

Treetop Shorts Collection
Initiation Ritual - For Segremores

By Smokescale Aquatos

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Segremores loved initiation. There wasn't anything about he didn't like. And how could he not like it? He sat on the sofa as he watched TV, flipping through the channels idly while he relished the stretching and squirming between his legs. This one sure had some fight in him. It had been at least three hours and he hadn't given up yet. A rumble of satisfaction shook the large pale alligator's throat. His sizable feet cupped and squeezed against the monstrous swell of his bizarrely distended scrotum. The bulges and lumps that shifted about under his skin brought with them all the delightful stimulation Seg savored during these rituals.

"You last long enough, I might not want to let you out. Especially if you keep wiggling the whole time. I could get used to having a permanent passenger down there." The big gator chuckled.

"But you have to let me out! That's how this works!" The stallion hidden away in the sloshing, gurgling, heavily musky chamber complained. He wasn't upset about his predicament, he had been well informed of what this would entail. He just didn't want to stick around longer than he had to.

"I'm just teasing, cutie." Seg reached down, giving his enormous sac a firm rubbing. He was rather well endowed without someone shoved in him, but with Grant struggling away inside, he was absolutely massive. So massive in fact none of his pants could hope to cover the enormous package, not even his stretchiest pair. That was well enough; the gator loved waddling around with such gargantuan bulge dangling from between his thighs. His almost frighteningly huge member draped over the wriggling bulge, leaking softly along the heated flesh. The end was only a foot or so from the ground. And it was still soft.

Oh how he loved this feeling.

Slowly, Seg's eyes drifted shut as he basked in the glorious stimulation of initiation. He let his mind wander back to just a few hours ago, when it all began. He and two other long-standing members of the 'Nut Club' had gathered to decide which of the three applicants would be permitted to join. The rules were explained to the newcomers; each one would spend an undetermined amount of time in the balls of their 'sponsor' and whoever survived longest would be let back out and made a member. The other two would simple be turned into a massive load for their sponsor to enjoy however they saw fit. There were of course instances where none of the three passed initiation, but no one ever seemed to complain; before, during, or after. Of course, it was hard to complain when you were a puddle of cum. Still, knowing the risks, their three new applicants seemed quite willing to take the chance.

Seg rumbled louder as he focused on the memory of the event. Grant was so fascinated by it, he wanted to watch the whole thing. He sat in front of the big albino lizard, leaning up to rub Seg's smooth, warm belly. A pair of hands collected the stallion's hooves and guided them to the fat member draped over the already impressively swollen sac. Grant shivered as he felt a warmth consume him up to his ankles. It was slick and sticky, matting down the longer tufts of fur around his hooves. The clydesdale was impressive in his own right; tall, muscular, and equipped well enough to please just about any partner. Still, Seg was practically a titan by comparison.

A greedy growl rose up from the brown fellow as he tugged on the grey horse. The stallion's knees sank in with a lewd slurp, the hungry shaft consuming him stretching without any difficulty, though it didn't show much evidence of the effort. Clear ooze bubbled up around the intruding figure, coating him and making his inevitable consumption easier. Grant wiggled his legs, grinning a bit as the act brought a shudder to the gator. Seeing that, he began to squirm harder, careful not to accidentally pull himself free, but certainly trying to slow his entry. After all, why not try to drag it out as long as possible if they were both enjoying it?

A large, white hand reached forward. It gripped the stallion by the shoulder and pushed him towards the approaching groin. Another crude sucking noise saw the horse's thighs devoured, now making a nicely visible bulge in the ghostly-hued shaft he was sliding into. Grant couldn't help himself. His own rod pulsed and stiffened, aching to find release. Maybe once he was inside he'd be able to 'take care of business'. Before he could begin to fantasize about the notion, Seg reached down and gripped his chest. With an impressive display of strength and ability to stretch, the gator turned the horse around in his shaft, facing him the other direction. Now Grant had a perfect view of the other two applicants disappearing into their 'sponsors'.

A large lizard, roughly the size and build of Seg who went by the name Talash, was busy swallowing up a stocky bull, a little bigger than the stallion. The other 'sponsor' was a barn owl the bigger two called Agro, much smaller than his cohorts. And yet he was taking down a large ram, the biggest of the three applicants. He didn't seem to be having any trouble with the size, but it was certainly taking its toll on him. The relatively small bird thrashed about, bucked his hips, and made all manner of noises. The fact that they were so much closer in size to one another than Talash or Seg were with their 'volunteers' no doubt made the whole experience that much more intense.

The stallion's hips vanished into Segremores, making him shiver and moan. Grant's hands moved to stroke over the impressively stretched flesh wrapped around his lower half, trying to grind against it as best he could. His own scrotum had slipped in, and the tight, warm compression of the monster gator rod felt amazing. A wet slurp of a 'gulp' dragged the stallion's abdomen in. From there, he was practically falling into the big fellow's scrotum. Grant held himself in place as best he could, trying to slow his progress. Once the hot flesh had reached his chest, he began to thrust furiously into the slippery walls hugging so tightly around him. Seg rumbled happily feeling his enthusiasm, but he was interested really in only one thing. A big, pale palm pressed gently against the stallion's head, forcing him in. Grant cried out wantonly as he was swallowed up, his arms forced over his head as the world went dark.

His struggles continued much to the gator's delight as he glided downward. In only a few moments, his fingers were slurped up by the hungry shaft. The horse was deposited slowly and completely into the bulging sac he would be calling home; either for only a few hours, or perhaps permanently.

Seg sighed and reached down to give his nicely swollen scrotum a firm pat.

"That's more like it," He turned to look at the other two, seeing they had finished off their applicants as well. He noticed his husband, the smaller owl, was having a bit of difficulty managing the rather massive bulk he now carried, "Are you gonna be able to let him back out if he wins?"

Agro frowned and groped at the comedically enormous and active balls, "I think you two gave me the biggest one on purpose."

Talash chuckled, lifting a slice of pizza to his mouth. He'd been eating the whole time he'd stuffed the bull into his scrotum, or had the bull shoved himself in on his own?

"Now why would we do that? That would just be mean... give you someone you can't squirt out before he turns to cum. You make it sound like we just want you to end up with a big sloshy sac." The tegu grinned, offering the raptor a slice.

Agro remained quiet and politely declined. All three of them sat together, their heavy loads bulging them tremendously. Only one would make it into the club, and that was if they survived long enough to get out. Of course, there were ways of making sure they could come back to try again, but that was something of an afterthought.

Seg rumbled again as he recalled the whole ritual, almost bringing himself to climax at just the thought of feeling every inch of the muscular stallion slipping down his shaft. He restrained himself, gripping his rod tightly at the base to make sure nothing escaped unless he wanted to let it happen. After he had settled down again, the big gator flipped off the television and climbed to his feet. The considerable weight between his legs made his sac hang down almost to his ankles, and stretch almost as wide as his expansive stomach. He sighed feeling that marvelous burden, bumping it gently with his calves.

"C'mon little guy, daddy's got chores to do. You be good and don't try to slip out. I might just have to punish you otherwise." He grinned, quietly hoping the stallion would make an attempt.

"How many times have you done this?" Grant asked, trying not to gargle the small lake of alligator seed he was swimming in while speaking.

"A few times, at least as part of the ritual," Segremores commented as he began walking, "A bunch of times just for fun." He grinned, relishing the pendulum-like swing of the horse below, each step bringing a thick, powerful leg to bump against the warm bulge. There was a lot to do around the house, and he'd been lazy enough. Agro wouldn't be able to help as easily, not when his burden was so much bigger, proportionally speaking.

With housework to keep him distracted, the white gator didn't have much trouble holding back what would no doubt be one hell of an orgasm. It did however leave him feeling delightfully pent up and eager for when he finally could let loose. Maybe he'd be able to tomorrow. As he turned around and left the laundry room, a basket of clothes in tow, he noticed the smear he was leaving on the floor. He was still leaking. He'd have to mop. And that in itself would probably be a never-ending battle while carrying the stallion.

As evening fell, Seg found time to prepare a little something for dinner; both for himself, and for his bed-ridden husband. He giggled hearing the avian's moans as his passenger continued to fight to win. The table was set and the brown dragon wedged his way through the door to collect Agro.

"Still kicking, huh?" The large gator pressed a palm against the owl's oversized scrotum, feeling and seeing the movement easily.

Agro nodded, panting a bit, "Yeah. I've cum at least five times already. I really think he is too big to come back out. Either you're gonna hafta help me get him out, or he's just gotta melt away." And he wasn't kidding. His chest and stomach had been stained with white quite heavily, soaking his speckled plumage and the sheets under him.

Seg nodded, leaning in to give his owl a delicate kiss on the cheek, "Either way works for me. I know a place you can squirt him if you can't get him out. Now, let's get you to the table for dinner. I'll take the sheets off and get them washed."

With the gator's assistance, Agro managed to stand unsteadily on his feet, hoisting up what of his sac he could manage. Seg snickered and coaxed him into letting the whole thing just hang down, and when the bird agreed, the bulge landed on the floor and spread out over his talons. Looks like it would come down to dragging the ram around.

It took a good five minutes to get the barn owl out of the bedroom and over to the table. He was still out of breath, but at least his passenger had slowed his movements. He wouldn't be overtaken while he was eating hopefully. Seg did as he said and pulled the sheets off the mattress, which was fairly well soaked as well. That would take a different sort of cleaning to deal with. The sheets were stuffed into the washing machine and started before the white gator waddled his way over to the table to join his husband. The chair groaned as he sat down, forced to take on the extra weight of the stallion, but only briefly. Once Seg was down, his sac immediately spread across the floor just like the owl's.

Dinner was nicely relaxed and conversation eventually meandered away from the day's initiation, but not too far. A few squirms brought their attention back to the other two well hidden in the room. Dishes were washed and the sheets were moved to the drier after Seg helped Agro to the sofa. The big albino alligator tugged his owl to his side to cuddle. The smaller of the two leaned over and rest his head against the grand, warm dome of the gator's belly. The stallion and the ram both had begun to slow, tiring themselves out. Agro would finally be able to get some sleep it seemed. His exhaustion whisked him quickly off while curled up against his husband.

Seg chuckled hearing the quiet sounds of the owl's snoozing, stroking along his back lovingly. When the sheets were finally dry, and the mattress at least mostly cleaned, the bed was assembled again. The gator waddled back into the living room and collected his feathered lover in his arms, still sleeping just as soundly as ever. The ram's bulge was tucked neatly atop Agro's stomach as Seg carried him off to the bedroom, then tucked him into bed. From there, the gator shuffled over to his side of the bed and climbed in, careful not to let the owl roll into him until after he had settled. He didn't want to squish the poor, tired boy!

A rumble of satisfaction rose up from the big, swamp-dwelling lizard's throat and he reached down, stroking over his enormous sac once more.

"Sleep well Grant. Maybe I'll see you in the morning." Seg yawned and closed his eyes, drifting off quickly.

As the pair slept, a few audible gurgles and groans came from under the sheets, Agro's passenger finally giving in. He'd have a nice, soft, sloshy package come daybreak. Seg meanwhile seemed to have the more successful of the two passengers. The tone of the gator's cell phone receiving a text woke the stallion, but not the others. He yawned and stretched, poking softly at the spongy walls holding him prisoner.

"Hey, Seg? Is it over yet? Did I win?" He prodded softly, making the gator growl happily in his sleep, "Seg?"

When morning finally came, the white gator yawned and rolled over a bit. His arms stretched wide as he fumbled to collect his phone. A swipe and a few taps saw a message from Talash. It turned out his passenger was the first to go. He didn't even last long enough for the tegu to fall asleep. Seg chuckled and turned to look over at the other side of the bed. Agro was already gone, probably awake and in the shower. The sounds coming from the bathroom seemed to confirm that, as well as the owl's efforts to relieve the pent up feeling.

"Hey honey, how'd your guy fair?" The gator called out strongly to be heard over the water.

The owl answered just as loudly, "He gave up sometime during the night. Mind coming in here and helping me with this? I'd hate for all of this to go to waste."

Seg snickered, "Sure, just give me a moment," he set up and yawned again, giving his own bloated balls a firm pat, "Looks like you win, Grant."

No answer came, and the firm form of the horse's frame was gone. All that remained was a heavy, bloated balloon full of gator seed. Seg blushed a little and chuckled. That was part of the risk after all. He climbed out of bed, wiggling his hips to make his sac sway weightily.

"Hey Agro honey, feel like having a big litter of horses?" The gator grinned as he shuffled into the bathroom, careful not to knock anything over with his erection. He was sure he'd been rock hard since the wee small hours of the morning.