“You really think this is a reliable source? Not that I don’t trust you it just seems a bit….unlikely?” the large male questioned. The voice came from a rather intimidating figure, a nearly 8 foot tall feline-like male sat squarely on a chair, his frame nearly obscuring his seat in full as eyed the man across from him.

“Who’s the head of the police here buddy? I’m just as worried about all of these missing citizens as you are Leomon so you have to take my word on it. We have multiple sightings of males walking into this gym before vanishing off the grid!”. An even more intimidating figure slammed his fist down onto his desk. The large fist belonged to Weregarurumon, his white and blue tinted fur clenched into a ball as his veins bulged out against his skin. A quick glance is all one would need to know that this man was no stranger to physical effort, his torso straining against his police uniform and eyes hidden behind a pair of pitch black shades. Large tufts of hair sprouting out from the V-collar and his armpits and chest staining the cloth with sweat as he continued to prod at Leomon.

“We don’t know what’s going on in there! Every single officer we’ve sent has come up missing too! We can’t keep risking good strong men. That’s why I called you in here. We need someone outside the force to check it out in there, gather info and help us find out what’s happening. We just need you to go in, look around, and come out, nothing serious. We’ll even have the whole force right behind you in case something goes wrong!” He reassured the muscular feline.

“I guess you’re right, they’re probably on the lookout for officers like you..Fine! I’ll do it!” Leo said with a fist pounding on his chest, pumping himself and steeling his nerves for what’s to come. While he was a bit hesitant at the thought, he was willing to risk it for all those lost people, a few he even personally knew. “I promise I won’t let you down, chief.” he exclaimed with almost boy scout-like pride, eager to finally put a rest to the plague on his town. As he stood up his nose caught a very strong scent in the air, musk and sweat trailing through his nostrils and causing him to cough a bit. “Ugh chief...you might want to get some better deodorant too.” He waved a hand in front of his face as ro dissipate the smell from the air. “Oh this?” the chief said with a smirk as he lifted his arm to reveal his sweat stained pit, the smell now drowning the air around him. “You know what they say Leo, “Lift, stink, and don’t think.” A real man like you has to understand that!” he laughed as he put his arm back down.

Lemon simply tilted his head a bit, finding that whole sentence a bit odd but shrugging it off as some weird police slogan. “Well maybe if you hit the showers a bit more you’d have a girlfriend there big guy. That stink is a bit of a turnoff.” he teased the other male. Waving goodbye and heading towards the door, Leomon nearly thought he heard a loud thud before turning back around quickly, the chief still sitting at his desk, now staring intently at the paperwork at his desk. Shrugging it off Leo exited the station, heading for the gym he was informed of.

As soon as the door closed behind the digimon, the chief leaned back and let out a loud moan, his face turning towards his right armpit as he lifted his arm, taking a long drawn out sniff of his own sweaty pit, nose pressed right against the forest of white fur erupting from the crevice. He then looked straight down, under his desk as his shades slipped down his face, revealing a pair of black and white eyes, spirals swimming through the pupils. Underneath the desk the chief was pantless, his trunk-like thighs in the open as his only covering was a black thong, the spandex stretching to it’s limit as his erection poked at the bottom of his desk. A wet stain resting at the peak of his bulge as pre and sweat stained the fabric, just underneath that throbbing member was the nose of a just as masculine Machogaogamon, nose pressed right into that bulge with eyes spinning in the same sea of white and black as his chief’s, sniffing and grunting as he sported his own latex clad erection. “Another body ready to serve Master..” the Weregarurumon heaved out with a sigh as his hand rested on top of Macho’s guiding it into his sweaty thong as he basked in musk in the air.

Walking down the sidewalk, Leomon pulled at the collar of his white t-shirt, the gravity of the situation dawning on him as he began to sweat nervously. “It’s just an in and out deal Leo, calm yourself and stop thinking so hard.” Calming his mind, he found himself feeling much better the less he thought about the whole ordeal, walking with a nice clear head for what felt like mere seconds before he suddenly found himself standing in front of a large grey building, posters of muscular shirtless men with weights plastered over every window. Right in the center of the building's entrance was the logo of a rather unkempt looking boar, his fur drenched in sweat and muscular biceps curling a dumbbell in frame. Underneath the icon read the phrase, “So full of pride there won’t be anything else!”, a phrase that Leomon felt needed a bit of tuning.

Giving himself a soft slap on his face he dragged his feet towards the door to the gym, each step feeling like a mile until his hand slowly reached out and grabbed the handle. Taking a long gulp, Leo tugged on the door, opening it wide and stepping inside. A sudden rush of hair blasted him right in the face, the warm breeze carrying the scent of sweat across his nose as he winced. Sure, the smell was that of a typical gym but it seemed to be increased tenfold. Shaking the smell from his head with a cough, he proceeded inside. What he saw was more than a surprise. Instead of some kind of diabolical lair or creepy basement, the gym seemed to be a well lit and well managed facility. More posters lined the walls of men in various poses, some more suggestive than others. One even bearing the image of a bull so muscular that his head seemed to be swallowed by his shoulder muscles. He was stark naked, with the exception of what Leo could only pin as swimwear covering a very obvious bulge. The bull was flexing for all to see, his arms put into a stretched out curl, his whole body covered in a layer of hair, chest pelted with curly black strands and armpits puffed out in a sweaty mass. The whole sight made Leo stick his tongue out in disgust. “These muscle freaks really need a hobby.” he thought to himself as he ran his eyes through the lobby of the gym. To even more surprise, he saw plenty of men pumping away at the machines, the grunts so frequent and loud that it almost sounded like a choir.

Horses, bulls, and every species of men dotted the gym, each wearing the same pair of sweat stained tank tops and red gym shorts. What caught Leomon even more off guard was just how **RIPPED** every single patron was. Leo did pride himself on his body, his own muscles chiseled and hugging his shirt taught but these men were a whole other breed. Their legs bulged with muscle as they pumped the leg press in a rhythmic motion, tree trunk thighs and massive calves pushing the weights with ease. Their upper bodies were even more impressive as their pecs were more than visible through the shirts, the clear cut of the solid chests bouncing softly with every movement. Leo put two and two together as he noticed that the tank tops were necessary, any sleeve meeting its end as it tried to wrap around one of those imposing biceps. It was as if every single lifter was of championship weightlifter status, pressing more weights than Leo can count on each rep.

None of this could prepare him for the worst of it however. The smell of tens of masculine strangers pumping weights for hours on end inside of a hot gym was too much for the digimon, his nose burning as he could almost taste the salt in the air. It was a revolting smell but he couldn’t help but feel a little warm as he was forced to take it in. With each breath he seemed to be bothered by it less and less, still noticing it in the air but not being as turned away from it as he was before. “I guess I should have expected it to stink anyways.” he rationalized to himself, a hand raising up to scratch his chest as he walked towards the reception counter. Standing there with a body that would make an olympian athlete jealous was a wolf, his snow white fur peppered in black trails of sweaty hairs. He sported the same outfit as every other member, save for a bright welcoming smile on his face and a pair of sunglasses, an outfit choice Leo questioned as they were indoors.

The attendant noticed the digimon walking towards him and shot his arm out to a quick handshake, taking Leo off guard. “Hello there! I’m Luke and welcome to the Boar Horde! A gym so great you’ll never want to leave!” he droned out with an obviously practiced drawl. The digimon took the wolf’s hand and gave it a shake, the wolf’s grip almost dwarfing his own as Leo winced at the engagement, taking his hand back and rubbing it softly. “Can I interest you in a tour and a free 7 day membership?” the wolf chimed in before Leomon could even get in a word.

He thought for a few seconds before realizing this was the perfect opportunity to see exactly what was happening here. “Uh..sure. Why don’t we take the tour first and then we can talk about a trial?” he suggested, the wolf stepping out from the counter and towards Leomon as he put a hand on his back and gave him a gentle yet guiding push forward. “Great to hear! I promise you that you’ll love it more than you would think!” the wolf said with an almost off putting cheeriness. “First off, why don’t you look up there and tell me what you see?” he mentioned as he pointed towards a wall lined with TV screens and speakers. The images flashed with the same boar from the sign out front, his own body that of an obvious gym rat but toned down from the muscular freaks surrounding Leomon now. His thick brown furs being held down by a layer of sweat as he gave a few flexes for the camera before flashing a smile. “Do you feel like you’re just not enough of a man? Like you’re missing that one...something!? Well why don’t we feel that emptiness with muscle! We here at the Boar Horde pride ourselves in our fitness regimen. 7 days a week, minimal breaks, and no modesty. We’ll make you into the muscled adonis you always dreamed of being or your money back!” the boar yelled as a very basic yet catchy tune drummed through behind his voice.

The music was almost unintelligible underneath the boar’s vigorous shouting but Leo could have sworn he heard some kind of lyrics, unable to really make out the full thing besides the words “don’t think.”. Probably some stupid pop tune, he thought to himself as he disregarded the music and turing back towards the wolf. “So is that the owner of this place?” he motioned his hand towards the boar on the screen. Luke nearly responded before Lemon could even finish his sentence. “Oh yes! That’s our owner Master Boar!”. Leomon cocked an eyebrow at this statement. “Master Boar?” he simply quizzed. “Oh yes! Master Boar has trained for years to reach top physical shape and so he just asks that we respect his effort and teachings and address him as Master!” Luke explained with much more enthusiasm than he had heard anyone ever give. The digimon took this as yet another clue that something....off was going on. He turned his eyes back towards the monitor and nearly jumped when he saw that there was now a video of two men at a bench press together.

A bear was pressing up what Leomon could barely estimate as 600 pounds like it was feathers as his bare chest glistened with sweat. Above him was an even bigger equine, a shirtless black stallion spotting the ursine below him. The strange part was the raging boners they were both sporting in a pair of black spandex thongs. They were obviously soaked in sweat as they clung to their chiseled bodies. However, they both simply ignored their throbbing cocks, the black horse’s bulge resting mere inches from the bear’s face as he continued his lift. Squinting his eyes, Leomon could almost make out the bear inhaling quite hard compared to the amount of effort he was putting into the weights, almost like he was enjoying the smell of something. With each breath the bear’s bulge seemed to jump and throb until Leo noticed the tip of the speedo growing darker with something drenching the spandex, the bear letting out a loud grunt as he finally let the weights rest on the rack, the horse smiling as he just exclaimed “That’s right! Here at Board’s Hoard we live by one motto! Lift, Stink, and Don’t Think! He then walked towards the bear, his bulge nearing his face before the video cut to a feed of some other patrons running on treadmills, nothing strange except for their atlas physique.

“W-what the hell was that!” Leomon sputtered with astonishment as he couldn’t believe what he had just seen. Even more so the line that the horse had uttered just before the cut, something about it struck a chord with him. It’s like he had heard it before but after that assault on his eyes he couldn’t quite focus on it enough to recollect where. “Oh that? That was just an ad for our new protein powder! It’s great for gains but it is a very mild aphrodisiac as well, we do advise all customers to be aware that they may experience mild arousal when in use.” Luke further explained, his shaded smile never leaving his face as he motioned for the two to continue their tour. “Y-yeah I guess…” the confused digimon said under his breath as he followed the wolf, finding it difficult to put two and two together.

As the pair trudged through the gym they took a stop at one of nearby machines where a hairy orc was busy with some curls, his body dripping sweat onto the bench below him and eyes donning the same shades as Luke. “This is one of our many personal trainers, he prefers to be called sir for professional reasons.” Luke gestured towards the space between the orc and digimon. The orc sat his dumbbell onto the ground and tossed himself up, quickly wrapping Lemon into a hug, his damp tank top soaking the digimon’s own clothing. To say that the orc stunk was an understatement, Leomon’s arms wrapped underneath the orc’s sweaty pits as they soaked his fur. After what seemed an eternity the orc finally pulled away, leaving Leomon’s fur and clothing a drenched mess. “Oh sorry about that! Get a bit carried away sometimes, always so good to see some fresh meat ready to be molded!” the orc exclaimed as he gave Leo a pat on the back.

Leo simply stood there, stunned as his shirt clung to his body with the orc’s potent musk and sweat. He couldn’t avoid the smell now, his nose taking in breath after breath of the man stink as he shook his head. “Oh it’s okay… Sir.” He said a bit hesitant but not wanting to offend the orc who could very easily toss him out a window. “I’d love to take you in for a session sometime! I’m sure we could make you into quite a beast in no time at all.” the orc smiled. “I have to go meet another client right now though, I hope I get to see you around more often!” and the orc was off with a wave but not before a quick stretch, his arms wrapping behind his head and showing his hairy pits off to the other males just for a moment, Leomon finding himself taking a few subconscious sniffs but those arms went back down again. “A bit abrasive but he gets the job done.” Luke joked as he began to walk off too, his back turned as he continued the tour.

Although, Leomon hesitated for just a brief moment, noticing the obvious sweat stain in the bench from the orc. There were even a few drops still dripping onto the floor even after their origin had left. The more he examined the spot the more strange it seemed, Leomon thought. He sat there for almost a minute straight, taking in the sight and smell before he heard Luke call out from behind him. Jumping back to attention Leomon sheepishly ran towards the wolf, stopping in front of him once more. “You okay? You were face deep in that seat for quite a while.” The wolf said with a chuckle, Lemon giving a few gasps and broken responses. “W-what do you mean? I was just checking out the equipment. I wasn’t even that close to it!” he defended himself, Luke laughing even harder now as he shook his head. “Not what I saw buddy. You had your nose pressed right against that seat and were sniffing like a pig in a trough. I promise I won’t tell Sir about it, we all have our indulgences.” he winked as he turned back around, leaving the digimon standing there with his mouth agape.

He brought a hand up to his face and felt his fur, his nose wet with sweat and that now familiar musk clinging to his fur. He couldn’t believe it, he was just looking at the spot before, there’s no way he’d sit there and sniff someone else's sweat stain like some pig...right? He interrogated himself before almost automatically walking behind Luke, his feet following the wolf’s with no effort as Leomon struggled to rationalize what had just happened.

Walking behind the gym employee, Leomon felt like he was being tugged on a leash, following behind him every step of the way as he was shown every nook and cranny of the gym. From the empty gym showers to the protein powder storage of a gym store, he was led to it all. He found himself just flowing through the motions as he met coach after coach, a god-like raccoon giving him a firm handshake and a very quick hug. A croc showing him the standard form for a deadlift before walking off with a very sudden smack to the digimon’s ass, one that would normally send him into a rage but making the male simply reach back and rub his cheeks a bit. Finally, he met with the Boar Horde’s lead fitness trainer, a nearly 9 foot tall minotaur sporting nothing but that same stretched-too-thin speedo and sunglasses, of which Luke assured him was proper gym attire but such a large man as normal clothes just don’t do the job.

Leomon stuck out his own hand first, expecting a handshake but the minotaur knocked his hand away, picking Leomon up easily and embracing him in a bear hug. His face was pressed firmly between the larger male’s pecs, nose stuck into the crevice of those two mountains of muscles as he was forced to inhale that musk straight from the source. He found himself struggling at first but soon he was simply limp in the man’s arms, nose sniffing softly at the man’s musk and dick beginning to throb ever so slightly. The minotaur gave him one big squeeze, ushering a moan from the digimon before setting him down. Leomon found his feet on solid ground again, his head spinning from the sudden encounter as he struggled to regain focus. Looking back up at the beast of a man Leomon felt his body grow warm, licking his lips as he remembered his pec stuffing from just a few seconds ago as a fond memory.

“Nice to meet you there small-fry. I’m David but you can call me Alpha.” he said with a toothy grin, flexing his arms a bit to show off exactly why he chose that name. Leo simply laughed a bit, not really knowing what was so funny. “You’re looking pretty small for a gym member… you just signed up?” David asked, Leomon nodding along with his words as he tried to remember exactly why he was here. “Yeah, a friend told me about this place and how great it is.” Lemon responded, an idle hand going to his chest and scratching once more, finding his claws tracing through a bit more fur than normal. “Well sounds like you need a good old fashioned boost to get you started then!” the hulking male said as lifted his arm up, showing off the hairiest and sweatiest armpit Leo had ever seen. He could make out each huge drop of sweat, the smell instantly assaulting his nose as he sat there, staring. He barely even flinched as the minotaur brought down a large hand and placed it around the digimon’s head, shoving his face into that pit with enough force to bury a few hairs into his nose.

The sudden shock caused his body to stiffen, Leo planting his arms and pushing against the minotaur to no avail, his much smaller arms not even getting close to freeing himself. He was forced to sit there as he inhaled more and more pit musk, his struggling gasps slowing down until he found his tongue slowly stretched out, licking at that forest of hair and taking in the salty taste. Each lick causing the taste to invade more and more of his mind, the digimon finding himself licking feverishly at the pit now, his cock tenting and pushing against David’s leg. This went on for nearly ten minutes until the minotaur brought his hand up to his mouth, eliciting a cough and bringing the digimon out of his pit eating haze. He found that the minotaurs hand was gone, as it had been for since the first minute of his pit prison, Leomon blushing as he stepped back. “First one’s free cutie.” the minotaur said flirtatiously, rubbing his hand across the digimon’s bulge and drawing out another moan from Leomon.

He didn’t know how to react to all this, he had just eaten out a stranger's sweaty, hairy, sexy armpit and even gotten a boner from it. Worst of all, he didn’t even get a kiss after, Leomon thought. “Say, your clothes are looking a bit damp there buddy, how about we get you changed?” Luke chimed in, pointing at Leomon’s sweat stained shirt and tented pants. “O-oh yeah I guess..” Leomon droned, following Luke back behind the gym’s counter as he presented the male with a pink thong and white tank top. “Where’s the pants?” Leoman asked, bringing a chuckle out of Luke. “Oh we don’t sell pants here! Who works out in those? Don’t worry though, everyone here is more than used to the uniform!” he said pushing the clothes into Leomon’s chest and open arms. It didn’t make much sense the more Leomon thought about it, so the digimon stopped thinking so hard. These people meant well and he was getting free clothes, nothing seemed too out of order.

Without a second thought Leomon stripped naked in front of the desk, causing even Luke to open his mouth agape as he watched the digimon strip down to his bare skin. His muscled golden fur coated in a sea of black hairs as his chest and pits curled around his body, a long trail of hair tracing down to his now **VERY** erect cock. It casually dripped pre onto the gym floor, the modest 9 inch member throbbing in the warm air as Leomon scratched at his armpit, raising his fingers up and giving them a quick sniff. This brought a smile out of Luke and quite a few other gym goers as Leomon then pulled the pink spandex up his legs, the tight fabric dragging up his sweaty thighs and wrapping around his waist. He pulled the waistband to his hips and let them go with a tight **\*SNAP\***, the spandex snapping into place and hugging his bulge with enough force to make the digimon moan. Luke admired the feline’s hairy body, biting his lip a bit as he took the shirt out from Leo’s hands, tossing it aside. “I don’t think we need this, I mean it’ll just get dirty again right, Pig?” he proposed, Leomon shrugging and scratching at his bare chest with one hand and the other rubbing across his bulge, not even noticing the wolf’s remark at the end.

“You wear the uniform well there! Just a few things missing and I think you’d make Alpha run for his money!” Luke joked as he gave Leomon’s bulge a squeeze, making the digimon’s cock throb. “Why don’t we end this tour with the grand finale, eh?” Luke asked as he slid his fingers into the waistband of his shorts, slowly pulling them down as a cock the size of Leomon’s arm resting in a speedo bounced in the air. The speedo was begging for help as the cock constantly throbbed, threatening to break the underwear at any moment. The musk emanating from Luke's cock was nearly visible, the monster member drenched in a pool of sweat as he reached into the speedo, pulling the tool free and into the open.

Leomon dropped to his knees immediately, the sheer smell of the cock enough to make his legs weak as he sat there in front of Luke, his cock tiny in comparison as Luke inched closer, waving that cock around with each step. “I could never let a visitor leave without trying some of our protein mix first!” Was all Luke said as he gave his cock a soft slap against Leomon’s face, the digimon trying to find the will to stand but as he was met eye level that that monster of a dick he couldn’t fight it, Leo moaning and looking up at Luke with pleading eyes. “Please..More…” he muttered right before Luke shoved his cock into Leomon’s open mouth, hand pushing that face further down his shaft. Leomon struggled for air but quickly found he could breathe just fine, his throat loosening for the wolf’s cock as he began to thrust, in and out of Leomon’s wet mouth as the digimon sat there moaning.

That warmth returned in Leomon’s body as his torso began to pack on pound after pound, his already well defined muscles growing into that of a god’s. Pecs bursting forth and bouncing with each slap of those nuts against his chin, biceps growing so large that he would have trouble raising them up, and abs so defined that one would swear they were fake. His legs followed suit as he began to grow inch after inch until he would be 10 foot tall standing, his thighs rubbing against each other like two solid mountains. Somehow even more hair erupted all over his body, his ass growing a pelt as his chest became so hairy that you could drown in it. He was beginning to look like one of these gym freaks, one of these….brutes.

“You see Pig, we knew you were coming before you even thought about it! Your good friend with the police told us about a nice hot guy like you that would be perfect for our new poster boy. Muscle Pig Protein Powder is gonna be a hit.” Luke grunted as he continued to fuck Leomon’s throat, the digimon’s eyes seemingly rolling back into a field of white before black swirls began to fill in the space. “Now why don’t we get this tour done so you can meet the Master!” Luke exclaimed as he shoved his cock into Leomon’s drooling maw one last time, the flood of cum causing his body to shred into a muscled beast’s, his head resting on a pillar of muscled shoulders and chest hard enough to crush anything between.

Leomon couldn’t believe what was happening! He was here for his friends, he was here to...lift. Yeah! That sounded right. He was here to lift, he was here to stink, he was here to...not think… Leomon moaned as he began sucking the cock back, muffled oinks and grunts coming from his mouth as his cock shot it’s first load into his thong, the logo of a muscled boar suddenly appearing on the front.

Pulling his cock out inch after inch until it’s entire length flopped onto the ground, Luke looked down at his handiwork, the once fit Leomon now a grunting and cum covered mess on the floor. “So I don’t believe you ever told me YOUR name?” Luke asked, Leomon moaning with a mouth full of cum, “M-muscle Pig..” he said as he swallowed the load, hands rubbing at his cock as he sat there in a pile of bliss. “Good Pig, now get up. We have one last stop.” Luke commanded as Leomon began to stand, his new body glistening with sweat and face buried in his own pit. “God you are a pig..” Luke said as he led the digimon behind the counter and through a door into a rather fancy office, a muscled boar sitting at his chair as none other than the police chief rested between his legs, sucking on the boar’s bulge and praising him between every breath. Almost as if bored, he motioned for the chief to stop, looking at the hulking beast in front of him. “I see you’ve found our new star, yes?” the boar asked nonchalantly, admiring the 10 foot beast of a man standing at attention.

“Yes Master Boar!” Luke saluted as his cock throbbed when he was addressed, the wolf shooting another load right into his underwear. The boar stood and walked towards the former digimon turned brute, fingers tracing those muscles and running through that sweaty chest. “Oh you’ll do nicely Pig but till then, I have some work for you…” he trailed off, the boar pointing to his bulge as Leomon instantly dropped to the ground, face pushed against that bulge and sniffing it’s stink. “Yes Master Boar! I live to lift, stink, and never think!” he chanted as his black and white swirling eyes had a pair of shades slide over them, the new muscle pig eager to please his new Master.