

Tyr's New Boyfriend

By Dragonien

"Dude I just don't know what you see in him."

The wolf shrugged un-apologetically as he sipped at his soda, one paw propped up against the side of the mall food court table to help him balance as he tipped back on the rear two legs of his chair.

"I mean from the sounds of it you two are always butting heads and arguing with each other. You yell at each other about video games all the time, you're both that weird kind of super introvert that, like, stays inside all day 90% of the time but then will browbeat your friends into hanging out all afternoon only for you to go home and not want to see another living person for a month. Plus, you guys don't even agree on pizza toppings. Like... how can you even live together when you can't agree on a pizza?!" he continued.

"Gee tell me how you really feel." Tyr scoffed, rolling his eyes before taking a bite of his sandwich.

He wasn't unused to this kind of ribbing; they were all the types of friends that poked and prodded at each other as a sign of affection. That still didn't mean Tyr liked having his choice in partner questioned so bluntly, though. In petty revenge of his friend's little tirade he carefully lined up one of his French fries on the top of his thumb, index finger tensed behind it, before flicking the fried potato bit straight into the wolf's face. The chorus of laughter that followed when the surprise impact sent the wolf tumbling backwards in his unbalanced chair caused almost every person in the food court to turn and glare at them in varying levels of disapproval.

"Serves you right, douche." the white-furred vixen to Tyr's left commented as she twirled a still-wrapped plastic straw between her fingers.

Karma is a fickle bitch." piped in the burly tiger to the raptor's right between bouts of snickering.

When everyone had settled down their laughing fits and the thoroughly humiliated wolf had righted himself they all went back to their lunch. It was only after a few minutes of near-silence between the three of them did the wolf finally dare to speak up again.

"So... what? He got a big dick?"

Tyr nearly choked on the drink he was in the middle of sipping from at the unexpectedly blunt question. The tiger snorted another bout of giggles while the vixen just sighed and planted a hand against her face. Before Tyr could respond, though, she spoke up for him.

"What's wrong with you? Of COURSE he has a big dick! Have you met Tyr? He's like, the Godzilla of size queens. If he actually met Godzilla he'd ask if Godzilla had a bigger brother they could introduce him too. Plus, you've seen the pictures on twitter of them standing next to each other. The guy's, like, eight feet tall there's no way he's not packing a howitzer down there."

"Plus." The tiger chimed in, finally having stifled his giggles enough to contribute to the conversation. "Ain't he one of them Dreki things instead of a dragon? Some of them got weird mutations and stuff about them. Maybe he's like, super flexible or has a super long tongue or somethin. Bet he's got SOMETHIN kinky about him that's got Tyr all hot and bothered."

All of the talk about his personal life so blatantly in the open was making the raptor uncomfortable. He wasn't exactly a social recluse or anything and was more than happy to brag like any other guy would about sexual conquests. Something about getting so... 'graphic' in the discussion, though, was making him squirm in his seat. Especially considering that they weren't exactly off the mark with their wild theories. Just as he was about to tell them all to shut up his phone dinged loud enough for everyone to hear. Instantly, the entire table went dead silent. All three of them turned to stare at the raptor with rapt attention; making the prehistoric predator's fight or flight instincts flare up as he found himself the rapt attention of three fellow predators. He barely had time to unlock the phone and raise it high enough to see who had texted him out of the corner of his eye before all three of them were crowding around him.

"It's him, isn't it?"

"Ooh, what's he saying?"

"Is he sending you nudes?"

"Get him to facetime with us!"

The crowd rapidly devolved into a tug of war match between the four of them. Tyr struggled to pull his phone back from his three friends only to have it pulled from his grasp as he lost his balance and nearly toppled backwards just like the wolf had. In the process of losing his grip on the phone Tyr's finger slid across the screen and unintentionally popped open the gallery for his saved pictures. Which, as the cruel mistress of fate would have it, had to open up to one of the more provocative, recent pictures, that he had saved in his phone. Upon seeing it, all three of his friends went silent again for several long seconds. Unfortunately for Tyr, they stayed grouped tight enough together that he wasn't able to force his way between them to grab the phone. Instead, he had to circle around to the opposite side of the table and reach across it to try to grab at it. Before he was able to get his hands on the top of the device, though, the tiger pulled it back towards him in an attempt to get a closer look at the picture.

"Dude, is this one of those muscle morph edits?" he asked, holding up the image towards the suddenly embarrassed raptor.

The picture in question was indeed one of him. Unlike how Tyr appeared normally, though, his body was hulked out in a thick payload of rippling muscle. His arms alone looked to be thicker around than his waist currently was and his pectorals jutted out so far from his chest that they nearly stuck out farther than his muzzle did! What they assumed were clothes were little more than shredded tatters half-torn off of his herculean body. None of them missed the fact that the raptor in the picture was clearly aroused with the way his erection had clearly torn the front of his shorts clean off and jutted out in front of him easily more than a foot in length at least. As if the sheer mass of the raptor in the picture wasn't unusual enough, though, there was also his scale. Specifically, his scale relative to the other person in the picture. It showed Tyr with one of his massive arms wrapped around the bare back of a familiar red dragon, their lips locked together in a lustful kiss. Tyr's friends could only guess it must have been some remote webcam that was taking the picture as neither of the pair in the picture were holding the camera. What was unusual about the scale was that the dragon, the one they were all well aware was over eight feet tall, was being held up in the air by Tyr's massive arm, his feet dangling at least a

foot up off the ground while Tyr's own head was pressing into the ceiling. That meant the raptor in the picture had to be well over ten feet tall at least.

"This can't be real." The vixen exclaimed aloud. "That's gotta be 'shopped".

"No way. There's no way to edit it that clean. There's not even any distortion in the room around them that shows where the stretch tool was used." The tiger exclaimed authoritatively.

It was the wolf, the one that had remained silent since the phone's picture had been opened, that took the initiative and pulled the phone away from the tiger. As he did, his thumb flicked the screen to the side, shifting to the next item in the phone's gallery.

"Holy fuck, this one's a video." He said under his breath.

Realization dawning on the raptor's face, he scrambled over the top of the table to try to snatch the phone away from the wolf before he could press play. Unfortunately for him, he slipped when his knee tried to brace itself atop the table, only to land on one of the paper plates and slip right out from under him and send him stumbling backwards onto the floor. By the time he had gotten back up, he could already hear the sounds coming from the phone: the clatter of metal weight-plates, the deep whooshing of heavy breathing magnified to sound like a bellows, and a wet schlurping sound occasionally interrupted by a deeper, more baritone version of his voice growling out a single word like a roll of thunder.

"More..."

Tyr's friends stared in wide-eyed astonishment as they watched the video play out. Again, it clearly must have been from a remote web cam, showing the interior view of a mostly-empty garage. The only thing inside of it other than the occasional tool or shelf against the wall was a bench-press, Dragonien, and the hulking beast of a raptor they all recognized as Tyr laying atop the bench with Dragonien straddling him while the raptor strained to pump the over-loaded weight bar. It wasn't the clearly pornographic scene that kept them all staring and watching, though, despite seeing both Tyr stark naked with a raging erection and his dragon boyfriend similarly naked with his own impressive erection flopped out across Tyr's chest and bumping up under his chin. It was that each time Tyr pressed his lips against the ebony erection of the dragon right up in his face and either kissed, licked, or suckled at it, they could see a tiny bit of clear pre leaking into the raptor's mouth. More importantly, though, they could see what it did to Tyr.

With each little bit of that liquid that Tyr wallowed, they watched his body grow. Muscles compounded on themselves as if he were doing months of working out in a matter of seconds. His whole body would seem to flex, muscles flaring out impressively, then simply never un-flex. They swore they could see the bench beneath him sagging and bending slightly under his increasing weight, not to mention seeing how each pump of the weight bar he held came easier and easier to him. Each time he would growl out a needy demand for more the dragon would roll his hips forward, pressing more of his shaft into the half-pinned raptor's mouth; letting him greedily drink down what he could get from the riled-up dragon. Bigger and bigger the raptor grew on the video, slowly lifting the dragon up underneath him until the raptor was clearly the bigger of the two. Yet even then neither of them stopped. They didn't stop when the bench broke beneath them both, nor when the weight bar became so pointless to the behemoth of a raptor that he started using it with one hand, nor even when that began to bore him and he simply tossed it away to the side in lieu of wrapping both of his meaty hands around Dragonien's waist to pull him closer; letting him get every inch of the dragon's dick down his throat. Before long the raptor was filling almost the entirety of the garage; a good portion of the webcam's view blocked by the meaty tail curled up haphazardly against the wall.

"Wait... wait hang on..." The dragon panted out between lusty gasps.

His hands, all of Tyr's friends were positive were big enough to easily palm any of their heads, looking so tiny compared to the mini-fridge sized muzzle of the raptor as they tried to push Tyr's head away; trying to free his dick from Tyr's lips.

"We... we can't. Not here... It'll... it'll destroy the house." the dragon warned.

Unfortunately, from the lusty look on Tyr's face in the video none of his friends thought that the raptor cared one shit for whatever it was the dragon was worried about. At the last second, when it looked like the dragon was all-but curled in on themselves obviously trying to hold in an orgasm, he was able to pull his dick free from Tyr's muzzle. Both of his hands reached down to aim his dick away from Tyr as he unloaded rope after rope of heavy cum into the corner of the garage; more than enough that all of Tyr's friends would have been staring in shock and disbelief at the sheer volume of it if there weren't more ridiculous things going on in the video to distract them from such a comparatively mundane abnormality. Tyr in the video, though, looked disgruntled about being robbed of Dragonien's load. Hands big enough to cover even Dragonien's impressively large torso began to shove the dragon backwards from his perch atop Tyr's chest, clearly intending to shove the dragon towards what now had to be at least three feet of erection jutting up from Tyr's middle. Before he got far, though, a last lingering spurt of Dragonien's orgasm dribbled out of his cock and splattered against Tyr's thumb. His lips splitting into a wicked grin, the raptor pulled his hand back before Dragonien could stop him and pushed the thumb into his mouth; making a rather provocative show of sucking the little dab of liquid from his thumb and making an exaggerated swallowing gesture. When he actually swallowed, though, his whole body seemed to shudder, then SURGE outwards. Tyr's friends didn't get to see what happened next as, whatever happened to the raptor's body, must have knocked the webcam over and ended the recording.

With the video finished, all three of them turned to stare at the raptor. If he were capable of showing it, Tyr was sure his cheeks would be beet-red in embarrassment at all of them having seen that. Quickly stomping over, Tyr snatched the phone from the wolf's stunned hand and stuffed it into his pocket. He gave all three of them a death glare that needed no words to portray the worlds of hurt he would inflict upon all of them if they ever talked about this to anyone else.

"I'm going to the bathroom." He declared, still fuming in an attempt to hide his embarrassment beneath anger.

As he started to walk away, though, his above-average hearing picked up the three of them whispering to each other. He could feel his shoulders tensing as he readied himself for the judgmental comments that he was sure to hear them saying behind his back. What he heard instead, though, nearly made him trip over his own feet in surprise.

"Holy fuck, that was the single hottest thing I've ever seen in my entire life." The wolf exclaimed in a whisper he wasn't keeping as quiet as he meant too.

"I mean, we were right that dragon's a fucking hottie but god fucking damn what was he doing to Tyr? Think it works on girls too?" The vixen asked.

"Who cares. Can you imagine what it'd feel like, being bent over a table by Tyr like that and feel him growing inside of you, on top of you?" The tiger responded; clearly saying WAY more in his shocked state than he was probably intending too

"Fuck dude, I wouldn't care what side I was on in something like that. Gimme a taste of that shit or at least spit-roast me between those two beasts. Fuck. Do you think they're into swinging like that?" The wolf asked, sounding just the tiniest bit desperate in his question.

As the three's chatter faded as Tyr continued walking, he felt his shame and embarrassment turn into first amusement, then confidence, then smug satisfaction. Slowly a devious idea started to form in the raptor's mind: a mixture of fun planning, devious revenge, and shameless lewd fantasy culminating together into a single question. Carefully, making sure no one was around to see the screen this time when he unlocked it, Tyr pulled out his phone and switched to his messenger app. Glancing at the missed message he saw that it had, indeed, been from Dragonien.

Hey, dinobutt. Got the cabin reserved for us this weekend. We'll be miles from the nearest living person and have the whole forest to play around in. I'd ask if you're still interested but I know damn well how much you're wanting to go somewhere that we can 'let loose'.

The message only helped his plan, his lips twisting into a wicked grin that showed off his fangs. Glancing over his shoulder at the cluster of friends still whispering to each other surely about what they had just seen on his phone before turning back to the device, Tyr started to quickly type out a response.

Yea. I'm good. I've got Friday and Monday off from work so we can head out there Friday morning, screw around all weekend, then have Monday to let everything revert back to normal.

Then, after debating a moment longer in his head, Tyr added a question.

Hey, speaking of which. What would you think to inviting some friends up to the cabin with us this weekend?