

“C’mon! Try to keep up!”

A red-furred rabbit grinned as he wheeled, jogging backward on his heels. His taut thighs pumped under snug gray shorts, arms swinging at his side. Clad in a baggy teal hoodie, his hands stuffed into the front pockets as he flashed a buck-toothed grin.

Just behind him was a meaty kangaroo. He must have had a foot of height over the smaller herbivore, the morning sun casting a draping shadow over his shoulders. A warm smile stretched his muzzle. A mop of dark brown hair matched the goatee capping his blocky chin.

“It’s not a race, you know,” he said with a genial chuckle. His arms swung at distinct angles from his sides, biceps sliding against lats as his dark tank top clung to his torso. Gym bags jostled over shoulders as they jogged, swaying to the rhythm.

The rabbit opened his mouth to say something but found his heel catching on a crack in the sidewalk, flipflop bending. “*WuhhHUHh-!*” He stumbled slightly, arms pinwheeling as he fought to keep himself upright. Strong hands slipped under his arms, catching him before he could spill backward onto the hard ground.

“Careful,” J chided playfully, biceps bulging as he lifted the athletic rabbit. “I keep telling you not to wear those things when you run.”

Tall ears flopped back, a wave of embarrassment passing over Red. “Hey, I like ‘em! They feel comfy,” he said, lifting one of his feet. Thick toes wiggled from the end of his flipflop, the ends colored a lighter shade of pinkish-red.

“You really ought to try kicks like mine,” J said, the kangaroo lifting a foot several sizes larger in comparison. Elongated toes were free, dark claws glistening slightly in the morning light as he flexed them. Designed explicitly for kangaroos, the joggers fit snugly, with orange soles and patterning punctuated by white canvas and dark rubber.

Red hummed under his breath, leaning down, cupping underneath the shoe. “I *could*, but then I wouldn’t feel the wind beneath my feet! *Very* important,” he said with a mischievous tone. The rabbit angled a finger, pushing it between J’s toes, wiggling it into the sensitive space between clawed appendages.

J’s cheeks bulged as they colored, the corners of his eyes watering as he jerked his foot back on instinct. However, the rabbit was tenacious. He chased after that foot, continuing his playful game. “*S-Stop, haha!*” the kangaroo laughed, trying to catch his breath. His large tail acted like a brace behind him, keeping him from tumbling entirely over.

Slipping close to him, Red practically slithered up J’s torso. He kissed at it, peppering rounded pectorals as he trailed to rising, mounded traps.

“R-Red...” J said, his face flushing as those lips met his jawline—and then his chin. The determined rabbit stood on his toes, arms pulling the bigger man down as their lips met. The kiss was brief but passionate. J found his hand sifting through the rabbit’s hair, fingers diving into a shock of pelt-matching red with black highlighted tips.

Red hummed as he broke their kiss, a sly smirk pulling across his muzzle. “*Mm...*” He loved how heavily J was panting, his eyes screwed shut and big rabbit-like ears pinned back as he panted. So adorably needy—and so easily activated, too.

There was nobody on the streets to watch them. The stretch of suburbia was devoid of foot traffic so early in the morning. The only occupants were a few birds chirping in the trees.

And Red didn’t mind giving them a show.

“So, you gonna criticize my footwear now?” the rabbit asked breathily, nuzzling against the end of the taller ‘roo’s muzzle.

“Ahh... Hah...” he panted, still collecting himself. “N-Nah...”

“That’s better,” he said, the sultry tone sending a visible shiver through J. “You know? You’re pretty cute when you’re blushing. Maybe you ought to think about dying your fur my color.”

This rapport was just as old as their relationship. Despite appearances, it was the spunky rabbit that drove their relationship. He knew every pressure point and pleasurable button on the bulky kangaroo like the back of his hand. It came with experience, something he had a lot of when it came to the gentle giant.

J cracked open his bi-colored eyes, blue and teal green locking with Red’s violet-blue. A flustered cough rattled in the back of his throat, his gaze darting across the street to see if anyone was watching.

“Why so nervous?” Red asked, his arms looped around the kangaroo’s side, leaning his weight against the amateur bodybuilder’s bulky frame. “Not like anyone else is going to see us out here.” He played with the necklace that hung around J’s meaty neck, rolling the wooden engraving between his thumb and forefinger.

“I-It’s just...” J cleared his throat. “Not like you to be this forward in public,” he said, a spine-tingling tremble to his bassy voice.

“I just like it when you’re worked up, big guy,” the rabbit said teasingly. J sucked in a breath as Red’s fingers traced along the edges of his pectorals, caressing the curvature captured by his taut tank top.

Red knew exactly how to get J excited, his thumbs tracing slow circles around the outlined areola. The front of his striped gym shorts was already tenting slightly, revealing another suggestive outline.

The rabbit hummed softly as his hand slid between J’s thick thighs, lifting the junk that perched between them with a slow heft. “Huh. Guess I better take responsibility for this...”

J was about to go cross-eyed. If he wasn’t erect before, the teasing cupping of his junk made him go rock hard. Like everything he did, Red’s grip had a teasing subtlety to it; his fingers rolled slowly, kneading his balls in a way that coaxed more blood flow to his member.

“Kind of exciting, isn’t it, though?” He guided the tall kangaroo, his 6’5” bulk proving difficult to obscure behind a line of bushes. “Kinda feels like we’re teenagers again, getting away with something.”

“R-Red...” J’s voice was breathy, bordering on whiny with need, as he sat on soft loam.

“*Shh-shh*...big guy. You just leave everything to me,” he said with a sultry smile. Bags dropped to the ground as Red sauntered closer. J shuddered, heavy breaths rattling from him as his tank top was salaciously peeled up and rolled until the fabric perched over mid-chest. The warm tongue lapping against his fleshy-brown nipple made his eyes roll back in his head.

The moan he was about to unbelt was interrupted. A pair of fingers slid into his mouth, pressing down over his tongue, muffling the overt noise.

“Can’t let the whole neighborhood know we’re back here,” the rabbit said, clicking his tongue. “How long has it been since you’ve gotten off?”

“*Mmnh...*!”

“Thought so,” Red said with a sneer, incisors flashing. He expertly brought them down on sensitive flesh, nibbling along the edges of J’s areola. “Can’t have you working out with a boner bouncing, huh? I mean, *I* might enjoy it, but I’m not keen on getting kicked out on our first day.”

There was love to Red’s touch as he brushed his hand through J’s hair, sweeping some of it back. The kangaroo leaned back against a red-bricked wall, knees hiking up as his boner was fished out by decisive fingers. A few strokes already had him spurting a bit of precum, milky dollops dribbling down his bulging urethra.

“Now... Let’s see if we can’t get a little mutual fun going on here.”

Despite heavy, panting breaths, J’s eyes widened as the rabbit stripped down, tossing his clothes to the side. With his shorter, slender frame, the long line of hedges completely obscured him. He moved, tilting so he sat over those sizable pectorals, his spade of a tail tweaking over taut glutes.

“*Mmhfff...*” J flushed as the end of the rabbit’s shaft slid over his lips. The smaller guy was always packing heat, heavily endowed for his size.

“Bit of an awkward angle, but, *Mmnn*—looks like you’re making it work!” he said with a short huff as the kangaroo swallowed down his shaft. He was already bobbing dutifully over it, supple lips creating a slurping seal. The inside of his mouth was warm, tongue already working around Red’s twitching endowment.

Warm breath washed over J’s length, over a foot-long shlong twitching as Red kissed the helmeted head. It was an awkward bend to get down to the endowment, but the sheer length of it helped. He trusted J to keep him steady too, the kangaroo’s hands already greedily sliding over his toned body.

“C’mon, buddy,” Red said, stroking the base, allowing his words to tickle the oozing end of J’s endowment. “Flex for me a little. I want to see a show.”

There was a little moan that bubbled out of J as his lips pressed into Red’s lower stomach, fully deepthroating the rabbit. Blocky abdominals clenched, the divide between them deepening as bricks feathered and rippled. They slowly undulated as J rocked his hips, sinewy blocks swaying like ocean waves.

Red pushed the kangaroo down until his back thudded heavily against the packed earth. With him riding on top of the meaty kangaroo, there was a chance he could be spotted from beyond the bushes—especially with those tall pointed ears.

J’s arms lifted, biceps peaking as strong fingers curled into fists. Red was sure to give them appropriate attention, twisting his limber frame to stroke over those split peaks. “Hehe, you like showing off, don’t you, buddy?” he teased, sticking his tongue out under his sizable incisors.

“*Mph...mmhh...*” J’s face was tinted red, the kangaroo bobbing dutifully as he caressed the hips and thighs of his smaller companion. Fingers slipped up his shorts, squeezing taut sinew. The bulk of Red’s muscle was always in his legs thanks to his heritage and love of the squat rack.

“Someone’s worked up,” the rabbit said with a snicker as he wrapped fingers around J’s twitching endowment. He could tell by the way the kangaroo was twitching that he was teetering on the edge. J was adorably predictable that way.

The air whipped around Red as he bobbed down over J’s endowment, the rabbit performing push-ups over the bigger male’s torso. His feet braced on the ground, toes digging into his flipflops as he grunted and huffed.

The muffled moaning around his cock was enough to make Red’s eyes threaten to roll back in his head. He’d never seen another big guy bottom so well. It was pure instinct, from every twitch to eager sounds the kangaroo would make. The idea that he had him all to himself only drove him harder.

J was the first to spill, his body seizing up, muscles twitching as it stood on edge. His back left the ground, ass clenching as he arched, his muscled frame trembling. Red guzzled what he could, but he was forced to pull the cock from his mouth halfway, pushing the sizable shaft away to spray harmlessly against the wall. Cum glopped down the brick surface, gooey stuff pooling at the bottom.

“*Hooo...*” Red let out a satisfied sigh as he slumped back, sitting on J’s broad chest. The kangaroo had released his cock, strings of saliva stretching from his lips to the head. “You feelin’ better, big guy?” he asked, turning his head over his shoulder. The wobbly thumbs up amused him, that big arm dropping weightily back to the ground.

The cleanup was fairly painless, the pair pulling their pants back up and getting back to their morning jog. They stopped at a Pancake House, ordering some cheap breakfast to get some calories. Red kept playfully poking at J’s careful calorie counting.

“You know, you need more of them if you want to get bigger, right?”

The kangaroo considered his words before shrugging his broad shoulders. “I’m not going for a dirty bulk—not yet.”

“Call me when you do. I don’t mind a lil bit of a belly on a guy as long as it’s gonna make ‘em bigger,” the rabbit shot back, chewing on a stick of crispy bacon.

“If you keep buying my lunches, I’m going to end up with one.” J chuckled, leaning back on the bench, aged upholstery creaking from the weight. His shirt pulled up, revealing those alluring abdominals and the triangular bushel of brown hair pointing up from his crotch.

“*Mmhmm...*” Red licked his chops, the tip of his tongue trailing around his buck teeth. The words were lost on him, too enamored with the kangaroo’s burly physique.

They went for another walk. A little slower this time to allow them to digest. The gym was located in the corner of an outdoor shopping mall. The strip looked like it had seen better years—decades, even. Judging by the outdated architecture, it was probably built in the early 90s.

The gym looked like a renovated hardware shop, with double glass doors jingling as they stepped in. Girders stretched across the vaulted ceiling with several vents and fans dotting the upward expanse.

“Not bad,” Red said with a little grin. The whole place was all business and no frills. A rubberized sprint track wrapped around the edges of the room. Heavier machines dotted the expansive inner oval while treadmills and other cardio lined the outside.

There were a few sizable gym goers working out, sweaty bodies dotting the center of the room. The clank of weights was a rhythmic backdrop—comforting even. They were in their element.

The place didn’t smell too bad, either. It had that iron and rubber scent that dominated the olfactory landscape. The churning fans kept hints of sweat and musk in check, pulling the worst of it into the vents and out of the gym. It also had the side effect of keeping things nice and cool.

They dropped their bags off in the lockers before setting to work. Predictably, Red hit the track first, running circles as his thighs pumped. Thankfully, he had it all to himself, allowing his attention to wander. While the other meaty men were a treat, his primary focus was on the bi-colored-eyed kangaroo on the squat rack. The gym shorts hugged around those globes, the white strip of his jock peeking out the top.

He got a good view of those swollen pecs too. They swelled and banded as J shoved heavy dumbbells skyward, the straps on his tank pulling taut. Red would have struggled to lift just one of them.

With a sharp exhale, Red had to remind himself not to get too excited. Out of all the people in this place, it would be obvious he was the one with the raging boner.

In the back of the establishment was an orange-scaled dragon. His wide shoulders were braced against a wall, his mammoth arms crossed over his chest. He wore a cropped tank top revealing lighter yellowed scales trailing up his stomach. Long brown hair cascaded down his back, some of the partly curled fringes visible around his thin waist and behind his wing-like lats.

He was watching them; that much was certain. Red locked eyes with him as he passed by, the burly beast flashing him a charismatic grin in response. By the time he made his 20th lap, the behemoth had finally made a move.

"Hey there," a bassy rumble came from the dragon as he blocked the path ahead. "Saw you come in with your friend. You're one of our new sign-ups, right? I think I saw you last week."

Red was a little surprised by the dragon's gusto but nodded. "Yeah. Our old gym wasn't working out too well. Lunk alarms, y'know?" he said with a joking laugh, ears bobbing as he rubbed the back of his head.

"Huh, well, works out well for me," he said with a charismatic purr. "Tell you what. You guys interested in some personal training?"

The rabbit looked over his shoulder, J too preoccupied with the bench press to notice the conversation. "I mean, sure! I always wanted to pack on a few more pounds, and my buddy over there," he gestured over his shoulder to the puffing kangaroo, "He's looking to become a professional bodybuilder."

A smile curled the dragon's lips. "That so?"

"Mhm! I'm sure he'd appreciate the help. But, uh..." he trailed. "How much would it cost us?"

The dragon seemed to think it over for a while, his fingers scratching into the deep divide between leathery pectorals. "How about we start a free trial today? You can tell me how you feel about the results, eh? I've even got some special post-workout shakes you two can enjoy afterward. My treat."

"Generous," Red replied, eyeing the dragon.

"What can I say?" He tilted his head to one side, long locks brushing over his chest. "I like to give a warm welcome."

Red gestured over his shoulder "I'll, uh, have to talk it over with my buddy first. You know?"

"Of course," he purred. "Offer's still on the table if you don't take it today."

He continued, "My name is Ryuax, by the way. Pleasure to meet you."

The hand thrust in his direction was massive; Red stared at it for a long moment before tentatively sliding his in. "Red. My buddy's name is J," he explained.

"Oh, I know," the dragon replied coolly, a sparkle in his eyes that Red couldn't quite place.

He returned to the kangaroo's side, informing him of the generous offer. While nonplussed, J wasn't about to turn down free assistance on his road to musclebound mass. They met up with their new coach; Ryuax was already equipped with a clipboard and a pen. He took their measurements, and gained an idea of their personal goals. It was a mini-interrogation session inside of his office.

He barked instructions, keeping them on their toes, correcting them whenever their form was off. It was a jarring transition from their freestyle lives, but one that they got used to over the next few hours. Sweat rolled down both of their bodies, tank tops sticking to torsos as they pushed their limits.

"Not bad," Ryuax said, clicking his stopwatch, eyeing it favorably. "You two look like you could use a water break."

"Yes coach," Red playfully wheezed, flashing the dragon a wobbly thumbs up as he sprawled over the bench.

They followed them past the other gym goers, a few of them watching curiously as they vanished into the lockers. The office was at the back, a frosted window framed in the middle of the wooden door. It was a squeeze for Ryuax, having to turn sideways to fit his bulky frame inside.

"You think they would have made a bigger door for you," J said as he stepped in last, having to duck a little as well.

"They did," Ryuax said with a bassy laugh. It shook the ceiling tiles, reverberating through the stone walls. The implication hung heavy, making the other two men exchange excited glances.

The rest of the room was reminiscent of a sports coach's office. Wooden walls were lined with plaques ranging from bronze to gold. There was a shelf along the far wall with several trophies on display, all of them shaped in the depiction of flexing, muscled wolves.

In the corner were a pair of brown shipping boxes. Their tops were popped open, revealing several powdered packets with a glistening, stylized label "Biomass Industries."

That name rang a bell for Red. He had seen their products advertised in the past, though the availability was startingly lacking. Supposedly, they offered the best supplements on the market. Some of their services were more experimental in nature—medical, from what he could recall. Their dedication to fitness and muscle growth was fanatic, bordering on mad science.

One of those packets tore, the contents dropping into a blender. It whirled, contents sloshing around in an unappetizing brown slush. To be fair, Red hadn't found a protein shake he didn't find at least *mildly* unappetizing. They exchanged conversation, the dragon's booming voice rising over the buzzing cacophony.

Most of his questions were aimed at J, asking him when he started bodybuilding and quizzing him on how many contests he had competed in. Clearly, the kangaroo was a little intimidated, his gaze occasionally drifting to the dazzling wall of accomplishments. He stammered out a few

responses, unused to raising his voice. In comparison to the scaled veteran, J was a startling shade of green.

The machine finally cut off, the dragon pouring the contents between two cups and handing it to his newest charges. Red gave it a few testing sniffs. Yep. Still unappetizing... He knew exactly how to handle this.

He clamped his nostrils shut as he tipped his head back, guzzling the contents. It wasn't as bad as the smell suggested, a sugary hint of chocolate slithering down his throat. It took several gulps, but he eventually finished it off with a gasp.

J had taken it in stride with more poise. It made sense, considering he drank this goopy slush on the regular. "This stuff has a bit of a kick," the rabbit muttered, palming over his midsection as it grumbled.

"Oh, it's got a *big* kick," Ryuax said with a toothy smile. "I just needed to work you two to the bone for it to be effective."

"Effective for whhUUhg—" The words were cut off as a burp forced up his throat. His stomach churned, practically burning. The sensation spread through him as sweat started to bead over his forehead. He turned to glance at J, finding the kangaroo in a similar situation.

His eyes widened as he watched veins crawling up from his crotch, like roots from a tree over J's abdominals. They swelled, thickening up as his pecs quickly followed suit. The straps pulled tight, stretching like piano wire as his chest inflated with every gasping breath.

A loud crack echoed as the first one snapped, followed by the second as the kangaroo peeled out of his top. Traps rose like mountain ridges around a thickening neck as veins crawled up both. J's shoulders widened, thickening along with his arms as the network of creeping veins branched down them.

Ryuax watched in salacious silence, licking his lips as the men in his office grew. Their bodies throbbed, growing a little more with every heartbeat.

Red moaned as his crotch swelled, ballooning until the front of his shorts couldn't contain him any longer. His shaft spilled out, lengthening member flopping onto the office desk, veins thick as a hose branching over it as he gasped and panted. His turgid sack bounced, filling up the space between his thighs, forcing the fabric of his shorts to act like a basket for bloated balls.

While the rabbit was packing on muscle mass, it was practically avalanching onto J. The kangaroo panted heavily, his face red, mouth open, tongue hanging out. Pecs ballooned, banding as they shoved proudly away from his torso. His back humped up with muscle, pushing him away from the wall he was leaning against as his lats swelled and dropped, threatening to crash into bulbous glutes.

His shorts stretched until it was a second skin, his crotch plastered to his inner thigh as veins spread like spidering roots. Thick ropes of pre were already spurting from the reddened head, the helmeted end dropping lower than the kangaroo's knees as they buckled.

Much like his shirt, J's shorts split open. Sandy brown fur spilled out as teardrop-shaped quads fought for space. He adjusted his stance several times, spreading his feet wider as muscle mass piled onto him, stretching his pelt to the limit.

Moans echoed through the office, J's bass mingling with Red's lighter tones as the last few scraps of clothes ripped off of them. Sweat rolled down their pelts, bodies roiling with heat like musclebound ovens.

"*F-Fuck...*" J said, his voice low and warbly. His arms were up, fingers curled into fists. Biceps jumped, shoving up under his thumbs, split peaks dividing like a split in a boulder as they shoved fists aside. Swollen forearms and bis fought for space as he watched, utterly captivated by his hulking body. The man's traps looked close to overtaking his head, flanking muscle practically melding with his neck as his pecs acted like a shelf under his chin.

In comparison, Red had kept most of his original size. His body had shredded, abdominals stretching down to his crotch, twitching and feathering with even the slightest movement. Much like J, he was checking out the changes, looking over his shoulders, watching with some difficulty as his glutes flexed. Muscle banded, globes turning into serrated croissants as they deeply dimpled.

Still, the focus was on J. He was bigger than Ryuax, twice the already impressive dragon's mass. He smirked, sauntering to the kangaroo, a scaled hand tracing over his chest. "Someone looks worked up," he purred.

He wasn't wrong. J looked out of his mind with lust. His face seemed stained a permanent shade of pink, the kangaroo fighting to keep his eyes from rolling back in his head. Muscle grinding on muscle must have been a torrent of electric ecstasy; every twitch made the overblown ball of muscle moan and gasp.

J was led to the table, the behemoth dropping over it, his enormous torso practically swallowing the sizable surface area. The metal legs bent slightly, squealing as they were forced to hold far beyond their recommended weight.

Chest down and ass up, J was an irresistible sight to Red. The rabbit found himself slotting behind his boyfriend nicely, engorged endowment sliding between the cavernous void between those globes for glutes.

"Heh, already goin' for it, huh? He's an eager one," Ryuax said with a low sigh. J had nuzzled the front of his shorts, mouthing needily at the already stiff shaft that peeked out of them. The sheer size of his traps and back made it difficult for him to lift his head, the back of his skull banging against overblown muscle even as he swallowed the dragon's endowment.

"*Hoo-hoo*, yeah..." Red licked his lip as he rocked his hips. "Yeah, he gets like that when he's worked up. Gets *real* needy." He savored the sensation of their thighs grinding together. While the rabbit had graduated to "pro bodybuilder" size, J was on some other, *inhuman* level. He was like a living mass of muscle, the sheer girth making his movements awkward and labored. Flexibility had become a premium, not that the lust-addled kangaroo took notice.

The squeeze of those glutes nearly scrambled Red's brain as he slid between them. It was a good thing he had a few feet of cock now—otherwise, he may have never made it fully inside. His hips slapped against those boulders with a crack. They barely had any wobble, banded muscle acting like flesh-wrapped boulders.

Deep, reverberating moans bellowed from J. The sounds were muted by the shaft he had swallowed, his throat bulging slightly as his nose nestled against the base of Ryuax's crotch. His fingers dented metal and cracked wood as he clutched the edges of the desk, being spit-roasted by the other muscled men. Even with his knees on the floor, it was the perfect height for his overblown chest, pecs wrapping over the edge of the desk, fat nipples salaciously bent by the angle.

Red didn't waste time using his new physique. More muscle meant harder thrusts, his thighs flexing, hamstrings bulging as he swung his hips with abandon. Their balls bumped together, J's enormous sack sitting on the floor, sloshing orbs having rolled across it. The rabbit had to stand on overblown calves for balance, toes curling as he leveraged his angle.

Rocking back and forth, it was unclear whether the force of the other men was moving J, or if he was so eager that he swayed to synched thrusts. Either way, there was no doubt that the kangaroo was lost to lust, his eyes rolling back into his head, the bulging marsupial moaning as his enormous body slowly collapsed the desk down into itself. Sweat rolled down muscled contours, glistening his massive frame in the office light.

Red dropped onto his boyfriend's back, enjoying how he settled into the deep divide where his spine ran. The rolling hills of muscle were like steel cables, twitching and swelling under J's pelt as he clutched the desk tighter—slowly compacting it as he was fucked from both ends. It's not like the rabbit could go anywhere, even if he wanted. That meaty tail was curled around him, all muscle and all grip as it kept him pinned tight against Ju's bulbous glutes.

Short puffs of breaths blew from J's padded nostrils. Ryuax gripped his long ears, tugging him gently forward as the dragon thrust his hips against the kangaroo's lips. "*Nnggh...* Eager boy," the dragon said, flinching slightly. "*Mmfuck...* Not gonna last if you keep suckin' the soul outta me," he rumbled, pulling his shirt up a little higher over his torso. It seemed to spur J on, the kangaroo subtly twisting and turning his muzzle, putting more of his tongue into it. The reverse didn't go neglected either; he thrust back, squeezing and flexing with those vice-like glutes, clamping and squeezing over Red's already-oozing endowment.

"God, he's such a...a..." Red's breath hitched as he gasped. "*S-Slut...!*" His voice pitched high as he went over the edge, his balls jumping as he unloaded into the cavernous insides of the hulking kangaroo. J moaned deeply, at least, before he was filled from the other side, his groans turning to lurid gulps as he repeatedly swallowed.

The floor flooded, J's log of a cock going off between Ryuax's thighs. Veins thick as a man's forearm pulsed as that cock jumped, slapping the hard floor repeatedly as sticky cum pooled and sloshed. A conveniently placed drain near the entrance of the room gurgled, choking with the sludgy seed.

The desk was crushed into a nearly unrecognizable wad, tossed aside by the heaving kangaroo as the cock finally came loose from his lips. He cradled a bloated roid gut, cobbled abdominals stretched into a beach ball-like sphere.

Exhausted, Red stumbled back, nearly toppling off of his perch over J's shelf-like calves. He sighed, rubbing a hand through his mess of hair, a little laugh bubbling out of him. "Phew... Damn if that isn't the post-workout cardio that I've been looking for." He leveled a gaze at the dragon, Ryuax still smearing some of the saliva-seed mix from his shaft. "So...do we get more of that shake? I don't know about you, but I wouldn't mind growing as big as him," he gestured to the groaning, cum-stuffed brute below.

The dragon chuckled, slowly stroking over J's muscle-humped back with approval. "Why don't you try this time next week, huh? We'll get you set up with some heavier equipment." He smirked. "You're gonna need it."

"Aww...c'mon! I wanna be *big!*" the rabbit whined. Bouncing on his heels, the movements were seemingly disparate with his swollen muscle mass, the floor thudding softly with every impact, plaques on the walls subtly swaying.

"Cool your jets, Cotton Tail," he said, more amused than annoyed with the attitude. "We gotta get you used to that new mass before we add more. Besides," he trailed. "I still gotta make some money out of this. Can't have you two just guzzling down all my shakes and lessons for free, eh?"

The floor rattled, ceiling tiles threatening to fall as J fell onto his back. He gurgled, groaning, white trickling from the corner of his mouth.

"Besides... I don't think he's in any condition to keep workin' out—do you?" Ryuax asked, tilting his head to the sprawled behemoth taking up half of the floor space.

Red exhaled sharply, clicking his tongue. "*Fiiiine*... How much do you want us to start paying?"

Now that brought a wide, toothy smile to Ryuax's face.

"Why, I'm glad you asked..."