

## Fishing Expedition

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for Lizardlars

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“Isn’t there something ironic about a fish going fishing?” one fisherman asked another.

His companion popped open a can of cola and took a long swig before replying.

“Nonsense, though I can’t blame you for asking. It’s a common misconception, but salmon actually eat other fish all the time.”

The former merely grunted in acknowledgement. He might ordinarily be more inclined to engage in a philosophical discussion regarding the ethics of fish-on-fish consumption, if not for the scorching weather. The full glare of the afternoon sun bathed the duo’s boat in an oppressive heat. The air throbbed and errant insects hummed around the fishermen as they chatted.

“Say, you look pretty hot over there,” Mr. Salmon remarked with a smirk. “Isn’t there something ironic about a cold-blooded lizard overheating?”

“Fuck off, cheeky bugger,” Monroe scolded with a wide grin of his own. “We’ve been out here on the water all day with barely a nibble. You’d be hot too if not for those sodas in your cooler.

“You want a sip?” Mr. Salmon asked his friend, offering him a sip from his latest can of cola.

“Hmm... As tempting as that is, I’ll pass for now. Can’t drink too many sugary drinks if I want to keep these abs,” Monroe explained, rubbing his powerfully-built core through his tight T-shirt. The reptile slumped back in his seat, resorting to fanning himself with one hand in a futile attempt to cool off.

“Suit yourself! More for me,” Mr. Salmon replied with another sip. Though as silence hung thickly in the air, he couldn’t help but steal another sidelong glance at his friend’s powerful build. Mr. Salmon knew his friend’s generously muscled body made him a hit with the guys. And while his own tastes were quite varied – Mr. Salmon appreciated a wide variety of physiques on both men and women alike – he couldn’t deny the allure of his friend’s large, masculine presence.

Finally, Mr. Salmon rose to his feet and crossed to the opposite side of the boat where his friend sat. “I’ve got an idea for how you could cool off, Monroe,” he suggested, resting a hand on Monroe’s shoulder.

“Oh, what might that be?” the lizard enquired, glancing up at his friend.

“This!” Mr. Salmon shouted, and with all his might, he pushed the bulky reptile towards the edge of the boat! With a yelp, Monroe tumbled from his seat, plunging into the lake. The vessel rocked violently to and fro with the sudden shift in weight, as the lizard quickly swam back to the surface of the water.

Climbing back up into the boat, Monroe scowled. “Dude, what gives? I’m sopping wet!” he complained.

“But at least you’re cooler now, right?” Mr. Salmon replied, stifling a laugh.

The lizard shook his head. “That’s true, but wearing wet clothes is never fun.”

“Then why don’t you just take ‘em off?” the salmon suggested, his plan rapidly growing evident.

Right there, in the middle of the lake? The big lizard glanced around. In the middle of a nature reserve on a Thursday afternoon, one one else seemed to be about. The idea of stripping down in public, in the middle of a lake, already had Monroe’s shaft twitching and beginning to grow hard as the lizard grabbed his shirt and peeled it up, revealing his powerful abdominals and his thick, broad pecs.

Standing up, the lizard peeled his sopping-wet shorts down. The damp cloth already clung tightly to a mouthwatering bulge, revealing every curve of his thick, mostly-flaccid shaft and those huge nuts nestled beneath.

As Monroe slowly tugged the cloth down, revealing the first inches of his thick package, Mr. Salmon subconsciously licked his lips. He had fooled around with Monroe a couple times previously, but it had been months since their last tryst – and he'd never enjoyed the lizard's company in public like this, before.

Stepping out of his drenched shorts and underwear, Monroe laid a yellow-fingered hand on the back of Mr. Salmon's head. He pulled his fishy friend's head in closer to his junk. The spicy, funky, masculine scent of Monroe's potent manhood immediately hit Mr. Salmon's sensitive nose, making his cock throb as he filled his lungs with his friend's distinctive odour.

"Enjoy that fishy stink?" Monroe asked, burying Mr. Salmon's snout further into the cleft between his heavy nuts. "I've been sweating all morning, so they must be pretty musky by now."

Mr. Salmon's cock had emerged entirely from its slit by this point, straining hard against his own shorts while he huffed on the lizard's musk. Over and over, he inhaled as deeply as he could, eager to taste more of that spicy-sweet scent with every breath. He could practically sense the potent fertility emanating from Monroe's overly large, testosterone-laden nuts.

With one hand, Mr. Salmon unbuttoned and unzipped his pants, freeing his eight-inch shaft from its cloth confines. His other hand cupped those nuts, pressing one firmly to his lips, then the other, as he began to lick and kiss them. Giving each its due attention in turn, he bathed every inch of those grapefruit-sized cum factories in his slick saliva.

"Fuck, that's the stuff," Monroe complimented as his tail curled itself around his fishy friend. His shaft had grown fully erect to its impressive 13-inch length by this point. In a matter of seconds, his eager, bobbing erection was drooling slimy precum over the salmon's back, staining his shirt and marking him with the lizard's masculine scent.

“How about you lie back, Mr. Salmon? I think you need this as badly as I do, so let me just take care of you...” the reptile cooed as he glanced down to the fish’s own rock-hard shaft.

“Certainly, big guy,” the salmon agreed as he pushed his ice chest out of the way. Lying back on the floor of the boat, he felt his larger friend straddling his body, kneeling over him. The lizard pressed his girthy shaft against the salmon’s. Wrapping both hands around his breeder and Mr. Salmon’s together, he began to stroke them in tandem.

As Mr. Salmon shuddered in pleasure, he closed his eyes. The feeling of his friend’s excessive, slippery precum, and the sensation of that soft foreskin sliding up and down over his cock made him curl his toes in excitement. Involuntarily, the fish was arching his prehensile shaft against the lizard’s strokes, as though begging for further stimulation.

It wasn’t long before Mr. Salmon was moaning aloud, thrusting his hips up into Monroe’s stroking. “Fuck, keep going. I’m so close,” he groaned as he pressed his pink shaft firmly into Monroe’s light blue organ.

Monroe began to stroke faster, paying special attention to the thick knot at the base of Mr. Salmon’s tapered cock. Adjusting his grip, one hand began to squeeze the salmon’s swollen knot against his own cock while the other hand stroked over the entire length of his organ.

Mr. Salmon’s moans grew higher in both pitch and volume as he got closer to climax. Finally, his prehensile cock clenched hard, growing impressively rigid as his entire body shuddered and he began to spurt fishy cum over both himself and Monroe. Spurting rope after rope of messy, drippy seed over both his own grey skin body and his lizard friend’s blue scales, both males were soon marked with the salty, slightly earthy, fishy scent of his release.

Mr. Salmon was still catching his breath as his softening cock receded between his legs. So when he felt an unexpected sensation, he gasped audibly; Monroe’s slimy, cum-coated mushroom tip was pressing against his slit!

The lizard began to push his broad cock head more firmly against his friend’s slit. “Now it’s my turn to get off,” the lizard announced with a grin as he felt Mr. Salmon’s slit beginning to yield for his thick shaft.

Using the mixture of his own pre and Mr. Salmon's hot, fresh load as lubricant, Monroe began to push into the tight confines of his friend's warm slit. The lizard groaned in pleasure, enjoying the sensation of Mr. Salmon's insides clinging so tightly to his girthy cock.

Gently rocking his hips, pushing deeper with every little thrust, Monroe steadily sank more and more of his huge shaft into Mr. Salmon's tight slit. Spreading his legs wider, Monroe began to push in faster, and it wasn't long until his heavy nuts were pressing firmly against the base of Mr. Salmon's tail.

"Mmmhh, I feel you clenching and throbbing in there. That feels so good," Monroe complimented.

"Fuck, you stretch me so wide," Mr. Salmon gasped breathlessly. "Now fuck my slit hard and make me cum again!"

Never one to deny such a request, the lizard began to pound into Mr. Salmon's slit fast and hard, the slapping his heavy nuts echoing across the lake as he bred the salmon's tight hole.

It wasn't long until Monroe was teetering on the edge of climax, himself. The frotting and stroking from before, combined with the velvety, slick insides of Mr. Salmon's slit had him close to bursting. The lizard began to rut the other male harder than ever, slamming his hips to Mr. Salmon's even as he felt the fish's own shaft throbbing needily deep inside his own slit, pummelled by the lizard's fat breeder.

Before long, Monroe's huge nuts were clenching tightly in their sac and his cock was throbbing hard, pulsating against Mr. Salmon's cock and stretching his slit wider with each violent throb. He began to spill his potent load deep inside the fish, filling his slit with an impressive amount of thick, reptilian seed.

Mr. Salmon felt his own body quaking with a second climax as the pleasure of being stretched and filled so thoroughly overwhelmed his senses. Between his own release and Monroe's voluminous deposit, it wasn't long until Mr. Salmon's slit began to overflow from the sheer quantity of cum. The lizard's orgasm seemed to drag on for full seconds, filling Mr. Salmon to capacity and beyond, before he finally began to pull out. Thick, musky cum dripped from Mr. Salmon's

well-used slit, the slimy jizz coating his own taint and tail hole with the evidence of both males' spent pleasure.

"Fuck," Monroe panted breathlessly as he rose to his feet. "That was great."

"Mmm, definitelyyy" Mr. Salmon murmured in agreement. He slipped a few fingers between his thighs, feeling his thoroughly stretched sex. Digging inside, he gave his softening cock a few appreciative squeezes, milking a few last drips of cum from his cock. Then he let his arm flop down to his side. After two climaxes in such short succession, he was still basking in pure bliss, lost in a dreamy post-orgasm haze.

Monroe sat his bare ass on the boat's nearby seat, next to his discarded clothes. "If fishing together's gonna be like this, we should do it more often," he remarked with a wide grin.

"But maybe next time, we can skip the part where you shove me in the water. My fucking clothes are still wet," Monroe complained.

"We'll see," Mr. Salmon replied, closing his eyes as he relaxed under the thrum of the scorching sun.

"In any case, let's get back to the truck before anyone sees us!" the lizard exclaimed, beginning to paddle the boat back towards the shoreline.