

## Mid-Morning Snack

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Exveemon should have known something was fishy. Any time he revealed that he was packing an 18-inch shaft, reactions ranged from amazement to incredulity. He'd been called a liar several times before, but the doubters invariably fell silent when he backed his claims up with pictures.

But this guy he'd been texting all weekend seemed totally unfazed when he announced his size. In fact, the guy texted back: "Cool. How about we compare sizes? Winner gets to do whatever he wants to the loser. ;)"

Exveemon was a bit indignant at first, but he quickly shrugged it off. He had otherwise had fun flirting with this guy – and besides, he would *certainly* be impressed when the pants came off. If that lizard wanted a size comparison, he would get a size comparison. So that's how the dragon ended up driving out to the far side of town for a hook-up on a Saturday morning.

Knocking on the door, the Digimon eagerly awaited an answer. Fortunately, he didn't have to wait long before the door was unlocking and opening, and a bright yellow, distinctly reptilian face peeked out from around the door. With a smirk, Exveemon noted to himself that the guy was almost a foot shorter than him – maybe 6'2" or so, to Exveemon's seven feet of height. The Digimon couldn't wait to put this smaller guy in his place.

"Hey, Exveemon?" the stranger asked, opening the door slightly wider.

"Yep, that's me! You must be Monroe?" the Digimon replied.

“The one and only. Come on in,” the lizard purred in a surprisingly deep voice. The dragon swore it may have been even deeper than his own.

As the door cracked open wider and Exveemon stepped in after the lizard, it took only a moment for his eyes to adjust. The immediate sight that greeted him was one to behold, indeed! Monroe was wearing a simple T-shirt, but down below, barely contained in a pair of tight red shorts that left nothing to the imagination was an impossibly huge bulge. The lizard's package looked massive – gigantic, even. His balls were each nearly a full yard wide, to say nothing of that thick log of a flaccid cock. There was no way it was real.

Exveemon was fuming! What kind of a joke was this? There was no way a guy could be that hung!

“Stuffing your pants? That's cute, but you know you're gonna have to take those off, right?” the taller male asserted.

“I thought we'd at least get past the living room,” Monroe replied, flashing a set of unnaturally large, sharp teeth. “But if you insist...”

The lizard pulled his shirt off, flinging it to the side, then unceremoniously grabbed his shorts and tugged them down to reveal the monstrous package that had been so snugly stuffed inside. Exveemon couldn't help but shiver with arousal – or was it fear? – as he ogled that monstrous package. It had looked huge before, in those tight red shorts. But now that Monroe had freed his massive endowment, the dragon could see those huge, productive balls very nearly grazed the floor even when Monroe stood straight. Perhaps even more concerning than their size was their smell and sound. An intensely masculine aroma hit Exveemon's nose like a ton of bricks as the potent, pheromone-laden scent of Monroe's natural musk quickly filled his lungs. Those pheromones got to work immediately, as the taller male already felt himself growing harder in his own shorts. Beyond the hypermasculine smell, though, the Digimon could actually *hear* the sound of those massive nuts' productivity. Out in the open like this, he could hear them quietly gurgling and sloshing as they churned up what presumably must have been gallons of fertile seed. Exveemon didn't know how

long he stood, ogling the lizard's enormous package, but Monroe eventually broke the silence.

"Well, if you're done staring now, you've gotta strip down too," Monroe remarked with a smirk. Those same sharp teeth from before were proudly on display. "It's not much of a comparison if only one of us is naked. So let's see your 18-inch dick, 'big guy'."

The lizard had to be aware of the irony in his comment. His flaccid, uncut dick was easily two feet long, putting it well beyond any size Exveemon could boast, even at his hardest. Nonetheless, Exveemon felt he couldn't disobey the better-hung male's order. He obediently peeled off his white tank top, before grabbing his grey shorts and pulling them down.

Ordinarily, it was a moment of pride for the Digimon to drop his pants and reveal his better-than-footlong shaft and orange-sized balls. Today, however, he knew he was severely outmatched. There was no way he could compete with a package as enormous as Monroe's.

"Oh, you meant you're 18 inches, *hard*? I'd assumed that was your flaccid length!" Monroe jeered. Somehow, Exveemon's dick twitched and began to grow, clearly enjoying the humiliation.

"Jeez, you really are pretty tiny. I'm not even hard, yet, and I'm already way bigger than you," Monroe taunted. "So I guess I win the comparison, huh? I wonder what I want as my prize..."

A loud *gloorp* sound emerged from Monroe's nuts, as if to punctuate his sentence. The baseline gurgling of his balls grew slightly louder as he looked up and down Exveemon's body, contemplating what his prize should be.

"Hmmm... It's been a while since my cock got some deep kissing," the lizard mused aloud. "How about you get down on your knees and give my shaft a nice, deep French kiss?"

“Wait, I can’t—” Exveemon started to protest. But at that moment, Monroe stepped forward, closing the distance between himself and the Digimon. His monstrously thick shaft, semi-hard as it was, pressed firmly against Exveemon’s mostly-erect dick.

“A deal’s a deal. The winner gets to do whatever he wants to the loser. Now, on your knees, slut,” Monroe ordered.

“That’s not wh—” the Digimon started once more, but he was quickly cut off by another loud sound from the lizard’s overproductive balls: *grrrrgle, gwooorp...*

Every fibre of Exveemon’s being was telling him not to obey. He was a heroic dragon, not a cock slut! But a small voice within him reminded himself that he was a man of his word. He couldn’t back down from the challenge he’d accepted.

Against his better judgement, Exveemon sank down to his knees and took the broad head of that huge dick into both hands, lifting it up. Peeling the foreskin back, he exposed the huge urethra Monroe had ordered him to kiss. It was huge – more than large enough to slip his tongue into – and what’s more, it was already drooling a steady trickle of precum.

Leaning forward, Exveemon closed his eyes. He locked lips with the huge tip of that monster of a cock, shuddering as he felt it grow bigger and firmer with arousal. As it swelled larger, it felt almost like it was trying to suck his snout in. Eventually, after several moments of deep tongue kissing and swallowing mouthful after mouthful of precum, Exveemon pulled away for a deep breath. That massive cock had grown as hard as his own 18-inch tool, and its size was breathtaking. At about four feet long, it was over half his height – and well over twice his own length. The head of that monstrous breeder was every bit as big as the head on the dragon’s shoulders! By this point, thanks to the attention, it was drooling a small river of pre, all of which was dripping down Exveemon’s neck, chest, and abs, since he’d stopped gulping it down.

“Well? I didn’t tell you to stop. Show me how much you love this massive shaft, whore. Keep licking, nice and deep,” Monroe ordered. From this angle, the

lizard looked downright intimidating; his snout was curled into a cruel snarl that looked down from beyond a pair of thick pecs. The reptile's muscular body blocked the ceiling light above as he loomed over the less dominant dragon.

Obeying his hook-up's orders, the Digimon got back to work, burying his tongue into that shaft once more. With an insistent hand on the back of his head, Monroe urged his cock worshipper to go further, and eventually, Exveemon (reluctantly) began to bury his entire snout into Monroe's massive dick. How humiliating!

By this point, though, the dragon was *certain* those balls were gurgling louder than before. The flow of precum had picked up further, forming into a constant, heavy river of pre that drooled from that huge, swollen tip of Monroe's. All the while, the lizard's balls gurgled, churned and sloshed unceasingly.

*Grrrrrgle, gloooorp... Slosh, grrrrrgle...*

Exveemon buried his snout deeper and deeper, swallowing more and more precum as it flowed like a river from the better-hung male's shaft. It wasn't long before the dragon needed to pull out again for another deep breath, but as he tried to pull back from that shaft, he found his snout was stuck inside!

"Mmnphh! Mm can't pull out!" the Digimon cried out, trying to dislodge his snout. Yet every time he tried to pull away, it felt like that cock tugged him back just as hard, ensuring his face would remain buried deep inside its flesh interior.

"What do you want me to do about it?" Monroe replied with cruel indifference. "I thought you were a heroic dragon, Exveemon. Didn't you save your world or something? Yet here you are, overpowered by my dick alone."

The Digimon's cheeks must have been burning fiery red. It was humiliating, but he was helplessly stuck. And as he tried to escape, he actually found himself slipping further in. Soon, most of Exveemon's world was dark, as he stared at nothing but the pink, fleshy, precum-drenched walls on the interior of Monroe's huge shaft. Exveemon grabbed that dick, pushing against it with all his might as

he tried to pull out, but it was to no avail. He remained firmly stuck as ever, even as that cock began to swallow down his neck.

“Gee, I didn’t know you were such a weakling,” the lizard remarked casually. “I thought you’d put up more of a fight than *that*. But here you are, overpowered by my dick alone. At least you’ll make a nice meal for my balls.”

If Exveemon wasn’t panicking before, he certainly was now. His writhing grew more frenzied as he tried desperately to escape. But it was no use. If anything, the harder he resisted, the quicker that monster of a cock gulped him down. Before long, it was stretching around Exveemon’s shoulders – then gulping his arms down, alongside his ripped abs. Every gulp brought the Digimon closer to those balls, so he wasn’t sure if their gurgling was getting louder or if he was just sinking closer to the source of all that noise.

*Glrrrrp, gloooorp... Grrrrwwwl, slorsh, gloorp... Grrrrrglle...*

Eventually, the squirming bulge of Monroe’s meal had travelled down the entire length of his giant shaft. Exveemon’s head squeezed out into the hot, musky interior of his enormous cum factories. As the cock squeezed and pulled his prey further and further in, Exveemon’s feet disappear as his head dunked down into the thick, fresh, boiling lake of lizard cum within Monroe’s overgrown nuts. Another few gulps, and the tip of his tail was disappearing down Monroe’s shaft.

Eventually, the dragon dropped totally into Monroe’s churning, glorping sack. The lizard’s balls were like a cavern, filled nearly to the brim with musky, thick cum that boiled and burbled with productivity. As Exveemon squirmed and writhed, Monroe pressed down on the wriggling bulge of the larger male in his sac.

“It’ll be just a few short minutes ‘til you’re digested into nothing but another growth spurt for my superior package,” Monroe announced. “Though with how little fight you’ve put up so far, it might not even be a full minute.”

Exveemon struggled harder, squirming and pushing out against the walls of Monroe's nuts, searching for any sort of an escape. The lizard's cum was hotter, thicker, and muskier than any seed he'd ever encountered before, and it wasn't long until his entire body was coated in the stuff. The Digimon was melting quickly, his struggles growing weaker and weaker as his body lost its form, assimilating into little more than another load of thick, musky lizard cum.

As Monroe's prey struggled against its inevitable fate, the lizard couldn't help but moan in bliss as his package enjoyed another growth spurt. While Exveemon was swiftly melted and digested by his massive nuts, the lizard's package took some of that mass and used it for another permanent growth spurt. Packing on mass, the reptile's shaft swelled past the four-foot mark, approaching five, then six feet. All the while, it thickened up tremendously, growing fatter and veinier as it grew towards ever larger, more dominant proportions.

The reptile's massive nuts, previously three feet wide apiece, slowly swelled with newfound virility, each growing a foot wider to four feet wide apiece. By the end of the growth spurt, each testicle rested solidly on the ground between the lizard's feet. His balls were so much bigger, so much heavier, so much more productive now. Even their baseline gurgles and glorps, which were supposed to quiet down after a meal, had grown a few decibels louder as they received another permanent boost in productivity from their latest meal.

"That weakling didn't put up much of a fight, but he did grow my package quite nicely," Monroe murmured to himself as he admired his enlarged assets. His cock was drooling so much precum now, all of which formed a growing pool at his feet. "Fuck, all his extra mass is gonna make for such a big load. I've gotta empty out soon, my balls feel so full."

As he looked down at his visitor's discarded clothes, the reptile spotted something in the pocket of his guest's forgotten shorts. Pulling it out, Monroe saw it was a small, blue-and-yellow device, almost like a wristwatch. Powering it on, he saw the title:

***DIGIVICE V. 0.9.2.***

*Linked to: Exveemon*

There were several configuration options and commands on the main menu of the Digivice, including a “respawn” option, all of which Monroe read with mounting curiosity.

Monroe cracked a devilish grin. If he could respawn the Digimon, he could enjoy devouring him into his balls once more. Thinking of how quickly he overpowered and digested the weakling of a dragon the first time, Monroe knew it would be even easier the second time.

Then, his eyes lit upon another option in the Digivice: *Set Respawn Point*. He could set the Digimon to respawn directly into his sac!

The lizard’s cock throbbed hard, shooting a thick glob of pre across the floor. Exveemon had made a fine mid-morning snack, but Monroe’s balls were already starting to feel hungry for lunch. Release could wait – first, he wanted to feed his balls a few more generous servings of Exveemon.