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Sid belongs to his player.

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All other characters are incidental.

The Dark Interlude

by Segremores Moon, a commission for Chappu

Sid took in a deep breath and shivered. The night air frosted any exhale that the large lizard made as even his cool blood was warmer than the evening air. Bundled up as he was in his hooded sweatshirt and a comfortable pair of jeans that did well to straddle his bulky waistline while also accommodating his massive floor-dragging tail, he could still feel the night air creep in. With a flick of his serpentine tongue to taste the air, Sid finally gathered the courage to rap his knuckles against the door.

As Sid waited for there to be some response from behind the featureless door, he recalled the string of events that led him up to this moment. It was the money.

That which he could easily borrow but never fully pay off somehow. Sid's family had warned him not to get involved with predators. They were always so willing to help when someone was at their lowest, but for some reason no one could ever fully pay off the debts they incurred. It was simply an unspoken rule that, if you made a deal with them, you were trading your soul. The thought made Sid shiver again, blinking his slit-pupiled tegu eyes as he glanced at the door again.

After several moments of waiting, he finally moved to knock on the door once again, but hesitated and tried the scratched brass doorknob instead. The knob clicked against his short claws, but it turned and the door pushed open with a slow creak. "Always with the crappy motels," Sid said under his breath as he walked into the entrance hallway. His pupils dilated wide as the utter darkness hit him, almost enveloping him in a way. He could barely breathe with how smokey the air was. The sharp, sweet scent of tobacco hung like a light fog in the air.

“Come in, sit down,” a voice deeper in the room spoke as soon as Sid closed the door behind him. It startled him a little, but he swallowed his pride and continued into the room. The only noises he could hear were those of his own lumbering footsteps and his own tail dragging along the carpet behind him. A few steps into the room, and a small red light was turned on. It illuminated nothing but the extremely large bed that stood in the middle of the room. The harsh light came from the nightstand to the right of the bed and it illuminated every contour of the well-made sheets and arranged pillows. Obediently, the chubby tegu made his way to the sheets and sat at the foot of the bed. Sid stared into the darkness, looking around slowly to see if there were some indication of his host of the evening.

Another light caught his eye and his head swiveled toward it to get a better look. It was orange and dim; it appeared higher up and the lizard gasped as he caught the outline of a massive reptilian head with glinting eyes before the light dimmed again. The sound of an exhale let the tegu know that it was a cigar’s cherry he had seen, briefly illuminating its smoker.

Despite all attempts to relax, he could feel his heartbeat quicken behind his ribs.

Sid could feel his scales begin to sweat as he panicked, though he tried to keep his demeanor as aloof as possible, as if he hadn’t seen any part of the monster he was about to bed. Without having to be commanded, Sid began to unzip his hoodie slowly, his body still shivering. He wanted to be anywhere but there, sitting on that bed under the scrutiny of that beast seated in the corner in utter darkness.

“Please don’t be him, please don’t be him,” Sid repeated quietly to himself, as he dropped his hoodie to the bed and started on the tee shirt he was wearing next. His shirt was already soaked through in sweat and he quietly cursed himself for forgetting to put on deodorant. He was sure the guy didn’t want to smell him the entire night. It was too late for that though, and the shirt came off as easily as the hoodie. He sat there, spine straight and alert, his own light purple-colored gut resting on his thighs and his thick moobs exposed to the smoky air. Being half-nude only made him feel more vulnerable and he breathed quickly and shallowly as his imagination ran wild with what might happen to him if he were to become completely nude.

“Come here and kneel,” the voice interrupted Sid’s thoughts just as he dropped his pants and undies around his legs. Sid jumped at that break in silence but did as he was told. There were sounds of heavy shifting, and even the floor under Sid’s feet creaked and moved a bit as weight was shifted against a floor that was barely capable of holding up average-sized people.

The tegu still could not see any part of his tormentor, yet he knew exactly where the massive scalie was. On unsteady feet, he rose and shuffled toward the source of the voice and the cigar smoke. Every step closer brought him within range of a strange aura that could be felt. The air became steadily more palpable as it was filled with a certain musky scent as well as the thickness of the tobacco smoke. It was more than this that made the air heavy around the man seated in the corner. It was as if his presence was making the air thicker and darker in some way. Sid grunted and found himself on his knees, then on all fours as he leaned in. There was another shift, and then the tegu felt something press against his nose, making him shudder from the warm contact.

“Lick,” he heard the voice say from somewhere above. The subservient lizard could only imagine what it was until his serpentine tongue flicked out and made contact with a sole. It was a foot, a very large one. He flicked his tongue out again, feeling along the scaled toes. It tasted... good... somehow, and his tongue came out again. This time, the length of his forked tongue slithered around a few of those splayed toes. His useless eyes closed and his hands came forward instead.

By touch alone, his hands groped the massive foot before him. He massaged its bulky form and even hazarded a touch of the ankle and the calf that was attached to it in order to get a better sense of the guy he was pleasing. The other foot moved in front of him for his troubles, requiring that he pull double-duty on both of those meaty feet instead. In the moment, it was hard for the tegu to comprehend the depth of his fear, but those feet made him feel so good somehow. The big man must have thought so too, because his feet would shift to squeeze the tegu’s tongue between toes or to squeeze Sid’s muzzle between soles, making him feel small for someone who was usually seen as being so large.

The scent of something else caught the tegu’s attention after a minutes of foot worship. It was the unmistakable smell of another man’s member. Sid may not have been a whore by any stretch of the imagination, but that didn’t mean he didn’t love the company of other males, especially big ones. He knew that scent anywhere, and knew that the stronger scents came from the biggest of males.

Without asking for permission, he leaned into the scent, and secretly hoped he could find its source. His massive, darkness-enshrouded superior didn’t intervene, and Sid took this as a good sign as he leaned upward until his nose bounced suddenly against turgid flesh.

“Oh my god,” Sid breathed. The scent of erect, horny male was overwhelming. A hand cupped around the back of his smooth, scalie head. He didn’t resist, knowing

what was coming next. The grip was slow, yet insistent on tugging the tegu's face into the valley created by a male's balls where they meet with the base of a shaft.

He felt like he could scream into that massive valley as it enveloped his face and coated it with both musk and sweat. His unseeing eyes rolled up into the back of his head and he took the deepest, mightiest breath he had ever sucked into his lungs before. No other breath would be quite so mind-obliterating as that one was as his lungs filled with the scent of this male. When he came back to his senses, he could feel that the massive penis base was resting over his snout and between his eyes. He could feel both of the wide orbs rest comfortably and slosh audibly underneath his jowels. He also found that he had been cupping his hands underneath those balls, feeling over the smooth and supple scales but also feeling the heft of such fertility. Sid's mouth went dry as a thirst welled up within him the likes of which he had never experienced before. He wished he could see, but the darkness was like the male's scent: overwhelming, all-encompassing, complete.

"Can I please suck your dick, sir?" Sid found himself speaking, his face still pressed mostly into that smooth valley in a way which made it difficult to understand him. Despite this, the hand let up from the back of the tegu's head and allowed him to move as he would. Sid took this opportunity to slide his serpentine tongue along the flesh and collect the delectable sweat and musk from around those heavy testicles so that he could savor them on his way to the tip. A trick of darkness made it seem like the beast's tip was a whole journey away from its base, but as soon as the tegu reached it, he realized that the member must have been a good foot long or more and incredibly girthy all the way up.

There was no time to be spent marvelling at this revelation, nor even for Sid to grope his own modest erection as it emerged from his groin slit in arousal, for the hands which had allowed him free reign a moment before now insistent pushed the tip between his lips. It was then that Sid realized the gravity of his request. A mushroom-shaped cock head the size of both his fists combined was now being stuffed into his maw. It was a real jaw-breaker, and would have actually broken his jaw if the tegu had not finally complied and did his best to open as wide as possible to accept its meaty surface. He gagged only a little at the rich flavors of the hot maleness as they passed over his tongue on the way to his throat. He gagged again and tried his best to swallow around the horse-choker that was barreling down his windpipe, but there was no preparing for the beast that he was doing his best not to let his sharp little lizard teeth graze around.

The monstrous man was relentless. The hand at the back of Sid's head continued to push firmly while the seated beast's hips gave a firm thrust forward. Sid's eyes

teared up as he felt his throat stretch around the fat crown of the invading penis as it plowed passed his throat and into his gullet. He could feel his esophagus swallow uselessly around it, trying to push it out or pull it down past his windpipe.

It didn't do any good and he certainly couldn't breath the whole time he was being face-fucked. Try as he might, not a sound came out of Sid's throat other than the wet squelches associated with every thrust that the huge man made into his gullet.

His vision started to go a little white as his lungs burned for air, but despite how firmly he tried to resist all the brutality of the huge cock pounding into his muzzle from tip to root, he could not escape. There was a moment when he wondered idly whether he was going to pass out from the lack of air or whether it was the relentless punching of his nose against that sweaty groin and the fat nuts against his windpipe that was going to do it instead.

Suddenly there was air, and Sid coughed loudly as pre sputtered out of his throat and out onto the man's lap. He didn't need to see to sense the strands of thick saliva and precum which still linked the massive cock with his lips, tongue, and teeth. He tried to beg around his coughing, but no words would form and his voice sounded hoarse from the rough throat fuck.

"Get on the bed," the voice above Sid commanded again, in that same impassive voice as always. The tegu was grateful that he had been allowed to finish his journey to breathing normally before the instruction was given, but he was still reluctant. Despite how hard his own erection was and how undeniably sexy the man he was servicing had been so far, the fear that he would not survive the night and that there was still his debt to pay off in full still hung over his head. He glanced at the bed. It was still illuminated by the small red light that made the huge, soft surface look both inviting and intimidating all at the same time. It looked like an island in the sea of pitch blackness surrounding it. In addition to keeping the massive man pleased, he might finally get the chance to see what he looked like. Overcoming his hesitance, he moved. Getting up from his knees was a challenge in the dark, and the back of his hand came up to wipe a few trailing strands of drool and pre as they trickled off his jawline. He crawled up and onto the bed on all fours, moving along its surface until he was in the middle, a lone figure amongst all the cloth.

"Turn over," came the next instruction, which surprised the tegu. He figured that the man would want to fuck him like the animal he had been treated so far. There was no arguing with those desires, though, so Sid rolled himself over until he was on his back, looking up into darkness as his chubby form was illuminated by the constant red light. Silence and his throbbing member were the tegu's only

companions as he lay there, spread; nude; vulnerable. It was finally broken when he could hear movement, a lot of movement. He shivered as that palpable aura of smoke and heat moved steadily from one end of the bed to the other. Thudding footsteps on the carpeted floor indicated that the man was moving. Then, he was on top of the tegu.

It happened in a rush of activity that Sid's brain had trouble putting together all at once. His world tilted toward the foot of the bed for a moment as a massive weight was placed upon it, and as a huge body came into the dim red light, he realized that it was because the man was crawling his way onto the bed toward the splayed tegu.

Sid's breath caught in his throat as the man came into full view. There was a reason the bed dipped so much toward him. It was like the representation of gravity on a planar field. Everything dipped toward his incredible mass. White, tattooed scales stretched across every bulky inch of his frame from the muscular legs and hips all the way up to his shoulders. His most prominent feature was his huge belly which flexed and swayed just above the tegu as he got into position, not to mention that big package which dragged its balls across the sheet as the wet dick made its way toward his form. A distinct alligator grin appeared behind a cloud of rich smoke as the man took another drag from his cigar and smiled down at his prize.

"The name's Seg, boy, it's the last time you'll hear it," the alligator grunted from behind his cigar as he started to pull Sid's hips up toward his lap. Again, the tegu found himself overwhelmed as the enormous alligator easily positioned him with his hips tilted upward. He felt the slimy head of the alligator's cock against his rear vent, and then suddenly he was being violated again. He cried out in pain and his back went stiff as the massive gator cock plowed up through all of his resistances to bury itself all the way into his warm backside.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!" Sid whispered to himself, jaw slack and eyes looking wide with fear at the creature who had just planted his dick deep inside Sid's tender rear. His worry was not just for his ass, which was ruined by that significant size, but also for the name. Seg was like the boogey man. Nobody spoke of him but everyone secretly hoped he didn't exist along with the rest of the top-tier preds. If someone ever went missing, they would say that "Seg had dined" and that was the end of it. With that massive ball belly resting on top of the tegu's frame, it was hard not to believe all the rumors.

Seg thrust again, slower this time. Sid cried out, but this time it was in pleasure. Something that the alligator had done with the angle of his hips had turned the

rough fuck into something more pleasant for his conquest. Sid groaned out, then covered his mouth in surprise as he felt the absolutely massive penis drive right into his prostate on purpose. Another deep thrust, and Sid felt his own chubby belly bulge outward as the gator cock pounded through him so roughly. In fact, the outline of a fat cock crown pushed through his belly a bit before Seg's hips pulled backward.

"Oh god, please..." Sid groaned out loud, grasping at the sheets. Seg laughed a little, his massive frame shaking from the effort as smoke flowed out from between his teeth and lips and curled into the air. With an effort, he reached down and grabbed the tegu's ankles, pulling them up into the air in order to make Sid even more vulnerable to each and every thrust. Like handlebars, the alligator used those lifted ankles as a way to drive his manhood deep into the now willing hole of the smaller tegu who writhed on the bed. Sid's mind and body were on fire with the pleasure of it, and he felt every nerve ending light up whenever the bigger man plowed that alligator tube steak through his insides again and again. It almost didn't matter who was connected to that cock anymore, he was too far gone in the moment to care.

"You know, I'm going to eat you after this, boy," Seg grunted between thrusts. He, too, was getting lost to the moment, but he wanted to be sure that his evening fuck understood the potential danger he was in. Sid could only nod quietly and scrunched up his eyes as he could feel his orgasm approach. It was the fact that his dick was utterly trapped between both his chubby gut and the massive ball-like mass of the gator's belly that was making it hard for the tegu to hold back. Every thrust of Seg's massive hips brought Sid a little closer. Seg's goal wasn't to bring the tegu to climax at all. He grunted as he watched Sid writhe on the bed, curling his tail as he climaxed. The tegu groaned loudly as he felt his length pump his hot load out onto the underside of Seg's gut and all over his own. His form spasmed in time with the orgasm, and he felt his anal cavity pulse around the alligator's cock as his whole form got involved.

Seg used the opportunity to lean a little more firmly into the tegu and increase his pace. His big groin slammed home over and over again into Sid's rear so that the grip of orgasm could squeeze all along the fat length. Using the tegu like a sex sleeve was just what he needed to get over that edge at last. With a loud growl of pleasure, he felt his balls lift upward and his whole groin seemed to swell a little before the inevitable first gush.

Sid's eyes opened wide as he felt the alligator start to cum inside him. The bulge of

the bigger man's dick inside his belly was suddenly lost amongst the heavy fluid contents of the alligator's balls which began to fill him up as well. His chubby belly rounded outward and squished against the underside of Seg's. Every heavy shot of cream made him feel even more full than before, as if he were being force-fed a creamy meal in reverse. The pressure inside him grew and grew to uncomfortable heights. He tried to cry out as that mixed with a weird sensation at the back of his throat as if he were about to vomit. A splatter of thick whiteness drooled out over his tongue and teeth and he gagged as another wave came. The alligator's thick sperm was all over the inside of his muzzle now. He was so full that it had backed up all the way to his throat to choke him with it. Seg only laughed a little as he watched his swollen meal gag on his seed, until finally his orgasm abated and his balls calmed down once again.

There was an indeterminate amount of time which passed while Sid enjoyed his immobilizing afterglow, not to mention the salty and rich taste of alligator cum that was still pooled onto his tongue. There was a firm tug and a loud slurp as Seg pulled his dick out of the tegu's rear and allowed his cum to flow onto the sheets in a little river. The bed rocked at a severe angle as the alligator scooted backward and got to his feet. This made him slip back into the darkness once again, leaving the well-fucked tegu drooling and oozing on the bed as he panted. His heart began to thud behind his rib cage as he awaited what would come next. Anticipation was not Sid's friend, and the silence seemed to stretch on into eternity around him. The whole room seemed like a black void into which a single bed had been placed. He dared not make any noise to break the silence that surrounded him.

As if it were a thing with form and mass, the darkness suddenly flowed around the tegu, shifting and changing until it swirled out through the massive window in the motel room and out from under the crack in the door. Like a bathtub from which the plug had been removed, the darkness drained from the room until it was gone. Sid found himself alone in the motel room, the moonlight filtering in through the curtained window and illuminating almost everything. The sudden introduction of any light aside from the red one on the nightstand seemed incredibly bright despite its source. His swollen body was illuminated on the ruined bedsheets, his anus was still gaped and leaking cum. He could still smell the alligator on the air, but other than the scent and the load that had been left, all traces of Seg had vanished entirely. He wondered idly if he had gone out through the window before realizing that it was ridiculous to think that such a massive guy could have done so through such a small egress. Even the door would have made a sound if it had been opened.

"Like the boogeyman," Sid said to no one in particular.

Deciding it was safe, Sid finally got himself up. He coughed again, drooling out a little more cum that he mopped up with the sheets on the bed. Only when several minutes had passed without the alligator returning did Sid relax at last. He used the dingy bathroom to clean himself up and tried to drain himself of as much cum as he could before giving up as only a few massive globs drooled out of him.

Grabbing his clothes, he did his best to fit into them before finally heading out the door and waddling into the dead of night, carrying a load of hot gator seed with him all the way home.