

Day Twenty-Five: Orgasm Denial

by Monroe Lehner

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

featuring Koorivlf Tycoon

<https://www.koorivlf.com/>

Today's story is inspired by Koorivlf's [Meddling Rings](#) image series! If you like this kind of stuff, please be sure to check out Koor's artwork. It's fantastic.

Two piles of rings sat before Koorivlf. One pile, the much larger of the two, comprised a dishevelled heap of all his unlabelled cock rings – rings of transformation, rings of denial, rings of growth, and more. The other pile was far smaller, but much more neat and orderly; each of the five or so rings had a handwritten label describing the ring's appearance, its effects and their duration, and any other tidbits one might find useful to know about an enchanted cock ring.

The tycoon met his disorganised pile of meddling rings with a glare of utmost suspicion. There was only one way to identify and re-label his rings after such a catastrophic mix-up, and that was with careful, controlled experimentation – experimentation that had led to him spending all last weekend as a 350-pound dragon, fighting an insatiable urge to vore unsuspecting passers-by.

Now, at least, Koorivlf was back in his usual form: a horned tiger-raccoon (or tycoon, as he liked to call himself), standing at 5'11" with a reasonably average build. Spanning the orange and yellow fur across his body, maroon tiger stripes adorned his arms, legs, lower back, and even his slender, feline tail. But it was the stripes encircling his thighs that seemed to naturally draw attention to his generous, baseball-sized nuts hanging in their cream-coloured sac, and the pleasantly thick, uncut shaft above them, hanging six inches long in its flaccid

state. At full arousal, it always grew to nine inches or so – and in fact, it was already beginning to plump up towards that size as he eyed his assortment of cock rings with a mixture of apprehension and growing excitement.

“Well, they’ll never be organised again if I don’t get a move on,” the hybrid grumbled to himself as he picked one seemingly at random. He turned the ring over in his hands, inspecting the glowing blue markings on its purple surface. As usual, each symbol was as inscrutable as the last. With a sigh, he began to slip it over his junk. This ring was a larger one, designed to encircle both the wearer’s testicles and his cock. Slipping one large nut through, then the other, he finally pushed his slightly-chubbed cock through the hole, tugging the ring up until it was flush with his furred crotch.

Instantly, a warmth began to envelop his crotch. Then, there was nothing. Any mounting warmth or tingling stopped. Scratching the back of his head, Koor experimentally hefted his nuts. They were no larger and no heavier than normal. They also didn’t seem particularly sensitive compared to usual. He gave his semi-erect cock a couple experimental strokes. It reacted favourably, pulsing a bit larger, but the growth was no different from usual.

“Now I *know* these rings are all enchanted. But what does this one do?” the tycoon asked himself. Thinking of the momentary flash of warmth that enveloped his junk when he first put the ring on, he could be certain it had *some* effect – just the question was, what could it be?

Just like troubleshooting a computer bug, the hybrid decided to first take the classic “turn it off and on again” approach; removing the ring from his junk, there didn’t seem to be any effect, but as he slipped it back over his cock and balls, they were once again bathed in a momentary warmth.

“Hrmmm... Maybe this is one of those rings that only activates when you orgasm, so perhaps I should try jerking off,” he reasoned as he ran through his mental checklist of possible enchantments for this ring. It was as good a guess as any, so with that, Koorivlf rose to his feet and made his way to his bedroom.

For the full duration of his short journey, Koorivlf couldn't help but notice and appreciate the constant tug the cock ring made on his junk. By the time he was collapsing back in bed, his semi had already grown mostly erect, in no small part thanks to the cock ring he wore. Every little swelling of arousal stayed with him as his cock grew closer and closer to full erection, and the ring ensured that his cock stayed as rigid as possible, never shrinking back towards a flaccid state.

With one hand, Koor began to stroke his cock, while his other hand reached down to fondle his big nuts. The tycoon closed his eyes in pleasure and his maw opened as a soft moan escaped his lips. Too often, lately, he had been filled with a dire urgency to cum and escape whatever ring he wore. It had been far too long since he'd laid back and simply enjoyed the erotic sensations flowing through his body in its usual shape and size.

As he enjoyed the weight of his productive, sensitive nuts, and the throbbing, leaking eagerness of his cock, Koor felt he was approaching the precipice of orgasm far quicker than normal. It had been only minutes since his self-pleasure began, and already, he was emitting little gasps and groans, struggling to stave off his climax for just a few more seconds. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he knew he shouldn't be cumming anywhere near so quickly, but even for all his latent suspicions, he wasn't about to deny himself this release.

Wrapping both hands around his cock, Koorivlf began to buck his hips forward, lifting his ass from the bed as he thrust into his precum-slicked palms. His moans grew in volume and pitch as he reached the edge of climax. Then, right as he should have begun to shoot, he stalled. His cock throbbed hard and his balls clenched up tight in their sac, but nothing came out. Instead, with each throb, that curious warmth returned while his cock swelled a bit larger while his balls grew plumper with unreleased seed.

The feeling was odd, to say the least. It wasn't as though Koor's orgasm was *ruined*. On the contrary, it was almost as pleasurable as a regular orgasm. The only downside was that he felt just as desperate to cum as he had before his dry

orgasm, if not moreso. Most concerningly, Koor's refractory period hadn't kicked in after his climax. The tycoon was still rock hard and drooling precum – at an increased rate, now, thanks to the swelling of his nuts – and it was hard to resist wrapping his hands around his cock to go for another round.

In fact, that's just what he did. Wrapping both hands back around his cock, which had swollen to an impressive 11 inches in length, he began to stroke once more. Occasionally, one hand would roam down to his five-inch-wide, cantaloupe-sized nuts, feeling their fertility and imagining all the cum trapped inside as his cock throbbed in desperate need, leaking a near-constant trickle of precum as its surface grew veiny and hot to the touch. As before, he reached the edge of orgasm astonishingly quickly, and once again, Koor was thrusting into his hands, trying to milk his cock of the cum it so desperately wanted to release.

As might be expected for such a well-endowed man with such huge nuts, Koor's orgasm lasted even longer this time as his swollen, black cock throbbed and pulsed mightily, frantically trying to release all the seed his potent cum factories produced. Predictably, Koor's second orgasm was as fruitless as the first. His cock throbbed more powerfully this time, and its pace of growth accelerated to match. Each throb brought nearly a full inch of new length and corresponding girth to the already-huge tool, while the tycoon's balls expanded even more than before.

This time, Koorivlf couldn't even stop to survey the changes. As his orgasm ended, he never stopped stroking a cock that was now hopelessly disproportionate on his frame. 16 inches long, its constantly-drooling tip reached well above his navel by this point, and it was too girthy to fully encircle, even if he tried using both hands. The tycoon's balls were larger than bowling balls, churning up untold quantities of seed. They were huge and heavy enough that they now rested solidly on the bed between Koor's thighs, refusing to budge even in response to his wild stroking.

"Dammit! Why can't I – unf – just cum? I'm so huge now, these balls are so full..." Koor complained as precum flowed over his hands like a river. The fat log he called a cock was leaking like a broken faucet, precum drenching his belly as he desperately stroked, hoping his next orgasm might be different. This time, it was

barely a minute until he felt the rhythmic contractions begin and his cock began to pulse, hoping that this time it could finally release the pent-up seed it so desperately wanted to unload.

As groans and roars of pleasure filled Koorivlf's bedroom, his cock bucked mightily, shooting ropes of viscous precum as it throbbed and grew once more. The runes on the cock ring began to glow more intensely as the tycoon's abundant pre-seed drenched the ring, his own body, and even his bedsheets in ropes of his clear, natural lube. His cock swelled mightily, beginning to approach sizes which might look more at home on a dragon twice his size. Two full feet in length, it was now thicker than the tycoon's own thighs, and accompanied by a pair of nuts that could reasonably be compared to watermelons.

For all the precum he emptied from his backed-up nuts, Koor was still as frustrated as ever. "Fuck, I just need to cum so badly, then I'll be able to think straight again," he complained through gritted teeth. "Maybe if I try again... wait, no—I've been trying and failing all evening! I need to figure out what this ring does – if I can cum, maybe I can think straight and figure it out..."

The hybrid's productivity was reaching truly excessive levels, and the haze of lust settling over his thoughts made it hard to even think straight. It seemed to Koor like any train of thought was easily derailed as soon as his third leg gave out a needy, desperate throb.

Already beginning to stroke again, somewhere in the deepest recesses of his mind, Koor noticed that after his latest growth spurt, his precum was no longer the clear fluid it should have been. His enormous, melon-sized balls were overproducing so much seed that after repeated denial of release, a bit of the excess cum was even beginning to leak out alongside his precum. The result was that his precum alone was now tinged milky white with all the excess that just needed to escape somehow, endowing his precum alone with greater fertility than most guys' cum.

Still, though, that small trickle of release could never outpace Koorivlf's immensely-augmented production. It was like offering a starving man a small morsel; if anything, his need would grow stronger. Enjoying the slight ease on the pressure in his over-full nuts, Koor was more desperate for release than ever. He stroked himself madly, panting and grunting with unrivalled need, desperate for even momentary salvation from his sexual torture. At least during his dry orgasms, he was granted a momentary reprieve from his overwhelming need while pleasure wracked his body; the only problem was that the need always returned twice as fiercely when his body adjusted to its new, ever-more-virile proportions after being denied the chance to cum once again.

This time, Koor didn't even last a minute until he was throwing his head back into the pillows, thrusting his overgrown cock into both eager hands to try and empty his enormous nuts. The cock ring glowed intensely as it again adjusted to match its owner's ever-larger proportions: a pair of nuts the size of prize-winning pumpkins, and a three-foot cock that was close to rivalling its owner's waist in terms of sheer girth. Somewhere unseen, buried beneath the immense bulk of the tycoon's swelling nuts, a fourth blue tick mark joined the first three that had inscribed themselves on the purple surface of the ring.

Koorivlf had worked himself through four dry orgasms. The Ring of Nine would demand five more climaxes before Koor could finally release the tidal wave of cum building up in his overgrown balls. Only then would the enchanted ring release its wearer and allow his junk to shrink back down to a more manageable size.