

Another day meant another trip to the gym, and Dyne was going alone today. Coach was busy out of town with getting his team ready for an upcoming tournament, so this trip had the possibility of being a more normal, albeit more boring, one for a change. There was still a chance the coach would plan something for him anyway, but he never knew what to expect from the orc anymore.

As usual, the gym was nearly empty for the evening with only a few patrons scattered around the place. Dyne recognized most of them at this point, and he exchanged friendly greetings with those he passed. There was one unfamiliar gym-goer that caught his eye though, and that was a bear wearing the most form-fitting pair of grey pants Dyne ever saw.

Every curve to every muscle showed off against the leggings that clung to the bear's body, and Dyne found it difficult to not stare as the bear walked past him. It was easy to tell where all the focus in his routines went with arms that were thicker than Dyne's head and thighs that could crush watermelons while still retaining a thick, meaty chest and an almost soft-looking stomach that wasn't fully covered by his shirt.

In that moment of passing, they made eye contact, exchanging a simple nod with each other, and Dyne felt a flutter in his chest the moment the bear was past him. It took all his willpower not to look over his shoulder when they passed. He shook the pervasive thoughts creeping into his mind away and went straight for a treadmill to get his workout started.

"I can't come to the gym anymore without expecting something to happen," Dyne thought. "Coach has ruined that for me." He grinned to himself as he started walking. "It's done wonders keeping me motivated to keep coming to the gym though, but it's a little boring when I know he's not gonna be here."

Dyne was lost in thought while he walked on the treadmill, and it hardly registered with him that someone was on the one beside it. It wasn't until he stumbled a little and glanced over that he realized the bear was jogging next to him. The bear glanced over when Dyne stumbled, and Dyne was quick to recompose himself and turn his attention forward.

“Why is he next to me?” Dyne thought. “There are like twenty treadmills in this place, and he took one next to me.”

He shrugged it off and continued with his walk for his usual distance, keeping his eyes straight ahead of him the entire time. However, he couldn't help but steal a glance at the bear running on the treadmill after stepping off his own. The bear's muscles bounced with every heavy footstep, but what caught Dyne's attention the most was the bubbly butt that jiggled endlessly. It was mesmerizing, and Dyne caught himself staring at it for a long moment before walking off feeling flustered.

He sighed and chugged some of his water, thinking, “I swear, Coach, I can't focus on normal gym routines any more thanks to you. I see a guy and think of the extra workouts we could be doing. I gotta focus though, or I'm not gonna get through this!”

Since he was alone, Dyne's routine was a light one for the evening. He didn't have the guidance of any of his usual partners, and he didn't want to risk hurting himself because of that as he moved around the gym. No matter where he went though, it seemed like the bear was only a machine away, and the two of them made eye contact several times throughout. It almost felt like the bear was watching him, and it was making him wonder.

“I bet Coach knows this guy too,” he thought to himself. “As soon as I go to the locker room or the shower, he's gonna follow me. I can almost guarantee it.” Dyne stole a glance at the bear doing a set of squats, and he felt a twitch in his shorts. “Not that I'd mind, but Coach could at least warn me of these things instead of leaving me in anticipation all night!”

There wasn't much hope for Dyne focusing now, so the rest of his workout for the evening was left with him making half-hearted efforts while keeping an eye on the bear. His mind was fixated on the idea that the bear was showing off for him. Every time Dyne glanced at him, it felt like the bear was making exaggerated motions in his workouts – it was particularly ones that looked almost sexual in nature.

Dyne was sitting at the lateral pull machine taking a break, and the bear was directly across from him doing deadlifts. They had their backs to each other this time, but as Dyne finished and turned around, he nearly spat out the water he was drinking.

The bear's pants and shirt were soaked with sweat by this point, but the sweat on his pants was focused more around the bear's butt. Seeing someone's clothes soaked in sweat in the gym wasn't unusual. It was a gym after all. What caught Dyne's attention and made him stare unabashedly was that the sweat showed how thin the fabric of the bear's pants really was.

It was easy to see from where Dyne stood that the fabric was almost see-through thanks to how wet it was. Every time the bear went down with the weights, his butt pushed out, stretching the fabric to its very limits as it struggled to keep the bear covered. Thanks to the sweat on the fabric, every time the bear's butt pushed out, Dyne was able to see a bright green thong running along the crack of the bear's ass, through his taint and along the bulging package showing off from behind.



Dyne froze in place and watched as the bear completed rep after rep. He must have done at least thirty reps while Dyne watched, but he finally left the weights on the ground to stand up and run his arm along his forehead as his sweat dripped to the floor, and that's when he acknowledged Dyne watching him.

“Need something?” he asked in a gruff voice,

Dyne jumped, and stammered out a lie as quickly as he could, “Y..your form is so good, and I’ve never been any good at doing deadlifts. I was just... just impressed watching you is all.”

The bear scratched his head and looked away, seeming a little flustered, “Oh. I can help you if you want. I do this a lot.”

“Is that how you got so thick?” Dyne blurted out.

“Yeah. I do this every time I come in and have been for a while. I guess it shows, huh?”

Dyne nodded.

The bear didn’t look at Dyne, but he continued, “Let me take some of the weight off, and I’ll walk you through how I do it.”

He proceeded to remove most of the weight from the bar, then he leaned over and gripped the bar as Dyne stood off to the side and watched. He was much closer now, and the translucency of the bear’s clothing was even more apparent, showing off his milk chocolate-colored fur with ease.

“Spread your feet out wide like this and be sure you keep your back straight through the lift,” the bear said softly.

He lifted and lowered the bar several times, going through the motions slowly while Dyne watched. The canine was having a hard time listening to the lesson as his eyes roamed over the bear’s body, and he didn’t realize the bear was watching him with a flushed face.

The bear kept talking anyway, “I do this fifty times with low weight, take a two-minute breather, then add weight to it for another forty reps.”

“Fifty?” Dyne mumbled. “I usually do like fifteen reps at the max for anything.”

“You can’t go easy on it if you want a body like mine,” the bear replied with a smile. “I increase the weights until I can only do about ten total. If I’m feeling really into my workout, I’ll do the reverse after I’m done, removing weight and increasing my reps back to where I started.”

He continued going through the motions for Dyne, and the dog licked his lips as he thought, "What would Coach do in this situation? I bet he'd compliment my ass and give it a rub."

"T..the workout must really work," Dyne said, moving to be directly behind the bear, staring straight down. "Your ass looks amazing."

"S..so I've been told," the bear said, just barely able to look over his shoulder at Dyne while going through the motions still.

Dyne was only inches away from the bear each time his thick butt pushed out, and it was far easier for him to see the thong the bear wore. The green strap running through his crack barely hid his hole from view. It was almost like he was flaunting it at Dyne at this point.

"W..what good form," Dyne mumbled. "You make the same motion effortlessly over and over... I bet you really know how to ride someone, don't you?"

Dyne had his hands ready and poised to feel the bear's backside, and there was awkward anticipation in the air as the bear made eye contact with him in the mirror. He slowed his pace down, lingering with his butt pushed out to let Dyne's fingertips graze over it, but someone walked by, and the bear dropped the weights and stood up straight as soon as he noticed the other person.

"And that's how I do my deadlifting!" he nearly shouted. "Repeat fifty to one hundred times and you're good to go!"

He said that and power walked away, keeping his hands over his groin. Dyne stared after him, then realized he had an obvious boner pushing his shorts away. He squatted immediately and put his face in his hands with a sigh.

"Oh my gosh," he mumbled. "Did I really comment on him riding someone? Coach would die from laughter if he saw how pathetic that was." His tail flicked around, and he pulled his head up. "But he'd also encourage me to try again, knowing him." Dyne jumped up and looked around for the bear, but he didn't see him anywhere in the weight room now.

“Damn,” he thought. “There are so many places he could have gone. There’s no way I’m gonna find him!”

Dyne was quick to return the weights to their rightful place, then he scoured the weight room once more for the bear. He couldn’t find him, so his next place to check was the locker room. He had no luck there either, and he only had two other options beyond trying to search the rest of the complex – he could check the bathroom and the showers.

The bathroom was closer, so Dyne decided to look in there first. All the stall doors were open except for the last one. Dyne was set on determining if it was the bear, so he slipped into the second to last stall as quietly as he could without shutting the door. He sat on the toilet and leaned over, and his heart jumped when he saw the same striped socks the bear was wearing. The sweatpants looked the same too, being the same color and skintight.

“That has to be him,” Dyne thought. “I have to be sure though.” His heart pounded in his chest as he considered what to do.

He took the easiest option and stepped out of the stall, careful not to make his presence known, and he quickly peeked into the crack left by the bathroom stall’s door. Sure enough, the bear was in there, but Dyne wasn’t expecting what he saw.

The bear was sitting on the toilet with his pants down to just below his knees, and he had his cock in one hand, stroking himself slowly while huffing on a jockstrap he was holding in the other hand. His eyes were closed, and there was no way he was going to notice Dyne spying on him from the outside.

Dyne slipped back into the other stall and quietly shut the door as his mind raced about what he should do.

“If Coach caught me like that, what would he do?” he pondered. “He’d probably make sure I knew I was caught, then he’d go from there.”

An idea came to mind, so he thought he’d give it a shot. He stood up, dropped his shorts and stripped off the black and red jockstrap he was wearing, letting his cock bounce around freely.

He climbed onto the toilet and leaned against the wall so he was able to look down into the stall next to him. Sure enough, the bear was still pumping away at his cock, and he was groping his chest now with the jock still in his hand – he had no idea Dyne was watching him.

Dyne took in a deep breath and thought, “Here goes.”

He reached out and dropped his sweaty jock, and it landed right on the bear’s snout. His eyes shot open, and he looked up with a mortified expression on his face. Dyne pulled his head back to hide, but he choked out a sentence as dominantly as he could, “D..Don’t look up. J..Just do as I say. That... That jock’s fresh, so... so give it a sniff and see if you like it.”

Dyne waited a moment then peeked back over the wall. To his surprise, and relief, the bear seemed to listen. He made no attempt to pull the jock from his face, and his eyes were closed as he inhaled deeply, resuming the slow pace of his hand stroking his cock. He put the other jock on his leg, then reached up to adjust how Dyne’s was draped over his snout so he could bury his nose into the pocket that held Dyne’s cock and balls only a moment prior.

“Y..You like it, huh?” Dyne mumbled. “G..Good boy. Keep jerking that fat meat of yours.”

He watched on while the bear masturbated, and he found himself working his hand over his own arousal. His hand wasn’t enough, however, and he wanted more.

“Why... Why don’t you get on the floor?” Dyne suggested. “Take your pants off too.”

There was no hesitation, and the bear complied, moving to the floor on his knees to face the wall separating his and Dyne’s stall. He tugged his pants down to around his ankles and continued stroking himself, never once looking up.

Dyne stepped off the toilet and knelt on his shorts, and he was able to see the bear’s balls dangling near the floor below the stall wall. He hesitated a moment, then reached under the stall to fondle them. They were heavy and hot to the touch, barely fitting in Dyne’s hand as he kneaded them. The balls were pushed forward, and Dyne heard a soft growl through the wall. Taking that as a good sign, Dyne pulled down gently, dragging his fingers along the bear’s sac.



Something warm dripped onto his wrist, and he saw a glob of precum oozing through his fur. Dyne used his other hand to scoop it up, and he used it on his own cock as lube. He kept one hand on the bear's balls while he worked himself over.

He inched closer to the wall, and it made him stroking his cock clearly visible to the bear on the other side. This time, a large paw reached down to return the favor of fondling him. Dyne huffed loudly and pushed forward as his orgasm built up quickly, but he released himself before he got too far, letting his cock throb madly while the bear played with his balls.

Another dribble of precum fell from the fat cock of the bear, but it landed on Dyne's dick this time. The hand on his balls moved to his meat and worked the warm slime all along his shaft. Dyne pumped his hips forward and pushed his forehead against the wall. That's when he felt something else warm against his cock, and he realized the bear was stroking their dicks together. His hand was much larger, and it gripped both cocks with ease as it pumped slowly over them.

Dyne gritted his teeth and panted softly. He wasn't going to last much longer, so he pulled his hips back and freed his cock. He was reluctant to do so, but he had something else in mind now.

"G..Get on your back," Dyne growled.

Dyne backed up from the wall so he could see what was going on, and he saw the bear was obeying. He pulled his legs from under himself and dropped onto his butt before laying on his back. What Dyne saw now was the bear's legs spread and his knees bent, showing his balls hanging over his taint along with the delicious curves of his butt against the floor.

Like he knew just what Dyne wanted, the bear raised his legs up against the wall, and his body slid towards Dyne. The bear's ass nearly poked into Dyne's stall, leaving Dyne to wonder just how uncomfortable of a position it must have been, but this new view made Dyne's cock throb even more.

The new angle let him see not only the bear's dangling balls and taint, but he could now see the pink, twitching hole that was waiting for him. The bear's balls bounced as he resumed masturbating, and Dyne didn't waste any of his time as he moved closer to the wall again. His cock was still slick with precum, and the bear's hole glistened with sweat - everything was plenty wet.

Dyne, overcome with lust and desire, pressed his head against the exposed pucker and rubbed his cock around on it. He heard stifled groans coming from the other stall as he teased the sensitive area, but he couldn't hold back any longer as he pushed forward. The bear's hole welcomed him, and it spread open with little resistance. Dyne's cock slipped into the hungry tunnel, and he couldn't keep from moaning as the heat swallowed him.

It was difficult to push all the way in from this angle, but both males seemed determined to make sure Dyne got all the way in. Dyne put his hands on the floor behind himself to push forward, but the bear gripped the wall from where he was and pulled. Between him pulling himself to Dyne and Dyne pushing forward, Dyne managed to bury himself balls-deep into the bear.

He was able to get his hands on the bear's legs under the stall to hold their bodies together, and he felt the bear's hefty balls bouncing against him. His masturbating got faster, and Dyne started to make careful thrusts. They were small movements, but it was plenty to stimulate him and his larger partner.

The hot inner walls that surrounded his cock pulsed as he picked up his pace and found a steady rhythm for bucking his hips. He was on edge from all sorts of stimulation, and his cock was already swelling and getting ready to unload. He clenched his eyes shut and adjusted his pace so he could last, but it was only going to help so much.

It turned out, he wasn't the only one on edge. The bear's hole kept clenching and unclenching around his cock, and the bouncing balls kept going at the same pace. Dyne listened closely, and he heard the bear huffing loudly, almost gasping.

“H..Harder,” he moaned just loud enough for Dyne to hear.

Dyne was able to do as he asked and slammed his hips harder. It broke his rhythm, but it was the first time the bear asked for anything, so he was happy to oblige. He kept it up, and then he heard a loud snarl from the bear. It was a shock to Dyne when the bear’s cock was stuffed under the wall with his fingers still working over it. As soon as it appeared, it pulsed several times and a spray of cum spewed from it, coating Dyne’s stomach in hot spunk.

It was like a fountain gushing out, and it didn’t take long for the wall and Dyne’s groin to be covered in the bear’s hot seed. Dyne even felt it running down around his cock, so as he resumed his thrusting, the bear’s own jizz became extra lubricant.

“Fuck,” Dyne muttered, his orgasm on the brink of breaking through.

His thrusting turned into steady grinding, and he put his head to the wall as his climax washed over him. He pushed deep into the bear’s clenched hole and proceeded to empty his balls, coating the tunnel’s walls with white. Dyne’s cock twitched and pulsed as it spewed shot after shot of cum into the other male’s hole.

Both of them fought to remain quiet, but the last several minutes consisted of them both moaning rather loudly. It wasn’t until both of their orgasms stopped that they were quieter, panting softly to themselves. Neither of them seemed willing to move, and Dyne could only stare down at the disaster of a mess that was smeared all between his crotch and the bear’s backside. Cum dribbled from the bear’s softening cock, and there was so much fur matted from jizz and sweat.

Dyne grinned to himself and grabbed the bear’s balls again, fondling and rolling them around while his cock was still nestled away. It made the bear’s meat twitch, and Dyne heard another soft groan from beyond the wall. He kept playing with the heavy orbs, and the bear’s cock was in a state of hard and soft limbo. Dyne’s dick, on the other hand, was getting soft, and it slipped from the bear with a squelch and a dribble of cum.

That was Dyne's queue to finally stop and pull his knees from under himself so he could sit down with his legs stretching into the neighboring stall. The guy on the other side didn't move from where he was, so Dyne pulled out his camera and snapped a picture of the bear's slimy cock and oozing hole. He even turned his phone sideways and put it close to the floor so he could see the bear better. His eyes were closed, his tongue was hanging out, and Dyne's jock was still over his nose. He snapped another few pictures and reached out to pat the bear's butt.

It took a moment, but the bear sat up. He pushed his legs under Dyne's and stretched them out, so Dyne was between them. Dyne wasn't expecting to be grabbed and pulled into the wall, but he put up no resistance when he happened. He felt the bear's wet meat against his own, then a large hand sandwiched them together, breathing life back into both as they were stroked. Dyne leaned back on his hands and tipped his head up, letting the bear do the work now.

Several minutes of rubbing their cocks together made them both hard again, but the cum was drying and making things sticky and hard to work with. The bear seemed to have a solution to that as something warm dribbled down over the cocks to lubricate them again. Dyne sighed deeply and wrapped his legs around the bear's sides, using that to help pull himself even closer. He was able to continuously hump himself forward, slapping their balls together while the bear masturbated them.

Dyne was just along for the ride at this point, but every time another dribble of wet heat made their cocks slide together easier, he could feel his orgasm working its way back up slowly. He lost track of how much time passed, and his arms were getting tired of holding him up. That's when he let his sexual hunger take control again. Most of his lower half was already pulled under the stall, so it would only take a little maneuvering from him.

He put his hand on the bear's and made him stop stroking, and that earned him a questioning grunt from beyond the wall. Dyne made it clear what he had in mind as he twisted his body around, and with some help from the other side, he ended up on his stomach, cock against the

floor and ass pointed to the bear's crotch. It wasn't the most sensible position, but all the bear had to do was point his dick straight and pull Dyne back to impale him on it.

There was no need for them to exchange words as he grabbed Dyne by the hips and pulled him back. His cock pushed against Dyne's hole, and Dyne felt him thrusting forward. The wet cockhead was being dragged along Dyne's tight hole, but it was replaced by a finger that was coated in something slimy. It only teased the sensitive area a moment before it pushed into Dyne, making the canine gasp and bite his lip to keep silent.

The finger worked in and out for a moment, then it was pulled out and stuffed back in with a fresh coat of slime. After several minutes of Dyne's hole being fingered, the bear returned with his cock and pulled Dyne back. Dyne's mouth hung open as his body was pulled back onto the dick slowly, it working into his opened hole without much of a struggle after the finger loosened it up.

Due to their position, the bear wasn't going to get all the way inside, but it was enough for him to be able to buck his hips, sliding his cock in and out of Dyne. The dog just rested on his arms, trying to look back and watch as the bear pushed and pulled his body.

Minutes passed by while Dyne panted from the pleasure that filled his body again. He was just enjoying the ride when he noticed the bear's thrusting almost came to a stop. Thick fingers dug into Dyne's side, and he was yanked back, forcing him to stifle a yelp, so the cock could be driven into him with a deep growl from the bear. Dyne didn't question it when he felt the cock pulsing inside of him, followed by a familiar warmth as the bear exhaled loudly through his nose. He made several slow, deep grinds into Dyne before he was still again and breathing heavily.

Dyne swished his tail around and bucked his hips slowly to keep working the meat around inside him, and he was surprised when he felt a hand work under him and grab his cock. He didn't expect to get off a second time, but someone else had other plans. Keeping his cock stuffed inside of Dyne, the bear pumped his hand quickly over Dyne's dick. It enveloped Dyne's

member with ease, and he used it almost like a handle to keep pushing himself into Dyne while jerking the canine off.

It didn't take long before Dyne was gasping on the brink of release, and the trigger for setting him off was the bear's cock slipping from his hole, letting the fat, wet head rub about his tender outer pucker. That feeling set Dyne off, and the dog grunted as his cock spurted another rope of cum onto the floor. His whole body shuddered as the hand didn't stop pumping until his cock was done twitching.

His orgasm subsided, and the bear's hand idly squeezed along the length of his dick, milking out every bit of cum. Dyne panted and glanced back to see the hand covered in his cum moving up toward the bear's head. When he saw it return to rest on his butt, the cum was gone, cleaned off by the bear's tongue, Dyne imagined.

Dyne was completely spent at this point, and he couldn't bring himself to move. The same could be said for the bear, as all he did was knead Dyne's butt and stay where he was on the floor. After a bit, Dyne rolled around again so he was on his back, staring at the ceiling, and the hands moved to his thighs to massage them instead. He was starting to doze off until he remembered he was lying on his back on the bathroom floor at the gym.

"Hey," he muttered after a long bout of silence.

"Yeah?" came an exhausted voice.

"You wanna go take a shower together?"

There was silence for a moment, and the bear replied, "...my legs are asleep, so as soon as I can stand again, sure."

Dyne couldn't suppress a laugh, and he ran his hand over his face. He sat up again and did what he could to clean up the mess around him. Before he stood up, the bear's hand appeared under the wall with Dyne's jock in hand. Dyne forced the hand to close around his jock and pushed it back.

“How about you keep mine, and you can give me yours instead?” Dyne suggested. “Think of it like a memento.”

A green thong was resting on the bear’s open hand the next time it passed under the stall, so Dyne took it. It was a bit big for him, but he didn’t have the intention of wearing it right now as he just pulled on his shorts without any underwear.

His clothes hid all the matted fur, so the only real evidence left of their romp was the powerful smell of cum around him and their stalls. He stepped from his stall to find the bathroom was still empty, and he stepped up to the sink to wash his hands.

While he was there, the bear appeared next to him to wash his hands too, and he was flushing deeply while keeping his eyes on his hands. Dyne realized he managed to squeeze into his jockstrap somehow since it was showing through the grey sweats, and it made Dyne wag his tail.

“Red and black looks good on you,” Dyne said as he dried off his hands. “Maybe you should wear those colors more often when you come to the gym.” He gave the bear’s butt a pat and a squeeze as he walked off. “See you in the showers, big guy. Don’t make me wait too long, alright?”

The bear didn’t bother drying his hands off and was right behind Dyne as they left the bathroom to head off to the showers.