

## Challenge the Chef

by Monroe Lehner

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/monroethelizard/>

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In the heart of the city, right on the high street, an unassuming little pastry shop stood with countless little treats lining a display case in the front window: each little dessert was a labour of love that had been carefully handcrafted by the store's owner. It was a slow mid-week morning, and the shop's owner – and sole employee – sat in the back room alone, slowly completing some paperwork. The paperwork was always his least favourite part of being a business owner.

Fluorite, the synthetic pastry chef, perked up as he heard the front door to his little shop jingle, announcing a visitor. He practically dashed from the back room in his eagerness to greet a new customer. "Good morning!" he called out, waving to the stranger as he emerged from his office.

The customer was a lizard – and quite a large one, at that. While the little patisserie's ceilings stood seven feet off the ground, the shop's gargantuan guest had to duck just to squeeze inside. Fluorite estimated his visitor to be around eight feet tall, though of course, it was impossible to know his exact height given the circumstances. What was certain, though, was that the synth's own diminutive four-foot height served to accentuate the impressive stature of the blue-and-yellow lizard who'd stepped into his humble store.

"Good morning," the huge male rumbled in reply as he looked around the pastry shop. The depth and timbre of his voice alone practically made Fluorite jump! Maybe it was because of the petite specification to which he'd been built, but the little synth certainly enjoyed some size difference between him and his men – and this stranger was ticking more than a few boxes for him.

As the customer crouched down to look at some of the pastries Fluorite had on selection, his eyes occasionally roamed over to scan over his host's body. If Fluorite wasn't mistaken, there was a subtle hint of desire in the lizard's gaze as well – but the clues weren't obvious enough for him to act, at least not yet.

Eventually, the lizard broke the silence first. "I was wondering, what does your apron mean?" he asked, nodding to it.

It didn't take Fluorite long to figure out what the reptile was referring to. The baker was dressed in naught but a cotton apron, with the words *Challenge the Chef* printed in huge text across its front.

"Oh, this?" the chef remarked with a smirk, raising the apron slightly by its straps for the lizard's inspection. "Well I'm a pretty small synth, as you've clearly noticed. That is, small in every area but one... So I invite any interested customers to challenge me to a little comparison, see who's the bigger man," he explained as his eyes narrowed slightly.

Under ordinary circumstances, anyone would have guessed the lizard to be the bigger man below the belt. He was twice Fluorite's height, after all! But those who'd seen Fluorite's tool knew better. The little synth was packing a knee-length tool that stood over a foot long when fully erect. Even now, as the pastry chef stood behind the counter, the distinct imprint of his half-hard shaft could be seen pressing against the front of his apron when viewed from the right angle. It was tough to fully conceal such a generous endowment, after all.

With his explanation complete, Fluorite took license to try and determine what his visitor was packing. But despite his stolen glances at the larger male's crotch, he just couldn't make out the lizard's endowment. The huge male was wearing fairly baggy clothes, with both hands crammed into a hoodie whose lower hem hung down over his crotch, effectively concealing his package.

Nonetheless, Fluorite was feeling justifiably confident as his guest coolly replied, "Sure, I'm game."

"Great! I'm Fluorite, by the way," the teal synth buzzed excitedly.

“Monroe,” the huge lizard replied with a toothy grin.

“It’s great to meet you, Monroe. But here, before we head to the back room to see who wins our little game...” the synth began, “please, take a couple. They’re on the house,” he offered as he withdrew a box of macarons that had been hidden beneath the register. He slid the box’s top off before Monroe could read the label on the lid: *APHRODISIAC*.

Ever the greedy one, Monroe gladly took a couple of the tiny delicacies. He gave his thanks and popped both of the diminutive pastries into his reptilian maw, enjoying their delicate flavours as they practically melted in his maw.

“Mmm...” the huge male rumbled appreciatively as he swallowed. “Those were great. I might have to buy some to take home after we’re done!”

“Oh, you like them that much?” Fluorite asked, arching a digital eyebrow. “Please! Take some more. I’m in no hurry.” With satisfaction, he noted how the huge lizard’s cheeks were already beginning to flush faintly pink, a tell-tale sign of the increased bloodflow.

Monroe gladly took two more of the colourful treats, devouring them as ravenously as he had his first two.

*It’s been a long time since I gave anyone a double-dose, Fluorite thought to himself. But a guy his size can handle it, I’m sure. Besides, now he can’t complain about not being totally erect when I show him up.*

Already, Monroe’s shaft was twitching in his baggy pants and beginning to swell with excitement. At first, the huge lizard attributed it entirely to his arousal from the spunky little synth he couldn’t wait to dominate. “Well, let’s get going,” he cooed. “You lead the way.”

“Sure thing! Just mind the doorway, big guy,” Fluorite replied as he turned around, heading to the back room. His thick tail swished with excitement as the four-foot male led his visitor into his office and shut the door behind them – but

only after watching the huge, broad-shouldered reptile turn and struggle to duck down low enough to squeeze into the comparatively cramped quarters of the synth's office. All the while, Fluorite enjoyed the unwitting show Monroe was giving him, watching those thick muscles bunch and contract as their owner contorted his body to squeeze into a facility that was obviously designed for occupants who stood whole feet shorter and slimmer than he.

"Mmm, I guess the best way to do this would be if I lie on the desk and you line it up above mine," Fluorite mused aloud as he undid the strap on his apron and lifted it off, exposing his body in all its nude glory. Then, before Monroe knew it, the chef was clambering up over his chair and laying himself back onto the desk, letting his heavy nuts and turgid shaft sway the whole while. Entirely forgotten were the tedious forms Fluorite had been filling out as he settled into a comfortable position. In that moment, the only things on the synth's mind were his huge visitor and their little contest.

As Fluorite lied at the ready, Monroe couldn't help but admire the sight presented before him: a diminutive little teal synth presenting a rock-hard, uncut shaft thicker than his own forearm, one which rose all the way to the bottom of his synthetic chest plate. The bright green marks surrounding his dark underbelly only accentuated the size of that huge tool, and the fluorite cube in his abdomen – the little synth's power source – was almost entirely obscured by the sheer width of his shaft. And those balls! – they had to be the size of their owner's own fists! They were like a pair of apples in a smooth, dark sac. Though he was a couple feet shorter than the average anthro, he boasted a size that precious few could match.

"Well, you've got a lot to be proud of," Monroe murmured as his own cock continued to grow harder. "Unf—" the lizard grunted as he shifted himself conspicuously. His cock had swelled so large it was beginning to grow uncomfortably tight in his formerly-baggy pants.

Without further ado, the lizard began to strip. He had worn significantly more clothing than Fluorite, so it took considerably longer for him to relieve himself of his clothes – not to mention the care he had to take, lest he punch a hole

through the ceiling. Fluorite didn't seem to mind the show, though, as he watched rapt with attention.

As the hunched-over lizard stripped free of his hoodie and the T-shirt beneath, he revealed his generously-muscled body: his thick, light blue pecs, brawny biceps, and seemingly stone-cut abs. Then came his pants. Fluorite craned his neck up for a chance to get a first glimpse of his visitor's junk.

As Monroe slowly lowered his pants and underwear in a single fluid motion, Fluorite caught sight of a cock that seemed impossibly thick. While Fluorite's own cock was just a bit wider than his forearm, this lizard's organ was *easily* broader than its owner's forearm – no easy feat, given the generous mass in Monroe's arms. And it was still growing harder, now that it had some freedom from its cloth prison.

Monroe continued to lower his drawers, revealing a thick vein that ran down the top of his mostly-hard shaft. By the time he'd reached his knees, the flared, uncut head of his overgrown tool finally began to come into view. The head of Monroe's cock was bigger than the head on Fluorite's shoulders, as best he could tell! And now that he could see the lizard's balls – well, those massive cum factories were closer to pumpkins than they were to Fluorite's little apples.

When Monroe finally stepped out of his pants and underwear, he hunched down over the desk where Fluorite was lying and laid his monster over Fluorite's shaft, easily obscuring it. In fact, Monroe's enormous tool spanned the entire length of Fluorite's torso, and then some; it had to be somewhere between two and three feet long. And that huge cock was *thick*, even for its obscene length; it had was broader than Fluorite's waist. The synth's breath caught in his throat as he stared down at that huge, precum-drooling urethra. He could detect every throb of that hot member, pulsing in time with its owner's heartbeat. Slowly, imperceptibly, it was swelling even bigger and harder, striving towards ever greater firmness thanks to the potent aphrodisiacs the lizard had been fed.

“Well, I challenged the chef,” Monroe remarked cheekily. “Who do you think won?”

“H—... How...?” Fluorite asked, dumbstruck. He could scarcely think, he was so overwhelmed by the sight, smell, and weight of the lizard's overgrown tool.

“How what?” Monroe replied with a smirk. “Speechless at the sight of *a real man's* dick?”

The lizard took Fluorite's hands into his own and placed them on his monstrous breeder, encouraging the smaller male to stroke. The synth obediently acquiesced, beginning to stroke up and down that enormous width.

“Last I measured, it's 34 inches long,” Monroe boasted. “That's two feet and 10 inches. Looks like I'm *easily* twice the man you are, huh? Nearly triple, as far as I can see” he taunted.

Fluorite's head was swimming. If he'd been asked this morning how he'd feel to lose his current undefeated record in cock size comparisons, he would've predicted sadness and maybe a bit of anger. But instead, he was so turned on: hearing the kinds of boasts and jabs he ordinarily reserved for those who challenged him and lost, it was enough to make his cock drool pre and his balls ache with need.

“C'mon, you can do better than that,” Monroe encouraged the little synth. “Don't just stroke it. Why don't you grind your little pencil dick against mine? I want to feel you cum against me before I coat you in *a real man's* seed.”

There were those words again. Fluorite bit his lip as he began to mechanically thrust his hips, grinding his dark green length into Monroe's light blue flesh. The motion grew more organic and natural as Fluorite's display dimmed and his eyes shut in bliss. It felt so good!

“If I didn't know better, I'd say you *liked* being the smaller guy, my tiny synth friend,” the reptile teased. “You're turning into a great little slut, by the way. Tiny guys like you should be honoured to serve big guys like me.”

“Y-Yes, Sir,” Fluorite agreed, panting between thrusts. “It’s my honour to give your cock the attention it deserves...”

That seemed to satisfy the huge lizard as he began to thrust alongside Fluorite, gliding his monstrously large cock over the synth’s entire torso. Soon, it was the best Fluorite could do to simply hug both arms around that enormous rod and hug it close to his smaller body. His own cock throbbed even more excitedly at this change. It was only fitting he offer his body to please and stimulate the huger guy, however he pleased.

Before long, Fluorite was teetering on the edge of climax. As pleasurable as it was to frot with Monroe, it was the mere thought of serving such a well-endowed, virile male that brought the little synth barrelling towards orgasm so quickly. Hearing Monroe’s own pleased gasps and grunts eventually proved too much for Fluorite, as he let loose a few breathy moans of his own. Every single rope of synthetic, light-green jizz crashed against the underside of Monroe’s tool as the lizard thrust his member unrelentingly over Fluorite’s accommodating body. Fluorite’s balls emptied themselves of every drop of seed they could muster, but the synth could easily tell his cum was far less than half the volume of precum Monroe had drooled over his body and desk.

As Monroe kept rutting into Fluorite’s arms, he eventually began to pick up the pace as well, thrusting faster and faster over Fluorite’s small body, the synth’s own cum lubricating his thrusts. Monroe swore he had never been so turned on – partly due to Fluorite’s aphrodisiacs, of course, but also from witnessing the transformation of the synth from confident top to obedient little bottom. The lizard’s massive balls began to bang audibly against the wooden desk, shooting jolts of electrifying pleasure up the huge male’s spine as he rutted into those arms that squeezed his shaft so pleasurably. Before long, the lizard’s loud groans filled the little office as he began to spurt from his massive cock.

Pulling back from the desk slightly, the lizard let his thick, musky seed rain down across Fluorite's body, coating it entirely. Before long, every inch of the synth's body was drenched in lizard cum, not to mention his desk and floor, and still the lizard's orgasm dragged on for over a full minute.

Standing on legs that felt slightly like jelly, Monroe patted one of his pumpkin-sized nuts. He remarked with a grin, "Fuck, that was good. First time I've felt truly emptied in days. Hopefully you can wash up in the kitchen once you're ready to walk again."

Fluorite was panting from exertion, but he still somehow managed to nod his head. It had been an incredible fuck, he thought, even though there had been no actual penetration. Monroe seemed to be thinking something along similar lines, as he said:

"Maybe I'll come back tomorrow and we'll find out how stretch you are. I'll challenge you again: I bet the bulge of my cock stretching out your belly will be bigger than that pathetic little nub you've got. Probably more than twice as big," he growled with a wink.

Fluorite's visor began to glow faintly teal as he blushed, imagining it. He wasn't sure the overly-endowed male could even manage to squeeze his cock into his synthetic body. Even synths had limits on their stretchiness. But if he did manage to take it – well, he was certain Monroe would win that challenge. And for the second time ever, Fluorite thought he wouldn't mind losing a challenge.