

Self Service
By Angelus

The hydra was sprawled out in the comfort of their private maintenance bay. Their dark, belly was exposed to the ceiling, and the grey scales that covered the rest of them would have almost blended in with concrete. On the floor, underneath them, were several large mattresses, that had been brought in to provide comfort, after they complained that the concrete floor was no good for napping on. Today, the hydra was alone and unobserved in the maintenance bay, and they were taking the opportunity to perform some particular self-maintenance they had been neglecting for a while.

The three heads shared the same mind, and so worked in tandem to maximize their collective pleasure. One hand was stroking their shaft in long, slow strokes, lazily working it to arousal. The head assigned to this task was watching their motions, and carefully observing the swelling and growth of their shaft that was brought on by each stroke. It felt good, and caused a positive feedback loop that encouraged them to keep at the task.

Another of the heads was busy groping and teasing their balls. They could feel the churn of those balls inside their heavy sack, and the toes on one foot curled with pleasure as they felt their balls start to tighten and swell. This head bit their lower lip and held back a growl of pleasure as they danced their fingers over the sensitive skin. As their arousal built, so did their potential load size.

The remaining head coordinated the other two, and waited for their opportunity to jump in and help. Their shaft throbbed and grew, rising over their belly and reaching for their chest. It swelled beyond the reach of a single hand, and so they switched to holding it against their body with their arm and stroking it with their entire forearm to keep pumping it to full hardness. Likewise, their sack churned and swelled bigger than their hand could hold. It filled out the space between their thighs, growing big enough that one hand could barely cup one of their heavy, full balls.

As the tip of their dick rose up past their chest, the remaining head got to work. They twisted their long neck and angled down, and met the tip of their shaft with a soft kiss that made the whole body shudder. They licked at the tip, growling with delight, before opening their jaws wide and sliding them over that oversized dick.

The hydra's jaws stretched out wide, almost to the point of discomfort, but not quite. They filled their wide, deep muzzle with their own shaft and flicked their tongue around the sensitive tip, drawing a long moan from the other heads. They weren't done yet though, and as that shaft hit the back of their throat, they gave a heavy swallow and gulp, and stuffed the top couple of feet of their long throat with their own shaft. Their efforts were rewarded, as a heavy throb and gush of precum briefly bulged out the underside of that dick and pumped down into their shared belly.

With all three heads working towards the same goal, they soon reached the edge of their arousal. One hand groped and squeezed their overfilled nuts, one hand pumped their huge shaft, and one head was deep throating a good few feet of it and giving it some expert attention with their tongue. The other heads were left panting, teeth gritting and claws digging into the

mattress as they tried to hold back for as long as they could. Their tail lashed, and they growled in defiant pleasure as they began to buck their hips with their rising need.

All at once, they could hold back no more. Their shaft bulged with the pressure as a geyser of cum erupted into their throat and flooded into their belly. Their previously slim middle readily bulged out as they audibly chugged their own gushing seed. The dark, almost rubbery flesh creaked and shined as their rounding middle pressed against their dick and bulged around the sides of it with a thick slosh. Each heavy swallow added gallons to their gut, and the other two heads writhed their necks in pleasure as they worked to catch breath for the one head that currently couldn't get a breather.

As suddenly as it started, it was over. Their orgasm ran out, tapering from a flood to a trickle. They made sure to suck themselves dry before pulling off, and they licked their muzzle clean with a lustful grin. Their stomach bounced out into a heavy sphere as their shaft was let go. It flopped between their legs, still semi-hard but quickly softening as their stomach sagged over their lap and thighs. They grabbed their sides and gave their middle a wobble, enjoying the thick sloshing that came from the filling within.

Satisfied with their work, they gave their stomach a last slap before sprawling out on their mattress pile to pass out and recover from the exhausting ordeal. Even with three heads, it was a lot of work to get off with junk so big.