

“Holy shit, Epi, what happened to you?” Grim exclaimed in shock as he saw his friend sitting on his couch with a derpy look on his face, both of his arms tucked tightly inside of a sling, covered in casts.

“Oh heeeey, Floooooffy. What’s up, man?” Epsiloh’s voice carried drowsily and laboriously through the air. The crocodile began giggling uncontrollably for no apparent reason.

“Are you... are you high on painkillers?!” Grim walked closer to the croco, who continued to giggle dumbly, peering closer to his friend to check the casting around his arms.

“Nah, I’m just messing with you.” Epsiloh smiled, immediately recomposing himself. “They gave me a few painkillers but I’m not high.”

“Oh.” the saber cat stood up, eyeing his friend with doubt. “That’s... good? How did this even happen in the first place?”

He decided to leave out the question of how his friend even got into his house in the first place. Seemed rather pointless considering that this was Epsiloh he was talking about.

“I slipped and fell.” the crocodile responded, shrugging.

Grim stared at him with shock, trying to digest this information.

“You slipped and fell?”

“Yes.”

“And broke both arms?”

“Yes.”

“... How?!”

“I’m clumsy.” Epsiloh shrugged again.

“No. Clumsy is when you go “Haha, I slipped and dropped this vase. Silly me!”, not when you slip and break both arms!”

The crocodile shrugs again, staring at the saber cat with a bored look.

“I don’t know what else you want me to say here. I slipped and broke my arms.”

“Yeah, but... that doesn’t... you can’t... you just... Aggh. This is too much for my head...”

“Is that so?” Epsiloh chuckled, dragging his tail that was laying on top of his lap and playfully whipping his friend on the backside. “Yeah, it must be really hard for you, what with your two fully functioning arms. I couldn’t even begin to understand it, right?”

“... Sorry.” the saber cat awkwardly rubbed the back of his neck, dropping his work bag on the coffee table next to him. “I actually have a question though.”

“Yeah?”

“How did you even send me a text message if you broke both of your arms?” he raised an eyebrow, staring at the crocodile with curiosity.

Epsiloh cracked a smug grin, rubbing his chin and soul patch with the tip of his tail.

"Yes, you would like to know *that* wouldn't you?" he said mysteriously, stifling a laughter.

"Your mood is way too peppy for someone who just broke both of his arms, you know?"

"I'm super high on painkillers right now." he answered, shrugging and smiling.

"But you sai- Oh, never mind. We're just gonna go in circles, aren't we?"

"Oh, so you *can* learn!" he said, chuckling.

"Save me the sass, leather bag." Grim pulled over a chair so he could sit facing his friend. "Let me get this straight, then, because your text message was almost incomprehensible gibberish. You want me to take care of you until your arms heal enough to get them out of the cast? And you want to stay with me until then?"

"Yes."

...

"And what exactly would that entail?"

"Hehe, you just said tail."

"Epi, please, be serious!" Was he really not high? It somehow felt like he was...

"Oh, you know, normal stuff. Cook for me, feed me, bathe me, help me use the bathroom, help me get dressed in the m--"

"Wait wait wait, what were the last two things you just said?" he stared at his friend in dismay.

"Cook for me and feed me?" Epsiloh smiled.

"You know it's not those two. You're not stupid, you can count."

Epsiloh shrugged again, scratching his back with his tail.

"I don't know why you're so surprised. I can't even take off my shirt with my arms like this. Hell, I can't even *put on* my shirt in the first place."

"Are you sure? Your tail seems pretty dexterous." he said, watching as Epsiloh wrapped his tail around a glass of water and used it to grab a drink.

"Grim, don't be absurd. My tail doesn't have a hand on the end. How am I supposed to grab stuff? Or unzip? Or unbutton my shirt?"

There's no point in even trying to contradict him right now, is there?

"Fine fine. You can stay here with me." he answered sighing and rubbing his forehead.

"And?" Epsiloh asked, grinning.

"... And I'll help you bathe and use the bathroom."

"Yay!" the croco wagged his tail. An amusing sight, considering he wasn't a dog.

"Seriously, how high are you right now?"

"Not at all!" he retorted with a smug grin on his face.

“... And just for the record, I’ll help you pull down your pants but I will *not* hold your dick while you pee.” he motioned emphatically.

“Oh, *please*, don’t try to act like you’re not just looking for an excuse to touch it.” the grin on his face widened.

“... That is neither here nor there.”

“Mmmmmhmmmm.” he smirked, full of sass.

Goddamn crocodile...

... ..

“Hey, Epi, I’m cooking chicken stew for dinner tonight. I hope that’s okay with you.” Grim shouted all the way from the kitchen.

The crocodile had barely gotten up from the couch all day. He kept using his tail to pour himself more water from the pitcher or switch the channel. It was kinda scary how good he was at doing these things.

“Yeah, it’s fine by me.” he shouted back from the living room.

Grim then heard a creaking sound followed by approaching footsteps. Epsiloh appeared at the entrance to the kitchen, peering curiously inside.

“What’s up, T-Rex?” Grim asked, not taking his eyes from the pot he was stirring.

“Hahaha, yes, ‘T-Rex’, that’s classic. Aren’t you hilarious? Hahahahaha!” he laughed sarcastically and then abruptly stopped, staring at the cat, unamused. “Anyway, that smells delicious. When is it going to get done?”

“I’ve just finished adding the spices but the vegetables still need to cook down. Since I was feeling lazy, I cut the carrots and potatoes pretty roughly so it should be quite a bit until they get soft.”

“Boo. I’m hungry now!” Epsiloh pouted.

“Hey, if you’re going to complain, you’re free to make dinner yourself.”

“Jeez, you don’t have to be so mean. I’m handicapped, see!” he limply dangled his arms for effect.

“... Doesn’t doing that hurt?”

“Like hell. I really regret doing it. Ow...”

Grim patted his friend on the back.

“Hey, there’s no point hanging around in the kitchen. Why don’t you go wash up while you wait for dinner?”

Epsiloh frowned, looking at him with disdain.

“Uhm... Helloooo?” the crocodile began shaking his arms again.

“Oh... right... Guess I’ll have to help you with that, huh?”

"Yup. You're gonna have to scrub me *all* over!" he grinned.

"Why do you sound more happy about this than you should be?" Grim replied, sighing.

"I have no idea what you're talking about." Epsiloh looked away, trying to play innocent. The smile on his face gave it away.

"Fine, let's just get this over with, you overgrown lizard."

Grim gave his friend a light push on the back, directing the crocodile towards his bathroom. Epsiloh was chuckling the whole time. For what reason, Floof couldn't tell.

Once they walked into the bathroom, a pristine, yet slightly cramped room, Grim began unceremoniously taking Epsiloh's belt.

"Oh wow, straight to business, huh? Not even a little wine or foreplay?"

Grim merely tuned him out, kneeling to pull down his friend's pants and underwear and exposing the crocodile's fat shaft. The saber cat's eyes lingered on it for a few minutes before he got back on his feet and began pulling on his friend's shirt.

"Okay, I'm gonna take your arms out of the slings. Can you lift them for me so I can take off your shirt?" he asked as nicely as he could.

"Was that a glimmer of interest I saw on your eyes?" the crocodile ignored him, smiling deviously.

"Sling off. Arms up." Grim repeated again, this time sounding more bossy.

Epsiloh chuckled and did as he was told.

"Careful that you don't break them further while you're taking off my shirt."

"Oh, don't worry, I'm not gonna do anything that I didn't plan on doing." he answered sweetly before tugging a little too violently on his friend's shirt.

"Ow ow ow, Floof, you're hurting me!" the crocodile began to squirm.

"Yup. *Nooothering* that I didn't plan on doing."

"I'll stop, I'll stop! I yield!" the crocodile nearly shouted those words out.

"Perfect!" Grim chirped excitedly as he finished removing Epsiloh's shirt, this time not even grazing his cast.

"Jeez, you nearly ripped my arms right off." Epsiloh pouted.

"Don't be so dramatic. Now hop on the shower so we can get this over with."

Epsiloh looked the saber cat up and down with a raised eyebrow. He moved his tail and lifted up his friend's shirt partway with it.

"Aren't you forgetting something?"

Grim looked down at his own clothes.

"I'm not taking these off."

"Oh please, you're going to get your clothes soaking wet then?" Epsiloh made a show of lifting Grim's shirt further, a dumb smile on his face. He continued until everything below the cat's pecs was exposed.

"I don't need to get wet. I'll just roll up my sleeves and stay away from the water."

"Oh really? What if I end up splashing water on you?" the crocodile asked, chuckling.

"So long as you're careful, we can avoid any accidents like these." Grim responded dismissively, waving a hand in the air.

"And what if it's not an accident?" his smile widening even more.

"... You really are a horny lizard." Grim smiled, playfully sighing and gently pushing the croco's tail away from his chest.

"Slander. I have no idea what you're talking about!"

"Sure, play innocent. That'll work." he retorted, taking off his clothes as slowly as he could, making a little show of it. The crocodile watched the entirety of it with great interest. "Is this what you were looking to see?"

Grim gestured to his naked body, smiling.

"Hmmm... Well, you're on the right track at least." as soon as he said those words, he turned his back to the cat, using his tail to turn the shower on, letting the water spray on himself.

Grim smiled, shaking his head sideways in amusement.

"Seriously, what do you even need my help for?" he mumbled.

The cat immediately reached out for the loofa and the soap, applying a decent layer of it on his friend's body and scrubbing it.

"You know, I only realized it now but shouldn't we have covered the cast with something before you got on the shower? So, you know, it doesn't get wet?" he asked as he scrubbed, making sure to spread the soap all over the crocodile's scales, making them glisten.

"Oh, you're right... eh, it doesn't matter." he shrugged.

Grim wasn't sure if he should be worried about his friend's laissez-faire approach to his injury... but then again, if Epsiloh didn't care then he himself had no reason to either.

"Alright, spread your legs, Croc." he commanded, going lower and lower with his hands.

"My my, not even a little forepl-"

"That joke's starting to get old. At least come up with new material. God." he snapped back in a joking tone, making Epsiloh laugh.

"Fine. Here you go, full access." he said, spreading his legs as requested whilst also rubbing his tail in-between Grim's legs.

"Someone's getting a little frisky." Grim remarked, smiling.

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

Grim made sure to clean Epsiloh's back from top to bottom, not even neglecting the outside of his friend's inviting pink hole. Epsiloh on the other hand kept rubbing Grim's body all over with his tail.

"You know, it's hard to concentrate on cleaning you when you're doing... this."

"Oh, so you're telling me you're not interested?" Epsiloh teased.

"I never said that. It's just common sense to finish your job before getting to play?"

"I never took you for the kind to have common sense."

"Oh, I'm not. This is just an excuse to keep torturing and teasing you for a while longer."

"Wait, who said this was torture for me?"

"This guy here." Grim reached around Epsiloh's waist, grasping his erected shaft and soaping it up a little. "Yup, I knew it."

"Who are you to talk? We both know you're the same." as if to emphasize his point, the crocodile wrapped his tail around Grim's own throbbing cock, giving it a light squeeze.

"Again, I never said I wasn't. You're making some weird assumptions here, Epi." to emphasize his point, he squeezed the croc's shaft's head, eliciting a moan from him.

"I- I thought you said you were going to finish the job before playing."

Grim shrugged, pressing his body against the crocodile's back and whispering in his ear.

"I got bored of it. Now I just want to play."

"Jeez, and you were so against it a few hours ago."

"Oh, I was never against it, I was just annoyed by your constant joking around. But then again, when am I not?"

Epsiloh chuckled, pressing his back against the cat and grinding against his crotch.

"Fair enough. I don't suppose you'd be willing to look past those so we could have some fun?" the croc licked his lips, enjoying the feeling of the big shaft grinding against his backside.

"Hmmm..." Grim began making a dramatic thinking sound, teasing his friend by pulling his crotch away from the crocodile's butt. "Maybe once you've recovered enough."

The cat gave the croc's dick another squeeze and pulled away fully, smiling smugly. Epsiloh immediately turned around, surprised.

"What? No fair. You got me riled up and now you're not gonna do anything about it?"

Chuckling, Grim leaned forward and planted a kiss on the crocodile's nose.

"I never said I wasn't going to. I'll just keep *that* kind of fun for later. But don't worry, I can't have you getting pent up while you're staying with me, can I?" smiling seductively, the saber cat began running his hands through the crocodile's chest and then going downwards with them as he slowly knelt down on his bathroom floor. "I'd be lying if I said this guy here didn't leave my mouth watering."

Before Epsiloh could muster a response, the croc yelped in surprise as Grim grabbed his cock and licked his tip. A small glob of pre oozed out of the crocodile's fat shaft, immediately mixing with the shower water pouring down his body and getting washed away.

"Hehe, crocodile meat is pretty tasty." Grim licked his lips, looking up at his friend with a hungry expression Epsiloh had never seen on his face before. The crocodile blushed, looking away. "Oooh, is someone getting a bit self-conscious now?"

"Just shut up and get back to it!" Epsiloh pressed his tail against the back of the saber cat's head and, in one swift movement, pushed his friend's head against his crotch, forcing Grim to swallow the whole length. "Hah... that feels great..."

As soon as the crocodile released the pressure on his tail, Grim pulled away, coughing violently after the sudden violation of his throat, his eyes tearing up.

"I did not care for that!" he glared at the crocodile who did nothing but smile bashfully at him.

"Oops. My bad." he shrugged.

Shaking his head, Grim decided to ignore it and got his attention back to the task at hand. He began by slowly and tantalizingly licking the crocodile's shaft, making sure that every single inch of it got his attention. His ministrations were quickly rewarded by moans and gasps from his friend as the crocodile's cock leaked a few more globs of pre.

"Goddammit, you're such a tease. Can't you just start sucking on it already?" he bit his lips, panting, trying to keep his voice from failing.

With one more lick that went from the base of his balls to the tip of the croc's dick, Grim looked up at Epsiloh and merely smiled.

"Don't worry. I know what I'm doing."

Again, without waiting for the crocodile to respond, he pushed his tongue beneath his friend's foreskin, circling it around the sensitive head, making Epsiloh shiver. He then nibbled softly and lovingly on the foreskin, pulling on it slightly with his teeth.

"Fuck. You're such a good cocksucker." he moaned, rubbing the cat's head and ears with his tail.

Emboldened, Grim slowly slid the head of the croc's cock in his mouth, gently pushing the foreskin back with his lips as he began to swallow the length. One, three, five inches went past his mouth with little trouble. Eventually he had managed to slide the entire length into his mouth, his tight throat wrapping around Epsiloh's member.

The crocodile moaned, arching his back, his brow twitching and his mouth going slack.

"F-fuck... fuck yeah. Just like that, dude."

Grim moaned with the cock still in his mouth so the vibration of his throat would give the crocodile a gentle massage. He was welcomed by a few more globs of pre delivered directly to his throat. He began bobbing up and down, using his hands to rub his friend's belly and inner thighs.

"Fuck... Fuck... when my arm gets better I am taking you home with me so you can do this to me every day..." Epsiloh moved his tail down and wrapped it around his friend's member, beginning to slide it up and down in a massage motion, jerking off the cat.

Grim moaned and groaned, using his tongue to probe his friend's tip and urethra, continuously bobbing on the cock, taking care to not graze it with his fangs.

"Yeah... just like that... I'm getting close." Epsiloh moaned, all of his attempts at resisting crumbling to dust against Grim's expert ministrations. The cat's throat was one of the tightest, warmest holes he'd ever been inside of and he was sure he wouldn't be able to last.

Grim tugged at the crocodile's balls and quickened his pace, thirsty for the cum housed inside those orbs. Just as he accidentally grazed the tip of Epsiloh's dick with one of his teeth, he seemed to have pressed a hair trigger as the crocodile immediately pumped out copious globs of semen directly into the cat's waiting mouth.

"F-fuck!" Epsiloh roared, his tail squeezing Grimflood's dick even tighter, sending the cat over the edge. Grim's entire body tensed up and he too began shooting his loading, coating the wall and tiles of his bathroom in white spunk.

Pulling away and licking his lips, Grim swallowed every last drop of cum that shot out of the now shrinking cock, delighting himself at the taste of his friend's cum.

"You certainly were backed up, huh?" he looked up at the crocodile's drooping eyes, smiling.

His mind still a bit foggy from the afterglow, the crocodile groaned before answering.

"You have no idea..."

Licking his lips one last time, Grimflood chuckled.

"You know what. I think I'm gonna like having you here after all."