

## Day Fifteen: Size/Attribute Theft

by Monroe Lehner

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/monroethelizard/>

featuring Drathius Sabre

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/drathiussabre>

---

*Littered across the world, scattered between the continents, few artefacts remain from the time of the Great Ones. Difficult as they may be to find, these relics are harder still to identify. Yet when wielded properly, they may grant their bearers unfathomable power.*

*Today, tales of the Great Ones and their ancient technologies exist only in remote, forgotten legends. Their lost curios are activated most frequently by chance and happenstance. One could go an entire lifetime without encountering the strange and blasphemous powers these devices wield. Yet today, we observe the unbalancing effects that may only be attributed to the Locket of Transferal.*

With a self-assured grin, Monroe spoke. "Well, what's the verdict? How big is it?"

Releasing his tape measure from the lizard's flexing bicep, the awe in Drathius's voice was palpable. "16 inches," he announced.

"And how big were your arms?" the lizard asked his friend, though he already knew the answer.

"15 and a half inches," the dimetrodon replied as his heart began to race. Despite his four-inch height advantage over the lizard, he had been outclassed fair and square, and he knew it as well as Monroe did.

“I told you I’d overtake you by the end of the year!” the blue-scaled lizard happily reminded his friend. And if I remember correctly, your exact words were, ‘The day that happens, I’ll spend all day worshipping your superior body’. Well, that day has come, Drath. It’s time to pay the piper for bragging so much.”

“C’mon, at least wait until we’re back home. It doesn’t have to be in public,” Drathius lamented. The dimetrodon was eager to make good on his word – the growing tent at the front of his gym shorts was evidence enough of that – but he had an image to maintain, at least around the gym.

“Fine, fine,” Monroe agreed as he turned to his locker. “Then let’s hurry on home. You’ve got a lot of ground to cover, ‘big guy’.”

If Drathius’s cheeks weren’t already red, he certainly would have been blushing from the continued teasing. He had a sneaking suspicion this was far from the last jab he’d hear from Monroe, but somehow, he didn’t mind. A large part of him was growing increasingly eager to explore and worship his lizard roommate’s muscular body. Dressing quickly, Drathius slung his bag over his shoulder and before long, the dinosaur was driving home with his good friend seated next to him.

As soon as they’d dropped off their belongings, Monroe was ushering Drathius into his room. “Now,” the lizard cooed, shrugging off his jacket. “I think it’s time we do this, and do it right. I want you to take my shirt off, and worship every inch of my upper body,” he instructed the taller reptile. Hidden beneath Monroe’s shirt, Drath failed to notice the eerie red glow that had overtaken the unassuming gold pendant Monroe wore. The glow mostly faded as its owner finished speaking, but it continued to faintly pulse in time with its owner’s heartbeat.

The dinosaur walked over to his roommate, slipping both hands beneath his shirt. “Mmm... Those rock-hard abs are so nice,” he complimented as he began to lift the cloth. “Much firmer and stronger than mine.” Letting his hands roam to Monroe’s sides, he felt the flare of those defined lats while he continued pulling the shirt up. “So broad and manly, too. You’re *definitely* the stronger man,” he growled appreciatively. “Wouldn’t be surprised if you weighed more than me too, by this

point.” As the lizard lifted his arms, Drath exposed his powerful blue chest. He pulled the shirt up over Monroe’s head, just in time for the lizard to lower his arms, showing off the overhang of his dense, meaty pecs. “Damn, your chest’s looking fantastic too,” the dinosaur complimented as he reached forward to feel the thick slabs of muscle. Tiny jolts of electricity seemed to flow from that brawny chest into his fingertips as he brushed across the thick, striated muscle.

As the lizard stood in naught but his jeans and favourite necklace, Drath couldn’t help but let out a whistle. Somehow, Monroe looked even better, even beefier than he did at the gym, right after their workout! “Fuck, man, I think you must have me beat in every single muscle group,” he murmured as he reached out to feel the rounded swells of Monroe’s deltoids. The lizard may have been a bit shorter than him, but he was *certainly* broader at the shoulders.

“That’s right,” Monroe huffed appreciatively. “We only bet on biceps, but in just a few months, I was able to beat you in all the major muscle groups,” he agreed.

Drathius was incredibly turned on by this point, and the longer he stared at his roommate, the more he found to enjoy. How had he never noticed that Monroe’s teeth were so sharp, so jagged, so... predatory looking? They looked like they could give his own pearly whites a run for their money, in both size and sharpness.

“C’mon, let’s compare downstairs,” Monroe instructed. “Strip down, then it’s time to pull these jeans off me.”

The dimetrodon happily obeyed, first tugging off his shirt to expose a less impressive, yet still pleasingly muscular torso. Then he tugged off his pants and underwear in one smooth motion, exposing his eight-inch, drooling shaft in all its glory.

Drathius focused his attentions back on Monroe. He first unbuttoned the lizard’s jeans, then slowly unzipped them. As he began to tug them down, he encountered some resistance almost immediately. “Might want to go a size bigger, dude. These are way too small for your quads.”

Monroe grinned wide at that. "Guess I have been posting some serious gains down there lately, huh?" he boasted as the dino just managed to pull them down past his thickly-muscled thighs. The lizard was left clad in just a pair of red boxer-briefs that did little to hide the heft of his impressive endowment.

"I know you love showing off in tight underwear, Monroe, but seriously—how do you manage to fit into these things?" Drathius asked, ogling the lizard's drool-worthy bulge. His underwear looked painted on, woefully inadequate for his beefy ass and porn star-sized package. The dino slowly peeled the waistband down, exposing the first fat inches of Monroe's obscenely thick cock. He had seen Monroe's cock several times before, but he never remembered it being quite so huge and meaty, nor did he recall it being so *vascular*. A fat vein snaked along its top, giving it a swole appearance to match the rest of the lizard's jacked physique. Dangling heavily below, two nuts bigger than Drath's fists took up every inch of available space between the lizard's thighs.

"You sure this thing is 11 inches, Monroe? I'm eight, and it looks like you've got *way* more than three inches on me," Drath noted.

As the lizard looked down at his shaft, he had to agree. Drathius had a respectable enough cock, but it looked like it was barely half Monroe's length, and it fell even further behind in the girth department. "Why don't you measure and find out?" the lizard suggested. "Tape measure's in the bedside table."

Drathius grabbed the measuring device and returned to Monroe. The studly lizard was already steadying his immense tool, and Drath couldn't help but notice how large his claws were. Each digit was capped by a razor-sharp protrusion that seemed ideally suited for tearing through flesh. The lizard seemed bigger, stronger, and more predatory with every observation Drath made!

Unfurling the length of the tape measure, Drathius counted the tick marks along that overly large rod. The verdict surprised Monroe just as much as it did Drathius: "14 inches," the dimetrodon announced with shock.

“Fuck, that’s huge,” Monroe breathed as his cock throbbed. It seemed eager to extend further, throbbing visibly in time with the lizard’s heartbeat. With each pulse, it threatened to extend another millimetre and break its previous record. Looking up at Monroe, Drathius saw something that couldn’t have been – his roommate was the same height as him! He should have been the taller one, but somehow, inexplicably, the two males were the same height. Not only that, but Monroe’s build seemed somehow even greater than before – while his own muscles, firm as they were, had all shrunk inward. He glanced down at his shaft. There was no way it was its usual eight-inch size. More likely, it must have been seven inches if it was barely half Monroe’s 14-inch length. The only explanation that made sense was that he was steadily losing mass while his friend only seemed to grow larger.

“I guess it has grown,” Monroe murmured as he stroked his fat cock, sliding the foreskin up over its head. “What do you think of the new size? I think it looks good on me,” he goaded his friend.

“Fuck, it’s beautiful,” Drath replied as he tossed the tape measure away. Dropping to his knees, he leaned forward to kiss the orange-sized head of that massive shaft. He licked the precum that had smeared over his lips, happy to swallow it down. “Next to this monster, other men’s cocks are pitiful. You’re a lizard, but you easily outclass all the dragons and dinosaurs in the world. You are truly the peak of masculinity, a god deserving of others’ worship,” he cooed, lavishing kisses and licks upon that throbbing spire between compliments. As he spoke, Drathius felt a subtle tingling in his sail, the red fins running from the back of his head down to his tail. Unbeknownst to the dimetrodon, he was ceding not just his muscles, height, and cock size to his roommate; he was losing his very nature to Monroe, giving up all the traits that made him a dinosaur.

Closing his eyes, Monroe let out a rumbling purr of satisfaction. He felt huge, he felt powerful, he felt godly. His jaw lengthened as new teeth sprouted, while his huge, reptilian incisors began to jut out beyond his lower lip, giving him a fearsome appearance with his teeth constantly exposed. The increasingly

dinosaur-like reptile laid a hand on the back of his strangely slender roommate's head, encouraging him to keep worshipping.

"Now, Drath, give these balls the attention they deserve," he ordered; even his voice was deeper than before.

"Yes, Sir," the reduced dimetrodon agreed without hesitation. It seemed that his friend was sapping away not only his size and dino-like qualities, but his desire to dominate as well. Pressing in close, Drath inhaled Monroe's potent, pheromone-heavy musk. Even Monroe's natural odour was far stronger than it had been this morning, as the dino gave up even his pheromones to his huge roommate.

Beginning to drag his tongue over those massive nuts, Drath was surprised to note the transfer of mass had seemingly sped up. He could actually feel Monroe's balls expanding, growing larger and more virile in his palms with every lick while his own nuts receded, losing weight and fertility each time he dragged his tongue across those massive nuts. Where they had been cantaloupe-sized before, within minutes, they were looking closer to honeydew melons or bowling balls in size – far too large for Drath to cup, even using both his hands.

Monroe continually adjusted his stance as he grew, and Drath felt the steady trickle of precum increasing in volume as the former-lizard's virility increased tenfold. Pretty soon, Monroe was leaking like a broken faucet, dripping a constant stream of precum over Drath's back. His cock was over two feet long, and that length meant his incredible flow of precum was drenching the smaller scalie's lower back and rear in his slick, natural lubricant. Still, the dino continued to worship Monroe's ever-more-fertile nuts; after all, his new god had not yet given him permission to stop.

Finally, after several more minutes of ball worship, Monroe commanded Drathius to release those overgrown balls. Each one was just over a full foot wide, brimming with untold quantities of sperm. Above, Monroe's cock was rapidly approaching three feet in length and a full foot in width.

Glancing down at his own equipment, Drath saw that he had dwindled further. Long gone were the days where the dinosaur could claim to be above average in size. He had dwindled from eight inches down to four inches, along with a corresponding loss in fertility. Where he had sported baseball-sized nuts before, his balls were now barely the size of golf balls. Still, the diminished equipment didn't look terribly out of place in comparison to the rest of his body. He had been 6'6" at the start of the day, but now he barely crested the 4'6" mark. Glancing around, the entire room looked far larger – to say nothing of his "little" roommate!

Drath's breath caught in his throat as he looked up at Monroe. Drath wasn't even tall enough to stand at eye-level with Monroe's lowest pair of abs anymore. That would have put the hulking reptile at an immense nine feet tall! The thought scared Drath as much as it excited him.

"Fuck, you're huge," Drathius breathed as he laid both hands on Monroe's immense shaft. Even his voice was higher-pitched. Worshipping that mammoth cock, Drath felt like a kobold next to a dragon. Even his sail, the distinctive spines that protruded from his back, had shrunk down to diminutive proportions. He barely qualified as a dragon, and somehow, he knew he wasn't done shrinking. He still had more to give.

As Drath stroked Monroe's cock, sliding its thick foreskin up and down over the huge head, he gazed into the large, drooling urethra of that monster. "Sir, may I kiss it?" he asked deferentially.

"Please do, little slave," the massive reptile encouraged his friend. Monroe was dangerously close to banging his head into the ceiling of his room, so he took a seat on the bed – besides, this position had a couple additional benefits. First, it made his cock easier for Drath to reach. Second, it allowed the reptile's huge nuts to rest solidly on the carpet. By this point, Monroe's junk had to weigh nearly as much as Drath himself did. For the moment, it was a relief to be free from the immense weight of his hypertrophied nuts.

Drath grabbed that shaft between both hands. Its head was larger than his own! Pressing his lips against the massive shaft, he eagerly swallowed every drop of precum he could manage. He slipped his tongue in, thinking only of how fortunate he was for the mere opportunity to worship such a perfect, beautiful shaft. As Drath made out with Monroe's cock, he gradually grew aware that the size transfer had resumed. What had initially felt like a messy kiss with a particularly drooly partner was beginning to feel more akin to kissing a huge beast, several times his own size. And that was just Monroe's cock!

Drathius had to work harder and harder to stroke and massage that cock as it grew and he shrank. His muscles receded, giving him a slimmer appearance more befitting his new, submissive station in life. His cock and balls shrank further, going from below average to absolutely tiny – a pitiful inch and a half desperately throbbing at his crotch, nestled above balls the size of marbles that were pulled tight to his crotch. The former dimetrodon had lost the last of his dinosaur-esque qualities too: his claws were blunt and small, barely protruding past his fingertips; his fin was entirely gone, leaving him with naught but smooth scales running down his back; and his most fearsome qualities, his heavy muscles and razor-sharp teeth, had left as well. The slender little reptile would never again be mistaken for a dinosaur, he was certain.

Monroe had only continued to flourish where Drath had sunk and shrank. The newly-minted Tyrannosaurus rex boasted a full four feet of overgrown dino cock, together with hyper-productive balls that could all but guarantee fertilisation with his precum alone. Each testicle was larger than most pumpkins Drathius had seen! The superior reptile's body was lousy with muscles, boasting the thickest pecs and bulgiest biceps Drath had ever witnessed. It was difficult to tell while Monroe was seated, but he must have been around 12 feet tall at this point, by Drath's best estimate.

The little kobold yelped in surprise as his feet left the ground, and Monroe lifted him up to eye level. "So, little guy..." the dinosaur rumbled. Even the deep bass of his voice made Drathius want to submit, to worship every inch of his body and tell him how superior he was to every other male.



“Just what shall I do with you at this little size?” the massive reptile pondered aloud. Drath had several ideas immediately pour into his head, but it was not his place to speak. He deferred to the larger male’s wisdom as Monroe pondered his options.

“Maybe I should eat you,” Monroe suggested with a wicked grin. He opened his maw, exposing the deep ridges on the cavernous roof of his mouth and the dozens of serrated teeth he now possessed. Thick strands of drool dripped from his teeth and maw, and Drath couldn’t help but think, *Even his drool is thicker than my cum now*. His cock throbbed eagerly, though it did not leak a single drop of precum. He simply couldn’t produce any at his size.

As Monroe teased Drathius, the kobold-esque lizard did not protest. He could easily have fit down Monroe’s throat, given his diminutive two-and-a-half foot height. If anything, the idea of making a nice meal for his god seemed to excite the little guy further. Monroe eventually closed his maw, though. “No, I think you’ll do much better as a servant. You will be the first worshipper of many,” he growled as he sat Drath down on his pulsating shaft.

“Sir, it would be an honour,” Drath agreed with a nod. “If that is your choice, I shall be the best servant a man of your stature could ever ask for.” Though even as he achieved new milestones of subservience, Drath shrank no further. He had given all he could, and Monroe’s locket was already searching for a new target to drain.

“Very well,” Monroe rumbled. “In that case, we shall rest together tonight. Your first task in the morning will be to bring me suitable new worshippers.” Drath could only nod as his heart fluttered with joy. It would be his pleasure to serve.

*As is often the case, this was not the end of our story, but the beginning. Though the Locket of Transferral remained in Monroe’s possession for years to come, and the lizard drained and converted countless worshippers, no servants gave as much size nor as many traits as Drathius had on that first day. Nonetheless, the profound effects of such a powerful artefact would reverberate for years to come.*