

Personal Training

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featuring Duke Nauticus

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If there was one thing Duke loved even more than feeling the pump in his muscles after a hard workout, it was feeling the pump of his dick eight inches deep in his boyfriend, Mako. As Mako ran on a treadmill some yards away, Duke unashamedly ogled the orca's ass bouncing and jiggling in his skin-tight shorts.

Duke felt his cock chubbing up from its usual five-inch flaccid length. Most guys might have moved to obscure their growing arousal, or at least tried to hide the source of their arousal, but not Duke. The blue shark knew he was one of the biggest guys in the gym – in stature, muscular development, and even dick size. Even if anyone objected to him eye-fucking his boyfriend in public, they sure as hell weren't about to confront the athletic shark about it.

Though as much as Duke wanted to continue admiring his boyfriend's huge, breedable ass, he was at the gym for a reason. The shark laid back on the bench and adjusted his arms, grasping the barbell. It was chest and back day, and Duke was ready to begin his favourite exercise, the bench press.

The shark completed his first few reps with relative ease, but as he reached the fifth of his eight reps, he began to struggle. Grunting quietly, he pushed out the next rep. Then with the following, he began to grunt even louder. By the seventh rep, his arms were screaming with exhaustion, but he slowly completed the exercise with good form. Then as he lowered the bar for his eight and final rep, he saw a pair of yellow fingers lightly touch the underside of the bar.

“C’mon, you got this,” a deep voice rumbled. “I’m here if it gets too heavy.”

Duke lifted with all his might, growling audibly as his face grew red from the exertion. But with all his might, he just managed to lift the bar an eighth time before racking it for his rest between sets.

Wiping his brow, the shark turned to see who had stepped in to spot him. On the one hand, Duke was grateful for the help, but on the other, he was indignant at the implication that he could need *any* sort of help at the gym; he knew his way around a weight room and he was totally self-sufficient.

Duke wasn’t sure what he expected of his mystery spotter. He hadn’t recognised those yellow fingers, but then again, he barely paid attention to the other wimps who came to work out on the weekends. What he saw, though, defied all expectations. It was rare enough for Duke to encounter other men who rivalled his own seven-foot height, but the lizard standing at the head of his bench clearly outclassed Duke in multiple other respects.

Despite his recent efforts to put on additional mass, the shark was only pleasantly muscled like a competitive swimmer or some other athlete. By contrast, the blue-and-yellow reptile before him must have easily weighed twice what Duke did. The lizard’s white, sweat-soaked wife beater did nothing to obscure the deep valleys and crevices of his muscles, and it was clear the dude was built like a tank. If Duke wasn’t so insanely jealous, he might have asked the guy for advice on how to put on mass like that.

And then there was the matter of his crotch. Duke had never regarded himself as inadequate below the belt, but that was precisely what he felt as he looked at the thick monster coiled up in the lizard’s red shorts. Even totally soft, it was obviously scores larger than his biggest, firmest erection – to say nothing of the disparity between their balls. If the blue shark was sporting a pair the size of oranges, this guy’s orbs must have been the size of large cantaloupes. Just considering the size of this guy’s junk, he had gone slack-jawed; he had never seen anyone half as hung as this!

“Here, I can spot you during your next set,” the guy rumbled. Even his voice was deeper and more masculine than the baritone pitch of Duke’s voice. The shark was about to protest, but glancing at the clock, it had already been 60 seconds since he completed his last set. He didn’t want to rest too long and sabotage his own workout, over a petty matter of pride.

“Thanks,” the shark replied with a fake smile as he laid back down on the bench. Adjusting his position, he closed his eyes for a moment to regain his focus. Then as he grabbed the bar and lowered it down to his chest, he felt the huge guy shuffling forward to a position where he could support the barbell if he found it necessary.

The only problem was that this put the lizard’s obscene bulge directly above Duke’s face. As the shark huffed and grunted to lift the heavy weight, every breath filled his lungs with the larger male’s potent, masculine musk. The pheromone-laden scent was so overpowering that after five reps, Duke was beginning to find it difficult to concentrate on his workout. His arms faltered as his chest gave out, and the bar began to drop. Fortunately for the shark, though, his spotter easily caught the bar, effortlessly lifting it back to the rack.

“Whoa there, don’t overdo it, little man!” the lizard exclaimed as Duke bolted up. The shark fuming. He was furious! Even though he was clearly outmatched in terms of raw, physical strength, he had half a mind to chew out the lizard who’d interrupted his workout and made him fail.

Just as Duke opened his mouth to speak, he was cut off by a familiar voice. “Oh, Duke!” an effeminate male called out in a sing-song tone. As he whirled around, the shark saw his own boyfriend, Mako, dressed in those tight yellow gym shorts that hugged every curve of his massive ass, and his familiar, flamboyant pink top. Drenched in sweat from his own workout on the treadmills, the orca was half-jogging over to meet the two males.

“Oh! I see you’ve met Monroe! He’s just the sweetest guy, isn’t he? Pretty hunky too!” the orca cried out. “We were jogging together – that’s why he’s all sweaty like that – but he said you looked like you were struggling, so he decided to come over and help out. Isn’t that so sweet?” the orca explained. “You know I love a guy with a big... heart,” he added with a not-so-subtle wink to the larger male.

Duke was disgusted. The pit in his stomach was only growing by the second. First, he was dethroned as the biggest guy at the gym. Next, his workout was ruined. Now, his boyfriend was shamelessly flirting with bigger guys, right in front of him? The shark knew Mako was a shameless size queen. That was most of his motivation for trying to bulk up further at the gym! But it was rare for Duke to feel so thoroughly outclassed, not just in one aspect, but in multiple. How could he ever compare against a guy who was bigger, hunkier, and far better hung?

“Duke, huh?” the enormous lizard grunted. “Cute name.” As he stepped away from the barbell, he laid a huge hand on the slim orca’s shoulder. “Well, Mako, it looks like your boyfriend’s about done with his bench presses. He nearly dropped the bar on himself, after all. So how about we go to the squat racks? You said you wanted me to show you proper form, so we could do that now.”

“Actually—” Duke started to object, but he was quickly cut off by his boyfriend.

“That sounds great!” Mako squealed, practically dancing in place with excitement. “Let’s go over there now!” Before the shark could get a word in edgewise, the orca was already trotting off towards the squat racks. As Monroe followed, shamelessly staring at his boyfriend’s ass, Duke knew there was no way he could leave the two of them alone together. Even though it meant cutting his workout short, he grabbed his sweat towel and followed a few paces behind Monroe.

The blue shark’s mood only soured further as he watched the massive reptile help his boyfriend set up to practise squats. He kept watching for any opportunity to step in and correct the lizard’s recommendations, to show him up on even the most minute of points and reassert his dominance in the situation, but even under

Duke's most pointed scrutiny, Monroe had yet to slip up. Matters turned from bad to worse when the lizard stepped in to help guide Mako's form.

"Now, let me help make sure your body's in the right position," Monroe cooed as he rested both hands on Mako's hips. "You're going to want to keep your back straight and lower yourself down, like you're sitting on a chair," he explained as the orca slowly squatted with an empty bar.

"Or like I'm sitting on something else!" Mako joked salaciously.

"Yes, exactly," Monroe growled with a glint in his eye. Even if Mako didn't see it, Duke couldn't help but notice how the lizard's obscene bulge throbbed with desire.

"Now, sloooowly come down..." the lizard instructed as the orca squatted lower. "Try and get down to a 90° angle," he said. As Mako finally reached the required depth of squat, his huge rear bumped against the lizard's huge, warm package. The orca let out a squeak of delight, grinding his ass on the big male's crotch.

"Hey!" Duke cried out, rising to his feet. "I'm not gonna stand here and let you—"

"Oh, c'mon, Dukey! He's just showing me how to do squats," Mako chided his increasingly deflated-looking boyfriend.

"Exactly. If you don't squat low enough, you're not going to see any results," Monroe explained. "You wouldn't want to sabotage your own boyfriend's workout, would you?"

Try as he might, Duke just couldn't think of an appropriate response. Was he the only one who saw how wildly inappropriate the situation was? And if there was anyone whose workout was sabotaged, it was his own, for having to come here and watch over his partner!

Taking the shark's silence as agreement, Monroe continued his tutelage. "Now, let's try it again," he instructed the orca. Mako giggled in delight as he squatted

before the lizard. Monroe rested his hands on the orca's waist, examining his posture as he squatted behind the shark's boyfriend. Again, when Mako was deep in his squat, the orca pressed his ass firmly against the lizard's bulge. He repeated the motion several times, each time being sure to grind his drool-worthy rump against that monster of a cock. As the exercise went on, the lizard's shaft was noticeably growing as it swelled with arousal. That inhumanly large cock had started out 16 inches long and five inches broad in its totally flaccid state. But now, the lizard was boasting a half-hard cock that was at least 19 inches long. Even with their comically-oversized pouch, the lizard's shorts clearly weren't designed for their immense burden, and the first thick inches at the root of his overgrown tool were exposed above the waistband of his shorts.

As embarrassed and ashamed as he was, Duke's cock was achingly erect at its own eight-inch length. The tent of his manhood, even with a rock-hard erection, was pitiful compared to the scene he witnessed before him. But for how sexy he found his fat-assed orca, he couldn't deny that it was hot to see this superior specimen of masculinity grinding against his boyfriend's dump truck of an ass.

At some point, Mako had racked the barbell and continued to squat against Monroe's immense bulge seemingly for the fun of it. All the while, the lizard slowly continued growing harder and harder. Where Duke could go from flaccid to erect in less than a second, the lizard's cock throbbed visibly bigger with each beat of his heart, slowly swelling towards a full, steel-hard erection.

With a grunt, Monroe tugged his shorts off entirely, letting his heavy balls flop out along with his 20-inch shaft. Even in its half-hard state, there was plenty for Duke to envy. It looked far meatier, far more vascular, than his own shaft, with fat veins crossing its surface. Not only that, but Duke was also jealous of the lizard's impressive foreskin: the excess skin hung beyond the fat head of his cock by several inches. The thought crossed Duke's mind that he could probably dock in that cock with ease, and his own shaft might easily be lost in the folds of Monroe's foreskin, making little discernible bulge.

“Oh!” Mako giggled, reaching back to fondle those huge nuts. “Wow, they’re so much huger than Dukey’s,” he remarked with seemingly-genuine surprise as he slowly rubbed and massaged one of them. “Have you ever seen a guy with balls this big, Dukey?”

“N-No, never,” Duke replied meekly. In the shadow of this enormously-endowed man, Duke couldn’t help but wonder if he even deserved to fuck his own boyfriend’s ass. Staring at those balls, it was no wonder to Duke that the lizard was so muscular – his massive nuts probably filled his veins with so much testosterone, he could put on muscle mass with the greatest of ease. The longer he stared, the more the shark doubted he could ever achieve that lizard’s level of mass. He truly felt like a beta in the shadow of Monroe’s alpha dominance.

“That’s right, runt,” Monroe grunted as he hefted his fully-erect cock. Laying it across Mako’s back, he showed off how far its 22-inch, foreskinned length stretched up Mako’s back. That veiny monster must’ve been eight inches wide, as wide as Duke’s own cock was long – and certainly thicker than Duke’s fist. *If he fucks Mako, I won’t be able to please him ever again*, Duke thought to himself as a shiver coursed through his body. Was it a shiver of fear, or arousal?

The lizard’s precum was utterly coating Mako’s shiny, smooth skin as his cock throbbed and drooled a continuous river of the stuff. After Monroe grabbed the shark’s yellow shorts and yanked them down, he reached down to grab a handful of that huge ass, squeezing it possessively. “Let’s see if your ass is as big as your eyes,” he growled, lining his volley-ball sized cock head up with the orca’s puffy donut. The lizard’s inches of overhanging foreskin pressed against the orca’s hole first, though as Monroe mounted the pressure, his broad tip began to sink in.

“Fuck, yesssss,” Mako moaned out as he felt that monster slowly stretching him wider and wider – stretching him better than Duke ever could. The lizard didn’t stop, continuing to push in relentlessly. Within seconds, he was reaching deeper checkpoints than the shark ever had. “Fuck, such a fantastic slut,” Monroe complimented as the inches sank into Duke’s boyfriend.

As Duke looked around, no one else seemed to bat an eye at the scene unfolding before him. As far as anyone other gym-goers were concerned, it was simply a natural occurrence for a stud as massive as Monroe to have his pick of sluts and to claim them right there, on the gym floor.

Monroe kept pushing in. As he reached around to grope the bulge his monster made in Mako's abdomen, Duke shivered once more. He was so turned on, leaking so much precum, that a damp spot was beginning to soak through his own shorts. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been this turned on, and this was just from watching a bigger man claim his boyfriend!

Before long, Monroe's massive nuts were finally bumping against Mako's thick thighs as he hilted entirely within the orca. To Duke's surprise, he was letting out a shaky moan of his own as he felt his cock beginning to throb harder than ever. He began to spurt ropes of inferior seed into his shorts, his load seeping through the fabric as he watched his boyfriend claimed by a superior man.

As the shark's shaft began to soften after his climax, both Monroe and Mako took notice. "Looks like the shark came just from watching you enjoy a *real man's* cock, Mako!" he taunted. "I wouldn't be surprised if you came hands-free, but I never expected 'Dukey' here to cum before either of us."

"Just ignore him – unff – and fuck me, please!" the orca cried, pushing back against the lizard's battering ram of a cock. Monroe gladly obliged, beginning to piston into Mako's hole. With short, hard thrusts, he pounded the orca with an intensity Duke never could match. The longer he fucked the orca, the further he ruined his formerly-snug hole.

"Damn, you're a tight whore," Monroe grunted. "No wonder, since you've got a shrimp-dicked loser for a boyfriend. He barely stretches you at all."

Duke's cheeks were flushed bright red. He was so humiliated and so turned on – but as aroused as he was, his cock was spent. He'd blown his load early, and his pathetic, limp shaft couldn't show even the slightest stirrings of arousal now.

As the lizard kept breeding his boyfriend, Duke's nostrils filled with the scent of the virile male's sex. The entire area reeked of Monroe's overwhelmingly masculine funk. Duke couldn't remember the musk of his sex with Mako ever smelling so strongly. Even the lizard's *smell* was far manlier than his own.

Monroe was steadily growing wilder and more driven as he rutted the shark's boyfriend. The sound of Mako's fat ass clapping against Monroe's beefy thighs filled the air, competing with the lizard's loud grunts and howls. Duke could not only see, but hear the lizard coming closer and closer to climax. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Monroe was groaning louder than ever as he pushed his cock to the hilt inside Mako.

Monroe's orgasm seemed to last far longer than Duke's as his balls spilled a far greater volume of jizz. While Mako shot his own load against the mirror behind the squat rack, Monroe must've pumped nearly a gallon of the thick, virile fluid deep inside the submissive orca.

Finally, as Monroe slowly pulled his shaft out of the orca's ruined hole, he grabbed Duke by the shirt. Pulling the relatively slim shark over, he pushed his face into that gaping ass. "Lick it clean," Monroe ordered.

As Duke obediently licked his boyfriend clean of the lizard's superior sperm, he couldn't help but notice how much thicker it was – not to mention, of course, its excessive volume. By the time he was done swallowing the small waterfall of cum drooling from Mako's donut, he was certain he reeked of Monroe's scent.

As though to ensure he was marked with the musk of a superior man, Monroe grabbed the back of Duke's head, pushing his face into his hefty sac. "You cleaned Mako, now do me, bitch boy," the lizard ordered. If Duke wanted to squirm away, the firm grip on his dorsal fin ensured he couldn't escape.

Duke licked clean every inch of those heavy nuts, cleaning them up for the lizard's next breeding session. Without prompting, he worked his way upward, cleaning

even the lizard's half-hard shaft, making sure to dig his tongue into the excess foreskin hanging beyond Monroe's softening, drooling cock head. By the time he'd finished, the shark was certain he couldn't manage another drop; he was feeling almost bloated from Monroe's load alone.

"You make a great cum slut," Monroe complimented, baring his jagged teeth. "Maybe I'll keep you around to clean up after the next time I fuck your boyfriend," he mused.

As he pulled his shorts up, he turned to speak to Mako. "My next workout's on Monday," he explained. "Why don't you come back, and bring your shrimp-dicked boyfriend along too? He wasn't half bad at cleaning up after we finished."

"That sounds great!" Mako replied enthusiastically. "Gosh, Dukey, isn't this great? I know you'd been saying you wanted a good excuse to start making more frequent gym visits."

The shark could only nod meekly as he watched the enormous lizard wander off to finish the rest of his workout.