

Dyne's heart skipped a beat when he looked down at his phone and saw he had a new message. The icon for the message was one of a specific orc coach he met not too long ago at the gym he was going to. One thing led to another, and the two of them developed a rather... fun relationship with each other.

"Hey pup," the message read. "You goin' to the gym tonight?"

Dyne was quick to reply, "Yeah, I'm heading there soon."

"Good boy! Why don't you wear that special jock then ;)"

The canine knew just which one he was talking about. It was a pink-strapped jock that read 'Daddy's Boy' on it. Dyne's face burned. He knew what it entailed if the coach was asking him to wear that specifically. His tail was wagging as he replied, "Yes, Sir. I will."

His phone chimed again, and the new message read, "That's my pup. When you get to the gym, meet me in cardio room three for a special coaching session. Think you can be there in an hour?"

"I can be there in thirty."

"Even better! Be there in thirty. No sooner though, okay?"

Dyne cocked his head, confused, but he shrugged, "Yes, Sir. I understand."

"Good boy. See you soon"

Dyne was already up and changing his clothes before the last message came in, and he was out the door soon after.

The drive to the gym was only ten minutes, but he waited in his car for the next fifteen – he wasn't going to disobey the coach no matter how badly he wanted to see him. Five minutes remained until he was to be in cardio room three, so he entered the gym. There were only a few people around that didn't seem to notice him, and he made his way straight to where he was supposed to meet the coach.

"One more minute," Dyne muttered, checking the time on his phone while approaching the door.

A sign on the door said the room was currently closed and should be accessed by employees only. Dyne checked his phone to make sure he had the right room, and he did. He tested the door handle, and it was unlocked. Knowing the coach, he figured this was intentional, so he checked the time once more, saw his thirty-minute mark was there, and he quickly slipped into the room.

He didn't see anyone at first, but his phone chimed again to grab his attention. It was Coach.

"Drop yer shorts and take yer shirt off and turn to face the door. No peeking either," it read. "Show off that cute ass of yours with that jock"

Dyne's ears splayed out, and his tail thrashed at the command. He tossed his shirt aside, then kicked his shorts over on top of them as he stared at the door. The pouch of his jock bulged from the anticipation of what was to come, and the orc's

commands compounded on top of that. There was no hiding his arousal, but it wasn't to be seen from behind.

He looked at his phone after another alert came through, and the next message confused him. It said, "Make me proud, pup ;) and be sure you send me pics of what a good time yer having."

"PS, I asked your hubby first, and he said it was okay as long as yer taken care of," came another message right after.

That's when a strong hand grabbed Dyne's shoulder, and a deep, unfamiliar voice rumbled from behind him, "So, you're the pup Coach has been going on and on about? He was awfully excited to show you off to me. Let's see if you live up to all that praise."

Dyne's fur stood on end, and the hand that grabbed him forced him to spin around. Looking down at him with a sharp, toothy smirk was a meaty alligator. He looked to match the coach in height and sheer size, maybe even being a little wider, but he lacked the same muscle definition. His body had more rounded features that stretched his clothes, but it didn't hide the strength he exuded.

"You **are** pretty cute," he said, looking down at Dyne. "I'm sure there's more to you than that though." He tipped his head sideways, looking down Dyne's body, and he chuckled. "Daddy's boy, huh? He said you were gonna be wearing something special. Guess that's it. Do you call him Daddy?"

Dyne shook his head. He was still in shock and couldn't find his voice while the large green gator looked him over. Sir or Coach was what he called the orc.

"No? He calls you his pup, so I figured you'd call him Daddy." He shrugged, and another grin spread over his face. "Maybe you'll wanna call me Daddy then." He ran his hand up Dyne's chest, slowly over his throat and then up to Dyne's cheek, stroking his thumb gently through the dog's fur. "Would you like that, Puppy?"

Those last words were barely a growl, and the jock Dyne wore became noticeably tighter on him as the big guy's face drew closer. Dyne didn't know who this fellow was, but it was clear that the coach did, and Dyne knew that Coach wouldn't put him in a spot like this unless he trusted the guy. That was all Dyne's brain raced to put together before another growl came from this unknown fellow, "Well? You gonna answer me?"

Dyne fidgeted around, unable to bring his eyes to meet the larger male's, but he managed to mumble out a quiet, "Y..Yeah."

"Yeah?" the gator replied. "Then call me Daddy."

He moved his head to where Dyne was forced to look at him, and he had a smirk spread across his face while he waited for an answer. His belly pinned Dyne to the wall, and Dyne's head was tingling from the nearly overwhelming mixture of arousal and uncertainty that flooded his mind.

Dyne swallowed and licked his lips, and he answered, "Y..Yes, Daddy."

All of the gator's teeth flashed, then a deep laugh shook through him as he patted Dyne's head, "Bahahaha, you really did it! Guess I shouldn't be so surprised since Coach said you were an obedient pup." He smiled and continued, "I don't **really** expect you to call me Daddy. I'm just teasing you." His fingers ran through the fur on Dyne's head gently, then his hand fell to the back of Dyne's neck as he moved in closer. "You're just awfully tense, and I'm trying to loosen you up. I guess I could have done that another way though."

Dyne didn't have to wonder for long about what the other way might be because a heavy hand cupped his crotch, and a new pair of lips were suddenly mashed against his. He was taken by surprise, and his eyes were wide. Confusion flooded his senses, but between the hand kneading his already-stiff crotch and the lips working gently against his, the confusion gave way to pleasure. His eyelids fell, and the familiar sensation of kissing someone came back to him.

His body remained mostly motionless, and only his lips moved. This went on for a minute, and Dyne's hands, still pressed against the wall, finally came to life. They moved from the wall and to the alligator's waist, eliciting a soft bellow from his throat that vibrated all through Dyne.

The gator pulled back to break the kiss, but Dyne's head moved along too, making the kiss last just a little longer before their lips parted.

"Heh, looks like the puppy's feeling more relaxed now," the larger male spoke softly, looking down at Dyne. Both hands he had on Dyne's body continued their rubbing

as he spoke, “Coach said you might be tense at first, but that you’d probably come around easily enough.”

Dyne found more of his voice, and he stammered out, “J..just who are you? You know the coach?”

The other guy blinked and raised one of his brows, “Wait a minute... I gotta ask you something. Were you expecting me or him to be in here?”

“Him.”

“So, you had no idea I was the one in here? I was just some stranger in here molesting you?”

Dyne nodded.

The alligator tipped his mouth up and chumpfed loudly before he said, “That sly bastard! I thought he’d at least tell you. That might explain why you were so tense.” He grinned and looked back at Dyne. “That just means you’re a raunchy little puppy, aren’t you? Making out with a stranger and letting him feel you up. You didn’t really resist at all.”

He rubbed his fingertips against Dyne’s belly with his fingers pointed down, then his fingers slipped under the band of the jockstrap, traveling down just enough to reach Dyne’s pubic fur. His fingertips scratched the area, and Dyne melted back against the wall. Between the fingers in his pubes and the fingers on his neck, he was in heaven.

“You know,” the gator said, moving in closer to Dyne, rubbing their snouts together as his mouth got near Dyne’s ear. “Coach seems **really** proud of his new pup, and he’s been so eager to show you off to some of the guys. He seems to have a real soft spot for you, and he speaks so highly of you too.” He nuzzled against Dyne, who pushed back and sunk his fingers into the alligator’s sides.

“He told me I had better take real good care of you or he won’t share anymore,” the gator continued in a low tone. “And I plan on taking **really** good care of you. I don’t want to ruin the coach’s trust, and I get the feeling you and I are gonna get along juuuust fine.”

Dyne’s face was hot enough to start a fire at that point, and his ears couldn’t be any more splayed out as the fingertips down his jock brushed over the base of his firm shaft. Lips pressed into the fur of his neck, and the sound of a deep inhalation followed it.

“This is all okay, right, Puppy?” the gator asked, withdrawing his fingers a little, but keeping his mouth close to Dyne’s fur. “Do **you** want to have fun with this big gator? You know Coach would be mad with both of us if you didn’t want to do this and still did it anyway.”

He got a nod in response, and Dyne muttered a soft, “Y..Yeah, this is okay.”

“That’s just what I was hoping you’d say.”

He got the okay from Dyne, so his hand slipped deeper into Dyne’s jock again, this time, spreading his fingers apart to let the dog’s shaft slide between them. The

gator worked his fingers around to knead Dyne's crotch, keeping his cock stiff while it was sandwiched between two fingers.

Dyne wrapped his arms around the gator's thick neck and held on tight as his crotch was massaged by the strong hand, and he let out a soft whimper when a nibble grazed through his fur. The nibbling turned into gentle biting, and the hand in Dyne's jock grew more forceful as the gator exerted his strength and dominance over the wolf.

"Now, how should I take care of my new puppy?" the gator asked, puffing hot air into Dyne's ear. "What do **you** want from **me** the most?"

His fingers kept Dyne's cock pressed between them as they dragged along the upper part of the canine's sac continuously. Dyne had a hard time thinking straight with all the stimulation, so he only panted without giving an answer. He didn't know what he wanted at the time, and he wasn't able to convey that.

"I won't know what you want if you don't speak, Puppy," the gator continued. "Coach said it would be cheating if he told me what you liked, so unless you tell me something..." He pulled his head back, his eyes piercing through Dyne's. "We'll just have to fool around until I figure out **exactly** what it is that makes you howl. I'm here to take care of you, after all."

He gripped the fur on Dyne's neck, growled, and forced him into a kiss, filling Dyne's maw with a new feeling. It was the first time Dyne ever felt the tongue of an alligator, let alone feeling it inside his mouth. Like the coach's, it was broad, but it was longer, had a rougher texture and didn't feel as thick. There was a distinct difference



overall in how it felt, and even tasted, as it slithered around Dyne's mouth, testing the limits on just how deep it could go.

Dyne was taken by surprise when the kiss went beyond his lips. The gator rotated his head and pushed forward, forcing both mouths to open as their muzzles slid together. It was a new experience for Dyne, and it was all so the kiss could be made deeper as the rough tongue roaming his mouth pushed toward his throat.

Fingers worked into Dyne's neck fur while keeping him held in place, letting the alligator push deeper. Dyne's body tensed up when the tongue hit the back of his throat, and he tried to instinctively pull back when it snaked in deeper. Unable to pull away, the canine swallowed over and over as he breathed heavily through his nose, letting the tongue push in just a little deeper - it was testing Dyne to see how far it could go before it was apparent it was too much.

Too much never happened, but Dyne's head spun, and his body tingled all over as he clutched at the thick beast that pinned him to the wall. He was lost in the moment, and it was clear the gator was being devoured by the lust too. Both males were filled with a series of pants and grunts as the animalistic kiss went on.

The bigger guy finally pulled back with a loud sigh, wiping spittle from his mouth with the back of his hand. Dyne gasped and took in several deep breaths, and the gator asked, "You okay, Puppy?"

Dyne nodded, "J..just need... to catch my breath."

“I got a little carried away. Been a while since I got to kiss someone like that, and I was really into it. You just tell me if it’s too much though, you got it?” He got another nod, then he continued, “Did you think of anything you want to do yet, or should I just keep going?”

The gator continued kneading Dyne’s neck with one hand, and the other pushed under the band of his jockstrap, sliding around to squeeze Dyne’s butt. He did that, keeping Dyne held against his body. The dog sighed and leaned into it, then a thought occurred to him.

“We... we should kiss again,” he said.

“Oh? You liked that?”

Dyne nodded and continued, “I did, but... We should take a picture for Coach.”

A deep belly laugh rumbled from the alligator, and he let go of Dyne as he replied, “Bahahaha, you’re right! We gotta show him you’re having a good time. I bet he’s waiting for something. Gimme your phone.”

Dyne grabbed his phone from the floor, opened the camera and handed it over. After he did, the gator reenacted the kiss up to almost shoving his tongue down Dyne’s throat. He got the picture, then proceeded to set Dyne up for more pictures.

He took a picture of himself dragging his tongue up Dyne’s neck, then another with his hand down Dyne’s jock.

“Geeze, you’re wet,” the gator said, pulling his hand from Dyne’s jock. “He said you were an excitable puppy, but I didn’t realize just how excitable.”

He used his fingertip to massage the wet spot on Dyne’s jock where his cockhead was, and Dyne couldn’t stifle the whimpers. The gator teased him a moment longer, then he put his elbow against the wall near Dyne’s head and snapped another picture while looking down at him.

“Gonna send these to the coach now. Bet he’ll love them,” he said. “He’s gonna be so proud of his pup.”

He stayed leaned against the wall as he sent the messages, and that’s when Dyne realized something he wanted. His face was close to the gator’s armpit, and he could see that the shirt was damp. Dyne inhaled quietly, and a pungent, sweaty smell wafted into his nose. It was too light, so Dyne moved his head closer and inhaled deeper. It was louder than he meant for it to be, and it caught the attention of the bigger fella.

“What’s this?” the gator rumbled. “You trying to sniff my pit, Puppy? Is that something you want?” He raised his arm up higher and grinned. “Don’t be shy. Get in there and tell me if you like it. I’ll even snap another picture for Coach while you’re at it.”

Dyne obeyed and moved his nose closer, and the armpit pushed towards him at the same time. His nose was crammed into the damp fabric of the gator’s shirt, and his nose was immediately filled with the heavy scent of the musky alligator. The smell was

intoxicating to Dyne, and it made his cock throb harder as he pushed his nose in as deep as possible. He had some help as the pit pushed back against him.

“Damn, you’re really into this, huh? Look at you rooting around in there,” said the gator.

He was holding the phone out to the side, and Dyne glanced over at it to see it was recording - that didn’t make him stop. All it did for Dyne was make him want to show off more. He managed to reach up and pull the sleeve away enough for him to stuff his nose in against the exposed armpit. It was wet, and the smell was the strongest there.

A soft bellow filled the air, then it was followed with, “Give it a taste, Puppy. Show Coach just how much fun you’re having.”

The camera kept recording, and Dyne did as he was told. His tongue extended and ran over the sweaty armpit of the gator. A powerful salty flavor filled Dyne’s mouth, and he felt the frame of the larger male shudder.

“Fuck,” growled the alligator. “Nobody’s ever done that before. Feels weird, but it’s kinda hot that you’d be willing to do that.” Dyne growled and put more effort into his licking while his partner spoke more. “If you like how that tastes, I have something else I bet you’ll enjoy the flavor of. I’ll be sure to show you that too, Coach.”

Dyne side-eyed his phone, and he saw the gator wink at it right before the recording stopped. He pocketed Dyne’s phone and then massaged Dyne’s neck, encouraging him to inhale as much of his scent as possible. Nothing was stopping Dyne

from enjoying his time buried in the alligator armpit. It was another new sensation for him to experience, and he was going to take advantage of it for as long as possible.

“I bet you’d enjoy this even more if I took my shirt off, huh?” he asked. “Kinda tired of wearing it right now anyway, and I want to feel your fur against me.”

He pulled away from Dyne, and it was the first time Dyne got to really see the alligator’s full body all at once. He grabbed his shirt at the base and pulled it up slowly, exposing the lighter color of his belly that joined up with the color that covered his throat and the underside of his snout.



He kept going until he pulled his shirt off over his head, then he tossed it aside. He put his hands behind his head and smirked down at Dyne. A conflict arose for Dyne

as he stared at the hulking fellow in front of him, and the gator could see something was going on.

He asked, "What is it, Puppy? Don't you wanna come give these boys a whiff now that they're out in the open?" That's when he noticed Dyne's eyes were fixated on his crotch, so he glanced down and smirked. "Damn, looks like I'm as wet as you are. Goes to show you I've been enjoying myself too. You're fun to play with."

The crotch of his shorts had a large wet spot on them, but something about it piqued Dyne's interest. There was no bulge, then Dyne mumbled, "It's so flat."

"Bahahahaha!" The gator's head tipped back and he laughed loudly. "Cause my boner went away already!"

Dyne's ear's folded back, and he looked away, "I... I didn't... I didn't mean to say that out loud."

The other male sneered and hooked his thumb into the waistband of his shorts, "You think my dick's so tiny that I'm flat? Damn, that's harsh, Puppy."

"That... that's not...!" Dyne protested, but a hand wrapped around his muzzle to silence him.

"I was gonna let you smell my pits some more, but after a comment like that, I think you need to be punished instead. Don't say anything else. Just get on your knees."

Dyne's heart jumped, so he nodded and did just as he was told, dropping down to his knees. He stared down at the floor until a finger tapped him on the head, and he

was told, "Look up here, Puppy. Gonna take another picture for Coach. I'm telling him what I'm about to do and what you said." He saw a slight recoil in Dyne's expression, and the dog's ears fell back again as he remained silent. "Don't you worry though. He won't be mad at you. He's gonna laugh his ass off and give us both a hard time about it."

Dyne sighed with relief. The thought of making Coach upset in any way bothered him but hearing that it would be okay let him relax. He was even more curious about what the alligator had in mind now.

The gator put his fists on his sides and looked down at Dyne after he was done using the phone, and he had a devious smile on his face as he spoke, "Alright. Pull my shorts down and get to work, Puppy." His grin broadened as he continued, "If you get me riled up enough, I might even fuck you. That's up to you though."

A look of surprise spread across Dyne's burning face, and his eyes moved down to the pink pair of shorts that moved to be not even a foot from his face. His eyes fixated on the wet spot, and his nose twitched as the smell of arousal, his and the alligators, filled it.

Those last two sentences bounced around in his head as he reached for the waistband in front of him. His hands trembled as his nerves crept in, but his eagerness and curiosity drove him to continue. He hooked his fingers into the shorts and jumped when the gator spoke, "Tug them hard and fast, or the button holding it around my tail won't come undone."



Dyne nodded in acknowledgment and made sure he had a good grip on the shorts, then he yanked them down. He felt the button give way, and the gator's shorts went straight to the floor.

"Oh," Dyne mumbled.

A loud chumpf came from above him, and a voice followed, "That's all you have to say, huh? If you're that disappointed, I guess we can call it quits. And here I was having fun with you."

Dyne sputtered through his reply, "N..no! That's... That's not it! I just... I just wasn't expecting it is all." He couldn't flush any deeper as he looked away, "I've... Uhm... I've never really done anything with a guy that has a cloaca."

"You're saying I'm your first slit, Puppy? Man, that changes everything. Makes me feel kinda special even," the gator cooed, leaning over to scratch behind Dyne's ears. "Well, just treat it like you're eating ass. I'm sure you've done that before, haven't you? I bet Coach loves how your tongue feels." The look on Dyne's face was all the answer he needed. "Now then, put that mouth of yours to work."

If Dyne wasn't inches from the gator's crotch, he would be hard-pressed to see the split in creamy green skin that was the cloaca slit, despite the trail of goo that dribbled out of it. All he could do was stare at it while he rubbed his hands idly over the gator's thick thighs. He massaged around, working his thumbs closer toward the center of the pubic area.

He slowed down when he saw the slit start to spread open thanks to his thumbs, but he didn't get the chance to really admire it. The gator stepped forward, and Dyne was forced to sit down before his head was pinned between belly and wall, but his muzzle was pressed against the warm crotch of the male standing over him.

"There's not a lot to look at, so just get in there," Dyne was told.

Far be it from Dyne to disobey, so he started off by rubbing his nose around the damp slit, and that earned an approving rumble from up above. The smell from it was as enticing as the gator's armpit, so it didn't take long for Dyne to nose his way in, pushing his nose gently through the outer flaps to take a deeper whiff. From within, the scent was almost overpowering with its pungent odor, and a few seconds was all Dyne needed before his cock was rock-hard and throbbing in his jock – he was lost once more to lust.

He kissed the skin below the slit as his nose poked around inside of it. His tongue pushed out, and it reached back towards gator taint. That wasn't his goal, however, and he tipped his head up, freeing his nose from the musky slit so he could drag his tongue over the outside of it. The flavor of precum covered his tongue as it ran from the bottom to the top of the cloaca. Another loud groan rumbled from above him, and the alligator's legs quivered.

"Fuuuuck, Puppy," the gator huffed. "Your tongue feels amazing. You're gonna coax me out in no time."

Those words encouraged Dyne, so he repeated the process, making the gator's body tremble again. He didn't intend on waiting for his prize to come out though. Instead, he planted his lips against the slit and kissed it. It was a soft kiss that was followed quickly by his tongue pressing eagerly into the wet, hot cave.

A new, salty flavor danced over his tongue, and the gator pushed his hips forward with a snarl, "Mmmm, that's what I was waiting for, Puppy! That's the spot! Really work your tongue around in there and clean it all out for me. You don't have long though."

It was clear why when Dyne's tongue found something lurking within the gator's dank cave. He knew it was a cock, but it wasn't like any he ever felt before. It had a unique shape and texture to it, one that Dyne's tongue took time to explore while circling around the inside of the cloaca. The cock grew more the longer Dyne's tongue ran around it, and it pushed Dyne's tongue back as it got thicker.

Dyne kept his lips planted against the cloaca while making out with it. The space grew tighter as the cock breached through the slit and poked into Dyne's maw. That didn't stop him from what he was doing as it kept growing, pushing more and more into his mouth. It felt like no time at all before his tongue was forced out by the thickness of the cock that filled his muzzle. The cock kept growing steadily while in Dyne's mouth, and it forced the dog to pull back as it pushed towards his throat.

The gator proved to be bigger than Dyne realized, and his mouth was easily filled with the meat.

The big fella growled and chuckled, “Not so flat now, huh, Puppy?” He adjusted himself so he could look down at Dyne.

Dyne pulled his head back with a gasp as the cock bounced free from his mouth, and he replied, “Th..there’s way more than I thought.”

“More or less than Coach?” He asked his question and stepped back so Dyne had a full view of the pink cock.

There was a deviousness in the question, but Dyne knew without a doubt who was bigger. He answered without much hesitation, “Less.”

With a loud chumpf, the gator folded his arms over his chest and said, “I figured as much. He’s a shower **and** a grower.”

“But yours is really nice,” Dyne said, reaching out to run his fingers along the underside of it.

“Oh yeah? Does the puppy like it?”

The cock bounced a few times, and Dyne nodded while he admired it. He ran his fingers along the underside of the upward-curved piece of meat, all the way up to its tapered head. The head wasn’t shaped like most dicks Dyne saw, and the ridge of the head was lined with small, soft barbs.

He ran his fingers back and forth, then he extended his tongue to lap at the ooze of salty precum that dribbled from the head. Hungry for more, he wrapped his lips around the uniquely textured cockhead and bobbed his head. The cockhead was

mashed between the roof of his mouth and tongue as he took as much of the meat into his mouth as he could.

There were no balls for him to fondle, so when he reached for them and found nothing, he ended up massaging the gator's taint instead. He got carried away while slurping on the cock, and his fingers kept traveling back further along the soft scales.

"Rrrrr, watch it, Puppy," came a deep growl from above him.

Dyne either didn't hear it or chose to ignore what was said and pushed his fingers deeper still. He was enjoying the flavor and sensation of this new cock in his mouth without realizing his fingers inched closer and closer to the gator's hole. Before his finger got there, the gator pulled away from Dyne, slammed his hands against the wall, and looked down at the startled canine.

The gator snarled, "Someone doesn't seem to be listening. You haven't earned the privilege to play with my hole just yet, Puppy. Maybe one day, but not today." He grinned and pushed his hips forward to slide his cock along Dyne's muzzle. "There's only one hole that's getting played with tonight."

He looked over his shoulder and around the room while grinding himself against Dyne's maw. Dyne opened his mouth as best as he could to lap more at the dick, but he didn't have long before he was suddenly picked up off the floor.

"I know just how we're gonna do this too," the gator said, carrying Dyne over to a treadmill. He put Dyne down on it and continued, "Get on all fours and raise that ass in the air for me, Puppy."

“O..on the treadmill?” Dyne questioned, keeping his tail curled over his butt.

“Yup.”

The naked alligator went and retrieved Dyne’s phone, then returned with it aimed at Dyne from behind. “Move your tail and lean over on your elbows,” the gator commanded. “Raise that ass up for me so I can show Coach before I use it.”

Dyne, flustered as he was, listened and raised his backside up, moving his tail away. He stayed that way a moment, then he felt fingers spreading his cheeks apart, making his face even hotter than it already was.

“Fuck, look at how pink and tight this thing is. Are you sure Coach has even fucked you?” the big guy laughed, rubbing a finger over the hole and making Dyne huff softly. “I don’t know if I can get in there like this, so I’m gonna have to get you ready first.”

There was no waiting as he opened his mouth and dragged his tongue over Dyne’s exposed hole with a lusty growl. Dyne moaned reflexively, and the tongue ran across his hole again. This went on for several minutes as the alligator’s rough tongue teased Dyne’s back door. Unknown to Dyne, the gator made several long, slow drags while snapping pictures of himself with Dyne’s phone. It wasn’t something Dyne would see until later.

Dyne panted and gasped as the tongue continued its assault, and he groaned even louder when the tip of the tongue pushed against his hole, spreading him open just a little before pulling away.

“Haaaah, damn, do you taste good,” the gator grunted, slapping Dyne’s butt. “I could do this a little while longer if my cock wasn’t aching to see how your hole feels around it.”

Something hot pressed against Dyne, and he looked over his shoulder to see the alligator on his knees behind him. He was rubbing his slimy cockhead around Dyne’s hole, slowly grinding against it. He pushed his head forward, then pulled his hips back, repeating the process over and over as he pushed a little harder each time.

The larger male groaned and grabbed Dyne’s ass as he spoke, “As good as you look from this angle, I want to see your face while I’m fucking you. Roll over on your back and hook your legs behind the treadmill rails. You won’t have to hold them that way.”

With some help, Dyne rolled onto his back and his ankles were forced back. The treadmill had support rails along the side, and Dyne’s feet were tucked under them to keep his butt exposed to the air.

“You know, it’s really hot fucking a guy in a jockstrap,” the gator said, standing up with his dribbling cock wagging in the air. He took another picture of Dyne and kept talking, “Coach says you look good, Pup, and that he’s proud of you. You’re such a good boy.” Dyne’s ears fell back, and he couldn’t keep his tail from wagging. “He also said that I should fuck you until you cum in your jock.”

He smirked and returned to his knees, smacking his cock against Dyne's taint as he took several more pictures and said, "You'll have to send me these later too. Some of these are really hot. And don't you worry, I won't send them to anyone else."

He kept Dyne's phone in one hand as he slowly rubbed his cock along Dyne's taint, using his other hand to aim it down until it was pressed against Dyne's hole instead. The gator pushed forward and cooed at Dyne, "Rrrrr, I can feel how badly your hole wants to open up for me, Puppy. You just lie there and enjoy yourself."

He aimed the phone at what he was doing and pushed forward even harder. He growled softly and kept pushing until Dyne's hole spread open, letting the cockhead slip inside.

The alligator groaned along with Dyne, rumbling out, "Fuck, that feels good, Pup. Your hole is nice and tight."

More of the cock slid into Dyne, and the canine's head fell back as his hole was stuffed. The barbs on the gator's cock sent new pleasure through his body, and the pleasure was amplified as it pushed past his prostate, dragging along his inner walls. Every inch stretched him wider as the cock got thicker further down the shaft.

Dyne was in pure bliss at this point, and he was only snapped out of his pleasure-filled stupor when he heard the beast buried inside him speak, "Look at that, Coach, he's gonna take it all in one go. Guess you've done a good job getting him ready for me."



When he heard that, he felt the gator's crotch pressing against his butt, so he opened his eyes and looked down to see the camera pointed at him. "You like how this gator's cock feels inside you, don't you, Puppy?"

Dyne's tongue was hanging out of his maw, and he struggled to speak. All he did was nod.

"See, Coach? Pure bliss. He's in good hands, so you don't have to worry," the gator said as he pulled back a little and pushed back into Dyne, making him whimper softly as his body bounced from subsequent thrusts. "I'll make your boy cum just like this. My dick was made for that in this position."

The gator put Dyne's phone aside for the time being and took hold of the bars of the treadmill as he pumped his hips steadily.

"You better tell me before you cum," he said. "Coach wants to see you fill that jock."

Dyne nodded and let his body go limp on the treadmill. He was there to enjoy the ride and nothing more at this point. Well, enjoy the ride and the show. Watching the larger male rolling his body while pumping his cock deep inside only enhanced Dyne's pleasure.

"Rrrr," the gator growled, watching Dyne with a grin. "You look like you're in heaven, Pup."

“It... feels amazing,” Dyne panted. “And... and you look... look so good from here.”

“You like what you see, huh?” Dyne’s phone was tossed onto his belly, and the alligator said, “Take some pictures then. You can send them to Coach if you want, or you can keep them for yourself.”

He slowed the pace of his thrusting down to give Dyne a chance to snap pictures with his shaky fingers. The look on the gator’s face was so dominant and cocky, and he paused to flex for Dyne, continuing to thrust slowly when he did. He let Dyne take several pictures before he sped up his humping again, and Dyne did what he could to record a video from that angle.



A couple of minutes of video from Dyne's perspective were sent straight to the coach, but Dyne wasn't able to focus anymore on his phone as the gator gripped the treadmill and pumped his hips harder and faster. The cock was sliding with ease as Dyne's body bounced along with it, and he was whining constantly while his prostate was being rammed over and over. That combined with his cock being stimulated endlessly within his jock was going to be enough to set him off if it kept up.

"Ooooooh, fuck, Puppy," the gator snarled. "Your hole keeps clenching down on me, and it feels so good. You'll make me cum if you keep that up."

The thought of the alligator filling him full of cum was almost enough to set him off, and Dyne found himself focusing on clenching his hole as tight as he could around the fat cock stuff inside him. It made the gator buck even faster, and he was staring down at Dyne, unblinking as his eyes locked with Dyne's.

"Don't you look away from me," he commanded. "You keep your eyes on Daddy. You're my good puppy, aren't you?"

"Y..yeah, I... Iam," Dyne panted, doing as he was told. He never looked away.

"Rrrrrrr, good boy. That's my pup."

They maintained eye contact, and the gator's mouth was wide open as he leaned over Dyne. A long trail of saliva rolled from his open mouth, and the hot fluid landed on Dyne's bulging jock, adding to the wet mess that already soaked through it.

“I’m gonna cum, Pup, so you better not until I’m done. Don’t you look away from me either.”

Dyne tried to not even blink as the male pounded harder against him, so he got to watch the gator go through a myriad of expression before his mouth snapped shut and he started breathing heavily through his nose. It was clear his orgasm was about to strike, and strike it did. The gator grabbed Dyne’s legs and pushed his crotch as hard as he could against Dyne, burying his cock deeper than he had gone yet.

He never broke the lock their eyes had as a guttural bellow spilled from his throat. His body shuddered as his orgasm hit, and Dyne felt the cock spasming inside him as a familiar warmth filled him deep from inside. The gator’s body shook, and he grunted along with each pulse of his cock, and finally, his eyes closed after what felt like a couple of minutes.

“Fuck, Pup,” he huffed. “That... that was so fucking hot. I love when a guy looks me in the eyes like that when I’m cumming. Most think I’m too scary and look away, but you hardly blinked. I came so fucking much.”

He inhaled deeply and started a slow rhythm again. Dyne felt cum oozing from his hole as the cock was withdrawn, and he heard the squelch as it was stuffed back into him over and over. The gator leaned over him and stared down as he panted and slowly fucked Dyne. Again, their eyes locked together, but it was only a moment before their lips were forced together. Dyne gasped into the male’s mouth and found his hands reaching up to hold onto the beast, trying to pull their bodies as close together as they could get.

The kiss was messy with Dyne's mouth being filled with gator tongue, but it was more than enough for Dyne. Between the cock pumping cum into him, the kissing and the overstimulation of his cock, he was about to push past the point of no return.

"Bout... bout to cum," he barely managed to pant out.

"Cum then, Puppy," the gator cooed. "You've earned it."

"C..Coach..."

"Oh shit, hold it!" The gator pulled himself up quickly and fumbled with Dyne's phone as he held the phone out in a way that showed him pumping into Dyne along with the dog's crotch in view. "I filled your boy up, Coach, and he's about to pop too."

Dyne hardly managed to hold his orgasm back as long as he did, and, after a few encouraging thrusts from the gator, it struck. It struck with such force that Dyne's cockhead forced a rope of cum through the fabric of the jock, but the rest was left to gush through it in globs with every wave of pleasure that crashed over him. He gasped and panted as he bucked his hips, riding out the orgasm for as long as he could.

"Yeeeeeah, that's a good puppy," the alligator huffed, keeping up his thrusting.  
"Fill that jock up."

The orgasm rolled on a little longer, then ended with Dyne collapsing on the treadmill, panting heavily. He grunted when a large hand cupped his crotch and kneaded it around, smearing the cum all through his jock.

The gator grinned and said, "Your boy's been thoroughly taken care of, Coach. I can see why you like him so much." The hand moved from Dyne's crotch and to his belly to rub around. "I hope you share him with me again another day. He's such a good puppy, and I have a lot more fun in mind for him. I'm gonna get this boy into the shower though and send him home!"

Dyne's tail wagged weakly, and his phone was put aside. Instead of getting up though, the alligator leaned over him again, putting some extra weight and warmth on Dyne this time. He put his lips to Dyne's once more, kissing him tenderly. They kissed until the gator's cock went soft and slipped from Dyne's hole, making the dog grunt and sigh as cum seeped down his butt.

"Fuck, this was fun," the alligator said, nuzzling against Dyne. "You better be a good boy and go beg Coach to let me have some more fun with you again sometime soon, you got it? Don't you make me beg him, or I'm gonna be a lot rougher with you next time."

"I... I will," Dyne mumbled as the gator locked eyes with him again. "I'd... I'd really like to."

"That's my puppy. Let's go get cleaned up now so I can send you home."

The larger male stood up, and he chumpfed when he looked down, "Fuck, that's a mess. I'll come back after you're cleaned up to take care of it."

Dyne didn't have to stand as he was scooped up and cradled against the alligator's meaty chest, and he was carried to the door. There was no bother with their

clothes on the floor as the door was opened. After a quick peek outside, the alligator strode quickly down the hallway back to the locker room. He avoided running into anyone along the way, and Dyne was carried straight into the showers towards the back stall.

The stall door opened as they approached, and standing there was a large orc with a broad grin spread across his face. He stepped aside and let the gator walk by with Dyne in his arms, stopping them just a moment so he could ruffle Dyne's head fur around. The dog's tail wagged, and he pushed into the hand.

"That's my boy," the orc said, following them into the stall before pulling the door shut and locking it behind him.



