

## Day Thirteen: Musk

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featuring Millennius

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“Mill’s Marvelous Massage Therapy”, read the lovingly hung sign at the front of a cheerful little shop. Beneath, the subtitle was written in elegant, precise script: “Masterful Massages to Relax and Rejuvenate!”.

Millennius, the 5’6” fox-bat who owned this little massage parlour, had just finished slipping into his outfit: a simple black shirt and trousers, perfectly light and airy to allow him the greatest freedom of movement during massages. He had custom-ordered the garb to have holes in the back for his black-and-green wings to slip through, allowing them an unrestricted range of motion. Looking at his reflection, he was pleased with his appearance; from his tousled brown hair to the way his little fangs poked out even when he held his maw shut, and the way his clothes hugged his slim, toned body, he looked as great as he felt today.

It was still a few minutes early before his next appointment, but the fox-bat’s large, sensitive ears perked up with interest. He heard the sound of heavy footfalls approaching his shop, then the familiar jingle of his door swinging open. His client must have arrived early!

The hybrid had begun to speak even before he fully emerged from the back room. “Hello, welcome to Mill’s! Is that Devon?” he asked. As he caught sight of his newest client, Mill felt his heart skip a beat. He’d heard that the man was an athlete, but nothing could have prepared him for the sight before him now.

Taking up a majority of his lobby was the largest man Mill had ever laid eyes on – a boa constrictor who was best described with words like “immense”, “enormous”, and “beefcake”. Clad in a simple T-shirt and jeans that undoubtedly must have been custom-fitted for his tree trunk-like thighs, he turned to face the masseuse.

“Oh, you must be Mill!” his voice boomed. “That’s right, I’m Devon. It’s great to meet you,” he said, extending a huge hand in greeting. As Mill shook hands with the larger male, he was struck by the extent to which the larger male’s palm eclipsed his own. The huge reptile must have been close to 10 feet tall, and Mill didn’t even know where to begin with guessing his weight; just one thickly-muscled bicep was nearly as wide as his shoulders...

As he drew closer to his new client, the fox-bat’s sensitive nose picked up an intriguing odour: a distinctly masculine scent that swirled and surrounded the reptile. Far from unpleasant, the earthy, musky aroma was the push Mill needed to turn on heel and lead his client back to the massage room – if only to hide the growing tightness at the front of his pants.

“Right this way, Sir. Please mind the doorways, I’m afraid they’re a little short for a man your size,” Millennius instructed as he beckoned the boa to follow him. Stepping into the dimly lit, more intimate quarters of the massage room, he delivered his well-rehearsed exposition: “Now, I just thought I’d run through what to expect from a professional massage, in case you’ve never had one before. I’ll step out of the room and give you a chance to undress to your level of comfort. Please lie face-down on the massage table beneath this towel, and I’ll return in a few moments. During the massage, if you feel any significant discomfort or pain, please let me know. Does that all sound alright?”

“Sounds great to me,” the serpent replied with a wide grin. “I can’t wait, some of my muscles have been pretty tight lately,” he murmured as his eyes roamed up and down Mill’s smaller body.

As the fox-bat stepped out of the room, he almost felt like he needed to fan himself off. Stepped into the back room where he stored his lotions and oils, Mill took a

moment to adjust his achingly hard shaft. Though his seven-inch rod was throbbing with desperate, unfulfilled need, he strove to maintain at least a modicum of professionalism, no matter how attractive his clients were.

Satisfied that his arousal was hidden, the hybrid grabbed a bottle of massage oil and returned to the massage room, knocking on the door before entering. There the big guy was, in all his glory: under the soft, warm glow of the room's dim lights, taking up the entire breadth of his massage table with not a single millimetre to spare, the snake laid face-down with his cheek resting atop his clasped hands.

"Wow", Mill mouthed silently. He could have ogled that eye candy all day, but he had a job to do. Setting the bottle of oil down, he approached his client's side, gently resting a hand on his broad lats. "Now, which area would you like me to focus on today?" he asked softly.

"My back and shoulders could use some extra attention," the boa mumbled as he closed his eyes.

Mill nodded and got to work, rubbing his hands over each crevice of the huge male's back. Against such thick, unyielding muscle, this client in particular demanded a bit more force than usual, but before long, the fox-bat had the athlete sighing and groaning in utter bliss. Massaging his client's sore spots and working through the knots, Mill couldn't help but imagine whether these quiet moans and grunts were similar to how the big guy sounded when he climaxed.

As he began to massage the huge male's deltoids, Mill noticed that intense aroma again; it was strongest near the snake's armpits. With the door shut, in the relatively poor ventilation of the massage room, the boa's intense natural musk had been filling for room for over half an hour by this point. Mill was so aroused his head was beginning to swim. He'd never been dizzy with lust before, but he swore he was on the verge of such a feeling as each breath filled his lungs with more of that potently male scent. The fox-bat's little wings drooped in a state of utter contentment. He was in heaven, just spending so long in proximity to this pinnacle of masculinity.

How long had he been huffing his client's earthy, spicy aroma? A second later, the snake turned his head to face Mill. "You know, you could get a deeper whiff if you want," the snake remarked with a grin. "I see how deep you're breathing."

*That* comment was enough to make Mill bolt upright! "Oh! Uh, I'm sorry—" he began, but was quickly cut off.

"C'mon, I know you want it. We're both consenting adults. Why don't you get in there and enjoy yourself a bit?" Devon coaxed the smaller male.

The masseuse was beet red by this point, but he couldn't deny how enticing the offer was. If he hadn't already been rock-hard and leaking, he was certain those words alone could have brought him to a throbbing erection in record time. Slowly at first, he leaned in to that muscular pit. Closer to the source of that musk, Mill admired how the snake's potent, pheromone-laden scent mixed with that of the massage oils in a symphony of pure olfactory bliss. As he inhaled deeply, over and over, he just couldn't get enough of the huge guy's scent. Mill's wings were gently beating in barely-restrained ecstasy as all inhibitions faded away and his lime green tongue slipped out between his sharp fangs. The hybrid began to lick that pit, tasting the sweet, heady aroma for the first time. He slowly dragged his long, green ribbon up along those powerful crevices, worshipping the essence of this huge man. Before long, he was moaning softly, and he felt he might cream himself just from the pleasure of revering such an enticing male.

"Fuck, I had no idea you were so into my scent," the boa constrictor grunted as he slowly sat up. Seated on the edge of the massage table, his head nearly brushed the ceiling. "I've got something else you might like to taste if you're into that," he offered as he gently tugged at the towel draped over his thighs. An enticing outline of something quite large – easily scores bigger than Mill's own shaft – throbbing between Devon's thighs had the bat practically salivating with anticipation.

"It'd be an honour," Mill replied as he repositioned himself to kneel before the larger male.

As the snake pulled his towel off, he revealed his own rock-hard shaft. Obsidian in colour, and bobbing above nuts the size of grapefruits, it looked to be a bit over a foot long – perhaps 14 inches, by Mill's estimation. It had a slight downward curve, as though bowing beneath its own immense weight. *Fitting that a guy this size is big all over*, the masseuse thought to himself with a wry grin.

Wrapping a hand as far around its girth as he could manage, Mill was surprised by just how firm it was. Despite the size disparity, it felt just as hard as his own aching cock, though at this size, groping a shaft this firm felt more akin to holding a fat steel pipe. Mill leaned in to lick the tip first, savouring the taste of the boa's thick, salty precum. He opened his maw wide to accept the fat head of that shaft, eagerly sucking on it while his hands strokes along its length.

Encouraged by Devon's soft, rumbling utterances, the fox-bat began to bob up and down on that cock. As he sank deeper on it, closer to those huge balls, the snake's musk pushed its way into Mill's awareness yet again. Those testosterone-laden nuts were just as potent as the snake's beefy armpits, and the hybrid's eyes fluttered shut as a pleased moan vibrated the cock in his throat. He redoubled his efforts, eager to please the huge male, as his hands made their way to those heavy cum factories. Beginning to heft, massage, and rub those sensitive orbs, he imagined the fertility they boasted, the virile spunk contained within. The fox-bat was soon opening his maw as wide as it could go to sink down to the very base of that thick shaft.

As he bobbed up and down, pleasuring the snake's huge nuts with talented little hands all the while, he was treated to the sound of his client's increasingly pleased exhalations. Those moans grew louder as he curled his beefy tail around the little masseuse – an act that made Mill's wings flutter with delight.

"Mmmhh, fuck, it's coming," Devon warned Mill as his body began to tense up. The fox-bat was ready, and he sank down on that cock all the way to its hilt. As the snake deposited his thick load directly into the smaller male's belly, his powerful abs contracted magnificently. His tail rhythmically squeezed around Mill's

midsection with every quivering throb of his shaft. Orgasm rocked his whole body, and Mill had a front-row seat to all of it. Several seconds later, the snake finally allowed his tail to loosen its coil around the hybrid. As Mill pulled off, strands of saliva connected his lips to the softening beast of a shaft. The fox-bat was still panting in pleasure as he offered a towel for the snake to clean himself up.

“That was great,” Devon complimented dreamily as he wiped his shaft clean. “The massage was first-rate, too. I’d love to make another appointment for next week, if you don’t mind.”

“Not at all,” Mill replied with a grin. Though the masseuse prided himself on his professionalism, Devon had shown himself to be one client Mill wouldn’t mind bending the rules for again. “Give me a call when you’re ready and I can book you in,” he cooed.

As the snake gathered his things and dressed himself, Mill’s attention wandered back to his throbbing erection. Precum had soaked through the thin fabric of his uniform, and he was certain he’d need to take care of himself before preparing the room for his next client. Fortunately, that wouldn’t be for a few more hours. After Devon had left, Mill sat himself down on the massage table and tugged his pants down, beginning to work over his dripping, throbbing erection. The potent aroma of the boa still filled the room, and Mill knew he wasn’t far from climax as he enveloped himself in that scent.

Stroking his lime green shaft, the hybrid couldn’t believe his luck. The boa was such a hunk, and he seemed just as eager to receive some attention as Mill was to give it. And best of all? It would only be a week until Devon’s next appointment.