

The husky swirled his drink around, looking down into his tankard as he did so. He had happened upon this tavern while on the way to the province's capital, and decided after travelling for nearly a day without pause that it was time for a needed rest. Not much further to go - he could see the tallest spires of the capital's palace over the hills on the horizon - but, that 'not much further' still felt like too long for him to be able to undertake without stopping.

The owner of this tavern must have known that this was a common sentiment of visitors: the mead was sub-par, slightly sour and leaving a substance the same consistency as blood at the bottom of the tankard if it stood still for too long, and it also seemed to be rather overpriced, too, at four coins apiece. The husky had only brought so much for this trip, and had no intention of spending it all before he got to the capital itself. Still, though, a drink was a drink.

He'd had one and a half during his couple hours' rest (he couldn't afford to stay the night, unfortunately, having been sent to the capital from a nearby barony) before, figuring that enough, he paid for the same amount and slid off the wooden stool to leave. When he had arrived, a pair of slim otters in exotic garb, probably part of a travelling troupe, were performing a play in the main room of the tavern, so the husky stopped to watch that while waiting for the steady throbbing ache in his legs to fade.

While approaching the tavern, he had noticed the stables around the back; visiting the animals would give him something to do before setting back out, something else to finish unwinding and to also let that mead settle, in case it decided it didn't want to remain in his stomach. The dry late summer grass crunched gently beneath his feet when he stepped off the gravel path leading to the front door of the tavern, 'Needy Dragon Inn' carved into a wooden sign hanging from a pole.

Interesting name for an inn, but the source of that name, or at least half of it, came to his realization even before making it all the way over to the stables. The building itself was larger than most stables he'd seen, and made of what looked to be treated wood - and a steady *smell* hovered off of it, too, something that the husky had only smelled a few times before. It made his heart jump a little, made his breath catch in his throat, and - made his pants tighten a little...

This suspicion of his came to be confirmed after he peered into the stables and saw, lined up on either side of the place, a few feral dragons in a variety of sizes and colors. It seemed a little strange why an unassuming inn like this would have to have dragons, even one, but maybe it made sense for being so close to the capital: these were domestic dragons (he could tell by their relatively diminished size, smaller wings, less sour temperament...), which were notably different from their wild cousins.

The husky leaned against a support spar, watching the dragons kick at the dirt beneath their large feet and snap playfully at each other. As a pup he'd always had an interest in dragons, but due to their generally dangerous nature, could never really get close enough to one to really get to know it - that is, until a job he had a handful of years ago, where he was sent from the same barony to run a package to a nearby town. The distance was short, but the package important - enough so that it was locked in a metal box affixed to a collar around a dragon's neck with a lock system too fine for most conventional lockpicks. At least, that's what he'd been told; he never got close enough to the dragon's neck to take a look.

'Why can't I just fly?' he'd asked - to the mirth of his employer. Not only was he not trained, but domestic dragons *couldn't* fly: it was unclear if that was a natural trait of the breed, or if it had

just been steadily bred out of them. Because of their smaller wings and stouter stature, as well as some other complications, the most that the employer, who worked with dragons often, had seen was a sort of slow gliding, which was rare. Most of them just sort of hopped and flapped and fell.

This dragon took quickly to the husky, though - that was another difference between the domestic ones and their wild counterparts. The trip took three nights, where on the first they each slept on opposite sides of the fire (the husky tied the dragon's collar to a nearby tree, unsure if it would actually do anything), but then on the second, whenever he tried to settle down to sleep, the dragon flopped around him and fixed its large gemstone eyes on his, as if it wanted something. When he tried to get up, large-clawed forepaws pressed down on his shoulders and tugged him back down - and hot breath repeatedly washed over his face.

'What?' he'd asked, knowing - or at least figuring - that it couldn't understand him; 'What do you want?' But, then, it rolled over onto its back, lifted one of its hind legs - and showed to the husky its sheath and sack, large and supple. That was another difference he'd heard about but had never been able to see for himself: where wild dragons had a slit and no external genitalia, domestics had the whole set...

Of course he couldn't resist. Taking one more look at the dragon's muzzle - it seemed to know - the husky lifted himself up, leaned in closer, swallowed down his nervousness, and closed the distance between his nose and the dragon's sheath.

*That* was where he'd first gotten a taste of this scent that hovered around the stables: it was the scent of a male dragon in want of breeding. Not only had the husky gotten several good whiffs of that scent those years ago, but he'd swallowed it down as well, at it spurted out over the fur of his muzzle, onto his tongue, down his neck and chest - at three different times: dragons often bred multiple times in succession.

Not only that, but, gods, their scent *lingered*, too: the husky had bathed in the nearby river the following morning, but could still smell it on himself as fresh as when he'd first shoved his nose up along the slick folds of the dragon's sheath - instead of tough scales, a domestic dragon's underbelly shifted to smooth, soft skin, culminating between their back legs, and this one had gone for a while without a cleaning. The husky had fixed that, though, with attentive application of his tongue.

After finally delivering the package, he felt certain that the recipient could smell the dragon on him, too, as the first thing he did before greeting him was wrinkle his nose in a little sniff; then, he thanked the husky, gave him his payment as well as a funny look, and then sent him on his way. On his way back, the husky took at least three opportunities each night to enjoy the memory of that dragon.

A low snort from one of the dragons here in the stables stirred him out of lascivious memory - and reminded him that he had to readjust the fit of his pants; a throbbing erection hardly felt comfortable when kept confined in such rough material as his pants were made of. Maybe - he made sure to glance behind himself - he could relieve that pressure, nice and quickly... as well as relieve one of these dragons, too.

It was hard to pin down quite where the scent came from, as it more lingered around the entire space of the stables, and only strengthened as the husky ventured further in. There was a fine-

looking dragon tied up at the back of the stables, one with shimmering obsidian blue-black scales that he'd fixed his gaze on; the stirring from the others around the stables briefly waned as the beasts turned their heads to this new and strange visitor.

He didn't want to say that he knew how to approach a dragon, given his measly three days of experience near one, but at the same time he preferred to imagine that he was doing something right - mainly because this black dragon in back first cast a single bright yellow eye at him, as if looking him over, and then turned back to the wall which it faced. A leather-strapped bit and muzzle bound its snout, similar to the harness ready for saddling around the dragon's body, the shining steel loops intended for hanging bags from doubling in this case as places to tie the dragon down at.

Four straps keeping it bound to its stable, with enough slack that it could move and turn around but not quite so much that it could tear loose and flee; had the husky taken the time to look around at the other dragons, he would have noticed that this was the only one with such precautions in place. But, no: instead, he stepped closer, stopped whenever it opened its eyes or turned its head back to him, and then gingerly placed a paw against the smooth-scaled flank, feeling to him like the slick blade of a well-crafted sword.

At his touch, the dragon unexpectedly lifted its rump and pushed back, startling the husky and making him quickly remove his paw - only to have yellow eyes glance expectantly back at him again. Like that time one of his father's mares had gone into heat, and as a result grinded back against whatever came into contact with her lower body...

The husky placed his paw again on the dragon's flank, this time with more force: in response he got another push against him, also with more force, accompanied by a vague lifting and swaying of the dragon's tail. Naturally, after looking back towards the front of the stables to be sure he was alone, the husky leaned to the side and ran his eyes down the black dragon's backside... smooth, soft skin, slightly discolored by the dim light of the place, first puckering up at the beast's gently pulsing tailhole amid a thick, round entrance like a horse's, and then moving down to form the shape of its hanging sack and sheath beyond that, both plump and heavy and giving off a more concentrated and powerful form of the scent that hovered around the stables.

He couldn't resist, and felt that this dragon had the same idea in mind. The husky shifted his paws around its side to beneath its tail, first feeling the warmth of the dragon's revealed rump in his fingerpads, and then moving them in to trace over the ridges of its tailhole... it clenched, and pulsed, and strained at his touch, as if desiring more. That's not what he wanted, though - not yet: he lowered himself to his knees, bringing one paw down to release the pressure at the front of his pants, and leaned over to position himself beside one of the dragon's rear legs right near its hanging sack.

In response, the dragon actually *widened* its stance, giving this husky a better view of the display right in front of him: large pair of balls, each hardly able to fit into the palm of his paw, hanging beneath a plump sheath that ended in several loose folds of skin, where that sharp scent lingered the strongest... *gods*. The husky moved back a little further, pushed back a few of the folds with a forefinger and thumb, pressed his nose right up into the space created, and inhaled deeply. It was a sharp, cloying scent, one reminding him of ripe meat, strong brew, the spice of a day's sweat - though this dragon hadn't had a good cleaning in a bit longer than a day.

A thin layer of slime coated the end of his nose after he had leaned back out of the dragon's sheath, keeping the heavy scent rich in his nostrils; he flicked his tongue out and licked it off, savoring how it clung to the surface of his tongue, how could feel its slickness and heat. Then, without wasting another moment, he moved back in and slid his tongue up where his nose had been previously, right in the musky folds of the dragon's sheath. It yielded more easily to his tongue, dragging up deep between the warm skin again and again and again - and he didn't even recoil when more than just scent and musk clung to his tongue; when he felt slimy bits of the dragon's unwashed skin spread out across his tongue and sharpen the scent tenfold, he only brought it back into his mouth, swallowed it down, breathed out a low moan, and continued.

*If this dragon needs a cleaning...* he thought, wrapping his other paw around his own throbbing length. He pushed his sheath back past his knot, already half-swollen. *...then I'll be happy to give it one.* The feeling of the dragon's cock, equine in shape with a blunted end, growing out of its sheath right next to the husky's face as he dug his tongue into the skin, slick with both musk and now saliva... it only made him enjoy it even more. Soon one paw held the dragon's slowly hardening length against his cheek while he dragged his tongue along, seeking out the greyish-yellow clumps of sweat and skin and scent.

The combined taste and aroma was piercing enough almost to make his eyes water, but by the gods, he wanted it *so much* - the husky, panting and struggling with restraining his moans, desired to have that scent stuck in the fur of his muzzle and on the skin of his nose. He wanted to be able to taste it twelve hours from now just as strongly as he could now, so that he'd have to find a nice quiet place to himself and take care of the extreme lust that it aroused in him - he swallowed yet again and squeezed his paw around his own length, dripping slick pre down over the backs of his fingers-

And then something grabbed tightly on to the back of his shirt's collar, tugged him out from underneath the dragon in one quick jerk, and he found himself looking up into the face of a large wolf whose right foot weighed heavily on the husky's chest, keeping him pinned down. He wasn't sure whether to be more embarrassed about having his pants halfway down his thighs with his hard cock on full display, or about the slick of dragon musk still stuck to his lip and whiskers, which he quickly licked off and swallowed down. Really, though, he didn't feel much at all past panic about as sharp as the taste on the end of his tongue. *It was the alcohol*, he could say; *I was just-*

"My," the wolf growled, tracing his amber eyes up and down the husky's body from his folded ears to his sticky whiskers to his leaking cock, where they lingered for a moment before returning to his face. "Come outside to give some of my patrons a look at the dragons, and - what do I find? A hungry husky with his tongue halfway in the sheath of my breeder. What's your name, dog?"

The wolf spoke slowly and steadily, with an accent that sounded like it originated in a province farther north. It took the husky a moment to calm his nerves so he could speak, and when he did, his voice still partially failed him: "My name is- is Rex. Look, sir, I didn't mean any harm, I just-"

"Wanted a taste for yourself? Hm?"

One of the pair of otters that Rex had seen when he first arrived at the inn peered at him from behind the wolf. "Ah," he cooed, in the same lofty tone that he had narrated his performance, "found ourselves a naughty puppy, mm?"

The wolf lifted his foot from Rex's chest, but the husky knew better than to get up or try to leave. "I think I know just what I'm gonna do with you..." this wolf went on, shoving his paws into his pockets as if looking for something. "Otters, would you mind holding him down? I hope you don't mind being so close to the action of another's performance..."

In a slick and fast movement, the larger otter slid over to behind Rex, hiked his arms up over his head, and held him in place - and when the husky tried to tug himself free, he found that this otter had an impressive strength to him, despite his build. A few seconds later, the other otter that he had seen in the tavern, a smaller, slimmer male, appeared and clutched his legs tightly together beneath her arm. Rex glanced around: there were two others a bit of a ways back behind the wolf, but he couldn't see them properly at this angle to recognize them.

"Always good to study someone else's methods," that one said, the sound of his voice similar to the first's. Perhaps they were brothers. His bright green eyes, after taking in the appearance of Rex's gradually softening length, settled on his muzzle.

Here he was, on display for everyone to see having just dug his tongue into the unwashed sheath of a feral dragon - and now being held down by a pair of otter actors while the owner of the tavern... undid his pants above him...

"I could report you to the guards, Rex, for trespassing on my property and handling my beasts without my permission. You know that, yes?" The wolf fished his thick sheath out of his pants and angled it forward a little, slightly away from his body. With a finger and thumb he tugged the supple skin back so that a point of reddish-pink flesh showed from beneath "But - I think I can let you off with just a warning and some thorough discipline. How does that sound?"

"I'm sorry!" Rex wriggled, but the otters held him firmly in place. His embarrassment grew with each second, especially as the wolf tavern owner drew his sheath slowly forward and back over the tip of his cock, as if preparing for something - and Rex knew just what. "Just let me go and I'll-"

"No, no." The wolf licked his lips. "Fair exchange, see? You want to use my beasts... well, I'll use you first, and then *it* can use *you*."

He almost started complaining again when the wolf began, but then decided it a better idea to clamp his maw shut and close his eyes - as a stream of light golden-yellow piss arced out of the tavern owner's sheath and splashed first against the husky's upper chest, quickly cutting small rivulets in his fur, and then tracing up towards his neck. It quickly replaced the scent in his nose with another one, not quite as strong but still powerful, still rich, still enough to make him blush at the thought of someone else being able to smell it on him.

Even so, after a short time he could still feel its slick warmth seep between his lips and into his muzzle, especially as the wolf focused his stream right against the husky's muzzle. The larger otter's grip on his arms tightened again, and then, he heard that same voice close to his ear: "The naughty puppy gets the shower that he needs, but - what's this?" One of the otter's arms briefly untwined itself from around his and reached down his body to brush against the side of

his length. He hated to admit it, but getting doused in the wolf's fresh piss only worked him back up; if there weren't so many people watching, if it were just Rex, the tavern owner, and this dragon, he might actually open his mouth and see how much he could catch on his tongue... "Puppy seems to be enjoying it. That doesn't seem right."

Rex cracked his eyes: the smaller otter's green eyes remained fixed on the husky's face like before. Above, the wolf brought his stream back down his body towards Rex's cock - and when it first made contact, he couldn't hold back the sweet throb that the wet heat pulled out of him. He strained against the otter's holds on him, hating himself for enjoying the marking but knowing that, if it were this dragon emptying its bladder (and certainly it had a voluminous one) over him, he wouldn't at all hesitate to open his maw...

"Get him up," the wolf growled, before his stream had entirely pinched off. Rex looked up: he shook off his sheath, letting the last yellowish drops fly off around him. The husky could feel the weight of the mark soaking through his fur, dripping off his chin and elbows, warming his skin where it seeped through- "If he wants my dragon's load so much, he can have it. I should have some more straps around here..."

The otter holding on to his arms tugged him up, struggled briefly with his weight, and then readjusted his hold, keeping Rex's arms elevated up his head. Really, he didn't too much *want* to try to escape, after hearing what the tavern owner had just said, though standing with his pants around his ankles, his shirt open, and his fur dripping with piss in front of what looked to be five different people *did* embarrass him. The weight of the mead he'd drunk tonight must have dulled his senses, though - it took him a good few seconds to feel the otter behind him rubbing a definite firm warmth against his lower back from behind him, and then press his nose against his the piss-soaked fur of his neck and inhale.

"Mm..." the otter purred, then grinded up against him again. With no reason to continue holding onto his legs, the other one just knelt in front of the husky, his nose not even a full inch from the side of his hard length. "Smell that?"

"Of course I can, brother," said the smaller one in response. He closed the distance between his muzzle and Rex's cock, dragging his flat tongue up along the underside and flicking off the bead of pre - or piss - that hung off the end. "Reminds me of the time Father's dog found you snoozing in the snow and decide to claim you as his."

"Exactly what I was thinking..." and the first one to speak pressed his tongue, too, against Rex, bringing it up along the wet fur of the side of his neck, making him shiver. Meanwhile, the wolf tavern owner had stomped off to the other side of the stables, only to come back with what looked to be four or five thick leather straps hung over his arm. He had only half-done up his pants: the top of his thick-furred sheath, stained slightly yellow, could be seen over his waistband. "And something tells me that this will go somewhat the same way as then."

With a flick of his wrist, the wolf showed where he wanted Rex to be moved. "Get him under the dragon. It might be a little difficult to get him in the position I want..."

"Anything for our host," said the larger otter, presumably the older brother, and with his the other's help he walked Rex over towards the obsidian dragon. The beast turned its bright yellow eyes to them again, mildly disgruntled by how the pleasure had suddenly stopped - the half-hard flesh of its cock still hung out of its sheath.

Rex knew to stand still, then, as the tavern owner attached the leather straps around his wrists and then threw them over the dragon. "Get down," the wolf growled to him, and he obeyed: a foot against his shoulder pushed him back under the dragon, so that his muzzle resumed its position just a few inches from the rank and soft-skinned sheath. However, after a few firm tugs on the straps that pulled him up, he didn't remain there for long - and more straps affixed around his ankles did the same.

In a few moments and after some slightly uncomfortable wriggling, Rex found his face pressed against a cool-scaled dragon chest while his curled tail hung down towards the floor, tailhole directly in front of the dragon's sheath. His body was kept elevated off the ground by the straps, tight around his wrists and ankles and affixed to the dragon's saddle - he strained, tried to find the tavern owner, almost opened his mouth to ask what was going on-

"I should let you know something," the wolf drawled, only now doing his pants the rest of the way up. He was on his way over to another one of the dragons, one with copper-red scales. "This black beauty you shoved your tongue against? The one you're strapped up under? Well, in this region, female dragons are hard to come by - but the males still get the need to breed, and that's what this one's here for. At least four times a week I bring one of the others over to climb on his back and pound him deep, and you know what? He loves it."

Rex peered over his arm - the wolf was now bringing the red dragon over, on a thick leather leash. His skill with handling dragons could easily be seen: he hadn't even put on the specially-treated gloves that most handlers wore, in case one decided to be in a bad mood.

"Inn's not called the *Needy Dragon* for nothing. Some stranger patrons arrive asking for a bucketful of fresh cum - and it's just a little extra to bring them back to watch the show, and then a little more for them to *harvest* it themselves... none of them take it under the tail, though. That's punishment. That's why you-" The black dragon briefly lurched down towards the ground as the tavern owner let the other red one mount it, at the same time lowering Rex a little. Already he could feel the heat of the breeder's cock pulse up and approach his tailhole. He hadn't even had any preparation. "-are the one who gets it. You, who thought you could sneak into my stables and cheat me out of that payment..."

The wolf wandered around towards the obsidian dragon's head and gave it a pat. Rex swallowed, looking up at him; the red dragon was still getting into position.

"Had you asked? Sure. I would've told you the price, made sure you'd give me enough, and then given you full permission to come out here and... dig your face into his sheath, swallow down his cum and scent, whatever else you want. I can't tolerate thieves, though, and for a *trespasser* too..."

Then, his voice trailed off, following the first thrust from the red dragon. Rex felt the breeder lurch forward, felt its cock instantly harden up a bit more in a powerful throb and push against his own tailhole, threatening to stretch him wide. Arousal quickly turned to panic as the top did it again, and again, and again, each time making the breeder's thick cock jab against Rex's rump, or pull on his tail, or push right against the center of his tailhole - and then another thrust forced out a glob of hot pre onto him, which served as ample enough lube.

"Wait-" he began, before a following thrust cut his voice and breathing off. At first, it was just sharp pain rippling through him as the black dragon sank deep into him - it had to have been at least as thick as his upper arm, as his leg, as his thigh... gods, he couldn't tell if it was blood or pre dripping down the rim of his tailhole, the discomfort was so great. Of course, neither of the dragons had any concern for the small husky strapped beneath them - and the breeder must have been thankful for the tight moisture to push into, because after it first entered Rex, it started churning its hips of its own accord.

"Look at that, brother," said the presumably younger otter. Both of them had gone over to a nearby pillar to watch. "*That's* like *after* Father's dog marked you. You got on your paws and knees, bent over for him..."

"...and he mounted me and made me moan. I remember. I was pushing back against him just as that black one's doing now..."

Rex had to keep his eyes and mouth squeezed shut against the tears and groans of pain, each thrust pushing deeper into him, feeling like it made his belly bulge out against the dragon's underside, stretching him wider apart until it felt like his flesh had started to rip - but still it went on, again and again. As it usually went (since he was no stranger to bottoming - at least, not for some considerably lesser-endowed), the pain and discomfort gradually, *very* gradually lost their edge and became something similar to pleasure, but *gods*, it took a while, and each press into him still made him have to bite back something similar to nauseous pain.

"They don't take very long," the tavern owner explained, making his way back around towards the red dragon. Its thrusts has slowed considerably before it hilted deep in the black dragon beneath it, which in turn had slowed in its own movements - the feeling of it lurching gently forward and back, forward and back deep inside Rex's pulsing tailhole... "But I have to make sure to get all of them. Give me a second."

Rex wished he could reach up and wipe at his eyes: though the tears had stopped coming, they still obscured his vision. At least he had a bit of a break while that wolf fetched the next dragon - though, now that he thought about it, he couldn't remember exactly how many there were in these stables... as the tavern owner tugged on the top's leash to bring it to dismount, the obsidian dragon lifted up, a wet, sucking noise issued from the back of the dragon, and then the sound of thick liquid hitting the floor followed. Rex swallowed. Already the heavy scent of dragon seed floated towards his nose.

"Look at that black one!" the older otter went on. "Eyes half-closed, panting, wiggling its rump, begging for more... you know who that reminds me of?"

"Don't you dare, brother."

"It reminds me of you, when you're on your back with your legs hiked up into the air. I've seen how you ride."

Rex almost didn't hear the second dragon, led by the wolf, take its place above the already-prepared bottom - but rather *felt* it when the thick shaft, still buried halfway in him, sank in even deeper and squeezed thick pre out around it. He could do nothing but strain to keep his grunts and whimpers in, could do nothing but grind his claws on the tough scales against which he was bound and try not to give in to the waves of discomfort that came from thick dragon cock

pressing into him and pulling out, in and out, each cycle brought on by the second male on top of that one.

Just as the wolf had said, they finished quickly - this second one more so than the first, probably aided by the hot, slick cum that no doubt steadily dripped out of the obsidian dragon's used tailhole. Rex could feel slick warmth blossoming deep inside his belly, and half-wondered if the breeder itself had already cum... but then he figured he'd be able to feel it when that happened.

And, very early into the third male's turn, he could. The breeder above him lowered itself down so that Rex's back almost scraped across the stable's floor, issued a deep, rumbling growl, and then arched its hips fiercely forward to push deeper into the husk than before - and he undoubtedly felt a rush of hot, thick seed spurt out into him, again and again in voluminous waves, stretching his belly so much that he could swear the ropes on his wrists and ankles tightened. Still, though, the obsidian dragon thrust into him again and again, riding out its orgasm and past it until it used its own cum as lube to keep itself hard, under the repeated humps of the other male on top of it.

*I bet I already look no better than this breeder, Rex thought; I've only taken one load, while he's had three... but then again, I am much smaller...*

"Ah," purred the wolf, startling him. Rex hated to admit it, but - getting filled so thoroughly had actually brought his erection back. At least it couldn't be seen between his own slightly distended belly and the dragon's underside. "Yes, *that* happens sometimes. Whenever I get a new dragon I have to *test it out* to see if it enjoys being used as the, ah... *stable bitch*. You understand. Sexual release is an important part of a dragon's happiness..." After waiting for this third male to finish adding the contents of its sack to the ooze that dripped out of the breeder's tailhole, he tugged it down and went to get the fourth.

The younger otter spoke up again. Rex glanced over to her, and saw that one of his paws had disappeared beneath the waistband of his pants. "Sexual release is an important part of *any* stable animal's happiness..."

"I don't think *that's* quite true," his brother added, with a smirk. "I think you're just a bit of a freak. Not that I'm complaining..."

"This'll be the last one," said the tavern owner, bringing the fourth dragon - a stormcloud-grey - over. He briefly lost grip of its leash when it jumped forward, already eager and ready - and Rex couldn't keep down the sharp "*Ah!*" that it forced out of him as soon as it pushed into the breeder, also eager and ready with its tail raised and tailhole well-lubed and dripping. "The others are asleep. I *used* to have a stable hand, but, ah... well, there's a reason I'd prefer not to awaken a sleeping dragon, even for sex..."

"A sleeping otter will be perfectly content with being awoken for sex." The elder brother's voice sounded slightly raspy. Rex couldn't get a good look at him, but given the motion of his arm...

Each new thrust into the husky's tailhole caused the thick cum already emptied inside him to churn around and make him shiver with the feeling. Every now and then some of it came out with the obsidian dragon's cock as it pulled back, only to sink back into him - he hadn't quite gotten used to the girth, but the added slickness made it quite a bit easier for him... and then

more pleasurable for the breeder, too, given the way that it still pressed forward into him even though it had already emptied its load once.

It seemed as if once wasn't enough, know: after this fourth male's thrusts had come to their peak and slowed down (Rex thought he could feel the breeder's own belly bulge out under the weight of the four loads and press against him), it buried its thick cock deep in the husky once more before a powerful throb ran through it and shot out into him again in a second heavy orgasm, just as hot and just as thick as the first, if slightly less voluminous.

Panting, Rex closed his eyes and let his tongue hang out of his mouth, thankful for another break. His tailhole already pulsed with soreness, kept stretched around the breeder's length as it slowly receded... honestly Rex couldn't tell if he had been pushed through an orgasm of his own or not: hot, sweet pleasure continuously jolted through his body, and his widened belly pressed against the dragon's had always been slightly moist, what with the stale piss that had soaked into the husky's fur. Thanks to the cum that bloated out his belly, each movement felt wonderful...

"I wasn't hoping you'd actually *enjoy* it..." grumbled the wolf tavern owner, as he returned the last male to its stable. When he came back, he stood a bit behind the breeder, patted its black-scaled, flank, lifted its tail with one paw... and then plunged his arm halfway to the elbow into its own stretched tailhole, making it arch its back again. That arm came back out absolutely drenched in thick, slimy cum, slightly off-white and dripping off. Then: "He's had more..." and he walked back over to undo the straps keeping Rex bound.

When the husky hit the ground, he felt a considerable amount of the breeder's loads, warm and heavy, drip out of him and down over the base of his tail. His belly had definitely grown a little under the volume, and when he brought his paws forward to squeeze at it, it felt like a filled waterskin-

"Don't get too relaxed. I'm not done with you yet."

Next, he found himself being tugged upwards by the torn collar of his shirt, and dragged over behind the dragon. The wolf had lifted him with the same paw that he'd pushed into the dragon's rump - Rex could feel the cum dripping down his back - and it looked like he planned to put Rex through the same treatment, forcing the husky to rise up to his feet behind the breeder with the heavy tail elevated over his shoulder.

He would be wrong, though. Instead of having his arm lifted and pushed against the dragon's tailhole, the wolf shifted his grip on him so that one paw remained tight on his collar while the other pushed against the back of his head, forcing him forward, forward towards the stretched hole, gaped wide so that he could see the wrinkled black flesh around it, the wide equine donut of muscle, and then slick glistening pink flesh inside, pulsing and clenching and oozing out steadily more cum - and then he got a heavy noseful of it with another strong push from the wolf behind him.

The warm, supple flesh of the dragon's tailhole, thoroughly slickened and moistened with the cum of four different males, easily received the front of Rex's muzzle - he had to close his eyes and hold his breath, knowing what would happen as soon as he felt the tight clench around his mouth and nose. Such intimate heat and slickness, though... even despite himself he couldn't keep his mouth closed for long, and soon had flicked his tongue out against the pulsing walls of

the breeder's rump, lapping off the thick, salty mixture of cum and swallowing it down. Gods, he wanted more.

"That's a good boy..." the wolf rumbled behind him, releasing his head. Rex moved back a little so he could swirl his tongue all around the wide donut of the dragon's tailhole, before moving down, pressing his lips against it, slipping his tongue into the wet kiss, swallowing down more cum... "Clean him out. Be sure to get *everything*. Sometimes I like coming out here to unload all the stresses of my day into him, and... well, I don't like playing with a used toy. That's okay if you get him ready, though. You seemed to take him pretty well before, so... I'm trusting you, okay, Rex? Don't run off."

"Mm..." the husky managed, through a heavy mouthful of still-warm cum. The dragon seemed to know what he was doing, and as such lowered its rump down, lifted its tail, and steadily pushed out the seed it carried for the waiting muzzle, each lick and kiss making its rump tense and clench up again. Rex worked a paw down beneath himself, closed it around his own length beneath the bulge of his belly...

"Otters," the tavern owner called on his way out, "would you mind keeping an eye on him? There'll be a double payment for your performance tonight."

The larger brother, arms up behind his head and leaning against the wooden support, cracked his eyes and licked his lips. "Yes, sir. Of course. Any - thing for you..."

Kneeling down in front of him, the other swallowed and wiped his lips, and then started doing up his brother's pants. "*Our* performance? Sir, I think you should be paying this husky..."

Rex thought about that. He *had* already been thoroughly marked... what would be the harm in spending another night here?