

Somewhere Out Where - Death To You Love

By Tartan Birix

The Polar Bear was resting in the small apartment, one furnished quite well for a visitor to the planet. However, even since the day he arrived, he noticed how familiar everything looked. Not necessarily the placement and color of such a thing, nor in a strange sense of Deja vu. But instead in design choice... Okay, y'know what? This isn't going to work this way. So lets fast forward a bit!

The doorbell rang, and the bear got up to open it. Just before grabbing the knob, the blue dragon on the other side sneezed the most adorable sneeze you could imagine. Like... A panda sneezing or something, causing the door to glitch out then delete itself. But this didn't surprise either of them... I **Said, This Didn't Surprise Either Of Them!** ...Stop Looking Surprised!

Clears throat Anyway, the two stared at each other in question for a little bit, until Lorem gave a small gesture to carry on. "Do I really have to say this?" The bear grumbled. And yes. Yes you do.

"It is in the script."

"Yeah, but whoever wrote this script needs to be fired. As in, out of a cannon." The furred one growled, sighing in defeat after and looking the small wyrm directly in the eyes. "...Hey Lorem, you wanna fuck?"

"Let's do it!" The dragon lept on the bear and punched him in the face, half knocking him down. Now you can act surprised, yes.

"Was that even in the script!?" The bear shook his muzzle, licking at his fangs a bit.

"It was in mine." The blue one purred, getting a snout toss from the larger one. Still in a supportive half-hug, Bartan staggered up. Carrying the smaller wyrm across the room to another with a rather large bed. A blue paw reached over towards the wall as they were still locking twinkies, letting Lorem half claw at something before the lights came on. Making it much easier to see where they were going, and laying the cyan dragon on his back.

It was no surprise that he was ready, a surprisingly thick hotdog nearly demanding the bear's attention. "Did he just call that a hotdog-?" Finally freed from its white scaled protection, the same contrast as Lorem's underside up to his jaw. A bit lighter than the white paw that was stroking that torso in circles. Slowly inching down and letting the blue one exhale excited breaths. That tail wagging a bit as it dropped over the edge of the bed.

It was an image that was stuck inside Bartan's head, ever since that little treasure hunt the two did earlier this week. Studying the walls of the school buildings for a specific X, the white one found it, while the dragon trailed the mark down below. Finding the next clue, but not without getting on all fours

and lightly lifting his tail. Accidentally flashing the bear with a sight that his eyes couldn't take off of, and his mind taking a memorable photograph. One that appeared in his dreams from time to time.

But now, at last, he could get a very pleasant view of it. Not even noticing the subway bun below the dragon's cinnamon roll, possibly where a mammal's sac would be. Such a gaze from those brown eyes was almost as warm as the very breaths from his twinkie. One that was smiling with excitement, and making Lorem do the same. Though still a bit embarrassed, it was less of a fear than he would expect it would be. That glow wasn't the study of someone thinking the dragon was a freak, it was one of Astonishment. Adventure. Admiration. And in case you haven't caught on by now, I was hungry while making these changes.

Slowly those paws started to lower towards the wyrm's hind legs. The bear's eyes meeting up with the dragon's from time to time to as for confirmation, and of course getting it. A slight stroke along the tip of his pink pickle and the spines that seemed to line the entire bottom side of it. Though firm, they were soft, much like the ones that spread around the hotdog's flare. And at the sides towards the cinnamon roll, several faint folds of extra meat. A simple gentle brush caused a rush of excitement through Lorem. Making his scales click loudly as the shiver ran up his body and forced him to gasp a bit. You may continue the script normally for now, making the bear glance upwards for a moment. Out of character, I might add.

"Just like my stories." Bartan almost whispered, getting a noise in question at first, but the blue one caught on. As the paws explored lower, the bear actually expected his small friend to be more nervous about this. The worry was there, yes, along with a mix of excitement and embarrassment about such a thing, but he could tell that the dragon was somewhat calm about it.

The cinnamon roll for the meaty pickle was where the differences seemed to start. It wasn't a faint bulge of soft scales that seemed to stick out, but instead another subway bun within the smooth underside. Nearly identical to the one just below it, and making sense why Bartan didn't think twice about that flash a few days before near the school. Still, it was somewhat sensitive, and a bit less protective than he was expecting. However, it functioned for its task, though he wasn't sure what he could really do with it. Perhaps something would come up another time.

Regardless, he moved on. Slowly stroking the wyrm's hind legs and hamstrings to get that tail moving again. Placing a single paw over Lorem's lower subway bun and once again looking for confirmation. Meeting those yellow eyes with curious discs and receiving a faint nod after a deep breath. Carefully he traced a single finger, minding the claw within, down the middle of it. Separating those white lips and displaying the pink flesh within.

Again the dragon released deep heated breaths as that white furred finger brushed inside that tunnel. Studying it carefully as if to search for something, going in quite a ways before realizing he passed that small barrier. Already stretched and flexible to the intruder's commands. "I'm guessing Ipsum?" Bartan asked.

"What?"

"Your inner subway bun is stretched quite wide, and there doesn't seem to be any signs of actual torn bread."

"This is a porno, bear. Not a Sex-Ed video."

"Right."

"Stick with the new script, or I'm getting out the collar-!" A sudden deep breath as that red tongue pressed inside the meaty tunnel. Teasing the barrier a bit as one paw slipped up and down his hotdog, while the other worked on a haunch. It was nearly too much for Lorem to even think clearly enough to answer such a question. Instead just give into the waves of pleasure, reaching down to only meet that white paw and nearly brace it as he started thrusting his pickle against it.

"What was that about a collar?" Bartan stopped to allow the smaller dragon to catch his breath. Chuckling how long it took, and how his lower half spasmed. Wanting more of such attention, desiring it and nearly melting against the white fur. "I don't think the motel provides condoms."

"It's okay... I'm not in heat... And you don't-"

"You misunderstand. I just wanted to fill one while inside you later."

"Spoilers, bear!" Another chuckle as that white twinkie went back in. Hearing Lorem fight with himself to stay quiet while the bear and his tongue did its work. Slipping deep inside and painting those inner walls with a soft, yet stern brush. That white paw stroking under his hotdog and eventually curling around his flare as the dragon thrustled into it. And finally, those hind claws raking the air as the other paw massaged his haunch, all while that blue tail thrashed at the end of the bed.

Minutes passed as the bear played the wyrm, making him sing songs loudly into the room. Breaking his will to keep quiet, not like many people were around anyway with the event to be tending to. Slowly that lower paw started to move down, Lorem making out its location towards the base of his tail, and he knew what it was up to.

A simple press into that taut tailhole just below that white twinkie was enough for the blue one's instincts to almost fight back. Taking a hind claw against the bear's shirted shoulder and digging into it as his cyan self howled loudly. Getting Bartan to chuckle and withdraw for a bit. "Okay, okay." That claw released as the white one got up for a bit.

"You deserve it." The dragon grumbled, seeing a tiny bit of red along that shoulder as the bear took his shirt off.

"Don't worry about it. I just only have so many of them with me. Don't want them ruined." Once again, he got into position and starting with a few licks on those lower lips. Getting a bit of a surprise as that tongue started climbing up instead of venturing inside. Feeling those laps cover his white scaly cinnamon roll then his lower hotdog. Whimpering loudly when it touched a few sheets of ham, and releasing a bit of a thick squirt out of that tip. Letting the white substance drip down on his equally white belly as that furry twinkie worked its way up. Alternating between laps and kisses on the pink carrot and giving that top a few moments of attention.

Worry half flooded the dragon's mind, never seeing Ipsum ever doing something like this. But Bartan seemed to be one with experiences, so he put his trust in the bear for now. Feeling those white furred lips kiss that flare a bit before parting. Those teeth lightly grazing the pink meat and getting the small wyrm to release a whimper of worry. Putting a blue paw on the bear's head for protection, even though Lorem wasn't sure how he would get out of this if he decided to bite down.

Though the sharp fangs were felt, they were not hurting him yet. Instead feeling that red appendage inside tend to his near devoured flare. Pressing it against that pie-hole that the dragon explored earlier with his own tongue. The excitement of such a thing was enough to release a few faint streams out of the pink pickle, immediately getting lapped up and used for the bear's own use.

A few minutes with just the top area was enough to get Lorem to somewhat relax over Bartan's instincts. That is until he started moving lower down the meaty carrot, resetting the whole process of the dragon whimpering and putting his other paw on the white head. Nearly digging his claws into it as that pie-hole took more of his own length. "Bartan...!"

But the bear only stroked the blue one's haunches in comfort. Hinting with signals that there was nothing to be afraid of if the dragon just relaxed, so Lorem put all his trust in his white friend. Letting him have his way with the small dragon, but still not letting go of that forest of white. Almost guiding it up and down, then a bit of a rotation once the wyrm was used to such movements.

Eventually, those white paws started to move inward, almost knowing where this was ending up. Feeling one tend to his lower subway bun and carefully work two fingers into the already wet inside. Making out the small hole that was releasing occasional fluids along with the pink pickle currently inside the bear's pie-hole. All while the other paw rested on that tail's underside. A single finger pointing directly towards his vulnerable tailhole, nearly brushing against it whenever the tail thrashed from side to side.

A few more careful moments and the pair of fingers ventured deeper into that tunnel, reaching back as far as they could go, but still didn't find the dragon's limit. Instead, just tending to what he could reach. That tailhole got a few prods that made the younger one's body jerk in reflex, it's sensitivity rising with every little touch. And finally that twinkie, going lower and lower towards the carrot's base.

But Bartan didn't stop his decent. Carefully lapping ahead with that tongue and painting those sheets of ham that banished the dragon's breath. Those lips brushing over every fold of meat, forcing that pickle to leak out jolts that ran down the sides. Hearing Lorem's whimpers get progressively louder until that nose touched his cinnamon roll. A familiar pressure started rising quickly within the dragon's pelvis and those blue paws held that white head still. Unable to resist the constant laps of that red appendage along with those prods.

With a loud roar from such a small dragon, that pink pickle thickened. Spraying it's white streams into that inner muzzle and down his throat. All the while squirting against that paw in his tunnel, the contractions squeezing the intruder as he arched his body against such an orgasm. Eventually unable to keep that bear's head still as it started slipping up and down to support such a feeling, sucking the torrents out of it and letting quite a bit leak out of his twinkie.

After some time, Lorem started to slow down. His breaths, his squeezes, and his jolts started taking longer and longer pauses until he was spent. Finally releasing his clawed grip off Bartan's head and feel him slowly slip the pink french fry out of his twinkie, giving it a few licks before moving up the blue dragon with the natural white underside. Meeting that smiling twinkie with his own furry one with a few licks, and then a deep kiss.

Suddenly, Lorem yelped at the wetness in the bear's pie-hole. Almost instantly recognizing such a salty taste and attempt to escape it, yet he was too tired to. Eventually just submitting and taking a portion of his own 'White Stuff in an Oreo Cookie' as the two shared a lengthy kiss. Still breathing heavily when it was broken, and letting the connecting strands between the two twinkies drip off to the sides. "I think I now know why Pantoli's Pizza tastes so bad." It actually got Bartan to chuckle a bit loudly.

"I've had worse, and I think that's against health regulations. If you have that sort of thing here." A nod from the dragon, but he still couldn't help but smile at such a thing. "Enjoy yourself?" The bear asked, moving off to Lorem's side and just comforting his still somewhat twitching body.

"That was..." A shivering breath. "An experience."

"I'm sure it was."

"An unexpected one. Scripted or not." He lightly purred, then broke into faint chuckles. "I wasn't sure what to expect on my flight over here, but it definitely wasn't this." A few moments and the wyrm still felt like something was wrong on his lower end. "Something's... Not right." Nevermind that part, we're skipping it. "What? Why?" Because I want to keep this under 15 pages for the folks at home. You're being paid to sex each other's brains out, not to talk.

"We're not being paid for this." The bear grumbled.

"Well, actually..." A puzzled look from those brown eyes as Lorem's ears lowered. "But only like twenty bucks."

"What!? Why you and not me!?" Because you're getting laid. "So is he!" Nevermind arguing, you! Get back to the naughty stuff before people lose interest! The bear grumbled loudly as he sat up on the bed, holding the wyrm in his embrace. "I swear, I'm going to complain to management."

"Or you could just sex them and get paid for it. You're pretty good at getting them to submit." A chuckle from the furred one.

"It's no wonder why I like dragons." Bartan almost muttered. Continue or you're getting the stick. Another grumble, getting a puzzled look from those yellow eyes before making out what he said. Granted, that look didn't let up, instead just studied the white one for a bit. "What're you thinking about?" He smiled at the younger one.

"...What..." A deep breath as Lorem tried not to be so hesitant about this. "What do... *You* look like?"

"You mean, a bear?"

"N-not that, but..." A sly look from those brown eyes to say that he was just tormenting the dragon. Getting a smile back.

"I'm not going to stop you. Go for it." Keeping his own paws on the back of his furred head, Bartan gave the young one permission. Though still shy about such things, Lorem was also very curious. Not only of the bear, but also the strange idea of clothing as well. Stepping over the shirtless torso and studying the belt buckle a bit before realizing how it works, he undid it to find a small button that looked a little strange. Almost high tech.

A few taps clearly was not activating anything, so instead it called for some traditional barbaric tactics. Aside from shredding the pants entirely. But instead, a simple pull up made the button naturally snap off. Yet, doing so revealed another line of defense: the zipper. Actually hearing Lorem growl a bit made the bear chuckle. "Please tell me there isn't anything else past this."

"Other than getting them off, no." A half snort from the dragon as he undid the strange zipper and folded out the side. Bringing light to a canine like cinnamon roll with a red tip peering out of it. Nearly greeting the young wyrm with a pulse as it started moving out of the cinnamon roll, revealing a spear-like tip that was very canine inspired. Yet there were signs of draconica along its thicker meat.

"This is..." A noise in question as those yellow eyes couldn't look away from it. "This is what a human's mating french fry-?"

"**No!**" Bartan half hissed, nearly insulted but half laughing at the same time. Getting Lorem to do the same. "Trust me when I say that the sexual package of a human is incredibly bland and boring. This is..." Too much dialog! On with it! A grumble from both partners as they shared a look. "Just... Get on with it."

"R-right." The smaller one blushed, looking down towards the red chicken finger within the field of white and feeling that curiosity spark once again. Seeing the bear adjust slightly and reach behind his lower back for a moment, fiddling with something before his leg clothing suddenly slacked a bit.

With a gesture to wait a moment, Bartan got up to let his pants fall. Stepping out of one pant leg, he lightly kicked forwards with his ankle caught in the other. Forcing the pair of slacks into the air a bit, only to be caught by one of his white hands, quickly folded, and dropped near where his shirt remained on the floor. Giving the rather stunned dragon a good look at the white tail, oddly more wolfish in length and fur style.

Granted, the dragon wasn't even sure what a Bear was. According to the white one, Polar Bears specifically lived in the far northern areas of where he came from. Areas that were much colder and were covered in blankets of ice. Though, a colder climate would explain Bartan's complaints about the dragon's world being a tad warm, Lorem still wasn't sure exactly how much of this furred creature was Unmodified. Something that seemed to be a sensitive subject towards his recent friend, enough for the smaller one to try not to pry too much about it.

Regardless, if the bear's promises were true, the dragon would find out all about him tomorrow evening. For now, this was a night to relieve stress and anxiety. Something they both needed after such a

week. As the white one laid back onto the bed, greeting the dragon with a smile, he gestured himself to Lorem. "I'm all yours."

The blue wyrm released a nervous chuckle, but resumed his studies. Almost wondering how jealous Ipsum would be, proposing the idea when the bear came to visit the smaller one on their second 'Date'. Inching towards that red pickle, once in a while pulsing and feeding off of the excitement within the rented room. Growing ever so slightly and losing its more flexible form with nearly every breath the two took.

It was rather similar to all the dragon ever knew, yet different. Normally, a draconic french fry held a small bone within, and the blood would flood the meat around it during such times. The bear's, on the other hand, seemed to lack that stiffness at first. A little worried about touching it at first, due to the many small thorns that seemed to protect the meat, but the cyan one examined the red french fry with his paws.

Regardless of its look, such spines were rather flexible and bent easily. Remaining stiff enough to keep its shape, and possibly giving pleasure in the process, just like his very kin's design. The thought came to mind, how many species of male were equipped with such a thing? All of them? Regardless, it was a question for another time. After a bit more studying, the dragon had to ask. "Is it still getting bigger...?"

"Yeah, it'll do that."

"Good. It better." A nod from the white one as Lorem intently watched it as the chicken finger slowly continued to leave its cinnamon roll. Getting help from those blue paws, and nearly controlling the bear's breath as he became more and more ready. Slipping out of that protection, several folds of meat nearly circled around the base of the carrot. "You have these too?" He asked, lightly brushing around the cinnamon roll and hearing Bartan release a deep breath. The dragon almost feeling the same reaction from the session before, getting him to smile.

"Yeah, and they work the same way."

"I can see that." Another moment to resume his studies, the cyan one suddenly felt those furry paws occupying themselves with the dragon's tail. Stroking up and down near his scaled haunches as they were pulled slightly closer. A slight whimper of pleasure left the smaller one, but was interrupted with a noise in question. Now spotting this strange pouch between the bear's legs. "What is this?" A few touches seemed to reveal a large amount of swelling within the furry area.

"Right, this was something that puzzled me. Do you know Remy?"

"Yes. Quite often, the Library tends to many documents and reports. Then there's days when people send back signed out books for me to carry." A grumbling sigh from the cyan one. "I hate book day." Bartan chuckled at that.

"I'll come back to that postal thing in a moment, but anyway-" Less Talk! More Sex! The dragon groaned a bit before resuming his studies. Looking past the sensitive furry bag and seeing a tailhole

between it and the bushy appendage. Nothing else exciting to report lower, but something told him there was more surprises to be found.

Regardless, he first wanted to see the bear's pickle at full length. Using his paws to try to mimic what the white ones were doing to his own haunches, but being mindful of the lower sheets of ham. Examining the meat closely, and recognizing it to not be so different. Just a little tougher as it grew little by little. Finally getting a much more dense feeling as it remained as one strong shape. Even the little spines were a bit more defiant than before, let alone the dragon's own. "Bartan?"

"Mhmm?"

"That... Thing you did with your mouth. Is it safe...?"

"Never got a twinkiejob before, huh?" A shy head shake. "It's perfectly fine. I'm actually surprised that you've never heard of it."

"I haven't really..." A noise in question from the bear as the wyrm looked up. "I'm waiting for him to interrupt with another-" No, no. This one's fine. It's hawt. "Oooof course it is." The two sighed in defeat.

"Then I will teach you. There's really nothing to it, other than watching your fangs. How sharp are your teeth, Lorem?" Those blue ears fell a bit in embarrassment. "I know you file down your claws, but your teeth-?"

"Are... Not that sharp. That's one reason why I tend to feed towards the veggie side of the food pyramid." A faint chuckle from the white one.

"Then you're perfect for this." A slight double take from the wyrm. "You won't have to worry about it so much, it's 80% tongue work anyway. Just start off how I did it: a few licks and kisses along the outside, then take it in slowly. Don't worry about donning the entire thing on your first try, alright?" A nervous nod.

"Yes Master." A few taps on his back as the bear relaxed a bit. Once again motioning the dragon's haunches closer to that white pie-hole, making Lorem a bit nervous about what his friend was planning, but obeyed regardless. Taking a few heated breaths over the red pickle before closing his eyes. Parting his jaw a bit so that pink muscle could slither through and slowly make contact with that warm meat.

It was that first step that felt so hard in theory, when really it was so easy. The instant contact was something his heart warned him about, like his society claimed it was an absolute taboo and it would be the end of the small dragon if such a thing was ever done. But such a thing was harmless, the complete opposite of the imaginary propaganda which flooded his mind. And the red pickle that was less than an inch away from his twinkie remained peaceful. Docile and unthreatening.

It was silly, the worries that developed within the young wyrm's head. Nearly getting him to faintly chuckle at the very idea before giving the carrot a few more licks. Slowly working around it in a small spiral, studying how the single row of thicker spines seemed trail the top side. Then two lines on

the bottom, trailing all the way down to the very cinnamon roll, all coming from the very tip of the pickle's flare.

The dragon took a few moments to just look over everything before him, releasing a few heated breaths when that bear's tongue started licking at his own lower lips. Separating them a bit slowly while those paws stroked those smaller haunches. Lorem's own pink hotdog spearing the white fur that covered over Bartan's chest, all working together to distract the wyrm from those second thoughts and embarrassment.

Regardless of how much those frilled ears were blushing, the blue one pushed forward. Parting his jaws a bit for a small kiss on the red carrot's tip, then giving it a soft lick and expecting the worst of tastes. Yet, it was... Almost tangy. A bit sharp, but not nearly identical to the dragon's own, aside from texture. Such a strange flavor was literally on the tip of his tongue, but he couldn't think of it.

Though, he currently did have access to more samples, and a twinkie directly on the tap. The curiosity overpowered those self-conscious thoughts, driving him forward and taking the foreign breadstick into his smaller twinkie. Getting a good feel of those meaty spines nearly flossing between his fangs the further he went down before remembering what the bear suggested. Tongue work. Something that was going to take some getting used to.

Though, to be fair, it was a bit harder to concentrate with another tongue at work stationed at his lower end. But he started using it as a guide, memorizing it's placement and pathing while attempting to mimic it on the very pickle before the blue one. Lapping around those spines and flare while slowly pulling it out and taking it in again. Hearing a familiar purr from behind the dragon that got the cyan one to start as well.

The constant paws and strokes was nearly making the young adult wyrm drunk with pleasure, lost at sea from such movements while he was tending to the bear's own session. During the several minute massage that strange taste returned from time to time, but not enough to snap the dragon out of his trance. Not enough until the white one's tongue found a certain spot that got Lorem to whimper and almost gasp after it was touched a few times. Then the red appendage's focus was on that spot, getting the wyrm to take in a bit too much of that breadstick. His lips almost squeezing those sheets of ham and hear a large reaction out of Bartan.

Then a heavy squirt of what the blue one could only describe as a thick juice, almost overpowering his tastebuds and shock the dragon out of his blissful trance. Taking a few moments to study it while the bear took a small rest. "Is that...?" Lorem started to say, unable to really pin it. However, the picture of a round yellow-orange fruit came to mind.

"It's not normal, if that's what you're wondering." A perked frilled ear from the smaller one.

"You can... Modify... *That?*" Bartan chuckled at him. "What does a human normally taste like then?"

"About as bland as their package looks." He grumbled in reply, getting a nervous laugh from the wyrm. "It's close to your own, but a dragon's is a bit sweeter." A whimper from Lorem as pink invaded his

twinkie and ears. "What's wrong?"

"You... Didn't specify me specifically..." A shrug from the bear. "Have you...?" A nod that made the dragon whimper. "*Really?* You've only been here for about a week!"

"Doesn't mean I haven't encountered other dragons." The bear smirked, eyebrows bouncing a bit. "Not to make you feel manipulated, but the humans chose me as an ambassador for a reason."

"Things are... Starting to make sense now." A half whimper that time, as well as something off within the blue wyrm's heart. Feeling a few strokes from those white paws that got his attention.

"That doesn't change how I feel about you, Lorem." A few moments of looking into those brown eyes, and he did feel better about it. "Do you wish to continue?" The question echoed in his head a few times, looking back and forth between the white bear and his meaty pickle. Nearly battling with his own morals and words within his mind that Bartan could clearly see. Giving another few strokes. "Out with it, what're you thinking about?"

"I..." A loud swallow and a few breaths. "Can I...?" A gesture to go on. "It's just-I've never..." He stumbled over his words, until a furry paw was placed on his shoulder.

"I know what you want." Those frilled ears fell. "And sure. Go for it." A double take that time, and the white one nodded in confirmation.

"Even if I didn't...?"

"You need to feel ready to receive in that sense. If you don't like it, you don't like it. No worries. But I'm fine with it, if you want to mount me." Bartan said, nearly getting the younger dragon almost envy such confidence. "It's probably easier for you if I'm lying down like this, yes?"

"I..." A gesture to get into position to try it, and those yellow eyes glazed over the bear with worry. Even after the seventh confirmation, his answer was still Yes. Climbing off the white torso before almost nesting between those humanoid legs. Once again looking at Bartan and getting him to chuckle. Raising up to place a furry paw under Lorem's jaw to guide his twinkie closer for another deep kiss.

"Convinced now?" The larger one half teased, getting a slight sigh from the wyrm before a nervous nod. Lying down once again to feel those white and blue scales rest on top of his lower body, and that pink hotdog over that fluffy tail. Carving its way through the forest of white strands before venturing closer to that slightly closed in cave. All while those white paws were just stroking the dragon's head and neck.

Half a step closer caused the two to make contact, making the cyan one release a whimper for a moment and almost rethinking this entire event once again. But those white pads and black only comforted him though those struggles, caressing around those two white horns that flowed around. All while those blue paws were almost kneading that soft belly, following the patterns that the bear's soft hands were composing.

The dragon's breaths were getting deeper, nearly in sync with Bartan's as he started prodding

that lower area. Lubricating it with the wetness he was slightly releasing during the entire session. Another half step forward and the pickle was nearly inside, the flare pushing the opening outward a bit and causing both contenders to gasp a bit. Several rough strokes forwards and Lorem pressed in deeper.

The two whimpered slightly before that tailhole gave in, allowing pink pickle slip inside quite far. The smaller one panted for several moments as his hotdog twitched a bit within the warm area. Almost hot, as it sent a wave up his spine and through his scaly body. Losing control of those cyan paws as they grasped the furry body with filed claws. Giving the white chest a few licks and nearly biting into a large patch of fur near the dragon's pie-hole as those white ones stroked him into comfort. "Enjoying yourself-?"

Bartan was interrupted by a sudden thrust, nearly getting him to whimper in surprise. Then a few more as they started getting faster while Lorem hissed. Forcing himself to slow down and be mindful of his partner, that is until one of those white paws lead his twinkie to look towards the bear's. "No need to hold back, Lorem. I'm not made of paper." Another questionable and worried look at those calm brown discs, and his own gaze fell a bit. But gave into those urges, taking another half step forward and almost pushing the bear up the bed a bit.

The dragon's pickle ventured deep into the bear, regardless of their size difference. Getting both of them to gasp and moan loudly as many fireworks could be heard outside the building. A few quick jabs caused a slightly heavy squirt to be felt inside Bartan before the smaller one really started thrusting into the white body. Those blue paws attempting to dig deeper with dull claws, and those fangs trying to find something to bite into. Giving into that primal instinct while those white hands encouraged such a thing.

A few minutes passed, impressing the bear with the smaller one's endurance. Even after getting a few more heavy squirts inside, as well as a couple of his own painting between the two. But the wyrm's breaths were constantly rising, growls growing louder with every breath and several thrusts. Signaling Lorem's incoming barrage was very close as the muscles in his pelvis started to strain. Getting him to stiffen those hind legs after one more thrust and dig as far as he could inside the bear's tailhole.

A whimpering roar was stretched out over several seconds before that first hefty spray, both within the white one and over his furry tail. The murky white liquids squirting out several times per breath and grunt, accumulating into a puddle over the bedding and filling up Bartan's lower belly. After nearly a minute of such a straining event of instincts, the smaller dragon collapsed on top of his current furry mattress.

Panting loudly as those white paws stroked him into relaxation, Lorem tried to catch his breath. Feeling almost completely drained like he just ran several laps around a city block straight. His muscles and lungs nearly burned as they twitched a bit, still conducted with a spike of energy. At least that lower pressure wasn't there this time, all he felt was a warm glow and those brown eyes looking over him. Meeting them with the brightest smile the wyrm could muster.

With a bit of effort the cyan one pulled out his pickle, releasing the plug and allowed such lubricants to join its counterpart already on the bedding. All while Lorem struggled to climb up the bear and lock lips with him once again. Nearly taking all his energy, but it was slightly returning after that

short rest. Enough for him to...

A glance back at that red carrot closer to his blue haunches, still erect and leaking a bit like it hasn't released yet. With another deep kiss, the dragon started moving backwards towards its tip. Getting a noise in question from Bartan as he attempted to ask if the smaller wyrm was sure about such actions, but before he got a verbal answer, his own pickle was grinding against those lips.

Finding the stiff tip of the chicken finger and lining it up towards his subway bun's center, the smaller dragon pushed back into it. Still in a deep kiss with the bear as that strange french fry slipped inside him, sending a new rush of energy through the scaly body. Already wet from both sides, it's strange shape slid within very easily. Able to feel every little meaty spine as they scraped against his inner walls.

However, the sounds of the bear's breaths told Lorem that his partner was nearly ready. Getting embraced a bit harder by those white paws and feeling the larger one's hips start to thrust in deeper through instinct. Though, only getting so far into the smaller one, finding that tunnel's limit quite quickly while only taking in a few of Bartan's sheets of ham. A harsh squeeze that the cyan one couldn't hold back made the bear hiss within his pie-hole and release a few heavy squirts, one of them going in far deeper than the dragon has ever felt.

But soon the two couldn't keep breathing through their nostrils, being forced to break the kiss just to catch their own breaths, but doing their best to keep their twinkies touching. Another harsh squeeze and the bear braced the smaller one, trying to do his best not to hurt the wyrm or hold onto his wings, but it was getting much harder with every venture over those sensitive areas.

One more was enough to hold the dragon down in a near lock, still not able to take the entire length of that pickle, but it was very close. Feeling that thick rod pulse within his subway bun, Lorem swore it was getting bigger. A few moments later, his lower lips started receiving a strange pressure as the red french fry's lower girth started to increase. Being braced down by the bear, all he could do was whimper in bliss as it grew little by little.

When it started to become too much, the smaller one let loud a bit of a painful cry. Almost instantly, Bartan reached down and pulled up, fighting against the few squeezes and pulled the dragon above his knot. Then set him back down as it continued to thicken up, at least now no longer getting the risk of tying the wyrm with it.

But those breaths were rising up again and again, nearly in sync as a near constant leak started to form more and more pressure. Turning those jolts into sprays of orange juices that ventured deep into the dragon. Washing his insides with a thick liquid and nearly flooding that entire tunnel as that subway bun contracted over and over. Releasing its own juices once again as his pink hotdog jolted out what it could gather in such a short time.

Once again, Bartan braced the dragon over his pickle, pressing down over that knot until it could no longer leak out those fluids. Letting the orange sprays gather more and more, stimulating the smaller dragon as he whimpered loudly in bliss. That pressure rising within him, first within that tunnel and

lower lips, then gathering deep within his lower belly. A thick force that was pushing against his lower walls as his belly scales started to groan and warp a bit to fit it all in. Reaching a paw down there to feel his own lower area start to round out a bit.

One more thick pressure and another painful whimper, then the bear pulled up again. Completely withdrawing his red carrot from those lower lips during mid spray and just painted the dragon's lower end with the rest of his release. The two helping each other through their last orgasm before finally ending with a deep kiss.

Breath after breath, Lorem drew closer to a coma. Those yellow eyes, glazing over and unable to focus as his body could no longer hold itself up. His muscles, sore yet relaxed when Bartan moved him into a more comfortable position on the bed. Stroking the smaller one until his deep breaths became loud purrs as he went unconscious, getting the bear to smile and start to feel drowsy himself.

Taking the bedsheets on his side and folding them over to cover the dragon, he was thankful they cleaned up the place while the ambassador was on duty. Granted, such stains would probably raise some questions, but odds are they won't be asked to the bear directly. Cuddling with the blue wyrm and giving his younger head a few licks, the white one sighed deeply-Okay, that's enough of that. No final monologue needed.

"Are you serious?" Bartan grumbled. "You really sucked the romance out of this story." Well, people don't care about the romance, they only care about the P0rnz. "A: I cannot believe you just called it that. And B: Says who!?" Your watcher count. Burn! "Ouch. Too far, man. Too far..."