

A Night at Home

By Dragonien

"Your couch is so tiny."

Dragonien's murmured in his deep voice as he squirmed his hips back and forth in an attempt to shift the two cushions beneath him into a comfortable position. Beside him Stephanie lay nestled up against the opposite armrest; clearly having no issues with the size of the couch. Then again, the petite little she-goat was barely pushing five-and-a-half feet tall whereas the while the dragon looming overhead had several inches on eight feet. It was no wonder the couch was small to him; EVERYTHING was a bit small to him

"Drago, sweetheart, the couch isn't tiny your butt is just too big." Steph responded; her voice filled with the concerned seriousness of a parent correcting a child's misconception of the world.

That earned a glare from the dragon.

"My butt is not too big. You just have tiny furniture." he retorted adamantly.

"D, honey." Steph continued, making a valiant effort to keep the smirk off her face as she continued staring up at the dragon with a serious expression. "If that ass were any bigger it would have its own zip code."

"How dare-"

"I don't even know how you fit through the front door without getting stuck in it!"

Dragonien glared down at the goat girl even as her lip quivered in her failing attempts to keep a smirk off of her face. Before either had a chance to make another retort a new voice piped up between them. This one was much quieter but thanks to the higher pitched squeak of the voice it was still fairly easy to hear.

"Your butt is so big that when people walk by you, they can't help but turn around and yell god DAMN, that's one big fat ass!"

The new voice at first seemed to come from Steph. upon closer inspection though it came from her torso or, more specifically, from Sammy: the black and blue-haired gray-furred mouse sticking their head up from where he seemed to be safely nestled inside of Stephanie's shirt.

"What? How long have you been hiding in there?!" Dragonien exclaimed in surprise.

Ignoring his question, Sammy squirmed their way out of Steph's cleavage and crawled up to where she held a hand waiting for him. Standing their six-inch-tall self atop her palm, Steph raised them up in front of her face where the two began to sing parodied lyrics to the melody of the Hanna-Barbera's Godzilla cartoon theme song; both of them stopped after each line and let the other continue where they left off.

"Up from the depths!"

"Three hundred pants sizes wide!"

"Crushing couches!"

"Seams bursting wide!"

Then both of them all-but yelled the chorus line in a purposefully off-key tone of voice, giggles leaking into their words as they went.

"BUTTZILLA! BUTTZILLA! BUTTZILLA"

Then, grinning, Steph raised her other hand up and gave a playful pinch to Sammy's own backside. The sudden, if brief, pressure caused the mouse to yelp in surprise and cut off halfway through the last word. Suddenly off-kilter, Sammy found themselves staring straight ahead at the billboard-sized face of Steph's now-grinning muzzle as her finger teasingly prodded at the little mouse's backside while she finished the last line.

"And Buttzookie..."

The two were interrupted by their little flirting interlude with one another by a loud groan from the couch beneath them. Springs sighing in relief as an immense weight was lifted up off of them, followed by a dark shadow cast across the giggling duo. Looming up, Sammy and Steph found their eyes going wide as they stared up at the denim-clad ass of Dragonien hovering threateningly directly above them. Any protest they might have made cut off abruptly as a few hundred pounds of dragon, led by two basketball-shaming butt-cheeks, descended upon the two and smothered them into the couch. In hindsight the goat and mouse were pretty grateful Steph's couch was so plush and comfortable. If it hadn't been, having over six hundred pounds of dragon suddenly flopping himself down on top of them might have been more than just uncomfortable.

For a good minute or so the dragon simply leaned back against the couch. he was perfectly content to let the two squirm and wriggle ineffectively beneath him. He felt Stephanie beating her comparatively small arms against his sides while the even smaller squirms of the doll-sized mouse wriggling where they were pinned between the small of his back and Stephanie's chest were barely even noticeable. Once the minute was up the dragon mercifully raised himself up off of his two victims, flopping back on the opposite side of the couch with a loud WHUMP of impact on the overtaxed cushions. The two stared daggers at the dragon for several moments of silence, Dragonien returning their glares with a wide, smug grin showing not an ounce of shame at his actions.

"Y'all should be nicer to Buttzilla." The dragon chastised. "Otherwise he'll use his weapon of ass destruction on you."

That finally broke through Sammy and Steph's mock-anger and all three of them broke down into another fit of giggles for a good two or three minutes straight. Steph ended up falling over onto her side and half-flopping across Dragonien's thighs. The impact sent Sammy tumbling from where they stuck halfway out of her cleavage and sent him sprawling across the dragon's opposite thigh where they proceeded to roll back and forth across the denim, clutching their stomach as they giggled hard enough for it to hurt. When the three finally calmed down enough to wipe away the tears of laughter in their eyes, they turned their attention back to the large television in front of them.

"So. You brought the movie, right?" Dragonien asked the she-goat now laying across one of his legs.

For a moment, Steph's eyes screwed up in confusion. Her eyes darted back and forth without focusing on anything as if she were trying to find something by looking inside her own head, before turning her attention back up to the dragon.

"Me? I thought you were bringing it." she replied.

"No. I was supposed to bring the popcorn." Dragonien insisted. Then, he paused for a moment, before wincing and adding with reluctance. "Which I might have accidentally forgot back home."

For a brief moment, the two of them stared at each other. Then, both of their eyes simultaneously glanced towards Sammy for the barest moments. Instantly the mouse was on their feet, hands on hips in defiance.

"Don't you look down here at me! Do I look like I could carry a DVD case or a big jug of popcorn kernels?"

That sent another chorus of giggles through the three of them both at the absurdity of expecting someone smaller than a barbie doll to provide either item, and the hilarity of both of them forgetting their part of the entire reason they had gotten together tonight.

"Well." Dragonien exclaimed with a sigh. "Could always see if there's anything good on the movie channels."

"Yea cause I totally want to watch The Avengers or Star Wars for the fifty--second time as if channels devoted to showing movies nonstop can only show the same two movies over and over again!" Sammy complained, flopping onto their back across Dragonien's thigh.

"Netflix?" Stephanie asked, testing the waters.

"Uuugh." Dragonien responded, as quickly and vehemently as Sammy had for the movie channel. "Don't even mention Netflix to me right now. I'm still having nightmares about the train wreck they made Death Note and Mob Psycho into."

For a long moment all three of them were silent as they tried to reconcile their fallen-through plans and come up with an alternative. More than once one of them started to suggest something, only to stop halfway through opening their mouth and retracting their half-formed thought. It was Stephanie that finally came up with an alternate suggestion.

"You know..." She murmured softly, letting her words trail off before finishing.

As she spoke, she reached one of her arms further across Dragonien's lap. The smooth, blunted end of her hoof-tipped finger reached out to gently stroke over Sammy's head and down the mouse's back; sending a shiver down the suddenly nervous rodent's spine. Then, she pulled her arm back slightly, and mirrored the exact same motion on Dragonien. The only difference being that it wasn't down the dragon's head and back her arm had reached over to stroke. Instead, Dragonien suddenly found himself shivering for very different reasons as he felt Steph's finger stroking shamelessly right down the front of his jean's zipper.

"...I can think of some other things we could do for some fun, together." She finished, her voice taking on a decidedly playful tone.

Before either of the others had a chance to respond Steph had her fingers nudging up underneath the button of Dragonien's fly. She had to squirm her fingers around a bit, a not unwelcome stimulation that made the dragon's pulse quicken, in order to get a firm enough grip on the large zipper to begin peeling it downwards.

Royal blue fabric immediately began to push out through the metal tooth-lined opening in his pants as both his underwear and their contents stretched out into the less-constrained space offered to them. Only when the zipper was all the way down did Steph trace her fingers back up along the length of Dragonien's clearly-defined crotch bulge, catch her thumb underneath the hook of his pants button, and pop it open.

Finally, free of the last bit of constraint around it, Dragonien's crotch bulge seemed to all-but flow out of the opening of his pants, as if eager to fill out past what the constraint of the denim had allowed them. It wasn't exactly the first time Sammy or Steph had seen Dragonien in such a state of undress, they'd seen far more already, but it still never failed to make them stop a moment and just stare appreciatively. Dragonien was a big boy, even considering he was over eight feet tall. Even completely dormant and soft the thing stuffed down the front of his royal blue underwear probably would have been at least twice Sammy's size. That wasn't even counting the two hefty orbs nestled beneath the tube-shaped outline of flesh that each looked to be at least a baseball in size. For Steph it was an eyeful, not to mention a handful were she to reach in and try to scoop up the monstrous mass of male flesh. For Sammy, though, it was something entirely different.

To the little mouse it was like a literal building made out of flesh and fabric. Almost as if entranced, Sammy found themselves slowly crawling on their hands and knees across Dragonien's thigh towards the exposed crotch bulge. Their sensitive rodent nose twitched several times as it began to detect the distinct, potent masculine scent coming from the partially exposed appendage. They stared up at the outline like it were a truck hovering in front of them, watching Steph's comparatively tree-trunk of a finger stroking lightly along the outline of it. Her finger gently pushed and nudged at the malleable, cloth covered flesh; easily manipulating the pile of flesh that almost certainly could have smothered them beneath its sheer heft if it were dropped atop them without care.

Already the attention and stimulation from the she-goat was beginning to have an effect. Both her and the mouse watched as the already snugly-stretched cotton of Dragonien's underwear began to stretch and tent outwards. The thick mass of flesh hidden beneath slowly began to plump and thicken as his pulse quickened. Even with the relatively slow buildup of arousal the dragon's flesh burgeoned forward; thickening with such rapid heft and girth that it seemed almost to be growing rather than simply erecting; a thought that excited all three of them as they watched the show. Steph's already comparatively small hand seemed to shrink against the expanding mass of Dragonien's erection as it burgeoned down one leg of his underwear, growing too long and thick to stick straight out against the front flap and instead forced down the side-channel of his undergarments. Unfortunately for Sammy, that left the thick tube-shaped slab of meat stretching towards him as if a third arm reaching for the little rodent.

Tentatively, Sammy approached the mushroom-shaped outline of Dragonien's cockhead where it pushed against the fabric of his boxer briefs. A tiny hand pressed down on the dome of flesh that easily was as wide across as half of Sammy's body! Forget cuddling up with the thing like a body pillow, the damn thing was more like a couple of refrigerators laid down in front of one another to the mouse! They didn't have long to admire the view before the underwear began to shift around the turgid length began to shift, though. Steph bravely reached both hands up to pull at their waistband, peeling them down to expose the base and first few inches of Dragonien's ebony-colored shaft. It took both of her hands to reach in, wrapping around the base and lower portion of his erection to tug it upwards and haul the entire mass up out of Dragonien's underwear and into the open air. Even with both of her hands holding on to it the little five-and-a-half foot-tall goat girl couldn't even cover half of its surface area. The full eighteen inches of draconic flesh pulsed and throbbed in her grasp as if pleased by the contact and drinking in her admiration as it towered over her head. Dragonien, for his part, was perfectly willing after the initial contact to simply lean back and let the two play. Who would argue with having a couple of cute little people playing with him? His arms draped across the back of the couch and his body

slouched down just a bit, head tilting back and eyes drifting closed as he simply surrendered him to the two of their ministrations.

Stephanie was perfectly willing to take advantage. With little more than a brief squeak of surprise, Sammy soon found themselves wrapped up in one of Steph's hands and lifted up off the dragon's thigh. Seconds later they found themselves dropped at the base of Dragonien's erection; straddling it between their spread legs like they might straddle a double-wide canoe. They didn't have time to rest and properly regain their bearings, though, as moments later Steph's fingers began to close in around where the little mouse had been dropped. Frantically, Sammy began scrambling their way up the sharp forty-five-degree angled incline of Dragonien's erection in an attempt to avoid the enclosing grip of the she-goats embrace. Both of them could hear Dragonien hiss out a quiet breath at the stimulation; his body tensing up slightly as he made a conscious effort not to squirm or buck under their touch lest it disrupt them... or send the little mouse flying off of him. Just when Sammy thought they had made it high enough to avoid Steph's hands, they watched the powerful fingers begin to slide up the thick length of ebony flesh. Small rolls of the surface flesh began to bunch up under her fingers almost like 'waves' in a sea of flesh threatening to overtake the little mouse. It wasn't until Sammy had scrambled their way up nearly to the head of the shaft. Thankfully her fingers stopped an inch or so away from bulldozing him right off of the tip, only to reverse and begin sliding their way back down the length of Dragonien's shaft.

This started a gentle rhythm to Steph's ministrations; lazily pulling both hands up the length of Dragonien's erection until what little spare flesh bunched up near Sammy's perch at the top, only to be stretched back out when she retreated back the opposite direction. It was a slow, methodical stimulation meant more to rile the dragon up and slowly build him into a solid state of arousal rather than to rile him up or make him squirm. It was gentle, tender, and had the dragon rumbling happily deep in his throat almost instantly. Sammy, for their part, was forced to cling to the end of the dragon's shaft. His thighs squeezed around the base of the cockhead while his arms draped over the top of it like someone hanging halfway off the edge of a cliff; little fingers clinging to the crown of the dragon's cock head for purchase. Within moments of their placement and Steph's attentions, Sammy felt a growing wetness forming against their stomach. Already the dragon was beginning to leak a copious amount of pre that slung too and matted down the fur along Sammy's front. In addition, the already potent masculine scent coming from the dragon spiked sharply from the presence of his pre and Sammy soon found their head swimming in the musky fog of arousal it caused. They soon found themselves unconsciously grinding back against Dragonien's cock head; their own erection pinned between their hips and the under-channel of Dragonien's domed cock head. The pre made excellent lubrication, leaving the mouse's front slick and friction-less as it gyrated up and down against the dragon's own throbbing flesh.

Steph was unwilling to let the mouse; who continued their slow grinding against the dragon, and the dragon himself; who had begun to lazily roll his hips into each of Steph's downward strokes have all of the fun. Soon Sammy felt a pressure against their back pushing them down against the top of Dragonien's shaft. a quick glance over their shoulder showed them a plush pair of fur-lined lips pressing in to them as Steph kissed along their back; momentarily smothering the little mouse between them and the dragon's erection. Her body pushed forward, angling the spire of dragon-flesh higher so that she could press her upper body against its underside as she began to trace a trail of kisses from Sammy's perch down the length of the shaft itself. Each little press of her lips against his erection was accompanied by either a light suckle, a brief sweep of her tongue from between her lips, or even a momentary nibble to the sensitive flesh that soon had the dragon transitioning from lazy hip rolling to squirming and grunts of spiking arousal. It didn't take much more of that teasing before the dragon decided to take the initiative.

Suddenly Stephanie was stumbling backwards as the dragon abruptly rose to his feet. The abrupt movement sent the foot-and-a-half long tool jutting from his hips bobbing wildly in front of him for a moment;

hard enough to send the poor little mouse tumbling down from his perch. Thankfully they had plenty of softness below to land upon as the little mouse found himself plopping down right onto Stephanie's left breast. For a moment the two simply stared up, the dampness between the goat's legs and the hard throbbing between Sammy's own intensified by the sight of the immense dragon looming over them both; view of his face all-but completely obscured by the erection hanging over them both. Slowly, the dragon began to crouch down over the two of them and slipped his hands underneath the she-goat's armpits; nearly thumping his erection against Steph's muzzle in the process. She soon found herself being hoisted up into the air with little more effort than it would take an adult to lift up a child which, considering the relative size between her barely five-foot-six frame and the over-eight-foot-tall dragon wasn't surprising. Sammy, the poor little mouse, was forced to dig in his hands and feet into the soft flesh beneath them, eliciting a moan from Steph as the mouse clung to her breast. The she-goat soon found herself hoisted up high enough her head was brushing the ceiling, legs spread and draped over either of the dragon's shoulders. As she was lifted up, though, the dragon's tail hooked itself into the hem of her pants so that the abrupt lifting caused them to simply pull off of her; leaving her naked from the waist down.

The dragon wasted no time in diving his muzzle straight in, now that it was situated square between her legs as Steph rode his shoulders in reverse. The pleased hums and sighs from her earlier toying with the dragon turned into full-blown gasps and moans of her own as the dragon's mouth pressed against her lower lips; what had to be a full foot of prehensile draconic tongue shamelessly teasing around and delving into Steph's depths with feverish abandon. If her ministrations on the dragon had been the slow, methodical building of arousal then his was meant to be a grenade of pure stimulation delivered straight to the source. Poor Sammy, all the while, found themselves grinding shamelessly against Steph's nipple much as they had done against Dragonien's erection earlier. The entire situation enough to get them aroused to the point of desperation; their combined scents filling the air and overwhelming the comparatively tiny mouse made it near impossible for them to think of anything else but their own release. It didn't help when one of Steph's hands, the one that wasn't gripping one of Dragonien's horns both for support and to encourage him, reached up and started to fondle her breast with Sammy trapped right in the middle. Thick fingers squeezed and kneaded lustily at her own flesh, the little mouse pinned in against her palm and slid up and down around her areola

The two passengers barely noticed that the dragon was moving through the house as they continued in on one another. Almost as afterthoughts they all removed what bits of clothing they had left; leaving a trail of discarded shirts, socks, underwear, and pants from the living room down the hall towards the bathroom and bedroom. It was only when they heard the shower turn on and noticed the dragon had leaned down at an odd angle to reach the faucet without disrupting his other 'activities' that Steph and Sammy started to calm down enough to take in their surroundings again. It helped that Dragonien took a momentary pause from tongue-screwing Steph and let her catch her breath; in turn causing her to relax her hold on the breast Sammy was pinned against. All three of them were breathing heavily, chests heaving and various body-parts throbbing needily as Dragonien lowered Steph and her passenger back down to the ground. None of them was quite ready to finish their activities and happily took the dragon's cue to take a breather. It wasn't like any of them was going to calm down at this point without getting off, but they at least gave each other a chance to calm down to a less frantic state of desperate arousal.

The shower helped, too. The warm water was pleasant enough on all three of them to keep them excited while still calming their thundering heartbeats and letting them come down from their sexual highs. This, of course, led to more teasing and sultry activities now that the three weren't all-but-rutting anymore. As usual, Sammy seemed to get the short end of the stick. Not that you'd ever hear the mouse complaining about it. As they had stepped into the shower, Steph had placed the little mouse right back atop the platform of Dragonien's extended erection like it were little more than a shelf to store things. The uneven, rounded surface required the mouse to reflexively wrap their arms and legs around its girth and eliciting a soft rumble of arousal from the

recently-calmed dragon in response. With her back turned to him for the moment, neither Dragonien nor his passenger could resist eyeing Stephanie's back up and down; enjoying the pleasant view of her pert backside as the water matted down the fur along it and helped to accentuate its shape.

When she turned back to them both she held a bottle of bodywash in her hands; a playful smile on her face. In a flash, Sammy found themselves snatched up and being liberally coated with the cool, heavily-scented gel from the bottle. Though Steph was careful to keep most of it away from the mouse's face she didn't hesitate whatsoever when it came to lathering the mouse up into a thickly-lathered loofah for her to make liberal use of. The next few minutes were spent with Dragonien being nudged and bumped back and forth by Steph's guiding hand; using the gentle prods and tugs to encourage him to turn or bend down when needed. All the while her other hand made liberal use of the living loofah she had made out of Sammy to thoroughly scrub every last inch of the towering dragon; of which there were plenty. The little mouse found themselves rolled over the dragon's abs, scrubbed beneath his arms, and lathered across his arms and legs. Though she made an effort not to further rile up the dragon too much in doing so, Steph couldn't resist spending a couple of minutes thoroughly cleaning the dragon's nethers either; casually rubbing the mouse against the rolling, malleable flesh of the dragon's ball sac then sliding him up and down every inch of the foot-and-a-half log still jutting insistently from the dragon's waistline. Finally, when she was certain she'd gotten the dragon spotless, she rinsed both him and the flustered, frazzled mouse off with the hand-sprayer of the shower.

As a reward for their service, willing or otherwise, Steph raised the freshly-cleaned mouse up to her smiling muzzle and gave them a kiss. Thick, plush she-goat lips smothered the front of the mouse's body; the moisture of her nose tickling under Sammy's chin while the fluffy tuft of fur hanging from her chin tickled at the mouse's waistline and nethers. When she felt Sammy's little erection bumping against her chin, Stephanie couldn't help but grin. Sammy hadn't seemed to have minded being used as a sponge for the big dragon if their body's reaction was any indication. Before she could tease the little mouse further, the dragon decided it was his turn to join in as well.

Thick, powerful hands suddenly gripped at either of Steph's asscheeks; causing her to let out a small bleat of surprise that nearly made her drop the mouse down to the shower floor below. Her feet left the ground as the dragon effortlessly hauled her up into the air until she was near eye-level with him. As he pulled her in close and his hands slid from her butt down towards her thighs her legs reflexively curled in around the dragon's mid-section to help hold on to him. All the while the dragon leaned in to give Steph a kiss of his own, with the little mouse still trapped right between them. For a few moments Sammy was simply trapped there; smaller, furry lips on one side and thicker, smooth red lips against their back pinning them in place as the two made out with either side of their tiny body. Their tongues briefly slipped from their lips, teasingly licking across Sammy's nethers and stomach or along his back and tail base as the two teased the mouse under the guise of kissing each other; even making contented rumbles and purrs of arousal from their lips as if they were French-kissing each other.

before long, though, the water began to lose its warmth as the water heater failed to keep up with their extended play and make-out session and they were forced to vacate the shower stall. As the three dried off, Stephanie and Dragonien with the larger towels she kept around while Sammy made use of a washcloth to do so, they all seemed to go quiet as if trying to decide what to do next. They'd lost the intense lust they'd initial built up when they'd started fooling around as their play had turned more teasing and intimate so none of them felt an urge to jump the other like feral beasts. Then again, all three of them still were wound pretty tight; tight enough that just going back and trying to find another movie to watch probably was not going to cut it. Finally,

to the surprise of the other two, it was Sammy that spoke up with a suggestion. One that spread a grin over the face of both the goat and dragon at the implications of even as the little mouse blushed and stammered out their suggestion, clearly flustered about voicing it aloud to the two of them.

"So uh... we could, you know... go back to the bedroom if you two wanna fool around a bit more. I'm sure I can, ah... squeeze in somewhere in the middle, right?"

From the look on both Stephanie and Dragonien's faces, they had more than a few ideas of where exactly Sammy could find themselves between them in the coming activities. This was going to be a long night for the little mouse. As embarrassing as it was to admit, he was looking forward to it. It may not be every day that most people got toyed with by two people big enough to swallow them whole. For Sammy, though, not only was it a regular occurrence: it was the highlight of their day.