

Off Duty

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As Monroe stirred from his slumber, he let out a big yawn. The lizard wrapped both arms around his pillow and began to roll over, relishing the prospect of another 15 minutes of sleep. But as the big lizard turned onto his side, he suddenly grew aware of a problem – a rather *large* problem – a problem that was now prodding itself firmly against the mattress, eager to make itself known. Even worse, Monroe's problem was leaking.

With a sigh, Monroe rolled back onto his back.. He sorely wanted to snooze a while longer, but his throbbing erection clearly had other plans for his morning. With his shaft pulsating in need, what could he do but oblige?

The large reptile looked down over his own body, his blue scales bathed in the warm light of the early sun. He knew he was hot as hell, and his eyes confirmed that fact once again. Monroe was the kind of man who stood head and shoulders above a crowd, a hulking reptile who stood just over three metres in height. To complement his immense height, the big lizard had a muscled physique, honed over countless hours in the gym. Even better, his job as a lifeguard let him show off to an admiring audience every single day. But for all the things he appreciated about his body, Monroe's foreskinned shaft was a particular point of pride. This morning, the lizard's attention was focused squarely on that fat, drooling erection of his.

Reaching a hand down to his uncut shaft, he slowly stroked the beast, sliding its foreskin up and down. As he slid the foreskin back beyond the ridge of his glans, the entire precum-drenched head came into view. The whole thing was absolutely coated in slick pre, and the smell was intoxicating. Fuck, Monroe was horny this morning.

The reptile loved how much he leaked whenever he got excited, and today was no exception. The pungent scent of his overwhelming arousal filled his own nostrils as he slowly stroked himself, coaxing more pre-seed out of his shaft. Before long, Monroe was slipping one of his own large fingers beneath his foreskin while his other hand stroked that girthy log. He felt more and more precum burbling out, quickly coating his fingers in the stuff. It was drooling down the underside of his rod, covering his balls as the scent of his arousal grew even stronger. *This* was what it felt like to be a *man*, Monroe thought. Stroking his huge dick, pumping the room full of potent pheromones, leaking all over the place – Monroe could have done this for hours.

That is, he could have done this for hours had his alarm not rudely interrupted his self-pleasure.

Blaring obnoxiously cheery music, the alarm signalled that it was time to get ready for work. *Shit!* Monroe thought to himself. That alarm was set as close as possible to when he had to leave, if he was to make it to the beach on time. Staring ruefully at his erection, he watched it throb pitifully. The lizard's body so desperately needed attention this morning, but he just couldn't spare the time to finish his self-pleasure session, let alone the minutes of clean-up he'd need afterwards.

"Well, another morning without my pre-work fap, I guess..." the lizard grumbled as he swung his legs over the side of his bed.

Fortunately, the reptile didn't have to do much to prepare for work. He'd essentially be ready after a quick shower if he threw his uniform on and grabbed something he could eat on his way to the beach. Ultimately, most of Monroe's remaining time that morning was spent under the spray of water in his relatively cramped shower, desperately willing his pulsating, drooling erection to go down. Finally, his needy prick had softened enough that he could at least pull on his orange swim trunks and tank top to head to work. The bulge of his slightly-plump shaft was slightly more obscene than usual, but at least everything was covered up.

As he walked to the shore and ate a granola bar, the huge reptile attracted more than a few appreciative stares. His trunks were tight enough around his hefty equipment that any casual onlooker could just make out the ridge where his cock head met his shaft. Even the overhang of his foreskin was faintly visible through the tight fabric.

Monroe was used to the stares; it was hard enough to find clothes which could fully cover a man of his size, let alone keep him modest. But if anything, the stares were more intense this morning. It felt like more people than usual held a lingering eye on the lizard's overstuffed crotch. No matter – Monroe appreciated the attention. In fact, he more than appreciated it; he loved it. By the time he was ducking into the lifeguard shack and locking his phone away, his shaft had swollen further to a half-erect chub, its tip mere millimetres from poking out the leg of his tight orange trunks. Glancing out the window, Monroe saw that several beach-goers had already arrived this morning. Any thoughts of a quick fap in the lifeguard shack quickly fled his mind as he emerged from the building and began to watch for any swimmers in distress.

The first few hours of Monroe's shift were torturous. The beach wasn't deserted, but it was fairly calm as one might expect on a weekday morning. That just meant the horny lifeguard had more time to ponder the cute asses of the sunbathers and swimmers he was watching over. The lizard was the biggest guy on the beach that day by a sizable margin, and his wandering thoughts continually returned to the fantasy of sinking his fat, needy dick into one of the smaller guys peppering the shore. More than once, he found himself getting too excited, his dick growing hard enough to temporarily expose itself out the leg of his shorts. If he could only get 15 minutes to himself, he might at least find a secluded area and relieve the insane pressure that'd been building up in his nuts all day...

Ultimately, Monroe's prayers were answered. Just when he thought he could hold off no longer, he looked around. The beach was empty! And just in time, for his huge organ had grown nearly completely erect. The first couple inches of his shaft's broad base now peeked out over the waistband of his trunks, and the entire head had escaped through the leg of his suit, its tip pulsing just below his knee. Precum was dripping from the excess foreskin at the end of his

monstrous dick, staining the sand with the excretions of such a horny, virile stud. Monroe's body was desperate to cum, and it would be denied no longer.

With a final glance around to confirm the beach was deserted, Monroe stole away into his favourite alcove, a rocky outcropping near the lifeguard shack that was conveniently hidden from the rest of the beach. Any newcomers to the beach would be unlikely to happen upon this secluded section of the shore in the short time Monroe would be using it. The huge lizard broke into a jog, quickly making his way behind the rocky outcrop. He was just about ready to yank his trunks down when he saw that there was already another figure lounging in the little alcove!

Lying in the sand was a hyena. Eyes closed in sleep, surrounded by crushed beer cans, he looked like the sort who'd find himself more at home at a punk music festival or in a dingey back alleyway than lounging on a sunny beach. He had several piercings and a green mohawk, not to mention his mesh tank top and spiked denim vest. Monroe could smell the scent of the hyena's beer, even from several metres away. The punk had obviously picked Monroe's favourite beach hideout as a prime location to get drunk some time last night, and he'd carelessly littered his empty cans all around.

The reptile was furious. But even more pressingly, he was *horny*. A low growl escaped his lips as he contemplated his next actions. He might ordinarily kick the trashy visitor off of the beach entirely, except that the smaller male's midriff looked so enticing under that mesh shirt...

As Monroe stomped closer, the hyena began to rouse from his slumber.

"Whu— Huh?" he murmured, blinking and squinting in the morning sun. He was greeted by the sight of a lifeguard looming over him, blocking out the sun. Even in his dazed, slightly hung-over state, the hyena could tell the lifeguard was a *large* man, and a glance southward confirmed to the hyena that this lifeguard was plenty large everywhere. That thing was *massive*! Almost instantly, the sight of Monroe's precum-drooling shaft perked the hung-over hyena up.

“Hey handsome, I’m Gene,” the hyena introduced himself. “So, do you come around—”

The hyena’s flirtation was cut abruptly short as the pissed-off lizard picked him up by the neck of his vest. At a diminutive 125 centimetres tall, the slim hyena was easily lifted by the giant reptile. Almost effortlessly, Monroe carried the hyena, kicking and flailing, to the empty lifeguard’s shack where he sat the tiny male atop a table.

“What do you think you’re doing, coming to my beach and throwing shit all over the place?” Monroe demanded, staring down at the tiny hyena.

“Would you believe me if I told you I was just hoping to catch the attention of a giant, hunky lifeguard?” Gene asked hopefully.

Between his sexual frustration and the flagrant littering, Monroe was fuming. But he couldn’t deny that the hyena was awfully attractive, and it was clear Gene was more than interested. Monroe’s pre-drooling shaft was making the decisions, now. Without a word, the lizard began to tug his tight trunks down, exposing more and more of the fat base on his overgrown manhood.

“Fuck yeah,” Gene purred, reaching forward to touch that giant organ. Monroe’s shaft was too big to encircle with one of his own hands, and it was surely too wide for Gene to encircle even if he wrapped both hands around its girth.

“Damn, stud, you’re massive. I’ve taken some big ones, but I think you’ve got them all beat,” the hyena crooned.

Electric jolts of pleasure coursed up Monroe’s spine with each stroke the little hyena gave to his giant shaft. Steadying himself from the pleasure, he rested an arm on the wall behind the hyena, leaning over the smaller male. Before long, Gene was slipping an entire hand beneath his lizard’s foreskin, feeling the sheer width of that massive glans and all the precum that covered his cock head.

“So leaky, too,” the hyena murmured. “With all this lube, I’ve gotta wonder if you’d fit...”

Monroe grunted in response. His massive nuts were ruling him right now, and they were enjoying all the attention his sensitive cock head was receiving as Gene grabbed his foreskin with both hands and slowly peeled it back before sliding it back up over the glans. As Gene played with that huge cock, making it drool more and more precum all over the wooden floor, Monroe's musky scent grew more and more overwhelming in the cramped lifeguard shack. Despite the fact that Monroe had showered but a short few hours ago, his virile, pheromone-laden scent was already hanging heavily in the air, spicy and potently masculine. With every breath Gene took, the odour seemed to grow stronger, urging him to keep playing with that huge rod. Finally, he could wait no longer. He needed to bottom for that giant dick.

"C'mon, fuck me, big guy," the hyena invited Monroe, leaning slightly back and moving his tail down between his thighs. That was all the invitation Monroe needed.

Crouching down, he grabbed Gene's shorts and ripped them off, exposing that the hyena's own relatively large shaft was already rock hard. Gene's cock wasn't the object of Monroe's attention, though. For now, the lizard was far more interested in that inviting, pink hole down below the hyena's balls.

Lifting the hyena's legs, Monroe rested his broad tip against Gene's hole, pressing against that inviting entrance as it reflexively clenched a little. The lizard would ordinarily indulge in a little more foreplay, but his balls had begun to ache, they felt so full. The lizard began to push forward against that yeen's tight ass, and although he encountered some initial resistance, he soon felt Gene's hole relaxing, ready to accept its massive invader. Clearly, Gene was an experienced bottom and he wanted this almost as badly as Monroe did.

As Monroe began to sink in, rocking in more and more of his length, he heard the hyena huffing and moaning loudly. Monroe hoped the beach was still empty, because Gene's moans would surely have been audible to anyone in a wide radius around the lifeguard shack. Monroe was simply too desperate and horny to look out the window and check, however. He kept shoving in, feeling electrifying tingles of pleasure fill his overgrown package as inch after inch sank into the hyena's warm, tight hole. Before long, he saw a visible bulge in the tiny

male's abdomen, where his cock was evidently rearranging the hyena's guts. With a few more inches to go, Monroe felt his heavy balls brushing against the hyena's tail. He kept pushing in, making that abdominal bulge grow even larger, until he finally managed to hilt inside the smaller male.

Gene's eyes widened with surprise and pleasure as he took those final few inches. He was throbbing hard, his own dick jerking in the air as that girthy log of a dick squeezed his prostate harder than he thought possible. The hyena swore he felt the throbbing of Monroe's massive tool throughout his whole body, that rod stuffing him fuller than he'd ever experienced before. As amazing as it felt, he was desperate to feel the big guy pound and fill him. "Fuck, fuck me, you giant stud!" he managed to grunt out through the haze of pleasure.

Monroe was more than happy to oblige. The lizard began to thrust in and out, heavy balls smacking against Gene or the table with each movement. The sensation made Monroe's toes curl in pleasure while Gene's whole body twitched beneath him. Without warning, the large reptile leaned down to press his lips against Gene's, feeling the hyena moan into his mouth as he kissed him hard. Stuffing the hyena's throat with a tongue and his ass with a dick, Monroe knew he wouldn't be able to last much longer.

It took a few more minutes of thrusting, but finally, the reptile couldn't take it anymore. He let out a groan of his own, loud and deep – louder even than any of Gene's previous pleased moans – and began to shoot rope after rope of seed deep into the hyena. Huge ropes of cum painted every last millimetre of Gene's insides as Monroe pumped buckets of musky jizz into him. After what seemed like more than a full minute of mind-blowing orgasm, Monroe began to slowly pull his softening cock out of the hyena's well-used hole. If the lifeguard shack wasn't thoroughly marked with Monroe's potent scent already, it would be now. The lizard was finally spent after so many hours of denied release and it felt amazing, even as he watched a small waterfall of his cum drool out of the dazed hyena's thoroughly stretched hole.

After several minutes, Monroe opened the door to a small closet, from which he pulled out a roll of toilet paper. "Replacement rolls for the beach's toilets," he explained as he began to first wipe the errant cum from his mostly-soft rod. The

lizard tore off a generous number of sheets to clean up the floor before tossing the rest of the roll to Gene.

"I'm good," the hyena remarked with a grin. Looking around, he grabbed his black shorts and began to pull them up over his still cum-covered ass before threading his tail through the small hole in the back.

"Same thing tomorrow?" Gene asked, hopping to his feet. Though he tried to hide it, Monroe could see him supporting his jelly legs by resting against the table.

"Clean up the shit you left on the beach and I'll consider it," the huge reptile barked out.

"Good enough for me!" Gene replied. With that, he slipped out of the lifeguard shack, leaving Monroe to clean the rest of the mess they'd made.

Some time later, Monroe himself was emerging from the lifeguard shack. By this point, traffic to the beach was beginning to pick up again. It was nearing midday and plenty of beachgoers were coming to stay for the afternoon.

As with most days, the rest of Monroe's shift was fairly uneventful. Aside from needing to blow his whistle a few times, no urgent situations arose for the reptile to handle – which, for Monroe, was both a blessing and a curse. Try as he might, the reptile couldn't stop replaying the events from earlier that morning in his mind. The sight of how those hands looked, peeling his foreskin back, the obscene bulge he'd made in the smaller male's belly. In no time at all, he was half-erect once more, cursing his unending horniness today.

What didn't help was the hot summer sun bearing down on him. Thankful as he was for his lightweight uniform, the lizard could feel the perspiration on his body. His fat semi was drenched in sweat, as were his heavy, coconut-sized balls. Even sitting outside, several times he caught a whiff of his own potent musk whenever it overpowered the salty, fishy smell of the sea breeze. He knew he reeked of sex and cum intermingling with his own natural pheromones, and that realisation did nothing to help his own arousal.

"Well, it's a good thing I showed up early for my shift, isn't it?" called a teasing voice from behind Monroe.

Turning to see who'd spoken, the lizard was met by the sight of his shirtless co-worker, Rod. Rod was a toned blue shark with a swimmer's build, standing at a fairly average height of 165 centimetres. A fellow lifeguard, he wore a pair of green trunks in the same style as Monroe's. Rod, however, showcased how the garment was meant to be worn far better than Monroe. Where the lizard's trunks were stuffed to capacity and beyond, Rod's clung nicely to his hips, offering an alluring bulge at the crotch without betraying too many details of what lied within.

"Looks like you could use a break," Rod said with a subtle nod to Monroe's fat semi. "Why don't I help you out with that? Your shift's over in 20 minutes anyway."

Monroe was grateful for the suggestion. He'd fucked around with Rod before, but it had been too long since their last session. Rising to his feet, he followed the shark into the lifeguard shack where he'd pounded Gene mere hours ago. The whole way over, he couldn't pry his eyes from the alluring way Rod's tail swayed from side to side, or the tempting curves of his muscled ass. Once again, the lizard's shaft had begun to poke out the leg of his trunks.

"Here, let me help you out of those, big guy," the shark cooed as he shut the door and got to work peeling Monroe's swimsuit down. That shaft was over half-hard already, and it began to inflate immediately once freed.

"Man, you've been busy, today. I can smell someone else on this dick already," Rod growled.

Monroe nodded. "I'll tell you about it some time. Some punk needed to be taught a lesson," he replied.

Wordlessly, Rod began to stroke Monroe's shaft. He slipped a couple fingers under the lizard's foreskin, cupping that huge glans in his palm as he dug

around beneath the skin with first two fingers, then three. The lizard's fat cock head was, once again, coated in precum, this time intermingled with sweat. The scent was even more overpowering than it had been earlier in the morning, as the temperatures rose and the scents of his previous release lingered on his shaft.

"You're always so leaky, so eager and ready to go on a moment's notice," Rod commented as he reached down to heft one of the lizard's heavy nuts. "Must be thanks to these huge balls of yours."

"Nngh... You know it," Monroe agreed. "Fuck, I'm so horny..."

"Y'know, some time I should shove my cock in this foreskin. I think the whole thing would fit."

The idea made Monroe's shaft pulse again. It was hard as steel already, and the veins on its surface only seemed to grow more prominent, the longer Rod teased Monroe. Whereas the lizard had rutted Gene with a rushed and primal ferocity, Rod was teasing the big reptile more, taking his time and getting him as horny as possible in preparation for a longer, more leisurely fuck.

"Now why don't you sit down, big guy?" Rod proposed. "It can't be comfortable crouching down just to fit in this shack."

Monroe dropped down as suggested, leaning back against a wall and spreading his legs wide to make room for his massive nuts to rest on the wooden floor. In this position, Monroe sitting and Rod standing, the lizard and the shark were at eye level. That realisation made Monroe's shaft throb with arousal, squeezing out another large glob of precum. Rod was nowhere near as tiny as Gene had been, but he was still so much smaller than Monroe.

In no time at all, Rod was slipping his own trunks down, leaving Monroe in just his tank top while Rod was fully nude. The shark bared a toothy grin as he flaunted his 16-centimetre, pink erection and palm-filling balls. He clearly was as excited to play with Monroe as Monroe was with him.

“As usual, I don’t think I’ll even need lube with you,” Rod murmured as he straddled the reptile’s veiny hard-on. Its entire length was drenched in pre and sweat. Besides making for a reasonable lube, the mixture was potently musky. As Rod lifted his tail and sat his rear entrance upon the huge organ’s foreskinned tip, the thought crossed his mind that he’d probably smell like Monroe for days afterwards. The idea made his dick pulse and his hole quiver with excitement. The blue shark closed his eyes, beginning to slowly sink down on that wide shaft.

A moan escaped Monroe’s lips as he felt that tight, warm hole stretching over his rod, inch by inch. It was far from the first time Rod had taken that shaft, but stretching so wide was still no easy feat. Every few inches he stopped to let his innards adjust, letting his hole clamp tightly over that fat pole as needed. His hands roamed over Monroe’s chest, slipping up under his shirt as he sank deeper and deeper on that giant tool.

“Even if it can be hard to take, I love having my own 2XL dildo to – *nnggh* – ride,” Rod teased as he reached down to give his shaft a few appreciative strokes. For as difficult as it was to take that organ, Rod was clearly enjoying it as his own shaft drooled precum down onto Monroe’s abs.

Eventually, Rod had taken nearly the entire thing. With one last squat, he felt the base of his tail bumping against Monroe’s sweaty nuts, signalling he’d more or less hilted the entire thing. Feeling his belly, he groped the bulge that tool made in his own gut, squeezing it gently through his own abdomen.

Rod began to shift up and down, moaning and huffing as he adjusted to the size of the large tool pushing into him. His insides gripped Monroe tightly, practically massaging the lizard’s giant penis as he rode it with long, slow motions. Ripples of pleasure coursed through both males’ bodies, even as Monroe felt his balls drawing tighter in their sac.

“Mmhh— I’m gonna cum before long,” the reptile admitted as he drew closer and closer to exploding.

“Good, fill me up,” Rod encouraged as he reached down to begin stroking himself. Within a few minutes, Monroe was moaning louder and louder. This time, it was Rod’s turn to use a kiss to quiet someone down. Pushing his lips against the lizard’s larger maw, he stifled Monroe’s moans as best he could while the huge reptile’s cock flexed and bucked, filling him with more and more thick, creamy jizz. The whole time, Rod stroked his own shaft, balls bouncing against his fist until finally, he began to spurt his own load, seed splattering across Monroe’s lifeguard top.

Eventually, once both males’ breathing had returned under control, Rod began to rise up off that slowly deflating shaft.

“I needed that more than I thought,” Rod admitted as he enjoyed the dull, throbbing ache in his well-stretched hole. He hadn’t been so thoroughly stretched in quite some time.

“That was great,” Monroe agreed. “For the first time all day, my balls feel empty.”

“Well then, maybe I should start coming early for my shifts more often,” Rod teased as he grabbed a half-empty roll of toilet paper to begin cleaning the cum from his ass, thighs, and tail. “The only problem is that I’d smell like you constantly.”

“I don’t see that as a problem,” Monroe grinned.

Rod replied with nothing more than a cheeky grin of his own. While Monroe began to clean himself up, the shark pulled his own swimsuit back on. “We’ll see, big guy. For now, I can take over from here if you want to head home for the day,” he offered.

Glancing at the clock, Monroe saw it was indeed just past the end of his shift. “Great,” he replied. “I’ll see you tomorrow, then!”

As Monroe pulled his own swimsuit on, he pondered what he should do with the rest of his day. He needed to go work out today, but before heading to the gym, he could probably use another shower.

Plus, if he stopped by home on his way to the gym, maybe he could sneak in another fap before his workout. After all, it wouldn't be long until his balls began to ache once more with that near-constant need.