



The New Guy

“Hey, Pup!” the orc called to Dyne with a wave as the canine walked through the front door of the gym.

Dyne lifted his hand to return the wave, and his tail wagged as he approached the massive orc. “Hey, Coach,” he replied, stopping right in front of the orc towering a good foot over him.

A large hand ruffled his head fur, then it moved to his shoulder to pull him to the orc’s side as they walked deeper into the gym.

“So, we’re doing things a little different today,” he said. “I got somethin’ fer you to do.”

Dyne’s heart jumped, and he just questioned, “Oh?” Usually, if the Coach said something like **that**, it meant he had some special fun planned for the dog.

“One of the new fellas on the team joined the gym today, and I wanted ya to give ‘im the tour of the place and do your routine with him after.” He guided Dyne toward the locker room while he talked. “I got stuff I gotta handle, so I figured you’d be perfect fer the job. I can count on you to help me out, right?”

“Of course, Coach,” Dyne replied. “Is he... one of your usual friends?”

The coach grinned and looked down at Dyne as he asked, “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Dyne flushed, splayed out his ears and answered, “W..Well, the past couple of times I’ve met friends of yours like this, my workouts have been... intense.”

“Intense in a good way though, right? You always enjoy yourself, don’t you?”

“Yeah, always. I just wondered if I should be prepared is all.”

They entered the locker room, and Coach patted Dyne's shoulder as he guided him through the lockers. Coach said, "I'd say expect a normal routine today. Probably. Unless one of the other guys shows up..."

He said that and the two of them rounded the corner of a row of lockers to be met with the orangish-brown hind quarters and swaying tail of someone bent over grabbing his underwear off the floor. He stood up, still with his back to Dyne and the coach, but they clearly saw him pull his underwear up to his snout to sniff at them as his tail wagged faster.

"I think you two are gonna get along great," the coach said with a chuckle, making the other dog turn his head.

"Coach!" he exclaimed, spinning around completely to show off his naked bottom half and burnt-orange tank that read 'Leg Day All Day' across it. He seemed oblivious that Dyne and the orc just caught him sniffing his own underwear. "I'm ready for you to show me around!"

"Johnny, I don't think yer ready to go anywhere. You gotta put some shorts on at least," Coach said, grinning and rolling his eyes as he nudged Dyne, aiming his eyes down.

Dyne let his eyes wander down to the black piece of meat hanging between Johnny's muscled legs, and he looked away as soon as the dog answered, "Oh yeah! Guess I can't walk around in here with no shorts on, huh?"

"I bet Dyne here wouldn't mind, would ya, Pup?"

The coach elbowed Dyne some more with a broad, toothy smile, and Dyne's face burned under his fur as Johnny pulled on nothing more than a pair of shorts. Coach wasn't wrong, but to call him out so obviously in front of the new guy when they hadn't even been introduced flustered him.

Johnny's face perked up when Dyne's name was mentioned, his half-flopped ears standing up straight for that moment, and he said, "You're Dyne?"

"Huh? You know who I am?" Dyne questioned.

"Yeah! Coach has talked about you!" Johnny said, reaching out to shake hands with Dyne. His grip wasn't quite as strong as the coach's, but it still reflected the build of his body.

Dyne's face flushed even deeper, and he was concerned about just what it was the coach talked about, so he asked, "Oh... What has he told you about me?"

"Nothin' you wouldn't already have heard," the orc said.

"He talked about how proud he is of you and how good of a boy you are. He told me he was looking forward to introducing us and seeing how well we get along. He got me all excited to meet you."

His tail was wagging even faster than it was while he was huffing his underwear, and Coach patted Dyne on the head, saying, "Well, you're in luck. Dyne here's gonna be the one showing you around the facility today. I have some stuff to do, and he said he's show you around."

"Really? Awesome!" the dog exclaimed as he raised his fists up in front of himself. "I'm even more pumped about seeing the gym now! This is gonna be great!"

"I want you to do Dyne's daily routine with him too. It'll help you get accustomed to some of the machines we use."

"Sure thing, Coach! Sounds great to me!"

"Good! I'm gonna go now, so you boys get to it. I'll catch up with you both in a little while. Dyne, you take good care of him, alright? Show him the whole place and get to know each other

while yer at it!" He ruffled Dyne's head fur more and gave the dog a pat on the butt. "I'm sure you two are gonna get along great."

Dyne nodded and said, "Yeah, I think we will too."

"Later then, boys!"

The coach turned and headed off, and Johnny said, "Later, Coach!"

"See ya in a bit!" Dyne called out as the orc disappeared.

Johnny leaned against the locker as he quickly pulled on his shoes, and he looked to Dyne, his trimmed beard framing the smile on his face as he said, "Ready, buddy?" He grabbed a hat from his locker and put it on backward, letting his bangs pop through the hole in the back of it.

"I'm ready if you are."

"Cool! Where to first?"

Dyne looked thoughtful for a moment, then motioned for Johnny to follow him as he said, "Honestly, it's mostly just a straight line, so we'll just start from here, walk to the other side of the facility and that'll basically be it."

"Sounds good!" Johnny matched Dyne's pace and said, "I'm Johnny, by the way. I never really got to introduce myself to you."

"It's nice to meet you, Johnny. I'm Dyne, as you're already aware."

"Yeah! It's so cool that I get to meet you already! I'm so pumped!" He hopped forward a few times and jumped in front of Dyne with his tail wagging wildly and his fists raised up again, bringing the walk to an abrupt stop. "What kind of routine are we doing today?"

"This guy seems like a giant, excitable puppy," Dyne thought before saying, "Judging by your shirt, I think you'll be happy to know that it's leg day for me."

"Sweet! My favorite kind of day! I'm even more pumped now! Let's get this tour done fast so we can start. This place isn't that big, right?"

He moved to Dyne's side, and they continued walking while Dyne talked, "It's a pretty big place, but it won't take long to show it to you."

"Gotcha!"

The first room they entered was just out of the hallway leading from the lockers, and it was the main weight room.

"So, the entrance is right over there, and this room is where we'll be doing our whole routine." Dyne motioned to the room as he led Johnny through it. "Any kind of weight machine you can think of will be out here, along with all of the treadmills and bicycles."

They paused for a moment so the new dog could look around. The gym was full of folks today, many of which Dyne recognized as regulars, and a few of them greeted him as they walked by.

"Woah... I see bench press and leg press and curl machines and pull-up bars, lat machines, dipping bars, row machines, shoulder press... Everything I could ever need is here. This gym is already awesome!" Johnny said as his head turned all around. "I'm gonna get so swole here!"

Dyne's brow popped up as he looked over the other dog from head to toe and said, "You already look pretty swole to me."

Johnny turned to him, eyes wide and tail wagging to reply with, “Dude, bro, really? You really think I look swole already??”

“Yeah, you aren’t too far off from being as big as the coach is.”

“No way! Coach is waaaaaaay bigger than me, dude! I have a long way to go before I’m as big as him. I only dream about being that buff. His muscles are glorious.”

Dyne nodded, “Yeah, I can agree with you there. Come on, let’s keep going. The sooner we’re done, the sooner you can come back here and get to work.”

“Definitely! Lead the way, Sir!”

Dyne’s face burned slightly. It was usually **him** calling someone Sir, so he wasn’t used to someone calling him that, even if it had no underlying meaning to it. He led Johnny through the weight room and into another area with a couple of hallways.

Dyne pointed at a nearby door, then down one of the hallways and said, “This first room is the yoga room, and the other rooms down that hall would be the massage parlor, offices and storage.”

“This place has yoga too?” Johnny asked.

“Yeah, there are classes daily you can join if you want.”

“Cool! I was doing yoga at my last gym too! Check this out!”

He raised his hands above his head and exhaled as he leaned over, bending his body in half as he put the palms of his hands flat against the floor. His tail wagged happily in the air while he held the position.

“Woah, I wouldn’t expect you to be so flexible. That’s impressive,” Dyne said, moving to the side to examine the dog. *“I wouldn’t have minded seeing him do that while he had no shorts on,”* Dyne thought.

“I’ve been doing yoga for a couple of years. It’s super easy and really good for you! Has some other great perks too.” He stood back up and stretched before saying, “Show me how far down you can go!”

“I can barely touch my toes. I’m not as flexible as I used to be.”

“Show me, show me, show me!”

His waggy tail and excited face were hard to refuse, so Dyne gave in to the request. He mimicked what Johnny did, raising his hands and then exhaling as he leaned over. As he said, he just barely managed to touch his toes despite his efforts to push himself.

“Woah, that’s awesome, buddy! You gotta give yourself more credit!” Johnny exclaimed as he circled Dyne. “You’re pretty flexible too! I bet if you joined me for yoga, you’ll be putting your hands on the floor in no time!”

Dyne returned to standing up straight and stretched his arms, saying, “I’ve not been to any of the classes here yet. I only do a little yoga at home from time to time.”

“Then you should totally do classes here with me! It’ll be fun!”

“Well, maybe... Coach keeps me pretty busy when I make it to the gym,” Dyne said. *“In more ways than one...”*

Johnny's eyes got wide, wider than Dyne imagined possible, and he added, "Pleeeeeease? I'm a new guy here, and I don't know anyone. It sure would be nice to have a friend go with me to at least get started. I bet Coach would agree!"

He was right, and Dyne knew it.

"Okay, I'll talk to Coach about it and see if I can go a few sessions with you until you're comfortable going alone," Dyne told him. "Don't expect me to keep going though, okay? I don't know if it's something I can work into my schedule."

Johnny's eyes lit up, and he grinned broadly, "I'll take that! You can come up with a time that works for you, and I'll make it work for me!"

"Sure. We can exchange phone numbers later, and I'll figure something out."

"Sure thing, dude!"

The tour continued down another hallway that led to a row of rooms with glass walls facing outward. Dyne stopped again, and Johnny ran up to one of the rooms to watch the people inside.

"Woaaaaah, I wanna play whatever this is!" he said. Dyne noticed his tail wagging even faster as he watched on. "Can we?!"

"Maybe later. We need some equipment for it."

"What are they playing? It looks super fun!"

Dyne stepped up next to him to watch, and he said, "Racquetball. I don't think the rules are that difficult to learn, but the game can be pretty intense sometimes. I've always wanted to play too, but I've never asked anyone to play with me."

“I’ll play with you since you’re going to yoga with me! It’ll be like a trade!”

Dyne chuckled and thought, *“But you were just saying you really want to play, so is it really?”* However, he said, “Sure, that’ll be our deal then. I do yoga with you, and you play racquetball with me.”

Johnny was fixated on watching the ball fly around the room with his hands planted on the glass, and his head followed the ball as it bounced all around. Dyne let him watch for several minutes, then he patted Johnny on the back and said, “This was all that was left to show you on this side of the gym.”

“Huh, really? That’s it? Where’s the pool and the showers? I haven’t seen that yet.”

“I can show you that next if you want, or I can show you after we work out. I figured I’d show you that after my routine since I usually shower after I’m done.”

“Oh, that makes sense! You’re such a smart guy.” Johnny turned to face Dyne, then his eyes reflected new excitement. “Wait, does that mean it’s leg time??”

“Yeah, it’s leg time. You’re ready, right?”

“Awwooooo!! Yeah, I’m ready!”

“Lead the way back. I’m sure you won’t have any issue with that.”

Johnny hurried off, and Dyne was left to follow him. There was really only one direction they could go, so Dyne assumed it would be easy enough for the other dog to lead them back. He followed along, watching Johnny look at signs and doors until they reached a dead end.

“Uhhh, this isn’t the right way, so I think it was back here!” Johnny said, with a wagging tail and a face filled with determination.

“Need me to point you in the right direction?” Dyne asked.

“Nah, bro! I got this! Follow me!”

He did not have it though, and the two of them ended up in front of the racquetball courts again. Johnny’s tail slowed down, and he ran his hand under the back of his hat to scratch his head as he looked around. He turned a couple of times, then his tail started wagging again as he headed back in the direction they just came from.

They got back to the yoga room, and Johnny stopped there and said, “We had just left the weight room when you pointed out the yoga room, and that hallway was a dead end. That means, the only way left is through that door, and it should lead us to the weights!”

He hurried through the door with Dyne right behind him, and he pumped his fists in the air as soon as he saw where he was. “Whooo! I found it, Dyne!”

“Good job, Johnny! I knew you’d get us back here,” Dyne said, giving the dog a pat on his shoulder.

“Leg time, right??” Johnny asked, looking at Dyne with a face full of excitement and his tail going nonstop.

“Yup.”

“Yeeeeeeeees, finally! What’s first then?! Leg press? Curls? Squats? Lunges?”

“Stretching. Don’t want to get hurt.”

Johnny lightly smacked his forehead, grinned and rolled his eyes, “Duh! Or course! Let’s do this then! I’ll just do what you do!”

Dyne led him over to a place that was out of the way and put his hand on the wall, then he proceeded to swing his leg back and forth.

“This first one is easy enough. Helps stretch out your quads and hamstrings,” Dyne said. “Do fifteen per leg and try to kick your foot up a little higher with each swing.”

Johnny followed along as closely as he could with Dyne, swinging his leg back and forth. “This one is easy enough,” he said. He looked like he was having fun with it, kicking his foot up higher and higher every couple of swings. He went all out with his last couple of kicks, his foot going up higher than Dyne’s head, and he was left panting slightly when he was done. “What’s next?” he asked.

Dyne opened his mouth to answer, but the words didn’t come out as his brain fizzled, “Uuuhhhh...”

The muscular dog didn’t seem to notice, but the black tip of his cock was poking out from the bottom of one of the legs of his shorts. There was a prominent outline to the rest of it, and Dyne lost his words when he noticed. He quickly grabbed Johnny and spun him to face the wall and away from anyone else who might notice it.

“Oh? What are we doing, Dyne?” he questioned, looking over as Dyne stepped up next to him.

“O..one you should be good at, but I’m kinda bad at,” Dyne stammered, stealing another glance at the dog’s dick peaking out. It wasn’t **as** prominent now, but it was still sticking out. “It... it’s just a squat to stand.”

Dyne squatted low to the ground with his knees spread and put his hands on his feet, then he raised his butt up, extending his legs slowly. He wasn’t able to keep his hands on his feet by

the time his legs were fully stretched, but Johnny got the idea and followed suit. Johnny, unlike Dyne, was able to keep his hands on his feet once his legs were fully extended.

“Oh yeah, you’re right! I **am** good at this one!” Johnny said. His whole butt wagged along with his tail raised in the air. “If you go to yoga with me, you’ll be able to do it this good too!”

“M..Maybe!” Dyne replied.

As they returned to standing, Dyne stole another glance at Johnny’s thigh and sighed with relief to see no more cock was peeking out. *“There’s no way I was going to be able to focus with that sticking out... I would have had to tell him if it didn’t hide itself again, and that would have been awkward,”* he thought.

“Time to do legs now?” Johnny questioned. “I’m ready to goooooo!”

“One more stretch,” Dyne said. “We’ll use a bench for this and do another type of squat, then we’ll be good to start my routine.”

“Sweet! Show me what to do!”

Dyne went through the final stretch with Johnny at his side, and the other dog was eager to get through it as quickly as possible so they could start their leg workout. It only took a few minutes, then it was time for the real workout to begin. Johnny was extra bouncy as he hopped around on his toes, eager with anticipation.

“Alright, what first?” he asked. If Dyne didn’t answer him soon, he might explode.

Dyne motioned to some nearby kettleballs and said, “Goblet squats first. It’s something we can do at the same time. We’ll do leg presses after.”

“Leg presses are my favorite!”

Johnny didn't wait and looked over the kettleballs before grabbing one for himself – it was far heavier than the one Dyne would use. Dyne grabbed one for himself, then positioned himself in front of Johnny. No explanations were needed here, and they proceeded through the routine. Johnny was surprisingly focused throughout, but Dyne wasn't. His eyes kept wandering down to make sure Johnny wasn't exposing himself with every squat. There was a clear outline, but it didn't pop out again.

Johnny powered through the squats and was jumping around on his toes while rooting for Dyne to finish his final squats. He was beyond excited for the leg press, and the moment Dyne put his kettlebell down, Johnny was scanning the gym.

"Where's the machine?" he asked, his tail wagging madly as he looked around. "There! I see it! It's time for leg presses, right? Right?"

Instead of running off, he waited, impatiently, for Dyne to answer, and Dyne did, "Yup. That's next, so let's go. And, I should probably go first, so we can add weights to it after for you. With legs like yours, you'll be doing twice as much as me."

"Okay, okay! You can go first then! I reeeeaally want to, but I'll let you. I'm **so ready** for this! Leg presses are my absolute **favorite** part of leg days! I usually do them last, but you're the boss, so we're doing it your way!"

"I'm doing it the way Coach showed me, so it's really his method."

That seemed to hype Johnny up even more as he hopped alongside Dyne, "No way! This is his routine? His legs are **huuuuuuge**! We're gonna get super swole, dude! I'm even more pumped now than I was before!"

His excitement rubbed off on Dyne a bit, and he was starting to feel as excited about using the leg press as Johnny was.

Once at the machine, Johnny ran all around it to check it out. His tail wagged endlessly as he looked over every aspect of it, and nearly shouted as he said, "This machine is so much nicer than the one I was using at my old gym! It looks like it has all of the screws, and everything is in good shape! Maaaaan, I'm so jealous you get to go first!"

"You know, if you really want to, you can go first," Dyne said. "It's not really any harder to take the extra weight off for my turn."

Johnny's head nearly snapped off when he turned to look at Dyne, and the rest of his body spun to follow. "Really?!" he barked, before clasp his own muzzle shut. "Are you sure?"

He was tapping his feet and wagging his tail, staring intently at Dyne. How could anyone say no to that kind of excitement? Dyne nodded and motioned at the machine, "Go on. Load up your weights."

Two fist pumps and a cheer later, and Johnny was setting up the machine for himself. He worked quickly, letting Dyne help load up some of the weights, then he was nestled down into the seat shortly after.

"Ooooh, man! This machine feels so good already!" he said excitedly as he got ready to start the routine. "How many am I doing?"

"Three sets. I usually do between ten and twelve, so we'll say twelve for you."

"Awwoooo! Alright! Let's do this!"

Johnny didn't hold back and blasted through the first twelve with ease. For that time, the excited dog looked focused and grunted loudly with every push of his legs, and when he was done, he locked the weights and sighed. "Yeeeeeeah, that felt so good, Dyne! Is my form good? I did everything right, didn't I? You have any tips or pointers for me that the coach taught you?"

Dyne shook his head, "Nope. Looks like you did it all perfectly to me. Coach would be proud."

"Sweet! I'll be as thick as him in no time then! I just gotta keep it up!"

He fidgeted around during his rest period, then Dyne gave him the go-ahead for set two. He got about three reps in, and that's when Dyne saw it again. Johnny's cock worked out of his shorts, and it was clearly erect while the dog pumped his legs back and forth. Dyne was mesmerized, even somewhat turned on himself. Inside, he knew he should say something, but he didn't want to embarrass Johnny either. Instead, he just watched on.

When Johnny was done with set two, his cockhead was still peaking from his shorts, and the outline of his erection showed clearly along his leg. He was panting and happy, and he looked at Dyne, "Two down, one to go! I'm doing good still, right?"

"A..Absolutely, Johnny," Dyne replied. "You're nailing it, but... Uhm... Well..." He couldn't find the right words to tell Johnny what he saw, but he ended up not having to as the black tip of Johnny's meat shrunk back into his shorts. Johnny stared at him with anticipation while waiting for Dyne to speak, and Dyne added in, "B..But you have one more set to go, so keep up the momentum!"

"Yes, sir!" Johnny barked, getting ready for his third set. "Oh, hey! Why don't you record the last set and send it to Coach? Maybe he'll have advice for me for next time!"

Dyne wasn't against the idea, and he knew Coach would appreciate the show for more than one reason. "Sure," he said as he got his phone ready. He made sure the recording would catch the extra surprise, then gave Johnny the go-ahead to start. Johnny gave a thumbs up back, then got to work on his final set.

He started strong, but he was slowing down with each rep. His slowing down didn't do anything to keep his boner from poking from his shorts again though, and it looked like it came back even stronger than before as it rubbed between Johnny's shorts and thigh. His face looked a bit more flushed at the end of that set than it did at the last two, and he huffed loudly as he locked the machine back in place and relaxed.

"Woah," he panted. "That... felt like one of the best goes I've ever had with the leg press! I bet I could have kept going for at least another set. It was feeling so damn **good** with every press." Dyne barely heard what he said as he watched the video again, and he could very clearly see Johnny's cock pushing out of his shorts even more. "How's the video?" Johnny asked, hopping up and moving over to Dyne right away to look.

Dyne nearly threw his phone, and he swiped away to another video. That video preview was an even more questionable one of a large gator fella, and Dyne's face flushed hotly as he closed it as quickly as he could.

"It's good!" he barked, stuffing his phone into his pocket and praying that Johnny didn't see the preview image. "I'll send it to Coach after we're done." Dyne moved away while trying to adjust his own boner, and he started taking weight off the machine. "G..Gotta take some of the weight off for me now. I can't do anywhere near what you did."

"Oh yeah! Let me help!" Johnny exclaimed.

Dyne took a quick peek to make sure Johnny wasn't hanging out of his shorts still, and he wasn't. Since it was hidden away again, Dyne sighed and felt like he was able to focus a little better.

Johnny's problem wasn't something Dyne ever experienced himself, but he had to make a few adjustments the moment he was in position. The thought of it happening to him and Johnny seeing it embarrassed, and somewhat aroused, him, so he had to fight back the thoughts or risk himself getting stiffer as his cock rubbed around in his underwear.

Thanks to Johnny, he was able to focus somehow. The dog built up so much hype and excitement that Dyne forgot what he saw for a moment and was able to get through all three of his sets without any incidents.

"Woohoo! You did it!" Johnny shouted before grabbing Dyne's leg to rub it. "How'd it feel? Great, right? You have really good form. I bet Coach taught you everything he knows, so you're a pro at this stuff. Oh wow, your legs are nice too! There's a bit more muscle in there than you might think."

Dyne was surprised with Johnny rubbing his legs, and other thoughts quickly flooded his mind as he quickly got off the machine, "I... uhh... Thanks! I played tennis in high school, so I guess some of that stuff lingered."

"No way! You'll have to teach me how to play! I would love to play tennis with you!"

"Tennis or racquetball? You already want to play racquetball too."

"Both! Let's do both!"

Dyne only chuckled and motioned for Johnny to help him reset the machine so they could get on to the next workout. There's no way he was going to be able to keep up with Johnny's

energy, but maybe that was the kind of extra motivation he needed to get into better shape and stay there.

They proceeded with their routine, and Johnny was just as excited about doing the last one as he did the first one. He only had one other incident of his cock slipping out, and that was during the last set of his leg extensions. A passerby nearly saw it, but Dyne was quick to stand in the way to make sure it was hidden from view. It ended up going away on its own shortly after Johnny finished. Dyne still found it hard to believe that he didn't notice any time it happened, cause Dyne sure noticed his own boner when it popped up. In the end, Dyne was damp from more than just sweat, and he was willing to bet Johnny's inner thigh was too.

"Alright," Dyne said when the last set was done. "That's all there is for us to do with the routine today."

"Awww, man, really? That's it? You're sure we're done?" Johnny asked in almost a whine. "I'm still good to keep going! I bet there's more we can do!"

"Nope. We're done. Coach is always adamant about not going overboard and hurting ourselves, so we stick to that and do nothing more."

Johnny looked devastated, and Dyne felt a twinge of guilt seeing the bouncy dog's tail droop along with his ears. It almost startled Dyne with how quickly that mood changed, and Johnny said, "Wait, that's Coach's routine? He does that too?"

Dyne nodded, "Yup. He usually does it with me."

"Then we're done! If that's all he does, I'll trust you guys! I want to stick as close to his routine as I can!"

“Well, alright then. In that case, why don’t we head towards the locker room, then we can go shower?”

“Alright! You can show me that and where the pool is!”

“Yeah, sure. I’ll show you on the way. The door leading there is right next to the showers anyway,” Dyne answered as he started to lead the way. He paused a moment, then said, “Actually, why don’t you lead the way back to the lockers? Let’s see if you remember where they are.”

Johnny took up his stance with his feet spread and his fists at the ready, “Easy! Leave it to me!” His eyes darted around the room they were in, and he pointed in the correct direction. “That way!” He didn’t wait for confirmation before hurrying off with his tail wagging like crazy.

Dyne followed, and Johnny was even more excited when he realized it **was** the right direction. He rushed off, and Dyne heard a happy howl from down the hall. He could only assume Johnny found the locker room. The dog popped back out from around a wall, and excitedly told Dyne, “Dude, I found it! It’s right here! I got it right on my first try this time!”

“Sure did. Good job, Johnny,” Dyne replied. “I’ll show you where the showers and the pool are now, then we can get cleaned up.”

“Alright!”

Johnny ran off again, and Dyne chuckled and followed along. He stopped by his locker to undress, and he found something in it he didn’t remember putting in there. It was a pair of underwear. He pulled them out and couldn’t help but feel like they looked familiar, then he heard Johnny behind him.

“Oh hey, those look like my undies! I have a pair just like them!” he said, and that’s when it dawned on Dyne why they looked familiar. They **were** his, and with the two of them having spent all their time together in the gym, there was only one way they got into his locker. Dyne’s face flushed, and he shut his locker quickly with the underwear inside.

When he turned to face Johnny, the other dog was naked and holding nothing but a bottle, and he asked, “Do you have a towel I can borrow? I guess I forgot mine.”

Dyne struggled not to ogle his body, so he looked away and said, “T..There are towels we can use here.”

“Oh, cool! Are you just gonna shower in your clothes, or are you gonna get naked?” Johnny asked. He was standing not even a foot away from Dyne when he asked, and he showed no signs of stepping back.

“Ah! I... I’ll take off my clothes first,” Dyne stammered. He was used to getting naked in the locker rooms by now, so he usually wasn’t embarrassed. Johnny, however, stayed close and was watching Dyne intently with his tail still wagging. “What’s in the bottle?” Dyne asked to distract him.

Johnny grinned and shook it up. “It’s my post-workout drink!” he said. “Made it myself.”

He took the cap off of, and Dyne caught of whiff of... whatever it was. It made his nose scrunch up, and he watched as Johnny took a gulp of it. He was alarmed to see Johnny gag, but the dog took another gulp anyway, resulting in another gag. After the second one, he held the bottle out to Dyne and panted, “Urrp... You... you wanna try? I can make one for you next time if... if you like it. It’s water, eggs, sweet potato, tuna and protein powder all blended together. I read online that these foods are great for after a workout. I figured a smoothie would be easier than eating all of that.”

Dyne was mortified, and he shook his head, “No... No thanks. I’ll just stick to water. I appreciate the offer though.”

“More for me then!” Johnny said as he downed the rest of the bottle and had one final gagging reaction. Dyne wasn’t sure if he should be worried or impressed.

He was so shocked, he forgot to undress while Johnny was distracted. Now, he was left to undress while Johnny waited patiently for him. He stripped down and tossed his clothes into the locker, then he was left standing, naked, with Johnny.

Dyne was shocked, yet again, when he realized Johnny’s cock was half-mast. He tried not to look at it or think about it, but he felt his dick twitch. He needed to focus on something else, and he realized Johnny was still wearing his hat.

‘You still have your hat on,” he said.

Johnny patted his head, “Oh yeah! I need to wash it too.”

It wasn’t the strangest thing to Dyne, so he shrugged and motioned for Jonny to follow. “There’s a towel cabinet over here. Dirty towels go in the laundry chute next to it. Right down that way is the hall leading to the pool, and the showers are through this door.”

The towels were close, thankfully, so Dyne was able to use that to at least hide himself, and he tossed one at Johnny in hopes that he might do the same. He didn’t.

“And the showers are here?” Johnny asked, looking through the door. “Oh, they are! Come on then!”

He grabbed Dyne and pulled him into the room. There were toilets and shower stalls lined along the walls on both sides of it, and Dyne made his way to a particular stall. Johnny ooded

and awed over everything and how nice it was, and he said, "I was used to my other gym having open showers. I wasn't expecting stalls."

"It's nice to have some privacy," Dyne said, opening the door to his stall, grinning as he thought back to the first time he ran into the coach and where that had led. He stepped into the stall, then Johnny followed before he was able to close the door. "Wh..What are you doing?" Dyne asked as Johnny shut the door.

He grinned and said, "Post-workout massage! Gotta rub out those muscles as soon as possible to help encourage growth and recovery."

"But here? Right now?" Dyne questioned as Johnny reached past him to start the water.

"Better to do it sooner than later, right? It's the least I can do to thank you for showing me around the gym today. I had a really good time with you, and I'm totally hyped up to start doing yoga with you and playing racquetball and playing tennis and doing more routines with you! It's gonna be awesome!"

His tail was wagging again, and Dyne noticed that wasn't the only thing that was wagging now. Johnny was excited in more than one way, and it was dangerously close to touching Dyne.

"Huh, this floor is kinda slick," Johnny said as he looked down. "Guess whoever was in here last didn't rinse all their soap away. Better be careful until it's all gone."

There was no way he didn't realize Dyne was nearly as hard as he was, but he didn't say anything about either of their erections as he scooted his feet around. The extra movement made his dick bounce, and it ended up bouncing enough that it tapped against Dyne's. That made Dyne step back quickly, throwing him off balance and causing him to fall. He managed to

soften the fall as he grabbed Johnny's hand, but all it did was slow him down enough that when he landed on his back, it didn't hurt too badly.

"Dude! I told you it was slick," Johnny said, standing over Dyne. "You okay? Seemed like you landed pretty hard."

Dyne was dazed for only a moment before taking in the view of the other dog above him. He didn't reply for a moment - he only stared at the cute face looking past a thick chest and wagging boner. Johnny reached down to him and said, "Let me help you up, unless you want to rub my legs since you're already down there."

"You know," Dyne said, taking Johnny's hand so he could be pulled to his feet. "Standing in the shower isn't the best place for a massage."

"What do you mean? It's easy!" Johnny filled his hand with soap and squatted in front of Dyne so he could grab one of Dyne's legs. "The soap makes it even easier."

Dyne opened his mouth to protest but grunted instead. He fell back against the wall as soon as Johnny started kneading his leg and couldn't find a reason to stop him now.

"See? Feels good, doesn't it?" Johnny asked, looking up to Dyne with a big grin and a wagging tail. "I usually just do this myself after leg day when I shower. I start at the top and work my way down both legs. It helps a lot with soreness and recovery. Get the blood really flowing!"

He worked over Dyne's thigh first, rubbing his thumbs around the front and dragging his fingers up and down with firm pressure. It felt great, and Dyne didn't want him to stop, even when his cock rose into the air from the dog's massage. Johnny seemed to ignore it at first, working all the way down Dyne's right leg, It's when he swapped to the left leg that Dyne saw

him staring unabashedly. His eyes were laser-focused on Dyne's crotch, and Johnny's boner was still wagging madly too.

It didn't keep him from massaging Dyne's other leg, but it seemed to keep him quiet. When he finished the other leg, he gripped the side of each of Dyne's thighs and said, "Bro, your cock looks **really** nice. I can't stop looking at it. Can I suck it?" He licked his lips and looked up at Dyne with his goofy, happy grin and extra waggy tail.

Dyne was taken aback by the bluntness, and it stunned him into silence as his face burned hotter than it had all day. Of course, the thought had already crossed his mind with the position Johnny was in, but he only assumed the dog's intentions were purely innocent. And really, they probably started that way, but the mood had shifted. That, or he was teasing Dyne all day and playing it off as being innocent. He was probably conspiring with Coach, knowing the orc. He couldn't be sure though, and he was left pondering it instead of answering.

Johnny cocked his head and asked, "Dyyyyne? You with me, bro?"

That snapped Dyne back to what was happening, and his ears fell back. He looked away and nodded his head, saying, "Y..yeah. Go for it."

"Sweet! Can I smell your nuts too? I bet they smell great right now."

His tail was going like mad, and Dyne nodded again, "D..Do what you want." He was starting to think maybe Coach had nothing to do with this beyond setting them up to work out together.

Johnny's eyes lit up. "Whatever I want? You sure, bro?"

"Y..Yeah."

"Even if I wanted to stick mine inside you, you'd let me?"

That wasn't what Dyne was expecting him to say, but Dyne agreed still, "I... I wouldn't be against it."

Dyne didn't think Johnny could grin any wider, then his attention turned back to Dyne's cock. He didn't ask anything else as he pushed his snout up under Dyne's balls and moved it around. He sighed loudly and Dyne could feel him inhaling deeply as his nose rooted around Dyne's sac.

"Dude, you do smell great," Johnny said with a deep inhale from between Dyne's thighs. "I could stay here all day smelling this. I love this smell so much."

"I believe it with how he was huffing his own underwear earlier," Dyne thought.

Johnny's excited sniffing made Dyne's cock harder, so when Johnny leaned back and saw it throbbing, his tail started wagging faster. Dyne had to stifle a gasp when Johnny opened his mouth and wrapped it around Dyne's cock all in one go. The feeling was amazing, and it was clear to Dyne that Johnny was no stranger to this as he used his tongue and the suction of his mouth to work Dyne over masterfully.

Dyne stared down, slack-jawed, and watched Johnny make only small head movements, really letting his mouth and tongue do all of the work. His hands were busy with other things, liking masturbating himself and teasing around Dyne's taint and pucker. It was plenty of stimulation for Dyne feeling Johnny's finger tracing around the sensitive areas, and he gasped quietly each time a fingertip lightly grazed over his hole.

There had been so much buildup to this moment that Dyne was already on the brink of his orgasm, so he grabbed Johnny's ears and panted, "J..Johnny, I'm... I'm so close already. I won't last much longer" That didn't stop him. Instead, it seemed to encourage him as he doubled his efforts.

Dyne's legs started to bounce, and he realized Johnny was intent on making him cum. He fought the feeling for as long as he could, but Johnny's mouth was too good.

"Ngh... H..Here it comes, buddy," Dyne growled as his balls drew up and his cock swelled. "Gonna... fill that... cute muzzle of yours full." That seemed to make Johnny's tail wag even faster.

Like pressing a button, Johnny pushed and swirled his finger hard around Dyne's hole, and that was the trigger to send him over the edge. Dyne pulled Johnny's head forward and stuffed his cock as deeply into the dog's maw as he could when he climaxed. Cum flooded into Johnny's mouth, and he gulped it down quickly while he sucked.

Dyne tried keeping his grunts and growls quiet, but he had a hard time as intense pleasure coursed through him. He ground his hips forward, humping slowly as he rode out his orgasm.

Not a single drop of cum was wasted. Johnny swallowed every spurt and glob that was fired into his mouth, and he used his tongue to help milk out the rest after Dyne's orgasm came to an end. Dyne could hardly handle the intense feeling of his spent cock getting endlessly sucked on once he was done, and he was left squirming against the wall as Johnny kept going.

He sighed when Johnny finally popped free, and the dog looked up at him with eager eyes, "Turn around and spread your legs for me, bro," he panted, making Dyne's heart jump. Johnny was slowly pumping his cock, and he was waiting for Dyne. He had given Johnny permission to do whatever he wanted, so he did as he was asked and turned around to put his hands against the wall.

Dyne was able to look down and see Johnny working himself over, and the dog moved in closer. He wasn't expecting Johnny's snout to appear under his balls, but that's what happened. Johnny snuffled and moved his nose all around Dyne's balls and taint. He pushed in hard and

inhaled deeply, then he dragged his tongue all the around the area, dragging all the way back to and over Dyne's pucker.

It sent a shiver all through Dyne, and Johnny did the same thing over and over, making sure his tongue and nose ran over **everything** between his balls and asshole.

Dyne's balls rested on Johnny's snout, and it whined, "Dude, you taste and smell so good after working out. I'm gonna lose it down here." He moved his snout around and managed to lick the tip of Dyne's limp, oozing dick before pulling back to keep his nose buried hard in Dyne's taint. "Ooooh, fuuuuck, brooooo," he groaned into Dyne.

Another slow lick ran through Dyne's crack, and he flushed deeply as he groaned into the wall when Johnny focused solely on slurping and huffing at his hole. Between the pleasure and watching Johnny jerk off below him, his cock was already getting hard again.

Johnny's snout stayed buried between Dyne's cheeks, and he growled, "Nghh, bro, I'm... I'm gonna bust a nut."

He pushed hard against Dyne and rumbled loud enough to vibrate all through him, and Dyne watched in awe as Johnny's cock blasted a rope of cum that splattered against the wall Dyne was leaning against. It was followed by several more shots that launched just as far and with just as much force. His muzzle crammed back under Dyne's taint, and he huffed and panted loudly while cumshot after cumshot spurted from his cock.

Dyne didn't think it was going to stop, but Johnny's hand slowed down after a solid minute. He was left gently squeezing down the length of his cock to push out any remaining jizz, and he just let his face rest against Dyne's ass as the water washed everything away. After a long moment, his snout appeared under Dyne's sac again, and he sighed, "Duuuuuude... That was even better than those leg presses."

He nuzzled around a moment more, then he grabbed Dyne by the sides and used him as leverage to help stand up, taking a moment to run his tongue up Dyne's crack one final time as he stood.

"Man, you tasted so good," Johnny said, filling his hand with soap. "And after that awesome workout we did, your body smelled so good toooooo! It really turned me on."

Dyne's face burned as he turned to watch Johnny lathering his body with the soap.

"Oh damn, wait!" Johnny exclaimed. "I didn't let you sniff me yet! Here, I haven't soaped this pit yet!" He lifted his arm up, and Dyne just stared. "C'mon and take a whiff. It's only fair that I let you."

There wasn't a chance for Dyne to argue, cause Johnny practically forced him into it. Dyne didn't struggle either. He wanted to find out, and he was glad he did. Johnny's scent was different than the coach's. It wasn't as raw and pungent, and there was some hint of spice buried deep in his fur. It was pleasant on Dyne's nose, and he spent a long moment sniffing it before Johnny pulled back.

"How was it? Good, right?" Johnny said with a broad grin. "I love how I smell! It's always good to me."

Dyne nodded, "Y..yeah, you do smell great. I like it."

That excited Johnny, and his tail wagged quickly, "You ever just wanna sniff, go for it, dude! I don't mind. I'll let ya anytime we work out together, alright? You just gotta let me do the same, okay?"

He got in close and forced Dyne's arm up so he could sniff around in his armpit. Dyne jerked his arms back down as a reaction, but Johnny already got what he wanted. Like Dyne, his dick

was already getting hard again. He ignored it though and returned to washing his body. Dyne finally got around to doing the same, so the two of them were scrubbing themselves now.

“That’s the first time I ever got to suck another guy’s dick too. That was so awesome,” Johnny said, finally taking his hat off to wash his hair. “The last time I asked, the guy thought I was joking and left. It was so cool of you to say yes.”

Dyne was in the middle of rinsing his head, but he stopped to stare incredulously, “Huh? There’s no way that was your first time with how good you were.”

“You thought I was good at it?” Johnny asked excitedly. “I’ve only ever practiced on myself, so it’s awesome it worked!”

Dyne could only blink as images of Johnny sucking on his own dick flooded his mind, and he stammered, “You... you’ve only ever practiced on yourself? You can... suck your own dick? I don’t believe you.”

“Yeah! All that yoga really helps out! I’ll even prove it to you when we hang out if you don’t believe me. I bet I could even take a picture tonight and show you.”

“You... You don’t have to send a picture,” Dyne said, returning to washing himself. That certainly was a tempting offer, but the offer of being shown in person was even more tempting.

“Then when we hang out! I’ll prove it to you!” Johnny said excitedly.

He moved up against Dyne so he could rinse the soap from his fur, and Dyne instinctively reached out to help. He was used to doing it when showering with someone, so with Johnny practically pinning him to the wall, he put his hands to use.

Johnny chattered on about how excited he was to start yoga classes there and that he was looking forward to doing more routines with Dyne and Coach. Dyne only had the chance to listen and nod as he was given the chance to feel over Johnny's body. Even as their boners batted together, Johnny carried on with a normal conversation like nothing was out of the ordinary - though for Dyne, this seemed to be becoming a normal situation for him.

All of the soap was rinsed away, and Johnny still had Dyne pinned against the wall while he talked. His eyes met Dyne's, and Dyne looked away with a flushed face before Johnny said, "Hey, bro, can I ask you for one more favor?" Dyne couldn't see it around the bigger dog, but Johnny's tail was swaying back and forth slowly, and he somehow got even closer to Dyne.

"W..What is it?" Dyne asked, not able to make eye contact.

"I wanna kiss you real bad, bro. Can I? That's something people do on a first date, right? This was kinda like a date, wasn't it? So it's cool if I kiss you before we go?"

Dyne's heart skipped and thumped in his chest, and he turned to look up at a hopeful Johnny. The logic behind it sounded silly to Dyne, but he was starting to realize that Johnny's sense of logic was far different than his own. It was somewhat chaotic, but Dyne found there to be a certain charm to it. He found it endearing, even.

"I... I mean, I guess it was **kinda** like a date, so... if... you want to kiss me, you..."

The sentence was left incomplete because Johnny was too excited about pushing their lips together in one of the sloppiest, most awkward, tongue-filled kisses Dyne had ever experienced. As much as Dyne enjoyed someone else's tongue in his mouth, there was too much going on for him to enjoy it. It was enough to make Dyne grab Johnny's muzzle and pull back so he could say, "Let me lead."

Johnny nodded emphatically, so Dyne pulled him back in to kiss his lips. He kept things slow and gentle, just working their lips together with only the slightest bit of tongue. It was a short kiss, but it was plenty to make Johnny's cock hard against Dyne.

"Dude, bro," Johnny mumbled. "You're so good at that."

"I've had plenty of practice," Dyne replied, keeping his lips close to Johnny's.

"We gotta practice more then. I wanna be that good."

Unable to resist, Dyne pulled the dog back in for one more kiss. It was a little more heated than the last as he let more of his tongue invade Johnny's mouth, but he kept it short. Johnny whimpered when Dyne pulled away, but Dyne brought a smile to his face when he said, "I'll help you practice since you're gonna help me with yoga."

"Deal!"

The water was really starting to soak into Dyne, and he was feeling waterlogged. It was time to finally get going - they had been in the shower for far longer than he realized. Johnny backed away, still with a boner bobbing around, and Dyne shut off the water so they could dry off.

It took some work, but they managed to dry by helping each other out. Johnny had to lean forward so Dyne could help dry his head, and Dyne couldn't help but grin at the cute expression of the goofy dog getting his head dried with his tongue lolled out. In return, Johnny did the same for him. Dyne had to stop him from putting too much energy into it, and it felt nice once that was under control.

Both of them got mostly dry and left the stall after Dyne made sure the coast was clear. Dyne had his towel around his waist, but Johnny's towel was thrown over his shoulder instead. They headed off, but they didn't get past the first stall before the door flung open and out stepped

Coach with a bundled-up towel in his hand. He had a broad grin spread over his face, and Dyne's face burned hot as their eyes locked.

"Coach!" Johnny barked as he took up his excited pose. "Hey, hey, did you see the video Dyne sent you? Wasn't my form **great**?? You think if I keep doing that, I'll get as big as you?"

Johnny's tail was wagging like crazy, and Dyne let his eyes wander down to see that the coach's cock was plump, a freshly spent state that Dyne knew all too well, with a long trail of drool hanging from it. That told Dyne plenty as Coach wiggled his hips a little to make everything sway and force Dyne's eyes snap back up to his face while he talked.

"Sure did, buddy! Your form was perfect," Coach replied, patting Johnny on the shoulder. "You keep it up, and you'll be as big as me in no time I bet."

"Awwwoooo!! Alright!" Johnny howled as he pumped his fists. "You hear that, Dyne?? Isn't that awesome!? I'll be as big as Coach!" He grabbed Dyne in a naked hug and hoisted him up before dropping him back down. "Dyne was such a great guide too. He showed me the whole place and got me through all of our routine. He even said we're gonna do yoga together and play racquetball and play tennis too! Right, Dyne? We have tons to do together!"

"Is that so?" Coach asked, putting his arm around Dyne's shoulder as he led him from the locker room. "Sounds like you guys had a great time together today."

Johnny nodded quickly, "Yeah! I'm glad I got to meet him. This has been the best leg day **ever!**"

"Dyne will have to tell me all about it." His hand fell to Dyne's butt, and he gave it a firm squeeze. "Maybe during an extra bonus session later this evening. Sound like a good idea to you, Pup?"

“S..sure thing, Coach,” Dyne replied. He knew **exactly** what that meant.

Johnny’s ears perked up, and he jumped in front of you and Coach to say, “Bonus session?! Can I join too?! I would love to get more in!”

“Hmmm, what do you think, Pup? Should we let him join us?” Coach asked with a devious twinkle in his eye as he led both dogs back into the locker room.

Did he really think Dyne would say no?

*Author’s Note - Coach and Johnny belong to and art by [Toasty Buns](#).
You can read more short (mostly smutty) stories on my [website](#).