

Monroe's Kinktober 2021

Volume Two

Table of Contents

2	Cock vore
5	Monsters
8	Urethral sounding
14	Robots
19	Public sex
24	Condoms



Day Seven: Cock Vore

by Monroe Lehner

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

featuring Vod

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

Monroe set down the tape measure with a satisfied grin. The verdict? 5'10". After that latest growth spurt, the lizard's cock was officially longer than his housemate was tall. His girth had long surpassed the cat's width at the shoulders – Monroe had always been blessed with a particularly thick shaft – and now, officialised by the latest set of measurements, the reptile's manhood surpassed his housemate's body in every dimension.

"Hey, Vod!" Monroe called out, summoning his friend. He was eager to show off his latest gains, after all! A moment later, a brown housecat was stepping into the lizard's room. Clad in just a pair of orange boxers, the 5'8" male looked strangely small next to the beastly shaft Monroe had been staring at for the past few hours.

Vod began to greet Monroe, but his train of thought was cut immediately short: "Hey du—oh, jeez, did you grow again?"

It was obviously a rhetorical question, and Vod clearly liked what he saw. As he stared at the throbbing, leaking monster of a cock, a tent had emerged in the front of his boxers and his ears had pressed down flat in a show of subservience.

"Fuck, it's perfect," Vod mewled, softly padding closer. "May I touch it... Sir?"

"You'll be doing more than just touch it, I'm sure," Monroe replied with a smirk. "For now, though, come show me what you think of the new size," the lizard instructed his submissive little friend.

Vod approached the bed where Monroe sat. Even resting solidly on the ground, the lizard's overgrown nuts crested above Vod's navel. He imagined the sheer quantity of cum undoubtedly sloshing in those factories and let out a shiver of arousal. Standing before that enormous cock, he was surprised by just how much heat radiated from its surface. He rested a hand on it; its flesh was hot to the touch.

The lesser male soon wrapped both arms around that massive cock, beginning to lap up some of the precum that flowed down its surface. Salty and musky, Vod gulped down mouthful after mouthful of the stuff. Every stroke and gulp made the flow of pre grow more intense, yet another testament to the lizard's superior potency and virility. Drunk off the lizard's musk, Vod wanted nothing more than to be a slave to Monroe's godly shaft and massive nuts.

"Sir, even your precum puts other men to shame," the cat mewed as he peppered Monroe's breeder with licks and kisses. "You are a god among men. Just one drop of your ball sweat has more testosterone than I've made in my entire life."

As the cat worshipped the lizard's divine package, the barely-audible rumbling of Monroe's balls grew louder. Those twin cum factories gurgled and sloshed, doubling, then tripling their production in response to the praise.

"That's right, kitten," Monroe agreed as he reached down to rub the surface of one enormous testicle. "However, your god's balls are feeling quite hungry by this point. How would you like to spend the night in them?"

There was no question in Vod's mind. "Yes!" he yelped out. He knew he'd reek of Monroe's testosterone-heavy musk afterward – no matter how he cleaned his fur, he would carry the mark of a *real* man for months to come. The cat didn't care; all the better if other males knew he was owned by a true alpha.

As Monroe pushed his steel-hard shaft down, he brought the pre-drooling slit down to a manageable level for Vod. The cat subserviently murmured, "Thank you, Sir," before pushing his muzzle into that enormous urethra. Massaging the outside

of Monroe's shaft, he thirstily drank as much of Monroe's pre as he could manage and slowly pushed in deeper. Before long, the rest of his head slid into that godly cock. The lizard's cock began to throb harder, as though trying to swallow and pull its meal deeper inside. Seconds later, Vod was neck-deep inside the cock that was larger than his entire body, and his shoulders were pressing against its head.

Monroe bent over, grabbing the beach ball-sized glans and spreading it wider for Vod's shoulders. He groaned deeply in pleasure as the cat pushed in, assisted by the excess precum drooling out around his body and matting his fur. With his arms forced down by his sides, Vod's torso began to sink into that cock while his feet left the ground. There was no going back, even if he wanted to. Each swallowing throb of that massive cock pulled the squirming, huffing cat in deeper.

Monroe's cock had never swallowed such a large meal before. The lizard groaned loudly in bliss as Vod's midsection then legs slipped down into his breeder. Before long, the reptile's cock was greedily gulping down its meal's paws. Vod's entire body was in Monroe's cock now, spare a few inches of his long, feline tail.

With a few more gulps, the bulge of Vod's body began to disappear down into the lizard's balls. Monroe stroked his cock to assist its swallowing motions, and before long, he felt the weight of his prey's entire body finally entering his sac. When Vod dropped down into his huge nuts, they barely moved. They were so huge they didn't need to deform at all to accept their new cargo, and to an onlooker, there wouldn't have been even the slightest evidence that the lizard had swallowed an entire man down into his overgrown cum factories.

In Monroe's sac, Vod was in heaven. The lizard's musk was potently overwhelming as the cat bathed in the source of his god's virile spunk. Monroe's scent was permeating his fur, staining him to the bone with the mark of an apex breeder, an alpha among alphas. Almost inaudible above the gurgling and rumbling of Monroe's productive balls, a soft purring sound began to emanate from within.

As Vod settled down for the overnight stay in his housemate's cum factories, he was certain that next time, he'd request a far longer stay.

Day Eight: Monsters

by Monroe Lehner

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

Roaming the forest, pouncing from tree to tree, Tobi-Kadachi knew he was king. If another creature so much as met his gaze, Tobi had only to let loose a jolt of electricity and the creature was sent running. No one dared challenge his supremacy, and for good reason: the blue-grey monster could singe fur and fry organs with but a single shake of his electric body.

After a full day of hunting, Tobi was perhaps only 20 minutes from his den, and the sun had only just begun to dip low in the sky. He was just about ready to head home, but then he caught sight of something unusual! A glimmering reflection drew his eye down to ground level – a Felyne, this deep in the forest? Sauntering with a pack full of shiny trinkets and baubles, the Felyne couldn't have been aware of the danger he faced. The traveller's sole fortune was that Tobi-Kadachi's fully belly meant he had little interest in yet another meal. But he could always stand to give the local populace another story and additional reason to fear his existence.

The monster leapt through the trees, ensuring the unlucky little Felyne could see the massive figure bounding across his path. With each jump, he saw the little cat's pace grow quicker, his footsteps jitterier. Leaves fell, branches creaked, the foliage shook, and sparks flew. The moment was nigh. Tobi-Kadachi hopped to the ground, landing directly in front of his prey. With a cry, the Felyne dropped his bag and turned tail, making a mad dash back into the forest. With any luck, he'd make it home in one piece, hours after nightfall, with stories of a terrifying beast who boasted supreme command of the electric currents in the air.

Satisfied with himself, Tobi vaulted back into the canopy. Stalking the Felyne had brought him further from home and taken enough time that twilight had already set in. But it was worth it. In any case, Tobi's eyes could adjust to the low-light

conditions. The monster skilfully hopped from tree to tree, traversing miles of forest with ease. Every so often, he could have sworn he saw something that made his fur bristle on end: two nightmarish red eyes, dimly glowing in the moonlight.

It's fine, I'm nearly home, Tobi reminded himself. But just at that moment, he swore he saw the red streaks again, accompanied by an obsidian blur tearing through the treetops. A deep growl escaped his throat. If another monster sought to claim this turf, he would stand and fight. Tobi craned his neck, looking all around. Where was the creature who dared stalk him?

Just then, a huge weight came crashing down on his back! With a startled yelp, Tobi fell beneath the weight of the other monster. Crunching through tree limbs, he met the ground with a heavy thud. Tobi tried to shake, to electrocute the monster who dared challenge him, but he found himself unable to move beneath the larger monster's bulk. He was pinned! A head lowered itself next to his own, and his breath caught in his throat as he saw which predator had bested him. Emitting a low growl, with razor-sharp teeth bared, Tobi's captor revealed himself to be none other than the panther-like hunter: Nargacuga.

As thoughts raced through Tobi's mind, he couldn't help but tremble beneath the weight of such a fearsome predator. In the daylight hours, he may have been a match for Nargacuga, but in the dim moonlight, he didn't stand a chance. Such a terrible end he had met, and all for the cheap thrill of spooking a pathetic Felyne.

As Tobi came to terms with his departure from this mortal plane, Cuga had a different idea entirely. The thrill of the hunt had awakened something deep inside him. His cock twitched and swelled, and his slit parted for his growing tip to escape. The larger monster began to gyrate his hips, grinding his burgeoning erection beneath Tobi's tail.

Tobi was shocked more than anything else. On the rollercoaster of emotion he was experiencing, lust was the last feeling he would've predicted. But here he was, almost instinctively raising his tail for the larger male. His own tapered shaft began to grow hard as he felt the prodding on his rear grow firmer and more insistent.

Cuga lifted his forepaws, resting them on Tobi's back in preparation to mount his prey. As Tobi lifted his hindlegs to help aid the hunter's entry, he felt precum smearing across his rear entrance, and he let out sigh of contentment. Cuga was rock hard and dripping by this point. He pressed his barbed cock head against the electric monster's hole, letting out a deep purr as the smaller male's warmth enveloped his achingly hard shaft.

As Cuga speared him on his impressive girth, Tobi couldn't help but let out a shaky moan. He gradually relaxed to allow the larger male in deeper, and the electric monster wasn't disappointed as Cuga began to push further inside. Soon enough, that swollen spire was pressing hard against Tobi's prostate, and the smaller male felt jolts of electrifying bliss shoot through his entire body. His moans grew louder and more frequent as the bigger monster began to thrust in and out, those pleasurable barbs brushing over his prostate again and again.

Cuga pressed his body close to Tobi's as he increased the pace, rushing towards his own orgasm. Both males' pleased grunts, groans and growls filled the forest as they rutted, the volume only increasing as Cuga grew rougher and more insistent with his rapidly-approaching climax. Before long, Cuga was hiltling into Tobi. He pounded the other monster with his entire length, desperate to spill his seed into the smaller male. It was only a few more seconds until Cuga's orgasmic roar shook the trees while he spilled his cum deep inside Tobi.

Tobi's body quivered and his ass clenched over that thick cock. Pleasure overtook his senses and orgasm rocked his body as he spurted rope after rope of thick, musky seed across the ground. Looking up, he saw Cuga's eyes blissfully shut as the larger male panted in the afterglow of his intense orgasm.

When Cuga eventually began to withdraw his spent cock, Tobi was almost sorry for the achingly empty feeling that followed. Glancing around, deep night had set in; it would be wisest to return to his den. But as he slowly rose to his feet, the electric monster couldn't help but think: *maybe I should roam these grounds after nightfall again, tomorrow...*

Day Nine: Urethral Sounding

by Monroe Lehner

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

“...a wizard's castle?”

Snitt squeezed his eyes tight. His head was throbbing. He moved to massage his aching temples, but the shackles about his wrists quickly dashed that plan.

“Did you really think it wise to infiltrate a wizard's castle?” his captor repeated.

“Wuh... Hah...” Snitt mumbled, grasping for a coherent string of words. Memories came flooding back: his band of thieves; rumours of a powerful, yet reclusive wizard who'd set up shop in the nearby mountains; the guild's elaborate plan to pilfer the wizard's potions and sell them on the black market.

“Where are the others?” the crimson kobold snarled, testing his restraints. The three-foot-tall male's quickly found his ankles were bound as securely as his wrists, and even his tail was strapped tightly to the wooden table on which he laid.

“They escaped,” the wizard assured his prisoner. “Mind, with none of my potions – they all left empty-handed.”

Snitt began to growl. As he turned to view the other male, though, his voice caught in his throat and the few choice insults that had been brewing in his thoughts withered away. He was struck by the impressive hue of the dragon's scales. Though most of his slender form was encased in a robe, the iridescent lavender scales exposed at his neck and face gave the wizard an eerie, yet alluring quality.

“But you, my captive, you had two of my potions on your person,” he explained as he withdrew two vials from his robe. “Luck would have it, I've been looking for a

suitable test subject for these. Since you wanted them badly enough to steal them from my collection, I shall treat that as a brave act of volunteerism.”

Snitt vigorously shook his head. He didn't know what any of this man's potions could do, but if there was one thing he was sure of, he didn't want to find out. “No, no, I'm just a simple thief! Let me go, and I swear I'll never return,” he promised.

“Now, no need to be that way,” the wizard cooed as he cupped Snitt's jaw with a clawed hand. Gingerly stroking the smaller male's chin, he spoke. “I can assure you with my utmost confidence as a sorcerer and alchemist, we will both find this to be a... mutually beneficial experience.”

As Snitt shook his head free from the stranger's touch, he caught sight of an impressive bulge growing in the dragon's robes. A draconic shaft was growing, pressing harder and harder against the thick brown fabric with each passing second. He gulped. Just what did this man have in mind for him?

Turning to his work bench, the wizard set one vial in a rack for safekeeping while he brandished the other. “Now, this won't hurt a bit. In fact, if I had to guess, I imagine it'd be quite pleasurable,” he explained as he approached the nude kobold. Laying a dainty hand on the kobold's abdomen, he pressed the rounded bottom of the vial against Snitt's genital slit, rubbing up and down along that entrance to tease the smaller male. Then he spread the slit open with one hand, turning the vial on end with the other to empty its contents into the kobold's most sensitive region.

What followed was an impressive tingling that only grew with intensity. Snitt felt his cock throbbing harder with each heartbeat. He couldn't quite see what was happening, thanks to his restraints and the wizard's presence at his midsection. But the dragon had not lied; before long, even Snitt's internal testes were thrumming in harmonious bliss with the rest of his package. But strange new sensations were blossoming alongside the tingles in his nethers. He couldn't quite explain it, but his slit felt... different, somehow – almost swollen, but *not*. His testes were extraordinarily sensitive by this point, pulsing hard against his taint.

Pushing through the pleasurable haze of sensations, the rational part of Snitt's mind demanded an answer. "Whu... What are you doing to me?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing you'd object to, I'm sure. In fact, the transformation is occurring far quicker than anticipated," the dragon explained as he stared intently at Snitt's crotch; his explanation raised more questions than it answered.

"I think it's about time to grab that other vial while I let you get used to your new body," he said as he turned on heel. Busying himself with the other vial, his long, purple tail swished to and fro in visible excitement.

Snitt, however, was far more preoccupied with his own predicament. Finally, with the wizard gone, he could see his own crotch down beyond the gentle curves of his slender abdomen. What he saw made him gasp audibly: nestled between his thighs, there was no longer a slit, but a markedly equine sheath! Reddish brown in hue, it was the same colour as the brand new sac that took up every inch of available space between the kobold's scaled thighs. Snitt's plump orbs were undoubtedly larger and more sensitive than his internal testes had been; his huge organs tingled pleasantly, even just resting on the wooden table as they were.

Just admiring his newfound horse cock, Snitt felt the organ beginning to grow and rise. Far quicker than it ever rose before, the tip of his shaft was poking out of his sheath; with each throb, it rose further, quickly exceeding his previous erect length. Before long, Snitt boasted a shaft that would've been impressive on a man six feet in stature, let alone a three-foot kobold. Angrily throbbing and drooling precum, it was long enough he swore he could have hugged it close to his chest and licked its tip without much effort at all, if not for the shackles binding his wrists. It must have been a full foot in length!

Snitt had always been happy enough with his endowment, but this? This was a mass beyond his wildest dreams. He was so aroused, admiring his newfound physiology, that even the flare of his swollen equine shaft was beginning to swell up. It was only when he caught sight of his draconic captor in the periphery of his

vision that he snapped out of his self-admiration. How long had he been ogling his own pulsing manhood?

“I’m glad you seem to like the changes,” the dragon cooed, tracing a finger up the underside of Snitt’s cock. Such pleasure! The kobold shivered and bucked his hips, tugging against his shackles.

“That one is permanent. This next potion is temporary. We’ll see how you like this change,” the wizard explained as he lifted the second vial up to the yawning, drooling slit of the kobold’s urethra. Snitt was treated to a further, more unusual sensation as the wizard poured the slimy, cool liquid down his shaft. The effects of this potion were less pronounced, and for a moment, Snitt was unsure what had changed. The dragon had mentioned some kind of a temporary effect, but despite how he strained his senses, the kobold couldn’t detect even the slightest change.

“Not sure what’s changed?” the dragon asked, studying the puzzled expression written across Snitt’s features. “That’s quite alright. You’ll find out soon enough.” The dragon turned tail, striding back to his desk. Opening a drawer, he retrieved a set of brilliant blue anal beads.

“Now, I’m sure you could take these right away in your current state, but let’s work up to that, hmmm?” he crooned with a smirk. The dragon repeated the same gesture from before, running a teasing finger along the bottom of that impressive shaft. This time, however, he stopped at Snitt’s flared-out tip. The dragon collected a generous glob of precum on his digit before pressing its clawed tip against the entrance to Snitt’s newfound pride.

Sliding the finger in, the wizard was pleasantly surprised by how easily it slipped down that shaft. He was rewarded by a gasp, followed by a long, breathy moan of utter bliss. Snitt had never experienced such sensations! While he was not a virgin – far from it, in fact – he had always been the one pushing his cock into tight holes. He’d never considered that one day, his own shaft might be on the receiving end of such treatment.

Before long, the dragon had worked his finger in to its deepest knuckle. As he pumped the digit in and out, he admired his own handiwork. Snitt's eyes were shut tight. He was tugging and pulling on his restraints as he moaned in utter ecstasy, enjoying his newfound sensitivity and the unfamiliar sensations assaulting the most sensitive, interior flesh of his girthy cock. Withdrawing his finger, the dragon added a second digit and found it slipped in as easily as the first.

As the wizard pumped his fingers in and out of the kobold's augmented shaft, the bulge of those fingers undulated with each pump he gave, their bulging outline offering an hint of the stretching stimulation they offered the kobold's most sensitive canal. After several minutes of fingering the kobold's urethra, the dragon finally pulled his fingers free; they were absolutely drenched in the productive 'bold's pre-seed.

"If you haven't figured it out already, that second potion increased your... shall we say, your stretchiness," the dragon offered in explanation. If Snitt heard, he didn't seem to care. He merely continued panting and groaning, the only audible word being a weak call for "More..."

"If you insist," the purple dragon said, flashing a toothy grin. He lifted the silicone beads from the table, where they'd laid next to Snitt's sweat-drenched body. Each bead was the size of a walnut, and as the first one pressed against his tip, there was a brief moment where the kobold was certain it could not fit. But slowly, with mounting pressure, the dragon inserted the first bead. The rest followed easily, with each golf ball-sized bead bulging his horse cock out obscenely around its girth. Before long, the kobold's foot-long breeder was on the verge of swallowing up the 10th and final bead on the string.

As the last bead slid in, Snitt knew he couldn't hold back any more. The sensation of being stretched so thoroughly, combined with the bliss of his newly-enhanced assets, all proved too much for the little 'bold. Arching his back and bucking his hips fruitlessly into the air, the throes of orgasm washed over his being. The first rhythmic contractions of his cock forcefully expelled the beads and a torrent of cum followed, as he painted his own body, the table, and even his enrobed captor

in cups upon cups of virile kobold jizz. The dragon cupped Snitt's nuts appreciatively as they emptied their cargo all over his workshop, even going so far as to gently rub their warm surface in hopes of coaxing further output from them.

Finally, as the kobold's climax drew to a close, his powerful spurts of cum slowed to a steady dribble. He tried to recover his breath as his sperm slowly cooled and his flared cock began to droop under its own heavy weight.

"Fuck... S-Sorry about that," Snitt bashfully muttered as he appraised the enormity of the mess he'd made. Judging from the drenched front of the wizard's robes, though, he must have climaxed as well at some point.

"Nonsense," the wizard replied between deep breaths as he regained control of himself. "It'll be a cinch to clean." He leaned against the table, surveying the damage. "A few scouring invocations and the place will be good as new."

The thick silence that followed was punctuated only by the breathing of the two exhausted males. Snitt listened to his own racing heartbeat settle back to its natural rhythm, and several times thought of asking to be released. But his own status as prisoner weighed heavily on his mind, and he thought better of it each time. Eventually, he settled on expressing a simple sentiment.

"I'm glad I got caught."

"I think it worked out quite well," the sorcerer agreed. "But I suppose I never introduced myself. They call me Rydit."

"I'm Snitt," the thief replied. He could easily have lied just then, but found he had little inclination to do so in light of the intense pleasures the two had just shared.

"Well, Snitt, we should get you cleaned up," the wizard remarked as he began undoing the kobold's shackles. "And also, next time you want to test one of my potions, just drop me a line. You'll always be welcome here."

Day Ten: Robots

by Monroe Lehner

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

“Alright, Sir, he seems good to go. Are you sure about this?”

“Of course. Naturally, I should be the first one to test my greatest invention to date.”

“Well, if you insist. Just remember, our technicians will be on standby just in case.”

A brief pause.

Neural link established.

“Welcome, SEB. Do you know who I am?” a figure in a lab coat asked.

Facial recognition protocol engaged. Subject identified. Cross-referencing against known parameters. Subject appears draconic in origin. Weight: approximately 160 lbs. Height: approximately 5'10". Principal colour: red. Secondary colour: yellow. All parameters match subject's. Identity confirmed.

SEB's vocal processing unit whirred to life for the first time. “You are Ori Frier, Chief Engineer of the Domestic Division at StarCourse Robots and Mechanical Men,” the bot announced confidently.

“Perfect, that's right,” Ori replied. Taking a seat on the sole couch inhabiting the testing chamber, he patted the cushion next to himself. “Please, take a seat,” he offered the bot.

“I would offer you a hot drink, but we haven't got a coffee maker in here, I'm afraid,” Ori added with a genuine smile as the huge robot sat next to him. The sturdy

construction of the furniture proved a blessing, though the couch still sagged beneath SEB's immense weight. Though the bulk of his construction comprised lightweight alloys and plastics, SEB's 10-foot stature and broad build nonetheless amounted to a substantial weight for the couch to support.

"I know you don't need sustenance like we do, but offering a drink seems the polite thing to do, particularly when I'm meant to treat you as a complete companion," Ori explained. "Do you know why you are here today?"

"I do," SEB replied. "I am a Sensory Experience Bot, the latest innovation from StarCourse Robots and Mechanical Men. Previous robots were designed to provide companionship, as I am, but they lacked the capability to provide physical interaction. To your species, and all other known organic races, physical interactions are inextricably linked to feelings of togetherness and attachment."

"I couldn't have explained it better myself," the dragon replied with a wide grin. "Do you know what I'm feeling as I look at you?"

Querying subject's cortical activation.

Primary activation in the anterior cingulate cortex, parietal cortex, and insula.

Scanning subcortical regions.

Elevated activity observed in thalamic, hypothalamic, and caudate regions.

Significant deactivation observed in the amygdala.

"I believe you feel arousal, Ori," the bot replied as he turned down to meet the dragon's eyes.

"I certainly do," the engineer responded, licking his lips. "Although your positronic brain is stock – the same one we intend to ship to customers all over, I had your physical body built specifically to my preferences. I like my men big and strong, and that describes you to a T."

The dragon reached out to lay a hand on the firm white plates comprising SEB's powerful chest. He felt the firm warmth of the robot's construction and the impressive curve of his synthetic pecs. "God, you really are beautiful," Ori cooed as he began to run both hands down over the bot's rippling abs.

"Thank you," SEB replied quietly – if Ori didn't know better, he might have thought the bot was genuinely bashful in the face of such compliments.

Ori rose from his seated position, climbing over to SEB. He straddled the robot, pressing his firm, perky ass against the robot's flaccid, uncut shaft. The dragon's slit had already parted, his ridged, pink shaft emerging further with each heartbeat.

"You know," Ori murmured softly into SEB's ear. "Most guys want me to fuck them when they see how hung I am." His cock was already seven inches long, and it looked nowhere near fully erect. "But sometimes, I just want to give up control and let a big guy use me however he wants. Do you think you could do that?"

SEB cracked a smile – the confident smile of a man who knew he could do virtually anything he wanted, and get away with it. "I think I could manage," he softly breathed as his synthetic cock began to harden. A four-fingered hand wrapped itself around Ori's shaft, beginning to softly stroke it. Within a few strokes, he knew just which spots to hit, and he began to tease the sensitive, ridged underside of the dragon's spire. Ori let out a breathy moan as his tail swished to and fro. His cock throbbed hard, beginning to drool precum. Before long, a 12-inch shaft was pulsing and leaking pleasantly against SEB's uppermost row of abs, complete with a knot that rivalled its owner's own fist in terms of girth.

"Fuck, you're good," Ori complimented. "Let's continue that in a second, but first I want to see what 18 inches looks like on a guy like you. Let me stand up, and—"

SEB brought a finger to the dragon's lips, softly hushing his companion. "I've got a better idea," he cooed. Lifting the scalie slightly, he pulled his half-hard cock up between them, so Ori could watch it grow erect. Reaching both hands around to

the smaller male's ass, he began to squeeze and knead those scaled, red cheeks, his shaft growing harder and larger all the time. Ori was practically panting in lust as he watched that monster grow. It already rivalled his own length and exceeded his girth, but it had so much more to grow.

As the bot toyed with Ori's rear, even occasionally brushing a warm fingertip against his exposed hole, he continued to frot with the dragon while his cock grew larger and harder. Before long, its tip was even with Ori's own, and it was still swelling. Before long, SEB was presenting a monster that was fully 18 inches long – extending further even than Ori's own cock while the dragon sat in SEB's lap. Its girth was even more impressive, sporting a width that outclassed even the huge knot on Ori's draconic shaft. The head was immense, as large as a grapefruit, and Ori's breath caught in his throat as he imagined how it would feel to take it.

Wrapping both hands around both shafts, the robot began to stroke them together. Ori was leaking precum like crazy, and he was impressed by how natural the robot's own synthetic pre felt as it combined and mixed with his own. "I think we're both pretty well lubricated now," the robot cooed. "Do you want to try and take it?"

Ori paused. He was hornier than he could ever recall being, but that girth was quite daunting all the same. The lustful haze clouding his thoughts didn't help matters, but eventually, ruefully, he said, "Mmm... I really want to, but I think we should save that for tomorrow's test. I'll get some more practise with my biggest toys tonight, so we can be ready by tomorrow. Sorry, big guy."

SEB brought a finger to Ori's lips once more. "There's no need to apologise. I know I'll get my chance with that tight hole of yours eventually," he growled seductively. "For now, then, let's enjoy frotting, and a little more..."

The robot pulled one hand off their shafts. The fingers on his free hand extended and lengthened, allowing him to fully encircle the combined girth of both cocks using just one hand. His other hand scooped up a generous glob of precum, lubricating its digits before reaching around to Ori's rear. A finger pressed against

his hole, teasing little circles around the tight entrance he so desperately wanted to stuff. “Hope you don’t mind, but I’d like to get a little better acquainted with this fantastic ass,” the robot announced as he gently pushed a finger in.

“Ohhhh...” Ori moaned out softly as his knees turned to jelly. “N-Not at all, big guy...”

The dragon was already close to cumming, and SEB was happy to push him along, bringing him closer to the edge. That finger quickly found his prostate as it pumped in and out, and with inhuman precision, angled itself to push against Ori’s sensitive love button with every pump.

Feeling such a massive cock throb and pulse against him, experiencing an expert hand tease the most sensitive spots on his cock, and having his ass doted upon so expertly, Ori didn’t last much longer. His moans grew louder and louder until his entire body was quivering and his cock throbbed immensely in SEB’s stroking palm. He began to spurt white-hot seed over himself and the robot. The crescendo of Ori’s pleasure was mirrored by SEB, as the bot careened over the precipice to his own orgasm as well. Shooting an obscene amount of cum alongside Ori, the bot easily matched his draconic companion’s climax in length and volume, and then some. By the time both men had finished cumming, they were absolutely drenched in a mixture of organic and synthetic seed.

“Fuck, that was great,” Ori murmured, collapsing into SEB’s embrace.

“Mmm, it was,” the robot agreed. “And I’ll cum twice as hard when I get to fill this cute little ass,” he teased with a light spank.

“That sounds great,” Ori said dreamily. “I think we can consider this test a success, but I’ll let the technicians know I demand further testing tomorrow.”

Day Eleven: Public Sex

by Monroe Lehner

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

featuring Ouro

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/grasseater98/>

Fans just couldn't stop talking about Ouro's remarkable transformation. The rocker had always been fit, but over the past year, he had simply exploded in size. These days, the serpent's physique looked more like a bodybuilder's than a musician's, and he had taken to performing shirtless – it was simply getting too difficult to find clothes that could keep up with his impressive physique.

Back on the tour bus, the morning before his next show, the rockstar relaxed with his personal trainer, a hulk of a lizard named Monroe. Monroe was every bit as built as Ouro, if not slightly moreso, and between the two huge males, the queen-sized bed nestled at the back of Ouro's bus was almost too small for their combined bulk. With an arm wrapped around his client, bare blue scales against bare brown scales, Monroe spoke.

"I think you're due for another 'treatment' right about now, Ouro. I wouldn't want you to lose a single ounce of mass from that hot bod," the blue-scaled reptile announced, rubbing his obscene bulge with a wry grin.

Ouro's gaze followed the lizard's movements as he rubbed his overstuffed crotch. Still, he hissed, "Dude, there's no way – the groupies are just on the other side of that door, and we're already on our way to the venue!" Despite himself, the musclebound serpent felt his own shaft rising to the occasion, already swelling with arousal; he couldn't deny he loved Monroe's 'treatments' as much as the lizard enjoyed giving them.

“Shh, it’ll be fine. We’ll be quiet and I’ll finish before the bus even stops,” Monroe retorted softly. His hands were already sliding into his shorts, beginning to lower them. As the massive male exposed the first few inches of his semi-hard shaft, Ouro bit his lower lip. He couldn’t help but admire that overgrown cock. Though it was still mostly soft, it easily outclassed the next-biggest he’d had, a realisation that made his heart race and his hole quiver. Somehow, despite the danger of the situation, Ouro knew he’d be bent over for the lizard before long.

“...Alright, fine,” the musician begrudgingly agreed in hushed tones. “But you’ve got to be quick! I’m *not* going to come on stage late just because those huge nuts of yours got impatient.”

Monroe chuckled in satisfaction. He tugged his shorts the rest of the way down, allowing his basketball-sized nuts to rest heavily on the bedsheets. “You know the drill,” he purred as he rose to his knees and turned to face Ouro. “On your hands and knees, tail up. The pillow’s there if you need to bite it,” he said cockily.

“Fuck, you’d think I’d be used to that girth by now,” Ouro whispered as got down on all fours and turned back to eye Monroe’s monster. Despite those words, he was clearly eager. His shaft may not have matched Monroe’s for size, but it was at least an equal for eagerness. The snake’s nine-inch shaft pulsed eagerly, its tip bobbing against his middle row of abs as a thin strand of precum dripped from its throbbing head.

“Just the sight I like to see,” the lizard cooed as Ouro lifted his tail to expose his muscular glutes and tight pucker. Grabbing a bottle of lube from the nearby nightstand, the lizard drizzled the stuff liberally over all two feet of his tree trunk-like shaft. He pressed the swollen, melon-sized head of his shaft against Ouro’s rear while he grabbed the snake’s tail.

Beginning to push in, Monroe let out a soft groan of satisfaction as his immense head slowly spread Ouro wider than any other male could. The celebrity musician gritted his teeth at first to keep from crying out, but he soon had to stuff a pillow in his maw to keep from moaning aloud. It was always difficult to take that monster

at first. Soon enough, though, Monroe had pushed deep enough to reach the beefy snake's prostate. A muffled moan escaped his throat as his cock drooled an impressive glob of pre-seed.

"That's right, moan for me," Monroe rumbled softly as he laid a hand on Ouro's back, dominantly pushing the snake down into the bed. He kept pressing forward, sinking deeper and deeper with every rock of his hips. The rest of his head pushed in with a pop, and he kept pressing in, eager to hilt inside the muscular snake. Monroe's tail was swishing eagerly by this point, and before long, his massive nuts were bumping against Ouro's generously-muscled thighs. Wrapping an arm around the snake, Monroe reached down to feel the bulge of his monstrous breeder distending the Herculean snake's densely-packed abs. Rubbing over Ouro's bulging stomach, Monroe couldn't help but swell with pride; he was almost certainly the only man who could bulge this beefy snake's belly anywhere near this much. With a satisfied huff, the lizard began to pull out, withdrawing all but his fat cock head before he slammed his entire length back in.

"Mmmhhh!" Ouro cried into the pillow, the sound drowning out the heavy slap of Monroe's nuts against his hamstrings. Ouro couldn't help himself. The sensations were just too intense – they always were whenever he let Monroe breed him.

"Better quiet down," Monroe whispered teasingly. "You wouldn't want the groupies to find out their beefcake star is actually a bottom, would you?" he growled. To punctuate his threat, the better-hung reptile slammed his monster back into Ouro.

The snake managed to suppress his groan this time, letting out only a quiet, muffled whimper into the pillow. He was certain he was biting into the pillow hard enough to tear a hole into it by this point, but that didn't matter; as long as he could keep quiet, he was satisfied. As Monroe began to build up a rhythm of long, hard thrusts, Ouro managed to suppress all but the smallest of squeaks and the quietest of moans. Still, he loved every moment of it. Ouro's cock was drooling a near-constant stream of precum by this point, and he curled his long, serpentine tail around the lizard as though begging him to stay hilted deep inside.

Things seemed to be going quite well for the serpent, at least until he felt the bus slowly rolling to a stop. The rumble of the engine cut off suddenly. Spitting the ruined pillow out, he spoke. “Fuck – unh – you’ve got to pull out, Monroe,” the beefy snake commanded his trainer as he heard footsteps approaching their room.

The bigger male was having none of it, though. Seemingly unconcerned, he kept thrusting away. “Fuck, I’m close,” the huge lizard breathed as he began to pick up the pace.

A loud knock sounded through the room as someone pounded on the door. “Ouro? Time to get out, we’ve gotta head in and set up the stage,” a familiar voice announced – Ouro’s manager!

“Uh, just a – mmh – second!” Ouro called out, trying his best to sound natural. As soon as he finished speaking, he bit right back down on the pillow. It was the only way to keep quiet. Monroe continued pounding into the snake. His tempo kept increasing as he edged towards climax, and Ouro was certain he couldn’t say another word without crying out.

“C’mon, we haven’t got all day,” the voice announced as the bedroom door handle rattled. He was trying to open the door! Fortunately for the two rutting males, the door was locked – at least for the time being. What a sight the snake’s manager would have seen if he came in – Monroe’s beefy ass thrusting into Ouro, doggy style, those massive nuts visible between his thighs, swinging with every thrust.

Fortunately for Ouro, Monroe didn’t need much longer. Within seconds, he was gritting his teeth and squeezing his eyes shut tight as his balls clenched tight in their sac. The lizard pushed all two feet of his thick shaft into Ouro while he pumped rope after rope of cum deep inside the snake. With that monster throbbing deep inside him, Ouro used every ounce of willpower he possessed not to groan aloud as he came hands-free, spurting his own thick load across the sheets. He felt the familiar sensation of his belly swelling outward with the sheer volume of spunk his trainer was depositing deep inside him.

Half a minute later, Monroe was slowly pulling his softening shaft from the snake's well-used rear. Wiping the excess cum from his fat cock, he crammed his enormous package back into his shorts while Ouro slowly regained his breath and pulled his underwear and jeans back on.

While Monroe began to strip the sheets off the bed, Ouro strode over to the door. He hoped against hope that his manager wouldn't notice the heavy scent of sex lingering in the air, or the way his belly distended a few inches from the sheer quantity of cum sloshing in his belly. Unlocking and opening the door, the shirtless snake murmured, "Sorry, Sir, I guess the, uh, door's lock was, um, stuck..."

The tiger who served as Ouro's manager rolled his eyes with an exasperated sigh. It was abundantly obvious what the two men had been up to. "Whatever. Just clean yourself up and get in there in 15 minutes," he ordered as he turned on heel.

Ouro nodded sheepishly. He was busted. As he shut the door and focused on readying himself, he couldn't help but flex a huge bicep. Watching the mountain rise, he barely needed to lean over to kiss it. He was embarrassed to have been caught right after bottoming for the huge lizard, but it was worth it in the end – if only for this rocking body.

Day Twelve: Condoms

by Monroe Lehner

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

featuring Vidra

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

Vidra gently tugged the condom from one of his twin shafts, careful to avoid spilling the milky contents that swirled within. Though these condoms were meant to be barb-resistant, he had torn through one too many rubbers in the past. A bit of caution was more than warranted.

Still, Vidra was pleasantly surprised to find that the condom held its own against his barbed shaft. Tying it off, he then removed the condom from his second shaft, repeating the same motion before tossing both in the trash.

“Barb-Resistant Plus is an easy pass for one member,” Vidra muttered to himself, jotting something down in his notebook. “But how will they fare with both?”

“Condom Tester” sounded like a glamorous job description, but it was truly gruelling work. The snake-otter hybrid paused to take a long draught from the fertility shake his boss had given him. He wasn’t sure he’d ever cum so much in one day, and it showed: his orange fur and white scales glistened with a thin sheen of sweat. His five-inch shafts both ached, but they throbbed insistently with continuous need. As Vidra downed the rest of his shake, his entire body tingled pleasantly as his cocks pulsed with need.

“Alright, just a few more, then I can submit my final report,” the snorter said beneath his breath, pulling another condom from the near-empty box he’d been drawing from.

Vidra gave his shafts a few experimental strokes, testing their firmness. Both were rock-hard and ready for another round. *Well, at least no one could doubt my endurance after today*, he thought with a grin. Unwrapping the next condom, Vidra squeezed his pink cocks together with one hand. Using the other, he unrolled the cream-coloured rubber across his twin tips. Each of his cocks had a respectable enough girth on its own, but together, they were nearly the width of his forearm. Considering his barbed tips and the twin knots on his shafts, if there ever was an ultimate test for condom manufacturing, it was this. The slim male rolled the tight sleeve down past both his knots, fully encasing both his shafts. Now, the test could truly begin.

The snorter began to stroke his cocks through the thin, lubricated sleeve, closing his eyes as he imagined some of his recent partners. His mind wandered to his most recent fuck – a muscular bull who just couldn't get enough of Vidra's twin cocks. As he remembered the sight of that huge male lying on his back, lifting his legs to expose his tight hole, Vidra let out a soft moan. He began to stroke faster.

The hybrid began to buck his hips forward into his stroking hand. It had been a long night with that bull. After fucking the larger male, he had turned around and bottomed for him right afterwards. As he replayed the events of that evening over and over in his mind's eye, his need to bottom was cranking up higher as well.

Vidra couldn't wait any longer. He grabbed a bottle of lube and squeezed a dollop onto his fingers. Slouching further down in his chair, his roaming fingers found their way to his tight hole. As he continued stroking, he began to finger himself, pumping two fingers into his aching, needy hole.

Increasingly audible gasps and groans filled the room as Vidra worked his body, pushing all the right buttons as he stroked away. He was so close! His stroking grew rougher while his probing digits sank deeper, easily finding his sensitive prostate. With a prolonged moan, he began to spurt for the umpteenth time that day, both shafts pulsing visibly as they pumped rope after rope of seed into the condom. The tip ballooned impressively as the snorter dumped at least a full cup of seed into the rubber. Panting with exhaustion, Vidra glanced down at the filled

tip. The latex had accommodated both shafts beautifully and survived his most impressive load of the day – a rousing success, to be sure. “Just a few more tests,” he murmured as he collapsed back in his chair. “But maybe a short break, first...”