

The changing room stunk of socks, jocks and sweat. The drizzle of the showers accompanied the ruckus of fellow students undressing with (in)appropriate banter, the less physically inclined shying away from the jocks who delighted in machismo, the vain comparing muscles and cock size, the dedicated discussing training regiments, the bullies heckling the nerds. It came as no surprise to Brian that Wally was first to finish getting dressed, keeping to himself with downcast eyes while hurriedly grabbing his bag to leave.

"See you tomorrow, Wally," Brian called out as the bear reached the door. It drew momentary attention, to which Wally responded by staring resentfully back at Brian. A murmur of acknowledgement followed as the door closed, and the room returned to its previous atmosphere. Snickering to himself, he made a mental note to apologise as he flicked his tail, but the white bear was too easy to tease. He licked his lips as he buttoned his shirt, each and every one up to his collar, making sure his pocketwatch remained in its snug home in the left pocket. He gave it a quick look – the time was now – and he snatched his bag, gesturing farewell to the rest of the room. At large, they did not care.

He hummed to himself as he continued further into the building. When he turned the corner, he saw his destination not too far ahead, on the left side of the wall. He could not keep his lips from twitching as he walked up to it, gazed at the plaque on the door – *Coach* – and gave it a knock.

"Come in," a gruff voice called. Brian made sure the hallway was empty before he entered.

The old Rottweiler had a grumpy expression, leaned over an old and worn desk in front of a small monitor, a clipboard under his chin. He sat in a chair considerably newer than most of the equipment within – a set of dumbbells lay next to a pair of lockers, of which one was open and stuffed with dirty clothes; the other contained another set of attire. Brian thought they were freshly laundered by the smell, which cut through the otherwise dingy and damp air that emphasised only how old this room was. Between the lockers and a door in the corner stood a bench, underneath which were several pairs of shoes. In the door beyond was the shower, which hadn't yet been used – the coach's scent told Brian that much.

"Ah," the dog said sombrely, scooting out of the chair. "I wasn't sure if I'd see you today."

"I'm always at PT," Brian replied playfully. The dog rolled his eyes as he rose from his seat. He was considerably taller than Brian, broader, more heavily built – not all muscles now, with a bit of a gut – but he was all in all larger – and Brian stepped aside as coach went for the door.

"You know what I meant," he huffed, locking the door. Then he approached the cheetah, who came to greet him eagerly, lips parted as the canine muzzle hungrily slobbered all over his own. The coach lifted him from the ground, and he groaned happily, huffing as he marvelled in the taste of the dog's lips. "Gods, I missed you."

"Me too, coach," Brian said between breaths, arms wrapped tight around the dog's neck. Their snogging slowly coming to an end, Brian found himself back on the ground as the coach straightened up, sighing.

"Seeing you's got me all..." he sighed, and he gestured to his crotch. Indeed, underneath the fabric of his shorts, the bulge was already prominent. "Ah, hell..."

The Rottweiler wrung off his a-shirt as he sat down on the bench, and he started to unbutton Brian's meticulously buttoned shirt. The cheetah stood there with a bashful smile as the old dog grinned up at him, eyes alight with equal excitement. When every button was undone, belly and chest was all exposed.

The coach rose again, and he dragged Brian's shirt off. Brian shivered a little, pulling his shoulders together, but the old dog shook his muzzle. "No, don't be like that, you are absolutely gorgeous." A wet kiss on the lips, then he nipped and licked on his cheek, down to his collar. Brian sighed and gazed down at the coach, whose deft fingers had already undone Brian's trousers, each kiss gradually going lower, past his nipples to his belly. His trousers hit the ground, and he whined when the coach's fingers pulled down his boxers to reveal his throbbing, hard cock.

He gasped when the dog's warm muzzle engulfed his member to the root, spittle and slurping joining his heaving for air. He put his hands on the dog's shoulders, trying to keep himself standing as his coach bobbed his head with a mouth so hungry it ached. His legs trembled, his voice

quiet as he mumbled, "Coach, I won't last much longer..."

It was a different ache when the coach stopped sucking his cock, but he did not object. The dog stood up now as well, his member peeking out from the rim of his shorts. Brian looked up to the old dog's face expectantly as the shorts and jock slid down his legs, and the coach looked back with lust as he grabbed his own dick. "Care to join me in the shower?"

"That's a stupid question," Brian grinned, and he stepped past the coach, over the bench, to enter the door to the washing room. He saw the coach rummage in the lockers behind, before the towering shadow followed. Discoloured tiles of white and turquoise made the shower, which was outfitted with a glass cabinet taking up half of the room, and as he slid open the shower doors, he heard the click of the lock.

"I remembered," the old dog huffed as he made sure the cabinet was closed. He held up a thick, black bottle, its label peeled off – but Brian knew what it was.

"Great," he replied eagerly.

"Turn around," the coach continued impatiently, and Brian obeyed. The first dab of lube was cool to the touch, and when the digit started digging into his tailhole he shivered and huffed. He mumbled "Don't stop," as the dabs and wiggles became a slow and determined thrust, until it had gone all the way in to the knuckle. The second finger eased in more quickly – Brian bit his lip with a heavy, delirious sigh – only when the slow in-and-out had him purring was he again left wanting as the coach stopped. He looked over his shoulder to see the coach squirt lube all over his own member, massaging it with an eager, almost goofy grin. Then he did a gesture for Brian to turn back to face him – when Brian did, the coach wasted no time pushing him up against the wall.

Held by the coach, Brian grasped the dog's shoulders as he was slowly lowered down onto the Rottweiler's waiting member. Even if the coach had used three fingers, it wouldn't have been enough – he whimpered with every bit of dick that entered him. There was restraint involved, he knew, as the coach grunted and grimaced with lust to pound him hard on the spot. He couldn't tell the inches, but he knew when he was halfway down the pole, and by the time the coach had hilted, he had fallen forward in delight.

For all the musk and the desire, the coach took his time. Each thrust was slow and deliberate, accompanied with deep whiffs of the cheetah's neck, kisses on his snout and lips. Brian's ears were splayed as he sniffed the wet, damp, sweaty pelt with admiration. He loved the odour, gorged on it, as he quietly whispered "harder", or "faster", or "slower" – this time, it was the coach who obeyed, occasionally nipping his neck or biting down on his shoulder.

Then the coach's legs began to tremble. How much time had passed, Brian did not know, but he whimpered softly.

"I'll be..." the old dog huffed with another slow thrust, "I'll be fine..."

"Lay down," Brian replied as he kissed the dog's cheek. "Let me do the rest of the work."

The old dog grinned as he let the cheetah down. Brian was as unsteady on his feet as the dog, who leaned on the cabinet door. When he opened it and left, a puzzled Brian followed to find the coach clearing the bench. Then he laid down, legs off of either side, cock stiff and dripping hard, anticipation in the dog's eyes.

This time, Brian had no problem sinking down onto the coach's cock, already hungry for it deep inside. The old dog had put his arms behind his head now, eyes watching admiringly as the cheetah began his ride. Slowly, up and down, slowly because that's what he wanted today. The impulse to finish quickly had been cast aside now – the dog didn't thrust his hips or show any signs of wanting to finish. The shudders that ran through the coach hinted at an inbound climax, but Brian was going to ride it out slowly.

"Soon," the dog whispered, closing his eyes. "Soon..."

The old dog gasped and squirmed as Brian's pace carried on for several minutes; then there was an involuntary jerk of the hips, followed by the dog's grip on Brian's hips and the arching of his upper body. The dog growled as he emptied himself in the cheetah, and Brian's paw slid behind his back to gently rub the dog's balls – they pulsed still for another few seconds, then it was over.

"Gods, I love you," the dog whispered. Brian leaned forward only to be embraced by the

coach, who pushed deeper into him.

"Coach..." Brian murmured back, closing his eyes as he nestled his muzzle in the dog's chestfur. The dog nipped his left ear playfully, as his hands roamed the cheetah's lower back, grooming him slowly, basking in the warmth. Then the coach grunted, shifting uncomfortably until he managed to sit upright. With the coach balls deep in him, Brian wiggled a little, holding on tight. The coach, however, slowly pushed Brian down onto his back, careful to keep his cock nestled inside the cheetah, until he lay exposed before the Rottweiler, whose hands slowly brushed over the gold-and-cream pelt, down to the throbbing member between his legs.

Then the coach bent down with ease. Brian blinked – and then groaned – as his cock was against embraced by the coach's warm and wet muzzle, still hilted to the dog's thick member. He wasn't sure when the moan in his throat had begun, but it built in volume rapidly as he twitched, a leg kicking the air.

"Ah, c-coach," Brian yelled, his body shaking as the dog's tongue swirled over the head of his member. The dog suckled and slurped audibly, spit dribbling down to coat the cheetah's orbs, the feline's voice reverberating off the walls – then he was muffled forcibly as the coach's paw clamped his muzzle shut. Brian jerked and squirmed, whimpering as he felt the surge of pleasure run him through – his cock jerked, and twitched, and he bucked his hips upwards, deep into the dog's muzzle; he came hard, fast, sweet relief and sharp pain mingling, the smell of lube and sweat pressed against his lips and nose as his cries were suppressed, and his body convulsed.

Then the ache of orgasm ended, warm air washing over his drained member as coach let loose of his muzzle. He heaved for air, looking up at the dog who looked back with a wistful grin, his muzzle coated in thick and sticky jizz. He grinned back through the coach's fingers, letting his body ease into the moment, revelling in the afterglow.

"I'm sorry," the coach said, meaning it, as he loosened his grip on the cheetah's muzzle. "You're always so loud."

"Sorry, coach," Brian purred back, pressing his cheek against the palm of the old dog's paw. "That's your fault, though."

"You cheeky brat," the dog chuckled as he pulled the cheetah up into his lap. "Really, though, we've got to be careful..."

Nodding, Brian buried his muzzle into the coach's neckfluff, loving the smell of sweat and musk. He felt the dog's warm breath wash over his ears, felt the big warm arms squeeze him tight, and the dog murmured into his ears, "I love you, Brian, gods, I do..."

"Love you too, coach," Brian purred, closing his eyes as he wrapped his arms around the burly dog's chest – and the dog embraced him tighter.

---

Groaning, Brian leaned on the wall, tongue lolling out of his mouth as the coach massaged his rump and thighs with soap. Steam rose from the floor, enveloping them both, the old dog humming to himself as his hands roamed up and down the cheetah's frame. When the cheetah was fluffy with foam, the dog rose, hands reaching around Brian's chest, dragging him into the warmth of the stream.

"Coach?" the cheetah purred, nuzzling up the dog's chin; the dog rumbled in response. "Can you suck yourself off?"

"Yep," the coach grinned, kissing the cheetah on the nose.

"I've always wanted to do that," Brian admitted, wiggling his ears. "I mean, why bother with sex if you can get yourself off like that?"

"Well, your arse is better," the dog chuckled, and Brian felt the dog's cock press against his tail. "And it's different when somebody else gets you off. At least to me."

"I know what you mean," Brian pressed against the dog's crotch, revelling in the groan.

"Won't you suck me off next time?" the dog murmured, running his paws through the cheetah's chestfur in long, slow strokes. "I miss that mouth of yours."

"You know I will, coach." Brian brushed his lips against the dog's, tasting his tongue.

"Let's get you cleaned up, gods know how long we've been here now," coach rumbled as he kissed back softly.

"Aye aye, coach."

When the dog had rinsed all the soap out of his pelt, Brian left the steamy confines of the shower, shook off the excess fur, and snatched the towel hanging on the door handle. The dog hummed a jolly tune as his silhouette shampooed under his armpits and the front of the belly, and Brian found it hard to look away as he kept on half-heartedly drying.

His belly was most definitely dry when the coach strode out in all his glory, grabbing the remaining towel – twice as large as Brian's – and he grinned at the cheetah. Brian smiled, eyes still plastered on the dog's physique. He made some progress until the coach began drying his thighs, one leg up on the bench, cock dangling all limp and thick and within arm's reach.

"You do make an old dog feel wanted," the coach said warmly after a moment, gently reaching forward and cupping Brian's cheek. "Do you always stare so?"

"Can't help it, coach," Brian grinned, his cheeks alight, as he gazed up into the dog's eyes. "You're just that good."

The dog's laugh echoed as he finished drying his crotch, and he hummed affectionately on an old song as he worked the rest of his pelt. Brian, having tossed the wet towel aside, found his bundle of clothes on the floor, and he began to dress.

"When do you think we could meet next time?" Brian asked eagerly as he grabbed his bag.

"A week's time, maybe," the dog murmured, slipping into his fresh attire. "Mondays are good. I'll leave first," he added, when Brian reached for the door. "Just to make sure."

"Aye aye," Brian grinned. The dog joined him by the door, but before he touched the lock he laid a paw on the cheetah's shoulder, and kissed him between the ears.

"Brian..." he rumbled affectionately, though it also sounded somewhat off. "I... I really do love you."

"Love you too, coach," Brian leaned against the dog's frame, nuzzling up to the canine's chin. The dog only nodded and smiled, but his eyes were...

"Soon," coach reached the lock – *click* – and he stepped out into the hallway with a last look of affection. A prolonged glance in both directions, and then he beckoned Brian out, stiff and grumpy.

"Thanks for the counselling, coach," Brian said briskly as he strode past the dog with a cool wave. The dog gave a gruff grunt of approval, their eyes not meeting. The rattle of keys followed the cheetah as he left the building, out into the cold recesses of autumn, with a skip in his step that he could not keep away, even if he tried.

Meanwhile, in the office, the old dog slumped in his chair by the desk, staring up at the ceiling.

"What the fuck is wrong with me?"