

All Mine

By: Dragonien

The ground shook from the booming impacts of footsteps, each one a resonant thunder that vibrated through every nearby surface. A powerful blast of wind blew across the interior of the room as the mountainous door opened and the resulting displaced air created wind currents throughout the bedroom. The giant entering the room spoke in a voice that, to himself, was only a little on the deep side. To the other inhabitants of the room, however, it rumbled like a roll of thunder almost more physical force than simple sound.

“I’m Home.”

There was only one person he could be speaking too. Anyone else in the room beside the giant dragon and the target of his greeting was far too small to even comprehend he was there much less perceive the thunder of his voice as anything other than a mild earthquake. The pink furred wolf who was the target of said greeting winced and started to edge away from the petri dish he had been playing with. There was a fleeting hope that his giant captor wouldn’t notice how a few bits of the tiny city within the petri dish were now not so much buildings as they were rubble compressed into lupine footprints. Thankfully when the dragon’s rumbling footsteps brought him closer he either didn’t seem to notice the wolf’s mischief or didn’t seem to care. Unfortunately for Vero he knew that either of those explanations meant the dragon had something more pressing on his mind.

Fingers the size of telephone poles engulfed the little wolf like being snatched up by a crane. Even if the little pink furred wolf had tried to struggle the steely grip of the massive hand would have given to his resistance about as much as if he had been wrapped up in bent steel girders instead. However he had little change to struggle as he was too distracted by the sudden nausea that overtook him. The sensation of his stomach trying to shove its way into his feet from the abrupt vertigo of being lifted what, to him, was several stories into the air in only a couple of seconds made him tense up as if trying to suppress the feeling through sheer physical force. By the time he had regained his senses and settled his stomach he found the finger wrapped around his head had moved away to reveal him face to face with the grinning, billboard sized muzzle of his red draconic captor.

“Hello there, little guy...”Dragonien’s voice boomed around him.

Even though the words were barely a whisper to the dragon, they still rumbled around Vero like he were standing next to a revving diesel engine. He could actually feel the vibrations in the air resonating in his joints. By this time Vero’s ears were flattened so hard against his head in nervous submission that they felt like they were trying to burrow into his skull. Not that anyone had any reasonable room to blame him, After all. When you find yourself literally

in the hand of an apex predator, staring down a mouth big enough to fit you and your car along with it inside and lined with teeth each bigger than one of your legs, even the cockiest most self-assured creature would find themselves reflexively emulating a scared bit of prey.

Vero started to give a nervous greeting to his captor but, before he could get more than a fraction of a syllable out, he found his face smothered by those gigantic red lips. They had abruptly surged forward like a tidal wave of flesh to engulf every bit of the wolf's face along with most of his head as well. The plush, slightly saliva dampened rolls of flesh pushed and suckled against the entire front of his head for a couple of seconds in an unmistakable, if rather awkward due to the size difference, kiss. Before the kiss ended, the lips pushed even further forward. For a frightening second Vero felt his entire head pop into the expanse of lip flesh and could see the interior of the dimly lit cavern that was Dragonien's maw. Saliva dripped from teeth in thick globs reminiscent of water-soaked stalagmites and stalactites. By the time the kiss finally ended and the dragon's lips pulled back Vero was soaked from the neck up in a thin sheen of the dragon's ever so faintly mint-scented saliva, leaving his head's fur matted down like a dog caught out in the rain.

The dragon's hot breath washed over Vero's soaked head, sending a shiver down his spine as the moisture reacted with the moving air to chill him. The little wolf knew the dragon was sniffing at him, taking in that faintly fruity musk that was the wolf's natural scent. When he seemed to finally get his fill of sniffing at his little captive the hand holding Vero started to lower. That's when the wolf really started to get nervous. With a bit of a struggle he was able to pull one of his arms free from the constricting grip of the dragon's fist which still held him tight from the chest down. Gripping firmly onto one of the dragon's knuckles he was able to wiggle his way loose just enough that he could stretch out his neck and peer over the edge of the dragon's fist. Yep, he was heading right where he had expected.

The dragon's other hand was already waiting at his waistline, thumb hooked into the waistband of his royal purple boxer briefs. The dragon's jeans had already been unbuttoned and unzipped, certainly during the time Vero had his head trapped within the dragon's maw. Even through the thick cotton of the dragon's undergarments his prodigious endowment was clearly visible. He was more than endowed enough to create a thick bulge that jutted out in front of him in a fashion that would probably look rather intimidating even if the person looking at it wasn't several times smaller than it like Vero was.

When the hand holding the wolf neared the dragon's belly button, the dragon's other hand extended its index finger into the waistline of his underwear. Stretching it outwards, the taunt nylon waistband slowly peeled away from the flesh of his stomach and exposed the dark cavern of his underwear's interior like a gaping chasm beneath the dangling wolf. A powerful, masculine musk surged upwards from the opening and wafted around Vero like a cloud of squirm-inducing smog. Involuntarily he rolled his hips briefly in the confines of the dragon's fingers before he was able to get control of his body again. The sheer size difference between the two made that natural scent overpowering to the point it was almost like an airborne aphrodisiac to the poor little wolf and his sensitive canine nostrils. Then, just as abruptly as all of this interaction had started, the dragon's fist relaxed its grip.

Immediately Vero felt himself slide out from between the cylindrical prison of red fingers. For a brief moment he gripped his clawed fingers onto the edge of one of the red digits but his downward momentum was already too much and all it accomplished was jerking his body at an angle in that split second his grip held and making his straight downwards fall into a rolling head-over-heels tumble. Thankfully what he landed on was (mostly) soft. The thick, spongy

flesh malleable enough to cushion his fall and keep him from any significant injury. Unfortunately, it was also angled downwards so as soon as he hit it the little wolf began sliding downwards.

“Don’t squirm too much or you’ll wake up your roommate” the dragon’s voice boomed from above, right before his finger pulled free from the waistband and let it snap shut once more.

Instantly Vero was engulfed in near-total darkness. The tightly stretched fabric of the dragon’s boxer briefs pulled taut against his back, arresting his downwards slide while shoving him bodily against the immense mass of ebony dragon flesh beneath him. The dragon’s scent was exponentially more intense now that he was all but pinned against its source, compounded by the fact that the underwear helped to hold it in. Each breath he took made his cheeks heat with a flush and made his the Barbie doll pants he wore tighten noticeably in the front. He could feel the dragon’s heartbeat thumping through the immense organ in a repetitive metronome which only further added to his arousal. Who wouldn’t be turned on by being so close to such a monument to pure masculinity? The damn thing was still almost totally soft and was longer than the doll sized wolf was tall! Vero dared not even let the fleeting question of if he’d even be as tall as it was THICK take root in his mind. He could only imagine how big it’d get when the dragon got riled up.

As if responding to his thought, or perhaps just to his movements and physical contact, Vero could feel the flesh beneath him starting to plump and thicken. What, to Vero, felt like literal gallons upon gallons of blood surged through the monster of a phallus as its owner’s heart rate spiked. The pressure of it pinning him against the wall of the dragon’s underwear started to increase as it surged outwards, demanding more space with every one of the dragon’s rumbling heartbeats. Tighter and tighter it pressed the little pink wolf into his prison as it ballooned into a half-chub of arousal, which Vero could only imagine how deliciously plump and thick the crotch-bulge would look from the outside. He suddenly blushed and squirmed all the harder when he realized, considering how tight the underwear were and how much they were stretching out, his outline was probably clearly visible across the front of said bulge to anyone that might be looking. Not that he minded.

With a blissful sigh born out of a mix of admiration, arousal, musk-drunkenness and acceptance of his situation the little pink wolf spread his arms as wide as he could to better hug against the front of the dragon’s massive shaft. “Mine...” he whispered ever so quietly under his breath as he clung to his ‘roommate’.

Outside of the fabric prison the dragon was leaning his back against the wall, staring down at the outline of his swollen crotch bulge and the wolf clinging to it through the fabric. He lowered one of his hands down to gently rest his palm across the wolf’s outline. Then he slowly squeezed his fingers into the thick flesh of his budding arousal, grinding both his palm and the wolf trapped beneath it into his cock as his arousal grew. His voice came out in that same almost loving tone laced with a heavy undercurrent of arousal, though much deeper than Vero’s had, and loud enough the wolf heard it and started to squirm harder.

“Mine...”