

Weights on Conall's Shoulders

Foxgamer01

Content warning: Transformation, Pokémon, Weight training

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When Conall glanced at his Kindle Paperwhite's clock, it ticked to 5:27 PM. His green eyes shifted back to the book he read on it, Soul Music by Terry Pratchett. The black truck he was in hit a bump, causing him to lift his head off from his Kindle. He sighed and turned to the driver, his coworker and friend Derek.

"You need to stop going fast at these speed bumps," Conall said.

Derek grinned at him. "It wasn't too bad. Besides, we're here."

Several stores stood within this plaza, one a grocery store and another a sports store. The one they parked in front of, a gym, was sandwiched between the two stores. Conall rolled his eyes at it as he turned off his Kindle and placed it in his side bag. He never went to the gym much, with the most he spent at high school's PE session and college, and he flunked the college one.

He doubted he would be in here if he did not turn into an anthro Lycanroc.

Conall undid the seatbelt, letting it slung off from his fuzzy body. He rubbed his muzzle, white from its mask-like marking on his face to his torso. He then reached for the truck's handle and opened it with his hand-paw, with it, the

other, and his feet-paws white down his elbows and knees. Once he slipped out from the truck, he stretched his long, white, and fluffy tail out, free from its confinement.

He closed the truck door behind him, shutting it with a click. Conall stretched out, letting the wind brush against his orange-gold fur in peace. His white mane lay bushy around his neck, with four brown spikes stretching out with two forward and downward and two backward and upward. The mane stretched over his head and between his triangular ears, which ended with a brown stone hovering before his dark brown nose.

"I still can't believe you convinced me to go here," Conall said. He adjusted his t-shirt and shorts. He wished he had sweatpants since it had been years since he wore shorts. "Work is my exercise."

"Nah. Work is work." Derek closed his side of the truck and walked around to Conall. He also wore a t-shirt and shorts, though he wore white to Conall's black with a gold Legend of Zelda logo. "Exercise is *workout*."

"What's the difference?" Conall asked. His eyelids lowered halfway.

Derek grinned. "The difference is that this is much more intense in a shorter timeframe. You don't walk around the

store for eight or so hours and expect that to be the equivalent of an hour of lifting weights and running for miles. That's not how it works, lad!"

"Great. You're making me regret this more." Conall shook his head.

"Hey! Exercise is good for everyone!" Derek wrapped his arm over Conall's shoulders. "We would all be much happier if all of us would lift weights and run for a couple of miles."

"And not just because you wanted to see how strong an anthro Pokémon like me can be?" Conall asked.

Derek widened his brown eyes. "H-how did you—"

"Lalahaha! I knew it!" Conall smirked and laughed.

Derek sighed and brushed aside his brunette hair, which reached his shoulders. "Alright. You got me." He glanced at the gym's sign. "Ever since I heard you took a punch to the face last week and didn't really feel it, I wanted to see your upper limits."

Conall nodded and thought back to last week. His now ex-coworker, Jeromy, punched him in the face for the crime of being an anthro Pokémon. Though Jeromy preached about being an animal lover, he thought that Pokémon was nothing more than a dogfight series. Even a week after the

incident, Conall was still shocked by the hatred spewing from his mouth.

"Besides, this is part of the deal," Derek grinned at Conall. "You go out and exercise for an hour, and I'll get one of my coworker friends to convert that Lycanium Z into a necklace."

Conall sighed. "Well, a deal's a deal."

"That's the attitude, lad!" Derek gave Conall a thumbs-up and pretty much dragged him into the gym. "It's a good thing I invested in a membership that allowed for a guest."

"Yay." Conall thought about how much work it would involve. His orange-gold fur shifted in color as he thought of that, turning light brown. The mane and spike rolling over his head receded with the spike on it disappearing. It soon fused with the rest of the mane curled around his neck. At the same time, a spike grew from his upper back at where it met the neck, pointing downward. Conall's eyes changed from bright green to blue. "This will be a lot of work."

Derek watched Conall change from Dusk form to Midday form in silence. "No matter how many times I see it, it's still surprising."

The two entered the gym and headed to the front desk. There, Derek checked himself in while labeling Conall as a

guest. Meanwhile, Conall glanced around the gym, with it stretching to the other side of the building. Various machines, from treadmills to smith machine squats, littered everywhere, organized into categories depending on the type they were meant to train. A few people did lifts in this gym, though they all focused on their own workout. He felt a tap on his shoulder, with Derek grinning at him.

"OK. You're all set." Derek gestured around the gym. "Which one do you wish to try out first?"

Conall swallowed and glanced around some more. "Well, I always consider myself decent with the machine where you push up with your legs."

"The leg press machine?" Derek snickered for a moment. "Let's give it a shot, my lad!"

Conall nodded, letting Derek drag him toward one of the leg press machines. It stood with white paint covering the steel and black cushion padding on the seat. It had been years since he worked on it, and he wondered if he could still do his previous record of 250 lbs. He doubted that his legs weakened that much since then, but he never tested it out.

"Alright." Derek went to the weights the cables were attached to while Conall took his seat. "Now, how much do you wish to lift?"

"Let's do something light, like 200," Conall responded.

"Right, lad!" Derek adjusted the rod on it so it allowed Conall to lift 200 lbs. "Now, push ten times."

Conall nodded and pushed his legs forward. To his surprise, it felt much easier to do than he remembered. He still felt the weights on the machine, but it felt like nothing to him. He let it slide back and shook his head. "Sorry. I need more."

Derek blinked. "More?"

Conall nodded. Derek adjusted the weights again, setting it to 260 lbs. Conall pushed again and shook his head when he let it go back. Derek adjusted again for 300, but it still felt easy to Conall. Even after Derek set it to the max limit of 500 lbs., Conall felt no more stressed than when he first began.

"Sorry." Conall shook his head. "Is that really set to the max?"

"It is! Look!" Derek pointed at the black weights on the machine. "How are you lifting that much?!"

Conall shrugged and hopped out of the machine. Despite pushing such heavy lifts, his legs felt alright with no soreness. He stretched them out for a few seconds and glanced at the weights.

"Yeesh. Whatever caused you to transform into a Lycanroc made you really strong on top of it." Derek covered his mouth, but Conall sensed he grinned wide. "Let's try the pec deck and chest fly machine, lad!"

Conall nodded and followed Derek over to the machine he mentioned. Much like the leg press machine, its weight limit was 500 lbs. Unlike the leg press machine, this one focused on his chest, back, shoulders, and arms. He knew that he was never good with this machine, not lifting as much as his arms.

He sat down and waited until Derek set up the weights behind him. When Derek gave him a thumbs-up, he pushed the handles forward like in a push-up. To Conall's surprise, he managed to lift the weights behind him without any issue at all. After he did it a couple of times, he set the handles down.

"Did you put them at around 80 lbs.?" Conall asked. He raised an eyebrow at Derek with an intrigued expression. "That was my limit."

“80? I set it to 500.”

Conall blinked and twisted around to the weights. As Derek said, the rod was inserted at the bottom for 500 lbs. He stared at it for a few seconds, stunned and horrified by his strength. He twisted forward and did the pec fly side of the machine.

Much like before, he did it without any issues. He followed it up by the real delt fly part of the machine, twisting himself around to do it. He still managed to do the lifts without a problem.

“W-woah.” Conall stopped after a couple of tries and glanced at his arms. “I-I didn’t think I got this strong.”

“I must say. For a skinny Pokémon, you’re one strong dude.” Derek grinned wide without bothering to hide it. “Another one?”

Conall tried the various machines, from arm curls and extensions to lat machine and shoulder press to leg curls and leg extensions. He maxed out the weights each time and still lifted them without any problem. Derek grew excited with each bit of strength display, which Conall found to be worrisome.

"You certainly showed those machines a thing or two, lad." Derek grinned and patted Conall's shoulder. "But let's see about your max."

"How?" Conall raised an eyebrow. "None of those machines went above 500."

"Then let's go with the barbells." Derek pulled Conall over to the side where the barbells and their circular weights lay. Conall gulped, seeing how massive the weights lay. "We've done 500, so let's go with 600 lbs."

Conall wanted to run away but instead helped set up the weights. They set the barbell on the rack and added in the weights. With it set up, there lay 100 lbs. on each side, with them clipped in and secure. He lay on his back, careful not to let the spike on his back pierce through the faux leather. He grabbed the bar, lifted it off the rack, and lowered it back to push it up.

Much like before, he had no issue with lifting it.

"Nope." Conall set it on the rack.

They went up and added 50 lbs. to it. When that was not enough, they removed the 50 lbs. and replaced them with 100. They repeated it, ensuring the barbell did not bend until it reached 1,200 lbs. Conall lay back, lifted it

from the rack, and lowered it to his chest. He pushed the bar back into the air.

That time, he felt the weights. Instead of putting it back on the rack, he continued this workout, setting it toward his chest and then pushing it back up. Derek above him helped spot Conall, so he did not hurt himself. Conall went up to ten before setting the bar back on the rack. Already, he felt himself sweating.

"OK. That was my limit." Conall twisted around and stood up.

"Extremely impressive." Derek grinned more. "Now, try the arm curl."

Conall nodded, grabbed the bar, and lifted it from the rack. Already, his fingers strained to keep hold of the bar. He curled upward, with him feeling the burn. He completed ten curls before setting it back on the rack.

"Whew. My hands almost felt like they were about to fall off." Conall shook his arms.

"You know, Conall, my lad?" Derek's brown eyes shone like stars in the night. "You're one of the strongest people out there!"

"M-me?" Conall flinched and took a step back. "I-I'm not that strong!"

"Oh, yes, you are! In fact, you're rivaling some of the strongest guys in the world!" Derek patted Conall on the back. "Oh, sure. There were greater feats of strength, but none as skinny as you! In fact, I bet that, with proper training, you can be the strongest being in the world!"

"Th-the strongest!?" Conall winced.

"If you don't believe me, let's try out more weight lifts with that barbell and others like it."

Conall gulped but nodded. Mentally, he wished this was over.

The two did various weight-lifting techniques with the barbell. To Conall's surprise, his legs' limit with the bars did not peak, regardless of what he put them through. He wondered if they had doubled or even tripled his arms, chest, and back strength.

Part of him wished it did not.

By the end of the hour, the two left the gym, and Conall was drinking a couple of water bottles. He felt sore and tired in his arms, chest, and back. As he approached the black truck, his light brown fur turned orange-gold. His eyes shifted color from blue to bright green. The back spike shrunk into his neck mane, disappearing. At the same time, his mane rolled up and over his head and between his

ears. A dark brown spike emerged from the end, hovering in front of Conall's dark brown nose.

When Conall hopped into the truck, he did so as a Dusk Lycanroc.

"You know, this was a great session," Derek said. He hopped into the driver's seat, inserted the key, and turned it with the truck roaring to life. "Why, you should become a regular in this gym. With a year's worth of training, I bet you'll be at least the top three strongest guys out there. And with five years, no one would be able to rival you. The idea of someone beating you in feats of strength sounds laughable at that point, lad!"

Derek continued chatting like this, driving over the speed bump faster than necessary. Even then, Conall did not respond. Instead, he thought about how much stronger he had become. In fact, he bet that he might be slightly stronger in Dusk form than in Midday's. That would excite countless guys, many just as green as Conall's eyes.

Conall did not feel excited at all.

Instead, he thought about getting into a fight and, in a rage, punching someone in the head. Rather than knocking that person down, his head exploded as though he was

shot by a sniper rifle. The thought of killing someone, especially by accident, felt horrifying.

He remained quiet even when Derek dropped him in front of his home.

Conall stepped inside, hopped into his room, and sat on his chair. He wanted to push those thoughts away, even trying to envision the chunks as watermelon, but it still popped up. He shook his head and turned on his computer.

"I need to take my mind off of this." Conall waited for the computer to boot up. He logged in and, for a moment, saw the Steam games he got over the years. He wanted to play through them but always pushed them aside. Perhaps this was the right time. "Yeah."

Conall hovered the mouse over to the Valiant Hearts logo.

He lowered it and shook his head.

"Gah! I can't force myself to do it." Conall shook his head until he saw the OBS logo. "Hmm. I always wanted to stream. Maybe this would be the best time to start."

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"LALAHABA!! Take that, punks!" Conall the Midnight Lycanroc grinned at the screen, with him playing Counter-

Strike 2. Despite arming himself with the M4A1-S and USP-S, he sniped the opposing side without any issue. He aimed with the rifle, clicked the mouse button, and got another headshot. "BOOM, HEADSHOT!"

The chat displayed on the side cheered him on. Though he was a complete unknown when he began, he already had about thirty viewers. He grinned at the chat, which almost cost him. The final opponent appeared with an AWP aimed at his head. His player character got a headshot, but the helmet kept him alive.

"Oh, you MOTHER!" Conall moved his character to the side behind the wall. He threw a smoke grenade, with it blocking the sniper's view. Part of him wanted to sneak around and take that jerk from behind. Instead, he pulled out his pistol, snuck into the smoke screen, and waited at the side. "Come on, now."

When the smoke faded, he saw the opposing player's back searching the alleyway.

"EAT THIS!" Conall fired out a series of shots with the handgun, with the first aimed at the head. By the time the other player spun around, he fell down dead. A display showed up, declaring his side's victory with him as the last survivor. "LALAHHA!! Yes! I turned it around!" Conall

turned to the chat. "I bet some of you think I couldn't, but I did."

Conall laughed some more.

He still thought about how strong he become, but gaming and streaming helped him relax. He even wondered if he should continue to stream on his days off. Sure, it meant more stuff to do on a schedule, but he found it fun. And if he grew big enough, he could make some extra money from streaming.

The thought of making money from a hobby excited Conall.

"Let's start another round of CS2!"

About Author

Thank you so much for taking the time to read my story! I really appreciate it. If you enjoyed it, then you'll definitely want to check out my gallery accounts at:

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foxgamer01@hotmail.com

I'd love to hear from you and answer any questions you may have.

Thanks again for your support, and I can't wait to share more of my work with you soon!