

Holiday Part 2 - Adult Scenes

By Dextor

Scene 1

The polar bear was walking through the wide, cozy hall. Several large doors with three digit numbers taped on them lined the walls as he carefully passed through the crowded walkway. It actually surprised Bartan how many of his own creations were willing to participate in such an event, but thinking of it as such made him shy about it.

At least it didn't last long. And in a way... It was almost exciting. Just unsure who they were going to pair up with for a playful session. The numbers on the doors climbed as he traveled down, passing several conversations that both relieved and saddened him. Relieved from those like Tobyas from Hollow Bodies and Helga the Couatl [Winged Snake] would've been too much for the bear to handle.

Though, a little sad from passing a few he would like to have pleased. One of his favorites, Beo'Karah, was still listening to a rather slender silver dragon. Standing between doorways as the white bear passed, and getting a nudge from the brass one. Then a lick from Khol, along with a sly "Have fun." Which made Bartan half chuckle.

Passing a few more doors, and stepping over several more tails, he made it to his matched number. The door completely shut, and a bit hard to open with his size, but the bear managed. Entering a well lit room with a very soft floor. Many objects were made from what appeared to be Beanbags and pillows. Granted, he could guess what the beanbags were filled with, judging from earlier that night.

Still a bit nervous about this, he started over at some controls. Playing around with the sliders for the lights, making them dimmer and changing their colors. Even able to to change every one of them, allowing them to cycle through different shades or hues. Then of course, the music selection available, until the door opened a bit more. Instantly grabbing his attention at a white six legged bear. "R-really!?" Bartan half grumbled, getting the Counterweight to chuckle. "I got *you* in the draw?"

"It appears so." The larger one smiled taking a few steps closer, while the smaller one covered his eyes with a paw.

"Seriously, this is a form of masturbation, not sex."

"I wouldn't disagree." Another few chuckles as the hexeped licked him. "But I jest, I got

someone else." A bit of relief. "That uncomfortable with the idea?"

"Not really, you're just way out of my league." The two lightly laughed. "What are you doing here then?"

"Well, I know you haven't got the... Most impressive package at this state, so I'm here to upgrade you quickly before your matchup arrives." An uncomfortable grumble. "That is, if you're okay with it."

"Sure, but nothing ridiculous just yet. I'm still easing people into this story." A solid nod, and the larger one grabbed the bear's crotch. Instantly getting him to groan for a few moments and take a few breaths. "Hurts a lot more than I let on."

"But only for one time." A few more licks. "Alright, my partner is waiting, have fun."

"Yeah..." The smaller Bartan grumbled, still holding his lower belly a bit. "You too." After a few moments of study, and feeling his package swell up a bit more in his pants, he went back to the device. Finding a rather large lever beside it, and pulling it.

The side of the wall slid upward, displaying rows of adult toys and several other panels. A large selection of different objects for many fetishes: Bondage belts/straps and collars, devices that will enlarge certain parts of the body or the body as a whole, underwear, and even equipment for shaving. "Got quite the evening planned for me, huh?" A female voice asked, nearly making the bear jump.

Double taking at a larger dark blue dragon with purple eyes. It took a moment for the bear to recognize who it was. "Zi Zi?" She nodded in a bit of a chuckle, shutting the door behind them and not expecting to lock completely. Getting both of them to almost study it for a few moments, then she turned to him for an explanation. "It locks until both people are satisfied."

"That seems... Odd, but incentivizing." She pressed on it a bit, then the two overlooked each other. "Let alone, interesting matchup."

"Yeah. I mean, I should've known you'd volunteer to be in the shuffle, I just forgot about you." She nodded. "It's been a while since Zhai's Tale was written."

"And we haven't been in the screen since, really." Zian Ziou nudged him. "But that doesn't mean we haven't been getting around." An awkward neck rub from the male, as she stepped around him. Overlooking the shelves. "And what exactly have you planned for me?" She teased.

"I-I just found the lever for it..." The dragon chuckled. "He definitely thought of everything, didn't he?"

"Tell me about it." They overlooked the toys.

"Even replicas of every person featured in my stories, adult scenes or not." He pulled out a large one about the length of his arm and two shoulders. Purple with thick spines covering it and ridges. "Yep,

looks just like his."

"That's too big to be Zhai's." She chuckled. "I'm guessing... Beo's?"

"Yep." Bartan set it down, looking at its girth. Granted, it was made for a dragon a bit bigger than Zi Zi.

"And you want to shove the biggest one you can find in me, huh?" The female nudged him.

"Actually, I think this is the second biggest." He pointed at what looked to be a circular doorway in the wall. "That's not an escape pod or anything."

"The hell?"

"I think it's Dia'vidd's Cryomithorous weapon." She looked back and forth at both him and the circle. "I never actually described it much, but it is an 'improvement' from the original. Though I never stated it during the times he was in it, Dia was rocking... Well..." He knocked on the base of it.

"While he was... Rampaging?" A nod, and she half giggled. "Well, that puts a bit of comic relief to a kaiju leveling cities."

"Not exactly kaiju, but along the same idea." The white one half shrugged. "Still, it's just... Something to play with, I suppose."

"For those willing to *don* the challenge." She chuckled, eyebrows bouncing a bit. "But I'm sure we can make something work before we resort to these." She playfully nudged the bear, trying to tug his clothing off with her fangs.

"Easy you..." He said a bit shyly, getting her to purr. With a breath, he took off the navy shirt, while she stuck her tongue into his pants. Making him yelp a bit as she cupped the furballs with the light red appendage, playing around with them a bit before pulling down those pants with ease. Already seeing the red weapon begin to leave its sheath, and let out a warm sigh of disappointment.

"This is going to be like sucking a straw." She muttered, making the bear feel uncomfortable again. "But if there's always one thing I liked about your writings, it's the fact you glaze your males with... Flavors." A few more licks against the package. "I hope you're no exception."

"The other Bartan said he 'upgraded' me, probably with his own package. So, odds are..." A slight nod, and she continued without complaint. Licking at the red weapon slowly with that tongue, she swore it was getting much bigger. Almost too quickly, same with the bear himself. To the point she stopped. "Something wrong-?" Even he double took at her shrinking size, getting the two concerned for a moment.

"What...?" She almost whimpered, but it soon stopped when they were about the same size. "Oh."

"I guess it evens-out like this if there's an unwanted size difference." He half smiled, meeting the

female's same. Then going back in to greet the canine tower, now feeling like a pleasant size for her muzzle. Of course working the ridges slowly for a bit until the first squirt, and purring loudly at the orange taste it gave.

"Yep." She took a breath. "Well equipped." They chuckled a bit as she slowly worked the entire shaft. Studying it lightly with her fangs, and thoroughly with that tongue. Loving the three rows of liner spines down the weapon: two on the bottom, and one on the very top. Flexible soft thorns of flesh designed for pleasure, for both partners.

Several minutes of slowly working the shaft set off a near constant leaking of juices. Letting alot of it soak around her muzzle and paint the sides of the tower with her own appendage. Purring loudly at the flavor, and trying to squeeze more and more out of it. Playing with the ridges too much made the bear grunt and release a heavy few sprays into the blue muzzle. Letting the dragon store everything she could and leave the weapon behind for the moment.

Standing back up, the polar bear knew what she was doing and met her half way. Meeting the muzzle with a deep kiss and playing with his own release stored within. Enjoying the orange flavor himself while caressing Zian's collar, really putting some effort into the back side with the rough strokes. Nearly making her lose concentration, and allowing Bartan to push her back up against the wall.

Still in the deep kiss, he progressively pushed the dark blue one up a bit more with every breath. The colored juices dripping from their muzzles, a paw was motioning for her haunch, getting her to balance with her tail for a bit. Finally getting that paw under her hamstring, the bear lifted her up a bit, and pushed his tip into those lower lips. Getting the dragon to gasp in excitement as he slowly set her down.

Zi-Zi was forced to take in the weapon. Feeling those thick spines from earlier scrape against her inner walls and make her whimper loudly. Making out a few sprays that thickened the shaft up a bit more each time with a more challenging girth than she expected. Even more so when it started sliding in deeper, almost taking its full length within her. Whimper after whimper left the female as that tower climbed up her sensitive tunnel, until she couldn't hold back anymore.

Squeezing the weapon harshly, she released her own juices, sending a growl through the white bear. Getting that thick grip on the ridges of all places rushed him to a quick few sprays into her, and flooding that fleshy tunnel quickly until it started to leak out down her tail. But the two kept at it, sharing another deep kiss before hammering the shaft into the sturdy dragon. Hearing each other moan with every slip inside, pushing the red spear deeper and deeper.

He could also feel the blue one try to grab those ridges again, missing several squeezes by half an inch sometimes. Almost playing a game vs each other, in how long they could trick each other before their instincts would give in. After dozens of rounds, she waited for a full thrust than snatched her prey. Making the bear almost lose balance as those sprays entered deeper territory, feeling that warmth invade her lower belly. Releasing her own nearly in his fuzzy sheath.

But she used this distraction to her advantage, pushing off the wall with her wings and limbs, she pinned the bear on the ground. Playfully biting the bear's neck and enforcing another few sprays inside. Then proceeding to ride the red weapon roughly, sliding herself the full length with sheer instinct. Only stopping when the tool spazzed against those inner walls so she could soak up those warm sprays.

Dozens of minutes, and several full sprays, Zi-Zi started feeling almost heavy. Loving the pressure that started to accumulate inside, as well as the shaft's base. Almost surprising her at first, but then identified what it was. Fighting against her wild self to just take the full tower and stay put for a few moments as the knot locked inside her. Pressing those inner walls harshly with its dense force, and forcing her to squeeze them until she couldn't any longer.

The dragon roared loudly when that first torrent jolted through her, overpowering the bear's own as he struggled to stay still. She couldn't take the second torrent without a struggle, and her lower belly started to stretch to make room. Gasping with every spray that pushed that bulge bigger and bigger, brushing against the bear's fur as their paws studied its growth. Those scales stretched out, and Zian whimpered in worry. Expanding those walls further and further with every pulse. But it stopped soon after, getting both partners to pant loudly. "W-wow..." She said, lifting her head and closing her eyes to just enjoy it.

"Like it?"

"More than I thought I would." A few more breaths, and they shared a quick lick. "I don't think I should try anymore though."

"I'm pretty sure you could go a little further, but that's alright." Bartan said, constantly rubbing the belly. "It's not even transparent yet, so you've got a ways to go."

"You sound so sure." She teased, then double taked at the bear's expression. "You really think...?" He nodded.

"Yeah, but I don't know if I have enough in me to attempt another one." The blue one looked half disappointed. "However..." He looked over at the shelves and toys, making her do the same with perked ears.

"What about them?"

"There's a hose attachment on nearly all of them. And that panel over there..." He pointed to one of them with several nobs. "The one with the pressure gauge..."

"*Really now?*" She gave him a sly look. "You really want to see this get bigger, don't you?"

"Do you?" She chuckled at the question.

"Only if I'm back to my original size-" She immediately started to grow, surprising both partners. Finally getting free of the knot and releasing its contents rather quickly over the floor. A moment later,

and they were cleaned again. "Seriously, your future self's sex dungeon..." The two laughed as Zi-Zi laid on her back near the shelves.

"You sure you want to do this?"

"There's no consequences, right?" The white one shook his head. "Then YOLO." That made Bartan laugh as he browsed through the toys.

"Who did you want to be penetrated by?"

"Well, my favorite was always Zhai, and I think still is."

"He's right over here, but if you ever wanted to attempt another person's..."

"You just want me to take Beo's, don't you?" She teased, and he shrugged. "I think I'll stick to getting nailed, not impaled by a tree." That made him laugh again.

"Alright, Zhai's it is." He pulled it out and set it nearby her tail. Then attached two tubes to the toy's base, but noticed a puzzled look on her. "You'll see." He teased her, before playing around with her lower lips a bit with his paws. Granted the size difference was still quite drastic, to the point he could probably climb inside like a small sleeping bag.

But for now, he was just playing with the inner flesh. Pressing against the walls and feeling them fight back a bit. Almost able to trap the paws by the wrist with their grip, but enough was enough. Getting up, he slowly pressed the toy's tip into the lips, separating them with ease and making the female gasp loudly. Possibly due to how cold they were, yet stimulating.

Though being a bit cautious, the bear pressed the purple weapon inside. Feeling those inner walls contract and almost attack the intruder, nearly feeling a reaction from the toy. Once it was fully inside, Bartan came around after grabbing a wired control to the panel. Studying the dragon's lower belly and putting a paw on it, he bet her purple eyes and their puzzled look. Pressing a button on it, and air started hissing from the nearby wall.

Soon enough, the toy began to grow within her, making Zian gasp and start breathing heavily in excitement. Feeling those pawstrokes as Zhai's member grew to fit her well, just like old times. Her body roughly fought against the swelling intruder as the dragon squirmed drastically, feeling that inner hall stretch out to accommodate such a weapon. Until she whimpered and the bear stopped it.

Letting the blue one catch her breath, Bartan just rubbed the scales to her pelvis. Almost being able to make out the more firmed areas through the softer scales. "More..." She almost begged, getting the bear's attention.

"You sure?" She nodded rather quickly, and he started it up again. Getting an excited whimper almost instantly as the shaft began to thicken. Completely filling the tunnel and feeling the tip at the very end poke the deep wall. Her whimpers grew louder and louder as those lower lips struggled to contain such a device. Squeezing it constantly while releasing her own juices over it.

Soon after, Bartan stopped it again, allowing Zi-Zi to catch her breath and meet up next to her head. Her tongue hanging out of the side of her muzzle until he came close, then immediately went after the red weapon that stood out from his form. Getting him to gasp and endure the rough licks against him, petting the muzzle and tongue as he could. Granted, it was hard when she kept teasing the ridges with every stroke. Eventually getting him to spray into that muzzle a bit and making the female purr.

"Big enough?" She whimpered, not really answering, but he took it as a yes. "Alright, ready for the second round?" A noise in question, and he hit a different button. Turning a dial down quite a bit, the walls started to hum a bit, then she felt it. Her deep insides starting to fill with more warm liquids, getting the dragon to whimper again and shift around. Lifting her head to see her lower area, a few pillows grew under her neck. Helping Zian to support the position.

It took no time for that bulge to show up again, getting her to whine loudly in pleasure as it started pushing out that belly. Feeling that white paw grab her own, she gripped it harshly as it continued to fill her womb. Pressing those scales out drastically like she was carrying a few fully grown eggs in there, and the bear stopped the machine. Giving the two time to study the inflated area with caution. "How do you feel?" Bartan whimpered himself, blushing deeply at the bulge.

"Tight. Amazing. Almost scary in a way."

"Scared of what exactly?"

"Well... I didn't really want children if I couldn't have Zhai's or Lycrui's. That, and I don't think I could hold anymore-"

"Nah, you can hold quite a bit more." A whimper from her and a look of disbelief. "But if you want to stop completely, we can."

"How... Much more exactly?"

"I know your limits. I can push you to them if you want to see. Experience is better than words." A look of worry. "Even if I make a mistake, you won't be harmed. It'll sting, but you won't be harmed past that."

"Your completely sure...? I mean, I've read Destruction Preventer and Counting Stars, but..."

"Well, this is still part of Beo's house. Same one as Counting." A shaky nod.

"Okay. I trust you." That made him smirk, and they shared a kiss that was a bit harder to enjoy due to the size difference. When he was cleared from her muzzle, he started the machine again. Feeling that pressure increase at once and getting her to hiss. Watching as her belly slowly began to stretch upwards and round out quite a bit. Climbing up to invade her mid-section and widen out her sides.

Now looking like she was holding a dozen eggs, Zian looked at the bear with a bit of fright when she noticed his sly grin. Whimpering to wonder what he was planning, until the bear tossed the remote

to the side, out of reach. Making her yelp loudly in shock. "W-what are you-!?" A thick wall of pressure interrupted her, as it began to build up in that belly.

A few more loud whimpers, and the pump won the struggle. Increasing the volume of her lower belly more and more like she was incubating dozens of eggs. As the scales started to really stretch out, showing the orange liquids inside flow, a loud groan started to be heard. The blue dragon whimpering loudly, almost begging for the machine to stop, or the bear to grab the remote once again. But he just stroked her neck. "Shh, just enjoy it."

The creaking grew louder and louder as that belly struggled to hold everything inside. As the dragon cried out against the pressure, a small pop was both heard and felt as it gave out. Feeling those juices flood out over her tail. The belly sinking quite quickly and getting that relief she desired. All the while, the bear just smirked at her, making her frilled ears both perk and try to remain back. Bartan then took a quick walk around, shutting the pump off and pulling out the toy before dragging it over to her view.

Though it was mostly intact, there was a large hole at the very base of the shaft. Probably where the air was building up. Those purple eyes looked between it and him several times. "You knew-!?" Getting him to chuckle. "You knew it wouldn't hold!?"

"I did, I did. Just thought it might be a little fun to prank you." She just snorted at him.

"For that, I'm forcing you to take that Cryo weapon up your rear!" Zian grumbled, getting up.

"Yeah, yeah. But you enjoyed yourself." She stared at him. "Right?" Not even blinking. "Riiiiight?" A few more moments of staring, and he whimpered. "...Crapbaskets, you're serious."

"Pump and all." The bear whimpered again.

Scene 2

He was overthinking it. Wondering why he even entered such a thing, let alone why he was still here. Contemplating whether or not it was a good idea to attempt to escape. Was it too late? Would his partner feel hurt or rejected? All because he was too nervous? It was difficult to tell exactly what was anchoring his dark blue body in the center of the room, his back to the door so they couldn't make eye contact with those maroon circles.

His heart was racing, both in anxiety and excitement. Unable to keep his whimpers to himself, until he heard a voice very close to his nearly closed door. Then it opened, sending the light from the hallway within the dimmed room. "...Zi-Zi?" The male voice asked, making the dark blue dragon lower his head and slowly turn around. Making eye contact with a rather large red one, gazing into those amber saucers and nearly making his heart stop. "Oh, nevermind. You looked like someone else."

The blue one's ears fell in embarrassment, as they faded purple when the door closed and locked. Surprising both dragons to look at it, but the red one tossed his snout calmly. "Figures. Forgot who's house we're currently in." The larger one took a few steps forward. "I'm Zhaiothe."

"I-I know..." The blue one shyly said, getting those red ears to perk. "I've read..." He trailed off, but the larger male nodded. Sitting beside him and placing a paw on the back of his neck. Almost making him whimper.

"You're awfully nervous about this." Another whimper in agreement. "Is this your first time?" A shaky nod. "Alright, alright. Don't worry, I've taken my fair share of 'first times' from many partners." Zhai teased.

"Y-yeah..." A few deep breaths. "Thea'daisis." Those red ears perked again, along with a shaky nod. "Anthem of the Lonely."

"Oh, that's one of his newer ones, right?" Another shaky nod. "I haven't gotten around to that one yet." A loud swallow from the smaller. "Relax. It doesn't hurt." A faint whimper.

"N-no... It's not so much that." A gesture to go on, and the blue one took a deep breath. "Okay. I'm just going to blurt this out, and if you don't want to keep going-" That paw moved to his shoulder and the two looked at each other.

"Thea?"

"Y-yeah?"

"The door's locked." A whimper in question. "So whatever you're going to say to me isn't going to matter. Be it that you're really some sort of goo dragon, or that your lower horn is twenty feet long, it's not going to change that fact." A small nudge and the younger one looked away. Feeling his other red paw lead it back towards those amber eyes. "Come on. Out with it." Those ears and wings fell.

"I..." A loud swallow. "Reading through your tale..." A slow nod. "I kinda developed... A crush on

you."

"Crush?"

"Think... A one way relationship of Affection, ThatMakesMeSoundLikeAStalker." It made the older one chuckle and give him a few licks on the neck. The silky feel of that purple tongue making him whimper even louder, and his sheath swell more by the moment.

"Thea?" A noise in question as he faced the red one, taking a moment to study those nervous dark red eyes before kissing that muzzle. A loud, unexpected yelp from it was all the resistance the younger one gave. Almost melting in the larger one's presence, and lost in those tongue movements for several minutes. Leaving both males fully erect and exhaling pure excitement. A few more kisses and Zhai slowly started pulling away, smiling. "I hope the real thing meets your expectations." The blue one shyly smiled back. "Do you want to lead?"

"R-really?" A solid nod, and Thea went in for another deep kiss. Getting the older dragon to chuckle a bit, and feel the smaller one push him on his back. But Zhai didn't give in so easily, instead gripping Thea's shoulders and then rolling with him on top. Seeing those red eyes look with shock as he touched the dragon's purple member with his own red one, along with their stones making contact.

A playful nudge from the larger one. "Don't be shy." He said, giving the younger one a few licks before the blue one went in for another few kisses and then licking down the thick body. Picking out a few battle scars and scratches from old wounds, to the small little rings in his red scales from when the dragon ate some magical chainmail. Carefully examining the left shoulder which was fractured so many centuries ago, almost wanting to see how much pressure it could take before the red one flinched, but decided he should leave it alone.

Thea started moving down, almost whimpering when he felt that stiff prod on his belly area, while his own weapon rested on Zhai's package. Getting another chuckle as the smaller one nearly froze on contact, giving a few friendly shoves and pets to the younger one in order to break him in. "If you keep getting petrified like this, I'll just have to mount you until you're over it." Another whimper from the blue one, as he shyly avoided eye contact. His ears falling a bit and staying that faint purple. "Alright then."

"W-what?" The smaller dragon double taked, seeing the more muscle bound one shrug his wings a bit. When Thea didn't move, those red paws slowly moved down to his shoulders and started pulling him forward. Making the younger one whimper again when their rods made contact, feeling the purple one slide down to his balls as those larger paws repositioned themselves.

Those thick spines lightly grabbing the blue leather of his sensitive bag, as the shaft larger shaft still progressed further back. Getting the smaller dragon almost nervous, yelping when he felt the prod under his tail. But Zhai just repositioned his paws once again, pulling those hind quarters closer while leaning up and licking at the red tip. Another nervous cry left the Thea's muzzle, as his breathing grew heavier.

That purple tongue kept teasing the blue one into submission, nearly making his legs weak and causing him to lose balance. Falling forwards on his front paws, Thea still couldn't quite stand when that silky appendage started painting over his flare. Tickling every spine above and below it, all while the stronger dragon dragged him a bit closer. Getting another whimper from the younger one as Zhai started half kissing the weapon's tip. Lightly grazing his own fangs against the threatening look of the red member, but not quite taking it in the muzzle.

Slowly, the top dragon started to relax a bit. Knowing of the older one's experience with such a thing, Thea's package was in very good paws. One in a while, quite literally, as a red one started playing with the bag between his legs while the purple tongue painted along those fleshy walls. Once in a while, feeling a finger slowly reach up under his tail and really sending a wave of desire through the younger one. Causing him to nearly empty his lungs with deep breaths and collapse his front half on the soft floor.

That main paw squeezed lightly and played around with the stones inside that package. Almost bloated and pent up from years of neglect, or inexperience. But that suited the red one fine, almost getting a small fetish from armatures and first times. Playing their bodies like a musical instrument, getting them to sing songs they were never conscious of knowing. Surprised that the young blue one lasted the dozen minutes of light foreplay without completely collapsing over the red one, but enough was enough.

That purple tongue began sneaking in a few licks at the first ridges, finally breaking Thea into falling down on the larger dragon while nearly howling. Being thankful that the red weapon wasn't currently in the red muzzle at the time, as a few licks were still felt off to the side. "You okay?"

"Y-yes. Just..." The younger one panted, trying to stand back up. His hind legs felt so weak after such a long tease, but the larger dragon started holding him up. One paw on the upper pelvis, while the other around the haunch. Still sneaking in a few feels around the blue one's tailpipe. Licking at the tower's tip a few times before slipping it into his own muzzle, Zhai carefully grazed the red flesh with his teeth. Expecting the whimpers of worry, as usual, as he started taking in the entire length.

Inch after inch, that muzzle crept up. That tongue scouting ahead and painting the way forward with invisible ink. Merely touching the first pair of ridges before Thea whined loudly in bliss. A combination of that, and the strong prod under his tail nearly made the younger one fully release into that muzzle. Giving the red dragon a squirt of what was to come: a green juice that tasted like... Pumpkin spice?

Zhai released a loud noise in question, letting the liquid dance around his tongue for a few moments before pulling out and trying to look at the dragon above his head. Getting another shy whimper from the blue one, as his wings drooped. "I-I... Found a machine thing in the corner while I was waiting. And..."

"So, you changed your seed flavor to pumpkin pie?" A nervous head shake.

"I-I don't know. All I remember is that it really hurt for like twenty seconds, and then I left it alone. I couldn't even figure out what the buttons did." Another embarrassed whimper. "It's not terrible, is it?"

"I'll let you decide that for yourself." Zhai calmly said, getting a loud noise in question from the blue one while taking the red tower once again. Surprising Thea with both the tongue and the deep prod and releasing another squirt into that purple mouth. His pants and cries grew louder and more rapid while that tongue danced over his entire weapon. Becoming near relentless while a strange energy was rising within his pelvis.

The larger one ignored the blue dragon's whimpers of denial, as the pressure within started to accumulate. His lower end felt both shaky, yet stiff at the same time. Those long spines along his mane started to raise and flare out, causing his body to curl forwards while feeling his bloated stones drain. The intensity of it made Thea's claws come out, reaching down for the red mane below him and grasp it harshly before nearly exploding into that muzzle.

Sprays of green juices were released within Zhai's mouth, as he was forced to swallow most of it. Streams did leak out from the sides with every release, painting down his neck and chest, but most of it went down his thick plated throat. Doing his best to help the younger one through such a drastic orgasm, until it started slowing down. Allowing the red one to really contain the last few torrents within while withdrawing from the shaft. When those claws let Zhai, of course.

A few slow pants from the blue one, as he kept his head a bit low. Then felt a paw grab the side of his neck. Yelping in surprise, Thea also made out another one in his mid-section, pushing him upwards quickly while the other pulled. Forcing the smaller dragon to roll forward on his back, and letting the red one up from the pin. Towering over the younger one, he released a whimper from his blue muzzle as those amber eyes stared at those maroon ones.

Then, a simple kiss. Then a much deeper one that made the blue one yelp, now feeling the results to such a strenuous act invade his own mouth and taste the rather unexpected spice that was rather new. Yet, somehow satisfying. Leaving the smaller dragon wanting more, and really digging into that red muzzle with his own tongue. Even after it was dry from such flavors. "Eleven torrents, not bad. Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Y-yes, sir." He replied in a shaky nod.

"Good. Now, do you want to try to lead again?" A slight whimper from Thea as he shook his head. "Alright, but if you have any objections, you tell me. Understood?" Another nod, and the two kissed a bit again. Feeling the red one start turning while side stepping. Carefully treading on the blue wings and stand over the smaller one's body, then proceeded to lay down on it gently. Getting a few nervous yelps when the weight was felt.

But Zhai didn't crush the younger dragon, let alone make him feel any pain. Nor did he break that kiss through the entire movement. Persistently lapping into Thea's muzzle and stroking his upper

body roughly. Nearly making the blue one release once again from such hypnotic movements. When that red body started to sway slowly backwards, the smaller wyrm started feeling that prod on his tailhole.

Being so preoccupied, Thea couldn't whimper. Almost demanding such a thing like in his fantasies. His own paws playfully clawing into those heavy scales as if to drive the red one closer to him sent the message of consent, and Zhai took a small step forward. Really pressing his tip into that hole under his blue tail, and swallowing the loud gasp that the younger one released.

Granted, the positioning made it a bit difficult for the larger dragon, even after spending a few moments readjusting to a more comfortable stance. After a bit longer, the two began to rise up from the ground while Thea remained on his back. Like the floor created a surface of comfortable pillows for the blue one to lay on, and stop at a comfortable position for Zhai's height. With the new adjustment, the smaller one attempted to look around to see what exactly happened, but was interrupted by another heavy prod.

Several deep breaths and a constantly nodding, the purple weapon pushed forward into the tailpipe. Getting the blue dragon to sing loudly as it slowly entered his lower end, separating that sensitive doorway with the thick flare aligned with fleshy spines. Getting his own shaft to start leaking by the moment. A few more pushes, and that purple head slipped inside, causing the younger one to spray a green jolt between them.

It was thick, yes. But not overwhelming. Just the correct amount of girth that made such a thing very satisfying without overpowering. Loving how it seemed to take it's time to slip in and out a bit, and explore at the weapon's own pace. However, it was almost too much for Thea to contain himself. And when Zhai ventured in a bit deeper, the smaller dragon let out a raspy whimper. Along with some very rapid breaths alongside the blue's structure bracing before releasing several torrents between them. "There it is." The red male chuckled, stroking the younger one through a premature release.

But the deep breaths of Thea's didn't really let up, still almost embarrassed about such a thing. "It's alright." Zhai said, licking at him and giving the blue one another kiss. "It happens to everyone, including me. However..." A double take from those maroon eyes as those amber orbs were giving him a sly look. "I wonder what happens when I do..." And the purple weapon started digging in deeper, instantly releasing the contents of the smaller wyrm's lungs and sending him gasping for air. The waves of pleasure pulsed through him rapidly, as that shaft slowly drove in deeper, getting him to almost struggle against it.

The first ridge was felt, even giving the older dragon a heavy grunt. Then the second wider ridge, feeling like a large bump that was only getting progressively more girth. The third returned that lower pressure within Thea's body, just above where he could feel the weapon's flare. The fourth made his own red tower start leaking once again, then finally the fifth: The full release.

A very loud howl as such energy rushed through his cool toned body. Painting the two dragon's undersides green while even feeling a warmth inside him. The growls within the red chest were growing

a bit louder, as Zhai started to brace himself. Trying to make the younger one's first intake pleasant as possible, as those thick torrents flowed into the smaller one's body. Causing him to whimper for several moments while his body spaced out a bit in bliss.

The two took a minute to catch their breaths and recharge, sharing a few kisses and licks when they were able to move, but the larger one didn't release that plug. Letting the warm liquid within casually build up and seek deeper into his body. Nearly sharing embarrassed looks like he as a bit drunk on such a feeling. "You okay?" The red one teased, giving him a few licks between the eyes and feeling Thea nod.

"Again..." The blue dragon whispered, like it was all he could do. "Please?"

"Alright." He smiled back. Sharing a few tongue meetings before starting to move his body a bit more. Giving the younger one time to really make out the weapon deep within his tailhole before pulling out and releasing some of Zhai's white seed. The sudden touch of it on his cool undertail nearly made it sizzle in his mind, as he could make out every drop that was journeying its way down his body.

As the purple tower made a complete exit and gave the blue one's lower end time to slightly recover, he worked on the upper with his paws and tongue. Stroking the deep colored scales roughly and scraping his fangs against it, not enough to do any damage. However, playfully pulling Thea's spines on the back of his neck a bit. Until he was squirming enough to nearly beg for another impale. Getting those smaller claws digging into those battle-ready biceps, and the constant warm breaths from the smaller muzzle over his old fractured shoulder.

The slow positioning of that lower tower was a massive tease, nearly sweeping the tail clean of any mess and tormenting the blue one's instincts. Getting a prod here and there, and eventually a growl from Thea that was rather unlike him. Finally exposing that nature he was holding back for so long. Getting those fangs to scrape against the red scales, but in a concerning position for Zhai. Instead, he nuzzled against the blue one's neck to get access to the other side. Allowing them to switch shoulders before that purple weapon gave a deep prod.

The area was hyper-sensitive to the smaller one, and it finally broke his will. Getting Thea to bite the red dragons good shoulder harshly. Zhai growled at the sting, but was expecting it overall. Nothing he couldn't handle, even when those fangs sank deeper along with his own lower horn. Slipping it in easily and getting the younger dragon to whimper louder and louder with every movement. The faint scrapes of the lower spines against his inner walls could be felt with ease, even after such flooding. Sending those waves crashing against each other, echoing within his draconic body while it thrashed to contain such a thing.

But it couldn't for long. Even after releasing his grip on the thick red shoulder, Thea whined louder with every breath. Those blue arms braced, those claws scratched deeper, and that long tail thrashed wildly behind them. Slamming into the ground, wall, even into the red one a few times before once again releasing that green spray between them. Coloring their undersides with a transparent filter that nearly resembled ooze and smelled of pumpkin pie, of all things.

But to help the younger one through such tease, Zhai began to roughly pound into the smaller male. Almost igniting an entire separate orgasm during the previous one, and losing count of the sprays he released. Granted, they didn't seem to hold the pressure the red one was used to, mostly from his silver mate. Still, the red one didn't hold any expectations during these first times.

However, moving so harshly did have its setbacks. The main one being, it readied the older one much faster. Which was fine, for the most part. By the look of it, the blue dragon was nearly completely spent, and on the verge of passing out. So a full thrust into that younger tailhole sent him howling once again, then a harsh focus on those purple ridges for Zhai, as his final release was nearly prepped.

He knew the signs by heart now; first his hind legs would stiffen, then his back would arc behind a bit. Sticking out his chest and making his muzzle scrunch up a bit. His vision would get a bit blurry, and his tail would flail about. Hoping he didn't slam into the blue one's in the process, but he couldn't quite control it. That red sack would begin to deflate as that roar left his throat, then his own arms would brace the blue one still. Trapping him to take the entire load that was starting to enter his rear, making him whimper as the pressure began to build up.

Thea could feel each torrent fill what leaked out before, rushing through his body wildly and almost hurting. But the odd heat comforted those insides during such an event. Eventually coming to a small wall and building up within his lower region. But it soon overpassed and continued up his body, leaving behind a small bulge around his lower belly.

It seemed to almost travel up his spine from within, warming up even his blue scales on the outside as the liquids continued their journey up the dragon. Reaching his chest, then neck, and he could taste it. Sugar and cherries, just like he read from the red one's tales. But the flooding didn't stop there, with every torrent it climbed up further and further. Eventually leaking out of the blue dragon's muzzle, yet somehow not choking him.

Another few harsh thrusts, and a few more torrents were released through Thea. Flowing through his entire length and nearly spraying out his mouth, until Zhai met him muzzle to muzzle. Clamping against it and absorbing a few of his very own torrents that passed through the younger dragon. Granted, very sloppily. Several squirts and streams of white left that blue muzzle regardless, until the red one was finally empty. However, not letting go of either end of the smaller one.

Instead, a red paw pet down his blue length. Feeling around at his warm partner for the night and finally coming to that lower belly bulge. Stroking it in circles gently before starting to press that unclawed paw into it. Getting a whimper from Thea as that seed he was filled with struggled to find an exit, and eventually found one up his muzzle. Feeling that purple tongue really lap into the red mouth, and savoring the taste of his own milk before pulling out.

Thea finally got some release. Turning a bit onto his side and coughing out the excessive amount of dragon juice from his throat. Though, again, it didn't seem to drown him any, not that he was complaining. It was such a strange feeling, but something he enjoyed. Hearing the door unlock though nearly made his heart sink, as the two looked at it with perked ears. "I take it that means you're

satisfied." Zhaiothe joked a bit, overlooking the blue one's slightly sad look. Giving him a nudge and a few licks. "Doesn't mean we have to stop, if you don't want to."

A double take from those maroon eyes. "R-really?" A nod from the older dragon. "Then... Again?" A chuckle from him that time, as he felt that blue leg lift up.

Scene 3

The Kveldulf was lying about, talking with a few others in a conversation that they never expected to be part of when they were younger. More specifically, when they first met Haytre; the dragon that seemed to really change the two headed beast. For the better, mind you. Or at least that's how they thought about it.

Though it was a bit strange to talk with another one. Other than Haytre's son; Dia'vidd, they never seen another one of their species. Not even during the previous year, which was more of a family reunion. To finally be introduced to another group of wyrms, it was definitely clear how much of a black sheep the black dragon was. "And that tongue... Mmm..." The silver one continued his conversation. "It took a lot of practice, but he managed to make it rather smooth. Let alone make it tickle in many places." The group chuckled, including the two Feys.

Then a few bells rang, signifying the start of the event. Nearly getting all of them excited in that one moment. "Well, let's hope that one of us gets him then." A blue female wyrm said. "I personally wouldn't mind to see how much you've... 'Updated' his techniques." A chuckle from the silver one as they started to get up and leave. Feyon Feyris, however, decided to take a drink first. Finding some cool water, never being the one to enjoy eggnog, the two took their time drinking. Nearly seeing the entire room empty before hearing the scampers of little paws.

"The energy of youth." The left head said, getting the other to chuckle as they overlooked the

two smaller ones with a smile.

"Yes, we can vaguely remember such voltage ourselves." The other one replied as the wolf and wyrmling stopped in front of them.

"Hi!" They both said, almost in sync and clearly attempting to hold back their excitement.

"Hello you two."

"We've been expecting you."

"So, our dad already talked to you?" The two nodded at the brass dragon.

"We just wanted to make sure you were okay with it beforehand."

"It can make others uncomfortable, yes." Feyris, the right head, said.

"But we never seen anything terribly wrong with it." That nearly made the two light up.

"As long as you two are adults, though. We've been told that you have such forms." A pair of energetic nods that were really trying to contain themselves. "Then that will be fine."

"Want a ride?" The two chirped loudly, climbing on top a nearby table and carefully stepping on the large white beast. Purring at the long mane around their necks, though not as comfortable as what they were used to. Still, it was fun to get a different perspective as the Kveldulf walked through the crowded halls. At least not getting any looks from others, aside from a few greetings and chuckles at the smaller ones.

Seeing the matching numbers they were given earlier on a large, slightly opened door, the three entered it. Feeling the two little ones carefully jump off and close the door. Hearing it lock loudly, almost concerning all four minds. "That will open again when we're done." Rev, the white wolfling said. Getting his brother to nod in agreement.

"Seems odd to lock people inside." The left head pondered while looking over the rather large room.

"It's just to ensure that both or all tenders are satisfied." The brass one said, in a rather more mature voice. Getting the Kveldulf to overlook the two little one in much larger forms. Granted, only a bit bigger than the Feys themselves. They actually still resembled their young selves quite well still, but the dragon did overgrow the wolf in the end. Perhaps it was the wingspan that made him look bigger, or the fact that his kin-like father was indeed much larger than the white bear.

"It's unlikely anyone would really try to escape after being satisfied, but you never know. Besides." The wolf added, almost knowing that Lexar had another thought as well.

"Some people tend to like the fact that they are forced inside together, in a way."

"But what if one of them went too far without permission?" Feyon wondered, still overlooking the walls and devices that had many buttons on it.

"I think the culprit would be teleported out to a different room, then dealt with afterwards." Rev said, half shrugging with his brother.

"No one has really gone 'Too Far' here. Considering there really isn't much of a consequence when it comes to these sessions, including pregnancy." The two larger ones laid down in front of the twilight wolves. "So do not worry about any harm being done to you."

"Yes, you will be the same physically as you entered here." The Feys nodded in understanding. "Who would like to lead?" The group chuckled a bit at the concept, and the Kveldulf approached them.

"I'm not sure if we really need one."

"It's been a while since the two of us have been engaged, but we still have good memories." The two others nodded at them, leaning in for a few nuzzles and licks. Studying the Fey's facial structures with their muzzles and getting a few licks from the wolves as well. Taking their time to reach each other's lips before really getting into it. Though, again: the two brothers were slightly bigger than the older ones, they made sure not to attempt to overpower the grey beast.

Instead, really took the time to memorize their muzzles. Each head occupied with another, and almost slow dance with the sibling's tongues. Gradually pressing into each other's head and getting a bit closer, let alone comfortable with such an act. After several long minutes of enjoyment, it was Rev and Lexar that started to move the session forward.

The two started to rise up with their tongues still tied. Slowly easing the Kveldulf onto their back and examining it with their paws. From the winter wolf-like top half, down to its striped lower. Still equipped with hooves for hind legs, and two thin tails with long fur.

At the center of it all was a long black weapon, reaching all the way up the beast's ribs. Not terribly thick, like that of a horse, but among the same shape. However, this black tower had something very special half hidden: a long vertical stripe seemed to be somewhat concealed within the first semi. One reaching all the way to the tip, and then back down the other side.

The wolf and dragon knew about this secret, having read about it. Yet, they could not help but gaze at it curiously as they slid down. Giving its length a few licks before meeting up to the tip, witnessing the two holes from which the black rod would release its contents. When instincts called for such a thing, of course. Carefully examining that vertical line as it passed between both exits, and tracing it with a single paw. Feeling the slight depression it gave off.

With a look of permission from the larger ones, Feyon Feyris nodded at the two brothers. Giving the Go Ahead to press into the very tip and into the main shaft. It was a little tough at first, but soon enough, the upper half of the tower split at that very line. Allowing the weapon to become forked, revealing the dozens of spines between that locked both sides together tightly. The slight brushing of

Rev's fur is what started really stimulating the Kveldulf, as that paw carefully opened it to its maximum potential.

Firm, yet flexible were the two halves. Still hard enough to do some penetration, especially around the flare, yet the main body still needed to remain loose, like a hose. Firmly stroking the outer side of such a weapon, the two really started observing how it flowed. All while pleasuring the grey wolves, loving the exploring feeling of both their stares and paws up and down the black shaft.

Soon enough, the licks started. Starting from the sides and slowly making it up the way to the separated tip. Lubricating the dark hide with a clear glaze that felt so warm and soft. Especially when those appendages started licking at the tips. But the real expressions came from within, where the flesh was softer.

The spines were firm as well. A bit pointy, but nothing really harmful. Under each one seemed to be a small pocket where the adjacent spine from the other half would fit in, keeping the entire thing together when not in use. Let alone, prevent any injury to it. Granted, the lack of exposure meant more sensitivity. Which would explain the Kveldulf's howls and gasps when those tongues started venturing down that area.

Each side took their time to pay close attention to every soft spike against the fleshy wall. Even lick into the small pockets the best the other males could. Not even halfway down the opened end, the tip of the black tower was beginning to leak streams. Forcing the Feys to whimper loudly while attempting to endure such a thing.

But the dragon and wolf kept going. Eventually meeting each other's tongues while they took turns licking at the fleshy walls. Not trying to force the weapon apart, stopping when it started to get too difficult and return upwards. When it was too much for them, they whimpered loudly. "W-wait-!" The left head stopped the two larger ones.

"We can only..." A breath. "Muster one release."

"Make it count." Rev and Lexar nodded at them in understanding, then shared a look.

"What do you think?" The brass one asked.

"We've never had anyone this unique before..." The dragon nodded in agreement, knowing where his brother was going with this. Sitting back up before lying down on their backs very close together. Presenting themselves to the confused Kveldulf.

"You want us to...?"

"You both...? At the same time?" The two nodded happily as Feyris looked at his twin.

"Are you sure?"

"Yep!" The two half chirped happily. I say half because it's definitely not as cute when their

voices are deeper. The twilight wolves got up and overlooked the two's rather ready packages before sharing a look. One of somewhat caution, but the brothers did claim there was to be no consequences for this session. Tilting their heads in a shrug, they first started out with a bit of licking on the wolf and dragon weapons before them. Both designed rather close to their father counterparts, but mixed in colors.

A near vibrant violet as the base shafts, softly shading down to either a dark red for Rev, or a purple for Lexar when reaching the tips. Be it the very top of their towers, or the very edges of their fleshy spines. Such things nearly looked like they were glowing in the dimmer light, giving an interesting breathing look to them. Like the embers of a flame. "Well, this is different." The left head observed.

"Yes, quite far from what we expected."

"Do you like it?" The white wolf asked.

"We designed it ourselves!" The older pair chuckled, finding it amusing like they were showing off a school art project.

"Yes."

"It's rather fitting of both of you." Feyris said, before the two started giving such art projects a thorough study. With their tongues, no less. Instantly getting reactions from both of them after only a few moments. Deep breaths and purrs filled the room, before they started stroking each other. Starting with licks of their own, until their muzzles met, all while the Kveldulf tended to their very tools.

It was a lovely little break for the Feys, but they didn't want to wait too long. After taking the larger weapons carefully in the muzzle for a few minutes, they pulled out and started climbing over them. They would return to it afterword, but wanted to finish themselves before it would prove to be too difficult.

Feeling the split shaft rest towards their lower region, the two made sure the multi-headed winter beast was comfortable before leaning forward a bit more. Rather surprised at the two's flexibility, the Feys felt each brother reach under the Kveldulf and find a tip. Lining up with their own tailholes and pressing it in, granted not without whimpers of bliss. Making sure the flares were inside and were able to move well before relaxing once again.

The feeling was a near new experience for everyone. Feyon and Feyris were able to do this a few times with the two women they lived with, but it was rare to get this far. Pressing the weapon as far as it could go brought nothing more than songs between the four, feeling the scrapes within their inner walls. The flare opening up the path wider the deeper it went in, and the comforting massaging of their tailpipes aided in such an experience. Almost too well, as what time the Feys used to cool down their lower regions were being heated very quickly.

Almost too quickly. Getting into it for so long was distracting, to the point they shot a large amount of prerelease within. Warning the brothers to slow down a bit, but they just couldn't help

themselves. Even leaking out of their own weapons from such a warm experience.

But the grey ones vocals were getting more drastic, as they struggled to hold back a bit longer. Another small spray eventually melded into a premature release, but the two larger ones kept at it. Grinding over the split weapon to add some effect and sending a second full release into each tailhole. Getting a drastic whimper from the Feys as the warmth invaded their lower regions.

Taking a few breaths, they stopped to get off and stagger backwards. Licking at the weapons in front of them that were near ready, the two brothers just enjoyed themselves... Until something started to feel a bit off. Something dense inside of their lower bellies. It was hard to make out at first with the muzzlejobs they were getting, but the pressure didn't let up. Making the two whimper a bit, then remember something their father told them about Kveldulves.

When everything is released and mixed together, their seed becomes a thick foam. One that constantly expands within the bellies or wombs of those housing it. The thought got the two to look at each other, then wince at another pressure buildup. Now witnessing both of their mid regions begin to swell up in a bulge. All while the grey heads were focusing on their shafts with their tongues.

The leaks and sprays of each brother were almost constant, as their bellies started extending upwards. Rounding out and really stretching the scales or hide, somehow aiding in the waves of pleasure they were getting. Causing the dragon and wolf to release into each head with a heavy spray. One the Feys were expecting, and attempting to swallow, but couldn't quite get all of it.

Then came the odd taste. Almost multiple crammed together: maple, sugar, peanut butter, warm waffles, and a faint hint of chocolate. Something the two rarely had, and something the larger ones would add to if they could see their puzzled expressions. But their mid-sections kept pushing out, blocking their point of view and whimpering loudly in bliss as the pressure didn't let out.

It was getting near worrisome for the Kveldulf, seeing such bellies press against one another and keep expanding. Causing the two younger ones to release once again before the growing finally stopped. Spraying over the group in a shower of colors, mostly shades of red and purple, and taking a long breather. Feeling the Feys carefully inspect each ball and feel how firm it really was.

At least it was starting to leave their tailholes now. Slowly draining out of such a thing, as the two shyly walked around to meet the brothers. As well as hear the door unlock. Getting all of them to chuckle and lay down for a rest.

Scene 4

"So, I squeezed his belly inside a doorway, but only about half of it." The brass dragon explained to the slender silver one. Smiling as he watched Khol do his best to hold back his laughter. "One hose still strapped to his mouth, I got another one from the sink and stuck it into his rear." That time the smaller one couldn't hold back his laughs, in result getting Beo to crack as well. "You can guess what happened after."

"They really have to stop tormenting you so much."

"I wouldn't say completely, but I swear they both enjoy being stuck in situations they can't get out of. That, or being playfully punished."

"If only these walls could talk, I wonder what stories they would possibly hold." They chuckled a bit, then his blue eyes trailed where Beo's was looking, watching the bear pass by and give him a little nudge. Khol then licked the white bear afterward. "Have fun." Receiving the half nervous chuckle and smiling before his eyes caught a thick glimpse of silver entering his room. "I think my partner is here." The brass one nodded at him, and gave the slender one a hug. Almost too strong for the smaller dragon to take.

"Enjoy yourself." The nodded, sharing a few licks before letting go and entering their own rooms. It was slightly surreal to him, almost in disbelief of what he saw. To the point where he was preparing his mind for the backlash of dropped hope. But that slight shimmer of silver in the semi-darkness and that specific shape nearly stopped his heart. All while the larger one was looking for the lightswitch on the opposite side of the room. Finding **A** lightswitch, but it was enough.

The slight whimper of curiosity got the attention of the larger silver dragon, one with the same blue eyes, as the two stared at each other for a moment. Then looked at the door number once more, just to be sure. "Khol...?" The larger one whispered, getting the slender one to dash forward at him while slamming the door shut with his tail. Diving into the older dragon's body in a desperate hug and grabbing that muzzle in a very deep kiss before any of them could speak another word.

"Thank the Gods...!" Khol said over the process of several long kisses. "I didn't think you were in the shuffle!"

"Y-yeah, well... Haytre convinced me." Ziik rubbed the back of his spineful mane. "Said he didn't want to do it alone, in his own way of course." The two half chuckled and just embraced tightly. "I know it hasn't been long since we talked at the party, but I've missed you."

"I missed you endlessly." The smaller one stopped the hug. "But...?" A noise in question from Ziik. "I thought you didn't have any...?" Some perked ears. "I read False Freedom. In there, it said you weren't equipped with any mating tool." The larger one's ears started glowing purple.

"Y-yeah... About that." A noise from Khol that time. "A long time ago, Bartan brought Haytre to me for a visit. And..."

"He...?" A nervous nod. "And did you do anything with it?"

"N-not really, no. I was honestly just really happy to see him again, and we mostly just talked the entire time. So... I never really learned how... To." Another embarrassed neck rub as Ziik awkwardly looked away. Getting a few licks and an unexpected purr from Khol, causing him to double take. Then feel a gentle grasp on his tool by those slender paws.

"Then let me show you my studies in the realm of mortals." The smaller one said, eyebrows bouncing as the two chuckled. One more nervously than the other. Taking a step back and witnessing the flimsy purple rod squeezing out of a sheath of silver, Khol gave it a few licks. Imagining the surprised, yet blissful look on the larger dragon's face, much like his very own during the younger dragon's first time.

But the smaller one's experience with such things really shined through such a performance, licking just perfectly in the correct positions around that area. One Ziik was still a bit shy about. After all this time with communicating and confiding each other in the past, it was this subject that his younger clone seemed to somehow thrive in. And by the feel of it, that didn't change when the slender one left for the mortal world.

Softly catching the tip and upper half with his muzzle, Khol took his time to study it without his eyes. Feeling stroke after stroke of that lavender tongue just paint him a picture within his mind, one that seemed nearly identical to his very own. One that was, of course, now showing, if not completely ready.

With his body nearly going in auto-pilot, Khol raised a paw between the two haunches. Getting a rather surprised feel of the smoothness below the sheath, and the lack of stones the larger one had. Much like the smaller silver one himself. The more he studied it, the more his old mate's package was like his very own. A bit of an odd concept, yet exciting nonetheless.

Hearing the larger one's breaths and gasps were delightful, much like the same noises Khol made during his first time with Zhai in his crotch. He also half recalled how much effort it took for the slender one to fully release, so he started working the purple shaft a bit harder. Feeling Ziik collapse on him from sheer pleasure when those ridges were touched.

But the smaller one just chuckled at such horseplay, as well as the embarrassed whimper the larger one let out. Trying to get back up and not hurt his old mate, he couldn't help but stare at the similar purple thorn near him. Nearly picking up a strange scent and urge to attempt the same thing, Ziik slowly did. Trying to mimic the very thing his smaller clone was doing; starting with the tongue on the tip

and making him gasp in surprise. Catch the flare with his lips, making Khol purr loudly, then take in the whole weapon with his muzzle.

Words could not describe the noises the two made. Especially after altering position for Khol to lay on his back, vs his side. They were completely locked in trance, both tending and receiving. Though trying to make such a moment last as long as they could. The jolts of pre were getting more and more frequent by the minute, and after several dozen near sprays, their muzzles were full of such liquids. Constantly leaking out off the sides.

With one more torrent that was so close to being a release, Khol was forced to stop. Getting Ziik to do it as well, wondering if something was wrong. Granted, sharing a laugh at each other's faces, completely covered in such substances, the concerns still somewhat remained. "What's wrong?" The larger one asked.

"I..." He looked over at the weapon once again. "I want you inside me. Even if I know how big that first barrage is going to be." An embarrassed whimper, but Ziik didn't try to hide the purple that tinted his ears and muzzle.

"Likewise, actually..." He smiled nervously, then looked at his old companion's tower for a moment. "But... I want to say you're about ready to... Explode?" A chuckle from the two.

"That's one way to put it-" Khol suddenly gasped as his face lit up. Scampering to his feet and looking for the panels of the wall.

"What are you...?"

"I was talking to Beo earlier, and he was saying that they had many devices here-" A button opened up some storage shelves, and he went looking through them. Quickly going over many of the toys that Ziik was attempting to figure out what they would do, but only had a limited knowledge of such things. "Here!" The slender one brought over some black strings with a few rings on them, getting a very puzzled look from the larger silver dragon.

"...What-?"

"I'll show you!" He trotted over towards the more built haunches and slipped one of the loops through each hind leg. Pushing it up and then strapping another around the base of his tail. Positioning a strange looking ring over both Ziik's tailhole, then setting one near his weapon. Returning to the larger one's head afterwards, and fiddling with the devices for a moment to activate them. "Okay, hold this for now." He gave the larger one the other set, specifically a certain ring that looked like a strange mirror to him. One that was... Showing his underside?

Then a soft grasp on his tool made him lose focus on it for a moment, as a ring slipped over it. Seeing the purple thorn come out of the ring he was holding, while disappearing between his legs.

"What-?"

"They're portals! Small ones, but." Khol said, giving the shaft coming out of the ring a lick and getting a reaction out of the larger dragon. "But now if I put this on, and stick your tool into my tailhole..." The slender one purred, laying on his back and doing his best alone. But Ziik helped him out, eventually pressing his weapon into the smaller dragon's tailpipe while accidentally grasping his own ridges. Loving the squirms and whimpers Khol let out as his shaft went full length and was strapped to his tail.

A few breaths to compose each other, and Ziik spoke up. "N-now what?" He asked, getting a slightly devious smile from the other one. Turning on the ring near his tool, the slender one started pressing the purple tower through the center of it. Getting the larger one to instantly feel something prod at his rear and start making its way inside. Slipping the ring up and down his own weapon so that his older companion could enjoy himself. Let alone collapse onto the floor once again in pleasure.

Then came a very loud and harsh whimper, as well as a few sprays into Khol's tailpipe that took him by surprise. Loving the comforting warmth it brought, and nearly made him finish up himself. After a bit more ring-strokes, he forced Ziik to take his full length. Hearing the larger one sing and roll onto his back, the slender one struggled to get up and on top of him. Sharing a much needed, near violent kiss as the two's bodies were being thrashed wildly by pleasure. Causing them to grind on each other, and move those rings slightly to push them over the edge.

It took them a few minutes to start leaking into each other again, flooding one another's tailpipes with near hot liquids and sprays. All the while sharing what they gathered from the previous positions. More and more it started to build up, accumulate within the two, until Ziik couldn't hold back anymore. Almost bracing his smaller self against him as they roared loudly into the room. The slender one's belly started to bulge, and in turn made him finally hit the climax point as well.

It started off a bit slow, really taking it's time to stretch out the silver scales of each. To the point where Khol sat upright to just witness it with Ziik. Placing a paw on both his own bulge and the larger one's, feeling them both really start to fight against the protective barriers of within. But with both weapons locked in tightly into each other's tailholes, thickening up with every release as it fought viciously to release its pent up instincts.

Then all at once, it seemed to happen. Thick sprays and powerful torrents flooded the silver dragons like a pair of water balloons. Filling up their bellies quickly and pressing them tightly against one another. Eventually having to bloat out against their sides and behind, as neither showed no signs of stopping. Pushing the 'Smaller' one up off the ground with every release, nearly bouncing until both bellies came up against a wall. One that was being overpowered by the moment, and only enforced more offense to the other.

Those walls crashed almost at the same time, flooding each midsection even more and bloating out their chests. Pushing Khol up even more and both dragon's undersides outward. Really beginning to feel that tightness before the torrents started to slow down. Struggling to take in those last few sprays started to worry Khol, even feeling that dense pressure creep up to his neck and once again really taste his old mate's seed as a bit started leaking out of his muzzle.

But they finally came to a halt, giving them both relief for a few moments. Until those rings just over their sheaths started to move up both of their towers. Resulting in getting those ridges stroked and teased once again as the portals started withdrawing from their tools. The sheer touch, yet restraint from it was enough to leak another few sprays into each other's bellies, causing them to creak loudly. Stretching just a bit more to accommodate the extra load in each of them, becoming so tight and just barely saved when their weapons withdrew enough for the pressure to start releasing.

A huge wave of relief overcame the two as those rings completely slid off by themselves and the dragons started to shrink. Taking that few moments to finally relax and rest before Khol was lowered into Ziik's arms again. Though, not without playing with that extended gut while it lasted. "You okay?" The slender one nervously asked.

"Y-yeah. I'm fine."

"You are really something..." He gave the larger one a kiss. "Even holding my weight as well as yours, and still didn't spring a leak." They chuckled a bit. "I guess Beo was right, we are a lot more resilient in here than normal."

"So, that was exaggerated?"

"**Very.**" Khol chuckled loudly at Ziik's rather serious sigh of relief.

"I know I didn't watch it that much back home, but I could've sworn no one was capable of... *That.*"

"Y-yeah. I should've checked the previous settings on these toys. They probably multiply our release abilities by a good five." They shared a few chuckles and licks, and he felt those blue eyes almost stare through him in concern for a moment. Making Khol release a noise in question. "Something wrong?"

"I-I thought the door was supposed to unlock."

"Yes, when everyone within is satisfied." The slender one informed him, then gave the bigger dragon a devious look. Making Ziik whimper a bit. "And I'm *far* from being done with you."

"I-if you... Say so." A nervous smile as the two shared a kiss. "I love you, Khol."

"I love you too, Ziik." They snuggled for a few minutes until he felt those smaller paws start stroking his body again.

"Can we..." A loud and shy swallow. "At least try to keep it normal this time?" Smiling when he seen that silver muzzle toss.

"Fine. But I'm getting Zhai in here later for a three-way." A loud whimper. "It's either that, or going back to the toys." An unexpected lick from the larger one.

"How about a little bit of both then?" Khol's face lit up and gave his old mate a deep kiss.

"I was hoping you would say that! Because we're going to find out our limits after this one." A loud whimper from Ziik as the slender one started climbing down his body.

Scene 5

The six legged bear almost trotted out of the previous room with a delighted smile over his muzzle. One that was almost glowing and contagious, as he greeted those who he passed. One specifically, a female blue dragon. To whom he whispered "Have fun." and making her chuckle.

Arriving at his assigned door, the lights suddenly went dim inside the room. Nearly spooking the red dragon within. "Nothing to worry about, that was me." Bartan pleasantly said, shutting the door behind him and walking up to the female to greet her. "How are you doing, Lycrui'd?"

"Well. But I don't believe we've really met without company." She smirked, getting a chuckle from him.

"Yes, parties like this do tend to get rather crowded. Hence such an event is needed! Besides, it drifts away from certain... 'Popularity contests' if you know what I mean." Her head tilted a bit. "As in, the others hear or read the stories of the other bear, and almost want to... Reserve the same few people for a session. This way, no one gets left out."

"Ah. I suppose. Me and Zi-Zi have read a few, but nothing terribly out of the ordinary. Aside from Zhai's full story."

"Wait until you read Beo's or Dia's. Then you'll fully understand my statement." The ground slowly shifted to a more comfortable, bed-like area for the two to lay on. "What did you think of Zhai's story?"

"It was... Both heartbreaking, yet happy. At least the ending was. It also made me want almost a sequel for it, but I don't think that will ever happen, will it?"

"I cannot say, I'm afraid." He nudged her as a tease. "Timeline rules and all."

"Something a bit over my head, so I'll trust your word." They took a deep breath and just enjoyed each other's embrace for a few moments. "So, what do you have planned for me this evening?"

"Whatever you like, M'lady." It made the dragon grin shyly. "Anything at all, no matter how strange or absurd."

"And I'm assuming you'll have a few kinks of your own as well?" A nod, and got a playful shove when he didn't respond to her.

"It's a surprise. And actually will be, considering what you've missed out on via reading." A snout toss as the white one licked at her ears. "But you first. Anything you've ever wanted."

"Hmm..." Lyc thought for a few moments before batting that white muzzle away from her ear. "Something I've actually wanted was... What do you call a three way with two males?"

"A Devil's Three-way?" A chuckle from her. "So, you want another male?"

"More just some double penetration actually. I always wanted to take someone in each hole, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, then I might have just the thing for you:" A playful purr of curiosity. "But you'll have to dig out the surprise." The bear's eyebrows bounced, getting her to chuckle then roll her eyes. Exploring the white forest of his underside with her muzzle and really searching for that magical red scepter. Finding the small bulge along with a rather plushable hill, all that was left was to find the opening.

However, while the bear was busy with his own purrs, her red paw snuck around to his tail end. Making that first prod release a yelp of surprise and a few gasps. Almost a whimper as her paw really pressed into that area, and feeling Bartan's warm breaths move to under her own tail. Nearing getting the same reaction from her, as that red tongue started licking at the lower lips. Giving it a few rough laps and playful tugs of his teeth as the female started gnawing at his sheath.

Within the fields of white was a growing density, one that was soon peeking out of the lands. But to her surprise while exploring such an area with her tongue, she counted two of them. Making Lycii'd release a noise in question and attempt to look at the bear, who was muzzle deep into her behind. Too enthralled in making her sing to really pay much attention. But two could play that game.

She pressed those fingers into that white forest, just below the tails and really getting the Counterweight to whimper. Nearly clawing inside such an area and doing her best to stretch it out, while holding onto his pouch and giving it a playful squeeze. The roughplay was enough for him to start grinding and nearly lose control of his own role. Pressing that tongue deeply into her sex and accidentally forcing her instinct to bite.

At least the bear was near invincible, at least she expected. But her actions really started making the white beast ready, giving her front row seats to the pair of shafts coming out of two different

sheaths. One lined just below the other, in the perfect position that she desired. Making her release a noise of awe, which finally got his attention. "You like?"

The dragon slowly pawed at it a bit, making sure that it was actually real. Feeling it flex and bend to her very will, regardless of direction. "I love it..." She whispered, giving it a few licks and attempting to fit both of them in her muzzle. Getting more of a Pass rather than a complete fit. "But I want it...!" She almost whimpered, getting up and feeling the floor shift back to normal again.

With her haunches slightly spread, Bartan's muzzle gnawed at it again. Getting her to sing once again like she was in heat. Nearly squirting in his maw before actually getting up and feeling those four paws climb across her back. Then strangely enough, through her wings. Like they weren't even there.

Finally, the rods. Felt prodding and making her so impatient as that muzzle and tongue licked her shoulder and neck. Pressing forward when both weapons were lined up and paved the path through her tailhole and lower lips at the same time. Getting Lyc to whimper in bliss while grinding over the unique canine tool. Feeling the fleshy spines almost act like a flare and really give her a unique feeling.

The two took several minutes to just slowly enjoy such actions before speaking up. "Zian really stretched you opened quite a bit, didn't she?" The white one mentioned, feeling the female nod in response.

"She..." Another loud purr of interruption. "She really got into... Fisting."

"And you enjoyed it too, I assume." A whimper of bliss answered him. "Just feels a bit roomy, but that's okay." He purred deviously, making her half wonder what he was planning. After a full withdraw and a few strokings along her sides, he went back in. This time feeling the one prod on the tailhole, but two against her slit. Making her almost yelp when they started entering her once again.

It definitely did the trick. Really filling out any empty space that was felt, and pressed even more against her inner walls. It wasn't long before she gave all three of them a tight squeeze and got Bartan to almost growl at it. Spraying those intruders, all while soaking in a few jolts within herself.

Even after several minutes of it, her body demanded more. Whimpering for him to drive in harder every two minutes or so, and even taking a step back to take in everything. All while pushing the white beast back, eventually against the walls where he couldn't get much momentum.

But Lycrui'd's actions spoke louder. Slamming herself against his lower region the best she could in order to drive those rods deeper and deeper within those holes. Almost completely oblivious to the thick sprays that her body was absorbing until her scales started to get a bit tighter around the mid-section. Finally slowing down a bit after one more full body press into the bear's pelvis.

But Bartan didn't mind, somewhat used to the roughplay and just encouraging the female to keep going if she likes. Stroking her sides and licking at the spines down her neck, recharging her energy in the process. Hearing her take a few more breaths before more slam pushed the bear slightly over the edge.

Sprays entered her lower ends like hoses, releasing hot streams that only grew and grew inside her. Feeling the pressure start to build and force her to squeeze those weapons she donned harshly, hearing the Counterweight hiss behind her ears before unleashing another barrage.

Her scales resisted well for a long time, but eventually were forced to give in. Very slowly stretching out while she orgasmed over and over. Feeling her belly, lower and higher, start to round out quite a bit as three weapons released their seed in thick sprays. Nearly feeling those middle scales touch the ground before the bear stopped.

As scary as it was, it still felt so wonderful. The dragon couldn't quite explain it, but the thick pressure and tight feeling of her scales just brought delight. Nearly basking in its warmth before feeling the white one start moving in and out again. Releasing pressure, yes, but also saying he had more to give. Making the red dragon whimper a bit, especially after he started going faster.

Yet, her instincts told her not to stop him. Instead, howling loudly at the wonderful waves that were sent through her. Nearly bringing ripples through her bloated belly with every ram into her rear. Once in a while, getting a thrust too powerful that she needed to step forward. Leaving the two to enjoy such actions for a bit before another one forced her to take another step.

Over the course of dozens of minutes the two crawled across the room, leaving behind a trail of orange liquids between their legs. Until she came to the other wall, unable to move any further. But Bartan clearly wasn't going to stop, nearly leading the female to put her front paws on the wall and start taking it at an angle.

Lyc did so, and swore she felt those red weapons get longer. Almost thicker after a while. A few more heavy motions and the bear pulled completely out for a moment, giving the dragon a moment of rest before getting another set of prods. This time, one in the tailhole, and three in the lower lips. Ones that were struggling to squeeze inside.

The red one whimpered loudly in pleasure. Wanting the weapons inside her so, but unsure so many of them could actually fit inside. A few moments of adjusting, and they were lined in as perfectly as could be, getting her to whimper as they slowly started forcing their way inside that slit. Really stretching out her inner walls, feeling every spine like it was a huge accomplishment. And unable to remain still without releasing her own juices over them.

Though it seemed impossible, all three of them were squirming inside. Leaving very little room within her tunnel, including her still bloated womb. Almost counting the casual sprays that were only adding to what escaped her round form. One final push and she could really feel the claws of the bear dig into her shoulders and back. Getting her to do the same to the wall and floor while coming to another orgasm, one that she lost count of ages ago.

A moment of breathing, and Lyc noticed the white one was trying to hold back, but he just couldn't. Then, she really felt it... The base of each weapon was getting denser by the moment. What she thought had very little room was really being pushed to its limit and fighting against her own

squeezes. Three knots in her sex, and one in her tailpipe, yet somehow it still held together. But it wasn't over, the white one's heated breaths said it all.

Before she could even whimper, the dragon's lower region flooded once again with that heated liquid and expand her belly. Pressing up against the wall in a matter of seconds, then the floor shortly after. Leaving the red one immobile as her scales stretched below the two. Forcing both of them to place all of their weight on the balloon as it started filling out the area.

Every spray added another drastic change to that belly, as it started pushing up and off the wall. Trying to balance out the constant flood, most coming between Lycrui'd's haunches but soon was stretched nearly it's limit. Getting her upper half to struggle with the extra slack. Torrent after torrent the dragon grew bigger and bigger. Her body beginning to creak and groan attempting to make up for such punishment, nearly becoming as loud as her songs.

When there was no more room below them, the bulge started working its way up. Stretching out her back scales and haunches before pulsing through the tail Bartan was holding onto. Trying to be cautious of his claws while working around her ballooning shape. Filling out that long appendage in a few dozen seconds while those scales nearly hissed at him.

More and more the red one filled out as the bear attempted to slow his orgasm to a halt. But with the constant squeezes of those lower lips, the bobbing of the sprays still brushing up against him, and even her scent nearly getting to him made it too difficult. Feeling the female's own sprays into his sheaths only added to the pleasure he was stimulated with.

Lyc's scales started to become transparent, being able to see that thick orange inside her massive body. The bobs and waves grew into a tight stop, the creaks of her protection nearly screeching from being pushed to their limits. The white one could barely make out her paws and tail anymore, and only assumed that her front half no longer had any room. A few more sprays and the ballooned dragon touched the ceiling, pressing against it while still growing. With no longer able to stretch out that upper area, it was only a matter of time.

A few more torrents from each rod, and the bear could nearly touch the other end of the room. But the female was getting too thin to carry on. One more slow growth almost got her sides to touch the other walls, but the room was suddenly flooded with orange juices. Quickly being cleaned up like there was a dozen drains connected to the floor.

The two laid on the comfortable mats. Lyc completely back to normal as if nothing ever happened, aside from bathing in Bartan's contents. Feeling the white one come up to her and lick that muzzle clean before going in with a kiss. "Surprised?" He asked.

"Almost terrified." They chuckled. "But I know you, and figured you had everything under control." A solid nod of reassurance, and she felt her belly a bit. Let alone studied her sex, again not feeling anything out of the ordinary. Especially for taking three knots at once. "So, everything's...?"

"Like it never happened. However, you still remember it, yes?" She nodded. "Of course,

everyone does have a much lesser limit, so be cautious about attempting to stuff a few pillars in there or something." Another chuckle.

"I thought as much." Another kiss. "However..." He made a noise in question and she pointed to the door. "I want to see how big I can get you." The Counterweight smiled almost excitedly.

"This tail is all yours. Just tell me how you'd like to do it."

"There's more than one way?" He nodded eagerly. "Then let's just go through them one at a time."

Scene 6

The large brass dragon walked through the hall, browsing the many numbers on the doors until one matched his. Still opened and lit up quite well, however, it was empty. Looking around, even behind the door for anyone that was possibly hidden or too shy to stand in the center, he shrugged his wings at the emptiness within.

For the time being, Beo occupied the room. Sitting with his sights away from the door, he started fiddling with the lights and options from afar. Still getting used to being gentle with his 'new' telekinesis, however not quite to the point where he would test it on anyone besides from the bear. The dragon himself has taken his fair share of punishment before during his overall lifetime, but that furball was on a whole new level of durability.

The thought of him made the brass one smile, nearly losing concentration and snapping one of the knobs off the control panel. Grumbling, he got up, but felt something that made his spines raise. A presence that triggered off his primal instincts to search for it in alert, but nothing was found near the doorway, nor around the room. Nearly getting him to growl a bit until he felt something bite his sheath.

It definitely caught him by surprise, let alone something a soft appendage slipping inside the

protective scales. Lapping away at his unready weapon while throwing his body into a tense state. Trying to brace against the sudden waves that crashed from within, and nearly captivating him from even moving.

A few thrashing laps then a strong vacuum to suck out all the juices his purple shaft was retaliating with. Hearing the moans of something female as it swallowed the jolts with satisfaction, before going back to licking at the weapon from within. Very few windows remained opened for Beo to actually command his body to move, and when he finally got one paw to brace down there, all he could make out were feathers.

Feathers? His first thought was perhaps a griffin, but the muzzle didn't feel like a beak. The sphinx? No, her tongue felt more like sandpaper, nothing like this slippery appendage. Before he could brainstorm any further, she tormented the dragon's ridges wildly, racing him to a climax and unloading several small torrents into her muzzle. Feeling the winged female swallow it willingly at first, then attempt to escape when the pressure started to build up.

But that brass paw moved in position behind her... Long neck? Scaly, whatever it was, and prevented the strange creature from retreating. Getting a slight whimper as Beo held her in place, forcing her to take the last few sprays of his release. One that happened before he was even erect, apparently. Then feel the coil of a long tail around his arms.

A few pants and a bit of a frustrated growl, the dragon finally got a better look at the female. A deep purple with black and orange wings, forming a pattern that actually looked a lot like a pair of eyes, one on each wing. Her entire body was that of a snake, no appendages aside from those large feathered branches. "You are..."

The long serpent's yellow eyes took a moment to enjoy his taste before locking onto his green ones. "Not as wonderful as his, but still not the worst around."

"Helga." She smirked at the dragon, wrapping herself around his upper body and thick neck before meeting him face to face. "Dia's old mate."

"And one he's told about in our amazing *adventures* together, yes." She said, still teasing him a bit with her tail. "And you must be his new one." Those eyes took a moment to study his thick body. "Rather unexpected, really. How in the name of Helga did he manage to bag this meatstick?"

"I'll take that as a compliment." The brass one snorted. "And I'm the one who... *Gifted* him."

"With what?" She said, a bit unimpressed as the dragon just looked at her. Tilting his head forward a bit and raising an eyebrow. "...Oh. Oh..."

"Yes. I'm *that* Beo."

"So that means... You're one with experience." A solid nod at her devious smirk, almost challenging it. "I was really hoping I didn't get a nervous wreck. And you definitely look like a *Big Strong*

Male."

"That's what you were looking for then, hmm?" He almost purred, grabbing towards her tail end with a single paw and feeling the slit of her sex. Digging in his 'thumb' and getting a bit of a reaction out of the Couatl. "And what if I'm too much for you to handle?"

"Pffft, like that will ever happen. I've had my fair share of sessions with Dia. You can't be that much differe-" A sharp gasp as she was forced to take in his member, not expecting it to be so thick so quickly. Doing her best to compose herself and nearly wrestle a reaction out of him with those inner walls. "Quite the set of stones on you, isn't there?"

"They look smaller than they currently are. For travel purposes." The brass one said, almost proudly before slamming a force against the door to shut it. Hearing the thing lock loudly and nearly growl in provoking pleasure. "Now you're stuck with me, snake. And I'm curious of how big I can get you." A snout toss from her.

"Please. Maybe it's been a while since I've had a session with the Flagmaster, but I know my limits. I'll suck those brass balls dry before you even come-" Another sharp tug on her tail made Helga take in more of the purple weapon before releasing a whimper. Squeezing it harshly in retaliation then slipping the tower in and out of herself. Constricting the brass body with her instincts, but not enough to choke or snare him.

For several minutes, they were at each other. Eventually giving into instincts for violent kisses and a few bites, though not ones to really attempt to wound one another. Regardless, they were healed almost instantly after the release. Attempting to race one another into submission, but it was a near stalemate.

However, the serpent had another trick under her wing. Shaping her own version of telekinesis, she pushed a sphere of it up the dragon's tailhole. Getting a surprised and heavy reaction from him, and nearly make him climax then and there. Though, that ball within started to pulse, sending even more ripples and pushing the brass one over the edge. Feeling Helga attempt to slip out of the danger zone before the official release.

But that paw was quicker than she expected. Feeling that tight grip on her lower end and then really throw her down into the weapon got her to nearly cry in pleasure. Being stuck and forced to take his entire barrage against her will, that lower end started to bulge out in no time. Stretching out like a bubble before hitting that first wall, then quickly get overpowered by such pressure. Filling upwards like a long balloon a bit before the climax was over.

A few breaths to compose herself, she overlooked the bulge and snorted. "Was that it?"

"Far from it. Just the first one, and that includes your sneak attack from before." Beo grumbled at her.

"Yeah, yeah. First one of what? Three?" A shrug of his wings and he tilted his head.

"Fifty-six, maybe? Never really got beyond that." An eyebrow from her.

"You're bluffing."

"Only one was able to take all that, and we ran out of room." The couatl's eyes studied the ceiling and walls for a moment, but they still said they didn't believe the dragon. "I think it's adorable that you still believe you can take it all."

"And I think your ego has swollen your stones."

"It wasn't the ego, I'll tell you that. But this?" A few heavy taps on the bloated belly of hers made Helga grunt. "This is round one. One through ten is just a warmup." A growl that time.

"Please just do something useful with that tongue already." She hissed, going in for another session of harsh kisses and strokes. Really started to feel that extra weight from the brass one's seed as it sloshed between every movement. Doing her best to pull it up and leak out every drop she could before going back down and thrashing over his ridges. Not expecting the several sprays that only tightened up her womb, making it even more difficult to pull it upwards.

But perhaps the serpent could use that pressure to her advantage. Using that ball once again within Beo's rear, she started racing him to another climax. Granted, getting a few of her own in the process, but recovering her concentration before his really started to rise up. Planning to pull the thick shaft out of her sex with the aid of the pressure before it could add anymore to it.

However, the dragon nearly rested on his chest when that second climax was reached. Trapping her bloated area between his haunches and the floor, making her whimper and struggle to pull out regardless. But the torrents were just too thick, expanding her belly out greatly during her attempts and only forcing her to take even more of the purple weapon as her scales bloated backwards.

Spray after spray, her lower end stretched outwards in many directions. Becoming rounder and rounder by the second and thrashing her with waves of bliss along with the pressure it gave off. Feeling those scales bulge out against his haunches and stones, growing tighter and tighter before hearing a somewhat loud creak. Then made out the sneaky paw pressing against the vulnerable balloon, rubbing against it roughly and making her whimper. Even giving it a few taps to see how little room there was left, whereas there wasn't even a ripple.

But the torrents soon stopped, giving the snake a breath of relief. Then a heavy grasp around her midsection, one that was just above the full area. Those brass paws really holding onto it tightly, nearly reminding her of strangling, but it didn't affect her breathing at all. "What are you-?" The dragon got up, releasing that pin that the weight of his chest brought. Allowing some of the much needed slack above the balloon to be used, as the liquids inside attempted to balance out a bit. At least until it came up to Beo's choking hold.

The dragon pulled the serpent back to his hind legs, allowing the bulge to be displayed in front of them before bouncing it slightly on top of his member. The extra weight and volume made Helga

helpless against it, unable to do anything but receive the waves the motions were giving off. Getting her to climax over and over again, as that tool that impaled her thickened up. Looking at those green eyes with a bit of denial, nearly begging for the 'larger' one to stop, but it was too late.

A heavy growl from him told the couatl that there was more to come. Whimpering, she braced for the inevitable, and paid witness to the stretching of her purple scales. Growing thinner and thinner with every spray inside that thick balloon. Sealed tightly by those brass paws, and really testing her walls. Expanding in all directions and filling the snake up drastically as those creaks returned. The pressure growing and growing, until-

Those brass paws let go. Sending most of that seed upwards towards the dragon's neck, where she was coiled around. The sudden bloating caused the serpent to rapidly unwind and feeling the stretching up to her wings. Receiving almost a sting for the upper end, but a sudden relief for the lower. Granted, with a flagpole still stuck in her sex.

Though, some of that pressure returned, as Beo put most of his weight on the purple balloon. Purring against it, while testing the walls a bit. Nearly pressing his claws against them and getting a worried look from the female. "Still think you can win?" He asked Helga, but didn't get an answer. "Doesn't matter, because now you've made me too curious. Just enjoy the ride." He purred deviously, pressing his paws together, into the bloated snake and giving it a playful bite.

A little adjustment, and the dragon started ramming hard into the couatl. Sending ripples through the entire length of the living balloon that was helpless against it. Though, disliking the feeling of dominance, she still couldn't help but enjoy herself. Finally giving into her pride and just singing the best she could as that purple weapon began to thicken up again. This time, at the base, and feeling it lock inside her sex.

Once again, Helga attempted to move to resist it, but just couldn't. She was too full, and attempting to move herself with her telekinesis could pop her instead. Her best chance was to call the dragon's bluff, as he roared into the room. Feeling another barrage of thick seed begin to expand her body once again.

It threw permanent ripples through the entire length. Swelling up everything like blowing up a long balloon, until it reached the back of her head. Even getting her to cough out a bit of the blue juices, before something kept it inside her. Torrent after torrent was released, expanding her entire length greatly by the moment. And with no other limbs to take the slack, the snake was stuck being inflated over and over with every pulse.

But her body held on somehow, unable to really tell how big she got. Though, she couldn't feel the ceiling or walls, it was *some* perspective. However, what she could feel was the dragon still squirming to move his knot a bit. Perhaps to finally release her? Such a thought brought a smile to Helga's muzzle, knowing the larger than life dragon was all talk. That is, until she heard another growling roar.

Then another few torrents of seed started up again. Making the serpent whimper loudly. Her scales stretched out to hold against the attack, but were losing drastically. The ceiling was suddenly felt, squishing her bloated form between the two panels. She was inching towards the wall in front of her, and eventually pressed into it, yet her body still held up its resistances. The back walls were felt, then the sides. The ballooned female somehow filled the entire room. Fighting against the very walls for space, her body couldn't win against such things. Whimpering loudly at the pressure, Until-

The room doubled in size. Allowing space for the couatl to grow drastically once again. Pulse after pulse, she felt her scales begin to thin out, becoming transparent like a large bubble. Her shape started to reform, from a long bloated balloon, to an oval. Bigger and bigger the serpent got, expanding up to the ceiling once again. Pressing against it in order to bargain for more space, it denied her. Forcing her weak side scales to take the extra slack, and start to creak loudly. Feeling them rub against the floor and ceiling, stretching where her long body could spare.

The blue fluids stole her purple colors, no longer being able to see their magnificent pigments. They invaded all her orifices, causing them to desperately remove some of that constant release, but only through small leaks. Not nearly enough to make up for what was entering her and inflating her bubble-like physique. The pressure only grew more and more, nearly numbing her of senses as the snake struggled to hold up against the floods. One more very long groan from her scales as they pushed out surreally, then the sting-

The room was flooded with blue juices within an instant, finally free from the barriers that trapped them, and quickly escaping within the floor. Finally giving Helga some relief, though still having a hard time to regain her sense of touch. Though, she could make out a few things, like the sudden grip on her tail that made the viper yelp then gasp as that thick purple weapon pierced her sex once again.

The flooding resumed, nearly stunning her with a wave of bliss as everything started to stretch out once again. Feeling that bulge in her womb at first, then get quickly overpowered by the sheer pressure it brought. Though, something was different, it was still leaking out as the dragon slipped his shaft within her slit. Just not all the way.

The brass one was tormenting her. Loving the unrestrained expression on her muzzle as he pulled on her tail with more and more force. Pressing those purple lips against that thick knot, widening it with every tug. Until one very hard one that caused the serpent to cry out in bliss, really stretching out that opening that shouldn't be able to take such girth.

But that didn't stop Beo from trying. A few more rubs and a thick pull made her whimper out again, as her lower end lost another barrier. Ballooning it back up like she was connected to a fire hose. Nearly getting too big for him to keep a good grip. But the dragon didn't have to; a minor adjustment of him once again on top of that bubble was all it really took. Once again cutting off access to her upper body, and force her scales to work with what they had.

The purple snake bulged out greatly with the addition to the dragon's heavy weight. Keeping his hind legs extended, but really putting the pressure against her upper half. Regardless how much Helga

attempted to struggle against the pin, she couldn't pull out of it. Not with the constant distraction of her sex being pushed up against that knot, her body expanding out greatly and the constant waves it brought her.

But she could still feel those walls weaken. Pushing outwards, even against his titanic body and forced to work around it. The creaks were heard again, making her whimper loudly with them. The bulge grew more and more, thinning out drastically when she looked back. Stuck in a position without the aid of the rest of her body to make up for such pressure, until-

That knot slipped in once again with one final push. Nearly tearing her sex with its girth and actually feeling a bit of pain from it. But it was soon replaced with morbid bliss; whereas it could no longer be used for the dragon's liquids to escape her growing form. More and more, those walls were broken down, expanding her lower end and even nearly rising up the brass body. Causing the frail bubble to support his entire hind weight as well and groan loudly.

Pulse after pulse tightened her balloon form, venturing further out now that the brass pillars were no longer an obstacle. Every spray added only sharpened the noise of her scales pleading for release, while every deep breath of satisfaction from the brass one only brought more fluids. A sudden slap of his thick tail made her yelp as the bubble stun her, barely getting a ripple from the impact, it was so tight. Then a second one just to torment her, attempting to get the snake to beg for him to stop. Her eyes wished she could, but Helga was too proud to.

That brass tail slid across the thin barrier, nearly without a trace of purple now. With one more chance to get her to surrender, she kept her muzzle shut. Getting another whip of that tail against the balloon. Then a second one. A few more sprays inside made those walls beg for her, then a third tail whip released her cry. Going up for a fourth during a thick spray, that balloon couldn't take anymore, bursting underneath them.

It stun again, but within moments all damage was recovered and the snake was released from the weapon that tied her. Using the blue flood to her advantage, Helga slipped out of the brass one's grasp. Wrapping her lower end around one of his arms to protect it, just above the paw, she seen those metallic orbs. Left opened and vulnerable while the dragon was getting up to fight the constricting snake.

Slipping past the purple hose still spraying a bit, she dove and snapped at the brass leather. Barely scraping it before the dragon's other paw halted her by grabbing her midsection. Pulling her back and getting a grip on the back of her head, making Helga hiss at the male. That is until he started bringing her muzzle towards his still erect weapon.

"Ready to behave?" Beo asked the serpent, hearing her growl at him and attempt to squeeze against his grip. Getting that purple tool closer to her snout, the female hissed at him again. This time, feeling that tip get between her fangs along with a small spray. Following her furious instinct to bite on it, the dragon half growled like he was expecting that reaction. Using it to slip the tower deeper into her muzzle and throat. Rather surprised how well it fit in, but snakes were used to swallowing large things.

That didn't stop Helga from fighting it. Still trying her best to pierce the fleshy shaft and struggle to shift herself backwards against the paw's brace. Getting no choice but to swallow whatever small jolts were leaking out of the weapon, though it wasn't drowning her. Being able to breathe with such a thing stuck in her throat was a bit surprising, however she was still too furious with the male to think about his qualities.

Her constricting muzzle actually felt rather good, and everytime she swallowed, it seemed to stroke the shaft a bit. However, it wasn't enough to completely get him off, but the dragon was patient. Half uncoiling the snakes other end to expose her sex once again made Helga release a muffled growl, but all Beo did was lick it for a bit. Slowly stick his own tongue within the fleshy folds while smelling her mating scent. Tasting his own liquids from within, slightly diluted by her own juices.

But the more peaceful gesture was calming her down a bit. No longer fighting against the paw behind her head and attempting to move with it. Slipping up and down the thick tower and enjoy it's taste, while the dragon was tending to her tortured end. Becoming rather content for a long time, until he spoke up once again. "Ready to play nice?"

Again, that made her furious, to the point where she withdrew from the tower, and nearly the paw holding her neck before biting at it harshly. Getting another growl from the brass one, then surprised that he actually forced her to take in the weapon again, instead of just dropping her like planned. Getting the viper to yelp a bit in surprise when that paw held her down. "Fine. You tell me when you've had enough." Beo grumbled, starting to stroke his own ridges with the other paw.

She knew what was coming then, unable to struggle free from the heavy breathing beast's grip. Feeling that shaft thicken within her maw as release a heavy spray down her throat, meeting up with the accumulated juices he's released in her recently. A few more strokes and then another torrent was almost too much for her to swallow, feeling her neck bulge up with it.

Speaking of bulges, her belly was started to get heavy as well. Still being suspended in the air between the two paws, it was beginning to expand with every spray she swallowed. Attempting to whimper to get his attention was very difficult, and a very low growl was heard from his throat. One that was getting progressively louder, and Helga knew.

She struggled to free her neck from its hold. Even uncoiled herself as a gesture of surrender before the flood returned, but Beo couldn't stop it. Releasing the first few heavy sprays into the snake bloated her neck from the sheer pressure, as it traveled down to her midsection. Adding to the growing mass on the floor, and struggled to keep such a thing inside. Even starting to spread the expansion down to her lower end a bit as precaution.

In the middle of the barrage, she felt another grip quite a bit further down the neck. Slowly valving off the tunnel and forcing her neck to start taking the slack very early. Bloating out those scales quite drastically like a water balloon as those torrents kept coming. The pressure getting immense and almost frightful before he let go and allowed the thick bubble to flow down with the rest.

Giving her time to regain, the dragon reached a bit further down the snake and did the same thing. Feeling that larger section of the long living toy start to expand once again. Stretching out more and more with every increasing spray until it reached the ground. Then started bloating outwards more and more with every swallow.

The creaking returned, along with her fright. Feeling that pressure build up against her tired and tight scales, as they struggled to keep together. Thinning her out to the point where she was bigger in the upper half than the lower. And with very little room left, the release got stronger-!

But the dragon let go, instantly flooding her lower area in equilibrium. It was still hard on the long bloated body, but it was still a relief where it needed it. That is, until that same grip returned before her upper half could empty. Filling it back up again and doing its best to fight against that brass vice. Trying to squeeze through, even just a little to help aid the thick expansion.

The snake's belly grew bigger and bigger as those scales cried out in groans. Nearly overpowering her very own whimper of surrender, and getting Beo's attention. Staring her down for a few moments as he continued filling up the purple and now blue balloon, meeting her yellow eyes from above. "Ready to admit defeat?" That made her angry, but a few more torrents in her muzzle soon quenched it. The dragon wasn't bluffing, and it wasn't a fight the couatl could win. With a few heavy swallows, Helga whimpered again. Blinking slowly to say Yes.

But the brass one half grumbled, as if to say he didn't believe her. However, her upper section was getting too big for him to hold onto, so he released. That end, and that end only. Allowing the serpent some relief as the blue liquids rushed through her body, but kept the brace at her neck. Still releasing torrents and heavy sprays into her muzzle, while watching her body grow in thick pulses.

Those walls groaned and creaked as her body bloated out in a single long tube. Stretching desperately, unable to reach its previous sizes due to the lack of recovery. The purple color banished from those walls, and the ripples grew fewer and fewer. A heavy brass paw was placed on the fragile scales, studying her progress as he continued to fill her body. Almost ignoring another desperate whimper from her.

The liquids built up drastically, fighting to find space anywhere with the living balloon. The pressure increase more and more, and Helga whimpered again before Beo pulled out. However, grabbing her muzzle shortly, denying the relief she desperately desired. Staring at her for a few moments before demanding. "Let me hear you say it."

Slowly, he let go of her muzzle, taking a few desperate breaths like she was coming up for air. Let alone finding it odd how it wasn't just rushing out. An impatient growl from the brass one as he withdrew some claws and rested them on her fragile bubble form. A deep breath from her. "You... Win." She grumbled.

"And?" A double take from her, as Beo gestured the snake to continue.

"And... You're on my top ten dragon's list?" An unimpressed stare and those claws started

adding pressure to her scales. Making her yelp loudly. "Okay-okay! You're on the top of my list for dragons!"

A long stare really made the couatl uncomfortable, whimpering a bit to almost show it. Hearing Beo sigh from it gave her a sign of relief, until those claws pressed further in and caused her balloon body to explode almost instantly. Painting the room once again with blue and seeing the serpent lie down on the floor exhausted. Though, again, still fine.

The brass one walked over to her lower end and picked up her tail, making the flying viper yelp loudly. "Okay-okay-okay! Top person I've ever mated with! Happy!?" She hissed, getting the dragon to look over her and smile proudly.

"Much better." Carrying the tail with him as Beo laid down beside Helga, licking at her sex a bit while she rested. Granted, sighing angrily at the metallic beast and trying not to enjoy his actions. "When you're ready, you can do me." He said, rather patiently.

But the viper only looked at him strangely. "So...? Like, ride you?"

"If you like." He shrugged those red wings. "Or you can do whatever you wish. I would just advise against anymore pissing contests, savvy?"

"Anything I want, you say?" She asked, nearly getting a second wind and making him smirk.

Scene 7

The black dragon grumbled, walking down the hall. Barely willing to participate in such an even to begin with, that he might as well be dragged down it by chains. Though still facing away from the white fox, he could feel her burning red eyes searing a hole in the back of his skull. Staring him down as if to threaten that obsidian pouch once again.

Once in a while, Haytre would glance back to check if he was just imagining it, but he caught that fiery look dead on. Nearly bringing fear into his heart and a wave of discomfort. He's met strong females before, but this was just ridiculous.

However, Arson was just waiting at the edge of her own door. Watching the dragon to make sure he didn't bail out on his companion tonight. Or maybe she was just warning him again, that if he did manage to escape, she would personally hunt the dragon down. Probably torture him, castrate him, or worse: leave him to the bear for a weekend.

That last one made him release a faint growl, one that got those white ears of hers to almost twitch. Sending him a sharp gesture of 'I'm Watching You.' Getting the larger creature to just snort and boorishly enter his room. Finally getting some relief from that gaze and feel his body instantly cool.

A small glance at the red dragon that was waiting inside, his back turned to Haytre while fiddling with the computer on the wall. (Great. Another male.) The black one grumbled in his mind. He almost knew who it was, that red one from the bear's first novel. Of course, if the damn bear couldn't have the black one, he would send the biggest male outside of his brass guard dog.

With a heavy, irritated sigh, he pushed the door with his tail. "Let's get this over with." Haytre muttered, but double taking when the red one's scales faded to a purple, stopping the black dragon's heart for a moment. Everything seemed to move in slow motion, like watching a car collision as those blue eyes stared into his own purple ones. "...Dia?" He almost whimpered to his son.

"Dad?" The two stared in awkward silence for a moment, then watched in near horror as the door gently shut and locked.

"No-no-no-no-no!" Haytre tried to pry open the barrier regardless. Even going so far as to atone to Metal and attempt to deconstruct the thing, but the door remained immune against such control. "Damn Bear!" He hissed loudly at the metal plate, seeing his son's scales tone to a blue.

"I'm pretty sure he had nothing to do with-"

"He has everything to do with everything in existence, Dia'vidd! You're just too blind to see it." The black one snorted, still receiving a sad look from those sky blue eyes then sighing. "...Sorry. Consider it an old habit."

"One that might be hard to break." The younger one gave a sad smile. "Regardless, the rooms were chosen at random, it wasn't the fault of anyone."

"Whatever." He snorted. "From my understanding, the lock will open if both occupants desire not to engage, correct?" Haytre stared at the door, then looked over at Dia when he didn't reply. Seeing the purple dragon drop his ears and nearly make his father speechless. "...No..." The black one muttered in denial.

"Sorry, I-"

"What has that damn bear done to you!?" He muttered at the wall, as if the Counterweight could hear him.

"Dad, I-"

"I don't want to hear it, Dia! Whatever you are thinking of telling me-whatever you're even feeling, keep it to yourself!" The older one nearly demanded, like commanding a wyrmling. Not expecting the sudden orange change in color scales, making the older dragon curl his neck while the other stood up. Taking a step forward.

"No." Dia'vidd calmly said, expecting the growl from his father. "Beo taught me not to be ashamed about what I feel-!"

"-Well, you should be about this-" He took a step back.

"Why?" The orange one almost snapped, getting his father to growl. "Because you've been around so many species that shuns such things?"

"Because they have a right to!"

"Only involving the subject of procreation! Otherwise, what's wrong with it?" The two dragons glared at each other for a moment. "That's an honest question, father." A heated exhale from the black one, but he didn't answer. "I've never been too opened when it comes to my sexual life-"

"And you really shouldn't be-" Haytre grumbled.

"Not until I met Beo." Those black frilled ears went back. "I never questioned why. Not to you, not to Elexus or Tia, not even to the Feys. Just did what everyone else did, lower your head and never speak about it. How can you seriously say that's okay?"

"Do you want me to make a list?" The older one snorted, taking another step back while his son came closer. Pushing him against the wall with sheer presence.

"Yes!" Another harsh stare into each other's eyes. "You've already went through this, I know." Haytre curled his neck. "With your atonements and your own family, your first one. Maybe you didn't love them like I did, but you hid yourself-your own powers away from them... Why?"

Some silence. "Growing up, you did the best you could. You, mom, Elexus, the Feys, I know that. And I'm grateful, really. But... You were the only dragon I seen. The only one I knew until Beo came into my life." Dia looked away, once again turning his scales purple. "You always had an answer for everything, usually being morally correct. So why is it that I can't-"

"-Just... Stop." Haytre muttered, seeing his son step closer and he placed a paw on that purple chest. But that didn't stop Dia from slowly going in for a tight hug. Though going a little too close, to the point their packages were touching. Making the black one almost whimper uncomfortably.

"What's so wrong with this?" The younger one asked, not getting a response. Yet not a form of

neglect either, feeling those other paws adjust to hold him back. To this day, they still felt bigger to him.

"...I've watched you grow up to be the dragon you are today." Haytre nearly whispered. "How could I even think about doing...? With someone that has a fraction of my lifespan?"

"Yet, you've done it with many others."

"Yeah, but I never-"

"Maybe not with all of them. But we both have seen many of them grow up." Dia let go to see those purple eyes again, even gently pulling them when they attempted to escape. "We're both old enough to understand it. We're both of age and not trying to-" A whimper from the black one interrupted him, making the younger dragon smile a bit. "Father, do you have a reason not to?"

"Do I need one?" He grumbled, but when the now pink dragon nodded, his mind drew a blank. Almost as if he was unsure anymore, and feeling almost excited when those smaller paws started stroking further down his sides. "Dia..." He muttered again, uncomfortably.

"Do you have a reason?" The younger one asked, licking at his neck softly and feeling that inner struggle within his father. A gift from his mother's that once again came into use, whereas there was a bit of fear, but mixed with excitement. Unknown, but new. Yet, Dia'vidd understood that his father just could not make the first move. Leaving it to him instead.

A few more licks and the red dragon took a step back. Nearly holding a paw against that black chest to hold it still while his muzzle moved down the aged body. One tattooed with scars like his very own. Still uncomfortable and excited, but it never motioned him to stop.

By the time Dia arrived at his sheath, that red weapon was almost out. Giving it a few soft licks made Haytre release a low growl, as if to argue with himself. Even feel a conflict within those black paws that were resting on his son's shoulders, deciding to let the young dragon continue or stop him. Soft lap after lap, he could feel those same arguments being thrown and thrashed around. Fighting against morals, questionable feelings, and instincts.

But it was instincts that overcame it all, getting aid from that red tongue as it escorted the same colored tower out. To his black body, Dia was just another dragon that was serving it pleasure. Getting seduced by every lap of that silky appendage as the shaft became ready.

Then there was that sneaky paw, working its way down to those obsidian orbs that have been threatened a lot this evening. But the touch was a peaceful one, yet confident. Pressing into that scaly bag with just enough force to feel stimulating, nearly showing off the practice Dia's had during his stay with his new family.

Finally, there was the muzzle, starting out with kisses and playful grazes. A few licks at the weapon's tip before taking it into his red muzzle. Now getting another reaction out of his father's paws, as they quickly moved in defense. One of them grabbing the young dragon by the horn, and the other

bracing the back of his neck. But they still did not halt the smaller one's advance.

Instead remained conflicted at first, then slowly started lowering the dragon's muzzle down. Giving him enough time to lick at those fleshy spines and play around with the whole shape. Granted, the muzzle was definitely used to something a little bigger by now, he didn't mind in the slightest. It was nice to have something else to work with for a change.

He could definitely tell it was working by the breaths and noises the black one was releasing. Regardless of being nearly pinned to the wall, the muzzlejob his son gave was amazing. Possibly the best he's ever had, setting new standards and triggering his own enhancements gifted by the bear. Whereas his stones started to swell up quite quickly. Giving that red paw quite the surprise and setting off another one of Dia's kinks.

With a faint whimper after witnessing such a thing, the younger one started lapping harder. Sucking at the red weapon a bit roughly, and really giving a heavy reaction out of the black dragon. Doing what he could to keep those orbs growing more and more, until a loud hiss from Haytre got his attention. Before getting Dia's throat sprayed with a few torrents of warm seed. Getting that surprised taste of black licorice.

As much as the younger one wanted to keep going, he wanted something else more. Raising up while his father took a breath, he started meeting him muzzle to muzzle. "No you don't-!" The older one hissed, but got caught by those lips regardless. Muffling loudly as those tongues wrestled inside his black muzzle, exchanging that white currency. Granted, not without a growl and a few braces of those paws.

The action nearly left Haytre stunned, finally thinking his son was satisfied. Until he took another very close step, nearly climbing on the black dragon and making him whimper. Feeling the red thorn poke at his upper belly and chest a bit before those orbs touched the tip of his member. "Dia..." The black one whimpered again, as his son sat in his lap. Redirecting the order dragon's weapon into his tailhole and slowly slipping it in.

It nearly drove both dragons wild with stimulants and pleasure. Expressing it loudly with vocals as that red weapon went deeper inside the younger one. Bracing each other tightly as Dia scaled down the tower slowly. Loving the feeling and excitement it gave off to finally be able to do this, getting him to start leaking his multi-colored juices between them.

But he couldn't hold it back completely, needing to take in the full weapon before his father denied it. Venturing deeper and deeper with every motions, and even getting a couple of sprays within once those ridges were touched. But that last one made the black one roar loudly. Finally giving into his instincts and pushing off the wall, landing on the floor still tied.

Haytre gave his son a strong love bite on the neck, nearly making the younger one submit and whimper in pleasure. Then drove that red weapon inside him harshly, as deep as it could go. A second thrust followed it. A third, and finally a fourth before the two cried out in bliss. Feeling the slightly larger black one take several smaller movements before really beginning to thrash the one pinned on the floor.

Rapidly, that red shaft slipped in and out as the ground shaped to support them better. Throwing Dia into spasms and start to shift his colors with every movement. A constant loop of red, pink, and orange as he sprayed his own juices between them. Only adding to the mess as his father's thrust gained impact.

A few more slams, and those black paws braced Dia's shoulders. Feeling those streams of hot white start to flood his lower area. A hefty amount he was quite used to, as his belly started to become full. Not wanting to be done so soon, the younger one echoed both his climax and his father's back into the older dragon. Getting the black one to interrupt his breath and brace again harshly.

A second orgasm rushed through that red weapon within the mines, right in the middle of his first one. Getting Haytre to half roar before flooding into the smaller one again. Feeling that belly between them start to bulge out greatly and grow tighter. Along with the constant colorful sprays, as those black stones emptied.

Then that echo returned for a second time, really messing with the older one's body as it struggled to produce more seed for the instincts. Feeling the black one nearly struggle for breath and spaz his movements a bit, Dia tried to help him through it. Nearly direct his body to what it needed to do. With a heavy groan, that obsidian pouch once again started to drop and fill out.

But something was wrong with it. Constantly filling more and more like it was being demanded several times and started to stretch out greatly between his haunches. Resting on that multi colored tail as the pouch grew tight. "Dia...!" Haytre growled, finally snapping out of his instincts, and the younger one let go of his control.

A moment later, it started flooding into his backside. Unable to even keep it from gushing out of his tailhole as the black one held onto that growing belly. Still feeling it inflate, just not drastically with such a leak, and instead causing most of it to spray behind them. Ending after about a minute and getting both dragons to just lay down. Panting for breath.

The extra weight did help Dia deflate quicker, and eventually the older one staggered up. Walking towards the door and attempting to open it, however it was still locked. "Open, you damn thing. I got a bear to kill." Haytre growled.

"Access denied." The door buzzed.

"Why!?"

"Contestant not yet satisfied."

"What do you mean *Not Yet Satisfied*-!?" A heavy growl as something large tackled him from behind. Feeling it squirm as the black one hissed and fought, then felt a prod against his tailhole. Making him whimper and attempt to fight harder against Dia's mount. "No-! Don't You-!" Almost a roar before the flare pried him open, making Haytre whimper loudly and nearly submit.

But once it was in, that weapon only drove deeper. Every struggle and movement only threw waves into that older body, until he could no longer fight against it. Feeling those licks against his shoulders as that shaft started to move in deeper, making the black one sing with every brush of those spines.

With soft, easy thrusts, the two just enjoyed the session from instinct. Almost demanding it, and nearly growling when the red dragon was pulling back. Trying to get the older dragon to follow, and eventually coaxing him to obey. Bringing his father back towards the center of the room, granted, not understanding why.

Regardless, the motions felt wonderful to him. Not dominated like the black one expected from another dragon like the brass beast, let alone his own son. Like taking a hot bath that caressed every scale, every muscle, and removed all the soreness from the scars. It was almost pure bliss, until he started feeling a bit tight in the belly.

That's what brought him out of the zen, the bloating of his mid-section ever so slightly as liquids started escaping his rear. He didn't notice it until now, but the younger dragon was constantly shooting streams with nearly every breath. Haytre just took it as multiple orgasms, but if the door claimed...!

The older one whimpered loudly again. Trying to struggle, but his body couldn't quite let him, not with the same strength it had before. Those muscles were too relaxed, poisoned like the bear would often do. Only feeling the bliss of the movements, and his own son grasping at his body. And those breaths were only getting deeper.

With a bit of a gasp, the black dragon felt those pulses again. Adding to his belly and feeling it inflate with every little jolt, as that weapon pressed in deeper. Getting his black scales more dense and causing the older one to climax once again. Feeling Dia just help him through it before continuing his own conquest.

Tighter his belly grew as Haytre's body began to swell up. Pressing out further than he ever expected without that idiot's magic. Filling out between his haunches, and started to come through his chest. Stretching out those side scales, and he finally pieced it together; why the center of the room.

The older one whimpered loudly, but got a lick of comfort. "Relax. It won't hurt. Just enjoy it." He didn't like that answer, but Haytre also didn't have a choice. Placing a paw on his belly, he watched as it started to grow more and more. Every pulse was testing new limits, and adding to its roundness before hearing his son attempt to hold back.

"Dia..." The black one almost pleaded, as that weapon grew tighter inside him. Blocking out the only exit and building up with a knot, much like that bear. A few more jolts lifted the black one off the ground, and the younger dragon did his best to climb up. Another hefty pressure, and his scales lost once again. Feeling that chest area become flooded by such warm fluids and round out his shape even more.

A few more struggling breaths, and Dia'vidd couldn't hold it back anymore. Releasing a whimper

as thick seed rushed through the older dragon's belly. Inflating it with ease and slowly at first, but those sprays only grew thicker as time went on. Stretching those black walls drastically in all directions, as well as lifting the two up more and more.

They came in pulses, crashing against the barriers and steamrolling them as if they were paper. Yet, somehow they retained their black color, even after touching the walls. A loud whimper from the older one as the two were pressed against the ceiling, that belly covering all corners of the room. Forcing it to double in space and give the bloated dragon some relief.

More and more the juices flowed through him, expanding those scales into a large black balloon. Even sending his own orgasms down the back end in a white stream that was only stretching more and more with the belly. Wondering if Dia was closed to done yet, Haytre tried to look at him. But felt a harsh tightness in his body, a battle he was clearly losing. Making the older one whimper again before giving in to it and flooding the room once again.

This time, his scales couldn't keep that pigment, and started to fade once they crashed into the walls. Getting the balloon to ripple wildly and focus more on height until the next ceiling. Pressing up against it, he could still feel Dia on him, purring loudly in enjoyment of the tight fit until the room was forced to expand greatly once again.

Haytre could see his body growing more and more transparent. His color being replaced by a slew of rainbow liquids that were thrashing around. Making him whimper the more he looked at it, until his neck started to take up the slack. He could feel it rush through his tail as well, over and over again. Inflating it drastically until it was unable to move. Along with his haunches, forearms, then his back. He was still growing more and more, as those liquids rushed through him, trying to find any spot able to squeeze in.

Not long after that, he filled out the room. Still feeling Dia's battle with the balloon, the space increased to help support it. With one thick spray, the bubble reached the walls again, enforcing another space increase. The bloated dragon's body creaked loudly as it struggled to fill in the space given, triggering yet another increase. This time, several dozen multipliers of it. Nearly the space of an entire city.

The balloon grew and grew. Inflating over time with thick pulses of multiple orgasms. Pressing against those limits, getting the dragon to expand to insane measures. Slowly filling out the space given over a period of several minutes. Battling with the constant creaks and groans, as the bubble struggled to keep hold. With one very long stretch, it reached impossible lengths, pressing up against those walls.

An error message was announced, as the computer could no longer give off enough space for them. Getting the two to whimper as the black one started filling out to the corners. Pressing up against those sides more and more, squeezing every last bit of space it could muster. Both inside the room and the balloon.

Pressing Dia up against the wall was both exciting and worrisome, as his father completely

covered him. Trying his best to watch his claws, the belly only pressed more and more onto them. Feeling the pressure on the sharp points grow thicker. Harder. Squeezing the smaller dragon to another orgasm, until-!

The black dragon pried open the door, looking up and down the empty hallway before exiting. Dia followed behind him, doing the same, but more to just look for his brass husband. Regardless, catching up to his father and walking beside him. "We tell no one of this, understood?" Haytre said thickly.

"I still say there's nothing to be ashamed of, but..." His son muttered, but didn't go past that. This was just how his father dealt with anything he didn't like, which later would lead to him being a bit more open minded about things. The thought making Dia smile while turning a corner and seeing quite a few others laying down on mats. The larger bear being one of them.

"How'd you two make out?" Bartan asked, getting the black dragon's ears to go back.

"It was... Fun." Dia'vidd answered instead, but not getting the reaction out of the furball he was expecting. Instead, getting a bit of a worried and embarrassed look. Making the now yellow dragon tilt his head. "What's wrong?"

"Well..." The six legged beast rubbed the back of his neck. "Promise you won't be mad?"

"Out with it, bear." Haytre grumbled.

"You're, um... You're both pregnant." The statement made both of them faintly whimper, Dia going completely possum. Haytre nearly that, but grew a fire in his eyes. Spines raising to new heights and roaring at the white one while charging him.

"I'm Going To Taating **KILL**

YOU!!!"

"-I'm joking! I'm joking!!"