

Suggesting a Christmas Miracle

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for Graker

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Crumpling a fistful of tissue paper into a ball and tossing it into a nearby bin, Graker peered into the bag his housemate had handed him.

"Merry Christmas!" Monroe cheered as Graker pulled out his gift. "Now I know Christmas is still a couple weeks away, but I just couldn't wait," the blue-and-yellow lizard remarked. "I hope you love it."

Graker removed from the bag a small glass jar of light brown powder. Peering at it, turning it over in his red, scaled fingers, he admired the ornately hand-drawn script adorning its label: [i]Magical Hot Chocolate[/i], it read. "Oh, wow, thank you so much! You know how much I love cocoa," the small dragon exclaimed happily to his reptilian roomie.

"I saw it at the local farmer's market and immediately thought of you," Monroe replied. "It was the only jar left and I just knew I had to get it for you. Apparently, this stuff is 100% local and organic," the lizard explained.

Graker set the jar down on the kitchen counter and approached Monroe for a hug, wrapping both arms around his friend. Being of slight figure and petite height, a mere 5'4" tall, the dragon was easily enveloped in the muscular arms of the 6'2" lizard returning his hug. "Thank you so much, it's perfect!" the small dragon gushed.

"Hey, don't sweat it," Monroe crooned as he held Graker close. "And you know... Well, I know you've got to finish that art piece you're working on, and I've got some writing to do, but maybe... later tonight..." the lizard started, a salacious grin spreading across his features. His hands roamed lower until they were cupping the dragon's pert little rump. Graker felt Monroe's sizable bulge pulse a little against his abdomen. "I could give you the second half of your gift if you'd like." The lizard gave Graker's rear a firm squeeze and a pat.

Graker's cheeks flushed a little. He always loved when his big friend got in the mood like this. "That sounds wonderful," he agreed. He felt Monroe release his rump as the larger male crouched down slightly for a kiss.

Although Monroe had crouched down several inches shorter for him, the little dragon was conscious that he still had to rise to the tips of his toes just to meet the lizard's lips, a feeling that always sent a spark of electric pleasure throughout his body. He loved being the little guy, a fact his housemate knew well. After kissing the big lizard for several seconds, enjoying the feeling of a larger tongue invading his maw, Graker eventually, ruefully disentangled himself from the hug. "Maybe I'll make a mug of cocoa now and I'll see you in a few hours?" he suggested.

"Sounds great," Monroe agreed. "Let me know how the cocoa is! Maybe I can pick some more up next week if they're still selling it. And don't forget! Come get me when you're done, I want to spoil you tonight."

Soon enough, the large lizard was trudging off to his room, leaving Graker alone in the kitchen. The dragon lifted the jar, once more admiring the craftsmanship behind the little jar and its ornate label. He viewed the calligraphic precision with which each letter was formed, re-reading the label: [i]Magical Hot Chocolate[/i]. Turning the jar over, a paragraph of smaller text on the backside explained further:

[i]Congratulations on purchasing your very own jar of Magical Hot Chocolate! We suggest mixing a few heaping tablepoons in warm milk and stirring to dissolve. You'll feel the Christmas Magic within minutes. From all of us here at Jacobsen Farms, we hope you will enjoy your very own Christmas Miracle.[/i]

Reading the paragraph, Graker couldn't crack a grin. It was adorably cheesy, if a little overzealous in its holiday cheer. Without further ado, he popped the jar open, giving it an inquisitive sniff. The pleasant aroma of rich chocolate hit his nostrils, filling him with nostalgia for Christmases past. "I hope it tastes as wonderful as it smells," he murmured.

Within seconds, the dragon was heating a splash of milk in a pot on the stove and pouring it into his mug. Following the instructions on the cocoa, he mixed several heaping spoonfuls of the stuff into his drink. The scent of chocolatey goodness filled the kitchen as he carried his drink to his room, eager to wrap up his latest drawing.

Working away on his tablet, Graker sipped the cocoa, feeling the warmth of the hot drink fill his belly and spread throughout his body. The chocolate was surprisingly rich and utterly delicious, and before he knew it, he was sipping the last dregs from his now-

empty mug. "Huh, that was really good, but I'm not sure it was [i]magical[/i]," Graker remarked with a grin. Though he might have to drink more tomorrow, just to be certain, he thought to himself with a grin.

The dragon set his mug on his desk and continued working on his drawing. Before he knew it, several hours had passed and he was putting the finishing touches on his work. "I wonder how Monroe's getting along," Graker mused to himself. "Maybe I'll check in on him..."

The dragon set his tablet down and rose to his feet, roaming down the hallway to Monroe's room. He knocked on the door and was greeted with a chirpy "Come in!" Opening the door, Monroe was at his desk, feet propped up, idly tapping away at his keyboard.

"How's it going?" Graker asked, stepping into the room.

"Pretty well! I made good progress today and I actually think I'm at a good stopping point. I want to sleep on this and edit in the morning I think," Monroe explained. He saved his work and rose to his feet. With a wink, he added, "Though I'm not sure either of us will be getting much sleep before the morning." A pleasant shiver ran up Graker's spine as he looked up to meet the reptile's eyes. The lizard teased, "I've owed you a special night for quite some time, haven't I? I know how needy you've been feeling lately. I've seen you staring..."

Graker's cheeks flushed slightly darker as he reflexively glanced down to Monroe's crotch. It was bulging nicely in his jeans, as usual. He swore he could almost make out the individual shapes of the lizard's baseball-sized nuts and his thick, soft shaft. From experience, the dragon knew it had to be around seven inches, coiled up atop those hefty nuts. His pulse quickened as his mind raced, thinking of everything Monroe might do with him tonight.

"I would love that," the dragon agreed. Though just as he pried his green eyes away from the larger male's hefty bulge, he felt his feet leave the ground! Monroe had scooped him off his feet, one arm behind his knees and one at his back, cradling him against his fairly muscular chest. As the lizard began to carry him over to the bed, Graker focused on the feeling of those firm pecs pressing against his body through the lizard's shirt. His own shaft was quickly racing to hardness, swelling larger in his shorts as he admired the feeling of his housemate's muscles. "Have you been working out? Your muscles feel a little bigger than usual," Graker complimented the lizard.

Just as Graker finished speaking, something strange happened. Where Monroe's chest was pressing firmly against him before, it seemed to pump up slightly larger, those large pecs pressing even more firmly than usual against the dragon. Graker felt the thick biceps that supported his weight swell slightly larger, supplying the lizard with additional strength to effortlessly carry his housemate across the room. All the lizard's muscles seemed to grow subtly in fact, eliciting a soft groan of approval from the slightly more muscular reptile. Just as quickly as it began, the growth ended, leaving Monroe subtly, though noticeably larger.

Graker was momentarily too shocked to speak! Monroe, on the other hand, answered his question as though nothing unusual had happened. "Hm? Nah. Same as ever, I'm pretty sure. I've been thinking I need to really hit the gym hard next year though. Maybe that'll be my New Years' resolution," the reptile replied with a chuckle. He lifted the dragon a few inches to plant a smooch on his forehead, the gesture seemingly effortless with his newfound strength. "It's sweet of you to say, though. I know you've always loved these big muscles of mine, Grakky."

The lizard laid Graker down on the bed. As the dragon looked up at the larger male, the silhouette he cast beneath the light of his bedroom was undeniably larger. Having grown a little in every direction – maybe a centimeter at most – he was doubtlessly a few dozen pounds heavier than before. And yet he seemed oblivious to his own growth!

The idea of an even larger hunk to breed him was driving Graker wild, making him feel almost dizzy with lust. By the time Monroe grabbed his shorts and underwear, swiftly pulling them down, the dragon's exposed shaft was rock hard and slowly drooling, 7 1/2 inches of meat proudly throbbing away at his abs. The lizard cupped Graker's golf ball-sized nuts, giving his sac a gentle kiss. "Tonight is all about you," he cooed. "I'm going to spoil you."

The lizard grabbed his own shirt, lifting it up and over his own head. In the process, his brick-like abs bunched up impressively; they [i]definitely[/i] were not so defined before, Graker thought to himself. Continuing his teasing strip, Monroe deftly undid the button on his jeans and began to slowly unzip them, tail swaying back and forth as he drew out the moment. A flash of orange met Graker's eyes as the first glimpse of Monroe's underwear was exposed.

"Fuck, Monroe, I can't wait to see that huge shaft of yours again," Graker murmured breathlessly as his head swirled with arousal. The reptile began to lower his jeans, exposing the mouthwatering bulge between his muscled quads. His baseball-sized nuts and that girthy, seven-inch softie stretched his orange boxer-briefs out impressively.

"Gosh, it's practically bigger soft than mine is hard... and so much thicker..." he muttered.

As before with his muscles, Monroe's shaft seemed to instantly react to Graker's description of its size. It throbbed hard, pulsating visibly as it swelled larger in his underwear. It didn't seem to be growing hard, but rather, just growing. As the lizard's shaft settled in on its new size, eight inches soft and even girthier than before, Graker had begun to connect the dots. He spoke again, testing his theory: "And those balls... Geez, they're even bigger than your own fists, aren't they?" he asked.

As Monroe's balls swelled larger, each expanding a couple inches wider until they indeed exceeded the width of the lizard's own fists, the waistband of his overburdened underwear dipped scandalously low, tugged down by the weight of his increasingly generous endowment, threatening to expose the base of his thick shaft. "That's right, sexy," the lizard agreed. "And all this man is here for your pleasure," he said with a wink.

Somehow, Graker's words seemed to be altering reality itself. Whenever he described Monroe's size, his lizard housemate grew to match his description to a T. Graker was so turned on he could hardly think straight! He wasn't sure how he'd gained this power – he was certain he hadn't always had this ability – but all he knew was that he wanted his big housemate even bigger.

"Fuck, I just love how huge you are compared to me, Monroe. You're a foot and a half taller than me – no, taller, you have to duck to fit through doorways. And you're so beefy... You have to turn sideways just to enter rooms, and even then your huge pecs brush the door frame. Your thighs are thicker than my whole body, Mon. And your cock and balls..." Graker was so hard, his cock ached with need. He always loved how especially hung Monroe was and he knew Monroe loved it too. "Gosh, your cock is twice as long as mine even when it's soft and [i]way[/i] thicker. Even soft, it's thicker than your forearm. Those nuts of yours have gotta be... over a foot wide, aren't they? Bigger than basketballs..."

As the lizard groaned in pleasure, his body throbbed hard. All of a sudden, he was packing on even more mass, bones lengthening and muscles thickening. He grew taller, beefier, better hung, his body morphing rapidly to match the little dragon's desires. Before long, he was twice as wide as Graker and a full foot and a half taller at 6'10", but he still kept swelling, packing on more mass as he grew larger in every direction. His junk throbbed most powerfully of all, the large package he was so proud of throbbing even larger with every pulse of his racing heart.

The seams of his underwear strained in protest until they eventually popped under the increasing pressure. Small tears began to emerge around his expanding quads and beefy glutes, though the greatest damage was at the reptile's overstuffed crotch. His balls swelled quickly and forcefully, forcing him to widen his stance to make room for their potent mass. As his underwear tore off fully, those hefty nuts dropped lower, pulled down by their incredible weight as they grew larger than coconuts, bigger than cantaloupes or honeydew melons, soon looking as large as soccer balls and then making soccer balls look pathetic compared to their size. By the time they were each a full foot wide, stretching his sac taut with their immense weight and low hang, they were matched by a flaccid, uncut python that was a full 15 inches long and even girthier than the reptile's beefy forearms. Monroe's arm-like softie wasn't soft for long as it began to swell with arousal.

"Oops," Monroe's deeper voice rumbled. "Looks like I'm a little too big for those underwear, aren't I?" he mused, licking his lips. "I always forget just how huge I really am..." the nearly 8-foot-tall lizard remarked. He climbed onto the bed, eliciting a squeal of discomfort from the mattress's springs as he straddled Graker's smaller body. By this point, he was close to three times as wide as the little dragon, utterly massive compared to his housemate or most anyone else. His thick muscles endowed him with a strength nearly unheard of and a bulk that would have made it hard to squeeze into most any car, let alone through doorways or into showers.

"Now, where was I?" he asked rhetorically. "I think I was just about to let you get nice and personal with my breeder, before anything else..." The lizard adjusted himself so he sat over Graker's thighs, his warm, boulder-esque nuts resting heavily on the dragon's shaft, making it throb in pleasure. Monroe reached down to grab his girthy log of a cock. He began to pump it with both hands, the motion causing the volleyballs he called biceps to tense and jump as he slowly bucked his hips into his strokes.

As the lizard stroked his member, he groaned in erotic bliss. His increased size evidently carried with it an increased sensitivity. Before long, Monroe was sporting two feet of rock-hard meat, already leaking a steady trickle of pre over Graker's chest thanks to his overgrown cum factories. Just when he looked ready to scoot forward and bring its tip closer to Graker's maw, the dragon spoke up. "You make me feel so small, Monroe. I love how it's so big I can lick it from here, you don't even have to move. It's as long as my torso, and so thick too... It's gotta be as thick as my leg – or no, it's as thick as your leg!" the smaller male exclaimed excitedly.

As another growth spurt wracked Monroe's body, the huge male grunted, feeling his maleness swell further. His shaft thickened further and further, growing to a width that

truly earned it the title of “third leg” even compared to his tree-trunk thighs. As it continued drooling a steady trickle of precum, it left a trail of slick ooze along Graker’s chest, leaving small puddles of natural lubricant as it throbbed and swelled. Soon, the overgrown breeder was every bit as massive as its owner’s muscular thighs, exceeding Graker’s own torso for girth, complete with a swollen, needy head that was larger than the head on its owner’s shoulders.

“Mmmhhh, that’s right, little guy,” Monroe crooned. “Now, it’s time to make out with my monster, just like you always love doing,” the lizard encouraged his friend. His thick monster was already pulsating mere millimeters from Graker’s snout. Eager to play with such an enormous member, Graker needed no further invitation. He opened his maw, locking his lips with that huge urethra. Slipping his tongue in, he found himself swallowing mouthfuls of precum as he explored the interior of a shaft that probably equalled his own body in terms of mass. He probed deeper, eager to pleasure his massive friend and coax even more pre out. Monroe had always been fairly leaky, but with his latest upgrades, he was producing a flood of slick, musky lube, all of which Graker eagerly gulped down.

As Graker pleased his housemate’s overgrown breeder, he reached up with both hands and took that massive shaft between his clawed fingers. Despite its enormous size, Monroe’s shaft was impressively rigid. It was even harder and needier than most men’s average-sized boners! As he stroked, it felt to the dragon like he was jerking a hot, throbbing steel pipe, sliding the lizard’s foreskin back and forth and feeling the powerful veins coursing along its surface as he softly groaned into the slit he was kissing.

Eventually, Graker had to pull off from Monroe’s shaft for air. “Gosh, you’re so huge everywhere, Monroe,” he complimented. Already, his mind was racing ahead, considering all the ways he might grow his huge housemate even larger. He began to fantasise aloud: “Especially that tail of yours... It’s massive. It makes you look more dinosaur than lizard, being longer than you are tall. So thick, too... Why don’t you fuck me with the tip and I’ll keep working over your shaft, big guy?”

Monroe nodded in acknowledgement, shuddering as his tail grew longer, thicker and more fearsome, the thick reptilian appendage beginning to bump into the furniture around Monroe’s room as it extended, inadvertently knocking against his dresser and shaking it violently. As the muscular reptile’s tail grew, that powerful, scaled organ slithered like a serpent along the floor until it settled in on its new size, eight feet long and thicker at the base than an average man was at the shoulders. The relatively slender tip of that appendage wiggled its way up to the bed, snaking between its way beneath

Monroe's shaft to collect some of the lizard's excess precum over its tip. As Monroe lubed his tail tip in the generous pools of precum trailing along Graker's abdomen and chest, he began to gently buck his hips, gliding his shaft over Graker's chest. "Mmm... Great idea," he agreed. "It's been a while since I stretched you out on my tail, and I know how much you love it when I do that," he teased, baring his sharp teeth in a wide grin.

Graker pressed his lips to that cock tip again, continuing to stroke it as he felt Monroe's tail tip prodding against his rear entrance. He found it so easy to relax while being dominated by such a huge male, and before long, he felt his hole yielding for the thick appendage. The precum the lizard had gathered onto his tail, combined with the little dragon's experience taking his friend's girthy cock pre-growth, made the burden more manageable as that tip began to press in. Graker groaned into the lizard's shaft as he felt his hole stretching wider and wider for Monroe's tail, each inch thicker than the last. It quickly became apparent to the dragon that while his housemate's tail was still relatively slender at the end, just a few inches up its length, it had to be several times thicker than Graker's own cock, or most other men's for that matter.

"Mmmhhh, fuck... You stretch me so wide," Graker moaned in pleasure. "Please, deeper..." His housemate was obviously happy to oblige as his tail slipped even deeper, stretching him even wider with every inch that pressed in. Soon, it was pressing hard against the little red drake's prostate. The girth of the scaled tip pressing at his pleasure button sent jolts of electric pleasure throughout Graker's body, making his cock throb so hard he worried he might climax right then. Monroe continued slipping more of his tail inside, though, and before long, it felt like Monroe's enormous arm had been pushed up to the elbow inside the little dragon. Graker was certain he felt that tail bulging through his belly and pressing against his own shaft from behind, it was stretching him so wide and so deep. As badly as he wanted to take more, he felt he was nearing his limits and he spoke up.

"I'm so full... I don't know if I can take any more, big guy. Please, just leave it right there, so deep..." As Graker gave Monroe's shaft a few appreciative squeezes and considered tongue-fucking it again, he realised how desperately he wanted to go even deeper. "Fuck, big guy," he added. "Your shaft is so huge, so thick, I can fit my entire snout inside it and it doesn't even have to stretch," the red dragon complimented, already beginning to feel that monster cock fatten up still further between his claws. The lizard already physically dominated him in every way imaginable, and the size disparity between their endowments was only growing larger. Remembering how proud Monroe had always been of his big nuts, Graker thought it only fair to give his enormous lizard an even larger pair, as massive as he could possibly want. "And those balls of yours are so huge,

so productive, I can barely keep up with how much precum you make. You love being this size, don't you?"

The pleasure of another growth spurt overtook Monroe's body, making him subconsciously buck his hips as Graker stroked his overly large cock. It was already wider than the little red dragon's entire body and still growing thicker with each pulse, approaching the width of Monroe's own waist. Every thrust brought an even girthier, even leakier shaft towards the dragon's maw, until the lizard's pre-drooling slit looked like it could [i]easily[/i] accommodate Graker's entire snout inside.

The lizard was forced to shift his position, raising his hips to make room for his swelling nuts as he began to leak even more. "Fuck, yes, I love being massive," he moaned in bliss. "I'm so glad you love reminding me of how damn huge I am. God, I need to empty my over-full nuts so badly..." While Monroe spoke out his need, his cock showed its need just as compellingly, drooling an increasingly-voluminous stream of precum over Graker's chest, onto his pillows, even spurting across the headboard of his bed. It was difficult for the little dragon to see, but those nuts certainly looked larger than watermelons now, perhaps closer to beach balls in size.

Graker was huffing in lust, admiring just how enormous the big liz had grown. If he would have struggled to fit into a shower stall before, it would have been nearly impossible now with all the mass he had packed on downstairs. Undoubtedly, the massive reptile would have needed to empty his balls more frequently than ever, maybe as often as every few hours, they were so productive. It felt so good for Graker to be so thoroughly overwhelmed by such a massive guy, likely the hugest guy on the planet, boasting a cock that weighed more than most other men. Even Monroe's natural masculine odour had grown manlier with the rest of his body. It was so strong from beneath that enormous cock, it made Graker's head spin. He desperately wanted to take advantage of the monstrous girth he'd given his housemate though.

Shaking his head to clear his mind as much as he could, the little dragon pressed his lips against Monroe's urethra, easily burying the first few inches of his snout into the lizard's shaft. With the quantity of precum gushing out, it was all Graker could do to swallow mouthful after mouthful as he tried to keep up with the torrential flow. The lizard had begun to steadily rock his hips, his body's natural reaction to the compelling breeding urge that originated from a pair of nuts that together weighed more than Graker himself. Though he was obviously far too large to fit inside anyone, the enormous reptile's balls didn't care; they were telling him to breed, and he [i]needed[/i] to thrust his hips until his overgrown cum factories could be emptied.

Graker stroked that beastly shaft, squeezing it tight as Monroe grunted and bucked forward, licking the inside and gulping down more pre-seed than he imagined a man could produce. After Monroe's latest growth spurt, it steadily became apparent that some of the precum drooling from his shaft was tinged milky white, excess sperm spilling out into his precum from those overly full balls of his. It was yet another testament to how over-productive Monroe had grown. As his cum factories continued producing more and more, the excess sperm had nowhere to go except to escape with his pre.

Still, release was in sight for the huge lizard. He began to thrust a bit more eagerly, need punctuating each flexing, tensing movement of his body. The muscular reptile began to pump his tail in and out of Graker's well-stretched hole as he spoke. "Fuck, I'm getting close," he warned. It was only a few thrusts later that the reptile edged past the point of no return, and his cock began to throb more insistently, foretelling the flood to come.

Eventually, Monroe could hold back no longer. Throwing his head back, orgasm washed over his body, making his brick-like abs clench tight and his cock throb mightily as it released its first ropes of seed into Graker's maw, the excess spurting out around his snout. Maw buried inside Monroe's cock, Graker swallowed the full mouthful of cum he received, only to be hit by another gush of the hot, milky fluid, with more soon to follow. He swallowed more and more, feeling his belly begin to bloat outward from the sheer quantity of jizz he swallowed. Lost in pleasure, Monroe was only vaguely aware of the feeling of hot cum washing over his own tail deep inside the dragon's stomach while Graker swallowed more and more.

The feeling of Monroe's musky spunk washing over his body and filling him; the huge guy's cock thrusting, rubbing, and grinding over his own shaft; that tail slowly pumping into him, pressing hard on his prostate with its broad girth; the idea that he had turned his housemate into such a spectacularly huge, hung breeder; and the sensation of his own belly swelling outward with seed, pressing firmly against his own member – together, it all proved too much for Graker. Without laying a finger on his own shaft, he was cumming hard, the most intense orgasm of his life coating the bottom of Monroe's cock as the huge lizard continued to paint his head and neck white.

Eventually, the smaller male had to pull out from Monroe's cock for breath, allowing Monroe to continue shooting unabated, drenching the headboard, pillows, and wall behind his bed in his excessively virile output. Eventually, after over a minute of uninterrupted release, Monroe's orgasm finally steadied and completed. The lizard and dragon were both left gasping for breath as Monroe's shaft slowly softened, shrinking to a "mere" three feet in length. It remained thicker than his thighs, a size that guaranteed

its incredible width would thereafter be visible to anyone who so much as glanced his way.

The large male eventually collapsed on the bed next to Graker, finding he could only just barely fit on the mattress if he tucked his knees inward towards his nuts and laid on his side. Spooning his cock between himself and Graker, its hefty head resting just beneath his thick pectoral shelf, he wrapped both his meaty arms around the petite dragon. "Merry Christmas, Grakky. I hope you enjoyed the second half of your gift," he murmured affectionately.

"More than you know," Graker groaned in exhaustion. "The cocoa was great, by the way. I think I might even have more of it tomorrow."