

Apple Sweat

By: Firingwall

“Let's see...” The large Zangoose held the coupon above his snoot, squinting and muttering under his breath as he read every little detail. JD held his breath, feeling a bit anxious.

“YEP!” The Zangoose grinned and pulled the piece of paper away. “Legit! Welcome to Local Brawn, bro!” He slipped the coupon under the counter and flashed the human a winning smile, and even a dorky thumbs up.

“You have one free, full day of training and working out! Feel free to use whatever piece of equipment we have or hook up with an instructor if you need something a bit more structured.”

“Ah, sure, thanks.” JD nodded. He still felt a bit anxious. Hard not to be given how the Pokémon loomed over him by at least two head heights, despite his friendly demeanor and wearing a similar tank top and gym shorts as him.

JD looked past him and the counter at the gym, taking in his surroundings. The main room had many treadmills and other similar equipment in it. There were plenty of doors around that led into other parts of the gym, surely to other kinds of equipment and gear. The building was huge from the outside, so there had to be something for everyone here, including him.

He looked around at the other patrons getting their workout on. All of them were very large, buff, bara to dad-bod sized anthro guys. They seemed to be enjoying themselves, chatting or occasionally giving each other high-fives when they passed. Their clothing was very tight on them, highlighting their massive, thick bodies.

And here I am... JD looked down at himself, staring at his tiny in comparison frame and baggy clothes. He felt so out of his element. *Maybe this isn't the place for me. I could just-*

Come on JD, you know you should work out more! I know you enjoy your walks, but those aren't gonna cut it forever. You need to at least exercise a bit more than that.

JD sighed. His partner was right. He definitely needed to work out more if he wasn't going to cut back on the sweets or fast food. A move like this was the right call.

But, perhaps a less serious gym was better for a beginner like him. Sure, his partner got him the coupon for the place and meant well, but there had to be somewhere better for him to start. He stood out like a sore thumb.

“Phew! Now, that was a good workout!” Heavy footsteps approached from the right, JD turning and seeing another large anthro Pokémon arriving.

It was a burly, heavysset Tyrantrum with a thick muscle gut that just couldn't completely be contained by his own tank top. He glistened with sweat, his clothing damp with it too. Even with how big the Zangoose was, this new mon towered over him.

“Caleb is feelin’ the burn now!” the Tyrantrum chuckled, leaning against the counter. “He's definitely gonna need to buy some new clothes with how beefy he is!”

“Heh, great to hear!” the Zangoose chuckled. “You always get people lookin’ their swollest, dude!” He glanced back at JD, realizing the human hadn't left yet. “You know, why not keep that training going today? This scrub here could use your touch.”

Scrub? JD flinched. “Wait, are you talking about me?”

“Mhm!” The Zangoose turned back to him and smiled. “Yeah! This guy here is Roc, one of our trainers. Since you're new, he's the perfect guy to help you fit in!”

JD didn't say anything, just looking up at Roc... and up. The guy was intimidating, neary double his width and arms as almost as thick as his head. The dino mon smiled, making him flinch with those sharp fangs of his. He was certain the guy was perfectly fine, but he didn't seem like the right guy for him.

“Err, thank you, but I'll just...” JD looked back to the main room, staring at a row of treadmills and looking for a spot to jump on. “I'll just go over there and-”

“No no, it's better that you team up with Roc, honestly,” the Zangoose explained, “If this is really your first time here, he can help you warm up right so you don't strain anything. He can also judge what kind of routine would suit you at your current level. It's way better than just jumping on a treadmill and running for an hour.”

JD gently gulped, looking at the T-Rex dragon. “Well, probably, I-I shouldn't take up your time. It sounds like you just wrapped with someone. Plus, you probably want to hit the showers after all of that.”

Roc snorted and gave a hearty chuckle. “Oh, don't worry about me! I don't mind helping break in a newbie and get ‘em into the spirit of things around here.

“Besides!” Roc lifted an arm and flexed it. His bicep bulged far more than JD could've imagined, his scaly skin glistening. “I already worked up a good sweat and scent. I don't wanna mess up my special mojo if I take five or hit the showers.”

JD was about to ask him what he meant by “scent”, but the dragon anthro suddenly had an arm on him, pulling him close. “Come on! Let's get you started, bro! I got a good idea on what we should do.”

JD understood what “scent” meant now. Being that close as Roc led him away towards one of the doors, he got a full blast of it. It was heavily musky from all of the presumably hard work he had just done. It was a lot, even making his human nose tingle and heat up.

By the time they reached one of the doors, JD's nose was burning. When Roc released his grip on him, JD quickly stepped back from to get some regular air. The dino didn't seem to mind or even notice. “So, this is where we're gonna get you all swolle and fit... err, your name?”

“Oh, JD. But listen, I think I'll just-” Roc opened the door wide and ushered him in with a gentle, by the dinosaur's standards at least, push.

The room was massive, seemingly even bigger than the main room they were in. It was filled with all kinds of equipment for lifting from dumbbells to barbells to bench presses. On the right wall was a huge mirror that stretched from end to end. Several gym patrons who weren't busy lifting were taking the time to admire themselves in it, flexing and posing.

However, the main thing JD noticed was the stench. This room reeked of sweat, several different flavors of it all mixed together and thick. It made his eyes water. He tried to fan a bit of it away, but gave up fast when he realized how pointless it was.

“Let's get you set up... there!” Roc led him over an unoccupied bench press and sat him down. JD started to lay back, ready to just get things over with, but Roc stopped him. “We'll work up to that. First...”

Roc hurried over to a giant rack filled with dumbbells of all sizes. He grabbed a lot, easily carrying them over to JD and laying them before him. “We'll start here with some basic lifting. Wake up those arms of yours and then move up in challenge. Any questions?”

JD had many questions on his mind, but they were hard to focus on. Only one was able to break through, and it made the most sense to ask. “Do we have to do this in here? This room... well, it's kind of... ya know...”

“Smells?” Roc laughed. “Dat’s just the scent of results, bro! It’s naturally in all gyms, but especially true here. Everyone here has it, so it wouldn’t matter where we went. Either ignore it or breathe it in! Whatever works for you!”

JD frowned. That wasn’t the answer he wanted. However, he couldn’t get too mad, especially with how light headed he was starting to feel. He simply nodded and managed to ask another question, “So... where do I start?”

Roc took a pair of five pound (2.2kg) dumbbells and handed them to him. “Best you start small and work your way up! Gotta work on those muscles...” He grinned, leaning in and gently pinching JD’s arm. “...and this chub.”

JD pulled his arm away, giving him an unimpressed look. Roc only smiled and continued, taking out a stopwatch from his pocket. “We’ll go... three minutes as a warm up. Repeatedly lift both of your arms at once for this. Afterwards, we’ll step it up.”

He gave a gruff, friendly, “GO” as he started the watch. JD, in turn, began lifting the weights up together over and over. *Isn’t five pounds a bit small?* He thought, remembering the number he saw on the weights, *Shouldn’t I start with ten pounds?*

He internally shrugged it off and continued his lifting, getting into a bit of a rhythm and groove after a bit. He slowly breathed, his mind drifting off. The stench in the room was still overwhelming and intense on the nose, but it seemed like he was getting used to it.

As he lifted, he never noticed some subtle changes striking him. The hairs on his arms thickened ever so slightly. Upon his chin and jaws, stubble grew. Not too much, leaving it thin but roughish.

“And... time!” JD flinched, looking up at Roc, who looked at his stopwatch. “And that was three minutes! You did good for looking like you never lifted before. Think we can step it up now to the ten pounders (4.5kg).”

JD nodded. Part of him was a bit surprised. Time seemed to fly by there. He just lifted and lifted, and he was all done. It was almost like a trance, but not a bad one.

The human put the weights to the side as he took on the heavier ones. Roc told him it would be another three minutes and to just do the same thing as before. JD didn’t argue or think, just nodding and going along with whatever the Tyrantum told him to do.

He lifted the new weights repeatedly, breathing slowly but heavier this time. His mind drifted off again, taking in the feel of the dumbbells and the scent in the air. More hair grew upon

him. His thin chest hair thickened, some strands poking out his collar. Unseen, a thin happy trail formed, climbing up to his belly button before stopping.

“Enough of that!” JD suddenly found the weights yanked out of his hands. Roc huffed, looking closely at the human. “Maybe I've been underestimating you, buddy. I don't think such a long warm up was what you needed after all!”

Roc reached down and picked up a twenty pound (9kg) set of weights. “I think you and those arms of yours are ready for the real deal!”

JD looked at the weights for a moment before taking them. He frowned, letting his hands holding them rest on his legs. They do feel rather heavy. Was he sure about these?

“I can see the doubt in your eyes, bro.” JD looked back up at Roc. The dragon mon smiled warmly. “Don't worry. You're ready for them. I can tell from just looking at you. I believe you can do it, dude.” He even threw in a little wink on top of that.

The human nodded, looking back down at the weights as his cheeks warmed. That intimidating aura around Roc before had faded. There was nothing but warm kindness. It felt nice to get that kind of praise. It made him not want to let the dino down.

JD took a deep breath, released it, and began to lift. He lifted and lifted, soon finding that rhythm again. Everything fell into place, peace coming to him. Roc was right. He did have this.

With each lift, his figure broadened. His shoulders lifted, muscles and tendons thickening ever so slightly. His torso widened, chest rising a smidgen. Fat seemed to melt off, leaving him with a toned core. His tank top hugged him a little tighter now.

“Time!” JD released a big breath, resting his arms. Another three minutes flew by, and he barely noticed a thing. Heck, he barely noticed any strain or even a bit of soreness anywhere. It was almost like he was used to lifting weights.

Roc took the dumbbells from him and set them to the side. “You're doing great, man! I knew you had it!” He grabbed a new set of weights, ones far in a way the largest yet. “Time for the big boys!”

He held them out to JD, but JD didn't reach for them. He could see the markings on them. Those were fifty pound(23kg) weights. They were massive!

JD gently gulped. All that confidence and belief started to wane almost instantly. It was one thing to go from ten to twenty. It was another thing to jump an extra thirty pounds to the next level. “Umm, I, ah, I'm not sure... isn't this a bit much?”

Roc paused, looking like he was thinking. After a moment, he sat down on the bench beside him. He placed the weights at their feet and patted JD on the shoulders. The pats were probably what he considered “gentle” but were powerful enough to shake the human.

“Hey, I get it. These are intimidating.” Roc nodded. His voice was cool, relaxing even. “The next level does seem like a lot for sure. But, you've been doing good so far. I've done this for several years now and know very well what people are capable of. I know what you can do, and *you* can do this.”

JD's heart beat a touch quicker, his cheeks warming more. Roc continued, “I can see it in you, a natural born beast. That beast has been cooped up inside for too long, not able to really test and push itself. It's time for him to come out and shine.”

The uncertainty subsided, if only somewhat. JD still wasn't sure, but the praise did so much for him. He couldn't back down now. He took his deepest breath yet, inhaling that dense sweat and musk in the room, and released. “Okay, I'll do it!”

“Sweet!” Roc stood up and handed him the weights again. JD took them, his arms instantly feeling the strain. They were just as overwhelming as he expected, limbs shaking as he rested them on his knees for a moment. This was going to be a challenge.

“Alrighty then... let's go!” Roc hit the button on his stopwatch. The timer was going, JD snorting. Slowly, he began to lift once more. It was very slow at that, nowhere as quick as before. It felt like an eternity just to lift them straight and to bring them back down to his knees again.

JD grunted, breathing heavier. His body quaked all over as he began another lift. His hands clenched tighter, muscles and veins bulging down to his elbows. Then, the bulging spread. Muscles firmed up and expanded in his arms, toning their shape.

The dumbbells came back down to his knees, which bent and pulse. His legs swelled, thighs and calves thickening ever so slowly as their muscles strengthened as well.

JD breathed and lifted more, snorting and grunting heavily. His frame grew ever so slightly, more width and density across him. The only exception was his belly. It had toned up and flattened only a few minutes ago. However, it grew right back out, protruding even further than it once had but denser.

I can do it, I can do it. JD breathed, eyes closing. His arms went up and down and up and down. They strained but he could feel it. He could feel himself falling into that groove again. It was difficult, but he was getting back there, moving quicker.

Suddenly, he felt a tap on his shoulder. He flinched, opening his eyes but still lifting his weights. He looked up, Roc smiling. “Hey, I said you were done. Time's up.”

“Oh!” JD blushed, quickly putting the weights on the ground, “Sorry. Didn't realize three minutes had already passed.”

The Pokémon snickered. “Three minutes? Heh, try five minutes! You were so in the zone, I thought I let you keep going.”

“Wait, really?” Roc gave JD a gentle nod, sitting back down beside him. The human was so taken aback. He was able to lift those weights for five minutes? Not only lift the heavy things, but also feel just fine? It was incredible. He felt only a tiny bit tired after that.

I did that. He looked at his hands. *I managed to do all of that.* His heart beat quickly. He felt like he really accomplished something.

As he studied his hands, he realized something. They and the arms they were attached to seemed... bigger. No, they **were** bigger. Not too much so, but he could tell. Any trace of excess fat was gone from them. In their place, his muscles were thicker, denser. It looked like he lifted weights on the regular.

This... this couldn't be right. JD gulped and looked at Roc. Before, when the dino mon sat beside him, the human only came up to his chest. Now, he was tall enough to reach just past his shoulders. It seemed like muscles weren't the only things that grew.

JD tried to speak but the Tyrantrum interrupted him. “Hmmm,” he spoke, feeling JD's arm again and gently caressing his bicep, “I'm seeing some fantastic progress so far.”

This time, JD didn't pull his arm away. He just let the trainer feel his new muscles, take it in... admire it even? “Um, what's... what's happening? I feel... well, I'm looking bigger?”

“Nothing to worry about!” Roc chuckled, letting go of his trainee, “That's the power of our gym's workout routine and being trained by yours truly, dude!”

Roc flexed his arm, lifting it high for optimal admiration. “After a bit more work, you'll be reaching this level of swollitude in no time!”

JD was quiet. *I'll... I'll grow bigger? I'll keep growing bigger if I keep working out?*

He was nervous. His form was already feeling different. He felt heavier all over, not from soreness, but from those enlarged muscles. How much more would change about him? Almost anyone would be a little put off.

But there was something else. JD looked at that flexing, scaly brown arm. He observed that bulging bicep, how large and dense it looked. He could feel the power, a sense of pride and glory radiating from it. It wasn't something to be afraid of. It was something to admire.

Everything about the Tyrantrum's physique was admirable, downright impressive. Perhaps it was worth obtaining that level of "swollitude"?

"Well, okay." JD took a deep breath and released it. "Guess we keep going, and I keep getting bigger then?"

"That's the spirit!" Roc grinned, putting his arm around him and pulling him in tightly. "You're gonna turn out great, I promise!"

JD blushed. He was pushed up tightly against that thick, sweaty figure, getting a big blast of his strong smell. This time though, it was a bit better on the nose for him. Perhaps JD had grown accustomed to it being in this fairly musky room. It was almost sort of calming.

Maybe the scent was even inviting. Inviting him to stay, linger against Roc. There was no reason to be put off around him. He was almost at home there with Roc and even the other buff anthros around them.

The human may have leaned against that dinosaur longer if the muscular beast didn't suddenly move. He raised an arm and called out to another Pokémon anthro walking by. "Hey, need some H2O over here, dude!"

It was a Floatzel, also very large and with thick pecs. He carried a tray of water bottles with an emblem of a flexed arm on them. "Sure, Roc!" the otter mon said, taking a bottle and tossing it with an underhand throw, "Drink up!"

Roc caught it and stood up, the Floatzel walking off. He handed the bottle to JD, first cracking open the cap on it for him. "Better stay hydrated! We're stepping up to the next level, and I want you to fill up on our gym's special water for this."

"Stepping up again?" JD asked, "Seems like we're moving fast here!"

“Well, our training courses are almost all accelerated in a way. We want everyone to get nice and settled in so you can all go off and exercise on your own terms. Make sure you fit in perfectly, if ya will.”

JD nodded, looking at the bottle. He was awfully thirsty after all of that lifting so far. Licking his lips, he took a swig. *Oh, wow! Goosebumps rose across his flesh. So sweet, so tasty!* All that body heat seemed to dissipate, soreness fading, and strength returning.

“I’ll put these back and get the next ones.” Roc gathered up the dumbbells, easily carrying them in his massive arms without issue.

JD watched, taking another drink. *He knows what he's doing. Better just listen to whatever he says. He knows what's best. A big, handsome guy like that knows... what's right.*

JD’s cheeks reddened, his eyes locked tight onto Roc. His gaze traced his form, obscuring his tight outfit and how it hugged his body and muscles. When his eyes reached that firm butt, they looked away. *Just... just checking out the gains*, JD told himself, *nothing wrong with that, right? Gotta see... gotta see what I'm working towards.*

Roc returned, holding massive weights. He attached them to the bar on the bench JD sat at. “There we go!” He locked them into place. “Now that we got your arms warmed up, let's get them really working and give your upper body some love.”

JD looked at the barbell, his attention lingering on those massive weights. “Umm, while I'm sure you're right about moving onto that, I, ah, never have bench pressed before.”

“Nothin’ to be afraid of, bro!” Roc gave him a thumbs up. “You're totally with me, the best spotter in this whole damn gym! I'd never let anyone down!”

Then, he leaned in, flashing one of his fang-filled smiles. “Trust me. I'd especially never let anything bad happen to you, handsome.”

The smile didn't phase him like before. If anything, JD felt a little tingly. So, he just gave mon a nod, placed his water bottle on the ground, and got into position. He laid carefully on his back, scooching himself beneath the bar until Roc told him stop.

Taking a deep breath, JD reached up and gripped the bar as tight as he could. Satisfied with that, he carefully hoisted the barbell out of its stands.

Instantly, he felt the weight. It was nothing like the dumbbells, even the fifty pounders. It was immensely heavy, the pressure incredible on him. His arms shook holding it up and only wobbled further as he tried his best to bring it down to his chest.

“Let me give you a hand there.” Roc’s clawed mitts snapped onto the bar and helped ease it down. JD felt a bit of relief. The dinosaur was good as his word. It felt nice that he was looking out for him.

“Okay, there we go.” The two lowered the bar down to JD’s chest, the dinosaur still gripping it carefully. “I’m going to let go now. Got it?”

JD nodded, and the clawed hands left. The weight and pressure came back, JD gulped. He was this far in deep. He was going to push through it and if he couldn’t, there was at least a handsome figure there to help.

Slowly, JD began to push up. The strain was intense, the ceiling lights directly above him shining down not helping. He squinted, vision growing blurry.

His arms shook as he lifted, muscles and veins pulsing and bulging. On his arms, and even his legs, blueberry blue scales appeared. Outside of the arm hair, where the spots were, the skin was utterly smooth and dense

Huffing and huffing, JD lifted more and more. He could feel it, see it, his arms almost up straight. With one final huff, he pushed with all his might. His chest widened with it, his tank top stretching and raising. Moobs were inflating, puffing up into dense pectorals.

JD had done it. He had completed one lift. The bar was held up high, his arms still shaky a bit. He felt accomplished despite how minor it may have been to any other gym patron.

But even with that victory, he was far from over. *Okay, that’s one.* He didn’t know how many of these Roc wanted, but he intended to keep going until he was stopped.

So, he began to lower the bar back down to his chest. He could sense Roc reach over to help again but stopped midway. He didn’t need help now, and Roc realized it.

The bar was soon on his chest, having reached there much quicker than before. His arms weren’t quite as shaky now, his grip strong and tight. He felt his confidence rise.

With that, he pushed the barbell right back up. It went up faster, smoother than first. He felt better, more assured of what he was doing. Things were feeling easier.

As he lifted then, more scales appeared. However, the smooth scaling appeared upon his belly now, extending out from his belly button and spreading to his sides where they stopped. The color was orangish yellow this time.

Speaking of his belly, as the bar reached high above once again, there was a low gurgle that went unnoticed. His stomach began to swell, waistline widening. It pushed and spread further out, heavy and dense on him. It stopped after a bit, poking out from beneath his shirt.

“That's two!” Roc declared, a tinge of excitement in his voice, “Now, you're getting it!”

JD smiled, his heart pumping faster. He began another bench press, his movement and motion almost effortless. The shakes and wobbles were just about nonexistent now.

His body slowly grew with it, getting broader and broader. His gut and pecs stretched out, his shirt tightening up. When he raised the bar high, his rear clenched, tightening up while also getting bigger and denser. It was a perfect fit for him.

JD began doing more bench presses in a row, no longer stopping or pausing for long in between each one. He slowly found that rhythm once again, speed increasing as he did. He hardly noticed a thing other than what he was doing, not even his clothing constricting him.

However, he did notice something. During the midst of another press, the barbell high up, JD heard an odd noise. He turned his head slightly and flinched.

Roc was beside him, kneeling down. His head was close, close to his armpit. His nostrils huffed and snorted, taking a big whiff of him.

JD shoved the barbell back in its rack before he accidentally dropped it, his cheeks burning red. “Wha... what are you doing?!”

Roc pulled back, grinning. “Oh, just enjoying the scent of hard work, dude. You're really coming along well, smell-wise.”

“Smell-wise?” JD repeatedly incredulously, almost as if he couldn't believe what he was hearing from him.

“Mhm!” Roc casually nodded, like this was the most normal thing in the whole world. “Besides seeing the obvious results...” He poked at JD's bicep arm. “You can smell them too! You can just smell how much effort you've been putting in. It's a good scent, one that's just like the ones we all have here.”

JD continued giving him the most unbelievable, suspicious of looks he has ever given a person. Was he really serious about such a thing? Sure, he trusted the Pokémon's judgement when it came to exercising and working out, but this?

The human looked at the armpit Roc sniffed, really staring at it. His mind slowly mulled over what he had said.

“Come on, give it a try!” Roc gave him another one of his dazzling winks. “Trust me, you'll **smell** what I mean, heh.”

JD scoffed at that pun, but he did look back to his own armpit again. Staring, his head sunk closer to it, his nostrils twitching. Eventually, he was as close as he physically could get. He took a sniff, a small, hesitant one.

He shivered, hands and toes clenching. He could smell it on him, coming from him now. He smelled just like the room. He smelled like Roc. He had their similar, musky, sweaty, powerful scent on him. And, it smelled... smelled...

He sniffed again, taking a bigger whiff of it. He shivered, his nose twitching. The bridge and tip widened a little, nostrils flaring. *I smell good.* His nose turned the same blue as the scaly patches on his arms. *I smell really good.*

Is this what work and muscle growth is? He looked down at himself, really observing for the first time how much he was expanding. His broader shoulders, buffer limbs, protruding but dense belly, and heavy torso were all there. *So big...*

He could also see his tank top. It was drenched in sweat, sticking tightly to his body even beyond how it was being stretched out. He pinched the collar with his fingers and pulled it open. He could see his orangish pecs and dark orange nipples in full glory.

The sight would be shocking if not for how he was taken aback by the blast of musk. It was almost like a steamy cloud of it flowed up into his mug when he stretched his top open. It left him trembling.

It left him aching. His crotch stirred, part of his shorts stretching ever so slightly.

“See?” Roc said. His deep voice was smooth and clear, pulling JD out of this musky, enticing fog that was circling his brain. He focused on the dinosaur as best he could. “You can smell it too? It's great, isn't it?”

“I... I guess?” JD tried to play it cool. New feelings, emotions, and wants were filling him. He tried his best to not let them all overwhelm him, as difficult as it was.

“Checking each other's scent is just the polite thing to do here, like feeling each other's biceps!” Roc lifted his arms up and rested them behind his head. “Why not check me out?”

JD flinched, his face redder than ever before. “I-I-I-I can't do that! That's just-”

“It's fine!” Roc chuckled. “Plus, consider it part of your training. It'll help you feel more like you belong here.” JD's heart thumped.

The dinosaur mon has been right before about what he needed for training. So, he found himself standing up, a little higher than Roc's shoulders, and nodding. His body trembled, apprehension still very much coursing through him. Was he really going to do this?

It seemed like he was. JD moved closer and closer, bending in with his head until he was right up to the mon's pit. Even without purposefully smelling him, the scent was potent and heavy. It made him tingle all over.

Not wanting to linger or wait any longer, JD breathed Roc in. The tingling moved into full on shaking, his pupils dilating. *Holy crap... he... he smells great!* He gulped gently. *He smells way better than me...*

Without even thinking, JD went right in. His face went right into the scaly armpit, and he breathed deeper than ever. He shook. His arms moved on their own, wrapping around Roc. JD never noticed, his mind fogging over as the scent overtook it.

It was bliss. It was heaven. It was manly, blissful, musky heaven! JD snorted in another thick gulp of his stench.

“Heheh, having a good time?” JD found himself pushed back by Roc, his face out of his pit. JD blinked, remembering where he was. He saw where his arms were. They weren't around the Tyranntrum but going under his shirt and feeling his form. One was on a pec, squeezing it.

“Oh shit!” JD backed away quickly, yanking his arms to his side even faster. “I-I'm sorry! I don't know what came over me!”

Roc just laughed, waving his hand. “Ain't nothing wrong, dude! In fact, that was great! You're getting into the spirit of Local Brawn perfectly!” He patted him gently on the shoulder, the motion no longer shaking the human. “You'll be a fine gym bro yet!”

JD's mind had wandered again. His attention was on Roc, but more on his body than his words. He ogled those strong, bugly arms, admiring how they looked like they could bend iron.

His legs were thick and strong. Those pectorals and abs stretched out his tank top in such incredible, tempting ways.

Roc was a feast for the eyes, JD feeling that tingle down in his crotch again.

“Alright! Time for something new! Let's get you trying a deadlift!” Roc hurried over the equipment racks and took the largest barbell yet. He easily carried it with one hand. JD could only admire that. Such strength was something else.

Roc set the weight down on an open mat, waving JD over. He came and looked at it. Like previous lifting, he wasn't sure about this either. It seemed far more difficult and strenuous than the others.

However, one look at Roc was all JD needed. Another confident smile and thumbs up greeted his eye, his heart fluttering. He would do it for him, bending down and grabbing hold of the bar.

His arms gripped it tightly, pulsing. The blue patches of scales spread rapidly over them, leaving no trace of his normal skin behind. He began to hoist it up, his legs shaking and pushing themselves deeper into the mat. Blue scales ran down them from hips and toes.

JD lifted and lifted, letting out heavy snorts and deep grunts as he did. The scaling continued spreading faster and faster, blue covering almost everything but his chest and belly. His sides, back, and neck were completely blue by the time he lifted the bar to his collar.

Then, he lifted the barbell high above his head, grunting hard. It was hard to see, but on his back, black lines appeared. It spread from his shoulders to above his rear. The lines formed the pattern of the top of an apple pie, making for the oddest tribal tattoo ever.

Then, JD let the weight drop and hit the mat with a heavy thud, feeling vibrations in his feet. He brushed his forehead, looking at Roc as he huffed and puffed. “How's that?”

“Not bad at all! Let's go for another!” Roc answered simply.

JD smirked, nodding. He felt up for it. Hell, he felt like he could do it several more times over, as much as the dino wanted. He reached down, gripping the bar, and started lifting again. He hardly noticed the weight anymore.

So, instead, he paid attention to Roc as he observed him. *He's so handsome, so burly!* JD licked his chops as he lifted the bar above his waist. *So fucking hot!*

His body only grew more and more, broadening and widening until it was almost on par with the Tyranntrum. His clothing even hugged him the same way Roc's did now.

“Fuuuuck yes!” JD grunted, lifting the weight over his head with ease.

“Hell yes, dude!” Roc applauded. “You're doing amazing!”

“Heh, thanks!” JD dropped the weight again, “Honestly, I don't think I could've done this all without your encouragement... bro.” He couldn't help but slip that in there. It felt nice.

“Thanks, bro!” Roc returned it, looking very bemused. “Flattery will get you everywhere! Think you can give me one more big lift?”

“Fosho!” JD replied, happily grabbing and lifting the barbell once more. There was no difficulty, no shaking, no nothing. Just a smooth motion as he lifted and hoisted. His body swelled once more, fully putting him up on par with Roc in pure bulk and girth. He was only a little shorter than him, reaching just below eye level.

Fuuuuck, he's hot! JD thought, giving Roc a proud grin, *So goddamn hot! I hope he's liking this show!*

His eyes went down. *Hmmm, wonder what he looks like without any clothes? Probably hot shit with all dat prime beef.* His eyes went further down to the dragon mon's crotch. His gym shorts were tenting considerably.

Had they already been tenting or was he now turned on just as much as him? Was his equipment always that big? Did it always look so... inviting?

JD finished that deadlift and let the weight drop one final time, letting out a triumphant, bestial grunt and moan. “Ooooooh, hell yeah! That felt good!”

“And you look good too,” Roc grunted. He fidgeted for the first time, his scales on his cheeks looking a little red as he stared at JD. “Time for you to check out your results, big guy.”

JD nodded and followed Roc over to the large wall mirror. He gazed at his reflection, heart beating quick again. Even at a distance, everything looked so different. It couldn't possibly be him that was approaching, right?

But, he knew it was true the closer and closer he got until he stood before it. He saw someone different. He saw a big, burly, scaly half-mon of a guy, one that just happened to have his head on it. Even that was a bit different with his wider blue snout.

JD gulped gently, looking down at himself and really taking it all in. He had changed so much, so quickly. It wasn't mere muscle growth and gains. It was a flat out species change.

And that was fine. Pride bubbled forth the moment he realized that, love taking over. "I look amazing!" He flexed an arm, watching that blue bicep bulge like it had never done before. He happily groped it with his free arm before it went over and squeezed one of his puffy pecs.

"Glad you like it!" Roc chuckled, "You turned out sweeeeet, buuuuuut, if you want a real accurate assessment, mind if I check you out?"

"Check me out?"

"Mhm. Feel your arms, form, every part of you to get a sense of your muscle mass and weight. There's a lot about you that as both a personal trainer and friend I should examine." He leaned in. "You want me to do that, don't you?"

"Of course!" JD nodded eagerly, no sense of hesitation or worry at all. "I trust you! Feel away and do what you need to do!"

Roc did just that. With JD still facing the mirror, he stepped behind him and pushed himself up against the changing man. JD could only shiver. When Roc did that, he could feel the bulge in his shorts press against his ass. Such a big, exciting shape. He could only push his butt against it in return, soaking in that tingly sensation he got.

Roc put his hands on JD's shoulders and began. They gently groped and caressed them, pressing deep into his skin before drifting down. They squeezed his arms, rubbing his biceps. JD shivered, soaking in that touch.

As he did, his blonde hair began to shrink. It pulled back and back, leaving him with a buzz cut. Then, not even that. It all faded away, giving him a scaly blue bald spot.

JD hardly noticed a thing as Roc's hands went to his pecs. They cupped and squeezed, digging into their dense flesh. JD moaned, vision going hazy. "L-like them?"

"Mhm," Roc cooed, leaning up against his ears, "They're great. So firm and bulky. They feel perfect." JD quivered, blue scales cloaking his face at long last, removing the last trace of his old human skin.

Roc's claws slipped onto JD's tummy, gently tracing its wide shape and squeezing it as well. JD blushed, his eyes just so hard to keep open. Eventually, he closed them and lost himself in that intense, pleasing groping.

Though, for the first time, he was a bit dismayed, feeling Roc against his back. “Kinda...” he groaned lustfully, “Kind of wished I had your abs. They’re... they’re s-so nice and firm.”

“Oh?” Roc chuckled, “Well, I don’t think there’s anything wrong with having a musclegut as good as this, bro. So much weight and strength in it, just like the meat on your bones. It helps you look even bigger and tougher than you already are.”

“R-really?”

“Really really! So firm and nice... just like this!” JD moaned loudly as those hands came across and grabbed onto his ass. He panted and panted, eyes clenching tighter and tighter. “Now this is a great butt. So firm, so perfect... made to be rubbed and grinded against.”

The moaning went louder and even happier. Roc pushed his bulge against his butt. He could feel it rub and run over his wide, covered cheeks, pushing into them. He squirmed a little when he felt it trace his butt crack. He wanted more of it, more of it to go deeper.

His butt wiggled, then a little bulge above it did. The bulge grew longer, thick at the base and slender towards the tip. It was a little tail, happily smacking against those abs of Roc.

“Hmmm, very nice, but there is one more spot needing checking.” He cooed again into JD’s now vanishing ear. “You don’t mind if I get personal, do you?”

It was hard to say he wasn’t already being very personal with JD. However, the human shook his head. He wanted whatever “personal” touch Roc meant.

“Very well.” A few seconds later, those hands moved around front. They went to the waist and then below to his crotch. They felt around on top of his shorts before grabbing onto his junk.

Fireworks exploded in JD’s head. He moaned louder than he had ever done before. Those hands felt and groped his package, which in turn pulsed and throbbed. He could feel it getting harder, denser in that grip. He could also feel a dampness coming to his shorts.

It felt as if this went on forever. Time was meaningless almost, the world gone. He was lost in lust and desire. The only thing he wanted then was those hands to just get into his shorts and underwear, enough teasing his junk with all those layers covering it.

The feeling suddenly faded. Roc let go and stepped back, JD achingly alone without his pressure on him. However, he heard his voice. “Open your eyes.”

JD opened them. Someone else was looking back at him in the mirror.

There stood a large, blue Appletun. The eye flaps on the sides of his head were up, blinking and looking around.

JD lifted his arm up, and so did the Appletun. He brought his hand to his mouth, feeling his dragon snoot and muzzle. The Appletun did the same. He blinked, and the eye flaps did so as well. When the flaps went down along the sides of his face, his vision narrowed.

JD was that burly, bulgy Appletun. He was that blue dragon drenched in sweat and with strategically placed body hair that made him look more rugged. He was a man among Appletuns, his heart racing.

“This... this is amazing!” JD flexed and posed, pushing out his gut and striking several bodybuilder poses that came naturally to him.

“It sure is!” Roc patted him on the shoulder, looking into the mirror as well. “You belong here. You're a true gym mon like all of us.”

That was very true. JD was just like them all. He was just as tall, wide, thick, bulgy, and, most importantly, smelly. He lifted his arms up and leaned into his pits, giving them a big whiff. Their musk was stronger now, even having an apple tint mixed in. He loved it!

“Here you are!”

“Ah, thank you!” Roc took a green baseball cap from the Floatzel from before, who had just walked by, and placed it on JD's head. The new Pokémon could see that the cap was modeled after the apple helm Appletuns usually wore. “Sorry it's not the right color, but hey, it completes the look, right?”

“Hey, I look good in it regardless!” JD grinned, adjusting the cap. “Thanks, bro!” He put out his hand, and two fist bumped.

Roc smiled. “Well, I say you're officially all set and ready to handle whatever this gym has now. What do you say, ready to strike it on your own?”

JD scratched the tip of his scaly chin. “Hmm, I'll definitely do that, but first, there's something I gotta do.”

“Oh? What's that?”

“Check your gains, bro!” The Appletun grinned, turning to face him. “What if someone asks me to check them out? I'll need some practice first to make sure I'm doing it right.”

“Oh, of course, dude!” The Tyrantrum grinned. He pushed his body out, lifting and putting his arms behind his head. “Have at it, bro!”

JD wasted no time, greedily pushing himself upon dino dragon mon. His hands went up and grabbed onto his pecs, groping them. Roc let out a deep moan, quivering now. JD pushed himself into his chest and rubbed his face between those pecs, breathing him in.

Then, he pulled down on Roc's tank top, exposing his pectorals and nipples. The Appletun pounced, kissing and even licking that scaly skin. The dino's taste was as good as his smell.

It didn't last long. Roc took JD's muzzle and turned it up towards his face. No words were needed, all intention of “feeling each other's gains” was tossed aside. The two kissed and kissed, tongues rolling against each other and hearty moans leaving them. They pushed against each other, pec to pec and bulge to bulge. The latter dampened as they rubbed against each other.

After what felt like forever, the two broke, panting. Roc grunted, “Mmmmrump, ya know... ma-maybe we can squeeze in a bit more *personal* training.”

“Mmmmm, what kind?”

Roc smirked, stepping back. His hands went down to his gym shorts and with ease, pulled them down. Large, grey balls the size of cantaloupes hung there with a grayish dick that turned red at the tip, extending over a foot in length. He was huge, bigger than what his shorts implied when they covered it all up.

Not that JD cared. He moaned, feeling his crotch pulse more. That musk that wafted off was incredible as well. He almost threw himself at it.

Then, a thought occurred to him. “Hmmm, shouldn't we take this somewhere private?”

“Nah, everything is just fine.” Roc nodded behind him. “This is completely normal and natural around here. All part of getting a workout.”

JD realized that all of the anthro mons in the room had gotten closer, watching the scene unfold. Closer and all pantsless, letting their large balls and dicks hang loose. Some were pumping as they watched the scene unfold, while others were assisting their fellow patrons in their pumping.

The incredibly horny, lustful side brought ease to the Appletun. All of that and what was happening with him? He understood. It was just what gym mons do. They all exercised together, got sweaty, helped each other train, and they even worked off steam in unison. It was natural.

As such, why hold back any longer? He dropped his gym shorts, having to stretch them a bit to get them past his erect rod. His large, orange-ish balls and dick, just as big as Roc's, were free. Pre was already dripping from the head.

The trainer and trainee came together again, hugging and kissing, if only for a little bit. At some point, the Tyrantrum spun that Appletun around and pushed him up against the mirror. The blue mon quivered, heart racing as he felt it again. That rod was going up against his rump. It felt even better now that clothing wasn't in the way.

That thick, gray & red dick traced his chubby cheeks, sliding into his butcrack. JD could only squirm, excitement raising. *Almost there... almost-*

His eye flaps shot up, pupils in them dilating as his whole body pulsed. Roc smashed his rod into his hole with so much force that it almost broke him it felt like. The Appletun was left a moaning, panting mess. Between that and the intense musk of everyone in the air, he nearly cummed right there.

Roc pounded him repeatedly, his thick hands digging into JD's hips to hold on. JD could weakly see him in the mirror, eyes crazed and hungry. He was in complete ecstasy.

And so was JD. He loved it, loved every bit about this.

At one point, his mind wandered back to his home. His partner was there. What would they think if they could see him now? Perhaps they would understand. It was just gym bros being gym bros after all. Yeah, they'd totally understand, especially if they got a good whiff of this and maybe even felt Roc a little.

The two went on and on, time seeming to slow down. Eventually, everything came into focus. Their rod erupted in unison. Roc's filled JD's rear, some of it dripping down his legs and onto the floor. JD's splattered mirror and hit him in the face and belly. He didn't care.

The two dragons huffed and huffed, Roc stepping back as his rod went limp. JD, feeling weak in the knees, turned and slid down the mirror to the ground. Roc soon joined him, leaning up beside him. The two looked at each other and nuzzled, even kissing again.

They pulled back and leaned up against the glass, slowly coming down from their high. Roc placed an arm around JD and asked, "So, how was that free membership trial?"

"Fucking awesome!" JD grinned, leaning into the arm. "Sign me up for full time because I'm going to be a regular from now on!"

"Good to hear!" Roc smiled his toothy grin, JD's heart fluttering seeing it

"I hope you can continue training with me again."

"I would love to do it again. I'll make you into the perfect member and fitness partner!"

The two chuckled and nuzzled again. "Oh!" JD piped up, "I do have a partner at home. They're the one who got me the coupon. Maybe I could invite them next time?"

"Sounds good to me, dude!" Roc scratched his chin. "Hmm, when you do, you could help them train and bring out their inner gym mon. I see potential in you to be a trainer like me!"

"R-really?!" JD excitedly asked.

"For sure... but first, I'll need to see if you have the right stuff. Let's give you another sniff." Appletun smiled and happily lifted his arm. The Tyranttrum happily buried his snout into the blue dragon's hairy pit.

JD huffed and trembled, feeling the nose against his scales. This had been the best workout of his entire life! He couldn't wait to do this again and with his special somebody as well. They deserved their own buffening and heavenly scent too.

THE END