

Stretch Shep: Makin' Gainz

Day 1

"So let me get this completely straight," Stretch Shep crossed his arms narrowing his eye mask a bit for emphasis, "the reason you contacted the Hero Alert Board and labeled it Extreme was," The shepherd unfolded his arms and his blue and green uniform stretched as his left arm flexed and moved lengthening out as he pointed out a window, "there is a new gym?"

The store owner looked at him in shock mouth open. The cheetah seemed surprised he was using his powers. Stretch Shep sighed and tapped his foot. Sparkers, people who sparked with super powers, had been around a few years. This town was a smaller city and people joked about finally having a resident hero in him. It wasn't like Seattle with Basso Bull the opera singer whose sonic below once defeated the Steel Legion and then broke every window in a five mile radius at the same time. Stretch Shep had perfectly reasonable powers that didn't cause collateral damage.

The cheetah shook his head and finally said, "no you dont understand its, well, weird. Are you sure you want to be doing that where folks can see you?"

"I suspect they saw me enter the place," stretch shep pulled his arm back and tugged on his blue and green outfit snapping it, "this isn't a subtle color scheme."

"I'm just saying its been odd. That gym has been there a while but now its suddenly crawling with guys going in and out and its open later. Like whats the draw? And besides," the cheetah looked out th window as two very developed and large men walked by in tiny tank tops. Their swollen chests on display thick nipples pointing out. The goat and the lion both had thick beards and almost shaggy fur as they chatted and walked, "they all dress like that."

Stretch Shep considered if he should give the long lecture or the short lecture on not abusing the Hero Alert Board as well as asking the cheetah, Mr. Kupika,how he even found it.

The shepherd stared at him for a while longer and then decided a few things. First of all the last few weeks had been slow with no supervillain activity. Secondly if things didn't pick up soon some heroes would start asking him to help them out in other cities. Third he really did need a new work out spot.

"Okay I'll look into this but I can't promise anything will happen."

"thank goodness, "Mr. Kupika said with a toothy smile, "they keep inviting me to join and get a member ship."

"Oh no a membership," Stretch Shep chuckled but the earnest look in the cheetah's face made the masked hero sigh and say, "alright look if we want this to work I have to leave here and

make it sound like this wasn't important so no one gets suspicious. Okay?"

The cheetah nodded their head emphatically adding, "what ever you say sir. Do you this Cosmic Cougar will come?"

Stretch Shep suppressed a sigh and ignored that suggestion. Everyone wanted to see Cosmic she was, well, he understood the interest. He said flatly, "Let's assume no on that front for now. So play along okay?"

The cheetah nodded and Stretch Shep made an angry face and stalked to the door stretching his arm out he opened the door and stalked outside making sure everyone heard the BOING as he let go of the door and his arm returned to the "proper" position. Mr. Kupika following im as he loudly said, "And for th Record sir the Frigian Empire is not trying to break into your house!"

The cheetah balked and mewled at that statement. Stretch continuing, "and I for one will not be responding to any more calls to check if they are trying to break into our universe through your restaurant because the, uh," he paused trying to think of a reason ice creatures would try and get in his restaurant. Ice beings who turned people into ice monsters like them. No one had seen Frigians in years.

"My Gespatcho is delicious though!" shouted the cheetah, "and affordable!"

"Is this an advertisement?! I agree it is good but it isn't bringing in ice monsters," Stretch Shep flex ed a leg sticking it up in the air and stretching his foot and leg out then settling it on a roof he pulled himself up then stretching an arm he grabbed a location across the street and swung across. Shouting "good day!"

Flipping through the air and grabbing ledges with ease by stretching his arms and legs he tumbled through the air. Stretch Shep was used to using momentum and ledges to get around. It wasn't like a fall from a great height would mess with him. Polly Mer the amazing stretching wombat had helped train him and shown how to use his stretching flexibility to essentially void kinetic and impact damage. Sure electrical and chemical attacks and such could effect him but punches and kicks and bullets.

Stretch Shep landed on a roof and would have skidded and broken a leg expect he just bent his body so he woudInt fall over and his bones were like putty. Polly Mer and Flex-o-Bill and he all knew they had to downplay how hard they were to hurt. Too many villains wanted to get creative if they knew your limits. So Stretch Shep often downplayed how stuff didn't hurt him. Unless it could be used for It was funny when Mauler Mike came into town with his megamaul hammer and tried to paste him. Who went around tossing huge hammers and didn't expect someone to catch them?

Yeah in theory the sheer force of the throw and its weight should have been horrific but Stretch Shep had grabbed it in flight then stretched his body like a bowstirng and used that momentum

against the guy. You had to be creative.

Still this stupid Gym problem. Rubbing his muzzle for a moment the shepherd dog paused and then tapped a button on his gloves and said, "Call #24"

A ring tone filled his ear until a voice answered "Synchronicity Synergy Here to Find Solutions."

"Hey Sync this is Stretch Shep" the dog said.

He heard a shuffling sound like someone was tossing aside a bag of chips and clicking something, "Hey, go go what's the problem. I'm tasking a satellite on you now and I'll have full reports on whatever villains you're facing."

Gosh he was eager. Sync was one of the research types out there. Folks heroes or villains used to find out data and collect information. Great for advice on villains you never heard of, crime cartels, and other stuff. Most called them Superlibrarians.

There were some Researchers who worked on the dime of the big hero groups. Stretch Shep and most heroes didn't even have to be part of a team to call them and ask for help. World saving was important and you never knew what sort of weird data or report might be crucial. These were people who could merge with computer network or had oracle powers or vast super research skills. However, requests for data got reviewed and you needed a good reason to call them or a lot of people would be pissed and this Gym job really didn't fall into it. Not from what he saw so far.

Sync was, well Stretch Shep knew he was a Sparker they just didn't have computer control powers or ESP or telepathy or whatever and weren't on the same level as like Dinah Delphi for data crunching. Sync's company, which he ran by himself, was a clearing house for data. Stretch Shep paid an annual fee to call him for help. Sync used being hired by heroes to draw other clients. Supposedly.

What was the guy's powers again? Did he ever even say?

"What's the situation?" Sync said as he tapped, "I see you're on a roof but there are no



emergency calls nearby.”

“Sorry this isn’t going to raise your profile. No big fights or help needed on knowing who someone is or who to call,” Stretch said as he looked around, “I need your help doing a light background check.”

Sync with his usual eagerness was still tapping, “I can do that I’m accessing records now. Give me whatever you have.”

“Titanic Gains,” Stretch Shep listed off the address and location and explained, “I’m not even sure how the guy got on the boards but I figured I might as well check it out.”

“Him? Oh his niece is a sparker in the Q-League” Sync said offhandedly “Mel Kupika right? I saw he works in the same strip mall spot. Yeah Dazzle Lass is his niece. Anyway I’m pulling up records. Place got bought out three months ago it seems. Renamed the next day. Previous owner apparently still lives in town. I’m seeing several public record invoices for upgrades and repairs.”

“Wait, Dazzle Lass?” Stretch Shep sighed heavily. No wonder he got on the board. She had likely dumped him on there so a “low level” could deal with the problem. He suppressed a comment about her being an utter snob. Her uncle didn’t seem like a bad guy. Besides Sync might tell someone he had said something.

Sync muttered an off hand ascent as he clicked and tapped, “Okay yeah I’m in the main computer for Titanic Gains. Their membership is way, way, way up. Still none of that is really odd. This gym had a steam room, massage, and some really good trainers. Folks might be paying for the good amenities. Oddly low price tag compared to other places offering comparable services. Dang.”

Stretch Shep tapped his ear bud for a moment. He finally said, “yes?”

“Just looking at this the guy pays his staff way above market rates. Also its weird how he has such serious money for paying a good price for the spot and to handle these upgrades,” Sync noted and the dog could just imagine him doing some nervous tic.

“Should I be concerned you’re hacking illegally onto their computers?” asked Stretch Shep

Sync made a snorting noise and said, “I never said anything of the sort. Okay looking at the owner. He works in place as one of the trainers. Name of Toby Chen. My basic background checks so far don’t show anything off. I mean besides this REALLY unfortunate dating profile from 20 years ago on a gay dating app. Oh honey you needed a better photo and a better profile bio.”

Stretch Shep coughed, “so nothing weird? If you’re digging into a dating app I mean.”

“Well he’s got some weird gaps in these records. I might just need to fill them in with a bit of work. Seems pretty normal. Not like a Spark or anything.”

“Okay well I hate to have wasted your time Sync but I appreciate you looking into it,” Stretch said as he considered jumping off the building and doing some more swinging about. Letting people see him do that. He’d switch to his civilian guise and go back later. Ideally when the cheetah wouldn’t see him with his mask off.

He could almost here Sync whine a bit, “oh, well I thought, ya know.”

“Yes?” Stretch Shep paused.

“Well maybe i could help with this case,” The shepherd could almost feel the dobie’s nub tail wagging over the phone as he added, “I have all sorts of tools to help and I could advice and continue the research.”

Stretch Shep considered that and then asked, “slow day at work?”

“Slow month,” the dobie said and then barked in embarrassment, “not that I don't have a bunch of clients who need my help.”

“Alright how much will it cost me for you to tag along on my communicator?” Stretch sighed

“Nothing,” the dobie said, “total freebie. I, uh, look man I really think I can help and I need a solid win column.”

“So you need me to write a few good reviews,” Stretch Shep chuckled.

“And uh,” the dobie paused and Stretch could sense that blushing.

The shepherd dog in costume narrowed his eyes, “you want the eye candy of the women in the gym.”

“The guys,” Sync said quickly and then said with embarrassment, “why did I say that?”

Stretch Shep chuckled and said, “Well I’d be lying if I said that wasn’t my reason to go to.”

“Really? Oh uh,” Sync chuckled nervously, “we could, ya know, grab a drink or whatever. Sometime, if you wanted.”

“Sync you live on the other side of the country,” Stretch said with a chuckle, “but yeah sure you can help me out with this.

“Oh excellent you won't regret it. I'll get stuff ready for you and have a dossier by tomorrow” the doberman said with glee as Stretch Shep chuckled and made the proper polite goodbyes. Having disconnected the flexible mutt and flung himself off a roof. Stretching an arm and then a foot out he moved rapidly away considering the situation.

Day 3

It was two days later in the evening. Stretch Shep had gotten his costume off and put on a reasonably good civilian outfit. He had a duffle with gym duds, comfortable shoes, and decent pants and shirt. Entering the strip mall from the other direction away from the restaurant and that cheetah. He had wanted to give a little time so people wouldn't connect the Stretch Shep sighting with him. Honestly, a few more days wouldn't have been a bad idea but a certain doberman had been messaging him several times for plans and updates.

It wasn't like this was going to be some big discovery or crazy adventure. He mused as he passed by a red panda who clearly went to the gym. The guy had thick slabs of pecs and thick arms. Thick shaggy black hair framed his face in a beard as he walked. Even that tail looked a bit oversized. A distinct odor hung in the air around the guy.

“Hommina hommina,” mumbled Sync over the communicator.

The shepherd dog took out the wallet he had gotten this afternoon. Right in his mailbox. This had to be expensive. He muttered quietly, “focus.”

“Sorry, just wowzers” said Sync, “I want to see if I can find his data points.”

“I'm not going in if you're planning to stalk these guys. In fact promise me you won't look them up,” the shepherd dog said turning and looking in a shop window for a shoe store. They were closed so he took a moment to adjust his fur a bit, “promise.”

“Fine,” Sync muttered and then said with forced cheer, “okay I spent the last day creating a false identity. You'll see ID, cards, and the usual wallet bric a brac. That's window dressing. I created a full social media profile of you including microblogging and location, a credit history, and a fake job as a forensic accountant.”

The dog opened his wallet and looked inside and said, “and you named me Nate Chaw.”

“You'd be amazed how many Nates there are in your area,” Sync said pleasantly missing the shepherd dog's inflection, “I also got you all signed up for a membership so you just have to walk in and show your ID. I also did a floor layout map. If you look at your phone you'll see an ideal path for patrolling the interior and checking on things.”

“Is there any chance Sync that you're taking this a little far?” asked, he sighed and tried to get into character, Nate.

Sync was quiet for a moment and then said in confusion, "what do you mean? This is a solid plan of checks. Besides I'll be in there with the camera and I'll be able to focus on stuff too. Just make sure to hang me in a spot where I can see things."

Nate tried hard not to touch the jingling heavy tags on his chest. A set of military dog tags. They looked pretty realistic but the shepherd hero noted, "dog tags?"

"I debated sending you in with my high end glasses with all the bells and whistles but it wouldn't make sense for you to take your glasses on and off around the place. These are less obtrusive and the best art is both sides of each tag are a camera which gives me a ton of footage broadcast back to me," Sync explained.

"So are you a technowizard?" Nate asked with a wag of his tail

"Nah, I just know a few people Gidget the Gadgeteer had a spring cleaning sale last year and I went HAM on their surveillance stuff," said Sync as the shepherd kept walking.

"So I'm a veteran?" asked Nate.

"What? no , didn't you read my packet? You got them at a thrift store and like the look of them. You were shopping for some bedside tables but didn't find any you liked," said Sync with mild annoyance.

"Dude, you made a more indepth cover identity then when I play dnd," Nate said.

"Oh wow, you know I'm on this really fun server party you could totally join," Sync said excitedly and then added, "don't change the subject. Did you read my packet or am I going to be whispering cover ID all night?"

"I read it," more accurately skimmed it in ten minutes but the shepherd was not going to say that. He smiled got to the door the dog touched his ear to make sure his communicator was hidden as he muttered, "okay just go quiet."

Stepping into the front space he paused and look around for a bit. He hadn't really gone to many gyms. His stretchy powers let him appear bulked if he needed to and gave him leverage which was better then just lifting. The downside of stretching and having a default form is that it was maddeningly hard to improve his standard shape which he'd return to automatically. Gaining weight or mass was just tricky without work and so he didn't really use a gym.

His nose wiggled a bit as he took in the strong scent. It was a deep pervasive smell that seemed to have seeped into every object. The odor was strong but not bad just there and weirdly, well comforting. Made him think of guys pressing together. His tail involuntarily wagged a bit as Sync

spoke clearing his head, "okay desk is ahead. I have your member confirmation number in your wallet as well as three types of ID. Don't use all of them at once though no one does that and remember if your cover is blown I can get you out easy"

Nate stepped up to the desk and felt puny looking at the beige kangaroo. The big man's shirt had the gym logo on it but was way too small. His thick pectorals flexed and his arm muscles twitched. He had propped himself on the desk massive feet sitting on the desk as he had been toying with a game device. Putting it away he smiled and a deep voice said "don't tell my boss man. Its kind of a lot to just sit here at night and greet people."

"No shame," the shepherd dog wagged and said, "I'm Nate Chaw. I just got a membership."

"Aw dude! Excellent!" the roo bounced to his massive feet his too tiny smooth nylon shorts hugged his thick thighs as his powerful muscled tail flexed. Dude had to do lifts with those to get it that developed. The roo's big meaty hands dug through a box on the table and he pulled out a crisp professional folder, "so sick to have a new member. I joined after skating by a few times and it was great. Here is your welcome packet and your locker key for the changing room. Too many guys find their phones get smashed my all the equipment. Happened to me too. The Coach suggests doing selfies in the locker room."

Nate took the folder as the kangaroo continued to stream information at him about times and folks to talk to about working out. Man his shirt was sweaty. The big roo finally added as he saw Nate looking at the folder, "oh right sorry man I'm talking way too much."

"He didn't even ask for ID," muttered Sync.

Nate smiled pleasantly and said, "hey thanks."

"No problem," the big roo slapped his forehead and chuckled big ears twitching, "Oh right, I'm Jim Morgan by the by. I'll be heading back to the floor after I get some relief hope to see you out there. Still got to work on my leg and tail curls." The kangaroo named Jim said resting a large hand on his leg. He smiled at the dog with a dreamy full smile. Nate had to control his face so as not to react to Sync's muttered comments.

The door outside opened and the shepherd and saw that thick chested large red panda struggling through the door with a grunt. Seen in the light Nate could see the red panda had more of a power lifter body, thick torso and belly, powerful arms, serious development but he was very bulky for that door. Finally pushing inside massive tails waying he said, "hey man someone tell coach we need bigger doors?"

"It is on the list bro," the kangaroo said with grin, "what brings you back Kyle? You just left."

"I did?" the red panda asked walking forward powerful legs propelling him and the shepherd dog took in the fact the rusty red, black bearded face in contrast to his white muzzle, even his ring

tail looked thick and potent. The guy had a distinctly strong scent, “Dude I got to my car and forgot what I was doing and figured I’d come in and do some curls until I remembered what I was doing.”

“I’ve been there,” Jim Morgan the big roo said flexing a large arm

“Damn dude love your definition,” Kyle the big red panda said resting a huge hand on the roo’s bicep and squeezing it as Jim smiled and flexed again for him. The shepherd watched as the two drew closer still hand still resting on that bicep. Was this sort of intimacy normal for a gym?

“Yeah? Coach has really been giving me some personal help with my work work,” said Jim with a grin.

“Lucky, he got me onto my power lifting ya know,” said Kyle.

They had drawn even closer hands still feeling firm furry bodies as Nate decided this wasn’t really important to checking the gym out. Fun as it was to watch. He coughed getting Jim’s attention and said, “so where is the locker room?”

“Oh right,” Jim’s ears turned red as he blushed the red bearded roo slapping his head. Nate pointedly ignored Sync’s frustrated bark at their interruption as the kangaroo said, “sorry dude.”

“New member?” asked Kyle the large red panda

“Yeah checking the place out,” Nate said with a wag of his tail.

“And i should have started the tour sorry dude,” the kangaroo said, “Its just you gotta appreciate a guy’s gains am I right?”

“Ah man I’m going to the locker room anyway,” the red panda gestured at his too small tank top, “Forgot to change out of my work out outfit anyway. I’ll take im there and you can handle the door.”

Small introductions were made and Nate followed the large red panda through another door and the dog found himself in the gym proper. A lot of noise of grunts, slams of metal, heavy breathing, and other sounds as all around him he saw men working out and flexing and using the gym. The permeating smell he had sniffed in the foyer was far stronger in here. It almost made is head swim as he walked after the red panda glancing around and seeing big and large men working out. He felt like the smallest guy here which seemed crazy. Nate knew he wasn’t tiny yet every one was big.

As he passed a shaggy maned thick mustached lion doing curls a husky dog with a curled tail did lunges. Was it his imagination or did the lion’s pants twitch as he watched that husky’s curled tail? Other guys were lifting or stretching. Nate really was going to have to tell Sync to

stifle his comments. The guy kept aking little gasps and sharp small barks seeing some of the guys. He muttered under his breath, "take a screen shot it will last longer."

"Wut?" asked the red panda looking over his shoulder

"I was saying it feels odd to walk through the gym to get to the lockers," the shepherd dog hero said.

"Its great way to see everyone," Kyle waved a large hand at some other big sized guys who were stretching out showing off their power lifter bodies a bit.

Nate paused as the red panda went over to greet them. He heard jokes about Kyle having just left. As he stood there though he turned his head and spied a guy lifting seriously large weights as he laid back on a bench. A thick large red tail twitched as the massive male lifted his muscles flexing. Huge arms and massive chest moving as he grunted and lifted. A thick beard on his muzzle. That had to be one of the biggest foxes Nate had ever seen. An older guy but seriously big in size his hands gripped the bar as he lifted. It was odd, Nate quirked his head a bit, the weight lifting guy looked weirdly familiar. Like he had seen him before and yet he couldn't remember ever seeing a fox that big.

He considered turning a bit and pointing his dog tag cameras at the guy so Sync could get a look but that would be petty obvious and say something out loud didn't seem wise. As he started ot look away he paused again seeing an equally massive bear working his own bar up and down. Some serious heft there. That bear looked oddly familiar too but while he had seen big bears before he couldn't place where he had seen the guy.

Standing over the bear watching the bar was a, relatively, smaller tiger. Big shoulders, irm solid build. He wore a green cap pulled down low, a light green polo shirt, and green fym trunks with green high tops that contrasted with his lustrous orange fur. A powerful boxy muzzle framed in lighter orange smirked as he spoke to the bear leaning over close the guy's crotch above the bear's head obscuring his face a bit. What an odd feeling of familiarity.

Nate shook his head a bit as he hear Sync say, "hey the escort is done."

Right, the doberman hadn't seen the guys. Well he'd spy them around eventually. He followed the big red panda into the locker room. The smells weren't stronger but it felt more humid. The big powerlifter pointed over to a large door with steam behind the glass and noted it was the new steam room everyone used. He added, "but you need The Coach's permission. Safety and junk."

"Right," Stretch Shep in his civilian outfit nodded as he asked, "so what does this coach look like?"

"Oh you just saw him, he was that tiger helping Big Bear," explained Kyyle.

“Big bear?” Sync asked over the communicator.

Nate asked, “big bear?”

“That’s our name for the big guy. Then theres that fox we call im mountain. Neither of them say much but Coach really works those two. So you’ll see them around,” explained the red panda who looked around and said, “wait why did I come in here again?”

“You were showing me in,” suggested Nate.

“Oh right, well back to curls,” the big panda said with a gleeful bounce in his step.

“Not the biggest brain trust,” Sync noted

“Distracted,” Nate muttered as he found his locker which was a bit away from the doors, “nothing too odd around here.”

“Well besides the utter wall to wall eye candy,” Sync said with a nervous chuckle

“Yeah true,” Nate said under his breath.

The dog quickly changed his shirt and pointedly clutched the dog tags as he changed his pants. Sync was not getting a free show. Back outside of the locker room. The hero began to circulate moving between parts of the gym. Sync had been right there was a logical path to follow so the doberman could get everything on the dog tag camera scanners. He started with stretches and planned how he would work slowly around the gym. Not that he needed stretches but he did need allow profile.

It was strange there were no TVs and no work out radio music. Nate could have sworn that was a thing with gyms. Everyone seemed really dedicated to their work outs. He did some free weights studying the gym. The strong scent in his nose the sound of the place, guys chatting and chuckling. He spied Jim Morgan the big roo enter the gym and start doing stretches as well.

Nate found himself falling into a rhythm as he slowly moved around working out around these big men. Getting advice from them on proper technique. Flexing, lifting, twisting, kicking. It was all so immersive. Even as he worked though it was odd how he kept missing the big green shirted tiger. Sync’s little comments sort of faded into the back ground as well until he heard the doberan say, “Holy hanna is that the time?”

Nate decided not to comment on the term Holy Hannah but he did look at the clock and his eyes widened. He had been working out that long? How? He paused in his reps and set the weights down and looked around feeling confused. He had lost that much time. That, well that had to be weird.

But was it? A Thought pressed in on him. He had been enjoying the work out and it had been calming. This was a nice gym. The guys here were cool. The shepherd shook his head. He was going to be sore tomorrow sure and he still should do a night patrol as Stretch Shep but yeah it had been nice.

He said aloud, "oh I should get out of here, I have a thing."

That was a lame cover but no one seemed to notice so he passed back to the locker room. He wanted to ask Sync if he had seen that fox or bear. He had to have seen the Coach though. The guy had been around. Still talking to himself seemed unwise.

In the locker room he pause at the big mirror and looked at himself. It was odd he could swear he looked bigger. Thicker, more swollen. That couldn't be the case though. His rubbery frame just didn't do that and who ever heard of growing big from a single work out even if it had been an intense one. Still he did feel bigger. He took a moment to pose in the mirror with a smirk and heard an audible, "goodness"

Stretch Shep looked at the mirror and rolled his eyes he then took off the tags and put them in the locker first as he said, "no show for you."



He ignored the protesting comment. He'd strip down, clean up and get out of here. Check in with Sync more formally too. Taking his shirt off he sighed the shepherd dog jumped as a large orange hand pushed the locker door closed firmly. He looked back over his shoulder and gasped as striking yellow eyes met his.

"Ah, hello you must be Nate," the tiger in the green cap said. His whiskers flicked around that powerful muzzle, "We didn't get introduced earlier. Too many eyes on us I'm afraid. Everyone calls me Coach"

"Not a problem," Nate almost stammered that voice was so rich and thick like honey he saw those big arms moving a bit and smelled the tiger's scent. Such a strong smell, a familiar one. It was like the tiger Coach's smell was everywhere and permeated the place as he smiled again at the dog.

"Well I saw you really had some focus out there."

Decent technique with some work you could really shape up,” the tiger seemed to loom over him as he smirked, “really stretch yourself. We just have to figure out the right work out for you.”

“That would be great,” Nate smiled at him a bit feeling those eyes over him wanting to relax into that big powerful body, “I, uh, was trying the place out.”

“Its a good gym. A safe spot for fellas,” the tiger smiled again, “I’ve been trying to make a good place here. Hope you’ll help me with that.”

Nate felt a shiver down his spine as his tail wagged as the tiger leaned in just a bit closer that muzzle near his as he said, “I like helping guys reach their best shape.”

“I, uh, yeah that sounds really good of you,” Nate had to stop from panting at the guy. Man, he smelled so good.

“Come back tomorrow,” the tiger said simply adding, “and don't bother changing out of those clothes you can do it at home. You might as well let the gym linger on your way back.”

Nate nodded. Yeah that made total sense. He smiled and wagged his tail as the Coach looked him over and then turning the tiger’s long tail flicked over the dog’s waist for a moment as the Coach added, “good seeing you here. I’m going to enjoy getting to work on you.”

Nate felt himself panting a bit as he opened up the locker and grabbed his things. The Coach was right. Why change his clothing right away? Leaving the gym he really had to walk through a wave of feelin liek he could do a few more reps. Finally passing by the front desk which had that mustached lion working it he waved good bye and stepped into the fresh cool night air. It was insanely late.

Squirming as he walked he could swear his shirt and shirts felt tighter, smaller, but that was crazy. Finally he heard Sync say, “man that guy sounded hot.”

“He looked hot too,” Nate said as he walked

“I didn't get to see him, the locker closed but yeah I mean, wow ya know. All those guys are great. Really makes you wanna push your limits and work out. I actually ordered some free weights to work on them when you go back,” Sync said

“Go back?” the dog paused in his walk, “did you see a reason why I should?”

Sync was quiet for a moment and then said, “not really. Nothing odd was going on I could see and my passive scans from the tags and video weren’t showing anything weird. Just a whole lot of eye candy. I mean half those guys I wanted to reach out and feel.”

“And then have them break your hand,” Nate noted coolly.

“With the way they were fondling each other? One of the guys literally grabbed another guy’s crotch while you were doing curls. I don’t think you noticed. You were in the zone. I think the guys are all, y’know,” the doberman said lamely

“Okay but point remains,” Stretch Shep said after a moment, “I mean I want to go back but its not exactly justified.”

“You have a month membership why not use it and you can check the guys out. I mean check the place out to be thorough,” said Sync helpfully.

The dog rubbed his muzzle and took a moment to sniff his fingers. Shaking his head he said, “and you want to tag along?”

“Good pun, and yes,” Sync said and added nervously, “if you’ll let me.”

Stretch sighed and said, “yeah sure. I could do with a break and trying to get in shape.”

“Maybe Coach will help. Hope I can see a pic of him soon,” Sync added.

“Don’t you have a dating profile pic?” asked Stretch Shep as he ducked around a corner and began to make his way home in earnest from the gym Titanic Gains.

“Trust me it isn’t great. Super blurry too,” mused Sync, “guy has a great voice though.”

“Yeah and let me tell you those eyes and the way he leans into a guy,” the shepherd dog huffed, “alright good night. I am not going to talk dreamily with you about some dude.”

Sync laughed a bit as they signed off and they went home.

A while later Tate Shaw now with his communicator off, not thinking about his assumed identity at Titanic Gains got home. Stretching a bit and dropping his duffle he shimmied out of hi shirt and pants easily despite how tight they felt and picking them up with one hand stretched his arm out and dropped them in the hamper across the room. No reason not to be tidy when you can stretch about. He paused sniffing the air and sighed a bit remember the Coach getting so close and his scent. Tate shuddered a bit a thrill making his tail twitch.

He checked his bags and things to see if he was missing anything. Anything to make him go back tonight and look around for it. A little excuse. That was silly, he had not forgotten anything. Still running into the Coach would be fun. He could go back tomorrow morning. Yeah he had some time. A quick morning workout to get the juices flowing and maybe run into folks there. It might be fun. No reason to alert Sync about that after all he was getting some weights to try out and they wouldn’t arrive until later. Then the dog mused he’d go back later with Sync prepared.

Day 4

The Next Morning turned out to not be a great day to go to the gym early. While Tate had gotten up at a reasonable hour and slept well he did notice an odd sensation. His shirt when he put it on felt distinctly tighter as did his pants. Very odd he thought looking in the mirror. He had some definition, more the usual and if he stretched himself back to fit his clothing better he had to focus.

Tate rubbed his muzzle. He didn't feel sore either and he had seriously worked out. Well clearly Titanic Gains had benefited him more and let his stretchy body grow a bit. He almost felt like whistling as he got the day started.

It had not been spectacular. The usual daily grind had started but the first thing this morning as he was getting a morning beverage the shepherd dog had to witness a crime. A supervillain one at that. Boom Boom Barney had decided to attack a bank and rob it. Who robs a bank before opening hours? Apparently Boom Boom did it. Stretch Shep had never taken on the sound altering hound dog with his bass guitar he called Edna or his Hootenanny henchmen. They had also never had to deal with him. Boom Boom usually didn't work in this area but he had apparently moved out of the usual stomping grounds looking for easier ground.

A few stretch punches, rubber band kicks and bouncing got the Hootenannys out of the way. Boom Boom for his part at least didn't skip away from his henchmen. He had assumed his sonic attacks would wreck the stretchy hero's ears. Boom Boom had fought Flex-o-Bill once and assumed their stretching powers were similar enough. Apparently not realizing Stretch could alter his head deafening himself and protecting against the attack. Boom Boom had stood to fight, and then got soundly wrapped up in one arm after his initial attack.

Oddly Sync called during the fight and alerted him to one Hootenanny Henchie trying to take a captive and he had stopped that, Sync had also found the henchman who had gotten away with the loot. Helpful guy in some ways. The rest of the day got into the same grind as usual. Patrols, life stuff. Sync had called in one other time when Stretch Shep had deal with a tricky rescue due to a collapsing crane. Really the doberman was going above the usual for his contract work. Part of Stretch Shep wondered if this would cost extra or if Sync was strapped for clients but he knew that wouldn't be nice and Sync was just eager.

So it was evening by the time StretchShep had gotten into his Nate outfit and headed to Titanic Gains. With the dog tags and the communicator on as they walked again avoiding the restaurant of Mr. Kupika again. Sighing a bit the shepherd flexed his arms back and forth feeling the tightness of his shirt. He really should remember to leave his gym clothes in the locker if he was paying for it. He paused and said into the communicator before he got to the gym.

"Wait who paid for the membership?"

Sync was quiet for a bit and then said, "Me. I used my slush fund. I figured if you didn't return I'd

use the refund mechanism they have in place.”

Tate considered that and then said, “We’ll go halves. I get this work out. You get to enjoy eyecandy. Fair?”

“Very fair,” he could almost hear the dobie wagging.

Stepping inside there was a mountainous rhino behind the desk this time whose shirt did not fit over a very hairy belly. The rhino stood up to greet him his thick body straining those shorts and shirt. Tate could relate his own shirt and pants were feeling a little tight and who wanted to go buying new clothes right away. He was waved in after a quick conversation, and Sync muttering about lax security, and got to the gym locker room.

Switching out his clothes he realized he hadn’t cleaned his shirt and shorts from yesterday and they still had the gym funk. Well it wasn’t a bad smell. He slipped them on, adjusted the dog tags and went to do his work out. Relaxing into a rhythm as he heard Sync lifting his hand weights in the background this time. Even that faded into a pleasant buzz of background noise.

Though Sync did finally break his conversation as he said, “jumping crickets how can you keep lifting this much? I’m totally worn out. My arms are aching.”

Tate paused in his lifts and realized he had yet again been working out much longer than intended. From stretched to thrusts to lifted had had yet again toured the gym around all these big muscled guys. Getting up and cleaning off a bit he said, “yeah maybe I am overextending a bit.”

He looked around. He hadn’t seen Coach or that odd fox and familiar bear. Shrugging he headed to the locker room. Looking in the mirror and making a muscle he quirked an ear. He really was gaining some mass. He could feel it and this shirt’s stink had increased too. He really needed to change it.

“Dang that looks good,” Sync said, “I am not having the same results.”

“Maybe its a technique issue,” Tate muttered as he slipped the dog tags into the locker even as Sync protested. Closing the door he considered his steps of operation. He really should do a cool down right? He wasn’t used to gyms.

“Great to see you back,” a large orange furred with black striped arm rested around the german shepherd making him jump in surprise and crash into that thick muscled pectoral under that green shirt.

Coach rumbled with a chuckle as he said, “eager aint ya.”

“Well ya know,” Tate didn’t try to push away from the warm chest his voice a tiny bit muffled,

“you made a good point yesterday about getting into shape.”

“I do like seeing guys getting into shape and being eager,” the big tiger looked down his cat shading those eyes as he studied the dog, “and returning tonight is a good sign of being eager don't you think.”

“Sure,” Tate found himself nodding a bit

“Good, i want a gym where guys can feel safe getting the shape they want and really get to know each other,” the tiger smiled his square muzzle flexing a bit as he leaned over to Tate's ear he added, “and I think you could be a great part of our gym.”

Tate nodded his head again as the tiger pulled away unwrapping his arm as he said with another rumble, “but you would benefit from better technique you're right what you just said there. We should work together. I help a lot of guys in their gains.”

“That uh,” Tate licked his lips heart thumping a bit, “sounds great.”

“What was your name again?” asked the Coach with a smile.

“Tate,” the dog blurted out. He heard Sync groan audibly and start whining about all his efforts. He turned the dog out a bit.

“Ah, for some reason i thought it was Nate. Must have been some bad paperwork,” the tiger smiled at him again and then turned, “I better get back to the fellas out there. You don't be a stranger pup.”

“Thanks Coach,” Tate said as the tiger smiled at him again and then left.

Tate quickly grabbed his bag and tags and left in his gymcloths again. Sync muttering the entire time, “I make all those plans and details and you toss them out cause the Coach asks.”

“Like you'd do better,” Tate muttered under his breath before smiling and waving at the muscle bound classic body builder boar behind the desk.

“I made such good social media posts,” said Sync with dramatic annoyance, “including new ones about a great gym experience.”

“Sync they were good posts. Really, I read a bunch of them” and he had too but the shepherd dog added, “There isn't anything odd about that gym. Its just a regular gym and if I keep up that identity it is going to be weird.”

As he walked Tate passed the restaurant. It was closed and he saw the owner, Mr. Kupika the cheetah had paused in sweeping. It was odd he had a dust rag in his hand and was pressing his

face into it. No, it was a light green shirt. Odd. Must be a cleaning rag but the older cheetah sniffing it was weird.

He shrugged and kept walking, "I slipped up but that gym is fine."

Sync was quiet for a bit and then sighed, "yeah barring going through every guy there and looking at their data I cant find anything off. Coach Toby Chen seems fine. I'm still not sure where ge got all this money but everything seems legit."

"See," the shepherd explained calmly as they looked around and then put his mask on. Arms moving to stretch and swing back home, "nothing to worry about."

"Well except my arms. I'm going to be sore tomorrow from those weights."

He was going to have to go back without the dog tags though and see about an extra session without Sync. He had after all interrupted his rhythm

Day 5

"No doubt about it," Tate thought to himself as he looked in the mirror and smiled toothily looking at how his shirt stretched and rode up a bit and the sleeves hugged his biceps, "I'm seeing results."

Smirking as he put his still musky shirt back in his bag he left early. He'd grab something on his way to the gym. He really wanted to get a morning visit in and see about pulling off some extra time at Titanic Gains.

How this place was open to early and when it closed felt unclear. Tate briefly wondered if it was odd he didn't see times posted on the doors but that thought left his head as he looked at the grizzled meerkat at the desk. The male had to be one of the thickest meerkats he had ever seen. The big man waved pleasantly at least his had a name tag that read: Jamal, "oh hey man. Good to see an early riser."

Tate smiled brightly and his nose twitched smelling the increased scent as the meerkat stretched both arms over his head. The dog said, "cool so you're open?"

"Yeah I was surprised too at first. I used to work at this coffee shop nearby and walked by here to work. Thought I would come in for workouts before. Then I started knocking stuff over at work and couldn't fit behind the counter there so Coach gave me job here which is rad," said the meerkat.

Tate decided not to ask how he had gotten more clumsy. Obviously the meerkat had always been big a guy didn't just bulk up rapidly in a few days. He chuckled and waved as he walked into the gym. Changing in the locker room again he passed by the steam room which swirled

with mist. There was someone in there. Perhaps several someone as the dog heard moaning. It wouldn't be polite to spy. Well spy more then he had been with Sync.

There weren't many guys in the area today. That huge fox and the big bear were spotting each other. The thick mustached lion, and Kyle the power lifter and that was it. Still plenty of the gym space to have that permeating odor. Not that Tate was free from blame there he likely was adding thanks to this shirt and shorts which were riding up something annoyingly. He did stretches and tried to make sure his arms and legs and torso did stretch out. Moving into calisthenics he finally took on the free weights and got into a good rhythm. Odd how he didn't feel exhausted, like he had energy to burn and work to do to grow. Yeah, growing was good, growing like these guys was good. Odd thought but it was true. Right.

He paused as he set down the weight. No that was odd. Actually now that he thought about it there were a few odd things. All the guys were so large, they didn't seem to tire out easily, they had serious face fuzz. He was gaining mass too which was odd due to the constrains of his power. He considered that s he paused until a familiar voice rumbled, "what's this. Lazing about when you could be working out?"

Tate looked up to see The Coach full on looming over him standing over him the big tiger's arms crossed over his chest as he smirked those yellow eyes looking down at him. As he looked up he felt a blanket settling on him to just calm down. It really was fine and nothing to worry about. He smiled and said, "Just getting a breather Coach."

"Well take good even deep breaths. It helps with a good work out," the tiger smiled at him toothily and stretched his arms over his head. Tate felt like his nose was flooded all of a sudden by the strong scent that filled this place. Like the scent was purely of Coach. It felt like the tiger was just inundating him. His name might be Toby Chen but Tate thought of him as Coach.

"Yeah it can" Tate said blinking and shaking his head feeling a bit confused.

"It also helps," the tiger smiled at him and casually walked behind Tate a bit resting a large hand on his shoulder, "to have a Coach helping out. I'm just finishing up some real work with Mel but we should work together soon. Just take a look at my work."

Tate blinked as out of the locker room strolled a serious body builder of a guy. Big, sculpted, firm muscles under spotted fur. He was clearly older with that bushy gray mass on his muzzle and his chest. Still he walked with confidence in just a posing brief and strutting his powerful flesh. It was odd but Tate was sure the guy had to be a relation to Mr.Kupika the cheetah who had called him in. Tate said taking a deep breath to steady himself, "wow he looks pretty good."

Coach adjusted his green billed hat and smiled, "pretty good? He's looking much happier now that I got him trained up and swelled to the muscle man he always wanted to be. Look at that confident stride. Look at the way he loves to show off and how we all can admire him. Another great effort form Titanic Gains."

Tate nodded his head and then felt two large hands rubbing his shoulders and gently pushing him to lay back on the lifting bench, “why don’t you get some in pup. Let this tiger worry about things for you.”

“Yeah that could be nice,” Tate didn’t lie back though despite the strength of those big orange hands. He added, “but I’m not sure I can make that commitment.”

The tiger smiled down at him toothily, “you’d be surprised the commitments I can get from guys,” he nodded at Mel who was greeting Kyle the red panda by nuzzling his cheek, “all I want are for guys to appreciate themselves and grow into a good size. Just think what a bit of effort on your side and work from me could do for you Tate.”

He made a rumbling chuckle that vibrated through the dog’s body. He felt himself panting a bit thinking of those strong hands, that chest, that firm muzzle as the Tiger directed him, assisted him, helped him. He whined and said, “I mean it probably took you along while with Mel there.”

The Tiger yawned expansively and lazily for a moment as smirked at him running a thick paw over Tate’s ears making the dog shiver again, “oh it takes time of course. Time for all these guys but it isn’t so bad. Though that is the reason I want to wait a while longer before really working with you.”

“Yeah well that is nice,” Tate smiled a bit.

“Really see what this body of yours can do,” purred Coach Toby Chen with another growl, his tail flicking in amusement, “See what we can grow you into.”

Tate shivered as he felt those hands pushing his head around to look at that grizzle chinned meerkat entering the work out area his thick powerful thighs and stomach on display as he flexed a bit, “just think of yourself as a serious lifter”

His head twisted another the tiger’s eyes hidden by his cap as he looked down at Tate and growled, “or a serious weights man growing your size.”

Tate saw the big mustached lion as he worked.

“Or of course a guy like Mel all sculpted and adored,” Tate was looking again at the cheetah he panted feeling those hands rubbing his head the intense smell of male all around him. He whined a bit.

Coach let go of his head and said, “so many options Tate. I’m here to help guys grow. I want men who love their bodies and tower over others. You could be that you know.”

Tate bit his lip stifling his panting as he felt those hands on his shoulders again and he willingly

fell back on the bench. He felt a weight bar in his hands and started to lift gaping and grunting as the tiger towered over him looking down at him big hands there to catch the bar if he needed it. He grunted, “sounds, ugh, nice.”

“Oh it would be more than nice,” the tiger smiled again, “you must know I find you attractive Tate.”

The shepherd almost dropped the bar but it was caught easily as he wheezed slightly.

“Oh like that was a surprise for this gym” the tiger mused, “you’ve been enjoying the eye candy. I love making guys into eye candy. Seems reasonable enough.”

“I, uh, wasn’t sure,” Tate tried to recover taking up his reps again.

“Of course you knew,” the tiger mused with that almost smug voice as he said quietly, “why else would you be in here looking all around.”

“Good, ugh point,” Tate said as the tiger adjusted his stance and Tate’s eyes widened as he realized he could look up those emerald green shorts, up those firm thighs. He kept lifting, staring as he saw the tiger’s jock strap as it bulged. He whined and kept lifting.

“I’m just saying I can really help you out pup,” the tiger said with an amused voice adding, “and we can have some real fun doing it.”

Tate shuddered and nearly lost his grip again but those hands were there steady and firm as the tiger smiled at him, “and don’t you worry Tate. I’m always here to help guys out.”

Tate nodded panting still as Coach Toby Chen looked him over and then rested the weight paw, “Relax for now. As I said I do need to see about finishing Mel off and getting a few things done but,” he reached down and adjusted the front of his green pants with a cool smile, “I’m going to enjoy seeing you here more Tate. Why don’t you leave your clothes here for now pup. I think you need a rest.”

The shepherd dog lay on the bench panting a bit that scent seemed to strong coming from the tiger as he easily walked away back to check on Mel who was lifting with that strange bear and fox. Panting and breathing in deep he laid there for a bit until finally rousing himself he stumbled out of the gym his head swimming at the thoughts of what the Coach had said to him.

The rest of the day was a bit of a haze at times, his mind tracing back to the big strong tiger Coach looming over him, catching those weights, filling his space up. He did a mid afternoon patrol in costume and Sync had called to coordinate a more efficient search pattern. Since he was already on the line and not with another client they headed to the gym a little earlier the usual. Stretch Shep did not mention his morning encounter, there wasn’t anything odd about it really.

Besides a part of him wanted to see about a second session the first one had felt short for some reason but he couldn't place why it felt short. Arriving back at the gym Tate walked in dog tags clinking slightly as he looked around two grey wolves were at the desk. One in front and one in the seat. They had clearly been chatting but looked at the shepherd dog with ears forward and alert.

The one leaning on the desk in a blue tank top and jeans had a build a lot like Mel the cheetah or Jim Morgan the kangaroo. Big and developed and clearly willing to show off. The other wolf who had a similar grey, brown and white pattern was much thicker and wider. Clearly a powerlifter like Kyle the red panda with serious bulk and size to him, his own shirt stretched over a body.

"Hey there," the wolf who had been leaning on the desk wagged his tail, "new here?"

"Just coming these last few days," Tate said wagging back.

"I'm Ken and this is Ben," the tall muscled wolf posed a bit.

"Do they have another cousin named Len?" said Sync on the other side of the communicator.

Tate kept his face serene as he said, "nice to meet you both."

The powerlifter named Ben stood up on big thick legs and grunted as he posed his own shirt straining, "settle an argument for us. When you came in did you know we were identical twins?"

Tate blinked and looked between the two. Ben looked really broad and big while Ken looked more sleek but their fur patterns were similar.

Sync was tapping at his computer, "what? Seriously? Wait my computer facial recognition system shows their bone structure is similar. That is crazy."

Tate shook his head looking between the two of them, "no I didn't"

Ben the powerlifter smirked at his brother and flexed again, "told ya bro."

"Well he didn't know," Ken said dismissively smirking he looked at Tate, "Coach really has been training both of us a lot. Helping us find our look. Really helping us diverge a bit like we wanted."

"Yeah we can't share clothes anymore," Ben smirked pulling on his shirt and showing his belly, "and now everyone knows I'm the hot one."

"As if," Ken chuckled and posed again flexing his arms over his head. Ben followed suit and both men smirked at Tate. Sync made a muffled sound on his side of the screen. Tate chuckled

looking between them. Ken added, "can you believe the Gains we get here? We came in originally to lose some winter weight and Coach really helped us see what we really wanted."

"Wait," Ben tdug around his desk and pulled out a note card, "Are you Tate Shaw?"

"Yes," the shepherd dog paused as he looked between them, "whats up?"

"Coach left a message for you. He said you should take tonight and tomorrow off after this morning's session cause he wants to do some planning on your training," Ben said looking at the comically small note in his big hands.

"This morning's session?" Sync asked in confusion over the communicator.

Tate chuckled rubbing his head speaking aloud to both the Doberman on the other side and the two wolves in front of him,, "Yeah I came in this morning to change things up. He gave me a little talk but I assumed some work out was fine."

"Coach is just suggesting,"Ben the powerlifter wolf said, "but like, why not take a day off ya know?"

"Yeah can't burn the candle at both ends especially if he wants to do some more hands on training with you," ken said

"Man Coach taking time to train a guy is great. Was crazy when he trained Ken before me but it really showed off what I wanted in the long term," Ben added.

Tate considered that as Sync said with a slight crack in his voice, "you went without me?"

Tate smiled wanly, "yeah maybe coach is right I am hitting things too hard. I'll step out. Thanks Ben and Ken."

Slipping gout the door. Tate tried to talk to his communicator without looking obtrusive walking away from where the two wolves could see him he said, "Sync calm down I had a little free time and wanted to do some weights."

Sync was quiet for a moment and said, "yeah that makes sense its just I wanted to try more lifts while you guys all worked out."

"How are your arms by the way?" asked Tate.

"Sore as anything. I can't believe your entire body doesn't ache."

Tate walked past the restaurant that had called him in and briefly noted a hulking form moving in back. Was the guy now hiring folks from the gym? Well that was a positive change. He noted,

“stretchy form. I don't ache like some folks.”

“Oh right,” Sync noted and added, “still the way those guys work out I guess Coach does want guys to take breaks.”

Tate considered that and nodded, “for sure. You know maybe I will take off for the night you know? Maybe just do some light patrol and head home. Things have been quiet.”

“Yeah good thought,” Sync said and then added, “if Coach does does do some intense training with you I plan to watch. I want to see this guy.”

“You haven't seen him? I assumed you had done image searches too,” said Tate in confusion.

“Nothing recent. The guy doesn't have any good images or details online after a point. It is weird but not uncommon. Actually maybe I should spend the night doing some accounting. I bet I can find the money and the guy if I am not getting distracted by all the hot guys.”

Tate smirked, “sounds like a plan then. We can chat tomorrow. I will hold off on the gym tomorrow too. Might as well make sure Coach thinks I actually am sore. That helps my cover.”

Though a part of the dog was disappointed he wouldn't meet with the Coach that evening.

Day 6

The deli Tate walked into the next afternoon was pleasant if a little small. Sandwiches, sodas, and a counter for getting cut meats. Despite having been in the city for most of his life and being a superhero who patrolled the place he had never been inside the tiny place squished between other shops.

Looking around he saw the eager waving arm and the caramel brown hand. Tate had found his shirts and clothing still felt too tight and he did pose in front of the mirror but it was clear he hadn't gained much mass yesterday. Though it was ridiculous to think Titanic Gains had caused him to rapidly grow. He had gotten a message that morning that Sync wanted to meet up in person. He was in the city and didn't want to talk over secure lines and had been researching Coach Toby Gains more thoroughly so that had to be the reason. The shepherd suppressed a twinge of worry about the Coach. He really did not want him to be a bad guy.

Joining Sync for lunch the shepherd looked over the blond haired doberman with his round plump cheeks and tall pointed ears. His black nose wiggled a bit and he smiled. Dressed in khakis, a scarf, and a nice sweater. Everything about Sync screamed stylish IT professional nerd. Even his Dr. Whom button seemed to be in the right spot. He was plump and on the small side but not a bad looking guy.

Sync stood up and quirked his head a bit as Tate drew closer, "I guess the gym is working for you."

"Yup," Tate chuckled showing a muscle. He noted Sync had a soda and roast sandwich ordered and added, "should I get something?"

"Yeah of course," the doberman said brightly. Okay good mood so maybe he hadn't found anything really serious? The Shepherd dog Tate ordered his own meal quickly and got back to the table. Sitting down Sync munched his sandwich saying, "I did a ton of local restaurant research this place is out of the way but locals love it. Really solid sandwiches and prices. Also good pickles."

Tate chuckled a bit, "Dennis you make it sound like you made spread sheets to figure out the perfect place to nab lunch."

"I did," The doberman smiled and then added in a low whisper, "oh i guess we should use regular names."

"At this point I think we have to assume if someone knew who either of us was and had us bugged there would be bigger problems. It isn't like any of the Sinister Seven have it out for me or have been active."

Sync shuddered, "gosh don't even start the seven most dangerous super villains on earth. Glad they don't work together much."

"They actively compete with each other last I checked," Tate smirked a bit and added, "and I'm not as important to them,"

"Yeah Dinah Delphi sent out an update report to all the research folks she's tracked six of the seven down. Not too hard with guys like Sidereal Sidar, Krakoa Kimberly, Professor Pretorean, or Master Devastation I guess but I appreciate the updates. The only one missing is Sovereign Master."

Tate shuddered as he looked at Dennis adjusting his thick rimmed glasses as he remembered seeing some of Sovereign Master's exploits. Everyone knew that telepathic and telekinetic supervillain was bad news and some of the greatest superheroes on earth had nearly been beaten by him and his telepathically enslaved minions. Deciding to change the subject from the creepy little sneering fox Tate said, "I sometimes I think I should be annoyed Nasam isn't on the top tier list, Dennis. Is there, like, a form I should fill out? I don't need him crawling up to me for him not getting proper accolades or whatever. That's



something he'd do."

Sync considered that and the doberman sipped his soda and then said, "Nasam is bad news as a major foe. I'm still not sure how you can fight that magic user. He's is freaky and high on most threat lists. Most magic users are but they're so unpredictable. However, the big reason he's not in the seven is that he isn't good at team work. Everyone on the Seven has insanely huge resources of funds, minions, and connections. That adds a lot to their raw power."

Tate considered that and nodded his head at the Doberman, "Yeah, Nasam doesn't really do henchmen."

"I was reading some of the reports on him," Dennis shuddered, "not a someone I'd like to face off with."

"Better than Sovereign Master," noted Tate with a shrug, "People are still freaked about some of the stuff he did a few years ago. I still can't believe he's just gone to ground that guy loved attention."

"The current theory is he either pissed off some cosmic entity or he has plans," Dennis waved his hands and then nervously settled them on his lap, "sorry everyone tells me I talk with my hands too much."

"You're fine," Tate chuckled, "considering some of my weird hand gesture skills. So what did you learn about the gym and Coach?"

Dennis quirked his head, "pardon?"

"I mean that's why you wanted the meeting right? You learned something big and important?"

Dennis actually blushed and looked at his drink, "oh, yes, sorry I understand. No, I hadn't found anything. I know Coach Chen grew up in the area. Middle class background, degree in sports medicine and nutrition. There are weird gaps and no idea where the serious cash to support that gym came from. It is odd but none of it raises red flags for me to kick it higher. Ya know? He's not connected to organized crime I know that, and the money is weirdly squeaky clean. The obvious bit of illegal steroids or sports betting didn't pan out," Dennis paused and ate a pickle spear, "sorry, shop talking."

"Okay," Tate nodded slowly so you wanted to meet up here because," the dog paused and studied the blushing Doberman and he sighed, "you wanted a date?"

"What? No? Well yes but I mean," Dennis Brukman winced, "sorry. I mean I know this isn't a date but I thought it would be nice to meet in person and, uh, stuff."

"And see if there was chemistry," Tate folded his arms looking the doberman over, "you dressed

up or is this your usual look.”

Dennis' eyes fell to his plate, “usual.”

“Dennis,” Tate sighed, “do I need to be the one to explain all the problems with you flying across the country to meet me for a lunch, not tell me if was a date, among several other problems? This isn't a romantic comedy and neither of us are Bollywood Bard, this isn't cute.”

Dennis winced again and looked down at his food as his hands twisted on his lap. If Tate had been doing that he would have made literal knots of his fingers. He mumbled, “sorry.”

Tate sighed heavily and rubbed the bridge of his snout, “Dennis you're a nice guy and I do think you're cute. Really, I wouldn't say no to a date but you can't just pop in like this and not be upfront. That's the problem here. I mean I know you're a Sparker like me but I don't know your powers so I have to assume you spent serious money coming.”

The doberman shook his head, “no, no. It isn't that bad. I just,” he sighed, “I don't like talking about my powers. Everyone assumes I can do more then I can. I'm a bit limited, really limited,” the dog frowned looking uncomfortable, “unlike you, you've got full talent in them. And like, I just, you know you're cute.”

Tate smiled and rested a hand ont he doberman's and said, “you're cute too but you can't make a secret date with a guy.”

“I'm just bad at this. I figured once I came out, had my own place, and got out of Utah I'd, well, it would all start fitting together. It just,” the doberman frowned and looked away, “you don't need my backstory.”

Tate chuckled, “you're fine. Look, I should have been upfront too. We both have been a bit dumb about this gym and doing eyecandy watching together. That's weirdly intimate and I should have set boundaries or whatever.”

“And I should have, like, said something sooner and been more clear,” said Dennis with a sigh.

“You seriously having trouble with dating?” asked the shepherd dog.

“It, I think I come on too strong?” suggested the doberman with a chuckle.

“Maybe but you need to practice is the thing,” Tate looked him over, “the business going okay?”

“Mostly,” Dennis shrugged, “I wanted it to really take off but I don't have marquee research powers. I'm just good with data and computer hacking. Its something but my client list is small.”

“Okay so you're not in trouble but,” Tate chuckled, “you really think its smart dating a client?”

Dennis looked at him and his eyes widened before he buried his face in his hands, "oh I didn't even think of that."

Tate chuckled, "how about this. I'm good being your friend for now if you want. We can hang out a bit. Let's, well, we can talk more and junk. I think we have to wrap up the Titanic Gains Gym thing. I can't keep going. I'm gonna slip and get stretchy. Also you can keep looking at hot dudes for hours."

"Yeah good point," Dennis nodded.

"Not like anything really odd is going on," Tate added, "so how about tomorrow is the last night and then we move on?"

Day 7

It was actually fairly early in the evening. Sync had returned home, he was unclear on how but had refused being dropped off anywhere. He had researched when the biggest crowd went to Titanic Gains somehow and here Tate was about to walk in.

"One more round then we cancel out," Tate muttered to his communicator.

"Deal," said Sync

Walking in the shepherd dog waved to the big lion behind the desk who flexed and waved him through. Chuckling Tate sauntered to the locker room with a bounce in his step. Going inside he saw Ken and Ben the twin wolves, Kyle the red panda, Jim Morgan the kangaroo, and even that huge fox and the bear in back. Most of them in underwear or only partially dressed.

Sync whistled a bit and Tate heard a shredding sound. He chuckled, "enjoying?"

"Yeah also I'm opening that box you sent me," said Sync.

Tate paused as he opened his locker door. Box?

Sync crinkled some paper and then he audibly pulled something out. Tate searched his memory. He didn't remember sending a box. Not at all. He heard a ziplock bag being opened and then Sync said, "woof, oh my Stretch this is such a mixed signal. You sent me your jock strap in the mail without telling me?"

"I didn't send you my jockstrap," Tate perked up surprised, shocked.

"Ah," a firm voice purred, "it arrived on time then?"

Tate spun around and stared as Coach stood there towering over him with an amused cunning grin as he lifted the brim of his hat and reached out grabbing Tate's dog tags and lifting them he smiled down at them, "That jockstrap happens to be mine Dennis. Or do you prefer Sync? No matter, I wore it for three days straight marinating in my scent just for you. Take a big whiff and hold onto them."

The tiger let the dog tags drop and smiled at Tate, "sorry Stretch Shep but I did want to make sure your friend on the other side got a whiff."

Tate's eyes widened as he stepped back slightly looking at the smirking tiger. He heard Sync make a loud sniffing sound and then a helpless moan mumbling about feeling tight. The shepherd dog finally lamely said, "I, uh, don't know what you mean."

The tiger Coach rolled his eyes and said loudly to the room, "hey everyone but the fox and bear take a load off and relax with each other."

Kyle giggled as he grabbed Ken and pulled him against his body. Jim the kangaroo smiled as he kissed Ben both wolves grunting and smiling as well as hands petted each other. The four men getting lost in each others bodies. Tate's eyes widened seeing that but he heard Sync say, "oh, oh no Stretch I just got image recognition on Coach Toby Chen. He's got an alter ego. He's Titan Tiger."

Tate felt like his head was spinning as he looked at the smirking tiger's broad muzzle, his strong arms. Remove the hat, change the shirt, gym shorts, and sneakers for green boots, a sleeveless green armor and pants with a utility belt. Show off a classic flattop haircut and Tate could easily see it. He spoke carefully, "Titan Tiger?"

Coach chuckled ruefully, leaning back hands on his hips as he smiled tail flicking, "See this is why when I found out those dog tags were transmitters I avoided being near you when wearing them and hid these two," he motioned at the mountainous fox and the bear, "Good for you Dennis getting me so quick. I did a lot of work to make sure most of my online photos were bad. The best one is that old dating profile which I'm aware looks awful. I'm not surprised you didn't recognize me Stretch Shep. We never sparred before. I never took contracts in this city or where I might run into a hero from this area. I liked having my civilian identity."



“You seem very convinced I know what you’re talking about,” Tate said as his eyes glanced over the fox and the bear. They were very familiar he just couldn’t place two big muscled guys like them.

“You literally interviewed Mel a week ago,” Toby smiled toothily, “I’m not an idiot and there aren’t that many shepherd dogs in this city. Besides you were physically weirdly resistant to my aroma. Add in that transmitter and it doesn’t take a genius to put it all together.”

“Oh crisps!,” Sync whined front he transmitter, “Stretch that bear is Grand Meister the malevolent maker. He’s a super villain craftsman he makes super tech on contract for some of the worst supervillains out there. When he doesn’t do that he likes ot make death rays and disintegration beams and drop them into the lap of violent conflicts and unstable people. He’s seriously dangerous and violent.”



Sync looked at the big bear with his smirking muzzle. The thick slabs of muscle on his chest as he stood there in just a pair of tiny boxers flexing big biceps. He didn't know much about Grand Meister, but when had he gotten so jacked. The shepherd dog's eyes flicked from the bear to the fox as a chilling thought ran down his back and he almost shivered, “If that's Grand Meister is that fox Sovereign Master?”

Sync made a very terrified whine.

The massive muscled fox didn't look anything like the waifish lean man in his robes who levitated over destroyed city blocks and cackled about his power. He looked like he could bench press a sedan car as he smiled broadly and said, “Yes, it is I Sovereign Master and today you fall into the clutches of the grand plans spun by my power to.”

Coach held up a finger interrupting the fox as he said, “Meathead shut up and strike a pose. Brick Brain do the same. Sync you will not press any alert buttons and if you have you will cancel them,”

The fox stiffened and then he struck a pose to show off his frame and body arms behind his head as he flexed his chest thick hairy pits exposed as he smiled. The bear followed suit and bent over showing off his shoulders as he growled and smiled.

Coach smiled coyly and chuckled, “sorry but I think we’ve all heard Meathead’s little rants too often. The man does love the sound of his own voice.

Sync spoke up worriedly, “Tate I can’t send an alert I keep trying but I can’t seem to make myself do it. That shouldn’t be possible. Telepathy control can’t be sent over communication equipment and Sovereign Master had a range of only 20 kilometers.”

Tate narrowed his eyes and studied the coach for a moment before saying, “so this is your show then? No offense Titan but you’re not exactly the guy in charge.”

Toby Chen chuckled again warmly and walked closer to Tate who began considering how to tie the guy up in his arms. But he had no psychic defenses against Sovereign Master. The tiger smiled at him and said, “I prefer going by Coach these days or Coach Chen or Coach Toby. As for not being the guy in charge, well, you’re right. I was hired muscle, a henchman for when supervillains or crime syndicates could afford a Sparker helper. After all I can lift a van with relative ease and I am resistant to a lot of physical damage,” he smiled again showing teeth, “I just neglected to mention my real talents, powers, or plans. Or that my sturdiness and strength was a side effect to my real power.”

Tate looked at him trying to process all that, it just raised a lot of questions.

The Coach adjusted his hat and he reached out and lifted those dog tags again as he said, “but I’m monologuing and I’ve never been a master of that sort of thing. My issue is this: what to do with you Dennis.”

Sync whimpered on the other side of the communicator and Tate narrowed his eyes, “Hey, you leave him alone. I might be in the thick of it here but I’m pretty dangerous and you’ll have to go through me.”

The Coach looked at Tate for a moment and then rolled his eyes, “See this is why I shouldn’t do monologues. Everyone assumes I mean to be evil and threatening. Then you have to offer some Bravado. I’m not saying I want to threaten your friend. Wait are they a significant other? I’d hate to cause serious issues there.”

“What? No, he’s not a significant other,” Tate said with a huff of annoyance.

“Well gee, thanks,” Sync said over the communicator.

“Well good, I hate causing that sort of trouble. Once is enough for me,” the tiger smiled at Tate again as he said, “no my issue is this: your friend is a huge security leak. It isn’t like I can send minions to go pick him up from his base of operations. He’s several hours plane flight away and I don’t have a private jet, nor do I have minions trained as black ops kidnapers. I have a lot of bros and jocks who like to go to the gym. Eventually he’d be able to slip out of his apartment or

figure out some way around me and alert any number of dangerous forces.”

“so ,” Tate quirked his head, “why reveal yourself?”

“You mean besides the fact he had enough puzzle pieces to cause me trouble? Simply put I wanted to make an offer to the lad to join me and my organization,” the tiger pointedly looked at the dog tags, “I have an excellent benefits package and tons of eye candy. You can still do contract work for heroes. You just agree to keep my secrets Sync. That Jockstrap is a fun little addition so you get a hint of the fun. The fact is I’m not using mind control to stop you from calling for help. I’m using Suggestion. You can override that easily if you actually want to do it.

Tate quirked an ear for a moment and then said, “yeah I dont think I’ll be repeating his response verbatim. He did note Suggestion and hypnosis should also not work over communication lines.”

“Which is why you’re here so at least both of you could in theory listen. I did not want you two bringing down bigger powers. I’ve seen what some of the heavy hitters can do. Besides I was a scrawny gay asian kid in public high school I know what big tough authority figures will think of my little project,” the Coach sighed dramatically resting a hand on his forehead, “Obviously Sync you do want to listen otherwise you’d have called for assistance. You’re either very attracted to me, which is possible, or you’re curious, or both. Why not listen to my sales pitch? You’re nice and safe far from me and Stretch Shep isn’t in that much danger. It isn’t like I can order you to appear right in front of me.”

There was an odd swirl of sparkling light and suddenly with a loud POIT Sync the doberman was standing there in the gym next to Tate. Wearing a pleasant sweater vest, tight khakis. His glasses askew and a jock strap hanging from his muzzle. He looked around and then blushing horribly he grabbed the jock off his nose and said, “darn it!”

Coach and Tate both stared at the doberman for a moment. Tate wondered if it was his imagination or did the chubby nerd doberman look larger then yesterday. Fuller and firmer. After a moment Tate said, “Oh, you’re a teleporter. That explains things.”

The tiger named Toby Chen looked between them and then lifting his hat off his head he chuckled, “well, isn’t that unexpected. I thought you were a low level super brain of some sort. I’ve rarely had a chance to truly speak with teleporters. The best ones I know are the assassin Presto and Proink Ferret, neither of whom wanted to talk much with me. Shimmer, Bright Star, and Shadow Slip in the hero department never wanted to chat. Very interesting that you could appear here so easily. You must have been very motivated to be here to take that as an order.”

Dennis rubbed his head with both hands one of which still held the jock strap as he groaned, “I don’t like people knowing I can teleport. I’m not very strong in it. I can only move myself and it took me forever to learn how move my clothing with me. I also usually need a object from a place if I haven’t lived there.”

"I supposed there is also a cool down time as well so you cant teleport rapidly like Bright Star," the coach leaned back a bit and rubbed his muzzle in consideration."

"Oh don't even get me started on that I need a good ninety minutes and a meal helps before I can do it," Dennis began to say and then he barked in frustration, "how did you get me to blurt that out?"

The coach waved his hand around the locker room, "You're inside the equivalent to a nuclear reactor for abilities and you've spent the last week getting subtle suggestion effects from that one," he pointed his thumb at Sovereign Master who was in another pose in just his briefs with a big happy grin on his bearded muzzle, "all based on trusting me. Well that changes the contours of this conversation."

"Just a bit," Tate stepped between Sync and Coach slightly but firmly.

The tiger looked between them and said, "at least listen to my sales pitch. A teleporter researcher could be invaluable."

"Here we go," Sync groaned, "My powers are very limited. Even if you, like make me a mind slave I'm not going to be useful, my powers suck."

Tate watched the tiger's face turn to cold annoyance and anger as he glared at the two of them he flexed his bare arms and then growled, "Do you know what was one of the most frustrating things to see in my years as a henchman? Working with all sorts of villains and criminals?"

"Besides rampant violence, crime, and degradation?" Tate mused with a smirk.

"Yes besides that," the tiger looked at Tate with some annoyance, "it was this bald faced stupidity of trying to rank powers out and boxing away people for having "weak" or "flawed" abilities. Some of the best criminals and heroes I have ever seen have been the ones to apply their powers creatively and smartly. Often because people underestimate them. Like you Stretch Shep you have tremendous power and you use it smartly. Clearly someone like Flex-o-bill or Polymer trained you but you apply yourself effectively then there is this idiot."

The large bearded fox paused in his posing and glowered as the Coach pointed at him, "I am one of the most feared powers in the world."

This would have been far more menacing but considering his posing briefs, that matched his old costume it wasn't very effective. The tiger looked at him squarely and then adjusted his cap while smiling toothily, "You see the hilarious thing is he is right he might be one of the most powerful telepaths, telekinetics and in general Sparker on the planet. Yet what did he accomplish with his abilities? This idiot was always obsessed with dominating people. Breaking wills and making people who would serve his every order perfectly. He poured insane amounts of power into overwhelming people and turning them into automatons."

The tiger chuckled with cold amusement and looked at the fox who had been Sovereign Master, "You want to tell these fine men why that wasn't wise Meatead?"

The fox chuckled and seemed to blush as he flexed a big arm as the Coach glared at him and he posed a bit, "I kind of forgot sir."

"Course you did," the tiger turned and smiled at Stretch and Sync as he put his hands behind his back and looked at them, "Doesn't have much bandwidth for memory anymore. You see he never experimented. He never tried to see other ways to use his abilities. He had all that power and no sense of finesse and he got his ass handed to him constantly. Whereas he would have won with a little experimentation and consideration. Like, say off the top of my head, affecting an area using subtle nudging. Telling people to take deeper breaths or just work out a little longer or how pleasant it felt to work out. How nice it is to be around here and how safe you feel. Trust your Coach. If you like to cuddle and kiss men this is the place for you. If you're very straight move on. All sorts of fun little suggestions and nudges to find people who want to be here. He didn't even know his mental compulsion and telepathy could be transmitted through electrical devices if it was subtle."

Sync looked at the fox and then at the tiger and frowning considered that for a moment, "and you taught him he could do it? You taught Sovereign Master he could break one of the major rules of telepathy"

"You assume there aren't others who keep it quiet. Besides, it has to be subtle," the tiger shrugged, "assuming he ever gets out from my thumb. Assuming he even learns his lesson."

"This is moving into weird ethics territories I am not an expert in," Tate crossed his arms, "Do you have a point."

"Simply that Sync's teleportation is not that limited if you think about it," he held up hand forstalling the doberman's retort, "I merely mean with a little cleverness you'd find more use in it. I am just annoyed you, a clearly intelligent dog, got it in your head that your powers are limited and weak and I'm sure someone who trained you put those thoughts there because they aren't as broad as Proink or Shimmer."

Tate looked the tiger over, "Alright let's assume we should talk and ignore the, uh, meathead thing."

"No that does need to be explained," Sync said looking at the fox and then back at the Coach, "but I'm not sure I agree. You're a strong guy essentially right? I can believe you need to be clever because there are always bigger stronger folks out there in some capacity. I think it likely helped you in the henchman thing."

“Hardly,” the tiger said with an amused flick of his tail, “As I said before that is more a side effect of my powers. I went into henchmen duties to learn about my abilities. To test them. To meet other Sparkers and their powers. Along the way I made contacts with all sorts of interesting people and collected some pretty oddball technology. I went into Henchwork because the villain set was more likely to believe my cover story of being strong and tough. Heroes might believe it too but there are some who have a bad habit of noticing inconsistencies and there are villains who track heroes trying to figure out their weaknesses. Why those villains who want to hunt heroes don't go after henchmen I'll never know. We henchies have all sorts of oddballs in our ranks.”

“Okay then,” Tate nodded, “why not come clean and tell us your powers. I'm guessing its something about your scent. A pheromonal thing?”

“That seems to be more a side effect as well. I think it allows me to connect with people a bit and acts as a sensory bridge,” the tiger Coach mused and then said with a small wane smile, “I've rarely said it out loud. However, I'll be honest with you two. I'm a Booster.”

Tate quirked his head running through all the vague terms he had heard for powers and the abilities for some folks. There were a bunch of slang terms as well and everyone's powers were a little different for one reason or another. He hadn't heard the term before. Hearing a small squeaking gasp he looked at Sync. The doberman had clapped both paws to his muzzle and his eyes were wide with shock.

“Do you want to share with the class?” Tate asked the shocked looking Doberman. Coach just smiled and leaned back a bit tail flicking while the bear and fox posed and the other guys in the gym giggled and groped each other.

Sync took his glasses off with one hand and began to clean the lenses with the jockstrap in his other caramel brown hand he paused realized what he was doing and slipped his glasses back on, “Really? I mean, that, well, really?”

“Oh yes I'm nearly certain there isn't much literature on it but you hear enough rumors and start to see them fitting together.”

“I mean,” Sync looked at Tate and shook his head and then back at Coach, “its just such a rare ability. I mean in theory there might be people walking around with it who don't realize they're a Sparker but,” the dog gestured, “I mean, rare is saying something. You're the first Booster I've ever met in person.”

The tiger smiled and flexed a large arm showing a muscle as he grinned, “like what you see?”

“I'd like clarification,” the shepherd dog said looking at the doberman he added, “can you do that for me Dennis?”

“Do you mind?” Dennis looked at the tiger in some awe now.

“Go ahead, I’ll correct as needed but I’ve ever been good at explanations,” Toby Chen said gently.

“A booster,” Dennis shook his head and then straightening his glasses he said more formally, “This comes from official files and studies keep in mind but a lot of it is unknown. A Booster or Boost is a Sparker who can influence other Sparker’s powers, only sparkers to be fair, increasing them or strengthening them in different ways. Essentially they can make a superstrong person stronger, give a telepath greater range, all sorts of things. Supposedly the best can boost parts of powers not just raw force. It is always temporary but if tactical it is huge. The most famous was Gloria Gidigt back in the 1950’s she worked with The All-American Sport. In theory a Booster can also Snuff powers. essentially removing them as well though that’s academic they’re so rare and tests have never been done on a wide enough scale..”

Tate’s legs wobbled and he lost cohesion for a moment as he stumbled on literally rubbery legs reaching out to different lockers to steady himself stretching out a bit he blinked and shook his head, “so, that is a lot.”

“Yes though there are holes or I’m an exception,” Coach said idly studying his hand for a moment, “the theory is right though. I can snuff a power out for some time. My record is about two months. Remember Doom Lord?”

“Ugh that idiot what an awful name and costume,” Tate rolled his eyes and chuckled, “he claimed to be able to suck the life force from people and threatened to kill an entire city. Course before he could do it to Jakarta he got walloped and he clearly didn’t have control on his abilities cause it was Teen Tomorrow that got him. He got stronger in prison but by then they had constrainers on him to contain him. Actually it was kind of funny the guy ranted so much they put it on internet videos about him screaming how his powers failed him.”

The shepherd dog grew quiet as he looked at Dennis the doberman’s eyes were wide with shock as he looked at Toby and said quietly, “you had a job in Jakarta stealing diamond with Ms. Heretic during the same time.”

Coach adjusted his green cap and his green polo and smiled pleasantly, “I didn’t feel like dying that day and I decided he didn’t need his powers.”

Tate considered that his mind reeling. He had no idea what Boosting his stretching powers would do, hard to think what that would look like. But losing them? Having someone else just take them from him. Not just blocked at a prison complex or with some superscience device but shut down? Hard to even think about. His powers were part of himself, they were part of who he was, and this tiger could just remove them without a show. There were several Sparkers hero and villain he knew who would fly into a homicidal rage at the very idea.

Coach frowned a bit and rubbed his chin studying Dennis for a long moment, “you know a lot about the topic?”

“I, uh, it is a hobby,” the doberman blushed a bit. I used to think a Booster might be able to, you know, fix my powers.”

Coach frowned at that and looked down his muzzle at the doberman, “your powers aren’t broken. They don’t need to be fixed. Still that leads into an interesting situation. I’d love to talk more about it with you pup. So I’ll put all my cards on the table. There are several other exceptions.”

“Such as?” asked Tate with some concern.

“Over time working as a henchman I figured out how to be subtle in my Boosting. Then I figured out how to make a boost permanent,” the tiger said rubbing the back of his head large arm flexing as his tail flicked

“I might need to sit down,” Sync said and then glancing at the bear and the fox he added, “and I really don’t like either of those guys knowing that.”

“Same,” Tate frowned at them both.

“Brick Brain and Meathead have known for months. When I, well, long story. Turns out neither of them believed in the concept of a Booster and didn’t believe I could do what I claim until I did some demonstrations,” the large tiger shrugged as both the bear and fox looked embarrassed, “the idea you, Sync, might know more could be a big help.”

The doberman folded his arms and frowned looking at them and feeling them for a moment, “how?”

“I discovered well before my Henchman days that my abilities worked on people who don’t have powers. I can essentially rapidly increase people’s abilities in a fraction of training time. You, uh, might have noticed the muscle mass.”

Sync and Tate looked at the various guys in the locker room and Tate remembered all the guys in the gym. Then they both looked at each other and then the tiger who chuckled with deep bassy rumble, “I have a kink for big muscled guys. Sue me. I can make guys big rapidly. I’m not sure why my scent causes it but I’ve always been able to do it. I didn’t know I could with focus do more. Well until a friend of mine became a sparker. You know ZapPuff?”

“The Poodle down in New Yerba,” nodded Stretch, “worked with him a few times. Man he’s a big guy. Not like super strong but really big and buff. He tosses around lightning and is super fast too. Nice guy if a little too much.”

“Old boyfriend,” Toby shrugged, “We both sort of knew by then I was causing his steady gains. He’d been a pipsqueak for years and very much a flaming gay but then we started our thing and well.”

“You’re behind one of the biggest Queer heroes on the continent,” Sync shook his head, “imagine if you were working with him.”

“Bad teenage break up,” the tiger shrugged, “and when I went into Henching he figured it was me and we made an agreement not to mess with each other.”

“There’s more then?” Tate said staring at him, “like a lot more?”

“Well you can see I barely had to work to make these guys particularly to my tastes. Big muscled and cuddly but I can permanently boost just about anything in a person with some time and work,” the tiger said with a shrug.

Sync narrowed his eyes, “yeah there is more. That’s already a lot but what is it.”

Toby frowned and adjusted his hat and then looked at them sternly arms behind his back evincing the full look of the Coach, “I don’t think ZapPuff would have had powers. I’m starting to think I can cause normal guys to spark into powers. I don’t have proof of that though beyond vague feelings.”

Tate and Dennis looked at each other and both of them stared as they found a bench and slumped onto it.

“I still believe that is impossible,” the bear formerly known as Grand Meister said in a pose, “flatly impossible.”

Sync waved his hand dismissively at the bear then blinked at what he had done and frowned before saying, “if you could do that Coach.”

“He’s already dangerous to a lot of people just because he can boost and snuff and like in theory he could make an army of lackeys into an army of big guys pretty quick. But getting powers,” he looked at Toby firmly, “there’s like 20 world governments I can think of off the top of my head who would put a bullet between your eyes and like dozen sparkers who would help.”

“Wow you made that dark,” Sync said after a moment, “this, this might be the most amazing thing of my life to learn.”

“I can see,” the tiger nodded, “you dropped the jock strap you were clutching it clearly is effecting you.”

The doberman looked at the floor and picked the jock strap back up. “You, uh think you can

make me bigger then?" He added, "so you chose Coach as a tag name?"

"It seemed to fit the truth of what I can do. I still have the Titan Tiger costume but I am not hiring myself out. And yeah if you let me Sync I'd love to make you bigger."

Tate stretched his arms out and pointed at the fox and the bears as he looked at the two of them, "ahem, how about you explain this first."

"Oh that," the tiger rolled his eyes and smirked, "doing hench work can be very fulfilling in some ways. I contracted myself out with certain rules and behaviors I won't do. Provisos and such and I was paid decently for contract work. You'd be amazed how many corporations will pay for a super strong tiger just to watch something valuable. I made a good name for keeping strict to my contract and delivering competence. A few Sparkers with strength can be idiots wanting to show off."

"But you were trying to figure yourself out so you tended to be quiet and study a situation," Tate nodded his head arms returning to their default shape. He added, "I know who some of your bosses were. I assume they don't know about the entire thing."

"I worked with some heavy hitters. Sidereal Sidar, Krakoa Kimberly, and Master Devastation. Sometimes instead of hardcash I'd request some tech or information. An interview. I don't think any of them guessed. I did learn a lot. Sidereal Sidar is a telepath, not many know that. Unlike Meathead," the tiger looked at the fox disparagingly, "he is subtle and careful. He also respects people's secrets. I asked a lot of questions on his telepathy and learned a lot. Master Devastation as you all know is a major technowizard."

"He'll never match the wonders I can make," the bear said fiercely, "I am a craftsman of glory while he just."

He paused seeing the doberman, shepherd, and the tiger glaring at him.

Coach continued, "I traded a three month payment for one of his devices. Not uncommon he often lets a henchman get a weird gizmo if he's willing to part with it. That time he laughed and paid me for two months. See it was this Cirplet he had invented to enslave telepaths to his will. While wearing it he in theory should have been able to control other telepaths and use their powers. You get the idea, but he found it wouldn't work if he didn't have telepathy and he sure as shit wasn't going to give it to any telepaths he knew."

"You found a work around," Tate smirked looking at him.

"Only one you'd know if you understood telepathy. See my powers work best when I understand the power, when I talk to the person using it and get in their head. Silver Sidar showed me something special. When a telepath uses their power they make a connect, a bridge of power between minds. It doesn't make you telepathic per se but I had a theory that with my abilities

and the circlette I might have a useful tool. That was a few years ago though, I'm not sure Master Devastation even remembers it. He has more weird science in his castle than most he doesn't remember what half of it does."

The tiger looked at Sovereign Master and said, "then a few months back this idiot telekinetically slams his way into my apartment. My normal person home here in the city."

Tate jumped up and glared at the fox, "oh yeah that is not okay. How did I not know?"

"He can be quiet when he wants to be. He just decided slamming into my place would set the mood right. Guy starts calling my place a hovel. Declaring I'm wasting my talents, the usual spiel. I get it every once in a while from some high and mighty doofus who wants my abilities. Often its guys with a serious ego who think I should give them a discount for properly using me."

"What he thought he'd get a discount by acting like a karen?" asked Sync with mild irritation, "no wonder so many supervillains hate his cheepskate ass."

"Oh it was worse. He was going to make an army of super strong mooks to, as he put it, finally show them all," the tiger rolled his eyes, "naturally he said all my provisors in my contract were unacceptable. That I'd be expected to destroy city blocks, slaughter people, all sorts of inventive things for my super strength. Really gotta hand it to Meathead the man has an imagination."

"I'm guessing contract negotiations broke down," Tate smirked looking at the larger fox.

Coach snorted, "I told him it violated my contract just coming to my residence and I'd be telling MatchmakerMooks and every other Henchmen hiring service he had done this. That's when he decided to tell me he wasn't going to pay me and he wasn't hiring me he was recruiting me. Full on telepathic attack at that point," the tiger smiled and it was toothy and predatory.

"Like I said," the coach smiled coldly, "I understood telepathy better than most folks and Sidar had taught me some defensive tricks. The fox here was actually irritated and angry at me for using them. He starts throwing a tantrum hurling stuff around my apartment because I'm not bending. Dumbass didn't see me get the circlett on my head. Which was when I hit back with my snuffing and boosting. I scrambled his very sense of his powers. He was still connected to me telepathically but I essentially screwed with his internal sense of them. It isn't a nice trick but its one I know well. Meanwhile my musk was already working on him into a suggestable state. All that together with how disoriented and just plain angry he was he didn't see the danger until I had control of his telepathy using the circlette and I turned all his domination power back right onto him. Guy actually went slack jawed as he fell to the floor under my power. Hey Meathead what did you say then again?"

"I, uh, don't remember sir," the fox said chagrined.

“Course he don’t,” the tiger said sweetly. He shrugged, “course after all that noise neighbors came to check on me so I had to hide the idiot and claim it was a loverspat. I had to be at peace I was never getting my deposit back at that point. The other issue was my entire henchman career was dead in the water. This idiot was under my control which would raise way too many flags and what was I supposed to do with him? Let him get away from me, get free and come back for revenge?”

Sync considered that and finally said, “and you couldn’t turn him in to the authorities because he might get out and you’d have to explain how you caught him.”

“Bingo,” the tiger made finger guns and sighed, “so I got Sovereign here to take me back to his main base. His sanctum as he called it. Turns out he had this mansion in Boca Florida of all places. So I settled in to study how to figure out how to fix this long term. Found some fun things. Sovereign Master is loaded with cash and funds. So I stole that obviously and put it in my own off shore accounts.”

“I didn’t find those,” Sync interrupted, “just a regular account.”

Toby Chen smirked, “Good. I knew I hid those well. He also had property and a lot of other stuff. I also figured out more of his telepathy and his abilities but no firm controls. Also the Circlette was really obvious when I wore it, annoying large too. So a lot of problems with my subtle preference. Then Brick Brain came into the picture.”

The bear looked between them all and flexed a big arm, “yeah, I did.”

The Coach smiled tail flicking, “turns out Sovereign had hired him to do a bunch of contract work for this new big plan and they were working together on it. He came in smirking, telling me what a dumb meathead I was, how I was going to be used properly. All the usual stuff. He also laid out all their plans. So I had can claim I had several issues then: even without Sovereign he was going to commit mass murder. He had also seen me with Sovereign. And he knew the fox’s plan. Really though I just wanted to wipe the smug look off his face. Can you blame a guy for deciding to use his new telepathy control crown to mentally dominate him?”

The tiger again had a predatory grin as he looked at the former Grand Meister, “to his credit he had a few tools to handle the fox’s powers but he didn’t know about my musk and he really didn’t see it coming. Then I snuffed his technopowers which really threw him for a loop. By the time he realized how over his head he was I had him kneeling.”

“At which point you raided his bank accounts too,” Tate suggested.

“Oh hell yeah,” Coach chuckled, “guy was even richer then Meathead. I also got him to redesign the circlette,” the tiger took off his hat and showed the band of it was covered in tracery of circuits, “I don’t have to wear it any more to control these two. I use it mainly to control Meathead’s telepathy if I need it. Most of that is my suggestion field, these days.”

“So how about all this,” Sync gestured around the locker room, “the gym and all that.”

“Well I eventually got them into a cycle of obeying me and following my suggestions just due to my scent and some minor telepathic tweaks. They pretty much fell into being body builder students under me pretty easily. Turns out the two had a really fucked up sexual relationship too. I won't get into that but it helped me keep them under control. It's just I was suddenly insanely wealthy, I had a supreme telepath, and a master gadgeteer. It sort of became a question of what I wanted to do.”

Toby Chen shrugged and smiled a bit, “I mean they were already looking different from their original looks thanks to all the mass I was piling on them thanks to my powers. I had always had this dream of having a gay gym where I could enjoy seeing hot guys and helping them reach full potential. Why not have that? I get hot guys, I can hide these two dolts in plain sight and keep them under control, and bonus the LGBT community gets a bunch of well meaning big muscle guys in it. So I liquidated their assets as best I could and sent all the more dangerous stuff and bases off to some of my previous employers who wouldn't ask questions and,” the tiger slipped his hat back on his head, “there we go. It's worked well. Meathead and I keep the suggestion field up helping guys feel comfortable and open. I train guys. They work out regularly. Brick Brain even builds devices for me to improve my scent abilities and permeate this place. That steam room is filled with a concentrated version of my power. Slip a guy in there and they get massive quick.”

“Which is what happened to Mel Kupika,” Tate noted.

“The guy was nervous coming in, I have him my full attention and now see where he is, from closet case, worry everyone will find out he likes cock to giant older muscle stud who likes to strut.”

“And them?” asked Sync nodding at the two posing large males, “you know you can't keep them under your power forever. They're both, well not smart I suppose, but dementedly clever.”

“Telepathy done carefully and properly is a powerful thing,” Coach smiled benignly, “You know the big muscle lion? He's Dr. Scott Sanchez a psychology professor. Real expert in minds. I've been working with him to slowly fix their brains. Remove the homicidal urges, fix the sociopathy, make them more stable people. It's slow going but I'm going to fix them into being regular levels of evil not monsters.”

“Quick hero huddle,” Tate said holding up a hand and then wrapping an arm around Dennis like a tentacle he steered the dog to one side and leaned in stretching his neck a bit. The doberman blinked at the overt power use as the shepherd dog said, “okay, so do we trust this guy at all?”

Dennis considered that rubbing his muzzle, “I mean he's likely messing with our heads using his musk and suggestion powers and the megaspark of the world's most diabolical telepathy. That said I mean is anything he's saying here really seeming off?”

“Several things legally,” the stretched hero noted as he curled his head around and added to the tiger, “just a second.”

“Take your time,” the tiger smirked and flexed his own shoulders a bit lifting his arms over his head.

“Right, well if he was really being coercive would we actually see problems?” Sync suggested adjusting his glasses.

“I’m pretty sure there are problems with that train of thinking,” Tate said with a sigh, “but he’s also got us over a barrel.”

“That too,” Dennis nodded his head a bit and blushed a bit, “but, like, what he’s offering doesn’t seem bad to me? I mean guys having a nice time together and getting bigger?”

The doberman looked down at his middle and felt his pudge, “I literally had the pound melt off of me when I smelled that jockstrap.”

“And you really think he can alter your powers?” suggested the shepherd dog Tate.

“Well,” the doberman blushed, “he has to be exaggerating most of that. There’s no way, but like meeting a Booster and studying them sounds incredible. I can’t overstate how huge that is.” Tate could see that nub tail wagging with glee he rolled his eyes.

“I’m sure there have to be ethical and criminal issues here that break laws including outstanding warrants on Coach,” noted Tate.

“He has 12 outstanding warrants in seven states and one Caribbean country,” Dennis rattled off adjusting his glasses, “but none for serious violent crime just like theft and being a Henchman.”

“I’ve let some criminals and henchmen go for worse,” Tate considered, “and the gym itself looked squeaky clean. I’m annoyed how much I want to be convinced to get on board for this and a big part is that it would be nice to just do this.”

“Right and then there are those two,” Dennis nodded his head at Meathead and Brick Brain the two big males had stopped flexing and were making out noisily, “Let’s be honest this is the longest they’ve ever been in captivity and away from threatening people. This entire thing is almost an elaborate prison for them. No one could seem to hold them and well.”

“They’re both awful,” Stretch Shep nodded his head and it bounced a bit due to his stretched neck, “and now they’re contained.”

“Like there’s ethical issues but what’s the alternative? Them threatening more lives? Killing them?”

the doberman stuck out his tongue, "I think in the confines of his abilities that Coach has them under control better than anyone else."

"So we go along then?" asked Stretch after a moment

"Do you have a better idea? We call back up or some major team and what happens?"

"This all gets shut down. Those two might escape. Everyone gets poked and prodded in an un fun way. Also someone finds out Coach's real powers and even if he can't be as strong as he claims, well, you know it won't go well," Stretch Shep considered and smirked, "also we both want to be surrounded by these guys."

"Yeah," Sync chuckled and nodded clearly excited

Turning around, Stretch Shep turned back to his normal proportions and smirking folding his arms, "okay Coach Chen we won't blow any whistles and we'll see about working with you. You just have to agree not to scramble our brains."

"Also we have autonomy to alert someone if we think you're going to do something horrific," Sync added

"More than reasonable," The coach tipped back his hat and smiled at the two, "But I reserve the right to let my scent make you both horny dorks and to help you both reach serious gains."

"Totally fair," Stretch smirked, "so what now?"

"Now?" the tiger stalked over and loomed over Sync the doberman almost quailing under his gaze his eyes wide, "now this one needs some serious attention as he clearly wants to," the tiger flexed a big arm, "grow."

"Well, uh," Dennis blushed heavily and stammered, "I mean we could work on my teleporting."

"Don't lie part of this is you want to see what it would be like to have serious mass," the tiger rolled a muscle and then maneuvered himself to rest a big arm around the doberman they started to walk. Sync's eyes wide as he nestled against the coach his black nose twitching as he was cradled into that green shirt. Stretch followed carefully.

They paused at the door to the sauna the window inside utterly opaque with steam. The tiger smiled at Dennis as he said, "I like to bulk guys up over a few days but you seem like the sort who might get a bit too nervous and over think it. So be honest and if I'm right, Sync" the tiger leaned down and smiled hungrily at the doberman, "we can go the quick way with you."

The doberman blushed and averted his eyes under the scrutiny as he winced slightly, "Yeah I think I would over think it and panic. I do that a lot."

"No shame in that," The Coach said with a smile clapping a big hand on the doberman's shoulder, "we all are a bit different pup. That's why you might need a Coach to handle that thinking for you."

"That Suggestion ability of yours is dangerous," Dennis bit his lip.

"Only if you want to stew in secrets," the tiger said with a firm smile as he reached for the door

Tate held up a paw interrupting the two as Dennis nodded his head a bit as he said, "quick question. I get Meathead and Brick Brain but are you mind blasting anyone else? Cause it seems like most of the guys are pretty caught up well," the dog gestured to the various big muscled jocks who were groping and nuzzling each other still."

"Way to ruin a rhythm stretcho," the tiger rolled his eye and then clapping his hands together he loudly called out, "Attention everyone except the two idiots. Eyes on me!"

Ken, Ben, Kyle, and Jim all looked up from what they were doing and turned curiously to look at the tiger. Kyle the big meaty red panda crossed his huge arms and said irritably, "What is it? Hey boss me and Ben were getting to the good stuff."

The wolf Ben had his hands down the red panda's trunks and had not removed them as he wagged his tail. Jim and Ken chuckled at the sight.

"Just making sure you all wanted to make out and were doing it for fun right?" the tiger smiled and nodded towards Tate as he said that."

"Wait when did that adorable Dobie boy get here?" asked Jim the kangaroo flicking his ears.

Ken kissed his cheek, "pay more attention bouncy. He teleported in."

"Wait," Ben looked up, "so the Coach's entire spiel about having super powers is real? I'm gonna have to reassess everything."

"Duh," Kyle sighed and waved his hands, "Hey dudes don't be freaked he just puts out warm fuzzy feelings about working out and we get bigger around him. That's it, we're not like his mind controlled slaves or some junk. I don't know the fox and the bear's thing I think its like a kink of theirs or whatever."

"Oh see I thought they just wanted to follow the Coach around to get seriously huge," Jim said.

"Exactly, a kink add in some weird dom/sub stuff," Kyle said as he rubbed the wolf's ears, "now

where were we hot stuff? Fuck, I can't believe I get to touch a big guy like you regularly before I got into this gym I was always scared to approach hot guys thinking they'd beat me to a pulp and now," the red panda made a muscle, "that wont happen and I get a horny dude."

Ken spoke up, "we were just ignoring you guys to be polite. For real."

The coach smirked and said, "go on and get to your fun boys. Dennis here is gonna be getting the quick route."

"Fuck yeah," grunted the red panda now obviously ignoring them.

Jim made a thumbs up gesture then dived back into kissing Ken.

The tiger looked at the shepherd dog, "better?"

"They don't seem completely clear on who you are," Tate shrugged, "but yes."

"Not many people get all the details and I'm not exactly going to tell everyone I have background as a felon or who those two dinks are," the tiger waved his hand and smiled at Dennis, "so Sync. Get huge quick and then we can explore my Booster abilities. Sound like a fair trade?"

The doberman nodded his head looking almost dazed with excitement. The Coach smiled and then opening the door towards himself thick clouds of steam escaped with that scent the entire gym was suffused with only it was somehow almost a physical wall as it hit Tate's nose. Then the tiger quickly pushed, almost tossing, the Doberman inside and shut the door leaning on it with his large hand as he called out, "you can come out when you can open the door."

"You're leaning on the door and you're super strong," yelled Sync form inside the steam room.

The tiger smirked and didn't reply as he looked at Tate, "so you okay with me taking my time with you? I honestly am confused why you haven't ballooned with muscle mass the last few days."

"Oh that's my stretchiness," Tate shrugged and wagged his tail.

"Oh that is interesting," the coach smiled toothily, "I'm going to want to explore that."

Inside the steamy sauna Dennis panted. He choked down a whine as he looked around worriedly. This was crazy. He had let a supervillain talk him into getting into a weird science device made by Grand Meister. A sexy, authoritative, genial tigerbut. Dennis bit his lip taking in the smell of this place. The smell that was very much like the tiger Toby Chen. It was his essence if he was to be believed. Thinking about bening cradled in that arm squeezed against

his muscled body. Dennis shivered. Getting that jock strap in the mail had been an insane thrill. Smelling it, feeling the way the scent had entered his head.

Dennis breathed again and his heart pounding and pulled at his shirt. It felt way too tight on his chest. Looking down his eyes widened as he saw his pectorals had swollen. That he had serious defined pectorals was a shock as well. His shirt pulled from his pants and his sweater felt even tighter as he felt himself growing. Oh, it was working.

Tate smirked and stretched his arm around the tiger a bit and said, "so how does this study thing work?"

"Questions, watching you use it," the tiger mused hand still on the door as he flicked his whiskers. Toby Chen studied the dog, "so you think your stretchiness makes it harder to build mass?"

"Oh it totally does," Tate nodded, and flexed a bit smirking, "not that you haven't had an impact."

"I've been curious can you change your fur pattern and other aspects of your shape? I know I've seen you become a sphere or wrap around a person," the tiger mused.

"Well not the color pattern and I'm not good at becoming like other people or species or that sort of detail. I sort of seem to be stuck as German Shepherd. Not many stretch types can also shapeshift with that kind of precision. Polymer's theory is we have increased malleability but we sacrifice precise changes for our durability. Unlike Mr. Nobody or the like," Tate folded his arms and smiled at the big tiger and nodded at the door and the billowing steam, "he been in there long enough?"

"He'll be fine," the tiger said looking at the door, "soon."

Tate nodded and said, "any other questions?"

"Numerous ones," the tiger lashed his tail with a grin, "among other things. I've enjoy watching you work out this past week too."

Tate chuckled at that and then nearly barked as he saw the door jiggle and wiggle. The Coach stepped back from it with a shrug as he said, "he's ready to come out. He didn't even try to leave before."

The door swung open and a shadowy shape filled the frame. With a few grunts and growls they passed through the frame thick wet musky steam filling the room and there he stood. Stretch Shep nearly stretched out into cartoonish shock as he stared. Sync stood there having obviously gained inches in height. He was huge with swollen triceps, biceps, and pectorals. His sweater was pulled open, his shirt stretched and tearing on his large body. A six pack visible

due to his shirt riding up. His large caramel brown toes wiggled in his ruined shoes stitches breaking as he moved. The legs of his pants shredding under the strain of his muscled thighs.

Sync stood there his glasses askew on his muzzle. His jaw had lost that bit of baby fat chubbiness and had grown into a firmer thicker muscled square muzzle. He smiled looking at Coach and Tate both of whom were staring in naked lust as he pulled his arms up in a pose. The sleeves of his shirt and sweater combo snapping and tearing ripping around his powerful muscles.

“How is this for development Coach?” the dobie asked before POP! RIIIP! The crotch of his pants tore and a very obvious jock strap was exposed to the air. The doberman looked down and then blushed as he moved his large hands trying to reach down to cover himself properly.

“Oh now don’t hide it,” called Kyle from the lockers. This naturally embarrassed Sync even further.

Tate added, “yeah, I think you’re going to have to get used to being looked at Sync.”

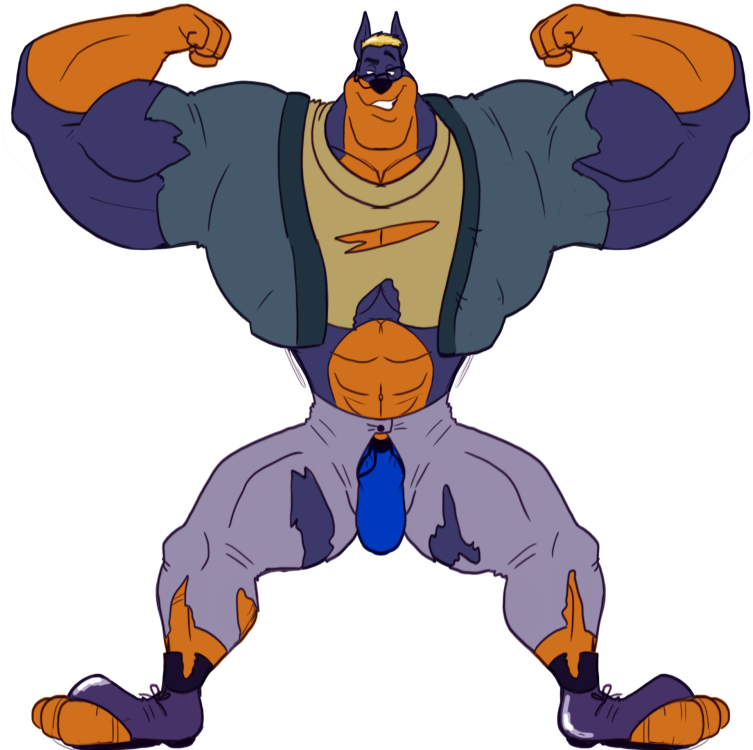
The doberman continued to blush but he moved his hands back a bit and stood there, “I feel amazing though, so, uh big guess. Sorry that sounded dumb its just overwhelming. I’m so big.”

“That’s normal when you get out of the steam room,” Jim the kangaroo spoke up as he playfully nuzzled his wolf partner. You can be a poet about it later just enjoy the feeling right now.”

“Is that my jock strap?” asked the tiger quirking his head and seeing the doberman’s obvious embarrassment he added, “I’m fine with you wearing it but why would you slip that on and then out your pants back on as your grew?”

Sync blushed even further as he muttered, “I, uh, teleported it on while I was in the steam room. I sort of switched it with my boxers. Those are on the floor in there.”

“I’ll have Brick or Meathead pick them up later when they’re cleaning,” the tiger mused studying the doberman, “I thought you said you had to wait to teleport.”



“Well I can switch the places of objects sort of on a trade thats easy,” Synx explained as he tried to adjust his glasses on his thick muscled head. He added, “its not like I can teleport people or myself though. And I can’t exceed a certain level of mass.”

The tiger rolled his eyes an shook his head, “and you think your powers are weak. Just imagine if you had taken up robbery. You could walk into a museum and steal a precious ruby with a thought trading it for a hard boiled egg or something.”

“I’m not really in the mood to steal precious gems. Besides, wouldn’t a jewelry store make sense?” asked the large muscled doberman with his bulging jockstrap. Tate looked him over and noted he wasn’t the biggest guy in the locker room even if you didn’t count the supervillain duo currently frothing through their posing briefs. But Sync was substantially more massive now.

“I meant for the fun of showing off like with a crowd of tourists watching,” Coach said rolling his eyes, “honestly do all heroes lack a sense of the dramatic?”

Sync looked at him pedantically and then paused feeling his huge arms for a moment he smiled and walked closer to the Toby Chen he smirked, “though, uh, wow Coach.”

“Like it?” the coach leaned forward his muzzle nearly meeting the doberman’s square jaw.

“Good golly yes,” the doberman nodded vigeorously and his glasses became skewed again.

The tiger looked at him for a moment and then shook his head chuckling, “good golly? Do heroes have to take lessons in not cussing?”

“You never met Flex-o-bill he can cuss a mile or Posie Patty,” Tate said with a shrug, “that girl can swear like a sailor.”

“I grew up in Utah in a small town give me a break,” the dog named Dennis rolled his eyes.

The tiger grabbed the dog roughly and then kissed his muzzle. At first Dennis tried to pull back eyes widen in shock but he soon melted into the kiss returning it their muscled bodies meeting as Tate chuckled in amusement at the, frankly very hot scene before him. Finally breaking the kiss the tiger said, “and yes i like it Dennis. I’m going to enjoy helping you work out and helping you reach full potential.”

The doberman whined panting again obviously aroused as he stood there in his scraps of clothing. Toby Chen added, “and also dressing you up. I’ve got a nice bit of money these days and I enjoy dressing you lads up.”

Dennis whined the young researcher hero standing their in ruined clothing, huge, muscled, and putty in the tiger’s hands as the Coach studied him. Tate was certain things were going to get

very interesting in the future. He smiled and wagged his tail as he leaned against the doberman's huge frame as he said, "looks like we'll be in for some interesting work."

"Well you do have to reach your full potential still," Sync said with a smirk on his muzzle as he wrapped a huge arm around Tate and pulled him close. The shepherd dog could smell the doberman's scent or the Coach's mus had permeated him.

The tiger just smiled at both of them as he said, "This will be fun."