

Gym Balls

by Maven Treecat

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/maventreecat/>

(Inktober Prompt, Day 21: Drain)

Content warning: Sweat, filth, fatal cock vore, digestion, casual, and humiliation.

Elliot wheezed on the gym bench, the white rabbit's body coated in sweat. It'd been his first full workout in months, and his muscles were worse off from it. However, he wanted to do this. While he had nothing against potentially hooking up with a guy, his voluptuous body and taste in fruity mixers had resulted in eight-too-many straight guys sliding up and inviting "her" to "show them how bunnies breed". A little muscular tone wouldn't hurt his pretty boy image.

He'd not registered, so all Elliot had was a small, unlocked locker near the men's shower room. He didn't expect many people would want to steal his clothes, and he'd hidden his phone and keys decently well inside the gym bag. They'd be buried even further as he removed his shoes, fingerless gloves, and shirt to stuff inside. Casually, he slipped off his boxers and gym shorts, sniffing at their crotch. That act of curiosity usually caused people to recoil in comic disgust, but Elliot liked the scent. Just enough of that male musk to make his cock twitch, not enough to embarrass himself as he padded into the large shower room.

Various anthros leaned up against the white tiles that rose to most guys' chests, letting their respective shower-heads spray water down their muscled bodies and down to the sleek blue tile floor. There weren't any dividing walls or curtains, letting all the various peoples' streams of water rush down the faintly sloping ground and into drainage holes. A silver metal plate with fat lines cut through its center was the only thing between Elliot and a strange scent: the mingled musks and grime of countless bodies from stubborn, viscous remnants that clung to the walls. His sensitive nose was a blessing and a curse, sometimes. It was an arousing scent...but now it was beginning to wake his member up.

He slipped to a unoccupied shower head and pipe near the door, a hand reaching for the knob. A large grey hand, skin thick and cracked, caught his wrist.

"You're in the wrong place." The voice boomed, but its tone was casual and light as if greeting a friend.

"I am male," Elliot sighed, rolling his eyes. "I know I have a girly body..."

"No, you're in the right room. You're in the wrong *place*, though."

The rabbit turned to confront the big-bodied male. "There's no assigned show-"

His blue eyes had initially gazed up into a massive elephant's face, a smile stretching below his white tusks and behind his large trunk. The steady brown eyes of the stranger were so warm and pleasant that Elliot couldn't look into his eyes and be angry. Instead, he looked over the elephant's body. Caked in sweat, the elephant's muscles were highlighted by the

shower room's dim overhead lights. The large, rounded belly was one of those that made less fitness-aware people think the owner was fat and unhealthy, but the way the big arms of the elephant flowed were clearly one of a practically-fit gym-goer. Then his pink nose twitched, his blue eyes traveled further down, and the rabbit's brain drew all of the sensory information to the forefront of his mind.

Elliot's own scent had been completely overpowered. Musk wafted directly into his face, thick enough to make the air he breathed seem heavy. A slab of flaccid grey cock slouched between the elephant's legs; while sweat had decorated the elephant's rough-skinned body, it was smeared over and drenching the smoother skin of the heavy organ. Its foreskin dripped with thick grime, a pungent, heady odor coming from within the hood. The balls weren't much better, dripping with sweat and smelling of pure masculinity.

"You're in the wrong place," the elephant repeated. "You shouldn't be under a shower.. You should be under me, worshiping my dick."

"I-"

"You're flying full mast at eight inches, bunnyslut," the voice interrupted calmly, smile never leaving the big guy's face. "You sniffed your own soiled pants like it was daisies. Well, in walks ambrosia. You really going to refuse a divine meal?"

The rabbit looked down, cheeks growing painfully red at the sight of his positively throbbing cock. His tall, proud ears turned, catching wind of some snickering and whoops from other regulars in the shower room. His eyes stayed focused on the cock. This was absolutely the best pick-up line he'd ever heard, and the powerful stench made his mind start to fry. Thoughts skipped, ideas slipped away, and arousal began to heat his entire body. He stumbled forward, hands reaching out and began to grind his face, chest, and arms up against the filthy package. The scent...he had to have it.

"Good enough," the elephant cooed, hands briefly petting across the top of that blushing rabbit's head before they grabbed him by the back and by the skin of his cheek. "Let's make good use of that fur of yours,." Bodily, without effort, the muscular man began to *scrub* Elliot across his dick. The skin dragged and clung at every opportunity, dark splotches and smears on the white fur marking where the loose, wrinkled flesh had slid over. Elliot's face was unscathed for a few second, but the humming man soon drew the rabbit's body between his legs to scrub that pink nose into his taint, thickly coated balls occasionally spanking the bottom of the makeshift rag's chin.

"Found his phone, Mbwane!" a horse cheered, the water dripping from his body signifying how eagerly he'd run into the locker room to snoop for the goods. He at least had the good sense to wrap the phone in a towel rather than rubbing his water-drenched fingers all over its surface.

"Hey, dickwipe," the elephant said, briefly lifting the rabbit up to his gently smiling face. Mbwane was pleased to see how panting with lust the comparatively small boy was, his eyes

unfocused and his nose caked with grime. "Give us your passcode, and, after you finish wiping me off, I'll let you under the hood."

"4-8-1-8-2-5," Elliot groaned, pre drooling from the tip of his cock down to the tile below. The response was automatic, his mind having been clouded and hotboxed into a slutty mush by the potent elephant stink, too far to contemplate whether he should or shouldn't give it away.

"Hey, there we go!"

Mbwane smiled a little wider, then down Elliot sank, immediately shoved back over the elephant's groin to groan and grow thick with fluids and slime. As his head drifted back to that expanse of smeared flesh, the rabbit couldn't resist slurping his tongue across the taint. As he did, his shaft throbbed hard, small spurts of cum shooting across his own abdomen, against the slowly thickening cock of Mbwane, and across the floor. "Hey, perfect timing Brent," a wolf chuckled, looking at the phone screen the horse held up. "Started rollin' just in time to get him blowin' his pre-me!"

"What was that, twenty seconds?"

"At most! I'm guessin' fourteen. This musk-slut's *gone*."

The elephant grew less purposeful with his scrubbing, gradually shifting the focus to guiding the slurping mouth slowly over his balls, He made sure that tongue squeezed firmly into the back of his sack, letting the oft unwashed nook of sweaty flesh get a proper cleaning. Elliot's cock throbbed once more, bunny seed splattering on the cool tile in full view of his own phone's recording lens. After that, it was a slow rotation around both of those massive orbs, Every so often, Elliot's face was pushed up underneath the grapefruit-sized nuts, the elephant happy to give his package a break and let the drunken rabbit feel the weight pressing down on his little pink nose and scattered whiskers.

By the time Mbwane set Elliot on the ground once more, the bunny's cock was twitching, trying to find more cum to shoot from its length. The elephant pointed to the streaks of white that clung to his foreskin. "Don't be messy in the gym. Clean up after yourself. It's common courtesy." Elliot's head drew up to the shaft.

One hand firmly gripped the bunny by the ears with the other lifted the still drooping dick. The elephant drew both next to each other, then his hand snatched forward to lift the flabby rim of flesh that enshrouded his cock.

th-splik, th-splik, skrlch-SCHLUP!

He pulled the foreskin over the rabbit's head, and after three tugs of the flesh forward, the entire hood began to suck over Elliot's face. His moaning features bulged outwards on the skin as the shower room joined in a raucous laugh at the lewd sight. As thick grime and pure musk smashed into his mouth and nose, his ears, smashed against his forehead by the suckling hood, barely picked up the casual tone of the elephant above.

“Sorry, cocksnot. No sense cleaning up if I’m planning to get dirty again, right?” he mused, hands kneading over the squirming rabbit’s trapped head. “Besides, I still need to help you get to the proper place.”

Elliot had no way of comprehending his state. By now, connections were going dark in his brain, his intelligence and will melting into a meaningless puddle. The rabbit was slowly forgetting what he was doing here, who he was, and all the things he might do. All that was left was drunk pleasure, a dopey smile, the last instinctual urges to squirm and escape, and the thought of the only thing he needed to do anymore. Get to his proper place.

*squis***SHLUCK~**

Mbwane felt the rabbit’s head slip into his cum-slit, the head of his shaft gulping it down in practiced, unfeeling squeezes. “Mmf.” Usually a quiet guy, the elephant couldn’t help but sound out the occasional grunt or pleased huff as a squirming, needy slut danced their way down his cock to their demise. Maybe this bunny could’ve gotten buff. Maybe he could’ve done important things. Maybe he could’ve caught on to the subtle warning signs and registered with the gym to even have a chance. But no, instead, this bunny was getting speedily shunted forward down an elephant’s cock by two firm hands and the curl and drag of a big trunk, all because Mbwane’s scent was just that dominant.

The bulging shape, vague and barely even anthropomorphic due the thick skin resisting its feeble attempts to stretch it, arced slowly upwards to where the shaft met solid elephant body. To its credit, Mbwane was beginning to find his shaft stiffening to full mast from the stimulation, and Elliot’s reward was an even tighter, more crushing passage. The rabbit, curved as his body was, suffered no issues being slurped away, his feet leaving the ground and disappearing into the elephant’s cum-slit with a satisfying *pop*.

Mbwane gripped around his cock, slowly pumping his hand over the flesh as Elliot vanished into his balls. It grew and bulged, a lumpy squirmy shape letting lusty groan after groan sound out through the volume-killing flesh. As his shaft throbbed at full stiffness, the foreskin drawn back behind the eager grey cock-head, thick noises began to further make the rabbit’s last noises go unheard.

gllrrrrkgllll

The low, bass gurgle matched the powerful kneading and churning motions the elephant’s balls made. The last “*Eep*” and gurgling of the rabbit were lost in the messy squishing noises as his body squeezed and melted down. “Here we go,” Mbwane huffed, his trunk blasting at the streams of water from a few of the showers less attentive gym-goers had left on, “almost got you ready to go.” The crowd of men laughed and watched as the elephant stopped to stand casually above one of those silver drain covers. His trunk gripped it and dropped it a foot aside. “C’mon cocksnot, this is where you belong. C’mon...hff...hff...nnf~”

SpLurch, splurCH, sPluRch...
Gulk-glup-glup-glup-gluk-gluck

Thick, oozing spunk squeezed out from his cock and directly down the drain below. The pipes swallowed every throb of former rabbit, air being displaced as the massive load continued to drool down and fill the passage on its way to the sewers. Mbwane's expression was clearly one of immense satisfaction, smiling as his hand continued to pump over the grey flesh, fingers smearing with the last trace of the rabbit, the faintest hint of his smell left on the seed he'd spilled. After all, what flowed through the pipes was undoubtedly Mbwane's, his smell flooding the shower room.

"Right...down...the...drain..." he grunted with the last few pumps, sighing as the guys around cheered and clapped. The last of the load emptied out. "Proper gym etiquette, guys," the elephant chuckled as he knocked the drain cover back in place. The horse ran the phone back into the locker room while the rest of them wrapped up their cleaning routines.

"Hey Mbwane," the wolf called to his shower neighbor, "this mean tonight's one of our party days?"

"Well, it's not like that jizz needs a house or car when it's found its true place," the elephant chuckled. The warm water sprayed down, his hands moving to wash away the last faint smears of foreign scent upon his palm, fingers, and steadily softening shaft. His thumb rubbed over the tip as it retreated back into his foreskin, rubbing away the last glob of his own rabbit-fueled load from the tip. "So yeah. Usual protocol. Gym party at cocksnot's pad!"

The gym crew cheered and laughed as they finished cleaning up. Mbwane's balls always seemed happy to deal with the weaker guys that stepped in to try the gym out without committing to a registration; if they weren't that serious yet, they were either cheap and easy or they were browsing the goods. Either way, if their little minds turned to goop at his scent, they weren't meant to be walking about.

By the end of the day, Elliot's gym bag had found itself buried in a dumpster, his apartment was left coated in spunk and ruin, and his social media profiles had new profile pictures and statuses. "In my proper place: down the drain! Visit Everytime Gym at 11th and Standard if you want to be cum too!" And, before moderators could disable the profiles (both for violating terms of service and the listed person no longer existing), most of the rabbit's friends got to see the image of cum pouring down the drain from an enviable grey cock held by a stocky, strong hand.

It meant a different thing entirely when someone in town said that Everytime had the best gym balls to work out with.