

Day Eleven: Public Sex

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featuring Ouro

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Fans just couldn't stop talking about Ouro's remarkable transformation. The rocker had always been fit, but over the past year, he had simply exploded in size. These days, the serpent's physique looked more like a bodybuilder's than a musician's, and he had taken to performing shirtless – it was simply getting too difficult to find clothes that could keep up with his impressive physique.

Back on the tour bus, the morning before his next show, the rockstar relaxed with his personal trainer, a hulk of a lizard named Monroe. Monroe was every bit as built as Ouro, if not slightly moreso, and between the two huge males, the queen-sized bed nestled at the back of Ouro's bus was almost too small for their combined bulk. With an arm wrapped around his client, bare blue scales against bare brown scales, Monroe spoke.

"I think you're due for another 'treatment' right about now, Ouro. I wouldn't want you to lose a single ounce of mass from that hot bod," the blue-scaled reptile announced, rubbing his obscene bulge with a wry grin.

Ouro's gaze followed the lizard's movements as he rubbed his overstuffed crotch. Still, he hissed, "Dude, there's no way – the groupies are just on the other side of that door, and we're already on our way to the venue!" Despite himself, the musclebound serpent felt his own shaft rising to the occasion, already swelling with arousal; he couldn't deny he loved Monroe's 'treatments' as much as the lizard enjoyed giving them.

“Shh, it’ll be fine. We’ll be quiet and I’ll finish before the bus even stops,” Monroe retorted softly. His hands were already sliding into his shorts, beginning to lower them. As the massive male exposed the first few inches of his semi-hard shaft, Ouro bit his lower lip. He couldn’t help but admire that overgrown cock. Though it was still mostly soft, it easily outclassed the next-biggest he’d had, a realisation that made his heart race and his hole quiver. Somehow, despite the danger of the situation, Ouro knew he’d be bent over for the lizard before long.

“...Alright, fine,” the musician begrudgingly agreed in hushed tones. “But you’ve got to be quick! I’m *not* going to come on stage late just because those huge nuts of yours got impatient.”

Monroe chuckled in satisfaction. He tugged his shorts the rest of the way down, allowing his basketball-sized nuts to rest heavily on the bedsheets. “You know the drill,” he purred as he rose to his knees and turned to face Ouro. “On your hands and knees, tail up. The pillow’s there if you need to bite it,” he said cockily.

“Fuck, you’d think I’d be used to that girth by now,” Ouro whispered as got down on all fours and turned back to eye Monroe’s monster. Despite those words, he was clearly eager. His shaft may not have matched Monroe’s for size, but it was at least an equal for eagerness. The snake’s nine-inch shaft pulsed eagerly, its tip bobbing against his middle row of abs as a thin strand of precum dripped from its throbbing head.

“Just the sight I like to see,” the lizard cooed as Ouro lifted his tail to expose his muscular glutes and tight pucker. Grabbing a bottle of lube from the nearby nightstand, the lizard drizzled the stuff liberally over all two feet of his tree trunk-like shaft. He pressed the swollen, melon-sized head of his shaft against Ouro’s rear while he grabbed the snake’s tail.

Beginning to push in, Monroe let out a soft groan of satisfaction as his immense head slowly spread Ouro wider than any other male could. The celebrity musician gritted his teeth at first to keep from crying out, but he soon had to stuff a pillow in his maw to keep from moaning aloud. It was always difficult to take that monster

at first. Soon enough, though, Monroe had pushed deep enough to reach the beefy snake's prostate. A muffled moan escaped his throat as his cock drooled an impressive glob of pre-seed.

"That's right, moan for me," Monroe rumbled softly as he laid a hand on Ouro's back, dominantly pushing the snake down into the bed. He kept pressing forward, sinking deeper and deeper with every rock of his hips. The rest of his head pushed in with a pop, and he kept pressing in, eager to hilt inside the muscular snake. Monroe's tail was swishing eagerly by this point, and before long, his massive nuts were bumping against Ouro's generously-muscled thighs. Wrapping an arm around the snake, Monroe reached down to feel the bulge of his monstrous breeder distending the Herculean snake's densely-packed abs. Rubbing over Ouro's bulging stomach, Monroe couldn't help but swell with pride; he was almost certainly the only man who could bulge this beefy snake's belly anywhere near this much. With a satisfied huff, the lizard began to pull out, withdrawing all but his fat cock head before he slammed his entire length back in.

"Mmmhhh!" Ouro cried into the pillow, the sound drowning out the heavy slap of Monroe's nuts against his hamstrings. Ouro couldn't help himself. The sensations were just too intense – they always were whenever he let Monroe breed him.

"Better quiet down," Monroe whispered teasingly. "You wouldn't want the groupies to find out their beefcake star is actually a bottom, would you?" he growled. To punctuate his threat, the better-hung reptile slammed his monster back into Ouro.

The snake managed to suppress his groan this time, letting out only a quiet, muffled whimper into the pillow. He was certain he was biting into the pillow hard enough to tear a hole into it by this point, but that didn't matter; as long as he could keep quiet, he was satisfied. As Monroe began to build up a rhythm of long, hard thrusts, Ouro managed to suppress all but the smallest of squeaks and the quietest of moans. Still, he loved every moment of it. Ouro's cock was drooling a near-constant stream of precum by this point, and he curled his long, serpentine tail around the lizard as though begging him to stay hilted deep inside.

Things seemed to be going quite well for the serpent, at least until he felt the bus slowly rolling to a stop. The rumble of the engine cut off suddenly. Spitting the ruined pillow out, he spoke. "Fuck – unh – you've got to pull out, Monroe," the beefy snake commanded his trainer as he heard footsteps approaching their room.

The bigger male was having none of it, though. Seemingly unconcerned, he kept thrusting away. "Fuck, I'm close," the huge lizard breathed as he began to pick up the pace.

A loud knock sounded through the room as someone pounded on the door. "Ouro? Time to get out, we've gotta head in and set up the stage," a familiar voice announced – Ouro's manager!

"Uh, just a – mmh – second!" Ouro called out, trying his best to sound natural. As soon as he finished speaking, he bit right back down on the pillow. It was the only way to keep quiet. Monroe continued pounding into the snake. His tempo kept increasing as he edged towards climax, and Ouro was certain he couldn't say another word without crying out.

"C'mon, we haven't got all day," the voice announced as the bedroom door handle rattled. He was trying to open the door! Fortunately for the two rutting males, the door was locked – at least for the time being. What a sight the snake's manager would have seen if he came in – Monroe's beefy ass thrusting into Ouro, doggy style, those massive nuts visible between his thighs, swinging with every thrust.

Fortunately for Ouro, Monroe didn't need much longer. Within seconds, he was gritting his teeth and squeezing his eyes shut tight as his balls clenched tight in their sac. The lizard pushed all two feet of his thick shaft into Ouro while he pumped rope after rope of cum deep inside the snake. With that monster throbbing deep inside him, Ouro used every ounce of willpower he possessed not to groan aloud as he came hands-free, spurting his own thick load across the sheets. He felt the familiar sensation of his belly swelling outward with the sheer volume of spunk his trainer was depositing deep inside him.

Half a minute later, Monroe was slowly pulling his softening shaft from the snake's well-used rear. Wiping the excess cum from his fat cock, he crammed his enormous package back into his shorts while Ouro slowly regained his breath and pulled his underwear and jeans back on.

While Monroe began to strip the sheets off the bed, Ouro strode over to the door. He hoped against hope that his manager wouldn't notice the heavy scent of sex lingering in the air, or the way his belly distended a few inches from the sheer quantity of cum sloshing in his belly. Unlocking and opening the door, the shirtless snake murmured, "Sorry, Sir, I guess the, uh, door's lock was, um, stuck..."

The tiger who served as Ouro's manager rolled his eyes with an exasperated sigh. It was abundantly obvious what the two men had been up to. "Whatever. Just clean yourself up and get in there in 15 minutes," he ordered as he turned on heel.

Ouro nodded sheepishly. He was busted. As he shut the door and focused on readying himself, he couldn't help but flex a huge bicep. Watching the mountain rise, he barely needed to lean over to kiss it. He was embarrassed to have been caught right after bottoming for the huge lizard, but it was worth it in the end – if only for this rocking body.