

*Takes place after Crash 4, Crash is headcannoned to be mute and uses sign language to say stuff*

*Also, cw for a ton of musk related stuff*

Sometimes rivalry becomes more than that. Sometimes what used to be a less-than-friendly feud between two people, or in this case, two genetically modified animals, can spark a really nice friendship. That's all that there really needed to exist really, but who can resist an open invitation to live with your ex-enemy, now friend, Dingodile? Surely Crash never expected anything more than a nice comfy bed in Dingodile's trailer. Yep, only friends.

That was several months ago

The sun started to touch the still swamp water. A few frogs were already out trying to hunt the last fireflies before the day fully started, and the snoring of one, no, two mammals, one on top of each other, managed to escape the vehicle-turned-home it was coming from.

It was a nicely cramped space where Dingodile lived. Considering the fact that he was a huge guy whose behind often got stuck at the entrance door, it felt inconceivable for him to live with someone else. "Eh, don'tcha worry mate, we will manage. Might be cramped in there tho.", was his response when Crash asked him about it. Crash had accepted the invitation even though he already had a place to live with his sister Coco. Why come to live in a tight space with Dingodile? Well, there was something about the proposition that Crash found so...

Alluring

Crash was the first one to wake up, he was nose deep in one of his favorite's spots in that trailer, Dingodile's armpit. He slowly incorporated as he saw Dingodile laying there, asleep, and with a bit of drool coming out of his mouth. So darn adorable.

He laid right next to him, on top of the sheets and not on top of him this time. The very first day that Crash came, was the first time that he wanted to "thank" Dingodile for the hospitality. From that day onward, they turned that trailer into their own little mancave.

The sheets reeked of both of their musk and sweat, Crash loved to hold on to the sheets and bite the pillows as Dingodile went in deep into the bandicoot's cheeks. The sofa now had old cumstains from the many times Crash used his hands, and sometimes his feet, to jerk Dingodile off. The kitchen was the ideal place for Dingodile to make some pancakes, and for the horny bandicoot to follow behind his tail and give his musky asshole some love, making sure that sweaty dingo ass was getting the attention it deserved, shoving his whole face in-between those musky cheeks. Crash loved eating ass more than those pancakes. Even when they were doing something benign, like watching TV or, like now, sleeping, Crash couldn't help but to start worshiping the ripe armpit his roommate had, making sure all that sweat was being taken care of.

Shortly after that first day of the both of them living together, wearing clothes became more and more of a rare habit for either of them. Crash's jockstrap and Dingodile's tighty whities became the norm for them, and even then, Crash sometimes would forget he was wearing them, leaving to situations where the already used jockstrap became stained once again whenever Dingodile would hit his g-spot in just the right way, and Dingodile never saw the reason as to why he had to have more than one pair of undies, so he would just let it become more and more covered in holes. Crash definitely didn't mind a more direct access to that magnificent ass though.

It was better this way, plus, Crash loved stealing those XXXL undies and helping himself to a mouthful of Dingodile's crotch musk. "Oi! Yer gonna leave it all licked and full of spit mate! Gimme them!", said Dingodile just the day before, pretending he didn't just basically do the same the night before with Crash' jock.

And that's what life was in there, just a vast ocean of raw unfiltered masculinity and sex. Lots and lots of sex. The whole place reeked of it. So it isn't a surprise the first thing that Crash got when he was awake, was horny. Especially after waking up from such a good place. Crash started licking and anxiously sniffing the armpit just in front of him. He felt safe there, plus the fact that Dingodile always smelled so nice and manly certainly helped a lot. What counted as a bath there was dubious, but Crash was more than happy to get covered in some hot, steamy dingo nut. That counts, right?

Dingodile's snoring made his huge belly go up and down, and Crash started to caress it. It was a really nice belly, one that Crash loved to feel rest upon his back whenever his larger roomie was clapping his cheeks and using the bandicoot as just another of his used flashlights, and one that he liked just picking up and seeing it plop down. And just below it, wouldn't you know it, Dingodile's dick was already up before him. All the bandicoot had to do was carefully pull down on the elastic on his briefs, and sure enough, the dick came out popping out of his underwear, already stained with the marks of pre of that day.

Crash licked his lips as he got ready. That cock had become his best friend ever since he moved in, even more so than Dingodile himself. He slowly approached it, grabbing it by the base as he pulled on the foreskin. The bandicoot decided to get up and plant his face right in front of that crotch, but before he could get to what he wanted, Crash started off by slowly licking that precious taint, stopping to take a nice and slow sniff there. It smelled amazing, it was a familiar scent that Crash already knew, but he couldn't get enough of it. Dingodile always managed to stink, but for Crash, that stink was good. Even more so where he put his snout right below those plump balls, licking that area thoroughly too. After getting a mouthful of Dingodile's ball musk and getting interrupted a bit by grunts and moans from just in front of him, he started to go at it.

The whole thing was thick, from the base covered in unshaved pubes all the way to the head that was just starting to receive the first rays of sunshine. Maybe it wasn't the biggest dick on the planet, but Crash went crazy for it. When Dingodile wasn't smacking it against the bandicoot's face, leaving a sticky trail of pre there or he wasn't shoving it up that tight orange ass, Crash made sure to help his mate reach climax by any means necessary, even when he was licking his ass at that same moment. And Crash decided to help him out too, as he slowly licked the whole thing, from Dingodile's musty taint, through his balls, all the way to the head.

Slowly circling his tongue around that covered head, Crash ignored the growls he was receiving as he made more and more progress. When half of it was already covered by his spit, he started to really go at it. Going up and down as he held the ballsack just below, incentivizing that nice ripe spunk to cover his face once again. He made sure to try and deepthroat the whole thing, but he wasn't that sure of himself to try. Doesn't matter, he was already getting quite the workout already as he switched from licking and sucking him off to using his hands and sniffing the space below the dick and in between the balls. Also known as heaven.

As the Crash was helping his bud with that massive morning problem, sure enough he started to taste the first drops of pre. Milking Dingodile was a task that at first involved napkins for the cleanup, but ended up with both of them not caring about it after all and just going to sleep together. After all, they were going to probably repeat that again and again. Crash just loved how much jizz Dingo's balls could produce, and-

"Hey mate, ya awake already huh?"

Oh, wouldn't you know it, Dingodile's raspy voice interrupted the makeout session Crash was having. All Crash could do was giggle as his larger roommate scratched his head. He wasn't even going to ask why he woke up with his armpit full of spit. He already got used to that. At least it wasn't his paws this time.

"Guess ya had a good night's sleep, eh?" Crash nodded, and Dingo got up, still sitting in the bed to hold the bandicoot closer to him in his legs. Dingodile was so big, he could easily lift his partner with both hands, and he plopped him down on his . "I'm glad, ya sure know how to make a mate like me happy". His large, drippy tongue was now inside of Crash' mouth, and the two of them made out. Dingodile wasn't the romantic type, but when he got up in a good mood, he made sure Crash knew it. After just a little bit though, Dingodile broke the kiss.

"-Jeez, your whole mouth stinks" Crash embarrassingly nodded, and explained to Dingodile what he was just about doing, to which Dingodile raised an arm just to smell himself. "Well, that explains it. I know ya love when I smell all natural like, but uh, maybe you could get a couple mints afterwards? Who am I kidding? I love ya like that, you stinky roadkill", they both laughed in unison. Even though Crash didn't talk much, Dingodile LOVED talking to him. Maybe having a companion instead of being alone all the time was what he needed.

"Anyways, eh, I am interrupting somethin', ain't I?" Dingodile's dick was still at full mast, and not only that, it was rubbing against the bandicoot's, with only the stretchy fabric of the jockstrap Crash was wearing being in-between them. Crash grabbed both of their erect cocks, slowly jerking them off. "Ya wanna keep playing with it, eh? Well, I ain't gonna complain about it, I'll leave it to it"

Crash was more than happy to follow, already pushing his snout against that familiar musky cock. Going back to it, he went back to covering half of it, licking and slurping noises filling the room.

“Ya sure ya don’t need my help?” Crash, still with his dick in his mouth, started to think. “C’mon, I know ya always wondered if you could reach the base”. Crash made agreeing noises, dick still in his mouth. “Lemme help ya then!”

Suddenly, Dingodile grabbed the bandicoot’s head with both hands, and immediately the bandicoot was already taking his full length. The surprised eyes of Crash met with Dingodile’s, and as the head of his manhood was meeting the back of Crash’ throat, Crash couldn’t help but to moan, feeling helpless as the larger male made sure to help him really get in there. “Heh, how ya feelin’? Sorry if it was a bit rough”

Crash took the dick out of his mouth to nod. It was, he dared to suggest, really hot? The impotent feeling of having someone way, WAY larger than you do as he wants with you. It’s something that brought him back to when they used to fight, except way better and with less flamethrowers involved.

“Heh, I always knew you were a little freak, get ready-” Crash winced when he heard those words, but even he was not ready for what was about to come.

“-BETTER BREAK OUT THE BUTTER, CUZ I’M MAKING TOAST!” Suddenly and without warning, Dingodile jumped over Crash, pinning him down to the bed with his entire weight, and dropped his massive dick in front of his face. Making use of Crash’s surprised expression, he made himself at home inside of Crash’s mouth. He was ready to force Crash into deepthroating him.

“PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!” Dingodile’s juicy balls were hitting the chin of the bandicoot. Now his full manhold was meeting ends with the back of his throat, kissing even. Both were in such an euphoric state, Dingodile from getting the best head he has gotten in a while, and Crash from the feeling of being used, just like any of Dingodile’s fleshlights, broken or otherwise. He was getting close, as the “plaps” started to multiply and Dingodile stuck his tongue out, he got ready to cream all over the bandicoot. All of a sudden, that tingly feeling reached over from his back the way to his brain, and suddenly he couldn’t control himself. “OHHHH FUCK! CRASH! YA ARE GONNA MAKE ME-”. His head started spinning, he was fucking Crash’s mouth like the old fucktoy it was always meant to be, and all Crash could do was brace himself, as what felt like gallons and gallons of spunk flooded his insides. When Crash tried to back out, Dingodile held him in place, and that only made him moan out even more. It was such a good climax, at least for the dingo, Crash was trying his best to not choke on his dick. He definitely was a trooper, maybe Dingodile would offer him a nice meal after this.

“OH FUCK YEAH, DRINK IT ALL YA BITCH!” Ropes and ropes of jizz started accumulating in the bandicoot’s stomach, quickly, Dingodile pulled out, and started single-handedly making a bukkake all over his face. All Crash did was stick his tongue out and enjoy all that manly seed that was falling on him. Tasty, warm, manky seed. It was his favorite dish from Dingodile’s menu for sure, well, maybe his ass is still on top.

“Oh god, ya alright?” That was so fucking good, hope ya didn’t faint or anything like that, here, uh, lemme-” Dingodile picked up Crash and laid him out on his stomach as they both took deep breaths. “Man, fucking ya is always a different experience each time”. Crash was

left there, slowly trying to regain his breath, as the spunk of his lover was left there to sit in his mouth, until he gulped whatever was left. There was still a lot of cum on his face though.

“Hmm, lemme help ya with that a bit, I wonder what I taste like”. With quick licks, Dingodile started licking off the cum from Crash’ face, although it was surprising to Crash that a guy like Dingodile never got curious to want to taste his own stuff, Crash did that all the time. “There, ya good?” Crash nodded, happily excited to help out. “Oi, ya think I’m only going to lick ya there?”

Quickly, Dingodile grabbed Crash and turned him around, those plump orange cheeks were now hotdogging his dick. Crash was about to get the Dingodile special yet again, something Dingodile apparently invented, which consists of ass eating, and then fucking him mercilessly. It’s still patent pending.

“Well, well, well. Hope ya don’t mind if I help myself to this, oi?” Crash did less than mind as Dingodile picked his ass up, as he would a hamburger. And starting going to town. Dingodile’s tongue was so thick, it was less of he was eating his ass and more so his tongue was fucking his ass. Dingodile wasn’t afraid to taste that bandicoot ass, no matter how musky it was. Drops of sweat rolled down the curvature of his cheeks as Dingodile made sure to stretch out that asshole. God it was so good. That was until Dingodile took his tongue out, looked down, and realized his lover was leaking pre like crazy all over his chest.

“Oh, look at me being all selfish and all that. Mate, ya haven’t even cum yet!” Crash quickly got out of the heavenly state Dingodile’s tongue was in and admitted to him with his hands that it really doesn’t matter.

“Nah, I wasn’t raised on a farm!” said Dingodile, who was raised on a farm inside of a swamp. “Ya deserve something for making me jizz like that mate!”

Crash wasn’t sure what he meant, til Dingodile picked up Crash, got up, laid him on the bed, and sure enough, when the Bandicoot looked up over what suddenly made him covered in shadow, he saw it. Dingodile’s fat, jiggly enormous ass, about to descend upon him, at the same speed and probably size as an anvil. Crash didn’t have enough time to react, but thankfully his face absorbed most of the impact. Crash’s snout managed to perfectly fit in-between Dingodile’ asscrack, coming face to face with his ass, right below the big scaly tail that adorned the top of his rear. He was in heaven now.

“Be sure not to pass out mate!”, Dingodile started to grind back and forth his hips as Crash got quite a mouthful of his ass musk. Crash’ senses got overwhelmed, as that manly scent started to play around with his brain. It was straight up hypnotizing the way that huffing all that musk felt. It was funny how all Dingodile had to do to keep Crash right next to him was to lift up his tail. All he could really do was sniff all that glory as he felt his head spinning. “Ya good dude?” Dingodile lifted up his rump to see Crash on the bed, smiling and nodding. “Well, get to it!”

Dropping his ass on the bandicoot once again, Crash made sure that beautiful musky ass got the attention it deserved. Licking and smooching those huge cheeks felt like a tall order, but not one that Crash couldn’t fulfill. Crash then decided to go for the money, and slowly

made way for his tongue to circle the outer rim of that puffy hole in front of him. A shudder and a moan from its owner made sure to follow. "G-God, that's the good stuff-". More and more, Crash started to go deeper and deeper, til he was practically making out with Dingodile's hole, rimming it and making sure Dingodile knew how much Crash was enjoying this. The larger male moaned as Crash made sure that that tender hole was all lubed up and perfect for what was about to come.

"Jeez, that felt so good mate. Ready or not, here I come!" Lifting his whole body from a musk-dazed bandicoot, Dingodile aimed for his prize, that erect cock pointing up at the sky.

PLAPLAPLAPLA-

Going up and down, Dingodile was using Crash as a dildo. Those fat cheeks jiggled every time they met with Crash's crotch. All the dingo could really do was stick out his tongue, as his lubed up hole made the talking for him. Crash on the other hand, needed to moan out as best as he could. He didn't want this to stop.

"Oh, f-fuck mate! That's good! C'mon, come to daddy!", more and more, Crash's dick was hitting his g-spot over and over again, as precum started to splurge again from Dingo's dick. "SHLORPSHLORPSHLORP-" was all that could be heard in the room, deafening any and all other sounds there. Dingodile was making sure that Crash would never forget that even when his big fat ass was getting fucked, he was the one in control.

Crash couldn't handle it anymore. The sounds from Dingodile's musky donut asshole, the incessant PLAPLAPLAP sound that his cheeks were making. The going up and down of his dick inside of that tight, tight hole. It was too much, his breath became more and more short. And when he got close, he got the impulse to spank that fat ass that was in front of him.

"OH FUCK YEAH MATE, FILL ME UP! I FUCKIN' LOVE YOUR COCK!" Before anyone could really brace for it, Dingodile's hole was filled with what felt like gallons and gallons of bandicoot jizz. It was a lot, so much in fact that Dingodile could swear that his belly had gotten fatter. All that cum stayed inside his hole, til Crash pulled out, and soon enough cum came out flooding from his hole, making sure to stain those perfect cheeks of his. The climax had left both of them panting and breathless. Dingodile plopped right besides Crash, tired and without any energy to do anything else.

"Huff... huff... Mate, that fucking blew me away! Ya did such a good job!" Crash smiled and nodded, and said something with his hands. "Me too? I mean, we both know I'm a freaking sex beast, heh." Both of them laughed, both of them covered in each other's fluids, and both of them snuggling up in that tiny bed. "Ya know, uh. Why did ya come here to live with me?" That question took Crash by surprise, and all Crash did was respond with a look that said "kinda obvious, isn't it?". "Yeah I know, but sex can't be the only reason ya are here, otherwise you would be like at a stripclub or whatever". Crash looked at his face, that long and rugged mug, a face to which Crash wanted to wake up everyday and be the first thing for him to see.

"I love you, dude", Crash signed with his hands to Dingodile.

“Aw, yer gonna make me blush mate!” Dingodile grabbed Crash into a friendly headlock as he played with his hair, and that headlock turned into a hug. It was true, Dingodile couldn’t stop blushing. “Ya know, I’m not into all that lovey-dovey stuff...” said Dingodile, cuddled next to Crash, he grabbed his chin

“But I can try, just for ya”. The warmness of both of their lips touching was making Crash melt. His soft voice, his soft words, his soft belly. Everything. Crash had found his perfect lover, though partner-in-crime sounds way better.

“C’mon, let’s clean up. Your breath stinks of jizz and my ass still has cum all over it!” Crash nodded, and as Dingodile got up, he got to work on cleaning him off, using his long tongue.

“Hey! Not like that mate!”