Peace in the galaxy. Political stability. It’s everything that anyone in the universe could wish for. Well, ALMOST everyone that is. For mercenaries however, it resulted in a near extinction of their jobs and some quite empty wallets. This could be displayed firsthand by the three downtrodden males fiddling random bits and pieces of equipment in a rather barren room. The air was thick with silence until someone finally decided to clear the air, a pale turian with blue markings across his face by the name of Garrus. “Listen, I don’t like this job as much as either of you but it’s paying work and you both know we can’t afford to pass that up right now.” The turian sighed, turning his back to the other two males as he dug through a chest hanging from the wall, searching for something. “I don’t care what kind of job it is! What I do care about is how little we were briefed about it!” spoke a very disgruntled Krogan. Wrex, a massive and imposing alien by anyone’s judgement stood there with his arms crossed, obviously more than peeved at the situation.

“Yeah! I get having to take this job but could you have at least asked for a bit more information? I mean, we don’t even know who’s paying us.” chimed in the other krogan, Grunt. His frame is much smaller than Wrex’s but still carrying enough weight to easily dispatch most threats. The two men stood there awaiting an answer from Garrus as he finally finished rummaging through the chest, turning back around and presenting three pairs of what looked like eye visors. Tossing a set to the krogans he raised a pair up to his own face, slipping the visor over his eyes and securing it to his head. “This job is paying enough for us to never think about work again and that’s all you need to know. Now slip these on, the boss said we have to use these to communicate.”, the turian instructed as he pressed a digit to his visor, the glass lighting up with a quick flash before dimming back down, the screen transparent once more. Wrex and Grunt soon followed suit, the visors slipping onto their faces and going through the same process as the screens flashed with bright colors before settling into the same clear glass.

The trio all stood there fidgeting with the visors as none of them seemed to notice the icon of a smiling boar in the upper corner of their visors, the men finally satisfied with adjusting the communicators on their faces as they gathered together for their mission brief. “The job is quick and simple fellas. We go in, collect some data, and get out. This is a no kill mission so we’ll be going undercover. The boss informed me that these guys shouldn’t know who we are but gave us these just to make sure.” Garrus explained before going back to the chest once more, quickly coming back with what seemed like a bundle of rubber as he laid them out onto a table in front of him. As he separated the mass it was revealed that the pile of rubber was actually 3 separate suits. A solid stream of black, each suit seemed to be airtight to the wearer, save for the fabric being missing right under the arms, exposing the skin. They looked like some kind of diving weird diving singlet, the outfit offering little to the imagination. “I’m not wearing that…” Grunt muttered as he took a closer look at one of the larger suits obviously meant for him.

“Sorry big guy but it’s this or nothing.” Garrus muttered as he was already stripping down, the male more than used to being in the nude around other men. As he tossed his clothes to the side, briefly showing off his impressive eight inch dick and chiseled body, he slipped a leg into that black latex suit, sliding it up one leg at a time. The suit clung to his skin as if it was holding on for it’s life, almost feeling like a second set of skin as it hugged the turian’s body. Inch by inch he pulled it up his body until he was finally covered, all of the skin from his feet to his neck now coated in a tight black layer except for his armpits, the warm and slightly damp air brushing against the exposed skin. As he questioned the fashion choice, Garrus felt an odd warmth in his body as he thought about his exposed armpits, his crotch stirring a bit as the thought quickly faded from his mind. Standing there with an odd smile on his face, Garrus finally turned his attention back to the two Krogans, motioning towards their respective suits to put them on. “They’re surprisingly comfortable, come on. The sooner you put them on the sooner we can take them off.” he offered, the krogans shrugging and picking up their own outfits.

Wrex was the second to strip naked, his heavy armor smashing to the ground as he stood in full display for the other males. His Krogan body was at its peak, his yellowed skin cut with muscle at every turn as sweat dripped across his reptilian skin. Further down, one would scream in jealousy as the krogan was sporting a massive thirteen inch cock, resting above a set of four balls, two pairs of sweaty balls dangling in the open as Wrex knew what he was packing. “Count yourselves lucky you get this view, it’s usually reserved for my many sexual conquests.” he gloated, boasting quite a few women under his belt. Garrus and Grunt merely rolled their eyes and waved a hand in front of their faces, the smell of Wrex’s sweaty balls now swamping the air, the pair coughing a bit as the smell invaded their noses. Suddenly, all three of the male’s visors flashed in a very quick pattern, the light vanishing as quickly as it appeared. They stood there for a moment before Garrus shook his head lightly. “I’d be lucky if you took a shower, Wrex.” he joked, the turian idly running a hand against his spandex clad bulge for a few seconds as he kept eyeing the krogan’s still exposed crotch. Garrus had his own slew of sexual encounters with women under his own belt but he couldn’t break eye contact with Wrex’s massive cock, the male imagining himself pressed face first against that impressive sack, licking away at sweat.

“I worked hard to get a real man’s scent, Garrus, why would I get rid of it now?” Wrex said, flexing lightly as he felt the urge to really run home just how masculine he was. He stood there flexing his biceps for a few seconds before finally dropping down and grabbing his own suit, the fabric running against his large fingers. With much more speed than the turian before him, Wrex yanked the suit up his wide and hulking body, his scales and yellow skin becoming a sea of black except for that one patch under his arms as well. As the fabric clung to his skin in full, Wrex’s visor flashed into a wave of colors again, this time accompanied by a strange burly voice. “Show off, you are a man. You love to show that off.” the voice repeated for a few seconds before trailing off to silence. Wrex simply nodded as he brought his arms up, placing them behind his head as he struck a pose, exposing his armpits to the open. Sweat trickled down the skin as Wrex continued to pose, the krogan just smiling as he did so. “You’re right Garrus, these suits feel amazing!” he exclaimed as he finally put his arms down, the show over.

Following the rest of the pack, Grunt dismantled and dropped his own armor, his brown and black skin contrasting the other male’s lighter complexions. His own body almost rivaled Wrex’s, his frame genetically engineered to be at peak fitness, his muscles bulging and he certainly wasn’t lacking down below. His own cock hung at nearly fifteen inches, his massive quad-balls dangling and dripping with sweat. As soon as his bare skin made contact with the air, his own visor began to flash with that same gravely voice filling his head. “Sweat is good. Sweat means you’re a man.” it rang, Grunt tracing a finger down his chest and cupping his own crotch, fondling his balls before bringing his hand up to his face, taking a deep sniff of that musky, sweaty scent as he let out a grunt. Wrex and Garrus watched in awe as the krogan fondled himself before a sudden flash of their visors cleared the worries from their heads, the duo even rubbing at their own bulges, trying to pass it off as readjusting their suits. Pulling the spandex uniform up his own muscled body, Grunt smiled dumbly as he could still smell the musk clouding from his body as his armpits filled the air with his scent. “Yeah, these suits aren’t too bad..” he mumbled, his crotch growing warm as he continued to sniff at the air.

The males stood there in silence as they admired each other's spandex clad bodies, their bulges accentuated as the round and musky bulge of flesh protruded from their suits. All of the men were straight but there was nothing wrong with admiring another man’s body as long as you don’t touch it, right? This ran across all of their minds as in unison, a voice echoed into their visors. “Good job boys. I bet it feels so good to follow orders doesn’t it?” a voice asked through the communicators, belonging to none other than their boss for the mission. The trio nodded their heads almost robotically, not noticing just how quick they were to comply. “I’ll be keeping an eye on you through your visors and sending any info I can. I have full faith in your skill and…assets.” the voice said with a chuckle, making sure to really stress the *assets*. “I’ve arranged for your transport to the facility so do not worry about that. You just focus on the mission, but one last thing before you go.” the voice mentioned before each of the male’s visors lit up brightly, the lights dancing in their eyes as they stood nearly completely still for what seemed like minutes, the lights slowly dimming before leaving the mercenaries in a daze.

“W-what was that..” Garrus mumbled as he wiped some drool from his jaw, raising an arm and pressing his nose directly against his armpit before taking a very audible sniff. He let out a soft moan as his bulge jumped slightly, the turian savoring the sweaty scent. “I don’t know. I think our comms cut out at the end..” Grunt managed to piece together as he walked over to the turian, watching him take a long sniff of his own armpit before grabbing his head and placing it right into the krogan’s sweaty underarm, holding the turians head as he heard that long audible sniff once more before releasing him. “Can’t forget our pre mission ritual now can we?” Wrex laughed, looking over towards Grunt who was still standing there, a bit of drool hanging from his lip. “Get over here, Grunt.” Wrex ordered, as Grunt shook his head and almost ran over to the krogan, shoving his face into that other open pit, sniffing and even giving a soft lick to the sweaty krogan flesh. “Sorry Wrex, almost forgot!” Grunt apologized, snorting a bit as the sweat clung to his nose.

The turian and krogan simply laughed as the trio began to head out the door where a limo was waiting for them. “Must be our ride.” Garrus said, shrugging as he walked towards the vehicle and opened the door. Inside was a very roomy looking back booth, seats on each side of the limo and plenty of leg space. Taking up a large portion of one side however was a very muscular pig, his body sporting the same black spandex as the mercenaries. On the opposite end as a pair of nearly identical pigs,sitting right beside each other. Before Garrus could even raise a finger the pig patted the spot next to himself. “Don’t worry buddy, I’m just here to make sure you get there safely. Come, take a seat.” The hog laughed as kicked back, raising his arms to stretch and revealing his massively hairy armpits, the forest of black hairs drowning out any skin that would be exposed. Garrus’s mouth was agape with surprise as he took a step inside the limo, the two krogans following behind and taking a seat, each placing themselves on one side of the two identical pigs.. Placing an arm behind Garrus, the pig’s musk was assaulting the turian’s face, his nose inches away from that sweaty bush. “Name’s not important, I’ll be gone before you know it. I was just hired to make sure the ride is smooth and there’s no..problems.” he pig explained as he subtly inched closer towards Garrus, those pit hairs almost touching his face now.

Garrus felt like he should move away or say something but his body was frozen, actually that’s the wrong phrase. It’s like his brain was frozen, his body slowly pushed itself towards the pig and before he knew it his face was pressed into that hairy armpit, Garrus snorting as the sweaty hairs filled his nose. He wanted to ask for help or just yell for his krogan friends but as he turned an eye towards the duo he saw Wrex and Grunt in the same situation, the krogans moaning and grunting as they sniffed away at the two hogs armpits. The back of the limo was filling with the thick masculine musk as the mercenarie’s grunts slowly turned to the sound of oinking as their resistant sniffing turned to feverish licking and sucking, the pigs all smiling devilishly as they finally pushed their captives away, lowering their arms and looking at their handiwork.

Sweat stained the aliens’ faces, their tongues hanging loosely as they felt an itch at their own armpits, hairs sprouting from the once smooth skin as suddenly they were all sporting thick bush of armpit hair, sweat dripping from the hairs. As they sat there dumbly, their visors lit up once more as if in a routine, their bosses voice drilling their brains. “Real men are hairy. Real men are sweaty. You admire real men.” it repeated until the phrase planted itself into their minds. Suddenly a very large and strong hand slapped Garrus across the back, waking the turian up as he shook his head and tried to establish his surroundings once more. “Sorry about that! Was working up a sweat and I figured you wouldn’t mind me using your face for a bit.” the pig chuckled, Garrus simply smiling back at the male. “Don’t worry about it! You’re sweaty and hairy like a real man, I can admire that!” he repeated, a hand reaching to scratch as his own damp armpit hair. The two krogans across from Garrus thanked their own strangers, hair sticking out of their own armpits now even while their arms were down.

As the group continued their drive, the limo was filled with the sounds of moans and grunts, the male’s taking turns shoving their faces directly into each other’s pits. It would be a sight to shock any onlooker and not one that any of the trio of mercenaries could say they would participate in normally but yet they found themselves indulging in the sweet hairy treats in front of them. Anytime they had a second thought about what they were doing they would just hear the familiar voice in their heads reassuring them that it’s normal to admire another man like this. “Sweaty and hairy..” Wrex moaned out with a face full of pit. “A real man..” Grunt seemed to finish the krogan’s sentence, the smaller male now arms stretched as one of the pigs were now eating out his armpit.

The scene seemed to drag on for hours until the limo came to a sudden halt, the vehicle tossing the men forward a bit and disrupting their “bonding” session as they arrived in front of a large skyscraper-esque building. Bringing a fist up to his mouth and ushering a cough, the pig next to Garrus cleared his throat. “Well here we are boys! This is your stop. Just head on inside and do your job!” he motioned towards the door as he slung it open, the krogans and turian stepping outside the limo and out into the open. As they poured out of the door, Garrus felt a masculine hand take a quick squeeze at his ass, throwing a look back as the last thing he saw was a smiling pig quickly closing the door as the limo sped off. “Odd fellows..” he thought as he looked up to examine the building in front of him, taking note of just how massive it really was. “Well this is it. Info says we just need to get to the top floor and get the data out of the office. Should be easy.” Garrus reminded the two Korgan, the former nodding their heads as they stepped towards the doors in unison.

Pushing the doors open the men were a bit shocked to find a normal office environment, workers casually strutting back and forth from location to location. Each sporting the same black spandex the group was wearing now. “So much for casual Fridays.” Wrex jokes, noticing that all of the workers were male. Not just that, each of them seemed to be a gym rat, their bodies pulsing with strength with each stride. They looked like they spent every minute of their free time in the gym, the workers much beefier than the mercenaries expected. “Better not get caught..” Grunt whispered to his partners, their heads nodding in silent agreement as they continued to watch the masculine office workers go about their business.

Trying their best to remain as inconspicuous as possible they made their way across the lobby floor, trying to find someone that they could get some information from. They searched and searched but found that the sheer number of workers about and unfamiliar territory made it nearly impossible to get anything done so with a nod, the group decided to split up. “Keep your coms up.” Garrus reminded them, pointing at his visor as he trudged off alone. Making his way through the crowds Garrus found a sign pointing towards a seemingly empty room labeled “Laboratory”. Curiosity getting the best of the turian, he made his way inside, slipping through the door after making sure no one was following him. Shutting the door behind him, he turned around and began to inspect the lab. Everything seemed up to par and normal, or at least as normal as a fully equipped laboratory could be.

The lab was completely empty except for one worker, a chestnut colored horse with his black muscled body standing out in the white tiled lab. Doing his best to seem like he knew what he was doing here, Garrus walked towards the stranger, noticing as he got closer that there was a gigantic black lump right at the crotch of the horse’s suit. It seemed to bounce with every slight movement. Garrus didn’t know what to say as he stood there watching the bulge jiggle hypnotically, the turian stumbling on his words. “I..uh .. I need to find…” he sputtered as the horse looked up from his clipboard, shining a smile towards the dumbfounded alien before opening his arms, hsi hairy armpits soaked in sweat. “You must be the new hire!” the horse exclaimed, reaching down and picking up a vial of pink liquid and holding it eye level and giving it a shake. “They told me I’d be getting a new volunteer for my projects but I didn’t expect one so soon!”

Garrus just stood there trying to find anything to say before his visor assaulted him with lights once more, his head clearing up as he found his focus returning. “Oh yeah, I’m here to help with anything you need!’ Garrus responded, thinking that if he just went along with the horse then maybe he could get some intel out of him. “Great!” the horse said enthusiastically before shoving the pink vial into the turian’s hands. “Just drink this for me and stand over there.” the horse ordered as he pointed towards an open area, the only thing for a good thirty feet was a large cable row machine, standard for most gyms but standing out in the lab. Garrus inspected the pink liquid he was handed, taking a quick sniff and finding the smell actually quite pleasant, almost like candy.

“What’s this for?” Garrus asked the scientist, shaking the vial around and watching the liquid slosh about;. “Just some serum I whipped up that I believe will help increase productivity nearly tenfold!” the stallion said with a raised finger, enthusiasm in his voice as he was obviously proud of his work. Shrugging and finding the the scientist as a bit of a crackpot, Garrus the pink liquid back down his throat, noting that the taste was even better than the smell, the turian smacking his lips as he made his way over to gym equipment, taking a seat on the bench as he looked over at the other male. “So now what?” he asked.   
  
“Just grab a hold of those handles and give me a few reps and tell me how you feel, will you?” the horse asked as he grabbed his clipboard again, pen at the ready. As Garrus grabbed onto the handles and gave a nice tug, he found his arms filled with strength he didn’t know he had, his body seemingly pulling the stack of weights up until the cable reached its limit, noticing that he had to be lifting nearly 500 pounds now. “Wow, this stuff really works!” Garrus thought to himself, giving the handle another tug and then another, and another. Soon he found himself pulling at the weights with a rhythm, his body pulling at the cables robotically as he let out grunt after grunt, With each tug he felt his body surging with heat, his muscles pulsing bigger and bigger as he went on, his spandex suit stretching to accommodate his growing body until the turian was a hulking beast pulling on the weights, his arms nearly as wide as the horse’s body individually and his chest a tank of muscle.

“Feel...strong…” Garrus moaned as he found that he couldn’t really stop himself from working at the machine, the stallion stepping behind him and placing a finger on the turian’s visor, giving it a tap and sending a jolt through Garrus’s body. “It’s good to be strong, right musclepig?” The stallion asked with a smirk, Garrus smiling dumbly as he let out a loud OINK and a grunt in agreement, his mind now focused on lifting more and more weights for the horse, his face pushed into that large bulge as he oinked away.

“Don’t know how you’re supposed to find anything in this crowded place..” Wrex nearly shouted, the krogran growing angry as he pushed his way through the crowd, shoulder bumping with nearly every stranger he passed. “Fuck, goot take a leak too..” he thought as he managed to find his way to a bathroom, sliding inside and rushing to find a stall to relieve himself. However, all the krogan saw was a group of bears, their frames towering over the krogan and counting their heads Wrex found himself head to head with 5 of them. They were all wearing the standard black suits except for one modification, their cocks hung out in the open, large veiny members swaying in the open as the bears eyes the krogan. “Finally! How do they expect us to get any work done without a pig to help us relieve stress?” the tallest bear spoke up, the group walking towards the krogan and quickly surrounding him.

The sight was terrifying but that SMELL...oh that smell. Wrex’s nose burned with the musk of the 5 musky cocks circling him, his mouth drooling as he shook his head. “W-wait! I’m just here to use the bathro-” was all he managed to get out before he felt a pair of hands grab the back of his head, a finger pressing an unseen button on Wrex’s visor as he suddenly dropped to his knees, his hands raising up and grabbing the nearest cock near him. “They always forget to reset the new pigs don’t they?” one of the bears joked as he began to rub his cock against Wrex’s face, the krogan unable to stop himself as opened his mouth and took in the cock. He let out a muffled moan as he began to work the cock in and out, the massive member stretching his throat and bringing tears to his eyes. He sat there, working the cock in and out of his mouth until he felt it begin to pulse, the member growing hot as a salty hot load shot down his throat, Wrex finding himself swallowing it whole. That warmth seemed to travel down his throat and throughout his body, his torso beginning to expand and grow solid as it packed on pound after pound of muscle. The protein and energy surging through his body as Wrex exploded into a mountain of masculinity.

His body now dwarfed those of the bears, the Krogan licking his lips as he felt his new muscles let out a THUMP as blood coursed through his biceps. “Is that all you got?” Wrex smiled, oinking as he took another cock in his hands and working it into his mouth, the bears cheering as they took their turns fucking the new musclepigs mouth. His body growing with every load as those outside the bathroom could hear the moans of the masaculine krogan sucking cock after cock.

“Grunt to Wrex or Garrus, are you there?” Grunt repeated into his visor, the krogan finding himself directly outside of the main office on the top floor. “I’ve found the office, are you there?” he asked again, the comms filled with static as he huffed and decided to go in alone. He slowly opened the doors to the office and walked in, immediately being met with three figures beside the desk. Two of them were massive, hulking beasts. Their latex clad bodies a mountain of muscle as their heads were swallowed by their shoulders, the only real visible thing was their hairy armpits and colorful visors. “Wrex….Garrus?” Grunt asked with the defeat obvious in his voice, his friends now standing in front of him as muscled drones, their eyes hidden behind the colorful screens of their visors. “Oh, I see you finally made it to the party!” The third figure spoke up, Grunt instantly recognizing the voice as the one that’s been guiding them up until now. “Who are you and what did you do to them!” Grunt demanded, looking at his friends turned muscle drones.

“Isn’t it obvious? I made them better!” the figure said, stepping closer and revealing himself to the krogan. A rather fit boar, his body any bodybuilders envy and his face clad in a wide smile. “As for who I am? Well I’m your master!” He said with a tone as if Grunt should have already known. Before he could figure out what was happening he felt two pairs of strong hands grab his arms, Wrex and Garrus holding their former friend in place as the boar walked closer, a cool stride in his step as he stopped in front of the krogan. “Now I’m a merciful guy. I wouldn’t want you working so hard just to come out empty handed. How about I let you go! All you have to do is take one little whiff.” the boar smirked as he raised his arm, presenting it in front of Grunt. The other worker’s armpits were hairy but this boar, this boar had a forest of brown hair swallowing his fur. Each hair was so thick and full of sweat that Grunt swore he could make out each individual drop of salty fluid.

Before he could protest the boar shoved the krogan’s face into his armpit, sending his brain into immediate shock as the musk fried his thoughts. His will was instantly broken, the male oinking and slurping away as his body began to grow just as the others had. HIs muscles are packing on pound after pound and his arms turning into cannons of pure strength. In just mere minutes Grunt was standing toe to toe with his former teammates, his body disproportionate to his head as he was nothing but a mound of muscle now. Removing his armpit from the krogan’s face, the boar was met with a dumb smile as Grunt oinked away happily, standing up with his teammates and assuming a military pose, the turian and krogans awaiting their next orders. “Welcome to the team boys.” the boar said happily, the new muscle drones oinking away with joy as they began their new lives.