

Monroe's Kinktober 2021

Volume Four

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Day Nineteen: Growth

by Monroe Lehner

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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.

Day Twenty: Size Difference (“To the Victor”)

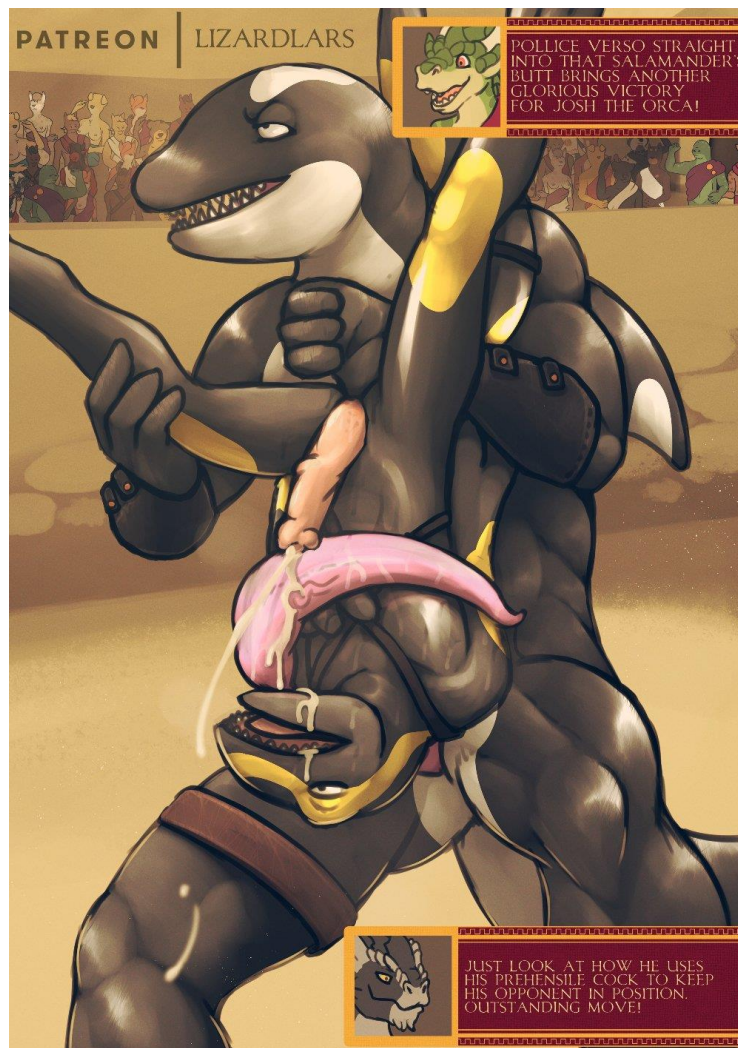
by Monroe Lehner

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featuring Danny and Josh, characters by LizardLars

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This story was written as a crossover with Fucktobre 2021 by LizardLars! Please check out LizardLars’s post [HERE](#).



A voice rang clearly through the Colosseum: "Emerging first, we have Danny! He may be our smallest competitor, but he's certainly among the fiercest."

Before the little black-and-yellow salamander had stepped fully into the arena, the audience was already erupting into applause, raucous whoops and cheers filling the stadium.

"That's right," agreed a second announcer. "You all may remember the 'David versus Goliath' moment when he took down one of our largest athletes, Tony."

The first announcer, Blacky, nodded. "It really was just a 'moment'. I think that may have been our quickest fight to date, Spitey."

"I think you're right," Spitey confirmed. "But he won't have so easy a time today, because our second competitor is Josh!"

On the opposite end of the Colosseum, Danny's competitor emerged. A huge orca strode confidently into the arena, turning and waving to his cheering fans as he walked.

Turning to look at his tiny adversary, Josh couldn't help but crack a confident grin. The two males couldn't have been more different; Josh towered over most men, but standing across from Danny, he seemed absolutely massive. After all, the little salamander stood only at crotch height with the big orca.

"You might think Josh's size gives him an advantage," Blacky explained, "but in the last round, it was thanks to Danny's small size that he was able to run circles around Tony."

Turning to face the black dragon, Spitey nodded. "Aye, but it could also go the other way. If Josh manages to get his hands around Danny, it's all over."

"Well, my green friend, we will know soon enough! Let the fight begin!" Blacky announced to the crowd's delight.

At first, both combatants seemed reluctant to make the first move. Josh stood with knees slightly bent, poised to make a move, while Danny hopped from foot to foot, searching for an opening in Josh's position.

Eventually, it was Danny who struck first. Dashing forward, he slipped between Josh's bent knees.

"So far, this looks very similar to the fight with Tony!" Spitey called out as the crowd watched Danny clamber up Josh's back. Latching onto the orca's thick tail with his lower body, Danny's hands found their way to Josh's abs, before roaming down to his genital slit. As the salamander massaged the sensitive lips of the big guy's sensitive slit, the orca's body immediately responded as his tapered, prehensile cock began to emerge.

Josh whirled around, trying to sling Danny off his back – but it was no use! He tried to grab the salamander's arm, but each time, Danny easily slipped away. "Josh is trying to lose him, but I don't think he'll have much luck!" Blacky announced. "Danny's just too slippery."

By this point, Josh's huge shaft was fully erect. The pink, veiny appendage was every bit as thick as Danny's thigh, and easily as long as his torso. "If Josh wants to fit that in Danny, our salamander will be tasting orca cock for days no matter which end he pushes into," Spitey quipped.

"It looks like Josh is on the ropes," Blacky announced. Danny had grabbed onto that huge cock with both hands, beginning to eagerly stroke along its entire length. It was clearly an effective manoeuvre as Josh began to pant in lust, precum drooling from his massive shaft.

"Is this it? Will our smallest competitor win two fights in a row?" Spitey asked.

However, just then, Josh's wriggling, prehensile shaft managed to snake around Danny's arm, tightly encircling it. With a firm tug, he upset the salamander's

balance! The orca caught the opposing fighter, effortlessly lifting the smaller male as he thrashed about. The two fighters had switched roles entirely, with Josh in complete control as he lifted the tiny amphibian with the utmost of ease.

“What a turnaround! Josh is showing us just what he can do with that huge, prehensile shaft,” Spitey cried out as the orca wrapped his length around Danny’s torso, pinning his arms to his sides. Spreading Danny’s thighs, Josh exposed the salamander’s sensitive ass. He grabbed one of the salamander’s legs with one hand, while his other hand moved in for the winning blow.

Danny was already rock hard, turned on from the bigger male’s prehensile organ pulsing and throbbing as it squeezed him tightly. Josh pushed a finger into Danny’s ass, the fat digit quickly finding Danny’s prostate. A loud moan escaped the amphibian’s lips as his body tensed up and his throbbing shaft began to shoot cum, covering his own head and Danny’s thighs.

“I don’t think Danny can be too upset with that loss. Who wouldn’t love some quality time with a sexy orca? He looks like he’s loving every minute of this,” Blacky announced.

Josh lifted his defeated foe, hoisting the salamander high above his head for everyone to see the cum coating his slim body. The crowd loved it, with several audience members whooping and shouting as the orca let out a victorious howl. As Josh lowered Danny, he paused to whisper in the smaller male’s ear. “For getting me so worked up, I guarantee you’ll get a more thorough filling backstage after the fight,” he assured the smaller male with a wink.

“And that concludes the second fight in our round of six,” Spitey explained to the crowd. “Next time, tune in to see if Ronny can take down the insatiable hyena, Gene. You won’t want to miss this one!”

Day Twenty-One: Excessive Precum

by Monroe Lehner

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featuring Ahnik

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“C'mon, it'll be fun!” Ahnik encouraged his fellow lizard.

“I just feel so... exposed,” Monroe grumbled as he shifted his imposing bulge to try and make the dark green swell of his fabric-clad manhood a bit less obtrusive.

“Look, it's not my fault you waited so long to get your costume,” Ahnik explained. “And you can't let me go to the party alone! Mechagodzilla without Godzilla would be like Lewis without Clark; Frodo without Sam; CatDog without Dog; Netflix without Chill!” The smaller lizard, dressed in his metallic, glowing-eyed Mechagodzilla suit, was practically hopping and stamping his feet in agitation as he grew more and more impassioned by his own oration. But then he paused, taking a deep breath. “And besides...” he added with a glint in his eye, glancing down at Monroe's hefty bulge. “I think ‘Sexy Godzilla’ is a great look on you. One look at your crotch and everyone'll know why you're called the ‘King of Monsters’.”

“Okay, okay, fine,” Monroe finally relented as he teasingly knocked on his little companion's silvery tin helmet. “I'll go if it'll make you happy.” But even as he spoke, Ahnik's blue-scaled companion was turning pinker by the moment; his cheeks flushed deeply as he thought about that ‘King of Monsters’ comment.

Monroe crossed his arms. His tail was swishing impatiently, threatening to dislodge the cheap green foam spines that had been tied around it at regular intervals. He truly had waited too long to buy his costume, and the ‘Sexy Godzilla’

he'd ended up with was undoubtedly the cheapest, worst kaiju costume he'd ever seen. "Look, let's just get on with it and go to the party," the huge reptile suggested.

"That's the spirit!" the smaller reptile cried joyously. Every inch of his diminutive 5'3" stature seemed to light up with excitement as he produced, seemingly out of nowhere, a bowl of orange, yellow, and white candy corn. "Here, have a handful of these," the smaller reptile suggested. "Some sugar should help calm you down."

Monroe had never heard of such a thing, but he shrugged. He'd always had a bit of a penchant for sugary candies, and he would never turn down such freely-offered sweets. Taking a fistful of the candy corn, he began to pop them one at a time into his maw as the duo set off towards the party.

The whole way, the 5'3" lizard seemed intent on talking the ears off his 6'9" companion. Monroe didn't mind, though, happy if only to revel in his chatty companion's exuberance. By the time they were approaching their friend's house, Monroe had long finished the candy corn. Though Ahnik seemed ready to rush in, Monroe stopped him in the shadow by the driveway.

"Hold on – just – a sec," the lizard huffed as he crammed both hands into the tight green thong of his costume. "Gotta adjust... this thing feels like it's slightly crushing my nuts," he complained.

"I think most anything that isn't custom-ordered would have that effect, dude," Ahnik replied with a smirk. "They don't make much for guys who're packing a pair of cantaloupes for balls. That's why it's even better you're in this skimpy outfit."

"Oh, just shut up for a second," Monroe replied, sticking his tongue out. As he adjusted his thong, though, he was shocked to feel a small pool of precum had developed, the constant pressure on his nuts evidently causing his thick, soft shaft to ooze a slow, yet constant stream the stuff. Still, he eventually got his costume adjusted to his satisfaction – even if it was tighter than he would've liked – and he shook his hands dry.

“Okay, ready when you are,” the lizard announced as he rested both hands on his hips. He was sure he was an absolute sight, and he was certain he reeked of precum after his adjustment, but there was no turning back now.

“You still seem pretty tense,” Ahnik remarked, looking up and down his friend's drool-worthy body. “Here, open your hands...” he instructed as he pulled a large handful of candy corn from seemingly out of nowhere. Dumping it into his friend's waiting paws, he said, “Enjoy these, then we can go in. I'm happy to wait until you're ready, so you'll have a better time at the party.”

Monroe shook his head. It was bizarre, and he probably shouldn't eat so much candy in one evening, but... Halloween *was* a once-a-year celebration, after all. He gladly chomped down on the delightful, sugary confections until he was licking his lips clean.

“Okay, *now* can we go in?” he asked impatiently.

“Yep!” the smaller lizard replied, already emerging into the light and striding towards the house. As Ahnik led the way, Monroe sheepishly followed behind, increasingly aware of every sensation, from the cool night air on his bare scales to the way his outfit snugly clung to his massive balls. He felt sensitive, almost super-charged full of sexual energy, and he began to wonder if maybe it *was* fitting that he should be dressed in an erotically suggestive costume such as this. If he had the goods, he may as well flaunt them, right?

Monroe and Ahnik both greeted mutual friends, and although Ahnik's Mechagodzilla costume garnered plenty of positive comments, it was immediately clear that most of the attention was on the massively hung reptile in the Sexy Godzilla costume. Anyone who so much as glanced Monroe's way could immediately see the bulge of his huge cock and balls.

Whether it was his inexplicable sensitivity or the appreciative comments and stares he was getting, the lizard was soon feeling extraordinarily hot under the collar. As Monroe drank punch and gorged on sweets to try and distract himself,

he was certain it was only a matter of time until a damp spot began to soak through the sleek fabric of his thong. With seemingly seconds to spare, he excused himself to the restroom.

Stepping into the restroom, leaning back against the sink cabinet, Monroe pulled his thong down, exposing his massive blue package in all its glory. His fat cock was half-hard, drooping heavily as it throbbed and leaked a growing puddle of precum onto the warm, grey linoleum floor. His balls, if possible, felt even huger than they should've been – closer to honeydew melons than cantaloupes, eight inches wide apiece and pulsing with unmet need.

As Monroe fondled his balls, marvelling at their size and sensitivity, he heard the bathroom door open. Ahnik was stepping in! “You forgot to lock it,” the smaller lizard explained with a cheeky grin. “But... looking at your predicament, I don't know that that's a bad thing. Maybe I could help you out.”

As Monroe shut and locked the door behind his smaller friend, he could only gasp when he felt the little lizard's clawed hands cup his overgrown testes. “Fuck, they're massive,” Ahnik complimented as he leaned forward to lick one, then the other. The smaller male pulled his helmet off before burying his snout in Monroe's overgrown sac.

The larger male was moaning softly as his friend tended to his overly sensitive organs, licking and rubbing over every inch of those massive nuts. Although Ahnik had removed his helmet, the rest of his costume wasn't safe from the increasing flow of precum dripping from Monroe's shaft. A constant trickle had turned into a veritable river, with each throb of his heavy cock seeming to force an even larger glob of pre from his swollen tip. The slick stuff was absolutely drenching Ahnik as he tended to those huge, blue balls.

Monroe bit his lip. He gripped the sink cabinet tightly in his yellow fingers. The entire room was filled with the heady scent of his musky precum, and it was only growing stronger by the second. As Ahnik continued playing with and massaging his achingly-full nuts, the larger lizard was coming close to his climax. As he

watched Ahnik try – and fail – to fit just one enormous testicle into his maw, the larger lizard could tell he was seconds from climax. “Fuck, I’m close,” he breathed.

Ahnik cleverly pointed Monroe’s shaft towards the bathtub as he began to stroke it, littering its veiny surface with kisses. The smaller lizard’s green tail wrapped itself around Monroe’s melon-sized nuts, gently squeezing and massaging them as he licked, kissed and stroked the reptile’s enormously girthy breeder.

Within seconds, Monroe could hold back no longer. His deep, lustful groans filled the air as thick ropes of virile seed splattered into the bath, quickly outpacing the tub’s ability to drain the stuff. As the overproductive lizard’s cum filled the tub and he struggled to stifle his groans, his nuts seemed to slowly deflate back to their original six-inch width – still obscenely massive, but at least manageable in public.

Finally, when the tub was halfway filled with virile lizard spunk and the flow of semen from Monroe’s softening shaft had stymied to a manageable dribble, Ahnik leaned up to plant a kiss on Monroe’s cheek. “Glad we got that sorted out,” he commented with a smirk. “At least for now, you should be able to fit back into your costume. And try to take it easy on the candy corn until we get back to your place, alright? I’ll make sure you enjoy more than enough, but we don’t want the King of Monsters ripping his costume open before he gets home.”

Monroe could only weakly nod; his knees were still jelly from that intense orgasm. He didn’t envy whomever would have to clean the tub after his massive mess. But if nothing else, he reasoned, the positive from this situation was that the haze of lust had finally lifted from his mind and now he could at least properly enjoy himself at the party with Ahnik.

Day Twenty-Two: Maw Play

by Monroe Lehner

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featuring Seyia

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It was all too easy to slip away from the rest of the expeditionary crew. Seyia was the only swamp greeline among the party, which gave him a natural advantage in the boggy, marshy surroundings they had been trekking through. He was with the rest of the pack in one moment, then the next, he was simply gone.

“Remember, never wander off alone,” Seyia muttered beneath his breath, mocking the words his expedition leader had uttered but 20 minutes ago. *“It could be dangerous.* Dangerous, my ass. There’s nothing but a bunch of plants and insects here.” A cursory glance around seemed to confirm Seyia’s claim – the only visible movement was that of small, winged bugs hopping between blades of long grass, while the constant hum and buzz of insect life filled the air.

Nearly a month had passed in this way. Seyia had volunteered to explore new planets and enjoy *adventure*, not to collect soil and water samples for 12 hours a day, every day, for three months. Already, his time on this foreign, exotic planet was a third over – one month of three, entirely wasted – and all he had to show for it was some rather sore legs from the hours he spent walking, squatting and documenting the local flora, every single goddamned day.

Time began to lose meaning, minutes and possibly hours blending together as Seyia grumbled and stomped his way through the marshy bog. Eventually, he stopped. The scenery looked the same as it had ever since he slipped away from the rest of his crew. How long had he been on his own? How far away were his companions? Sniffing the air, he couldn’t detect even the slightest scent of another

greeline. Wherever they were, he had to have wandered a considerable distance by this point.

“Just great,” Seyia grumbled to himself, leaning back against a tree. The greeline was confident in his survivalist abilities; his slick, blue hide had reflexively adapted to his environment coating his skin in a slick, glossy mucous – so water loss wasn't much of an issue. He also could go for some days without food, if need be. Aided by his acute senses, he could find his way back to the others eventually. Just it might be a pain in the ass to do so.

As the greeline stood in solitude, the sounds filling the air were unchanging, undying. The constant thrum of insect life pounded relentlessly on his ears, and he couldn't be sure whether or not the constant, low cacophony was dulling his senses. No matter how long he waited, the dim light permeating the dense canopy above also seemed to never change. Even when he focused as intently as he could, the position and brightness of the sun far above seemed static. Here, time had no meaning. Seyia felt the blood pounding in his ears, his own heart pulsing in a steady, unending thrum just like everything else on this planet.

Seyia was just about to set off, to find the rest of his crew – or rather, he *thought* he was about to set off – he could have been in that moment of readiness for a fraction of a second or an hour. Though he was already tensed in a state of perpetual readiness, the greeline's sensitive orange ears perked up all of a sudden: a sound! It was a heavy thud – maybe one of his fellow explorers had dropped a piece of equipment? Perhaps he *wouldn't* have to waste hours tracking down his companions! The thudding sound occurred again. It was closer this time. Then again. This time, he felt the earth shake slightly as something rocked the swampy earth.

Seyia's heart sank – what had been a beacon of hope was beginning to seem far more sinister. That rhythmic thudding was not the sound of another greeline, or even a group of greelines. Seyia had hoped for adventure, but now that he had it, he wasn't sure he was ready. He chastised himself for his earlier stupidity – through no one's fault but his own, the greeline was isolated without weapons and

without equipment. While greelines' teeth and claws were fearsome enough on their own, there was no telling how effective they might be against an unseen foe on a planet lightyears away from home.

As the footsteps grew close enough to disturb even the nearby foliage, Seyia braced himself. Just as he was readying himself to strike, the creature emerged! It was a large, blue-furred beast with a broad snout and large, twin horns sprouting from its skull. Though its fearsome, jagged teeth were bared, they were not drawn back in a grimace or a snarl. In fact, if anything, the beast seemed happy to see the greeline!

Even on four legs, the creature was scores taller than Seyia's own 5'7" height. Its back had to be over twice as far from the ground as Seyia's head; it could have walked right over Seyia, and he would've fit comfortably between the beast's legs. Somewhere in the back recesses of his mind, Seyia recognised this species from his studies long ago. He thought its name began with an F – fel...ine? fenim? felkin? That sounded the most correct; it might have been a felkin.

Between those legs, Seyia couldn't help but notice that the mystery creature was most definitely male. Huge, heavy nuts swayed heavily between its rear legs, and a plump sheath displayed an emerging shaft. As the massive creature watched Seyia's roving eyes, it licked its lips and exposed huge, dagger-sized teeth that seemed more appropriate for tearing through tree trunks than chewing up food. As huge strands of drool dripped from the cavernous roof of its maw, the creature looked up and down Seyia's body – almost like a predator sizing up its prey.

By the time the felkin was close enough that Seyia could feel the hot air blowing from its nostrils, Seyia realised he had nowhere to run. The beast took a half-step closer.

"Whoa, whoa! I don't mean you any harm," the greeline explained, lifting both hands in a show of goodwill. The felkin seemed to nod in understanding, though it didn't speak. It leaned down, nosing against Seyia's brown loincloth to push it out of its way.

“Oh! Uh, is there something you want under there?” Seyia asked, uncertainly. He was getting the idea that this beast knew exactly what it wanted, and it was certainly powerful enough to take it, regardless of whatever Seyia had to say in the matter. The greeline undid his loincloth, pocketing it for later.

Seemingly satisfied, the creature crouched down low to assume a more convenient position. A huge, purple ribbon of a tongue flopped out of its maw as it licked the sensitive area around Seyia’s genital slit. Almost in spite of himself, Seyia felt the purple tip of his ridged shaft emerging. The creature’s head was half the size of his entire body, and those massive teeth could do any matter of horrible things to the greeline in an instant! But that tongue *did* feel pretty good, and it *had* been months since he’d gotten any action.

As he relaxed back against the tree, he let the beast continue licking, pleasuring the greeline’s sensitive cock until it had emerged fully from its slit. His ordinarily-impressive 12 inches of throbbing shaft looked strangely small in the mouth of such an enormous creature. Still, despite appearances, the felkin was doing a wonderful job of pleasuring his cock.

As the larger male licked and lapped over the sensitive ridges defining the underside of Seyia’s shaft, the greeline began to feel weak in the knees. He eagerly drooled precum into the felkin’s maw, all of which the beast happily swallowed. And as much as the sight of those fearsome teeth and powerful jaws terrified Seyia, they excited him just as much.

“Could I, just... do this?” he asked hesitantly as he grabbed the two biggest teeth – the felkin’s sharp canines – in both hands. A deep rumble escaped the menacing creature’s belly, but he made no moves to stop Seyia.

Seyia held those huge teeth – each one was bigger than his own fists – as the massive creature licked over his cock, even sometimes daring to slip the fat tip of the purple organ into the bottom of his slit. He could easily fit inside the felkin’s maw, but here he was, treated to the blowjob of a lifetime while he gripped teeth

that could each spear through a whole chickens with the greatest of ease. He should have been terrified, but somehow, the sight of that monstrously powerful maw only aroused him further.

Seyia couldn't hold on much longer. He squeezed his blue eyes shut tight as his body began to convulse. Thrusting hard against a tongue the size of a rug, his groans echoed through the marsh as he deposited his white-hot load into the felkin's maw. Seyia came harder than he could remember in recent memory, emptying every drop of cum his body could produce for the beast to swallow.

"Fuck... That was great," Seyia groaned as the felkin pulled away, happily swallowing his load. The felkin's own cock was rock hard and throbbing – the knotted, equine-like shaft could have rivalled Seyia's own body in terms of sheer mass – but the felkin was already turning around to make his exit.

"Hey! Uh, wait!" Seyia cried out. The beast stopped and turned around. "I should get going back to the camp, but... I'd like to see you again!" he exclaimed.

As the beast stared, Seyia swore he saw it wink before turning around to vanish into the dense undergrowth of the swamp.

As Seyia pulled his loincloth back on and prepared to find his way back to the rest of the expeditionary crew, he thought to himself, *perhaps the next two months won't be so dull, after all.*

Day Twenty-Three: Underwear

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, 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 fully hard already, 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, his cock as swollen as he could ever remember it being. 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. The dragon groaned, relishing in the feeling of such an immense shaft throbbing against his own, drooling with desire as the big lizard stroked both shafts together.

While Blein eagerly kissed his fellow scalie, he massaged and kneaded those powerful glutes, admiring their power and strength. 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. And none of that was to mention the

exhibitionist thrill of frotting against that monster of a cock in a public changing room, in the middle of the day – 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.*

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.