

Private Workout

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Andy Playmore was your typical fox, in that he was gay, submissive, and had seen more cocks than a chicken farmer. Where he was less than typical, however, was in his love of working out. Though he loved his mother dearly, her high-fat, low-vitamin diet had led to a childhood of obesity and teasing, with even some of his good friends referring to him as "Eatmore" during recess. Once he moved out he resolved to change his ways, and before final exams in his first year of college he had already dropped down to a correct weight and given himself the six-pack abs he had always yearned for. Graduating with a degree in sports medicine, he quickly became a sensation everywhere he went, thanks in no small part to the ability to keep up the attitude of the people he was training. Rather than bashing or insulting people for being fat, he made a big deal out of how much weight they were losing, and wasn't above flirting or even fucking trainees who showed commitment to a healthy lifestyle. Of course, not everyone was keen on his advances, but the girls and the gays both loved to see his tight little ass wiggle around. As such, it was pretty natural for him to take up a job as an aerobics instructor on the M.V. Ambrosia, an all-gay cruise liner with a reputation for being a bit of a playground.

Andy wasn't opposed to guys who were a bit chubby, but he really preferred guys who were a bit more toned and shaped. As such, he had been sold on the M.V. Ambrosia as soon as he saw photos of Wilhelm, the ship's overly endowed and overly muscular "party guide." That noble stag, with his enormous biceps and unreasonably large cock, was one of the big draws for the ship, and more than once he'd managed to peel him away from his throng of adoring fans to get some private time with him on the mat. It helped that other boys, such as Keoni or his boyfriend Samuel, routinely came down to his small but adequate gym in order to work out and keep their trim tummies and pert asses. With so many boys to pick up, and so many people to look good for, most of the staff came through his gym daily. It was certainly the only way to counteract the delicious but fattening dishes that Henry served every day in the kitchen!

Every morning, Andy got up at six so that he could go to the gym and clean it before beginning his official 8 AM workout session. The door to the gym was unlocked, so that guests could come and go as they saw fit, and as such there was always a pile of dirty towels and a few abandoned water bottles to clean up, as well as plenty of dried sweat. Andy didn't mind, though, he was just glad to see that the place was being used. Most of the guests were very well behaved and used the equipment properly, and he only had problems when someone

got drunk and threw up in there. Even then, they often made it to the trash can, or the showers on the far side. And Samuel was quick to dash down and drag them off to the drunk tank if they made the mistake of still being there when Andy arrived.

It wasn't unusual for him to arrive in the gym and find it being used, especially since a lot of guys wanted to get up early and do their work out before the place got crowded. It was, however, for the guest doing their workout routine to be completely naked except for a bandana around their head, an MP3 player strapped to their arm, and a timer on their chest. Andy giggled to himself as he opened the door and found Jack, a retailer who had been visiting the gym almost as soon as he got on the boat, sitting mostly nude on the chest press. He had been flirting back and forth with the rottiie, and daring him to take advantage of the ship's "clothing optional" policy from time to time, even going so far as showing up to an aerobics session wearing nothing except his shoes and socks. Jack hadn't been rude, but it was clear that his focus when it came to the gym was purely on working out, and that whatever dirty intentions he might have were confined to other areas of the ship. Andy was a bit sad to see such a prize get away, but he always respected a guest's wishes, and it wasn't like he didn't have plenty of other guests to play with.

"Well, I didn't know you were so committed to working out," said Andy as he began to clean up the place. For the most part, he acted as though it were perfectly normal for there to be someone working out nude in his gym. Not that it was unheard of for furs to do so, but they generally at least wore shorts, for fear of getting certain parts of their anatomy caught in the machines. Plus it was six in the morning, most of the people on the ship who were naked were also sleeping off last night's partying, whether they bein their cabin, on a deck chair, or passed out drunk in a corner somewhere. Anyone who was responsible enough to be up at six was usually also too responsible to be running around naked.

"My sleep schedule has been kind of weird since I skipped sleep entirely the first couple of days," said Jack. "I woke up in my cabin alone, I wasn't tired, and I can't have the ship's breakfast before eight. So I figured I'd go work out, since that always makes me feel better." Andy nodded, bending over a bit more than was strictly necessary to retrieve a discarded towel and toss it down the laundry chute. He could see Jack stir a bit, letting the fox know that the rottweiler was interested in what he had to offer. Maybe the dog hadn't gotten laid last night, or maybe he'd just had enough of the look-but-don't-touch. Andy giggled as he thought about how he'd fucked a big stallion right on the dance floor two evenings ago, and he wondered if Jack had happened to see it. Most of the guests had.

"That makes sense," said Andy, smiling and leaning into the sponge as he wiped down the machines that Jack wasn't using. "So can I get you anything? Coffee? Fruit juice? I know that after a bagel and some fruit I'm good until noon, but I imagine you might be a bit peckish if you haven't had anything to eat..."

"I'm good," said Jack, grinning as he completed his reps and slowly brought the weights to a standstill. He flexed his arms a bit, grinning as his biceps bulged excellently. He was not a bodybuilder by any means, but he was certainly very toned, no doubt the result of careful honing at the gym, as well as regular athletic activity. "I've been eating a bit much on this vacation, and after a huge meal last night I am still not at all hungry. I may not even be hungry at lunch time."

"I know what you mean," said Andy, smiling and moving over to Jack, even going so far as to lean on his shoulder. "Henry's meals are, to say the least, more than filling. I've eaten myself sick trying to finish a single course, and he usually has three or four. It's gotten to where I mostly make my own meals; Henry doesn't know the first thing about a healthy diet. He just makes everything delicious."

"I know, and I'm not used to it," said Jack. He was trying his best to be casual, and to steer the conversation away from the rumbling between his legs, but as Andy shifted from touching the dog's shoulders to massaging them, he was rapidly getting a rather impressive boner. The dog's black shaft, big enough to impress but not so big as to be hard to handle, was just the perfect size for a bit of casual fun. But Andy wasn't about to ruin things by jumping the gun and sliding down his hand just now. Slow and steady won the race more often than not. "My boyfriend used to be a ship's cook, and he's studying to be a nutritionist, so I'm used to just eating whatever he serves me and feeling fine."

Andy froze when he heard the word "boyfriend," knowing that he might be treading on dangerous ground. He'd seen more than one relationship explode into yelling and even fighting on board the M.V. Ambrosia, where "free love" was almost a mantra. It was hard for monogamous couples to have a romantic night alone on a ship so devoted to partying. As such, he knew well how tense things tended to get, and he didn't want to step into anything unexpected. Had Jake signed up to get away from his boyfriend for awhile, or were they traveling together? And if the latter, were they open to experimentation?

"I know what you're thinking," said Jack. "And keep up with the massage. Mitchell and I have more than an understanding, in fact, its trips like this that keep us together. Why cheat on your boyfriend when the both of you can just share? And yes, I know you've been looking at me. I didn't expect to find you this early in the morning, but..." Jack leaned in and put his lips to Andy's, causing the fox to lean forward and slip his tongue into the wolf's mouth. They kissed deeply for a moment, their long, sloppy appendages wrapping around one another as they licked and lapped at one another's teeth. Jack was a good kisser, the sort of guy who brought his partner in close and deep, sending the intimacy surging through the both of them.

Andy slowly crawled into the dog's lap, grabbing his enormous shaft and caressing it gently in his hands. Jack groaned, panting as

he felt the fox's firm grip on his member. It tensed and pulsed in his hands, and he rubbed up and down it slowly. His well practiced fingertips gently massaged the dog's throbbing tip, working out a large bead of pre and then smearing it all around the head. His other hand came up and cupped the dog's balls, squeezing and working them gently between his fingers. Jack groaned, whimpering as he felt the soft massage working its way up his crotch and through his body. Andy could tell by the way he was moaning and groaning that the poor puppy hadn't had much relief during this trip, possibly not since before he arrived on the boat. Andy grinned and dropped to his knees, eager to give the rottie a bit of relief.

"I hope you don't mind if I eschew the whole 'workout' roleplay routine. As you might imagine, I've done it enough to get tired of it in this job," said Andy. He gently pressed his cold nose against Jack's throbbing shaft, making the dog shudder and grab at the hand holds of the exercise machine.

"Ahhh, that's fine," said Jack. "Really I just...After seeing you on that dance floor...And all the bending over..." The rottweiler groaned, his tongue slipping out and his eyes rolling backwards as the fox began to slip the big black shaft into his maw. He worked it gently, delicately, twisting his tongue this way and that across the tip before descending. Taking care to let his mouth adjust to the width and warmth, he nestled it in his jaw, using his tongue to work the spittle and pre gently down the sides of the shaft. Andy twisted his muzzle this way and that as the shaft became slicker and slicker, the sticky wetness soon allowing him to slip and descend down the dog's cock deeper and deeper.

Andy took his time, enjoying the feel and the flavor of the huge dick in his mouth. He had always been big into cocksucking, thanks in no small part to his twisty and talented tongue. Like so many canines he had a long, floppy tongue, well suited to licking and lapping, and he loved to make the most of it. As he nipped Jack's length with his lips and teeth, he twisted his tongue around and around the shaft. His extraordinarily long licker allowed him to slide almost all the way around in a candy-cane like fashion, twisting gently even as it rubbed across the edges and tip of the swollen black member. Jack was positively spewing precum at this point, the fox sucking down and swallowing great heaps of the stuff as it emerged. The warm, salty flavor drove him positively crazy, and there were few things he enjoyed more than gulping down wave after wave of hot, salty pre. It had an almost hypnotizing effect on him, and the more he had, the more he seemed to want. Soon he was bobbing up and down on the shaft, his tail wagging into a blur as he laid his ears down flat.

Jack gently ran his fingers through Andy's short, close-cropped and curly hair, pressing the fox down insistently but without malice or force. His own tail was likewise wagging, the small docked tip rubbing firmly against the soft seat of the weight machine. Andy didn't need much in the way of direction or control, and it was more than simple for Jack to keep him sucking and rubbing. Years of

experience had brought the fox an almost instinctive ability to understand and dispense pleasure, and with every touch and lick he hit almost exactly where it would give the rottweiler the absolute most in terms of pleasure. Jack gasped and put his hands behind his head, letting out a sigh of utter contentment as the fox continued to suck and slurp on his shaft. "Damn, last time I had a blowjob this good...Actually; I don't know if I've ever had a blowjob this good!" Jack groaned a bit as the fox slowly slid off, twirling and licking his tongue as he did so.

"I have lots of time to practice," said Andy, grinning. He gently slurped from base to tip, growling and whimpering as he sucked down the flavor. His tail was wagging so vigorously that it was shaking his entire ass back and forth, and Jack couldn't help but stare at it reflected in the workout room mirrors.

"Ahn, well really, It's mostly because I do the sucking," said Jack, whimpering a bit and shifting to a more upright sitting position, slowly pulling away from Andy's dripping maw. "I know it doesn't look like it, but I'm a bit of a subby bitch most of the time. You know how it is better to give than receive." Jack blushed a bit through his fur and turned around, presenting his ample rump to the fox with a shake.

"It's cute how your docked little tail wags like that," said Andy, grinning and giving the canine's ass an ample grope. "Hold on a sec, I always keep a bottle of lube in my locker."

"No need, I always keep one in my gym bag," said Jack, grinning and reaching down. Andy hadn't noticed the well-worn duffel bag at the dog's feet, which contained several changes of clothes in addition to the lube. The tossed and tusseled nature of the topmost layer let Andy know that Jack had in fact not arrived in the gym naked, but had undressed upon his arrival. He grinned.

"Lube and a change of clothes, huh? You knew I'd be here at six to clean up the place, didn't you?" said Andy. Jack grinned and nodded a confirmation, prompting Andy to take a more dominant, punish-the-naughty sort of role. "Well, seems to me like some slut puppy's been tempted by a big bad fox with a big bad cock! I guess I'll just have to make sure you get what you deserve in the end!" As Jack braced himself against the seat, Andy gave the dog a firm smack on the ass, making him yelp and then giggle in delight. Slowly and gently, he dispensed the lube and slicked up his shaft, after which he slid his fingers into the dog's tailhole for a little exploratory probing. He found Jack to be loose and clean, and his eagerness was quite inviting. Gently, he tapped his tip against the dog's tailhole, and then began to lean in slowly as his shaft sank deeper and deeper.

Jack groaned as Andy pushed his way in, the dog panting and whimpering with the effort as he tried to relax. Andy's shaft was not monstrous; in fact even Keoni had more length and girth. But it was not tiny by any means, and on Andy's miniscule frame, it actually looked rather large. Still, Jack had no difficulty taking it, and he groaned and squeezed eagerly on the fox as Andy slid in deeper and

deeper. The way he was bucking and rubbing, it was clear to Andy that Jack was in desperate need of such attention, and as such, he moved firmly and decidedly, working his length deep into the rottweiler and pushing it around softly. He nipped at the dog's ear once he knew he'd hit the canine's soft spot, gently rubbing and grinding against Jack's prostate. He reached around and began working the dog in his hand, the slick, glistening member still warm and hard to the touch.

An intense daily workout routine left both Andy and Jack with energy to spare, and as such they lost no time kicking it up a notch. As soon as Andy was comfortably deep inside the rottie, they began bucking and shoving and fucking as hard as they could. Both of them were filled with powerful energy, and as such, their only limitation was their position and ability to find firm purchase on the machine. Grabbing onto the safety handles and bracing his feet on the floor, Jack did his best to ensure his body was a firm base for Andy to push into, and the fox responded by wrapping his arms around the dog and throwing his full weight into the rottie with almost every thrust. Pushing against the ground with the balls of his feet, he shoved and fucked as hard as he could, his six-pack abs compressing and unleashing again and again. He shoved hard with his bulging thighs, doing his best to almost throw himself into it with each stroke.

Jack was likewise energetic and powerful, pushing and shoving himself onto Andy with powerful eagerness. His tongue lolled out and he closed his eyes, drooling onto the foam seat and cold metal of the exercise machine. His shaft, worked hard by Andy's fingers, was dribbling precum in a steady stream. He groaned and panted, knowing his orgasm was close, and he did nothing to hold it back. As he tensed with the sensation, his shaft exploded, sending out blast after blast across the back and bottom of the seat. He howled, and then grinned, looking at Andy over his shoulder.

"Bad, naughty puppy!" said the fox. "Look at the mess you made!" Andy grinned and drove his shaft home a few more times, shifting his grip from the dog's shoulders to his waist. His own climax approaching, he shifted from shoving to grinding, though in no way did he decrease the force or power being sent through his hips. The now-flaccid dog was subjected to a powerful tingling sensation which threatened to keep his orgasm buzzing for quite some time. Andy couldn't keep up that kind of power forever, though, and soon he too was cumming, his face contorting and then relaxing as pleasure assaulted him again and again.

Andy was one of those boys who came steady and slow, and his orgasms lasted for minutes, not seconds. As such, he was more than content to milk himself out inside Jack, letting the sensation simmer and flow through him before slowly pulling back and out. "Damn," said Jack, grinning and shaking his ass as Andy finally pulled all the way out of it. "I didn't think you had it in you. I mean, you're such a small guy."

"Bigger don't mean better!" said Andy, grinning and striking a pose, his flaccid shaft still dripping and bobbing between his legs.

He grabbed a towel and began wiping down the machine, doing his best to wipe up the mess before it dried, but giving the surface a quick bleach spray just to make sure.

"Well, I think I'll go take a shower," said Jake, shaking his hips as he casually walked towards the showers. Andy took his time in following, wanting to keep up with the dog without being a bit too over eager. After all, he had just cum pretty hard, and he would need a bit of recovery time. Still, the prospect of touching, groping and fondling under a stream of nice hot water was appealing, so Andy made his way into the showers as soon as he felt satisfied with the cleanliness of the weight machine. He needed it to be ready in case someone wanted to use it, after all!

Andy had expected to see Jake standing seductively in the shower, possibly even rubbing soap into his chest or curling his finger at the approaching fox. But again, he was surprised by Jake, only this time it was because the dog was making out with a tall, studly otter, the big sea creature's muscles bulging and rippling beneath wet, oily fur as they embraced tightly. Andy blushed a bit, figuring that the dog must have encountered his aforementioned boyfriend. As such, he stepped back slowly, wanting to make his way back to the door. He didn't want to interfere, after all. Especially when the pair made such a cute couple.

Just as he started to put a squeak in the hinge of the door, however, both the otter and the dog turned towards them, shower water and slobber still glistening from their lips. "Took you long enough!" said Jack. "I was beginning to wonder if maybe we'd have to get started without you!"

"Bah, you know I'm the patient type," said the otter. "Name's Bartholomew Lewis, by the way, but everybody just calls me 'Thew.' It's easier to say, and it's an old-fashioned word for muscles!" As the otter spoke, he struck a few poses, showing off his powerful arms and legs. Unlike his lithe and toned boyfriend, Thew was more of the bodybuilder type, and would no doubt be at home with Wilhelm or any of the other highly muscular, well-built guys who frequented the weight room and packed more weight-gain powder than they did fresh underwear. "Now, I think I've been patient long enough, so how about we get down to business?" The big otter gave Jack a firm grope across the ass cheeks, then walked over to Andy, practically dragging him back to the shower as he shyly let the big otter lead.

"I hope you don't mind," said Jack. "But it's your turn to be the bitch. I'm afraid you wore out my poor little tailhole back there. Besides, I know you'll want what Thew is packing. Most foxes do." Andy looked down and only then realized that the otter had a massive, thick package, almost as thick as his wrist, despite being of only modest length. No wonder Jack was so loose, so easy to penetrate with little more than a lube and fingering!

"Jeez, careful with that monster!" said Andy, grinning as he gently lowered himself down onto all fours. The tile floor wasn't exactly the most comfortable thing to kneel on, but he was more than

used to such rough treatment. After all, the cement around the pool wasn't much more comfortable, neither was the hard wood of the ship's deck, and that had never stopped him before. Indeed, it never even slowed him down. As such, he eagerly lifted up his tail for Thew's inspection, hoping the otter knew well enough to take it lubed and slow, and that Jack still had another round in him.

"Well I guess I'll take this end, even though I already have once today," said Jack, grinning and dropping down for the fox, gently slapping his flaccid shaft against Andy's muzzle. Though he had somewhat washed it in the shower while he waited for Andy to arrive, he had mostly just let the water run over it, and as such it was still coated in scent, mess and flavor. The fox licked and slurped at this with great gusto, once again sucking down the dog's precum. While not near as copious as before, it was still more than enough for him to get a good taste, as well as get his shaft stirring again. He might not cum, even with that otter's monstrous dick up his ass, but he was definitely going to have a good time. And thanks to all of his aerobics training, he might even not be too exhausted to do his regular eight AM wake-up workout session.

Somehow, Thew had brought along lube, and though Andy didn't see where it came from, he was glad to hear the familiar pop of a bottle being opened and the smooth feel of the liquid pressing against his tailhole as the big otter began pushing and loosening. Andy was promiscuous, even for someone who worked and lived on the M.V. Ambrosia, but he had limits just like everyone else. He was not some bottomless cock-sock to be jammed and fucked without any prepping, and the otter's gentle attention let Andy know that he was in for one hell of a ride.

Thew definitely knew his size and strength, and as such he was careful not to push too firmly, and even stopped and backed off a few times to let Andy adjust. Though the fox could probably have taken a firm, solid thrust without breaking, he found that he had more than enough time to relax before each push, letting him milk out more and more of the pleasure that the big otter was dispensing. This, combined with the scent and flavor in his mouth, and the warm water caressing his back, was enough to get more than a tingle charging deep between his legs. He groaned, closing his eyes and shuddering with sensation as he felt the two males buck and push him between them.

Thew was much less aggressive and speedy than Andy or Jack, which came in handy considering his enormous size and potentially dangerous muscular force. As such, while Jack was content to quickly work his shaft back and forth inside Andy's mouth, Thew was taking his time, slowly pushing all the way into the hilt, letting his balls rest on the fox's own at the end of each thrust. He would stop from time to time to grind his length as well, making sure he worked the fox hard, and that Andy felt every last inch of both his noticeable length and quite considerable girth. The fox only wished that he had more time, opportunity and privacy to enjoy such feelings. The otter

clearly knew how to handle his package, and the fox would have to see if he could get a second helping at some point, when the both of them were fresh. The use of a bed, or even a floor mat, would also open up the number of positions he could work on.

For now, though, Andy was more than happy to bring up his hand and milk the puppy in front of him, his hand gently working the shaft and then the balls. His powerful abs even let him bring up the other hand for short periods, though the way it made his ass and lower back tense up wasn't exactly comfortable, what with the enormous otter dick up his ass back there. Still, he did it from time to time, and he even found enough courage to push back against Thew and squeeze down on the big otter from time to time.

Like a lot of big boys, Thew was slow to cum, and it took many minutes of gentle pounding to get his enormous shaft shooting. Andy was both patient and impatient, willing to put up with the slow speed that Thew was putting in with his thighs, but impatient to bring things to the expected messy conclusion. As such, he shoved back aggressively from time to time, and as the big otter moved forward, he squeezed with all of his might, trying to tighten up around the otter and milk him out. While it seemed to help, or at least it got the big guy grunting and groaning, it just wasn't enough to get him cumming and shooting. Andy would just have to wait until Thew was ready, whenever that happened to be.

Much to his surprise, however, Jack was suddenly erupting in a small trickle, the white cum dribbling into Andy's mouth as he sucked and slurped at the rottie's ample shaft. The fox giggled a bit, licking and slurping it down as he milked it out and then reached down to his own shaft, which he worked eagerly. "Ahnn! Didn't...Didn't know you had it in you!" said Andy, grinning and licking his lips.

"Me neither," said Jack. "Normally I have to wait the better part of a day to reload!"

"It's those little foxies," said Thew, grinning and accenting his words with a firm thrust. "They AHHN! They do strange things to us all!" As if to prove his point, the big otter suddenly started grunting and groaning as he hilted his shaft and ground it a bit. He was soon cumming, shooting and splurting much like his boyfriend, his fat shaft shooting long, hard blasts up the bent fox's butt. The otter had clearly not been holding out like Jack had, as his load was modest but satisfying. Andy was just sad that the big guy couldn't push him to a conclusion as well, but he was more than a little tired and worn down in the face of so much sex in so little time. Besides, he had an aerobics class to teach this morning, and if he didn't give it his all, then his guests just wouldn't have the lot of fun they deserved! Still, he'd have to come back for more at some point. As he got up, he grinned, giving both Thew and Jack kisses on the cheek.

"I'm in staff cabin 24 if you guys ever need a little personal training," said Andy, positively skipping as he made his way over to the towels. "Especially if it happens to be around eight tonight, when I'm doing my power-squats..."