

What Went Wrong - Scene 3

By Bartan Tirix

It was one of the best slumbers the wyrm's ever had. Like falling asleep on a large cloud that held no worry about him falling to the ground. Yet, it still made the blue one slightly excited, bunting the soft furred plush as those paws kneaded such a bedding. Both hinds and forepaws, gripping it with dull black nails as well while giving it a few licks. Still being able to catch that scent of pumpkin spice and the taste of it too.

But that maw started to become braver, going from nuzzling and licking, to nearly gnawing at the soft fur. Not even noticing the warm fluids that coated his legs, like a warm syrup that almost felt cool to the touch as it crawled up those scales. But the wyrm was just too enthralled by the comfort, the large body pillow below him as he started to rub his belly against it. With that, his already formed tool, leaking out those bright green juices and almost drawing on the living mattress below him.

And the red tongue, going from soft small licks to steady and strong laps. Flossing his fangs with the long white fur as those jaws got a little bit more daring with every moment. Catching a hold of a tuft and nearly pulling on it gently before giving the spot a few licks. Biting and pulling a little harder... Then a little harder...

Another few laps as he purred, going in for a following bite but something almost slimy caught his muzzle. Making Thea yelp and attempt to look at it through the veil of darkness, but only seeing a shimmer of someone almost liquid. The strange goo forced his muzzle opened and he attempted to grasp it, only to feel several others tide down his arms. Then hind legs and tail, the strange ropes of gel coiling up his haunches as the dragon whimpered. Feeling the one that trapped his maw begin to... Massage his tongue, of all things. That pleasant taste of blueberries and grapes that he nearly longed for, unknown until that very moment.

Those purrs returned quickly as the strange tentacles massaged his body, sliding up his tail and legs. Stroking under his throat and belly a bit and nearly become impatient, taking notice towards a leaky tower and following the trail of drips to the very tip. Morphing around that entire red flesh and throwing the wyrm into a sea of bliss, becoming very submissive to its very whim and not even fighting as the rear ones started to explore those orbs. As well as what hid above them.

The goo pressed up against that tailsplit, getting a few whimpers at the cooling touch as the thick bulged slipped inside. A muffled cry of pleasure escaped that muzzle as that tentacle started to move deeper into his maw. Each one working valiantly to please the dragon into a state of near paralysation, sliding around those underscales that made Thea's belly and leaving its strange cooling warmth behind. As if to nearly marinate the dragon as more and more tendrils started to tend to him, coming out of the darkness with a steady amount of slithers.

One by one, they massaged his body. Pressing up against his pouch and feeling the dense liquids

inside, constantly slipping in and out of that tailhole as a few of them took turns exploring it. The one in his maw stroking and studying it closely. Every fang, every ripple on the roof of his maw, as if to nearly make an exact clone of the dragon. Causing those instincts to kick in once in a while when a tail tendril explored too deeply, making that jaw tense up and nearly bite the tentacle.

Yet, it didn't seem to mind or even strain in the slightest. As if it didn't even notice as it ventured a little deeper. Rewarding Thea with a taste of that juice and making him purr loudly before gnawing the goo steadily. Every press feeding the wyrm as he let them work along his body. Glazing those scales with a slimy residue as the one over his red tool started to tickle those ridges, until he couldn't hold back his climax. Whimpering loudly in warning as he started to spray into that tendril, causing it to bulge greatly with every torrent, yet not stopping in the slightest.

For what felt like an hour, they milked the dragon for nearly everything he had. Not halting until that pouch was nearly drained, and continuing their motions. Exploring deeper into that blue body as they started to brace him. Though still tired from the constant releases, Thea attempted to move out a little bit until another gelled limb started to squeeze into his rear.

That blue tail attempted to close off the exit, but the serpent holding onto it was just too strong. Lifting it higher up as if to present the dragon for more tentacles to move up, scouting his pouch a little bit before another one slipped into that slit. Then another. Another. Another, until the blue one climaxed everything he had left. His hole stretched out greatly as they continuously massaged it.

A bit of pressure was felt along his tool as some fluids were felt leaking around it before that tentacle tightened up around his lower horn. Causing him to whimper and struggle out of the binding limbs as the pressure increased, forcing the liquids to travel into his weapon and directly into that pouch. Almost painful at first, but with the extra tendrils massaging that pouch, it became blissful.

Until he realized it wasn't stopping. In fact, it was increasing its flow! Pumping more and more into his bloating pouch as he whined loudly, getting a muzzelful of those very liquids. Getting him to drink the strong blueberry grape juices in progressively larger gulps, unable to resist as his belly started to become full very quickly.

Then a large shimmer in the darkness, one of a bloated bubble traveling down a large tube moving passed the blue wyrm. Then another one seen on the other side of him, a third one a bit in the background. All moving towards his rear as he was forced to keep drinking those addicting juices, as his pouch quickly filled up. Resisting for a few moments before becoming overinflated between his haunches. Constantly being coated by that strange slime as two more tentacles slipped inside his rear. Then three more as several large bubbles traveled to his flank.

The tendrils in that slit started to dense up and leak into his lower belly, feeling the swelled bulges of liquids that were moving before press up against his haunches and lifted tail before those tentacles started spraying wildly into the dragon. Dropping his belly to the ground and bloating out quickly, rounding out those sides as more of those bubbles prepared for entrance. The constant barrage of tentacle fluids soon causing his chest to inflate greatly before expanding his body further, unable to

reach the ground in a matter of moments.

Thea whimpered loudly as the strange goo continued to force feed him, growing the dragon bigger and bigger very quickly. Too quickly. His underside becoming very tight as it blimped across the room, yet the tentacles didn't slow down. Constantly filling his belly and balls as they groaned in near pitched screams, building those scales up to a heavy wall that resisted the pressure.

Such a thing halted Thea's expansion, yes, but the barrage was building just outside of the gates. Building up so much force as the dragon's form was unable to escape such an attack, the tendrils slightly moving to spray all at once. Widening that tailsplit for several more gooey limbs to squeeze through, their own mass of release soon getting into position to storm the belly. Slithers could barely be felt below, as hundreds of smaller tendrils continued to coat that bloated underside, as if preparing it to further expansion.

They eventually started beating the ballooned dragon like a wardrum, echoing through the massive amount of liquids inside. Letting the blue one struggle a bit in anticipation before all Eighteen tentacles poured into his body, shattering the sturdy wall into metaphorical pieces and crashing through several others as that draconic blimp expanded over and over again.

Continuously, they stuffed the wyrm fuller and fuller. Until barely able to keep a drop inside his tight body, yet they were going to try for another team attack. Building up gallons upon gallons of those fluids, swelling up every tentacle, even the ones not inside his body as Thea cried out in both fright and pleasure. Feeling himself orgasm again and again, even though his weapon was currently occupied... Currently occupied? What?

Before he could make sense of that, the tendrils fired another barrage. Tightening up his belly so drastically as it arced into an over-inflated cashew as they willed the dragon bigger. Bigger! Larger! Rounder! Forcing that belly to take everything it could possibly hold, until the young blue blimp would-!

A long sharp whimper followed by shared pants, as the dragon gripped tightly against the soft pillow of fur he was practically spooning with. Feeling a large amount of pressure release from his lower area as that tool sprayed into the six legged bear, bulging that belly of his after several torrents. Letting the younger dragon dig those claws into his coat and bite the back of his neck as he released the contents of his pouch. Ending with the two panting loudly for a few moments until the bear spoke up. "Good dream?"

"Is that what it was...?" A noise in confirmation from Bartan. "T-then... Yes." Thea admitted, carefully checking that coat for any damages but none were found. Then moving down to a rather full furred belly and letting out a whimper. "How...?"

"It's alright. I like to... *Tend* to others while they're sleeping." Another whine from the blue one as he started to look around. "Don't get up too fast. You've been at it for a while now."

"I just..." He started, but didn't finish. Just pulled out of that white rear. "What even happened last...?"

"Last night? Just a normal session." The bear rolled over, placing the round ball of fluids between them and seeing the dragon toss his snout.

"*Normal*. Riiiiight." Thea snorted, but it started to come back to him. Recalling filling their pouches to the point of near bursting, and blushing at the thought of losing control.

"It's alright." The Counterweight softly smiled in a whisper. "It's very easy to give into those instincts, you just need to learn to-"

"-Restrain myself." The wyrm mumbled a bit sadly, taking a breath. Feeling a pair of paws stroke his neck and side a bit in comfort.

"You'll learn how. And eventually will even teach someone else the very same someday." That frilled ear fell at the thought of it. "Until then, I've disabled such an ability." A grumbling whine of disappointment. "But..." A flick of that same ear as the bear smiled, giving the dragon a lick and eventually getting him to growl at the suspense. "I have given you something else in return."

"...What, exactly?" A sly look from the Counterweight, making Thea already know there were strings attached. "Don't tell me..."

"No? Okay then." Another growl, a bit louder than before. But Bartan only chuckled at him, especially after getting aggressively nudged as if to leak it out of that white muzzle. "Okay, okay. It's locked."

"...Locked?"

"Behind a certain... Password, so to speak." That blue neck curled, looking a little strange considering Thea was still resting it sideways on the pillows. "One you know and remember quite well."

"...What?" Another chuckle as the wyrm looked off in thought. "...What!?"

"It'll come to you, don't worry. But if you earn this, perhaps you'll learn to control your urges a bit easier." An odd look from those maroon eyes as the furball started to get up. Making the dragon whimper when he seen the large belly hanging down in his middle, nearly touching the ground as Bartan stood up. "Until then, get some rest. I can be back later, perhaps."

"To do what, exactly?" Another sly look, but the bear didn't answer. Stepping over the wyrm and letting that filled underside press up against Thea's own. Getting that wonderful weight that triggered several excited feelings within the blue one. "Freaking tease...!" Thea snorted, getting a small laugh from the Counterweight.