gatito*..." the wolf said, taking a step forward, his heavily padded foot slamming into the stage. "I'm *disappointed* in you."

For every step forward, Puss took one back. His eyes dilated, ears folding back tight against his skull as he was forced to stare up at the looming canine.

"I thought you learned your lesson, but *clearly*, I was wrong," the wolf said with a growling snicker, only the end of his long muzzle visible between swollen hirsute pecs. "But I suppose that just gives me an excuse to come after your hide again..." His words were punctuated by a slow, sensual lick of his lips echoing through the darkened stage.

"An *arrogant* little hero—no," he said with a pause, a sneer forming over his muzzle as he leaned over to look at Puss properly. "A *cocky* little bodybuilder who thinks he can do whatever he wants."

Puss gasped, his chest bobbing in short spurts as he neared the verge of hyperventilation. An obsidian nail traced along his overgrown jawline, traveling around the contours of his chin before playfully slipping into the dimple carving out the middle.

“Well, if you believe that *might makes right*, then...” the wolf trailed, his voice cooing softly as he scratched almost affectionately under the ginger feline’s chin. “Worship me.”

“What?!” the cat spat, stepping back as he slapped the hand away from his face, reeling from the wolf’s tender touch. “H-How did you become so massive?” While laced as an accusation, his question still carried a hint of fearful curiosity.

Death smirked as he leaned back, waving an arm out to the darkened stage. The inky black swirled, images appearing, showing what looked like the wolf—as he once was. A smaller wolf watched Puss from the shadows, his eyes narrowing at the showboating a muscled feline was doing.

Puss squinted. “You...were watching me? This was from before! When I first started lifting again...” he muttered.

“It was,” Death said with a chuckle. “I could tell you were falling back into old habits, *Gatito*.”

The image swirled, changing as the scenery shifted. It depicted the familiar wolf in another gym—a more grungy one, like a warehouse. He was pumping a bar loaded with weights, the bench underneath him rattling as he pushed. His body had filled out with muscle, a once lanky frame sporting a growing field of muscle.

Memories continued to flood, speeding through days, even weeks. The wolf was working out, growing bigger and bigger. Clothes that were once loose pulled skin tight before the canine decided to dispense with most of them. Puss watched in awe at the wolf’s ferocious lifting; he hit the weights with a gusto that not even Puss could muster; his muzzle rippled into a near-permanent snarl as he forced his body to its limits.

Puss gulped, Adam’s apple bobbing as he watched something else growing through the patched-together montage. The bulge between the wolf’s thighs was growing. Every day that flashed by, it pushed out the front of his pants. What started as a minor dent became a burgeoning bulge that snaked down the leg of the wolf’s skin-tight pants. It wasn’t until they finally split open in one workout that he finally got a look at that anaconda.

“Dios mío...” he muttered, running a hand over his forehead as he stared at the free-swinging cock.

A harsh chuckle punctuated the silence. “Close. I think you mean... *Muerte~*”

The cat blinked, the wolf having stepped through the visions, dispelling them over his mammoth body. His voice caught in his throat as he was face-to-face with the shining obsidian member that hung between the wolf’s thighs. It was subtly pulsating, veins as thick as fingers webbing along the exposed length. A jet-black thong attempted to hold it in place, the overstretched fabric failing to cover such overblown junk completely.

"A-Ahh.." the cat stammered, eyes wide, body frozen. He could smell the musk radiating off of the wolf—particularly the cock that was only inches from the end of his nose. The distance was suddenly closed, a palm pushing the back of his head forward. A short, pathetic moan pushed out of him as his nose brushed the smooth flesh, forced to nuzzle an endowment half his height.

"Feels good when you let that ego go, doesn't it?" the canine cooed, his hand swirling around the cat's head as he subtly swung his hips.

"N-No..." Puss groaned, his eyes screwing shut as his brows furrowed. He pushed away from the wolf, shoving himself back using the canine's enormous thighs for leverage. "I...I won't give in to you! I don't know what sick game you're playing, Muerte, but it won't work on me!"

"Oohhh... Hohoh... No," the wolf said with a bubbling chuckle. "This isn't a game, *Gatito*... This is your very *life*."

Puss growled as he clenched a fist. He was the first to throw a punch, angling it for that solid wall of a midsection.

To his surprise, Death didn't move.

It was like hitting a steel-wrapped brick wall. The only sign that it had been hit was the ripple that traveled from Puss' knuckles; furred hide rolled away from the impact like a stone thrown on water's surface.

"Wh-wha..." Puss stammered, the cat in shock. He couldn't pull his fist away in time as his wrist got snatched, and his arm tugged up into the air roughly, nearly pulling him off of his feet.

"Out of your league, lil cat!" Death called out with a nerve-wracking cackle.

Puss squirmed, dancing on the tip of his toes as he was held up. He was forced to watch as Death lowered himself to his knees, bringing them face to face. The wolf tilted his muzzle as he leaned in, pushing the end of his padded nose to the cat's exposed pit. His grip redoubled painfully, hiking the cat's arm up higher as he took a *deep* drag of the feline's pungent musk.

Unlike B., it had no effect on the wolf other than satisfying some primal part of his being.

Death let out a gratified sigh, licking over his lips before opening his eyes, sliding the glowing crimson disks to look at Puss' distraught face. "I just *love* the smell of *fear*..."

Puss struggled as his other wrist was gripped, his other arm joining its counterpart in the air. His breath hitched as Death's padded tongue slobbered into his pits, alternating back and forth. He even went so far as to slurp between the feline's pecs, digging his tongue in as deep as it could between those boulders before caressing under Puss' chin.

"Y-You fiend..." Puss tried to protest, a hint of pleasure slipping into his voice despite himself. He tried to fight the wolf off, but it only brought the canine closer to him. The weight was too much, even with Puss' rippling arms and thighs trying to brace himself. Death crashed on top of

him, slamming him back into the stage, the boards breaking and snapping underneath him as it cratered.

The two wrestled, Death cackling in unhinged glee as he got to pin and squeeze the cat underneath his larger body. Puss squirmed, being forced onto his chest with the wolf on top of him, that sizable bulge pressed prominently against his bulging rear.

"I... I won't let you win...!" Puss strained to say, his body rippling as he pressed his palms onto the ruined stage. Slowly but surely, he lifted himself up, shoving the larger wolf into the air. His arms rippled, veins webbing over nearly every inch as he pushed, palms crushing the wood beneath them.

"Heh... You still got that defiant spirit, eh, *Gatito?*" the wolf asked, pulling an arm back and grabbing a small satchel hanging from his side. "Let's see how it handles a little bit of fun..."

"Wh-what are you talking about...?" Puss asked, a struggle to get out every word as his body wobbled and shook from the strain. His eyes dilated as a puff of powder blew across his face. His stance grew unsteady, his expression screwing up as he tried to fight his biology's natural reaction.

However, he couldn't win. The potency of Death's musk, combined with the sudden introduction of catnip, was enough to throw his mind into complete chaos. The dropping of nearly a ton of raw muscle caused the entire building to shake, a dust cloud from the debris underneath them blowing away as the cat crashed onto his chest.

From the pile came goofy, almost manic giggling. Death got onto a knee, lifting himself to look at his prize. To his surprise, a pair of hands chased after him, fingers grabbing at his chest, pinching obsidian nipples that hung underneath the silver wolf's bloated chest.

"*Hmmhh...*" Death groaned, closing his eyes as he enjoyed the sensation of kneading fingers over his tits. "Already eager to worship, eh? *Gatito?*"

The massaging didn't abate. With Death sitting over his lap, Puss kneaded over his bulging chest. His eyes were saucers, nearly jet-black from how much his pupils had dilated.

"Good kitty... *Good kitty,*" the wolf cooed suggestively. He reached a hand down, stroking along the feline's broad jawline and behind an ear. He noticed the eagerness with which Puss responded, the cat's kneading growing heavier as he started to purr. "You like that, *mmm?*"

"Y-Yeee...*hehe~*" the cat giggled, leaning up to lick between those fat pectorals. His rough tongue scratched between them, grooming through the forested musk of the hirsute wolf's bulging mounds. Every breath of Death's masculine musk only fueled his trance-like state, the catnip having busted down the door and shoved the cat straight through.

"That's it, *Gatito...*" he whispered into the cat's pointed ear, giving it a gentle lick. "*Worship.*"

The wolf allowed himself to be rolled back by Puss' incessant pushing, sprawling himself out and presenting his overgrown body for the eager cat. Puss straddled his hips, wrapping his

meaty thighs around his powerful domed core. He kissed his chest, mouthing at it as he wrapped his lips around one of those dense nipples, letting it fill his maw.

Dense white-furred digits traced down Puss' broad back, sliding down the small of it before wrapping around his striped tail. "Your life belongs to *me* now, *Gatito*..." His index finger sank between the cat's glutes, pushing and looping underneath the tight leather thong he wore. "But don't worry..." he rumbled, licking over his lips as the cat continued to suckle. "I'll take *good* care of you."

The cat let out a pleased yowl as that digit sank into him. His fat pink pucker squeezed around it as it wormed into him, pushing to the second knuckle and then the third. He bucked his hips, the front of his posers stretching obscenely with his throbbing manhood.

Only seconds after Death lifted his free arm, Puss went diving in. He breathed in the corruptive musk, huffing it like his life depended on it as he ran his padded nose through the field of dense, sweaty fur. The giggling continued, only interrupted by sensual moans coming out of the cat as that finger probed deeper. He let out a room-ringing moan as that padded digit pressed on his prostate.

Death licked over his lips, his endowment twitching between his thighs, lifting between them as his fabric pulled lower and lower along that vein-webbed log. "So *eager*," he said breathily, waves of pleasure buffeting his cool and calm demeanor. Grabbing the back of the cat's head, he wrenched it from his pit. He paused only long enough to get a good look at Puss' stupified face, the cat's eyes threatening to roll back in his head, cheeks red, his mouth twisted into a lustful smile.

Leaning forward, the wolf pressed his long muzzle to Puss'. He kissed the cat deep, tilting so their lips locked. He eagerly probed his paddled tongue when he felt the cat's rough one already lashing out to meet it. The kiss was sloppy, neither one of them putting in the effort for it to be otherwise. Saliva dribbled from the corners of their maws, pooling between fat pectorals as they clashed and pressed together. Muscle ground against muscle, orange mixing with silver-gray fur as nipples caught and bent together.

The sound of tearing fabric signaled Death's enormous shaft finally breaking free. It flipped into the air dramatically, slinging a long wave of precum before smacking wetly against Puss' broad back. The cat moaned in their kiss, muffled between maws as the wet slurping continued. He bucked his hips, his tail curving around the wolf's shaft, sliding and flicking along the pulsating length. A roll of his shoulders found his massively muscled back, wrapping and squeezing around it—giving the eager canine something to grind against.

The kiss broke with a wet pop. Several strings of saliva stretched between their lips before snapping one by one. Puss, in particular, panted, looking the most flustered of the pair. The incessant twitching against his back prompted him to turn, a meaty finger slipping from him. Twisting one meaty leg over the other, he reversed his position over Death's midsection.

The pulsating shaft landed between the cat's pecs, Puss ogling it with pleasure-addled reverence as he let slip a small, silly giggle. He dragged his rough tongue along the glans, tracing the revealed head, the hood having pulled back to reveal the glistening flesh.

Death let out a low groan, his face twisting into a pleased grimace as he spread his thighs, widening the crater around him as he laid back. Puss hugged his cock to his chest, squeezing it tight between his pectorals, forcing the gushing head to spear between those bulging mounds. He wrapped both arms around it, biceps flexing as he pinned the obsidian shaft between swollen, split heads.

Death blinked as he saw those furred glutes sitting over his chest tantalizingly, a striped tail hiked high. He let out a low growl as he hunched forward, crunching his abs underneath the leaning cat.

A deep moan unbelted from the cat as he felt a wet tongue slurping between his glutes, diving in and out of the hirsute expanse. He stopped what he was doing just to cling to Death's cock as that tongue probed deeper into him. "*Hahh... Hah...*" he panted, feeling the end pushing inside him, the wolf's meaty finger having stretched him enough to allow his tongue in.

His worship over Death's cock continued as the wolf's hands wrapped around him, feeling over his body. A tug on his tits caused him to buck his hips, his cock popping free from its poser as it ground against the base of the wolf's hips.

Death whined, pulling his mouth from the cat's glutes with a pop. Even though he couldn't see past his impressive pecs, he could feel the cat's feet wrapped around the base of his cock, padded soles squeezing as toes curled around supple flesh. "*Kinky-kinky Gatito...*" he purred, his hot breath wafting over saliva-dampened cheeks.

Puss was entirely lost, his mind a muddle of pleasure and obedience as he mouthed over the head of Death's cock. He swallowed as much as he could, his bulky jawline threatening to unhinge just to get the head partway down his throat. However, it was enough—enough to start guzzling that drooling precum.

The stage echoed with lewd slurping, the muscled brutes grinding together, muscle pressed against muscle as they bucked and thrust. Padded palms clapped, slapping those banded glutes around the wolf's muzzle as he slobbered between them. He didn't waste any time feeling up his little worshipper, fingers wrapping around those glutes, prying them open so he could push his muzzle in deeper.

"*Hhnaahh... Haaahh...*" Puss moaned as he panted heavily, having pulled his mouth off of Death's cock. He got a splattering of precum across his muzzle for his effort, some of it dripping from his chin and onto his chest.

Sweat pooled around the behemoth, dripping from his herculean body into the crater he was sprawled in. The embodiment of death shoved his hips into his worshiper's mouth, cutting off the whining moans from him. The feeling of the prideful cat's cock dribbling against his own was enough to push the wolf closer and closer to the edge.

With a pleased hiss, Death thrust his hips, shoving more of his cock down the cat's throat. "Mmgghh... You ready for me, *Gatito*?" he asked; the pleasure in his voice was palpable.

The cat moaned his response, eyes rolling back in his head as some stray precum splurged from his padded nose. He felt it before it filled him; the wolf's cock swelled, almost doubling in size as his urethra ballooned, bloated balls clenching up between his thighs.

Death howled in pleasure as he blew his load, cum gushing straight down Puss' throat. The cat tried to pull off of his cock, but the canine wouldn't have that. He redoubled his grip, pressing his palm down on the cat's head, shoving between his ears to keep his head down over his unloading shaft.

Puss gurgled, his eyes rolling back in his head as he was shoved tight against that cock. His abdominals swelled, stretching as they undulated in waves—matching the pumping cock jammed into him. They bloated, ballooning into a swelling roid gut that pushed far past his pecs. The force filling his stomach was enough to push the cat over the edge, his straining cock slapping and banging against his bloating belly before painting over it with sticky white.

The wolf let out a long exhale, a chuckle following as he slowly sat up on his ass. Boards creaked, a few pressed into his mammoth back tumbling and clattering into the mess below. He pulled the cat off his cock, smirking as he peeked past his pecs, getting a good look at the results.

Puss was swollen up like a balloon. It was like someone jammed a hose into the feline and pumped him up; his bloated belly hung out from him, a little over half his size, reddened skin showing through short fur. His navel had popped out from the pressure, wedged between overstretched abdominals.

"Muy bien..." he cooed, a little whistle blowing under his breath as he stroked a finger over his latest prize, tracing it down that creaking middle. "But it's only the beginning for you *Gatito*..."

The cat gurgled incoherently, cum sputtering out of his mouth as he dropped onto the ground beside the wolf. His massive middle wobbled, the swollen orange beach ball straining.

Leaning down, Death gave that middle a slow smooch, his hands tracing around the contours of the overstretched orb.

"We'll get that ego of yours tempered just yet..."

The familiar sound of gym activity echoed. Metal clanged against metal as weights were thrown around. A series of grunts came from a squat rack in particular. Struggling underneath an overloaded bar was a brown-furred dog with half-flopped ears.

His jawline shifted, a lower snaggletooth sticking out as he strained, veins creeping down the muscled neck that stretched the strange-looking sock wrapped around it.

“HNngghh...!” he grunted, wobbling his entire body straining as he pushed the weight back up, bringing it up high into the air with a triumphant cry.

However, it was short-lived. The fabric barely clinging to his neck finally tore, the elastic sending the worn-out aqua and gray fabric flying.

“Ah, no-!” he piped up, moving to chase after it, forgetting the bar that was sitting over his shoulders. It swung, banging against the insides of the squat rack, causing it to wobble and shake. “ACK-!” He stumbled as weights started falling off, tipping dangerously left and right as plates went tumbling and clattering.

“Ey, ‘ey-!” a voice nearby snapped. A grumpy-looking bear rounded the corner, his brows furrowed as he glared at the muscled mutt. “Watch what you’re doin’ with those weights! Otherwise, you and I are gonna have a go, mate.”

“S-Sorry!” the dog said with a laugh, rubbing the back of his head. He cringed as the change in stature caused the bar to roll off, the weightless thing dropping to the floor with a cringe-worthy clatter.

The blue-eyed bear sighed, rolling his head back. “Sod it. I’ll give ya a pass since yer a new guy.”

“Aw, thanks!” the dog said cheerily, his tail wagging over a pair of meaty glutes.

“Eugh,” the ursine groaned, giving a dismissive wave. “Whatever. Jus’ don’t bother me while I’m workin’ out.”

“You got it, boss!”

The bear’s broad muzzle twitched in response, a slight smirk forming. It seemed he enjoyed the title as he turned to leave.

Perrito let out a soft sigh as the bear wandered out of sight. A frown creased his muzzle as he moved across the gym, his heavy, broad feet thumping until he found what he was looking for. Behind the rack of dumbbells, he found the remains of what once fit the entirety of his body.

“Awww, *man*,” he muttered under his breath. Meaty fingers pinched either side, pulling the fabric open as he stared at the damage. “And here I thought I could keep wearing it.”

His dour cloud seemed to disperse almost immediately, sunshine beaming across his face as he grinned. “Well, I guess that means I’m big enough to impress Puss now!” He paused, scratching his brow, bicep mounding up against his forearm. “Wherever he went.”

He leaned, putting a hand on the dumbbells, starting to lean his weight over them as he crossed a foot over the other. “I wonder when he’s coming back... Maybe he’s waiting for me to get big enough!” he said with a little gasp of revelation. His tail started beating, whipping back and forth

as he said, “Yeah! That’s it! Bet he’ll be impressed when he sees how big I’ve goooOOO—WAH-!”

The weights slipped from the rack, the canine having sent most of them rolling as they slammed into the floor, some of the lighter ones speeding off. One in particular cracked against the side of a nearby treadmill. It hit it with enough force to cause the belt to malfunction, the fox trotting on it to look in confusion.

Before promptly being thrown off of it as the belt sped to rattling, smoking-level speeds.

“DOG-!” a belligerent bear bellowed from across the gym.

“Sorrriyyyy-!” Perrito whined, plopping onto his bulbous rear before rubbing the back of his head with an awkward laugh. Even that move was getting a little harder now, his bicep and forearm fighting with each other as his trap bunched. A lot of things were getting more difficult nowadays. He was already clumsy, but now with a few extra hundred pounds of muscle, he was a stumbling, bumbling force of nature.

“Well...” he muttered as if talking to his own thoughts. “It *is* pretty cool! I guess Puss was onto something with being all buff like this!” He giggled as he flexed his arms, watching his biceps swell, softball-sized heads engorging.

A throbbing between his legs gave the mutt pause, his face heating up as his ears folded back. He thumbed over the bulge stretching his gray shorts, a dribble of pre already staining the fabric a darker shade.

“Ehehe... And maybe something else being a little bigger too!”

He hopped to his feet, clapping his meaty palms together before striking a confident pose—swaying boner stretching the front of his shorts or not. “Well, no use sitting around!” He flashed himself a silly grin in the mirror as he posed. While his body responded with swelling muscles, his attitude certainly didn’t match his brawny frame.

He wasn’t about to settle for less.

Even if that meant destroying the whole gym by accident first.