

## Overtime

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For Vidra Krém

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Monroe shrugged his broad shoulders, feeling his button-up shirt pull tight across the thick shelf of his pecs. He glanced at the corner of his computer monitor: 8:30 PM. Another late evening at the office.

The hulking reptile pulled out his phone, the little device easily swallowed up in the palms of the thick mitts he called hands. Just one more check of his social media feed, he concluded, then he would go to the gym to burn off some steam. As the glow of a digital screen illuminated his blue- and yellow-scaled features, what the reptile saw made his blood boil! It was a photo of a nice dinner at an expensive restaurant with the caption, *Date night with the wifey.*

Monroe slammed his fist on his desk, making its contents rattle frighteningly. Then, the office was deafeningly silent again. The lizard looked back to his phone screen, scrutinising the post more deeply. The photo had been posted by his boss, Mr. Krém, a few hours ago. It was the third post of this sort his boss had made in the past week alone.

Today, as usual, the slim, orange-furred male had rushed home as soon as the clock hit 5:00, though not before dropping off a tall stack of documents for Monroe to process by the next morning. It was intolerable. The massive reptile wouldn't put up with it any longer. Monroe was trembling with anger; he resolved to confront his supervisor tomorrow about the late nights and unpaid overtime he'd been putting in lately. For now, though, the lizard *definitely* needed the kind of stress relief that could only come from pumping iron at the gym.

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Meanwhile, across town, Vidra Krém had just finished some pumping of his own. The 5'10" snake/otter hybrid – or snotter, as he often described himself – collapsed atop his wife, his twin shafts still buried inside her – one in her dripping pussy, one in her tight ass.

Vidra could thank his serpentine blood for the pink hemipenis he proudly boasted. At 5.5 inches apiece, his shafts were squarely average, which was easily enough to please a lady – and he had two of them! Vidra curled his long, thick tail snugly around the slender vixen he called his wife.

She traced a finger along the soft white scales of his underbelly while her other hand ruffled the creamy orange fur atop his head. “Mmm... Tonight’s been wonderful, Vidra. You really know how to treat a lady,” she murmured, feeling his warm seed slowly leaking from her well-used holes. “It’s been so nice having you around more. You always used to stay so late at the office. What changed?”

“Oh, you wouldn’t believe it,” Vidra replied with a broad grin. “There’s this huge guy at the office – hard worker, but a total meathead, he must be like nine feet tall and he looks like he lives in the gym – he’s been picking up the slack,” he cooed. As he spoke, the vixen felt his twin members throbbing eagerly inside of her. “He’s a great worker, so I think you and me are gonna have plenty of nights like this from now on.”

“Mmm... Sound great, I can’t wait. But for now... are you down for another round tonight?” she offered with a salacious wink.

“You read my mind,” the snorter replied, pressing his lips to hers. His long, black forked tongue slipped inside her maw as he ran his hands down her body.

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The next morning, Monroe arrived to the office at his usual time. He watched as Vidra slipped in just moments later, dressed in his usual white shirt, red tie, and black slacks. The creamy orange fur atop his head was a tousled mess, the fluff unkempt from an evidently rushed morning routine.

As he settled down to work, the huge lizard found he could barely focus today. He found himself continually glancing over to Vidra’s office. He mentally rehearsed what he’d planned to tell his supervisor for the ten-thousandth time. By the time the lunch hour rolled around, the lizard could barely contain himself. He watched as his colleagues’ cubicles steadily emptied out, their occupants filing towards the corporate cafeteria. As he rose to his feet, he saw Vidra shut the door to his own office, settling down to enjoy his own lunch.

The huge lizard crossed the room in a few long strides, rapidly approaching Vidra's office. He tried the door, finding it to be unlocked as the handle turned easily.

"Oh, good morning, Monroe!" Vidra sung, glancing up from the lunch bag he'd been digging in. "What can I do you for?"

"Hey Mr. Krém," the lizard rumbled as he ducked down to squeeze through the door frame – a continual, mundane necessity at his large size.

"I'd like to talk to you about something. Do you mind?" the hulking male started politely.

As the reptile's deep bass vibrated through his sensitive ears, Vidra found himself feeling strangely meek. The huge guy's size was intimidating enough on its own, but his grave tone of voice wasn't doing him many favours either. "Sure, what's up?" the snorter asked cautiously.

Monroe took a couple steps forward. He stood next to Vidra's desk, laying a meaty paw on it. "Well, I've had to stay 'til eight o'clock every day this week," he started. "Meanwhile, I see you leaving right at five o'clock every day. That doesn't seem quite fair to me."

Vidra's expression read nothing but shock! As he stared up at his subordinate, he spoke with genuine care in his voice. "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that! As your supervisor, it's my job to make sure you have all the tools you need to get your work done," he explained. "What's causing you to stay so late?"

Monroe almost shouted, "You!" He slammed a fist on Vidra's desk harder than he'd intended. With nary a pause, he continued: "You drop off so much paperwork on my desk every afternoon, there's no way to get it all done by five. Something has to change."

Vidra nearly jumped out of his skin from how Monroe raised his voice. But somehow, he also felt a bit flush as he witnessed this huge male asserting himself so aggressively. He scooted closer to his desk uncomfortably, struggling to find a reply to Monroe's demand. "Hmm... Well, uh, um..." he murmured, grasping for the words he wanted. "Uh, I'm sure you can appreciate this puts me in a rather... strained position," he fumbled. "You, uh, you're one of our best workers, Monroe... You carry a lot of weight around here."

If Vidra was surprised by his own uncertain reaction to Monroe's words, Monroe himself was flabbergasted. His boss was ordinarily so calm, cool and collected. What had changed? As Monroe tried to make sense of the snotter's strange behaviour, the momentary pause allowed him to see something he hadn't noticed before.

Vidra was clearly trying to focus on the lizard's face, but his gaze kept drifting lower. His eyes were roaming across Monroe's body, eating up the tight contours of his swollen muscle, even occasionally finding its way down to the lizard's overstuffed bulge where they lingered for a moment too long.

Was Vidra bisexual? Monroe knew he had a wife, but his behaviour now clearly betrayed more than a little interest. The lizard had an idea. It was a crazy thought, it might cost him his job, but he had a lot of pent-up stress built up over the past few weeks...

Monroe turned to the door, locking it tight with a click. He returned to his boss, stepping over to the same side of the desk where a very startled, quite timid-looking snotter was seated. Monroe took a seat on the snotter's desk, subtly spreading his tree trunk-like thighs wider.

"I think we could strike a balance, Mr. Krém," the massive reptile suggested. "Some kind of an agreement that will help me... ease you from your strain a bit," he growled.

"M-Monroe," the snotter stammered. "This isn't very appropriate..." Despite his words, though, the smaller male's gaze was now fixed on the lizard's enormous basket. He had never noticed how *hung* the huge brute was, and now that he'd made the observation, he couldn't peel his eyes away. His own crotch was beginning to tent slightly, his twin spires clearly enjoying his employee's show of dominance.

"What's inappropriate about it?" Monroe replied. "We're both consenting adults. You're curious what I've got down here, it's clear to see." The lizard's hand slipped down to his crotch, his yellow fingers cupping his heavy bulge, hefting it up and lifting it forward for Vidra to ogle. "I don't blame you, little guy. I know you've got a wife back home, but it's obvious you've got a thing for big guys like me, and I'm the biggest you've seen by a mile. You must have a lot of... unfulfilled desires, huh?"

As Vidra listened, his head was swimming. From this close, with the massive reptile seated on his desk, his musk was intoxicating. The snotter found himself nodding silently, agreeing with what Monroe was saying as he admired that impossibly large bulge.

Before the snorter knew what was happening, Monroe was unbuttoning his pants, unzipping them and tugging them down. As he kicked down his slacks, the overgrown beast was left in just a tight shirt, a tie, and a red jockstrap. Free from his pants, he could now see more clearly: the lizard's bulge was enormous! It was clearly soft, but it still easily blew away even the biggest guys he'd seen in porn. Undoubtedly, the pouch on his jock had been custom-tailored to contain the immense cargo within. Clad in thin, silky red cloth, sandwiched between two muscular, striated thighs, a fat snake thicker than Vidra's bicep was coiled up atop balls that seemed close to the size of his own head.

The orange-furred male felt a large hand grabbing his tie, pulling him in closer to that colossal package. "Go on, why don't you give my bulge the attention it needs, Vidra?"

Monroe's intense, masculine musk was even more overwhelming at this distance. With the lizard's pants off and only a thin later of fabric separating Vidra's nose from those musky, productive nuts, Vidra shuddered as he admired the impressive virility of the larger male's equipment. Thanks to his serpentine heritage, with every deep huff, he even tasted the potent, masculine scent of Monroe's massive package. The only thought in the snorter's mind was how badly he wanted to worship the superior male and give his enormous manhood the attention it deserved.

The snorter pressed his nose into the soft mass of Monroe's bulge as his black, ribbon-like tongue slipped out from his maw. He dragged his tongue across the thin fabric, tasting Monroe's potency and shivering in delight. "Seems you really like this," a deep voice rumbled as Monroe's footpaw pressed up against the snorter's straining tent.

"Let's see what you're working with, little guy. Strip down, but don't stop licking," Monroe ordered.

The thought to disobey didn't even cross Vidra's mind. Both hands darted down to his pants, undoing them and tugging them down along with his underwear. He pushed them down, revealing his throbbing, needy hemipenis. His twin shafts were straining and even leaking with arousal. They were perfectly average in size, 5.5 inches long and modestly thick, each rod boasting the slight swell of a gentle knot at the base. They were tapered at their tips, nubbed with pleasurable, fleshy barbs that had garnered him many a compliment from men and women alike.

But next to the mammoth equipment he was enjoying, his cocks looked downright puny. "I said to keep licking," Monroe reminded the snorter. "Here, maybe you need a

little help." The huge male roughly grabbed the back of Vidra's head, ruffling his fur before he firmly mashed the snorter's face into his overstuffed crotch.

"That's better," Monroe rumbled as his boss obediently resumed licking. "Now, keep huffing while you take off that shirt and tie. I wanna see your belly when I bulge it with my breeder."

Those words managed to break Vidra from his trance! Was he going to bottom for this huge stud? Would it even fit? It was the biggest cock he'd seen, even when it was totally soft – let alone in its current semi-hard state. The thought of trying to take such a thick shaft terrified him as much as it excited him. Still, Vidra complied. He inhaled deeply, filling his lungs with the superior male's scent as he lost himself in pleasure again.

As he breathed in more of that musk, the suggestible snorter was no longer quite so concerned about trying to take that massive breeder. He just needed to let Monroe take control and everything would be alright. In fact, the idea of offering his rear to help empty this stud's heavy nuts filled him with excitement. His cocks felt like they were throbbing harder than ever.

Vidra's fingers fumbled with the Windsor knot he'd hastily tied this morning. After several attempts, he managed to tug the tie off and soon moved on to his shirt's buttons, slowly undoing them as he felt Monroe shifting on the desk. The huge male was lifting his muscular, powerful rear up as he slowly tugged his jockstrap down, finally revealing the prize Vidra had been lusty for all along.

As Monroe lowered his underwear down to his ankles, the snorter saw that that massive shaft was even bigger than he'd thought. That enormous semi looked to be barely hard at all, and it was clearly more than one and a half feet long, perhaps closer to 20 inches or so. Dangling heavily over the edge of his desk, that monster was intimidatingly thick. It was over an inch broader than his straining, drooling cocks were long! The beast was close to as thick as Vidra's own thighs, at seven inches wide, and it was still growing, judging by the way it lazily pulsed and throbbed as it hung down between its owner's calves. Even porn stars were handily outclassed in every dimension by this beast of a man's package – let alone Vidra, who was magnitudes smaller at his own dead-average size – and it was barely hard at all.

"Fuck... So huge..." the snorter murmured, lost in a dreamy trance as he finally shrugged off his shirt, letting it fall over his long tail. The supervisor was now naked in his own office with his employee on his desk, nude from the waist down. If any of the higher-ups saw this, both males would likely be fired on the spot.

Monroe lifted his heavy python of a cock with one hand; he gestured to his heavy, swollen-looking balls with the other. "Why don't you give them some attention now? Then we'll see how stretchy you are, little man," he instructed, flashing his sharp teeth.

The snorter leaned in close, pressing his lips to Monroe's pendulous nuts. He delivered an affectionate kiss to one, then the other. With both hands, he lifted those heavy cum factories, impressed by their weight as he dragged his tongue across the reptile's light blue sac. Vidra happily bathed the lizard's bowling ball-like nuts in his saliva, licking and kissing over every inch of them as he delighted in the sound of Monroe's quiet, pleased moans. The huge lizard was clearly trying to keep the volume down in case anyone nearby could hear through the thin walls of the office.

Before long, Vidra felt a new taste on his tongue. He pulled away from the huge male's over-stuffed, musky sac momentarily and glanced up: all he saw, however, was the broad underside of Monroe's enormous, uncut breeder. It was already massive enough when soft, but now that it was hard, it was a truly monumental shaft, far larger than Vidra thought any man's cock could possibly be. It must have been just over two feet long, perhaps 25 inches, and a staggering nine inches wide. The head alone was as large as a pink, fleshy basketball, half-covered by the lizard's blue foreskin and glistening under the glow of the office lighting. As he admired that monstrously large cock, the source of the new taste grew apparent: precum was trickling down the underside of that mammoth shaft, running down its immense length to the base of his shaft, where it drooled down over his smooth balls, mixing with Vidra's own spit.

Watching all that delicious fluid pooling on those nuts, even threatening to drip down off of them, the snorter dutifully dove back into Monroe's sac, lapping up the precum from its surface. However, it wasn't long before he began to feel greedy for more of the male's wonderful pre. The hybrid eagerly dragged his long, black, forked tongue along the underside of Monroe's shaft, swallowing every drop of precum along the way until he came up to the fat head of Monroe's cock. "Mmmhh... You taste so good," he complimented as he rested both hands on that immense glans, beginning to lick the constant trickle of pre-seed straight from the source.

"Damn right," Monroe exhaled as he approvingly rested a hand on the back of Vidra's head, ruffling his fur a little. "Fuck, I never thought a married man could be such a cock-hungry slut. Are you sure you wanna go back home to that wife of yours?" he teased the smaller male.

Vidra was feeling more and more submissive around such a well-equipped male. That hand on the back of his head, affectionately playing with his fur, felt so good. And with every revelation about Monroe's size, musk, and productivity, the snotter's submissive instincts grew stronger. He soon groaned out, "All I want is your massive cock inside me, Sir..."

Monroe chuckled at that, beginning to rise to his feet. "That's what I like to hear. Get up on the desk, Vidra," he instructed as he pushed a stack of papers out of the way, scattering them across the floor. Vidra obediently pulled away from that massive shaft, his light grey eyes looking up to meet Monroe's green pair as he nodded. The snotter climbed up onto his own desk, spreading his thighs wide and displaying his tight pink hole for the massive male. He had no idea how that overgrown shaft would fit inside him, but he was more than eager to try.

The lizard didn't even bother to undo his shirt. He was too pent-up, too needy to bother. Within seconds, he was lifting Vidra's paws up onto his shoulders and crouching down to line his enormous shaft up with the snotter's hole. In this position, it was obvious that Monroe's shaft exceeded even Vidra's serpentine tail in terms of sheer girth. As Vidra looked down at the cock he was about to take, he found it completely obscured his tail from view, taking up every inch of space between his thighs.

Even the lizard's own huge hands couldn't fully encircle the beast as he grabbed it to steady it. Vidra braced himself for the coming stretch and thanked Monroe's productivity as he felt his superior smearing precum over his tight hole. Soon, he felt the reptile's organ pressing insistently against his rear entrance, mounting the pressure higher and higher until he finally began to yield.

Relaxing, the snotter felt his hole stretch wider and wider for Monroe. As the first inches of the lizard's massive cock head slowly pushed in, Vidra closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. Each time he thought the head surely must have been all the way in, he was surprised as another inch slipped in and his rear stretched even further around an increasing girth. Before long, he felt that massive cock head pressing against his sensitive prostate, making him shiver as a tinge of pleasure joined the discomfort he felt. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the last few inches of that massive cock head sank in all at once, eliciting a shaky, high-pitched groan from the snotter as his sensitive ring stretched wider than he thought possible.

Vidra had only a moment to adjust before that cock was pushing deeper inside him, each little thrust from the huge lizard pushing his monstrously large shaft deeper, reaching new checkpoints inside the little furred male. As Monroe speared Vidra on his



overly large breeder, the snorter focused on the mounting pleasure he felt while the pressure on his prostate increased with every little thrust that pushed the lizard's tip deeper. What started as a pleasant thrumming at the root of his cocks grew more intense as the pressure on his sensitive love button mounted higher and higher, until soon the pleasure outweighed the discomfort of bottoming for such an incredibly-endowed male.

Then, another unfamiliar sensation made Vidra open his eyes and glance down to his belly: Monroe was reaching down to grope the bulge of his own massive cock through the snorter's belly. The lizard had only sank half his cock inside Vidra, but there was already an obscenely large bulge in his abdomen, one which was slowly growing towards his chest as the larger male pushed in deeper.

As Monroe rubbed the bulge of his own mammoth shaft through Vidra's white-scaled belly, he leaned down over the little snorter and pressed his lips against the other male's. Vidra felt Monroe's larger tongue slipping into his maw as the lizard steadily pushed his shaft in deeper. The snorter couldn't have stopped himself from moaning into the kiss if he'd tried. He felt so thoroughly overwhelmed as his subordinate bred him – Monroe was just so much bigger in every way, with that mammoth shaft stretching his hole, that huge paw rubbing over his belly, and even Monroe's thick, powerful tongue exploring the crevices of Vidra's maw. As the lizard's pink tongue wrestled with his smaller black one, the snorter happily ceded control to Monroe, allowing his body to be used as a mere plaything for his enormous, needy employee.

It wasn't long until Monroe's massive nuts were first brushing against the base of Vidra's tail, then resting upon it as the lizard pushed deeper, close to hilding inside him. A few more small thrusts, and Monroe's hips met Vidra's as he pushed entirely inside the little male. Monroe pulled his maw from the snorter's, a strand of thick saliva connecting their lips. "Mmmhhh, fuck... You're so tight and warm, little guy," he complimented. "Can't wait to fill you with my load."

The lizard began to pull out, withdrawing half of his shaft and leaving Vidra's deeper reaches feeling strangely empty. The feeling only lasted a moment though before Monroe shoved it all back in, making Vidra yelp out in surprise and Monroe groan with pleasure. The lizard began to build up a rhythm of long thrusts, fucking Vidra with half his length. As Monroe got more into the act, he soon had both hands on Vidra's waist, leveraging the snorter's entire body as he pulled Vidra back onto his shaft in time with every thrust.

Each time Monroe hilted inside Vidra, the little snorter saw stars. He felt like he could cum at any moment from the sensation of being stretched so wide and fucked so deep. Fortunately for the smaller male, Monroe didn't seem too far behind as he began to fuck the snorter harder and faster. He was going rougher and rougher, growling and panting in lust as he bred the little hybrid.

Before long, Vidra couldn't hold back any longer. With a series of increasingly loud groans, he was cumming hard, his hole clamping weakly over Monroe's shaft as he spurted seed over his own belly, chest, and face. His twin shafts throbbed in unison, jerking hard as he shot twin ropes of cum over himself and his desk, some of the jizz even splattering onto the carpet of his office. Vidra barely registered the scent of his own release mixing with Monroe's potent musk as his orgasm slowly died down. It was all he could do to think of anything but the massive male still plowing him.

Monroe's own orgasm wasn't far behind Vidra's. Watching the snorter cum hands-free and feeling his hole rhythmically squeezing on his breeder nearly sent Monroe over the edge. Only a couple more thrusts was enough for Monroe's own cock to begin throbbing hard, his heavy nuts clenching in their sac as he began to unload inside Vidra. The lizard's cock pulsed deep within Vidra and the snorter swore he could see the bulge high in his belly twitching rhythmically with Monroe's climax. The lizard began to dump spurt after spurt of thick, white-hot cum inside Vidra, filling the smaller male with his seed. His boss's belly was swelled outward with cum, filling with untold amounts of the lizard's seed as Monroe deposited every last drop his balls were capable of producing.

After over 30 seconds of nonstop orgasm, Monroe's climax finally began to die down. Still buried balls-deep inside Vidra, panting heavily, the massive lizard leaned down to kiss Vidra on the nose. "That was great," he complimented. "I hope that helps you think about where your priorities might lie, little guy," he teased with a wink. After a moment, he added, "And if you're not convinced, I'm happy to come back here tomorrow and the day after, and make my case to you over and over, as many times as you need, until you know exactly what you want most."

When the lizard slowly pulled his softening shaft out of Vidra's well-fucked hole, a veritable flood of the lizard's seed dumped out of the snorter's rear, coating his tail and drenching the edge of his desk, dripping down onto the carpet. Grabbing a nearby cloth – Vidra's shirt – Monroe wiped the cum off his shaft as best he could and set to work stuffing his fat breeder and overgrown nuts down into his pants.

"I'll be right back. It sounds like everyone's still on lunch, lucky for you," he announced as he unlocked the office door. Monroe slipped away without so much as zipping up his pants, but he returned moments later, ducking under the door frame once more. He held a stack of papers out for Vidra to examine. "Here, I'll take half, and this is your half," he told the still-dazed snorter. "These need to be finished today after lunch, Mr. Krém. Enjoy, and I'll see you at lunch tomorrow," he announced with a smirk.