

Day Twenty-Three: Underwear/Lingerie

by Monroe Lehner

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featuring Blein

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It was about time for Blein to pick up some new underwear – and bathing suits, for that matter. He had always been particularly well-equipped up front, but since he had begun hitting the gym more seriously, the dragon's increasingly muscular ass meant there was less room overall in his favourite briefs and swimsuits. Things had gotten tight enough that in anything but his roomiest briefs, his plump balls were feeling slightly crushed. Even his favourite, most spacious underwear were beginning to pinch. At least as far as undergarments were concerned, Blein reasoned that he would need an entirely new wardrobe.

So it was on a sunny Saturday afternoon that the beefy, yellow-scaled dragon was parking outside a large department store and walking straight to the men's underwear. Blein had never been to this particular shop before, but he knew which brands tended to have a bit more room in the front and he immediately sought them out. As he compared the items on the rack, though, he had to raise a sceptical brow. Even the largest underwear seemed no roomier than the overly-tight pair he was wearing beneath his jeans. Nonetheless, he grabbed one pair of underwear before heading to the swimwear section.

There, he fared only a bit better: Blein had always enjoyed the skimpy, stretchy sorts of suits that professional swimmers preferred – even if his generous assets would have foiled his swimming career before it even began, with the sheer drag they produced. But as he eyed the store's selection of Speedo-style suits, it was growing increasingly clear to Blein that even elastic compression had its limits.

With a sigh, the dragon grabbed a couple of the largest suits on offer. Even if he wasn't crazy about their patterns, maybe they could at least keep his junk supported and concealed. The muscular male made his way back to the changing room and tossed them onto the bench, turning and shutting the door before pulling his jeans down over his thick quads.

As Blein tried on his first swimsuit, the larger of the two, but its limitations were immediately apparent: the fabric stretched around his thick, yellow tail and it managed to contain his cock, balls, and muscular ass, but only just. The red fabric pulled tightly over his beefy rear and clung to every curve and ridge of his huge package. As he looked in the mirror, every miniscule detail of his package was exposed in sharp relief, from how the fabric lifted those orange-sized nuts of his, even down to more intimate details – even the ridge where his fat cock head began was visible through the thin cloth. He was sure that the suit would tear right open if he showed even the slightest swelling of arousal.

Stripping out of the suit, Blein tried on the briefs he'd selected, but the situation there was even more dire. These briefs were the style with a separate pouch, marketed specifically for better-endowed guys. But clearly, the manufacturers hadn't counted on their customers to be packing quite so much in the front: Blein only just managed to fit one of his testicles into the pouch before it was full to bursting. He'd be better off in the briefs he wore to the store! After several minutes of trying, and failing, to cram his other nut into the pouch, he heard a door open.

As the dragon turned, he began to speak: "Sorry, this room's occu—". Whatever he'd been about to say was lost, though, as he caught sight of the man standing at the entrance to his changing stall. Dressed in an employee uniform that barely concealed his own impressive physique was a blue-and-yellow lizard. As his eyes flitted over the broad male's body, Blein was sure he must have dealt with many of the same clothing problems the dragon did; between his fabric-straining thighs and the huge bulge in his crotch, the lizard seemed similarly muscular to himself, but with an even more obscene package nestled between his thighs. If there was anyone who knew about underwear built for bigger guys, it was this lizard.

Blein caught sight of the employee's name just as he slipped his nametag into the pocket of his shirt: 'Monroe' it said. The big reptile stepped into the changing room, shutting the door behind himself.

"I heard you having some trouble in here and thought I might offer to help," the employee explained, eyeing the dragon's half-concealed package. He subconsciously licked his lips. As Monroe reached up beneath Blein's shirt to pull it up over his head, the dragon felt himself growing harder. It had been far too long since he enjoyed the company of another guy his size. "Although..." the lizard cooed, reaching down to cup Blein's package. "We might have to do something about this 'problem' before you can properly try on some more underwear. Guys like us have enough trouble finding things that fit, even when we're totally soft."

Blein could only nod in agreement as he let the lizard caress his firm body. An involuntary moan escaped his lips as Monroe's free hand found his nipple and began to tweak it. If he wasn't hard before, it was like an electric current had connected his nipples to his dick, because it was only seconds until he was throbbing with immense need. Monroe leaned down to suck and gently nibble on Blein's other nipple while his hands got to work undoing his own pants. They were soon pooled around his ankles, and the hunky lizard was pushing Blein back onto the changing room bench as he grinded his obscene, briefs-clad package against the dragon's throbbing, yellow hard-on.

The dark-red pouch of Monroe's underwear was growing stained with both his own precum and Blein's as he frothed against the dragon with increasing urgency. The lizard leaned in to press his lips against the dragon's and Blein felt the other male's tongue aggressively wrestling with his own, betraying a carnal need that was *at least* a match for his own. He happily allowed the lizard to explore his maw as he reached down to grope and massage the other male's huge bulge.

While Blein teased the other male's shaft through his underwear, encouraging it to grow larger and firmer beneath his expert fingers, he eventually felt the lizard pull away from the kiss. Monroe was tugging his briefs down to expose his own huge package, and Blein was more than happy to enjoy the show.

Exposing a pair of nuts that hung heavily like large grapefruits, the lizard noted Blein's initially shocked expression. He grinned devilishly at his customer.

"Naturally gifted, I guess," he explained with a wink as his half-hard cock flopped down over those twin cum factories. Accompanying his massive orbs was a cock that was particularly girthy, even for its length. In its half-erect state, it was broader even than Blein's own thick pole! A fat vein ran down the dorsal side of the lizard's uncut shaft, giving it an even thicker and meatier appearance as its owner finally stepped out of his underwear.

Monroe resumed his position in Blein's lap, reaching down to stroke his hardening shaft alongside the dragon's. The immense girth of those two shafts combined meant Monroe needed both hands to fully encircle both members, but the lizard didn't seem bothered by the minor setback. He pressed his lips to Blein's once more, kissing the dragon as his cock slowly grew to full erectness.

Blein let his hands slip up beneath Monroe's white polo shirt and roam down across the lizard's muscular back, feeling the ridges and swells of his impressive physique. His hands made their way to the reptile's firm ass as Monroe stroked both cocks together and aggressively kissed him, his manhood growing longer and thicker until he was boasting a rock-hard, drooling erection capped with a head bigger than Blein's own fist.

While Blein massaged and kneaded those powerful glutes, every so often, he felt Monroe's arm-sized cock bump against his pecs, leaving a wet splatter of precum wherever it touched. He was so turned on: the feeling of such a powerful, virile body pressed up against his own, the throbbing of that massive shaft against his own overly large member and the stroking of Monroe's meaty hands... It all had Blein teetering on the edge of climax. Not to mention the exhibitionist thrill of frotting in a public changing room – with an employee on shift, no less!

Before long, Blein was moaning audibly into the kiss. His cock was throbbing and pulsing desperately against his middle row of abs, drooling a now-constant trickle of pre-seed. Monroe began to stroke faster, their shared precum lubricating his

every motion, and within seconds, the dragon was convulsing as his core flexed powerfully, those thick muscles rippling while his cock jerked and shot its thick, creamy load across his own torso and Monroe's polo shirt. Monroe wasn't far behind and he soon pulled away from the kiss, gritting his teeth as his own monster spasmed, drenching the dragon's pecs, neck and face in his own excessive climax. After 30 seconds, both scabies were left panting in the afterglow of their lascivious acts. Monroe's shirt was drenched in thick jizz, while Blein's bare scales were coated in the stuff.

Monroe slowly pulled himself off of the dragon. His fat semi hung down heavily, dangling halfway to his knees, and Blein wasn't sure how he'd manage to fit it all into his underwear. As it turned out, he didn't – the lizard hastily shoved his fat cock down the thigh of his slacks, the hung reptile actually seeming to delight in the obscene bulge it produced.

"I've got a change of clothes in the back," Monroe explained to the surprised dragon. "I'll be back in about 15 minutes with some fresh clothes for both of us to try on . Let me know which ones you like, and I'll put in a special order for you. A stud like you shouldn't have to deal with poorly-fitted clothes."

As Blein nodded, he could scarcely believe his luck. While the lizard slipped out onto the shop floor and the dragon awaited his return, he couldn't help but think to himself: *I think I know where I'll be doing all my shopping from now on.*