

Custom Tailored

by Monroe Lehner

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for Graker

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Graker, the owner and sole employee of a little couturier, looked up from his work as he heard the front bell jingling. "Good afternoon!" the petite red dragon called out merrily.

"How can I help... you...?" the small dragon asked, feeling suddenly apprehensive as he watched a huge, cloaked figure struggling to squeeze into his humble little shop. He watched on, dumbstruck as his visitor ducked down, laboriously turning to fit one broad shoulder through the narrow doorway before shimmying sideways, squeezing his bulky chest past the wooden frame of the door. If he were much larger, he wouldn't fit inside at all!

Finally inside, the newcomer turned to face the petite storeowner. He pulled his hood down, revealing a grinning, yellow, reptilian visage. "Graker!" the huge male boomed, friendly recognition spreading over his features. "Brrrr, it's cold out there! How've you been though, buddy?"

"Oh, Monroe!" Graker called out in surprise. His momentary shock delayed his answer by a mere fraction of a second before he replied to his friend's question. "I've been pretty well – business is booming, which is great. But... where are your clothes? I made you several outfits just in November!"

"Ah, well about that..." the huge lizard began, stepping forward. His hulking size belied the ginger steps he took as he ventured further into the shop, striding carefully to avoid upsetting any of Graker's carefully-organised displays. "Y'see, I've, uh, grown a couple sizes larger since then. I'm afraid none of those clothes fit anymore, which is what brings me here today. I was hoping I could get ya to make me a few new outfits." Gesturing to the simple black cloak that clung to his large form, he explained, "Nothing off the rack fits, which is why you see me like this."

Graker nodded sympathetically. Monroe was visibly larger than when the two had met late last year. While the tailor's biggest clients were traditionally dragons, dinosaurs and gators, Monroe had been the largest male he'd ever seen. And now – oh, now he was

even larger! He was almost too massive to fit in the little shop at all! The little red drake swore the massive male before him stood not just inches, but whole *feet* taller than his next-largest clients, to say nothing of his broad, masculine bulk. He surely weighed over twice as much as the next-largest male Graker had serviced.

"Well, I can see that," the horned drake replied softly. "You certainly have grown! But I'd be happy to help you out, big guy," he offered as he rose to his feet. "I was just about to close up shop for the day, so maybe I can get you sized for some new clothes right now if that suits you?"

"Oh, really? That'd be perfect!" Monroe replied cheerily, clapping his hands together.

"Here, let me go ahead and lock up, and we'll take you to the back to take some measurements," the dragon suggested as he emerged from behind his desk. Approaching Monroe, he was amazed to find he stood only at eye level with the massive male's crotch. Through the black fabric of Monroe's garb, he could easily discern an impressive bulge, though the exact magnitude and shape of the lizard's endowment was obscured by the inky contours of his cloak.

He definitely wasn't that huge before, Graker thought to himself as he squeezed past the massive reptile towards the entrance to the shop. As he flipped the shop's sign to 'Closed' and locked the door, the thought of getting close and personal with such a prime specimen of masculinity filled Graker's head. He always enjoyed taking measurements from his more attractive customers, and he had a thing for larger guys, to boot; the thought of measuring this enormous stud had his cheeks warming and his shaft throbbing larger in anticipation.

"Here, let's go to the back room and I'll measure you for some new clothes, big guy," the dragon offered as he made his way past the lizard. "I know you're careful, but I'm still gonna remind you! It's tight in here, so please try not to knock things down," he teased, sticking his green tongue out at the massive lizard.

"I always am," Monroe replied with a wink, tail swishing playfully. Unfortunately for the huge reptile, though, it was just at that moment that his tail thudded loudly against a desk, rattling all its contents! "Uh... Well, I usually am," he corrected himself sheepishly.

The dragon rolled his eyes, though he couldn't stop himself from grinning. He and Monroe had always had a playful relationship, and he could feel his excitement mounting further at the prospect of getting close and personal with his favourite lizard's

body once more. Almost impatiently, he repeated, "Be careful, now let's get going, Monry!"

Retreating to the back room, Graker ensured his customer followed him closely into the rear of the shop where his workshop sat nestled in even tighter quarters. Clearing some tools and fabrics off of a solid-looking wooden chair, the dragon announced, "Here, this'll do. Take a seat." Then with a chuckle, he playfully threatened, "This is my sturdiest chair, so you'd better not break it!"

"I'll do my best!" Monroe assured Graker as he laboriously manoeuvred his bulk into the dragon's workshop. Once inside, he was thankful to abandon his hunched standing position and take a seat. Sitting with legs spread wide in the centre of the workshop, the massive male easily filled a majority of the cramped little room with his bulk alone. There was barely space for Graker to scurry around him as he cleaned and organised the various implements scattered about.

"Sorry, I wasn't expecting anyone back here or I would've tidied up a bit," the little drake apologised as he grabbed his measuring tape.

"Oh, no, don't worry," Monroe assured his little friend. "I should've sent a message before turning up! I know my visit was unannounced, so I wouldn't expect you to have prepared for my arrival."

"I'm glad you understand," Graker replied, flashing a warm smile up to the huge lizard. He had to crane his neck surprisingly far for the simple gesture, as even seated, Monroe was feet taller than the little 5'4" dragon.

"Now, if I'm going to measure you for some clothes, you'll need to remove that cloak, big guy. Here, why don't you hang it on the wall behind you? There should be a hook."

Monroe turned to look where Graker had indicated, where he indeed found a brass hook fastened to the wall. With a nod, he sat up a little, beginning to tug the cloak up over his body.

As Monroe removed his clothing, he began to reveal the extent of his latest growth to the little dragon. Already visible beneath his cloak, a pair of huge paws rested on the wooden floor of Graker's workshop. A total of six sharp white claws clicked on the floor as Monroe adjusted his position, lifting the garment. Pulling it higher, he revealed the first inches of his powerful, virile body. The lizard's calves were swollen with powerful muscle, to say nothing of the natural increase in size that would naturally accompany

such an impressive stature. At their widest point, each calf was easily thicker than Graker's thighs!

But what grabbed the dragon's attention most of all was the impressive manhood that was immediately visible when Monroe began to lift his cloak. Seated as he was, the lizard's ponderously large balls nearly grazed the floor of Graker's little workshop, and his monstrously thick, uncut shaft did not fare much better. That thick python hung over his balls, every bit as impressive as his cum factories, mere millimeters from the wooden floor of the shop. Lifting the cloak higher, the fat head came entirely into view, a small hint of pink flesh visible amongst the blue hues of the lizard's foreskin. Its size was astounding – even soft, that enormous cock head was larger than the head on Graker's shoulders! The lizard's beastly breeder easily qualified as a third leg judging by the breadth of that swollen glans; it had to be wider than Graker's legs in its totally unaroused state, the fat log swinging heavily with each small motion of the lizard's hips as he undressed.

As Monroe lifted the cloak higher, he revealed a pair of thick, powerful thighs. If his junk hadn't forced his legs so wide already, those swollen, powerful quadriceps would have. Thick hamstrings and glutes worked with his quads to provide the overgrown reptile with the solid foundation he needed to support such a huge mass whenever he stood, and the bulk of his gluteus muscles lifted him inches higher than the base of the simple chair on which he sat.

With the entirety of his lower body exposed, the lizard continued to lift the cloak higher, revealing the first glimpses of his Herculean upper body. If Graker weren't so intently focused on the show Monroe was offering him, he might have noticed how the lizard swayed his hips slightly, offering the most sensual show he could and causing his massive equipment to shake and sway for the dragon's pleasure. Graker stared shamelessly at that tree trunk of a cock as it swayed hypnotically from the motion. Eventually, though, mustering all the self-control he possessed, the little dragon managed to pry his eyes up and focus on the emerging revelation of the lizard's brick-like abs.

And what abs they were! Eight cobblestones, swollen with power, separated by deep rivets a man could lose a finger in. Monroe possessed a core that rippled with more power than a coal plant, and it was all there for Graker's admiration.

Then there were the lizard's broad lats and his pecs – thick slabs of brawn that hung several inches beyond even the reptile's thick abdominal muscles. As he admired the powerful chest his client boasted, the little tailor could only think of how badly he

wanted to bury his face in those meaty pecs. Even with Monroe sitting, he'd have to stand up on his toes to reach – but if Monroe pulled him up into his lap...

Graker realised he'd been daydreaming for several seconds and shook his head to clear away the distraction. He looked up to see Monroe had finished undressing and the massive male was staring down at him with a smirk. Forming a fist, he flexed his huge, brawny bicep for Graker to admire. "Like what you see, little guy?" he teased as that muscle bunched up into a peak the size of a volleyball. "Lucky for both of us, you're gonna need to get pleeeenty of measurements. We might need to get both relaxed and flexed measurements. As fun as it sounds, we wouldn't want me ripping out of my clothes any time I flex!"

Graker merely nodded in agreement. He was certain the soft green blush on his cheeks was visible by now.

Finally, Graker spoke up: "How about we start with your neck, big guy?" the little dragon suggested, sidling up next to the monstrous lizard's side. Reaching up, he wrapped his tape measure around Monroe's thick, corded neck, pulling it snug to measure the circumference. Marking the number down in his notebook, he next wandered lower with his tape, pulling it along the contours of the massive male's back as he measured Monroe's shoulder width. "I've never seen such broad shoulders," he murmured appreciatively as he noted down the number. "Your delts are just massive, Monroe."

"Yeah? I appreciate that! But just wait 'til you get to some of the... lower-down measurements," the reptile purred seductively. Clearly, Monroe appreciated the compliments; his fat log of a cock was already stirring to attention, though Graker's measurements were only just beginning.

Lowering the tape down from Monroe's shoulders, Graker held it taut around the lizard's broad, mountainous back. In the front, the little dragon pulled the tape snugly around Monroe's thick, pillow-like pecs, getting a measurement. Then he loosened the tape a little. "Why don't you flex that chest for me, Monroe? Normally unflexed is enough, but with a guy your size, the flexed size and shape could be quite a bit different."

Monroe happily obliged, balling his hands into fists and flexing his pecs, causing the striated muscle to bunch up impressively, a swell of power rising through his bulky, broad chest. As Graker tightened the tape measure about Monroe's upper pecs and measured the girth of his swollen, muscular form, the little dragon couldn't help but silently mouth the word *wow*.

The sizing continued in this way as Graker took both flexed and unflexed measurements of Monroe's arms, sneaking in an appreciative squeeze of the lizard's massive, boulder-like biceps in the process. The dragon had soon also measured the length of Monroe's arms and the circumference of his waist, and it was finally time for the lizard's lower body.

Measuring his client's thighs and then his inseam, the little tailor pulled the tape measure down the length of the lizard's trunk-like thigh. So tantalizingly close to the virile male's overburdened crotch, Graker could feel the waves of heat radiating from his semi-turgid, pulsating manhood. The dragon couldn't stop himself from reaching over to rest a hand on one of Monroe's pumpkin-sized orbs, admiring its warmth and productivity as he gently massaged the enormous blue cum factory.

"You know, I didn't measure your intimate bits last time, but I think by now, you're large enough we'll have to get some specific measurements so we can ensure a proper fit..." he suggested, salaciously biting his lower lip.

"Is that right?" Monroe rumbled deeply in reply, spreading his thighs a bit wider. "It might be a bit late for a flaccid measurement I'm afraid, but please, take any measurements you need. My body is all yours to explore," he growled softly.

Graker couldn't stop himself from bringing his other hand down to Monroe's overly large testicle, resting both upon the huge surface of the orb. Feeling the curvature of the lizard's massive nut, he mused aloud: "I don't even know if I could lift even one of these... They're just so huge, Monry, and I love it..."

While Graker's prior touches and comments had grown his cock to its present half-erect state, that gesture and those words had his shaft racing to full rigidity in record time. With every beat of his heart, the lizard's cock swelled larger, steadily rising up against its own monolithic weight.

"Luckily, you don't need to lift 'em. Just rubbing them like that is more than enough, little guy," he crooned as the dragon brought his tape measure down to Monroe's nuts. Graker wrapped the tool around Monroe's testicle at its widest point, and as he read the markings on the tape measure, Graker couldn't help but note not only the staggeringly large circumference of Monroe's cum factory, but how miniscule the thin little strip of cloth looked around Monroe's monstrously large orb.

Graker's own enjoyment was readily apparent to Monroe, his obvious erection straining against the cloth of his snugly-tailored suit. It was hard for Graker to believe that this

lizard, burdened to the point of excess with raw, masculine virility and mass, was the same sex as himself with his own perfectly respectable tent. The mere presence of Monroe's overly large endowment asserted his position as the apex male in the room, a well-hung breeder that any other male might aspire to be. Yet despite this immense gift, Graker was also struck by the lizard's gentle kindness throughout the entire afternoon.

"I love how you're so proud, yet so caring, big guy," Graker complimented the lizard. His cheeks were burning as he spoke; he felt so many butterflies from merely being in such a huge stud's presence, let alone handling his body and complimenting it. And what was more – the lizard was obviously interested in him too! Graker's heart felt like it was racing a mile a minute.

"Of course, little guy. I want to make sure you have a good time! You're doing me a big favour, measuring me for new clothes on such short notice. And I also can't help but notice that I'm, uh, making quite the mess of your workshop," he explained with a gesture to the floor between his legs. "Though if I had to guess, I'd say you didn't mind..." he purred, staring at the dragon's straining tent.

As Graker's eyes followed the lizard's gesture, it was immediately apparent what he was referring to: the growing puddle of precum between his clawed toes. Following the slick, clear puddle to its source, the little red dragon was treated to the sight of a massive, uncut cock head throbbing with need and drooling out fresh globs of slimy pre with every impressive throb it gave.

"Well, I guess I should go ahead and measure you before that mess grows any larger! You look plenty hard to me," Graker offered. "And if you don't mind... I'd love to help contain the mess for you, big guy. We don't want too much liquid on the shop floor, and besides, you're gonna need to get soft before walking out of here anyways..."

The lizard's giant shaft answered more clearly than words could as it throbbed eagerly, twitching with pent-up need at the dragon's suggestion. "I'd love that, especially since the help is coming from such a hot little dragon," Monroe agreed as he spread his thighs wider and pushed his erection down to aid Graker in measuring.

The dragon stretched the tape measure along the beastly cock that dominated so much of his little workshop. The lizard's mammoth breeder was even larger than he might have guessed from its flaccid size; with the lizard sat down in his workshop chair, his monstrous erection was as tall as the tailor himself. Measuring it from base to tip, the dragon manually confirmed what he already suspected: Monroe's shaft alone slightly exceeded his own body's measurements from waist to head. The lizard's overly large,

productive cock was longer than his entire torso! Wrapping the tape measure around the thickest part of its width, he found it scores larger than his own chest's circumference. Both longer and wider than Graker's own torso, this needy cock *deserved* any man's full attention with its sheer size alone. After the relentless teasing it had received for the better part of an hour, it was throbbing and leaking desperately, eager for any bit of stimulation it could get.

Hastily jotting down those final few numbers, Graker tossed his pencil away. He was ready to take what he'd wanted ever since Monroe set foot back into his shop. Gingerly laying both hands on either side of Monroe's broad, swollen cock head, the dragon began to slide that blue foreskin up and down over the head. "Fuck, I need you so badly, big guy," he groaned as he stroked that monster prick.

Monroe curled his toes in bliss as his cock bucked and throbbed, spilling his lustful juices over Graker's suit. He loved the sight of a little guy like Graker – a mere 5'4" to his 10 feet of height – pleasuring his enormous cock. That shaft was certainly too large to breed others, even the largest of dinosaurs or dragons, but the little red drake certainly knew how to accommodate such limitations as he leaned down to plant a wet kiss on its broad, drooling tip. Monroe couldn't help but moan as Graker set about worshipping his overly large junk, the little guy even going so far as to coil his tail around Monroe's huge, pumpkin-sized nuts before gently squeezing them.

The lizard instinctively spread his legs wider, encouraging Graker to come closer and take advantage of the full access he was offering. "Just like that, little guy," he encouraged. "Feel free to use – mmhh – more than just your hands..."

On cue, Graker stepped forward, wrapping both arms around the lizard's tree trunk of a cock. He squeezed it close to himself, revelling in the potent scent of Monroe's natural musk. The dragon wouldn't have been surprised if his entire shop reeked of Monroe for weeks to come, but he couldn't bring himself to care. The lizard's bountiful precum was staining his clothes, seeping into his scales, marking him with the huge male's scent, and Graker loved it. He savoured every breath that filled his lungs with the potent breeder's masculine pheromones, and he wanted to carry the scent with him for days afterward, to let everyone know he was marked by a *real* man.

As Graker's lust-addled mind swam with thoughts of Monroe's virility and dominance, the lizard himself was coming closer to the precipice of orgasm. His huge, powerful tail was beginning to swish back and forth excitedly, bumping into desks and scattering papers across the floor as he could scarcely contain his bliss. "Fuuuck, I'm close," he

moaned out as he looked down to the little dragon. "Please, keep stroking and licking. I want to fill you up, little guy."

The enormous reptile reached a powerful hand down, eclipsing most of Graker's back as he pushed his entire body firmly against his hard, leaking shaft. The little dragon only stroked that breeder more fervently as he felt that monster overwhelming his entire body with its size. Graker wanted nothing more than to taste Monroe's rich, thick seed, and his tail grew more insistent in its gentle squeezing of the lizard's swollen cum factories.

Moments later, Graker was clamping his maw over the lizard's urethra, opening his jaws as wide as they could go just so that he could fit his maw over the entire slit. The dragon slipped his tongue a few inches into Monroe's sensitive cum tube and was rewarded with the feeling of the huge guy shuddering in pleasure. He felt that cock beginning to pulsate rhythmically, powerfully, desperately, its wild twitching enough to vibrate the dragon to his core. He felt the climax finally overtaking the massive lizard as his massive body jerked and spasmed uncontrollably.

Graker was as turned on as he had ever been. The mere feeling of such a massive guy cumming for him, his man-sized cock throbbing and pulsing as those pumpkin-sized cum factories finally emptied their burdensome cargo, was enough to push the little dragon over the edge as his own cock began to throb as well. Graker groaned deeply into Monroe's shaft, the lizard's massive organ utterly muffling the dragon's moans of bliss as Graker came into his own pants, adding his own contribution to the flood of fluids drenching his clothes.

While the tailor lost himself in pleasure, he was taken off guard by the feeling of Monroe's cum bursting from his massive tip. The first rope of cum alone was enough to fill the dragon's mouth to capacity, forcing him to quickly swallow to make room for the next rope. The following spurts were even larger and messier, small spurts of cum escaping from the corners of the dragon's maw as Graker did his best to keep up with the powerful flow of semen being emptied from the lizard's clenching nuts. The dragon swallowed more and more from Monroe's seemingly never-ending orgasm. He felt his stomach beginning to press insistently against the cloth of his snug vest, his belly inflating slightly and bulging out from the sheer quantity of cum he was gulping down. But Monroe's orgasm never seemed to end, the huge guy groaning and pumping out more and more cum as Graker felt his belly swelling larger to the point that a few small tears had begun to emerge in his vest.

The little dragon was happy to swallow down as much seed as Monroe could offer, even as he felt his bare scales exposed to the air from the large rips in his shirt and vest. Eventually, as the macro lizard's orgasm began to die down, Graker was left rubbing his swollen, sloshing belly as he thirstily drank the last few mouthfuls of Monroe's cum. The dragon's jiggling, gurgling belly was the size of a beach ball from the incredible quantity of his friend's output.

"Mmmhhhh... That was more than I expected," he moaned as he patted his full stomach. "Still, not too much of a mess," he remarked, glancing down. Papers were scattered about and tools had been knocked down to the floor by his giant guest, but the drying puddle of precum and a few errant strands of precum were the only remaining evidence of the duo's impromptu tryst.

Monroe reached down, scooping one hand beneath Graker's legs and supporting his back in the other as he lifted the dragon up into his lap and delivered a loving kiss to his lips. He tasted his own release in the dragon's mouth and instinctively swallowed it down as his large tongue explored Graker's. After several seconds, he pulled away from the kiss.

"That was wonderful, thank you," he murmured as he hugged the little dragon close to his immense body.

"No, thank *you*," the tailor insisted. "Though before I get too distracted, I have a job to do! Could you let me down for a moment?" he requested.

As soon as Graker was returned to his feet, he grabbed his tape measure once more. "I need a flaccid measurement," he explained as he pulled the cloth strip over the reptile's softened, cum-coated dick. He nodded to himself and wrote down the numbers, length and girth, before setting aside the tape measure.

"Now, I think I could get a few outfits to you next week," the dragon said, mentally running through his schedule over the next several days. "Does that work for you?"

"Of course, whenever you can do it," Monroe replied. "I'm certainly indebted to you! How much is it going to run me?" the massive reptile asked as he stood and grabbed his cloak.

"Oh, it'll be on the house. Besides, you've already 'paid me' more than enough right here," Graker remarked with a cheeky pat to his swollen belly.

Donning his cloak, Monroe leaned down to plant a kiss on Graker's cheek. "That's very sweet of you, Grakky, but I'll *at least* pay you for the cost of materials. I insist, the amount of cloth you need for a guy my size can't be cheap."

The dragon's cheeks, which had returned to their usual red colour, grew tinged with green once more from the sweet words of his huge friend. "Well, I do appreciate it," he chirped happily. "Gosh, I swear I must have a crush on you, Monry," he blurted out before he knew what he was saying.

The lizard replied without a trace of hesitation: "The feeling's mutual, little guy. You're wonderful, you know that? I can't wait to see you again." Then, after a short pause, he added, "But for now, I really ought to be getting on home."

"Here, you can exit through the back. I'll lock up after you," Graker explained as he opened the door from his workshop to the outside. "Stay warm out there, okay? Come back next Monday and you can try on the clothes before we make any final adjustments."

"That sounds great. Again, thank you so much!" Monroe called as he squeezed out of the door. Waving goodbye, he disappeared into the flurrying snowfall, leaving Graker to clean his workshop and work on tailoring the largest set of clothes he'd made to date.

That big guy... Honestly, I hope he outgrows these new clothes as quickly as he did his last set, the dragon thought to himself as a dopey smile spread across his features. *It'd be another great excuse to bring him in for more measurements.*