

## Venomous Ideas

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for Striker

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Striker collapsed into his dorm bed. His last exam was finished, and with it, his year was finished. Whether he did well or poorly, he was *done*, and that alone was such a relief.

Now, some self-care was in order.

Striker tugged down his shorts and underwear, lifting his firm rear up off the mattress as he wiggled his tail free from the garment. He pushed his clothes down past his knees, releasing his plump balls. A hand darted down to his orbs, cupping them and beginning to massage them as he kicked the shorts down off the foot of his bed. Those nuts felt so heavy and full. It had been over a week since he last emptied them – the snake hadn't planned to go abstinent all week, but with the stress and time crunch of his final exams, he hadn't found a quiet moment where he was in the right state of mind to relieve himself.

Now that his hectic finals week was over, he had all the time in the world. The snake peeled off his shirt, tossing it the way of his shorts before letting out a *big* stretch, sprawling himself out across his mattress. A hand traced down over the yellow scales of his underbelly, feeling the ripples of his powerful abs. He'd also forgone the gym all week and he was looking forward to getting back into his regular routine there.

His fingers danced from one pair of abs down to the next, leisurely strolling lower until his fingertips were at his crotch, slipping into his warm slit. He let out a soft groan as his fingers found his shaft, rubbing so it swelled and started to emerge from his warm depths. He began to stroke its sensitive tip between his thumb and forefingers as he spread his thighs wide, closing his eyes.

The snake bit his lower lip; his venomous fangs dimpled his scales as he focused on the pleasure, pressing down harder. He was just so sensitive today after building up his load all week!

As Striker chewed on his lip, a curious idea struck him. He'd never considered it before, but his pent-up need and the sensation of his fangs pressing against his own scales had him wondering: *how would it feel if I injected my own venom?* His venom was a potent aphrodisiac and he'd injected it into his own partners on several occasions in the past, but it had never struck him to test its effects on himself. Would he be immune, or would he experience its aphrodisiac effects just as others did? He considered the frenzied lust his venom frequently sent his partners into. How had he never tried it on himself before? The idea seemed so obvious now.

The snake's red, serpentine eyes were drawn to his own powerful bicep. A nice, thick vein stretched across its surface – a wonderful site for his little experiment. While one hand continued to stroke his half-erect shaft, his free arm made its way up to his mouth. Was he really going to do this? He pressed his bicep up against his long, sharp teeth and closed his eyes. With a jerk, he sank his fangs into the vein, injecting a full dose of venom into his own bloodstream.

Pulling back, two small red marks marked his arm where he'd just bitten. He licked up the blood, swallowing it down and leaving virtually no trace of the bite he'd just given himself.

As Striker continued to idly stroke his shaft, his mind was elsewhere now. He focused on his own body, paying attention to anything which could be a sign that the venom had begun to work. As the minutes ticked by, he felt no different. Perhaps he was immune to his own venom after all.

Striker focused his attention back on his shaft, which had begun to flag in his distraction. He grabbed his phone to search for some 'inspiration' that might help him reclaim the horny energy he'd lost, and soon enough, he was staring at a dirty picture his lizard friend had sent him a few weeks back.

As Striker admired the picture, his cock pulsed and his asshole twitched in need. Staring at his friend's body, he began to stroke his shaft once more, until soon enough, he was boasting a proud seven inches of pleasantly ridged, reptilian meat. Striker continued stroking, but far sooner than he expected, he already felt like he was teetering on the edge of orgasm! The snake had never been such a quick shot, but something about this picture always got him so turned on – the way that lizard exposed his hefty equipment in a public changing room, the crooked angle of the photograph, implying it was taken so hurriedly... Knowing how shy his friend typically was, Striker shouldn't have been surprised that he had rushed to take a naughty picture in such a public location. It was

probably mere seconds after snapping this pic that his friend was stuffing his thick cock back down into his pants and adjusting his bulge to make it as unobtrusive as possible.

The mere thought of his friend whipping out that thick shaft in public had Striker so turned on. He daydreamed of slipping into the changing room with the lizard for a quickie, helping him empty his heavy balls of their pent-up need and swallowing down every drop to avoid leaving a mess. Striker picked up the pace of his stroking as he fantasised about his friend. He was beginning to pant in lust, moaning audibly as he fucked his hand. But even as he jerked harder and faster, the snake just couldn't seem to push himself over the edge. His body was burning up and he was writhing in his bed, bucking his hips up with every stroke, but no matter how he pushed his body towards release, it felt like his climax stayed just out of reach.

Striker was beginning to moan loudly as he thought of his hung friend spearing him on his thick pole – bending him over in a changing room and claiming him right there in public. The lizard was probably too shy to do such a thing, but if he was horny and needy enough, perhaps Striker could convince him.

The snake's hole was now twitching in desperate need. Perhaps that was the key to how he could finally cum: a bit of anal play. The snake reached over to his nightstand, digging in its drawer for a bottle of lube he kept for such occasions. He generously slathered the stuff over his tail tip, coating every segment of his rattle in the slick stuff as well as several inches beyond that. Setting the bottle aside, he lifted his hips and pressed his tail tip to his hole. Pushing the prehensile appendage against his rear entrance, he found it easy enough for the first segment of his rattle to slip inside. He dropped his phone and grabbed his tail for superior control as he pushed his rattle in deeper. It began to push up against his internal love button, sending sparks of pleasure through his body. The snake had entirely stopped stroking his shaft, but it still throbbed and drooled desperately as his knobbed tail pushed against his prostate, sliding in deeper.

Striker was so horny he could barely think. His tail felt so good inside himself! Masturbation had never felt so amazing, and the sensations only grew more intense as he imagined his hung friend shoving something even thicker than a tail inside his hole. He gently pumped his tail in and out, running the ridged segments of his rattle over his prostate again and again while he imagined his shy, hung friend pushing his girthy tip inside of him. As soon as the head slipped in, the cute lizard would probably pause and ask if it felt okay before going any further. Such a shy boy, yet so hung... Striker wanted desperately to bottom for the his bashful friend and show him how much of a stud he was.

The snake's shaft was swollen a deep red colour, verging on purple, it was so hard and needy. His hand returned to his cock, beginning to stroke it once more while his other hand reached up to grope his thick pecs, squeezing them lustfully. The snake's cock was burning hot to the touch, feeling bigger and needier than ever before. If he got much harder, it felt like his shaft could burst!

Finally, Striker felt like he was making progress towards cumming. As he tail-fucked himself and fantasised about being dominated by his friend, stroking away needily, he felt his balls tensing up slightly in their sac, the first hints that they may be ready to empty soon. How could he be so needy, yet find it so hard to cum?

The venom! No wonder he felt like he was burning up! And no wonder he found himself with an insatiable need to be fucked and dominated by his studly friend. Here he was, moaning like a bitch in heat, fucking his own hole and stroking himself like a lust-crazed beast, and he had only himself to blame. If this is how it felt to be on his aphrodisiac, it was no wonder it had such a potent effect on the guys he'd bitten.

The snake's thoughts wandered back to his friend. Maybe the key to helping the lizard overcome his shyness was right here, stored behind his very own fangs. He imagined what a hung stud like that would do once injected with this potent chemical. How roughly would he fuck the snake if he were this desperate? Striker groaned lewdly as he stroked harder. That was enough, the thought of biting and injecting his friend was what pushed him over the edge as he felt the pressure building at the base of his cock.

As Striker bucked his hips into his hand, his cock spurted hard, the first rope hitting the wall behind his pillow. The next splattered across his own face, and he only continued spurting from there, coating his chest, his pillow, and even more of the wall in his virile seed. A week's worth of stress and need, all released in potent, jerking ropes of white-hot lust. Every rope was accompanied by the feeling of his hole clamping down tightly over his own tail, as though it were a cock to milk.

Several seconds later, after what felt like the most intense orgasm of his entire life, Striker felt his seed slowly cooling over his drenched scales. He had absolutely coated his own abs, pecs, neck, and face in his potent release.

He reached over for his phone, wiping its jizz-drenched surface across his sheets before unlocking it. He needed to clean himself up after the mess he'd made, and his sheets could probably use a good washing. But for now, he was done with finals, he was still horny, and there was a particular lizard he wanted to experiment with. Striker opened

his text messages, scrolling down to the right conversation. *Hey, want to hang out tonight? I can swing by your place later this evening,* he typed out. *Send.*