

A Tremendous Tryst

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Monroe experimentally tested the rope that held his wrists firmly to the back of his chair. Tugging a little made the large male's biceps tense and jump, but his hands barely moved. He tried his ankles, checking for any slack in the rope binding them to the legs of the chair – stubbornly stuck. Monroe attempted to lean forward, feeling the length of rope around his midsection pull taut against his abs. Not a chance. The muscular blue lizard was bound firmly to the chair, with little hope of escape.

"Satisfied?" asked a familiar voice, drawing Monroe's attention across the room. The question had come from a blue and orange terrorbird stood in the doorway, sporting a toothy smirk and a mischievous glint in his green eyes. He held a wooden chest in his feathered arms, the ornate crate perhaps twice the size of a shoebox, and his large tail was swishing to and fro as he eyed the captive lizard.

"Seems secure," Monroe replied with a wry grin of his own. "And what've you got there?"

"Oh, this?" Tuca asked, feigning innocence. "Nothing special, just our toys for the evening." He began to carry the box towards Monroe. "And before you ask, you can't see what's inside. That's for me to know and you to find out," he added with a wink. The terrorbird set the chest on the floor, only a short distance from Monroe, before approaching the large reptile directly.

Standing mere inches in front of Monroe, the differences between the two males' bodies were more immediately apparent. Though Monroe was seated and Tuca was standing, Monroe still had a slight height advantage, owing to his 7'6" stature compared with Tuca's 6 feet even. Where Tuca had a fit appearance – athletic, even, going by the pleasing curves of his moderate musculature, visible even through his dense avian plumage – Monroe was bulky, with a powerful build earned through years of dedicated weight training. The huge male's thick pecs and rounded biceps cut an intimidating figure, even tied up as he was. The starkest difference, though, was between the two men's endowments. Tuca boasted a seven-inch tapered rod that

thickened considerably just below the tip, growing impressively wide by its base. Whenever the terrorbird grew aroused, it quickly slipped out of his slit, swelling quickly and impressively to its full length. Monroe, on the other hand, was endowed with a package that could make even a feral dragon green with envy. Hanging heavily from his crotch were a pair of balls every bit as large as watermelons, each orb a full foot wide, to say nothing of the thick, two-foot uncut python that dangled in front of them. Even flaccid, that monster rivalled Monroe's own thickly-muscled arms for sheer girth, with a fat, pronounced head that hung inches from the floor in Monroe's current seated position.

"Now," Tuca began, "this is something I've been waiting for all day..." he announced as he eyed Monroe's oversized equipment. He reached down towards the lizard's hefty nuts, taking just one into his open palms. Tuca's talons lightly poked at the sensitive flesh, making the enormous lizard shudder as his cock twitched. "Jeez, they're as heavy as they look," the terrorbird murmured as he shifted the testicle's weight into just one hand, his free hand rubbing over its surface. Even this light stimulation was enough to elicit a quiet moan of pleasure from the hypersexed male, Monroe's shaft steadily inflating with arousal.

"You like that, huh? Should I keep doing this?" Tuca teased as he continued rubbing the lizard's enormous ball.

"Yesss, please..." Monroe groaned. "They're so sensitive," he added with a shudder as the terrorbird switched to his other hefty nut. The lizard's shaft swelled further in front of both men's eyes, beginning to rise up despite its immense weight. It had lengthened considerably already, putting on several inches and boasting a girth that could justify calling it a third leg. As that tree trunk of a cock finished swelling to its full erect size, an unheard-of 40 inches of raw masculinity, it grew thicker still, eventually surpassing the reptile's thighs by a margin of a couple inches.

"Mmm... I think it's time we bring out some of the toys I brought," Tuca announced, licking his lips as he admired that monstrous, throbbing length. The terrorbird released Monroe's balls to let them dangle between his legs and strode over to his toy box, unlatching the lid and beginning to dig for some unseen objects. "You know, until I saw you, I wouldn't have believed a guy could be hung half as well as you are," Tuca remarked. "Hell, I've never even seen a guy hung a third as big as that monster you've got," he said, eliciting a quiet groan from Monroe. A bead of precum was beginning to form on Monroe's broad tip as Tuca retrieved something from his box and rose back to his full height.

"Oh, you like that, huh?" the terrorbird asked, seeing the pre. A grin spread across his features. "You love when I tell you how massive you are? How nobody could come close to comparing to your monstrous size?" In reply, he got a nod from the larger male, as Monroe bucked his hips slightly. He was now leaking a steady trickle of precum that flowed down his wide shaft.

Tuca held up a thick strip of red cloth, circling around to Monroe's backside. He placed the cloth over Monroe's eyes, wrapping it around his yellow head and tying the back, blindfolding the lizard. The avian rested his hands on his friend's large biceps, feeling the rock-hard muscle. He leaned in close to the reptile's ear to whisper, "Such a big liz, in some places more than others. And yet, despite these big muscles and your massive endowment, you're completely helpless. You're totally at the mercy of a terrorbird who's fascinated with all this meat," he cooed.

The terrorbird circled back to Monroe's front, placing both hands on that massive shaft, relishing in how his fingers didn't meet on either side of the massive organ. He began to stroke up and down with both hands, coaxing out more of Monroe's slick precum. The scent of musky sex filled the air as the lizard's pre drooled out unabated.

"You know, it'd be such a shame to let all this go to waste," Tuca remarked as he continued to stroke. He leaned in close to the bulbous head of that monster, opening his beak wide as his tongue slipped out and lapped up some of the pre-seed Monroe's shaft had so generously offered. Tuca's efforts were rewarded with a shaky groan from the hyper-endowed lizard, a definite sign to keep going. As Tuca continued to stroke Monroe's shaft, he began to lick all around the organ's broad head, continually returning to the slit that was producing so much delicious pre. Every gasp and groan from his sensitive friend was music to his ears.

As the terrorbird continued to work over Monroe's equipment, he was struck as the rate of precum oozing out increased further, amounting to a steady stream of the slick, natural lube. Monroe began to squirm a little, futilely tugging against his restraints, and the lizard soon gasped out, "Fuck, if you keep this up, I'm gonna cum soon."

Tuca immediately stopped stroking, pulling his beak away. "Well, let's stop that for now and try something else," the terrorbird suggested. "You're not done until I've had my fun, and I'm nowhere near done playing with this beast you've got." In acknowledgement, the lizard merely grunted. His need was palpable: his cock was twitching rhythmically in the air, continuing to ooze out more pre with every pulse than most men could pump out in a week. The slick stuff trickled down his shaft, over his balls, and was beginning to drip onto the floor.

Seeing and hearing his friend's need, Tuca's own shaft had grown to its full, 7-inch length. He idly stroked it, enjoying the sensations as he admired the reptile's desperation. He knew Monroe was nowhere near breaking yet; the lizard hadn't even begun to beg. The thought of bringing such a massive male to the point of begging made Tuca shiver in delight, his own cock throbbing and leaking a little in pleasure.

Tuca reluctantly let go of his manhood, returning to the chest to bring out his next toy. In no time at all, he had found just what he needed: his vibrating wand. "If stroking and licking that needy shaft of yours brought you that close that quickly, maybe it's time I give your balls a bit of attention," Tuca suggested. He strode back over to the lizard and dropped to his knees, careful to avoid the growing puddle of precum Monroe was producing.

With the flip of a switch, the vibrating wand buzzed to life, and Tuca pressed its rubber head against one of Monroe's nuts. With his free hand, he cupped the backside of that massive cum factory, steadying the watermelon-sized orb against the buzzing tip of the toy. As Tuca stimulated Monroe's balls, first one then the other, he was once again treated to the sound of cute little gasps and moans, the huge lizard clearly in bliss as his avian friend expertly tended to his massive, desperate need.

The terrorbird took the opportunity to continue teasing his huge friend for his massive size. "You know, a pair of nuts the size of chicken's eggs is pretty big, Monroe. A pair the size of tennis balls is practically unheard-of. But you go way beyond that, and you love that, don't you?" he asked. "These guys are bigger and heavier than bowling balls... They're as big as fucking watermelons. That's bigger than any one man could ever need." He paused to let his words sink in. "But still, you'd go even bigger in a heartbeat. You know you would!" Tuca heard a deep, pleased moan as Monroe listened to his words, imagining himself with an even larger, even needier burden between his legs. "Bigger just means you'd need more paws to handle the goods. Every orgasm, the aftermath would involve a whole clean-up crew! You'd love to be that huge and messy, wouldn't you?"

Monroe was thrusting fruitlessly into the air, he was so turned on. "Y-Yeah... I'd love to be even bigger," he agreed. "Fuck, even bigger balls... I'd be even hornier than I am now..." By this point, all Monroe could think of is how full his massive nuts felt, and how full they'd feel if they were even huger.

"That's right, you love being such a big, needy liz. I could get you to do anything I wanted, as long as I promise to empty these over-full cum tanks for you, isn't that right?" Tuca asked.

"Y-Yes, Sir. Anything you want. I just need to cum so badly," Monroe begged, squirming in his seat.

"Don't worry, you'll cum eventually, when you're good and ready," Tuca assured the huge male. He leaned in, licking some more of Monroe's pre up from his taut sac, enjoying its slightly salty taste as Monroe writhed from the combination of the vibrating wand and the tongue stimulating his sensitive balls. Tuca dragged his tongue up along that sac to the base of the reptile's shaft. Switching off the toy, he continued licking up the underside of Monroe's oversized manhood, rising to his feet so he could reach all the way up to its head. He delivered a cheeky smooch to that huge tip before giving it an affectionate stroke. "Don't worry, stud, I'll be right back," he assured the restrained lizard as he turned around.

Striding back to his box, Tuca put the wand away and admired his array of options. Several of the toys were unsuitable for a man of Monroe's proportions – his fuckable toys and milker were nowhere near large enough to accommodate the lizard's girth. With his options laid out in front of him, a burst of creativity struck the terrorbird. Grabbing a length of purple elastic cord, the sort he might typically use to restrain his lucky "victims", he returned to where Monroe sat, leaky and panting from an entire evening's worth of stimulation.

"I've got a treat for you, big guy," the bird crooned as his tail swished back and forth eagerly. Standing by Monroe's side, he laid a hand on the root of the lizard's tree trunk-like shaft. "With a monster like this, I bet you're used to being 'too big'. Too big to stuff it inside cuties like me, too big for condoms, too big for a lot of toys..." Tuca began to rub across the monster's width. "I bet you're so big you've never gotten to wear a cock ring, aren't you?" Monroe nodded his head. "That's right. You're just too hung, they don't make them in your size," Tuca agreed sympathetically. The terrorbird withdrew his hand, unfurling the cord he'd brought over. "That's why we've got to get creative with a man like you."

Tuca laid the cord over the top of Monroe's shaft and dropped to his knees, wrapping it around the base of the lizard's erection and behind his ponderous balls. He fully encircled Monroe's package with the cord and drew it tight. Pulling the elastic cord a little tighter still, he inquired: "Nice and snug?" Hearing an affirmatory "mmhmm," the terrorbird deftly tied the cable into a tight knot, completing the makeshift cock ring.

"Let's see how that suits you, big guy," Tuca murmured as he gave the lizard's shaft a couple experimental strokes. "And while you get to try your first-ever cock ring, I'm going to do something that suits me." The terrorbird strode over to Monroe's side and swung a leg over the large male's abdomen, straddling his monster of a cock. In this position, Tuca's own throbbing shaft was laid on top of Monroe's massive organ. The terrorbird placed one hand on either side of the lizard's cock and began to stroke it, covering and exposing Monroe's slimy, pre-drenched head over and over as his foreskin slid up and down. The terrorbird leaned in close to lick at his tip, pressing his feathered chest against the top of that mammoth cock as his beak got to work up top. Tuca licked over the head, swallowing mouthfuls of precum directly from the source, even daring to slip his tongue inside the urethra for a few tentative licks.

Feeling how Monroe moaned and writhed from the tongue service to his sensitive slit, Tuca grew more daring, slipping his tongue in more frequently. Before long, he was burying a few inches of his beak inside Monroe's shaft, passionately exploring the hole that was bubbling out so much precum. Swallowing mouthful after mouthful of pre, he almost felt like he was making out with a very large, very warm, very messy kisser. And to his surprise, he was able to go deeper than he expected! As that monster throbbed hard in pleasure, it grew slightly longer and thicker thanks to the cock ring Tuca had installed. It steadily swelled a bit larger, pushing those feathered, stroking hands further apart as it pulsated in desperate need and veins began to stand out prominently along its blue surface. Before long, the bird had half his beak wedged inside an even girthier monster of a cock. By the time the beast stopped swelling, it was several inches thicker than either of Monroe's generously muscled thighs, and had reached an enormous 44 inches in length.

Tuca was shaken out of his reverie as he heard and felt the reptile's deep voice rumbling loudly in pleasure, vibrating his entire body. "Mmmhh... Fuuuck... I've never been so hard, Tuca. You've got me so close, I need to cum," Monroe groaned out.

"I want to hear you beg," the terrorbird instructed. "Tell me how bad you need it."

"I've never needed anything so bad," Monroe grunted. "Fuck, my balls ache so badly, they feel like they're gonna explode. I need to paint this entire room, Tuca, please let me cum."

The terrorbird, satisfied, began to stroke faster than before. He buried himself back in that huge urethra, finding it barely had to stretch to accommodate his entire beak as he began to lick everywhere he could reach. The terrorbird experimentally lifted his

feet, placing them on Monroe's balls. To his surprise, this monstrous lizard's package could support his entire weight! He began to massage the reptile's melons with his feet, rubbing and gently squeezing them as he used his entire body to stroke off Monroe's equipment. The lizard was leaking more than ever, almost more than Tuca could keep up with as he gulped down more and more of the lizard's musky pre-seed. The sound of Monroe's frenzied moans filled the room as he grew closer and closer to climax, until it happened.

The first jet shot directly into Tuca's beak, filling it to capacity and forcing him to pull out of Monroe's urethra as that massive shaft bucked hard. The terrorbird swallowed his mouthful and kept stroking, eager to milk the reptile's balls of everything he could. The lizard's shaft throbbed and pulsed over and over as Monroe came rope after rope of seed, shooting with such force he managed to paint the ceiling several feet above. The excess cum rained down over the floor, the walls, his own body and Tuca's, giving the entire room a whitewash of musky, virile lizard cum. As Monroe's orgasm dragged on, Tuca switched to stroking his shaft with one entire arm and moved his free hand to his own 7-inch manhood. He had gotten so worked up from edging his massive friend that he was soon shooting his own smaller load onto Monroe's broad shaft, adding to the mess his friend had made. The terrorbird's own toe-curling bliss produced an impressive output of seed compared to any normal man's load, the bird shooting easily a dozen ropes of jizz across his friend's member.

By the time Monroe and Tuca were coming down from their combined orgasms, the mess was immense. A quantity of cum better measured in gallons than teaspoons coated every surface imaginable, and the room would undoubtedly reek of Monroe's musk for weeks to come. The lizard's shaft hadn't yet begun to soften, thanks to the cock ring tied around it, but as badly as the terrorbird wanted to bask in his afterglow atop his friend's enormous member, he thought better of the idea. He wanted to get his friend untied sooner rather than later. Undoing the cock ring, then the blindfold, Tuca finally spoke. "How was that, big guy?"

"I don't think I've ever cum so hard," Monroe panted out. His thick pecs were still heaving from the exertion. Tuca leaned in to kiss Monroe's cheek, undoing the restraints around his wrists. "Then how about we get showered after this? We're both pretty messy."

"That sounds great," Monroe agreed. He flashed a bashful grin at the terrorbird. "And... if it's alright with you, maybe we could go for round two if your shower's big enough. My balls feel like they've got just one more load in them."