

Scaly white eye lids slid open, revealing a pair of large blue irises. The orange and pink spotted white sea dragon yawned, stretching out her arms and legs, a large air bubble popping out of her mouth and drifting upwards. After flexing her muscles, she placed her hands behind her head, her naked petite breasts spreading out. She turned her short, fish-like muzzle towards the nearest patch of transparent orange tentacles around her.

Her thick tail wagged back and forth idly, her thin fins brushing against the warm, squishy strands of the animal that was her home. A satisfied rumble vibrated from her throat as she stretched her arms and legs out to feel the rubbery tentacles brushing against her soft scales, a few of the strands lazily looping around her limbs, but her home seemed too tired to play. She placed a palm against the warm, leathery floor, feeling the faintest of rumbles vibrate through her fingers. Her home sounded hungry.

The sea dragon pouted and sat up with a huff. She tried to remember the last time the pair of them caught a decent meal. Too ignorant to mark the routine passage of the sun above the waves, the dragon instead settled for it being several nappy times since she last lured a creature into her home's clutches. Her stomach growled, as if in agreement. Another louder rumble from the tentacle creature echoed her stomach.

She squeaked reluctantly, but pushed herself off her home's soft warm floor, the creature's thin strands fluttering over her body in the warm current. Her head nuzzled the nearest tendril and kissed it. Paddling her way through the water with her webbed hands and feet, she emerged from the waving cluster of tentacles into the bright forest of corals and seaweed outside.

Yellows, blues, reds, and dull green growths covered the seabed. Small fish in equally bright colors swam about, keeping their distance from her dwelling which had a desolate area stretching five feet around it. The waving curtain of amber tubes strangled anything that came too close. Only microscopic plants grew on dark rocks there. She didn't care though, the little fish made tasty snacks, but her tentacles needed help to catch something more filling.

Tucking her limbs against her serpentine body, she thrashed her powerful tail against the water and dashed about the reef. The fish ignored the larger creature, unconcerned by the seemingly gentle reptile. A bright blue eel swam close enough for her to pet where its neck met its arrow-shaped head. It darted away from her in alarm, leaving her with a sad frown on her muzzle.

She stared after the pretty eel forlornly for a few seconds before swimming away, shoving her nose into familiar rocks and clumps of seaweed, disturbing schools of fish and other animals that shrank away or scattered into the current. The dragon chased some blue-spotted seahorses for a while; before her stomach's plaintive growling caused her to resume prowling. She circled farther and farther away from the familiar comfort of the reef. The dragoness knew what dangers lived out in the darker depths, but she just continued on, chirping a cheerful tune to herself.

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A black creature cut through the water, his body made up of pointed triangles. A large fin extended from his back and two fins grew from the end of his tail in opposing directions. Sharp teeth filled his mouth, which he kept open in a vicious grin. Two muscular arms were tucked against his sides.

Brutus the shark was also on the hunt for a meal, but unlike the passive sea dragon, he had eaten recently, ambushing an unaware bird floating on the waves above. The small, feathery morsel had hardly filled his belly and the itchy plumage had irritated his throat on the way down.

Barren white sand dotted the ocean floor under him, the same landscape he'd watched for the last couple miles with the occasional rock formation or piece of dark seaweed breaking the monotony, not that Brutus appreciated such mundane things as scenery. He only noticed the last things to eat for miles had been schools of small silvery fish that scattered to avoid him. He missed the larger creatures he'd hunted in colder waters and regretted leaving that territory despite getting fed up with his daily hunting routine and the stale taste of blubbery meat. The warmer waters had started out as a pleasant change, but were starting to irritate the arctic acclimated shark.

He decided if he found nothing worth eating in the next couple hours, he'd return north to the waters of his home.

Then his eyes caught sight of something bright yellow in the distance. His pace quickened, after the barren pale sands and the blindingly white snow of his home, the vibrant color grabbed his attention the same way his favorite meal, a black, white, and yellow colored bird, did. As he closed in, the glimpse of yellow grew into a large garden of contrasting colors against the golden backdrop. He'd never seen so many different hues and even the aggressive killing machine paused to marvel at the vibrancy of the tropical reef. Hundreds of small creatures darted away from him, wisely afraid of the imposing predator. He ignored the bite-sized morsels and soon grew disinterested in the splendor around him, resuming his search for food.

A sharp sound reached his ears, a voice repeating soft squeaks in an unsteady tempo. Brutus followed the strange, disjointed tune, wondering if it would lead to food. As he crested a large corral formation, he spotted the multi-colored sea dragon below, swimming back and forth in a valley full of bright green seaweed, the swaying leaves brushing against her smooth skin as she kicked at the water, singing happily.

Brutus' mouth gaped open, tongue lolling out as he admired the toned muscles on the sea dragon's arms and tail, her belly looked slightly plump, but overall there wasn't much fat on the creature. He noticed two extra limbs alongside the dragon's tail that resembled her arms. They reminded him of the white, furry four-limbed creatures he occasionally found swimming in his ocean. He disliked the burly land-dwellers, thinking they had no business in his territory, but he'd never dared attack one of the large mammals. This smaller creature possessed no claws,

prominent teeth, and her muscles, though well-toned, were nothing compared to Brutus' bulging arms. He decided he'd enjoy eating this cute land-dwelling four-legged thing.

Stomach growling, he paddled towards her, yellow eyes tracking the dragon's lackadaisical movements. The shark stayed low against the bright coral, gliding silently down the formation. She showed no sign of noticing his dark hide against the bright rocks. He ducked into the field of dark green seaweed and crawled through the undergrowth with his arms, using his ears and electrical senses to track her now instead of his eyes. His tail twitched with excitement as he neared his prey.

The shark burst out of the green forest, his fins kicking furiously at the water, propelling him the last couple feet toward the sea dragon. His mouth snapped shut, closing around salty water as she ducked under his maw. With a giggle, she put her feet against Brutus' muscular chest and kicked off of him, knocking the water out of his gills and propelling them apart. She didn't flee though, instead turning and giggling at him again with a mischievous grin on her maw.

With a growl, Brutus launched himself at her, swinging his claws at her throat; she ducked under his swipe with ease. He brought his other arm down, but she twirled away again, still chirping that irritating high-pitched noise. He spun around and lashed out with his tail, the strong appendage catching her in the back and knocking her forward. He spun towards her, but the dragon recovered quicker and sprinted a short distance away.

Sticking her light orange tongue out at him, the sea dragon turned and swam away. The furious shark kicked his tail, surging after her. The dragon glanced over her shoulder, eyes widening in shock as Brutus rapidly bore down on her. He opened his mouth ready to sink his teeth into her flesh and pull a chunk of meat away, but she nimbly shot upwards, avoiding the shark once again. He circled around to face her and found her swimming away at an angle. He followed, quickly closing in again, but she ducked under him at the last moment. Brutus charged her again and again, his speed was unrivaled by any creature he ever pursued, but the nimble dragon simply ducked out of the way, her agility allowing her to swim rings around the larger, clumsier fish. She bounced off the ocean floor and rocks as Brutus slashed and bit at her in frustration, always coming short of hitting her. As she grew accustomed to the shark's movement, the sea dragon purposefully let him get close enough he could almost taste her, only to dodge at the last moment. He might have given up, but this teasing frustrated the hungry, prideful predator and he kept after the reptile, even as his muscles burned and his breathing became heavy. The dragon watched with interest, a happy grin on her muzzle while all the while her high-pitched squeaking continued.

Seeing Brutus hanging in the water, body shaking from exhaustion, the sea dragon produced a curious clicking noise, before turning and swimming away nonchalantly. The shark watched disbelievingly as the prey forgot him and swam

off. Rage boiling in his stomach, he followed her, gills burning from exhaustion. She sneaked glances over her shoulder at the shark, making sure he was keeping up.

The wavering orange strands of her home came into sight and she shot towards the cluster of tentacles, her tail beating at the water in anticipation. Brutus watched his prey disappear into the curtain of flimsy-looking amber ribbons and followed her. As he pushed into her home, his tired limbs clawed through the floundering tentacles, his tail beating against the growths wrapping around it. The ropey vines caught his wrists and Brutus found his arms restrained as they pulled taut. The billowing threads squeezed tight around his chest, waist and tail. He twisted in the creature's grip, but his tired, burning muscles failed to overcome the powerful bonds.

Anger surged through him as the pink and orange splotched dragoness emerged from the curtain of tentacles. How dare she humiliate him like this? He roared and pushed forward, trying to bite her, but he only managed to move his torso a fraction of an inch against the rubbery bindings. The dragoness giggled and then bared her small, knife-like fangs in a wide smile. She sunk them into his neck, piercing his rough sandpaper-like hide with ease. Brutus growled in pain as the dragoness suckled the blood from his wound. Exhausted and bleeding, the confused shark tried to make sense of how this tiny prey creature had done this. She pulled away, smiling innocently at him as whiffs of red mist drifted from her mouth, joining the crimson stream pouring from his neck. His mouth lunged towards her nose, but she leaned backwards and his teeth snapped shut on empty water. An orange tendril wrapped tight around his muzzle a moment later, rendering him harmless.

The tentacles began to squeeze the oxygen out of his body. The squishy strands seemed to be cutting into his hard skin. The dragoness poked at his waist curiously, the shark barely feeling her fingers probing him as the lack of air choked his brain. A scaly hand pulled at the tentacle around his throat and they relaxed their grip on him, allowing the shark to breath, but still keeping him trapped.

As the dragoness flashed a sultry smile, red staining her teeth, Brutus' stomach lurched nervously. He told himself it was just the bird he ate earlier disagreeing with him, there was no way it was fear of the small reptile and her vile orange plant.

She bent over, tail rising up parallel to her body as she grabbed his thighs and pulled him closer. Brutus closed his eyes as her muzzle brushed against his slit; small fingers reached inside and pulled his soft penis out into the warm water. The dragon purred happily and wrapped her mouth around it. The shark's fists clenched as he anticipated the agony of her teeth tearing into his sensitive flesh. Instead, pleasure flickered through his rod as her lips sucked the first few inches of his massive length. Her hand gripped the rest of his cock, the smooth scales on her palm gliding over the pink flesh.

Brutus moaned and thrashed helplessly in the tentacles' grip, new anger flaring as the prey sucked at his cock without permission. He tried to angle his

claws to tear at a tentacle, but the orange bonds around his wrists were too far to reach. He bared his teeth, but the tentacle wrapped around his mouth kept his maw shut tight. Even if he could sever one of the tubes, a hundred more waited to restrain him.

The sea dragon began working her mouth back and forth down his stiffening member. A second hand joined the first, ten nimble fingers stroking the shark to full hardness as a soft tongue bounced against the bottom of his pointed tip. She pulled his hard cock into her mouth, sucking on the thick shaft as it poked the back of her throat. With a determined swish of her tail fin, she pushed him down into her throat, her mouth wrapped around the totality of his length, her playful tongue wiggling against the bottom of his cock.

She managed to prolong her oral play for almost a minute, before her gills burned with the need for oxygen. Brutus sighed as she plopped off him with a burst of bubbles pouring from her mouth. Staring at him, she giggled and licked her lips, her small chest rising and falling as her gills sucked in water. Her fingers traced their way down the smooth underside of his dick, thumb bumping against another warm hardness emerging near the first.

Brutus gulped as she examined the second penis emerging alongside his first. Her curious gaze broke into a grin as she rubbed her hand against this second erection. Brutus bit his lower lip, unable to believe the dragoness had coaxed out both his hemipenis at once with her vile ministrations. He growled his loathing even as each of her hands took hold of one of his reproductive organs and tugged rhythmically, sending an explosion of pleasure to his brain.

Rage, shame, and pleasure drowned out all other thoughts as the dragoness rubbed her small breasts against his chest. Her cute smile and happy purring sickened him, his instincts screamed at him to grab her and take control, to fuck her until content and then kill her in revenge. That's how things would have ended if they met in his familiar icy world, but in the warm tropics, her living home of orange tentacles around her, the dragoness controlled everything. She pinched his chest, the sudden pain becoming another jolt of pleasure to the bound, over-stimulated and exhausted shark.

One of the rubbery tentacles slid up his tail towards the vent below his hemipenis. The hard tip lingered against his hot lips, teasing the flesh. His captor grinned and the tentacle plunged into his ass, the slippery, squishy limb finding it easy to push past his clenching, resisting walls. Brutus wouldn't have believed the dragoness could come up with another way to humiliate him, but now she had her cursed plant taking him like some kind of weak female. The wiggling insertion touched in places that sent strong and unfamiliar bursts of pleasure through his lower regions.

The tentacle began to roughly thrust in and out of his tail hole. She pulled herself up his chest, her feet gripping his hips as she positioned herself over his cocks. The little dragon's eyes closed and her lips curled into a lusty grin as his tip pushed into her tight sex. By far, he was the biggest prey, she'd ever caught, but

she was determined to take him. Her narrow passage hugged him tightly, the sensation almost painful as she took his large member into her sex. The small reptile kept her eyes closed, lips twitching in pain and pleasure as the large penis spread her open. She tried to relax, but her walls clenched greedily around the large invader, making progress difficult. Brutus barely felt the tentacle flailing around inside him over the incredible tightness of the petite dragoness enveloping him, her pulsing walls like a painful vice around his swelled manhood. He pushed his hips against her, rationalizing the reaction as an attempt to break the dragoness' will, but she responded ecstatically to the humping, pushing back. His cock slipped three inches deeper, bottoming out against the entrance to her womb.

Her legs wrapped around him, her feet rubbing against his back, her body bouncing a few inches atop him. His free-hanging erection bounced against her firm ass cheeks, as her tightness ground around him, squeezing out a mix of the most intense pain and pleasure he'd ever felt. She bucked herself back and forth as much as she could on the thick insertion, the tentacle in his bum mirroring her pace. Brutus thrust back against her, unable to do anything else in the trap's grip and desperate to gain any sense of control, no matter how small or futile.

The dragoness wrapped her claws around his shoulders and raked them down his chest slowly. The white nails scrapped painfully against his tough skin, leaving faint scratch marks, but not drawing any blood. Her thrusting increased as her vagina grew accustomed to his large cock, the fluid-slicked member gliding smoothly against her warm, moist walls. Her hand reached down to wrap around the shark's free cock, squeezing hard and sending more confusing sensations coursing through his body.

The immense pressure on his rod was overwhelming his struggles to escape. He felt his climax rising and fought it back, unwilling to grace this upstart dragoness with his seed. He bit his lower lip to keep from whimpering.

Leaning back, she spread her legs wide, the orange tentacles wrapped around her now to keep her in position, still working her pussy up and down his thick girth. The tentacles pulled her away, his cock sliding out of her in a spray of white fluid that hung in the water. Reaching down with her other hand, she took hold of his free cock and pushed it downward, while angling the other unused head towards her pussy. Brutus grunted in shock as her tight butt pushed against his cock, but the tentacles seemed to sense his hesitation and tightened. He still grunted and struggled in protest, but was powerless to prevent his cock sliding into her tight rear as his unused penis sank into her now gaping pussy.

Getting him into her tail hole proved even harder than taking the large cock into her vagina, despite the slick dragon juice slathered over his length. She kept her legs stretched apart, letting the strong grip of her tentacles force him in a little bit at a time. The two massive insertions throbbed inside her, seeming to vibrate off the thin layer between them. The shark growled in futility. The dragoness grinned and winked up at him as another inch pushed into her holes, eliciting a moan from them both. A flurry of bubbles exploded from her mouth as his rods pulsed further inside, her legs curled around his waist, causing her walls to smother his cocks with

a painfully tight embrace. She paid no attention to the shark's passionate, whimpering cries as her insides crushed him, instead focusing on grinding up and down his fantastic shafts, shivers of pleasure and pain wracking her body as her peak built. She humped greedily, using her legs to brace against Brutus' body. Her warm holes enveloped his hemipenis down to the base.

The male stubbornly resisted the warm pressure overcoming his self-control, even as his body thrust into her inviting openings. Three more tendrils joined the first in his own ass, spreading him just like he'd unwillingly done to the female. Whimpers shook from his throat, the alpha predator slowly breaking from the dragoness and her plant's attentions. Her speed increased, pushing his penis into her womb now. Her tail rubbed against his own, unintentionally simulating the sensation of mating a female of his own species where they'd lock together belly to belly and tease and bite each other in a contest of dominance.

Feeling her tail wiggling against his underside overwhelmed his resistance. The shark's twin cocks exploded, shooting load after load of hot cum deep into the dragoness. Her own orgasm broke at the same moment, a high-pitched cry of pleasure echoing from his maw as her pussy clamped down on his throbbing member. The dragoness screamed and panted as she rode through her climax. His seed pooled inside her taut passages, no place to go with his thick cocks locking it inside. Her moans slowly petered out into a long purr of satisfaction, her fingers clenching and unclenching as her toes did the same against his back.

Brutus hung in the tentacles' grip, too spent to resist anymore. The writhing mass in his tail hole pulled out and the dragoness slid off his withering members. A huge cloud of their white fluids burst into the water as they separated.

He raised his head, seeing his captor frowning at him, a sad expression in her bright blue eyes. He barely had time to ponder why the female looked so sad when her bouncy body language and carefree smile returned. She winked at him and then the tentacles tore him apart.

The dragon watched the tiny chunks of meat drift slowly in the cloud of red juices. Smiling happily, she took a piece of grey flesh between her claws and popped it in her mouth. She chewed Brutus' remains, chirping happily at the salty taste, her hands rubbing her bellyful of cum. Her home began to pull the remains into the opening maw on its soft floor. She regretted the loss of her toy, but they'd be full for a while after this meal.