

The hot, steamy downpour from the gym showers felt amazing against his sore muscles, but Kadmo couldn't afford to spend too much time in the locker room today. The huge, burly lion reached over and turned the knob to shut off the shower and then stepped out into the locker room proper. He didn't even bother putting a towel on over his lower half. It's not like any of them would cover him anyway. His huge, full nuts were the size of beanbag chairs, and not the kiddie sized ones either. His nuts were the size of those fancy, sofa-sized beanbag chairs that swank, new-age, postmodern movie theaters liked to place in their lobby or that trendy, chic newlyweds put in their first apartments. His huge, turgid nuts dangled so low that they almost grazed the ground as he walked. There's no way he could get a towel around those bad boys, and that's saying nothing of certain other parts of his anatomy.

Even without his excess up front, it would have been impossible for him to even stretch a towel across the junk he had in the trunk. All the work he had put into leg day had paid off. His ass was now simply phenomenal. Each beefy buttcheek was now the size of a jumbo, beach-party sized beach ball. Each massive glute was a solid wall of sheer brawn, but it wasn't just his ass that had expanded magnificently. He had packed on the pounds all over. Even his thick, bulging quads were now far larger than he ever dreamed possibly. Even just one of his massive, muscular thighs was wider across than his entire body had been when he had started.

He couldn't help but chuckle at the thought. Just a little over a week ago he had been a scrawny, scraggly little feline. He had spindly legs, knobby knees, twiggy arms, and a puny chest. His transformation had been amazing, and he owed it all to the folks at Hyper Gym that had helped him out when he didn't even believe in himself.

That reminded him that he couldn't waste too much time admiring his muscles. He had a date lined up later tonight with one of those folks that had helped him out. When Kadmo had first shown up at the gym he had been a weak little kitty. He wanted to get bigger, but he didn't think he had it in him to do so. It was then that Henry had taken little Kadmo under his wing, and what an amazing wingspan it was. Never had Kadmo seen such an immaculate wall of muscle. The sheer size of the grey horse had made Kadmo's head spin and his heart race. Kadmo's fairly average dick had leapt to attention in his overly loose gym shorts.

He could scarcely believe that there was once a time where even the smallest gym clothes had been loose and baggy on him. Nowadays even the biggest size that the gym outfitter carried was so tight on him that it clung to his swole frame like a second skin. Kadmo flexed his pecs as he admired himself in the mirror. Either massive slab of pectoral brawn could have been a king-sized mattress. The immense shelf of thick, brawny beef hung out in front of him a few feet. His enormous, rippling lats also bulged outward a few feet on either side even when he wasn't intentionally flexing them. He had hundreds upon hundreds of pounds of brawn stacked onto his feline frame.

He reached over and picked up the blow dryer that was hanging on a charging dock on the wall. The device felt awkward and tiny in his huge, beefy mitts, but his deft hands easily flipped the device on and pointed it towards his thick, luxurious mane. Somehow ever since he had been going here even his hair had become more impressive. What had started as a disheveled mop of blonde fuzz atop his skull had exploded into a full, flowing mane that would make even the Simba hang his head in shame. His increase in hair wasn't just limited to his scalp though. His luscious, flowing mane and dense patch of fluff on his chest had both grown so much that it was impossible to tell where one ended and the other began. Even the blond fur under his huge, beefy arms had grown like the grass on a well-watered Chia

pet. Kadmo could not be happier with these changes. His glorious hair made him feel so macho and manly that he would have felt like the pinnacle of masculinity even had he not been so incredibly swole and unbelievably hung.

His balls may have been huge, but they paled in comparison to his cocks... That's cocks with an S at the end. He didn't know how or why he had sprouted a second one, but he wasn't going to argue with the results. Somehow it just felt natural. It was as if his body had become so masculine that his machismo could no longer be conveyed with just one cock, no matter how huge and glorious it may be, and his dicks *were* glorious. Either immense tool was easily as long as he was tall and was far thicker than his entire torso had been before he had begun working out. Nowadays his enormous cocks rivaled even his tree trunk thick thighs for sheer girth.

His libido had grown right alongside his dicks. It seemed like he could never get his twin dongs fully soft. No matter how much he managed to cum or how often he got off, they were always flying at at least half-mast and were always dribbling pre, which was just as well since his huge, heavy nuts always felt incredibly full. It seemed like no matter how much or how recently he had cum, his nuts were always crying for release.

He turned the hair dryer towards his chest to finish drying off the dense patch of blond fluff that sprung from the deep cleft between his two, enormously brawny pecs. He felt a slight shudder of excitement course through him as the hot air collided with his sensitive nips. Like the rest of his body, his nipples had swollen up to incredible sizes. Even at his current massive size, the two, thick nubs were a handful. Some of the smaller guys loved to play with them, and Kadmo was only all too happy to allow them. Most guys could barely even close their hands around one of them. Try as they might, the guys just could not get their fingers to meet their thumbs on the opposite side. Kadmo's dicks stirred to life as he thought about it. Almost as if of its own volition, Kadmo's free hand drifted up towards his massive, brawny chest and began to squeeze his engorged nipple. The constant stream of milk that always seemed to seep from him nipples increased to a full-blown squirt.

As he gave his nipple a tender squeeze and a soft tug pleasure arced through his entire body causing his huge, buff bod to tremble like a leaf in the wind. He never would have believed his nipples could be so sensitive or that it could be so enjoyable to play with them, but it had become a part of his nightly routine. Every night when Kadmo got home from the gym, one of the first things he liked to do was plop down on his old sofa in front of the TV and tug at his engorged, sensitive nips.

The couch he used had been designed to easily hold three people, and when he had been a scrawny little kitten he had had plenty of room to spread out on it, but now that he was a hulking wall of leonine brawn just his massive, beefy ass was enough to fill the entire couch. His huge, full nuts would rest solidly on the ground before him and his massive cock would protrude out in front of him as he sat.

Once he was comfortably situated, Kadmo would recline in the chair, grip an enormous, puffy teat in each hand and sensually tug and squeeze at them for hours on end. With each squeeze, milk would seep from his nipples and soak into the fur of his hands, arms, and torso as it trickled down his arms, down the trenches of his deeply cut abs, and onto the carpet below. With each tug a warm, wet spurt of milk would erupt from his chest. It felt like an orgasm from his pecs, and he could keep climaxing indefinitely. His pecs never seemed to run out of milk to shoot, and the sensations never seemed to diminish. He would sit there for hours upon hours tugging and squeezing and fondling and

stroking. With each tug his arousal would grow. With each squeeze, his dicks would awaken a little more. With each grope, his cocks would get a little harder. Before long, he'd have both colossal dicks towering before him seeping pre like faucets as he continued to play with his erogenous nipples. Finally, after hours of fondling, his arousal would get to be too much and he would cum hard from his nipples and his cocks over and over again all without even once laying a finger on his oversensitive dong.

Kadmo let out a soft moan as he felt the release of milk from his nipple, but he knew he had to dial it back. Already his perpetually chubbed dicks were reaching inconvenient levels of boning, and he did have a date he needed to get to. Kadmo let out a wistful sigh, but he laid off his nipple and put the hairdryer back on its charger. All that was left for was him to throw on some clothes.

Clothes was a bit of a stretch... both literally and figuratively. What few garments that Kadmo could get to fit his massive frame hardly covered anything and looked like they could burst at any given moment. The huge, burly lion pulled his shirt on first. The massive muscle shirt would have been ridiculously oversized on even a pro-lifted, but it fit Kadmo like a glove. The fabric of the shirt stretched so tight across his big, beefy muscles that the white cloth turned almost sheer.

The shirt was all but invisible from the front. The garment was stretched so tight across his gigantic, brawny bod that the front of the shirt was reduced to a single, thin strand that vanished into the deep, dark crevasse between his two enormous pectoral slabs. The only parts of his shirt visible from the front were the over-stretched shoulder straps which rested on either side of his huge, bulging traps and the bottom hem of the shirt which was stretched so tight that it was little more than a white ring of fabric which rested directly under his massive, burly pecs. The enormous overhang of his colossal, muscular pectorals was so huge that the bottom hem of the shirt was all but hidden in their shadow; it was only from certain low angles that it could be seen at all.

The back of his shirt was little different. If someone were to stare at his backside and admire his choice of attire in the way in which a scholar of art admires an impressionist painting they might eventually begin to make out the faded, stretched out design of the gym mascot emblazoned on the fabric, but that would require quite an active imagination. As it was, the narrow strap of fabric merely served to highlight the deep, defined ridge along the lion's back where his massive traps and immense lats came together.

His shorts were just as comically undersized as his shirt. The fabric was stretched so taut across his gloriously huge, fantastically beefy ass that they may as well have been a thong. The fabric vanished into the deep, dark canyon between his two phenomenally burly buns. When seen from the back, the only indication that he was indeed wearing pants at all was the thin waistband and a small, narrow strap of fabric right beneath his tail that vanished into his beefy buttcrack.

From the front it hardly appeared as if he was wearing clothes at all. The fishnet shorts were of no use in hiding his immense dong. Both thick, dripping dicks were clearly visible through the all but invisible fabric as were his two, enormous, turgid balls. The only purpose his shorts served were to keep his gigantic schlongs relatively close to his body to keep his wingspan limited enough that he wouldn't bowl over random passers-by each and every time he turned around; a task which his fishnet briefs performed adequately at best.

Secure in his smoking hotness and dubious modesty, Kadmo slipped on his shoes, grabbed his bag, and set out to meet up with his buddy, Henry Tchang, for the first of what he hoped to be many, many dates, but before Kadmo could set out to get his snack on, and hopefully his mack on, with the studly American hoss, Kadmo saw a sight that brought all the memories from the previous weeks bubbling back to the surface.

Tip-toeing awkwardly into the locker room was a very scrawny, very skinny, and very nervous looking young tiger. Kadmo recognized the yellow slip of paper clutched in the tiger's paw instantly. The skinny little feline was here on one of those free, three-day passes. Kadmo himself had been lured in with the same ploy, and was he ever glad he had been. He knew from experience that once this little tiger hit the weights and really started seeing changes, he'd be just as hooked as Kadmo himself had been.

"First day?" Kadmo asked kindly.

"Uh... yeah... that obvious?" The tiger responded nervously.

"Well, you do have the beginner's pass." Kadmo replied with a hearty chuckle as he gestured towards the yellow slip of paper. Kadmo intentionally made sure to mention the pass and draw attention to that instead of the tiger's slim, slender physique. Kadmo had been there before, and he could tell that the tiger was feeling daunted by his own meager size especially in comparison to the sizes of all the massive dudes hanging around in the locker room.

"Oh, right... hehe." The tiger replied, chuckling nervously as he did so. "Man though... I don't think I'll ever be able to get as big as some of these guys..." The tiger added dejectedly.

"Don't worry about that." Kadmo said heartily. He placed a massive paw reassuringly on the tiger's shoulder. The lion's enormous mitt completely dwarfed the tiger's boney shoulder. "Just start working out. The size will come naturally." He said pleasantly.

"Thanks." The tiger said quietly. Kadmo could tell that the tiger was still daunted and was quickly losing his nerve.

"I mean it. Just get out there and do it. Everyone here will be glad to help you out." Kadmo stated proudly. Then his demeanor changed. He leaned in closer and said in a conspiratorial whisper, "And between you and me..." Kadmo then reached into his gym bag and pulled forth one of the spare extra-strength protein shakes he had been chugging the past week. He then gave the bottle to the tiger a sly wink. "Try this. You'll see results in no time."

"Uh... thanks!" the tiger sputtered happily. Kadmo could see the glint returning to the tiny feline's eye. He knew that that little tiger would soon be a regular and would be pumping iron with the biggest and the best of them.

Kadmo waved goodbye to his new gym buddy and sauntered off to his date. That had been his last shake, but he didn't mind giving it away. After all, he was already plenty big... for now anyway.