

Day Nineteen: Growth

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featuring DarckHumor

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Today's story is my reinterpretation of a [fantastic image sequence](#) Darck drew this summer! Be sure to check out the Darck's artwork and please enjoy the story.

Darck eyed the breeding mount with a devilish glint in his eye. It was huge by any normal standards, a toy seemingly designed for only the largest of feral dragons. Even given his generous stature – this evening, Darck stood an impressive seven feet tall – the anthro dragon was only just tall enough to reach the huge mount. Its top crested nearly at chest-level on the blue dragon, after all. And beyond the issue of actually reaching the toy, there was another matter: the thing was nearly as broad as Darck's own muscular torso!

Despite the apparent obstacles limiting its use, Darck could barely contain his excitement. He laid a blue-scaled hand on the side of the mount as he stepped closer to it. Standing on the very tips of his toes, he just barely managed to line his throbbing, humanoid shaft up with the mount. Then, pushing his tip against the toy's lubricated entrance, he slowly sank in while a satisfied sigh escaped his lips.

The dragon gripped the toy with both hands, beginning to fuck it. With each thrust, his balls slapped against the mount's cushioned entrance, and he began to feel a familiar warmth building up in the very core of his being. Already, his scales were beginning to subtly darken, steadily shifting from their usual slate grey towards a deeper cobalt sort of blue. His claw-tail swayed from side to side, fingers flexing and curling with visible excitement as he built up a rhythm of hard thrusts into the

toy. While the huge male closed his eyes, his arousal mounted and his body began to slowly expand.

With each passing second, Darck had to stretch less to reach the mount. Soon, he was even bending his knees slightly to maintain an appropriate height before the toy. The dragon was growing, but he was not merely growing proportionally larger. His already pleasingly-built physique was packing on mass, veins sprouting up to feed his thick muscles as they exploded with newfound strength. Each thrust saw Darck's shaft push first millimetres, then full inches deeper into the breeding station. The slapping of his nuts grew louder as those heavy orbs packed on additional mass. As the dragon grew disproportionately stronger and better-equipped for breeding, another change was becoming rapidly apparent: his growth was accelerating.

As his arousal forced him to grow, the dragon was only getting more turned on by his own burgeoning size, which in turn made him grow even faster. Before long, Darck looked to be just about the right size for what had been a hopelessly oversized breeding mount. Hunched over the contraption, his thick pecs pressed against the top of the device while he rutted it with wild abandon. Like a beast in heat, he pounded into the mount while his tongue lolled out, drooling from the pleasure. Each thrust brought him first inches, then feet of additional height, and dozens, then hundreds of pounds of newly-developed muscle mass. Before long, it was not his pecs pressed against the top of the mount, but his densely-muscled abdomen. Fearful his powerful thrusts might destabilise the toy, Darck brought his claw-tail around to hold the back of it steady while he pounded into it.

The breeding station was considerably tighter on Darck's shaft by this point. It was, after all, designed for use by a mere feral dragon, not a growing beast of a man like Darck. By this point, his vein-riddled biceps alone were girthier than his torso had been at the start of the evening. His body was drenched in sweat and his lengthening tongue dripped saliva onto those pillow-like pecs that jutted out so far beyond his abs. Try as he might to hold the breeding mount stationary with his claw-tail, it was for naught. He was too huge and too frenzied by this point. The massive dragon lifted the mount, uprooting its foundation with the greatest of

ease. Holding it between his two oversized mitts, he began to fuck it like a cocksleeve, turning the heavy-duty mount into his own personal Fleshlight.

The deep bass of Darck's grunts shook the room as his cock throbbed hard and he finally began to cum. The dragon's load splattered across walls and floor alike, coating every surface in sight as he emptied his achingly full nuts with the ruined mount. The dragon's climax dragged on for minutes as he emptied a load better measured in bathtubs than gallons. At the end, surveying the damage he'd caused and the extent of his thick, goopy white mess, Darck could at least claim that he felt well and truly sated for the first time in a long time. The only remaining question was whether there were any mounts large enough for the next time he grew.