

The sound of metal screeching filled the room, deep, possessive grunting following.

“This is what you wanted, ain’t it?” a particularly gruff voice growled, leaning forward to whisper. A massive, hirsute Marowak was hunched over, swollen pectorals pushed against the back of a smaller kangaroo. The other male was pushed into the wall of the shower, the tile subtly cracking from the pressure. “Now come on, don’t be shy,” he growled under his breath, leaning down, his neatly trimmed jet-black beard tickling along the back of the roo’s neck.

Bruce shifted under the heavy weight, his face a hot shade of red, the insides of his ears practically glowing. It seemed he had been caught red handed, the Marowak grinding his hips suggestively against his ass. “H-Hey! It ain’t like I was pervin’ on ya!” the kangaroo growled back, trying to sound just as confident. However, a slip of that thick cock against his ass sent a shudder up his spine, a lustful moan passing over his lips despite himself.

“Mmhm...sure. That why you’re shovin’ your ass up into my cock?”

Sure enough, Bruce was leaning back, his glutes squeezing around the very obvious endowment that was pushing its way between his taut cheeks. He could feel every subtle twitch of that length, the veins pulsating with the Marowak’s thrumming heartbeat.

It seemed that the kangaroo was at a loss for words, biting at his lower lip as he blew through his nostrils. The big guy wasn’t lying; that much was a fact. Even though he was pinned by the behemoth behind him, he couldn’t help but let his mind drift, remembering just how much he had been obsessed with this particular man over the last few months.

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A sharp huff came from Bruce as he gripped the bar above, the kangaroo shifting over his bench as he yanked it down. The weights pulled up before clanking back down, the marsupial repeating the motion several times. While his arms weren’t as large as some guys’, he was pretty proud of the growing peak that was pushing out under his light tan fur. The feeling of his shirtsleeve squeezing around his arm was an enjoyable one, loving how the fabric fought against his growing brawn.

Still, he had a long way to go if he wanted to split them open properly.

Letting out a long sigh, the kangaroo finished off his set, wiping a forearm across his brow. He reached down, snatching a water bottle at the foot of the bench before giving it a few long drags. He had been there for a while now, having lost track of time. It didn’t really bother him; the main reason he was here wasn’t just for the workout.

It was for...*other* reasons.

His ocean-blue eyes swiveled over his shoulder, looking across the rest of the expansive gym. A frown creased his muzzle as he turned, leaning back against the pull-down machine.

Looks like he still wasn't here yet.

Bruce's frown deepened as he looked down at the sweat-stained front of his shirt. He knew it wasn't exactly a good idea to be perving on someone like this, but he just couldn't help it. That Marowak he had been watching for the last month was one of the biggest guys in the gym. It didn't help that he was also fairly attractive on top of things; with a neatly trimmed beard and a defined jawline, the guy's amber gaze never failed to send a shiver up him.

He blew through his nostrils, closing his eyes before leaning his head back, taking another deep swig of his water.

Maybe he should just be a normal person and talk to the guy?

Funny, considering he was usually so confident when it came to social circumstances. Maybe it was just that he wasn't used to dealing with guys that were overwhelmingly huge.

...Or attractive.

He grumbled under his breath, reaching down, adjusting the pair of loose sweatpants he wore - thankful he decided to go with something a little more modest today. There wasn't a particular desire to march around the gym showing off a swinging and swaying boner.

Not today, anyway.

Just as he was getting up from the bench, the front doors opened up, the kangaroo's long ears perking to attention. His gaze snapped up, covertly trying to peek at who it was.

Almost as if summoned, the very same Marowak from before sauntered his way in. He had a duffel bag tucked over his shoulder, the strap straining around the bulging delt and his swollen lat. He was wearing a pair of sweats that hugged his thighs, only obscuring the subtle detail of those meaty trunks for legs. His top was similar, a sleeveless hoodie with a t-shirt attempting to hide the bulky build he sported underneath.

...Fissure. Or, that's the name that he managed to find on the front desk's sign-in sheet.

A ruggedly handsome name for a ruggedly handsome Pokemon. Or, so Bruce thought.

His bicep bulged, arm twisting and flexing as he scribbled his name and time into the sign-in sheet on the front desk. It was such a simple action, and yet it made his entire arm roll and move like sinewy waves. Bruce had a hard time tearing his eyes off of that forearm, watching as a few veins subtly surfaced, steel cables for muscle shifting under his taut hide. Even the tendons over the back of that hand flexed impressively, the pen practically vanishing between those thick fingers.

He nearly jumped as he noticed the 'Mon was heading towards him, Bruce's eyes averting just in time to avoid locking with those amber orbs. He could have sworn he saw the briefest flicker

of a smirk over that masculine mug from the corner of his eyes. The Marowak continued to approach, Bruce feeling the floor subtly shake with his heavy steps as he got within only a few feet.

He had to wonder if he had been caught... Was he finally going to say something? Accuse him of ogling? Grab him by the front and beat him up?...

Just as he was about to brace himself for the worst, it was like the storm had blown on by. The kangaroo blinked, tilting his head, getting a good view of the Marowak's broad back as he continued on to the lockers. He didn't even realize his stomach had been clenched until he felt a sudden release, a wave of relief going through him as he slumped against the machine behind him.

*Gotta be more careful...*

He shook his head before getting up, taking his trusty water bottle along with him. His gaze swiveled to the nearby row of treadmills. It wasn't exactly his favorite, but he had to do *something* to justify hanging around in the gym longer; far too worn out to keep lifting.

Unlike a certain hot guy, injuries weren't something he was looking for.

He meandered his way over, hopping onto the railing before slipping his water bottle into the afforded holder. A few beep-filled presses later and he found himself casually walking over the spinning belt. It wasn't so bad; the nearby wall-length mirrors provided an excellent covert view of the rest of the gym.

Just in time, the doors from the lockers popped open, the heavily muscled Marowak strolling his way in. Bruce had to keep himself from stumbling as he watched the male in the mirror, practically swooning at the sight. He had swapped clothes; clinging to him were a particularly *short* set of lycra shorts and a painted-on tank top - the latter of which was practically just a strip of fabric running down the middle of his torso.

*God, he's so fucking hot...*

Despite earlier apprehensions, the front of the kangaroo's sweats started to tent all over again, his endowment swaying back and forth with every step he made. Fissure made his way over to the dumbbell rack, wasting no time in grabbing some of the largest weights, tugging them right up before getting to work with overhead presses.

Bruce bit at his lower lip, trying to fight back a groan as he watched those lats swell right out of the sides of his tank top. His triceps rippled, horseshoe shaped muscle shredding, feathering as he forced them to work. His abs rippled, shifting subtly, the edges of them visible around the corners of the Mon's dark tank top.

Lifting weights that heavy, no wonder he had such massive delts. His shoulders were huge, multiple splits marking the different heads of muscle that made up the burgeoning whole.

Bruce found himself so thoroughly distracted by the display that he didn't even notice himself inching closer and closer to the back of the treadmill. It wasn't until one of his sneakers slipped over the edge that he realized he needed to pick up his pace, stumbling awkwardly back into position.

A shot of nervousness went through him, a brief glance into the mirror showing that Fissure was looking directly at him. It seemed his stumbling fit had caught the attention of the big guy. Bruce found his face heating up, the insides of his ears warming, turning a light shade of pink in his reflection.

If he was trying to be covert, he was doing a *really* shitty job of it.

He turned his gaze away from the behemoth at the other end of the gym, trying to focus on not tripping himself up with his large feet. Thick tail swayed with every step, the kangaroo focusing on the rhythm of his breathing to try to calm himself down.

...Not that it helped.

A shadow loomed over him from behind, Bruce blinking in surprise as he looked up at the mirror. Fissure was *right* behind him; the Marowak smirked, a sweat towel wrapped around his meaty, vascular pillar of a neck. "Hey," he rumbled, a single word, yet it made Bruce completely lose his footing. Before his chin could meet the rapidly whirling belt, he found himself being yanked up into the air - suspended effortlessly from around his waist.

Fissure's smirk widened as he lifted the roo up into the air, setting him aside before reaching out, tapping at the treadmill's control panel. With a few beeps the spinning track slowed to a stop, the LED lights cutting off. "Distracted?" he asked with an amused rumble, a masculine, gravelly edge to his voice.

Bruce could feel the sweat starting to bead over his forehead. This guy knew exactly what he was doing, the seductive undertone to his voice enough to clue him in. "I-I was just, uh..." He found his exit being roughly cut off, a meaty arm shooting out, hand gripping around the railing of the treadmill.

"Leavin'? Nah, mate... I think you oughta stick around for a while longer," he purred, that voice rumbling through his heavily muscled chest as he spoke. Bruce could have sworn he saw those pecs quiver with the timbre of his voice.

Before Bruce's mangled mind could come up with a response, Fissure was already walking away, the 'Mon's heavy steps thudding across the gym, causing another member or two to scramble out of his way.

Was...was he hitting on him? Was that...*flirting*?

Bruce could feel his heart hammer in his chest, knees almost giving out underneath him. Usually he would have been a lot more confident in a situation like this, maybe even shooting back a line of his own; however, Fissure had left him completely speechless, the sheer presence of the Marowak alone enough to short his brain out.

“Bloody hell...” he mumbled under his breath, running a few fingers through his long hair; part of him wanted to pull the tie out of his ponytail and give it a nervous yank.

Feeling that it wasn't a good idea to disappoint, he stuck around, taking swigs of his water as he awkwardly stood. Fissure continued his workout, the 'Wack purposely flashing him a subtle few smirks as he curled a set of weights. They were massive—no way that Bruce could even begin to move them, let alone curl them with the ease that Fissure was flinging them around.

Sweat was dripping off of him, rolling down the muscular curves of his heaving body before dripping to the rubber mat below. Bruce gulped softly, picking up on the musky scent that was wafting through the air, nose twitching as he inhaled the masculine aroma.

It was like the weights were playthings for him, the Marowak moving from end to end of the gym, maxing out the settings as he pumped his already huge body. Truth be told, he struggled to fit on some of the machines, shoulders hanging far past the edges of the bench. Branching veins webbed down his arms, feeding the bulging musculature underneath, biceps grinding against wing-like lats that stuck out from either side of Fissure's strip of cloth for a tank top.

Bruce blinked in surprise as he saw the 'Mon getting up, strolling towards the door leading to the lockers. He pulled himself off of the nearby wall he had been leaning against, hurrying his way as he weaved through the other machines. The door swung shut behind him, white tile a little glaring on the eyes considering the darker contrast of the rest of the gym. Regardless, he spotted Fissure's tail as it slid around the back corner, able to hear the subtle thudding of those footsteps.

They weren't the only thing that was thudding. Bruce's heart banged in his chest as he gripped the front of his shirt. He let out a sharp exhale, trying to blow out the worst of that nervous feeling before confidently strolling to his locker. Fissure was no doubt going for the showers, the kangaroo already hearing the tell-tale hiss of the water already starting to flow. He quickly stripped, tossing his clothes into his locker before heading in...

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Bruce gasped as he felt his head yanked back. One of Fissure's large hands had gripped him by the ponytail, giving it a firm tug, those thick fingers gripping around the bundled and braided strands. “Glad ya decided to stick aroun’... Didja enjoy the show?” the larger male asked, leaning down to whisper into one of those long ears. It sent a shiver up Bruce's spine, a small moan slipping out of him answering the question. “Don't think I haven't been noticin' you starin' at me...”

“Wh-What're you on about??” Bruce tried to ask, a groan mixing into his words as Fissure pinned him against the wall with that absurdly broad chest, feeling the warmth of the larger male engulfing him.

"You figured out my schedule, watched me jus' about every time I came in here," he rumbled, giving a nibble along that ear, Fissure's smirk growing wider as he felt that ass instinctively pushing back against his crotch. "Figured you were wantin' a little somethin' more~"

Bruce certainly couldn't lie about that. He had warped and twisted his schedule around just to catch glimpses at one of the biggest guys of the gym. He bit at his lower lip, blowing a frustrated huff through his padded nostrils. "...Yeah. So what?"

"So...? You want somethin' from me, *lil guy*?" Fissure asked, speaking right into the Kangaroo's ear, his warm breath tickling the fine hairs within it, sending a tingling shudder up the marsupial's spine.

Biting at his lower lip, Bruce pushed his hips back, a frustrated grumble coming from him.

"Y-Yeah..." he grumbled under his breath, reaching back, stroking around Fissure's hips, fingertips slipping down to feel those powerful trunks for thighs. They had almost no give - like steel wrapped in softer flesh. "Fuckin' hell..." he grunted. "You're too fuckin' hot..."

Fissure licked over his lips, holding that smirk as he reached down, adjusting himself. That's exactly what he wanted to hear.

The water from the shower head flowed over the Marowak's back, trailing around his broad shoulders, cascading down his front to cover his crotch. Using it like an impromptu lube, he gripped his endowment, sliding it between those eager cheeks and underneath that fat kangaroo tail.

"Can't keep my eyes off of ya... *Oh-fuck...*" He moaned sharply as he felt the helmeted head of Fissure's cock pressing against his entrance, slipping into him with a wet pop. A gasp slipped past his lips as more of that shaft slid into him, finding himself having to spread his legs for the sheer size that Fissure was packing. Every thrust of the 'Mon's hips sent more of that log into him, the kangaroo letting out a few needy noises as he pressed back into him.

Fissure rumbled softly, wrapping his meaty arms around his prize, nuzzling into his neck, pressing an errant kiss here and there along Bruce's jawline. He was somewhat surprised to find the kangaroo turning his head, awkwardly pressing their lips together. However, he didn't complain, leaning into it with enough gusto to make the marsupial shake. With a plunge of his tongue and a slap of his hips, he found himself hilted into the smaller male.

Bruce wasn't exactly a slouch with his build, the kangaroo finding his build being appreciated by the guy who was crotch-deep into him, those large hands wandering over his chest and stomach. Those fingers paused, feeling over his midsection and the subtle bulge his large endowment was making, massaging over it slowly. "*Ohhhhfuckkk...*" he moaned deeply, grabbing at Fissure's meaty arms, finally able to speak now that the 'Mon's tongue had dislodged itself from his mouth.

"Feel good, mate?" Fissure asked, his lips sensually sliding along Bruce's neck as he spoke, giving it a possessive kiss, leaving a subtle mark underneath the kangaroo's short fur. "Cuz you

sure as hell feel good...” He pulled the Kangaroo back from the wall, completely embracing him from behind at this point. Pistoning his hips, Fissure slapped them against Bruce’s ass repeatedly, heavy balls swinging like a pendulum as he went at it.

Bruce moaned out an unintelligible affirmation. His entire body shuddered as he grabbed at Fissure’s hands, finding those larger mitts gripping his, fingers locking together as he was pressed back tighter against the bigger guy.

“Feckin’ hell...” Fissure growled under his breath, feeling those warm walls wrapping around him, squeezing him tight. He’d boned more than a few dudes in his past, but this kangaroo had to be one of the tighter ones. He was almost a little worried he might tear the smaller guy in half, but he seemed to be taking it in stride - or, at least the noises he was making made it seem like he was.

The kangaroo gasped as Fissure pulled out of him, feeling empty in all the wrong ways as his glutes clamped together tightly. He was spun around and forced to face the worked up Marowak. The water glistened off of those pectorals, somehow making the looming Pokemon look even more attractive. He let out a squeak of a noise before both cheeks were gripped, a deep kiss plunging over his lips.

It wasn’t long until those hands shifted under his thighs, picking him up the ground seamlessly without breaking the kiss. It felt like Fissure wasn’t just doing this for him, but trying to make sure he was just as pleased as well; taken care of.

“*Mm—mmmngg... Mmph...*” he moaned between the lashes of their tongues, muzzles locked together. He could feel that cock sliding back into him, the Kangaroo eagerly squeezing his glutes around that length as it slid right in like a glove.

Fissure huffed as he flexed his cobbled abdominals, rocking those bricks up against Bruce’s eager endowment. He could feel his glands catching between those bricks, sliding up and down in the subtle divot between them. The whining coming from the kangaroo was adorable, Bruce throwing his head back, long ponytail swaying as he gasped.

“I...” he twitched, the marsipial’s shaft jumping violently, glans flaring as his balls jumped. “I...I can’t cum..! I...?” he gasped in shock, feeling his body wracked with pleasure along with a mounting pressure in his balls. It was like some sort of force was holding him back, stopping him from blowing his load all over Fissure’s midsection.

It seemed that Fissure didn’t share such a problem, the Marowak growling as he gripped his prize tightly to his chest, grabbing at his ass with both hands as those legs wrapped around his midsection. With a few hard thrusts, he slapped his hips against Bruce’s ass. His balls jumped, flexing hard as his urethra bulged, a deep moan booming from the heavily muscled ‘Mon’s water-slicked chest.

“*MMgph-!*” Bruce felt his stomach swelling up, the pressure from the load filling him up as his abdominals subtly stretched. He squirmed, clinging tightly around Fissure’s neck as he gasped

and moaned, thick tail jumping. He was thankful that the Marowak had such a tight grip on him, otherwise he probably would have fallen right off of him and onto the floor.

He found himself being lowered, his body untwined with Fissure's as he was gently lowered down onto his feet. He stumbled, clutching at his middle, a growing warmth blooming from his distended stomach. It felt like his cock was going crazy down below, jumping and twitching as it slapped up against his midsection. "Wh-What's...? The feck is happen' to me...?" he asked with a gasp, a needy moan slipping past his lips as he felt sweat beading over his forehead.

"Somethin' fun," Fissure filled in, taking a step back, a smug smirk finding its home over his face once more as he watched the already spreading changes. Part of him still wishes the kangaroo still had his sweatpants on. He would have loved to see him balloon up until they were skin tight.

Bruce moaned, his face flushing along with the insides of his ears as he felt the building pressure. It was like his entire body was getting pumped up, his stomach churning, growling angrily. His cock jumped and pulsed, growing thicker and thicker as his balls engorged between his thighs, the backup still plaguing him even as he began to grow.

His lightly muscled body started to add several pounds of muscle, the numbers ticking higher as he found himself stumbling back, crashing into the wall behind him. He gasped as his pecs ballooned, swelling up under his chin. He could feel his body pulling itself wider, shoulders broadening as he started to form split delts like the amused Marowak that was watching him.

The tip of his thick tail brushed between his legs as he shifted, squirming as he moaned in pure pleasure. He could feel toned calves ballooning into meaty shelves, thickening out to absurd proportions as his thighs similarly engorged. Teardrop shaped quads ballooned, slamming into each other, lifting the kangaroo's engorged endowment up into the air.

Bruce's body felt like a furnace, sweat dripping from his forehead as his body continued to swell. Muscles surged and shrank with the rapid beating of his heart, gaining more mass than it lost with every surge - piling on the pounds. He felt so...*heavy*, almost as if he was already pushing more than a few hundred pounds worth of pure muscle. Traps swelled up along either side of his neck, nestling up against it as it thickened into a pillar, a vein or two snaking up it.

"*F-Fuck.. F-Fuckin' 'ell...*" he gasped out, a shudder shaking through his engorging body as he heard the pitch of his voice drop in real-time. His balls churned with unspent seed, dropping down between his trunk-like thighs as they gurgled - thick as a basketball. His cock had turned into a meaty battering ram that was several feet long, Fissure having stepped forward to trace a finger along the precum-glistening head.

"Yeah... Ya 'bout to blow?~" he asked, his voice low and seductive, tan-colored digits circling around the angry reddened head of that cock. Fissure gave it a few pumps, admiring the elasticity of the skin as it stretched around the oozing glans. "Bet you're feelin' it now."

"*Fuuuck*, I do...!" Bruce's deepened voice boomed. He could feel the testosterone flooding his body, fueling those swelling muscles as he grew broader and broader, starting to loom dangerously on the precipice of 'wide-as-tall'. His back was a myriad of rippling muscle, a deep

divide forming where his spine ran, lats threatening to crash into bulging glutes that had surged into dimpled boulders. Traps were swelling even higher, wrapping around his neck, threatening to push higher than the top of his head. He could feel his mobility dropping drastically, pecs pushing up against his chin, almost keeping his head squeezed into place.

Fat veins webbed down those limbs, thick as the kangaroo's fingers—if not more so. Branches formed, tracing down and feeding the absurdly bulging musculature, practically coating the entirety of the now-massive marsupial. The floor was cracking, tiles breaking under the roo's thick feet, his weight having increased exponentially, weighing even more than the Marowak who had started it all.

Bruce's eyes widened.

He could feel it...

The kangaroo's junk pulsed, cock throbbing, slapping up against that newly formed roid gut that formed his midsection. Thick spurts of precum had coated Fissure's hand, making an utter mess of it, the Marowak taking a step back, knowing exactly what was coming. With a booming moan, Bruce leaned back, loosing a torrent of cum, ropes of the stuff flying out of the showers and into the adjoining locker room.

The sounds of protests could be heard, disgusted sounds from patrons who very well had been hit by the stuff.

In the next room, a lightly muscled white rabbit and an athletic looking green dragon were drenched, the both of them slipping over the wet, sticky cum that had come deluging out of the nearby showers. The lapine was looking most disgusted, buck teeth showing as his lips curled, the bun pulling at the front of his soaked tank top. "Fucking, ewww-!" he whined, his high pitched voice coming out of him like a piercing whistle.

The dragon sprawled out next to him seemed to have a different opinion, at least, after a second or two. His face flushed as he let out a low moan, earfins folding back. A tent immediately formed in his shorts, one that was growing more obscenely large with every passing moment.

"The fuck??" the bun asked, watching the unfolding show out of the corner of his eye.

A sharp moan from the dragon heralded the beginnings of infectious growth, his chest swelling up, once taut pecs pumping into rounded boulders that tore the front of his shirt completely open. "Dude, what the fuck!!" the rabbit squawked in terror. "What the fuck is happennnnnNNNGGG-!" he was cut off, his entire body shaking like a leaf, the sticky spunk dripping from him.

His entire form surged at once, the whining rabbit moaning as he ballooned violently in all directions, his swelling cannonball for a shoulder slamming into the dragon's side. Small puffs of smoke blew from the dragon's nostrils as he struggled with his own growing body. He squirmed, his body taking on a tanky form in comparison to his lapine counterpart. His shoulders turned

boxy, midsection losing that trimmed tautness of a cover model, being replaced by a wide wall of blocky abdominals that would have made the average fitness guru cringe.

The rabbit's tank top went from a loose drape of a thing to painted on—at least over his chest. Pecs had ballooned out, vivid pink nips sitting along the underside of those heaving boulders as they poked out either side of the fabric. The rest of his tank was dangling underneath, loosely fitting over his thin, yet powerful waist. He groaned, thrusting his hips on instinct, the front of his shorts tearing open as an equally bright pink shaft flipped into the air, smacking over his abdominals, creeping up them, pushing under his tank and between his pecs.

His glutes ballooned, once taut cheeks turning into swollen boulders of pure muscle that pushed the lapine higher up into the air. Sitting perfectly over the top of them was that tufted tail, right into the divot between those perfectly rounded mounds. He squeaked and protested, as if trying to fight the changes that were taking over his body. Gripping at his chest only found those mounds pushing out further, as if defying his attempts to push them back in.

Almost as if on the opposite side of the spectrum, the dragon was enjoying the changes that were taking over his body. His hands glided over his swelling form, feeling the massive roid gut that was nestled under burgeoning pecs, his scales glistening in the light. His shirt had been torn to shreds from his surge in size, the scaled behemoth swiping away the scraps before hitting an experimental double bicep. A pleased growl passed over his lips as he leaned in, nuzzling his own split peaked bicep, giving it a few licks before shamelessly making out with it. He nestled into it as those forearms swelled, grinding against his biceps, bloated cords of muscle rippling with every dance of his thickening fingers.

The rabbit watched from nearby, buck teeth biting down on his lower lip. As much as he hated to admit it, his mind was starting to quickly change. The feeling of his body grinding against itself was getting him turned on something fierce - not to mention the show nearby of his workout partner turning into a monstrosity masculine beast of himself.

Sweat dripped from their bodies as instincts took over, the rabbit's face turning red as the dragon rolled onto him. Their muzzles met, the two making out, the lapine's protests dying on his lips the moment his partner made contact. The two writhed, differently configured bodies slotted perfectly into each other, the combined weight cracking the floor as the two passionately and shamelessly explored their changes. Saliva exchanged, boners grinding together in a display of pure unabashed lust.

It wasn't long until Bruce was added into the mix, the kangaroo stumbling in, slotting between them, the behemoths now on their feet. Minds fully overtaken by lust, the other two didn't mind the inclusion, reveling in the addition of another massive male to their shameless frothing.

Nearby, Fissure was watching, a smirk plastered over his muzzle, witnessing the two exchange saliva with Bruce. He was already hard, his enormous endowment throbbing as he casually stroked over it. He wasn't exactly expecting the show, but he wasn't about to protest, letting out a long, pleased exhale.

A good fuck and a super-sized spectacle to boot.

Couldn't beat that with a stick~