

Bulk It Up: Hopping Pumping

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Commission done for [Ebikiyo of FurAffinity](#)

Day 1: Mail Delivery

“What’s this?” Ariana Perez looked at the odd packet that fell from the brown envelope onto her kitchen counter. It looked to be a packet of medicine, ten small tablets in total.

Shaking the envelope again, a letter fell out as well. After reading the short message, she instantly knew what was going on. She looked at the tablets. *This is what she was talking about?*

A week or so ago, Ariana had gotten an email from her cousin, Maria. The two hadn’t spoken or seen each other much in recent months, despite living in the same city. So, the sudden email was rather surprising.

In the message, Maria asked Ariana how her confidence and bravery issues were going, much to her annoyance. Her cousin went on about having the perfect solution, which also annoyed her. She was going to send Ariana some special supplements, said to boost confidence and self-assurance.

Ariana wanted to immediately respond and tell her no. She wanted to email her a strongly worded message, telling her it was none of her business how she was like or how she could “improve” herself.

But she didn’t. She couldn’t. Even thinking about it made Ariana’s hands tremble. She bit her bottom lip. *Darn it... why am I like this all the time?*

Was she really that self-confident? She hated to think it, but the more she thought about being unable to even voice the tiniest bit of dissonance to the idea in the email, the more the sad reality of everything hit. She just could not stand it.

Ariana sighed, looking at the note in the envelope again. She read the end: *Enjoy your supplements, cuz! You’ll thank me later~*

She took the tablet packet and looked at it closely. There wasn’t much odd about it. Just a bunch of supplements that looked like chewable headache medicine. The only thing that seemed to stand out were some words on the tinfoil-esque side that seemed to be scratched up to the point of almost illegibility.

Mus... Moosal? Ummm... Mosale Pewter? She shook her head. There was no way she could be reading that right.

Regardless, the name did not matter. What mattered were results. She stared long and hard at the packet before cracking it open. She gently pulled open one of the sides and popped one out, dropping it into her hand.

Seems small enough... Ariana gulped, the back of her throat tensing up briefly. Carefully, she placed the tablet on her tongue and swallowed. She twitched, shivered, and shook, the taste rather chalky and stale, lingering for quite a while even after it went down.

She managed to settle down after a hack or two. She stood there for a minute, scratching her face. She didn't feel any different.

Huh... I wonder if it's working or it'll take-

Ding-dong. A sharp, intense shiver hit her spine as she jumped into the air. Even after landing, she still felt all shaky. Even after realizing it was her apartment door, she still felt weak in the knees.

W-well... she glumly thought, *guess that answered that.* Should she have expected instant results or even any results from a mystery cure? Probably not, things take time after all. But she didn't consider that for a second.

Ariana's mind had already pushed the supplements out, focusing on more important matters. Leaving the pack on the counter, she headed for the door to greet her visitor.

Day 2: Awakening

Ariana's eyes opened, falling upon the clock nearby. *4:37 AM.*

She was awake. Not a single drop of sleepiness or even a hint of tiredness was in her body. She was just awake, alert in the early morning. There was no chance of falling asleep again.

Especially with how her body was feeling. A sudden sensation had overwhelmed her sleepy being moments ago. It made her feel energized, antsy. Her feet trembled, arms twitching, and her body shaking.

She shook a leg, but the feeling continued. *Guess... guess I'm getting up then.*

Ariana stood up from her bed and began pacing. Her legs couldn't help but want to move about. It felt nice.

Gees, where the heck did this come from? Ariana scratched her face as walked around her bedroom. *...did having all that soda last night do this? No... can't be that.*

Ariana pondered and pondered, her walking now spreading through the entirety of her apartment. It went on for several minutes like that and yet, not once did she feel tired. She just continued to feel pumped and energized by some unknown force within her.

She smacked her face, letting her palm slide across it. Something felt odd, but she gave it no mind. *Maybe... maybe I should go for a run? Maybe I can burn off all this energy?*

Ariana wasn't much for running, let alone doing it so early in the day. Yet, it did not sound like a bad idea. Maybe just once around the block and that would settle things? Couldn't hurt.

"Yeah... just a quick jog..." she mumbled, steering her legs towards the front door. "Just a quick... quick run and-"

A new urge hit her, one more pressing and demanding than before. She tensed up and gritted her teeth, pressure building. *Oh... right... all of that soda.* She hurried into the bathroom and quickly took care of business.

Ariana washed up, splashing some cold water from the sink in her face. She let out a sigh. She felt a lot better now, though still antsy and eager to get moving.

Just around the block. *Be quick so I... I don't run into any strangers on the streets or... or...* As she slid her wet hands against her face, that odd sensation from before returned.

Paying far more attention, the feeling was rather bristly and rough. She leaned into the mirror and squinted. Her darker skin tone looked a little... off. Not by a whole lot, but it looked as if her jaws and cheeks were a little darker than before.

She brought a hand up to her face and rubbed those spots again. It did feel a little prickly, a little rough. And then looking at her hand... and then her arm... and then her other hand and arm, things only grew stranger. They seemed darker themselves and a bit hairier. Sure, she, frustratedly, had some extra body hair that needed dealing with occasionally. However, it usually wasn't this dark or long.

This didn't feel right. The feeling only grew when she finally got a glimpse of her hair. It was still the same black tone it always was. However, it felt off though. It looked almost shorter.

She ran her hands through her locks. *Didn't it... didn't it go past my shoulders?*

Ariana thought about that a bit. Darker cheeks, longer body hair, shorter hair... it all seemed so odd and-

She shook her head and huffed. "No, gotta be still tired... yeah, just tired." It was still pretty early and even though she was awake, this had to be the reason. All this hair stuff was just nonsense, her brain tricking her.

Ariana stretched her legs, arms, and torso. "Okay... let's just get to this then."

She turned around and headed out the bathroom. She grabbed her keys off the counter and headed out the front door. Time to burn off that energy hopefully.

Day 3: Increasing

“Can’t forget this...” Ariana popped the next tablet into her mouth as she sat down at her counter. That was her third one so far, and she still didn’t feel any noticeable differences. She still felt anxious and nervous a lot of the time.

“Grrrr... come off...” That being said, she was certainly more active than usual. She had just gotten back from another run and was in the process of winding down.

Though, winding down required shoes coming off and those weren’t giving her an easy time. She couldn’t get them off, despite her feet slipping into them fine earlier. Just pulling on them off wasn’t producing any results.

Ariana sighed, untied her laces, and tried again. It took a little bit of effort, but her feet did eventually slip out of her sneakers. *Tch... finally...*

She yanked her socks off, which came out with no difficulty in comparison. Tossing her footwear aside, she looked at her feet. She couldn’t be one hundred percent sure, but her feet did seem a tad longer. Not by much, but longer. Was this some kind of late growth spurt or something?

She frowned. She saw the other issue as well. Her feet had some hair on it.

Hair felt like a “growing” issue for her. Her arms and legs had thicker body hair than yesterday. Her chest had some dark patches. Even her face had some fuzzy growth to it.

Rubbing her mug, she could feel a prickly, almost rough sensation to it. Despite shaving yesterday, that feeling was already back. *Guess I’m shaving again...*

She brought her hand away from her face and sighed, annoyed at that proposition. Though, taking another look at her hand, she couldn’t help but feel there was something off about it as well. Her fingertips and palms looked puffy. Not bee sting or infected puffy, but just a little... inflated than they were before.

Ariana shook her head. *Nah... just imagining things. Not everything is a problem.*

She smiled, relaxing a little. *Yeah... gotta stop getting worked up over nothing.* She had better things to concern herself with.

In particular, the case beside her. When she was passing by the nearby gas station on her run, a new urge had hit her. For some reason, she was thirsty. Very thirsty.

Though, instead of water, her desire she led her to a shelf where there were small cases of protein shakes. Like her sudden urge to move and run, she didn’t quite understand it. Yet, the thought of cracking one of those bottles open and drinking it sounded wonderful.

She took a case and jogged all the way back home with it under her arm. It was not difficult or exhausting for her at all. Then again, she wasn't taking any of this newfound energy for granted anymore.

She broke open the case and pulled out a bottle, giving it a good shake. She gripped its cap and twisted it. Her arm tensed, her bicep bulging. Her normally airy t-shirt tightened around her muscle, which looked more swollen and stronger than usual.

However, the second she stopped the twist, her muscle relaxed. She took her first drink and sighed. "Mmmm... not bad! I definitely can get used to this~"

Day 4: Footwear

Ariana huffed and slightly winced with each step she took. It was midday, and she was on her first run of the day. She felt like she was slacking after yesterday's two runs.

However, it wasn't fully her fault. She hadn't finally started burning out or getting sore. She felt pressure; obnoxious, frustrating pressure. Her sneakers were squeezing her toes. They already felt a little tight yesterday, especially after her second run then.

Now though? They were a pain to put on and walk in, let alone run. She needed new shoes and fast, otherwise she could say goodbye to her new jogging routine.

Mercifully, she came upon her destination, a shoe store a few blocks from her apartment. She stepped inside, greeted by a sea of shelves filled with shoes. Hopefully, a much better pair was awaiting her amongst the collection.

She hurried over to the counter nearby, a lone, female employee working, busy wiping the counter. Ariana spoke, "Umm... excuse me? **EXcuSe** me?"

Ariana hit her chest. Her voice sounded off, a little deeper than usual. The employee didn't seem to notice that odd bass, merely looking up at her and blushing. "Oh, hello. Did you need help?"

"Y-y-y**ES.**" Ariana cleared her throat, feeling her own cheeks warm. "Where are your **sneakers?** I need a bigger pair. Been running a lot and **mine aren't comfortable anymore.**"

"Oh, yes. They're over there. Past the second shelf as you walk in." The worker pointed, Ariana looking in that direction, finding the athletic section.

She responded quickly with a "**Thank** you" before hurrying over to the spot. It was weird. Spending time around that woman made her feel awkward or something. She couldn't explain it.

Regardless, she put the thought from her mind and started her search. She scoured through all the available options before her eyes landed on a pair of running shoes that were similar in style and color to her old pair. They were even a size bigger as well.

She took the box off the shelf and sat down on one of the chairs. Doing so, she instantly got hit with that uncomfortable feeling from before. Not from her shoes though, but from her own pants. They felt oddly tight in the legs when she sat down, like her own calves and thighs were bulging against them. Even stranger, she couldn't help but find her trousers were a little loose around the hips.

Greeeat... she glumly thought, do I need to get new pants now too?

Ariana sighed. One issue at a time to deal with. Right now, she needed to deal with her shoe situation.

Casually scratching her bum, unconsciously noting a small bump above her rear, she slipped off her old shoes. Her socks still fit, though they were starting to feel tight and small on her feet as well.

She put on the new shoes and wiggled her toes in them. She stood up and walked in place. They felt better than before, but still not exactly comfortable. She was on the right track at least with solving her problem though.

“Excuse me...” Ariana looked up, seeing that the store clerk had walked over. “Is everything alright? Have you found everything to your satisfaction?”

“Oh!” Ariana felt her cheeks warming again. “Umm... I’m doing alright, **ma’am. I should be ready to go in a bit.** Just need to try on a **bigger size is all.**”

“Alright then, let me... know if you need help, sir. I’ll be around.” Ariana nodded and watched as the employee turned and left.

Ariana stared and stared, her eyes on the leaving woman. In particular, they fell on her buttock, tucked into her snug pants. Said snug pants really highlighted the woman’s firm, fit shape.

She ogled even more. She didn’t know why, and she couldn’t help it either. Her eyes focused on the woman until she disappeared around an aisle. The entire time, she felt a strong heat rising within, especially down below in her crotch...

Day 5: Getting Cleaned

Lathering her hands up, Ariana washed herself in body shampoo. Her hands ran up every part of her torso, making sure to leave no part unclean. She washed her rather scratchy pits first, getting the area good. She then moved to her hairy chest, sudsing up her smaller breasts. Much easier to clean than before.

Her hands ran down the hair trail from her chest, over her stomach, and to her crotch. She couldn't help but notice something as she carefully washed the area. Her parts felt... different, larger even. But then again, most of her was larger.

Like her hands. They weren't as dainty as before. They seemed bigger and able to grasp and wash more of her body than before. There were even hairs growing over them as well.

Something like this should have been something she thought about more, its implications. But, like whenever everything else about her changed, she pushed it from her mind and focused on the now.

And that meant finishing her shower. She finished her body washing and then shampooing her hair. It went much quicker than usual, her long locks now chin-length and thinner than before. It was basically the only thing that was shrinking about her.

A few minutes later, she turned her shower off and stepped out. She wiped herself down with her fluffy towel and relaxed. A shower felt really good after a nice, long run. Really helped her muscles and form feel renewed.

Ariana approached her foggy mirror and wiped it. The sight of her reflection brought pause to the young woman. Though, "woman" was starting to feel less than accurate.

She was looking less and less like herself by the day. The body hair was one thing, so was the shorter hair. However, being taller by a few inches and having a toned stomach was another thing. There was being bigger all around, such as the slightly visible muscle definition within her arms and legs.

The biggest thing that gave her pause was her own face. Her "feminine" charms and "shy, cute" look, as her family put it, were much more subdued now. Larger nose, bigger brow, thicker eyebrows, wider jaws and chin, and smaller lips and cheekbones. None of it was major, but they were all changed just enough.

Just enough for any person to mistake her for a guy, or, at least, someone else.

Stroking her chin, feeling her bristly facial hair that lightly covered all of her jaws, she stared and stared. But the longer she stared, the more the shock faded from her.

In turn, something else replaced it. Something more eager and curious. She looked to one of her arms and held it up. She tightened her hand into a fist and huffed. She flexed her arm with all her might.

Her bicep bulged, her arm's density looking like it shot up. Her arm looked so masculine with the muscles and dense hairs over it.

Ariana smiled. The sight was... impressive. She felt so strong and powerful. She still didn't understand why, but slowly, it was becoming a thing she could worry less and less about. There were so many other things to focus on.

She took the supplement packet from the sink counter and popped out another tablet. She tossed it into her mouth and got to drying off.

Day 6: Getting Pumped

Okay... time to take it up a notch. Ariana took a deep breath and approached her target. She still had a hint of nervousness in her, making her approach just a tad tense. However, excitement and eagerness were the main things pushing her now, pushing her towards this.

She stepped up to the large, metal rack filled with dumbbells. Her eyes looked over all of her options before settling on some of the lighter weights. Best to start simple, gage herself, and go from there.

Ariana's runs have been enjoyable, the young woman continuing to go a bit farther with each one she did. However, part of her yearned for something else, something new and challenging. She constantly gave her legs a good workout and the results were quite nice.

However, the rest of her body needed work. She needed to build up some more muscles and strength elsewhere. It just felt like the thing she had to do now.

So, there she was now, looking at the dumbbell selection of a gym near her home. She signed up for a membership the moment she got in. She knew before she even started that this would be her new routine going forward.

She already picked out the right clothes as well. She had on her favorite oversized shirt and gym shorts. Well, oversized was not particularly accurate. She loved wearing them while she slept with how baggy they were. But with her wider, larger body frame, they fit rather snug on her now.

Though her sports bra was out. It no longer fit right, same with her regular bras as well. However, with how wide her chest was and how small her breasts were, Ariana didn't find a lack of a bra to be a problem.

Regardless, clothing wasn't what was on her mind. It was finding the right pair of dumbbells to try out. She scratched gently at her face as she pursued her options, scratching through her rough and soft hairs. Her hand passed by her ear as she scratched, which was a lot longer, wider, and coated in brown hair itself.

Again, nothing that concerned her or crossed her mind. What mattered most was before her as she reached her decision. She settled on two fifteen-pound dumbbells from the rack and took them over to a nearby bench press to sit down.

The weights were heavy, but not too bad all things considered. Sitting down, she started simply by lifting one up and then the other before pausing. Still not too bad.

Ariana took a deep breath and before lifting both weights together over and over. She gasped and panted with each lift before taking shorter breaths. After a while, she breathed normally as she lifted. Things started to settle down.

She shivered gently as she alternated next, lifting one up and down. Things started to feel good now, very invigorating. Her arms looked rather thick and bulky as she did, the layer of brown hair over them unable to hide her muscle definition. Every single lift made her biceps bulge, threatening to rip her sleeves apart.

Ariana looked down at her arms, watching her sleeves stretch and stretch a little. The sight brought a sense of pride to her. They looked so big and strong now.

It all made her feel so happy. She chuckled. ***I bet people would love to check out these guns. Heh, probably even just love to feel them up.***

She shivered, biting her bottom lip. In her mind, she pictured such a thing. Two women were right up against her, looking lovingly upon her arms. Their chests were against her shoulders, their hands gently rubbing her furry, bulky biceps.

As she thought it over, a warm, intense feeling struck her loins. The crotch of her shorts slowly bulged.

Day 7: Footwear Return

Ariana hurried down the sidewalk, each step bounding her farther along towards her destination. It was time for a return to the shoe store.

Her feet had outgrown her shoes once again. The large, brown furred feet stretched out almost an extra foot in length now. Her toes were inflated and wide, making the tips of her feet even larger. Combined with the large, tannish-pink pads that sprouted below each toe and on her soles, there was not a remote chance that her new shoes could even come close to fitting.

So there she was now, running back to the store. Her breathing was heavy, but not from exhaustion. It simply was heavier due to her bigger lungs and diaphragm, taking in more air than before.

Her chest lifted and fell with each breath as she ran. Her shirt stretched a little with her breathing, her top much tighter and form fitting on her now. Her chest was wide and broad, her breasts almost nonexistent.

She arrived at the store in no time flat, lightly jogging through the front doors. Much to her delight, her heart aflutter at the sight, the female employee that helped her earlier was there. She grinned and approached.

The clerk was busy cleaning the counter again, unaware of Ariana as she stepped up to her. The changing gal shook her head and spoke, “**Excuse me...**”

Ariana cleared her throat. “**Excuse me, miss?**”

That caught the employee’s attention instantly, her head darting up. Instantly seeing Ariana brought a big, warm blush to her cheeks. “O-o-oh! H-hi! Sorry, I-I was busy with my cleaning and... how may I help you?”

Ariana smiled. She was cute when she was all flustered. “**Wellll, I was here a few days ago to get some new shoes and wouldn’t ya know, they somehow don’t fit anymore. I need to return them, and I was wondering if someone as sweet as you can help me out.**”

The hairy/furry girl shivered. She felt so saucy and forward talking like that. It was fun.

The clerk’s face was beet red, but she tried to compose herself as best she could. She smiled and nodded, saying, “Y-yes! I can help. All I need are the shoes and receipt and I can help you out, sir.”

Ariana shivered. “Sir”. She liked that. They liked that. They liked the sound of it. The bulge in their crotch twitched, pants tightening. They may need to get a new pair of those soon if that “thing” kept growing down below.

Ariana handed her the shoebox from under their arm and the receipt, which the clerk took. She looked at the shoes, the receipt, and then back at Ariana. Her eyes widened as something seemed to click in her mind. “Oh! I remember... you were here a few days ago. Wow... you look so different now.”

Ariana grinned and playfully lifted their hand up to scratch the back of their head, showing their thicker arm. **“Really? You think so?”**

“Y-yeah... you’re much... umm... hairier-I mean, bigger than before!”

“Hairier, furrier, and/larger. All of that is right, cutie~” Ariana shivered gently, watching the employee get further flustered. They were loving this. It felt great to flirt.

“R-right! Anyways, while I take care of this return, do you want to go find a pair of shoes that fit better in the meantime? This may take a moment.”

Ariana chuckled, shaking their head. **“Nah. Shoes are overrated. Barefoot is surprisingly more comfortable, and I move much faster.”**

“Right right, whatever you say, sir... I’m probably being too formal and cold here.” She smiled awkwardly. “I shouldn’t keep calling you sir. Wh-what is your name?”

Ariana smirked. Now she was being rather forward. They liked that. **“My name is Ariana... I mean, my name is Arin. What’s yours?”**

Day 8: Further Pumping

“Forty-eight... forty-nine... fifty!” Arin let out a small huff, finishing his set. He was getting better and faster at bench pressing. He could easily get used to having this in his routine.

He was especially liking the results of it as well. His form was looking incredible. His arms and legs were dense, a far cry from the scrawny twigs they were last week. His shoulders were wide and broad, fitting his denser arms perfectly.

Even his torso was looking good. There was a nice, light outline of abs and the start of what would be pecs. They were mostly hidden by his fur coat but were still slightly noticeable.

Arin set the barbell back into place and sat up, taking a moment to breath and relax. He reached down and grabbed his bottle of water. He brought it up to his mouth and twinged. There was a sharp soreness briefly.

He sighed and slipped the bottle to the side of his mouth to drink. He was still not used to his two large, front teeth. They had grown a lot recently and made drinking normally a tad difficult. Still, he found a solution around it; he just needed to remember it regularly.

After his drink, he got up and stretched, cracking his neck and shoulders. He reached down and readjusted his gym shorts. His puffy cotton tail kept getting hooked on them if he wasn't careful.

Once fixed, he thought to himself about what next. *Well... I tackled all my weightlifting and running for today... but I still need to do something.* His large, rabbit foot thumped the ground repeatedly. *Ugh... need to scratch this itch before I dig a hole.*

Then, in the distance, he heard something. His right ear twitched, lifting its floppy form up to listen more closely. It was the sound of something hard bouncing off a wall, followed by it being hit by something softer. It was hard to describe, but he knew what it was.

He smiled and headed in its direction. *Heh, racquetball does sound like a lot of fun right about now. Time to show off and impress some people~*

Day 9: Admiration, Preparation

Squeak. Squeak. Arin wiped the steamed mirror of his bathroom with the back of his furry paw. He sighed happily, stretching his arms. That shower was really nice.

And looking at the reflection before him, the figure he saw looked just as nice. There was no woman there any longer. What stood there proudly was a bunny man with floppy ears, cotton tail, strong muzzle, and large feet.

And what a bunny man he was even beyond his animal features. He had broad shoulders with sturdy, strong limbs. He had an impressive six-pack and wide pecs, musculature clearly visible underneath his fur. Then there was his package, a big, furry scrotum with large balls perfect for mating.

He leaned in and smirked, stroking his face. His paw ran through his dark chocolate brown beard, feeling its thickness and density. It brought him great joy on top of everything. It made him look so rugged and tough.

And speaking of which, the urge stuck him once again. He pushed his chest out and lifted his arms. Clenching his hands, he flexed both of his arms, letting his biceps bulge.

Arin laughed with delight. ***Man, I never get tired of this! I look and feel great!***

He shook his head and smacked his cheeks. ***Gotta focus.*** He chuckled a little. ***Can't get caught up in my own head again. Heh, got a hot date, and I can't be late!***

His date with the store clerk, Gracie, was on tonight, and he needed to get ready. He managed to get her number, and he did not want to remotely disappoint her. It was his first date with a hot, smoking babe and first date in general after all.

Arin took a deep breath and relaxed. He looked at the bathroom counter, eyeing the packet of muscle supplements. He picked it up, smiling. ***So much beef packed into a small little packet of pills..***

He hadn't really thought about it much, too caught up in his own manly, burly transformation. However, there was no denying it. These had to be the cause of everything. Ever since waking up that morning with a deep urge to run, his life had really changed.

Or, in his case, truly awaken for him. He felt alive and free for the first time.

Arin counted his treats and frowned. Only two left. The end of his fun was almost there. Hopefully, this stuff lasted beyond just a few days or Gracie was gonna wake up to some wimpy, scared little gal in bed one day after a wonderful date.

He chuckled as he opened the packet up, popping both supplements into his paws. He looked at them closely. The instructions did say only one a day.

Awww, let's have some fun! The rabbit tossed them both into his mouth and swallowed. He shivered gently, hands and toes clenching. His right foot thumped the ground rapidly.

He looked back into the mirror, taking his reflection one last time and licking his chops.
“Heh, time to get ready for a good, long date.”

Day 10: Pumping and Building Anew

“**Ha!**” Arin laughed, “**Didn’t even break sweat!**” He tossed the eight-hundred-pound weight back into place on his bench press. There were some claps and a whistle, admirers of all sizes surrounding him.

He smirked. Why wouldn’t they gather? A large specimen such as himself was hard not to admire. The rabbit was nearly seven feet tall and somehow even beefier than yesterday, putting most body-builders to shame without looking gorgeous or oddly misshapen. His wide pecs bulged out temptingly, his puny shirt tight over his eight-pack.

Of course, being well-built wasn’t his only incredible feature. He had a striking, strong muzzle with perfect, white teeth. His thick beard was nicely trimmed. His voice was deep and thick, oozing with pleasure. He had dark arm, leg, and chest hairs, even a happy trail leading down to his crotch that added to his masculine charms.

And the biggest and proudest feature he had was his package. Somehow stuffed into his gym shorts, his double grapefruit-size balls and sheath stood out prominently, the material highlighting their large shape. It was a little tight on him, but it also made him feel quite excited most of the time on the positive side.

Plus, the extra attention he liked. All of the ladies he crossed seemed to swoon at the sight of him, which he happily winked and flirted back with. Even some of the men, most of the anthro variety, were sizing him up. Arin had to admit, they were quite good-looking as well.

With a bit of flirting with the crowd, he went and got some new weights. He could feel their eyes on him the entire time as he switched out his weights on the dumbbell. He loved it, though that girl from last night was a total sweetheart, and he wouldn’t let his eye wander too far from her.

Arin laid back down and started pumping iron, his mind wandering to the other night as he did. The date was a complete success. It was a lovely dinner and movie, plus a little light walk home. Gracie was a delight to be around and chat with... when she wasn’t too distracted ogling or feeling up his muscles.

Arin felt a tiny bit of disappointment admittedly that he couldn’t go all the way with her, but there was always next time. Patience was a virtue. They’d get there eventually after some more dates, mingling, getting to know each other, and-

“**Alright, alright folks; break it up! We’re gonna need a mop and bucket to clean up all of this drool if this keeps up.**” Arin snapped back to the reality as a deep voice spoke up, not too different from his own.

Stopping his weight-lifting, he saw the figure in question. It was a rather large, imposing squirrel guy. He was a little smaller and less dense than he was, having a lot less body hair on top of his fur to boot. However, he was definitely packing a lot down below, much like Arin.

The small group of people either murmured or embarrassingly apologized before leaving. With them gone, the two anthros were alone, prompting Arin to joke, **“Well, there goes my audience. Now who am I gonna impress?”**

The squirrel snickered. “Well, it ain’t me, Mr. Hairy Buns, that’s for sure.”

Arin smirked, sitting up. **“You don’t know that for sure until you see my hairy buns in action.”**

“Maybe another time.” The rodent laughed, his bushy tail shaking. “I got more important things going on. Been looking forward to checking in with you. I see those pills have done some impressive work!”

Arin frowned. **“Umm... do I know you?”**

“Ah man, you don’t even recognize your favorite cousin anymore? ...well, completely understandable considering I almost didn’t recognize you if not for your neighbors’ description.”

The gears started turning in Arin’s mind, the fur on the back of his neck standing up. Suddenly, it hit him. **“Maria?!”**

“Pfffffft! Maybe once, but the name is Marco. How about you?”

“A-A-Arin...” The rabbit stood up and gave him a big hug. **“Ha! Marco, you look amazing! I love what you’ve done with yourself!”**

“Heh, the same to you, cuz.” The squirrel hugged right back. “These supplements are amazing, aren’t they?”

“I’ll say!” Arin remarked, **“Where did you get them?”**

“That’s a secret, but I know a furry guy much like us who knows another furry guy and so on and so forth.” The squirrel winked.

“Of course of course. Gees man, I dunno what to say! This... all of this is just amazing! My life has just been so much better now!”

“No more jumping at every noise or letting people walk all over you?”

“Pfffffft! Hell no! I’m the one taking charge now! I’ve been exercising and working out every day, even got a job as a personal trainer recently. Been flexing a

lot, heh. Also, finally got me a date with this fine as hell lady. Mmmm, who knew gals could be so alluring~?” Arin smirked as he said that. He felt his gym shorts tenting. God, he loved that feeling.

However, his cousin gave him an odd look. “I suppose, but really, guys are where it is at. Trust me, a big, furry, strong anthro man will really speak to you after a while.”

“Nah, I’m pretty sure that gal is all I need... unless I’m dumped, but what can ya do?”

Marco shrugged. “Welllllll, unless your interests change over time. Comes with taking all of those tablets. They really get you all hopped up and horny for certain things.”

Arin snorted, but frowned. He had to admit, his interests were changing a lot. From guys to girls to both guys and girls to now girls and anthro guys. Even though he was out of pills, anything could happen in the future.

That’s when Marco smiled. “You know, if you really think she’s the one this early... maybe you can keep it that way in case your kinks change. I do have another pack of supplements on me. Perhaps she would be interested in them?”

THE END?