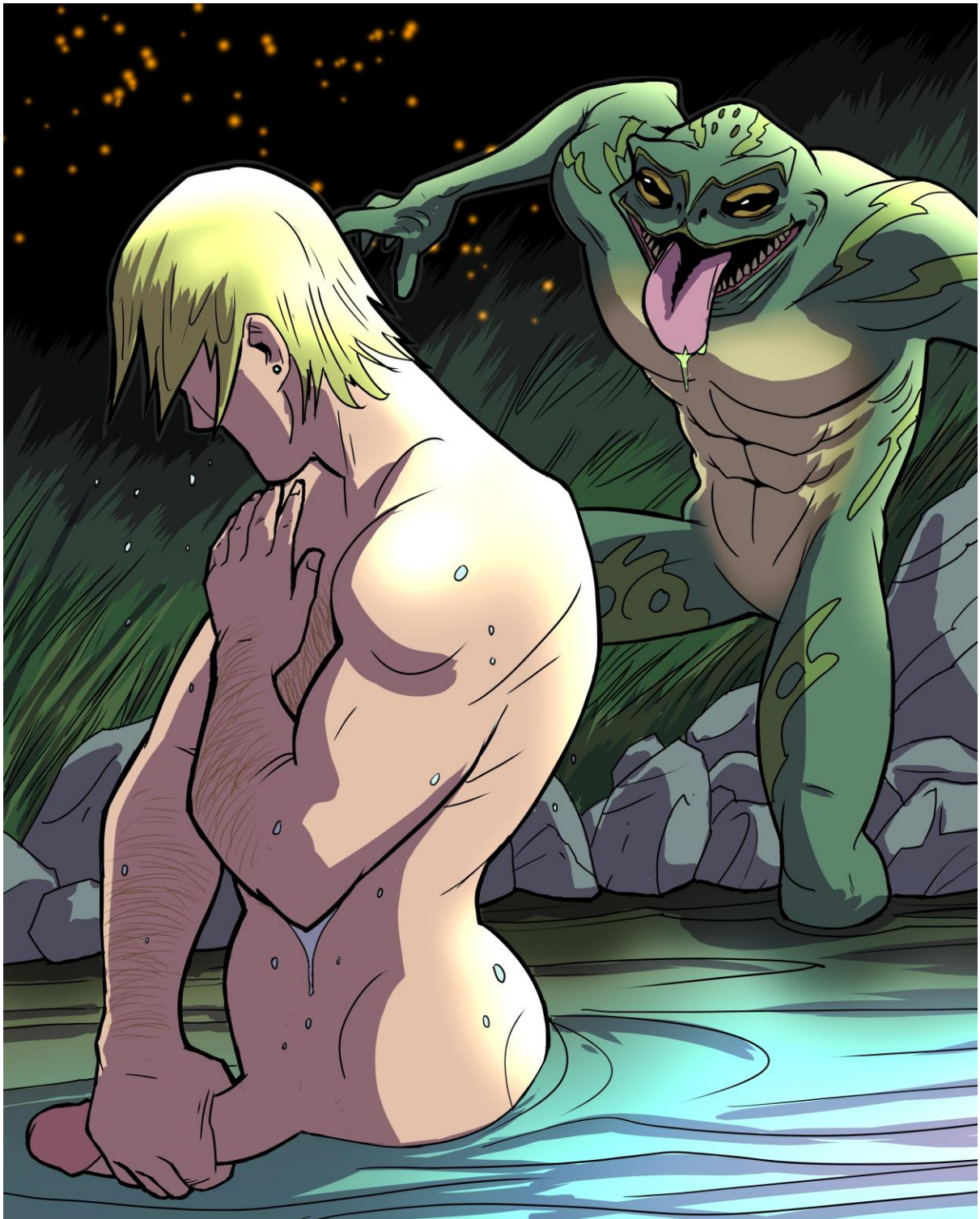


Queerly Twisted Tales...The Tongue of the Ravenous Frogman!



(Welcome to a special Halloween story, a homoerotic monster tale collaboration between myself and Byron.Power. His talented artwork above inspired me to give this piece a backstory...of which you can read below. As a quick fair warning, it does contain description of queer monster sex; you have been warned (or delighted)...)

Prepare yourself - to shriek, moan and gasp! It is a tale from the Queerly Twisted Tales, erotica with a delicious turn into the unsettling...

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It was late into the summertime when Brandon decided to get out his grandfather's farmhouse, which was incredibly stuffy due to the heat of the season, and head down to riverside. Such was the warmth of that day that he needed to go somewhere to cool off and he knew just where to head to.

He'd been visiting the old family farmstead for a while now and in that time he had taken a number of walks around the extensive land owned by his mum's side of the family. During one such walk Brandon had discovered a secluded pond near the river, hidden within a dense patch of woodland. The pond was fed by a fast-flowing stream coming down from the mountains to the west which in turn was connected to the river by a small stream. With such a constant current the water in pond was kept quite clear and fresh; perfect if you fancied having a dip on a hot summer's day.

It was a pleasant and cool sensation Brandon felt from the water as he carefully slipped into the pond, getting his footing on the soft mud of the bed before wading out towards the centre where the basin was deepest. Here the water level came up to Brandon's shoulders and it was possible to swim about freely which he did, enjoying how the water lapped over his nude body. He was so use to swimming naked in the river from when he was a kid that the thought of wearing trucks hadn't crossed his mind. For a while he swam about, letting the refreshing chill seep into his limbs and core and cleanse the heat and sweat of the day from his skin.

Eventually though time started to wear on and Brandon returned to the shallow part of the pool, standing up and wiping stray droplets from his face. His attractive body glimmered in the light as he let the sun help to dry him off. A living example of a corn-fed American boy, blond hair and green eyed, he was stout and well-developed from years of playing for his high school football team. A faint coating of tawny hair had started to grow on his chest and forearms over the past year, standing out starkly against his lightly tanned skin. At the tender age of 18 he had a body that would have made many man envious, and not a few of them turned on, to behold.

Before he moved to get out of the pond he started to wash himself properly, scooping up water and rubbing it into his armpits, between his ass cheeks, underneath his ball sac and the area between his cock and ass. As he washed himself Brandon felt his cock starting to stir between his legs. Touching himself like this was slowly turning him on and Brandon's hands start to linger on his privates, fingers gently touching his hardening cock. A bit of a late bloomer, the experience of touching himself in a sexual way was still something new to him and so he became aroused quite easily.

The temptation to start playing with his dick was hard to resist. Still he felt a bit self-conscious about doing it outside; after all what if someone came along and saw him masturbating in the pond? That thought stifled the half-formed desires in the back of his mind and he went back to focus on finishing his wash, letting his warm semi-hard dick slowly deflate back to normal.

So preoccupied was Brandon in his thoughts that he didn't hear the soft noises of movement coming from the thick bushes behind him. From out of the undergrowth ringing the edge of the pond crept forth an impossible creature. It looked like a hideous cross between a frog and a man; man-shaped with four limbs but with green frog skin speckled with yellow splotches and a pale belly; sticky suckers on the fingers of its web hands and a roundish head with a wide mouth that stretched from one side of its face to the other.

Slowly and quietly the Frogman stepped down from the pond's verge and into the water, giving away no sign of its presences. Its large bulbous yellow and black eyes were fixed upon the naked man, lips parting into a large grin-like expression that revealed the lines of sharp pointed teeth within its mouth. From out of this grinning chasm emerged a huge flat tongue, as wide as a man's hand and dark pinkish in tone. More and more folds of the tongue came from the mouth, until it was longer than the Frogman itself in length and still it kept on coming. Greenish saliva coated that writhing, impossibly long organ, making it appear shiny and slippery.

Closer the monster crept towards the bathing man, moving with an almost supernatural stealth until it came within mere feet of Brandon, who at the time was bend forward, head down to wash his hair. The Frogman's massive tongue had lowered down to the water and was now winding silently across the surface like a snake towards the boy. Coming so near to almost be touching his skin, the tongue rose up behind Brandon until it came level with the back of his neck...

At that moment something at the back of his mind, an old instinct to sense danger, caused Brandon to look over his shoulder to see if there anything behind him. What he did see was a pulsing, writhing pink...thing dripping with greenish saliva right next to his face and the grinning face of a monstrous frog creature almost close enough to reach out and touch him, an image that seared itself into his memory from that point onwards.

Even as Brandon let out a startled scream and his automatic response to jump away kicked in the tongue struck like lightning. After a few moments of absolute chaos where Brandon struggled but was seized all over by a warn, iron grip, he suddenly found himself facing the creature, frozen to the spot.

Actually, it was more like he pinned in place. The Frogman's massive tongue had wrapped itself around Brandon's stomach and then had reached up, seized his wrists together and was holding his arms up above his head. The tip of its tongue was free next to his bound wrists and was wiggling back and forth, the flesh cold and wet against his skin and feeling like there was almost a steady pulse passing through it.

'What the...?' everything was happening so fast Brandon barely had time to react but he tried to yank himself free from slimy hold of the monster's tongue. However he found to his surprise and horror that he couldn't really move, let alone break free. The tongue's grip him around his stomach and wrists barely budged as he tried to move his body, the strength within it unbelievable. Once more to tried to get free and this time found he couldn't shift at all, as though the creature was ready for him this time.

Fighting against a rising panic bought on by the horror, shock and revulsion he was feeling, Brandon struggled even harder to get free, kicking about and trying to throw his weight around. The tongue though reacted to every movement he made, keeping him restrained in one spot while all he was doing was wasting his energy. 'Argh, let go of me...you...thing!' Brandon shouted in angry frustration, giving into desperation as he fought frantically to get free.

All that happened though was the Frogman's tongue started moving again, more of it wrapping itself around his body. The tip lead the way, heading downwards over his arms. Brandon could feel it slithering across his skin, brushing across it with a smoothness due to the saliva coating the muscle. It went all over his body; wrapping around his upper arms; folds of tongue pressing against his pecs and under his armpits and down to wrap around his thighs. The strength within the deceptively thin muscle was extraordinary and it held the boy so tightly he was powerless to do anything about it, every extra inch only increasing its grip upon him.

Mind-numbing Fear started to overtake him as he wondered what this monster had in store for him. Was it going to kill him? Eat him? The possibilities scared the young man terribly and lend him some strength to keep trying to break free from it's cold, iron-clad hold.

The creature though seemed to have other things in mind. The tip of it's tongue was still moving and it reached up from where it had wrapped around his thighs to coil itself around Brandon's limp cock, taking his dick within a roll of muscle. Moving back downwards the tip lifted up his balls as it slide underneath along the space between his sac and rear and then angled up once more, the tip slipping right in between his muscular ass cheeks.

The feeling of the tongue gliding against the sensitive area of his crack made Brandon jump a bit; the slippery touch of that cold organ sent a tingle through him despite the situation. For a moment he felt the tip pause and then retreat a bit only to then move upward along his crack again, going back and forth over that soft area within the depths of his ass.

It was not just the tip that started to move for the whole mass of that giant muscle wrapped around his limbs, torso and lower body began shift and flex all at once. Rubbing back and forth over his skin as though it was caressing him or...like it was tasting him, savouring the flavour of his young, freshly bathed body. Strange croaking noises emerged from the creature from where it was squatted down in the water, bulbous eyes nearly closed as it remained eerily still while the huge pink muscle undulated slowly as if with a mind of its own. A terrified thrill passed down Brandon's spine as he realised he was right; it was going to eat him!

What happened next though destroyed that idea completely. The tip within his ass stopped rubbing and started to work itself deeper into his crack despite how tightly his cheeks were clenched. It wiggled and wormed its way in, gradually prying his ass open until it reached his tight hole. Once there it licked back and forth rapidly, teasing the ring of his tiny pucker and occasionally flicking or jabbing into the sensitive spot, it's saliva allowing it to easily poke a tiny bit inside with each thrust.

'Oh...ohh!' a surprised moan broke through Brandon's lips as he felt his hole being touched and licked like that. It was so unexpected that he paused in his struggles for a moment, shivers going through him as he felt that slippery tongue probing away at the rim of his pucker.

As the tip teased Brandon's ass the rest of the tongue wrapped around his body started to move as well. The folds gripping his chest flexed and slide back and forth over his skin, gently rubbing his nipples into hardness. With his nubs erect the area of tongue around them suddenly contracted, the saliva coating becoming sticky and clamping over those sensitive part of his breast. As the tongue pulled and teased at his nipples it almost felt like they were both being sucked at the same time. Underneath his arms the folds of the tongue there were eagerly lapping at his pits, coating them in a layer of saliva as they

continuously licked at his underarms. Meanwhile Brandon's arms and inner thighs were being caressed and massaged by the wraps of tongues that held his limbs so tightly.

It was what the tongue wrapped around his cock and balls were doing though that made Brandon weak at the knees. The roll of muscle wrapped around his dick loosen and tightened like the fleshy confides of an ass, wanking his dick while at the same time suckling on it due to the sticky wetness of the saliva. It was a constant steady rhythm, teasing and pumping his cock without pause. At the same time his sac were being licked as the tongue underneath moved about in it's probing of his rear, the balls inside rolling around from the motion.

Brandon's struggles to get free from the hold of the monster lessened as he tried to make sense of the new and strange sensations coming from all over his body. He was being touched and licked over all at the same time, the different sensitive spots of his form being stimulated and teased to their limits. The horror and resistance in his mind were overwhelmed by the barrage of pleasure that he was experiencing. He had never been licked before in these places before and now he was being done so by an expert tongue that seemed to know just what to do to make him shiver and to draw out the gasps from his lips. There was no helping it, no denying just how horny all of this was making him feel.

Brandon felt the blood surging into his cock as it continued to suckle and tug upon, his erection growing fully hard within the confides of that flexing, pulsing muscle. A strange croak came from the Frogman, seemingly sensing the change in his cock. Suddenly the tongue-grip around his cock clenched and it started to pump away rapidly, the wetness coating his privates allowing it to move at a speed that was a blur to see. It was so abrupt, so unexpected, that Brandon couldn't help the husky moan that spilled out from his lips that the intense pleasure coming from his cock.

At the same time the tongue folds all over his body stopped licking and caressing and start suckling as it had been doing on his nipples, as though it was trying to suck as much of him as possible. Within his ass the tip jabbed straight upward at his hole and started to push inside, a constant pressure on his rim that gave way and let the muscle spread his entrance. The spear-like tip, slick with natural lubricant went right up within him, popping his cheery with a sharp pain that made him wince but which was counted by as much, if not more, pleasure. With a good inch in it began to feel around, rubbing his insides, touching deeper into Brandon's ass deeper then any of his fingers had ever gone. Still more of the organ tried to push itself further in, reaching around to explore untouched corners within him and prying apart his hole more then it had ever been before...

Against this constant assault of stimulation Brandon's mind started to go blank as the pleasure became too much. Mouth open in a wordless cry, his hips started to move of their own accord, instincts causing him to buck his erection into the fleshy grip surrounding it, the only thoughts in his mind now to rut and satisfy his primal desire to breed. As he did so he pushed himself on and off of the writhing thickness spreading open his ass, the pleasure he was getting from his rear only edging on his hips to thrust hard. In the pit of his groin he could feel an intense build up taking place in his tingling balls, one bigger then he had ever experienced before. So lost was he in this mindless haze of gratification that he didn't see the Frogman had come forward until it was positioned down in front of him, it's mouth wide open towards his straining erection and rutting hips. It all became too much for Brandon, the build-up in his groin rising up in a rush as he went right over the edge.

A loud cry broke from his throat as Brandon came, his cock firing out several shots of his cum into the air which the Frogman caught in it's open mouth. The lesser shots that came after that explosion landed on part of the Frogman's tongue which was waiting for them to

come. As Brandon's orgasm faded a part of the tongue licked back and forth over his cock head, wringing out every precious drop of his seed. That done the Frogman's tongue unfurled itself from around Brandon who slumped into the pond, completely shattered and shaking a bit from how intense his release had been. As it's tongue slipped back into it's mouth the Frogman paused for a moment, seeming to savour the moment and then it was off, out of the pond and vanishing into the undergrowth in moments, gone as if it had never been there at all.

Brandon was left half-sitting up in the shallows for some time afterwards, his body trying to regain its strength in the aftermath of the most intense orgasm he had ever experienced. Eventually he was able to will himself to get up and out of the body, pushing past the fatigue that had settled deep in his bone and the soreness the places where he had been licked and probed so thoroughly.

However, even long after he had rest and recovered, his body won't forget the ravages it had experienced from the skilled tongue of the Frogman on that summer's afternoon and at times when the memory returned he couldn't help how his cock would stir thinking about it...