

An Old Love



Story by TeraDyne Ezeri

The bedroom was dark as the dragoness rounded the corner into her closet. It was still far too early in the morning for her brain to be awake, but work called at any and all hours of the day. And today was no exception.

She reached into the pile of clothes for a set to put on, but found her claws striking something unfamiliar. The clink of bone and gemstone sounded through the tiny room, catching her completely off guard. Curious, she pulled the item out into the dull light of the bulb above her, finding a strange case with an even stranger marking: “SSH”, etched into the emerald outer casing, but made to look like claw marks. It wasn’t hers... Something her ex-lover must’ve left behind.

She tossed it onto her bed and went back to gathering what she needed for work, getting a shirt, pants, and some underwear before returning to the other room and turning on the light. But as she began to get dressed, the object caught her attention almost fully.

There were latches on the front, almost like a briefcase—an attaché case, as she recalled.

Click!

Click!

There were no locks, so getting inside was as simple as flipping open the latches. And inside was something she hadn’t expected. A costume, but not like any she’d seen before. It was plastic and rubber, almost like an action figure, with a bumpy textured ‘skin’ covering the pieces. A full-hooded mask, claws with jointed sleeves, feet with jointed legs, an articulated tail, and a body piece with some rather *interesting* attachments were all crammed into the box, with a deep black color to all but the claws and teeth.

As the dragoness pulled it out bit-by-bit, she recognized it as old-earth Saurian in species. A *Velociraptor*, as she recalled from the old movies. It looked to be just about her size, too.

Work could wait just a little while longer.

With a soft childish grin, the dragoness slipped her feet into the leg pieces of the suit, pulling them up to her torso. The three-digit clawed feet of the suit didn't feel uncomfortable at all. In fact, they felt rather natural, even allowing her to tap the hooked inner talon on each side. And the joints were nimble, almost organic in how they moved. Nothing like the cosplay suits she often saw.

According to the basic instructions just in the bottom of the case, she put on the body next, slipping her tail into the attached piece on the back. It was a lot more rigid than it seemed at first glance, forcing her to take the leaning stance that the species was known for just to keep balanced. Clips along the sides of the lower body secured her inside, and hooked around the hips of the leg pieces, making it all seamless.

What really threw the dragon off was the groin, where a large rubber dildo and silicone balls were situated and hanging below her. Saurians usually had cloacas like her kind, but this one had obviously had some creative liberties taken in its creation. And she could feel it... She didn't know what kind of tech it had to cause such a thing, but she could feel every inch of the phallic organ as it hung in the air.

Next was the arms. A thumbless trio of claws that she had no difficulty putting on, and much like the legs, snapped together with the body to make the whole thing seamless. The digits bent, the wrists rotated, and the arms bent and moved in just the right way. It made her wonder who "SSH" was.

And for the final piece, she slipped her muzzle into the head. Her lips lined up with those of the mask's, and as she pulled the hood closed, it too snapped into place with the neck of the body piece, allowing her to move without showing her body underneath. It was so believable that she had to watch herself in the mirror on the back of her closet door.

There was no white snow dragon staring back in the glass. Just a pure black velociraptor toy, its white claws and exposed sharp teeth the only clue one would have to its existence if it came from the shadows. The suit clattered slightly as she moved from side to side to test the range of movement, and she found it quite natural for something meant to mimic a toy figure.

It was all natural. She could feel the air of the fan passing over the plastic outer plates of the suit. Like she *was* the toy raptor. And just the thought of it made her quite aroused.

Wanting to test out that *interesting addition*, one of her joined hands wandered just far enough down to wrap around the shaft. Her mind buzzed with excitement, and while the suit couldn't show her smiling, she was indeed smiling. Her mouth opened, and she saw an articulated rubber tongue lolling out of it. She thought of it as her being even more of a toy.

Too pent up to ignore, the raptor got onto the bed and rolled onto her back, feet mostly still in the air. Her claws caressed along the black toy cock, making her shudder with every stroke.

Slowly...

Teasingly...

She found herself enjoying the feeling of getting off with just the three claws. She'd always had a thing for *feral* creatures that had enough mind to consent to more adult activities, and with the chirring sounds she was making with her mouth, it was like *she* was the wild animal getting herself off. The thought made her imagination run wild.

More and more...

Faster...

Faster...

The raptor let out a squeal as her imagination lost control. A stream of cum launched through the air, splattering against the wall behind her, with more just behind it spraying her chest and face. Her whole body rattled as she quivered from the sensations of her first "*male*" orgasm, with more and more of the milky white lube coming from the tip of the dildo.

After a few moments, the jets subsided, and she lay basking in the afterglow on her bed, tail swaying slightly behind her. Only the sound of her phone going off reminded her of the fact that she still had to get to work.

Without thinking, she got a wash cloth and cleaned off the plastic shell of her body, then gathered her clothes together and put them on before dashing out the door in a hurry, the speed of a raptor taking her faster than the bus or a cab could.

She didn't even realize she wasn't breathing, or feeling hungry, or anything of the sort. After all, toys didn't need anything like that. There wasn't a thought of the dragoness in her mind. Just the raptor, running to get to work.