

*“...lose your load, leave your mind behind, baby James
whoa, Mexico, it sounds so simple, I just got to go
the sun's so hot I forgot to go home, guess I'll have to go now...”*

Keese had to turn the volume of his music up rather high in order to be able to hear it over the obnoxious drone of the treadmill, arcing up in loudness and pitch each time one of his feet made contact with it. Not only that, but there were the other noises of the gym adding to that distraction: the always-present humming of the building's air conditioning, the shouts and yells and grunts of the other people working out, the repeated clanging of dropped weights... all of this contributed to the reason *why* the German shepherd made sure to always have his headphones with him.

There was nothing he hated more than getting distracted from his routine workout - a few weeks ago he'd left his headphones at home, and as a result had to listen to the bragging of a tallish housecat on the treadmill beside about how many times he could lap the pool without having to rest, the exact track of his body fat percentage since 2004, how many children he could benchpress... he kept on waiting for Keese to respond, too, which he couldn't properly do due to not being able to hear everything the housecat had said over the combined noise of their treadmills... sure, it wouldn't have been so bad if he were more *attractive*, but *oh well*, the shepherd had figured.

If that ever happened again, he'd decided that he'd just pretend to be deaf and ignore them.

His treadmill *dinged* to let him know that he'd met his running goal for the day, almost taking him by surprise - no way it had been *that* long. Oh well; the more he tried to think about just how long he'd been here, the more his legs started reflecting that, so he brought his treadmill to a stop and stepped off of it.

The person at the treadmill next to him had just finished as well (*God damn it*), so of course Keese purposely avoided eye contact, murmured a *“gosh, I'm thirsty”* as an attempt at a sly 'leave me alone', tried to gather his things together as quickly as possible, and kept his headphones in... and yet, just a moment after he took a step away, he felt the tapping of a claw on his shoulder, followed by the sound of a *“Hey”* muffled by his music.

He breathed in, swallowed, breathed out, turned around... and then sucked in another gasp at seeing the face of this guy. God, he was *hot*. Wolf, mostly grey fur with some areas of white, like the sky halfway between everyday clouds and a thunderstorm; cool, brown eyes, a similarly cool expression and general appearance... Keese searched his memory. This wolf might have been here running when the shepherd had just begun. A little bead of sweat dripped off his black nose...

“Hello?” The wolf spoke in a low, gruff voice, the tone of it already lending itself to impatience. He had something in his paw, held up as if to show it to the shepherd.

“Huh? What?” After tugging his headphones off one of his ears, he tried to focus on it, but couldn't; the dizzying thought of *there is a hot boy talking to me* kept on bouncing around the inside of his skull and distracting him. This wolf was shirtless, too, and clearly frequented this gym. *“Sorry, I-”*

"Left your wallet is what you did." He held the thing in his paw closer. Keese glanced at it, patted his back pocket, felt his ears perk... and then blushed and took it. His fingers brushed the wolf's for a brief moment, making him pull the wallet away with an unexpected jerk of his wrist. The wolf's whiskers twitched at this. "Y'know, you could say 'thank you', Mr. Keese."

The shepherd blinked. His heart was beating a little quickly. "Uh. Thanks. How d-"

"Wallet. Had to check. What if it wasn't yours, after all?" A short, slightly uncomfortable silence followed; Keese tugged his headphones fully off, slid his wallet back into his pocket, coughed into his fist... the wolf seemed to be waiting for something. However, the shepherd just wanted to go off and shower. "...Well, I was going to introduce myself if you asked, but..."

"-Oh! Oh. Sorry. I'm, ah... tired..." Keese averted his gaze, hoping that this wolf wouldn't be able to see his blushing.

"You ran, what... a mile? A mile and a half?"

"Y-yeah. I, um..." Three-quarters of a mile. He had a stomachache when he woke up this morning, and didn't want to aggravate it.

"Mm." A slight shiver traced along the shepherd's body just as those brown eyes did the same, looking over him from head to toe and then back. He tried not to look as if he was as tired as he said he was; after all, this guy had just run more than him and had only sweated a little bit. He looked like he could go for another two miles. "I'm Justin. Wanna come shower with me?"

Keese's headphones were tugged off from around his neck when he lost hold of his phone, and it clattered on the ground between his feet. He bent down to pick it up - the back had come apart, and he had to reach under the treadmill to get at the battery... when he straightened back up, paws fumbling with the thing, Justin was still watching him. "I - uh..."

"Oh, c'mon, not like *that*. This is a public gym, there are other people around... and besides..." One of the wolf's ears, black-furred in contrast to the grey and white of the rest of his body, flicked. The corner of his mouth curled upward in what Keese could already tell was a rare smile. "I don't know if *you're* taken, and *you* don't know if *I'm* taken. I was just heading over there anyway, and if you're done, you probably should, too. Besides, coming with me will keep you from undressing and showering in a room with strangers, because technically now that you know my name, I'm not a stranger anymore."

He crossed his arms in front of his chest. Keese couldn't possibly say no to that small, sly smile, with sharp white teeth showing between his lips... "Yeah," he said, "sure." He'd never showered at this gym before, but that was no reason why he couldn't start now. Then, for the sake of conversation - and because he was still blushing from that shock: "So... um... you run?"

"Yeah. I try for at least two miles day, either before work or after, but, y'know... sometimes life gets in the way." Justin shrugged. Keese tried to hang behind the wolf a little bit while walking beside him, since he... didn't... know exactly *where* the showers were. "I also swim, sometimes. Used to be huge into some water sports-"

The shepherd's ears perked at hearing that. *No, no, no - of course he doesn't mean like that...*

“...when I was in high school, but now I just stick to the swimming part of it. It’s fun, it’s calming, and it’s a good alternative for when I don’t feel like running... easier on the legs, y’know. How about you?”

Keese’s eyes jumped from one person to another as the pair approached the back wall of the gym, where the doors to the locker rooms stood - ‘men’ on one end and ‘women’ on the other, and no in-between. He’d also *figured* that the showers should be in the same area as the locker rooms, but had never been able to find them himself... though, of course, he also never really spent much time there. He didn’t *actually* own a locker here: he just came in the clothes he planned to work out in, and changed after getting home.

That... might present a problem, he realized. It wouldn’t look too good to Justin here, or anyone else in the shower at the time, if the shepherd were to get out of his gym clothes, shower, and then get right back into them... he passed his tongue over his lips, which had gone a little dry, and cleared his throat. “Oh, I... well, I run, as you could see. That’s really... about it... don’t exactly have the strength to lift weights, and - I sorta just come here to relax.” He coughed. “You know?”

It was the middle of the day, on a Wednesday; Keese purposely chose this time to come to the gym because he figured it’d be the time where the lowest number of people would come. His first attempt had been early in the morning, which he stopped because he found out that several others had the same idea; and then his second attempt was late at night, but that went the same way.

“Showers ‘r down this way,” Justin explained, after the two entered the locker room. Of course it smelled like sweat, the scents of a hundred different guys and just as many different species, wet clothing, and - piss, perhaps? *‘Mm, smell that?’* one of Keese’s high school friends had said to him, the first day they had gym class. Keese remembered inhaling deeply, and then having to suppress a gag. *‘That’s the scent of... hm... bloated ego and disappointment. You get used to it.’* “You ever used the showers here, Keese?”

“Huh? Oh. Um, no, I haven’t.”

“Well, what I said earlier, about getting naked in front of strangers?” The wolf took a turn down one of the aisles between the lockers and promptly started to strip his shorts off, maintaining eye contact with Keese. He had on tight grey briefs underneath, ones that showed to an admirable amount of crispness the outline of his sack and sheath... Keese silently hoped that he could just take his own clothes off after Justin turned around. He felt his own pants get a little tighter, and focused on tugging his shirt off over his head. “That’ll only be out here. The showers - there’s another door, in the back corner of the locker room that goes to them - they’re separated in blocks of four with lockable doors on each block, so you’ll only be naked in front of up to three other people at any given time. Usually it’s less than that. This is a real weird time to come to the gym, so if you’re shy - yes, I can see you blushing; don’t worry, you won’t be the first guy I’ve seen naked - it’ll likely be only you and me. That cool?”

Once the shepherd had finally taken his shirt off (which he’d taken his time in doing), he was relieved to see that Justin had his back turned to him and was putting his clothes in his locker. He quickly tugged his own shorts and underwear off and then held them in front of him, hoping that he’d stop showing pink in a moment or two... “So, uh... where are the towels?”

Justin closed his locker with a *bang*. “Oh, they’re in there. You probably didn’t bring soap or shampoo, huh? Since you don’t use the showers usually? ...Ah, that’s fine; you don’t *have* to do that at the gym. Lots of people don’t. Or, you can just use mine. Oh, here, hand me your clothes - I’ll put them in my locker...”

There was no hissing of another shower already running in the adjacent room, once he’d handed his clothing over and started following the wolf; he was right in the regard that they were alone, and then ensured that they would remain that way. Justin led Keese into the farthest block of showers from the door, and then turned and locked the door behind them.

Upon seeing the shepherd’s bemused expression, he explained “Nothing sucks worse worse than enjoying your shower, and then turning around to see someone there watching you who wasn’t at the start.”

“I... can’t say I’ve ever had that happen to me.” The showers in this room were arranged with two on one of the side walls and two on the opposite. Keese took the one in the back left corner, and jumped a little when he looked up from the floor to see the wolf stepping up to the one next to him. “Oh. Um. You startled me. I thought that you... were...”

As soon as he’d started addressing him, Justin turned to face him and then put an arm out to lean against the wall, showing his full nude front to the shepherd. Keese looked over him for a fraction of a second and then instinctively averted his eyes. That was one *hell* of a package he had between his legs, and he wasn’t even hard yet... but Keese was getting there. He tried to busy his mind with turning the shower on and getting it to the right temperature - the loud *hiss* of the water helped - but couldn’t help but see his own pink point of flesh sticking out of his own sheath. It felt like his cheeks and ears were turning that same color with his blush.

“Keese...”

His ears perked. The shepherd looked over, purposely keeping his eyes locked on Justin’s.

“Wanna do me a favor?”

“...What?”

Here, the wolf pointed down. He hadn’t yet turned on his shower. “Blow me.”

White-furred chest and belly, textured with the lines of firm muscle without being too obviously chiseled - slightly unkempt center ruff that traced down towards his belly button, a little dimple in the cotton, and then down further until it disappeared behind his sheath, the same white color. That sheath looked plump, ‘meaty’ for the lack of a better word: it looked like it would be soft and supple to the touch, would yield easily to Keese’s paw, but he’d definitely find a warm firmness beneath that fur and skin - and his sack hanging below that, good for a nose to press into, for... “I - *what?*”

“What’re you gonna do? You don’t have a towel, I put your clothes in *my* locker... and you’re already wet. It’ll take all of - ten, fifteen minutes, maybe. C’mon, man: I’m pent up, *you* probably have somewhere to be...”

Had he been planning this the whole time? Keese's mouth felt dry; he brought a paw up, wiped at his lips, swallowed. Again Justin was showing that sharp-toothed grin, except now he had lowered one paw to his sheath and squeezed it gently, to urge out the first quarter-inch of his cock. Keese couldn't look away.

"Besides, don't tell me you haven't sucked a cock before, or that you're not interested. Hell - just lookit you now. You're more excited than I am. So, why don't you just... come over here..."

His legs acted without him having to put thought into it. Sure, for about half of the way to the locker room, he was undressing Justin in his mind and wondering how he'd look, and now that he could fully see for himself - he was being *invited* to look... the shepherd stepped out of his shower and approached Justin, eyes focused somewhere between his chest and his cock. His heart beat in his own chest.

"Get down onto your knees... that's a good boy..."

And, then, there was wolf sheath an inch and a half in front of his muzzle, close enough that he could feel the quiet heat radiating off of it, close enough that its scent - sharpened and magnified by the workout - tickled his nose and made him breathe in a little stronger. A paw settled on the back of his head and pulled him closer, forcefully pressing his nose into the slightly coarser pubic fur surrounding that sheath; Keese turned and nuzzled against the side of his own accord and then nosed down a little to do the same to Justin's soft-furred sack, but just as he closed his eyes and let a shiver run through his body, the paw on his head tugged him back up.

He glanced up. Justin had his eyes closed and lips just barely parted, with his other paw holding his sheath at a small angle away from his body. Keese couldn't hear much of anything over the sound of the shower behind him, but he could see the wolf's chest slightly widen as he inhaled, then flatten out when he let that breath out-

-and then he squeezed his eyes shut against the hot piss that arced out of that white sheath and out onto the top of his muzzle. He hadn't been expecting it, and not only did it sting a little, but its sharp odor also quickly filled his nose - especially when the paw on his head came around to his muzzle and held it open, and Justin directed it towards the shepherd's waiting tongue.

"Also heard you mention you were thirsty..." the wolf growled. Keese opened his eyes: not only was the fur of the top of his muzzle now matted down, but he could feel the piss splash against the roof of his mouth, the inside of his cheeks, while it slowly filled up... he was forced to breathe through his nose, and each inhalation brought the bright odor of musky piss back to him. Justin had his sheath pointed down towards the shepherd's open mouth and tugged back a bit, so as not to stain his own fur yellow... Keese could feel what he didn't catch in his mouth roll down his chin, drip onto the floor, trace through the fur of his chest. "So, here y'go..."

The paw holding his muzzle open released him, but he didn't turn away. Instead, he closed his eyes again, let the scent and sharp taste wash over him...

...and then he was forced to swallow, when he was pulled forward so that Justin's sheath rested against his tongue between his lips. Here, the force of the stream felt much *more* and filled up his muzzle quicker. Keese squeezed his eyes shut, tilted his head slightly back, swallowed - felt the faint gag of drinking down something so acrid and strong - and then let it fill up his muzzle

again. It imparted a slick, sticky heat to the inside of his mouth, coated his tongue, made it so that when Justin finally *did* pull back - the wolf made sure to do so just as he was starting to finish, so that he emptied the rest of his bladder out over Keese's chest, belly, and now-twitching cock - he could still taste it bright and strong, so that when he leaned forward and swirled his tongue around Justin's still-dripping tip, the spice of musk only mixed with the taste of piss instead of replacing it.

In fact, the taste didn't leave his awareness for quite a while - not until after he'd urged the wolf's cock all the way out onto his tongue by way of a well-placed paw alongside his lips at the end of his sheath, after he'd bobbed along its length a few times. He almost wished that Justin had more to give: hardly anything felt better than having a hard cock in his muzzle, twitching as it marked the back of his throat with fresh piss... sometimes it made him choke, sometimes he ended up swallowing a bit more than he'd intended, but it was all worth it.

The wolf breathed out a light huff of breath and let his paw fall away from Keese's head, seeing that the shepherd now did things of his own accord. Had none of this happened, Keese would have gone home tonight and had a fresh array of fantasies to paw off to, all concerning this wolf - but here he was, on his knees, smelling of Justin's mark with his throbbing length between his lips, while his shower hissed behind him.

As more time passed with him bobbing along Justin's length, the scent of the piss soaking into Keese's fur seemed to only strengthen and waft up to his nose more easily - and, God, that made him shiver with pleasure. He closed his eyes and shifted back until only the tapered end of Justin's cock remained between his lips, and swirled his tongue around there while stroking him with a paw. If the wolf had just turned to the wall and started relieving himself right there beside him, with Keese watching... well, he probably wouldn't be able to help himself. He might have gone over of his own accord, turned the wolf to him, and taken the marking to his face and neck before letting him fill his mouth... he'd lean down and rest his muzzle beside his sheath, nose *just* beside the slit, so that he could smell his piss as rich and fresh as it came at its source - and he'd occasionally flick his tongue out against it, just enough to get the taste to coat the surface, so he could swallow a little bit down and feel its warmth...

It wouldn't be the first time he'd done that to someone.

Justin's paws both came down on the back of Keese's head, and as a result of no longer having to move - since now the wolf thrust in and out of his muzzle, held in place - the shepherd reached down and started stroking himself. The piss that had drizzled down onto his shaft left it slightly sticky to the touch, so that he could feel it cling to the pads of his fingers - but, hell, it felt nice and slick for stroking, and he was already so worked up anyway that a line of pre dribbled down his underside. *That* was the taste that had started to dominate his muzzle: the amount that drooled out of Justin's length, combined with the wolf's panting and feverish thrusts, let Keese know that this one had exaggerated a little when he said it might take fifteen minutes. He could tell that he was pent up, though.

First he'd had fresh piss emptied against the back of his throat: now, with two paws on the back of his head holding him down, it was hot, thick cum being spurted out into his muzzle, accompanied by a series of breathy moans from the wolf above him. Even after those paws pulled away, Keese remained as far down as he could - knot pulsing against his lips - while finishing himself up, until it was his turn to empty his balls in a few energetic jerks. He had nobody to swallow his down, though: *his* cum just streaked across the tile floor of the showers.

Finally, he pulled back, and drew his tongue over his lips. Just as when he'd emptied his bladder, Justin remained dripping for a few seconds longer, and Keese was there to offer a tongue to catch those drips, all the while maintaining eye contact with the now-panting wolf.

"...Okay," Justin breathed, finally turning his own shower on, "I wasn't... *actually* expecting you to do that. I was gonna... if you'd asked, I would've told you the code to open the locker, but... thanks."

All of that had not only left Keese with a slightly fuller stomach and a feeling of sweet pleasure shuddering through his body, but it also bolstered his confidence a little. *After all, you never really get to know a guy at his most vulnerable until after you've brought him to orgasm.* He straightened up and went back over to his own shower, which had gotten a little too hot for his tastes. "We should start working out together. I'll start doing weights if you'll spot me." The thought of Justin standing right over his head, perfectly positioned so that, if Keese tilted his head back, he could nuzzle up against the front of his sack...

"You could - God..." Justin swallowed and tested the temperature of his water. "You could start swimming with me."

That brought up the thought of Keese relaxing on the edge of the pool - only to have this wolf come up behind him, slide the front of his trunks down, and empty his bladder over the shepherd's head, so that the yellow piss mixed and spread out in the pool water...

Then, the wolf's ears perked, and he looked over at Keese. "I'll only be your workout partner if *this-*" He motioned at the space behind him, where the two had just been. "-becomes a routine thing. Deal?"

Well, he didn't even really have to ask. If Keese concentrated, he could still pick up a hint of the taste of his mark. "Deal."