

Stallion of the Beach

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Commission done for [Wes13 of FurAffinity](#)

Hand held up the sky, Wes looked up. The weather was amazing that day. Almost no clouds in the sky, the sun out at all force, and a soft breeze in the air preventing it from feeling too hot. It was just perfect.

Perfect time for the beach that is. The summer season had truly begun and everyone from around the county was out enjoying the beach. They had been way too cooped up in their houses for a while with the terrible weather, so things were looking up.

Wes was one of them, a young man ready to enjoy the weather like the rest. It was so beautiful and warm. He started to stretch his arms out, taking a moment to glance at his skin. *So white. So damn, pasty white.*

Gotta work on that tan... gotta work on a lot of things too. He looked down at himself, in his tight green swim trunks. He blushed.

The last year being indoors, not doing much, and being away from people did not do him any favors. He rubbed his stomach. He was definitely not at his best there either.

He started to sigh but quickly snapped out of it. *No, that's why I'm here. Gotta fix this issue and be the best me I can be this summer!*

It was going to be hard work admittedly. Constantly working out, spending time at the beach and in the sun, dieting, watching what he ate, and more. Tons of work, but he could do it feasibly.

His hand slipped from his stomach and onto his trunks. It went across the front to his left pocket, sliding inside. There, he could feel it. He could feel that cord.

If nothing else works, I can always take the easy route.

Wes took a deep breath, pulling his hand out, and headed further onto the beach. Time to get his day going. A little light jog would be a good way to start-

“Come oooooonn, I know you gals were checkin’ me out~.”

“We were most certainly not checking you out!”

“Pl-please. We just want to get going.” Wes stopped right in his tracks.

Up ahead, there were three individuals. One was a buff guy, extruding overconfidence and narcissism so much that it could make one gag. The other two were two anthro ladies, one a squirrel and the other a fox, in bikinis. Both looked unimpressed, the squirrel looking especially uncomfortable by the guy who was far too close for comfort.

“Come on, babes~.” He leaned in and flexed his arm at them. “You know you want a feel of this hard iron beef. I see it in your eyes.”

“Please go away!” The squirrel said, her fox friend standing between them. Things weren’t looking so hot. This was bad news written all over it.

Wes blushed. *That guy is awful! That’s no way to treat someone! Doesn’t he even see that they are not into this at all?*

He started walking towards them. Suddenly, he felt overwhelmed, freezing up. Even though he wasn’t standing beside him, the jerk felt big. Bigger than Wes was by a lot. Bigger in height, width, and certainly strength. Only a yard or so away, but Wes knew he was outmatched.

That guy could snap me like a twig. Wes gulped. *Probably punch me the second I tried getting in the way.* His legs shook. *Maybe someone will...*

He looked around. Some people were looking in the direction of what was happening. Most weren’t though. Even the ones who were either walked away or did nothing to step up.

Someone... someone has to help. His hand brushed against his pocket unconsciously. A thought hit him.

It was time. It was time to stop worrying, to stop thinking about getting into shape the honest way. It was time for big. It was time for him to be big.

He glanced around quickly and spotted what he needed: a changing booth. He hurried over to it, leaving the girls behind. He would be back soon to help.

Hurrying into the booth, he locked the door. He reached into his pocket and found his ripcord and its plastic handle. The cord was firmly attached to his shorts, just as it should be.

He took a deep breath. *Here we go.* He yanked, pulling the cord and handle right out of his pocket.

FWOMP! He wobbled and shook. His cheeks glowed red. Something felt good.

His shorts inflated out like an airbag before shrinking back... to a not-as-big, but still large size. They looked like they would've fallen down his legs if not for some other big differences that came along with that inflation.

His lower half had got a boost. His hips and thighs had grown out, but not from fat or pudge. They were larger because of an increase of powerful muscles, giving him a very meaty, tough shape. His crotch looked a lot bigger as well, a sizable bulge stretching the area quite a bit.

An impressive look, but one only boosted by a few other new details. Chocolate brown fur was popping out of the leg holes and the top of his shorts. Pulling them back or open revealed the entire area was coated in fur. Above his rear, an elegant, equine, chestnut tail flickered gently, flowing down to just above his kneecaps.

Wes brushed his forehead, taking a few deep breaths. *Man, I forget how this felt...*

His legs trembled, followed by his body. He slowly gained inch after inch, pushing him up and past seven feet tall. Once his legs were done, brown fur spread from his thighs down. Muscle mass expanded soon after, giving him some thick legs.

Wes smiled slightly. He felt a little more powerful now. *Heh, wonder how far I could kick that guy with these~.*

He tried reaching down but stopped when he felt a numbness. His legs wobbled again as all sensation in his feet vanished. He almost lost his balance right there, but he managed to keep it as he watched changes strike them now.

His feet began to darken as they shapeshifted. His toes pulled into his feet followed by the balls. They contracted in as the heels and sides expanded outward. Their shape turned circular, the skin toughening and then hardening. The color darkened to a deep brown.

In a matter of seconds, Wes now had a pair of heavy, strong horse hooves. Smiling, he playfully hit his hooves against the wooden floorboards. Clomp. Clomp. There was a nice sound to it, along with the sense of power in them and his legs now. Hopefully, walking on the beach wouldn't be a problem for them.

Gotta keep going. Need more! He grabbed the ripcord and pulled on it harder. **FWOMP!** His hand shook, letting the cord go. He could feel those changes coming, stronger and faster.

He smiled. Pop! He heard a sound. Pop-pop! He looked at his hands. Pop-pop-pop! Across his fingers, they slowly transformed into dark hoof-ish fingers, fingernails wrapping around them and strengthening. His fingers and then his hands swelled in size, chocolate brown fur growing over them right after.

Wes smiled, wiggling his fingers. His hands looked great... but a quick look at his human limbs instantly removed that smile. He snorted. Time for more drastic measures.

Body trembling with anticipation, Wes took a deep breath and held out his arms. He clenched his hands together tightly, tufts of dark hair sprouted on his arms. *Need big... now!* He lifted and flexed his arms as hard as he could.

His arms shook as a wave of power coursed through them. He gritted his teeth, taking all of that in as he watched on. His arms rapidly swelled as muscles, tendons, and bones grew and strengthened. His biceps especially bulged, putting himself at bodybuilder proportions.

Yeeees. Wes grinned wider. *Big is sooo good. I love being big, large, and powerful!*

Without even waiting for it to finish, he grabbed the cord and tugged on it again, even harder. He felt that growth and power, spreading into his torso, his entire being. The inflation, the swelling, the bulking up was coming.

It was everything he could ever want. Why did he want to bulk up the old fashion way? Doing this was much more exhilarating and rewarding.

FWOOOOMP! Any trace of chubbiness or excess weight not in its proper place was immediately eradicated. Muscle came pouring, first in his chest as it stretched and swelled into wide, thick pectorals. His waist expanded to better fit his bulky legs and hips, his shoulders doing the same for his chest.

Brown fur erupted across his torso, flowing from his arms and climbing up from his hips. It coated his chest, waist, and back completely, his form feeling warmer with the extra layer. Despite that, his musculature was still perfectly visible and finely on display, his abs particularly swelling out into a mighty six-pack any person would be proud of.

And proud he was, euphoria running wild within. His hands were all over his chest and abs. So tough, bulky, and strong. How much power was teaming within him now?

“I’m gonna be big... so big and strong~.” Wes shivered and smirked, lifting one of his arms. He gave it a mighty flex and watched his biceps bulge. “Then... then let’s see that guy mess with me~.”

His smirk devolved into a sly, goofy, pleased smile. “And then those ladies are gonna just loooove me~.”

He grabbed the ripcord and yanked. **FWOMP! SNAP!** He twitched and looked down. The ripcord was in his hand, the string attached to it dangling from it. It had all come right off.

Craaaaaap. He huffed. *Does this mean I can’t change back now? I mean, it came off, and I got no clue how to sow this thing on.*

He scratched the back of his head, thinking slowly as brown hairs crept up his collar and towards his neck. *...eh, whatever. Does it really matter if I change back? This is all-*

FWWSSSSH! As if a strong breeze rushed through the narrow box, Wes’ hair flapped about. His locks grew out, becoming a sharp, but elegant mane. Its blond tone darkened, shifting into a rich chestnut brown glow from the roots out.

Wes playfully brushed his mane with his hands, letting some of its dazzling locks flow down the sides of his face. “That’s right,” he chuckled, his neck beginning to widen, “Who wants to **change back? Not me~.**”

He felt hotter suddenly, his eyes clenching shut. This was it. It was all coming to a head, pun intended. His eyebrows started thickening, changing into that rich brown as his mane. His nostrils flared, the bridge of his nose widening.

Yes... Wes panted as his face numbed. His ears twitched before stretching to the top of his head. They pulled into points, their shape positively equine. *I’m... I’m...*

FWOMP! His face shot forward. Cheekbones expanded out as the shape of his head shifted. His teeth turned to molars, brown fur spread across his face like lightning.

“I’m big, large, and in charge~!” The new stallion leaned back, raising his equine muzzle into the air and neighing proudly. His eyes opened, almond-colored, and he flexed. His entire body trembled with delight.

Everything felt good. Everything felt right. He felt like a new man. No, better! He felt like a tall, buff stallion man.

He whisked his head about and snorted, his smirk returning to his mug. He took time to admire his guns, powerful legs, and protruding chest and headed out. He was ready to confront that bully.

Stepping outside, he saw that the jerk and ladies were still in the same spot last time he left them. *Hmm... must've been a faster change than I thought. Oh well, at least I don't have to track them down.*

"Come on!" That now puny-looking human huffed, getting far too close to the ladies now. "Stop being such teases! I know you aren't trying to friend-zone me now, are ya?"

The fox growled. "You're not enough good enough to be friend-zone! I said, 'piss off!'"

"Don't you lead me on and-" Wes placed a hand on his shoulder. His hold was gentle at first, but it slowly tightened.

The man flinched, looking back. Wes towered over him and was even wider by a few inches. The horse simply smiled and said, "**I think the ladies aren't interested. You should leave them be before things get worse.**"

The guy stepped away, Wes releasing his grip on him. He frowned, looking between the stallion and the two ladies. "Look, I was... I was just... you... whatever!"

He turned around and hurried off, fleeing down the beach and off into the distance. Wes just sighed, brushing his face. *Well, at least that ended well.* He looked at the ladies. "**Are you two alright?**"

"Yeah, yeah we're alright." The fox sighed, brushing her hair, "Thanks for the save. Assholes like that only respond to intimidation, I suppose."

"Oh thank you, thank you!" The squirrel squeaked. She hurried up to Wes and gave him a big hug, pressing her chest against his abs. He blushed, trying to not let his excitement get the best of him.

"**It's no problem,**" Wes chuckled, "**Just happy to help.**"

"We gotta pay you back!" The squirrel chimed, looking deep into his eyes. "You're so sweet and nice. Maybe... maybe we can get you lunch?" It seemed innocent and polite, but something about her eyes... there was something else. Something more frisky.

Wes smiled and teased, “**Just lunch?**” The fox rolled her eyes so hard, it was like they were going to pop right out. The squirrel merely giggled and winked, nudging him gently.

“We’ll see~.” She looked to her apprehensive partner. “Come oooooon, it’s only polite. It can be just lunch if you want.”

The fox sighed. “Fine, but only because mister horse here did us a favor.” The squirrel giggled and grabbed hold of Wes’ arm, hugging it tightly. A hand gently stroked the muscles in it, causing him to nicker.

The squirrel led on while her friend followed behind with a sigh, sticking closely to the two. She didn’t seem as into this as her nutty pal, but that was fine. Her company was more than enough for him.

Wes let his tension and guard drop. Everything was turning out so nicely now. It was good to be big and strong again. Plus, things were heading in a potentially pleasant direction. What more could he ask for?

THE END