

In the Land of the Ripped

by Xenny Diemes

In a strange and semi-medieval land, it is populated by a multitude of animals living, playing and working together to keep their society in check and in harmony. Not something out of the ordinary, but the difference is, everyone is incredibly ripped. The bakers, seamstresses, doctors, teachers, knights and entertainers all possess varying degrees of incredibly massive amounts of muscles and they do not waste them on trivial tasks that were meant for weaklings. There are no horses to draw carriages around for they have the strength and power to carry tons at a time. Weapons done by smiths weigh close to a ton regardless of what they are and even the children, some as young as eight are pumped to masses that surpass the heaviest bodybuilders. They often love to play anything that involves roughhousing and the use of balls that weigh a half of a ton and they play with it like any regular toy! To the opposite end of the elderly sporting olympic builds.

The biggest beneficiaries are always those who make the clothing for the subjects who constantly rip them as a result of the intense moments of bulk-ups and simple movements. Always think that they are constantly getting bigger is the norm. All is well with the people until the tragic news of the King fell on all ears. King Rathus has died. King Rathus is the living icon of the monstrously huge: pectorals that stick out further than his muzzle, shoulders wide and bulky enough for anyone to sit on, arms and biceps bigger than his own head and legs as thick as tree trunks. He ruled the land for nearly a hundred years and loved the perks and benefits that came with it. The wealth, the luxury, the treatment by his private harem of bulky mistresses and the hard and wild sex that comes with it. He also loves worshiping his own muscles and the affects they have around his environment such as loving the way the ground under his feet shake with every footstep.

This was all after a tragic event changed his life which has not reached out to the rest of the royal court until his death. It seemed that despite all his immense size and physical and political power, love for beef-filled caretakers, he is still loved by his people and his first and only consort, Lydia for their exercise in judgment

and wisdom. But all that did not stop his mighty heart to give out and put the old king down for good. From the court, they were allowed now to look at his last will and testament and discovered that he had a son but he was lost during a great flood but he has hopes that he would have survived since he would be as tough as he is. The only thing that would identify him as the heir for the throne is a four point diamond birthmark on his back. Though the information is small, it should be enough for the court to send out the royal wolf knights to find every lion in the vast kingdom to find this heir

The former king's knights searched high and low throughout the land and in doing so, radically altered the geography: ripping out massive trees with their bare hands, moving rocks five sometimes even ten times bigger than they are, scaring away local wildlife by yelling so loud they can be heard for miles, but it was all in vain and there has not been a successor. Enter Lathan. A lion farmer who lives a quiet, solitary life with his garden and has made it through thick and thin by the cut of his brow and the lay of the land. Things have gone well for him since that is until he felt the earth move under his feet while he was tending to his vegetable garden. Before he can be able to stand up he is met by two large and hulking wolves look at him and find the mark on his back and take him. Meanwhile the advisors break through the doors to announce to the royal court that they have found their successor at last and like a bolt the court rushed to the main chamber to meet the one who will be king. They found the wolves but there was no one between them. The court asks the advisors that the new king would be here until they told them to look down. They were gasped in shock and awe at the lion. For Lathan is something that no one has seen in over millennia: A slim, petite person.

Lathan looked and weigh a measly 170 pounds compared to the rest who weighted anywhere from one tone to over five. Tiberius, the lupine head of the court cannot believe that this... thing be the heir of the throne, he doesn't have a single ounce of real muscle on him, presuming that he must be sick or malnourished for how long. But Lathan assures them that he is as fit and healthy as they are, right now however, he cannot help but feel intimidated being surrounded by such humongous people. Then came the royal caretaker who stepped in and gets a good look at the young lion and his birthmark and can confirm that he is the real heir to the throne. She even remembered the tragic day the his wife passed away days after giving birth to him and the great storm that separated him from his father. Rathus has his harems and self-worship as his strange way to cope with the pain of his losses but it was his heart that did him in. While the court settles to find a way to

ready the people for the new king, they treat the skinny lion to the leisure his father have.

Presuming that he is hungry from his trip into the city, they treated Lathan to a good feast fit for a king, if the king likes to have over six hundred pounds of beef, seventy gallons of ale, two hundred pounds of veggies and a cake the size of a cart wheel all made for one. Despite being all delicious to him, he quickly got full on a fraction of it all. Then is given the tour of the castle and all of its servants all of them doing normal tasks in clothes that look like they're about to rip any second now due to their great sinew. Some do look at him with curiosity like the court but he doesn't mind it for he is just as curious about a whole society where everyone is a hulk. Lathan then takes that presumption to the limit when he is accidentally knocked down by a large fox with a ball in his hand. The fox nervously apologizes and picks up the lion by his hand. Lathan tells the fox that he's okay and there is no serious damage, but looking at the fox's mannerisms and sound of his voice gets him to ask of how old is he. The fox tells him that he is close of being nine and a half years old. Lathan could not believe it. Standing three feet taller than him, packed with muscles of a god and is just a child?!

The fox looks at him and assumes he is nice before his mother, an even bigger fox with monster-sized arms came in and carries him away constantly telling him of how many times he shouldn't play inside. Tiberius then arrived and tells him if the boy is causing trouble again, the fox shakes his head and the mother agrees with him. But since the introductions are... sudden the head of the court announces Cadelle, the grounds keeper and her son Jakka. Cadelle then looks at the small lion and is surprised, to know who is he. The head tells her that he, if everything is confirmed is the rightful heir to the throne. Cadelle thinks that this must be a joke but Tiberius says it as truth. Cadelle then picks up Lathan's skinny arm and shakes it a but thinking that he looks like he's been starved for way too long. Lathan asks Cadelle to let him go because a simple pinch of his arm feels like it's been put in a vice and it is hurting him. She lets go of him and briefly apologizes. Her friendly manner washes away any indirect hostilities Lathan might have assumed and as much as they want to know more about this skinny built being, Tiberius has to finish conducting the tour. They then separate and Jakka waved goodbye as she is carried off by her mother and her massive arms. Leaving Lathan to still soak in the fact he's just nine.

After the displays of the royal libraries, statue garden, observatory, clothing room with a personal army of tailors and the weight room where the former king loves to work out. Tiberius will have to conduct business

to deal with the confirmation and asks Lathan if he needs anything that he likes to take care off. Lathan tells the head that he didn't get chance to get a bath and Tiberius understands, he then calls for one of the maids to take him to the great bath chamber where he will be taken care of while he takes care of business, and as they go their separate ways, Tiberius lets Lathan know that he's going to love what he sees inside.

In the great bath chamber, Lathan loved the leisure of being surrounded by ten hulking, scantily clad mistresses each possessing mountainous busts tending to every inch of his body. But being very careful to his frame for what could be normal to them could easily break every bone in his body. The ladies see him with both interest and curiosity, they never seen someone like him before. One of them asks Lathan to stick out his arm and they were amazed at how small it is compared to their titanic branches, even one of the mistress's thick veins could match his arm's width. They were all having a good time with his company when suddenly a burst came through the doors so hard, they have been popped from their hinges and breathing heavily and growling is another lion with darker fur and a furious look in his face. He is Lord Grah, the supposed next in line to the throne but learned that this "freak" has taken his place. The mistresses ordered Grah to stand down and address Lathan with respect. Grah refuses shoves one of the mistress' aside on his way to get rid of him but his path is quickly blocked the other ladies lining up against him and they flexed out hard. Their muscles popped out and swelled fast until their loose silk dresses became a second skin on them and growled. They mean business that they want Grah out of the chambers and knowing that he is faced with being beaten up by nine hulking lionesses that mean business, Grah walks away but made sure that this will not be the last time he will hear of him.

Still flexed out and letting themselves cool down, the ladies then turn to Lathan looking like he is about to take cover from something and they all comfort him. They tell them that it's normal for them and practically in the kingdom to flex out their muscles as a show of dominance. They then wondered if he can flex out himself, Lathan tries and his muscles did bulged out but not enough to be visually significant, but they do not care, they all gathered around and cuddle them under their hulking bulk. The following morning, Tiberius and the members of the court gave Lathan the details of the situation, even so much as to dive into the history of the nation looking back that this was not a fluke.

The details were even more of a mystery, there were lost illustrations of "normal" built people once on

the land but then something happened and all that ever existed were the heavily muscled. It comes as a realization that having mega muscles were the norm and it has been since ages that anyone ever knew what a small and skinny person ever looked like. "Skinny" to the people was a denizen who has less but still incredible mass but not like this. That is why the court thinks so many are fascinated with him, for now they need to prepare him for the great coronation. Tailors see Lathan as a challenge for they made clothing for the massive, not the small as they did by fitting him with a shirt that was bigger than a tablecloth and can slip his whole body through the collar, heck, five of him can fill out the collar and will have more room left over. It was not a surprise since their measurement standards go by halves of feet, not inches. The tailors have then finally made clothes fit for a king and for a skinny person with pride that it is their greatest achievement in their lives.

Lathan did had his doubts as he looked into his "fathers" room and sees the old illustrations of king and queen and the baby that is supposed to be him. Looking at his own body compared to them, he wondered if he really could be their son. Lord Grah meanwhile looks into the law books and decrees to see anything that can challenge this... person from ever being king and finds it, cackling manically, he prepares his plan on the day of the Coronation. For days, the kingdom is given bits of information on how to digest the news that the new king is found but might be a bit differ with the rest of them. Soon rumors spread of what this new ruler can be, he might be a new hulking avian or even a wolf from the mountain clan houses, they were not prepared for what is to come on that day. The coronation begins and thousands from all over the kingdom flocked, taking in much space as they can to view the new king and praise him. Meanwhile Grah has his men hold a massive object under a tarp ready for its use when the time comes.

Then two great cranes descend from the castle roofs and land side by side to announce their proclamation that the new king has been found and is here for all to see. Lathan steps out wearing his ceremonial garb and presents himself before the people. The reaction they get was exactly has he feared: Silence and confusion. They were indecisive on how they react, they saw him as some living twig with a cape, others think that this is some poorly executed joke. That is when Lord Grah came in and orally denounce Lathan, for this weakling, this physiological freak of nature should not deserve to take the throne of the mighty. He will demonstrate it and he calls for his men to bring in the object. It was indeed a massive object under that tarp and Grah unveils it. The people and the court gasped, it is The Royal Weight. Over ten

thousand tons of iron held by a thick bar to keep it from bending too much and has only been held by kings and queens as a show of strength. For those who lift the weight, lift the weight of the nation and the people as a whole.

In over a thousand years, only one has ever failed to lift it completely and by the law, if the new king fails to lift this weight over his or her head. Then the next rightful successor has the right to deal with the failure in his or her fashion. Grah has a ton of things of what to do with him if he fails but the taste of his public humiliation would be even sweeter. But before Lathan can prove himself, Grah takes his shot to lift the weight and he takes pleasure of watching and feeling his own muscles swell and bulk up, Lifting the multi-ton hunk of metal right over his head with pride and roars in victory. He drops the weight and Lathan was the only one who jumped from the shock of the fallen weight and watches Grah laugh at him for stumbling. Tiberius demands that Grah stop this nonsense but the cranes who have the higher stance, tells them to back down for this law is in the books and if Lathan wants to be king, he has to lift that weight. Seeing that he has no choice, Lathan has to do it. The mistresses urge him not to do it and will not find shame in him if he backs down. But he has to do it, not just for the nation, or for those who supported him at this point, but for himself. Lathan approaches the weight and gulps, feeling he is way in over his head he prepares his hands and grabs the middle of the bar, and struggles. Grah smiling smugly as he can feel his new power as king falling on his lap as Lathan slips and struggles to life a weight that did not even move.

Lathan can hear the laughter from the crowd and feels the confidence slipping down. But then he does something that he never had to do before: Tries again and lifts the weight but now with hoping that his father would be there in spirit. The court, the cranes and even Lord Grah dropped their jaws at what they saw, The weight moves upward. First by a centimeter, then passed the knees, over the waistline, chest and then the neck. Lathan nearly loses his balance but then gains it back as he continues to move the weight up until he got it past the top of his mane and finally roars. Lathan has done it! The people were also in shock, but then they all exploded in jubilation that they are new king has proven himself despite his skinny body. He then drops the weight with a quaking thud and falls back. The cranes helped their new king up. Tiberius runs and asks if he is alright and is surprised that he is like his father. He may not have his parent's bodies, but he definitely has their strength. Grah is furious and pulls out his sword, and charges full speed to kill the new

king.

Little does he know, that the two slams of the weight on the balcony and a single step of his two and a half ton body is enough to break the balcony. The cranes quickly fly and grabbed Lathan and Tiberius as the balcony falls, taking Grah with it. He survives on top of the rubble and is alright, that is until the royal weight rolls slightly off with the help of the foot of one of the mistresses and falls, landing right on top of his balls. Moments after the incident, the coronation party in the courtyard begins and everyone from all walks of life want to see this king of a different build. They were fascinated by him and his simple life before he was found, even was loved by the children that are bigger than he is, but treated him with respect. Even Jakka who did mock poses with him. But the truth is, they are all fascinated with wonder that such a small body can pack that much power. It might be by Tiberius's guess it is why he survived for so long. As the day comes to the end, King Lathan retires to his new chambers and rests a deep sleep with his mistresses as they cuddle around their majesty. One of them pressing the king up against her massive bosom. Lathan for all that has happened, learns that in the land of the ripped, the skinny weakling shall be their king.

The End

ALTERNATE ENDING I

“Lathan Fails”

Grah orders his men to bring the giant object before Lathan and unveils it, The court and the people are shocked to see that it is the Royal Weight, the ultimate test to see if the new king or queen is worthy enough to wield. In the thousand year history of this test, only one has failed and Grah is confident that he will fail. The mistresses and the court do not have to let him do this but the Cranes who represent the higher ranks of the court says otherwise. Lathan has no choice but to do it and approaches the great barbell. He prepares his hands and grabs the pole as much as his hands can cover it, and he lifts it. The people and the courts watch as he struggles and slips to move the weight, but it would not even budge. To make matters worse

for the heir as he slips and hits his head on the bar. Grah laughs and declares that the King has failed and he shall be their new king.

Unfortunately, that was not the reaction he expected to get from the people. Instead of laughter or anger, The crowd explodes in cheer, Grah is horrified and angrily screams “no!” Pleading with the people to understand that he failed to lift the weight. But they do not care, they see his failure as an amazement and see him worthy enough to be their king. In frustration, Lord Grah leaves in a huff with his men and the cranes approach Lathan to first help him up and then advance him to his people and as a show, they lifted the king on top of their shoulders and officially declared him as their king. The people rejoice as for Lathan, he learns that despite failure there will be love to those he find to be his peers and his physical weakness is their strength. For in the land of the ripped, the weakling is king.

The End

ALTERNATE ENDING II

“His Muscles Awaken”

Lord Grah orders his men to bring forth the great object and then dropped it on the ground. The thundering thud and shock wave across the marble of the great balcony shook the crowd and knocked the heir off his feet. As he is helped up by the mistresses, Grah unveils the object. It is the Royal Weight: A test of great strength for this nation. In a thousand years, no king or queen has ever failed this test and all have ruled holding the ten thousand ton weight over their heads. Even the inscription on the weight tells it to be true: For thou who lifts this weight is declared worthy to lift the weight of the nation as a whole. Lathan has doubts and the mistresses and court members object to this outdated rule, but the cranes flexed their muscles until their ceremonial robes creaked from the bulk. Tiberius tries to outflex them to object the taught button of his shirt pop and his sleeves rip slowly out, but the Cranes win by exploding out of their robes, exposing their rippling, vascular bodies and make their decision final. They fiercely enforce the rule for they will not let his objections interfere with the test and as unfair as it is, it has to be made so.

Lathan approaches the weight and gulps at its incredible size, Lord Grah added something the Cranes did not bother to tell him as he looks smug at the little lion. That if he fails to lift the weight, the next in line shall decide to what to do with the failure and he has a whole laundry list of things to do with a twig of a lion. At this point, Lathan has to try or he will become Grah's slave or even worse. He readies his hands and grabs the weight as he lifts... and then struggles to get it to even barely move. Grah is absolutely joyous that his doubts have been confirmed. But then something happens to Lathan that made everyone's jaw drop. The weight gained an inch off the ground and as he did, his clothes began to tear, exposing the rippled muscle underneath ever swelling and widening by the second. Past the knees, and his arms and biceps exploded in inches by the second. Fully upright, Lathan's pectorals ballooned outward and his heart began to pump harder making veins throb and pulse harder rendering the veins to be visible to the witnesses around him.

As he moves the weight closer to the base of his neck, His shoulders popped and widen, thighs and calves exploded out of his fine, tailored pants and yes, even his great lion-hood swelled, exploded out of his underwear and flopped out like a mutant sausage. Long and thick, his member grew until it reached far passed his knees. To those who got a view, the crowd, in usual manner covered the eyes of the children, and got the ladies hot and bothered in a sensual manner. Continuing to move the weight upward. Lathan doesn't even notice that his muscles are growing or his overall mass is growing until he reached up to the level of the cranes and even past that. Grah soon began to quiver in his feet as he watches the weakling turn into a titan. The higher he lifts the weight, the lighter it becomes to him until he made it over the mane and victoriously has the great weight over his head and gives out a roar so loud that for the first time ever, the people had to cover their ears. Lathan drops throws the weight down and the shock wave is strong enough actually to knock everyone off their feet, including Lord Grah. Lathan breathes heavily not even noting that he has been radically transformed into a mountain of naked muscle far surpassing his own father if he was alive today. His first footsteps shake the ground he walks and the loud slaps of hundreds of pounds of lion meat swaying and smacking against his thighs as he approaches Lord Grah and his two men, even he has never seen so much muscle or endowment on any being before. Seeing no option against such might, they kneeled before their new king Even with the joyous cheer of the crowd bellowing outward.

Grah's gesture is a sign that he finally came around to recognize Lathan as the new king and so did the

cranes, the court and the mistresses by kneeling as well. He then walks back to the great weight and picks it up again, but this time with just one hand it easier to lift as he shows it to be a gesture that he is their king. That was then, and as the years rolled by King Lathan gained more experience and wisdom that comes with ruling this nation and as for the once kind bath chamber mistresses, soon became his loving wives and queens.

Lathan made sure there is plenty of him to go around. The tailors gave him new clothes but made the show off all his body, saves for his massive member and balls. As he sits on his now bigger throne, he reflects on how it all began before the day he lifted that weight. Back then he was a wonder and a curiosity to those who had never seen before, it was no surprise to him that they all now sees him with that same wonder as a hyper muscled titan of power. As he now ends his day by sleeping in the chambers with his many queens, he knows what it feels like really to live in the land of the ripped.

The End