

Excellent Service

by Monroe Lehner

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for Keone Orin-Brondehl

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"It doesn't matter if a restaurant is at the peak of haute cuisine or if it serves casual yet comforting classics. Whether the establishment is a community bedrock or a new venture, the elements of excellent service are universal."

– A Modern Restaurateur's Guide

Keone entered the bistro on a Tuesday afternoon. This time of day, in the middle of the week, was far from the peak business hour for restaurants – yet the dragon could already tell he would be far from the only diner. By his estimate, about two-thirds of the restaurant's tables were filled, even on a Tuesday afternoon. Fortunately, he had made a reservation.

The wolf-dragon was still taking in the sights – the décor, the clientele, and the staff – when he was approached by what he presumed to be one of the restaurant's front-end staff.

"It doesn't take much to make that first 'hello' special."

– A Modern Restaurateur's Guide

"Good afternoon! You must be Mr. Orin-Brondehl?" asked a deep, pleasant voice, with a hint of an English accent. Turning to see who'd addressed him, Keone's eyes lit upon a lizard – a *very big* lizard.

Keone was fairly average in height at 5'6", but he found himself only at eye level with the other scalie's chest. And what a chest it was! Dressed in a red Eton jacket that stretched taut around broad, muscular shoulders and dense, powerful pecs, the blue-and-yellow lizard must have been beyond seven feet tall if he towered head and shoulders over Keone. With such an extraordinary height, not to mention his overwhelming physique, the lizard would have made for an intimidating sight if not for his affable demeanour. As it was, a gentle smile instantly set the food critic at ease.

"That's right, I'm Keone," the dragon replied. "And I'm impressed you got the pronunciation right on my name," he complimented with an earnest grin of his own.

"Here, we try very hard to make every experience a memorable one," the lizard offered with a nod. "My name is Monroe and I'll be taking care of you this afternoon," he explained as his huge tail slowly swayed side-to-side. "If you could please follow me, I would be delighted to show you your table."

With a nod of his own, the dragon followed behind the muscular lizard. Though he appreciated a variety of body types in his partners, he had to admit, this reptilian specimen's immense muscular bulk was certainly attractive to him. As he admired the larger male's powerful thighs and firm, pants-straining rump from behind, he even felt his shaft stirring a bit in his slit, beginning to emerge from its slit.

Fortunately for Keone, he arrived at his table within a few seconds, and as he took a seat, the burgundy tablecloth hid the growing tent in his trousers. As Keone continued situating himself, the huge waiter seemed to produce a menu from thin air, offering it to the wolf-dragon.

"A good server knows the menu from cover to cover. He can answer any questions a customer may have, make recommendations, and help diners come to a decision."

– A Modern Restaurateur's Guide

As he explained the daily specials, it was the waiter's final comment that intrigued the dragon most: "As well as the lunch special, the good sir is free to order off the menu as well. Here, we offer a variety of services to those who are interested." He swore he saw the bulky reptile wink at him before adding, "I'll give you a moment to decide."

It wasn't a difficult decision. As tempted as he was by the idea of a chicken and chorizo burger, much less one with crushed avocado, Keone was more interested in these "off-menu" services the huge lizard had hinted at. Thus, when Monroe returned with a glass of iced water, Keone decided to enquire further.

"So just what are these other services you offer?" the dragon asked plaintively. "Because I must admit, you in particular have piqued my interest. It's rare to come across a man so... physically gifted," he added with a grin.

With a slight bow, Monroe murmured, "I'm flattered, Sir." He straightened back up and explained, "When it comes to off-menu services, our staff specialise in different areas. As you might imagine, I'm equipped and trained to help any of our male clientele who might have a *deep itch* they'd like scratched. I am also capable of offering quite the filling meal if that is what is desired." The lizard paused briefly. "If I may be so bold, it would be an honour to help a dragon as handsome as yourself," Monroe crooned, subtly adjusting his trousers.

While the lizard spoke, Keone allowed his eyes to flit down towards his crotch for the first time. What he saw made his heart skip a beat. Even for his huge body size, the larger male's bulge was absolutely *enormous*. Staring intently at the server's straining trousers, the dragon could easily make out the outline of two huge balls, each of which must have been bigger than both the dragon's fists put together, as well as an impressively girthy shaft. The thing was thicker than its owner's wrist, and it snaked down over his fat, round nuts, making for a bulge that protruded several inches beyond its owner's thickly-muscled thighs. Ogling the waiter's overly stuffed pants, Keone saw that fat shaft throb a few times, swelling visibly larger in anticipation as the lizard explained his speciality and training.

“Is that right?” Keone breathed. “Well, fortunately for the both of us, I’m a switch,” he said at a low volume, so other diners could not hear. “I’d love to experience some of these services you offer first-hand, if you don’t mind.”

“Please, Sir, it would be my pleasure,” Monroe replied with a wide grin. Pulling Keone’s chair from under the table, he helped the dragon up and led him towards the back of the restaurant.

“A restaurant’s atmosphere is its life and blood. Appropriate surroundings can elevate a diner’s experience from merely ‘good’ to ‘superb’.”

– A Modern Restaurateur’s Guide

After passing an “Employees Only” sign, Monroe led Keone into what appeared to be his office. He ushered the dragon in before shutting the door. As the latch clicked shut, the office was effectively muted from all the sounds of conversation and dining which emanated from the main restaurant floor. With just the soft sound of an overhead speaker’s music filling the room, Keone became aware of his own heart pounding in anticipation. The huge lizard stepped closer.

“Now, about those services... I’ve got quite a filling entrée to offer you, but it would be such a shame to skip the appetiser. Would you like to strip me, or shall I do it myself?” the lizard purred seductively.

“Both are tempting options... How about you take off that jacket and bowtie, then I’ll do the rest,” Keone growled in response. This compromise gave the dragon a perfect opportunity to admire the lizard’s flexing muscles as Monroe unbuttoned his Eton jacket and shrugged it off before removing his bowtie, folding his jacket, and laying both accessories in the corner of the room. Every little motion caused his powerful physique to flex and bulge, straining his scale-tight buttoned shirt. By the time Monroe stepped back towards Keone, the dragon was almost salivating at the prospect of stripping the hunky reptile down.

Crouching down slightly before his guest, Monroe presented the uppermost button of his dress shirt for Keone to undo. Keone eagerly accepted the offer. With each button, the emerging revelation of Monroe's brawny pecs came further into view. Jutting several inches beyond the lizard's cobblestone abs, Keone could feel the warmth and power emanating from those striated slabs of muscle. He had soon unbuttoned the shirt entirely, though not before running a hand down over all eight of Monroe's powerful abdominals, feeling the tense strength within. Keone mouthed the word "wow" and proceeded on, pulling the server's shirt down over his football-like biceps. Already, the diner's rock-hard shaft was tenting his pants so insistently it was even beginning to ache. He could even feel it beginning to drool a faint trickle of precum.

Then, Keone got to work on the main event. He slowly unbuttoned and unzipped Monroe's pants, revealing the massive package responsible for such an impressive bulge.

"A restaurant should endeavour to make each dish it serves nothing less than perfection. The entrée, the side, the dessert – each is a work of art in its own right. Presenting a dish as art often implies a smaller portion, but it doesn't have to. Offer whatever portion size is appropriate for the occasion, and take pride in your decision."

– A Modern Restaurateur's Guide

Before long, Keone was standing before a massive, uncut, precum-drooling shaft. The enormous blue rod was even bigger than Keone could have hoped. It was as thick as the dragon's bicep and longer than his arm from elbow to fist, riddled with fat, powerful veins that pulsed with barely-constrained desire. The dragon's cheeks were flushed pink with intense arousal as he unzipped his own pants to free his knotted rod. He gave his pink cock a few strokes, shuddering in pleasure as he admired that beast of a cock. "Fuck, you're massive. How big is it?" he asked, incredulously.

"18 inches last I measured, Sir," the huge reptile replied with a grin. "I suppose it's to your liking?"

“Definitely,” the dragon breathed. “That monster’s practically as big as my leg. I hope I can take it.”

Keone reached forward to cup just one of the lizard’s massive balls in both his padded hands, hefting its weight. The lizard’s cum factories had to be around seven inches wide apiece, to say nothing of their immense weight. “And these... Fuck, they’re almost as big as bowling balls. They’re like honeydew melons, if not bigger...” the smaller male remarked, close to salivating as he considered the sheer quantity of sperm within.

As he lifted one heavy testicle then the other, complimenting their size, it was like he’d cleared some kind of blockage and Monroe’s constant drool of precum shifted from a medium flow to a heavy one. Already, a sizable damp spot was forming in the carpet of Monroe’s office as he leaked more and more natural lubricant.

Then, unexpectedly, Monroe pressed a clawed finger to Keone’s chin and tilted his gaze up. “If it pleases you, I’d love to see you undress too,” the massive lizard humbly requested. “You’ve got a very nice cock, Sir,” he complimented with a nod down at the dragon’s shaft.

Even next to Monroe’s mammoth, uncut cock, Keone’s shaft was respectable in its own right. Eight inches long, it boasted a series of pleasant ridges and barbs along its entire length, and a thick knot at its base. The dragon had been so focused on Monroe’s body that he’d all but forgotten his own clothes! He blushed at the compliment and gave his thanks before hurriedly tearing down his pants. Freeing his large, egg-sized nuts, he saw Monroe lick his lips appreciatively before the dragon continued, stripping out of his dark blue shirt. At that point, both males were equally naked in Monroe’s office. The massive lizard outmatched Keone’s size in every way, towering over a foot and a half above the relatively diminutive dragon, to say nothing of their differences below the belt. But at least in terms of eagerness, Keone’s throbbing shaft was an equal to Monroe’s.

Monroe licked his lips as he took in Keone’s body. His toned physique was covered in an attractive mixture of muted grey-blue hues, alongside a platinum

grey underbelly. What stole Monroe's attention most, though, was the dragon's thick coat of slate grey fur, which spread across his chest, thinned out as it trailed across his abs, then thickened back up once again into a pleasant bush at his crotch.

"How lucky am I?" the waiter growled as his massive tail swept back and forth. "You've got such a great combination of scales and fur. I can't wait to enjoy that body of yours."

"Thank you," the blushing dragon replied. "My mother was a wolf and my father a dragon," he explained.

"Whatever the reason, you look stunning. I truly cannot wait to get you on that desk, Sir," Monroe complimented with a nod over to his desk. The surface was conspicuously empty, and Keone had to wonder if Monroe fucked guys on this desk often. Either way, he didn't care. The dragon stepped over to the desk and took a seat on it, spreading his legs and leaning back to offer Monroe a view of his waiting pink hole.

"You mean this desk?" he teased. "C'mon, then – you've kept me waiting long enough. I want you to fill me with your load. Pump me full, then pull out and drench me with even more cum. I know those huge nuts produce enough for that," he goaded the big lizard.

That was all the invitation Monroe needed. He stepped closer, taking Keone's ankles into his hands as the dragon lied back fully onto the desk. Lifting the dragon's legs higher, the lizard crouched down slightly to get at just the right angle, then he pressed his fat cock head against the dragon's eagerly twitching hole.

Monroe smeared his pre over Keone's entrance for several moments, amply lubricating his tight hole before he began to slowly press in. With the dragon's gasps and steadily rising moans as encouragement, the lizard steadily sank inch after inch of his massive tool in, until finally, the entire head slipped into the dragon's warm, clenching rear.

“Fuck, you’re tight,” the reptile complimented as Keone gritted and bared his sharp teeth. The dragon prided himself on being fairly stretchy, but he’d never taken a tool anywhere near this size. It wasn’t easy, though Keone knew things would improve once the huge lizard reached his prostate.

“Mmmhh... Keep pushing in, big guy. I want to feel it all,” he ordered.

“As you wish,” the beefy lizard replied with a grin. Adjusting his grip on the dragon’s calves, he began to steadily sink in deeper, feeding inch after inch of his cock into the smaller male. Before long, Monroe’s broad tool had reached Keone’s prostate, which was just what the dragon had been waiting for. With a sharp gasp, Keone’s cock jerked and spurted a small rope of precum over his own belly fur. It was so much pressure on his sensitive gland! Keone had never been stretched this wide before, and the sensation was so intense he felt like he might cum right then. Noting the smaller male’s response, Monroe began to pull out and push back in, pushing against his sensitive love button over and over.

Keone melted like putty in Monroe’s hands. He had never been stimulated so thoroughly before; each thrust sent electric tingles throughout his entire body, making him curl his toes and grunt from the intensity of the sensation. Though gradually, the dragon became aware that Monroe was steadily pushing in deeper with every thrust. Each time he pulled out and shoved back in, he was sinking further into the dragon’s hot innards, reaching new, untouched checkpoints deeper within his rear passage. As Keone absent-mindedly rested a hand on his own belly, he was surprised to feel the lizard’s monster bulging his abdomen out, the small deformation growing and receding with each one of the lizard’s thrusts. As Monroe pushed in deeper and deeper, the abdominal bulge only grew larger.

“Nnngh, fuck... I’m so full,” Keone moaned out. “Is there much more?”

“Over halfway there. Just a few – more – inches,” Monroe replied, beginning to push more in with every thrust. He had a foot of cock buried deep within Keone, leaving six inches to go. His monster may have been two-thirds inside the smaller male, but six more inches was no small feat. Still, with steady

perseverance, it wasn't long until Monroe was pushing the last bit of his tool into Keone. With almost 18 inches of immensely thick cock deep inside him, the bulge in the dragon's belly was obscene by this point. It reached almost up to his chest! But with a last, firm thrust, Monroe somehow buried the final millimeters of his overgrown shaft into the dragon, bumping his heavy nuts against the desk.

Monroe began to thrust, relishing in the delicious sight of the bulge he made in the dragon's belly. As the huge lizard fucked the smaller dragon, Keone himself was in Heaven. He had never been stretched anywhere near as wide or as deep before. His hole clamped weakly around that monstrously thick invader, and his prostate sung in bliss every time that huge shaft throbbed inside of him. Keone wasn't sure when he began or for how long he'd been moaning out, but eventually, Monroe started to thrust more vigorously and the room was filled with the sounds of Keone's pleased moans, Monroe's feral grunts, and the repeated banging of a needy lizard's melon-sized nuts slapping against the desk over and over.

The intense sensations of taking such a huge monster brought Keone to the edge in record time. He was throbbing hard, drooling a steady trickle of precum into his own belly fur, and with every thrust, it grew increasingly obvious to him that he was going to cum hands-free.

"Fuck, don't stop," he begged desperately. He was so close to cumming! Taking the initiative, Monroe began to thrust even harder, pounding the dragon so roughly that every thrust rocked the desk back and forth.

Keone's hole clamped down hard as his balls drew up tight in their sac, and his throbbing, jerking cock began to first drool cum, then spurt it. Keone had rarely cum so hard in his life. Howling in pleasure, the wolf-dragon covered his own body in ropes of milky white seed, that splattered all over his own abdomen and chest, coating both scales and fur in the evidence of his carnal bliss.

Monroe's climax wasn't far behind, with the huge lizard growling lustfully as he watched the climax he'd fucked out of the smaller male. His own balls soon

drew up closer to his body as he continued thrusting, those melons pulling taut in their sac as he bred Keone's hole as hard as he could.

Before long, Monroe was cumming too, pumping rope after rope of jizz deep inside the dragon. In a testament to his potent virility, each one of Monroe's spurts matched Keone's entire climax for volume. The lizard dumped more and more cum into the dragon and it wasn't long until Keone's belly began to swell outwards, the bulge of Monroe's shaft losing its definition as the reptile pumped his customer's belly full to the point of sloshing.

Monroe pulled out long before his orgasm finished, beginning to stroke his cum-covered shaft so he could shoot the rest of his load over Keone's body. The huge lizard's climax dragged on for over 30 more seconds as he spilled an impressive amount of seed over the little dragon's body, shooting rope after rope of thick, musky jizz across Keone's torso. By the time Monroe's orgasm died down to a steady trickle of cum, Keone was absolutely drenched in the huge lizard's excessive release.

As Keone waited for his breathing to stabilise after that intense session, he admired the lizard's huge, sweat-glistening body. "Fuck..." he grunted, rubbing over his cum-swollen belly. It had distended out by several inches, and with each motion, he could feel the sheer quantity of sperm sloshing inside. "That was great," he muttered dreamily.

Monroe nodded in agreement. "You're such a hot guy... and fuck, I needed that," he admitted. "I hadn't cum since the weekend."

Glancing down at Monroe's nuts once again, Keone couldn't imagine how badly a man like Monroe might need to cum after a few days without release. It must have been like the worst blue balls imaginable.

"Well if you ever again need to cum that badly, I'd gladly return," the dragon purred. "You've got a satisfied customer in me."

"That's great to hear, Sir," Monroe cooed in reply. "I would greatly enjoy that."

The lizard glanced up and down across Keone's cum-drenched body. There was no way he could leave in this state. "You know, there's a shower in the back. We can get cleaned up together before you head out," he suggested.

"That sounds great," Keone agreed. "But... I think I need another minute before we get to that. Fuck, that was intense."

"As you wish, Sir," Monroe replied, laying an affectionate hand over the dragon's. "As long as you're our guest here, my time is yours."

"In short, a restaurant with excellent service knows how to satisfy its customers and keep them coming back for more."

– A Modern Restaurateur's Guide, written by Keone Orin-Brondehl
