

Erin took another big sip of his beer, mentally chastising himself. Why, oh *why* in God's name did he think it'd be a good idea to come here? Yeah yeah, there's the whole "relive your high school years" bullshit that's been parroted so much that it would be right at home on a card stand next to the other cliches in Christmas cards, Valentine's day cards or, even worse, happy birthday cards.

Still, Erin was now stuck drinking on his own, looking at a bunch of 30-year-olds he doesn't even know who seem only all too happy to go truly "relive their glory days," getting piss drunk and acting like a bunch of obnoxious teenagers.

Ugh, he still remembered all those times since childhood he was mocked because he had a "girly" name. He had thought of changing his name to Aaron a few times, but decided that he was proud of being Erin and would remain with that name.

Now he was absolutely sure of how incredibly wrong he was when he said he missed his high school years more than anything. They were hell, and this night wasn't shaping up to be any better. The only good thing about those days were his senior-year girlfriend, who turned out to be a bitch, and his then best-bud, Taylor, with whom he hadn't kept in touch with for no reason other than that Leah didn't like him.

"Gimme one more!" he shouted, slamming the empty bottle of beer in his hand full force down on the counter, shattering it. "Oh, oops, m'bad!"

The bartender, a skunk dressed in a slick gray vest over a black business shirt with a red tie, stared at the crocodile perplexedly, blinking a few times. After a few seconds of consternation, he finally seemed to find the right words.

"I think you've had enough, sir." he spoke quite firmly in a deep, raspy voice, surprising the crocodile, who didn't imagine such a masculine tone could come from such a... small male.

"Oh, dun' gimme any o' that. I only had eight beers!" the crocodile protested.

"You had nine. And two shots of tequila. *And* you just put a dent in my bar counter!" The skunk wasted no time cleaning the shards of broken glass off his counter. The crocodile made an obscene gesture at the skunk, slammed a hundred-dollar bill on the counter and walked away, not caring to get his change back.

Now that he was up on his feet, he realized how the world seemed to be wobbling. He stumbled his way outside of the venue where this class reunion was being held, taking the wrong exit and ending up in the alley instead of the front entrance.

Huh... maybe that's why there were so many people in white clothes telling him to go away, he had gone outside through the kitchen... Well, he couldn't go back the way he came from, he was pretty sure that one girl holding the frying pan would hit him on the head if he trespassed again.

Well, since this was a miserable evening through and through, he might as well just head home. The crocodile started going through his pockets looking for his car keys... and realized he couldn't find them.

"Fuckin' great. Must'a dropped 'em..." he mumbled angrily to himself, readjusting his pants after nearly dropping his phone during his search.

"Erin?" the croc turned his head to look at a dark corner of the alley an otter had just stepped out of. The man had a patch of grey fur covering his whiskers and was wearing a green vest with a white sweater and a blue tie – a clothing match that the crocodile considered incredibly tacky and just plain weird – along with a pair of beige khaki pants.

Erin wrinkled his nose at the smell of tobacco coming from the half-smoked cigarette in the otter's thick fingers.

"Erin Jones, is that really you?"

The meek voice echoed through the alleyway, the small otter stepping into the light and allowing the crocodile to see him a little better. Of course, Erin still had to squint to make out anything since he was drunk as a skunk – though certainly not the one minding the bar, that one was an asshole and can go die on a fire.

"Well, I'll be damned. If it ain't Taylor fucking Lewis. I'd recognize that stupid Lord of the Necklace's ring anywhere!" the crocodile walked up to the otter, giving him a few bone-shattering "taps" on the back – though he didn't actually mean to hit that hard, no that would be stupid. "Last time I saw you you dun' said you were goin' to this fancy-shmancy college upstate. Also, you weren't as short. Did ya' shrink?"

"Gah, don't hit me so hard!" the otter yelped, readjusting his glasses and giving the smiling crocodile an annoyed look. "And of course I didn't shrink. People don't shrink... usually. Anyway, I didn't shrink, you're the one who got freakishly tall. How tall are you now? 6'2", 6'3"?"

The crocodile grinned heavily, wrapping an arm around the otter – and for that, he needed to lean quite forward, nearly losing his balance.

"6'4"! Ain't that cool? I was 5'7" back in high school!" the otter tried pushing the croc's arm away from his shoulder.

"Yes yes, quite cool- Ugh, can you please not lean on me, you reek of booze!"

"And you reek of cigarette but ya don't see me complainin'. When did ya start smokin' anyway? I remember you bein' all preachy 'bout the dangers of cigarettes and all that shtick."

The otter sighed, relenting to being used as the larger male's crutch. He readjusted his glasses again and straightened his tie.

"Since I started working. It's a good way to deal with stress."

"Ha! If yer lookin' for a good way to deal with stress you should go bang a chick! Works wonders!" The otter glared at the crocodile, his big auburn eyes piercing like daggers.

"Really, works wonders you say? Is that why you're drunk off your ass in an alleyway at-" he looked at the watch on his wrist. "- dear God, 8:45 PM? Come on, Erin, really?!"

The crocodile pulled away from the smaller man, pursing his lips and looking down at his feet. The otter's expression immediately softened and he put a hand on the crocodile's arm.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Erin, I didn't mean- Ugh, I shouldn't have said that."

"Nah, it's fine..." Erin scratched his cheek in embarrassment. "I s'pose I've said too much, sorry."

The otter's lips cracked in a half-smile as he came closer to the crocodile, hugging him tightly and burying his face in the larger male's chest, catching Erin completely by surprise. The crocodile couldn't help but smile as he gave his smaller friend a few gentler pats on the back.

"You still reek of booze... but it's good to see you again, you big lug. You suck at keeping in contact."

"Heh, sorry 'bout that. But still, yer hugging me? You? Is that another new habit you picked up or are ya drunk too?" the otter chuckled.

"I did have a bit to drink in there but I've mostly sobered up by now... I think."

The crocodile broke into a thunderous fit of laughter, shaking the otter with the movements of his chest.

"Smokin' *and* drinkin'? Well, haven'tcha turned into the perfect little social butterfly?!" he said, laughing loudly and hitting his own knee as if he had just cracked the funniest joke in the world.

Taylor pursed his lips, looking away. "I suppose ya had more fun in there than I did? Didja bring the wife too?"

Now the otter's face was positively red as he pulled away from the crocodile, looking down at the ground.

"I... don't really have a wife." Taylor kicked some dirt as he fiddled awkwardly with his thumbs. The crocodile stared at him in awe for a few seconds.

"What, really?!"

The otter nodded timidly.

"Well, aren'tcha a lucky bastard!" Erin gave him a few more back-breaking "taps" on the back, making the otter's whole body tremble.

"W-What? I thought you were happily married!"

"Bah, now tha's a good one. Happily married ma green scaly ass! Marriage is a trap, I'm tellin' ya!" the crocodile declared cheerfully, pounding on his own chest a few times for effect.

"Uuuhh... I see. Well, I'm still single anyway. Got a job at this great accounting firm and I make some good money but... everyone I know is already married with kids and I've never even dated..." Taylor's eyes flicked to the crocodile's face for only a few seconds before they darted back to the floor, his face so red that even his ears were burning.

"Shit, never even dated? Tha's heavy, man. We're gun' need to fix ya' up with someone!"

Taylor's eyes went wide and he gasped several times.

"W-What? But I thought you just said marriage was a trap and all that!"

"Hey, I said *marriage* is a trap. But fuckin'? Nah, man, fuckin's *gooooood*."

The otter pulled at the collar of his sweater a few times, looking away and muttering a few embarrassed 'I see's.

"N-Nah, you don't have to put yourself through the trouble. But what about you? Last I heard you were having a daughter. And I only found out because I saw it on Facebook." he adjusted his glasses again.

Jeez, he kept adjusting his glasses all the time. How many was it already? Three, four? Maybe it was a habit...

"Awww, yer following my Facebook even tho' I didn' keep in touch. Yer really the best of pals." The crocodile chuckled to himself, making the otter look away once more.

"Well, I wanted to reach out but I thought you weren't interested in talking to me since you haven't said a word to me in over ten years..." He looked down at his hands as he started embarrassedly fiddling with his fingers. "I was... kinda hoping I'd run into you today, but after I stayed for over two hours at the bar and didn't see you, I just left. I spent the past hour here smoking..."

"Aww." Erin pulled the otter into another hug, gently rubbing his back. "I'm sorry buddy, the ol' ball'n'chain didn't want me chatting with high school friends. Said 'the past should stay in the past' an' all that bullshit. Honestly, I should just dump that crazy bitch already."

Taylor pushed him away, suddenly looking up at the crocodile with a raised eyebrow.

"I appreciate the sentiment but let's not make monumental life decisions while drunk, shall we?" Erin chuckled, affectionately tousling the otters hair. "You seem like you've had your fair share of drinks by the way, how are you planning on going home?"

"I was gunna drive home but I think I left my keys at the bar."

The otter's eyes went wide as he struggled to find words, finally deciding on giving Erin a punch on the arm. The crocodile could tell he was trying to punch hard but it just felt like getting hit by a plushy.

"Absolutely not. You're not driving home in this state. I'm not gonna let you!"

Erin chuckled again.

"A'rright, fine. I won't drive. Probably not a good idea to go home like this either, Leah would kill me. I might just look for a hotel."

Taylor raised an eyebrow.

"Given how much I remember of her in high school, I have no trouble believing that. Well, how about..." The otter looked down at his feet again. It was kinda cute how he kept getting embarrassed all the time. "... how about you stay the night at my place? I didn't really drive here because I knew I'd be drinking but I'll call us a cab. You don't have to waste money on a hotel."

"Aww." Erin felt the urge to hug the otter again – still as thoughtful as he remembered – but the otter made sure to push him away this time.

“No offense but I don’t want to end up smelling like a brewery.”

“You’d rather smell like a chimney?” the croc retorted with a grin, making Taylor smile.

“Point taken.”

The two arrived at Taylor's apartment not a half hour later. The car ride gave Erin time to sober up. At least enough to not slur so much anymore.

Turns out Taylor didn't live all that far from the bar. This was still the fancy part of town. Not at all like the hole Erin lived in.

"Well I'll be damned, this is a pretty good lookin' place you got here. You definitely have money."

The otter let out an awkward laugh, taking out his vest and tossing it on top of a clean, clear glass coffee table. "Well, I worked a lot for what I have and I consider myself pretty lucky to have it. I know most folks aren't as lucky."

Erin nodded at his words. He had been feeling a bit drowsy on the car ride over and listening to Taylor talk just made him feel even more tired.

"You can take my bed, I'll sleep on the couch tonight," the otter said.

"Don't be silly, I'll take the couch!"

At his words, Taylor turned around, crossed his arms, and stared at the crocodile with an amused expression.

"Well, if you can find a way to fit on the couch then be my guest because... it's half your size."

Erin followed the otter's gaze to a black leather couch that didn't look like it could deal with someone of Erin's... stature.

"Oh... I definitely don't wanna sleep there."

"Mhm," the otter agreed, a smug smile on his face as he turned around to fiddle with some cushions on top of the couch.

"How about we share the bed then?"

Taylor suddenly froze in his tracks, then slowly, ever so slowly, looked up at the crocodile as if he just saw a ghost.

"What? I don't wanna sleep on that thing but I don't think you should either. What's wrong with that?"

Once again Taylor started fiddling with his collar, suddenly looking like he just might bolt at any moment.

"What? Why would that bother you? You have some weird crush on me or something?" Erin started laughing at what he thought was a hilarious joke.

He received nothing but silence and an embarrassed look as an answer.

"Oh. Shit."

The otter looked down at the floor, his whole body shivering.

"Sorry, bud, I didn't know."

Taylor nodded, leaning onto the couch as his legs buckled under him.

“So you’ve been wanting to get your mack on with me all these years?” Erin’s attempt at humor made the otter wince on his seat. Mentally chastising himself, he walked over to the otter and sit next to him on the couch, the small size of the furniture forcing him to nearly press himself up against his friend. “Sorry, bad joke. Look, man, I don’t mind it or anything like that. I mean, it’s a bit weird to think about but it’s not like I hate you for it or anything. Oh, wait, is this why you’ve been single this whole time?”

Taylor slowly nodded again, glancing up at the crocodile, his big eyes seemingly on the verge of tears.

“Aww, don’t look at me like that. Come on, I told you I don’t mind. You don’t have to worry about it or nothing.” He grabbed the otter and pulled him into a tight hug, this time making sure to be as gentle and comforting as possible. In response, he could hear Taylor sniffing a few times on his chest. “If anything, I’m flattered. You’ve always been good and kind to me.”

“... Thanks.” After almost five minutes of silently hugging, Taylor finally pulled away, cleaning his damp eyes on the sleeves of his sweater. “Oh God, I really didn’t want you to find out. I bet this would make you feel awkward about the whole idea of sharing the bud, huh?”

The otter tried to crack a smile, forcing out a joke at an attempt to lighten up to mood. Instead, it got Erin thinking.

“Well... how about we do it?” His words resounded in the empty apartment, making Taylor stare blankly at him for quite a few seconds.

“H-huh? I’m sorry, I must have just had a mini-stroke because I was sure I just heard... W-What did you say?!”

The crocodile couldn’t help but chuckle, tousling the otter’s head fur a little more.

“I said ‘How about we do it?’ Come on, Taylor, you might be a bit older but I’m sure you ain’t hard of hearing yet.” Taylor kept opening his mouth uselessly without being able to conjure up any words. Erin couldn’t help but think that he kinda looked like a fish out of water. “Croc got your tongue?” Erin asked.

The otter cleared his throat, suddenly straightening himself up on his seat and looking incredulously at the bigger male.

“A-Are you suggesting that we... make love?”

Erin erupted in laughter, giving the otter several more of his notoriously strong slaps on the back.

“Make love? What are ya, a sixth grade girl? Nah, that’s for pansies. I’m talking some good ol’ fucking!”

The otter cringed at the word ‘fucking’, adjusting his eyeglasses yet again.

“D-Do you have any idea what you’re saying? How drunk *are* you right now?”

The crocodile smiled. "Drunk enough that this seems like a good idea. Not drunk enough that I'll feel taken advantage of." He made sure to show a lighthearted toothy grin, making the otter swallow hard.

Erin leaned forward, reaching a hand out to stroke the otter's cheek. He made sure to puff his chest out, trying to look more alluring.

"Come on, what do you say?" He spoke in the huskiest, most seductive voice he could muster. It seemed to have had the right effect as Taylor's face immediately went at least two shades redder – which Erin hadn't thought was possible a few seconds ago. "At least some part of you seems to be interested!"

Taylor looked at him in confusion for a few seconds as the crocodile chuckled. Then, when Erin pointed downward, the otter finally noticed that his penis was tenting up his khakis.

"Oh God!" The otter immediately spun around, trying to shield his groin from the crocodile's gaze. Instead, he just gave him something new to look at.

"Hmm, I never really noticed before but that meaty tail of yours seems quite... tasty." Erin licked his lips, leaning up against the otter and nipping gently at his neck.

"E-E-Erin! That's enough, you've had your fun, now stop playing around with me!" the otter said, his voice nearly breaking.

Erin grabbed him by the shoulders and spun him around, looking him dead in the eyes.

"I'm not. I'm being serious here. If you want to, I'll have sex with you."

The otter looked him in the eyes incredulously, fidgeting against the crocodile's strong grip. Slowly, his body relaxed. When he finally opened his mouth to speak, his eyes looked as if they were brimming with curiosity.

"Really? You're not just yanking my chain?"

His words made Erin's grin widen and the crocodile reached out with his claw to undo one of the buttons on Taylor's sweater.

Of course, being drunk, he ended up popping the button off of the shirt entirely, making it fly into a nearby wall and leaving a small hole on the spot it once had been in.

"Oh, whoops. I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to--"

"Pffft, hahahahaha!" Taylor hunched himself over, holding his stomach as he burst into laughter. Erin stood rooted to the spot, staring at his old friend with a blush on his face, confused about his reaction.

"Why are you laughing?" he asked, scratching the back of his head and wondering if he had completely ruined the mood.

Instead, Taylor reached out and squeezed his bicep.

"S-Sorry, it's just- Seeing you do that and then get really nervous about it just helped me relax!" The otter was still having trouble keeping himself together, leaving the crocodile conflicted as to whether he should be amused or annoyed. After a few more seconds of roarish laughter, he

finally managed to calm himself enough, looking Erin dead in the eye “If you’re really open to the idea of us... being intimate, then I’d really like to try,”

The fact that Taylor was able to say that with complete confidence made Erin feel a little bit giddy.

“Alright then, take me to the bedroom.”

Taylor smiled and nodded, leading Erin down the hallway all the way to the last door – Erin counted three in total and thoughts of how expensive this place must be considering its location danced around in his head.

“Here you go, my inner sanctum!” The otter opened the door, beckoning Erin to enter. The croc saw a well decorated room with flower vases, paintings, a huge television, and, right at the center, a king-sized bed covered in very soft-looking red satin sheets.

“Oooh, looks fancy,” the crocodile chirped excitedly.

“I spared no expense furnishing my- Woah!”

Suddenly, Taylor was grabbed by his waist and lifted into the air by the larger male, then tossed roughly onto the bed. When he looked up, he saw the hungry-looking crocodile licking his lips and unbuttoning his shirt. He slid it off of his toned, muscled torso, letting the moonlight entering through the window illuminate his scales.

“W-Wow.” [add sentence here with Taylor action?]

“Something catch your eye?” the crocodile said, chuckling. His voice sounded lustful and sultry. Taylor nodded, beginning to undress as he lied on the bed. The crocodile was surprised at how in-shape and – honestly speaking – *hot* the otter looked. He had entertained the thought of being with men before and had once or twice stared at a male coworker’s ass when they bent over but never before had he wanted so badly to just have his way with another man.

Now, in front of him, was an otter his own age that barely reached up to his chest, with gray stubble and a slightly chubby belly, and he couldn’t for the life of him remember a time in the past five years where he’d been this turned on by someone.

When Taylor got down to his boxer briefs and started to remove them, Erin grabbed his wrist and stopped him.

“Slow down, sailor. I’ll handle this part.” He attempted to act natural, but hiding the lust and anticipation in his voice was starting to get really hard.

Just like a certain part of him, throbbing away inside his jeans which he’d forgotten to take off.

“Okay then. You do the honors” the otter said.

The sudden shift in attitude from Taylor was slightly confusing but, Erin had to admit, it was a turn-on.

Erin reached out to stroke the otter's bulge through his underwear, circling his finger around a wet spot that had formed on the smooth black fabric, eliciting a gasp from his shorter companion. He then squeezed it gently, making Taylor moan in a very cute voice.

"Someone's liking this quite a bit it seems," the crocodile chuckled. Taylor smiled shyly, his face turning red again, but just nodded in agreement.

Slowly, the crocodile inched his face closer to Taylor's crotch, sniffing the wet spot a few times before looking at the otter in the eye. Taylor gulped loudly, suddenly pinned down by the larger male's intense gaze. Then, without any warning, Erin licked the throbbing cock through the fabric of the underwear.

"Gaaahh. G-God, Erin. That felt..."

"Good?" the crocodile asked. Without another word, Taylor nodded, now taking deep breaths.

Without missing a beat, Erin bit down on the waist of the otter's underwear, pulling it down with his teeth and releasing the throbbing prize inside. It sprung free from its soft, cushioned jail and hit the croc in the face.

"Hehe, you're actually kinda big for a guy your size."

Taylor's face went a couple shades redder as the croc began licking and suckling on his seven-inch hard-on.

Taylor began moaning and gasping, his cock leaking out more and more globs of sticky, clear pre, which Erin made sure to drag around with his tongue and coat its entire length.

The otter began stroking his head, whispering incentives like 'Yes, just like that' and 'Oh God, you're so good at this'. Honestly, Erin never thought he'd be having this much fun licking a guy's dick. Heh, live and learn.

Then, the crocodile was hit with a devious idea. Without warning, he brought his face down, burying his muzzle on the pinkish, slightly puckered entrance to the otter's plump ass, breathing out onto it as hard as he could.

"Waah, w-what are you doing?" the otter gasped in confusion, making Erin grin in delight. He liked the feeling of surprising his partner.

"Making this a little more interesting. Time to get you ready for the next part." Just as Taylor opened his mouth to retort, Erin dragged his tongue around the otter's ass, making sure to just slightly press it against the entrance, just *barely* entering his hole before stopping completely.

The sound of Taylor's moans was enough to compel him to go forward, making the crocodile press his tongue, slowly at first, until it slipped inside the otter's anus. He then began to knead those plump ass cheeks, twirling his tongue around inside Taylor's ass, savoring the otter's pleasure at his ministrations. He alternated between just circling his tongue inside and drawing a figure eight with it, toying with the motions and looking for all the sweet spots he could find.

At this point, Taylor's cock was dripping so much pre that it almost looked like a leaky fountain, a thought that amused the crocodile a whole lot. After deeming the hole sufficiently

lubed, he pulled away, giving those ass cheeks one more squeeze before getting up and unzipping his jeans.

“O-Oh. Oh my-” Taylor gasped when he realized what was happening.

Without dropping his jeans, the crocodile pulled his cock and balls out of his underwear and closed the jeans button on top of it, the tight opening squeezing his balls so they looked extra tight and plump.

Not wasting any time, Erin lined up his incredibly thick 6-incher with Taylor’s hole and, giving the otter one last meaningful look, pushed it in, slamming it all the way to the base.

“Ahhh, son of a-” Taylor yelped in pain, his words interrupted by Erin leaning down and kissing the otter, his big tongue invading Taylor’s mouth and reaching down his throat, entwining with otter’s own tongue.

With his left hand, Erin grasped Taylor’s cock and started jacking it off as he began rocking his hips back and forth, all the booze in his system and his own built-up lust compelling him to get himself off as fast as he could.

Taylor’s moans vibrated inside the crocodile’s mouth as he got the small otter off. This was the most fun Erin had with sex since... hell, since the time when him and his wife conceived their second child.

As he increased his pace, Erin made sure to hammer a particular spot that seemed to make Taylor moan more than usual. The two had to take frequent breaks to breathe as they continued to exchange sloppy kisses, wrestling with their tongues and exploring each others' mouths. Taylor’s claws dug into the crocodile’s back, leaving stinging scratches that, for some reason, felt incredibly good.

The crocodile increased the rhythm of his fucking, sensing his orgasm approaching. After not getting laid in over four years, this was turning out to be a much quicker session than he had hoped. He just prayed to God that he’d be able to get Taylor off before he caved. Erin started to think of car parts and all the unsexy things he could come up with, desperately trying to delay his impending orgasm.

“F-Fuck... E-Erin!” The otter moaned his name between kisses and that brought him over the edge. Just the thought of his old high school friend calling his name at a time like this was erotic enough to bring him beyond the point of no return.

Erin gave the otter a powerful love bite on the neck, now jacking the otter off as furiously as he could and grabbing him as tightly as possible with his other arm as he released wave after wave of hot, sticky crocodile semen inside the otter’s ass. Soon enough, there was already some dripping out from around Erin’s cock, still continuing to spurt wave after wave. He lost count after the fifteenth. It had *really* been a long time for him.

For Taylor though, the sudden feeling of heat and fullness emanating from his anus and the continuous waves of cum hitting him right in the prostate led the otter to yell out, his voice strained against the powerful jaws that were locked on his throat. His body convulsed as he

succumbed to his own thunderous orgasm, his cum hitting Erin in the chest and completely covering his scales in jizz.

Soon both of their orgasms subsided and the crocodile collapsed on top of the otter, both of them huffing and breathing hard as they exchanged meaningful looks. Taylor then licked Erin on the nose and leaned his forehead against the crocodile's, who returned the gesture.

Soon, the effects of the booze on their systems, coupled with the exhaustion of a sudden, intense sexual encounter, started to settle in and the two drifted quietly into sleep.