

I've never really been a fan of going to the gym - however, it certainly serves its purpose. It's funny: the one time I went to the gym was the same time that all of the other people who don't want to be seen at the gym were there, too, and I guess in a way, I was one of those people as well. Usually they don't stay very long, and God knows that I would have left fairly as well, if I hadn't gotten distracted by... well.

It was rather late, Sunday evening, about the time when most people would rather be at home relaxing or enjoying the last of their weekend (though I know a few who would do both of these things at a gym like this), and I wasn't there of my own accord. That's not important, though: what's important is that I ran two miles on the treadmill, lifted some weights (which I stopped fairly quickly because I was a little embarrassed at how much I *couldn't* handle), and did some other stuff while watching the lights slowly go off - 24-hour gym, so only every other row of ceiling lights remained on - and the large room empty, until I decided that I'd done enough and had justified leaving so I could go home and eat ice cream.

Of course it had always been a fantasy of mine that I'd meet some hot guy in the locker room or showers or something who would then give me a *real* workout, but... let's face it. I always had been and likely always will be too shy for that to actually happen. After my 'workout', if it could be called that, I made my way back to the locker room not so I could change my clothing, but because I'd left my jacket in one of the lockers there, and it was my favorite jacket. Most of the people had left the gym by that time save for a few rather determined souls - a horse, a bear I think, a wolf or two. Nobody I recognized, thank God. I think that was a central aim of anyone who came here at this time of evening, especially on Sundays... I don't know. I could be totally wrong.

Most of the lights in the locker room had been turned off as well. It reminded me of one time way back in high school during the years where I was required to take two periods of a gym class. I never bothered bringing clothes to change into (which was like twenty percent of the grade for whatever reason) mostly because I was lazy, but because the few times I did, I found myself scanning all the other boys as they so unabashedly stripped, walked around, stood in the shower, spoke with one another while naked... I met a wolf on the baseball team who had the same general interests as I did once, though, and after I had to run back into the locker room because I'd left my phone (it was two minutes into the next class, so nobody was in there - or so I thought), I turned to see this wolf standing there, naked, paw on his hip.

Turns out that the baseball team has even less shame about being nude in front of other guys. This was the time when I was fairly sure about my sexuality but still looking for more experience, and - just like now - I had absolutely no tact and was about as smooth as a cat's tongue. We started having a conversation, as I'd totally forgotten by then that I had a class to get to - he had introduced himself and was asking about my classes and such when I think he noticed the point of my interest in him. He told me that he could spare a few minutes, and... well, I'm not really sure how it elevated from there, but I learned that the lockers jiggle pretty loudly on their hinges when you have both of your paws and your face pressed against them. The wolf managed to get a pass from his coach for me for my next class, too. I really should have asked for his number, too.

The layout of this gym's locker room was much like my high school's - though, really, how different could it be? Lockers, benches, showers off to one side, whatever. Many of the lights in here were turned off, too, reminding me of several horror movies as well as episodes of Buffy that I'd seen; I ignored those thoughts, trying instead to focus on the pleasant ones regarding

locker rooms... I'd once seen a porno that took place in a locker room and read a few similar stories, and had been considering writing one of my own. I don't know. I didn't really have experience to properly capture the experience, y'know? Outside of that one baseball wolf in high school, of course.

I'd had plenty of experience with athletes... if you know me, you know that scent is a large part of sex to me, and if you know athletes, you know that they *define* scent. I'd shoveled my nose up into the sack of a stallion hockey player once, slipped my tongue into the sheath of a mutt basketball player and under the foreskin of a cheetah runningback as well as that of his twin brother. In fact, one of my first boyfriends outside of high school was an athlete... it was clear that he did his workouts, because I can't name one time I managed to be the one to tire him out instead of the other way around. Sometimes he was content to go two or three times in one sitting, keeping my paw off of my own cock while riding him so that I wouldn't orgasm before he got a chance to do so again... well, sometimes he managed to push me over the edge anyway. That was a fun relationship.

Well, now that I'd gotten to my locker, I pretty much had to sit down - all of those thoughts and memories had brought up a bit of a difficulty that looked too prominent when standing up to ignore. I could feel the warmth of my unfortunate boner seeping into the fur of my belly as I leaned over to untie my shoes... God, I'd have to take care of that once I got home, maybe with the help of one of my roommates. It seemed doubtful that one of those experiences with an athlete would be reproduced here tonight, given the noticeable lack of people.

Again, common fantasy of mine. If I could get fucked in a locker room with several other guys around watching and either not caring or enjoying it... that would be wonderful. I totally wouldn't mind bending over one of these benches for another wolf or cat or something, maybe at the same time with a stallion or bull or whatever in front of me for me to sniff, nuzzle, lick, suck... maybe someday I'll share the story of how a German shepherd friend of mine told me that he'd get his brothers and cover every inch of me in shepherd cum, and then pretty much did. That one was fun.

After getting my shoes off and reaching up to open my locker, one of the ones a few down caught my eye: hanging slightly open, a shirt and what looked to be a jockstrap hanging out. Now, under any other circumstances I wouldn't pay it another thought, wouldn't bother with it, but... as I mentioned before, I currently had a bit of a complication that muddled my thoughts and pretty much destroyed my sense of judgment. Of course it seemed perfectly alright to me, a horny young otter, to glance around the room, perk my ears to pick up any footsteps (which there were none), and then, on determining I was alone, lean over to swipe the jockstrap from the open locker... it looked like it belonged to a guy older than me, probably late twenties, early thirties, and - when it fell out and flopped over my paw, a little bit of the scent floated over to my nose...

Again I glanced around the room, and then turned my back to the door. I'm sure whoever this was wouldn't mind if I just.. borrowed it for a moment... I licked my lips, swallowed, turned the jockstrap over a few times in my paw - it wasn't necessarily dirty, but the scent itself when I held it a good foot or two away from my nose was enough to inform me that it also certainly wasn't clean. One of my roommates enjoyed wearing jockstraps around the house, so... needless to say, I'd already spent plenty of time with my nose buried into the soft fabric of such underwear - what would a few more seconds do to my already-doomed soul? I'd just... give it a quick smell, get a taste for the wearer, and then put it back.

Of course, it wasn't so simple once I actually *did* it. The familiar feeling of a jockstrap on my nose combined with the musky scent entwined in the fabric of the thing... God, it made me shiver and close my eyes, made me ball up the jockstrap more and press it more firmly against my nose. I remembered all of the times I'd snuck under my roommate's covers so I could satisfy my want to have his scent rich in my nose for a handful of hours; I remembered one time an older roommate of mine had pushed me down between his legs and told me to breathe in ten slow breaths of his sack before I could move; I remembered another time finding a heavy uncut cock thrust before my nose through the glory hole on campus, rolling the foreskin back and breathing in the light scent...

I couldn't quite place the species of the owner of this jockstrap, so either it was cleaner than I'd thought, or I just simply hadn't had enough experience with that species. Foxes tend to have a spicy scent; Arcanines have a rich, powerful one; German shepherds and many other dogs are more muted, kind of a dry, even aroma; more exotic animals - African wild dogs, cheetahs, hyenas - have a combination of everything, rich, dry, spicy. The scent on this jockstrap was full, heady, like myself after running two miles on a spring day and just stripping down to get into the shower - even then, it tickled my nose and excited me further, so that I lost track of time and maybe even slid my other paw down my front to the bulge in my pants, pressing in, rubbing through my shorts.

I thought I heard a sound behind me, but when I turned to look, there was nobody there. It took me a moment to settle my startled heartbeat and get back into it, but... once you get an otter going, it's hard to get him to stop. I found myself rolling the jockstrap around in and over my paw to press my nose into an unsmelled spot, found myself moving to slip my other paw into my own pants just to get a few slight strokes in... hell, I was so into it that I didn't even notice when someone *actually* came up behind me until a warm-furred paw grazed against my shoulder.

Even more startled this time, I tugged my own paw out of my pants, clenched onto the jockstrap instead of dropping or hiding it like I should have, and spun around to face whoever it was, all in the space of a fraction of a second - but, instead of seeing him a bit of a distance back like I'd expected, upon turning around from pressing my nose into *one* jockstrap, *another* one - this one filled with quite a bulge - greeted me, along with the same scent that I'd picked up on the strap from the locker, though much stronger, richer, fresher. I looked up past the bulge at the face of a bear, sweating a little and slightly tired from the workout that I assume he'd just finished.

"Hello," he rumbled, apparently not at all bothered that I was just nose-deep in a used jockstrap of his. Each inhalation through my nose just brought the scent back in full strength. "Little otter. What do you think you're doing?"

There was no anger or concern in his voice - just... genuine curiosity. However, I still fumbled over my words and tried not to maintain eye contact for too long, resulting in my wiggling and trying to move and stand up and only displaying the obvious tent in my pants to him. "Oh - I - I just... well, I..."

"If you like the way I smell..." As I tried to stand up, his big paw came out and rested on my head, preventing me from getting up all the way. He pushed me back down to the bench, back down so I was eye-level with that bulge again. "...well, I'm willing to share, with someone as cute as you. Unless you have somewhere to be."

See, if I had that thing called 'tact', my response would be a smooth 'yeah, I do... right here between your legs', but instead I just shook my head and settled into position, guided by his paw. After pushing me down so I was again sitting on the bench, the bear's paw moved around to the back of my head and pulled me forward, pulled my nose into the warm, warm bulge in his jockstrap. He'd definitely just been working out: I could smell the exertion on his, the sharper scent coating everything else like a thin layer of liquid musk, one that I'd... *love* to clean off with my tongue. The angle of my muzzle in his crotch resulted in me being able to feel his goods against the whole front of my muzzle, from what I thought was the underside of a shaft against my nose to the gentle pulsing of two balls in a full sack on my lips. One hundred percent bear, one hundred percent man.

I kept my eyes on him while gently nosing up into him, seeing if I could figure out his general shape and size just through his feeling on the end of my muzzle. All I succeeded in doing, however, was reign myself in and get lost in the musk of this stranger, of this older bear - until I couldn't tell if it was his paw holding me firmly buried in the front of his jockstrap or if I just liked his scent *that* much. It was rare for me to like someone's scent so strongly so quickly: it took me a year to get used to the scent of a fox I used to play with, a few months for my current roommates, about half a month for one of my older roommates... here, however, I found each inhalation to cause another throb in my own hard length, with the deeper sniffs or ones in the right locations - the bottom edge of the jockstrap near his tail, the spot on the inside of his hip where his sack and sheath met his body, the area right beneath that hanging sack of his in the fabric. Hell, this bear looked like he could be the gym teacher at a high school - and yet here I was, digging my face into his crotch, wanting like so many times before to breathe his musk each time I inhale, maybe desiring it strong enough so that I could still taste a little bit of it even after waking up tomorrow, after pawing off to the memories and the lingering scent three or four times in the night.

He wasn't much one for extended foreplay, though, and after a moment reached down and swiftly tugged his jockstrap to the side, out from under my nose. That was perfectly fine, though, since both the warmth and scent increased a bit, and finally I could press my nose into the soft fur of his sack, finally could drag it up along the underside of his slowly stiffening length, finally could actually feel the remnants of his workout settling into the fur of my muzzle. There was no doubt that I'd be able to smell him on my lip after we'd both left this gym - especially since, just as I tilted my head up a little, he pressed the end of his shaft down onto my lips with his other paw, rubbing off a little bead of pre that had gathered there. It just so happened that, in flicking my tongue out to lick it off, I also ended up licking the underside of his cock head, and then ended up swirling my tongue around him, then cupped his shaft while slowly descending on him... with one of my paws I reached up and gently massaged his sack, almost as eager to get his scent on my fingers as well.

This bear was fairly well-sized, enough so that I probably wouldn't be able to go at it with him twice in quick succession were he to somehow end up under my tail. I wouldn't mind that, but... there was just something about having him on my tongue, something about how his paw on the back still didn't relent and tugged me down so that my nose pressed into his pubic fur on my first descent. Hell, I could feel him leaking pre out onto my tongue in the first few bobs of my head, and that only spurred me on further and made me move faster and harder on him. Just as I didn't mind his lack of an introduction and pleasantries, he didn't mind my lack of starting out slow like I would with anyone else. It wasn't long before I brought my paw up from his sack to the base of his sheath to stroke him in rhythm with my bobbing.

In turn with that, he also started to hump in and out of my muzzle and paw, keeping his own paw on my head to hold me in place. I'd been in this position quite a few times before, and yet I never tired of it with new people, especially when realizing how much they enjoyed it: this bear, for example, lifted one leg up on the bench so that he could more easily thrust into my muzzle, and I could hear his grunts of exertion and heightened breaths.

However, just when I thought he was starting to get close, his paw on my head gripped a little tightly and held me in place, and he drew back out from between my lips; a little startled as well as disappointed, I watched him for a moment as he went over to the far end of the bench, thinking *is he fucking leaving?* But, no: he waited there, jockstrap still tugged down and to the side a little, and then motioned down at the edge of the bench when I didn't do anything.

"Lie down," he said. "Right here, on your back. I'd like to fuck your muzzle."

A 'yes sir' wouldn't really be out of place here, but I obeyed without complaint (of course). The position was a little odd to get used to at first, especially when I scooted up a little so that my head could really hang off the edge, but... once the bear adjusted his own position and rested his hard cock against my lips, I figured I could get used to it. Normally breathing was an odd experience with a cock six inches down your throat (well, like, four in your muzzle and two in your throat, whatever), and being on your back made that slightly more difficult... with one paw I tried to monitor the bear's thrusts forward, keeping him at a good depth until I could get used to the position.

This didn't take long. Quickly that paw fell away to my chest, and then to my own shorts to slip them down my legs and start stroking myself, quite hard and drooling pre from this whole experience, first having had my nose buried in a used jockstrap to having it in the crotch of the owner of that strap, and now with the owner's cock on my tongue... hell, and his paws on either side of my head holding me in place while he gained speed in fucking my muzzle just like he said he would. I couldn't complain: nobody else had wandered into the locker room, and it felt that at this rate, nobody would before he finished.

The bear fully realized that he wouldn't last long like this, and as such slowed his movements just as he'd finished speeding up. This gave me time to focus on myself, eyes closed, lips tight around him, pawing myself faster while he churned his hips in and out of my muzzle so that I could feel each of his throbs and twitches on my tongue and lips.

"Shit..." he breathed after a while and again sped up, remaining deep in my maw, to the point where his thick cock cut off my breathing somewhat. At the same time, he leaned forward over me, shifted his paws from holding my head in place to grip the sides of the bench for balance, and - then, he fucked my muzzle like a German shepherd daddy fucks an otter, fast, hard, a little rough, but still keeping his eyes on my face if he did something I couldn't handle.

It was this bear who couldn't handle it, however: his breathing peaked, as did the force of his thrusts, and just as I felt his entire body tense up while he came, he jerked back and spurted his seed in a few thick ropes out over my open mouth, my face, my chin, my neck, the top of my chest. He had a taste like someone who ate a lot of meat, exactly the sort of way that I expected someone like him to have - and, God, that taste combined with the scent in my nose of still being so close to his crotch while he panted and caught his breath... it didn't take *me* too long, either, before I bucked upward into my own paw and shot my own cum out over my chest in the other direction, just as warm, slightly less thick, considerably less voluminous than his.

Panting and throat slightly hurting from his fucking, I sat up, leaned back, realized there was no wall behind me to keep me up, almost fell over; meanwhile, the bear wiped himself off with the old jockstrap that had gotten me into all this mess, and then he tossed it to me when I next looked over. I caught it on reflex, and felt his still-warm cum on the fabric.

“Keep that,” he said, and adjusted the fit of his current strap. He turned to the locker that I’d pulled this one out of. “I have more. Besides, you look like you enjoy jockstraps more than I do...”

His scent still wafted up off of it, reenergized with the addition of his cum. Oh, I’d have a *lot* of fun with this later... “Thanks,” I managed, not taking my eyes off of him.

He gave me a smile, tugged his pants up his legs, buttoned up his shirt, and left the locker room, his cum slowly soaking into and drying on my fur beside mine. Last time something like this had happened, I’d at least gotten a phone number... well. If it happened one time when I went to the gym, maybe it’d happen again.

He could be my workout partner.