

Poly-Bros

May 2024 Flavor of the Month: Sidecar

“There ya go! You’re all signed up,” the trimmed receptionist handed Neil his card. The leopard behind the desk was toned and attractive, his smile gleaming with rows of pearly, whitened teeth.

“Thanks!” Neil replied, his large ears flicking upwards. “So with my membership I get my own locker?”

“For sure,” the leopard nodded, clicking a few things on his keyboard. “Your locker is going to be number sixty nine.”

“Oh, my lucky number,” Neil rolled his eyes at his own joke, his green eyes accented well against his orange fox fur.

“Yeah, no worries guy, we can change it if you want, but it is in a premo location right next to the showers so you can get your stuff after your workout and bounce.”

“Nah, I love it. It’ll make me laugh every time I come in. Get me in a good mood, ya know.”

“For sure,” the leopard nodded and turned away from his keyboard and back to Neil. “You need any supplies? We sell some protein drinks behind the desk here, or we have some sheets that make it hella easy to track your workouts. Make sure you’re doing a rounded routine and what not. Otherwise I got a few premade ones here if you’d like?”

“I figured I’d just get a feel for the gym first and...well...work my way up to a routine. I’ve never done anything like this before, but I want to really bulk over time.”

“Sounds good. You can always come to me or any of the other guys on the floor for advice. Everyone is super friendly.”

“Thanks, I’ll keep that in mind,” Neil scratched the back of his head and smiled. “Am I good to go?”

“Hell yeah man! Get in there and show those weights who’s boss!”

Neil just nodded and went in, his new keycard getting him past the reception and down the hall into the lockers. He found his personal locker quick enough and it was in a pretty prime location. Right next to the showers and right in view of the gym. He punched in a combo and set it for himself, the digital lock turning green and opening the unit for him to fill. It was empty and clean with a hint of bleach. They did advertise being a clean facility, but no matter how clean you are, gyms always smelled of sweat and man. Neil took a deep whiff of his clean locker and tried to find any remanence of its previous owner, but he didn’t find any. Though, he did get a strong hit from the lockers on either side of his.

Neil gave a shuddering moan as the aroma of man tingled his spine and caused his little tail to flick. The fox looked over the lockers on either side of his and wondered what the men were like that he would be sandwiched between for the foreseeable future. The little guy stifled a giddy giggle and went to setting up his locker. It wasn’t much, just a little shelf for protein powders and tumblers as well as a fresh set of gym clothes and shoes.

Neil got to changing into his gym clothes, the fresh shoes still smelling of the department store, and a baggy short sleeve to allow for ventilation and flexibility while he had some tight athletic shorts. The fox wasn’t the smallest guy, but he was definitely new to the game. He had a little ponch on his belly, but that was the only fat on him. He had arms and legs for days, and a round ass, but nothing to

write home about. The fox stood at a nice five foot ten, his ears pushing him well over the six foot mark, but a little head pat and brush of a hand would reveal that height was just his ears.

The fox gave a nod of approval at his locker and closed it shut with all of his belongings inside. He spun on his heels and took his new shoes out to the floor to work them out.

And he froze.

There was so much! He had toured the facility before, but now he looked out over the expanse of all the equipment and his mind went blank. He had no frame of reference for this kind of thing. Did he start with legs and work his way up? How did he rotate from one machine to another? Would he look like a newbie ditz just flying from machine to machine working out random muscle groups until he found one he liked? This was insane! How do people start working out?

“Yo! New face on the floor!”

Neil jumped as he felt someone smack his back, that hand was massive and sweaty! Neil stumbled forward before spinning around to see an otter standing there, but not just any otter, a total fucking hunk!

The guy had to be at least six foot six, his body bulky and toned. His biceps and lats grew out of his cutoff tank to expose his thick bod. His obliques rolled like thunder into his shirt to kiss the powerful abdominals. His pecs pushed his shirt away from his solid eight pack so the fluttering fabric, or whatever wasn't clinging to him from his sweat, would reveal the power behind them. He wore compression leggings that looked like they were about to split with the power contained in them, showing off his massive legs and killer shins, and he wore a duo of bright yellow high-tops with the laces shoved into the shoe. His fur was a beautiful brown, matted and feathery with sweat from his workout; his underbelly was a delicate cream, and his muzzle a cut and powerful angle. His hair was blond, and though there

may have been an upward flip to it, it was matted down against a hat that caught his sweat. Various tats accented his bicep, rings and tribal designs accenting the bulging rippling mass of his bod, a sleeve going down one arm and up over his pec to create layered patters that showed off the movement of his muscles as they flexed and heaved with his breath.

To top it all off, a golden nametag was pinned to the thinnest of straps that clung to the sweaty best.

“The name is Killian,” the otter jabbed his massive thumb claw at his nametag. “Though most of the regulars just call me Killer. Don’t let the name fool ya, I’m a total softy.”

Neil just stood there, his eyes wide as he looked on at the massive jock before him. He wasn’t overly packed with muscle, but yet somehow larger than life. He was a perfect balance of bulk and cut without being obscene. He was a professional who knew his body and Neil wanted to know that body too. Jealousy and need soured his gut, but...something else...his spine tingled with something new...excitement?

“Uh...sorry, do you speak English?” Killian used the bill of his hat to itch the back of his head, a wet scratching sound from his sweaty skull coming from that motion.

Neil would have said something, but that sweaty pit was exposed and he nearly fainted. The thick pit hair was matted, glistening with the power of a hard workout so much that the pit hair parted like a book, the mats clinging to his arms in the sharp definition of that pit. A perfect crevice for him to dive into. God he wanted to.

“Uh...you okay little man?” Killian blinked, waving his hand in front of the foxes face.

“Oh shit,” that snapped Neil out of his trance. “Oh, yeah, I speak English and all that. Just...holy shit man, you’re shredded.”

“Aww shucks,” Killian leaned back up and gripped his hat and rubbed it back and forth as a blush crept onto his face. “I do take good care of my bod and what not. Glad you noticed.”

“I mean...who wouldn't?” Neil had no idea where all this confidence was coming from, but he felt it well up his spine and make him stand up straight.

“True,” Killian chuckled and flexed his arm for the little fox. “True dat little man. But you didn't come to shower me with praise,” Killian brought his hands back down to his hips, his one hand holding a water bottle. “You came to get your sweat on. You need help with your workout goals?”

Neil's ears perked up. Was this total stud asking to help him with his workouts?

“I...sure. That sounds amazing.”

“Yeah? I'd be happy to help. What were you going to work out first?”

“Oh,” Neil blushed. “I...I actually haven't done any workouts before...I mean...not at a gym or anything.”

“Right on dude, getting your first sweat on! Hella rad! Let's get you a good foundation so you can spring off into Gainsvill!”

“Yeah! Let's do it,” Neil gave a beaming smile. He was so pumped for this!

“Come on, my bud is finishing his set in the back and he's the best at getting people all set up.” The otter waived him onward, spinning on his massive high tops and walking deeper into the gym. His thick sculpted ass swayed while his thick long tail dragged on the floor leaving a little trail of sweat. Neil thought he was going to faint again, but he gripped a machine, steadied himself and then caught up with that otter's massive swagger.

That's when he got a real hit of that otter's stink. It was fresh, it was salty, it was a low brine that filled his lungs as he traveled in the wake of his manly miasma. There was definitely more than one workout on the wind of that man's smell. He didn't smell raunchy, but hell if he didn't smell like a dude that didn't give a shit. His body did all the talking for him as to why he smelled that way. That stink wasn't from being lazy. That was the smell of man who got shit done, pounded weights and smashed personal bests. The navy blue tank was several shades darker due to it trying to drink up that sweat, his compression leggings tighter against his body and damp in the crevices from his hard work dripping between them. Neil's heart pounded in his chest, his nose sniffing deep that powerful man musk.

"Yo! Kai! Got some fresh meat for ya!"

A loud clank could be heard, and Neil could see why. Before him, on the powerlifting station, was a shark. A massive great white. His skin was gray and his underbelly white. He wore a sleeveless sweatshirt, his massive arms coming out and his claws gripping the bar that rested on his shoulders as he lunged forward and pulled himself back up. The sweatshirt was soaked through, the big guy's compression shorts showing off his powerful legs and the crazy definition they had. His massive feet were clad in red sneakers with various airy designs on them to allow for ventilation. He had similar tats as Killian, only his seemed distinctly Hawaiian in nature. His shoulders showed the ink and one half sleeve that showed off his bulging biceps and split peaks. With a soft grunt the man racked his weight, stepped forward, and arched his back to crack it back into place. His pecs pushed his sweatshirt up, the motion showing off his midriff and the walls of abs there along with a sun tat around his bellybutton that accented his treasure trail going down into his shorts.

"Great timing," Kai's voice was deep and rumbling, deeper than what Neil thought a voice could naturally be. "Just finished my set. Can I steal a swig?"

“Fo sure man,” Killian handed the shark the water bottle. They were roughly the same size in every regard. Every time Neil thought one was larger than the other, they would shift angles and it was apparent they were roughly the same size, just proportioned slightly different.

The shark knocked his head back, his dorsal fin craning back as he opened his maw, the rows of flashy teeth as menacing as they were inviting as he squirted the water right into his open muzzle, his powerful Adams apple bouncing as he gulped some water down. He snapped his jaw shut and gulped the rest and handed the bottle back to his coworker. The shark’s warm eyes came to lock onto Neil.

“Damn dude, you know how to pick the cute ones,” Kai smirked, his teeth somehow making the big guy look more adorable despite his powerful bulk. “Names Kai,” he extended a hand out.

“Neil,” the fox responded and took his hand. Kai gave the little fox a firm shake, a shake that was savored by the little vixen. That grip was warm, hot even, and wet. Neil had to resist the urge to sniff his hand as he pulled it away. He desperately wanted to suck on his fingers, to drink that sweat, and he almost did. What was with this strange confidence? It was like this gym just had a miasma of courage that injected right into his veins!

“Cool name, though it would be fun if all our names started with a K,” Kai chuckled. “We’d be like a set of three.”

“Yeah dude,” Killian struck a thumbs up. “The three K’s could rule the gym! You mind if we call you Kit? Ya know, like a fox or whatever?”

“Um...” Neil blinked. “Wouln’t that be like the KKK?”

“Oh shit dude,” Kai smacked his forehead. “Man, that would have been so weak.”

“Damn Neil, quick thinkin’,” Killian chuckled. “Don’t need people getting the wrong idea.”

“Yeah, sorry little bro,” Kai put his hand on the fox’s shoulder. “Didn’t mean to give the wrong impression or whatever.”

“Oh, don’t sweat it,” Neil smirked, his shoulder warm and getting wet from the massive man’s sweat. “I mean, you’re already sweating enough.”

“Hell yeah!” Kai smirked, pumping his fist while squatting down to be at eye level with the fox. “This guy gets it! So, what are your long term workout goals?”

“I...I guess I just wanted to bulk up a bit. Maybe loose this little belly I got.”

“You looking to trade that cute little bump for six, tighter, sexy ones? Am I right?” Kai gave the fox a little pat on his gut with the back of his free hand.

Neil blushed, but he felt warm and tingly all over. He felt excited and pumped just being around these two studs that he felt like his fears were melting away.

“Hells yeah, let’s do this! Where do we start?”

“Fuck yeah brah!” Kai pumped his fist. “Let’s get your baseline and build a routine to get you fucking pumped!”

Kai grinned so big his eyes were closed, his rows of teeth gleaming in the most warm and supportive smile.

Neil had a good feeling about all this.

The fox came to his locker, punching in his code, and went for his shoes. He finally broke them in after a few weeks of working out and he was starting to see results with Kai and Killian’s workouts. The

fox peeled off his shirt to reveal his even gut, his arms having gained some definition and his ass had perked up a bit. If anyone looked at him they might mistake him for a high school jock. He always looked younger than he wanted to, but at least he was finally getting into that jock territory. If he flexed really hard he could see the first bits of his six pack coming into view, a little four pack shadow forming, and his chest hair was starting to dust his pecs and form a little happy trail going down into his pants.

Neil smiled at his results as he put his gym clothes on, his legs had certainly plumped up a bit and his shoulders felt like they were getting a bit broader too, pushing his sleeves higher. His baggy shirts clung to his upper torso and fluttered around his waist. He didn't feel his gut pushing into them anymore and his athletic shorts were starting to fill out nicely with his legs getting bigger.

The fox made his way out onto the gym floor and quickly picked up his barbells and started with his lifting on his arms and shoulders.

"Yo Neil! You've been killing it," Killian said as he came over. The otter smirking, his soul patch dripping sweat from his workout. He wore a similar outfit from the first day he was here, his compression leggings and cutoff tank. The only thing different was a towel he had slung over his shoulder.

Neil had never been more jealous of a towel before.

"Yeah," Neil smirked, his own body warming up with the starting burn of his routine. "I'm really getting into the lifting portion of my workouts."

"I hope you don't mind I took a look at your progress sheet and I'm seriously impressed. You're progressing so much faster than anyone else." Killian gave a thumbs up, the thick pad glistening with the musky layer of his exertion. "Kai is helping another client, but I can help you push further if you want. I'm getting ready for my cooldown and you're kind of reaching my zone that I taper off with."

“Really?” Neil smiled. “I mean, if you want to work out with me for your cool down I’d be down.”

“You want to push yourself today?” Killian smirked. “You’d be breaking a lot of personal bests if you want to kick it up a notch.”

Neil took a moment to contemplate that. He didn’t know if he wanted to push himself too hard, but Killian put his sweaty mitt of a paw on his shoulder, and that big beaming smile sent a wave of warmth through him.

“I think I’m ready,” Neil leaned into that sweaty palm. It was hot, it was humid, and it reeked of hard work.

“Let’s fuckin’ do it brah!”

The otter followed Neil around the gym helping him with his workout and pushing his limits. The fox felt the burn, the exhaustion, but every time he felt like he was going to reach his limit, a reassuring hand, or word from Killian sent the fox into another lifting spree.

“Here, let me get you a towel,” Killian got up to grab one, but Neil stopped him.

“No, just let me use yours,” the fox gripped the otter’s wrist. He couldn’t even grip around that full thing with his fingers.

“Dude, my towel is soaked, you sure?”

“Yeah,” Neil blushed, quieting himself to stifle his excitement. “I mean, yeah. It should be fine.”

“I mean, sure, go ahead little man,” Killian gripped the edge of his towel and slinked it off himself, the thing heavy with his day’s efforts. He tossed it to Neil and he caught it in his face. The fox

had to stifle a moan. This was his chance; this was his moment to really take it in. He opened his muzzle, the salty warm rank of that neck sweat filled his muzzle, the sour salty musk of pure man filled his nose as he sniffed it in. It was a brief moment, but it's all he needed. He pulled the towel from his face, his muzzle more matted than before he was struck. He pretended to use a corner of the towel to smear the rank from his face only to mark himself with it further.

A wave of warmth filled him, his pores screamed in pleasure as he felt that heavy wave of strength pulse through him. That's when he realized something. This wasn't normal, this sudden surge of motivation was like...like...a drug?

"Dude, sorry," Killian chuckled as he took his towel back. "Didn't mean to smack ya."

"It's fine," Neil practically moaned before he caught his breath, his lungs full of a hazy fog of man. "I mean...is...is there something that you've been wearing?"

"Nah man, why do you ask?" Killian slapped the towel over his shoulder again, looking down at the fox and crossing his arms.

"It...it feels like I'm...well...that I'm..."

"Stronger?" Killian asked. "Filled with a pump you just got to get out?"

"Yeah," Neil answered. "I think it's...well you're going to think I'm crazy..."

"It's my stank, isn't it?" Killian adjusted his sweat soaked hat to scratch his head. "Yeah, I get it. I was hoping we could keep it from ya a little longer, but Kai's and my sweat is, like, super charged or whatever. Gives people that extra pump. You've been taking it like a champ, but I think it's cuz you like it so much."

Neil's face went beat red. "You've...noticed?"

“I thought you knew that we knew,” Killian chuckled. “Shit dude, you ain’t subtle about your sniffing, but I thought you wanted to keep it on the DL cuz we’re in a public place and shit.”

“Yo! How my two best bros doin’!” Kai came walking over, his massive sneakers smacking the floor.

“Dude, you won’t believe it,” Killian flagged the massive shark over. “Our little foxy bro here thought we didn’t know that he was totally into our sweat. Oh, and he knows what it does now too.”

“Shit and shit,” Kai chuckled. He wore a similar outfit from before as well. “Well, if you want, you don’t have to hide your love of it anymore.” Kai shrugged. “If I’d have known I would have said something sooner. You could have been getting more out of your workouts the whole damn time, dude.”

“What...what do you mean?”

“Check it,” Killian lifted his arms, his pits dripping with sweat and filling the air with his man musk. “Our sweat is like a natural roid, broski! Don’t you feel super pumped every time you work with us?”

“I mean...I thought it was...that I was...”

“Dude, people perve on us all the time,” Kai shrugged. “You think we care if one of our bros does it?”

“Hell, we fuck each other all the time,” Killian winked. “Dudes a fucking monster in the showers afterwards.”

“Yeah, you’ve never stayed for any of our cool off sessions, have you.” Kai stated. “We make out and jack each other off in the showers. You wanna join us bro?”

“Woah now,” Neil put his hands up. “I...I don’t know about all that. I just wanted to...I don’t even know anymore. What was it about your sweat you were talking about?”

“Dude, just take a whiff right from the tap,” Killian lifted his arm, his damp pit hair glistening in the light. “Come on, I know you want to.” The otter gave the fox a little wink.

Neil didn’t know why he felt so comfortable with it, or maybe he did knowing what that sweat was now, but he simply got up and leaned into the big otter’s pit, sniffing a few inches away.

“Come on brah, really get in there and get a real sniff,” Killian gripped Neil by the scruff and pulled him in. It wasn’t forceful, just a guiding hand that Neil could pull away with at any moment. But he didn’t, no, he was willingly guided into that hairy, hot, and wet pit. He smelled it, taking a deep whiff, a couple droplets of sweat tickling his nose as he took in the hot heaty smell of two day old pit funk. It was ripe without being overly raunchy. It filled his mind and he felt a hot wave rush through his blood. The fox gave a little huff and sniffed it deep inside. His muzzle getting damp as he was kept there.

“That’s it brah! Keep going! Get a real lungful,” Killian wasn’t being demeaning, he was pushing his bro, encouraging him to go past his limits. This wasn’t some hazing, this was a real bro helping out another bro. Neil simply breathed it in, another droplet flying up his nose, and then another as he practically snorted some of that pit funk directly into his sinuses. It was obvious that he didn’t wear deodorant and that realization made Neil hard as a rock.

“There ya go,” Killian purred, pulling away and moving his arm out of the way, his compression leggings pushed out around his groin. “How do you feel now?”

“Fuck dude, I feel amazing,” Neil felt the rush of that alpha musk run through his veins, his body shivering as he felt that stuff get thicker and stronger and surge through him. “I’m going to go do another set.”

“Fuck yeah dude,” Kai’s deep voice rumbled. “Go break your bests one more time. Really push yourself.”

The rest of Neil’s workout went by in a blur. He was smashing his bests left and right, pushing himself to the brink and then getting another hit from Killian, alternating pits while the big guy cooled off with him. Near the end, the sweat was almost dried up and the big otter was left cooling with his rank clothes, but Neil had never felt more accomplished in a workout.

“I think you better stop now, little guy,” Killian patted the fox. “You’re going to regret pushing yourself so hard tomorrow, and I can’t responsibly be the one to push you too far. You got to rest. That’s where the real growth happens.”

“Come on, I can do one more round,” Neil’s dick was flopping around in his pants, dripping like a madman, and he could tell that Killian’s prestigious boner was fighting against his underwear in those compression leggings.

“Nah, cutting you off here and now,” Killian crossed his arms. “Though, come back anytime for another session like that. We got other clients and classes, so we’ll see you again soon.”

“Fuck yeah you will!” Neil had never felt so powerful before.

It had been several months since Neil joined the gym and started his new round of natural roids. The fox was running late today, but he managed to reach the tail end of the two studs’ shift. The fox went into the gym and got to changing his clothes. He had bulked up a bit, his body still thin compared to most, but he had the definition now and small pecs. His chest was fully sculpted six pack and pecs, his legs filled with splitting definition, his cheeks thick round slabs of muscle and his shoulders and delts pushed up into a neck that lashed onto his cut muzzle.

Neil was about to put on his gym clothes when he heard something. A deep guttural moan coming from the showers. The fox's ears twitched. He knew that voice. It was Kai. The fox's was still small compared to the giant bros he worked out with, so he could still sneak relatively easily. He scampered into the showers and found one of the stalls was in use. Killian and Kai were clearly in it, the massive shark had his hands behind his head, his great white pits exposed and his dark hair growing out of them. Killian was licking up the sweat from the big guy and his shoulder was flexing over and over.

"Come on big guy, bust that heavy load. You worked like a fucking beast today." The otter growled into Kai's neck, his tongue lulling over those delts and his sick ink.

"Fuck yeah," Kai groaned. "Fuck yeah, I busted my personal bests and now you're going to make me bust."

"Fuck yeah, bro," Killian growled lustfully and nibbled on his neck. "Fuck yeah, best shake weight bro. Massive dick. I can't fit my fucking fist around it. You growing there too?"

"Fuck yeah dude! Testosterone is off the damn charts. You been growing too?"

"You're not the only one breaking their best's bro," Killian huffed, water and sweat flying from his nose in droplets.

Neil's cock was rock hard as he crept into the bathroom, his little fox dick was larger than before, but he could only imagine how big two studs would be when they soak themselves in their testosterone with every workout. He crept up and peaked into the crack of the stall, his eyes going wide.

Killian's massive had was stroking a massive shark shlong. That dick had to be sixteen inches, the thick foreskin rolling over that shaft and causing those balls to bounce. A thick patch of black pubes were on those balls and rolled up into his abs, the shark had grown a thick and tight beard on his muzzle for the cooling months and he clearly wasn't shaving his chest anymore. A second cock flopped beside his

other one, the shark was blessed with a duo of bitch destroying cocks and Killian was stroking off one like a madman.

“Neil? That you?”

The fox yipped and jumped back. The shark was looking down over the stall, his eyes locked on the fox.

“Dude, if you wanted to join, why didn’t you just say something?” The shark gripped the stall door and pulled it open. “Hope you don’t mind a tight fit.”

Neil would normally run for the hills, but he felt that roid high pulsing through him. The steam was filled with their sweat and he had been breathing it in. Not only that, those balls filled the air with a miasma of pure man.

And Kai wasn’t the only one with a big dick. Killian’s cock had to be two feet long and as thick as Kai’s cocks put together! Thick foreskin sagging off the head of that throbbing member as it dripped down onto the shark’s massive feet.

Neil’s legs quivered as he fell to his knees and shuffled forward, his tongue going right for Kai’s thigh and licking up a thick crevice in the muscles. A thick trail of salt was caught there. Clearly they hadn’t cleaned themselves. They were just keeping the water on to dull the noise. Neil couldn’t resist, he opened his muzzle and slurped on Kai’s ball, that ripe orb dripping with sweat and musk.

“Holy shit bro! Fuck yeah! Suck my salty nut!”

“Dude, you think that’s a good idea?” Killian paused his stroking. “Our shit gets stronger the closer you are to our nuts. That’s the premo uncut shit—oh fuck!”

Killian's words were silenced as he felt Neil's hand grip his shaft and stroke it. The otter's hand started stroking Kai's cock again, his concerns about Neil's head gone as his dickhead was stroked by a needy hand. Neil's nose was filled with the smell of shark balls, those nuts a little briny with how they had been stuck in his shorts all day. That heady nut rolled on his tongue while Killian stroked it. Neil shuddered, his cock pulsing and dripping onto Kai's toes as they flexed, his toe claws scraping the tiled floor as his bros rewarded him for breaking his bests.

Neil moaned into those nuts before reaching with his other hand on that other cock that was flopping. Kai threw his head back and practically shouted.

"Oh fuck, so fucking sensitive after you sucked my nut sack! Fuck! Don't stop! Keep going!"

"Fuck yeah bro! That feels so fucking good!" Killian groaned the two bros shifting their stance to both face Neil on his knees, their cocks dripping and spurring thick pre all over the little fox.

"Fuck, so close. Don't stop," Kai groaned.

"Fuck yeah bro!" Neil looked up at the studs before them, the shower splattering their sweat all over the little fox, their premo, uncut testosterone showering over the little fox guy. "Come on, bust it. You deserve it after breaking your best. You earned that fucking nut!"

"Fuck yes, Fuck yeah I did! FuUUUUUUuuuuUUUUCK!" Kai grit his teeth, snarling as his balls bounced. A duo of thick jets shot out of those cocks, splattering the fox's face and streaking his fur with the most potent musky spunk the fox had ever had. It was thick like tar and chunky with wads of virility.

"Fuck, that's so hot! Get ready for a double dose of your kit today, bro! Fuuuuuuuuuuck!" Killian threw his head back as his balls drew up and bounced before Kai was done with his nut. Thick jets of cum slapped the Fox's muzzle, coating him in a mix of shark and otter jizz. It was like he was snorting a line of musk off the crevice of a three week old pit. It was thick, it was rank, and it was all man. Neil felt

like he could take on the fucking world as those warm jets painted him, soaking his fur and marking him with his bro's essence.

"Shit bro," Kai huffed. "You got to do that with us again." The shark lifted his foot and pressed it onto the fox's muzzle. "Want a little something extra? My feet get extra sweaty after I'm done working out, and after I bust. Run hot between the toes."

That massive shark foot covered Neil from pecks to eyes. The little fox lapped up from that heel to in between the toes, soaking up that thick salty flavor as the foot funk mixed with the overpowering musk of that nut.

"Dude, you think we broke him?" Killian huffed. "I mean, he hasn't said a word."

Neil didn't hear the rest of their conversation as he worshiped those shark feet. There was something about overdosing and the side effects, but he didn't care as long as he was lapping up cup and shark foot funk from between those strong, powerful digits.

Neil couldn't focus all that next day. His body was burning up. He was hot and sweaty, his body a shuddering mess. He almost felt feverish, but he was far too energetic to be sick. Were these the side effects that his bros were talking about?

The fox got on the gym floor wanting to get his workout on, but as soon as he got on the floor, he smelled something that made his legs to weak. The fox gave a little yip, his knees knocking together as he smelled the thick aroma of man. Not just any man, but the distinct smell of Killian and Kai. It was always there in the facility, it could never be fully washed away, but now it was like he was sticking his nose into the pit of one of the dues, sucking on their nuts, and tongue full between their pecs all at the same time.

“Yo Neil,” Kai came jogging up, the massive feet of that shark pounding the floor as he came to the little fox. “How you doin?”

Neil simply winced, his tail hiking up as he gripped onto Kai’s arm for support.

“Oh shit,” Kai scratched his head, his dark hair grown out into a messy mop. “Yo, Killer, I think we may have pushed our broski here a little too hard yesterday.”

“Shit, really?” Killian came jogging into view, his body clad in its natural glisten, the two of them like two sweat soaked gods as Neil tried to hold onto the big shark.

“One easy way to find out,” Kai shrugged and leaned into Neil before taking a deep sniff on his neck. “Oh shit yeah, that’s the good stuff.”

“No way, really?”

“It’s like ten bitches put together,” Kai moaned, leaning in and taking another whiff. “Holy shit, that’s the strongest heat I’ve ever gotten a hit of.”

“Shit, for real?” Killian came over and did the same thing from behind, smelling Neil’s neck. “Hofuck yeah that’s ripe!”

Neil whimpered, his legs quaking as he was caught between the two most studly men he had ever known, his tail hiked up and his pucker quivering.

“Dude, we can’t leave him like this,” Killian sighed. “We got to help a bro out.”

“I mean, is that what you want dude?” Kai cupped the foxes muzzle and guided his eyes up to give the two of them an answer. It was like looking up into the sky and seeing two arch angels bearing down on him.

“Fuck...yes...” Neil wined, his pucker winking as his heat deepened rapidly, his abdomen hot and burning as the men surrounded him with the testosterone of an army.

“Dude, you want to make some babies?” Killian asked the fox. “Want to make some otter and shark pups?”

“Fuck me, yes,” Neil moaned. “Fuck I need it. I’ve always needed it. I need it so FUCKing bad. Please...”

The two didn’t need any more convincing. They took turns carrying Neil into the lockers, tearing their clothes off on the way. Neil was in a waving haze from the thick rank musk of one man to the other, tongues slipping into each other’s maws as he was effortlessly man handled between the two.

“Sorry bro, didn’t mean to burn ya up like this,” Kai rumbled.

“But we got you bro, gunna get that heat all doused,” Killian murred.

“We’re experts on getting rid of heat.”

“Tag teaming that fire like a couple of fire bros.”

“Even got some post-natal routines for ya locked and loaded, bro.”

“We’ll get you all tightened back up.”

“While kissing those sexy stretch mark scars.”

“Want that bro?”

“Yeah, bro. You good with all that? Your bros got your back on that bare back.”

“Fuck yes,” Neil wined, his toes curling in his shoes as his muscled bros tore his shirt off him with their teeth, peeling his shorts down and discarding them as they made it to the lockers.

The boys straddled a bench, bringing the fox down between them as their hands roamed over that fox, their big sweaty jock bodies dripping more of their essence over him, marking him as their bro. Kai pressed his lips against Neil’s and the fox opened up instantly, his tongue flicking over the massive shark’s tongue and beckoning it forward. That massive shark tongue lured forward, filling the foxes muzzle and sinking into his throat, lightly choking him while that shark hand came up to cup his neck, his thumb and forefinger brushing the veins to lightly stimulate him and make him light headed as their drool dribbled from the corners of his maw. Killian nuzzled the back of his neck, sniffing his heat and getting himself rock hard while rubbing his massive hand over the fox’s flat abs, gently rubbing the warm heat and stoking it to greater heights. Neil moaned into that kiss, his belly a gentle burn that was stoked hotter and hotter with every tender belly rub.

“Fuck bro, you’re getting so fucking hot,” Killian murred into his neck, huffing his heat and dripping his pre over the fox’s back, a hit of that testosterone washing over the fox’s spine.

“Yeah,” Kai broke the kiss, his tongue lulling out of that muzzle. “I can feel the warmth from your heat just growing around us. You really that hot for your big bros?”

Neil didn’t get a chance to say anything as Killian’s tongue lured into his muzzle. It wasn’t as long but it was thicker, and that sweat soaked hat dripped off that muzzle and onto his face, filling him with more of that manly sweat.

“I think he’s ready bro,” Kai murred, nuzzling his neck and nipping it, that submissive reflex causing the fox’s spine to go rigid and his tail to hike up.

The two bros lifted Neil, pulling him up so he was hovering around chest level with the two as they pulled themselves close, their cocks coming together.

“Wait,” Neil gasped as their kiss broke. “Will it hurt..ohhssdfuuuuuuuu...”

The two of them murred as they lowered the fox down on their cocks, that hole twitching open to take those dicks, double penetration as both Killian and Kai groaned as their dicks were pressed against one another and slipped into that tight foxhole together. Only one of Kai’s dicks was in, but the other was pressed up firmly against Neil’s throbbing boner that was being pushed out by the bump those two dicks inside him as they staked their claim to his heat.

“Don’t worry bro,” Kai murred into his neck. “We got this.”

“We got ya bro,” Killian murred into the fox’s ear as he gave it a little nip. “You just enjoy yourself.”

The bros gently took turns gripping Neil by the waist and lifting him up and down, gently plapping him on their dicks while the other took his head into their pit to deepen his heat, their rank stank filling his muzzle as those wet, hot pits matted his muzzle with their musk.

Neil was in total bliss as he was rocked from one bro to the other, his muzzle sinking into pit after pit, his ass being blasted by two of the biggest dicks he had ever known. He was a groaning mess, gripping Kai’s other free rod of steel and frotting his own cock against it while pressing his thighs together to stimulate the shaft while his dick rubbed against the thick foreskin and head.

The two large guys were huffing, their jaws tightening as they breathed heavy, fresh sweat rolling off those glistening abs and matting their body hair. Neil’s little cock throbbed, dribbling his pre into the oozing fountain of masculinity that he was thrusting against while feeling his insides warmed with the preamble of essence slicking his hole.

Neil decided to take a little initiative and gripped his bro's shoulders while putting his feet on their thighs to start doing his own thrusting. Thick wet squelching could be heard as those cocks alternated thrusting up and down into him, one constantly filling him while the other berated his prostate. He was in a constant state of euphoria, his knees quivering as he fought through to get his workout in while getting nailed by the two total studs. His bros!

"Fuck bro, I'm getting close," Killian groaned.

"Brah, like for real, holy shit, you're working my shafts like a fucking pro, dude," Kai groaned, his other shaft still between Neil's thighs as he rode that double penetrating fuck fest.

Neil had lost his voice, his entire world was sweat and musk. He felt like he was in a shower with how it dripped over him, soaking him from all sides as those powerful chests kept him close, those shoulders getting harder to grip onto as he rode them for all he was worth.

"Almost there," Killian groaned.

"Fuck dude, keep going! You're going to make me nut!"

"Fuck yeah, let's put that heat out! Do it bro! Come on! You fucking got this!"

"Hell yeah dude! Fuck! So fucking good! You got that gorilla grip like a god! Fuck!"

The two bros were just showering him with their compliments while showering him with their stank, their musk seeping deep into his bones and marking him as their bro, their total little subby bro!

"Fuck! I'm gunna bust!"

"Fuck! ME too! Fuck yeah foxy! Fucking take it!"

The two men came together above the fox and made out with each other, their tongues lashing around their massive maws as Neil smacked his ass down on them. Their cocks all throbbed in unison as Neil rode them over the edge. The two of them couldn't hold their kiss as they groaned into each other muzzles, their cocks throbbing and balls bouncing as their cum pipes swelled and shot. A thick jet of juices squelched up into Neil's hole, his heat being hit like a delicious pleasure button, each thick jet like a perfect jab at his prostate and throwing him over the edge. Kai's cock not in Neil's ass spewed between all of them along with Neil's fox cock. Their seed splattered each other, matting their fur as they came and thrust, and fucked through their orgasms.

Neil gasped, only to have his muzzle filled by the two hunky bros, each one taking time to really thank their bro for their nut as they started to fuck their pup butter up into him, keeping hard the whole time and rushing into round two before Neil had a chance to catch his breath. The two were in a total frenzy now, needing to empty their hyper active nuts into their new bro.

Neil wasn't going to complain. It was like that cum was the perfect stimulator. It practically vibrated in his hole, causing his heat to sing in joy as he was seeded over and over, each fresh batch of cum throwing him into another frenzy of pleasure. Neil had no idea how long he was in that locker room, but he passed out and only remembered the two taking turns busting in him, making his toes curl, and pinning him between ass cheeks, pits, and feet over and over. His mouth never far from another sweaty, raunchy crack or pit.

Neil waddled into the gym, only six months pregnant and looking like the octomom. With the extra weight his legs and ass looked amazing, constantly being worked by his massive baby bump. The fox came into the yoga studio where both Kai and Killian were sitting, both of them being oogled by

other chicks and them politely declining their offers for...well...making more babies. They always said the same thing.

“Nah, little lady, our bro really needs us now.”

“Sorry, our bro just needs our full attention.”

Neil smiled as the two noticed him, both of their eyes going wide and their bulges throbbing.

“Yo, Dude!”

“Got some serious gains goin’ on there,” Kai murred while rubbing his belly.

“Fuck, you’re a beast with that littler man, fucking rocking this pregnancy like a real pro.”

“You’re gunna break some records and shit, I just know it.”

“Biggest litter I’ve seen, fuck, dude, you’re making me hard just looking at you.”

“Sexier every damn day dude. If I didn’t know if it was going to caus problems with Killian, I’d fucking lock you down for sure.”

“Nah dude,” Killian helped support Neil over to the mat, cradling his ass and helping hold up his baby bump. “Bros before hoes, even if your bro is your hoe you can’t just drop one guy and leave me out in the cold.”

“Guys, guys,” Neil blushed. “You don’t need to make such a big deal of this. You both can have me.”

“Fuck yeah dude! Poly-bros?” Killian offered, putting up his fist.

“Fuck yeah we’re poly-bros! That is, if you’ll have us my-guy,” Kai put his fist up.

“Bros and hoes together I say,” Neil punched their fists, their two massive ones gently smacking his before taking each of his hands and taking him to his spot on the mat to get ready for his session.

Neil sat down, both of his bros fawning over him like he were the life of the party, their love more than superficial as they constantly pumped each other up. Neil had to take a break from heavy lifting, but they were going to build a real life and he couldn't be happier.