

“Wait a minute... Something’s missing,” Dyne mumbled, digging through the clothes in his locker. “I know I put it back in here before I went to the shower.” He continued looking through his clothes for it, but he couldn’t find what he was looking for. “Did someone go through my stuff while I was in the shower? I know I forgot my lock, but I wouldn’t expect someone to steal from me...”

Dyne turned around and scratched his head as he looked around. He thought he might have dropped it and not noticed, but there was no sign of it lying around. A soft sigh slipped from his mouth, and as he turned back to his locker, he heard someone clear his throat from behind him.

“You look troubled, Pup,” came a deep, gravelly voice.

There was an orc standing behind Dyne, shirt off and pants on. He had biceps bigger than Dyne’s head, and his chest was something to match in how impressive it looked. A sly grin was spread across his face, it being accentuated by his thick, greenish-black eyebrows and equally luscious beard.

It wasn’t the first Dyne had seen him around. In fact, it was common for Dyne to steal glances of the orc when he was in the gym or the locker room. He just couldn’t help himself whenever he saw the rippling mass of hairy muscle nearby.

“I... I’m just looking for something is all. I seem to have misplaced it,” Dyne stammered, trying not to ogle the orc walking towards him.

“Oh? Would it happen to be this?”



The orc's grin grew broader as he held up a jockstrap with a pink waistband that had the words "Daddy's Boy" printed in big black letters across the front of it.

Dyne felt his face burning under his fur, and he looked away as he clutched the towel tightly around his waist, "That... that's not it."

"No?" the orc said, moving even closer to Dyne, forcing the canine back against the lockers. "You sure about that, Pup? Purdy sure I saw you wearin' it while you were out in the gym. You raised your arms up, and I could see 'Daddy's Boy' printed as clear as day."

There was hardly an inch between the orc's chest and Dyne's face now as the orc planted his forearm against the lockers over Dyne. The smell of sweat and heavy musk lingered on the air around Dyne's nose, and it was impossible for him not to breathe it in.

"Well?" the orc grunted. "It's yours, right?"

"Y..yes, it is," Dyne answered meekly.

"Yes, what?"

There was a flick from Dyne's tail as a finger lifted his chin up so he could look the orc in the eyes. Dyne knew just what to say, so he answer, "Yes, sir."

"Good boy," was the reply he got, but then a thoughtful look crossed the orc's face. "Or *are* you actually a good boy?"

Dyne wasn't sure about what he was talking about at first, then he recalled something that he did recently, and his ears splayed out wide as he looked away again.

"You know what you did, don't you?" the orc said with a playful growl, forcing Dyne to look up at him once again. "The look on yer face says it all." He chuckled and continued, "Didn't think anyone was watchin', did you?"

"N..no," Dyne mumbled.

"No, what?"

"No, *sir*."

“So, what’d you do?” the orc asked. He already knew, but he was just teasing the dog at this point. Dyne’s eyes started to wander again, but he was forced to lock eyes with the orc. “Tell me what you did.”

If Dyne’s face got any hotter, he felt like he was going to melt. He was hardly able to stammer out what it was he did, “W..well... I... I kinda... I... found your... your...” He trailed off, unable to finish spluttering the rest of the sentence.

“Found my what?” Dyne swallowed hard as the orc made himself look taller and pushed his chest to a mere hair’s length from Dyne’s nose.

“Y..your jock.”

Another toothy grin took over the orc’s face as he asked, “And what did you do with it?”

“I... I put it back where I found it,” Dyne said. It was the truth, but he knew that wasn’t the right answer.

“After you did what with it?”

“After I... smelled it.”

Thick fingers grabbed Dyne by the waist, and he was gently pulled against the orc as he asked the canine another question, “And did you like it?”

Dyne nodded as his nose was forced into the sweaty hair on the orc’s chest, “Y..yes, sir.” The smell was intoxicating, and Dyne’s head swam from the heat rushing to his face.

“Thatta boy, being honest with me. Gotta say that I enjoyed how yers smelled too. Only thought it was fair I got to check it out, ya know?”

Dyne was so flustered at that point that he looked away again, but it didn't matter. His face was rubbed between two thick pecs for a moment before he was caught by surprise as he was hoisted into the air and placed over the orc's shoulder.

"W..what are you doing?!" Dyne said, as he desperately tried to keep his towel around his waist. He failed though, and it dropped to the floor to leave his lower half completely exposed, much to his shame and embarrassment.

The orc guffawed and walked off towards the shower, "Good boys deserve treats, so you're getting a treat I know yer gonna enjoy!" He gave Dyne's rear a playfully firm pat with his meaty mitt and laughed again. "Trust me. Yer gonna love what I have in mind. I can just *fee* it!"

Dyne covered his face with his hands as he was carried away to the shower by an orc whose pants, along with a pink-banded jockstrap, were left on the floor in the middle of the locker room.

Much to Dyne's relief, the showers were empty at this time of night, and his captor carried him to the shower stall in the back of the room. They weren't even in the shower stall before a thick digit was already sliding through the crack of his ass, making his body tremble in anticipation.

The door was shut, and Dyne's body was shifted around suddenly – it was almost like he weighed nothing being moved by the muscular figure that held him. It was much to his surprise when his back was suddenly pushed against the cold tile wall, and his legs were hanging over the orc's shoulders, leaving him with his palms against the wall. This position put his crotch right in the orc's face, but he was held far enough away that they weren't touching yet.

"It's a shame you already showered," came the gruff voice again as he peered past Dyne's stiff cock with a grin. "The jock just ain't the same as getting a whiff straight from the source. Next time though."

“N..next time?” Dyne mumbled.

“Guess that’s only if you survive the first time, huh?”

He let out a hearty guffaw that showed off all his teeth to Dyne, and he was left grinning deviously once the laughter subsided. The hands that held Dyne up by his butt rolled his cheeks around while the orc’s eyes wandered up and down the canine’s body, making him flush deeply.

His breath caught in his chest as the head between his legs moved forward, and a cheek rubbed against his inner thigh. Dyne kept eye contact with the orc while his face slid further up the canine’s leg, all the way to the point of the larger male’s nose pushing into Dyne’s sac. His body shuddered while the orc nuzzled into his sac, still watching Dyne’s face as he did, but his gaze dropped to the treat before him after a moment.

The orc admired it briefly, then dragged his nose up from under Dyne’s sac, planting it right where the shaft and balls met. He inhaled deeply, glancing back up to the dog watching him intently before planting his lips on the same spot. Dyne exhaled loudly as the lips pressed in, giving the spot a kiss then a gentle nibble.

Dyne’s tongue lolled from his maw when the lips moved up along the belly of his cock and towards the tip. A dribble of precum oozed from his cockhead, and the lips glided over it to suckle at the underside of the swollen head. The orc flicked his tongue against the pre-covered cock slit, and Dyne was unable to hold back a moan.

Encouraged by the noise, the lips wrapped fully around Dyne’s cockhead. They moved up and down, gently at first, and the suction grew firmer as Dyne squirmed around. The orc’s mouth worked him over masterfully, and his orgasm welled up quickly in his loins. It didn’t help that a curious finger was roaming just outside the cleft of his cheeks, and pushing him right to

the edge of the point of no return. However, he was denied release when the lips withdrew with a wet pop, leaving his cock throbbing madly in the air.

“Boy, look at this thing,” the orc cooed, dragging his tongue along the underside of Dyne’s cock again. “You must have been on the brink with how swollen it is, huh, Pup?”

“Y..yeah, I... I was almost there,” Dyne panted, unable to make eye contact.

“Can’t have you blowin’ too soon. I have other plans for you still.”

Dyne felt his cheeks get spread out and a finger inched ever closer to his back door, making his tail flick spastically - the finger never touched that sensitive, exposed flesh though. Instead, Dyne was hoisted higher along the wall, and his legs were pushed back enough to show off his hole to the orc. He was helpless to do anything despite the embarrassment that flooded through him.

The orc growled, “Damn, look at that. So pink and tender. It’s not gonna be so pink when I’m done with it.”

Nothing else was said as the orc’s face moved in, and the hot sensation of a broad tongue against Dyne’s hole sent the most amazing sensation through his body. A soft gasp slipped from his mouth, and his body trembled as the drag felt like it ran the entire length of the orc’s tongue, with the tip giving it a final flick.

Another growl came from beneath Dyne, and the tongue came back in what could only be explained as a frenzied assault. The orc’s face supported Dyne’s body more than his hands did. His tongue slapped and dragged all around the tender area, and Dyne’s gasping was near constant while his hole was bathed in saliva – his partner was no quieter with his endlessly

hungry grunts, it only adding to Dyne's pleasure as the vibrations from it coursed through his body.

This went on for several minutes after the orc's arms hooked over Dyne's legs and pulled him down. His whole mouth was at work as he slurped at everything between Dyne's throbbing cock and twitching pucker, and the canine's fur was left thoroughly damp from his own drooling cock and the orc's mouth.

Both men were left panting when the orc finally pulled back and let his cheek rest against Dyne's inner thigh again. He chuckled and said, "I coulda stayed in there a while longer, but I got other urges that are growin' to be a little stronger. You should be plenty slicked up now."

"S..slicked up for what?" Dyne uttered, glancing down at the eyes staring back at him.

"What do you think? Get ready to hold onto my neck, cause I'm bringin' you down."

Dyne slid down the wall slowly, and he wrapped his arms around the thick neck of the orc like he was instructed. He was held at eye level, and the hands against his butt kneaded his cheeks, pulling them apart slowly with each pass of his fingers. Between the hands on his butt, and his stiff cock against the orc's abdomen, Dyne found it hard to meet the eyes staring intently him.

He didn't have to worry about that for long, since a pair of lips were mashed against his. Dyne gave in willingly, like he wasn't going to be overpowered anyway, and let the much stronger orc take the lead. Their lips worked together vigorously, and it reflected in the orc's movements as he worked his fingers firmly into Dyne's rear. No protest was given when a heavy tongue forced its way into Dyne's maw. Instead, the dog ran his hands up the back of the orc's head, digging his fingers through thick hair while trying to deepen the kiss.



Both were lost to the wild lust as their tongues and lips slapped together in a wet, moan-filled makeout session. The kiss was broken by the orc though, and he buried his face in Dyne's neck where he continued to kiss and growl and nibble, making Dyne whimper with pleasure while he clung tightly to the head.

"Boy," the orc growled. "I can't wait anymore. Just gimme a second to slip this off..." He supported Dyne with one arm and used his other to handle something Dyne couldn't see. It took a moment, but the other hand returned to support Dyne, and he was met with another devious look. "I got a surprise for ya, but you gotta wait a little longer." He let Dyne's body drop just a little lower, and Dyne inhaled deeply when he felt something hot and slimy pressing against his hole. "You ready, Pup?"

Dyne nodded and mumbled a quiet, "Y..yes, Sir."

"Good boy. I'll take it nice and slow."

Dyne felt his cheeks get spread apart even more, and the thick meat of the orc pressed against his tightly clenched pucker. It pushed up against him, and Dyne let out a soft whimper as he felt himself stretching out.

"Gotta relax, Puppy, or else this thing ain't gonna fit," the orc said, rubbing his face to Dyne's head. "Take a deep breath, relax and let yer coach in."

Once again, Dyne only nodded, closing his eyes and taking in a deep, quivering breath. He exhaled slowly as heavy pressure was put against his backdoor. He buried his face into the orc's neck while clinging to it, inhaling the musky scent to heighten his want, his *need*, for what was to come.

His hole stretched more as gravity pulled him down, and he felt the girth of the coach's cockhead finally sink into him, bringing him a mixture of pleasure and discomfort.

After a soft growl, the coach gave Dyne a reassuring nuzzle on the head and said, "Good job, Pup, but that's just the beginning. I think I'm gonna need more lube for this tight hole of yours though."

He used his body with the wall and one hand to keep Dyne supported, then he brought the other hand to his mouth to make use of his own saliva. Dyne huffed when the cock head popped free from his hole, but it was replaced by a thick finger. While it was thick, it wasn't nearly as thick as the meat that was just stuffed inside him, and it felt almost soothing as it easily slipped up inside him.

Dyne's eyes rolled back, and he panted into the orc's neck as the finger worked into his hole, coating it inside and out with a mixture of precum and spittle. When the coach seemed satisfied, he replaced his finger with his cock once again, stuffing his engorged cockhead back inside Dyne with ease.

"Haaah, that's better," he snarled. "Probably should have loosened you up a little more beforehand, but you should be fine now." He let Dyne slide down on his cock a little more as he spoke, and Dyne could do nothing more than moan as he was impaled further.

Inch after inch after inch was stuffed into the canine, and he was too far past the point of bliss now to know how much was even inside of him. All he knew was that he could feel every bit of it rubbing against his inner walls. He wasn't even aware that he was no longer moving down, as he was focused completely on the feeling of being stuffed to the brim with orc meat.

"Holy shit," muttered the orc holding him. "I don't think I've ever seen my cock make someone's belly bulge out."

Dyne opened his eyes to see he was leaning back into the wall, giving him plenty of room to look down. Sure enough, there was a small bump in his stomach, and it moved as the coach moved his hips. The orc even pressed his hand against it and smirked, "Damn, Pup. Don't think I've ever been this hard before, then you took it all too? I think you deserve that surprise I mentioned."

He moved the hand from Dyne's stomach to support him, and then he raised his other hand up with something dangling off his finger. It was a jockstrap, and it was one that looked familiar to Dyne. The dog's ears splayed out wide, and a toothy grin spread over the orc's face as he waved it around.

"You recognize this one, don't you?" he asked. Dyne nodded. "Thought you might. I've worn it a couple of times since you thought you'd sneak a whiff of it, and it's pretty damp right now." His grin grew even wider. "Probably more so from precum than sweat at this point. Bet you'd *really* enjoy how it smells now." He ground himself against Dyne a couple of times and waggled the jock around on his finger, "Right, Pup?"

Dyne's mouth was open, but all he did was nod again.

"I can't hear you, Pup. You want to see what this smells like now, don't ya?"

"Y..yes, Sir. I... I would," Dyne stammered through his grunts as the cock was worked around inside of him more.

"That's what I thought. You better enjoy this then. It was a pain in the ass to take off while holding you, and my poor cock was all sorts of cramped in it. I wanted to make sure it soaked up as much of my stank as it could for you. Maybe next time I'll let you bury your face in there before I take it off, or you can take it off with your mouth for me." He moved it close to his face,

and his eyes went wide. “Oh boy, yer gonna love this. Hold your breath a moment, and don’t you breathe till I say.”

He held the jock up to Dyne’s face, and with his thick, fumbling fingers, he draped the inner pocket of the jock over Dyne’s nose like a mask, letting the straps hang limp. Wet heat radiated from it, and Dyne could feel all of it surrounding his snout while he held his breath. It was a nearly impossible task, but, with the coach watching him, he didn’t dare breathe until he was allowed to.

“Gooooood boy,” the orc growled at him. “Go ahead and take in your coach’s musk now. Get a deeeeep breath of it.”

Not one to disobey, Dyne inhaled through his nose, and a warm, intoxicating scent filled his nostrils. It reminded him of the last time he sniffed it, but this time was more powerful with a deeper, muskier smell. The smell was warm, somewhat spicy even, and it left a tingling sensation as it traveled up his nose and filled his lungs - every breath dragged him in deeper, making his head swim and his dick throb.

“If you could see your face right now, it says I all I need to know about how much yer enjoying this,” the orc chuckled. He ruffled Dyne’s head fur, making the dog’s tail wag lazily. Then, he hooked his arms under Dyne’s legs and gripped his hips with both hands, saying, “Now, you better hold on. I’ll take care of the rest.”

Dyne nodded and put his hands on the orc’s neck as he was hoisted away from the wall with a cock buried deep inside him. His body was lifted, and he could feel several inches worth of orc meat slide out of him. Those several inches were pushed right back in as he was lowered, and his tongue flopped out of his maw again with his insides getting completely filled. He was

acutely aware of every bit of it as it stretched him past his limits and rubbed against his inner walls.

He was raised up, this time being taken to the point that he could feel the bulbous cockhead being the only thing that remained inside him before everything was stuffed all the way back in, making him groan slowly along with it.

The coach repeated the motion and grunted with approval, "Fuuuuck, Puppy, you feel so good. You stayed nice and tight just fer me, didn't you?" He didn't get a reply, so he bucked forward and pulled Dyne down hard against him, forcing that bump in Dyne's belly to appear again.

"Y..yes, C..Coach, just... haah... just... just for you," Dyne panted.

"That's what I thought. Yer *my* good boy."

The next time he lifted Dyne, it was to pull him completely off his cock, leaving the canine's hole twitching against the pulsing cockhead as it teased him. There was only a moment of respite for Dyne before the orc's boulders slapped up against him as the cock was crammed all the way back in. Over and over again, the coach pulled almost all the way out and pumped back in, building up a nearly feral rhythm as his balls smacked around.

Dyne's cock was slapping between their bodies, and the dog was out of his senses. Between the hot and salty musk that filled his nose and the veiny meat that rammed along his prostate, he didn't realize his orgasm was on the brink of spilling over.

He opened his mouth to speak, and it came out in broken grunts as he tried to find his words, "I... I'm... close. Gonna... gonna..."

"Rrrr, don't you fuckin' dare," the orc growled. "You hold it in."

"I... I can't," Dyne whimpered.

"Just... just a minute longer. Yer coach is almost there too.

Dyne didn't think he was going to last another ten seconds, let alone however far away the orc was, but he was determined to hold out as long as he could. He wanted to follow orders and get praised, after all. He focused all of his will on keeping his orgasm down, and he rode along the edge for as long as possible.

The coach spoke again in another low tone, "Fuck, just... just go, Pup. Show me what you got. I wanna watch."

That's all Dyne needed to hear. His eyes rolled back in his head as his shoulders hit the wall, and his cock wagged wildly in the air while the coach stuffed himself balls deep into Dyne. The cock pushed in as far as it could and ground around inside him, showing off that bulge in his gut yet again. Dyne gritted his teeth, and his breathing came in quick gasps as his balls tightened up.

"Rrrrr, that's it, Puppy. Let loose for Coach," the orc mumbled, looking straight down.

It was hard to tell who was more surprised, Dyne or the orc, when Dyne's cock swelled and the first shot of cum jettisoned out to hit the coach right in the face. A second shot caught him on the chin, and the rest was left to gush out in spurts of thick, creamy cum that coated his crotch.

"Fuck yeah, thatta boy!" the orc barked, grinding deeply into Dyne. "Look at that load! Rrrrrr!"

Dyne whined and moaned throughout his orgasm, desperately clutching at the smooth wall, looking for something to sink his fingers into. He rode out his orgasm with the coach grinding against him, and it tapered off slowly. His moaning continued after his cum stopped squirting

out, since the orc resumed fucking him. He was making short, deep, fast thrusts now, and he had a look of focus in his eyes.

It took Dyne by surprise when he was pushed fully into the wall, and the orc's lips pushed past the jock on his nose and locked with his in a sloppy, grunt-filled kiss. The humping didn't stop while they made out, and Dyne used what strength he had left to keep their bodies pulled as close together as they could be.

The tongue was pulled from Dyne's maw so the coach could mutter, "Here... here it comes, Puppy. Gonna fill that belly up."

He grunted and bucked his hips wildly, then it turned to deep grinding. The orc's massive frame quivered with every push up, and he went in to lock lips with Dyne as the dog's body was mashed into the wall. A trembling growl rolled from the coach's throat and throughout Dyne. He felt the cock inside him swell even more, and it was followed shortly after with a blast of heat as the orc reached his climax.

Dyne's mouth was the only thing that kept the entire gym from being alerted of something going on in there as the orc snarled and growled into it, shoving his cock as hard and deep into Dyne's battered hole as he could while he unloaded a torrent of cum into the smaller male. There was no mistaking the feeling of spunk that flooded his insides or the wet splorches it made as the cock continued pumping in and out. Heat radiated throughout Dyne from his core outward, and, for him, it really felt like his stomach was being filled with orc spunk.

The coach's orgasm lasted well over a minute, but it finally subsided. He was left leaning heavily against Dyne, keeping him pinned to the wall as his sweat and cum dripped to the floor.

"Fuck, Pup," he huffed. "Just... fuck..." It was all he could say through the heavy breathing before he mustered up the strength to stand up and look down, his devious grin returning to his

face as he patted Dyne's belly. "My dick's so hard, I can still see it in you. That, or yer just so full of my cum!"

He guffawed and ran his hand over Dyne's chest and stomach, then he peeled his jock from the dog's nose and tossed it aside.

"Now that we got that out of the way," the coach said, moving his face back in.

He took Dyne's cheek and forced him into another deep kiss, keeping their lips firmly pressed together while gently grinding himself into Dyne. This kiss felt different than the last one. It felt more intimate, and Dyne let it carry him away until it was broken. A trail of drool was left between their lips when the coach pulled, and he grinned.

"Why don't we get that shower handled now? I need someone to help wash my back, among other things," he said. "We can head back to my place after. Would you like that, Pup?"

Dyne's tail wagged, and he nodded, "Yeah, Coach, I'd like that."

"Good boy. Let's see if you can still stand first, or if I'm gonna have to carry you!"

He lifted Dyne off his cock, and Dyne groaned with relief the cock slipped free. He flushed at the sounds of cum splattering to the floor, and the coach leaned over to look, letting out a sharp whistle.

"Hooooly shit, boy, what a mess," he said with a chuckle. "Can't tell you the last time I filled someone up like that."

Dyne's feet touched the cum-covered floor, and his legs wobbled, making him fall forward into the chest of the hulking orc. Strong arms held him up, and two hands rubbed over his back while he was held there.



“I gotcha, Pup,” the orc said. “Let coach take care of ya, okay?”

With a nod, Dyne obeyed. His body was weak, and all his senses buzzed, but he felt at ease against the massive, sweaty orc. He never got to look down at the thick piece of orc meat that had occupied his insides for the last little while, but he could feel the impressive tool pushed against him. His mind wandered, and his cock came back to life, only to poke at the coach.

The hands slipped down his back to his butt, and the orc chuckled, looking down at the dog, “Yer gonna have to wait till later if you want to go another round. Just wait till we get back to my place.” He looked thoughtful for a moment, and a playful grin spread across his face. “You know what? Fuck the shower. Let’s head to my place right now.”

“B..but I’m a mess,” Dyne protested. “I’m... I’m covered in... in cum.”

“You telling me you’d rather me shower so you’ll miss out on this?” He lifted his arm up and flexed his bicep, and he pointed to his armpit with his other hand. “You thought the jock smelled good, why don’t you get in there and take a whiff? Even I can smell it from here!”

Dyne could smell it too, and it only enticed him more. The aroma of the masculine orc was too much for him to resist, so he moved his nose in for a quick sniff, only for his snout to get snared within when the orc dropped his arm with a hearty laugh. The dog made no effort to escape, but he inhaled the musky scent of the armpit and let his arousal take over.

“So, back to my place then?” the orc asked, freeing Dyne’s nose after forcing him to breathe his scent for a minute. “I’ll let ya bury yer nose in there for as long as you want when we get there.” He scooped Dyne up in his arms without waiting for an answer and moved to the stall door. “And don’t worry, my shower’s plenty big enough fer both of us.” He waited there for a moment, looking down with his piercing eyes and a beaming grin. “You *are* my good boy after all, right, Pup?”

A fuzzy feeling welled up inside of Dyne, making his tail wag uncontrollably, and he said,  
“Yes, Sir!”

“Good! Let’s get going!”

The orc made no effort to hide the renewed boner that slapped against his legs as he waltzed from the shower stall, carrying the much smaller canine back to the, hopefully empty, locker room so they could head off for the night together.