

Part 16: Gym Exertions

-Teri-

I was never going to get used to the Gym.

I'm not against exercise, in theory. I SUFFER for my toned hips and my pert ass, and if you don't think it shows, you're just not the target audience. But actually going to the gym, like with the intention of making routine visits, is through the looking glass for me. You wouldn't know it from looking at me, but I'm really more of a jogger than a gym bunny. Going outside and running around is free and gives me a chance to advertise the goods in such a way that no one can complain about it. Can't blame me if your boyfriend stops to gaze at my ass as I pass, ladies. I'm just building up a sweat and burning down calories.

At least that's what I would before my world changed.

My name is Teri, and I'm a flamboyantly, fabulously gay male tiger.

This is the story of my first day at the gym.

Everything came about a few weeks into summer break. Before the school year ended I'd somehow managed to end up with a boyfriend. In spite of... a few rough patches. Said boyfriend was a handsome bundle of muscle and fluff named Kristoph. A gray and white-furred husky who I had a bit of a history with before we hooked up. Also, a closeted homosexual I honestly suspect channeled repressed sexual urges into sports and fitness for so long it kind of became a habit for him. On one paw, this was a bit like winning a lottery for me. Not only did my puppy have stamina for DAYS (which was fantastic, especially since I tended towards bottoming) but I was very much the recipient of a tidal wave of released sexual desires and appetites that was a bit of a pleasant surprise for the both of us. What can I say? My doggy likes to bury his bone, mmm.

But on the other paw, a relationship's never JUST sex, is it?

Which was one of the reasons why I found myself at a gym just off-campus, abusing Kristoph's guest pass in one of my less-racy spandex numbers. Standing over him as he lay on a black padded bench, "spotting" my boyfriend while he did something called a "bench press". In theory, I was supposed to help support him if he wasn't able to keep lifting weights over his head. In practicality, I don't really know what Kristoph was expecting of me. I'm not THAT scrawny, but we both knew he was leagues stronger than I was. At best I could probably make the long weighted pole he called a "barbell" fall on him a bit slower, maybe. This didn't, however, seem to do much to discourage Kristoph from putting his trust in me.

"One... two... three..." No, my role here was more moral support than physical support. "Four... five... six..." Watching Kristoph's arms bend as he lifted the barbell up and down was important

because this was my boyfriend, and I am supposed to be encouraging of his hobbies and interests. “Seven... eight... nine...” So I stood there, behind him, keeping my eyes focused on him like a good “spotter” is supposed to do. “Ten... eleven... twelve...” The first twelve lifts were easy. But Kristoph was doing up to fifteen. I watched the gray fur on his muzzle shift as he trembled. “Thirteen...” With a grunt of exertion, I saw the husky flex. Muscles along his stomach and chest tensed as he lowered and lifted his body once more. “F-fourteen...” It was at that moment that my pulse began to race. Were his meaty glutes going to fail him here? Were glutes even the muscles he was exercising? I watched his whole body tremble for a moment, putting my hands out to show him through his peripheral vision I was there. It was going to be ok, I had him. I was going to keep him safe from the falling bar- “Fifteen!” And then he pushed back upwards one final time, before letting his arms slide back and setting the barbell into a receptacle to hold it. “Aaaah, that was bracing.” Kristoph’s grey-blue eyes shimmered as he sat up, using his left paw to wipe some sweat from his brow.

Turning up towards me, he flashed a smile. “Your turn!” Standing up, he wiped down the bench while my brain tried to process the idea of lifting that heavy metal pole with all the dark black weights on it. It didn’t seem quite possible.

“Oh, my turn?” With a nervous titter, I took a few hesitant steps around the bench and Kristoph. “I think it might just be best that I stick to cardio, puppy. I don’t think I could ever really manage something that hefty, you know?” That was the only situation in my life I ever expected to say something like that.

But Kristoph would just not be deterred. “I didn’t expect you to, kitten!” He’d started calling me that, matching my nickname for him. From anyone else I’d be annoyed by it, but with him, I just found it sweet. He yanked off the weights, setting each of them down on the floor. “I don’t actually know how much or little you can lift, so we’ll just start with the 15 lb bar and see how you do with that, ok?”

“W-well, alright.” I said, unable to really hide the intimidation in my voice. Not very catlike, I suppose. We’re not known for showing fear. But in spite of myself, I walked to the bench and took a seat down, while trying to work myself up long enough to work out.

And then, he passed by.

Tall. Built like someone desperately trying to become a pro bodybuilder in their thirties (Though he certainly looked younger than that.) He filled out a powder-blue singlet in all the right ways. His pecs trembled with a meaty tension beneath creamy mocha fur, arms as thick as tree trunks pumping back and forth as he trotted along a circular jogging course around the edges of the gym. Behind him, a long, floppy, ropey tail bounced between a pair of fitness-firmed glutes. With a grunt of exertion, hooves clip-clopping along the tile floor, a handsome hunk of horseflesh passed by, and my heart throbbed. Outlined in a pair of just-tight-enough gray workout shorts was a long, throbbing, anatomical ahem that I could see was certainly at half-mast. Long enough to have a long list of potential. Firm enough to leave nothing to the imagination. Oh

yeah, that sexy stallion was hot to trot.

I felt drool filling my mouth. I wasn't sure if it was because I was a predator or because I wanted to be his prey.

"Ready to go?" Kristoph's tone snapped me out of my reverie. "Hey, what are you staring at?"

Right.

I was here for my boyfriend, wasn't I? "N-nothing, puppy!" Not to gaze at the smorgasbord of meat on display within that establishment. "I was just thinking about how nice it was to start building some upper body strength, is all! Especially with an instructor who really knows HOW." With one last longing glance towards the handsome hunk, I tamped down certain instincts and went back to my inescapable workout. I let myself get sidetracked only by the final revelation that the horse jogging past had RAINBOW HORSE SHOES on. The world could be unfairly tempting sometimes...

A half hour later, and I was thirsty.

No, not THAT kind of thirsty! That enticing equine notwithstanding, I tried to keep focused on my workout. I was with a guy now. I couldn't afford to drool over every male that I saw anymore. My puppy was handsome and strong too. And handsy to boot. Just moments ago, we'd been doing a squat exercise. I hadn't quite gotten it down yet, so he'd come up behind me to wrap his paws around me, his crotch digging up against my rear end, as he showed me exactly how to perform the exercise in the most intimate form of tutelage possible.

Ok, perhaps I was thirsty in more than one way. The fire in my throat, however, needed quenching more than the fire in my prostate.

Pushing through the door into the men's locker room, I entered a literal market of meat. Men of all sorts were gathered there during the fuzzy time period between breakfast and lunch. Men with sunken chests and swollen thighs clad only in towels leaving the showers. Men with a proper dad-bod, the hints of muscle under a gut chatting with friends about the recent football game while shirtless. Scrawny twinkie bunnies in spandex going to the gym's yoga class in trios. Men in all sizes and shapes, most of them less than fully dressed, paraded before me. It was enough that I had to stop and stare.

Pornography is fantasy, fiction. The blessing and curse of real life is that you see the moments where the porn stars accidentally fart on set, or slip and fall during a complicated choreographic maneuver, or just have to clean themselves off after being covered in jizz. Pornography is fantasy. Even I know that.

But I'll admit that I felt at that moment like I'd just stumbled onto an orgy scene just about to happen.

The sandy feeling in my mouth reminded me of my real goal. Shaking my head, strode over towards the water fountain in purposeful strides, trying to keep my head turned down. Not because I was ashamed of ANYTHING, mind, but because I didn't want to tempt myself. The other reason I didn't go to gyms was because of the guys there. All that manflesh, sweaty with exertion... well, I have a roving eye. I knew that. It was something I was going to have to learn to tame, however. Kristoph was the best thing that had ever happened in my life. I could give him this.

Bending down to the water fountain, I closed my eyes to drink my fill.

"So are you gonna help me scrub my back this time, or not?" The voice speaking was gruff and gravely, but sent a shiver through my spine. My ear instinctively perked.

"Come on dude, don't be gay." Another voice, a bit less gravely, but with a tone that sounded like distant thunder, joined it. Peeking one eye open, I gazed up at the speakers.

One of them had bright golden fur, floppy doggy ears, and a dick that I could just barely see peeking out of a towel wrapped around his naked form. His tail wagged under the towel, making it rustle and get LESS modest. "What's gay about a bro helping another bro bathe? Come on, there's always a spot I can't shampoo, and if I don't wash it it'll get greasy and smell bad."

"Everything, dude!" Mr. "I DEFINITELY only care about bathing hygiene" Golden Retriever was joined by his friend, Mr. "Knot Gay" doberman pinscher. Blushing to beat the band, this handsome guy was almost as erect under his towel as his friend. Squirming and whimpering, he looked away. "Come on, people are gonna stare. Can't you just, like, rub your back against a wall to spread the suds around?"

The golden furred guy rolled a set of gorgeous green eyes. "The wall of a public gym's bathroom? Don't be gross, man. Come on, I'll do your back in turn..." The two never stopped walking, passing me and veering into the showers.

In all honesty, I kind of wanted to follow them. I'm not made of steel. I have my weaknesses. And if someone were to tie me up and interrogate me sexually, I might confess, after a spanking, to having a bit of a fetish for canines. (In my humble opinion if you are a gay bottom who hasn't felt a knot spreading your rear, you haven't lived.) If the doberman wasn't going to get his hands dirty, someone else helping his friend get clean could be appreciated. And if what I suspected was about to happen really WAS, maybe there'd be room for one more...

"No! Bad tiger!" I smacked myself. "You have a BOYFRIEND now! Do NOT ruin a good thing!" In spite of that protest, I still turned a wandering eye back towards the bathrooms, ears drooping as I felt something between my thighs twitching.

Clenching my teeth, I pulled away from the fountain. "Maybe... I need a bit more than just some water down my throat. Maybe just... A few minutes in the loo." I said, turning and walking towards the toilet stalls. No one would be able to tell if I just-

Kristoph picked that moment to push into the locker room. Maybe he was looking for me, or maybe he was thirsty too.

Either way, any hopes for relief were dashed quickly. With a sigh, I walked towards my puppy, balls turning more blue with every second.

An hour passed. An hour of grueling weightlifting, restful cardio, and a frustrated tiger doing his best to keep from thinking about the salami swinging between his thighs. My puppy, bless him, either didn't pick up on how horny I was (Oh, people say a lot of good things about a dog's sense of smell, but put one in a contained space with a ton of sweaty people filled with pheromones and see how they do then) or at least never made a sign of caring. It wasn't as if I was TRYING to turn myself on, but half the guys in this gym felt like amateur actors for a softcore gay porno.

Kristoph had kept exercising even once I'd tapped out. He wanted to clock more time on the treadmill than I felt like I had the energy to manage. So I showered first, dressed back into my street clothes, and hung out in the front lounge to rest a bit and try to think less sexy thoughts.

I'm not good at thinking lesssexy thoughts.

A tall, toned, red-furred monkey of a man walked past, his junk just at eye level from my vantage point sitting down on a fluffy padded bench. It might not have gotten a reaction out of me, except that I had been getting horny and trying to calm myself down regularly for the past hour and a half.

And he was erect.

At least I thought he was.

But if he was only at half mast, then daaaaaaaang.

I'm actually a bit embarrassed by how quickly I got up to follow him. I don't even know exactly why I did it, except I was very thirsty and he was a god-dang oasis. Following him as he sauntered towards the gym's in-house smoothie bar, I got in line behind him. As close as I was, I could smell him. He smelled like sweat and a hint of musk, like he'd just gotten done with a workout. The crimson-furred simian was at least a head taller than me, with broad shoulders and what looked like less body fat than a starving child. He was all muscle, though he had a

gymnast's build more than a pro lifter. In powder-blue workout shorts and a white wifebeater he filled out, he certainly looked like a regular.

I couldn't resist. Flirty is basically my ground state with other guys. "Hey there!" I said, trying to put on my cutest smile while folding my front paws behind my back. I leaned forward a bit to look smaller than I was, and to get a bit closer to him. It was a cute pose, especially since I intended to wiggle my butt tactically once he turned to look back to me.

He didn't turn around. The line kept moving.

A moment later, I coughed to try and get his attention. "If I knew how many handsome guys there were at this gym, I'd have joined sooner!" I said, just a bit louder.

And again, he didn't turn around.

"Friendly" hadn't worked. "Talkative-Flirty" seemed similarly dead in the water. It was time to be a bit more direct. It was time for "Adoring!"

"Oh my gawd, I want to have a body like yours!" The compliment wasn't entirely sincere, but it was closer to a truth than a lie. "I mean, the height helps, sure, but you look like a guy who hits the Gym so hard it gets a black eye. What's your secret?" It wasn't like I was lying. I really was curious. But I was flirting too. In the back of my head, part of me was screaming in panic that I should know better. That any moment Kristoph was going to come out, see what I was up to, and I'd be dumped on the spot. I wasn't listening to that little voice. But it was there.

At long last, the hunky monkey turned around, looking down at me with calm brown eyes. Raising one eyebrow, he at long last spoke, as I squirmed and wiggled a bit. "Lo siento, estás hablando conmigo?"

Well.

I froze, coughing for a moment, and then laughed. "Ok! You don't speak English! Message received! I think!" With another nervous titter, I turned away. "So I'm just gonna-"

Kristoph was walking right up towards me.

Eyes widening with panic, I felt every molecule in my body start to move faster. Why did I ever think I could handle having a boyfriend? I'd spent the last year and a half flirting with everything that had a cock. I wasn't made for romance. And now Kristoph was going to dump me, and then I was going to be alone again.

My husky walked up into the line, took my paw, and looked down. "Thirsty? My treat."

I would have sighed in relief, if I didn't feel like I was going to have a heart attack.

"Hey, you ok?" My husky squeezed my paw, wagging his tail. "You've been acting kinda funny lately."

"I-" I could use a quickie in a broom closet somewhere. I craved being bent over in the back of your car feeling the breeze on my nethers while you fussed with a condom. I needed something to go up my butt and make me orgasm. I needed a cock in my muzzle so I could suck it dry like a vampire biting into a healthy young neck. I'm horny, but I can't show that in public because it wasn't you causing it and you'll get mad. "-I'll be fine. A smoothie sounds good right now."

We waited in line for another few seconds, as my heart began to settle down. The crisis had been averted. And while I was still blue-balled, a close call like that had me started enough that I was perfectly content to wait until we got back to the apartment and then seduce my boyfriend there.

Kristoph, still holding my hand, stared at the monkey in front of us, tilted his head, and then looked down at me. "Isn't the guy in front of us really hot?" He whispered to me, my ears perking at the comment. My mind shattered into a million pieces trying to process what he had just said.

And finally, I just gave up. "I know, right?" I looked back up. "I mean, I was trying to resist flirting with him, because he's got muscles for days."

"Why wouldn't you flirt?" Kristoph's left ear twitched as he stared at me, a mask of confusion. "It's you. You always flirt."

Lowering my head, I averted my gaze while squeezing his paw right back. "I just- I didn't want you to get jealous or anything. Like with Samson."

At that, my boyfriend actually scoffed. "You think I'd have gotten..."

"I'm your booooooyfriend. I'm not supposed to have eyes for anyone else." I said, feeling my face actually getting hot. How was this embarrassed? Nothing was supposed to embarrass me! "That's how relationships are supposed to work, isn't it?"

Kristoph's response was to turn me around to face him, holding my waist on either side with his paws. Bending down, he kissed me on the forehead. "I, well, I actually don't know how relationships work. This is my first time being in one. Are we not supposed to check out other guys?"

Biting my lower lip, I rolled the question around in my head. "I don't... think we're supposed to? I mean, isn't that how dating's supposed to work?"

With a nod, Kristoph looked away from me. "I guess so? Movies and television always make a big deal about cheating, I think?"

Silence fell like a shroud between the two of us.

I honestly wasn't sure I could GO without flirting. It'd been kind of one way I handled the world for the past few years of my life. It was a habit. Maybe more than that. But I loved Kristoph. And I didn't want anything to get in the way of that.

He looked over towards me. "You know, I don't think I want to be THAT monogamous."

"What?" I stared up at him.

Letting go of my paw, he held both of his arms up. "I like it when you flirt. It's cute. It's charming. Honestly, acting like this? Right now? It doesn't feel like you. It feels like you're trying to be someone else." He reached down to pull me into a hug. I let him, enjoying the warmth. "I don't really think I mind if you flirt with other men, as long as it just stays at flirting. At the end of the day, I'm the one who gets to keep you, ok?"

A playful spirit was welling up inside me, as I felt my cock rubbing against his thigh through our clothes. "Keep me? Oh, I don't know... Mr. Monkey in front of us speaks the SEXIEST spanish, you know. You might just have to keep wooing me to make sure my eye doesn't wander." With that, I squeezed his butt. All of a sudden, I felt like a ton of bricks had fallen off my shoulders. Purring, I nuzzled into him, as he held me close. Maybe not every relationship was cut from the same cloth.

Maybe that was ok.

"If you two aren't going to get a room, can you at least get a move on? You're holding up the line."

An ornery young buck scowled at both of us, just behind us in line for smoothies.

And all of a sudden I realized we'd been putting on a telenovela performance while standing in line for drinks.