

Busky's Gym Scenes

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Weight Room

<Busky is only present 19:00-24:00>//Must have met Busky in his shop//

Another familiar face is hidden under a bench press, Busky. Who, in between sets, stares dreamily at the bulging crotches of other bulls. He seems to be in the middle of an extensive workout, only lifting around 300 imperial pounds. A rather low amount compared to the other bulls doing twice, some thrice over the weight Busky is lifting. However his endurance is astonishing, doing longer reps than any other bull. Compensating for weight, he's doing a much harder workout, and his body is showing it. His heaving chest is sweating profusely, most of the drop caught by his sweat drenched undershirt.

[Busky]

You head on over towards Busky calling his name, quickly getting his attention. He puts down the weight and sits up on the bench, readjusting his strained undershirt as he uses a towel to wipe the sweat off of his face.

"How ya doin' [pc.name]? Lookin' to {if PC tone > 60: keep yourself toned?/else: bulk up?}
Good, don't want you to become a flimsy sack of bones and viscera do we?" Busky says as he reaches for his water bottle, downing a couple gulps.

{if PC's femininity is < 40 or has anything larger than flat breasts:"Say, while you're here. You feel like doing somethin' a bit more erm... interestin'?"}

[Sexually Motivate]

[Bench Anal] (Requires penis)

}

[Leave]

[Sexually motivate]

After a short time of consideration, you finally decide on a bit of friendly motivation to help out your big bull. Casually, you ask what Busky's benching.

"300 on a 20/10 rep. Why, whatcha thinkin' 'bout?"

"Well, if you can add let's say... 100 pounds to that, I'll let you take your reward in the showers," you explain while adding the dense cast iron disks to his dumbbell, knowing he wouldn't deny the offer. Busky's eyes widen as he accepts your challenge. After securing the weights you give the now stretching bull a nice slap on the ass. Busky quickly finishes stretching before he dives under the weights, eager to take your body.

"Now look here [pc.name], you know you're gonna have to keep your end of the bargain right?" Busky chuckles as he slowly lowers the weight down to his chest and back up again. "That's one press right there, get ready to pay up."

You watch his body strain under the weight, glistening with beads of sweat slowly trickling down his figure. Some drip down to the floor, others pool into his crevices and add to the familiar musk of the bull. You stand in a trance, only snapping out of it when you realize he already completed his third rep.

You don't want to make it <i>too</i> easy though, lowering yourself onto your knees. You level with his crotch and gaze at his large bulge. His hypnotizing aroma permeates through the air, making your mouth water with cocklust. Without a moment's hesitation you tug at the jockstrap, attempting to free his bountiful crotch. You pull down his jockstrap only to be caught on his flare, after a bit of fiddling his turgid horsecock springs out, almost smacking you in the face. As soon as you get his jockstrap off of his legs you hold it up to your face, basking in the deep, musky scent.

"Hey, what you think you're doing down there? Can't wait till I'm done?"

You ignore Busky's comments{if garbed:, strip off your [pc.armor]} and put on Busky's leather jockstrap. His jockstrap is stretched forward by your fully erect [pc.ocksLight]. Looking back to his crotch you find his 16 inch cock fully erect. Smirking, you run your fingers around his flare, take your thumb and running it up and down his most sensitive spots, driving Busky into a sexual frenzy as he resists kicking you away and finishing the handjob himself. You can see him breaking under the pressure, as more of his salty sweat runs down his body.

Not wanting to let all of his heavenly musk juice go to waste, you run your tongue along one of his balls, lapping up all of the sweat from his love spheres. You dive your spare hand into your new jockstrap and begin fondling your {if PC has balls:[pc.balls]/else:crotch}. Soon after you've cleaned up Busky's first testicle you start on the second one, giving it the same treatment. "Ay, if you -numph- keep that up, I'll be blowing my load."

Stopping your attack on his body, you stand up and trace your hand along his torso, brushing beads of sweat off of his abs and pecs, over to a nipple, giving it light squeeze. You whisper to him.

"Well you'll just have to beat me to it," quickly ducking back to his crotch you resume your assault on his horsemeat again, this time taking his pre-cum covered cock and inserting it into your mouth, your tongue sliding back and forth it's length. You then take both of his balls into your hand and begin a rough massage on them, grinding them against each other, both of his balls churning with your prize. You take your last free hand and start prodding a finger into Buskys tight anus, trying to work it's way inside. As soon you slip your finger all the way in, you hear a loud clunk and look up.

Busky dropped the dumbbell and is now sitting up, trying to force words through pants. "20 sets ...of 10, 400 ... pounds, done. Now... showers... my prize." You get up off the floor notice other gym patrons giving you passing glances. Clearly this was not an uncommon occurrence.

[Next]

As you head over to the shower room you get a couple of sideways glances, but most of them die out after a brief moment as the other gym-goers return to their business. You however, keep staring at Busky's raging erection that he proudly displays as he walks alongside you, groping your [pc.ass].

The two of you enter the shower room, an incredibly dense fog created from all the other gym-goers. Your vision obscured to 5 feet in front of you, but you know you aren't alone as you can hear the moans and grunts of sexual bovine escapades. Busky strokes his cock, looking at you expectantly, you begin to take off your jockstrap but he stops you.

"I want you to wear it during," He leads you under a showerhead and turns it on, hot water pouring down your face washing off the residue from a few minutes prior. You press your ass against Busky's raging, throbbing length, putting your hands on the wall for support.

"You really want my cock don't you? Well, you'll get it," Busky teases as he slid his long pink spotted horsecock against your [pc.vagOrAss], smearing pre-cum all over your dilating hole. You become numb with anticipation as you anticipate Busky fucking you raw. You lose your footing and slip to down the ground, landing with your rear in the air. Busky squats down and begins to prod your [pc.vagOrAss] with his cock, eventually finally forcing the flare in.{if PC is not loose:After your hole finishes adapting to his girth, he slowly pulls it out.} Losing your patience, you start {if PC has Brute Speech:demanding him to ram his length so far into you you'd have trouble walking for the next two weeks/if PC has Ditz Speech:begging for his cock, asking him to ram it so far inside you you'll be coughing up his cum for a week/else:telling Busky to fuck you sideways to next Tuesday}.

"You want it that bad, eh? Well I'll give it to you, but I wanna see your face when you cum," Busky says as you flip over, onto your back. You close your eyes as you lift your legs into the air waiting for his cock, but open them as you feel being lifted up by a pair of strong masculine arms. Busky's now holding you up by your {if PC tone is >40:uscled/else:plump} ass, your [pc.vagOrAss] hovering just over his cock. You look into his eyes and beg one last time "Please."

Busky then rams his cock into you, his medial ring providing some resistance, but eventually your anus accepts it as the ring pops in. He wastes no time as he begins to pump himself in and out of you so fast, your {if PC has cunt:cunt/else:sphincter} {if PC is not loose:can barely adjust, still being extremely tight/if PC is loose:takes it easily}. With every thrust you feel him going harder and harder, his flare grinding {if PC has cock or no genitalia:against your prostate, forcing a stream of pre to dribble out of your cock/if PC has cunt:against your g-spot, forcing a spurt of girlcum to spurt out of your literal boycunt/else:inside your [pc.anus]}. Eventually Busky's assault on your {if PC has cunt:g-spot/if pc has cock:prostate/else:ass} starts to take effect on your genitalia.

{if PC has cunt and cock:

/else if PC has cunt:

Your cunt starts to dribble, your walls clenching his thick shaft. Eyes shut, you slip your hands into your crotch, rubbing your boycunt, shlicking away at your glistening slit. You give out a deep groan as you spray your vaginal fluids onto Busky's crotch. Busky slicks his finger in your girl-cum and samples a taste before resuming pounding you dry.

"Delicious," smirks Busky. You wrap your arms around his neck, pulling yourself to his ear.

/else if PC has cock:

Your [pc.cocks] start to throb, preparing for your release. Ropes of [pc.cum] jet out of your [pc.cocks], only blocked by the jockstrap. After your seed overflows the jockstrap a {dependant on maximum cum:few streams/river/flood} of cum pour onto Busky's crotch and legs. Busky pulls out, scoops some of your cum onto his hand, rubs it onto his cock, and plunges it back into your [pc.asshole].

"Extra lube," smirks Busky. You wrap your arms around his neck, pulling yourself to his ear.

/else if PC has neither:

Your ass starts to clench around his throbbing member, preparing to receive his load. Your [pc.asshole] clenches down tight, as a dry, intense orgasm runs through your body, leaving you shivering on Busky's member, who is still pounding away at your ass.

"Hold on to something, you're not done yet," smirks Busky. You wrap your arms around his neck, pulling yourself to his ear.

}

{if PC has Brute Speech:

"Ugh, yeah. Fuck my ass raw you bitchbull. You got 4 balls, use 'em!"

/if PC has Ditz Speech:

"Oh my god, you're fucking me raw. Cum, cmon, I need it."

/if PC has normal speech:

"I can't take it anymore, just finish already."

} Yeah this needs editing WIP

Busky speeds up his love making and grips your ass tight as he forces you up and down his long mast. With your tongue lolling out you enjoy the moment the hot water beating down your face as you hold on for dear life as a manly bull rams home.

Neither you or the breeding bull can hold out much longer, Busky bites down on his lip as he suppresses a loud, lustful moan. As his cum shoots up into your [pc.vagOrAss], slightly expanding your belly with it's force, your eyes roll back as another orgasm surges through your body. With your {if cunt:womb/else:belly} filled to the brim with his thick seed, you start to lose consciousness. Busky catches you as he sits down on the shower floor, now covered in watery cum. Now in his lap, resting your head on his shoulder, you lie there for a moment, recovering from the romp within the comforting grip of the lovable bull.

[Next]

After you're fully rested, you get out of his lap and stretch. Busky follows you back to the bench where your romp started, only to find it entirely wiped down. The only proof of your sexual escapade being Busky's jockstrap, hanging from the weight.

{if PC doesn't have Busky's Jockstrap:

You head on over to the bench and swiftly pilfer Busky's jockstrap, as you bring to your face and take a deep wiff of the burly bulls musk. The aroma of sweat, balls, and pre already bringing your member{s} to half mast. You collect the rest of your belongings as Busky briefly looks around for his jockstrap before giving up and softly chuckling something about cows.

}

After a brief goodbye, you and Busky part ways. The massive bull, wearing nothing but his undershirt, walks back to his shop, attracting the eyes of more than a few cows.

//Gain Key Item:"Busky's Jockstrap"//

[Bench Anal]

You tell Busky that the bench that he's sitting on has... other uses. Busky smirks at you.

"Whatcha got in mind?"

Both you and the bull strip in unison, with Busky leaving on only his brown leather jockstrap. He slowly pulls out his long flared cock as it quickly springs to life, leaving the balls in the jock. Sliding it against your cheek, you don't fully take it into your mouth, instead you press your mouth up the side of his length, sliding your tongue up and down his length not giving him the full satisfaction of a blowjob, only the taste.

"Ey, [pc.name] you don't have to pace yourself. I'm ready at any time," Busky chides. Briefly taking his statement into account, it's clear he's in the mood for anything, so you take the opportunity to take the lead.

Getting off your knees you slowly position yourself over Busky's throbbing member, slowly lowering yourself onto the flared shaft. The impatient bull can't seem to wait as he thrusts his hips upward, quickly pushing his cock against your ass, his blunt flare slips past your anus, leaving a smear of precum. After a second thrust, he successfully rams his flare into your anus. **{is PC is not loose:** A loud gasp escapes your mouth while you try to adjust. **}** As he tries to sit up you swiftly pin his sweaty chest down, telling him that *<i>you're</i>* leading this time. You lift yourself off of his turgid member, leaving just the tip inside your ass, and began gyrating your hips while ascending and descending on his cock. Busky keeps trying to gain control but you always push him down, stopping him from taking the handlebar on the bike that is your ass. Eventually he relents, and instead raises his hand up and caresses your [pc.cock] with his callus hands.

"Oh, fuck. [pc.name] I'm close. Speed it up will ya?" Busky begs. With a smirk you slide off of his cock into his chest, lean in and whisper "I cum first". With that you shove your [pc.cockFull] into his mouth and begin facefucking him. His lips seal around your cock as his tongue works in a flurry. Soon you're dribbling a few drops of precum into Busky's mouth, just barely able to hold in your load. You lean in and whisper, "Drink all of it you muscleslut. I don't want one drop spilled got it?" Busky submits to your will as he drink every last drop of your pre and licks your shaft clean.

"Get your ass off the bench and come to your new seat," you command, rubbing your cock. Busky obliges, totally overwhelmed by your dominance. He takes a moment, positioning his anus above your [pc.biggestCock] before slowly stuffing himself full of your cock, as he happily bounces his musclebutt up and down. **{if PC's cock is >20 inches:** You notice busky's body break out into a cold sweat, clearly he is struggling to accommodate your mammoth girth.

"Hey" you hear him gasp, desperately trying to catch his breath "Gi...gimmie a sec to... oh god... too... big."

You hold his hips firmly as you try to swallow back your raging lust, feeling the hot, wet, vice-like grip of Busky's manhole around your eager rod, slowly you feel Busky's hips move and buck trying to adjust to the throbbing tool invading his trembling body.}

For a moment he tries to reach for his own cock but swiftly you slap his hand away.

"This is a hands free ride," you quip.

Busky opens his mouth in protest, but you quickly jam your cock into his prostate, forcing a dollop of precum to spurt out of his cock. The only thing that exits his mouth is a loud moan which attracts the attention of gym-goes that weren't already watching your romp.

Soon you're ready to spill your load, you tell Busky to lie on the bench and lift his legs. He does as told and soon is ready for his reward. Lifting his legs up over his head, his cock is dangling above his face, a perfect position for a self facial. You once again thrust into Busky's ass, ramming down harder and faster onto his prostate.

As Busky's hot, wet ass begins to clench down on your cock, in preparation for his orgasm, you begin to jerk his throbbing horsemeat off, aiming his cock at his face as you ram your [pc.cock] into his prostate. Both of your cocks finally burst in unison, you try to aim Busky's load into his open mouth but his throbbing member fully coats his face with ropes of cum, as you coat his ass with yours. The needy bull's tongue lolling out as he attempts to swallow all of his load, licking up any strands that land on his lips.

Exhausted, you pull out, your now flaccid [pc.cockShort] flopping down. As Busky unfolds, he wipes away the mask of cum from his face.

"Fuck [pc.name], that was great," says Busky as he gets up the stretch. Your only reply is a swift smack to his ass as you take him by the arm and lead him into the showers, leaving the cum coated benchpress behind.

[Hot Tub Fuck]

Instead of working out with Busky, you ask him about doing something a tad more, relaxing.

"Like the spa?" he asks, a knowing grin creeping across his face. In the Ten Ton Gym, if you want to relax, you go the spa alone. However a spa trip with another person is another matter.

The bull brushes his brown hair back as he gets off of the bench, walking beside you as you both head over to the aquatic section of the gym. His hand planted on your [pc.ass]{if PC is garbed:gripping it though your [pc.armor]}.

Eventually you walked into the aquatic section, the air slowly getting more humid as you make your way over to the hot tubs. You choose to lead Busky into the most populated hot tub, which has tall, transparent walls to keep all the steam and heat in.

{if PC is garbed:Right before you enter the tub, you and Busky both strip off your clothing. After you're fully nude, you notice Busky's still wearing his jockstrap, blushing slightly./else:Already naked, you start taking off Busky's undershirt. After you neatly fold it up, you reach for his jockstrap, but he brushes your hand to the side, blushing slightly.}

"C'mon, let the boys breath," you softly whisper into Busky's ear as you slip your hand into his jockstrap, fondling his quartet of cum churning balls, so large you can only cup one at a time.

Your hand slips out of the jockstrap, marked with Busky's ball scent. You take a deep whiff of the deep, masculine, almost addicting smell. After satisfying your musk cravings, you guide Busky's hands, still tense and restrained for some reason. Still, his hands follow yours and he slips off his jockstrap. Tossing it onto his folded up undershirt.

His balls, now free from their support, bounced with each step he took, his legs uncomfortably knocking against them. Busky winced in discomfort, but not for long, as you dutifully took them into your hands, carefully holding them as you both step past the sliding door, into the hot tub.

Once Busky's crotch was submerged in water, you let go of his balls, and lead him over to a wall, to sit down. You both sit aside one another, your arm wrapped around his shoulder, you look around the large hot tub, gazing at the other gym-goers.

In the corner you find a group of 5 or so bulls, joking around and drinking beer as they cat call any cow that catches their eye. Along the walls you spot a few couples, some discussing life, other's in each other's laps, creating it. There is the occasional lone spa-goer, sitting with their head back, enjoying the atmosphere.

You decide to follow their example. {if PC is taller or as tall as Busky:You rest your head back, letting Busky rest his head on your shoulder./else:You rest your head on Busky's shoulder, his arm sneaks it's way around yours, as you rest under the embrace of Busky's pique physical condition.}

With your eyes closed, you can finally enjoy the water, once a tad too hot, now perfect. The conversations of the other people in the hot tub fade into soft murmurs, accompanying the light splashed of the small waves hitting the walls. The waves, probably coming from a mixture of

water jets and bovine fervor. A smile crawls across your face as you finally find peace, in a hot tub, away from all the hassle from the probes, your cousin, and Steele Co.

You stay in a state of relaxation for an hour or so, you might have come here for a romp with Busky, but it seems like both of you are content with relaxing. Not that you're not already painfully aroused right now, but, you're ok with it. That is until a giddy voice breaks your mediation.

"Hey there cutie! Wanna have a good time?" the voice giggled with the glee only a Treated cow could have.

You look around for the voice, still in a haze of relaxation, but it's quickly broken as you're shoved to the side, away from Busky. You reflexively look to who pushed you, only to find an extremely busty cowgirl swimming onto Busky's lap, shoving her bosom into his face.

He clearly isn't enjoying it, but the cow can't tell. She reaches for his now flaccid cock, trying to rub it to life.

"Aww, what's wrong cutie? Having trouble getting it up? Well, don't worry you'll be ready in a minute tops."

A pained expression crosses Busky's face as she plays with his balls.

"Uh, actually, I'm not looking to-" Busky started, cut off by the cow.

"You're a real bull! I can't wait to have your flare scraping my womb, with these babies," she gives his balls a squeeze. "You're guaranteed to be a daddy!"

"Uh, well I donate to the barn, if you want I can tell you my info so you can get it, I can even tell them to give it to you for fre-"

"Why would I go for frozen bull cream, when I can get it straight from the tap!" the cow giggles, oblivious to the obvious hints as she licks her scarlet lips, staring dreamily at his balls.

Busky gives you a last ditch effort look of despair. You realize he can't diffuse the situation by himself. You quickly rush over and push the cow off of Busky.

{if PC has Bimbo Speech:"Like, step off! He's mine!/if PC has Brute Speech:"Hey! Step off bimbo! Can't you stop thinking about cock for long enough to realize that maybe there's a reason he came here with me?/if PC has normal speech:"Hey, girlie! Pst, guess what? He came with me for a reason?"}

"What?" the cowgirl says mindlessly, trying to understand why she's not getting stuffed full of Busky's babies.

{if PC has Bimbo Speech:"He. Likes. Bulls, er ... I mean guys."/if PC has Brute Speech:"He's gay you cockguzzling cowslut! You'd realize that if you'd stop begging for his cock for half a second!"/if

PC has normal speech:"He's gay, he likes guys, he doesn't like tits. Catch any of that?"}

The cow pouts her lips, brushes her wet, brown hair out of her face, and heads on over to one of the other guys in the tub.

"Thank fuck man. You saved my hid-" Busky was quickly interrupted by you grabbing his horns and pressing your lips against his.

"You're my fuck, not hers," you whisper into his ear before you resume making out with him. Soon your tongue works its way into Busky's mouth, and meets his. You wrestle your tongues for a while, your heartbeat slowly rising, as you feel a certain part of Busky rise as well.

You rub Busky's length between your ass cheeks, feeling it throb with anticipation. You let go of one of Busky's horns, using your free hand to position the large, pulsating member under your [pc.vagOrAss].

After steadying yourself for a moment you lower yourself onto his turgid horsecock, his flare spreading your hole wide.

The pressure building in your [pc.vagOrAss] proves too much for you as you break away from Busky's mouth and let out a groan of pain and pleasure. But not after a second of breaking away, Busky pulls your head back to his, and you resume locking lips.

Busky's hands slide down your body, planting themselves around your hips as you throw your arms around his neck. Eventually you hilt yourself on his length, your walls hugging his cock, able to feel every throb and pulse.

Slowly you lift yourself up, before plummeting back down, a splash of water rippling through the hot tub, the other patrons giving you passing glances, before resuming their activities.

{if PC has cock:

You can feel your [pc.cocks] dribbling small spurts of precum as you try your hardest to keep from {if PC is treated:mooring like a cow./else:moaning like a whore.}

/if PC has cunt:

You feel your cunt dribbling your fem-cum around his length, adding much needed lubrication. With every thrust he punches his flare against your cervix, evoking a mixture of pleasure and pain.

/if PC has both:

You can feel your [pc.cocks] dribbling small spurts of precum as your cunt produces much needed lubricant. With every pump inside your quivering cunt, it becomes more and more of a challenge not to start {if PC is treated:mooring like a cow./else:moaning like a whore.}

}

You continue like that for a while, adding to the waves of the pool. Looking over to the corner of the pool where the young bulls were, you see the brunette cow getting gangbanged by the group. Your eyes linger for a while, until Busky turns your head back to face him. He leans up to your ear and whispers.

"You're my fuck, not hers," he says as his hand slips to your [pc.largestCock], playing with it as he begins to thrust in time with your bounces. The numb pleasure of having your {prostate/cunt} pounded flooded through your body, you feel your legs grow weak.

{If PC has cock(s) or cock and cunt:

Your breathing becomes more and more shallow, your heart races, and your cock throbs. The inevitable occurs, and a small rope of cum flies out of your cock, and lands on Busky's chest. Followed by another, more powerful rope, and another, and another. Your [pc.vagOrAss] clenches down hard on his length as he continuously pounds your {prostate/quivering cunt}.

/if PC only has cunt: Your breathing becomes more and more shallow, your heart races, and your cock throbs. The inevitable occurs and you reflexively clench your [pc.thighs] as multiple spurts of [pc.girlCum] fly down Busky's length.

}

You melt in his lap, falling limply into his arms{if PC has cock(s): as the last of your cum dribbles out of your length{s}}. The warm water thrashing around you as Busky ruts into your [pc.vagOrAss]. The musclebound bull is close to orgasm himself, as he thrusts slower, and harder.

Busky eventually bottoms out in your [pc.vagOrAss], thrusting his full length inside. You can practically feel his cock distend with the first rope, flooding your [pc.vagOrAss] to the brim, leaving the rest of his cum nowhere to go. But he doesn't pull out. The next jet of bull cream stretches your belly, distending it a bit.

You let out a groan as the pain of belly expansion is mixed with the still fading pleasure of your orgasm. If anything it feels amazing, being breed like a cow, your belly swelling with Busky's seed. Load after load fills your {womb/ass}, and your belly grows and grows, until you look 9 months pregnant.

[Next]

Busky lifts you off of his length, as your hole clenches down on reflex. You float in the tub, patting your belly in satisfaction of a good fuck. Time passes while your mind is fogged with pure bliss, that is until you notice someone pulling you out of the water by your arm. Opening your eyes you see Busky pulling you out of the hot tub, wearing a towel around his waist. He tosses you over his shoulder before retrieving both of your items.

He sets you down in the shower room and turns on ice cold water at full blast, which snaps you out of your daze. Eventually you loosen your holes enough to clean yourself out, an unpleasant emptiness now filling your belly. Once you're fully clean, in and out, you collect your belongings from Busky, and head on out, after a quick goodbye.