

THE YEAR OF PANK AND MUSCLES

By: Firingwall

I'll be back in a jiffy! Don't you worry!

“Where is she?” JD mumbled, glancing at his phone before looking back at the TV, “She has to be here soon! It's almost midnight!”

That “be back in a jiffy” was over thirty minutes ago. JD and Rachel had been snuggling up on the sofa then, watching the news as the time grew close. They were having a really pleasant evening, leaning against each other under a blanket.

Then, abruptly, the blue-haired woman declared she needed to leave. She said she needed to get something from the store, insisting that it was important.

*Couldn't of been *that* important. JD snorted, frowning. Would've already had it if it was important... what store is even open right now? Is she still looking for one?*

JD was working himself up a bit, but he couldn't help it. The entire situation was beyond annoying. It was New Year's Eve, only a few minutes from now until midnight showed up. The couple had planned to stay up together for once instead of falling asleep an hour before like they usually did. They were planning on watching the ball drop in New York.

Yet, there he was, all alone and bored. Their roommate, Melissa, was gone to visit her mom. He certainly didn't want to start playing any video game since, given his luck, Rachel would suddenly pop in and cut that short abruptly. He just sat there, growing agitated.

He let out a long sigh, tapping the arm rest on the sofa. *She's gotta be coming soon, right?* He glanced down to the right beside him. *She made such a big deal about us using these poppers and everything. Yet...*

There laid a decent-sized party popper. It was dark, chrome-ish pink with the images of balloons and confetti imprinted into it. It looked perfect for any party or event with friends or for celebrating the New Year's.

That was JD's, Rachel having her own. It sat over on the coffee table, having a dark, metallic, silver color coating instead. It had some diamond, jewel-esque shapes imprinted onto it.

Rachel had insisted they use them that night. She wanted to pop them together as the ball dropped. She got the idea from a friend, who was doing something similar, but at a party. She had even hooked them up with some specialized poppers from her work.

Trust me, we blow these together, and the year will kick off on a strong note! It'll be so much fun, don't you think?

Yet, the time was near. JD was alone with his party popper and no one to pop it with.

“A minute to go, everyone!” JD jerked his attention towards the TV again. “Be ready!” A red countdown appeared in the corner of the screen, the reporter and audience with him looking excited and jubilant.

It's going to start soon! He gripped his phone tighter, turning it on the texts. *Dammit! Where the hell is-*

BZZZZZZT! An alert came in. *Rachel!* JD let out a long sigh of relief seeing the brief flash of her name attached to the notification that came in. *Okay, she must be here or almost here. Might be late, but we could still pop these damn things then.*

He opened up her text and read it. *Sorries :P gonna be a bit still deciding on something! C u later! ;D XxxXo*

JD stared at the text, only stopping when he heard the final ten seconds start winding up on the screen. *She's still shopping? The hell?* After all of this, she wasn't going to be there.

He felt hurt, mad even. He dropped the phone to the side and clutched the party popper in his hand, standing up. He stared angrily at the tv screen, brow furrowing.

Fine. Guess I'll do this by myself.

“Three!” The reporter and the crowd around him shouted, fists pumping into the air. “Two... one! HAPPY NEW YEAR!” JD muttered along, watching the ball drop and all the confetti start falling in Time Square.

He held his popper out and gave its cord a tug, one much harder than he probably would've usually.

POOOFWMP! The pop was loud and strange sounding, taking him a bit off guard. A huge burst of confetti and pink, gassy smoke flowed out of it. There was an odd scent as well, something like a mixture of cotton candy, sugar, and... a locker room?

JD had no clue what it was, but it was overwhelming and nose burning regardless. He sneezed and coughed, shaking the smoke in front of his face away with his hand. *Gees, what the hell was up with that?*

He glanced at the silver popper on the table. *Wonder what Rachel's like?*

He guessed he'd find out whenever she decided to show up. Hopefully, it wouldn't be much longer. He was sure drowsiness was going to kick in, and he'd be out like a light soon.

For now, he tossed his party popper onto the table, prepared to sit back down on the couch. When he did, he saw something odd. It was little, but it caught his eye.

It was his hands... no... his fingernails?

He brought his hand in for a closer look, examining the ends of his digits. His nails looked... no, **were** dark pink. Not only that but the nails looked harder and denser, almost like animal hoofing.

His brow furrowed. *Must be seeing things. It is late and-*

Hairs began to sprout. Short and fine, they grew up around the fingernails and spread out over the digits. The color was a tan, reddish pink.

The sight made his eyes widen, his heart beginning to beat faster. Fur was growing, climbing down his fingers and onto his palm. It was soft and warm to the touch, the hairs so packed together it almost looked as if the darker pink was painted on.

JD looked at his other hand. It had those thicker fingernails and fur as well.

Soon, fur on both were trickling down onto his wrists and beyond. All he could do was just sigh and shake his head. *Yep, should've expected this.*

This was exactly like something Rachel would plan. He should've seen the signs with her being so persistent about using those party poppers together. This was another plan to transform them, this time starting their year off in some kind of new form.

In a way, he admired the earlier restraint in hindsight. Other than for her job, Rachel hadn't done anything transformation related in a while, not even talking about it with him. It was probably why he walked right into this without even thinking. Shame she couldn't be there for it.

JD watched as the pink fur crossed his forearms and disappeared beneath his short sleeves. He could feel it brushing against the insides of the cotton. It tickled a little, awkward at some points, but he was used to it. This wasn't his first rodeo when it came to a furry TF after all!

He looked back at his hands. *Okay, so pink fur. Maybe... Pinkie Pie?* He glanced over at the popper on the table. *It sort of has her color, and there are balloons on it. But... she isn't usually this dark. I won-*

The man trembled then, his hands clenching tightly as a strong heat rose within them. All at once, they bulged. Fingers and then hands surged, muscle mass and bones building up. His arms followed behind, thickening with bulging muscles and biceps. His limbs nearly doubled their width and size in pure density, not to mention power.

His eyes widened. *Okay, maybe not Pinkie! ...unless she's been hitting the gym a lot.*

He tried to lift his arms, but it was difficult. They were heavy now with their girth and dense musculature. They were astounding, but too much.

After struggling to hoist them above waist, he just let them drop to his side with a huff. His body wasn't built to handle them.

At least, not yet. His shoulders quivered and began to swell. They broadened first, muscle mass building. His trapezius muscles bulged quite a bit, helping to stretch his shirt. In fact the fabric and seams of it tore, running from the collar down to the sleeves.

With that, his arms felt a lot lighter and easier to move with that support. He was able to lift his arms up and feel his shoulder blades, touching the bulging muscle there. "Okay, very big. Hmm, what are you planning, Rach? What **are you-Ooh! That's new!**"

His voice rapidly switched. It had a deeper, heartier bass to it, not unlike some of his other big guy transformations. However, there was also a lighter, higher touch in it. It was subtle, but it added a pleasant, warm, sweetness to his voice.

Something also rather hypnotic too. Something where if you heard him speak now, you would want to listen. You want to be pulled into it and its owner.

JD rubbed his throat, feeling some of that fur now on it. "**Well, I guess I don't mind the voice. It's different. Deep, but kind of playful.**" There was a light smile from him. It was a nice change from sounding just deep and booming.

As he stroked his throat, he felt something above brush the top of his hand. It was scratchy and thick, getting thicker by the second. Growing across his chin and along his jaws was some dense facial hair.

Curious, JD took his phone and checked himself out in it. He had a beard and such a puffy, curly beard at that. Sure, his anthro forms before had beards from time to time. However, they were never as thick and dense as this.

And never pink either. It was a shade that reminded me of Pinkie Pie's mane, but deeper and darker. Sort of like how his fur was a darker shade of hers.

As he fiddled with his new beard, he spotted something else. His short blond hair was getting thicker, the light curliness of it getting far curlier. Some strands of it gained the same darkish pink as his facial hair, but not all. It looked almost like streaks in a way.

He felt his hair and then his beard again. *It's...* His heart quickened its beat. *It's kind of nice, isn't it? Probably a pain to maintain but...*

JD couldn't fully explain it. There was just something he found enticing and exciting in this new, developing look. It made him feel so rugged, kind of handsome, and manly.

Manly. The word popped into his mind. He felt tingly all over. *A real, burly man of a guy... with a beard like this.* His lower lip twitched, a small smile forming. ***I'm becoming so handsomely *manly*.***

The tingles turned into a rather pleasuring pulse across him. His crotch bulged, stretching the front of his pants. He let out a heavy snort, biting his bottom lip. His hands began to clench, but before they fully did, he dropped his phone onto the couch. He had enough sense to avoid accidentally crushing his device.

He could feel the fur worm its way down his torso now. It spread across his chest and down over his stomach, body hair converting to match it. Warmth followed the growing fields of fuzz, increasing how pleasing it was. His bulge throbbed a little.

Right behind the fur was growth. Fat melted, giving way for muscles to their place and more. Everything grew and grew, soon fitting those shoulders of his. His waistline widened a smidgen, stomach toning before a set of abs formed. Subtle but just noticeable with how stretched his shirt was now.

Then there was his chest, widening and pushing out. His shirt hugged it tightly, showing pectorals blooming out. They grew bigger and denser, puffing out while remaining squarish. His nipples went erect, tenting the fabric.

JD huffed and huffed, feeling sweat on his forehead form. *So... so big...* His hands clenched tightly, arms throbbing. *So powerful.*

He looked down, gulping. It wasn't just his body changing now, but also his shirt. Anything that ripped or started to tear magically repaired itself. The sleeves shrunk inward right after. The collar dipped down to his chest, the bottom of his top rising to just below his navel.

With a few more adjustments, the man now wore a tank top, its color faded ocean blue. It clung snugly to his form, showing off its muscle mass. The holes where his arms went through were so large and dipped so low. Between that and how far his collar dipped, his dark pink nipples partially stuck out.

Whoa... JD gulped, another pulsing striking him. His crotch throbbed, pressing against his sweatpants. *This body... so big and beefy.* It could've been just him, but this form seemed larger than ones he had before. His Umbreon form, a personal favorite, felt quaint compared to this stud.

Gotta... gotta... He reached hand up, slowly and carefully slipping through an opening in his top. It pressed onto a pec, taking a moment to trace its shape and feel its form. Then, it began to caress, gently stroke that furry muscle.

He let out a small snort, his crotch pulsing again. The bulge below began to tent. *Good.* He huffed. *Wow...* He felt incredible. How could it get any better?

Somehow, it did. More hairs began to sprout. Curly, messy, dark, purplish pink hairs sprouted around the center of his chest, growing up to his collarbone. From there, they just grew and thickened more. A good coating of thick chest hair stuck out of his collar.

More hairs appeared beyond that. Some out of sight, like in his pits. Some hidden but soon visible, like the hairs popping out of his sweatpants. It rose from his crotch, stretching up to his belly button. It formed a dense, blatant happy trail.

JD snorted, taking the sight in pleasantly as his eyebrows thickened and took on their own dark pink tone. All that extra fuzz and body hair looked incredible on him. He normally wouldn't be interested in such a thing, but now?

There was just something so masculine, rich... adult about all that body hair. It made him feel handsome and incredibly attractive.

Who wouldn't want to feel it? He chuckled, quivering a little. He could picture it clear in his head. A hand running through his chest fluff, and then his beard. He could see Rachel now, running her dainty little hands through...

JD paused for a moment, scrunching his face. Was that what he wanted?

That hand changed in his mind. It became bigger, bulkier, denser... something like his own. He couldn't fully see the person who it belonged to, but he knew. It was another beefy specimen like himself.

That sounded and felt utterly fantastic. His crotch pulsed with joy at thought, tenting more... and then more than it usually did.

He panted heavily, heat and pleasure filling him to the brim. *Okay...* he snorted, hunching forward, *getting... getting...* He shook his head, rubbing his face. *Bit much.* He rubbed his forehead, hand going through his hair then. *Hard to fucking think.*

It was always too hard to think when he got this damn horny.

His hair quivered, right down to its roots. It grew again, getting thicker and messier. Blond gave way to a fully rich dark pink that matched his beard and body hair. It grew down his neck before magically being pulled up and done into a messy manbun. The only part that didn't was a long cowlick that stretched and arched down his face.

His hand slipped back down to his pec, groping it. The other hand went too, only going to his stomach, tracing his toned abs. *So damn good!* He moaned loudly. *Fuck, I hate to admit it, but Rach got something reeeal good this time.*

Lost in the feeling, he unconsciously bent forward, pushing out his firm butt. A tingling sensation came from above, barely noticeable in all of this. The back of his sweatpants was shoved down, a pink nub growing above his rear. From that nub, fluffy and puffy dark pink hairs grew, making a short mess of a tail.

"Oh yeah..." JD snorted, whisking his head. His legs felt weak to stand on in all of this. He finally fell back down, landing onto the soft sofa.

He lifted his legs and placed them onto the table, resting them as he continued his massaging. His lower limbs pulsed and shook, heat hitting them hard now.

Now, they began to change as well. Thighs and then calves swell, pink fur flowing beneath his sweatpants. The muscles weren't as big as his arms, but they were more than enough to carry and move his bulky body with ease.

As the fur reached his socks, it stopped seemingly. However, his socks bulged and stretched in odd ways. The feet seemed to pull inward while also widening and rounding out. Tears began to form, a sleekness seen in the holes.

Cotton eventually broke, allowing dark, thick hooves to burst out. They were round and heavy, looking like they could crush stone with ease if they stamped down on them. The fur above them was messy and ruffled, adding to their wild, feral look.

In the midst of his lustful daze, JD saw them. He gently clicked them together, a heavy clunk coming from them. They were perfect hooves for a soon-to-be perfect stud like him.

With those in place, his sweatpants began to shrink. They pulled up his legs, revealing his dense, pink-furred musculature. The material turned more elastic and thin, hugging him even more closely. Soon, he was wearing dark blue gym trunks.

It was a good thing that they remained fairly stretchy. His crotch throbbed and pulsed, swelling more and more. Soon, it was like he had stuffed a cantaloupe in his shorts, one that was tenting more and more by the second.

JD moaned, his hand slipping from his abs to his bulge. He gently groped and stroked the bump of it. His pupils dilated. **"FUCK!"**

He let out a huge snort, his nostrils quivering and enlarging. ***So big...*** Pink fur began sprouting around his nose. ***Fuck yes... Big...***

Then, his brow furrowed. ***Isn't it... supposed to be bigger?***

JD was sure his junk was a lot bigger than this. He should know, having jacked it off several times that day, every day. Though, that thought felt wrong as well. Something just didn't sit right in his mind, something swirling in it that made it hard to think straight.

He groped and massaged his package more as he thought. It didn't do him much good, his head throbbing now. He grunted, reaching and rubbing his skull. As he did, he bumped against a lump at the top center of his forehead.

Weird... He rubbed the small bump carefully. ***That's definitely...***

His eyes clenched shut as a huge wave of pleasure struck him, his mind pounding. **Rod. Big rod. I... I have a bigger rod than this...** He squeezed the tent in his crotch, quivering more and feeling a touch dampness in it. **Bigger rod for bigger fun. Bigger rod needs both hands...**

His package pulsed, stretching longer and opening the waistband on his gym shorts. The bulge as its base grew even larger, the size of a coconut. His hand slipped from the tip of the tent to that great mass, squeezing it. His other hand came down, giving it a squeeze as well.

His enlarged nose huffed out a powerful blast of steam before breathing in. A sweat, musky aroma rose from his stretched open shorts. It fueled his horniness more.

Yeah, fucking huge ass rod to stick into fucking huge, tight, firm asses... He smirked, biting his bottom lip as his head shook. Slowly, his mug lurched forward ever so subtly.

JD never noticed, groping his junk more and more. After a bit, it wasn't enough to do so through fabric. He needed the full thing out. He happily slipped his shorts down to his knees. Upon his hips, dumbbell-shaped balloons rested there as cutiemarks.

More importantly, his equipment was free. Out popped a foot long dick and with now cantaloupe-sized, rubbery balls, all shaded dark purple. The shape of the rod was distinctly horse, especially at its head.

With it free, he gripped the rod and pumped it with both hands. He pumped and rubbed, his balls pulsing and ballooning incredibly. He chuckled, panting heavily. His rod was huge... and he loved it, loved pounding it into big, burly anthro men. Just wrecking them, making them moan and be putty in his hands. He loved groping around their bodies, feeling their own cocks and puffy pectorals.

He didn't bother with the ladies or puny guys usually. They couldn't handle his junk and size. Though, he would certainly try if they were interested, or if he sensed... potential in them.

His head throbbed with his cock pulsed, a pre squirting out of it. The bump on his head grew a little longer and harder.

Yes, those people in particular he did like. His rod wouldn't get in far, but that would change. Everything about him encouraged them to grow to match. His unicorn magic, powerful musk, strong seed, and more did wonders for his partners.

If they weren't big yet, they would soon be perfect, burly, buff, matching anthro partners, fit for a beast like him.

His eyes reopened, irises a sparkling sapphire blue. Did he ever love turning people into big, beefy, horny, musky anthros like himself!

Not just ponies either. Any kind of anthro would do, from wolves to dragons to Pokémon to almost anything. Not even the same kind personality-wise either. Thoughtful himbos to cuddly dilds to absolute sex-craved brutes. It didn't matter, as long as there were willing, wanting people looking to unleash the true beast within.

The thought excited him further, his tools growing even bigger. His cock was closing in on two feet in length, thick as can be. His balls were the size of coconuts, pulsing as more seed filled them. He was a perfect mating machine.

JD loved his equipment as much as he loved the sight of someone buffing up. It was unbelievably hot, but just so joyous to see someone be as happy as him.

Despite all of his horniness, all of which he really enjoyed, that part? That joy one expresses? That was the cincher, the best thing. Another happy bro, himbo, brute, or whatever. All smiles, laughing or flexing away as they enjoy their new form... preferably with him helping them feel and test out that new body.

He loved making people happy, laughing, enjoying themselves, and most of all: smiling. He loved everything about it and about being him!

During all of that, he jerked and jerked more and more. His cock throbbed, balls swelling bigger and bigger until he hit the limit at bowling ball size. His junk pulsed one more time, his cock quaking nearly three feet long.

Then, it all blew. His load came spraying out in a long, thick, goopy stream of semen like a hose. His face and head bumped all lurched forward in one mighty push with it. His mouth broadened, nose stretching along as it formed a dense equine muzzle. The bump kept stretching, pulling into a striking unicorn horn.

That horn glowed, a magical aura forming around his glasses. They resized themselves, holding steady on the new muzzle.

So much gunky seed splattered about. It struck the table, the floor, the ceiling, and even the TV across the room. The large stallion had so much to give and provide, so much pent up in him. Musk filled the room as well, emanating off his gunk and body.

Eventually, he would run out. The stream of seed would run dry, for the time at least. His equipment shrunk, going back down a moderate foot length penis and grapefruit-sized balls. They were perfectly natural sizes for a gifted stallion as himself.

The anthro unicorn huffed and huffed, his junk hanging loose between his stretched open legs. A hand went up, brushing his forehead. *H-heh... phew! First cum of the year! Won't be the last either... today!* He snickered at that.

“Oh man, Berry! What did you do?”

The stallion flinched. *Berry?* His head throbbed. *Berry... right. Berry! I'm Berry!*

He was Berry. He was a very large, happy-go-lucky, horse jock. When he wasn't working a shift at Ballers as one of its many popular waiters, writing a new lewd story for his fans, or working out, he was partying.

Berry was a party, people-pleasing kind of pony. He loved hitting up big events, clubs, raves, and wherever he could shake his thing and hook up with tons of people. He loved setting up his own parties and shindigs, always knowing the right things to make someone have the best time of their life. He just had a knack for it, some kind of all-knowing skill.

He was Berry Swellony, and he loved making people happy, whether it involved doing something hot and heavy or not.

And the person who just called out? That was one of his roomies, a human lady by the name of Rachel Groves.

“**Oh, sorry, Rach!**” Berry chuckled, awkwardly scratching the back of his head. “**Just got so horny there. This new year has got me tingling already!**”

Rachel snorted, smirking. “Please. Everything makes you horny!”

“**Trruuue, but still!**” Berry's horn glowed, his shorts slipping back up, carefully covering up his massive rod and balls once more. The room began to glow all around, his mess evaporating and disappearing to places unknown. “**But, I should remember to keep things tidy around here. Sorry.**”

“Yeah, well, *I* apologize for being late!” Rachel placed the bag she held down at the doorway. “Things were a lot more hectic at the store than I thought. Everyone decided to turn out and-”

She stepped further into the room, ignoring the scent in the air, and looked at the table. There laid her party popper and his used one. She looked at them both quietly.

“Oh, s-sorry!” Berry sat up, ears bending back a little guiltily, **“I didn't know how long you'd be, so I popped mine when it turned midnight. Umm, not a problem, right?”**

“Huh?” She shook her head and blinked a few times. “Oh... I feel like I'm forgetting something.” She stared at his used popper a bit longer.

“What'd you forget?”

“I dunno.” Rachel huffed. “Just those poppers. Feels like I'm missing something.”

Eventually, she shrugged. “Well, maybe it'll come to me later.” She took her party popper, one that was bright yellow like the sun. She tugged on it, which made a small pop and shot out small bits of confetti and a tinge of smoke. “Happy New Year, I guess.”

“Happy New Year too, Rachel!” Berry smiled, standing up and stretching. **“Well, I'm gonna hit the hay. Got a long year ahead of me, so it's best to greet the morning after some shut eye.”** He slipped out from behind the coffee table and started walking for the exit.

Her soft, dainty hand took his much larger, powerful one. “Well, before you go...” She stepped in front of him, gazing into his eyes with her own sapphire ones. “Maybe I should start the year off right too.”

A small, mischievous smile formed on her plump lips. “I could use your help, big guy.”

Berry cocked an eyebrow, hands on his hips. He bent over, looking down on the far smaller individual. **“Oh? You lookin' to buff up?”** He stroked his chin, running his meaty fingers through his beard. **“Ya know, my personal changes never seem to last long on you. I can get you right, but you'll probably be back like that soon enough.”**

Rachel snorted. “Soooo? You're saying it's pointless to make someone, a person asking you straight up, into a horny, hunky himbo?” She shook her head. “I thought you wanted to start your year off right.”

Berry considered it for a moment, but only just a moment. He chuckled, shaking his head. **“Ya know what? You're right! I think it's time to bring horny stallion out of you!”**

He turned to the side and lifted his arm, holding it behind his head. Thick, furry, dark pink hair stuck out of his pits. **“Come on, get a good whiff of your favorite, musky, cotton candy scent!”** She smiled and moved in.

He must've been really tired if he initially dismissed Rachel like that. She was right. He needed to get his year going on a great note. Blowing his load was one thing, but starting it by buffing up some scrawny twig into a fucking studly beefcake? He lived for that kind of thing!

Hopefully, it would be a nice, long year of swelling and smiling ahead for Berry Swellony. There was plenty of iron and dicks that needed pumping, with even more people needing a big, jacked boost.

He could already feel his cock stiffening at the very thought.

THE END!