

All For You #7-1

By Bartan Tirix

The large automatic doors opened up the great lobby to the building. A rented hall of sorts for a special occasion, but there was definitely something supernatural about it beneath the walls. Welcoming, but definitely strange, something you could feel inside your core. As if you left the planet, maybe even plane of existence.

Inside were a dozen of 'front desks', all tending to a line of an abundance of people. All on a scale from very shy to excited (perhaps too excited) as they tried to wait patiently in order to get serviced. For a moment, you wonder where you should go. "Welcome, hotstuff." The vocals of a female anthro fox nearly spook you as she looks you over. A nametag on her red dress telling you that 'Kindle' worked here. "Do you have a reservation? Sadly, I think the public wait is a bit long tonight. Lots of lonely people."

You nod and bring out a sign of pre purchase [Physical receipt, digital one on your phone, VIP pass, Giftcard, etc.], and the white canine nods at you. "Perfect, your Companion has been waiting for you. This way, please~" And you follow her, nearly mesmerized either by the shimmer of that red when it throws away the light, or that white tail and how it seems to sway with her walk. Leading you to almost run into her when she turns about and gestures a door to you, scanning a lock with a card and hearing it release within the fancy doorframe.

As she moves around you, gently touching your shoulder with a set of fingers and sliding it across, the fox returns to the front to help aid with the busy evening. Looking back and giving you that smirk, as if to say 'Enjoy Yourself However You Wish', making you slightly wonder if maaaaaybe you choose the wrong Companion for the evening.

Regardless, you take a breath and open the door to the dimly lit room. Candles flickering in the darkest of parts without the scent of smoke filling the air. A brighter (but still low) light hovering over the bedding where a white fluffy dragoness rests, and with a single gaze you knew. No, you did not choose wrong.

Those brown eyes of hers open as the door shuts behind you, granting you privacy. The two of you lock eyes and the white wyrm smiles shyly, her name escaping you for a moment, but you do recall the short version when you gaze into those discs. Nukka. An opened wing invites you in from the lonely night, and you feel yourself nearly being pulled to her. Taking the rare opportunity to literally flop into a

pile of fluff as you fall into her underside.

A muffled chuckle is barely heard as your muzzle gets buried into that softness, far deeper than you would expect. Running your limbs through the fluff as her own embrace you. Rubbing your back softly with dull claws and the large organic tarps create a shelter over you. Giving your [color] body a comforting warmth, and not just physically.

Though you never feel like you're struggling to breathe inside this soft white forest, you do attempt to move out and once again meet those brown discs. Honestly reminding you of molasses cookies with a big chocolate chip in the center. Her glowing smile meeting you as Nukka leans in and gives your snout a small lick, but you press it further. Gently catching her under-jaw and turning it into full kiss, one Nukarhu does not resist.

She does pull back, but pulls you further onto her form at the same time. Finding yourself completely on top of the female dragoness as she holds you tight against her body. Opening those wings to ensure that your form is not restrained [if not much restrained, depending on size], letting your instincts begin to take over. Pinning her shoulders down into the bed as your muzzle locks onto hers the best it can. Loving the deep song of her purrs as her own paw-strokes against your sides encourage a duet, one involving louder breaths. Pants and huffs as you find yourself moving with her motions.

It takes almost no time at all for her to detect your spear; dividing the fluff along her lower belly and paying it no threat. Only increasing her blush as those four ears lower in a bit of shyness, but that tongue of the wyrm's is eager. Lapping against yours, wrestling with your tongue to get a firm grip before pulling you down onto her body harder.

Soon enough, you also feel that fluffy tail curl up and onto your back. Pressing you down lower where your shaft is officially engulfed into that fluff, and the softness is nearly too much for you all at once. With another pull of that tongue, Nukka grips a little too hard as her jaws slip open over your muzzle. Looking as if she was trying to munch on your entire face in one go as the dragoness freezes in place for a moment. Releasing you and your tongue in an awkward chuckle.

But you give her another smooch on that black snout, causing the fluff to invade her four fluffy ears as you softly stroke them. Getting soft purrs from within her breast as her body shifts with Want against your crotch. Letting the underfur brush and trickle along your flesh, likely giving you your first real 'fur-job'. However, she knows she could do better. Sliding those larger paws down to your hindquarters, giving them a few gentle squeezes before pulling them. Motioning you to 'climb' up her body further as she remains still on the very large bed.

Crawling on all fours, her head 'descends' in your perspective. Lapping against your chest, your belly, letting your excitement nearly overwhelm you when you could feel her heated exhales along your member. One more 'step' and her soft tongue makes contact with your tip, making you exhale sharply as you feel the muscle wrap around it. The jaws that nearly ate your face earlier parting again, now taking in your weaponry.

An intense warmth surrounds it as your shaft enters what is nearly a sauna; a relaxing steam bath and massage. Slipping around the walls of your tower and making you huff loudly as you thrust into that fluffy snout. Every exhale, be it through her open maw or her nose, feels like you're getting close to a wet fireplace. To the point where you worry if the 'ness can actually breathe flames.

But the dangers of a dragon giving you a muzzlejob feel worth the pleasures, especially when the white wyrm begins sucking your member. Adding in soft but long draws to your twitching tool, inching you closer and closer to a premature release! Causing you to grip the sheets and growl as she draws you closer to that point of no return. Stopping all movement briefly and letting you calm down before going again and again. Edging you further and further each time-!

Until one gets just too far. Starting up your rapid huffs, thrusts into that maw as Nukka attempts another stop! Opening up only to be clamped shut by your [fores/hands/paws], she pushed you too far and she's going to damn well take every last drop! Swearing you heard a muffled curse in her snort, but the dragoness begins to aid in your orgasm; sliding that muscle around your flesh. A small window was granted to move your position so you can start thrusting heavily into her muzzle, pressing her deep into the mattress as her nose is buried deep into your crotch. Giving your member soft squeezes and draws to pull as much as she can out of you before you finally climax! Filling up that muzzle of hers with your seed, forcing Nukka to swallow a few times while a little bit still leaks out the corners of her maw.

A disappointed huff leaves you, not due to the fact the session was bad but only due to how quick it was... However, you find yourself not nearly as tired as expected. Unspent, though having some tension relieved. Almost regained when she began drawing the last few squirts out of your member and constantly washing your walls with its milk. Odds are, Nukarhu would likely bring you to another orgasm if she kept this up, so you give her a couple of taps on the snout. Signaling a release of her embrace; both from her fores and her jaws, you begin to climb down to her again. Perhaps you can give her a little something too before filling up another 'vent'.

However, the dragoness does surprise you with a kiss. A deep kiss with some added cream- your own fluids!? Still warm and fresh while giving you a strong embrace. Delivering your share of the filling as she squeezes you into her soft body, subsiding any possible buildup of anger from such a strange thing. That is until she starts licking at your face a little after breaking the kiss.

A playful pry away only tightens her embrace until that tongue is done grooming you, taking a few moments before letting you climb down her soft and warm body. Keeping those hind legs open to display the fluffy and swollen slit, looking at you bashfully as you gently pet it. Sending her white fluffy tail into wags and irrational thrashes of excitement while you carefully pry it open and witness the red flesh within. A strong scent of orange reaching your snout as a few droplets of the color leak out of the gates. Beckoning you out of curiosity to even taste it.

Your muzzle lowers as your paws sink into Nukka's fluff surrounding the vulnerable area, witnessing all four of her paws flex their claws and toes; unsure of what to do to occupy themselves as energy thrashed through them. A soft kiss on those plushy folds and your maw; once filled with the taste of your own release, is now replaced with hers. A warm candy Orange that encourages you to lap at it

again and again. Increasing the volume of her whimpers and pants as the roles are now switched.

Kisses get progressively deeper and stronger as your tongue slides up and down the dragoness' folds. Separating them a little more with every motion while your paws rake through her fluff, moving in circles as if to play with the white forests. Creating lines and patterns along Nukarhu's lower belly, inner thighs, hamstrings, and even up to her hind paws. Sliding your digits between those flexing toes to really feel the female's strength, unable to help herself as you begin drawing from her sex. Much like she did you, pulling some of the extra fluids already on its way just for another taste of that flavor. Loving the vocals of her singing voice, one of desperation and near begging to keep going.

Eventually your tongue slides within the gates and is bathed in her tunnel's warmth. Getting squeezed hard by the guardians before soaking your chin with a squirt. Her tail slipping between your legs, up behind your back and pressing against the back of your head as you're 'encouraged' to continue. To venture deeper into the wyrm's vent as she begins to squirm over the bed. Her grip against your digits becoming so tight that you withdraw them before they get damaged, returning them to her sex while they pair up with your other, sliding inside the warm wetness of her folds before gently pulling them open with the contracts.

Nukka's almost there, that you can definitely tell. But thanks to that pesky tail; its fluff sliding up along your length, so are you again. Your instincts overtake as you pull your snout out of her sex and begin climbing up her, spotting just how much blush has invaded her muzzle and ears. Drunk in an excited heat as you rub your tool against those wet folds, scrunching up that maw of hers and baring her teeth as she fights her own instincts. However, as soon as your tip slips inside, the dragoness caves. Snatching your shoulders with her forepaws, burying you once again in her chest fluff and digging those thankfully dull claws into your back. Hissing loudly as your shaft slides in at full length and gets nearly choked by the white beast's sheer power.

The two of you remain locked until her body jerks a few times, pinning you against her; crotch against crotch. A sharp gasping exhale leaves her just as the wyrm's body allows control again, instantly giving you some relief from the sudden snatch. Rapidly panting along with her, some of it from the fear in your heart being so close to such a large predator, you cautiously begin mating the dragoness. Sliding your tool in and out of her sex and slowly playing chicken with Nukka's instincts. Her claws raking against your back, just shy of actually drawing blood. Her tail thrashing between your legs. Wings curling up and beating against the large bed as you thrust into her; like sexing a soft living plushy.

But the wetness and steady warmth from inside her is so intense. Though you're not quite filling her up with your girth, it's more than enough to keep the beast satisfied judging by her pants and blissful whines. Noises you wish you could have recorded as she begins to curl upwards around your body. Vocals climbing higher and higher as her instincts begin to once again show, causing your own to squeeze her fluffy form tightly-!

Only to feel that point of no return, the second orgasm for the evening starting to build up as your body begins to lock. A growling hiss from the female dragon suddenly worries you as the embrace around your body tightens! Rolling with her until you feel the mattress on your back and Nukka is on top

of you! One hind paw still on the bed, while the other is off; still shaft-deep into her sex as she almost rides you! Hard! Bouncing your body and pressing it deep into the bedding! Sparing your body as her claws rip into the sheets and tear them! A snap of her powerful jaws make you yelp as she aims for your shoulders, biting into the bed and sinking those fangs into the plush! Something that could've been you if you were a foot [30cm~] taller!

Those three upper hold points begin to pull heavily with every ride down against your pelvis, actually causing the dragoness to begin lifting the bed up a little bit during the heavy motions! Sending you to a climax on top of your already coming second climax! With one final 'sit' onto your tool, Nukarhu releases a muffled roar that echoes through the building, standing your [colored hair/spines/scales] on end as you release into her sex! Drenching it while those folds squeeze you heavily like a vice! Absolutely soaking your crotch as you fill up her tunnel, so much of it that it reaches into her inner chambers! Lasting much longer and nearly blacking you out for several moments.

Until an intense wave of heat hits the side of your face, as well as the dangerous scent of smoke. The glow of embers seen through the white dragoness' clenched jaw as she does battle with her instincts again, finally winning and unclenching that jaw... Only to double take at the fire next to your head; where the wyrm's maw was clamped, and starts padding it out before it spreads. Only to look down at you, the changed position, the damage to the bed (and hopefully not you), and whimper shyly. Lowering those four ears in embarrassment as your few final squirts are felt in her sex.

However, through your pants you smile back at her. Making her do the same as she dismounts and gently picks you back up. Moving you to a different, undamaged part of the bed to curl up and cuddle with your body. Letting you snuggle into that soft fluff while wings surround you. Heartbeats slowing down to normal and eventually into slumbers, breaths morphing into deep purrs. The dragoness squeezes you against her form, offering her neck as a pillow. Hard to believe that something so affectionate could be so... Scary at times. But...

You knew what you were getting into.