

Day Nine: Urethral Sounding

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“...a wizard's castle?”

Snitt squeezed his eyes tight. His head was throbbing. He moved to massage his aching temples, but the shackles about his wrists quickly dashed that plan.

“Did you really think it wise to infiltrate a wizard's castle?” his captor repeated.

“Wuh... Hah...” Snitt mumbled, grasping for a coherent string of words. Memories came flooding back: his band of thieves; rumours of a powerful, yet reclusive wizard who'd set up shop in the nearby mountains; the guild's elaborate plan to pilfer the wizard's potions and sell them on the black market.

“Where are the others?” the crimson kobold snarled, testing his restraints. The three-foot-tall male's quickly found his ankles were bound as securely as his wrists, and even his tail was strapped tightly to the wooden table on which he laid.

“They escaped,” the wizard assured his prisoner. “Mind, with none of my potions – they all left empty-handed.”

Snitt began to growl. As he turned to view the other male, though, his voice caught in his throat and the few choice insults that had been brewing in his thoughts withered away. He was struck by the impressive hue of the dragon's scales. Though most of his slender form was encased in a robe, the iridescent lavender scales exposed at his neck and face gave the wizard an eerie, yet alluring quality.

“But you, my captive, you had two of my potions on your person,” he explained as he withdrew two vials from his robe. “Luck would have it, I've been looking for a

suitable test subject for these. Since you wanted them badly enough to steal them from my collection, I shall treat that as a brave act of volunteerism.”

Snitt vigorously shook his head. He didn't know what any of this man's potions could do, but if there was one thing he was sure of, he didn't want to find out. “No, no, I'm just a simple thief! Let me go, and I swear I'll never return,” he promised.

“Now, no need to be that way,” the wizard cooed as he cupped Snitt's jaw with a clawed hand. Gingerly stroking the smaller male's chin, he spoke. “I can assure you with my utmost confidence as a sorcerer and alchemist, we will both find this to be a... mutually beneficial experience.”

As Snitt shook his head free from the stranger's touch, he caught sight of an impressive bulge growing in the dragon's robes. A draconic shaft was growing, pressing harder and harder against the thick brown fabric with each passing second. He gulped. Just what did this man have in mind for him?

Turning to his work bench, the wizard set one vial in a rack for safekeeping while he brandished the other. “Now, this won't hurt a bit. In fact, if I had to guess, I imagine it'd be quite pleasurable,” he explained as he approached the nude kobold. Laying a dainty hand on the kobold's abdomen, he pressed the rounded bottom of the vial against Snitt's genital slit, rubbing up and down along that entrance to tease the smaller male. Then he spread the slit open with one hand, turning the vial on end with the other to empty its contents into the kobold's most sensitive region.

What followed was an impressive tingling that only grew with intensity. Snitt felt his cock throbbing harder with each heartbeat. He couldn't quite see what was happening, thanks to his restraints and the wizard's presence at his midsection. But the dragon had not lied; before long, even Snitt's internal testes were thrumming in harmonious bliss with the rest of his package. But strange new sensations were blossoming alongside the tingles in his nethers. He couldn't quite explain it, but his slit felt... different, somehow – almost swollen, but *not*. His testes were extraordinarily sensitive by this point, pulsing hard against his taint.

Pushing through the pleasurable haze of sensations, the rational part of Snitt's mind demanded an answer. "Whu... What are you doing to me?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing you'd object to, I'm sure. In fact, the transformation is occurring far quicker than anticipated," the dragon explained as he stared intently at Snitt's crotch; his explanation raised more questions than it answered.

"I think it's about time to grab that other vial while I let you get used to your new body," he said as he turned on heel. Busying himself with the other vial, his long, purple tail swished to and fro in visible excitement.

Snitt, however, was far more preoccupied with his own predicament. Finally, with the wizard gone, he could see his own crotch down beyond the gentle curves of his slender abdomen. What he saw made him gasp audibly: nestled between his thighs, there was no longer a slit, but a markedly equine sheath! Reddish brown in hue, it was the same colour as the brand new sac that took up every inch of available space between the kobold's scaled thighs. Snitt's plump orbs were undoubtedly larger and more sensitive than his internal testes had been; his huge organs tingled pleasantly, even just resting on the wooden table as they were.

Just admiring his newfound horse cock, Snitt felt the organ beginning to grow and rise. Far quicker than it ever rose before, the tip of his shaft was poking out of his sheath; with each throb, it rose further, quickly exceeding his previous erect length. Before long, Snitt boasted a shaft that would've been impressive on a man six feet in stature, let alone a three-foot kobold. Angrily throbbing and drooling precum, it was long enough he swore he could have hugged it close to his chest and licked its tip without much effort at all, if not for the shackles binding his wrists. It must have been a full foot in length!

Snitt had always been happy enough with his endowment, but this? This was a mass beyond his wildest dreams. He was so aroused, admiring his newfound physiology, that even the flare of his swollen equine shaft was beginning to swell up. It was only when he caught sight of his draconic captor in the periphery of his

vision that he snapped out of his self-admiration. How long had he been ogling his own pulsing manhood?

"I'm glad you seem to like the changes," the dragon cooed, tracing a finger up the underside of Snitt's cock. Such pleasure! The kobold shivered and bucked his hips, tugging against his shackles.

"That one is permanent. This next potion is temporary. We'll see how you like this change," the wizard explained as he lifted the second vial up to the yawning, drooling slit of the kobold's urethra. Snitt was treated to a further, more unusual sensation as the wizard poured the slimy, cool liquid down his shaft. The effects of this potion were less pronounced, and for a moment, Snitt was unsure what had changed. The dragon had mentioned some kind of a temporary effect, but despite how he strained his senses, the kobold couldn't detect even the slightest change.

"Not sure what's changed?" the dragon asked, studying the puzzled expression written across Snitt's features. "That's quite alright. You'll find out soon enough." The dragon turned tail, striding back to his desk. Opening a drawer, he retrieved a set of brilliant blue anal beads.

"Now, I'm sure you could take these right away in your current state, but let's work up to that, hmmm?" he crooned with a smirk. The dragon repeated the same gesture from before, running a teasing finger along the bottom of that impressive shaft. This time, however, he stopped at Snitt's flared-out tip. The dragon collected a generous glob of precum on his digit before pressing its clawed tip against the entrance to Snitt's newfound pride.

Sliding the finger in, the wizard was pleasantly surprised by how easily it slipped down that shaft. He was rewarded by a gasp, followed by a long, breathy moan of utter bliss. Snitt had never experienced such sensations! While he was not a virgin – far from it, in fact – he had always been the one pushing his cock into tight holes. He'd never considered that one day, his own shaft might be on the receiving end of such treatment.

Before long, the dragon had worked his finger in to its deepest knuckle. As he pumped the digit in and out, he admired his own handiwork. Snitt's eyes were shut tight. He was tugging and pulling on his restraints as he moaned in utter ecstasy, enjoying his newfound sensitivity and the unfamiliar sensations assaulting the most sensitive, interior flesh of his girthy cock. Withdrawing his finger, the dragon added a second digit and found it slipped in as easily as the first.

As the wizard pumped his fingers in and out of the kobold's augmented shaft, the bulge of those fingers undulated with each pump he gave, their bulging outline offering an hint of the stretching stimulation they offered the kobold's most sensitive canal. After several minutes of fingering the kobold's urethra, the dragon finally pulled his fingers free; they were absolutely drenched in the productive 'bold's pre-seed.

"If you haven't figured it out already, that second potion increased your... shall we say, your stretchiness," the dragon offered in explanation. If Snitt heard, he didn't seem to care. He merely continued panting and groaning, the only audible word being a weak call for "More..."

"If you insist," the purple dragon said, flashing a toothy grin. He lifted the silicone beads from the table, where they'd laid next to Snitt's sweat-drenched body. Each bead was the size of a walnut, and as the first one pressed against his tip, there was a brief moment where the kobold was certain it could not fit. But slowly, with mounting pressure, the dragon inserted the first bead. The rest followed easily, with each golf ball-sized bead bulging his horse cock out obscenely around its girth. Before long, the kobold's foot-long breeder was on the verge of swallowing up the 10th and final bead on the string.

As the last bead slid in, Snitt knew he couldn't hold back any more. The sensation of being stretched so thoroughly, combined with the bliss of his newly-enhanced assets, all proved too much for the little 'bold. Arching his back and bucking his hips fruitlessly into the air, the throes of orgasm washed over his being. The first rhythmic contractions of his cock forcefully expelled the beads and a torrent of cum followed, as he painted his own body, the table, and even his enrobed captor

in cups upon cups of virile kobold jizz. The dragon cupped Snitt's nuts appreciatively as they emptied their cargo all over his workshop, even going so far as to gently rub their warm surface in hopes of coaxing further output from them.

Finally, as the kobold's climax drew to a close, his powerful spurts of cum slowed to a steady dribble. He tried to recover his breath as his sperm slowly cooled and his flared cock began to droop under its own heavy weight.

"Fuck... S-Sorry about that," Snitt bashfully muttered as he appraised the enormity of the mess he'd made. Judging from the drenched front of the wizard's robes, though, he must have climaxed as well at some point.

"Nonsense," the wizard replied between deep breaths as he regained control of himself. "It'll be a cinch to clean." He leaned against the table, surveying the damage. "A few scouring invocations and the place will be good as new."

The thick silence that followed was punctuated only by the breathing of the two exhausted males. Snitt listened to his own racing heartbeat settle back to its natural rhythm, and several times thought of asking to be released. But his own status as prisoner weighed heavily on his mind, and he thought better of it each time. Eventually, he settled on expressing a simple sentiment.

"I'm glad I got caught."

"I think it worked out quite well," the sorcerer agreed. "But I suppose I never introduced myself. They call me Rydit."

"I'm Snitt," the thief replied. He could easily have lied just then, but found he had little inclination to do so in light of the intense pleasures the two had just shared.

"Well, Snitt, we should get you cleaned up," the wizard remarked as he began undoing the kobold's shackles. "And also, next time you want to test one of my potions, just drop me a line. You'll always be welcome here."