

Author's Note: This piece is kind of like a Your Character Here made for a Western (Wyrn) feral dragon, this time for a female. I've left some areas/words opened for you to fill in the blanks. If you wish to download this and use the Replace tool in a writing program instead, the changes will be between [] these things. No story, no setting. Use that imagination of yours and Go at it!

The bear approaches you with a soft nuzzle and lick along your [color] neck, sliding that snout around your shoulder. The warm nose lightly nudging the side of your body as it continues to move towards your back, following the very shivers running down your spine and causing your tail to flick in response. Lapping at every rib within your armored scales as if to inspect them before following your belly to the underside.

Another shiver as your claws dig into the surface, allowing that white snout to explore between your legs. That bushy tail lightly brushing against your chest and neck, being a complete tease as the heated breaths of the bear fog up the scales along your pelvis. Just moments away from your slit, enough for you to raise up an arm and claw into his furred backside.

Expected though, and the furball doesn't seem to mind in the slightest. Paying more attention to his adventure as that snout reaches your folds, still tightly shut and warding against any entry that isn't earned. Though the heat from his purrs and exhales were making a good first impression, wrapping one arm around your hind leg to keep his head angled properly for such a safecracking job.

Of course you knew the bear's tools of trade, that didn't make you any less prepared for when that silky appendage was used. So soft and warm that it makes you release a near growl while those scales click loudly, traveling all the way down to the source of pleasure: against your vent. Unforceful, patient, and gentle. Slipping up and down your slit as if to paint it, using just a light amount of pressure against your [color] lower lips.

The steady laps turned into tender kisses, large but dull fangs lightly grazing your sensitive folds as a single ivory dagger carefully slides down your crease. The energy it gives your body creates a tension in your muscles, getting your claws to dig into that furball's haunches as you feel your own being lightly stroked. The black pads and claws sliding around the base of your tail, gently

pulling on your [color] underside as your gate softens. Allowing a little more of that tongue to enter that sacred tunnel.

Huffs escape your muzzle, turning your heavy breaths into deep purrs, which also soon triggered his own. Not only getting that silky muscle to wash your sex, but now the vibration of his snout aiding such a thing! Seducing your guardians as they become more and more flexible, lightly swelling from the attention as you catch a strange scent. Something of... Citrus and oranges?

Damn bear and his cursed tongue... You were warned about his persuasion, but you just needed to see it for yourself. And already you were starting to hallucinate, as if that addictive red appendage was poisonous. Making your body warm... Hot even. Both tense and relaxed. Pleased, yet frustrated by his work. Strong, yet shaky as your tail thrashes behind the two of you... You need to be in charge... You need to be in control...!

As that tongue starts to penetrate your folds, you shove Bartan's rear in your grasp off to the side! Getting him to yelp in surprise and onto his back while you quickly pounce on him! Your fores once again dig into his coat while you plant your sex directly on top of that bear muzzle. Hearing him slightly whimper as you demand he gets back to work! To use that skillful muscle to its fullest! And he does so without question.

It's a little more rougher from the inside, but it's just what you need! Squeezing inbetween your folds and massaging around them, you cannot keep still! Starting to knead against the white coat under you, soft as a large pillow or mattress, almost plush like a cloud. Lowering your head and lifting your [color] tail, that scent from before returns stronger now...

Doing anything to keep your mind straight, to resist caving in and becoming this furball's playtoy, you follow the aroma. Brushing your muzzle against that plump pouch, another very soft object that had the physics of an overfilled waterballoon. It was fun to play with as the bear lightly whined at the attention, moving down to some furred protection and a large red rocket. One covered in spines and ridges towards the bottom, nearly draconic in origin, but looked canine at the same time?

And there it was... Some strange orange fluids that matched the scent. Stronger than ever up close, leaking out of that weapon's tip. Your heated pants and lightly frustrated growls of the

bear getting more and more brave with his muzzle aiding in that tool's produce. Hanging your tongue out with your breaths... Something dared you to taste it.

Strong. Tangy. Slightly sour like a type of candy. And of course: orange. Citrus. Addictive. One lap soon turned to three. Three in to several. And before you realized it, the tool was in your maw, feeding your thirst for such sweetness. Ignoring Bartan's whimpers, especially when your restless paw starts to play with that pouch. Massaging it as the bear worked on your slit more and more tenderly. Stroking your hamstrings with that soft white fur and black pads, sometimes slipping up and around the base of your tail. Teasing the upper slit as your tail bats him to focus on the lower.

The guardians were soft and swollen now, completely seduced and giving that maw full access to your sex. Every lap against your inner walls was enough to keep your mind into a hypnotic state, and what reason was left was too focused on that flavor to remain prideful. Nearly gnawing at that tool as you grind over that muzzle. Wanting to shove the entire thing into your folds while those white paws were trying to stretch you wider. His silk cloth washing your flesh thoroughly, moving in circles as it slipped in deeper and deeper.

That tongue was no longer enough, and his muzzle was just too big. Yet... Something in your possession wasn't. If you could get away from it long enough to turn about! Just a few more squirts of that tasty orange. Several more laps of that tongue. Another large squirt, then you promise you'll stop. But he just found the most wonderful spot in your sex...! Just another taste? Another taste. Another taste, as your body strains. Squeezing that intruder tightly as you whimper loudly, feeling something climb in your lower end! Come on, bear...! Just a few more licks! A few more! Just A... A...!

And you cum into that maw, harder than you ever thought possible! Feeling that tongue continue, but slow down. Helping your body gear down as so much energy tensed every muscle in your body. Claws raked into the ground as your tail thrashed about, your haunches still trying to grind over that muzzle... And you feel it. Desire. For more...

Shakily you raise up and turn to face the furball; muzzle and face completely soaked with your release. Tongue lolling out of his maw, exhausted as Bartan starts to get up. But a demanding paw pushes him back down into the ground underneath you, after all, a dragoness should never be left unsatisfied. A whimper in question from the bear as you snatch his muzzle with your own,

giving him a deep, commanding kiss as you exchange each other's release.

Then watch his eyes as you lower your rear onto his, widening as your lower lips part over the base of that tool of his. Lightly giving that furry pouch a press as you slide your slit up and down his wet tool, turning the tables and playing the furball like an instrument instead. Controlling his every deep breath, every huff and whine as you nearly grab his tip with your folds. Feeling it throb as it squirts an orange jolt, almost cool to the touch compared to your searing sex.

You break the kiss, but not without pulling Bartan's head up a ways to make sure he knew who was in control. Leaving the male panting loudly as a thick web of release still ties your muzzles together, catching your breath for a few moments before slipping a single paw down to your nethers. Detecting that orange lotion before your own folds or the tip, and giving it a small rubbing before pressing that tool against your puffy lower lips. Sending a deep shiver with a heavy jolt of pleasure through your body, sending your head up high and that tail of yours flicking! Slamming into the ground hard as you slowly lower yourself on top of that weapon.

Every few inches causes your sex to reflex and squeeze that tower harshly! Even halting your own progress as your body continues to shutter against the wet rod's progress as it stretches you wide. Detecting the very shape of it closely, every wet and smooth section of flesh. Every large spine, one your tongue was already familiar with. Every droplet being leaked out of that tip you swear you could taste! Greasing up your already washed walls as those thick spines flexed and scrubbed with every withdraw, even the lighter ones. Slowly squatting down on his full length and nearly shivering to its every beat.

A few huffs from your deeply blushed muzzle [and hung ears] as you continue to feel that bear leak into your sex. Your folds surrounding that bottom knot, swallowing it with ease and even showing power over it with a few squeezes. Feeling the male under you squirm and jerk with every show of dominance! Gifting you more and more of his elongated orgasm in return.

But you were far from done with this living mattress, sliding yourself up that tool again and nearly feeling those soft spines snag against your inner walls. Rippling your body with a rapid-waved pleasure that sored through your tail once again! Flicking and slamming into the ground behind you as it sweeps across! Again! Your instincts demand, sliding down the tower through your sex so you could feel that wonderful withdraw! Soaking your insides with that warm syrup as you grapple his tip again with your strong slit! Attempting to swallow every jolt it released, not

caring if it leaked out of any opened space within your opened sex!

The slides down lead to one after another, barely pausing inbetween as all you could focus on was that fleshy brush scrubbing your walls! Shifting your hips to get every inch like an itch you could never scratch. Not even noticing your tongue lolling out the side of your heaving muzzle, just like the body pillow you were riding. Likely drunk and unconscious at this point, but that didn't matter! All that did was getting that next brush, scratch, scrub! Faster and stronger than the last! Milking this beast for all it was worth- that entire pouch that kept pressing against your undertail with every deep sitting! Wanting every drop of that syrup inside you!

He couldn't have much left at this point, could he? Soaking both your pelvises with such a constant session. Staining that fresh white and your once [color] underscales, so drunk at this point as he could barely coordinate his arms to your shoulders. Making you grab his and dig your claws deep into that fur, lowering your chest for a moment to catch your breath before really hammering onto that red tool.

Every motion was slowly getting you to that blissful feeling, like climbing up a mountain. Feeling it build up with every slide in and out, scrubbing your inner flesh and orifice quickly as climb higher. Inching so close to a climax as your body tenses up, slamming down on that bear's weapon on the last possible second and squeeze it hard! Soaking his already drenched pelvis with your own fluids as you feel him launch a few torrents into you...! Deep into you! Much farther than the other sprays have gotten!

Yet, its supreme warmth felt amazing! And the constant throbs of that tower within your grasp allowed you to get a few more squirts of your own in. Giving you time to pant and rest on top of the living mattress as you both catch your breath. Tongues lolling out, ears and muzzles blushing deeply. Bodies nearly exhausted from such exercise as Bartan continues to fill you.

But then you feel it... A dense pulse at the base of his weapon, just beyond your folds. H-his... Knot? You thought he already was spent by now, considering the mess! Triggering another blissful barrage of waves up your heated body and down again, giving you a second wind. Taking a few moments to gather the will to move and not just succumb to the depths of sleep, you get up and pull the swelling base out. Doing so gifts you another surge of pleasure as buckets of that orange leak out of your sex, draining most of the build-up but leaving that hot torrent that ventured deep within you.

A few huffs leave you as you once again sit down on that tool, loving that dense bump and how your lower lips stretch over it! Pulling it out again to feel that wave, giving you more energy to do it again and again! Spreading your slit wider and wider, knowing the bear's knot was getting bigger with every motion! Leaking out his juices, soaking that flesh as it slides inside you over and over again! Each attempt a little harder than the last!

Until one of your squats doesn't quite make it all the way, causing you to stop halfway down the bulge and feel your body nearly arrest itself! Squeezing those ridges tightly which sends the furball into squirms and whimpers, actually digging his own dull claws into your [color] scales! But it's just your body's reflex against the stretching of your lower lips! Nearly sending you to another climax as that knot swells bigger and bigger! Near torrents already starting to fill you up, a few more getting deep into your womb as the pressure builds! Creating a small bulge in your lower belly that grew with every spray!

And the knot slides out of you! Allowing that flood of orange to flow out of you like a fountain! Leaving you in pants of relief, yet... So damn close to a climax! One more...! You can take it! Whatever this bear can release, you can take it! With one last raise of your haunches and tail, your hind legs slip apart on the soaked floor! Causing you to fall straight on top of that orgasming tool, and nearly all the way down Bartan's knot!

A strange mix of pain and pleasure fills your senses! Warnings and desire as you regain your footing! Danger and thrill while you raise your tail and hinds up, lifting the bear up at the same time! Dropping down with all your weight on top of that tower, feeling the knot finally slip past your swelled folds and locking it inside your sex! Your body rushes to another climax! Squeezing every part of that weapon as it pulses in you and you cum! Hard! Directly into that furball's sheath! Nearly filling it as he fills you!

The pleasure sends you into spasms as you collapse on that wet bodypillow. Pulling at his knot and tool a little bit in the process as his fluids start to make your tunnel and womb feel dense with release. Constantly sending a barrage of waves, near tidal in height, rushing you to another orgasm as the weapon trapped inside continues to pulse. Continues to grow and swell in your already tight tunnel. Feeling Bartan drunkenly embrace your twitching body, you do the same as you climax yourself unconscious. Still feeling that knot swell bigger and bigger inside you as your vision blurs, your purrs deepen, and you soon fall asleep to the steady pulses echoing through your body...