Some Conditions May Apply

Dieter took a second to acclimate themselves when they stepped into the doors of the gym, looking around to try and figure out where to go first as they clutched the bag with their clothes. The entryway had a number of the typical powders, supplements, and energy drinks that one would see bordering the rather large receptionist desk which had a muscular wolf man in a tank top behind it. “Hey there,” the wolf said with a big grin. “First time here?”

“Yeah, that’s for sure,” Dieter replied with a sheepish grin. “Is it that obvious?”

“First timers tend to have a bit of a deer in the headlights look when they come in here,” the tiger replied with a chuckle. “So since we’ve established that you’re new are you interested in our free tour, or perhaps you have one of our referral cards? We’re currently running a special where you get three free sessions with a personal trainer if you sign up for a year plan.”

“Actually, I was sent this in the mail,” Dieter said as they laid the golden card that had the gym’s name on it down on the counter top. “It also had a letter stating that I was part of a referral program? It didn’t have the name of who sent it to me and I didn’t want to waste it so I thought I would at least try it out and maybe thank them.”

The tiger only had to take a second to look at the card before his eyes lit up, his bemused grin turning to a full on smile as he gave a nod to the synth. “Oh, that’s our very exclusive referral program,” the receptionist explained as he picked the card up and handed it back to Dieter. “In fact why don’t you go ahead and take this towards the VIP area that’s in the back? That card will give you access to our special locker rooms and fitness equipment as well as a trainer that would personally shape your fitness journey.”

Dieter thanked the receptionist and asked if there was anything else that he needed to do, to which the tiger shook his head and motioned for them to go into the gym. While it was strange that they didn’t have to do anything like sign up for a news letter or something that these referral programs typically made someone do the lion synth wasn’t going to complain. As soon as he walked through the second set of doors that separated the front lobby from the main area he immediately was greeted with the sounds of weights clanging and machines running. It was the typical ambience that they would expect from a gym and as they wandered through the open space they eventually saw an entrance marked for VIP clients only.

The door was metal and had a card reader attached to it, which when Dieter tried the one that they had been given the light turned green with a chirp and the sound of the door unlocking could be heard. Dieter opened it to step inside and as soon as he did he found the atmosphere had changed completely, the banging and loud music that had been in the other room completely cut off from this area. It was almost eerily quiet save for a buzzing noise that they guessed was the lights as they slowly made their way down the hallway while looking for some sign of where to go next. When he got to the first door he peeked inside and saw that there were only two people using the weight room, both of them with their eyes glued to the screen in front of them with an intense look on their face.

Suddenly Dieter felt a hand on their shoulder that caused them to jump and when they spun around they saw themselves looking at a dragon man who stood head and shoulders above him wearing what looked like a wrestling singlet. “Whoa, didn’t meant to startle you there,” the dragon said with a chuckle as Dieter calmed themselves. “My name is Giza, and I’m going to be helping you get to where you need to be. Why don’t you go ahead and follow me to the locker room where we can get you ready for your first workout!”

“That sounds great!” Dieter said, following the trainer away from the workout area and to another section of the gym. The dragon was quite chipper and the upbeat nature of the trainer was somewhat infectious as Dieter started to feel themselves getting more excited even though they didn’t know what was in store for them. Originally they had just gone in out of sheer curiosity but as Giza continued to say how much better they were going to look once he was done with them it caused Dieter to rub their hands together.

“Alright, so since you’re a synth we don’t need to hook you up with the traditional equipment that we gave our newbies,” Giza said as the muscular dragon went to a storage cabinet and leaned down to grab something, Dieter getting an eyeful of the spandex-clad rear and tail that was arched up as though to deliberately give him a view. “I think we have everything we need to onboard a synth such as yourself, so why don’t you go ahead and I can plug you in! We’ll have your iron pumping iron in no time.”

Dieter merely nodded and jumped slightly when the dragon turned around with an interface computer and a few adapters. “Oh wow, you really are set up for this,” Dieter said as they did what they were told, grabbing the wires given to them an opening a port in their neck. “Most gyms don’t even bother catering to synths, to be honest I thought that I would be turned away at the door.”

“Well we cater to all types here,” Giza replied with a grin. “To be honest I don’t know how to work this stuff, but the one who set everything up did and he said it’s just plug and play. Once we’re done we’ll get to my specialty.”

Dieter finished with the last of the connections and had a seat while waiting for the downloads to start. As they waited they once more mulled over the surprising amount of preparedness that this dragon had to get these programs into them; normally they would need their specs, operating system, and several other things in order to make sure that the programs were compatible with their systems, but it seemed that everything was already taken care of as he watched Giza push the red button in the middle of the console. Almost immediately they could feel the flow of information into them and as they watched their download screens pop up in their vision it was accompanied by a buzzing noise and a shift in their visual spectrum. While it wasn’t unusual to have such distortions when it came to integrating new software the swirling of colors that had formed with the background was almost distracting to the point that they didn’t even realize that the dragon trainer had gone back over to the locker in order to grab something else.

As the lion synth continued to sit there they allowed the routines to integrate into their knowledge base there was something else that was downloading in the background. The firewalls that would prevent anything from unknowingly warping the personality of a creature such as themselves were bypassed and command codes were used while Dieter’s mind was filled with how to train their body. But none of that even phased them and it didn’t take long before they were told that the download was complete and they could disconnect. While Dieter pulled the plugs out the lion found themselves feeling as energetic as before and when they turned to the dragon to inform them that they were done they suddenly felt a jockstrap and pair of gym shorts hanging in front of their face.

Dieter took the clothing that their mind designated as proper workout apparel and when he asked about where to change Giza told him that they could just do so there. That made sense to them and without a second question the synth took off the clothing they wore and got into the garb that was provided. It was comfortable and seemed to fit them perfectly, especially the jockstrap as they felt the fabric cup against their junk. Just as they was about to put on the shorts the dragon came up in front of them and pressed against his crotch, a grin on his face as he mentioned that he just needed to make sure of the fit.

Wait, gym trainers weren’t supposed to feel up their clients, but as soon as the lion synth thought of it the idea evaporated from their mind. The dragon was just trying to help them make sure they got the right fit and even when Giza left Dieter felt the sensation of pleasure that had come from the touch as he was led to the weight room once he had put the gym shorts on. They felt more pumped than ever to get started and didn’t even realize that the swirling colors in his vision had remained even though they were much more muted. Once they got into a different area of the gym they found themselves in a cardio room that was empty.

“Alright, be a good boy and get up on the stair machine first,” Giza said as he motioned to one of the machines, which Dieter promptly did. “Since we already have the program downloaded into you I don’t have to bother with anything else, just get a good pump going to get those gears turning. Once you’re done feel free to follow the prompts if I’m not back, I’m just going to check on a few others and then get back to you. Oh, don’t forget to hydrate, there are stations around and feel free to use the water bottles provided.”

Dieter just nodded once more and immediately began to work on the stairs, though in the back of their mind they wondered why they would start on cardio when they were a synth. While there were components that could benefit from exercise it usually was strength-based workouts that would help with their overall fitness, but as they thought that it was quickly pushed aside by the idea that his trainer knew what he was doing. While the dragon didn’t seem to know much about technology he would still have the knowledge to get them to the shape they needed to be and that they just had to trust the process. As they began to settle into the workout the coloration reappeared in his vision as music began to play that only they could hear as it drowned out not only the sound of the machine but the additional sounds that had been layered into it…

Eventually the lion synth found themselves on an elliptical peddling away as the music had increased in intensity. Dieter had lost all track of time at that point and it didn’t really matter to them anymore, not when they were feeling a euphoria that was coming from the workout they were doing. They had never experienced anything like this but they remembered that some people experience something called a runner’s high, and it was something they found themselves immensely enjoying. When the dragon did come back he informed them that they had been going for nearly three hours as they slowly stopped their pedaling while taking a long draw from the water bottle he had grabbed during his first circuit.

“How you feeling man?” the dragon asked. “I take it you enjoyed yourself.”

As Dieter was about to respond they noticed that his trainer was looking downwards, and when they did the same they found that they had started to tent out the shorts that they were wearing. “Oh, uh, I’m so sorry,” Dieter said bashfully as they tried to turn away. “I didn’t mean…”

“Hey, nothing wrong with enjoying a good workout,” the dragon said with a wink as he gestured down to his own groin, which Dieter realized that he had ditched the shorts and was only wearing his jock. “I think that you deserve a bit of a steam, help you really loosen up, and if you want you can take off those shorts in order to keep them from getting wet. Nothing like a couple bros just hanging loose, right?”

“Yeah… hang loose,” Dieter said as the words sounded quite enticing, not even realizing that their fingers had drifted down to their shorts until they felt them fall around their ankles while a smile crossed their face. “We are just a couple of bros, aren’t we? Although I don’t know about a steam, I would have to worry about condon… consen… um… water inside my metal bits, you think I’ll be alright Giza?”

“Oh, I’m not Giza, I’m Rex,” the dragon said with a cheerful grin as he put hand on Dieter’s shoulders. “I wouldn’t worry about it, now be a good boy and follow me.” Dieter nodded once more and stepped out of their shorts to follow the other man. A few hours ago the synth lion wouldn’t dream to go out nearly naked, especially not with their cheeks exposed like they were, but as they walked together towards the aquatics area of the VIP section.

There was a loud splash as they walked into the pool area and Dieter saw that there were two orcas that were swimming around an otter, though Dieter’s attention was quickly brought away from the similar trainers and back to the sauna that they were about to enter. It was a typical design but large enough that at least two dozen could probably fit in there and there were even a set of massage tables that were in the middle of it. That was where the two made their way towards and as Giza, or rather Rex as Dieter had to remind themselves since they were nearly identical like those orcas, offered to give them a massage they were more than eager to accept. When Dieter asked if he knew how to massage a synth Rex told him not to worry about such things and to get on the table face down.

When Dieter got on their stomach they were surprised at how soft the table was, and just as they were about to shift their body they suddenly felt a pair of hands start to knead and massage their skin. The lion synth let out a loud groan as those scaly fingers managed to push in deep into his neck and shoulders, and while their metallic skin did have a bit of give to it this was unlike anything they had ever experienced before. In a matter of minutes the lingering tension that had built up in their body from the workout was gone and they began to feel like puddy in the dragon’s paws. It started to feel like they were floating and didn’t even realize that they had been turned over onto their back until they felt the hands on their chest.

“You are… really good at this,” Dieter stated with a huff, which as they said it they heard an uncharacteristic growl come from the dragon as those hands moved down to their stomach.

“Did I give you permission to speak?” Rex said, the sudden change in tone causing Dieter to look up in slight shock. The pleasure that was still radiating through the body and the steam that was wafting through the air had made it hard to think, or at least that’s what Dieter thought, but the trainer definitely seemed to be more assertive in their tone as his clawed hands drifted further down. “Now you’re going to be a good boy and listen to me, and unless I say so I don’t want to hear another word from you, got it?”

For a brief second Dieter wasn’t sure whether or not they were supposed to respond, but a look from the dragon caused them to promptly respond. “Yes sir.”

“Not too bad,” Rex said as his fingers danced down beneath the jockstrap that Dieter wore, teasing the length that was stretching out the fabric without their realization. “But I think you could do better with your response. Give me something I’ll appreciate and you’ll be rewarded as such.”

The cryptic instruction was hard for the synth to understand, especially since the dragon had pulled his cock out and had begun to stroke it while waiting for an answer. Their entire body thrummed with pleasure and the background music that Dieter hadn’t even realized was playing had become louder as their vision swam. The colors… the sounds… while it should have distracted them from figuring it out it also felt like they were being led to the answer by them. It was right there, deep down in the recesses of their mind, they just had to stop letting those pesky background thoughts interfere and bask in the pleasure being given to them.

“Yes… master…” Dieter finally said, and as soon as those words left their lips he felt a squeeze on their throbbing shaft as the dragon let out a hiss of approval.

“That’s a good boy,” Rex replied. “As promised, your treat.”

Dieter’s back arched as Rex leaned down and drew the head of their cock into his maw, the pleasure that had been slowly building the entire time kicked into overdrive as the expert tongue of the trainer drew over it. The lion synth let out a slight growl from it but dared not say a word as the lust and desire cascaded through their systems, overloading them even more than before as the previous programming continued to do its work. Information stores were recycled with various ways to keep a lean, fit body and with every suck of their cock it felt like the dragon was pulling their ability to think along with it.

But none of that mattered to Dieter as their sole focus was to climax, though when they tried to reach down to grab the head of the dragon they were given a quick but curt reminder of what they were supposed to do for their master. As Rex continued to suck his hands kneaded and massaged his thighs, which the already shiny metal glistened in the light as it began to swell. Soon the lion’s entire body began to stretch and grow as the synthetic skin that encased it began to look more like rubber than metal as it bulged from the muscle underneath. As Dieter squirmed their body became thicker and more toned, though they still weren’t close to the one that was between their legs as the dragon hilted their cock several times.

Just as Dieter was about to climax however Rex quickly pulled themselves off to the point that the growing synth nearly fell off the table from the sudden sensation. “Well then, looks like your training is coming along quite nicely,” Rex said with a grin as Dieter shivered on the table from the lack of stimulation as the orgasm they didn’t reach caused as much lust as it did frustration, but when they reached down to finish the job they suddenly found their hands pulled behind their head as the dragon’s snout in front of their face. “Oh no, you don’t get to finish until we’re finished.”

To Dieter’s surprise they let out a snarl of anger, but it quickly turned to shock even as Rex smirked down at them. “I am so sorry,” Dieter apologized profusely. “I didn’t… I mean…”

“What are you blubbering on about?” Rex said with a chuckle. “You got the beast in you now bro, time to let it out.” Dieter gasped slightly as the dragon licked them right on the face before standing back up and helping them on their feet again. As they were practically led out of the sauna and back into the aquatic room they couldn’t help but feel like there was something different about their body as they flexed their bicep, so enamored with it causing the stretched metal to strain against it that they didn’t notice the two identical orca trainers with a muscular sea dragon sandwiched between them as they left.

When Dieter did become aware of their surroundings they found themselves in a simulated field, the artificial grass underneath their bare toes as the lion realized that they didn’t even have their loincloth on anymore. “Alright, time to do a few laps,” Rex said with a wink. “Since a normal run is a little boring why don’t we spice things up, what do you think?”

“More cardio?” Dieter asked, though as they did their mind became fuzzy to the point that they had to hold onto their head as their vision swam with color. “Ohh, I feel… weird…”

“That’s because you’re thinking,” Rex was quick to correct with a smile. “No need for you to do that, not when you have a master to think for you. Good slaves just listen, obey, and be whatever their master wishes them to be.”

“Slave… I’m not…” Dieter once more was overcome with a wave of distortion as they couldn’t find the words to express themselves as Rex went over and patted them on the shoulder.

“Relax, you’re totally ready to take the next step,” Rex confirmed with a reassuring nod. “You wouldn’t have gotten your collar if you didn’t.” As the dragon slipped a hand through the leather collar that was around Dieter’s neck the lion didn’t even realize that they were wearing one, though it didn’t seem to bother them as it felt as natural as breathing. “Now come on, time to prove your worth!”

Rex immediately began to start running through the artificial field and though it took Dieter by surprise they suddenly felt a compulsion to run after them. With their thoughts obliterated not only by the hypnotic messaging, insidious programming, and sheer lust that still coursed through them the only thought that they had was to give chase. But Dieter quickly found that the dragon was quite fast, and with the lead that he had already gotten it didn’t seem like they had a chance. But seeing the other creature in front of them running away like that only spurred them on to go faster, the primal need to catch their prey bubbling up to the surface as they pumped their new muscles harder to catch up.

Though it took a while the distance between the two began to close, Dieter at first matching the dragon’s speed before shifting his gait so that they could get to Rex faster. Their breath poured out of their panting mouth and their nostrils flared as they felt their energy levels increasing despite all the time that they had been running. So close, so close... their gaze was so locked on making sure the dragon didn’t escape them that they didn’t notice that their metallic paws had begun to push out with every step that they were taking. As Dieter finally leapt into the air and plowed into the back of the dragon the metal lion paws completely burst open to reveal much bigger lupine ones underneath.

As the two tumbled to the ground there was another sound of tearing metal but Dieter was too intent on pinning Rex down to notice that a large break had appeared in his outer thigh to expose deep grey fur underneath. “Got you!” Dieter shouted triumphantly as their adrenaline and pride fueled into the domineering demeanor that they had adopted. “Now what to do with captured prey…”

“You know what to do,” Rex replied between pants, his eyes seeing that the muscles of the creature on top of him had also caused a split in the chest plate to expose the thick pectorals that had formed underneath. “Whatever you want.” Dieter didn’t have to be told twice and continued to use their arms to pin the dragon’s shoulder’s to the ground as they used their body to spread open their scaly legs. More snarls and pants came out of the creature that Dieter was becoming as their victory needed to be celebrated, and while Rex did try to wrestle with them a bit they quickly got them in an head lock that they didn’t even know how to do until that moment.

The cock of the synth slid easily into the tailhole of the dragon underneath them, though as they began to thrust forward they were becoming less robotic by the second. As Dieter continued to keep Rex restrained while plowing into them the morphed metal that had been their skin split down the forearm as their claws pushed out from increasingly furry fingertips. With the growing creature having already been teased in the sauna combined with the pure ecstasy of catching the other man it didn’t take long to drive themselves into a frenzied orgasm. Dieter’s entire body arched and as they came they let out a long howl, which caused the stretched leonine face to split apart and reveal the furry wolf one underneath.

Dieter’s muzzle contorted and stretched as it finished its changes, teeth growing out and giving him a fierce look as a fluffy lupine tail burst out from the ropy metal feline one. As the last of the metal fell away from their body they were ready to take the dragon for another round already, only to suddenly feel something cup around the muzzle and pull backwards. The leather muzzle quickly pulled his jaws shut and when they looked back their amber eyes widened in surprise when they saw the identical version of the dragon that their cock was inside standing behind them. With two dragons on one the tide quickly turned in favor of the trainers and it wasn’t long before Dieter had their new clawed hands pulled behind their back and restrained while a new leather jock was pulled up their legs.

“I told you that I’d be back to check on you,” Giza said as both dragons shared a grin before moving the restrained werewolf. “Congrats on completing your training, but as much as we’d love to keep working out with you our master is waiting, and so is yours…”

A few minutes later the two dragons brought the pacified werewolf up to the office that overlooked the gym, the blue and black phoenix leaning back in the chair behind his desk with a bemused grin on his beak. “It seems that our benefactor was correct in the amount of time it took to break them,” Slypher said as he hopped up and stroked the chins of Giza and Rex before looking into the eyes of the werewolf. “Amazing what a little knowledge can do to break a mind, if I didn’t watch it myself I would have thought that perhaps they were playing a trick on me.”

“For what you’ve charged I don’t think my benefactor would have liked using it for a prank,” a deep, rumbling voice said as another that had been in the office got up from the chair that was on the other side of the desk. The huge muscular stag walked over on bronze hooves and had to bend down to examine the werewolf with his own eyes. “Little small there Slypher.”

“Don’t worry Squall, he’ll grow more once he’s back in your realm,” Slypher replied as he went back to his desk and opened a folder that was on it. “As we agreed; one werewolf to provide you with a decent chase, a switch so that you can dominate and be dominated when you wish, and the perfect slave to obey you whenever you want such a thing. I have to say that other than my own experiences this is one of the first times that I’ve ever had a creature from an alternate dimension enslave another version of themselves.”

“Well as you said it made it much easier considering I knew all his bypass methods and access codes,” Squall stated with a chuckle as he nodded to Giza, the dragon nodding back before he went and undid the muzzle that was on the werewolf’s snout. “Hey there, do you know who you are?”

“I am a slave to the Ceryneian hind known as squall,” Dieter repeated back with almost practiced ease even though their name was becoming hard to remember, despite no longer being a synth the directives and programming was burned into his new neural pathways that were augmented by the magic of the phoenix and mythical deer in front of him. “I will serve as part of the hunt, to scratch the itch of my master when he desires the chase. Should I catch him then I will dominate him, but if he eludes me then I will present myself to him, and all other times I will be his personal slave to make sure his every need and desire are met.”

“Now that is what I call a mantra,” Squall said as he turned back to Slypher, who was signing his name on a piece of paper.

“Here we only create the best slaves for our clients,” Slypher replied as he turned the paper around. “Now that I have fulfilled my end of the bargain our duties here are finished, I do appreciate the magical support in making sure that my new gym has… expanded faculties so that I can accommodate more clients. I have the feeling that we’re going to be getting busy sooner rather than later.”

Squall just nodded and took the receipt that the phoenix had given him, then grabbed the leash of the werewolf and started to walk him towards a door that was made out of bright light. “Whose a good slave?” Squall said as he rubbed the ears of the werewolf, causing the lupine to wag their tail excitedly. “Man, I can’t wait for the others to meet you… well, after a little more personal conditioning…”