

Monroe's Kinktober 2021

Volume Three

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Day Thirteen: Musk

by Monroe Lehner

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

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.

Day Fourteen: Slit Play

by Monroe Lehner

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featuring Krieger

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Krieger thanked the cashier and accepted his key. He had just finished checking into his local spa. This members-only spa, which was most definitely not a sex club, just happened to offer private rooms, equipped all its restrooms with douching facilities, and made condoms abundantly available for all its guests. The spa even housed a dungeon in its lowest level, fitted with premium rooms designed after “prison cells” for any guests who might enjoy an audience.

Krieger was a regular.

Stopping by his locker, the croco-cat dropped off his belongings and stripped out of his clothes. With his room key secured about his wrist and a towel wrapped around his waist, he strode to his room, attracting more than a few appreciative looks along the way. Several men admired his thick, grey-scaled pecs and the white fluff that adorned them, and Krieger swore he saw a particularly well-built lizard pause as though considering whether to turn around.

Krieger arrived at his room, unlocking the door and taking a seat on the bed. Leaving the door open to entice any passers-by, he spread his thighs wide to expose his genital slit. Within seconds, his fingers had roamed down between his thighs, beginning to tease his sensitive slit as he closed his eyes. His fingertips slipped in, massaging his velvety walls as he felt the firm cock tip housed inside. The croco-cat began to let out soft moans of pleasure as his fingers sank deeper.

"I'll be damned if that isn't a welcome invitation," a distinctly reptilian voice growled, making Krieger's white-tufted ears to perk up. "Renekton," the crocodile introduced himself, stepping into the hybrid's room. As the muscular reptile looked him up and down, a thrill of delight ran up Krieger's spine. He'd always had a thing for fellow crocs, and the thickly-muscled specimen before him was pressing all sorts of buttons. Even next to Krieger's own athletic physique, this crocodile was built like a tank, with broad shoulders, heavy pecs, and a generous musclegut. Further down, the stranger's towel did little to conceal the powerhouses that were his thighs. *Nice, strong legs, perfect for thrusting,* the croco-cat thought to himself.

"I'm Krieger," the hybrid replied. "And I was hoping I'd catch the attention of someone like you," he purred, feeling his pulse quicken.

"Is that right?" the crocodile growled. "It's been a while since I've stuffed a tight slit, so it sounds like we were destined to meet here." Stepping forward, Renekton dropped his towel to reveal that his own shaft had begun to emerge. Admiring the growing revelation of Renekton's ridged cock, Krieger subconsciously spread his thighs wider, as though to make room for the larger male to take him right then and there.

By the time Renekton was standing before Krieger, inches from the seated male, he was presenting a shaft thicker than his own wrist. Grabbing Krieger's thighs, the crocodile began to grind his cock over the croco-cat's warm entrance, teasing his sensitive slit with the pleasant ridges that defined the underside of his broad shaft. As Krieger shivered in pleasure, his tail began to sway behind him. "It might be a bit of a tight fit, big guy," he growled. "Hope you don't mind."

"Oh, I'm used to it," the huge reptile confidently replied. Foreplay had evidently gone out the window as he pressed his broad tip against Krieger's slit. The croco-cat certainly didn't mind; he was already panting in lustful need, desperate to feel that thick shaft inside him. With a gentle push, the crocodile's pink tip began to sink in, spreading the croco-cat's lips wide across his girth.

Krieger wrapped both arms around Renekton's neck as the crocodile's grip on his thighs grew firmer. With the increased leverage, Renekton began to push in deeper. Before long, he felt his larger shaft sliding past Krieger's own cock, deep in his slit. While the croco-cat's cock throbbed eagerly, trapped deep within his own slit, the precum he drooled served only to lubricate Renekton's thrusts while he buried his tool deeper inside the hybrid's accommodating hole. The pronounced ridges of Renekton's shaft felt like heaven, grinding against Krieger's own cock. The croco-cat couldn't help but to luridly groan, tongue lolling out in pleasure as thick strands of saliva dripped from his maw. He'd never been stretched so wide, and he was loving every second of it.

With most of his shaft inserted, it wasn't long until Renekton felt himself bottoming out. At first, he tried – and failed – to bury his bone deeper inside the croco-cat, but it was increasingly clear that the crocodile had pushed as deep as he could go. Still, Renekton wasn't to be deterred by the limitation. Instead, he lifted Krieger's legs higher, wrapping them around his waist as he began to piston into the smaller male.

As Renekton pounded Krieger, stretching his slit to its limits with each thrust, he leaned forward to press his lips to the hybrid's. The dominant reptile engaged his bottom with messy, passionate kisses, wrestling the hybrid's tongue with his own as drool dripped from both their toothy maws. He curled his powerful tail around the croco-cat, tugging him closer as he began to pound harder.

"I'm close," he growled out, breaking the kiss. Focusing all his efforts on his thrusting, he soon felt the contractions begin, his cock throbbing and stretching that wet passage wider than ever. As he began to shoot deep inside the croco-cat, Renekton felt Krieger's own cock begin to pulse wildly, jerking and spurting his fluids against Renekton's shaft within his own well-fucked slit. The two males' combined seed quickly overflowed, dripping down over Krieger's taint while subsequent shots splattered hot, white spunk back across Renekton's crotch and thighs. Nearly a full minute later, as their shared climax drew to a close, Renekton sank to his knees in front of Krieger's well-used slit.

The crocodile first slowly licked around the gaping slit he'd just pounded, eager to swallow down the impressive mess he'd left. Then his long, pink tongue pushed into the slit itself, greedily tasting every drop of cum he'd deposited within the smaller male. Krieger felt his temperature rising again as the larger man tongue-fucked him, and his need to get pounded began to steadily climb higher once again. But just as his cock began to swell with renewed vigour, Renekton withdrew his tongue.

"As much as I'd love a round two, I've got to head off," he announced ruefully. "Still, this was a lot of fun." Krieger enthusiastically agreed, and soon after, the two were exchanging contact details with a promise to meet up again soon.

With Renekton gone, Krieger focused on the dull throbbing in his crotch. After that intense session, he desperately needed a shower. Right after cleaning up, though, he resolved, he'd take a walk around the spa to see who else he might find.

Day Fifteen: Size/Attribute Theft

by Monroe Lehner

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featuring Drathius Sabre

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Littered across the world, scattered between the continents, few artefacts remain from the time of the Great Ones. Difficult as they may be to find, these relics are harder still to identify. Yet when wielded properly, they may grant their bearers unfathomable power.

Today, tales of the Great Ones and their ancient technologies exist only in remote, forgotten legends. Their lost curios are activated most frequently by chance and happenstance. One could go an entire lifetime without encountering the strange and blasphemous powers these devices wield. Yet today, we observe the unbalancing effects that may only be attributed to the Locket of Transferal.

With a self-assured grin, Monroe spoke. "Well, what's the verdict? How big is it?"

Releasing his tape measure from the lizard's flexing bicep, the awe in Drathius's voice was palpable. "16 inches," he announced.

"And how big were your arms?" the lizard asked his friend, though he already knew the answer.

"15 and a half inches," the dimetrodon replied as his heart began to race. Despite his four-inch height advantage over the lizard, he had been outclassed fair and square, and he knew it as well as Monroe did.

"I told you I'd overtake you by the end of the year!" the blue-scaled lizard happily reminded his friend. And if I remember correctly, your exact words were, 'The day that happens, I'll spend all day worshipping your superior body'. Well, that day has come, Drath. It's time to pay the piper for bragging so much."

"C'mon, at least wait until we're back home. It doesn't have to be in public," Drathius lamented. The dimetrodon was eager to make good on his word – the growing tent at the front of his gym shorts was evidence enough of that – but he had an image to maintain, at least around the gym.

"Fine, fine," Monroe agreed as he turned to his locker. "Then let's hurry on home. You've got a lot of ground to cover, 'big guy'."

If Drathius's cheeks weren't already red, he certainly would have been blushing from the continued teasing. He had a sneaking suspicion this was far from the last jab he'd hear from Monroe, but somehow, he didn't mind. A large part of him was growing increasingly eager to explore and worship his lizard roommate's muscular body. Dressing quickly, Drathius slung his bag over his shoulder and before long, the dinosaur was driving home with his good friend seated next to him.

As soon as they'd dropped off their belongings, Monroe was ushering Drathius into his room. "Now," the lizard cooed, shrugging off his jacket. "I think it's time we do this, and do it right. I want you to take my shirt off, and worship every inch of my upper body," he instructed the taller reptile. Hidden beneath Monroe's shirt, Drath failed to notice the eerie red glow that had overtaken the unassuming gold pendant Monroe wore. The glow mostly faded as its owner finished speaking, but it continued to faintly pulse in time with its owner's heartbeat.

The dinosaur walked over to his roommate, slipping both hands beneath his shirt. "Mmm... Those rock-hard abs are so nice," he complimented as he began to lift the cloth. "Much firmer and stronger than mine." Letting his hands roam to Monroe's sides, he felt the flare of those defined lats while he continued pulling the shirt up. "So broad and manly, too. You're *definitely* the stronger man," he growled appreciatively. "Wouldn't be surprised if you weighed more than me too, by this

point.” As the lizard lifted his arms, Drath exposed his powerful blue chest. He pulled the shirt up over Monroe’s head, just in time for the lizard to lower his arms, showing off the overhang of his dense, meaty pecs. “Damn, your chest’s looking fantastic too,” the dinosaur complimented as he reached forward to feel the thick slabs of muscle. Tiny jolts of electricity seemed to flow from that brawny chest into his fingertips as he brushed across the thick, striated muscle.

As the lizard stood in naught but his jeans and favourite necklace, Drath couldn’t help but let out a whistle. Somehow, Monroe looked even better, even beefier than he did at the gym, right after their workout! “Fuck, man, I think you must have me beat in every single muscle group,” he murmured as he reached out to feel the rounded swells of Monroe’s deltoids. The lizard may have been a bit shorter than him, but he was *certainly* broader at the shoulders.

“That’s right,” Monroe huffed appreciatively. “We only bet on biceps, but in just a few months, I was able to beat you in all the major muscle groups,” he agreed.

Drathius was incredibly turned on by this point, and the longer he stared at his roommate, the more he found to enjoy. How had he never noticed that Monroe’s teeth were so sharp, so jagged, so... predatory looking? They looked like they could give his own pearly whites a run for their money, in both size and sharpness.

“C’mon, let’s compare downstairs,” Monroe instructed. “Strip down, then it’s time to pull these jeans off me.”

The dimetrodon happily obeyed, first tugging off his shirt to expose a less impressive, yet still pleasingly muscular torso. Then he tugged off his pants and underwear in one smooth motion, exposing his eight-inch, drooling shaft in all its glory.

Drathius focused his attentions back on Monroe. He first unbuttoned the lizard’s jeans, then slowly unzipped them. As he began to tug them down, he encountered some resistance almost immediately. “Might want to go a size bigger, dude. These are way too small for your quads.”

Monroe grinned wide at that. "Guess I have been posting some serious gains down there lately, huh?" he boasted as the dino just managed to pull them down past his thickly-muscled thighs. The lizard was left clad in just a pair of red boxer-briefs that did little to hide the heft of his impressive endowment.

"I know you love showing off in tight underwear, Monroe, but seriously—how do you manage to fit into these things?" Drathius asked, ogling the lizard's drool-worthy bulge. His underwear looked painted on, woefully inadequate for his beefy ass and porn star-sized package. The dino slowly peeled the waistband down, exposing the first fat inches of Monroe's obscenely thick cock. He had seen Monroe's cock several times before, but he never remembered it being quite so huge and meaty, nor did he recall it being so *vascular*. A fat vein snaked along its top, giving it a swole appearance to match the rest of the lizard's jacked physique. Dangling heavily below, two nuts bigger than Drath's fists took up every inch of available space between the lizard's thighs.

"You sure this thing is 11 inches, Monroe? I'm eight, and it looks like you've got *way* more than three inches on me," Drath noted.

As the lizard looked down at his shaft, he had to agree. Drathius had a respectable enough cock, but it looked like it was barely half Monroe's length, and it fell even further behind in the girth department. "Why don't you measure and find out?" the lizard suggested. "Tape measure's in the bedside table."

Drathius grabbed the measuring device and returned to Monroe. The studly lizard was already steadying his immense tool, and Drath couldn't help but notice how large his claws were. Each digit was capped by a razor-sharp protrusion that seemed ideally suited for tearing through flesh. The lizard seemed bigger, stronger, and more predatory with every observation Drath made!

Unfurling the length of the tape measure, Drathius counted the tick marks along that overly large rod. The verdict surprised Monroe just as much as it did Drathius: "14 inches," the dimetrodon announced with shock.

“Fuck, that’s huge,” Monroe breathed as his cock throbbed. It seemed eager to extend further, throbbing visibly in time with the lizard’s heartbeat. With each pulse, it threatened to extend another millimetre and break its previous record. Looking up at Monroe, Drathius saw something that couldn’t have been – his roommate was the same height as him! He should have been the taller one, but somehow, inexplicably, the two males were the same height. Not only that, but Monroe’s build seemed somehow even greater than before – while his own muscles, firm as they were, had all shrunk inward. He glanced down at his shaft. There was no way it was its usual eight-inch size. More likely, it must have been seven inches if it was barely half Monroe’s 14-inch length. The only explanation that made sense was that he was steadily losing mass while his friend only seemed to grow larger.

“I guess it has grown,” Monroe murmured as he stroked his fat cock, sliding the foreskin up over its head. “What do you think of the new size? I think it looks good on me,” he goaded his friend.

“Fuck, it’s beautiful,” Drath replied as he tossed the tape measure away. Dropping to his knees, he leaned forward to kiss the orange-sized head of that massive shaft. He licked the precum that had smeared over his lips, happy to swallow it down. “Next to this monster, other men’s cocks are pitiful. You’re a lizard, but you easily outclass all the dragons and dinosaurs in the world. You are truly the peak of masculinity, a god deserving of others’ worship,” he cooed, lavishing kisses and licks upon that throbbing spire between compliments. As he spoke, Drathius felt a subtle tingling in his sail, the red fins running from the back of his head down to his tail. Unbeknownst to the dimetrodon, he was ceding not just his muscles, height, and cock size to his roommate; he was losing his very nature to Monroe, giving up all the traits that made him a dinosaur.

Closing his eyes, Monroe let out a rumbling purr of satisfaction. He felt huge, he felt powerful, he felt godly. His jaw lengthened as new teeth sprouted, while his huge, reptilian incisors began to jut out beyond his lower lip, giving him a fearsome appearance with his teeth constantly exposed. The increasingly

dinosaur-like reptile laid a hand on the back of his strangely slender roommate's head, encouraging him to keep worshipping.

"Now, Drath, give these balls the attention they deserve," he ordered; even his voice was deeper than before.

"Yes, Sir," the reduced dimetrodon agreed without hesitation. It seemed that his friend was sapping away not only his size and dino-like qualities, but his desire to dominate as well. Pressing in close, Drath inhaled Monroe's potent, pheromone-heavy musk. Even Monroe's natural odour was far stronger than it had been this morning, as the dino gave up even his pheromones to his huge roommate.

Beginning to drag his tongue over those massive nuts, Drath was surprised to note the transfer of mass had seemingly sped up. He could actually feel Monroe's balls expanding, growing larger and more virile in his palms with every lick while his own nuts receded, losing weight and fertility each time he dragged his tongue across those massive nuts. Where they had been cantaloupe-sized before, within minutes, they were looking closer to honeydew melons or bowling balls in size – far too large for Drath to cup, even using both his hands.

Monroe continually adjusted his stance as he grew, and Drath felt the steady trickle of precum increasing in volume as the former-lizard's virility increased tenfold. Pretty soon, Monroe was leaking like a broken faucet, dripping a constant stream of precum over Drath's back. His cock was over two feet long, and that length meant his incredible flow of precum was drenching the smaller scalie's lower back and rear in his slick, natural lubricant. Still, the dino continued to worship Monroe's ever-more-fertile nuts; after all, his new god had not yet given him permission to stop.

Finally, after several more minutes of ball worship, Monroe commanded Drathius to release those overgrown balls. Each one was just over a full foot wide, brimming with untold quantities of sperm. Above, Monroe's cock was rapidly approaching three feet in length and a full foot in width.

Glancing down at his own equipment, Drath saw that he had dwindled further. Long gone were the days where the dinosaur could claim to be above average in size. He had dwindled from eight inches down to four inches, along with a corresponding loss in fertility. Where he had sported baseball-sized nuts before, his balls were now barely the size of golf balls. Still, the diminished equipment didn't look terribly out of place in comparison to the rest of his body. He had been 6'6" at the start of the day, but now he barely crested the 4'6" mark. Glancing around, the entire room looked far larger – to say nothing of his "little" roommate!

Drath's breath caught in his throat as he looked up at Monroe. Drath wasn't even tall enough to stand at eye-level with Monroe's lowest pair of abs anymore. That would have put the hulking reptile at an immense nine feet tall! The thought scared Drath as much as it excited him.

"Fuck, you're huge," Drathius breathed as he laid both hands on Monroe's immense shaft. Even his voice was higher-pitched. Worshipping that mammoth cock, Drath felt like a kobold next to a dragon. Even his sail, the distinctive spines that protruded from his back, had shrunk down to diminutive proportions. He barely qualified as a dragon, and somehow, he knew he wasn't done shrinking. He still had more to give.

As Drath stroked Monroe's cock, sliding its thick foreskin up and down over the huge head, he gazed into the large, drooling urethra of that monster. "Sir, may I kiss it?" he asked deferentially.

"Please do, little slave," the massive reptile encouraged his friend. Monroe was dangerously close to banging his head into the ceiling of his room, so he took a seat on the bed – besides, this position had a couple additional benefits. First, it made his cock easier for Drath to reach. Second, it allowed the reptile's huge nuts to rest solidly on the carpet. By this point, Monroe's junk had to weigh nearly as much as Drath himself did. For the moment, it was a relief to be free from the immense weight of his hypertrophied nuts.

Drath grabbed that shaft between both hands. Its head was larger than his own! Pressing his lips against the massive shaft, he eagerly swallowed every drop of precum he could manage. He slipped his tongue in, thinking only of how fortunate he was for the mere opportunity to worship such a perfect, beautiful shaft. As Drath made out with Monroe's cock, he gradually grew aware that the size transfer had resumed. What had initially felt like a messy kiss with a particularly drooly partner was beginning to feel more akin to kissing a huge beast, several times his own size. And that was just Monroe's cock!

Drathius had to work harder and harder to stroke and massage that cock as it grew and he shrank. His muscles receded, giving him a slimmer appearance more befitting his new, submissive station in life. His cock and balls shrank further, going from below average to absolutely tiny – a pitiful inch and a half desperately throbbing at his crotch, nestled above balls the size of marbles that were pulled tight to his crotch. The former dimetrodon had lost the last of his dinosaur-esque qualities too: his claws were blunt and small, barely protruding past his fingertips; his fin was entirely gone, leaving him with naught but smooth scales running down his back; and his most fearsome qualities, his heavy muscles and razor-sharp teeth, had left as well. The slender little reptile would never again be mistaken for a dinosaur, he was certain.

Monroe had only continued to flourish where Drath had sunk and shrank. The newly-minted Tyrannosaurus rex boasted a full four feet of overgrown dino cock, together with hyper-productive balls that could all but guarantee fertilisation with his precum alone. Each testicle was larger than most pumpkins Drathius had seen! The superior reptile's body was lousy with muscles, boasting the thickest pecs and bulgiest biceps Drath had ever witnessed. It was difficult to tell while Monroe was seated, but he must have been around 12 feet tall at this point, by Drath's best estimate.

The little kobold yelped in surprise as his feet left the ground, and Monroe lifted him up to eye level. "So, little guy..." the dinosaur rumbled. Even the deep bass of his voice made Drathius want to submit, to worship every inch of his body and tell him how superior he was to every other male.

“Just what shall I do with you at this little size?” the massive reptile pondered aloud. Drath had several ideas immediately pour into his head, but it was not his place to speak. He deferred to the larger male’s wisdom as Monroe pondered his options.

“Maybe I should eat you,” Monroe suggested with a wicked grin. He opened his maw, exposing the deep ridges on the cavernous roof of his mouth and the dozens of serrated teeth he now possessed. Thick strands of drool dripped from his teeth and maw, and Drath couldn’t help but think, *Even his drool is thicker than my cum now*. His cock throbbed eagerly, though it did not leak a single drop of precum. He simply couldn’t produce any at his size.

As Monroe teased Drathius, the kobold-esque lizard did not protest. He could easily have fit down Monroe’s throat, given his diminutive two-and-a-half foot height. If anything, the idea of making a nice meal for his god seemed to excite the little guy further. Monroe eventually closed his maw, though. “No, I think you’ll do much better as a servant. You will be the first worshipper of many,” he growled as he sat Drath down on his pulsating shaft.

“Sir, it would be an honour,” Drath agreed with a nod. “If that is your choice, I shall be the best servant a man of your stature could ever ask for.” Though even as he achieved new milestones of subservience, Drath shrank no further. He had given all he could, and Monroe’s locket was already searching for a new target to drain.

“Very well,” Monroe rumbled. “In that case, we shall rest together tonight. Your first task in the morning will be to bring me suitable new worshippers.” Drath could only nod as his heart fluttered with joy. It would be his pleasure to serve.

As is often the case, this was not the end of our story, but the beginning. Though the Locket of Transferral remained in Monroe’s possession for years to come, and the lizard drained and converted countless worshippers, no servants gave as much size nor as many traits as Drathius had on that first day. Nonetheless, the profound effects of such a powerful artefact would reverberate for years to come.

Day Sixteen: Macro

by Monroe Lehner

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

featuring Ahab

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

Once you're a certain size, trees are like toothpicks. A water tower feels more like a shot glass. A football field is as good as a welcome mat.

Ahab had never fancied himself a particularly destructive macro, but he couldn't deny his own observations, particularly in light of recent events. The growth spurts he'd been enjoying for years had upticked in both frequency and intensity recently – and for all his experiments and anecdotes, the only association he could find was that his growth spurts almost always happened to coincide with his most destructive tendencies.

Even just thinking about it, the eagle's massive shaft began to rise. The ecstasy of growth was addictive, and the feelings of raw, unadulterated power he got from fucking a building or a dam were nearly equally so. He wrapped a hand around his shaft, lazily stroking it as he entertained lurid thoughts for how he might spend his day. It was a foregone conclusion that he'd be returning to the city again today, but exactly how he might fuck and grow was a matter as yet undecided.

Fortunately for Ahab, the morning was still in its earliest hours and the sun had not yet risen over the mountains, let alone the massive, black-and-blue-feathered eagle reclining on said mountains. But as he laid back, idly stroking his increasingly firm erection, he knew he ought to get up soon. A nice, firm morning wood ought not be wasted – particularly when that morning wood was greater in size than even a redwood.

Eventually, Ahab rose to his feet. Though the city where he'd lived most of his adult life was on the horizon, he knew from experience it was only a few minutes' walk for an avian macro of his size and proportions. With inward satisfaction, he observed that it would be an even shorter walk today than it had been yesterday.

Striding across the forests and plains, the massive bird crushed tree and boulder alike underfoot. Each step left paw-shaped canyons that would eventually transform into lakes. At this size, Ahab transformed the natural landscape with his every action. But he had his sights set on a decidedly more urban landscape.

It wasn't long before the bird had reached his destination: the city. It didn't seem all that long ago that he was at eye level with most the buildings, and the skyscrapers loomed above. Now, even the tallest of skyscrapers reached only his firm pecs. Somewhere in the back recesses of his mind, he knew the biggest buildings in the city were roundabout 50 stories. Scanning across the cityscape and marvelling at his own gargantuan size, Ahab came to a decision in seconds. He would fuck the tallest building in the city. It had seemed like an unattainable goal, even just a week ago, but now, the 50-story corporate bank building he'd set his sights upon appeared strangely small before him.

The bird's erection had scarcely waned since he awoke, and it gave an approving throb as he approached his target. The bird obliterated street lamps, cars and houses as he strode through the more residential sectors of the city, but such small obstacles barely registered in his mind these days. He soon arrived at the object of his desires, and he could barely wait.

Grabbing the skyscraper with one hand and steadying his thick shaft with the other, he slowly grinded his broad tip against the building's windows. Then with a firm thrust, his immense cock burst through the structure, bending steel and crumbling concrete as his dick pushed in. As Ahab began to thrust, pulling out and pushing in, he let his head fall back and his eyes shut in pleasure. Whether buildings were truly this pleasurable, or his sensitivity had increased dramatically alongside his recent gains in size, the bird did not know. But as he huffed and

groaned, thrusting into the building, the eagle gradually grew aware of another sensation.

He was growing again, more dramatically than before. With each thrust, his drooling erection carved a greater hole in the skyscraper. He soon had to crouch slightly, if only to keep level with the hole he'd created and continued to fuck. Wrapping both arms around the upper stories of the building, he grew more frenzied, more driven the longer he fucked the skyscraper. Before long, he was rutting the structure like a beast in heat, desperate to empty those heavy, swinging nuts that slammed into the lower stories of the building again and again.

The squeals of failing supports filled the air as his shaft began to outgrow the structure it penetrated. Before long, he'd be simply too large for the biggest building in the city! Fortunately for Ahab, his climax was fast-approaching nonetheless. With a few more thrusts, his balls drew up tight in their sac and he began to spurt his thick load across the surrounding city blocks. Pleasured squawks filled the air as the avian released himself to utter bliss, spewing ropes of cum with greater force than even a firehose. The bird's seed utterly drenched the area, submerging entire streets in a tidal wave of thick, musky jizz.

As Ahab slowly withdrew his cum-covered dick from the ruined building, he was unsurprised to see it fall, taking several of its neighbours with it as it collapsed in a large cloud of dust and rubble. Rising to his full height, he estimated he'd put on several dozen stories of additional height, putting him somewhere in the realm of 100 stories tall. By this point, he doubted there was a single structure in the whole city that could accommodate his immense manhood.

Ahab couldn't help but grin, though. This city was but one of many, and with his latest growth spurt, he knew he could walk to even larger cities with even bigger buildings in no time at all.

Day Seventeen: Role Reversal

by Monroe Lehner

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

Today's instalment is a continuation of the story written for [Kinktober Day Nine: Urethral Sounding](#). Even if you are not interested in sounding, fear not! This story can be enjoyed as a stand-alone tale, eliminating the need to read its prequel.

In the months since his capture, several things had changed for the kobold called Snitt. For one thing, the previously unassuming 'bold was now the pride and envy of each of his guild-mates. Try as he might to dodge the attention and duck away from the curious gazes, rumours surrounding that crimson kobold had grown pervasive enough that it was difficult to find a single soul in the village who hadn't heard whispers of Snitt's foot-long horse cock.

If the murmurs regarding his obscene manhood weren't scandalous enough, Snitt had begun to make regular trips to visit the dragon who had changed him so many months ago. Through a web of increasingly elaborate excuses and lies, he had managed a couple visits per week to Rydit's remote mountain-side castle. Perhaps most concerningly, though, was the fact that Snitt was developing a serious crush on Rydit. Though the kobold was loathe to admit it, the lavender dragon he tried to pilfer from had instead stolen his very own heart.

On a particularly crisp, foggy autumn day, Snitt stood before the enormous doors guarding the entrance to the wizard's castle. Though he'd bundled up in a thick woollen cloak for the journey, it was to Snitt's pleasant surprise that he didn't need to wait long before the heavy doors swung open and Rydit was ushering him in.

"Come in, come in!" Rydit exclaimed, lifting the cloak from Snitt's shoulders and hanging it to dry in a nearby cupboard. Beckoning his kobold guest to the lounge,

he spoke excitedly. "I've already got some tea steeping for the both of us in the lounge – your favourite, jasmine. Come, please sit with me. How was the journey?"

"Oh, you know," the kobold grunted simply – as though that were explanation enough.

"Mmm," Rydit affirmed. "Is your excuse still that you're visiting some travelling merchants?" he enquired as he poured tea for two in ornate little cups.

Accepting his steaming drink from the dragon, Snitt explained, "Nah, this time I'm able to stay for the weekend. As far as anyone in the village is concerned, I'm off to visit family back east."

"Understandable," Rydit cooed. And so the conversation proceeded, both males enjoying a simple chat about the mundanities of their lives. Rydit divulged the details of his latest magical exploits while Snitt updated his friend on the most recent goings-on of the village and his guild.

Eventually, with both cups empty and the conversation dwindling, Rydit was the first to break the growing tension. Their time together in the lounge never lasted long, as Rydit's wandering gaze inevitably betrayed his desires.

"Y'know, I've been thinking about that fat cock of yours all week," the dragon purred. "I had so much fun last week, and I was thinking it could be fun to tie you up again. You really seemed to like that butt plug, too. We could play with that monster of yours and see how long it takes 'til you're begging me to cum."

"Yeah?" Snitt answered with a smirk. Spreading his legs, he knew Rydit would be treated to a prime view of the impressive bulge his hefty nuts made through his trousers. "Though actually, I had something slightly different in mind for tonight if you'd hear me out," he cooed.

"Do tell!" Rydit encouraged, rapt with attention. As he listened, the larger male's eyes flickered between the kobold's face and the sizeable bulge of his package.

“Well, it’s obvious to anyone how much you love this huge dick,” Snitt growled playfully, adjusting his pants. “And I was thinking we know each other pretty well by this point. So how about we switch it up and you let me take control? I think it’s about time you get to feel all this meat inside you, if you’re game.”

“Oh!” Rydit gasped. As he considered the kobold’s proposal, his ordinarily lavender cheeks flushed considerably. “Well, uh, I’ve actually never had anything back there before – except a few fingers. I think I’d enjoy it, but, you know... you are awfully girthy—not that I’m complaining!” he explained rapidly, fumbling his words.

“You’ll love it,” Snitt reassured his draconic friend. “And besides, if the kobolds down in the village can handle 12 inches – even if barely – I’m sure a big dragon like you should have no problem,” he added with a teasing wink.

Rydit’s blush grew still more furious as he imagined the other kobolds struggling to take that huge shaft. “Well, I, uh...” he started. After a brief pause, he finally seemed to settle on what he wanted to say. “We could try it if you’re gentle.”

Snitt rose to his feet, striding over to the arm chair where Rydit sat. The kobold was only as tall as Rydit’s chair, but he still managed to rest a reassuring palm on the dragon’s thigh through his robe. Looking up into the dragon’s eyes with earnest, Snitt spoke softly. “Of course I’d be gentle. I care about you.”

The dragon took his friend’s hand into his own, resting his palm over the kobold’s. “Then I trust you,” he replied. “Let’s do it.”

As the dragon rose to his feet, Snitt could barely contain his excitement. The dragon was leading the kobold to an unfamiliar room, one they had not shared previously. Rather than the laboratory, Rydit was bringing Snitt to his bedroom! Practically dancing along behind the dragon, Snitt was as curious as he was excited. What would a dragon’s bedroom look like?

As it turned out, Rydit's room was, well, *dragon-sized*. The bed, the furniture, the windows – everything was huge by Snitt's standards. For the first time, he considered that position might be an issue. Would he even be able to reach Snitt's ass in the position they chose?

As though reading the kobold's mind, Rydit spoke first. "I think it could work if I laid on my back and you got on both knees. Plus, I thought it might be romantic to get to see each other while we're doing it," he muttered as he self-consciously rubbed the back of his head.

"That sounds great to me," Snitt cooed as he began to undress. As he slowly pulled off his shirt, his attention was wholly glued on Rydit. Only then did it occur to the kobold that he had yet to see his draconic companion fully naked, even after all these months. What he saw, though, certainly did not disappoint.

As Rydit slowly emerged from his robe, Snitt was treated to the sight of a pleasingly slender body. Where his external scales were lavender, the dragon's underbelly scales were tinted pale pink. Despite his bashful behaviour, Snitt could also see that Rydit was at least a bit excited by the prospect of bottoming for a hung little kobold. The dragon's bluish purple shaft had half-emerged from its slit; it looked to be roughly average in size, on its owner's 6'4" frame.

When both males were fully undressed, Rydit easily scooped the kobold up, lifting him up to the bed. The dragon clambered up soon afterward, but not before grabbing a bottle of lubricant from the bedside table.

"You're prepared, huh?" Snitt teased, gladly accepting the lube. His enlarged balls helped him produce plenty of precum, but a little extra could never hurt – especially considering Rydit's anal virginity.

Lying on his back, Rydit huffed and turned to face away. "Like I said, I've practised with fingers," he grumbled softly.

“Hey, hey, relax. I’m just teasing,” Snitt reassured the larger male with a pat on his thigh. Still, the kobold couldn’t help but think: this version of Rydit was so unlike what he was used to seeing – where Rydit was ordinarily confident, decisive, and virtually unassailable, this version of the dragon was shy, bashful, and vulnerable. If Snitt wasn’t already in love with the dragon, he may have fallen for him right then and there.

As badly as Snitt wanted to shove his cock in right away – certainly, the foot of horse cock throbbing desperately in front of him wanted that – the kobold hesitated; he wanted this moment to be special for his draconic lover. Snitt climbed up onto Rydit’s body, planting an affectionate kiss on the dragon’s lips. For a moment, he contented himself merely to kiss the larger male, feeling that relatively huge tongue wrap around his own, the two organs wrestling expertly in the dragon’s maw. Eventually, the kobold pulled back. As he planted a trail of affectionate kisses down the dragon’s neck, chest, and abdomen, he tasted his own salty precum on the larger male’s scales. He *was* certainly eager! The kobold continued his attention to the dragon’s body, though.

Running his hands across that flat, pink abdomen, his hands soon enough encountered Rydit’s bluish purple shaft. The foreplay was evidently working wonders for the blushy dragon, as Rydit now had a full seven inches of erect meat to display. There was a time when seven inches would have been huge compared to the kobold’s member; now, it looked almost cute on the submitting dragon. Leaning in to plant a kiss on its pointed tip, Snitt gathered a bit of his own plentiful precum onto a few of his fingers. As he began to prod a finger at the dragon’s ass, he growled, “I want to see this cock cum hands-free tonight.”

“That might be possible,” Rydit agreed with a shiver of arousal. He let out a quiet moan as a finger slowly pressed in, spreading his insides pleasantly. It pumped in and out a few times before it was joined by a second. The next finger didn’t slip in quite so readily, but it became easier when the dragon imagined it was the blunt tip of Snitt’s cock – though of course, that shaft was far thicker than two fingers. That was readily apparent from the feeling of that shaft pulsating against his sensitive underbelly scales. Nonetheless, Rydit’s desire to feel it inside himself was

rising by the second. A third finger joined the first two, eliciting a louder moan still from the dragon.

“You’re so tight and warm,” the kobold complimented as he slowly prepped the dragon for his girthy shaft. After several more seconds of fingering the dragon’s hole, Snitt finally withdrew his fingers. Grabbing his bottle of lube, he resumed his position between Rydit’s legs. He squirted the slick, cool liquid atop his chocolatey brown shaft and began to work the stuff in, coating his entire shaft from his blunt tip down to the medial ring of his cock, ensuring he covered every fat vein on his overgrown member. “Are you ready?” he asked with a playful glint in his eye, stroking his eager manhood.

“Mmhmm,” Rydit confirmed, biting his lower lip. Eyeing the size of that tool, he wasn’t sure he’d ever be able to take it all. But if there was anyone he’d want to try for, it was the little kobold he’d invited into his life.

“Just let me know if it gets too uncomfortable, okay?” Snitt instructed as he grabbed Rydit’s thighs, lifting them slightly. With considerable assistance from the dragon, he managed to prop them up on his shoulders as he pressed his tip against Rydit’s winking hole.

Slowly pushing forward, Snitt felt the dragon’s tight entrance gradually begin to yield for his girth. The kobold kept pressing in, stopping momentarily for the dragon to adjust any time Rydit’s groans reached a crescendo of volume.

For his part, Rydit gritted his teeth and clumped the bedsheets into his two fists. He’d never stretched anywhere near this wide before, of course, and the thought crossed his mind several times that he should have dosed himself with a tincture for stretchiness beforehand. As the kobold’s tip began to brush up past his prostate for the first time, though, the dragon’s lips parted in a blissful groan as he melted into the bed.

Snitt grinned, watching the dragon’s cock throb, leaking a respectable strand of precum onto his own belly. He began to push in a bit faster as pleasant sensations

finally joined the discomfort Rydit certainly felt. The dragon's pleased moans were music to Snitt's ears, and the warmth and tightness of the dragon's inner passage were a perfect accompaniment. As he pushed in slowly deeper and deeper, he was surprised by just how easily the dragon began to take his shaft once he began to pressure that sensitive love button. Pretty soon, the dragon was taking his cock like a pro, and it wasn't long until the kobold's heavy nuts were resting firmly on the base of Rydit's tail. One last little shove, and he'd hilted inside the larger male.

"Mmmhh, I never appreciated – unh – just how big you were until this, Snitt," the dragon complimented. "I almost want to start stroking, but I know you wanted me to wait..."

"Thanks, babe," the kobold replied with a grin. "If you're that desperate, then, I think it's about time I fucked that orgasm out of you, huh?"

Snitt began to pull out, before pushing his entire length back into the dragon. Particularly in missionary position, Snitt's length did not lend itself to the hard, fast thrusts the kobold preferred, but he easily made do. As he subtly adjusted his position to more directly pound against Rydit's prostate, he was rewarded by louder and more frequent huffs and groans from the sensitive dragon.

Before long, Snitt was getting close. Just as it seemed his hope of getting Rydit to cum hands-free was in jeopardy, he felt that familiar sensation as the dragon began to clamp down hard over his length. The rhythmic contractions continued while the dragon's cock throbbed wildly, spurting white-hot cum across his own stomach, with a few shots even reaching his chest.

Snitt redoubled his efforts and soon after felt his tip flaring up as his balls clenched tight in their sac. The kobold began to pump his load deep inside the dragon. His orgasm lasted significantly longer – yet another benefit of the transformation Rydit had given him – as he filled the dragon with enough cum to impregnate a woman dozens of times over.

Finally, as the productive kobold's orgasm receded, he slowly pulled his aching, softening shaft from the dragon's well-used hole. Lowering Rydit's legs and crawling up beside the dragon, he rubbed a hand over those pale pink belly scales, where he'd deposited his load.

"That was great," he murmured almost inaudibly as a wave of contentment washed over him.

"Mmm, agreed," Rydit replied as he turned to envelop the smaller male in a tight embrace. The two laid still for several minutes as they basked in the warmth of each other's presence.

Finally, Snitt spoke. "Say, uh... Rydit, I have a question."

"Mmm?" the dragon replied inquisitively.

"Would you mind being... y'know... jeez, this is embarrassing." Gone was the confident, self-assured façade Snitt had boasted earlier in the evening.

"I'd love to," Rydit replied, cutting the kobold off.

"Hey, I didn't get to finish asking!" Snitt huffed indignantly.

"Well then ask!" Rydit replied, sticking out his bluish tongue for emphasis.

"Would you want to, uh, date me?" the kobold spat out finally.

"It would be an honour," the dragon replied softly as he squeezed his new boyfriend close.

"Oh, thank heavens. I was so worried you'd say no," Snitt confided. "There'll be a lot of challenges, like explaining this to the others. But... with you by my side, I'm sure it'll be alright," he said as he wrapped both arms tight around his big boyfriend.

Day Eighteen: Cuckolding

by Monroe Lehner

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

featuring Duke Nauticus

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

If there was one thing Duke loved even more than feeling the pump in his muscles after a hard workout, it was feeling the pump of his dick eight inches deep in his boyfriend, Mako. As Mako ran on a treadmill some yards away, Duke unashamedly ogled the orca's ass bouncing and jiggling in his skin-tight shorts.

Duke felt his cock chubbing up from its usual five-inch flaccid length. Most guys might have moved to obscure their growing arousal, or at least tried to hide the source of their arousal, but not Duke. The blue shark knew he was one of the biggest guys in the gym – in stature, muscular development, and even dick size. Even if anyone objected to him eye-fucking his boyfriend in public, they sure as hell weren't about to confront the athletic shark about it.

Though as much as Duke wanted to continue admiring his boyfriend's huge, breedable ass, he was at the gym for a reason. The shark laid back on the bench and adjusted his arms, grasping the barbell. It was chest and back day, and Duke was ready to begin his favourite exercise, the bench press.

The shark completed his first few reps with relative ease, but as he reached the fifth of his eight reps, he began to struggle. Grunting quietly, he pushed out the next rep. Then with the following, he began to grunt even louder. By the seventh rep, his arms were screaming with exhaustion, but he slowly completed the exercise with good form. Then as he lowered the bar for his eight and final rep, he saw a pair of yellow fingers lightly touch the underside of the bar.

“C’mon, you got this,” a deep voice rumbled. “I’m here if it gets too heavy.”

Duke lifted with all his might, growling audibly as his face grew red from the exertion. But with all his might, he just managed to lift the bar an eighth time before racking it for his rest between sets.

Wiping his brow, the shark turned to see who had stepped in to spot him. On the one hand, Duke was grateful for the help, but on the other, he was indignant at the implication that he could need *any* sort of help at the gym; he knew his way around a weight room and he was totally self-sufficient.

Duke wasn’t sure what he expected of his mystery spotter. He hadn’t recognised those yellow fingers, but then again, he barely paid attention to the other wimps who came to work out on the weekends. What he saw, though, defied all expectations. It was rare enough for Duke to encounter other men who rivalled his own seven-foot height, but the lizard standing at the head of his bench clearly outclassed Duke in multiple other respects.

Despite his recent efforts to put on additional mass, the shark was only pleasantly muscled like a competitive swimmer or some other athlete. By contrast, the blue-and-yellow reptile before him must have easily weighed twice what Duke did. The lizard’s white, sweat-soaked wife beater did nothing to obscure the deep valleys and crevices of his muscles, and it was clear the dude was built like a tank. If Duke wasn’t so insanely jealous, he might have asked the guy for advice on how to put on mass like that.

And then there was the matter of his crotch. Duke had never regarded himself as inadequate below the belt, but that was precisely what he felt as he looked at the thick monster coiled up in the lizard’s red shorts. Even totally soft, it was obviously scores larger than his biggest, firmest erection – to say nothing of the disparity between their balls. If the blue shark was sporting a pair the size of oranges, this guy’s orbs must have been the size of large cantaloupes. Just considering the size of this guy’s junk, he had gone slack-jawed; he had never seen anyone half as hung as this!

“Here, I can spot you during your next set,” the guy rumbled. Even his voice was deeper and more masculine than the baritone pitch of Duke’s voice. The shark was about to protest, but glancing at the clock, it had already been 60 seconds since he completed his last set. He didn’t want to rest too long and sabotage his own workout, over a petty matter of pride.

“Thanks,” the shark replied with a fake smile as he laid back down on the bench. Adjusting his position, he closed his eyes for a moment to regain his focus. Then as he grabbed the bar and lowered it down to his chest, he felt the huge guy shuffling forward to a position where he could support the barbell if he found it necessary.

The only problem was that this put the lizard’s obscene bulge directly above Duke’s face. As the shark huffed and grunted to lift the heavy weight, every breath filled his lungs with the larger male’s potent, masculine musk. The pheromone-laden scent was so overpowering that after five reps, Duke was beginning to find it difficult to concentrate on his workout. His arms faltered as his chest gave out, and the bar began to drop. Fortunately for the shark, though, his spotter easily caught the bar, effortlessly lifting it back to the rack.

“Whoa there, don’t overdo it, little man!” the lizard exclaimed as Duke bolted up. The shark fuming. He was furious! Even though he was clearly outmatched in terms of raw, physical strength, he had half a mind to chew out the lizard who’d interrupted his workout and made him fail.

Just as Duke opened his mouth to speak, he was cut off by a familiar voice. “Oh, Duke!” an effeminate male called out in a sing-song tone. As he whirled around, the shark saw his own boyfriend, Mako, dressed in those tight yellow gym shorts that hugged every curve of his massive ass, and his familiar, flamboyant pink top. Drenched in sweat from his own workout on the treadmills, the orca was half-jogging over to meet the two males.

“Oh! I see you’ve met Monroe! He’s just the sweetest guy, isn’t he? Pretty hunky too!” the orca cried out. “We were jogging together – that’s why he’s all sweaty like that – but he said you looked like you were struggling, so he decided to come over and help out. Isn’t that so sweet?” the orca explained. “You know I love a guy with a big... heart,” he added with a not-so-subtle wink to the larger male.

Duke was disgusted. The pit in his stomach was only growing by the second. First, he was dethroned as the biggest guy at the gym. Next, his workout was ruined. Now, his boyfriend was shamelessly flirting with bigger guys, right in front of him? The shark knew Mako was a shameless size queen. That was most of his motivation for trying to bulk up further at the gym! But it was rare for Duke to feel so thoroughly outclassed, not just in one aspect, but in multiple. How could he ever compare against a guy who was bigger, hunkier, and far better hung?

“Duke, huh?” the enormous lizard grunted. “Cute name.” As he stepped away from the barbell, he laid a huge hand on the slim orca’s shoulder. “Well, Mako, it looks like your boyfriend’s about done with his bench presses. He nearly dropped the bar on himself, after all. So how about we go to the squat racks? You said you wanted me to show you proper form, so we could do that now.”

“Actually—” Duke started to object, but he was quickly cut off by his boyfriend.

“That sounds great!” Mako squealed, practically dancing in place with excitement. “Let’s go over there now!” Before the shark could get a word in edgewise, the orca was already trotting off towards the squat racks. As Monroe followed, shamelessly staring at his boyfriend’s ass, Duke knew there was no way he could leave the two of them alone together. Even though it meant cutting his workout short, he grabbed his sweat towel and followed a few paces behind Monroe.

The blue shark’s mood only soured further as he watched the massive reptile help his boyfriend set up to practise squats. He kept watching for any opportunity to step in and correct the lizard’s recommendations, to show him up on even the most minute of points and reassert his dominance in the situation, but even under

Duke's most pointed scrutiny, Monroe had yet to slip up. Matters turned from bad to worse when the lizard stepped in to help guide Mako's form.

"Now, let me help make sure your body's in the right position," Monroe cooed as he rested both hands on Mako's hips. "You're going to want to keep your back straight and lower yourself down, like you're sitting on a chair," he explained as the orca slowly squatted with an empty bar.

"Or like I'm sitting on something else!" Mako joked salaciously.

"Yes, exactly," Monroe growled with a glint in his eye. Even if Mako didn't see it, Duke couldn't help but notice how the lizard's obscene bulge throbbed with desire.

"Now, sloooowly come down..." the lizard instructed as the orca squatted lower. "Try and get down to a 90° angle," he said. As Mako finally reached the required depth of squat, his huge rear bumped against the lizard's huge, warm package. The orca let out a squeak of delight, grinding his ass on the big male's crotch.

"Hey!" Duke cried out, rising to his feet. "I'm not gonna stand here and let you—"

"Oh, c'mon, Dukey! He's just showing me how to do squats," Mako chided his increasingly deflated-looking boyfriend.

"Exactly. If you don't squat low enough, you're not going to see any results," Monroe explained. "You wouldn't want to sabotage your own boyfriend's workout, would you?"

Try as he might, Duke just couldn't think of an appropriate response. Was he the only one who saw how wildly inappropriate the situation was? And if there was anyone whose workout was sabotaged, it was his own, for having to come here and watch over his partner!

Taking the shark's silence as agreement, Monroe continued his tutelage. "Now, let's try it again," he instructed the orca. Mako giggled in delight as he squatted

before the lizard. Monroe rested his hands on the orca's waist, examining his posture as he squatted behind the shark's boyfriend. Again, when Mako was deep in his squat, the orca pressed his ass firmly against the lizard's bulge. He repeated the motion several times, each time being sure to grind his drool-worthy rump against that monster of a cock. As the exercise went on, the lizard's shaft was noticeably growing as it swelled with arousal. That inhumanly large cock had started out 16 inches long and five inches broad in its totally flaccid state. But now, the lizard was boasting a half-hard cock that was at least 19 inches long. Even with their comically-oversized pouch, the lizard's shorts clearly weren't designed for their immense burden, and the first thick inches at the root of his overgrown tool were exposed above the waistband of his shorts.

As embarrassed and ashamed as he was, Duke's cock was achingly erect at its own eight-inch length. The tent of his manhood, even with a rock-hard erection, was pitiful compared to the scene he witnessed before him. But for how sexy he found his fat-assed orca, he couldn't deny that it was hot to see this superior specimen of masculinity grinding against his boyfriend's dump truck of an ass.

At some point, Mako had racked the barbell and continued to squat against Monroe's immense bulge seemingly for the fun of it. All the while, the lizard slowly continued growing harder and harder. Where Duke could go from flaccid to erect in less than a second, the lizard's cock throbbed visibly bigger with each beat of his heart, slowly swelling towards a full, steel-hard erection.

With a grunt, Monroe tugged his shorts off entirely, letting his heavy balls flop out along with his 20-inch shaft. Even in its half-hard state, there was plenty for Duke to envy. It looked far meatier, far more vascular, than his own shaft, with fat veins crossing its surface. Not only that, but Duke was also jealous of the lizard's impressive foreskin: the excess skin hung beyond the fat head of his cock by several inches. The thought crossed Duke's mind that he could probably dock in that cock with ease, and his own shaft might easily be lost in the folds of Monroe's foreskin, making little discernible bulge.

“Oh!” Mako giggled, reaching back to fondle those huge nuts. “Wow, they’re so much huger than Dukey’s,” he remarked with seemingly-genuine surprise as he slowly rubbed and massaged one of them. “Have you ever seen a guy with balls this big, Dukey?”

“N-No, never,” Duke replied meekly. In the shadow of this enormously-endowed man, Duke couldn’t help but wonder if he even deserved to fuck his own boyfriend’s ass. Staring at those balls, it was no wonder to Duke that the lizard was so muscular – his massive nuts probably filled his veins with so much testosterone, he could put on muscle mass with the greatest of ease. The longer he stared, the more the shark doubted he could ever achieve that lizard’s level of mass. He truly felt like a beta in the shadow of Monroe’s alpha dominance.

“That’s right, runt,” Monroe grunted as he hefted his fully-erect cock. Laying it across Mako’s back, he showed off how far its 22-inch, foreskinned length stretched up Mako’s back. That veiny monster must’ve been eight inches wide, as wide as Duke’s own cock was long – and certainly thicker than Duke’s fist. *If he fucks Mako, I won’t be able to please him ever again*, Duke thought to himself as a shiver coursed through his body. Was it a shiver of fear, or arousal?

The lizard’s precum was utterly coating Mako’s shiny, smooth skin as his cock throbbed and drooled a continuous river of the stuff. After Monroe grabbed the shark’s yellow shorts and yanked them down, he reached down to grab a handful of that huge ass, squeezing it possessively. “Let’s see if your ass is as big as your eyes,” he growled, lining his volley-ball sized cock head up with the orca’s puffy donut. The lizard’s inches of overhanging foreskin pressed against the orca’s hole first, though as Monroe mounted the pressure, his broad tip began to sink in.

“Fuck, yesssss,” Mako moaned out as he felt that monster slowly stretching him wider and wider – stretching him better than Duke ever could. The lizard didn’t stop, continuing to push in relentlessly. Within seconds, he was reaching deeper checkpoints than the shark ever had. “Fuck, such a fantastic slut,” Monroe complimented as the inches sank into Duke’s boyfriend.

As Duke looked around, no one else seemed to bat an eye at the scene unfolding before him. As far as anyone other gym-goers were concerned, it was simply a natural occurrence for a stud as massive as Monroe to have his pick of sluts and to claim them right there, on the gym floor.

Monroe kept pushing in. As he reached around to grope the bulge his monster made in Mako's abdomen, Duke shivered once more. He was so turned on, leaking so much precum, that a damp spot was beginning to soak through his own shorts. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been this turned on, and this was just from watching a bigger man claim his boyfriend!

Before long, Monroe's massive nuts were finally bumping against Mako's thick thighs as he hilted entirely within the orca. To Duke's surprise, he was letting out a shaky moan of his own as he felt his cock beginning to throb harder than ever. He began to spurt ropes of inferior seed into his shorts, his load seeping through the fabric as he watched his boyfriend claimed by a superior man.

As the shark's shaft began to soften after his climax, both Monroe and Mako took notice. "Looks like the shark came just from watching you enjoy a *real man's* cock, Mako!" he taunted. "I wouldn't be surprised if you came hands-free, but I never expected 'Dukey' here to cum before either of us."

"Just ignore him – unf – and fuck me, please!" the orca cried, pushing back against the lizard's battering ram of a cock. Monroe gladly obliged, beginning to piston into Mako's hole. With short, hard thrusts, he pounded the orca with an intensity Duke never could match. The longer he fucked the orca, the further he ruined his formerly-snug hole.

"Damn, you're a tight whore," Monroe grunted. "No wonder, since you've got a shrimp-dicked loser for a boyfriend. He barely stretches you at all."

Duke's cheeks were flushed bright red. He was so humiliated and so turned on – but as aroused as he was, his cock was spent. He'd blown his load early, and his pathetic, limp shaft couldn't show even the slightest stirrings of arousal now.

As the lizard kept breeding his boyfriend, Duke's nostrils filled with the scent of the virile male's sex. The entire area reeked of Monroe's overwhelmingly masculine funk. Duke couldn't remember the musk of his sex with Mako ever smelling so strongly. Even the lizard's *smell* was far manlier than his own.

Monroe was steadily growing wilder and more driven as he rutted the shark's boyfriend. The sound of Mako's fat ass clapping against Monroe's beefy thighs filled the air, competing with the lizard's loud grunts and howls. Duke could not only see, but hear the lizard coming closer and closer to climax. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Monroe was groaning louder than ever as he pushed his cock to the hilt inside Mako.

Monroe's orgasm seemed to last far longer than Duke's as his balls spilled a far greater volume of jizz. While Mako shot his own load against the mirror behind the squat rack, Monroe must've pumped nearly a gallon of the thick, virile fluid deep inside the submissive orca.

Finally, as Monroe slowly pulled his shaft out of the orca's ruined hole, he grabbed Duke by the shirt. Pulling the relatively slim shark over, he pushed his face into that gaping ass. "Lick it clean," Monroe ordered.

As Duke obediently licked his boyfriend clean of the lizard's superior sperm, he couldn't help but notice how much thicker it was – not to mention, of course, its excessive volume. By the time he was done swallowing the small waterfall of cum drooling from Mako's donut, he was certain he reeked of Monroe's scent.

As though to ensure he was marked with the musk of a superior man, Monroe grabbed the back of Duke's head, pushing his face into his hefty sac. "You cleaned Mako, now do me, bitch boy," the lizard ordered. If Duke wanted to squirm away, the firm grip on his dorsal fin ensured he couldn't escape.

Duke licked clean every inch of those heavy nuts, cleaning them up for the lizard's next breeding session. Without prompting, he worked his way upward, cleaning

even the lizard's half-hard shaft, making sure to dig his tongue into the excess foreskin hanging beyond Monroe's softening, drooling cock head. By the time he'd finished, the shark was certain he couldn't manage another drop; he was feeling almost bloated from Monroe's load alone.

"You make a great cum slut," Monroe complimented, baring his jagged teeth. "Maybe I'll keep you around to clean up after the next time I fuck your boyfriend," he mused.

As he pulled his shorts up, he turned to speak to Mako. "My next workout's on Monday," he explained. "Why don't you come back, and bring your shrimp-dicked boyfriend along too? He wasn't half bad at cleaning up after we finished."

"That sounds great!" Mako replied enthusiastically. "Gosh, Dukey, isn't this great? I know you'd been saying you wanted a good excuse to start making more frequent gym visits."

The shark could only nod meekly as he watched the enormous lizard wander off to finish the rest of his workout.