

It was late, but I could wait. Besides, it's not like this was a problem, or something I didn't expect. He always worked out late, which I never understood. He looked so fierce and strong, and I knew for a fact he could lift at least two of me over his head. So why he wanted to hide that gorgeous body I could never really guess. But that wasn't a problem either, because there was a special sort of enjoyment in knowing that I was the only one who was getting to see him. The only one who got to see that perfect body of his. Well alright, even I had to admit it was only *almost* perfect. His arms and legs and pecs were lovely, but I loved a guy with a big gut too. But mind over matter, right? If I thought about it hard enough, I could make it real to me, so if I just-

He came into the locker room, covered with sweat and breaking me from my daydream. He saw me fiddling in my locker and said hello, giving me a big smile. Ugh, I couldn't help but blush a little. Dammit, I know he must have seen it too. But he kept on smiling anyway and said that he was glad he finally had someone to work out with, he thought he was the only one who liked working out at night. Oh, so that was it. Though he said I should actually try out the weights sometime, considering how scrawny I was. Wasn't going to get as big as him just using the exercise bike all the time. I laughed a little, he laughed a lot, and I blushed up a storm. Gosh, he actually noticed me.

With incredible nonchalance the big red ape took off his workout shorts and made his way over to the showers, still keeping the conversation going. I had no idea he could be so chatty! It was really cute, actually. He asked me what my name was, after telling me his. I gave it to him, and he instantly turned it into a nickname, which was not helping my embarrassment at all (oh well). He asked me to get in the shower with him, since I "wasn't going to get clean standing there in sweaty gym clothes."

I mumbled something I don't recall, but I took off my clothes and got in. I mean, I did need a shower. This was just a bit easier than I expected, I guess, so it was throwing me off. But I wasn't about to complain about that, oh no. I joined him in the shower, and felt weak in the knees almost immediately. Water sliding down that chiseled body, every muscle glistening; no longer from sweat, but from the water that turned to steam the second it touched his hot, naked body. His pure form flexed and turned in the most revealing ways, showing off every inch of strong but soft muscle on the ape. I could bounce a quarter off of that ass. Good thing my snout was already covered in water, or else my drooling would be noticeable.

Still, as ridiculous as it must sound, I could swear he was flexing and showing himself off on purpose. Flashing another brilliant smile as I watched his thick whiskers (odd yes, but oddly alluring too) flick some water away, he asked me if I needed any help. I seemed to be having trouble washing myself properly. Here, let me help you, he said, walking over and pushing me against the wall, staring down at me as his pecs framed my face. His breath washed over my pointy snout, nose twitching like made from his scent. I guess he was doing it on purpose.

My face felt hot and his body felt hotter. I could feel those washboard abs in my hands. I traced a line down them, and dammit, I couldn't deny that it wasn't as nice as my daydream. These were tight, hard and chiseled, not soft like the pecs pressing into my face. He leaned over and told me if he helped me, maybe I could help him. Don't worry, I told him, staring him in the eyes.

"I can help both of us."

He seemed shocked, at first. His mouth hung open and his eyes had a worried look about them. But those small pupils got larger and larger, the black softening into a deep blue, and then green, then blue, until the ape's eyes were nothing but a mirror of my own. His mouth was still hanging open in that surprised looking way, but there was no need to correct that. No, it worked with his newfound dopey stare just fine. He looked so tired now. His eyes couldn't get enough of my gaze, but his eyelids so heavy, constantly threatening to fall and bring him to his knees. His mouth hung open, drool hanging from the bottom of his jaw. It really was too easy, in the end. He was physically exhausted, and mentally eager. But I wasn't going to deny him what he wanted, oh no. I didn't lie, I was going to help us both.

I dragged my wet rat paw along his cheek, and his head got heavy. His whole body must have felt so drowsy and relaxed. But he stayed on his feet, desperate to never stop the flow of beautiful colors.

"You are heavy, aren't you?" I said, and his head nodded in my hand. He looked like he wanted to speak, but I pulled him forward, and silenced him with a kiss. His member jumped to life in between my legs.

"Not yet. Focus on your heaviness." He chuckled like a drunken frat boy, speaking in a tired slur. His dick was already quite heavy he said, and I wasn't going to disagree there. But no time for jokes, and with a quick flick across his nipple and more of my gaze his attention was focused again.

"Your body is very heavy." He nodded. It was not an observation, or even a command--It was a truth, as real to him as anything else had been. As it fully impressed itself upon him I felt his knees buckle, and his swaying get even more pronounced. But he'd continue standing as long as I need him to.

"Do you know why you're heavy?" No, he did not. He didn't know anything really. He just knew that he was heavy, that my eyes were beautiful, and that my touch was electric, especially as I reached down to occasionally grab his cock. They were the only things he needed to know, at least at the moment. But now there was one more thing he needed to know, and he would know it well.

"It's because of your gut."

Though my entrancing circles never left his gaze, he looked confused, and not in as pleasant a way as before. This was not yet a truth to him, though that was to be expected. How could he be fat, he asked, with lips and tongue so tired he could barely manage the words.

He worked out all the time. He was sure he did several push ups and leg curls earlier today, in fact. He couldn't flex them, but he was sure his arms were powerful enough to lift me straight over his head. I did not contest this. But I said that this was too easy earlier, and I meant it. Because today was the day he did not work on his stomach muscles at all.

So I agreed with him. I tickled under his chin, and grabbed at his biceps. My long tail curled up his thighs, so easily running along the slick muscles they contained. I grabbed his pecs again and complimented their smoothness and strength. Yes, he did work out a lot, and he was beautiful for it. Every inch of his legs and chest and arms and ass were bulging and powerful.

"But you didn't work out your stomach at all today, did you?" He still looked confused, but this wasn't something he could deny. No he didn't, he said, and I could see the foundation of his will begin

to crack all along the look of surprise on his face. He worked out everything else, but not that. I almost didn't need to lead him further, but I did not like taking chances.

"Did you work it out any other day?" This he didn't know, because every day before today was gone. Today was day that my circles and my voice wrapped themselves around his head, squeezing all other unnecessary thoughts out. And all that came before was lost in a steamy fog, the memories of months of working on his stomach unreachable. He shook his head, and looked defeated. He said he didn't know, and another kiss and grab of his dick put that lovely smile back on his face.

"Why do you work out so much Corbel?" He said it was because he liked to make himself big. Big muscles meant he was strong, and powerful. The bigger and rounder the muscle the better. Bigger meant stronger, and stronger meant better. The perfect answer, just too easy.

"Your muscles are very big Corbel, very big indeed." Oh, he gave a nice little dribble of pre as I said that. What a narcissist. How absolutely wonderful.

"But you know what's bigger?" He shook his head, but even in that mind that struggled to keep him standing, I could see it dawning on him.

"Your gut." There was such a conflicted look on his face that I knew it must have worked. Though the idea of having a gut worried him so much a second ago, now it sounded so appealing. After all, bigger meant stronger, and he loved being strong. So it stood to reason that a big fat gut was stronger than a washboard stomach any day. It took him awhile to nod, but it finally came, slow, and then so fast the big oaf almost fell off his feet. Yes, big guts were good. They were beautiful, they were strong, so that's why he had one. That's why it was huge. That was why it was sagging against the big ape dick that throbbed harder than ever. That's why both he and I could feel it pressing me against the wall, his body catching up to his mind quickly.

I gave him one last kiss, and told him he should wake up. We've been in here awhile, and I already helped him out, just like he wanted. Now with the circles clearing from his eyes and his lust regaining its focus, he could finally help me. Help push me down to my feet, and smother my face in that gorgeous gut. Help me by wrapping his tail around my neck, and yanking me down on his huge cock. Help me by telling me what a good cocksucker I was, how good it felt to have his big strong stomach on top of my head. Help by grunting and gasping and groaning, pumping getting faster until he came so hard I couldn't swallow fast enough, his jizz leaking down my chin. And all I had to do was I turn his mind into more matter.