

Orcs Bros

“Ugh,” I moaned as I pulled my car into an empty parking spot. The only parking space available in the whole parking lot currently was one between two obnoxiously large black F350s. I wedged my tiny sedan in between the two large trucks, not knowing if I could even exit my car. I grabbed the gym bag sitting on my passengers seat and opened my car door ever so gently so not to hit the car. I slide out of my car, walking sideways between my vehicle and the truck. I made my way through the rest of the parking lot dodging between oncoming vehicles and in between parked cars. “Should have definitely waited till late,” I grumbled. Five was the worst time go to the gym. All the nine to five office workers always hit this gym directly after work, and all the unemployed people have finally awoken and are also working out.

I looked in the windows and saw that every cardio machine was being used by the usually collection of overweight soccer moms. All the free weights were scattered around the floor by the inconsiderate lug heads who frequented my gym. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. I wasn't big by any sense of the word. I had always been the “thin” guy of the group. Everyone had always said how lucky I was that I didn't have to worry about putting on weight, and that I should count myself lucky that I never had to worry about getting big. Well for a guy that is not a compliment. No guy wants to be thin. No guy wants to be the skinny one. They want to be huge! They want to be massive! I had joined this gym a few months back in hopes of putting on some size, but since starting I honestly haven't seen much difference.

My arms are much more toned then they were before. My abs seemed more defined and popped a little more than they use too. My pectorals were still flat but had a nice definition running around them both. I looked into the window and saw all the bodybuilders working out in a corner of the free weight section. My eyes focused in on one guy in particular. I liked to call him my gym boyfriend. I had never talked to him before, but he was sure great to look at. He had the body that I wished I could have; a neck which was thick and muscled, huge bulbous pectoral muscles that stretched out a tank top, tree trunk like thighs that extended into two large watermelon like buttocks, and biceps the size of softballs. God what I wouldn't give to look like him. I stood outside staring at him as he lifted up a barbell that weighed at least four times my weight with ease. I watched as his strong muscled back tensed as he bent over and lifted the heavy weight up and down repeatedly. His determined eyes staring back at himself in the mirror. After eight or so reps he dropped the weight and turned around and looked directly at me.

“Fuck,” I shouted as I ducked down outside the building pretending to tie my shoe. I counted to twenty as I “retied” my shoe, and stood back up and walked toward the front door not even looking back into the window. “You fucking freak, you can't just stare at people and expect them to not notice,” I mumbled to myself. “Why are you so freaking awkward?” I asked myself as I pulled open the front door and a refreshing blast of cold air embraced me.

“Welcome to Number 1 Fitness,” said an overly tanned girl sitting at the front desk. She looked like she had spent more time in the spray tanner than she did actually working out. She was always here,

but she was always cheerful. If I was into Oompa Loompas, or females for that matter, she would definitely be on the top of my list.

"Hey Cindy," I said cheerfully attempting to match her excitement as I walked towards the front desk extending my keys out for her to scan.

"Hey Klayton, glad to see your sticking with it," she said as she scanned my keys and handed them back.

"Thanks, I think," I responded as I took the keys back from her and put them in my pocket. "Have a good day."

"Have a good workout too! Did you want to get any protein drinks?" She asked motioning to the fridge behind her, doing her best Vana White impersonation.

"I think I am going to pass today, but thanks," I said as I made my way away from the counter and down the connecting hallway towards the locker room.

"Well let me know if you want any post workout supplements," she yelled down the hallway. I began to walk backwards hoping to end the conversation.

"No problem Cindy! I will keep that in. . ." I abruptly stopped as I walked directly into another person dropping my gym bag and quiet literally fell into their arms. "Oh my god I am so sorry, I wasn't paying any attention to where I was going," I stammered as I looked up and saw who caught me. It was him.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

"No problem little guy," he said. His deep manly voice already luring me in like a siren's song. I looked up at his gorgeous face as I laid in his beefy arms. For a brief moment I was able to enjoy the feeling his strong biceps holding me up. He acted as if I was as light as a feather, and to him I probably was. I felt his soaked tank top against my face and clothing soaking up the excess sweat dripping off his body. I was enjoying the close and personal sample was being given of his musk. "Um, do you need help standing up? He asked obviously noticing I was laying in his arms much longer than necessary.

"Oh yea, sorry," I said as I stood up on my own. Begrudgingly pulling myself out of his large muscled arms. I could feel a boner growing in my pants. Please lord don't be noticeable.

"No problem man it happens all the time when your this big. People seem to have a hard time getting around me nowadays since I started bulking up," he laughed rubbing the back of his head. His large arm flexing his massive bicep and revealing a large bush of underarm hair. God he smelled so good. He was fucking hairy too. I never really noticed how much body hair he really had. His entire chest was covered in a thick dense forest of black hair which traveled around his entire body. I was in awe at how manly he truly was. I locked eyes with him and he smiled a wide toothy grin. His smile was perfect, every tooth was straight and white except two teeth on the bottom row. They appeared larger than any of his other teeth and sharper, but both seemed to fit perfectly into his mouth. They both extended further upward past the rest of his teeth; almost protruding out of his mouth. They would have shown more if not for his large juicy lips that encased his mouth.

"Yea I wish I could get to your size one day," I said as I looked for my fallen bag.

"Oh being this big is not all its cracked up to be," he said as he grabbed my bag quicker than I did. "Where are you going?"

"Oh um, I was heading to the locker room," I stammered reaching to take my bag from him.

“Well what a coincidence so am I,” he cheerfully said as he turned around and began to walk in the direction of the locker room. I stood there in the hallway not understanding what was taking place. Why was he being so nice to me? “Are you coming?” He asked turning around and giving me the perfect view of his round muscular pectoral muscles and his rounder bubble butt. Each set of muscle protruded off his body giving him the perfect shape.

“Yea sorry,” I said as I broke out of the trance his body had me under. I ran to catch up to him. He was so perfect I would follow him off a fucking cliff. “Oh I am Klayton by the way.” I said as I walked behind him. There was not enough room in the hallway for both of us to walk side by side sadly, but I did get an amazing view of his muscular behind swaying back and forth in his tight spandex shorts. I had a very obvious boner at the moment.

“Oh my name is Khal,” he responded stopping once again and turning around and extending his large hand. “Nice to meet you.” I extended my hand as well and shook his hand. God the size difference was massive. I felt like a child shaking the hand of a giant. I could feel the sweat rolling off his hand and began to cover mine.

“Nice to meet you as well.” I expressed pulling my hand back. It was soaked.

“Sorry. I am really sweaty guy,” he admitted. Wiping his hands on his already soaked clothes. “Let me give you a something to wipe off your hand,” he offered as he looked around the hallway for something I could use.

“No its fine,” I reassured as I wiped some of my hand on my shirt, which was also already covered in his sweat.

“Okay,” he said cautiously looking at me for a prolonged amount of time.

“Do I have something on my face?” I asked as I rubbed my wet hand on my face. A small droplet of sweat lingered on my fingertips as I rubbed around my mouth. The sweat droplet landed on my lips and was quickly lapped up by my eager tongue. It was intoxicating. I felt my dick begin to leak in my underwear, forming an obvious wet spot if Khal was to look down. I couldn’t imagine what it would be like to push my face into one of his sweaty pits. I nonchalantly continued to rub around my lips, pretending like I was rubbing something, but actually hoping to get another taste of his sweat. “Did I get it?” I asked.

“Yea your good,” he responded turning around and continuing our walk to the locker room. Once he had fully turned around I licked my lips tasting the remnants of his sweat. God it was beyond description. I felt my dick continue to leak into my pants as I slurped my sweat covered lips. I inhaled through my nose; all I could smell was him. His beastly musk wafting through the hallway covering me.

He opened the door for me and I walked into the locker room, squeezing my body between him and the doors threshold. Getting another up close smell of his odor. Why did he smell so good? I purposely pushed my body against his hoping to squeeze the sweat from his clothes onto mine. I was rewarded with a soft squish sound and the feeling of my shirt soaking up the excess sweat once again.

“Sorry,” I said attempting to make it sound as sincere as possible.

“Its fine, happens a lot more than you would think,” he said suggestively. “You honestly want to get this big?” He questioned as he let the door to the locker room slam shut behind us and followed be the the back where the lockers were.

“Yea I have always hated being this small. Who wants to be small when they can be like you! So beastly,” I praised. Fuck did I just say that? Luckily, he laughed at my onslaught of praise.

“You sure this is what you want?” He asked motioning up and down his massive body.

“Fuck yea!” I yelled a little too exuberantly. He looked at my one more time. His eyes appearing to be sizing me up. He lifted his arm up and scratched his hairy pit for a brief moment. His pits beginning to exude a large amount of sweat almost as if I demand.

“Well I wish you all the luck Klayton,” he said as he extended his sweaty hand out to me. I eagerly brought my hand out to meet his again and felt the large amount of sweat squish between both of your hands. This time felt slightly different than the first time we shook hands. This sweat seemed oddly thicker. It seemed like a cross between cum and sweat. He continued to shake my hand for an excessive amount of time. I wasn’t sure If I was just thinking to much into it, but it appeared as though he was wiping his sweaty hand onto mine. He finally withdrew his hand from mine. “I will see you out on the floor, remember think big thoughts,” he said with a wink.

“Thanks man, yea if you wouldn’t mind showing me a few things if you have time tonight, I would really appreciate it?” I asked. I usually didn’t put myself out there like this but he seemed a lot nicer than I thought. He almost seemed like he was interested.

“Yea just hit me up when you get out there. I doubt your gonna need much help going further,” he said smiling once again. The two large teeth on the bottom of his mouth seemed almost larger than earlier. They both took on this yellowish tint while the rest were white.

“If you don’t mind me saying you have some very large canines,” I said as I examined his smile further. His smile fell quickly. His lips were not even large enough to cover his two sharp canines. Both protruded almost like the tusks of an animal. Before I was able to look much longer he covered his mouth with his hand.

“I have to go,” he mumbled as if he was attempting to not move his mouth while talking. He quickly turned away from me and headed towards the door.

“Oh I didn’t mean to offend you Khal! I am. . .” I began attempting to apologize.

“No your good. I will see you out there. I just need a moment.” He muttered as he dashed out of the locker room. I attempted to apologize again but he was already gone, before I could open my mouth the door to the locker room slammed shut.

“Your such a fucking retard Kaylton!” I shouted at myself. “You finally get his attention and you decide to talk about his teeth?! You fucking moron!” I yelled as I looked down at my sweat covered hand. It was covered in thick yellowy sweat. I brought it to my nose and sniffed. “Ugh,” I moaned in pleasure. It smelled so good. I looked around the room not seeing anyone. I slipped off my pants and underwear with my dry hand. I grabbed my dick with my sweaty hand and began to jerk my dick with Khal’s thick sweat. God It felt so good. It was like he was here doing it for me. My dick oozed copious amount of precum, much more than I was use too. The yellow sweat mixing with my own cum. Turning my own a yellow tint. I rubbed the sweat all over my cockhead letting the the sweat slip into my dick.

“Ugh fuck Khal your so hot!” I moaned loudly getting close to cumming. I continued to fantasize about him bending me over and fucking me hard over the bench. He would rip off my clothes with his large manly hands and shove my face into his bushy armpits and let me lick them clean. Bathe in his yellowy sweat. “Fuck I’m cumming.” I groaned as my dick exploded all over my clothes. Cum shot all over myself and all over the floor of the locker room. I closed my eyes enjoying the pleasure ripping through my body. When my orgasm finished I looked at the damage and noticed that all the cum that I

shot also had a yellow tinge to it. "What in the world?" I asked as I touched the cum. It seemed much thick than normal as well. I rubbed it in between two of my fingers. It almost felt like Khal's sweat.

I brought the cum up to my nose and inhaled. I moaned at the smell. It smelled like him too. I licked the cum off my fingers, my tongue licking all the excess cum off my finger tips. God it was so good. I needed more. I got onto my hands and knees and began to lick the cum off the ceramic tile. I couldn't believe I was doing this. What if someone walked in? Let alone, what would happen to me if someone caught me doing this? But the more cum that I licked off the floor the hazier my thoughts became. It became hard for me to form a coherent thought. All I cared about was eating my cum. I scrapped my tongue across the floor lapping it up like some sort of animal, as all the previous worries slowly drifted away. As I licked the cum covered floor my jaw began to ache. I tried to think about the pain I was feeling, but my hunger for the cum overtook all my other thoughts.

As I continued to lick the floor I could feel the two bottom canines began to grow and scratch beneath my tongue. Two sharp points were scrapping against my tongue as it slurped up all the cum. I could feel my tongue beginning to extend longer than before as well as become wider. It allowed me to invest the cum quicker. I couldn't get enough of my thick yellow cum. I felt my dick grow hard in my underwear again. I felt my cock bounce up and down as I moved around the floor. I could feel my cock head press against the cool floor and continue to grow and rub against the tile. My underwear became extremely tight as my balls overflowed the fabric. I finished cleaning up the floor I walked over to the mirror in the locker room and barely recognized myself.

My face was more brutish now. I no longer had the tight jawline I once had, my two bottom canines protruded from my mouth pointing upward like tusks. The sides of my face were beginning to fill with thick dark muttonchops. I gazed down at my body as it was filling with hair before my eyes. Dark brown hair filled in all my visible skin; my arms, my stomach, my chest. I gazed down at my cock, following the hair growth downward, and saw a huge cock where my adequate sized dick use to be. I grasped onto my dick, my hand could barely encircle the circumference. I squeezed my cock and a yellow drop of cum oozed from my tip. I swabbed it up with a finger and sucked it off.

"Ughhh fuck. Taste good." I moaned. Not noticing my voice was now many octaves lower than before. I sucked on my finger feeling it grow as it slide between my two large tusk like teeth. My hands grew in size as my widened tongue swirled around my fingertip.

Beep Beep Beep

"Please be reminded to place your weights on the rack once you are finished working out," Cindy announced on the intercom. "Thank you."

"Weights," I grunted. I turned away from the mirror and walked over to my bag. I attempted to grab onto the zipper, but to no avail my large fingers were not able to grasp onto the tiny zipper. "Ugh," I groaned as I grabbed onto the sides of the bag and pulled. The seams around the zipper began to pop and tare as I pulled on the sides of the bag. Once the bag was torn open I pulled out my shorts, a pair of orange underwear, and a loose tank top. I threw my current clothes into a corner and pulled the orange underwear on. The article of clothing barely contained my large meaty cock and hefty balls. I put my shorts on, having difficulty tucking my outrageously large balls and cock inside. I looked in the mirror, I

looked like I was smuggling a grapefruit in the gym. I pulled the tank top over my now hairy chest, and tossed my bag into the corner with my clothes. I looked at myself in the mirror as I walked by it one more time, and I looked obscene; my crotch was about to explode from the excessive weight of my cock and balls, my tank top already appeared soaked with sweat even though I hadn't begun my workout, and my hairy body was beginning to take on this greenish hue. But all I could think about was going to workout. I looked like a skinny version of Khal and it turned me on.

As I walked out of the locker room I could feel a wet spot appear on my crotch, but I didn't care. I squeezed my pouch feeling my dick ooze out a long stream of cum as it soaked into my fabric, expanding the wet spot. I continued down the hallway proudly displaying my changing body. Grunting with every step. I passed through the lobby unnoticed by the ever watchful Cindy, and entered the workout area.

I inhaled deeply, the smell of sweaty men filling my nostrils. "Mmm," I moaned as my dick burped up another shot of cum into my shorts. I looked around the area hunting for Khal. I saw him over in the distance adding weights onto a barbell on the bench press. Fuck he was hot. I grabbed my crotch again, feeling more cum seep into my shorts. An extremely obvious stain had formed on my shorts now. I tried to connect the dots as to what was happening but my more primal instincts took over. I made a bee line for Khal over in the corner. I came up from behind him and pushed my bushy face into the sweaty mess under his arm pits. The height difference between us had also drastically decreased. I had to bend over slightly in order to hit his pits just right. I wanted to bury my face in his musk. Khal jumped back as he felt my face push against his large muscled arms.

"Holy shit!" He exclaimed in surprise as he jumped forward. "What the hell are. . ." he stopped as he turned around and noticing that it was me. "Oh Klayton its you. How are you my little green friend?" he said walking back towards me. "Shit that stuff is fast acting! I never actually turned someone before," he said as he brought his large hands to my face. I loved the feel of his rough calloused hands against my hairy jawline. I felt his hand pull down my lower gum down, inspecting my two large teeth. "These are coming along nicely. You are gonna have to learn to control your horniness or these aren't going to disappear," Khal said matter of factly.

I grunted in response looking at his large hairy chest. I wanted to bury my face in there and smell that deep manly scent one more time. I leaned my face into his chest, but he pulled away again.

"Hold it little guy, we only have a short amount of time to get you big," Khal said. "So how about we work out some and then you can get a real taste of what I'm like," Khal said suggestively smiling as his two lower canines grew before my eyes. What was he?

"Yes." I groaned. I brought my hand to my wet crotch and began massaging my dick as I looked at Khal. My enlarge dick was so sensitive now. Khal pulled my hand away from my crotch. "You don't wanna do that just yet buddy. If you cum that means no more changes," he cautioned. "And I know you wanna get big like me don't you?" He asked as he flexed his large pectoral muscles in my face.

"Yes. Big muscle. Like Khal," I grunted. My responses sounding like that of a child. I attempted to form more words but my overly wide tongue and huge canines prevented many words from forming properly. I rubbed my large tongue against my canines feeling how large they truly were.

"You will also get some of your auditory skills back after you cum too. But we can worry about all that later. Take a seat here," Khal ordered as he motioned to the weight bench he was already using. I walked around Khal and laid down on the bench press. "This is gonna hurt, but its going to be worth it.

Lift this," he told me as I placed my hands on the barbell. I attempted to do the math for the weights, but my brain couldn't focus long enough to count. I couldn't count more than two of them before losing my train of thought. My focus always drifting back to the gorgeous monster behind me. "Lift," Khal ordered his voice deeper and more aggressive this time.

I placed both of my hands on the barbell and pushed. Fuck it was heavy. I couldn't lift the bar up.

"Push Klay, push!" Khal ordered. I pushed with what muscles I had and lifted the bar off the rack and brought it down to my chest. My breathing staggering from the immense weight. "Come on Klay, push! Lift it up!" He said as I slowly lifted the barbell up. "Again," he instructed. I brought the weight back down to my chest a second time. The weight feeling easier than the first. I repeated this process multiple times. Bringing the heavy weight to my chest and then back up. My chest tensing every time I brought the weight up and stretching every time I brought it down. Every time I brought the weight to my chest it seemed lighter than the rep before. "Rack it," Khal said. I pushed the barbell onto the rack and say up with a deep grunt. "Look down."

I looked down at myself and was surprised to see that my once flat chest was replaced with two huge slabs of muscle. My tank top's deep V reveled a deep divot between my large pectorals. I grasped onto one of my pecs, feeling the thick dense muscle beneath my tank top. My nipples already increased in size. I tweaked one of them feeling a soft squirt of liquid ooze out. I moaned in pleasure. I milked my nipples briefly enjoying the feeling of the liquid flowing out of my chest. My tank top getting two yellow stains on my chest,

"You will get use to that," Khal advised as he swatted my hands off of my chest. He grabbed onto both of them with his large rough hands and squeezed my pecs. I moaned in enjoyment. "Nice these grew nice and large too. Your almost as big as me now Klay. Isn't that what you wanted?" He asked as he pulsed his pecs up and down making them dance. His large toothy grin turning me on.

"Yes sir," I responded mesmerized by the sight in front of me.

"Sir? Well I usually go by Commander for our people, but Sir will work quiet nicely for now I think," Khal said as he walked over to the squat rack. "Come on, we only have so much time," he instructed once again. I stood up from the bench and walked over to the squat rack. I felt my chest and my crotch bounce with every step I took. I enjoyed the feeling of my large pectorals jiggling as I walked. My overly sweaty body causing my pecs to slide past each other, in turn creating more sweat.

"Our people?" I asked as I watched Khal add weight to the squat bench. I played with my crotch as I he set up the weights for me. My shorts were now soaked, whether it was with sweat, with cum, or a weird combination of the two I did not know. My dick and balls felt even bigger than before.

"Well this may sound crazy," Khal said as he added another 45 pound weight to the squat rack, "but I'm an orc, and you are now a half orc."

"What?" I asked not fully understanding what he was telling me.

"You know like lord of the rings? Orcs. Big and green. Large muscles. Huge tusks. Smelly to boot," he said as he pointed to different areas of his body to model that attributes he was listing off. I touched my mouth.

"Tusks?" I asked as I played with my two large teeth.

"Yup those are your tusks now. Most of the time you are going to just looked like a normal large muscled human, but if you get horny or overly excited you will start to transform. Go ahead and get in

position,” Khal instructed pointing to the barbell. I walked over and placed the large barbell on my shoulder blades preparing for the same intense weight. Expecting it to be even heavier than the bench press. “That’s what was happening in the locker room earlier. I started thinking about giving you the gift, and it was turning me on. We start to sweat more and more the hornier we get, and then we start to leak this liquid that if ingested it will transform a human into a half orc. Which is what is happening to you right now. Your body is currently regenerating itself, and will continue to change until you cum. Can’t you feel it happening? Go ahead and start your squats” Khal ordered as he brought his large body behind me. I looked in that mirror in front of us as I lifted the bar off the rack. God it was so fucking heavy. I slowly brought my body down into a squat, feeling my ass rub against Khal’s growing dick. “just keep doing that Klay,” he said as he pushed out his dick. I continued the workout grinding my ass against Khal’s large dick soaking the backside of my shorts. My own dick leaking so much cum that a small puddle was forming at my feet. I lifted the weight until I was instructed to stop. When I reracked the weight Khal told me to turn around.

I grunted in satisfaction at the largeness of my ass now. While I always had a nice little bubble butt before the changes, I had always wanted it to be large wide ass and I got my wish. It was so wide and round now. It looked like a powerlifter’s ass; a combination of fat and muscle. My shorts were now plastered against my ass leaving very little to the imagination in the back, or the front. My orange underwear showing through the thin wet fabric. I jumped up a few times watching everything on my body bounce and jiggle. Excess amounts of cum and sweat flinging off my body and onto the surrounding floor. He slapped one of my cheeks.

“Didn’t think you would be a bottom, but that makes this all the sweeter,” he said as he looked around our area, finding that we were practically alone. He slipped his large hand inside one of the legs of my shorts and found my asshole. He plunged a finger deep into me. It was like fireworks shooting off in my body. I had bottomed before, but it never felt like this before. I shoved my ass down into his hand, fucking myself on his large fingers. He pulled his finger out of my ass and licked it clean. “God you’re a sweat one too. Have a taste,” he offered his finger to me. I wasn’t one to eat ass, but I was curious as to what he was saying. I sniffed his finger and took a tentative lick. God it tasted so good.

“What is that?” I asked finally able to construct a full sentence.

“Oh this is what is gonna be leaking out of your ass for the rest of your life. We call it Ass juice. Depending on how the change happens. Some people turn more into a dominant orc and some turn more submissive. And with these tits and this ass, you’re definitely a submissive.” He said as he gauged up the changes I have undergone thus far. “Ready for what’s next?”