

Sometimes Lortian felt glad that he wasn't one of these two-legged humanoid animals that he'd come to know so well. Not like thinking about it made any difference, but... the main reason in his mind for this opinion right now was simple.

This lovely evening, the wood elf had decided to run by the all-night gym - even with his mundane nose, he could still very clearly pick up the change in scent when he walked into the main room - near his apartment. A bit out-of-character for him, sure, but if anything, these past few months had consisted significantly of him trying new things.

First it had been a dating site and a big (in all senses of the word) German shepherd fellow, and then a bar and two African wild dog twins...

But, whatever. Tonight his comfort hid somewhere underneath the artificial blue-white light given off by the long tubes along the ceiling, somewhere amid all the standing machines, the heavy black weights, the other people who'd had the same idea as him to come here so late. While getting dressed in the locker room, Lortian had had a brief conversation with a slim otter - *"nice night, huh?"*; *"little cold, I think..."*; *"well, you don't have any fur - but that probably solves more problems than it creates, huh?"* - and now he could see that same otter running on one of the treadmills near the back of the room, thick rudder swinging back and forth behind him. He'd been at it for the last thirty or forty minutes without a break, while the elf had been drifting from machine to machine, trying what he could.

On any other night, he'd have gone to bed some two hours ago. In fact, tonight, he *had* already climbed into bed... but after rolling around for what felt like an eternity, decided to give it up and come here to work off his extra energy. There was still that haze of sleepiness in his mind, the weight on his eyelids, but it wasn't enough to make him want to stop. Besides, there was just something about watching the few other people here: besides that otter, there was a rabbit on one of the other treadmills with his head held low and arms working at his sides; a green-scaled dragon in the next room, swimming laps in the pool; a she-wolf sitting on one of the benches lifting weights alongside a stallion about twice her size (Lortian had passed by her earlier, and looking at how damn *defined* her abs were, figured that coming to the gym had to be a twice-daily activity for her); and then some others, going into and coming out of the locker rooms and showers, the bathrooms, some of the other side-hallways and such.

Maybe the scent of sharp sweat was just the natural state of being for gyms. Lortian wouldn't know. His legs burned somewhat - he'd tried the stair-stepper, the elliptical, a few other machines he didn't know the names of - so now he lounged back on one of the other benches near the back of the room, just watching everyone else do their thing. For him, the hardest part would have to be getting over the embarrassment of working out in front of others, but... after long enough, he figured, that wouldn't bother him anymore. *Then* the hardest part would change to coming back here on a regular basis.

He drummed his fingers along his water bottle, clutched in his hands. He sort-of wanted to try out the pool - growing up, swimming had been one of his favorite ways to exercise - but tonight had left his trunks at home... sure, he *could* just hop in with what he currently wore, but he didn't have a towel, either...

"Scuse me."

It took his eyes a moment to focus, and when they did, he had to quickly shift his gaze up: that stallion he'd seen just a few minutes ago now stood directly in front of him, and a bit closer than he'd thought comfortable. The elf could feel the heat emanating off his body, could just barely taste the salt of his sweat and exertion on the air... and could also *clearly* see the outline of a fat sheath and heavy sack beneath the material of his shorts. When the stallion shifted his stance in extending a hand, though, that went away.

Mostly.

"Don't think I've seen you 'round here before," he went on, looking over the elf with smooth brown eyes. "I'm Marcus. First time here?"

"Oh..." He took the offered hand. Warm, firm grip, slightly sweaty, with calloused fingers - and the horse held on just slightly longer than what felt right. "Lortian. And - yeah. Just thought I'd... come by, check things out, maybe... sorry, do you - want me to leave?"

"What? No! Of course not." Marcus rested his hands on his hips. He wore a grey sleeveless shirt, darkened along the collar and underneath his arms; it looked like he'd intentionally decided to wear one a few sizes too small, as it very sharply showed off his pecs and the ripples of muscle along his abs. If he raised his arms too far up, though, the lower hem of the shirt came up over his flat belly, and - brought into view the thick, dark fur of his happy trail, which ran down and disappeared beneath the waistband of his shorts...

"Don't mean any offense," he went on, "but - I could kinda tell that you're new at this. My friend Rose over there - say hi..."

Lortian looked over, at that same *ripped* she-wolf. She raised a paw, the one *not* clutching a weight, and waved at the two of them.

"...we were just talking, and she suggested I come over and ask if you needed any help. So." Marcus clapped his hands in front of him. "Need any help with anything?"

One thing that had changed about Lortian since moving here was that he was more straightforward, more willing to try new things - clearly. After glancing around the mostly-empty gym for a few seconds more, he lifted his gaze back up to the horse's face. "Teach me how to lift weights?"

"Teach you?" Marcus scoffed, but extended his hand down again. Lortian took it - and was promptly hoisted to his feet, swiftly enough that he had to put his other hand against the horse's chest to keep from falling forward. "Ain't much to be taught - I mean, there's a bit of technique, sure... c'mon, let's head on over. What brings you out so late, anyway?"

"Couldn't sleep." He could still feel the heat of the horse's body tingling along the palm of his hand, even though he had touched him for only a fraction of a second. Not only that, but walking beside him let him know how well the two *actually* sized up - where the top of Lortian's head came about even with the bottom of Marcus's pecs. "So I figured, why not run down here and check things out for a bit? Work off that extra energy so hopefully I can get to sleep when I go back home."

Marcus scoffed again. The she-wolf's ears perked up as she put away the weights she'd used, and a little bit after, she turned her muzzle to them. "Sorry to dip out on you so suddenly," she said when they got closer - hers was a husky voice, low, raspy almost. "But I think it's about time for me to head home. I trust that you can handle things on your own, Mark?"

"Yeah. Oh, yeah. Of course." He waved her off and knelt down by one of the weight racks - then to Lortian, once Rose had left earshot: "She's a personal trainer. You know those videos where there's a chick who can crush a watermelon between her thighs?"

"Oh, God, don't tell me..."

"Mhmm. And, yes, it was a pain to get the stain out of her fur." She looked like a wolf-shaped stormcloud, mostly flat grey with some darker graphite along her back and muzzle, and some pure white along her inner legs. "Anyway... what we've got here are free-weights. Know of 'em?"

Lortian watched Rose disappear down one of the hallways on the other side of the gym, and then returned his attention to Marcus. The stallion effortlessly held out a dumbbell that looked like it was made of solid steel, with each end about as large as Lortian's head. "Didn't know that's their proper name."

"Mm. Then you probably don't know which weight's good for you..." He pored through the rack, turning the weights over to see their numbers and moving on to the next. After a while, though, he brought out one considerably smaller than the first. "Here, how about this. Why don't you just - sit down, and grab hold of this..."

Just as Lortian did as told, Marcus slid in beside him, leaving no room between their bodies - and then he leaned in and brought his other hand up the elf's arm, fixing his grip. Lortian could feel the stallion's warm breath washing out over his neck. He swallowed. "It's - a little light..."

"Yeah? Okay, cool..." Fingers brushed along fingers as Marcus took the weight from him - and leaned over to grab another one. *This* one, Lortian could tell already, was a better fit for him: he had to brace his elbow against his knee at first. "Better?"

"You tell me..." At least his arm didn't shake when he lifted it. Marcus kept his hands raised, every now and then pressing on Lortian's wrist or adjusting his fingers. "Is it supposed to be burning already?"

"Yes! That's good, that's good... although..."

And the horse closed his hand entire around Lortian's wrist, fingers reaching up along the back of his hand and changing his grip. With him *this* close, the elf could pick out his scent on the gym air much more easily, as well as feel the heat of his body pressing against him... hell, and part of him thought that the horse was actively flexing some of his muscles with the intent of showing off. Pressing against him from behind, leaning over him to help him do the reps... *this is what the body of a man feels like...*

"You know..." Marcus began, after Lortian had to stop for a moment. He'd counted eight reps, deciding at six that he'd go on to ten, but then didn't quite make it. "Working out is more likely to fill you with energy than drain you of it..."

He could feel his words tickling against his ear and the side of his head. When Lortian turned, Marcus actually had to move back a little. "Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. You say you came here to find a way to tire yourself out - well... we'll have to find *another* way for you to do that."

Whether his heart rate picked up from the exercise or from those words, he couldn't tell. He *was* glad, however, that his shorts were fairly baggy, and as such hid any change in his *situation*. Halfway through his second set of eight, he couldn't help but let his eyes drift over to the stallion beside him, to the lines of muscle coursing up from his knees and disappearing beneath his shorts, to the bulge just barely visible at the edge of his vision, and the dark hair of his happy trail above that...

"Make sure to do your other arm, too."

"What was that? Was that eight? Were you counting?" When Lortian switched the weight to his other hand, he could lean over a little further, get a slightly better look at this stallion. Marcus wore a gentle smile on his face, the short brown hair covering his body still glistening slightly with the remnants of his sweat... the elf had never been skin-to-skin with a stallion - so to say - but he already had a good idea of what that might feel like, after Marcus had touched him so much. In fact, even now, the horse reached over and rested his hand atop the elf's knee, fingers squeezing slightly. The longer he spent alongside him, the less the contact bothered him... the nervousness remained (after all, this *was* still a public place), but the reluctance and indecisiveness had started to melt into something else. Something that made him lean back against the stallion's shoulder every time he lowered the weight back down to his knee.

But, right as the elf finished his third set of eight, Marcus leaned over across him - Lortian had to lean back, or else get a faceful of sweaty horse - and took the weight from him. "You know what we're gonna do next, little buddy?"

*Little buddy.* He swallowed again. "What?"

"See that bench over there?"

It was another machine of some sort, with a spot for someone to lie down, a pair of vertical bars on either side, a nearby stool... "Yeah?"

"I'm gonna have you lie down on that. On your back, face up, head at the edge of the bench. And I'm gonna sit on that stool."

Lortian stood up, and intentionally kept his body angled away as he made his way over. Even *with* these shorts being baggy, he could still feel them tightening up... "Okay..."

The metal of the bench was cool against his back, even through his shirt. Marcus had followed, too, and fiddled with something out of his field of vision. Lortian's legs hung off the other end of the bench, and without anything else to do, the elf folded his arms atop his body - but soon tilted his head back, seeing the shadow of Marcus looming over him. From here, the stallion's bulge looked a lot... *more*, and if he were to sit down on that stool-

"Now, don't get scared - I'm gonna give you a bigass weight, a lot more than what you were just playing around with. It'll look frightening, but I believe you can do it: you're gonna push it straight up above your chest, how about... three times, okay?"

*Frightening* - an understatement. This was the kind of thing that always came to mind when Lortian thought about "weightlifting", and it was also the kind of thing that he could *not* see himself doing. Long, metal bar with a large black weight on either end, gradually lowered down from above by the stallion standing near his head - "*here you go, arms up, straight out...*" - until he could close his hands around it. Marcus held onto it the first time Lortian lowered it down to his chest and pushed it back up, and then let go.

Of course he remained right there near the elf's head as he worked at it, only providing a hell of a distraction.

The stallion leaned over a little closer, bringing that heavy bulge slightly closer to Lortian's nose. "There's two... see, it's not so bad, is it?"

"It's a little..." His arms shook when he pushed the weights away from his chest again. It felt like Marcus was steadily lowering himself down, closer to his head, but - he couldn't tell. His eyes weren't focused there. "...hard..."

"Yeah?" -and those calloused fingers closed around his once more, as the stallion lifted the weight away. "Feel the burn in your arms, the heat in your muscles?"

Lower it down towards his chest... start lifting it back up... now, there was a different scent on the air, something stronger, sharper. Masculine sweat with an edge of something else, drifting over his nose. "I can feel *something*."

"Well, okay, that's fine... here, I've got one more thing for you..."

Lortian's heart beat in his chest, and again, he folded his arms in front of him. "Yeah? Something to tire me out?"

"Well... you tell me."

And with that, Marcus lowered himself to the stool near Lortian's head - and grinded the bulge in his shorts firmly against him. The elf shivered, already able to feel the intense heat emanating off of him, and tilted his head back to feel him more fully: even with just his forehead and the bridge of his nose digging into the warmth of that bulge, he could already clearly find the edge of his sheath, the blunted end of his cock as the contact coaxed it out, the large balls within his sack... the stallion spread his legs and scooted closer.

Lortian swallowed again. Each inhalation - through his nose, of course - brought to him the bright, sharp scent of masculine sweat and musk, biting at his senses and making him shiver slightly. "What if - anyone else sees?"

"Oh, they've all left, little buddy..." Marcus hooked his fingers into the leg of his shorts and pulled it up, up, up, until his sack rolled out into the open air. The short hair over the rest of his body did not cover this part of him: instead there was just smooth, supple skin, dark in color, glistening greasily with the gathered sweat and musk of his workout. Lortian rolled over onto his

belly so he could press his nose more firmly against the revealed sack, freely breathing in the heavy scent, letting the moisture of his sweat rub off against the skin of his nose and lips... "Besides, we're here behind a forest of weightlifting machines. And this isn't the *first* time I've done something like this."

The elf looked up at him, around the bulge of his sheath and growing cock that still remained constrained beneath his shorts. He brought one hand up and rubbed at the growing firmness, feeling the give of his sheath, the shape of his shaft. "It's not?"

"Why d'you think I'm here so late? Just my luck that I run into *you* tonight... you sure you can handle *this* one, man?"

His fingers plunged into the rough hair peeking out from under the stallion's shorts, then, as Lortian reached up to hook his fingers around that waistband. Just like along his sack, the moisture of his sweat rubbed off against his skin, and only grinded his scent in deeper... the elf tugged the fabric down - and jumped slightly at the length that flopped down across his face, intensely hot, half-hard.

"I've had practice."

Lortian ran his nose up along the side of the presented sheath right where that supple skin met his lower body, hidden beneath the warm, heavily-scented pubic hair. Even with most of his length still hidden in that sheath, the horse presented a veritable handful and a half to squeeze, to rub, to gently stroke, both in what of his shaft had been coaxed out so far as well as his heavy balls, each one more than filling Lortian's cupped palm.

"And here I was..." Marcus breathed, bucking his hips forward against the elf's face, "worried you'd reject me..."

Lortian changed the focus of his nuzzling to the rim of his moist sheath, right at the edge where the scent of heady musk and liquid arousal clung the strongest. Being a horse, and properly equipped as such, the skin of Marcus's sheath could be easily stretched, easily filled... so of course the elf slid his tongue inside of it, gently tugging along the rim and digging within the slick heat there, the firmness of the horse's cock on the other side of his tongue. His face being so close ensured that each breath brought nothing but his scent, rich and full, already thoroughly ingrained into his mind.

That first German shepherd he'd messed around with, whom he'd met through the dating app - *he* had had a scent that took two loads (not like that) to wash out of his clothing. This stallion's aroma, he could tell, would cling to his skin for far longer than that.

The weight of that cock over his shoulder, repeatedly twitching and throbbing, steadily growing larger as he continued swirling his tongue around within the sheath beneath his lips... this wasn't what he'd expected when he walked into the gym tonight, but it was certainly what he'd *wanted*. Sure, this metal bench didn't provide the *best* of comfort for him, but... he didn't mind too much. There were other things for him to focus on.

Finally, though, it felt as though Marcus had fully hardened. His cock rested over Lortian's shoulder, rhythmically pulsing with each of his heartbeats, tantalizing warm, with a different spice of musk drifting off of it than that of his sheath, of his sack, of his hair... after running his

tongue as deeply as he could within the stallion's sheath, he lifted his head up, swallowed down the smooth slickness, and got right back to work at then dragging his tongue up along the side of that length. Same texture, same feeling as the outside of his sheath, just as warm as the inside, and - even if he hadn't already known, he'd have been able to tell that this horse had just spent some time working out. Hell, he could definitely *taste* that spice on his tongue, stronger with each lick along Marcus's length, over the ridge of his medial ring, up towards the blunted unflared head.

And when he got there - of course Lortian had to sit up fully; Marcus definitely had the proper equipment between his legs - the first thing to meet him was a glob of clear, sticky, slick pre, tangy and rich, more than enough to coat the inside of his mouth and surface of his tongue. He kept the horse's cock in both of his hands, tugging upwards and squeezing out more of that pre into his waiting mouth, beneath the movements of his lips and tongue.

Marcus kept one hand on the back of Lortian's head to keep him in place there, dragging his tongue along and grinding his face against the underside of his cock. Looking up at it from this angle, the elf felt certain that, were the horse to lie on his back, the head of his length would reach at least halfway up his chest... *that* would be a hell of a sight.

"Lortian..." The stallion raised his hips again. His other hand had moved away from the waistband of his shorts, and now hung onto his pocket. "Keep doing that, and your face is gonna absolutely reek of me... I mean, I kinda forgot that I hadn't yet showered when I brought you over to the bench."

"It already does..." Each time he flicked his tongue out over his lips, he could taste it. Now the elf kept his mouth against the slightly-rounded end of Marcus's thick cock, working over the rather wide slit out of which his pre regularly leaked. "So - you had planned to shove my head down between your legs?"

"Hey, you did that of your own accord. You coulda said no. I just... placed myself conveniently close to you." His hand moved down to his sack for a moment - even when he *wasn't* holding the waistband of his shorts, the weight of those balls was more than enough to keep it down - and then returned it to his pocket. Lortian, meanwhile, resumed stroking him in both of his hands, one kept at the base of his shaft. "Wasn't my idea, anyway."

"It wasn't?"

"Nope. I - ooh..." A shudder ran through his body when Lortian traced his tongue around the rim of his head - so he did it a second time, and then on the third felt a powerful throb in response. "-it was actually - Rose that urged me to go for it. Didn't I say that?"

"I wasn't listening..."

"Mm - and she said, if something *does* happen, I'm supposed to send her pictures..." He slid his phone out of his pocket. "You mind?"

And Lortian could feel the old him fight to come to the surface. Here he was, half-sitting on a bench in a public gym, suckling on and stroking off a rather well-endowed stallion (and one he'd just met tonight), thick pre and thicker musk ground against his face, into the back of his throat, sticking to his fingers... so, at the heart of it, he had no real difficulty pushing down his

reluctance. After all, he'd spent most of his time up until now trying new things; why would he stop so suddenly?"

"Go ahead." Another throb beneath his hands. Marcus's breathing had picked up a little.

"Good, good... God knows I'ma keep these for my own - *reference*, too, of course..." As he spoke, he clicked the shutter a few times - and also along the way, gently batted Lortian's hands away and took over stroking himself, from the base of his cock to the ring of supple skin along the center, and then back. The elf remained near his head, breathing in the stallion's sharp scent each time the head of that cock pressed against his lips.

Marcus shivered again, and picked up his pace a little. "Keep doin' that, whatever you're doin'... hey, you planning to take a shower after this?"

"No." The answer came without thought. It was pure desire.

"Bit of a predicament, then..."

"Why's that?"

Marcus's whole body shook in the same rhythm as his stroking. He licked his lips. "You don't wanna shower, so if I were to blow my load all over your face and body... well, that'd be a shower of its own, and anyone who came within ten feet of you would be able to see and smell that you'd been with a stallion. But I don't wanna ask you to swallow it if you don't want to... and again, I'm a horse. If it were possible, your stomach might bulge out."

"So I'll just do both, then." Lortian straightened up, and slid his hands beneath his own shorts. Whether it was Marcus's pre or his own that coated his fingers within a few seconds, he couldn't tell; he brought those fingers to his lips and licked it off. It was a mix of both. "I'll swallow as much as I can and catch the rest on my face. How close are you?"

It showed in his face and the tension in his muscles, repeatedly straining and relaxing, straining and relaxing- "Close - if you know anything about horses, you should know that in exchange for the size, we also shoot off rather quickly... might wanna - keep that little mouth of yours open..."

So the elf closed his lips around the end of the stallion's cock, intentionally keeping his tongue forward while he stroked himself. Marcus's rough breathing, the energy in his body, the speed and force of his stroking... Lortian felt as though his load would be a powerful one, but even with that, he wasn't fully prepared for what came.

It was more of a strong burst than a spurt, quickly filling his mouth to capacity with bittersweet liquid - and soon followed by a second just as powerful as the first, and then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, each consecutive one carrying a bit less force behind it. The elf could feel the slick heat of the stallion's cum rolling down his throat every time he swallowed, but as predicted, it was too much for him. Halfway through he had to move back, receiving the last of his bursts of cum across the face and shoulder and over his back, the rest splattering down across the bench and floor underneath. In front of him, Marcus repeatedly bucked his hips up into his hand with his spurts, and sucked in a gasp with each one.



On and on his orgasm went, even after the strong bursts had finished: thick cum rolled down his lips and dripped off his chin, and still Lortian kept his mouth wide open in front of the end of the stallion's cock, as it emptied out what else of his load still remained within his heavy sack. Milky white, obviously *far* more voluminous than any of Lortian's other partners, stringier... tastier, maybe. He ran his tongue over his lips, and again ran his nose up along the underside of Marcus's sack, closing his eyes beneath the last few drips.

"Get your pictures?"

Marcus had to take a moment to catch his breath. "Yeah. And - a video of the end right there... God. Hey, do you - mind if I post that online?"

The elf wiped the back of his hand across his mouth; it came back thickly coated with cum. There'd be no way for him to be able to get to sleep tonight, smelling like *this*. "I'll, uh, sit on that for a bit and get back to you... speaking of which... ah..." He hesitated. "Can I give you my number?"

Marcus's face lit up, and he held his phone out. "I was gonna ask you the same thing... here." After standing up, he made no effort to tug his shorts back up over his waist - not like he'd be able to *fit*, anyway. His cum steadily dripped off the end of his cock, hanging limply in front of him.

Lortian, too, rose to his feet while putting in his number, and - despite himself - blushed upon realizing how *obvious* his own erection was. He'd definitely take care of that when he got home, or maybe even before. "You'll let me know what - Rose thinks, right?"

"Oh, of course. Of course. But, anyway..." Marcus picked up the forgotten weights in one hand, and dragged them over to the rack. Lortian's arms still burned a little. "You *sure* about that shower?"

The elf smiled.