

Erotic Fiction Double Feature

Irbisgreif

for Ouros

Description

THIS story consists of two tales, both a few pages long, that tell of lap-dragons (in the first) and demonic enslavement (in the second). This was done for Ouros, who seems to love my writing quite a bit! The double story limits each tale to a vignette, but it's still quite enjoyable and was a pleasure to write.

In the first story (the one with the French in it, with the pair of dragons Ouros and Soul) a wolf buys two dragons that are on 'vacation' to his world. They're reduced greatly in size so that he can handle both of them with ease, a fact he uses to make good use of them!

In the second story (the one with the Latin, with a snowy owl and a tyrannosaur) a holy Paladin, Icetalon, is reduced to a slut and cock-fixture for a demon of lust who has overpowered her completely.

Done with a budget of \$10.00 USD per page, Ouros got a Patreon discount of \$10% off the price, and the final size of 5.5 pages brought the total cost to \$49.50 USD.

"**L**AP-DRAGONS! Lap-dragons! Get a lap-dragon here!" cried the stall merchant. It was a clichéd method of attracting business, but as busy as the Toronto mall was, and as popular as lap-dragons had become, there was pretty much no salesmanship involved in moving the little critters. Every day, about a hundred of the buggers was pulled over into the world, and every day the fox selling them sold out in just a couple of hours.

Today, he was already down to just two left. A former queen and king from some 'kingdom of dragons' in some lame world that were still slightly disoriented from being force-teleported (and shrunk considerably in size) to this world to be sold off as pets.

Ouros and Soul looked at each other. They had said nothing since the processor had gently snipped their vocal cords that morning, but they were growing rapidly more worried about their vacation as lap-dragons. Every customer that had come in so far had bought only one, and the pair

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of them very much wanted to be together while they were in this world.

Fortunately, the large wolf that set down the six grand for the pair of them seemed intent on purchasing more than one, and on keeping the ones he bought together. Within just a few minutes, they were in a single dragon-carrier and bouncing around the back of a pickup truck heading down a dusty road out of town.

The air grew thick with the smell of leaves as the wolf drove them quite a distance from Toronto, deep into the countryside of Québec. The scent of maple wafted into the back of the truck, and the sky burned a bright orange and red from a late summer sundown as the wolf dropped the tailgate open, and grinned in at his new pets.

His grin grew steadily more lecherous as he drew the dragon carrier towards himself, "Ah! Vous avez l'air cute!"

Neither Ouros nor Soul could respond, but they did glance at each other and at the big wolf carrying them towards the small but modern house that was clearly the centre of this isolated maple orchard.

Getting the dragons trussed up—girly skirts, corsets, and plenty of bondage leather straps for each—took only a few minutes. Too horny to resist, neither little Ouros nor his mate Soul could bring themselves to put up any struggle. Once he was done, he leashed his new pets and showed them to themselves in the mirror.

He rubbed each one's head, admiring them as they admired themselves and each other, blushing. The male dripped with need from his small cock, trussed up like

the bottoming-est of twink, and his wife's snatch was puffy and wet from how much like a sissy she looked. The wolf tugged their leashes towards the bedroom.

Once there, he dropped his pants without ceremony, picked Ouros up by his short little forelegs, and dropped the boy right down on his long, pointed wolf-cock. Sighing happily, the wolf bounced Ouros gently, working the dragon boy's ass over his long, thick shaft.

As the passage slicked from the wolf's pre and the steady loosening of the dragon's hole, the wolf sighed happily and rubbed the dragon's skirt-clad thighs. "T'a l'air fif, habillé comme ça!" he teased, fucking him while Soul could only watch with envy at how big a cock Ouros was taking up the rear! The wolf emphasized his assessment of Ouros's nature by squeezing the dragon's rock-hard and heretofore untouched shaft!

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ICETALON winced, her body shaking as the demonic tyrannosaur, a demon of lust, tied her body down and began to strip the holy paladin of all that she wore. Holy armour and padding was no match for the demon's power, as her purity had been destroyed thoughtlessly by a mere brush of her talons after she inhaled a whiff of the dinosaur's musk.

"PALADINUS, CONSUMAM·TUIS."

Ice talon shook her head, "N-no demon! I won't give in to your evil! You may destroy me, but I will die pure!"

The demon laughed and leaned forward into her face, exhaling breath that reeked of

You look like a faggot, dressed like that!

Paladin, I'll consume your soul.

Ah, now you look cute!

You
aban-
doned
purity
long ago.

sex, and eliciting an involuntary dripping and flushing of the poor owl's cloaca as she grew more aroused.

"CASTITAS·DERELIQUISTI·OLIM."

Ice talon opened her beak to contest the assessment, but any argument was closed by the enormous demon cock that was forced into her beak. The taste was bitter, clearly the demon had been fucking plenty of his succubæ and those damned for their lusts. Still, he rammed the huge length home into Ice talon's beak like he had not had intercourse for years. The sex was ferocious, and nothing Ice talon did seemed to appease the demon's appetite for fucking her face.

Her body kicked and fought against the bindings; she was desperate to escape the demon. However, nothing she did had any effect. The pain and violation only decreased when, out of air from holding her breath, she sucked in a deep inhalation while the dragon pulled back slightly.

Her lungs flooded with the musky smell of demonic sex, and Ice talon's head began to swim as her resistance completely melted, leaving her open to the demonic dinosaur's attentions. The moment she started 'behaving' herself, the dinosaur yanked his shaft from her face and forced it deep inside her cloaca, grunting happily as he did so.

Ice talon could not speak a single word; the only sound coming from her mouth was a low, raspy moan as her body recovered from the previous oral violation while enjoying the cloacal penetration.

Prepare
yourself.

He swatted the paladin's head and grunted, "PARA-TE". Then, the dragon gripped her body and began conquering the

poor paladin's very soul as he consumed her.

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Soul squeaked as the wolf fucked her cunt raw! Her body had yearned for a chance to feel the wolf's large cock, even as she had watched Ouro's filled and knotted by the lusty Québécois wolf. That she had had to wait thirty whole minutes for the wolf's knot to deflate (and for Ouro to stop whimpering due to the sudden and surprising increase in penile diameter) had nearly driven her mad!

Fortunately, she did not have to wait all night. The wolf was quite virile, and as Ouro recovered from the fucking in a corner, Soul got to try out her new owner's sexual prowess: The wolf was an extraordinary lover, and his cock was just what Soul's aching cunt had needed.

It was, after all, her idea that she and Ouro come here. The male dragon was too much of a bottom and butt-toy to please her with his small and poorly skilled shaft. Shrunken down now, she was able to enjoy a huge (and talented) wolf-cock slamming its way home into her body.

"Oh! *Tes plus tight!*" cried the wolf as he thrust himself deep into Soul, bottoming out. Much tighter!

Soul beamed with pride at being the better lay, hoping that her sexual perfection would keep her well fucked and leave Ouro as a mere 'backup lap-dragon' for when she was unavailable. It was very likely that she would get her wish, considering

that the dragoness queen—albeit presently more like dragoness slut—usually did get her way.

At any rate, the wolf was claiming his second conquest of the night, and he was more tired than he had been with Ouro, perhaps a bit less restrained as well, thanks to Soul's natural lubrication, and it did not take long at all for the wolf's knot to swell for a second time.

Soul thanked fate for giving her a knottable snatch. Her body gripped that bulb tight and locked the wolf against her as he howled out in pleasure, cumming deep inside the dragoness's folds. She could feel the heat and pressure of potent semen filling the depths of her vagina, and her body shook as the wolf's attentions brought her to her own orgasm.

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PANTING and squirming, Icetalon felt the cock inside her growing steadily thicker. Her body shook with pleasure as demonic magic filled her (and the expanding cock, presumably). Slowly, the demon undid each of her bonds. She'd long since given up her soul to lusty damnation, and since she was the demon's to use as he wished, she did not resist even once freed.

Her body twisted as the demon turned her, facing her forward and allowing her to look out over the congregation of the damned that she had been taken in front of. She hooted softly at them, then chirped suddenly when she felt something surrounding her legs. The shaft inside her had

not stopped growing, both lengthening and thickening, it was slowly enveloping her body!

The process was as inexorable as it was pleasurable. With her last spoken words, she sang and chirped blasphemies in worship of her new master. "There is no God but lust!" was her last cry before she found herself completely contained within the demon's shaft.

Her mind swam with arousal and joy. Despite being inside, she still felt completely penetrated, all of her holes were held open (and on display!) inside the demon. She found herself unable to move as the shaft throbbed around her, but thanks to a jelly-like colouration and translucency, it was easy for her to see out. Judging from the admiration of various succubæ, it was also quite easy for others to see in and admire her.

Icetalon sighed happily as she shuffled inside the demon's shaft, feeling his pulse around her body as he spoke to his congregation. She could not make out the words, but she did not need or want to. She was a creature of lust now, damned forever to be a pleasurable part of the dinosaur's body. As far as she was concerned, that was the best thing in the world for a stupid paladin like her to end up as.

Her world dimmed as another worshipper began to slide around the demon's shaft, Icetalon could feel the cockflesh around her tightening as she was pressed inside the other, watching the as the succuba's walls were opened to her (and the penis's) passage.

The snowy owl came and shuddered as she was used to fuck another. This was her life now, and she could not wait until she was sliding inside some new follower for her new God, the demon of lust.

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YEARNING for another chance to fuck, Ouros shuffled across the floor in his faggy clothes. His new owner had decided that Soul was the better of the two, and somehow had known that the best thing to do was lock Ouros up while she was taken. Ouros was now pretty sure his lovely wife had somehow arranged this all, though there was nothing he could or ever would do about it.

He nuzzled his way into the bedroom and looked over the room. There was a soft squelching sound as the wolf who had purchased him and his wife used his wife yet again. He liked to do so during his lunches each day, still smelling strongly of the acres of maple trees that he tended to with great care.

Ouros hopped up onto the bed and worked his way towards the pair, and was greeted with gentle petting from the wolf. The male dragon was locked up and not used too often for sex, but he was still clearly loved—both by his wife and by the stud that was using her.

Happily, Ouros worked his tongue into the small gap where the wolf's shaft was slipping into Soul repeatedly, and began licking the space where the wolf's knot would soon form, tying him to Soul for

about thirty minutes (just long enough to eat a comfortable lunch in bed). Perhaps if Ouros was fast enough and got the wolf off quickly and that knot swelled outside of Soul, the wolf would have a little bit of time and take him as well. Ouros really, really needed a good fucking.

Unfortunately, Ouros had no such luck. The wolf held himself off to the last minute before pressing Soul down while he came, locking her to his groin. Ouros whimpered, but ever the dutiful husband, licked Soul's soft clit-button while she came to heighten her own enjoyment of their new life as lap-dragons.

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WATCHING as the angel sent to 'rescue' her from the demon were tied down, Icetalon's heart leapt for joy. She had long yearned to watch as more followers gave in to the lust in their hearts and handed their souls over to the demon. Now, finally, she had her chance.

Fighting against her bonds, and against the intoxicating musk of the lust demon, the angel was helpless to resist as she was slowly lifted towards the Icetalon-filled shaft. Beaming with pride and joy, Icetalon felt herself squeezed inside the angel's tight, virgin passage. It did not remain either of those adjectives for long, for no sooner had the demon penetrated her than the angel fell, her body twisting into the familiar shape of a succuba as she was fucked fiercely.

Icetalon got a great view of the walls of the new succuba quivering in pleasure over

the demon's dick, and she could feel the rush of corruption and power that came as a 'pure' soul was consumed and twisted into a creature of unadulterated—but happily adulterous—arousal. Thus changed, the new succuba was truly the perfect embodiment of the deadly sin of lust, second only to the demon that had converted her!

Icetalon, had she been able to speak, would have cooed at how appropriate the transformation was. As it was, however, she could only suck and grip at the permanent penetrations into her body. The dick around her convulsed as it drank up the succuba's juices, and Icetalon could tell that she was close to serving her other role!

A huge, hot wad of sticky semen worked its way up from the Tyrannosaur's balls. Sliding along the cock steadily, it was soon at Icetalon's lower lips. As she now did every time the dinosaur came, Icetalon focussed all that remained of her 'holy' power into the seed as it passed inside her. A corrupted paladin, her power was a mockery of what it had once been, and even with all the corruption the demon could muster, there was nothing quite like the blasphemy of a once pure soul to create demonic taint.

The thick goo slid from her beak, a wonderful taste to her corrupt mind. Freed from her, it slid up and away to the tip of the demon's cock, where it splattered inside the neophyte succuba, completing her transformation, and painting Icetalon's view a pasty and very impure white.

