

Very Personal Training

By Victor Waite

A lynx goes to the gym to take his first steps toward his dream body, but stumbles before he can cross the starting line. An amazonian mare notices his struggle and offers to be his personal trainer, but only if he helps her with her work out first.

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains a Male Lynx, a Female Horse. A Public Gym, Elements of Voyeurism and Exhibitionism, Soft Vore, Unbirth, and Endosoma

The lynx looked to the weights on the floor and steeled his nerve. He stared the first step on his journey of self-improvement into the eyes, bolstering himself with knowledge every step after would be easier. His dream body could be his if he simply maintained the determination to keep going beyond the first push, and visions of the sculpted figure in his future drove his motivation. The feline clenched his fists and breathed deep, filling his lungs with refreshing air. He glanced at his fellow gym-goers, now his people, drawing inspiration from their own battles against themselves. The cat's heart pumped and fueled his muscles with adrenaline, and his soft grey fur bristled with strength. His chest heaved as he psyched himself up, and a primal growl leapt from his muzzle as he attacked the iron weights. His paw pads dug into the textured metal of their handles, and his eyes narrowed as he single-mindedly gathered his strength. To his delight, the barbells rose from the floor, but his stance collapsed before they climbed more than a few inches.

A strangled utterance of pain tumbled from his muzzle when his back twinged, and the weights rolled from his fingers with an unceremonious thump. A few of his people chuckled under their breath at his expense, but most left him alone to reconcile with his limits. Every shred of momentum he'd built up drained away in a single, defeated sigh, and he slumped over in a heap of self-loathing. His hopes of reforging himself evaporated, and he packed his things into his bag once he mustered the strength to stand again. The feline slung the duffle over his shoulder and picked up one of the free weights with both hands, then lugged it back to its rightful place on the rack. He kept his head down and eyes low in shame, but something other than the carpet brushed his vision anyway. He briefly emerged from his sulking to behold a powerful mare, forging her own muscles under the weight of an overloaded bar. Each end individually outweighed the lynx, but she crouched and rose with such grace it was as if it wasn't there at all. The sight captivated the feline, distracting him from his walk of despair long enough for her to catch him staring. His cheeks ignited when they locked gazes, and a torrent of emotions rooted him in place.

The mare continued her set, rising and squatting through her cycles with herculean ease. She kept her eye on the feline the entire time, ensuring she held his undivided attention, until she stood and dropped the weighted bar to the floor. The gym's foundation trembled with its impact, drawing gazes of equal astonishment and jealousy from her peers. The tremor hung in the air for a moment before they returned to their own routines, but the lynx remained transfixed. The chestnut mare rippled with almost supernatural strength as she sauntered toward him, though it wasn't obvious from her figure. She was toned, but not absurdly so, and her figure swayed with no small amount of femininity. Her strength and beauty enthralled the lynx several times over, until she stepped close enough to break his trance. She curled a finger under her chin and turned his eyes up to her, where she met him with a knowing grin and glittering eyes.

"I couldn't help but notice you staring," she teased. "See something you like?"

The answer was written across his face, but he nodded anyway.

"I saw what happened with the weights. I can help you train get a body like this, if you're

willing to give it another chance. I'll even be your personal trainer if you do me a favor first."

Her words cut through his haze of infatuation. Another chance at his dream body was tempting, but he was skeptical she could recover such a lost cause. Still, the thought of spending time with the statuesque mare could be worth it on its own. "What's the favor," he eventually asked.

"Just that you help me train first. I can't fit any more weights on that bar, and its not heavy enough anymore. I have to do too many reps."

The lynx was glad she only wanted something simple. "I don't understand how I fit into this."

"It'll be easier to show you. Follow me."

The mare sauntered back to her mat and the lynx floated in her wake. The feline saw his end goal in both his minds eye and her muscled rear, inspiring a string of accompanying fantasies. In one, he lifted the gorgeous mare high over his head while she did the same with a colossal set of weights. The imaginary gasps and cheers of a crowded gym filled his ears, blocking out the mare's instructions. He only realized she had been talking when she waved a hand in front of his face and snapped. His inner visions popped like an ephemeral bubble, and a blush tinted his muzzle when he realized just how deeply he'd fallen into his daydreams. The mare gave him a confused grin and asked if he'd heard everything, and he nodded in a vain attempt to save face. She directed him to the center of her mat, where she ordered him to sit on crossed legs. He thought to ask her how he could spot her from there, but bit his tongue to avoid admitting he wasn't listening. The lynx watched her rebuild her weight bar, until she laid it out before him and crouched over him. His confusion reached critical mass and he looked up to ask her what he needed to do, but the sight of her bare crotch stole his breath.

The lynx's cheeks blazed with shock and lust at her lack of undergarments, stunning him while she set her grip on the weights and hoisted them overhead. Her powerful thighs flexed under the substantial mass, but just as she said, they hardly seemed taxed at all. Her firm muscle held steady and flowed smoothly as she crouched, lowering the edge of her skirt over the cat's shoulders. The scent of her sex intensified in the garment's shadow and immersed his senses, tempting his lust beyond his self-control. The feline's length pulsed and throbbed free from its sheath as her lips kissed the tip of his nose, leaving a strand of honeyed arousal that stretched thin with her rise. Her first rep deprived him the cover of her clothing, but he hardly cared by then. Nor did the mare, as she gradually gathered an intrigued audience. The lynx stuck his tongue out in anticipation of her next descent, rewarding her warm up with a teasing lick. His touch sent a spark of pleasure up her spine, but her posture held and she lowered yet more. Her entrance parted around the top of his muzzle and left a thin coating of desire before she lifted again, and the feline readily fell into his motivating role.

The cat grew bolder with each cycle, encouraged by her deepening squat and rising moans. Each descent push a little more of his muzzle into her depths, and he stretched his back to meet her half way. Her inner muscles clenched and rippled as her outer ones flexed, gently grabbing and tugging on his muzzle. The lynx chuckled with her endearing slurps, sending vibrations straight to her innermost reaches. The mare's breath caught in her throat when he set off a small orgasm, which resonated on every fiber of her being for a brief instant. The lapse in control was enough to break her stance, and she dropped nearly a foot before she recovered. A thick squelch sounded through the gym as her lips spread around the feline's shoulders and squeezed on his chest, soaking his grey pelt with her abundant lust. The cat's abrupt change of environment scrambled his focus, and her pheromones sank their roots into his perception. His cock hardened to its full length and pressed to his shorts in an obvious bulge, and a growing dark spot of pre soaked through the fabric. The mare looked down through her cleavage and laughed to herself, then tightened her inner grip and rose up.

The lynx's legs dangled weakly under him as she lifted him into the air, spurring her to shake her hips and inch up on her toes. A few bumps got the feline's feet under him, and once she was sure he wouldn't lose traction, she dropped again. Soft, lewd sounds filled the air as her entrance clenched and rippled over his slender chest, slurping him closer to her womb inch by inch. The equine woman moaned and shivered as his fluffy fur slid across her sensitive folds, and another climax thundered through her when she reached his hips. The bony swells pressed deliciously against her most sensitive folds, and her stance collapsed with the burst of bliss. Her thighs clapped together and threatened to crunch the incapacitated lynx, but luckily, pain and pleasure blended in his lust-drunk state. He rolled his hips and scrambled to find his grip on the slick mat, and he did, he jumped into her rippling passage. The cat lurched up to his knees before her crushing inner walls stopped him, and the mare fell onto her rear in the face of such rapture. The overloaded weight bar dropped to the ground with a clanging boom, shaking the gym's foundation and drawing the attention of even the most oblivious members.

A crowd gathered around them as the mare rode out her earth-shattering climax, rolling her hips and filling the air with unabashed moans. Her sex rippled and clenched around the smaller lynx with visible need, crawling down his thighs in languid pulses. The equine's breath caught in her throat when his nose met her flexing cervix, and her back arched with electric pleasure as his muzzle stretched the flexing gate. The spongy walls of her most intimate chamber squished around his face and matted his pelt, and the bulge of his muzzle showed from behind her abs. Similar bumps appeared across her belly as his shoulders and chest followed, leaving nothing to the watching crowd's imagination. They looked on with desire and envy as the mare gradually came down from her carnal high, and she lavished her middle with affection before clenching and slurping up his ankles. His tail offered a few lust-drunk lashes before it followed into her sex, and the mare sighed as the that last bit of fluff tickled her walls. She shamelessly scanned her audience as she flipped her skirt down and reclaimed basic modesty, overwhelming some with embarrassment and thinning them out. Those familiar with her workout techniques stayed however, some to study her

routine and others out of simple voyeurism.

The mare squished and rubbed her passenger while she regained her strength, coaxing him into a comfortable position. A gentle, rhythmic motion confirmed he'd found one, though he nearly lost it when she got up. Her core muscles held her middle tight to the rest of her while she got her feet under her, and she rose to her full height on trembling knees. The tight bump shifted as she bent over and retrieved her weights, and she wasted no time picking up where she left off. A heated blush tinted her muzzle as she squatted deeply, compressing her filled middle and grinding against the squirming lynx. The mare's stance weakened as her lust rekindled, but she focused her workout and pushed through. Her arousal dripped to the mat in clear strands as she suppressed her carnal needs, adding to the lewd puddle at her feet. The lynx only wiggled more as her womb flexed with the rest of her, creating a feedback loop that drove her toward yet another climax. His added weight combined with the overwhelming sensations drained her stamina must faster than usual, and her muscles trembled with exhaustion by the time she finished her set. The mare dropped the weights to the mat and huffed, struggling to regain enough stamina and self-control to avoid collapsing in orgasm again.

Her breathing leveled and her muscles steadied, and she sauntered to the showers once she found her balance. Her top clung to her glossy pelt and her skirt was soaked to transparency, revealing more than enough to draw attention. She winked to those that watched her go by, and she wondered if anyone would have the nerve to follow her. The mare scanned the tiled room as the door shut behind her, and once she confirmed she was alone, quickly disrobed and cast her clothes aside. She took a moment to admire her toned figure and firm swell that interrupted it, running her fingers across its taught surface and relishing the movement within. She lamented how rarely she got to indulge in her advance technique, but pushed those thoughts aside to relish the moment. A heat rekindled in her cheeks as her attention drifted bellow her belly button, and she stopped herself just short of teasing her clit. Her fingers lingered before she fully fought off the temptation, but she eventually withdrew and stepped into the showers. A series of squeaks echoed between the metal lockers as the mare drew out a stream of hot water, and an indulgent sigh tumbled from her snout when she immersed herself in it. Tension drained from her muscles in the pleasant heat, taking some of her building soreness with it. After scrubbing the sweat from her pelt and washing her mane, she cut the flow and exited.

She approached a wooden bench near her locker and sat down, allowing the water to drip from her curves at its own pace. She rubbed the swell of her middle and murmured to the occupant within. "You've held up your end of the deal, and so will I."

The lynx moved and reacted to her voice, but couldn't make out what she was saying. Luckily, he didn't need to. A tendril snaked from the rippling wall before him and stung him in the belly, linking their bodies and metabolisms. His mind swam as a rush of hormones flooded his head, and he soon drifted off into a pleasant sleep.

"I hope you appreciate me working out for two," she murmured. "But if you don't I guess I

can just keep you in there until you do~ We'll find out in a few weeks either way though."

She got dressed and gathered her things, then mentally adjusted her workout schedule as she exited the gym. She may need to add more to build the lynx up before he acquired too many of her equine features.