A New Gym Regimen

“Are you in desperate need of a pick me up?” an equine man said, causing Havok to nearly jump to the side in shock and surprise before turning to see the one that had made the sudden sales pitch. “Feeling drained constantly, or just want to put on a bit of muscle before the summer? Take the bull by the horns today and try out this new gym for free!”

Though Havok had originally just gone to the outlet mall in the store to see if he could pick up a cheap copy of a video game he wanted he found himself taking the flyer from the grinning male. No sooner had he done so then he found himself ignored once more, the advertiser moving on to a panther guy that had been walking behind him. As the dragon continued to go through the mall atrium he couldn’t help but take a look back at the guy that had just given him the flyer, noting that he was in a pair of spandex workout clothes that hugged his muscles rather well as he stretched to give yet another piece of paper to a passing crocodile man. Though his first instinct was just to ball the advert up and toss it in the trash Havok saw that included a free month pass, then past the paper to the slight bulge in his stomach.

Havok felt himself blush at the sudden revelation about his own white-scaled body. While he would never consider himself fat he was likely out of shape, something that hadn’t really bothered him until just now. Compared to the horse that had given him the flyer he looked almost pathetic as he held out his skinny arms and looked at the meager muscle on them. Perhaps it was time to start working out a little more, the dragon thought to himself as he continued on his way back towards his car…

The next day was the start of an extended weekend for Havok and though he had intended on a marathon session with the games he had just bought a glance on the piece of paper he had put up on his fridge reminded him of his self-made promise. Though he could hear the siren call of his computer he decided to at least do one day worth of physical exertion, though if they tried to get him to sign up for longer or put him on a payment plan he was going to get out of there. With his mind resolved he grabbed the flyer and went out the door to the gym. It didn’t take long for him to find it and was amazed at the size of the building as he found a place to park.

“How did I not see this place go up?” Havok said to himself as he made his way to the sliding glass doors. “You can probably see this from the highway without having to crane your neck.”

When Havok stepped through the doors into the gym itself the thought of how he missed such a building were replaced with the structure itself; the entire area looking more like a sports complex dedicated to working out as he stepped inside. As the sunlight streamed through the glass ceiling it gave all the people he could see working out an almost angelic glow to them, like he had just stepped into some sort of workout heaven. He stood there gawking for about a minute before he heard someone clear his voice and saw that a snake man at the check-in area was grinning at him and waving him over.

“Sorry about that,” Havok said as he felt himself grow slightly flush with embarrassment.

“We get that all the time for newcomers,” the receptionist reassured with a grin, his spandex-covered shoulders shrugging slightly. “Are you hear for a tour or to sign up?” It took a few seconds for the dragon to realize what he was asking before he fished out the flyer and gave it to him. “Oh you have one of our promotional coupons, that’s very good, we can get you started right away once I flag a trainer over for you.”

“That’s it?” Havok asked in suspicion. “I don’t have to give you my credit card or banking information or anything like that? Not even my name?”

Suddenly Havok felt a pair of strong hands clamp down on his shoulders as he heard a deep chuckle behind him. “Well a name would certainly be a good start when it comes to introductions,” the voice behind him said. “However I’ll start us out. My name is Modino, and I’m the owner of this little fitness center of mine.”

“I’m Havok,” the dragon replied as he turned around to face the other male, only to have his eyes widen at what he saw. “Whoa…” though he hadn’t meant to voice his surprise he couldn’t help it as he tilted his head up to look at the wall of muscle behind him. The bull man was at least a foot taller than him and packed with muscle, all of it covered with a layer of black spandex that seemed to go from head to toe. It even covered his face as his grin seemed to grow even bigger on his muzzle.

“I get that reaction a lot Havok,” the bull said before looking past him to the snake. “Why don’t I take this one, give our trainers a break for a second to focus on their current clients.”

“Of course Ma… Modino,” the snake replied quickly as he bowed his head slightly. “I will make sure to let the others know that you are going to busy.”

As Havok’s gaze bounced between the two he thought he caught a look from the snake creature, one of almost pure envy before the smile returned to his muzzle and he told them to have a great workout together. Modino just nodded and led the dragon through the front entrance and into the gym proper. As they walked through the area the scope that Havok had imagined for the place turned out to be rather underwhelming, the place was more like a plaza than a gym and even had signs to where to go if you wanted to try out anything in particular. This was only the first floor too, he thought to himself as he was taken towards one of the nearby rooms, he could only imagine what was in the areas that were higher up.

When the two went through the door Havok found himself in what looked like someone’s personal gym, the rather large space mostly occupied with workout equipment as well as a desk, television, and a few other things. What was really impressive as he was told to have a seat was the rack of spandex clothing that was on one side of the walls; everything from bodysuits complete with hood to thongs were on it before a clearing of the throat brought him back to Modino’s attention. “So tell me Havok,” he asked as he clasped his fingers together and leaned forward. “What are we looking to accomplish here at my gym?”

The question had taken the dragon back slightly and though he remembered the initial reason why he had come it seemed almost paltry now. “I uh…” even though Havok wasn’t exactly sure how to answer the words came bubbling up in his mind almost unbidden. “I’m definitely attracted to those muscles of yours, like the one who gave me the flyer in that spandex track suit he was wearing. I would do anything to be able to have that kind of confidence my appearance!”

“Muscles and confidence eh?” Havok felt himself sinking slightly down in the chair as a smirk crossed the bull’s muzzle. “Well you’ve come to the right place then, I’m equipped to give you both. By the time I’m done you’d wouldn’t even recognize yourself, just a bulging mass of muscle and spandex.”

“Oh… uh…” the dragon was slightly surprised by such a robust answer, unsure of what to say as he glanced briefly back at the wardrobe before he returned to look at the bull. “The thing is… I only have that flyer for a month and… I wasn’t really looking to make any hardcore commitment. If this is one of those things where you said I could have a body like yours in two years I’d have to say no.”

To his surprise the bull snorted in bemusement. “You underestimate my talents,” Modino answered as his smirk grew even wider. “I could have you in that kind of shape and you wouldn’t have to pay a dime. In fact… I will put up a lifetime membership that says I can’t give you a body like mine in one day.”

One day, Havok thought to himself as he felt his jaw drop slightly, there’s no way he could do something like that! Even if he pumped him full of steroids up to his eyeballs he couldn’t produce results like that… yet the bull seemed to be supremely confident as he sat back in his chair. “That’s it?” Havok finally asked. “If I don’t get a body like yours I get a lifetime membership to this place… just like that?”

“Just like that,” Modino replied. “Only stipulation is that you got to stick to me like glue and do what I say, no taking my deal and then running off to the steam room for a few hours. You follow my every word and you don’t get a body like mine then that membership is yours. And before you ask I’m not going to be pumping you full of chemicals or anything like that, my workouts are designed to make your muscles swell without the need for that garbage. So… what do you say?”

While it still seemed like something that was too good to be true he decided that he really had nothing to lose except for a day of his extended weekend, and considering how nice this place was a lifetime membership would definitely have its benefits. It wasn’t long before Havok found himself shaking the bull’s spandex-covered hand while telling him that he had a deal. Once that was done Modino clapped his hands together and stood up, that confident smirk still on his face as he motioned for the dragon to go over to the wall of spandex. As the two walked towards the wall filled with outfits the dragon asked him if such a thing was necessary.

“Well given the fact that you don’t have any sort of gym bag or anything I’m assuming that you don’t have a pair of workout clothes that you brought with you,” Modino assumed, Havok slowly nodding his head. “It’s a typical rookie mistake, but since time is of the essence we’re going to give you a loaner here that you can use while we get you set up. Go ahead and pick out something that you like, but try to hurry since we’ve got a lot of work to do.”

Havok took a few minutes to scan through the inventory, quickly bypassing both the full body suits and the thongs to arrive somewhere near the middle. After a bit of searching he found something that he could wear, a pair of silver spandex compression shorts and a t-shirt that had red stripes running along it. Once he had his outfit, along with a similar pair of shoes, Havok asked if there was somewhere he needed to change before the bull waved his hand dismissively in the air and said he could change here. Modino even turned his back to allow the dragon to slip into his new outfit unobserved, and though something still twitched with unease inside of him he decided to bite the bullet and get changed so they could move on with this miracle workout he was about to undertake.

The second that the spandex slid up on his thighs he felt his body tremble slightly, a shiver of pleasure that he hadn’t anticipated. While it wasn’t the first time he had worn compression gear before it definitely felt like it, especially the way it clung to his scales while he pulled them up. Once he had gotten them up around his waist the front sported a sizable bulge that caused Havok to grow flushed with embarrassment. After a quick glance to make sure that Modino had taken the opportunity to peak he decided to quickly move on to the shirt so he could get going.

Thankfully the dragon was one without wings, which made putting on the stretchy material far easier than his winged counterparts. He still had to be careful for his horns but once he passed that hurdle it was easy to slide the fabric down around his chest. Once again the feel of the shirt against him was more than just a comfort as he looked at himself in the nearby mirror. What he saw in the reflection caused him to frown slightly as the spandex revealed his lanky form even more than his baggy clothes did. Still he turned back to Modino and informed the bull that he was done and the second the words left his muzzle his new trainer spun around and told him it was time to get started.

“Now normally I would go ahead and point you to the cycling theatre or something like that since I’m the one with you we can just skip all that and go straight to the good stuff,” Modino instructed as he led them out of the office and back into the fitness center. “Now the upper floors are where all our hardcore members go as well as our employees. Since we’re ramping the intensity of your workout to eleven to get fast results we’ll be using the same facilities.”

Though Havok tried to listen to the bull as he continued to list off the amenities of the fitness center he couldn’t help but get distracted by the spandex that clung to his body. It was like it was vibrating on him and had aroused him to the point where he was worried that he might have a tent in his pants. Thankfully it never seemed to manifest that far but it still caused him no end of anxiety as they walked up the stairs towards the second floor, then to the third where there was a solid metal door with a small electronic pad on the side of it. The dragon didn’t see any way to input anything but as Modino walked up to it the light turned green suddenly and allowed them both to enter.

“That’s quite the security feature you have there,” Havok commented as they walked into an equally large space as the area they had just walked through.

“My members at this tier prefer to have a bit more privacy to work out,” Modino explained as they passed a juice bar, Havok’s head turning as he saw that the muscular cheetah behind it was dressed head to toe in what looked like a cheetah-patterned zentai suit. “In exchange for their increased pledge they are given their own space away from the public where they are free to do what they want, along with several other amenities that you’ll be able to indulge in later. But alas I talk and we’re burning daylight, let’s get you on your first machine.”

Havok found himself only able to nod as they walked into one of the fitness areas and found a number of others working out, though what really caused the dragon to pause was the fact they were all dressed in similar spandex outfits as the feline out front. Was it part of some sort of new training fad, Havok wondered as he was led to a bike, or was it a bizarre dress code that Modino implemented on the members here? Either way it made him acutely aware that he was dressed in a similar outfit, though it showed off far more of his scales as they made their way to a leg press machine. The bull explained to him that this was a state of the art complete body sculptor, designed to adapt to the level of the user and provide the most efficient workout possible.

As the dragon got inside it however it still looked like a regular leg press machine, though it didn’t have any visible weights there were a number of pads that he slid his appendages into until his feet hit the rests on the bottom of it. What did surprise him slightly though was once he had sat down the bull took a seatbelt like strap and buckled him into the seat. When Havok asked why a machine would require such a thing Modino insisted it was to keep his posture correct as two more straps were slid down his chest to meet with the one already around his waist. Though he had an uneasy feeling about such a set-up he reassured himself that it was just part of the workout and that soon he would be able to leave with a lifetime membership in his pocket.

“Alright, you’re all set,” Modino said after giving one more look over to the dragon. “Now let’s get those legs working, start by pressing your thighs together as far as you can.”

For the first few sets Havok felt his legs quiver as he worked with the bull to get his knees as close together as possible, but the longer they worked out the easier it got for the dragon to do them. The machine really was smart, he thought as he grunted and pushed his head back to try and complete the latest set, it had already altered the weight to accommodate his lack of strength. As they switched it up a bit Modino moved over and pressed his chest against the back of the machine, aiding the straps in keeping him there while they moved to a whole new set of exercises. With the bulky male in the way Havok couldn’t see that his thigh muscles weren’t just getting worked out, they were thickening considerably as the spandex began to liquidate along the edges and spread out down his legs.

“Ugggh… what is that…” Havok grunted as Modino continued to hold him there, beginning to feel something tickling at the back of his knees as the silver and red striped spandex assimilated his scales. “It’s like something is growing on me.” It was hard for Havok to really think of the words to explain how he felt, especially since the exertion of the workout was feeling so good. It was like he could do this for hours and at this point there was definitely a tent in his pants that his hazy mind no longer seemed to register as embarrassing.

“That’s just your muscles responding to the treatment,” Modino replied as he tilted the dragon’s head up and locked eyes with him, his purple eyes glowing slightly. “You’re doing really good there Havok, why don’t we switch it up a bit and work out a different set of muscle groups at the same time. This is going to be your calves and butt, so get ready for some stretching.”

Havok just nodded and Modino reached down without breaking eye contact to adjust something before telling him to go again. This time when he pushed down his eyes opened wide and he let out a gasp as something felt like it had started to push into his tailhole! When he got back into the resting position it went away but it was enough to snap him out of his entranced workout mode and look down past Modino at himself. When he did he got the second surprise in as many minutes as he saw his normally scrawny legs had such thick upper legs that it looked almost comical on him… as well as the protrusion from his groin where he could see the outline of his cock through the spandex.

“What… what’s going on,” Havok said as he began to try to wiggle himself out of the machine, only to accidently push his legs down and cause whatever was against his tailhole to spread the muscle open while the spandex shifted further down his shins. “What’s happening to me? How is this possible?”

“I told you that I could get you a body like mine quickly,” Modino replied with a smirk as he backed away and crossed his arms. “Of course no one really believes me until we get our first results, now the question is do you have the dedication to see this through or are you gonna wuss out and not finish your workout? You did promise me that you were going to continue to follow my directions for the rest of the day.”

Though Havok’s mind was swimming as he looked down at his spandex-covered legs, which even with just two reps his calves bulged with new muscle, it echoed with the bull’s words that he had given him a promise. It made getting up and leaving seem… wrong almost, like he was abandoning someone that believed in him, and the fact that the pleasure was almost overwhelming didn’t hurt either. “N-no…” Havok finally replied as he found a well of resolve he hadn’t realized he had before. “I want… I want to see this through!”

“That’s good to hear,” Modino replied. “Now I believe I gave you a rep order, it’s time to crush it!”

Havok felt extremely motivated as he pushed down even harder on the machine, gasping as he was penetrated once more in his tailhole while his feet were next to explode with growth. Though they retained their draconic characteristics he could feel the tendons in his heel tense up, the spandex-covered scales shifting as with each pump downward his legs were molded into a slightly different configuration. Of course Havok couldn’t see what was going on, not only was he lost in the lust of getting spread open by the phallic object pushing inside him with every thrust but also from his own hand moving down and brazenly stroking his spandex-covered cock in time with his workouts. Even though in the back of his mind he knew that he was jerking off while being watched by another male and being mounted from behind by a machine he couldn’t help himself; each thrust, each stroke only spurred him on more until he finally came hard.

At this point the dragon looked like almost a parody of his former self as he laid in a post-orgasmic haze. His lower body looked like something that would come off of a bodybuilder, every muscle in his new legs perfectly sculpted to give him a powerful predatory presence. His cock had also grown more ridged as well as the spandex that he had used to pleasure himself clung tightly to it like a second skin. Meanwhile his upper body was still skinny and scrawny, making him look like some strange partially inflated balloon as Modino walked up to the machine and began to adjust it to work on his upper body. It wasn’t long before Havok had a bar dangling above his head that the bull guided his hands to grab onto.

“I can already see it in your eyes,” Modino said as he motioned for Havok to push down, the dragon finding himself doing so and grunting as his chest immediately pushed against the straps. “Deep down you want this, to be a muscle dragon, my muscle dragon…”

While that didn’t sound right to the dragon his thoughts were interrupted with another order to push down that he instinctively did. Once more the insides of his tailhole were spread open with each rep, something that along with Modino’s encouragement helped spur him on to do even more. Every time he tried to reason with himself that what he was doing was bringing him closer to the brink the bull seemed to instinctively know and pushed him to go harder. With every motion not only did Havok’s chest balloon with muscles but his arms did too, his biceps bulged with new growth as the tendrils of silver and red spandex crept over them. By the time it registered to the lustful mind of the male that he was still transforming the material had coated his fingers like gloves, making him look like the others as from the neck down he was a musclebound zentai dragon.

The sudden feel of his neck muscles thickening and Modino reaching up on the machine to adjust it once more gave Havok a moment of clarity and looked around the gym. Even with the blissful haze clouding his thoughts he saw that as the others worked out they did so in complete silence, their spandex covered faces not even shifting a little as they did so. In a moment of epiphany he realized that it wasn’t just a zentai suit covering their faces, it was their faces. Not just their heads either, these ripped creatures were completely devoid of any characteristics other than their muscles…

A loud clang suddenly brought Havok’s attention and when he turned his muzzle back he found himself face to face with a thick spandex bull cock. When he looked up he saw that Modino had dropped what little semblance of a disguise he had, the creature now almost looking demonic as his muzzle was able to curl up into an evil grin. “One last exercise to go,” he said as the head of his cock was mere centimeters from his muzzle. “Show me how bad you want that body, give me everything you got and embrace your destiny.”

The words continued to resonate in the dragon’s mind and with it the euphoric enthrallment settled over him once again. Modino… Master Modino was right, Havok’s mind agreed as he began to do the final exercise, opening his muzzle to allow that perfect cock into his maw. At first he could feel the spandex press against his flesh until that began to alter as well, slowly becoming the feel of the material rubbing against itself as tendrils of silver pushed their way past his lips to meet with the ones growing up his neck. Modino didn’t move a muscle, instead letting Havok set the pace for his last workout to allow the dragon to motivate himself into his fold.

With every passing second more of the thick material seemed to cover every inch of Havok’s head and though he couldn’t see it he could feel it smoothing over his details. He could feel his horns grow slightly as it covered his eyes, though after a few seconds his vision returned better than ever as he forced that thick cock down into his spandex throat to pleasure his trainer… his master… his everything. Everything that was Havok was encased in that sensual stretchy fabric, smoothing him over so that he could experience the true bliss of being a perfect muscle creature. With every push of his muzzle against the groin of the bull he was flooded with new desires and instincts, ones that would give him the ability to serve Modino in exchange for sculpting his form.

Eventually even Modino couldn’t hold back his lusts as he reached down and grabbed Havok by the horns, thrusting in and out of the stretched maw until he finally came deep down the throat of the other male. At this point Havok’s body no longer moved, save for when Modino instructed him as though the heavily muscled creature was his puppet. When he was finally completely spent the bull pulled out of the slick maw, and the second he did so the spandex that was on the dragon’s lips knitted together until that disappeared as well. With his transformation complete Modino stepped down off the machine and unstrapped his latest convert, taking more than a few moments to brush their thick bodies together before finally undoing the now strained straps and getting Havok on his feet once more.

When the dragon was finally released from the machine he immediately got up and walked silently to one of the full-sized mirrors to examine himself. The silver zentai had molded itself perfectly to the heavily muscled creature, eliminating anything that would have made Havok recognizable while accentuating his new features. As he stared at himself a blank face stared back, something that the shredded dragon no longer concerned himself with. Though his personality and other defining features were still there they were not necessary in the presence of Master Modino, a sentiment shared by the other faceless zentai drones that began to appear around his reflection. It was clear that the others knew the same pleasure that the dragon was in, their bodies rubbing together as they enjoyed basking in the aura of the latest addition to their fold.

Modino watched with bemused interest as his creations mingled together, all of them at one point or another just creatures who desired his body. It was the entire reason why he had founded this place, to ensnare those who wanted a better body, or maybe even just the desire of pleasure and control like the red striped zentai dragon being fondled, and the results had been phenomenal. With his stable of zentai drones growing he could even think of expanding out into other services… though at the moment he still had one last thing to address before he could fully enjoy himself.

“Form up,” the powerful voice of the bull rang out, the spandex-clad drones quickly falling into a proper rank and file with the silver and red-striped dragon front and center. “We have ourselves a new dragon to welcome to the fold, and since Havok now has a body like mine he’s going to need to find a new way to earn that lifetime membership to this club. Since you all had to do the same why don’t you go ahead and give him a few suggestions on just how that can be done…”