

Konf 358 was a bit of a rebel. Although normally replicated with a lack of personality and a subservience in mind, not 358, he most certainly had ambitions, had a desire to be the one completely coveted above the rest by the Skunk. His arms were drained from the climb up the bedsheets, but this was going to be a moment the Skunk would remember forever, something that would truly set apart 358 from the rest of the group.

He carefully walked past the gigantic paws that the Skunk so loved the touch of small dragon hands against, his true target lay ahead under a canopy of cotton draped between the Skunk's legs. Stealthily sneaking himself between thigh fur and fabric, he took a minute to allow his eyes to adjust to the darkness, and when they finally did, the decent resting length of his dear Skunk was before him, sitting atop a throne of testes.

With a careful tap of his foot, the small dragon carefully made his way up the balls, finding proper footholds as the Skunk so far had no reaction to his intrusion. Reaching up when he finally did find the length, he grabbed a full fist of cockflesh, crumpling slightly under the pull as its softness was something to be enjoyed by anyone carelessly tossed into the Skunk's underwear when asked to do so. But for 358, this was his edge him, he was going to awaken the Skunk with pleasures unexpected.

He got to the top of the length and gently sat down, straddling it, it's end not too far from him, somewhere about halfway down total. He reached forward, leaning in against the member with his whole body, A twitch below him signaled that the nerves were most certainly responding, and the length began to twitch more frequently as 358 worked the length, his hands using their claws to drag gently down the skin from the tip to the halfway point he was at.

He scooted forward slightly and looked over the front edge, seeing the slit yawn slightly as a drop of pre leaked out in show of appreciation. He took a claw and traced it's tender lips. The deep moan elicited from above caught 358 off-guard, and he smirked in satisfaction. The sudden collapse of the fabric all around him caught him off-guard as well, this time met with a squeak of fear from the tiny's form.

Avery couldn't help himself in his sleep, the sudden stimulation forcing his hand, literally. He reached down groggily and grasped the end of his hardening member as tightly as he dare, unaware of the small form pounding against flesh and fabric to get away. To 358 his world exploded with the will to survive. This may have been a bad idea!

And the bad idea only got worse, as the fairly large Skunk began to turn himself over, nestling his gut into the bed, with 358 tumbling through the underwear to land gently with a bounce, his body flailing to a stop against the tip of the now throbbing member. That slit yawning largely again, a large guzzle of pre escaping. Konf looked on as the length slid against the fabric right for him, the Skunk grinding against the mattress in his rest!

That glob of excitement from his Skunk splashed into his face, completely coating his form and

making the tiny white dragon's body slick enough to be slid over by the tip of the member, 358 squirming for air under the choking combination of pre and firm cockflesh. Avery fell back into deep slumber, leaving 358 trapped under the ebony length. In a last ditch effort, 358 opened his beak and nibbled at the skin, with the Skunk answering back by forcing its length even harder into the poor tiny soul.

What a surprise Avery would have in the morning when his dream would be proven true by a little 358...