

The Collar of Super Buff Heroism

By: Firingwall

“Come on, man!” Raphael looked back over his shoulder, grinning. “You can do it! You're almost there!”

“Ra-Ra-Raph!” JD panted, sweat dripping down his face. His collar was deeply damp, while his glasses had their own sweat stain. He was far behind, his pace slowing... slowing... slowing until he stopped.

The man bent forward, hands tight to his knees as he gasped for air. Raphael stopped on a dime and turned around far up ahead, away from him. His head slowly shook, his hand having to brush some of his long blue hair behind him after doing so.

“Guess we're giving up right before the finish line, eh?” He called out to his partner, walking up with an amused grin and swagger in his step.

“C-come on!” JD half grumbled, half panted heavily. “Can't... can't we just... just walk?”

“A little jogging never hurt!” Raphael chuckled, stepping up in front of him, “*I* barely broke a sweat!”

“Well, yeah! I mean... look at you!”

“Yeah!” His grin turned into an ego-fueled smirk. The long haired man lifted a sleeveless arm, showing its quite defined shape, and flexed. That bicep of his bulged impressively, showing the years of work he put into it. “I am awesome and awesomely fit, aren't I?”

“Yeah, sure, *bro*.”

Another weekend off, another attempt at jogging through the park. Raphael was a fit, buff guy and his partner, his boyfriend, the love of his life wasn't. Not a problem or something that would make him love him less, but he did want him to exercise a bit more. Best to keep in shape as time went on.

Itt gave them another fun thing to do together as a bonus. Although, it was far more fun and enjoyable for one more than the other.

“Well, if maybe someone stayed in shape all the time like a certain white dog, you wouldn't be about to pass out here.” Raphael nudged him playfully. JD only gave him a look in return, not even responding with a word or grunt.

The blue-haired man shrugged. “Well, fine, you did your best. We can head on out now and walk back home. How's that?”

“Thank you,” JD said, nodding gently. He slowly bent up straight, groaning a little before taking a moment to wipe his glasses with a not-as-sweaty part of his shirt.

After a few breaths, the two began to walk, side by side together. There was silence at first, eventually broken by JD as he let out a sigh. “Man, I'm gonna need to lie down when we get home. My feet are on fire!”

“Oh, don't be such a big baby!” Raphael rolled his eyes but went quiet again for a moment after. “Though, I guess, I could, if you want me to, massage those feet a bit when we get back. Only if you want!”

His blond, glasses-wearing boyfriend looked at him. For the first time in a bit, there was something sweet and happy in it. “That would be nice. Thank you.” He scratched his face. “Ya know, I complain a lot but... until I almost passed out there, it was nice to be running with you. Maybe... maybe we could do this again sometime.”

“I'd love to.” The two leaned in and kissed gently. Raphael's heart fluttered. Despite being together for over fifteen years, they could still act like such sappy, teenage lovebirds.

The couple continued on their way, chatting now about what to do when they got home. Eventually, they stepped outside the park and onto the sidewalk. “Come on, don't you think we earned a *little* ice cream after all of tha-”

The end of his sentence was cut off as the blare of sirens could be heard. Across the street, the doors to the fire department rolled open. Trucks and vehicles of all kinds and sizes raced out at once, their engines roaring as they sped off.

The couple stepped back even though they were in no danger, watching the trucks turn and speed right past them. Raphael turned to watch, quickly seeing what the matter was. Off in the distance, there was a thick, large plume of smoke rising into the air. It was disturbingly black, blacker than any smoke he had ever seen before.

Shit... that can't be good.

“Gees!” JD remarked, looking in the direction of the cloud as well. “Hope everyone is alright. That looks nasty!”

Raphael looked at the plume and then at JD. The gears started to turn in his head, looking back between them once more. “Yeah... I'm sure they'll be alright.”

The nerves that acted up in him upon seeing that ominous sight began to dissipate. “They'll definitely be alright,” Raphael spoke, his lips pulling into a smile. “After all, they're going to be getting a little help from a certain hero.”

“Hero?” JD looked back at him. Raphael reached into his pocket and pulled something from it, holding it out to his partner. It was a red leather dog collar. Attached to it was a golden dog tag emblem with a red board. It had a single, red letter on it: “K”.

JD stepped back. “What?!”

“Mhm!” Raphael grinned, casually spinning the collar with one of his fingers. “Good thing I've been carrying this around whenever we go places. It's finally paid off!”

“No way, no how!” JD huffed, motioning “no” firmly with his hands. “I'm not getting involved in this. This is a serious situation and should be left up to the professionals!”

“I get that, but really...” Raphael looked back to the plume. It somehow looked even blacker and denser than before. “I think you should get involved. You have the strength, invulnerability, stamina, and experience to put it all into good use.

“And not just in bed.” He snickered, playfully nudging JD. He needed to lighten the mood a little. Given how red JD's face went, he felt it worked.

The glasses-wearing man though huffed, looking off in the opposite direction of the smoke. “Well... why don't you use it instead? If you're so insistent, you'd probably be better.”

“No, only you can.” Raphael leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. “After all, there's no better hero for the job than you, handsome.”

JD blushed again, looking down at his feet. He was silent, not moving an inch for a while. Raphael was almost worried until he suddenly looked up. “Okay, fine. I'll check things out. However, if they got a handle on everything, I'm turning around and coming home.”

“That's fine. I just want you to step up and show everyone the hero they need.” He held the collar back up. “The hero I absolutely love.”

JD sighed, rubbing his face briefly. He snatched the collar. "Okay, but you know what this means and how I get. Just be ready to handle whatever happens when I come home."

"I always do!" Raphael grinned. He quivered a little as memories flooded back. He most certainly was ready to handle what came next. He always did, and always loved it.

JD put the collar around his neck, making sure it was fairly loose on him and the dog tag was front and center. He took a deep breath and waited, his arms trembling with excitement. Raphael stood back from the "splash zone".

The trembles turned to quivers, the blond-haired man clenching his shoulders tightly together. He closed his eyes, breathing deeply as his cheeks reddened.

JD began to rise. Subtle at first, but it was obvious soon enough. Raphael watched as his boyfriend rose head and shoulders with him. That wouldn't last for long.

His face scrunched a little, brow furrowing. His ears wobbled and shot to the top of his head like rockets, his glasses thankfully managing to stay on by his nose. The ears rapidly morphed and stretched into canine ones, triangular in shape though bent down the middle. White fur sprouted over them as they gently twitched, settling in.

"Hot..." JD mumbled, brushing his forehead. "Always so hot doing this." He gritted his teeth, flashing some sharper, canine-looking chompers now.

Hot in more ways than one! Raphael grinned, soaking it in. He always enjoyed this, knowing every step of the transformation. His eyes narrowed in on the next part ahead of schedule, looking at that sharp red collar.

After a moment, white fur crept out of the red collar's top and bottom. The fur went up to his head, just stopping below the chin. The rest spread down his neck and onto his chest, disappearing from sight in his tank top.

JD quivered again, his entire body quaking it seemed. He grew once more, soon taller than his boyfriend by a good foot or two. That was a little disappointing for Raphael. He did like looking his lover straight on, eye to eye, instead of down or up at him.

Though, that disappointment faded fast as he soaked in all of those other positives. JD's clothing was looking tight. It was as if it shrunk several sizes in the wash, sticking more and more to his frame, which was swelling in return.

He was quickly getting on Raphael's muscle level, fat melting off and his tummy chub flattening. His torso did expand, heaving forward again a few seconds later. However, it was from pure muscle. Out had come large, furry pectorals and washboard abs, making themselves visible against his stretched tank top.

That muscle mass was a sight to behold, stretching his top out and making it conform to his bulk as if it was spandex. Raphael soaked it all in, devouring that glorious physique with his eyes. He loved all of it, those big, bulging muscles growing on his boyfriend.

He especially loved what came next. The beast was coming out to play.

JD's hands clenched tighter than ever before, throbbing as they and his arms shook. Swelling struck them, white fur sprouting over the back of his mitts and across the rest. Even though Raphael couldn't see it, he knew from experience JD was developing short, stubby black claws and black, plush pads on his palms.

Fat melted off his arms, a toned tightness hitting them. Muscle mass grew, their density expanding fast. Soon, he was on Raphael's level of musculature and then, even past it, reaching a level of almost bodybuilder proportions.

Tearing and ripping could be heard, not unexpected. Though, the sounds came from below, Raphael looking there. JD's tennis shoes were bulging at the tip, claws poking through in a few spots. Shoe leather split away from the soles, large, white, four-toed paws slithering out and making room for themselves.

Raphael chuckled. *Forgot to remind him to remove his shoes. Looks like I owe him some new ones.* That was fair. Raphael did pressure him into this, so a new pair of shoes was the least he could do... also, probably a new shirt and pants at this rate too!

Those clawed toes, regardless of how blunt or stubby they may have looked, dug into the concrete as they clenched. The digits scraped and broke through the hardened ground, breaking further as his paws pushed in.

His legs were buffing up too. White fur rapidly cloaked them as his calves and thighs thickened with pure power. His poor shorts looked even tighter now.

Raphael smiled. He couldn't see it now, but he had plenty of times before. Right now, JD's rear should've been getting very tight and firm, perfectly sculpted. He would've loved to give it a big smack and feel that shape, but it probably wasn't the right time now.

“Mmrumph,” JD grunted, breathing heavily. He hunched forward, brow furrowing as his paws rested on his knees. “So... so hot.” His curly, short blond hair shrunk into his head, fading away. Before it could fully vanish, it turned white and fine, much like his fur. “So much...”

“Buuuuuut...” Raphael grinned.

“But... it's not bad.” JD mumbled. There was a small pop, a short white tail poking out above his butt. “Always feels good...” It wagged eagerly. “Always good at this point.”

“And it looks good too.” Raphael smirked, watching as the final stages occurred.

In particular, his eyes locked in on JD's crotch. Those shorts of his were bulging there, that bump getting bigger as if someone attached an air pump to it. It swelled further and further, the bulge throbbing on occasion. The button on his shorts eventually popped open, the zipper going down on its own to make room.

Raphael loved this part more than anything else. His partner was becoming a man among men... or a dog among men. He wasn't sure the proper term for this was, but he was beyond happy with it regardless. There was just a little bit more to go now.

More tearing could be heard, pulling Raphael's attention back up. Seams were breaking, holes opening up across all of JD's clothes. He kept growing and growing, that dog collar he wore soon being the only thing that'd properly fit him.

Then, it all fell away. The rips and tears felt deafening to Raphael, but maybe that was because everything in the world but JD faded away to him. His partner's clothing gave away almost all at once. Limbs had well over doubled Raphael's own, bulging pectorals were wider than his head, and that six pack was a sight to behold.

Raphael felt his crotch pulse, his own hands and feet clenching eagerly. JD now stood before him, almost nude. The only things he wore now were his collar, a cape that suddenly appeared on him, and his underwear, but even the latter had undergone its own change. It was bright red, made of spandex, and very firm over his bulging package.

Honestly, it would almost be fair to say he wasn't wearing spandex. The “clothing” hugged every fine detail of his balls and cock to the point where it seemed more painted on in various spots more than anything.

Part of Raphael was disappointed, but he knew the game and had to be fine with it. Heroes didn't fly around nude after all. It was only appropriate to wear *something*.

Even though Raphael would prefer it if JD only wore his collar and cape.

“Fuuuuuck!” JD moaned in between pants, “This feels so good.” A floppy, dog tongue stuck out and licked his chops. “N-near the end now.”

“Always feels good when you get there, doesn't it?” Raphael chuckled.

“Fuck yeah it does!” JD let out another long moan, pushing his lips out as he did. They turned black and gummy, white fur erupting all over his mug. The only spot that didn't gain fuzz was his nose, swelling instead into a black, bumpy dog snout.

There were small pops, his lower jaw twitching with them. Then, his mug pushed forward with a mighty lurch. It grew and broadened into a blunt, short dog muzzle. Raphael quickly reached over and pulled off his glasses. Those wouldn't stay on for long with that snout.

The dog man that once was JD moaned. “Fuuuuuu...” He moved his paws behind his head, unconsciously seemingly with how dazed he looked. “GODDAMN!” He thrust his crotch out and everything ballooned. His bulge swelled all the way up to the size of a bowling ball it appeared. Every detail of his balls and cock were perfectly highlighted in that stretchy fabric.

That sensual bulge wasn't exactly heroic-looking, but Raphael sure as hell didn't mind. It was perfect for his fine partner!

And what a partner he was now. JD was a huge, towering, white dog man packing incredible muscles and meat. Every part of him seemed to bulge in ways that made Raphael want to jump and cuddle him. He was godly.

“Phew!” JD brushed his forehead, rolling his shoulders. “That sure is always something.” He smirked, looking down and taking the time to ogle himself now. “Something goooooood!”

He reached his paws up and groped his pectorals, his black nipples between his digits to occasionally be squeezed. He moaned. “Fucking love these things!” His spandex drawers tented considerably. He flexed his arms, letting those biceps bulge and his bulge tent even more.

*And I love all of this, **Krypto!*** Raphael truly loved every toned, meaty inch of him. He loved the himbo-ified version of Krypto the Wonderdog JD became. He loved his energy, his eagerness, his burly and thickness, and how, even if he wasn't sure at first, how JD always came around to enjoying and flaunting it.

Raphael could watch his horny, burly dog play with himself all day. He could surely indulge in watching that anthro knead his muscles and hefty package. He could feel his own crotch throbbing, tenting eagerly as he watched. It truly was glorious.

However, there was something far more important. He couldn't ignore it for his own selfish needs. Raphael cleared his throat. "As fun as all of this is, don't you have to save the day, my big good boy?"

"Krypto" blinked, arms dropping to his side. "Ooooooh, riiiiight! That!" He chuckled, eagerly nodding his head. He put his paws to his hips, sticking his snoot up into the air as he struck his heroic pose. "Of course! Krypto the Wonderdog is on the case! He'll save the day and this town's fair citizens!"

He then looked at Raphael and grinned. There was something so smug and satisfied in it. "And after I do, I'm sure to be showered in stares, cheers, and praise from everyone." He quivered. "That always gets me sooo hot, warm-"

"And bothered!" Raphael interrupted excitedly. "Don't worry about that! As soon as you get home, I'll reward the best good boy in town in all the ways you love!"

"Awww, sounds perf!" Krypto leaned in and nuzzled Raphael. The two shared a kiss. "I look forward to it! I'll be home as soon as I can."

With one more kiss, Krypto began whistling the Superman theme song. He took a few steps back, bending with his knees. He sprung up, shooting himself into the air before turning and soaring towards that smoke cloud.

Raphael's heart beated excitedly. He loved his hunky, heroic himbo hound going to save the day, watching until he was out of sight. Those people were as good as saved!

With the hero on the way, Raphael turned and headed back home alone. He didn't know how long Krypto would take, so he needed to hurry and get everything ready for his return.

And that included pulling out his very own dog collar. After all, a superdog deserved an equally good superdog to "play" with when he got home. In particular, a certain burly Doberman Bathound would be just what he needed.

THE END