

The Real Apex

Part 1

Apex Gym was aptly named for its clientele. Only the most serious of bodybuilders could get in. The largest of the large and biggest of the big. The paragons of manliness, *the* Apex of men. So, when a smaller foxlike fellow walked in without a membership, it seemed quite odd.

By anyone's standards, he would be a model, perfection in all forms, though not nearly large enough for the gym's regulations. You needed to break at least 250 pounds. This guy looked to be on the cusp of 200. A paragon of manhood, but not "Apex" material. So, when the receptionist looked down on him, he felt justified in his smirk.

"Hey there pretty boy," the giraffe smiled. "The gym for casuals is across the streee..."

Time slowed down. The fox simply gave a sly smirk. The giraffe thought he was some emo muscle dink who walked into the gym by mistake, but that couldn't have been farther from the truth. The fox had black fur, his underbelly and paw pads a viridian green which instantly became the giraffe's favorite color. He wore an old cut-off hoodie, the sleeves and sides wide open to expose his well-toned and muscled frame. His athletic shorts were baggy, and the receptionist would normally scoff at such baggy shorts, if they didn't move to accentuate him so well. The fabric fell over a sculpted ass, his package size being teased through that curtain, and his tail swished out beyond it. The fox's tail was long, and not fox like at all, revealing his mixed heritage. It was more of an eastern dragon with brilliant green plumage. Though it looked like downy feathers, it was really just fur that was so soft and well-kept it floated as though suspended in water. He was a hybrid. A fox and dragon mix.

A drox.

The receptionist looked down into the drox's eyes. The only thing that wasn't green were his violet eyes. The galaxy and all its secrets were contained inside those violet orbs, his pupil a black hole that was sucking him in little by little.

The drox cocked a brow.

He didn't need to say anything. The simple fall of that cocky grin and risen brow was enough to tell the giraffe how uncouth he was in the presence of...

"I'm sorry...um...sir. Can I get your name?"

"Green," he said. His voice smooth and sultry. The very breath he held felt heavy against the giraffe's will. He felt his neck bending down. Something he would never do.

"Sorry...Green...Sir...but I need your full name for the day pass," day pass? Shouldn't Green get more than just a simple pass?

"Green is all you deserve," he smirked. "Besides, this place looks pretty dull without me in it. You want to just let me by, don't you...Carl." Green took a brief moment to look at the golden nametag pinned to the bodybuilder's skintight tank.

Carl would normally laugh in the face of anyone who was so disrespectful, but...it felt right.

"Sorry Mister Green-" Carl started.

"Nah, Mister Green rubs the wrong way," Green commented as he lifted his hands up and put them behind his head, his hoodie rolling up his thick shoulders and delts as he exposed the tufts of green pit hair. "Mister Green was my father. I outgrew that shrimp back in middle school. Nah, you can call me Sir Green, or just Green. Nothing else."

Carl was fixated on those dual arms flexing as he put them behind his head. It was a casual enough position, but even the natural flex of his lats pushed more of his body into the open and out of that hoodie. Carl shook his head and fumbled through his words.

“Y-Y-Yes Mister...I mean Sir...I mean...Uh...”

“Green,” the drox spoke his name once more, annoyance creeping into his voice, the smile in his eyes dropping. He was getting tired of this pitiful savanna walker getting in his way.

“Yes, Green. I’ll just...here, you can use my pass. I’ll just...” He took out a green permanent marker. He scratched his own name out and wrote “Sir Green” across it. He handed over the card. Green took it, his thumb brushing against the other man’s hand as he did so.

Carl shuddered at the touch. It felt so smooth and silky, soft and strong. It was a contradiction of sensations. Up until that moment, he had never been truly touched. He had been starving his entire life up until that point. No other flesh made his knees weak, his spine tingle, his fur stand on end.

“Do I need to tell you that this is unacceptable, or are you going to make this right?” Green stated flatly.

“Of course Sir. We’ll get you a picture card for you right away. You’ll just have to fill out-”

Green took a look over the card once more before looking back at Carl.

“I mean...” Carl felt like he was withering under the weight of those eyes. “I’ll file your paperwork for you.”

“The only “Apex” I’ve seen so far is the apex of incompetence,” he slipped the pass into his pocket. “I know you’re just doing your job. I ain’t no Karen, but you do realize I deserve better.”

“Yes Green, Sir...” Carl was sweating. How could he be so nervous? He felt like a lamb, like he was back in middle school before he started to hit the weights. But it was true. Green did deserve better. He deserved so much more than this mediocre service. Even with his employee card giving him full access to all the amenities, it still felt...pathetic. Green started to walk to the lockers.

“Come, I’ll need a gym jockey,” Green ordered.

“But...I need to man the front-”

“Don’t ever make me repeat myself,” Green warned without stopping.

Carl quickly abandoned his post and followed Green into the lockers.

The locker room was new and state-of-the-art. Plenty of personal stalls, bamboo benches for comfort, and towels and robes for free use. A staircase led up to another floor where the steam rooms were and access to a track that ran around the pool.

Carl set up Green with his employee locker. They were larger and closer to the vending machines. Carl quickly emptied out his clothes and other personal effects that couldn’t be repurposed for Green’s use. Protein powders and bars, shake mixes, and tumblers were the only things spared. Green had come with a simple drawstring bag that he handed to Carl.

“Before you put that away, you can do your duty and switch out my shoes,” Green commanded and sat down on the bench. Carl’s heart raced. He had to be three of this little shit put together, but he couldn’t help but feel like he was trying to break his personal bests as he opened that drawstring and pulled out a fresh pair of socks and some shoes. They looked new, but had the distinct musk of a few

runs on them. The socks were fresh, but held a bit of musk in them. A subtle reminder of who's they were.

Carl took the shoes, the abandoned drawstring now envisioned as a holy ark for these shoes that would house Green's strength, the base of his body, the thing he was closest to in status...even that thought felt wrong to Carl. He felt like he was constantly looking up, even when he was looking down. Carl turned his attention from the shoes to Green.

He had a tired look on him.

Carl didn't waste any more time. He fell to his knees, his massive thighs forcing his legs apart as he knelt before the model before him. Green simply lifted his foot and presented it to the employee. The sneakers were dirtier, for regular use. Carl cupped that shoe in his hands before undoing the lace, his fingers trembling. He looked back up and Green was scrolling on his phone, his eyes bored. This wasn't something he needed to be a part of. This was between this servant and his feet.

Carl shuddered. He thought the indifference would be off-putting, but it somehow made him quiver. He loosened the shoe and pulled it off, Green's foot slipping out. Even encased in cotton, those feet were immaculate. It was like a specter of beauty wrapped in linens. The subtle muscles and tendons of those muscular foot paws were distinct and deliberate.

Green furrowed his brow and wiggled his toes.

"Socks," Is all he said. Carl felt his body shudder, his tail hike, and his arms get weak. Carl cupped that powerful calf, it contained power beyond its physical limitations. He held it with reverence, and his hand itched with the need to message it. He couldn't help but give it a gentle squeeze.

Carl could bench over five hundred, but that sock felt like it had the weight of planets behind it. He pulled it down, his fingers hooking into the elastic before drawing it off and revealing the foot

beneath. Carl wasn't into feet, let alone male feet. He nailed more chicks in this job than he would in a whore house, but unveiling that foot was like pulling away a secret that had been denied him.

It wasn't male feet he was into. It was Green's feet.

It was the perfect mix of paw and foot. A heel in the back that could stomp, and four, powerful, thick toes, claws with pads, at the front. A purple toe ring circled the index toe, the metal shimmering like stardust with a single word printed on the bottom.

"Submit," he breathed the word out like it was a holy name. Submit never held any importance to him before, but now it felt like the center of his universe. The giraffe leaned in and smelled those toes. The gentle musk between them caused his fur to stand on end and sweat to trickle down his brow. He leaned in and stole a glance at Green. He still had his bored expression, the reflection of text bubbles scrolling past his eyes.

Maybe...he could steal a feel?

Feel was a poor word for what he wanted to do, but he didn't know how to sting the real desires into fathomable words. Instead, he crept his head forward, Green's toe claws catching on Carl's thick lips. Those toe claws could rake over his face and he would thank the Big Green for scaring him, but that's not what he did next. He brought his thumbs up to hold that foot like he was about to pray, and rubbed his thumbs into that sole.

Green never stopped looking at his phone, but he did murr as this pathetic simp was learning his place. Carl couldn't explain how intimate that murr was to him. He had watched his baby mamas birth his own sons, but that moan was the whisper of the universe. The breath of life that coursed through all. How...how could he not...

Submit

The word was right there on the toe ring. It was the answer to every question. The universe's truth. He leaned in and kissed that toe, those digits warm against his lips. He looked up and still Green was unphased. He just...just...deserved it? How could he be denied any appreciation of his body in any form? He pressed his lips against each toe, a hunger growing in his gut as he desired to do more.

"Quit your drooling and do the other foot," Green ordered absently. He knew that the feeble mind of the giraffe needed some guidance. He was just too much for someone like Carl to handle all at once, but he would have to learn.

Carl on the other hand felt like he was slapped. How could he forget the other foot?! He used his thick forearm to wipe away the drool from the corners of his mouth before he obeyed. He reverently set the one foot down, a new jealousy of the floor blooming in his gut, then took the other foot and repeated the process just as fervently. He couldn't peel that sock off fast enough. Every moment he wasn't *submitting* he was aching to do so.

He unveiled that foot and his dick throbbed, his ass clenched, and his mouth watered. It was beautiful. A perfect replica of the other, mirrored in all things. Another purple band was on his index toe, and he had to read it. It confused him, but he couldn't help but kiss it.

"Shrink," he moaned into that sole, his hot breath rolling between those thick digits before he kissed them. He wanted more of Green. More of the big guy to worship, to prostrate himself in front of, to be his gym jockey.

Green smiled and gave a gentle moan and pressed his foot forward, those toes pressing down on Carl. The feel of those lips and hot breath as Carl fell further into devotion was a pleasant ego stroke. He knew what he was doing, but he couldn't help it. Green was just too perfect to be ignored. The more people stayed in his presence, the more they craved him. Especially men who thought they were alpha,

or thought they were the best. They didn't work out their bodies for women, women frequently went for skinnier and fatter men. There was nothing wrong with that, but when it comes to the men who thought they could get big, they did it to impress other men.

So when perfection presents itself, these lesser beings can't help but feel inferior.

Green licked his lips and flexed his toes over that face, that tongue lulling between them. He could feel the thoughts of that pathetic shrimp beneath his toes as he prostrated himself. Carl wanted more, more of this perfection, more of this paragon of man to worship and adore.

"It's only natural, cuck," Green lifted his arm and slowly fleeeeeeeexed it. "Feel that need to give? To sacrifice? Give into it. Show me what you are willing to give to make up for your insolence in thinking you might be the 'apex' of anything."

Carl didn't know how he did it, but he gave in. He surrendered to Green so easily. All it took was the Big Green's socks being taken off to break him. Fucking pathetic.

Purple mist started to roll off of Carl, curling up between Green's thick toes and up his leg. Green gave a light moan.

"That's right, know your fucking place," Green felt tingling roll up his leg, the powerful appendage flexing and the purple fog rolled faster. Carl couldn't see the purple energy rolling off him. He didn't need to see it to feel it. To him, Green was just moaning, his toes twitching...were...were they always that big?

Carl's hands were forced apart as the calf he was holding flexed and expanded, the thigh above filling out more of those athletic shorts. Green's tail reeled out more as it slapped the ground behind him, the toes of his other foot slid further across the tile as they expanded, flexed, more muscle lashing

onto them, making them thicker and stronger. His shoulders spread, his flexed biceps splitting into a double peak as a thick vein rolled across them.

Carl felt lighter and heavier at the same time. The definition on his muscles started to fade, his bulging striations vanishing as his pumped frame smoothed out. His shredded abs became shallower as he felt the world around him grow. Years of hard work and determination disappeared in seconds as it rolled up and onto Green, that thick bicep pumping larger, thicker, stronger. His hands becoming thicker, more angled with the muscle they packed on.

Then he stopped.

“Wha...” Carl felt confused. It felt so good. How could having a foot pressed against his face feel so good...especially one that covered his full face! Those stompers were something else.

Green stood to his new height of just over six feet. He was still small compared to most of the gym goers, still the smallest of the clientele really, but not for long.

“Stay on the floor for a sec,” Green said pulling out his phone. He put his foot on Carl’s back, his toes pressing down on him as he posed for the camera.

“That’s right, stay down there, dipshit. Know your place,” Green chuckled and snapped a few selfies. Each picture proof that he was growing and the man beneath him was shrinking. Green felt his toes spread across the Giraffe’s back, his toe claws tearing up that loosening tank. He pushed off him, causing Carl to fall to his side as Green stood to his new six foot two height, his pecs pushing forward while their shallow cleavage caused his hoodie to bunch up.

“Come on now, you little dick-licker,” Green smirked and moved on with swagger, his long tail swishing behind him between two massive globes of sculpted ass. “I got some personal bests to break.”

His bare feet slapped against the ground, his new shoes forgotten as he entered the gym barefoot.

No one complained.

Carl was run ragged. The weights he was taking to and from the machines were much heavier than he remembered. Just the other day he thought he benched an extra fifty pounds more than what he was running, but those concerns were far away. The only thing Carl was truly concerned with was keeping Green happy.

So, when Green asked Carl to spot him, he was worried.

“Um...Green, I don’t know if I can handle all that weight. You might want to-”

“What did I fucking say about making me repeat myself?” Green snarled as he laid back on the bench, the bar above him bowing slightly from the weight on both ends.

Green didn’t need to wait and see if the little gym jockey was following orders. Disappointment from Green was more painful than a knife to the gut. So, when his thick hands gripped onto the bar above him, he wasn’t surprised his fingers brushed the giraffe’s.

“Carl, what’s up, I didn’t know you helped people with personal training. Looks like you’re setting him up to fail though. He can’t push that much weight.” An elephant remarked from beside him. “You know, if you don’t work on yourself, you’ll lose your membership here. You’re looking a little light there.”

About to get lighter, Green grinned and lifted. With perfect form, the bar lifted and shakily lowered down onto Green’s pecs. Green felt that weight, the bar like a guillotine threatening to crush

him. Green smiled at the thought as he pushed back up. It was slow and shaky, but he powered through to one rep.

“Quiet Eric, I’m spotting,” Carl said back to the elephant. Eric rolled his eyes; the massive elephant had to be at least eight feet tall, bulging, and able to break the average man in half. But for some reason, he didn’t turn to do his workout. He was really interested in what Carl was doing...or rather...who he was helping.

Green’s chest burned, his arms shook, sweat rolled off of him. He was halfway up on his third rep, but it looked like Carl would have to take the bar.

In a way he did.

More of that purple smoke, this time accompanied with tendrils of glowing violet light curled out of Carl and sank into Green. Those arms caught their second wind as he pushed up the bar and brought it down slowly. His form only wavering for a second before he went ahead and pushed up for another rep. Smooth as silk. Green felt his back slide across the bench, his feet sliding further across the gym floor, his hands gripping more of the bar as his shoulders grew broader, more of his pecs and lats poking out of his cut-off.

“Dude, that weight looked light for you,” Eric commented. He must have been mistaken thinking this guy’s weight wasn’t right for him. “Let me get you some more.”

“Yeah, you do that,” Green grunted as he pushed for an eighth rep. The bar was starting to move more smoothly, the motions fluid. Green revealed in the way the weight got lighter, the metal on the ends seeming more pathetic by the second.

Speaking of more pathetic by the second, Carl was clearly unfit to be a member of the gym. His clothes were sagging on him like some big guy wannabe. He was down to six foot even, his body tight

and refined like an Olympic gymnast. He wouldn't have any problem finding chicks for himself, but he looked to be the size of Green when he first stepped foot in Apex.

Green, on the other hand, had evolved. He had to be at least seven foot tall now, his broad shoulders and back filling out with thick slabs of muscle. Veins rolled across them, glowing violet with the essence of the weaker man. It was like fiber optic strands were rolling under his skin as that giraffe's best years were injected directly into Green's muscles; where they would be of better use. Carl's hard work and dedication were sucked away and offered as tribute to a much more worthy body. Green's tail slapped the floor as it reeled out, more muscular and stronger than before. Sweat made the hoodie he wore cling to his cleavage, his large pecks visibly flexing as Green was blasting past his reps. He wasn't counting, that's what his jockey was for.

That purple essence stopped as Green shifted his stance. He moved the bar so his one hand was in the center and let go with his other. That arm holding the bar was thick, powerful, and moved in perfect form as the last of that essence pumped him up. He did a one arm lift on that bar. Then another, and another!

"Wow," Eric whistled coming back with some weights. "Did you even pay attention when racking that bar? Were you racking for your little bitch ass, or for your client?"

"I-I-I don't know," Carl stammered, his voice considerably higher.

"Don't blame the little shit," Green rumbled as he racked his weight and sat up, the new angle even from his sitting position was very different. "He just can't fully comprehend how much a man I am." Green accented this by flexing his arm.

“Dude! You’re fucking thick!” Eric looked over that bicep as Green’s double peak came into full clarity. Eric did what he does for most of his gym bros. He lifted his trunk and wrapped it around that bicep. Green didn’t even flinch. It was normal for his worshipers to touch before they knew the rules.

“Wow, that’s one big bi-and-tri! Fuck,” Eric squeezed his trunk around that arm to get a more accurate measurement, when he felt it flex and his trunk had to loosen up.

“Yeah, it’s just natural for me to be this big. Why don’t you get closer and really get a look,” Green pulled his arm smoothly toward himself. Eric fell forward on his knees. He felt weak, that bicep was hot. Not just sexy, but physically hot. He could feel the virility in that arm. He could...smell it. The tip of his trunk started to stray as it went for that pit. The sweat and musk of those hairy pits were potent and strong. Fresh sweat, workout ambrosia, it was all too much for the Elephant, his feeble mind broken by Green’s augmented greatness. The larger his body, the quicker these fag’s fell to their knees in worship.

“Kiss it,” Green gave permission for the elephant to do what he most desired. That deep rumbling command ran up and down Eric’s spine. He pressed forward, his signature move of dominance of measuring that bicep was quickly flipped on him as he kissed that muscle. His tongue lulled over the split between those muscles while his trunk curled up that arm, following that powerful vein up into his armpit to take a smell of the forbidden bush.

Eric wasn’t gay. He would kick the shit out of faggots behind bars. He hospitalized several over the years, but this wasn’t being gay. This was...a singular male attraction. Paying worship to perfection. Paying homage to the beauty of a man who he could never measure up to.

“That’s right you dirty little pit slut, snort my sweat and use that dick holster for something more than telling me shit I already know.” Green groaned as he felt Eric submit almost instantly. More purple

smoke and tendrils curled out of that elephant's face. The trunk of his nose sniffed at that pit, and with each deep huff, more of his essence rolled out of him and curled up that perfect arm.

Green gave a satisfied growl, clenching his fist and feeling the pump roll up him, into his veins, into his bones. Feasting on this kind of essence was a unique experience to Green. No other being would ever experience it. It was his and his alone. To describe it would cheapen the sensation, but it was like drinking spring water after a hot day in the sun. The feel of sweat and burning muscles finding relief as he was cooled from the inside, his heart pumping pure ice water through his body. The sound of water hitting hot metal, that's what it felt like, or as close as a mortal could hope to understand.

Eric felt his dick throb, his elephant twelve incher tenting his shorts beautifully as he made-out with that bicep. The flexing and twitching of that muscle made it feel like it was kissing back. The only thing that mattered at that moment was that arm and pit, and somehow, he was losing his grip. Eric felt mortified as his trunk strained to reach that pit from around that bicep, slowly sinking away from its proper home as that bicep crept upward. Not just in size, but higher into the sky as Green's spine expanded, his legs spreading wider in his stance.

"Fuck yeah, pump me up you fucker!" Green's body feasted as Eric gave tribute to his new fixation. The gym was Eric's place of worship, his own nirvana where muscle was king, but now he knew he was in a chapel made for this drox. This paragon of man. The recess lighting above him was slowly eclipsed by his growing form, his head like a moon coming to swallow the sun as he looked down at Eric with a dark grin.

Green was forced to squat, the bench set far too low for his imposing size. His toes fanned as his legs spread out further. No matter how large he got, his wasn't disproportioned or radically roided. As he got wider, muscles filled out and swelled, flexing and expanding. His abs were starting to press up

against that hoodie, his midriff was started to be exposed as it started to creep up. Two thick abs and the Adonis belt swept down into his shorts that were growing more taught by the moment.

That's when both Eric and Carl saw it. Green's bulge. The purple elastic of a jock could be seen as that expanding pouch forced down his athletic shorts. Green's thighs swelled and filled the shorts completely, leaving nowhere for the package to go but out. The distinct outline of that dick as it pushed more and more of those shorts down was obscene. Had Eric any sense of reality, he would have felt his twelve inches had been reduced to just scraping above-average at six. There was no question where every ounce of that fuck meat went.

Eric could no longer hold onto that bicep as it ascended above him, flexing and making his trunk flick off with non-existent effort. The elephant was reduced into the same weight class as Carl. Both exceptional men, but were practically emaciated twinkles compared to the paragon of man that sat before them. Green's toes flexed and fanned out, absorbing the last of that energy, easily eclipsing size sixteens while his calves swelled into perfect diamonds. His teardrop thighs filled out his shorts, seams and stitches popping on the shiny fabric as he moved. The glistening sweat from that chest seeped into that hoodie, making it naturally follow, hug and every abdominal in perfect clarity. His oblique muscles rolled like thunder, lashing to his lats as his pecs pushed out into solid love pillows. His forearms followed suit as he flexed into a double bicep pose, the sound of those muscles flexing like straining leather.

Green rolled his shoulders, cracking his neck as he finished assimilating the last of Eric's essence. His Adam's apple popping into clarity as his jaw snapped and became more square, his hair and mane becoming thicker. He stood up, and up, and up! He was clearly nine feet tall, his eyes able to scan over even the largest equipment.

“That was a nice warm-up,” he murred, his voice a deep rumbling base that sent vibrations through the floor, tingling the soles of his feet. He shuddered, his obscene package flexing. Both Carl and Eric busted their nut in their pants, their cum oozing into their underwear as a tribute to their god. Their offering accepted as their bodies shrunk a few more pounds. That dick in Green’s pants pulsed larger, throbbing longer, pushing his shorts down further. It gave him another inch in height and he smirked as he saw the next part of his workout routine.

He stepped forward, those massive stompers smacking against the concrete floor. Green’s musk dripped off him, leaving footprints on the floor that reeked of his manliness. He was literally stomping out the musk of other “men” as he padded his way over to the squat rack.

Stan, a dragon of bodybuilding legend, was currently using the rack. He was easily ten feet tall and imposing. Striations rolled over his muscles, his body in peak physical form and ready for his season. He had enough roids inside him to fill a pharmacy and his body was soaking up size like a sponge. He had put his health at serious risk, year after year pushing himself farther beyond a dangerous limit. His trainer had given him an ultimatum a couple of years ago that if he didn’t go legit, he would quit.

He was fired on the spot in a violent fit of roid rage.

So, when some green drox punk stepped up into Stan’s range of motion, the entire gym froze. Many a bloody mess were made on the gym floor when people interrupted Stan. He was a sadistic monster, black scales and white underbelly. A true champion of bloated muscle and disproportionate bulk. His roid gut was lopsided, his pecs thick and protruding, and shredded to insanity.

“The fuck do you want, tinny?” Stan snarled and racked his weight before straightening his back and glaring down at the drox.

“You’re in my way,” the drox huffed with a cocky grin. “Either spot me or get the fuck out of my way, fucktard.”

“What did you just call me?!” Stan lifted his fist and swung.

A deafening slap filled the air as Green caught that fist mid-swing. Blood trickled between Stan’s knuckles. Stan felt like he had just punched a cliff. The only sign that Green was exerting any effort was the angry veins pulsing along his hand. Stan’s fist was easily larger than Green’s, but he still caught it, even with the full force of that raging drake.

Green’s lips peeled back into a snarl.

“Kneel,” he growled. With a flick of his wrist, Green bent Stan’s hand back. With his dehydrated form and lack of stretching, he felt that grip rip up his arm. He fell to his knees in a scream.

Even though Stan’s veil of red roid rage, he...he wasn’t mad. He shouldn’t be trying to upstage such a...

Green clenched hard on that hand and Stan screamed in pain, then moaned. That purple energy soared out of Stan and pierced Green in the gut. He didn’t take much, just enough to lift him up onto equal footing with the drake. Green smiled down at the dragon, his bloat fading, his definition becoming uniform as Green took the lopsided excess.

“Stay down,” Green ordered by pulling the drake back, making him fall forward and out of Green’s way. But Green wouldn’t have any of that. The bar was already racked with the maximum amount of weight, but Green wasn’t going to be outdone by some little scaly dicklet.

Green whistled. Carl and Eric ran up to him, both of them standing under the shadow of his pecs.

Green then grabbed the bar above him, adjusting his stance into a lunge so his foot was on the back of the dragon. He lifted the weight, his arms shaking and his vertebra compressing as he took it off the rack and made it rest on his shoulders.

“More weight,” Green grunted out his order. The two didn’t know what else to do, so they jumped onto either side of the bar, the metal groaning and bending further, easily adding an additional four hundred pounds. Green grunted, his weight pushing down on that drake, making him shout and hiss in pain as he was pinned under that foot.

Then, Green pushed back up against the oppressive weight.

“One...” He grunted as he lifted the weight, his delts screaming and burning against the weight. Sweat rolled down him in rivulets, the strain already awakening his competitiveness. He went back down as the gym watched, all their eyes locked on the display before them as the drox poised himself to dethrone Stan.

Green’s entire body flexed, his muscles straining as he pushed up against the weight, the drake beneath his foot screaming as the air was crushed out of him. The entire gym was enthralled, waiting on bated breath for a second rep. Green felt the drake beneath him shudder as more energy curled off of him. Green felt the weight ebb slowly as he forced through the exhaustion as quickly as it came.

“Two!” the gym jockeys on either side of the bar shouted as Green pushed up, his body dripping with sweat and strength. To the gym goers, he was always that big. Sure, the weight was crazy, but he might be able to handle it.

“Three...” The gym goers said in unison with the Big Green’s jockeys. Sure, it was the max weight and then some, but he looked like he could maybe handle it. He should really have a spotter though.

“Four,” yeah, it was a ton of weight, but maybe he doesn’t need a spotter for this, maybe he can handle it.

“Five!”

With each rep, the gym was sucked further and further into Green’s gravitational charisma, his gloriousness, he was the Apex of the gym. They were just feeble wannabes. They always were.

“Six!” Green lifted the weight, sweat dripping off him and onto the dwindling drake below. His foot paw slid further and further up that shrinking spine as every ounce of size was slowly sucked out of him, syphoned away to something bigger and better.

“Seven!” Green grunted as the weight kept getting lighter, but he wanted more. MORE!

“Eight!” Green’s body cracked and expanded his fists so bulky they were fighting for space between the weights. His shorts shredded up the seam. The elastic of his jock being tested as Green’s dick started to expand and swell with its own vigor. Still not enough! MORE!

“Nine!” Green had long since stopped counting. Like he said before, it wasn’t his job to keep track. He pushed up, smoother than before, easier than ever. The elastic of his shorts gave out, snapping and his massive semi-hard dick flopped forward with relief, the purple jock having grown dark around his cock head. One of his massive nuts flopped out of the jock, swinging low and churning with testosterone.

“Ten!” The drake below Green’s foot was in agony, his ribs groaned and threatened to be crushed, those foot paws kept adding more weight, and he swore they were bigger, covering more and more of him...wait...they were bigger! Green grinned in satisfaction. The drake would be made aware of his syphoned size. No one else will know but him. With that, Green did another rep. The gym cheering as he reached higher, his muscles expanding, his jock straining as his hoodie became a pathetic excuse of a

tube top, a deep V ripping around the neck with the drox's expanding throat. His eight-pack and obliques a solid wall of muscle.

The drake had lost count of the reps. He just felt that expanding foot flex, those toe claws dig deeper into his back as they expanded. All his years of sacrifice and risks being sucked away.

"Don't worry you little shitstain. It's going to better use." Green rumbled. The gym goers didn't understand what Green meant, but they didn't need to. They just watched as Green lifted the bar effortlessly as he continued to expand.

"Fifteen!"

Green roared as he effortlessly stood back up, Eric and Carl came as they bounced a little bit with the force that Green pushed up.

"Please...I beg you...stop..." Stan spat out as best he could, clawing at the concrete, his claws chipping as the weight above him kept increasing.

Green just flexed his toes, ripping away the dragon's baggy shirt as he raked his back with his toe claws.

"Nah, you haven't learned your place yet." Green rumbled, his voice deeper and stronger, making everyone in the gym quiver.

Green lifted the weight up with one hand, his massive paw gripping it high above his head and keeping it even and balanced.

"Twenty!"

That last cheer was accompanied by the thunderous clang of metal as Green tossed the weights forward. They landed on the concrete, cracking it. Eric and Carl were okay, but that's not something Green was concerned with. The now fourteen foot tall drox bent over and gripped the drake by the ankles. Stan was still quite imposing, if he wasn't so pathetically small by comparison.

Green was a giant. As wide as he was tall. His muscles were perfect without crazy definition. If he really wanted to, he could get the striations other gym goers' dream of, but he didn't need them. The perfect angles and curves of his muscles were what true masculinity was about. He didn't need to peacock his muscles like that when he was already perfect.

Green flopped the drake over his shoulder like a gym rag and went for the lockers. Many a mouth hung open as the jock around Green's waist gave up under the weight of that bitch destroyer in motion, the fabric falling to the floor and a couple jocks fighting over it.

Time for the steam room.

It wasn't too much of a struggle getting into the steam room. It was built for people of Green's height, just not his girth. He had to duck and go in sideways. Green was now fully nude, his hoody torn to shreds with a single flex. The only thing left was a pendant around his neck. A clear vial with bouncing purple sparks floating inside.

"What are you," The drake asked as Green flopped him onto the floor like a used rag.

"Better than you in every way, bitch." Green sat down on the bench.

"No...I meant..."

“I knew what you meant, you fucktard.” Green lifted his foot and slapped Stan’s face with it, the word “Submit” stamped onto his forehead in reverse. “I just don’t owe you any more breath than is necessary. Do you understand?”

“Yes...” the drake shivered. He watched as some of his definition was stolen in that little slap. “Do you really need to take more? You’re already so big-”

Stan was cut off by the foot coming down on him and forcing him to the ground. That foot was as large as his leg was long!

“I don’t take shit! You little fuckers give it willingly.” Green chuckled. It was true. It was the devotion and submission that they offered up their size. He didn’t take an ounce of what wasn’t given to him. “You don’t even need to give it to me. I can feel my other worshipers down below thinking of me. Longing to see me again. Half of you little shits are in the stalls jacking it out to me right now, busting your nut in tribute to my greatness.”

Green flexed his toes, the digits creeping up the dragon’s chest, the claws poised right at Stan’s throat. His body bulged a bit more, his pecs pushing out and his head inching taller.

“Besides, you agree it looks better on me. I know you do.”

Sure enough, more size was taken from the drake as he submitted a little more. Stan resisted, he couldn’t worship that...paragon...no...

“Can...I get any back?”

“How so?” Green smiled. He knew where this conversation was going, but he wanted to hear it, hear how this feeble-minded cuck would stammer his case.

"I-I-I mean...if you grow through worship...you must be some sort of god..." he shrank at calling Green a god, just a hair of size, but still devotion in admitting it. "So...don't you need...a p-prophet or...or acolytes? People who you...bless with size?"

Steam hissed, filling the room with warmth while Green lifted a hand to rub his chin as though he were thinking about it. He was putting on a show. He didn't need to, but it was fun to pluck and tear away at such a pathetic creature's ego.

"There is one way," Green murred, lifting his foot from the drake, the appendage landing with a loud thump beside him.

"What? What is it!" Stan quickly got up onto his knees before the drox.

"Calm down tinny," Green grinned. "You need to please me in another way. Then you can have all that size and more. You'll be larger than any creature you've ever known and be so attractive people will offer themselves up to you."

"Of course! Anything!" Stan felt like he was going to vomit with how small he was. He wasn't this small since he was a fucking hatchling!

"Please me, suck these nuts-" Green didn't even finish his sentence before Stan was on that furry sack.

"That's right," Green rumbled as he spread his legs wide, his balls flopping forward and smacking Stan's face. "Suck on my fucking scrote' and worship my nuts! Make sure you do a good job, because if you run out of size before you're done, you're just going to vanish. You're already starting to disappear behind my dick, you little faggot!" Green laughed as he felt that dragon desperately try to please him.

Stan was actually quite good. His draconic tongue lulled forward, his hands cupping those nuts. They churned hungrily as the dragon cracked his jaw to suck one into his muzzle, his throat bulging as he gargled on that sack and messaged the other. He coughed up that nut, the salty flavor of the workout burning his throat and making his mouth water.

“Please, anything...” Stan begged into those nuts, sucked on that sack and warmed those nuts.

“Well,” Green put his hands behind his head, his lats flaring behind him and his hairy pits making the room muskier. “How could I refuse such a pathetic plea? Sit on my dick and you’ll have your size. I’ll pump you so full you’ll be spitting it on the floor.”

The dragon paused and looked at that spire of man. It was easily two feet long. It would core him out! It was thicker than his forearm!

“Is there any other-”

“If you make me repeat myself, I’ll swallow you whole.” Green licked his lips. A sudden new fear flashed into Stan’s mind. A slow and painful death of becoming nothing inside this God’s stomach.

Stan decided to go with option one. He pulled himself up into the lap of the giant. He still had some size, and he would need it to take this. So better now than never!

The drake was just over six feet. He could do this. It would be another workout. Just another workout. He wrapped his tail around the base of that cock, the thick yet trimmed pubic fur marking that dragon tail with his musk while he lined the drooling mushroom tip of that onyx spire of fuck meat.

“I’m waiting,” Green murred.

Stan pressed back. A thick shot of pre from that dick splattered the dragon's ass and graciously allowed him some lube. He pushed, his ass spreading farther than it ever had. The only other thing he ever put in there was a teaser. This was like he was trying to fist himself!

Stan didn't care; he would get his size back, with interest!

Stan screamed as the head popped inside him. Green sucked in air between his teeth as he felt that extreme tightness grip him.

"That's right you little fag!" Green slammed his tail down as he sat back, resting his gargantuan arms on the backrest of the bench. "Show me how desperate and pathetic you are! What you'll do for your fucking size!"

Stan felt shame hit him as he pushed himself down further. Despite that, his five inches were throbbing like mad, his own white cock tip turning purple from being so hard. He wasn't even two inches past the head when he came. His load shot like a bullet and smacked the floor. He knew that was a mistake as soon as he did it.

"Such a meager offering, but I'll take it you filthy little fuck dump," Green rumbled. Stan screamed as that dick stretched him out further. It must have been the tiniest margin, but when it's already so tight, it's like he was being split in half. He pushed back not caring. He's done more dangerous stuff for size. Rounds of roids, starving and binging, this was all just another workout.

The doors to the steam room opened and Eric and Carl came in.

"Close the fucking door!" Green shouted. "You're letting all the air out!"

They looked at the display with a painful mix of rapture and jealousy. Their God, their new source of worship, was sitting like a king in the steam room, legs outstretched, with their former gym king sliding his ass down onto the drox's massive fuck spire.

The two came.

Green smiled and bit his lip as that ass got tighter, thick jets of pre squelching deep into that drake as he screamed in pain, but kept going, his dick hard as a rock and trying desperately not to cum. The door closed behind them.

They didn't need to be told what to do. They fell forward and went to Drax's feet, messaging and worshipping them. The thick sweat and salt of their workout mixed with the musky steam was heaven. It was like they were sticking their noses into a regular man's sack, but that was just the musk from those toes. Potent and fresh without being rancid. It was glorious.

But not for Stan.

Stan screamed as that dick dug deeper inside him, ridding it for all he was worth. It was getting harder to move as that dick dug deeper. He felt like he could barely shift it up and down.

"Stop it!" Stan shouted at the two at the foot paws, their eyes drunk on musk. "Stop! You're making him too big!"

"No such thing, cock fodder," Green rumbled and gripped him, the massive paw forcing him to move up and down a little. "Keep worshipping you fucking foot fags. Show me how you desire to please me, your master, your fucking God!"

The elephant and giraffe at his feet redoubled their efforts. They sucked, drooled and lulled over those toes. They slurped their tongues, cleaning between each toe, having to dig in with their muzzles to

get to the bottom of the crevice between those massive stomper digits. Eric's trunk wove between them, his mouth following suit as his trunk sniffed out the neediest spots for him to suckle and worship. Their paws messaging and working over their respective sole.

"Please...stop..." Stan drooled, looking at them. The image of a deep desire, his devotion melting further into Green. He felt weak, his legs lifting off the floor as his fingers felt like they were jell-o.

"Don't worry pipsqueak. You'll get your size back. Here it comes. Can you feel it?"

Stan felt his prostate get crushed further as that dick expanded, sliding deeper inside of him...then deeper...and deeper!

"What...glbb" drool splattered out of his muzzle, his tongue tasting salt and musk as he felt it welling up his throat and out his mouth.

"You thought I was going to make you as before?" Green chuckled. "You fucking fagtard! You stupid little shit. I don't ever give back what I've been given!"

Green gripped around Stan so hard his ribs cracked. Though...it wasn't painful. It's like his entire body was swimming with pleasure and tingling with purpose. His bones...felt like they were...melting?

Green started to glide his hand up and down Stan, his black onyx scales becoming loose and fleshy, his horns popping off, his hair sluffing off as his skin became malleable yet somehow firm.

You lied...you said...

"I said I'd make you bigger and better. That you'd be an object of worship!" Green stroked harder, sliding his hand up to catch the drool pulsing out of Stan's mouth. "You're going to be my cock you filthy skank! I can think of no greater honor for a little shit like you. I can feel it now, your mind melting into my dick head. Say goodbye to your brain! It's going to be my new cockhead!"

Stan felt it, his mind was slipping, fear and pleasure the only two things left as his brain was pressed up, his skull melting away as the flesh of his head and brain melded into new pleasure glands. Enough nerves for an entire human body, expanding the depths of pleasure for the drox to new inhuman heights as he stroked over his new forming dick head.

Stan's legs started to turn green as they rolled up into the drox's nuts, his arms folded and melted into his body, massaged into more dick flesh as Green stroked his now four foot dick. His eyes closed forever as he was lost to Green's pleasures and his skull smoothed out into a glistening black dick head.

"Fuck yeah you little shit! Fucking pump me up! Make me grow! Give me everything you are!"

Green stroked his dick, his eyes glazing over with pleasure as he gooned out to his own greatness. No being would ever come close to his greatness. And he was just starting.

"Fuck!" Green slammed his tail on the ground, the floor quaking as he lifted his feet off his devotees and slammed them against the far wall. He was easily sixteen feet tall and still expanding. "Get over here you fuck-trash! Give everything you are to me."

The two quickly got over their sadness of losing their new spouses. Yes, *spouses*. While they were down on the ground, they proposed themselves to those feet, begged to be married to them. For a brief moment they were cumming on those feet, consummating their marriage, then licked them clean.

Now though, they were before their God. They knelt before that dick, the dickhead opening up like the jaws of a drake, soft fleshy barbs like drake fangs lined that mouth before gripping down on that giraffe.

"Fuck yes! More! Get in there you little shit! Fucking die for me!"

The giraffe came, shrinking down just enough for him to bulge down that dick head. The stretching of that dick flesh was pleasure incarnate. Every new synapse being activated as he was swallowed down into that furry sack. Taut skin feeling like a blooming orgasm was rolling down his dick, Carl's body bulging one nut while that dick head swallowed the other worshiper.

"Yes! More! Give it all to me!" Green snarled. "Churn in my fucking nuts and give me everything!"

Green was lost in his own pleasure. This would be the start. His harem of worshipers was already growing downstairs as he sucked down the two massive meals in his nuts. Each furry sack bulging with the face and hands of those pathetic muscle simps!

"Yeah! Struggle! Remember your lives before. I free you of your new reality and fuck your minds with the old."

They remembered their old lives and immediately started to struggle. Their squirming like a hundred tongues bathing his nuts from the inside. It was a pleasure only he could have. Their struggles got weaker as they shrank; their bodies made into thick soup, their very essence sapped into Green's body. He slammed one foot higher up on the wall and another on the ground as he repositioned himself.

That's when he felt a presence. Three souls.

Green grinned and opened his maw.

The three souls of the drake, giraffe, and elephant filled his muzzle. Their non-corporeal forms begging to be released. Three large orbs filed out his neck, bulging it as he noisily gulped them down. His abs their prison cell bars as they struggled, begging to be released.

“You don’t need an afterlife,” Green rumbled, using both of his hands to stroke his dick. “I deserve a snack more than you deserve paradise. The only thing you’ll leave behind is a stain on the fucking ceiling!”

Green roared, his dick clenching, his prostate flexing, his balls drawing up and churning. Thick jets of cum, gallons of seed smacked the ceiling, cracking it. That crack only getting bigger as he blasted again, the floor instantly gunked up with a growing pool of godly seed. Bones sapped of their nutrients shattered into dust as they hit the walls. There was nothing left of those morsels.

Green snarled as he stomped his tail, his toes curling and gouging the walls. As he thrust into his hands.

“No! More! I demand MORE!” He snarled. The souls in his gut dissolved, burning inside of him and fueling his orgasm. His pleasure was more important, their souls the perfect fuel for keeping his nut going. He felt their ghostly forms pleasuring him. They were forced to bend to his desires as they slowly melted away into nothing under the weight of their God’s nut!

“Fuck...” Green finally sighed as his dick stopped its unholy gushing and calmed down to a slow dribble of cum. He kicked the door down, an ocean of jizz flowing down into the locker rooms.

“What the fuuuuuu...” A rhino, the owner of Apex paused and looked at the massive foot that broke through the door, an eighteen foot monster emerging from the steam room and standing to his full height.

“You’re the owner right?”

“yes...I mean...it’s all yours...sir...”

Green smiled, his influence so strong it immediately shattered the rhino’s mind.

"I have some renovations I need done. I'm going to stay here a while."

"Yes...sir...anything!"

"Call me your God, or your Lord. I'm no longer a Sir."

"Yes...my Lord..."

"Good..." Green murred as he went to the open showers. He spent the rest of that day telling the owner what renovations to perform while the rest of the gymgoers washed and cleaned him.

"So...you want the new name to be...what?"

"Apex Church," Green murred. "Now and forever, or until I desire *more*."