

# **Opportunity and Betrayal**

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The mid-day sky was clear, with the sun only just beginning to descend from its peak. Despite the ideal weather, little of the sun's light shone through the shades covering Basil's apartment windows. However, plenty of noise seeped from within. A combination of grunts, yells, virtual gunshots and explosions.

The interior of the dimly lit unit was nothing overly special, containing all the essentials a bachelor would ever really need. Fridge, microwave, an unused oven and an entertainment setup fit for a crowd. Flanked by large speakers, the big-screen TV illuminated the living room. Flashes of red, orange and blue washed over Basil and his buddy, Montiga, as they competed with each other on Basil's game system.

Both anthro snakes donned little for clothing in the heat of their competition. While much of his body was jet black with electric-blue stripes, Basil's white underbelly reflected the light of the screen quite well to the rest of the dark room. He knew Montiga secretly griped about the belly-glare, but he wasn't about to complain about the complimentary eye candy that was Basil wearing only briefs.

While shirtless himself, Montiga wore a pair of baggy gym shorts, though the loose fabric did little to hide the bulge between his legs. The rest of his body was solid and well-toned, though the regal purple colors of his scales and hair were difficult to fully appreciate in the current lighting. The royal hues that decorated his body didn't really shine until the two of them finally completed their current match and the screen went white. With Basil leaning back and grunting in defeat, Montiga clenched his fist in a subdued show of victory.

Basil placed the controller down and stretched while Montiga hopped up and stepped into the kitchen. Flipping on an overhead light, he searched the counter top for any signs of potential snacks. Not finding anything, he opened a few cabinets before checking the refrigerator. He grumbled and looked towards Basil as a result.

"Don't tell me you have nothing to snack on in this place?" Montiga complained. While rhetoric in nature, part of him hoped Basil had something stashed away somewhere.

"Dude," Basil replied with a sigh, "the landlord jacked up my rent again. I can barely afford to get enough food to survive let alone snack on. Besides, you ate the last of the chips yesterday."

"How bad off are you to not be able to afford chips?"

"It's either chips or rent. What do you think? If the rent goes up again in a few months, I'm gonna have to move. My job won't give me any more money and I'm not about to pawn off most of my stuff."

Leaning against the counter, Montiga buried himself in thought. The job market in the area wasn't that great. Even most of the low-wage jobs were already filled and all the better paying gigs were at least a couple hours drive away. His mouth was about to open and spill out a casual joke when an idea suddenly hit him.

"How desperate for work are you?" he asked, his lips slowly curling into a sly smile.

"If there were any shit jobs left in the area, I'd take them. And no, I'm not gonna take up bank robbery or hit jobs."

"What about amateur porn?"

Basil went silent for a moment, looking at Montiga with a raised eyebrow. He thought for a bit, wondering if maybe such a ridiculous idea might warrant a serious look. After a few seconds, he shook his head and sighed.

"Amateur porn is like, a dime a dozen, dude," Basil replied.

"That's not a 'no' I hear," Montiga chuckled, trotting back to the couch and sitting next to Basil, "And it's only a dime a dozen if it's just generic sex and shit. I'm talking more 'specialty' stuff."

Basil looked confused, but at least a little intrigued. "Go on," he said.

"Ever seen those Sangheili guys on the internet?" Montiga asked. Basil thought for a moment and nodded, remembering seeing some online. Some people referred to them as elites, probably cause of their strong bodies and high intelligence along with people struggling to pronounce their actual race-name, "there's not a ton of explicit stuff out there of them. But from what I hear, they are amazing in bed in all sorts of ways and I know a site that pays a shit ton of cash for pornos with them."

"How the hell do you know that?" Basil asked, "You apart of some porn company or something? And if so, why aren't you buying your own damn food?"

"No no, man, I'm not. This guy I played with online was telling me about it a while back. He ran into one, they got talking, they made a video of them fucking and he got paid so much money for it. One video! If we did that, you'd be set for rent for, like, the year or something."

Basil paused, taking the moment to take in all this information. While he thought, Montiga tapped away at his phone before turning it to show Basil. It was a video of some black dragon and one of those Sangheili guys. Basil knew it was a guy by not only the bizarre look of the alien-looking cock, but by it's sheer size. The Elite's dick must have been as long as Basil's forearm and his balls were huge and firm. The black python squirmed a bit, finding himself briefly turned on and eliciting a laugh from Montiga.

"Your buddy does this regularly, now?" Basil asked, trying to surreptitiously hold down his growing arousal.

"I think so," Montiga answered, taking the phone back and checking his chat messages, "I mean, I wouldn't call him my 'buddy', just someone online I talk to on and off. Honestly I haven't heard from him in months. Probably made bank on Elite porn and retired, or some shit."

"Okay, let's say I'm open to this idea. Where do we find an Elite who's willing to sleep with us while filming it?"

"I'll handle that," Montiga said, giving Basil a reassuring pat on the thigh, followed by a grin upon seeing the python's poorly concealed tenting briefs, "So you in?"

Basil took a deep breath and nodded in agreement.

Montiga sat in the booth at a local coffee shop, his phone on the table and his clawed finger slowly rapping on the table. He kept checking the chat window of his phone, his eyes going from there to the shop entrance, to the parking lot. He sipped on a cup of morning coffee even though the anticipation was more than enough stimulation without the need for caffeine.

The front door slowly swung open, ringing the mounted bell inside the frame. The server behind the counter glanced up at the new arrival and stared. Other patrons followed suit, their eyes locked onto the new comer as the shop went quiet. Montiga leaned out from the booth to see a brown-skinned Sangheili casually strolling down the aisle. He wore a red and undone button-down short-sleeved shirt, casually letting his solid chest and muscular abs show through. The texture of his skin, while somewhat rough, had a sheen to it that gleamed in the light. He wore a pair of very loose-fitting black shorts. The fabric was quite thin, and Montiga swore that after each step, he could make out the outline of the Elite's impressive junk underneath.

"You must be Montiga," the Sangheili said, holding out his hand in a friendly gesture, "My name's Thale."

Montiga accepted Thale's handshake, fighting against his urge to stare like everyone else. The movement of Thale's 4 mandible jaws looked certainly alien yet his speech, while raspy, was clear and fluent. Releasing Montiga's hand, Thale seated himself in the booth. A server nervously approached, placing down an empty cup and filling it with coffee before hurrying away.

"My name and number aren't very well known," Thale said, stirring some cream and sugar into the coffee cup, "How'd you come across it, out of curiosity?"

"Well," Montiga said, still formulating the words in his head, pausing to keep his mouth from getting ahead of his brain, "A friend of mine and I have been hard off for money and I was thinking about an online acquaintance of mine who got into a line of work... Well, he was where I got your contact info from. Said he was making bank on doing homemade...Well, porn."

Thale's eyes seemed to light up and what looked roughly like a smile spread across his quad-mandible jaws. The Sangheili leaned back on the padded booth bench, his already open shirt spreading open just a bit more and giving Montiga a better and more tantalizing look at his bare upper-body. His now-relaxed posture seemed to rub off on Montiga, who also felt less tense in Thale's presence.

"I see what you're saying," Thale said, taking a swig of his coffee, "Think this is the first time I've dealt with anyone outside of our normal 'official' channels."

"Official?"

"Well, maybe that's the wrong word for it. Suffice it to say, the adult market others like me engage in isn't purely amateur. But we do include amateurs from all over and we don't put a lot of material out there. We're capable, but aren't really pushed to do it for various reasons."

"That's why Elite porn makes so much money?"

"One of the reasons. I think it's also because many of us prefer to inject higher quality in the homemade setting as well as some interesting 'things' we can bring to the fun."

Montiga's hopes of this homemade Elite porn idea were growing. Thale seemed to be clearly on board, Basil was desperate for money enough to do anything. Not only was this whole

thing going to be hot as hell, he thought, but both of them will come out of it with plenty of cash. He thought back to the video his online acquaintance sent him and wondered.

"Quick question," Montiga said, pulling out his phone and opening the video, "Since you guys are more organized than I thought, I was wondering if you might know this guy. He's who told me about this and sent me your info."

Thale glanced at the phone and paused in silence for a moment. He offered no telling reaction via his facial expression or his eyes. However, Montiga struggled to read the Sangheili's alien face regardless. After several seconds of watching, he started to slowly nod.

"Yeah," he said casually, "I remember him. I can't recall his name, but I've worked with him once before."

"Really?" Montiga said in happy surprise, "This was the only one he sent me. I didn't know he did more, let alone with you."

"Small world. And an even smaller niche of people."

"You gotta tell me which one the two of you did sometime. Wouldn't mind seeing it for myself."

"I think I can lead you to it at some point. Maybe after our proposed show concludes, perhaps?"

"Sounds good to me," Montiga nodded and pulled a small notepad from his pocket, writing down Basil's name and address as well his own cell number, "This is my buddy's apartment. Anything you need from either of us?"

"Just need you to bring some lube," Thale said, his eyes scanning up and down Montiga's form and his hand idly giving his groin a rub from under the table, "I'll provide the camera and condoms. We'll figure out exactly what we'll do for the camera once we're together and all set up."

"Awesome!" Montiga said with a smile as both of them stood up, "Any preference for when?"

"How does Saturday around three sound?"

"Perfect."

Thale and Montiga shook hands once more, the purple snake strolling excitedly out of the cafe. Thale watched him drive off through the window before moving towards a secluded part of the cafe. He looked at the note Montiga had given him and did some searching on his phone. Finding the accompanying phone number, he dialed it up.

"...Hello?" Basil's voice asked on the other side.

"Hello, Basil, my name is Thale. I was approached by your friend, Montiga, about a proposition to create some 'adult' videos with the two of you."

"Oh? So you're the Elite he talked to? Okay, why are you calling me?"

"Let's say I have a separate proposal I wish to share with you. One that would be far more profitable than shooting a simple porno. If you're interested, of course."

"...Go on..."

"You ready?" Montiga blurted out as he burst through Basil's front door, "The place good to go?"

Basil, holding a bowl of freshly cooked ramen, nearly dropped his meal from being startled. His joints locked and he glared at Montiga, his nose and upper lip scrunched in annoyance. Montiga's just stood, arms and hands out, waiting for a reply to his own question rather than react to Basil's obvious grievance.

"Would it kill you to knock once in a while?" Basil growled, setting his bowl down on the counter.

"Hey now," Montiga replied, casually strolling into the living room and tossing his bag onto the couch, "You knew this was coming. You're fault for not being ready for when Thale arrives."

"Monty... He's not gonna be here for another hour. And I'm not one for sexy stuff on an empty stomach, so cool your damn jets and let me eat my cheap lunch."

Montiga sighed, his shoulders drooping as his initial excitement had been put on ice for the moment. He nodded in agreement before casually raiding the cabinets and fridge for snacks. Basil raised his hands in frustration, but bit his lip to keep from arguing. He finished prepping his bowl of noodles before returning to the couch. Montiga joined not long after, in the process of finishing off the sole bag of chips.

"Dude," Montiga said, "I'm telling ya. Once we do this, you'll be able to stock every cabinet with food and junk. We'll never go hungry."

"What's this 'we' shit?" Basil complained, "Hell, with all the time you spend over here and all the food you eat, I should be charging you rent myself."

"And my payment is this opportunity. See? Works out perfect. You're welcome."

Basil facepalmed, shaking his head and groaning.

"Don't sweat it," Montiga continued, "It'll all be good. Wait till you see this guy. I mean, he's pretty fucking hot, to be honest. And holy hell is he hung like crazy."

"...How hung?" Basil asked with raised eyebrows. Montiga turned to look at him with a knowing grin. He opened his bag and removed a literal jug of lube, putting it on the table with a thud.

"We might need most of this," Montiga replied, leaving Basil slightly wide-eyed and a little impressed.

"Damn, man. How do you know? What did you give him head or something when you met up?"

"Didn't have to. You could just SEE it through his pants. And that was FLACCID, dude. Really wanna see him hard."

"That sounds terrifying."

"Nah, dude, it's gonna be great! So finish your ramen so we can get this place set."

Basil polished off the rest of his ramen bowl, silently complaining about Montiga polishing off his only snack in the apartment. They cleaned up the living room and kitchen as well as Basil's bedroom. With everything sorted and organized, all that was left to do was wait.

The pair didn't have to wait long as a knock came at the door. Basil walked to answer with Montiga bouncing excitedly behind. Upon opening the door, Basil was momentarily stunned at the sight. Thale stood before them wearing an unassuming light colored t-shirt and baggy sweatpants. Basil was taken aback for a moment by Thale's sheer presence, but couldn't help

but let his eyes wander to the obvious bulge showing through the Sangheili's pants. Thale let out a small chuckle and gave what appeared to be a smile.

"I'm looking for Basil and Montiga," Thale said in his slightly raspy tone.

"Come in!" Montiga said energetically, lightly pushing Basil aside, "we've got the place cleaned up and everything. Come in!"

Basil stood back and looked on as Montiga led Thale inside. He followed as they entered the living room and Thale set a duffel bag down on the floor. Moving about the interior, Thale looked around the apartment. His head tilted and craned, taking in every detail of the place. He moved from room to room, eyeing everything like a building inspector, before returning to the living room.

"I think the living room would be the ideal place for our scene," Thale said, "Bedroom scenes are a bit tired, but something on a couch and maybe on a big coffee table definitely works. The more spontaneous it appears, the more people will love it."

Montiga and Basil looked at each other. Montiga smiled in excitement while Basil simply shrugged. Thale reached into his duffel bag and removed a padded blanket and a tripod. He tossed the blanket to Montiga and handed the tripod to Basil. As Montiga covered the coffee table, Thale also retrieved a box containing an expensive looking camcorder.

"So," Basil said as Thale set up the tripod and camera, "Where do we start? I mean, we aren't new to sex, but making a porn video seems different."

"Not a problem," Thale replied, "Most films are shot out of order and put together with editing later. Higher quality adult stuff isn't too different. There will be a 'lead-up' of sorts, no doubt, but we can film the fun stuff first and the mundane scenes later. Even some of the top quality videos are made 'on-the-fly' in a way."

"Like," Montiga said, "Film a bunch of fucking and put a story together around it after."

"Not uncommon at all, especially for those just breaking into the market. We can start one at a time before moving into a threesome. Who's wants to be up first?"

Before Thale even finished the sentence, Montiga's hand shot up, along with a visible tent in his shorts. Thale chuckled softly and nodded. He glanced around once more, moving some small items off to the side and pushing the coffee table a bit further away from the couch.

"Alright," Thale said, "Basil will be filming for this first part. Montiga, once the camera starts rolling, wait a moment and strip. Stroke a little bit to get the mood going. After, I'll come in and we'll just do what comes naturally."

Thale stepped just outside of the living room as Basil prepped the camera. The tripod served not only as a stand but also had handles for easy movement. Montiga sat down on the couch and waited, visibly excited, and waited for his cue to start. Thale nodded at Basil, signaling him to begin recording. Basil raised a finger up, pressed record, and motioned for Montiga to begin.

Montiga took a deep breath and slumped back on the couch. He kicked off his footwear and put them up on the covered coffee table. He flexed and clenched his toes and stretched out his arms, arching his hips upward and making sure to make his bulging pants visible and prominent. After waiting a moment, he pulled his t-shirt up and off, tossing it behind the couch. Now topless, he started to idly rub at his bulging groin, fantasizing of what was about to come

and growing harder and hornier as a result. The tightness in his pants was beginning to grow painful, prompting him to undo the button and zipper.

Like a compressed spring, Montiga's bulge popped free from his pants, but still held back by his rather elastic briefs. The impressive size of his balls and twin cocks were clearly visible and his barely contained package throbbed in excitement. He swiftly pulled his pants off and also tossed them away, leaving him to tease and stroke at his bulges. Meanwhile, Basil couldn't help but notice his own painful arousal growing in his shorts. He rubbed at it as best he could to try to calm the tension in his loins. This was hardly the first time he's seen Montiga naked, but he didn't expect to be so turned on by the display.

Out of the corner of his eye, Basil noticed Thale strip his shirt off and drop it at his feet. With a subtle glance, he caught a glimpse of the growing bulge on the Sangheili. He could feel the heat under his own collar rise even higher. He swallowed and took a deep breath, steadying himself and returning to focusing on the camera and scene while trying to ignore the painful erection trying to push through his shorts.

Thale casually strolled back into the room and into the camera frame. His back straight and his hips slightly pushed outward, making his bulging groin even more prominent. Montiga's gaze locked onto the bare-chested Elite, his hand still slowly working up and down his throbbing shaft. Thale stood before Montiga for a moment, silent yet emitting what sounded like a low guttural purr of eager anticipation. He simply pointed one of his slender digits to the floor in front of him. Montiga complied with the command, sliding off the couch and resting on his knees. His snake-tongue flicked briefly from his lips, catching a taste of Thale's arousing scent in the air. He lightly hissed in excitement as his cock throbbed harder, bobbing up and down to his heartbeat.

"Go on, snake boy," Thale teased, his voice low yet melodic and disarming, "Put those fingers and mouth to work."

Montiga took a deep breath and placed his hands gently on each of Thale's thighs. His digits slid slowly to the waistband of Thale's pants, twisting and pinching the buttons apart until the front of his trousers sprung out a bit more. Montiga felt his mouth watering as he wrapped his fingers around the waistband and slowly pulled, sliding both pants and underwear downward.

Like a compressed spring, Thale's cock sprung upward, finally free from the confines of his pants. Montiga looked in awe at the very alien-looking member as it continued to grow, harden and throb. The flesh was a vibrant purple color with almost a glow to it. Natural bumps appeared in pairs on the underside, two across and three up along the midpoint of the rod. Numerous long vertical bulges made the shaft less cylindrical in shape until they converged before the tip. It seemed to slightly flare outward in time with Thale's heartbeat and throbs of the shaft, somewhat reminiscent of the area around the end of a horse cock but, more tapered and pointed at the tip.

Thale noticed Montiga frozen in admiration and chuckled under his breath. He motioned to Basil to pick up the camera and move to a new angle. Following the guidance, Basil moved closer to the pair and zoomed in on Montiga's face and Thale's massive junk.

"Once our stunned friend has regained his composure," Thale whispered to Basil, "go back and forth between him and my face. Expression shots are always a good thing to have."

Basil nodded and kept the camera on Montiga who took another couple moments before snapping out of his cock-daze. The scent from Thale's groin made him feel a little lightheaded, but in a pleasant way. He inched his snout closer to the throbbing flesh and flicked his tongue against the tip. Thale moaned lightly as a bead of precum emerged from his cock.

Montiga took a deep breath and wrapped his lips around the tip of the alien member. Thale let out a pleasant rumble from within his chest, gently caressing the snake's head. Tilting it slightly from side to side, Montiga began working the length into his maw like a feral snake swallowing its prey. Inch by inch, more of the purple flesh slid into his mouth until the tip hit the back of his throat.

"Thaaaaat's it, snake slut," Thale teased in a low and sexy voice, "Take as much as you can. Suck my dick like it's the only thing you treasure in your life."

Montiga slowly pulled his head back until the just the tip touched his lips before pushing forward and nearly swallowing the entire thing. His own twin cocks throbbed harder than ever, further turned on by the Elite's dirty-talk. He sucked on the flesh hard, loud slurping noises coming from his mouth. Back and forth, his maw worked up and down Thale's cock.

As instructed, Basil shifted the camera view back and forth between Montiga gobbling cock and Thale's odd alien facial expressions and moans. He felt more and more turned on by the scene and, almost unconsciously, undid his own pants to let his own member free. Idly, he stroked it with one hand while handling the camera in the other.

Thale couldn't help but be impressed with how much of his cock Montiga could take. Being a snake certainly helped, but it was still a sight to see as his reptilian partner eagerly sucked and swallowed his length. With each back and forth cycle, the snake worked a little more of the flesh into his hungry mouth. While he couldn't see it, Basil took note of the tip of Thale's cock bulging from Montiga's throat.

Thale moaned loudly, forcefully rubbing Montiga's head and face. He looked down and let out a low chuckle as he took Montiga's snout in both of his strong hands and held fast. He pulled his head until the tip of his cock touched the back of Montiga's throat once more. Rather than pulling back, his hips slowly pushed forward, forcing more of his long dick down the snake's throat.

Montiga groaned, slightly in discomfort but not in pain. He worked hard to fight back his rarely-triggered gag reflex and actively gulped and swallowed. The muscle contortions and vibrations made the Sangeili moan even louder and push his hips harder. With only a couple inches to go, Thale paused for a second before bucking his hips, stuffing the entirety of his cock into Montiga's mouth. The snake let out a muffled moan and his face contorted as he struggled to adjust to having so much cock in his gullet. His hands held onto Thale's thighs tightly and his whole body shivered. After a few moments, he began to finally adjust. His urge to gag and spit the cock out comfortably suppressed, his hands moved to caressing Thale's massive balls and his lips suckled playfully at the base of the shaft.

"Ohh fuck!" Thale exclaimed through labored breaths of lust, "You're the first that's ever been able to take all of my dick, snake boy. Hope you're comfortable for this next part... Basil, get the start of this next scene over my shoulder and looking down."

Montiga felt a little trepidation at the Elite's words. Conversely, Basil seemed rather excited as he positioned himself behind Thale and telescoped the tripod up to get the proper

shot, being sure to angle the built-in screen so he could see the action. Thale looked down at Montiga, his mandibles contorting into what was likely a smile. His strong hands gripped the side of the snake's head firmly and he started to pull his length from Montiga's throat.

Thale growled lustfully as he slowly pulled his cock back, enjoying the slick friction on every inch of the flesh. He pulled his hips back until only the head of his shaft remained within Montiga's maw, paused, then steadily pushed his whole length back in. Montiga winced as the tip hit the back of his throat and kept going, trying hard to adjust again. With a light smack, Thale hilted his cock, the snake's lips touching the base again. Without pause, he pulled his hips back and pushed forward again. Over and over, he face-fucked Montiga, the speed and force of the thrusts growing each time.

Montiga grunted with each thrust, sucking and swallowing through it to further pleasure his alien lover. The slapping sound of his lips hitting the hilt of Thale's cock grew louder as did his moans and growls of pleasure. He stroked one of his twin cocks with one hand while continuing to fondle Thale's balls with the other.

Basil continued to idly jerk off as he watched the fun on the camera screen. Without slowing down, Thale glanced over his shoulder at him and motioned a camera angle change. Basil nodded and quickly repositioned the camera a few times. Once low and looking over Montiga's shoulder to get a view of Thale's expression, then to the side for a closeup of Montiga's savage face-fucking, and a shot he thought of on the fly looking at Montiga from between Thale's legs, getting a lovely view of the bulge in the snake's throat coming and going with each thrust.

Thale's grunting grew louder and his thrusts slammed harder. He continued for a couple moments, feeling the pressure in his loins rise, before stopping almost abruptly. His breathing steadied and he slowly pulled his long cock from Montiga's throat. Basil looked confused, but filmed the withdrawal and Montiga's subsequent gasp for a proper breath.

"Too early for the finale," Thale said, rubbing his now very slick shaft, "But perfect for the next scene."

Thale gave Montiga a few complimentary grinds of his cock on the snake's face before seating himself down on the coffee table. He idly stroked his still rock-hard shaft and eyed Montiga, who was still catching his breath following his throat-stuffing. Basil carried the camera, making sure to get some closeups of Thale's dick and framing it and Montiga together for effect.

"Let's see if the snake slut's ass is as accommodating as his mouth," Thale growled, motioning to Montiga, "Climb on and start riding."

Montiga hesitated for a moment as he looked upon Thale's length, feeling his butt preemptively clench at the thought. However, he was hardly deterred. He stood and positioned himself over the table. Bending his knees, he lowered himself downward, pausing only once he felt the tip of Thale's cock touch his rear. With a lustful chuckle, the Sangheili guided his member to the snake's quivering hole. The combination of pre and saliva allowed half of the tip to slip right in, making Montiga gasp sharply and shiver.

"That's it, snake-boy," Thale growled as his hips lightly pushed upwards, "impale that tight ass on my dick."

Fueled by the dirty-talk, Montiga reached back and raised his tail as high as he could with one hand and spread his cheeks apart with the other. He continued to lower himself, biting

his lip as the tip of the Elite's alien cock 'popped' inside. Montiga exhaled deeply, taking a moment to get used to the size. He didn't get much time as Thale's strong hands took hold of his hips and started to pull downward.

Basil moved behind Montiga, getting a good shot from between his legs of his ass slowly being impaled. He winced at his own painful hard-on, continuing to idly stroke it between camera adjustments, but not enough to get himself off just yet. He steeled himself for the moment and continued to film, each passing second equaling another inch of Elite cock disappearing into Montiga's widening hole.

Montiga felt his eyes nearly roll back into his head and his tongue hung lazily from his maw. The sheer amount of bracing to take Thale's cock overwhelmed his senses. A visible bulge formed in his lower belly as he got closer to bottoming out. His body shook uncontrollably, acting like a living vibrator that made Thale even more horny. Basil swung around, getting a shot of the bulge in Montiga's gut, the stream of pre leaking from his cocks from the pressure on his prostate, and the expression of mindless bliss on his face.

With a quick pull on the snake's hips and a thrust of his own, Thale's cock was fully buried into Montiga's ass, an audible 'slap' ringing out as his hips met his cheeks. Thale winced himself, marveling at just how tight Montiga's ass was around his dick. He moved his hands back behind his head, leaning back and relaxing as Montiga slowly adjusted and regained his mental faculties.

"Ffffuck," Thale growled with his ambiguous smile, "One of the tightest asses I've ever stuffed. Get used to it quick, slut, and start riding. 'Cause I'm not letting you off until I flood your guts with cum."

It took several seconds before Montiga could nod in understanding. He rubbed his hand on his belly, feeling the bulge Thale's cock caused. His own twin cocks became hyper-sensitive, feeling like he would cum with little provocation. Still, he slowly pushed himself upward, taking care not to cause himself to climax too early, until only the tip of Thale's cock remained inside before relaxing his legs and letting gravity pull him back down.

A couple more tentative rises and falls of Montiga's rear on Thale's hips later and the pair had started to develop a rhythm. Montiga steadily bounced up and down on Thale's entire length while the Elite rocked his hips up and down in turn. The alien shape of Thale's cock felt unlike anything Montiga had experienced before. Each time he bottomed out on Thale's hips, he swore he felt his cock reach deeper into his gut.

Not wanting to waste anymore time, Thale took hold of Montiga's hips and worked the snake and himself into a quicker pace. The sounds of flesh slapping together echoed in the room and the coffee table creaked and groaned in protest. Thale grunted louder with each upward thrust, feeling his climax quickly approaching. Montiga wasn't far behind, his eyes nearly rolling back in his head and his maw hanging open as he panted in bliss.

Letting out what sounded like a raspy and guttural growl through his lightly chattering mandibles, Thale's body tensed and he thrust up into Montiga a few more times with great force. The Sangheili's cock pulsed quickly before his seed surged from the tip like a fire hose into Montiga's ass. Montiga's eyes went wide for a brief moment, the Elite's cum feeling like molten lava flooding his insides. Rather than leaving him in pain, it caused his whole body to become awash in an indescribable euphoria. When the strange warmth finally reached his prostate, his

own orgasm immediately hit, even without touching either of his shafts. Jets of snake cum squirted forth and coated Thale's belly, chest and a little of his face.

Montiga's body looked like a near-limp puppet, propped up only by Thale's still-hard cock. Both drew heavy breaths as they recovered while Basil, not caring about his own exposed cock hanging free, circled the pair with the camera. Thale looked at Basil and made a motion with his hand. Taking the cue, he moved behind the pair, crouching down for the inevitable withdrawal shot.

Thale gave Montiga a couple light pats on the face, bringing the dazed reptile back to his senses. He took a deep breath and slowly started to raise himself upward, pulling off of Thale's still throbbing shaft. He clenched as he rose, holding in as much seed as he could, his belly audibly sloshing as he shifted around. With a "pop", Thale's cock slipped free and Montiga carefully guided himself to the floor on his knees.

"Not bad at all, snake-slut," Thale growled, shifting himself over from the table to the couch while Basil continued to film.

"Can't believe you're still hard," Basil idly said, thinking out loud.

"You learn to develop plenty of stamina in this business. Let's get some shots of our bloated friend here cleaning my dick with his mouth and then we'll start the next scene."

Basil took position and Thale spread his legs, presenting his alluring shaft still glistening and coated in cum. Montiga hardly missed a beat and crawled, albeit slowly with a gut full of cum, over and came face-to-face with Thale's cock once more. Though exhausted, he was ready to go a little longer for the camera.

"Give it a good long lick," Thale said as he pet Montiga's head, "from my balls to the head and give the tip a nice deep kiss."

Montiga nodded and lowered himself down, tongue out and ready to work. Thale glanced over at Basil, giving him a subtle nod. Basil returned the nod and got himself into position, zooming in on Montiga's face and Thale's crotch, ready for the next scene.

Montiga's forked tongue slithered lazily from his lips and danced about on Thale's sack. A soft moan escaped the Elite's throat as Montiga started to run his tongue from his balls and up the length of his cock. He moved slowly as asked, both for the camera and to savor the flesh, until he finally reached the tip. He paused for a moment, licking his lips, before leaning in to give the tip a nice firm kiss.

Thale's free hand moved to the base of his cock and squeezed, causing the tip to swell and grow a bit larger. Without warning, his hand yanked Montiga's head downward. His reptilian eyes went wide as the tip of Thale's cock suddenly stretched and enveloped much of his face. Before he could physically react further, another yank on the back of his head coupled with a strong pull from within Thale's cock caused Montiga's entire head to become engulfed.

The struggling and squirming began immediately, muffled yells coming from within the tip of Thale's member. Despite that, Basil made no effort to assist, instead continuing to film and idly rubbing his still-hard dick. He bit his lip as a devious smile formed on his snout.

Thale pushed his growing shaft down and paralleled to the floor. Now lined up with Montiga's body, another sudden pull from within drew him in further, his shoulders just past the threshold. He took hold of the tip of the snake's tail, restraining it with a free hand, while the

weight of his growing junk kept him pressed down and his legs firmly planted to the floor. Despite such, Montiga still struggled, but futilely so.

Thale let out a moan and a grunt as his cock loudly slurped on Montiga again, effortlessly pulling him till he was almost half-way inside. Thale's cock-slit wrapped around the snake's body just above the waist. Precum began to leak around the stuffed tip, lubricating the inner walls and Montiga's still-exposed body.

Montiga's head was flooded with chaotic thoughts. All he could do was try to resist his sudden and moist confinement. However, despite his best effort to struggle, he found his strength slowly draining. His heavy breathing brought on by his vigorous struggles caused him to inhale much of the scent and musk from within the Sangheili's shaft. Whether it was some kinda of pheromones or some other unknown property present in Elites, its effect was fast acting. His strength diminished and his desire to struggle wavered. Oddly enough, it left him feeling rather good.

The energetic struggles from Thale's soon-to-be cock snack progressively wavered, giving way to the kind of squirming made by someone who was horny, pent-up, and being actively teased. Yells from within his cock became hesitant moans and his twin-cocks returned to being hard, throbbing, and leaking. Thale smiled and chuckled at Montiga's change in demeanor.

"There we go," he growled, "As much as I enjoy the fight, submitter is always the best."

Thale opted to briefly enjoy the moment, giving his hips a subtle wiggle and lifting his cock upward enough to let Montiga's legs and tail dangle from the tip. He motioned for Basil to move in, presumably for some close-ups. However, Basil was struck with an idea. He quickly retrieved the tripod and mounted the camera, placing it just in front of the couch and getting an angled side-view of the action. Thale cocked his head in wonder before giving one of his ambiguous grins as Basil got behind Montiga and started to grind his cock against Montiga's ass.

Thale took Montiga's tail and pulled, raising it upward and exposing his pre-cum slicked butt. Basil continued to rub and grind on Montiga, slipping his cock between the snake's glistening ass cheeks, hot-dogging his immobilized friend. After several dry-humps, Basil's cock was plenty lubricated from Thale's precum. Having blown far past the need for foreplay, Basil took Montiga's hips in his hands and trusted, driving his cock into the the purple snake's ass.

Montiga let out a pleased howl, muffled through Thale's flesh. His ass clenched around Basil's cock, making him moan in pleasure as he started to thrust back and forth. Sounds of scaled skin slapping together echoed in the room. Basil plowed Montiga with a fervor brought on by ages of frustration with his freewheeling friend. His pent-up emotions were only matched by his pent-up loins, which he made no attempt to stave off.

Basil let out a loud moan as he slammed into Montiga once more, his body going ridged as he climaxed and flooded his friend's ass with cum. Montiga, through a combination of all the inhaled musk from within Thale's cock and the hard assfucking he received, orgasmed as well. Small jets of what was left in him sprayed Thale's balls and the underside of his now-massive cock.

Basil pulled out of Montiga, taking a moment to catch his breath before retrieving the camera. He moved in towards Thale, ready to get a close-up of the next stage. Thale looked at

him and growled pleasantly. He leaned back, grasping as much of his engorged member at the base as he could started to stroke. With each full pump, Montiga's partially-limp body was pulled in further. The size of Thale's penis kept growing as a result until it was nearly the size of the couch. Despite its length and girth, Thale effortlessly hoisted it upward, letting gravity assist in sending the purple snake deeper.

Basil got very close with the camera, paying special attention to the bulge Montiga made through the flesh. He reached out and rubbed it all over, giggling a bit as he rubbed Montiga's groin and seeing the outline of his twin cocks. Montiga's form started mindlessly humping from within, likely making a desperate attempt to get off once more. However, he wasn't given a chance as Thale leaned back and groaned, flexing every muscle he could control in his lower body. The inner tunnel of his cock squeezed Montiga tight for a moment before, with a loud and lewd-sounding slurp, his form slid rapidly down the rest of the massive shaft and falling into the Sangheili's balls.

Basil continued to film, mesmerized by the gentle squirming within Thale's sack and the sounds of sloshing and moaning coming from within. He pulled the coffee table forward, set the camera down and filmed himself worshipping Thale's massive balls. He rubbed, hugged, licked and kissed every inch of the flesh that he could. He humped against the massive and smooth sack, his cock drooling pre in response.

As the seconds turned to minutes, Basil could feel Montiga's form begin to soften and lose shape. The groans and moans from within went silent and replaced with only more gurgling and sloshing. Eventually, any semblance of a body within Thale's balls had vanished. Flesh and bone turned into even more of the Elite's potent seed.

"My bag..." Thale panted with labored breath, "get one of the condoms."

Basil broke free from his daze, nodding and reluctantly lifting himself away from Thale's sexy balls to retrieve the condom. As he did, Thale gently stroked his shrinking, but still rock-hard, cock. The flesh was super sensitive, the sensation in Thale's loins threatened to release its fresh, churned load at the slightest provocation. When Basil finally returned, Thale's cock had returned to near-normal but was still significantly larger than before, though his balls remained enlarged and rested comfortably on the floor.

Basil returned with the extra large and extra thick condom, which Thale quickly slipped on to his painful erection. He nodded at Basil, motioning towards his cock and the camera tripod. Without further encouragement, Basil mounted the camera and proceeded to stroke Thale. He didn't have to stroke him for long before the Sangheili was writhing on the couch and about to erupt. And erupt he did.

Like a fire hose wrapped with a massive balloon, Thale's cock let out a near-endless jet of purple-tinted cum into the condom. Basil watched with wide eyes, amazed the pressure Thale shot at didn't blow the condom apart from the start. The rubber squelched and stretched as it was continuously filled by the thick flood from his loins. After each powerful spurt, his balls started to slowly shrink. Thale let out muted cries of ecstasy the entire time until the pressure in his groin had finally diminished. Eventually, his balls had returned to a larger-than-before size and the cum-filled condom was roughly the size of an extra-large beanbag.

“Good...Good,” Thale growled, breathing heavily but not seeming at all out of energy, “Take care to take it off and tie it up. We’ll talk about what comes next after I get something in my belly to rejuvenate after that.”

Basil nodded and worked the condom slowly off of Thale’s cock. The material, after being filled and stretched, felt a little like a water bed. He smiled briefly at the thought of using it as such. After all that’s happened, he was somewhat hoping to get a roll in the hey with the Sangheili before they discussed the next steps of their spontaneous partnership. Slipping the rest of the condom free, Basil began to tie it shut when took a breath and was hit by the powerful scent of Thale’s spent seed. He gasped for a moment, quickly finishing the knot before the full effect of the musky scent hit him. He grew weak and lightheaded, barely able to keep himself on his feet. His body shivered and he fell to his knees, breathing hard and sporting the most painful hard-on he could recall ever having.

While Basil was trying to catch his breath from being suddenly overcome by the scent of his cum, Thale rose to his feet and stepped over towards the kneeling python. He looked down and paused for a moment. He thought about the arrangement he made with Basil to “deal with” Montiga in exchange for a cut of the large amounts of cash the recording would bring from the underground vore-circles. Despite the mutually beneficial deal, Thale saw an opportunity he couldn’t pass up.

Shrugging to himself, Thale adjusted the still-recording camera and then turned away from Basil. He reached back and spread his shapely ass cheeks, hovering just inches from Basil’s head. Almost on cue, Basil slowly raised his head only to have his field of view filled with Sangheili ass and pucker and a different musky scent assaulting his sense of smell. Basil stared blankly into Thale’s ass, even cocking his head slightly as his brain struggled to process what was going on. Thale contorted his mandibles into a smile and bent his knees, lowering his butt until Basil’s face was firmly planted between his cheeks. He reached back and grabbed the back of the python’s head and gave a powerful pull coupled with a clench of his ass. With a loud pop, Basil’s head was enveloped by Elite ass.

It was then that Basil came to his senses and realized his sudden peril. However, his initial attempts to struggle were stifled by Thale continuously lowering himself upon him. The weight kept him planted on his knees. Before he could raise his hands to push away, Thale’s ass stretched over his shoulders and easily slid down and pinned his arms to his sides. Thale moaned and his cock drooled as Basil’s head started hitting all the right spots inside.

Basil struggled to remain conscious amidst the strong scent, tightness and heat inside of Thale’s ass. He could barely yell in protest as the tightness constricted his lungs and the heat sapped his energy. He wiggled and struggled as much as he could, regardless, only serving to further stimulate the Elite.

Thale leaned back, letting himself fall back until the cheeks of his butt touched the ground. Only Basil’s calves, feet, and writhing tail remained visible. The shape of his distressed face was visible through Thale’s now-bulging gut. He chuckled and patted it as he rose to his feet, taking a moment to revel in the feeling of prey in his ass. He gave his butt a shake and his cock another round of strokes before bending over. With a deep breath and a hard clenching of his anal muscles, the rest of Basil was pulled inside, leaving him curled up and cramped up within Thale’s gut.

The snake-shaped bulge squirmed weakly inside his belly. Various sounds coming from inside along with weak yells and cries for help. Thale lumbered over to the cum-filled condom and plopped down on it like a chair. He rubbed his rumbling and gurgling gut with one hand and stroked his cock with the other. As he masturbated, Basil's struggling diminished and his cries fell silent. Thale gasped as he climaxed one more time, spurting a small load of cum onto his bulging belly. He leaned back and relaxed, breathing deep. As his chest and gut rose and fell with his breaths, Basil's shape slowly vanished until the Elite's belly was round and soft.

Thale took some time to rest, catching a little shut-eye in the now-vacant apartment. After a quick nap, he hopped in the shower to rinse off the sweat and cum. From his bag he retrieved a larger set of clothes made to help conceal his still enlarged balls and his round and still gurgling belly. He broke down the camera equipment, taking a minute to skim through the footage.

"Not bad camera work, Basil," Thale said to himself, "you would have made a good cameraman. But you'll do well as ass-fat I suppose."

He packed the camera and the rest of his belongings away. He took his cellphone out and punched in a number, slowly pacing about the apartment as it rang.

"All finished with your latest shoot?" a voice asked.

"Finished and then some," Thale replied, "Had a last minute change of plans, however."

"How so?"

"Let's just say this film will easily net double among the vore fans alone. And you'll only need to write one check instead of two."

"That sounds perfectly favorable. Eager to see the footage myself when you get back. Anything else?"

Thale passed the fridge as he made his way towards the front door and noticed a phone number with 'Landlord' written on it, "Actually," he said, "see if anyone is in the market to acquire some real estate. I'm sure with a little 'persuasion' the current owner would be willing to turn over the deeds. If not? Well, I'm always willing to relocate them to a new permanent home."

Thale gave one more devious chuckle as he rubbed his belly and walked out the front door. This gig certainly had it all, he thought. Plenty of cash, mountains of pleasure, and all the unwitting saps he could ever hope to devour.