

Bulk Up

By: Firingwall

“Holy crap, do you need help!”

“...well that’s welcoming.” Ricky had only taken a few steps into the gym when he was greeted by a weird face. It was a golden retriever anthro with fluffy fur and wild, dirty blond hair. He was fairly strong looking with some decent muscles, overcompensating with how small his t-shirt was in Ricky’s mind.

The retriever huffed, his tail stopping its wagging. “Trying to be helpful here, so enough with the sass, boy.”

“I’m twenty-five!”

“Riiiiight, but enough chat! Welcome to our very inclusive, special gym; what brings a scrawny guy like you here? I assume to get super beefy and tough like moi, right?”

Ricky tried his hardest not to roll his eyes right out of his head, the urge growing more difficult when the anthro flexed his arm to show off. To be fair, the college student was looking to get into shape a bit more. He put on more pounds than he liked to admit during the holiday season and with the cold ever still present, he decided to try his luck working out at some gym.

It was just so convenient that a local gym near the dorms was offering an open house all day to students. He grabbed his best clothing that could be considered gym/work-out attire and headed for the place.

“I’m certainly looking to work out a bit,” the Hispanic man mumbled, trying his best to ignore the dog, “Just point me to the locker room, and I’ll figure things out from there.”

“No way, little guy!” the anthro huffed, shaking his head. He leaned in excitedly, his tail wagging again, “I’m gonna help you get thick and tough man! As one of the trainers here, I feel it is necessary for me to give it my all with helping you!”

“...no thanks?”

That did not make a single impact on the golden retriever, who took Ricky’s hand and held away from the lobby. “The name is Jason and I’ll be your trainer today... mister?”

“Ricky. But really, you don’t need to bother with-OOF!” With a big pull, the anthro yanked him into the men’s locker room.

“There! Now you’re ready to get all pumped!”

Ricky frowned, looking between his new attire, and the dog anthro as they left the locker room. His shirt was light grey with a big paw print in the center. It smelled like sweat, as if it

hadn't been washed recently, and was about two sizes larger than him, the bottom hanging to his thighs almost. His shorts were kind of similar with a paw print on them and also several sizes too large. Thankfully, they were tightened up on so they wouldn't suddenly fall.

The human mumbled, "I'm pretty sure my stuff would have worked just fine."

The dog snorted as he led him to their next destination. "Pffft! That stuff wasn't gonna to work in the slightest! You wanna be bigger, right? Then you gotta settle for bigger clothes... and probably not shoes either!"

"I'm pretty sure I was only interested in losing some weight, not-"

"OOOOOOO! It's Jason!" Suddenly, Ricky was knocked aside as two dog girls, one a collie and another a short springer. They snapped right up to the retriever. "Hiya Jason!" "You're looking hunky today!" "Can you show me how to work the weights again like you promised?" "What about our *personal* lesson? Aren't we still on?"

Jason chuckled, scratching behind both of their ears. The girls' tails wagged excitedly, happy sighs leaving their mouths. "Sorry girls, got to take another scrub under my paw and help him learn to howl."

The two girls groaned sadly. He then leaned in towards the collie and spoke, his voice quiet, "by the way, can you get one of our special bars from behind the counter? I'll pay later."

The collie nodded eagerly and left, the springer wandering off disappointedly. Once they were gone, Jason continued leading them away. Ricky huffed, "what's with the fan girls?"

"Oh, just a few lovely admirers who love my training. The collie is a fellow employee, and the springer was a college girl like yourself who came in one day in so much need of help. I guess I just have that effect on them."

Ricky twitched, gritting his teeth. *Oh god this guy is making my skin crawl. Frickin' playboys...*

The two eventually reached an area where there many stands and racks filled with weights and dumbbells. A few people, mostly anthros, were either lifting or bench pressing away, ignoring the two as they arrived. Jason pointed at an unused bench, signaling for the guy to sit down there.

Ricky nodded and sat down, already exhausted with having to deal with this guy. The dog grabbed two large weights, both fifteen pounds each, and set them down beside him. "Here you go, let's start with something simple. Do some basic lifting. You can lift them both up at the same time or just alternate between them. Up to you."

Ricky nodded once again, reaching down and grabbing at one of the weights. Wrapping his hand around the handle, he lifted up. His arm shook, his fingers twitching as he held it. It was a lot more heavier than expected.

Jason gave him an odd look, asking, “What? That too heavy for you?”

“It’s... fine.” Ricky hoisted the weight up onto the bench beside him and took a deep breath. He reached down and grabbed the other weight, struggling with it briefly as he placed it onto the bench as well.

Ricky casually glanced at the anthro, trying his best to be subtle. The dog was frowning, staring at him with a very strong, critical eyes. *Oh great*, the young man thought, *I can only imagine where this is going. Gotta get this over with so maybe he can leave me alone...*

He grabbed the weights again and began lifting them both at once, raising them to his chest and then down to his knees. The first two lifts were easy enough, if a bit wobbly. But then... it grew harder, his arms feeling incredibly heavy and weak. They shook and vibrated harshly with each lift, Ricky trying his best to maintain his cool.

After a full minute, Jason shook his head and grabbed the weights from his hands, setting them down with ease. “Okay, I’ve seen enough,” he sighed, “This is sooo much worse than I thought! This is just sad.”

Ricky frowned, glaring harshly at the dog. “Well, maybe I don’t want to lift weights? Maybe I just rather walk on a treadmill like I was planning before.”

“Oh please! That won’t help a poor scrub like you!” The golden retriever declared, nodding his head firmly. Ricky so wanted to sock the anthro so hard right then.

“Ooooooooh Jaaaaaason~ Got it!” Skipping merrily over, the collie from before bounced over to the retriever’s side and handed him a small item. She happily placed it into the dog’s hands, giving him a cute, blissful stare.

“Thanks babe,” he cooed, stroking the bottom of her muzzle. Her tail wagged excitedly, her body melting into his petting. Ricky was about to audibly groan when, thankfully, the flirting came to a mercifully, swift end. The collie left almost as soon as she arrived.

Jason looked to Ricky and held up what he had gotten. It was a protein bar, wrapped in some generic wrapper with the words: “Call of the Power” written on it. “You need help, that much is clear. So much so that I’m not sure if I’m going to be able to do it on my own!”

The human mumbled under his breath, “then why don’t you just leave me be?”

“That’s why I got this! I just had that feeling, you know? I want you to eat this. It’ll help stimulate the muscles and strength in your body to grow and build!”

“...it’s just a protein bar.”

“Well yeah, but you know, have it anyways.” Jason smiled, holding the bar up closer to Ricky’s face. The young man frowned further, looking between the treat and the furry giver repeatedly. This seemed to be a losing battle, he could just tell.

With no other option as far as he could see, Ricky snatched the protein bar. He opened it up and snarfed a good chunk down as quickly as possible. He almost regretted doing that right away. The bar tasted very earthy and thick. Incredibly chewy, but not too hard either. It also smelled distinctly like a mix of the feral, normal dog he once owned and its dog food.

He felt his body tense up and twitch uncomfortably, the taste sending weird signals throughout his body. He never had anything like it. It wasn't good, nor was it awful either. It was just... weird, and his mind couldn't process it nor could his body properly react to it either, not even gagging.

The finishing the "treat", Ricky panted and panted, looking a bit out of it. He shook his head, trying to knock the trembles out of his body. Jason grabbed a bottle of water from a cart nearby that had a bunch of free ones on it, handing it over to the confused human.

Ricky gulped mostly of it down, the taste washing away thankfully. He sighed softly, mumbling, "Okay... not trying one of those again."

"Well, that should be enough," stated Jason, taking and putting the bottle back. "Now, let's give this another shot, shall we?"

Ricky nodded and got to work, grabbing both weights and lifting them onto his thighs. He let out one more exhausted sigh and began lifting them, starting with the left and then the right, trying his best with alternating between them. Not surprising, it was still tricky.

Of course, Ricky thought, sweating dripping down his head as his brow furrowed, of course, of course nothing would change. Maybe now Jason will just give up and go a-

As he lifted his right arm, something felt off. The weight felt strangely lighter. A quick look at it showed him that it was still the same as before, but yet, its weight was less.

The golden retriever smiled, stroking the tip of his chin. "Is something the matter?"

"N-no... nothing." Ricky went back to lifting the weights, repeatedly doing it over and over again. He found himself getting into a good rhythm, everything growing easier by the moment. "Nothing at all! I'm feeling pretty good now actually."

"Heh, good to hear. You're looking better as well." Ricky glanced at the dog man, confused by the remark. That's when he noticed the canine was looking somewhere else now. His eyes seemed to be looking less at him as a whole and more focused on one particular area.

Ricky looked down as well. He realized then what was going on, the realization hitting him like a truck as his jaw dropped. Both of his arms were larger, still growing in fact. The muscle beneath them were bulging out as tendons and bones strengthened. His arm hair even appeared to be growing, becoming thicker to the eye and changing to a dark grey tone.

“Whattthehellwhattthehell!” Ricky dropped both weights, letting them tumble to the ground with a loud thud. He raised his hands and arms up, rapidly looking between them. Yep, still completely changed like he thought.

Only adding to that was noticing his hands suddenly twitching and quivering. The hairs on the back of his hands were rapidly growing more and more, turning denser until skin wasn't visible any longer. The grey hairs wrapped around almost all of his hands, crawling up and over each his fingers individually.

From the spots that weren't covered, something else grew in their place. Beneath each finger and on his palms, the skin there bulged and swelled, puffing out ever so gently. The spots thickened, turning pitch black and bumpy until they looked like animal pads. His fingernails popped off painlessly as small claws jolted out, slipping to his fingertips.

As his hands swelled a bit larger, matching his beefier arm proportions, Ricky looked at the golden and asked, “What the hell is this?!”

“I said the protein bar helps with natural growth and strength, didn't I?”

“Ummm, this more than just body growth, if you haven't noticed!” Ricky stood up to the dog, holding his hands in the canine's face and wiggling them.

Jason shrugged, casually pushing the guy's new furry paws away. “Look, I said this stuff would help you out and it's doing just that. Give your new guns a big flex and then you'll see.”

Ricky opened his mouth to protest, but the dog merely held up his own paw, basically telling to shut up and just do it. Ricky let out a low, annoyed growl and brought up his right arm up. Rolling his eyes one final time, he gave his arm a quick, single flex.

And at that moment, his pupils dilated. His heart started beating quickly, his flexed arm trembling for a moment. It was brief, but this sudden burst of excitement blazed through his body at rapid speed. Grey fur overwhelmed his entire arm before flowing up and over his shoulders, extending to the other arm there.

But it wasn't just that either. His shoulders stretched out and strengthened, broadening considerably. His flat chest had awoken, expanding and bellowing out. His chubby pecs swelled and bulged out into dense, manly ones that tented his shirt. In fact, with his new arms, shoulders, and chest, his animal paw top fitted him a bit better now.

“Holy crap, this is amazing!” Ricky declared, looking between his powerful arms and then feeling his chest. “I'm getting all super buff!”

“Heh, and it's all thanks to-hey! Are you listening to me? I'm trying to ask for thanks here!” Ricky had completely ignored the dog and gone back to lifting weights, rapidly lifting them up and down repeatedly.

Doing so in such a swift manner brought on a more apparent, noticeable change for the Hispanic man. The loose portion of shirt beneath his enhanced pecs began tightening around something. The impression of a large six pack appeared beneath the top soon after. The shirt's hemline rose up as Ricky's body grew as well, the cotton clinging more and more to him. Soon, the top that went past his shorts couldn't even cover all of his torso.

"Easy there," Jason stated, "You don't want to get all swole with just those baby weights, do ya?"

Ricky looked at the small dumbbells again. They looked so puny in his meaty paws now and to be honest, he could barely even feel that he was holding them. He chuckled and set them down on the ground, "okay, fair point."

"Right, now, let me get back to my point." Jason cleared his throat and stated, "It's all thanks to me! I told you my special training would get you into shape. Yet, you kept scoffing off at everything I said or suggested."

"Well," Ricky replied with a smirk, "to be fair, this is mostly just doping me up with some kind of special "protein bar"."

"PFFT! Details, details! The point is, without me, you wouldn't be here." Jason picked up the weights Ricky dropped and went to switch them out. He returned two much bigger ones, offering them up. "These are a little better suited for you now, I'm sure-"

Ricky noticed a marking on them: "25 lb." and that's all he needed to know. He snatched them away from Jason and got to lifting. A big grin plastered across his face as he felt a surge of power growing, the weights already slowly becoming lighter.

The rush of strength flowed down below the belt and to his lower half. His body extended up, his legs stretching a few inches to better fit his torso. Soon after, muscle rose and ballooned within them too, followed by hips. As his rear tightened and flattened into a firm bottom, his shorts bulged gently in the crotch area. His other equipment was getting a much-needed boost too.

He looked down happily, taking in the grey pelt that was flowing down his lower limbs next. He was getting fuzzier and tougher by the second and it all felt wonderful. It was so good and perfect now.

At least, for a little bit. He twitched and let out an annoyed huffed, his lifting coming to a stop. He sat down on the bench again, dropping the weights as he let out an annoyed moan. Jason's eyebrows rose as he asked, "What? Something wrong?"

Ricky grumbled, raising a leg up and over his other. He grabbed at his shoe, fumbling with the laces due to his enlarged hands. "To-to-too tight!"

Jason rolled his eyes and shook his head, walking over and kneels down. He worked on unlacing each shoe, stating, "I did mention in the locker room not to wear shoes. Shoulda listened to me, but nooooo. Couldn't do that."

Ricky let out an animalistic growl as the two yanked his footwear off. Just in time as well as his feet finished growing. They were at least double their original size with thick, black pads poking out beneath the toes and balls of his feet. Claws extended from each digit as soft fur covered everything else.

“Heh, that’s better!” Ricky declared, wiggling his toes. He felt up his legs and then his chest, smiling the entire time. He looked to his hands and arms, giving them both another flex. He shivered happily, licking his chops. This was so-

-but then it hit him. He reached up and felt his face, his head. It was all still the same. He looked like a guy in a big, human-sized anthro costume without the head on. It looked completely wrong.

“I think I need to fix something,” mumbled the almost anthro man.

“So, let’s get to fixing that crap then!” Jason nodded behind Ricky, who turned and saw a big barbell set up with the bench. “Time for us to get heavy duty and start lifting some iron!”

Ricky smirked and got into position under the bar, declaring, “No sweat!”

Laying completely on his back and lifting his arms up, he grabbed ahold of the bar and started to lift it up and out. However, Jason quickly ran off and returned with some more weights, attaching them to the barbell. The almost anthro was surprised but decided to continue doing what he was doing.

He hoisted the bar out and almost right away; he felt the intense pressure of the bar with the newly added weights. It was heavier, more heavy than anything he ever lifted before. Even with his new muscles, it still felt like an effort.

He somehow managed to slowly bring the bar down to his pecs, resting the weight just a tad on them. He let out a soft sigh, his nose blackening and turning bumpy in texture. The tip of nose lifted and swelled, his nostrils flaring, but pulling in slightly. His snout extended outwards a bit more, forming a canine nose of sorts.

Okay, here we go. One, two, three! His brow furrowing, and his eyes turning to a pale, brownish yellow, he lifted the bar up. A millimeter, then half a centimeter, then a full centimeter, and then more after. The bar rose higher and higher as best as he could.

His brows thickened, turning blacker as fur sprouted all over his face. It spread from around his eyebrows and to his forehead, before flowing elsewhere. It passed over everything, covering even his ears. Some of the fur was grey, some was white, mostly around the mouth.

The rest of his head changed with the lifting as well. His hair shortened more and more, so much that it looked like a buzz cut. His head flattened and rounded just a tad, giving it a more dome-shape like the other canine anthros he’s seen. His ears twitched and concaved on the inside, pulling up and flipping forward until they rested on the top of his head.

Almost there... al...most... “THERE!” With one final surge, he raised the barbell high up above his head and chest, perfectly straight and with no arm shaking. His face shot forward, stretching out into a dense, thick muzzle.

Jason’s tail wagged excitedly, looking upon the sight with pride. “Now there we go!” Declared the dog, “that’s what I’m talking about! Now, you’re looking like a real, tough man! Feel free to do whatever you want... now?”

“N-n-n-not...” murmured Ricky, “DONE!” A fire lit within his eyes and his soul. He had power, strength, and energy he never felt before. He liked it. He wanted more of it.

He slowly brought the bar back down and then lifted it right back up, moving faster than he ever had before. He repeated the process, pumping the bar up and down even faster. And he continued doing so over and over and over, a wild, manic look in his eyes.

His body trembled, testosterone rushing and coursing through his entire being. The results were obvious from a single glance. His body kept erupting with more and more muscle, his entire being swelling out of control. His legs and arms doubled again, his shoulders going a bit broader as his pecs bulged. His abs swelled more, developing into a full eight-pack now.

Even his fur grew a bit more in certain places. More of the lighter, white fluff on his chest darkened, poking a bit out of his collar. Fur thickened on his arms, knees, and even around his face, giving him the appearance of facial hair amongst all the fur.

“OH YEAH!” Ricky yelled, shocking a couple of patrons. He tossed the bar back into place with ease and stood up, stretching and flexing his body. A light grey and white, fluffy tail popped out above his behind shortly after.

Ricky was a beast now. He towered over Jason by at least a full foot, probably even more. His clothing hugged his body tightly, showcasing his entire might and burly physique. Even his equipment packed into his shorts looked a tad bigger with how it bulged out. He wasn’t grotesquely buff or anything, just a merely a god in timber wolfman form.

“Okay, now that was a workout!” Ricky laughed, looking upon himself with triumphant glee, “I’m feeling great now! Thanks for “helping” me out here.”

Jason said nothing. He just stood there, looking up with his jaw open. It was clear he never had any previous trainees under his wing get this big before.

“Heh, wolf got your tongue?” Ricky smirked, bending forward to look at Jason, who still looked flustered and shocked.

“OOOOOOO!!”

“HUNKSICLE ALERT!”

“Look that doggie!”

Both Ricky and Jason looked off to the side, spotting a group rushing towards them. It was a bunch of dog girls, including the collie and springer from before.

Jason brushed some of his hair to the side and regained his composure. He smiled, turning to face them and holding out his arms. “Ladies~ Yours truly is done training, so I’m all your-”

FWOOSH! They all ran past, glomping onto Ricky behind him. “SO HANDSOME!” “Hey big guy, what’s your name?” “I’m Tiffany! Let’s, like, work out together!” “Come on, I wanna feel his muscles.”

Jason turned around and looked at Ricky, his jaw hanging once more. Bashfully, Ricky scratched the back of his head, saying, “Ummmm... sorry? I... I didn’t expect this at all, I swear!”

“...this isn’t fair...” pouted Jason, folding his arms and grumbling, “This isn’t fair! Is this how you reward me?! Stealing all my girls?”

“Your girls?! Excuse me?!” The room went silent. All of the dog girls had turned around and were looking at Jason. The collie from before spoke up, poking him in the chest, “We don’t belong to you. We like what we like, and we can be with whoever we want. Right now, I think we need a break from you.”

“WHAT?!” gasped Jason, letting out a small whimper, “But babe, I thought we-”

“To be honest, your arrogance was getting a bit obnoxious, so we’re all gonna hang with this big guy for a while. Later.” With that, the dog girls took Ricky’s paws and led him away, quickly huddling up next to him again.

Jason was left alone, all the other patrons quickly going back to their equipment. The dog just stood there, baffled. “...last time I help someone out of the goodness of my heart. Stupid damn wolf...”

THE END