

Hannah Davis was surprised to find the gym so empty today! It might have been a holiday weekend, but she didn't expect everyone to actually be celebrating instead of using some of that time to get a workout in. The vixen wasn't bothered by this at all, since it just meant she could come in and use whichever equipment she wanted with all the freedom in the world! No waiting, no fussing, just completely uninterrupted female fitness!

She was practically humming with her good mood as she entered the gym with her little backpack of necessities, dressed in only a pair of leggings and a matching sports bra. Being such a lithe little vixen like she was, her outfit hugged her taut little body all over, which made her feeling especially proud of herself whenever she checked herself out in the mirror.

Hannah was of Japanese heritage, though several generations removed from her home country to a point where even her name had been Americanized. 'Hana' had once meant flower, but now she was just another Hannah in the crowd, but that didn't stop of her rich orange fur from glowing like a bouquet of lilies with the black tips of her hands, feet, and ears all drawing lots of attention from people who had good taste in women. Even her hair was pure black which was typical of most people of her rich Nippon heritage.

Whenever she would go to the gym, her routine mostly consisted of using the treadmill for some good cardio, and then a few rounds of other forms of general calisthenics before making some time to use the leg press. She had great-looking legs and was always careful to train them, so they stayed that way. She might have still been a young little thing of only twenty years, but she wasn't prepared to let herself slack even just a tiny bit. Hannah enjoyed looking great and was prepared to put in the work to make sure she stayed that way!

As she explored the gym, looking first for the treadmills, she found that the building really was just about empty with only a few bored looking staff milling about, either working out themselves or playing on their phones. The only people here that looked like regular members were an elderly couple over on the rowing machines and then a muscular looking guy over at the weights.

She found a treadmill, then sat her backpack down and started up the machine. Her routine was to start with a warmup of fifteen minutes of power walking, then to set off at a brisk jog for another fifteen to get herself a good half hour of cardio. While she used the machine she plugged in her earbuds and let Spotify fill her ears with upbeat pop music that helped motivate her muscles.

The walls of the gym all had big mirrors, and she could watch most of what was happening around her. The elderly couple eventually got up and left sometimes after Hannah had started her run, and the big guy using the weights had moved on to another of the machines to do a different workout. Looked like this guy enjoyed working his arms, what with how broad shoulders and stout his upper body was. His legs were bad looking either, so he clearly trained them, but he was obviously a guy that enjoyed having that nice masculine triangle shaped body.

From her spot on the treadmill, she did some more people watching, not that there were many to look at. It was mostly the big guy, who looked like a tall-looking reptile. He had a pale green complexion, some kind of alligator, or maybe crocodile. She wasn't sure. Reptilian men had never much been her thing. But he was wearing a white tank top that showed off his arms along with a pair of drawstring shorts. Nothing about him looked fancy, more like a working class lunk. She might not have had an eye

for reptiles, but the lunky hunky type of men were all attractive to her. She wished her husband was built like that, but he had been born to make money, not to build muscle.

When she finished her run, she felt like her warmup had been great, and her legs were ready for more effort! Over where the big guy was there were all kinds of machines for different kinds of weight exercises, and that included the leg press. She found the machine she wanted, and then looked at the weights to see how much resistance she was going to have. She played with the weights a little to get it where she wanted, then sat down and started the next leg of her daily routine.

And to her right was the big guy, several rows of machines over, quietly grunting and breathing as he curled his arms to twist the two bars of the machine together until they almost touched. She glanced in his direction, trying to figure how much he was lifting, but couldn't tell from where she was sitting. Instead of letting herself be rude she shut her eyes and focused on herself and worked her legs, flexing those taut muscles and letting her strong thick thighs do the work that made her petite body extra desirable.

While she worked, she'd occasionally open her eyes to survey her surroundings, seeing that not much had changed other than the big guy making changes to the BowFlex-like machine to do different exercises. He was pleasant to look at, though she would have much preferred him to have a coat of fur. The thing with reptiles was that they were too smooth, and with all that muscle she bet he was hard like a rock. At least you didn't need fur to sound nice, since she had clicked her music off to let the white noise of her surroundings occupy her mind.

And the big guy did sound nice, his steady rhythmic breathing and grunting during his workout was a pleasing ASMR to work her own legs to. It wasn't unusual for her mind to wander like this, flexing her legs on a machine at the gym, letting the sounds of men enter her ears. The ring on her hand might make her exclusive to one man, but the men in her imagination always did her better than her husband ever could.

Hannah stayed on the machine doing reps until her legs felt like they were going to give out, which was her sign to stop and switch to working on her arms, and since hardly anyone was here, she felt she could do as the elderly couple had been doing before and use the rowing machines. If she found that by the time, she finished rowing she'd spent an hour or more at the gym, she'd call it quits for the day.

As she stood up off the machine, she felt her legs go a little weak, the vixen realizing she'd probably used the leg press for a little longer than she should have. It was like swimming, sometimes you just didn't realize how much energy you'd been using up until it came time to stand on your own two feet.

Still, it was a good leg day, and now she wanted to work her arms just like the big guy was, just on an easier machine. She picked up her backpack and started walking on uneasy legs. With every step she took she felt even more unsteady until it must have looked obvious that she was about to fall, because with her next step her right leg melted into jelly, and she let out a sharp yelp of surprise.

But instead of the floor catching her, a pair of thick meaty arms did, and she was gently eased down to the floor by the big guy, who she was certain was a crocodile now that their faces were only a foot from each other. Tall, brawny, arms like rocks with a thin veneer of course skin for padding. Reptiles could be so brutish compared to little foxes like her.

"You alright, honey?" He asked her, and she quickly nodded.

"Yes, thank you! I'm so sorry, I guess just used the machine for way too long." She laughed, now feeling embarrassed at what she'd done to herself. She'd gone and let her mind wander a little too much from what she was doing and must really have overdone her workout. Now she needed to take a moment and let her legs rest.

"I saw you get up and it looked like you were a little shaky there. Just sit a bit and let your legs firm back up. Do you not work out much?" He asked her, squatting down next to her, Hannah noticing his crotch on display but trying to be polite enough not to acknowledge it.

"Are you doing ok, ma'am? Do you need help?" Another voice spoke up, and both Hannah and the big guy looked in the direction of the voice. It was one of the gym staff rushing over to check on her.

"Yes, I'm fine! I just overdid my work out on the machine, but I'm not hurt, thank you for checking on me!" She told the staffer, who looked at her, then at the big guy, then nodded to her with a smile when it seemed clear that everything was alright.

"So, you do this often? I think you might want to skip the rest of leg day if I was you." He picked up where he left off.

Hannah pulled her legs up under her to sit in a more dignified position.

"I wanted to use one of the rowing machines, and I agree! I think I worked my legs enough for today." She laughed again.

"Those machines do work your legs though. If you want to just focus on your arms, you're better off using one of those." He told her and gestured with his thumb over his shoulder to point at the machines she'd seen him using before.

She thought about it and did remember that the rowing machines had you pushing with your legs while you pulled with your arms. She sighed, almost sounding like a huff.

"It's not a bad machine to use, just don't put on as much weight as I do. Ever use one of them before?" He asked her.

"No, I usually just use the rowing machines or some light dumbbells." She replied.

He asked her then if her legs felt strong enough to stand, and she flexed them, and felt that they were. She started to pick herself up, and he offered her a hand and she let him help her up off the floor.

"I can show you how to use them, won't be any trouble at all." He offered, and she looked at the machines he'd been using before and then at the rowing machines that looked a lot further away than they had before.

Well, why not! If the big wall of muscle was going to show her how to use a BlowFlex then she'd let him.

"Ok, sure. Thank you!" She said with a smile. Normally people weren't so nice at the gym, what with people mostly keeping to themselves and doing their own thing. The only people she'd normally ever have any interaction with were the staff and even then, that was pretty rare, so it was actually pleasant to come across someone that was friendly and helpful even if he wasn't completely her type.

Her legs weren't as bad as before, and she let herself be led to one of the machines the big guy had been using before. He gestured for her to sit, and she did.

"How much weight do you normally use when you're using the dumbbells?" He asked.

She told him, and then he started playing with the rack of weights in the machine right behind her seat. When he was done, he started giving her instructions on how to properly grab the two padded bars that hung to her left and right side. She'd seen people do this plenty of times, but this big guy was being a gentleman and so it didn't bother her that he was trying to explain something she already knew how to do, at least in theory. This wasn't a machine she ever used.

When she started her new workout he studied her technique, looking satisfied that she was doing it right.

"That feel too heavy or about right?" He asked.

"I think this feels good. Enough to let me do a couple of reps, I think." She replied, and he smiled.

"Maybe don't do as many as you did on the leg press. If you drove here, you're going to need to still have arms that can turn a steering wheel." He laughed.

"Well, I'm going to try to drive home safely!" She replied. When she finished her first rep she thanked him, both for his help with the machine and for before when she'd nearly fallen.

"You're very welcome. Mind if I ask your age? You look really young to be married." He asked her, taking her by surprise with his question, and suddenly drawing her attention to her left hand and the ring she was wearing. She quickly smiled. Most men noticed the ring on her finger, but few ever brought attention to it.

"It's rude to ask a girl's age! But I am married if you like teasing young women for tying the knot too soon." She told him, thinking now of her husband who was at his parents right now trying to help them figure out how tomorrow's holiday was going to go.

There was going to be a lot of cooking down tomorrow, and then with so many family members coming by there had to be enough seating and chairs for a full family reunion. Hannah was going to be doing a lot of that cooking herself, since she always helped her mother and stepmother with the meal prep. Tomorrow was one of the few holidays where both sides of her family liked to get together, so it was going to be a lot of people of all ages.

"No, not teasing, just these days I don't think I know anybody that looks your age that's gotten married. Everyone I know and older got hitched in their mid to late twenties at the earliest. That's assuming they married at all." He told her, lifting his own hand to show that there was no ring to speak of, and her eyes darted to his other hand and saw that there was in fact a ring.

"Is that so?" She replied, and then he looked down to follow her eyes.

He lifted his arm and twisted it to show her the back of his hand and the ring. Her eyebrows lifted, realizing it was a big class ring!

"SanFur Uni?" She asked him.

He laughed.

“More like SanFur High School.” He laughed some more, and she cooled her excitement. Her husband had studied at San Farnando University and had a degree in business.

“There’s nothing wrong with graduating high school! What do you do?” She asked, continuing to work her arms as she did slow and steady repetitions.

“I sell cars. I actually just moved here from NorCal. Now I’m a part of the management team over at Julie Honda. It’s about a half hour drive from here on the interstate.” He told her.

She knew that one! Neither she nor her husband drove Hondas, but you couldn’t drive down the interstate without seeing that giant Julie Honda sign with all the wacky flailing inflatable arm men gathered around it like there was a Salem witch trial about to start.

“Yeah, I’ve driven by there lots of times.” She told him.

“You should drop by if you’re ever looking to buy a new car, we even sell used models if you’re on a budget.” He started, flashing a toothy smile that proved to her that he was indeed a salesman.

“Me and my husband drive American.” She told him, and he pretended to reel backward on his heels from what she’d said, ‘reeling.’

“Not Ford, I hope.” He said with an imitation of a groan.

She rolled her eyes.

“Dodge, actually.” And then his eyes widened.

“Oh, no, that’s worse! I wish you’d said Chevy!” He laughed.

“There’s nothing wrong with Dodge! I swear, all men are dumb about cars and trucks. No offense, sir.” She quickly replied, eyes rolling to the side.

“Brett.” He corrected her.

“Mr. Brett, then. You’ll be extra unhappy to learn that I drive a Dart.” She told him.

He smiled and nodded that he was.

“This year’s Civic is a lot more fuel efficient. Think of all the gym memberships you could afford if you saved yourself one tank of gas a month.” He told her cheekily, leading her to roll her eyes once again.

“Oh, I’m just struggling so much paying this awful twenty-dollar membership.” She giggled.

He then stepped in front of the machine and touched both of the padded bars and instructed her to curl them further than she had been doing. With a small amount of effort, she did, continuing her current rep the way he’d instructed as he held the tips of his fingers on the pads like he was spotting her.

“Getting you to get the most out of this machine. It’s like pushups, you’re not getting the real workout if you only lift half your body off the floor.” He told her.

“Is that so?” She asked.

"It is." He replied, and then pulled his hands away to reach with one hand to squeeze the muscle of his opposite bicep. "I didn't get these by half-assing my workouts."

"Well, I'm not half-assing on purpose, Mr. Brett." She corrected him.

"I'd never suggest it. I think it's pretty obvious you're not half-assing anything, considering what you're sitting on right now." He chuckled.

His comment left her quiet as she thought about what he'd said.

"What's that supposed to mean?" She said, her eyes narrowing, curling the last count for her rep before stopping.

"It means you've put in the work to have a great ass, honey." He smiled down at her, and that left her skin feeling a little flush under her fur. Look at this one being bold with her so quick!

"I have a husband, Mr. Brett." She reminded him.

"A man can still give credit where it's due. You do better than most girls these days that only show up to film stupid videos of themselves for the internet." He told her, then told her to do one more rep.

She decided to oblige him, looking up at him as she flexed her arms to start curling the bar again.

"Well, thank you." She replied, her eyes drifting down from his face to avoid eye contact but also to examine the rest of him since he was putting himself on display.

The drawstring shorts he was wearing were loose fitted around his hips and thighs. If it weren't for the string drawn nice and tight, they'd be the sort to drop to the floor on their own. Hannah's face felt flushed again, embarrassed even, as she was now discovering the not-so-subtle contour of the big reptile's cock through his shorts.

She looked back up at him to keep herself from looking too obvious, and the crocodile was looking back down at her with a look on his toothy mug that told her he was feeling mighty smug. Most men did whenever they caught her looking at them, and they should! Hannah Davies wasn't some cheap date that was easy to grab a hold of. She had standards, as the ring on her finger revealed.

"Keep going. You're only halfway." He told her, and she kept going.

The big reptile kept sizing her up, and she let herself size him up, too. Hannah pulled her legs together a little more, locking her knees tight against the other like she was holding a dime in place while her eyes went back down to his crotch, and the big lump that hung there just beneath the surface of its fabric prison. She fidgeted with her right hand, wiggling her ring finger back and forth, rubbing her wedding band against the sides of her pinky and middle finger.

She drew her eyes up his body. The tank top he was wearing was too tight fitted on him, so much so that it was the exact opposite of his shorts. It hugged his frame, shrink wrapped to his abdominals just like how her leggings clung tight to her wondrous thighs. The ring on her finger was feeling awfully heavy again, what a pain.

And the workout she was doing was getting harder to do with every repetition of her arms. When she finished, she was quietly panting.

“What’s your name, by the way?” He asked.

“Hannah Davies.” She answered, being sure to use her new surname this time. She and her husband hadn’t even made it to their first anniversary yet, and sometimes her maiden name had a habit of slipping out by mistake.

“Cute name. I like it. One more good rep and then I think you can call it a day, honey.” He told her, and she nodded in compliance.

She didn’t tell anyone how long she was going to be at the gym, but she was beginning to have a good idea about when she’d be leaving if the big guy here in front of her was prepared to take charge of her schedule. Her heart was now beating at a quick tempo, the big crocodile putting his hands up high on the machine to grab it like a hand, looking down at her as she began her final rep.

The weight on the machine was starting to make her arms burn.

With his eyes locked onto hers she felt herself growing hot again, hot enough to make her look away from him. His big, muscular body was so close to her that it was all she could see from her seat on the machine, with everything to her left and right sides just rows of other machines, all empty of people. She was alone with this big guy, hovering over her in a way that would have made other married women uncomfortable.

But Hannah was uncomfortable, but not because she felt particularly threatened by this man. He was big and intimidating, very imposing, and built like a brick prison, but he’d been very soft spoken and polite with her so far. She found his tone of voice and his easy manner with her to be... Attractive. It also helped that he purposely mentioned her marital status and didn’t stop his advances even after she told him she was married. She looked him in the eyes, then back down his chest and those shrink-wrapped abs of his.

If she were to do her husband’s laundry on this croc’s stomach, he might come out smelling like a husband worth daydreaming about.

She let her eyes continue to wander, now a little lower so she could look at his crotch again, and she confirmed that it wasn’t any sort of illusion that the outline of his cock was awfully impressive. The lump was there, hanging under the loose fabric of his shorts like a single banana broken fresh from the cluster. Was he actually a big guy? Her husband was painfully average and had poor form in the bedroom. His stamina could also be better, too. With how fit and firm the croc was she was confident he had the form and physique that could leave a woman trembling at the thought of encountering him again.

“You’re gone four over your rep, unless you wanted to another full set so you can keep staring at my junk.” He said, breaking her out of her reverie, and she snapped her eyes back up at his, her mouth curling into a subtle smile at having been caught.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Brett. Sometimes my mind likes to wander.” She replied, staring up at him still.

“Don’t be. I stopped being bothered by it a long time ago. It doesn’t matter what I wear, someone always notices.” He told her, and she felt a rush of excitement all of a sudden. Sometimes she got this

feeling, like her instincts warning her of something on the horizon. Hannah was only twenty years old, but she'd been honing this secret skill for as long as she'd been training her taut little body.

As he stared back down at her, arms still lifted into the air to grab the machine. He was a very attractive hunk, enough that she might find it in her to forgive him for being a reptile.

"Well, it makes it a whole lot easier to notice when you put yourself in front of me like that." She told him.

"I know. Now, since you're done for the day how about I walk you down to the locker rooms? I'd hate to find out you fell and got hurt if I didn't stick around to help." He told her warmly, and she looked at him, saw his toothy smile, and felt herself shiver.

He had her heartbeat going at the perfect tempo for bad decisions to be made, her eyes wandered back down his body before looking back up at his eyes. She could afford to make some bad decisions today.

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Brett, but I don't think I have anything to do there." She replied, batting her eyes up at him. Playing dumb for big brutish men usually had a way of working wonders. The croc, responding on queue leaned himself forward, his big muscular body intimidating and dominating her personal space in ways that left her thighs quietly rubbing themselves.

"You sure? Your hair is a mess, honey. Might want to fix it up a little before you embarrass yourself in public." He suggested, which confused her.

"My hair?" She asked him.

"Yeah." He replied, then he let go of the machine and lowered his hand to her head and shoved her fingers through her hair, and vigorously gave her a tussle.

"See? It's a mess. A mirror would do you some good. Now how about I walk you there?" He told her, leaning back away from the machine and offering her his hand.

Her heart was pounding now, her mouth stuck in a tight and excited smile as the sensation of his hand still sat atop her head, the roots of her hair gently tingling from the strength of his touch. Hannah wondered how she'd tingle after he finished putting his hands on the rest of her. She extended her hand, and he took it, a powerful grip that pulled her up to her feet. Standing next to him, she was all too aware of just how big the man was, and he was huge! She hadn't been paying all that much attention before when he'd stopped her from falling. He really was tall! It was funny how women like her noticed so much more about a man when she finally decided he was her type after all.

"Let's go." He said, letting go of her hand to move his grip to her shoulder, physically dominating her and forcing her to move along at his pace. Her cunt was clenching and clamping down in anticipation!

They walked past one staffer, some cheetah guy, as he played on his phone at a small desk for members to do business with. He looked at them both, nodded with a smile, and then returned to his phone. Hannah was so glad today was a slow day! There was hardly anyone here, a dead zone of activity with all the staff on site bored out of their minds and distracted by electronics!



The closer they got to the doors the louder their own footsteps seemed to get, like the world around them was falling mute so that the only noise left were the footsteps bringing them ever closer to the fate that awaited her. He stopped her when they reached their destination.

"You ready?" He asked her, his hand still firmly on Hannah's shoulder.

She looked up and read the big bold four lettered word above the doorframe. How sleazy was this going to be? Doing this sort of thing in a place like that? Seeing that she was clearly looking up at the word, the croc put both hands on her shoulders and stood behind her, leaning down until his lips were close to her ear.

"You getting cold feet, honey?" He asked her with a low growl, the first he'd used with her yet. It made her toes curl excitedly inside her shoes.

"I'm married, Mr. Brett." She reminded him with a smile, followed by licking her lips, her body shuddering at what her imagination was feeding her.

One of his hands left her shoulder, then slid down her arm to grab her by the wrist, pulling her hand and her wedding ring up to his face. With dexterity that surprised her he singled out her ring finger, then slipped her whole finger right into his mouth.

She gasped, feeling his tongue slither over her finger, spit coating her digit like slime before jerking her hand away. The fact she was able to break his grip surprised her, but when she had her hand back, clutching it tight to her chest, the croc was grinning at her with a gold ring caught between his fingers.

Hannah gasped again, looking down at her now ringless finger.

"How! You give that back!" She scolded him, twisting herself around to face him.

He snapped his head back, letting the ring fall across his tongue before pushing it to the side to tuck it into his cheek. His remaining hand that was still living on her shoulder squeezed, and the other wrapped behind her head and pulled her in. When he kissed her, she struggled, then the fat girth of his tongue slithering into her mouth and she gagged on his tongue like it was her husband's own cock. No, the croc's tongue was thicker.

She wriggled against him until he wrapped one strong arm around her, and when he was done kissing her, he broke the kiss and stared down at her with his big toothy grin while she was left panting, the taste of his spit drenched across her tongue.

"You'll get it back after you're done pretending to be single." He told her, then pushed her backwards until her back hit the door to the locker room. The door swung on its hinge, Hannah falling backwards with the croc following right behind her. He took her by the wrist and yanked her through the rest of the way.

As he maneuvered her through the narrow hallway that led to the sinks and bathroom stalls, it was like she was a feather in his hand. Her 120-pound body was nothing compared to what this man could bench, and no sooner than she saw her reflection in the mirror over the sinks was she being swept off her feet and carried to where all the lockers were.

She was speechless as she was dropped onto a wooden bench, a firm hand shoving her backwards until she was laid out on her back while the big reptile swung a leg over the bench to crawl on top of her.

Only seconds ago, she'd been standing outside the door to the men's locker room, and now she was on her back and staring up at this big scaly brute! Her face was locked in a big smile, nervous energy welling up inside her as she rhythmically clamped her cunt down on a cock that hadn't found its way in yet.

When Hannah found her voice next, it was cut short by another kiss, and what followed was the roughest tongue fucking she'd ever experienced outside of a romance novel. She felt a hand grope at her breasts through the thick fabric of her sports bra, making her squirm and struggle against him as the hand explored down, down further until his hand shoved its fingers under the waistband of her leggings.

She let out a muffled gasp, his big strong hands roughly sliding down across her fur and towards her lips, then the hand found her pussy and pushed two fingers inside.

The vixen went rigid, locking her thighs together as a reflex, but that wasn't enough stop the hand that was now rocking its fingers in and out of her slit. When he finally broke the kiss, she was so sopping wet between her legs that her leggings were soaked through.

"You're not even wearing any panties." He chuckled, then pulled his hand free from her trembling thighs. He stood up, his legs still straddling the bench, as he grabbed her behind the knees and hauled her legs up and shoved them down against her chest. She let out an oof as the croc manhandled her little body as he pleased.

Her body was glowing hot like it was fresh from a fire! It was so rare that she felt so stupidly turned on, that she didn't care anymore that the croc had stolen her ring and tucked it into his cheek. If he wanted her to pretend to be single, she'd do it!

"We might get caught!" She told him, her voice wavering with excitement.

He answered her by hooking his fingers under the sides of her waistband, then jerking them down her legs. It only took an instant for the elastic fabric to be bunched up around her knees, and with two strong hands holding her legs flat to her chest the croc sat back down on the belt and leaned his head down, placing his lips to her cunt.

When he started eating her out the same way he'd been kissing her, Hannah's eyes began to flutter uncontrollably as her hands reached down to touch him, finding his head, and caressing his face as he rocked his lips over her slit. She couldn't hold back a groan as the reptile's thick muscular tongue slithered deep into her cunt and started tickling at her insides with techniques her husband couldn't be bothered to learn.

"P-please." She struggled, her hands trembling as her back arched on the bench, her pussy now a slobbering tunnel of spit and girl cum. He planted a big wet kiss on her clit, and started to roughly suckle at it, the intensity of the sensations leaving her left eye twitching uncontrollably as her toes spread themselves out in her shoes, her hands squirming erratically, writhing, pawing at his head weakly as the big guy noisily ate her out.

"Jesus, you're a wet one!" He told her when he finally broke away from her cunt, pushing himself up to look her in the eyes.

God, he was good with his mouth!

She was about to tell him to get back down there, but when she looked down at him, he started fishing in his mouth with his tongue until her wedding ring reappeared between his teeth. Hannah appreciated that her ring was safe, though the reminder that she was cheating on her husband was unnecessary. The croc then dipped his head back down to her cunt and she felt the hard metal band press against her slit until his fat tongue pressed it inside.

“Wait, what are you doing!” She stammered, trying to squirm away, but both hands shoved her back down in place while he rocked his head back and forth to dig his tongue into her nice and deep, the sensation of her wedding ring sliding further down into her tunnel making her feel a panic like she’d never experienced! Was he crazy!

When he came up for air, his toothy jaws were drenching wet, his tongue licking away at the excess as it dripped like water from his chin.

“Don’t worry, honey, it’s nice and safe in your purse now, but just to make sure it doesn’t go nowhere, let’s make sure it’s packed down nice and tight at the bottom.” He started talking, rising again to his feet while his hands kept a firm grip on her legs.

He let her go with one hand, sliding the other behind her knees to grab a handful of her bunched-up leggings, using it like a handle to hold her in place while his free hand grabbed the string of his shorts, jerking it loose before pushing his own waistband down.

Gawking at him from between her own legs she was wide eyed, and awe struck as the heavy lump in his shorts was brought into view. The croc finishing pushing the fabric down under his cock and balls, revealing the most monstrous cock Hannah had ever had the pleasure of meeting in person!

Hannah had been with a lot of men, but this fucker was huge! Her cunt was operating on autopilot, clenching, and clamping down the more she stared that monster down, knowing that he was going to hollow her out.

“You think you can make it fit?” She immediately asked him, squirming excitedly under his hand, but unable to do anything but egg the croc on as his heavy cock started to jerk and throb in the air, equally as excited to split her open as her winking cunt was to swallow it.

“You’re a fox, of course you can.” He replied, his casual invocation of fox stereotypes making her even more excited that this fucking brute was going to fuck her the same way he imagined himself in his wildest ‘fox girl’ fantasies! He wrapped his hand around his barrel thick dick, Hannah’s eyes glued to its sheer enormity, the fat coiled veins on its sides, the coarse texture, and the absurdity of his girthy crown!

He was too big! He pressed his fat tip against her slit. He was so big!

“Do it!” She spat up at him, eager to make another bad decision.

The croc pressed himself inside her.

Her jaws snapped tight together, her eyes suddenly twitching and fluttering like she’d just taken a sip from a strong glass of lemonade. His blunt tip roughly pressed apart the lips of her cunt, then finally

popped inside. As he sank into her tunnel its squishy bulk shoved aside her inner walls as the rest of his cock soon followed. His prick kept sinking deeper, pushing aside everything in her guts that wasn't nailed down, making room where she'd been convinced there was none, until her head was rolled back to lay on the bench, her face contorted into an embarrassing display of struggle and satisfaction, fresh drool leaking down the side of her face and to the floor.

He grabbed her by the hair and pulled her head back up, the croc chuckling at the expression she was making before kissing her again.

When he started thrusting, her breathing instantly matched the tempo of his hips. Every time he slammed himself deep, she exhaled, and when he drew his hips back the suction Hannah felt deep down in her cunt left her gasping for air. He kept kissing her, fucking her, the wet slime of her cunt running copiously down the back of her ass and to the bench until it was finally overflowing across the sides.

And all the while he fucked her, she could feel the hard band of gold pressing against the walls of her cunt with each and every thrust. When he broke their next kiss he stopped his hips, pulling harder at her hair as he sat himself upright. He pulled her head down between her legs until she was made to look at her own cunt, split wide open by that fat crocodile cock.

"You're drenching the whole bench, honey." He remarked, and started thrusting again, making her watch as his girthy prick pushed and pulled at her insides, her cunt slobbering even more on his cock like a faucet left to drip in the winter.

Her husband always got so irritated with her from how wet she got. It wasn't something she had any control over, it was just a part of who she was, and yet she found herself washing the bed sheets every time they made love because her husband hated the idea of sleeping on something 'soiled.' If he were a real man, he'd love how fucking filthy she'd make his bed!

Now that the croc wasn't trying to kiss her, the ASMR started. Not only was the croc above her grunting and breathing hotly like he had been earlier during his workout, but she was joining with the feminine grunts and gasps that of a fox with her hole filled.

"Velvet little slut!" He growled, hitching his hips into her hard.

He started fucking her faster, and both of their voices grew in volume. The croc above was growling, deep groans of satisfaction as he plowed her, never letting her look away from the cunt he was happy to plow. Hannah was gripping the bench under her with white knuckles, letting loose long, loud moans and the nosiest of feminine grunts. There wasn't anyone here, she didn't care if she was noisy!

"Are you on the pill?" He grunted roughly.

"Nu-uh!" She lied, testing to see if he was ballsy enough to fuck a baby into her.

"Good thing women come with their own condoms then." He grunted again, this time with a chuckle.

He stopped, letting go of her head, letting her drop back flat to the bench as he pulled his cock out of her with a wet slurp. His prick was drenched in her runny juices, slinging more of the stuff all over her and the bench, and then the floor as he stood himself up.

With ease, he lifted her up off the bench and started carrying her away, through the locker room and into the brightly lit hall filled with rows of shower stalls. With every step he took there was a rope of clear slime dripping across the floor, and almost all of it came from her gaping cunt, the cool air reaching deep into her tunnel to tickle at places she only vague knew about from sex-ed.

When he put her down again, it was in a stall. Her ass hit the tile, then she slumped over onto her side while the croc shut the glass door behind them, the cloudy surface hardly enough to offer anyone privacy, especially if they were fucking. She took a good look at him, his fat cock still slinging what was left of her cum spit all over the floor of the stall, and over her legs.

"I fuhking love ur cock." She slurred, trying to lift herself off the floor, the cool air inside her cunt telling her she needed to get that tunnel filled again and quick, she wanted her cork to pop, and she wanted this brute to do it!

"You're gonna love it even more when I done." He assured her, then twisted her down flat to her chest with his hands before grabbing her ass and yanking her up onto her knees. She twisted her head, cheek now to the floor, as the croc behind her slapped her on the ass.

"A perfect little ass, and some God damn fine set of legs." He told her with a growl, running his hands up and down the backs of her legs before grabbing two big handfuls of her thigh muscles. With a firm grip he shoved his hands up, deforming the flesh of her thighs under his hands as he massaged up her thighs and towards the cheeks of her ass. He hooked his thumbs between her cheeks, and pulled her apart, stretching her taut ass wide until she could feel air against her pucker.

The croc let go of her ass, and her cheeks clapped together tight, and he slapped her over the ass again playfully, toying with his food before stretching her wide again. He pressed a thumb at her asshole, then with two fingers on his opposite hand to slid them inside her sodden tunnel and scraped off a big dollop of her own juices and pressed both fingers right at her pucker.

He was going to fuck her ass! She almost panicked at the thought of that monster forcing his way up her virginal backside, then she started shuddering with excitement. He was going to force that monster up her asshole and use it like a condom! She was going to lose the last virginity she had left to give!

She grunted and squirmed as his fingers pressed inside her, quickly working them down to his first set of knuckles. Soon as he bottomed out in her ass, he started twisting his fingers left and right like a key in a deadbolt, using her own slick juices as lubricant for the condom he told her she came pre-packaged with.

When he was done, she knew what was next. Through clenched teeth she smiled as she arched her back for him, offering no resistance as he removed his two fingers before pressing the head of cock to her pucker. He shoved forward.

She grunted, her eyes rolling back while her arms and legs twitched as the sensation of something going up her ass left her nervous system dazed and confused. While her brain fizzled at the confusion of what was going on in her backside, the croc leaned down and put his hand on the back of her head before grabbing a tight handful of her hair to hold her tight to the floor.

"Tight!" He grunted coarsely, grabbing her by the tail with his other hand before he started to thrust.

She grunted in reply, hands shaking as she pawed at the tile, mouth falling agape.

Every time he shoved forward, cramming his cock up her backside her eyes fluttered, her voice a gurgling mess of ugly noises as the reptile made use of her backside, widening her virgin tunnel with every thrust until he was at least halfway up her ass with that enormous pillar he called a cock. Hannah would have assumed it'd hurt, but the only pain she felt was the tautness of her asshole being stretched to its limit, like a rubber band stretched thin but too stubborn to snap.

Below her strained pucker, the sound of her cunt drooling wetly across the tiled floor was almost as noisy as the cock splitting her ass in two, her pussy winking its walls open and shut as it tried to clamp down around the cock it knew was fucking her but couldn't find. It was too dumb of a tunnel to understand that its owner was too stupid to make a good decision.

"Fuhck." She finally whined. After several more labored thrusts her ass so gaped that the croc no longer struggled to work himself inside, her tight vixen body proving that all the stereotypes about foxes were true, and that the croc was in his rights to invoke them.

When she at last felt his balls slap against the back of her ass she knew he had to be hilted in her, not that she was in a position to turn around and look, his hand still holding her firmly down to the floor while he continued to plow her with greater and greater speed until the noise of him slithering in and out of her sounding wetter and wetter the longer he went.

"That's right, honey, fucking take it!" He grunted the lazy cliché, but she was in no position to critique him as she felt her body begin to tremble from head to toe.

She was no longer in control of anything, not her body, her head, or even her own face. Her expression, as mashed to floor as it was, was an ugly display only a whore would approve of. She was smiling, and grimacing, eyes rolled back, but also crossed in the complex confusion of a virgin's first-time anal.

"Fuhk!" She shouted when he started to speed up, bucking his hips into her hard all of a sudden. His cock sank so deep into her ass that his nuts clapped hard against her cunt, her sticky juices clinging to his balls when they swung backwards, wet strings breaking and dropping across the backs of her calves.

He kept going, rutting her harder and harder the more her ass would let him, and with every new vicious thrust she could feel what felt like a piercing at the end of his... Wait! That was her ring! She smiled harder at the realization of it, voice slurring even more as she told him to 'fuk mee,' and he obliged her with gusto.

She couldn't believe how great today was going! Though she was barely coherent enough to know that it was her wedding ring she felt pressing into the walls of her cunt every time the croc sank his cock balls deep in her ass, it proved to be a steady, rhythmic reminder that she was cheating on her husband with a man she only just met.

And Hannah was loving every moment of it!

"Pweaz! Hahder!" She shouted, the vixen proactively drooling over the floor with her mouth instead of just her cunt.

The croc answered her by freeing her tail from his grip so he could grab her tight by the hip. He slammed into her guts as hard and deep as he could, and she let out the ugliest grunt a woman could utter, and

her smile was just as ugly, but it was the beautiful sort of ugly. The kind of ugly that would shatter a husband's heart if he saw it but so beautiful it'd pop the cork of the bastard that was drilling her guts while her husband watched.

The croc slapped her hard on the ass and she opened her mouth wider, tongue out and howling.

"Fuck mhe!" She shouted, and for the first time found the strength to push her ass back towards his hips, relishing the sensation of feeling a cock in her ass that could remind her that her wedding ring had been fucked into her cunt by a man she didn't marry. God, why couldn't more men be like this!

The croc growled, letting go of her hair and then with both hands he reached under her armpits to haul her upright until she was pressed against his chest. His cock was buried deep, the wedding ring pressed tight against her abdominal wall through the meaty layers of her cunt and guts.

He reached his arms around her, using one to grab hold of her neck, squeezing her tight to hold her in place against his broad chest. Meanwhile, the other reached low and grabbed the wrist of a limp arm, lifting her hand to her stomach and the abdominal bulge placed there by the presence of his stupidly big dick.

"Time to wear out this condom, honey." He growled into her ear before he started jackhammering up into her ass.

He bounced her on his cock, the grip he had on her neck choking her noises back to just a series of incoherent gurgling and gagging. This wasn't lovemaking like what little she had with her husband, this was the filthiest of ugly sex, a carnal union of two people with little concern for social mores.

Hannah Davies was no longer wearing her wedding band, but a stranger she'd only met today was wearing her asshole like a ring on his own finger. That was the only ring that mattered to her right now, the taut ring of her cunt, her ass, her mouth, whichever ring the brute wanted to make use of!

"Keep it there!" He shouted into her ear as he rutted her, climbing to his peak while using her body like a toy.

Like he'd told her, she kept her hand on her stomach, gripping her fur tight even though her arms felt like Jello, threatening to give out at any moment. Every time he slammed home into her guts she felt the thump on the inside of her palm, hard and fast as he beat her insides like a drum, and all the while reminding her exactly where her wedding ring was.

With her holding her hand in place on her own, he let go of her wrist and reached down to her cunt, slipping his fingers between her loose folds so he could start fingering her.

The assault she was getting from both ends was too much, and she managed to moan out long and loud through the grip on her neck, his thick fingers stroking across her clit until she could feel his fingertips curling into a 'c' shape inside her. She popped in record time, nearly passing out as she howled so loud the croc had to clamp his hand down even tighter around her throat to silence her.

She choked, she gagged, but came like a firecracker, her cunt exploding and drenching the croc's hand so hard it pelted the tile like someone had just flicked the showerhead on. He kept rubbing and stroking her cunt all through her labored climax as she struggled to breathe through the violence of his grip.

“Fuck!” He growled sharply in her ear, his entire body locking up tight, his muscles tensing up like he was bracing for an incredible impact. He held her down hard on his cock, and then the first rope of cum hit her guts. He came so hard he started trembling, his muscles twitching with the bliss of ecstasy.

Hot cum flooded her guts with every violent flex of his dick, her belly doming out under her hand as she felt herself getting filled both inside and out. Hannah’s vision faded slowly to black as the hand on her neck continued to choke her out while her asshole clamped down just as hard around his dick to return the favor.

When he was done, she woke up with a gasp, finding herself limp on the floor, her cheek laying in a puddle of their combined fluids. The croc was finally slipping his dick free of her ass, it audibly popping free of her soon as his fat squishy crown crossed the threshold of her ruined sphincter.

He delivered another slap to her ass before squeezing her cheek one last time.

“That was great, honey, though you better wash up quick before someone finds out you’re on the wrong end of the showers.” He panted down at her, his voice sounding winded for the first time since they’d met today.

Hannah didn’t have the strength to move, her face pressed to the floor, her ass still high in the air where the croc had left it. If another man came up to her right now, she’d have let him fuck her, too. She just didn’t have any resistance left in her at all, just a vixen shaped sex toy with no ring in sight to let anyone know that not only was she a whore, but she was one of the adulterous varieties, too.

The glass door opened, and then it shut. He didn’t even kiss her goodbye, not that she was coherent enough right now to register a kiss if he’d bothered to give her one.

It wasn’t until several minutes had passed that Hannah Davies regained enough of her senses to put herself together enough to sit herself upright. As she struggled to her feet, her leggings still bunched up around her knees, she found the knob to the showerhead and started twisting it until water began to run, drenching her for the first time in something that wasn’t a bodily fluid.

As the cool water flowed across her body, flattening her hair to her face, and her fur to her body, she remembered that her wedding ring was still buried deep in her pussy. On weak legs, with arms that felt like they’d give out at any moment, she leaned her shoulder against the shower wall and reached down to her pussy, her fingers finding her lips stretched out from how thoroughly he’d fucked her, even after having been given a break in favor of destroying her asshole.

She couldn’t feel her ring without a cock in her belly, so she reached her hand inside, feeling around with her fingertips until she was grunting with effort. She was panting by the time her entire hand was lodged in her cunt, the tip of her middle finger finally brushing up against the edge of her wedding band.

Hannah struggled to get her hand deep enough to slip the tip of her finger through the ring, trying and missing repeatedly, twisting her body lower and lower against the wall until she could finally get her hand just deep enough to make it work. When her finger finally slithered through the band she smiled, relief washing over her just like the water rushing from the showerhead.

And then she came again, an orgasm so unexpected and intense she dropped to the floor, trapping her hand inside her cunt while the rest of her body slumped against the wall to shudder and shiver, waves of



pleasure cascading across her no differently than water. When she finally managed to pull her hand free from her cunt, her wedding ring was wrapped around the first knuckle on her middle finger.

She plucked it free, and then slipped it over the correct finger. She lifted her hand up to the dial and began to twist it some more to turn the heat up. She'd made enough bad decisions for one day; a cold shower was simply out of the question.

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"Mr. Matthews! You've got a customer call, asked for you by name!" The old shrew that was the secretary for Julie Honda called out from her desk. Who she was calling out for was Brett Matthews who was standing in the break room, since he needed one after walking through the showroom and dealing with several dozen people for the last couple of hours. He'd already sold two cars today, so he was feeling pretty good about himself. First impressions were important at a new job, and making strong sales was the best way to impress when you went to work for a car dealership.

He stood in front of the coffee machine, tapping his foot while waiting for his cup to finish brewing from the Keurig.

"Forward it to my desk, I'll grab it there." He called back, and the shrew did as he asked, talking to the customer on the phone to put them on hold so they could be transferred over to Brett's line in his office.

His coffee finished, and he took up his cup and gave it a tentative sip as he moved away from the break room and towards the small room that was his office. He sat down behind his desk, saw the light on the phone blinking that he had a call waiting, and he picked up the receiver before pressing the button to take the customer off hold.

"Brett Matthews, Julie Honda. How can I help you today?" He repeated for the dozenth or so time today.

"Yes, hello! This Hannah Davies, we met at the gym last week." Said the female voice on the other end.

Brett sat his cup of coffee down on the desk, suddenly feeling very cold all over. He'd never expected to hear from this woman again, and yet he had told her where he worked, of all the idiotic things for him to do. Making small talk and being friendly was his best asset as a salesman.

"Uh, yeah. I remember you! Did you change your mind about driving a Honda?" He asked, picking up from where he left off with the girl, as if nothing at all had happened after that conversation. Nothing at all sexual, not one thing.

"No, I don't see either me or my husband buying a new vehicle anytime soon. I remembered that you'd told me you worked here at the dealership, so I thought I would give you a call to thank you. I want you to know that you were really friendly to me that day, and it was really sweet of you to help like you did." The vixen told him, revealing nothing illicit in her voice, in fact her tone was completely conversational and friendly. Not any different that how she spoke to him while he was helping her with the weight machine.

He leaned back in his chair, the old hinges in the bottom of the chair squeaking as he did. As a salesman he was good at talking his way into people wallets to sell a car, or other cases talking his dick down a

woman's hallway. He wasn't that good at talking himself out of trouble, at least where women were concerned.

"I, well, you're welcome, Mrs. Davies. I'm happy to have been able to help you." He replied.

"Do you think we'll be bumping into each other again at the gym? Normally, I don't ever feel comfortable around people at the gym since I'm always by myself. If you don't mind, it'd be nice if maybe we could schedule our workouts at the same time? I'd really appreciate having someone to workout with, and you seem to know an awful lot about... wearing things out, Mr. Brett." She told him.

He hesitated, tilting his head, looking about his office. He chewed for a moment on his tongue until finally he thought he had something to say in reply.

"Well, honey, if you want a personal trainer, I can't promise you I'd be too professional about it." He told her, feeling uncertain and trying to be dodgy with his language, as he was still very much on edge with this phone call.

She audibly sighed over the phone, almost like she was huffing.

"Mr. Brett. If you want to sleep with me again all you have to do is show up at the gym at the same time I do so my husband doesn't know I'm cheating on him. Now are you going to keep playing coy or do I have to start moaning your name over the phone?" She told him curtly.

His eyes widened, finally catching the social cue he needed to nod his head as he processed what all she'd told him so far today. He leaned forward, reaching for his cup of coffee, which still quietly steamed. The crocodile picked it up, then held it to his lips before taking a slow sip. Brett made the girl wait for a long moment while he savored his coffee, letting the hot fluid slide down into his belly to warm him up from the inside.

"Well, since you put it that way..." He replied.