

The husky squirmed on his knees, his legs close to losing feeling after spending so long in cold mud. Still he was waiting here in the back of the feral dragons' stables. The scent had been almost unbearable at first, but after a full night of breathing nothing but the heavy air; after some time spent with his muzzle shoved up against one of the dragon's sheaths, in dire need of a cleaning - which he then provided - of course his nose, lips, and the fur of his muzzle had then taken on the muskier, meatier scent of the dragon's parts, but even that had gone away after a while. Now he just knelt here, paws bound behind his back, waiting to be called on to perform his duty again.

Last night, he'd been caught by the owner of these stables and the affixed inn - a nice little place, called *The Needy Dragon*, appropriately - while having his muzzle shoved up between the hind legs of one of these dragons, giving into a deep-seated desire of his. The owner of the place, a large, formidable wolf with glimmering amber eyes, had decided to *give* him what he wanted, and bathed him in hot piss first before strapping him up underneath the dragon to serve as a receptacle for its seed, while he brought the other dragons to come up and use that one as sexual relief for themselves. *The breeder*, he'd called it. At the end of the night, that was what the wolf had called this husky.

He'd *planned* to have made it to the province's capital by midday today, but with him in his current position, it looked like that wouldn't happen.

A noise from the other end of the stables made him perk his ears and lift his head. Halfway through the night, he'd been stripped of all of his clothing and tied up here in the back corner, and *apparently* the tavern owner, Ruka by name, had told the patrons of the inn that, if they so chose, they could come back here and use the tied-up husky for their relief. There had been a pair of otters, actors who'd put on a show the previous night; a tall stallion whose bladder held probably three times what the husky's did; Ruka himself at one point; a bear, a cheetah, a second cheetah, two foxes... knowing what would happen if he didn't obey, the husky opened his muzzle when told, swallowed when told, and tried his best. His stomach felt like it was bulging out from the amount he'd swallowed down, and a myriad of spices coated his tongue and throat from all the thorough markings.

The doors of the stables slid open, and against the morning light he could just make out Ruka's familiar silhouette, alongside someone else he didn't recognize. They spoke in low voices, conversationally, informally; their words became clearer over the grunts and sounds of the feral dragons as they approached. Ruka had his paws at the fastenings of his pants, taking his time in undoing them.

"Yes, yes," he was saying in his slightly-accented voice. The husky kept his eyes forward, at the fastenings of those pants - which soon pulled away and brought into view the same plump sheath that he'd gotten quite familiar with these past several hours. "I understand that it's today. That's part of why I was so glad that Rex showed up last night... I was worried that they wouldn't get in the relief that they needed." Then, to this husky, Rex: "Good morning, you. Open your muzzle. I have a drink for you."

He did as told - and then, in another few seconds, received a rather sharply-scented stream of hot piss against the surface of his tongue. Golden yellow, glittering in the pale light filtering in from the windows - and, gods, the taste almost made him recoil, but he dutifully kept his muzzle open and swallowed down where appropriate. Ruka must have slept during the night, and this

was his first piss of the day. Those were usually considerably harder to swallow; Rex would know. He'd sampled his own more than once.

"Which one are you going to bring?" asked the other, another wolf. Perhaps they were brothers, or somehow else related; when *he* opened his pants and brought his sheath out into the air, Rex couldn't help but shift his eyes over to it. He rolled the supple skin back a little bit between a finger and thumb, tugging it back to reveal a little bit of the glistening pink flesh of his cock's tip - and then began emptying his own bladder as well, aiming directly at Rex's chest as the husky swallowed down the tavern owner's mark. He'd had so much over the course of the night that his own bladder had filled up twice, and he had no choice but to let it all out right here where he knelt. It had soaked between the floorboards as well as into the fur of his legs, and only accompanied the scent of everything else that he constantly breathed.

Ruka shifted the focus of his stream with a paw, moving it down to the husky's shoulder. Rex flicked his tongue out across his lips to lap off the last of the piss that had gathered there, and then leaned his head to the side to show more of his neck and shoulder. The warmth was greatly appreciated among everything else. The wolf nodded his head towards the other corner. "I was thinking the crimson one back there. He had his turn on the breeder last night, and he's always been my strongest. He'll look good for the show."

"Ruka, your dragons are notorious for emptying their bladders at the most inopportune of times..."

"That's because Rex here isn't our first thirsty visitor. Hey, speaking of which - aim for his mouth. He *loves* it."

The other wolf followed the advice, and soon Rex had his muzzle filled up with a slightly different musk. He hadn't been told to swallow, though, so he just let it fill up and roll down out of the corners of his mouth, along his chin and chest. "So? What are you gonna do about it?"

Ruka's stream began to dwindle, and then eventually cut off. He shook his sheath off; a few drops of yellow piss rolled down the underside, matting down his grey fur. Rex would have leaned forward and cleaned that up himself, had he not had to keep his mouth open for this other wolf. "Well, I was thinking... our husky toilet here seems to have arrived with a taste for dragon's urine..."

Earlier in the night Rex had been commanded to clean up some of the dragons, since that was what he seemed to enjoy best. Ruka had shoved Rex's muzzle against the tailhole of the breeder, thoroughly stretched and used by a number of the other virile males in the stable - and, there, Rex had smelled the strong musk of several different loads on top of the usual scent of a feral's tailhole. He had been commanded to lick out as much of the thick seed as he could, and then to move underneath the breeder to do the same to his cock and sheath... and, while there, had received a bladder-full of fresh feral dragon piss against his muzzle. Gods, the scent was even *more* powerful than this wolf's morning piss; even underneath all the others, he could still taste it at the back of his throat. This other wolf started to finish up as well; to give him a good impression, Rex closed his mouth, swallowed down the warm, salty liquid, and then opened it again to show that he'd drunk it all.

"...so... why not strap him up underneath the dragon, like last night? But the other way around. Fit the dragon's cock into that muzzle of his so that he's forced to drink every drop. He won't

complain.” Amber eyes glinted down at him. From here, he could just barely pick up the scent of Ruka’s musk as he shook off his sheath, every now and then showing part of the moist flesh of his cock. “He knows that he’ll have punishment coming if he does.”

The other wolf started to do up his pants. Rex’s stomach grumbled under the weight of more piss sloshing around inside him. “What if he has to go on his own, though? I mean, look - he’s practically bulging out already just from overnight, and... well.” He motioned down underneath Rex, to the pool of his own stale urine in which the husky knelt.

Ruka just flashed a bright smile. “Oh, I have a plan for that.”

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The other wolf had been put in charge of preparing the dragon for whatever this ‘show’ was that they had been talking about, while Ruka worked on his stable husky. First, he told Rex to lie down on his back and told him to empty his bladder; while the husky did this, he pressed the heel of his foot against his lower belly to squeeze out every last drop of recycled piss, not caring if it splashed on his own leg or over the body of the husky. Then, he went and fetched the same harness that he’d used to strap him up onto the breeder the previous night, as well as some other contraption that Rex hadn’t seen before - a glass cylinder connected to a tube and a bulbed funnel.

He would soon find out, though. That was the first thing affixed to him: the cylinder clamped shut around his sheath and the bulb, after receiving a good licking from the tavern owner, was pressed up underneath his tail. “This way,” Ruka purred, “when you have to go, it’ll all drain right where piss belongs: directly inside of you. Nobody at the show has to see.”

Next, he had the straps of the leather harness affixed to his wrists and ankles, and was hoisted up underneath the crimson dragon with his muzzle facing back between the big feral’s hind legs. Even at a few inches away, Rex’s nose and whiskers twitched constantly with the weight of the dragon’s musk: this one he hadn’t been able to get his tongue on the previous night, and as such, the sheath that he found his muzzle being pushed towards still bore the thick, greasy gunk of more than a few days without a good washing.

“C’m on,” the other wolf cooed, moving the husky’s muzzle forward. His nose pressed up against the folds of slimy skin, coated with liquid scent. “You’re not new to this. Open up...”

Had to do as told. Rex parted his lips, stuck his tongue out - and scooped up a fair amount of the stuff, the sharp taste spreading across his tongue and filling his muzzle. A shiver ran through his body, and despite himself, he felt his cock stir against its glass confinement - and the wolf no longer had to hold his muzzle there. He moved forward of his own accord, digging his tongue up between the thick folds of skin and pulling out the greyish-yellow gunk, loving how the strong, acrid musk quickly took over his breath and clung to his nostrils, his lips, his tongue, the back of his throat.

That wasn’t enough, though: after a few more moments, Ruka came forward, forced his maw open with a few fingers, and then dug into the dragon’s sheath with his other, rubbed at his cock to urge it out a little, and placed the warm, soft flesh against Rex’s tongue. It was heavy enough to weigh his tongue down against the bottom of his mouth, and even now if he pressed up a

little bit, he could pick up a bit of the familiar spice of feral dragon piss, right at the end of that cock.

And then, finally, the pair of wolves threw a blanket over the entire ensemble, covering Rex from view. It was a nice gold to go against the shimmering crimson of the dragon's scales... not like Rex could see it from where he was restrained. He felt extremely vulnerable, but yet couldn't find it in himself to complain. Not *now*, at least.

Then, time seemed to drag on a bit as the dragon was led out of the stables and down the road behind Ruka, with Rex strapped up beneath. All the swaying and movement made him a little nauseous, especially what with all of the fresh urine he'd swallowed down the previous night - certainly more than he had in the past year or two combined. The crimson dragon's cock remained held between his lips, the warm flesh seeming to only get heavier and muskier, as did his sheath: Rex had been tied up so that his nose pressed up right where the dragon's sheath met his underbelly, and it was also right there that the grime of his time without cleaning had caked most noticeably. He could feel the warm slipperiness of it against the surface of his nose every time he was jerked back.

At some point along the way, Ruka led the dragon off the path and through a distance of unkempt grasses and brush, tickling and scratching at Rex's naked body underneath the cover... and, then, his ears perked upon hearing the nearby burbling of a flowing river. He strained against his bonds, a number of different scenarios running through his head, but all worse than what actually happened...

"There you go," the wolf cooed. Behind him, Rex felt the dragon lean down and begin lapping at the river water, gulping down mouthful after mouthful. The amount he now swallowed down made it sound like he hadn't been given a drink in days - and Rex thought he could even *feel* the dragon's belly swell down above him with the volume of water. "Drink up, all that you need. We won't have to worry about you having a full bladder today."

Due to his unique positioning under the belly of this dragon, he couldn't quite tell *where* this 'event' was that Ruka led the pair to. All he knew was that, at some point in time afterwards, the quiet whispering of wind through the boughs of trees near the road faded away, and the distant clamor of cheering and conversation took its place. This steadily grew and increased in volume, until it sounded on all sides of the husky and dragon; maybe it was a showing of some sort?

"You think everything'll be okay?" said the other wolf from the other side of the dragon. Rex hadn't been aware that he had come along.

The blanket lifted up at one corner; the husky glanced over that way and looked directly into Ruka's glittering amber eyes. He struggled on the length of the dragon, and then half-regretted it: his movements had caused the beast to stiffen up a little, and grow down his throat and constrict his breathing a little. If he squeezed his lips, if he moved his tongue, if he shifted in the slightest... by the gods, if this dragon did anything too showy, the entire blanket would roll off and all the people who had come to this exhibition would see the wolf's little *setup* underneath, his solution to a feral dragon's full bladder.

"You did *damn* well drinking down piss from my patrons in the stables," he remarked, tracing a claw gently along Rex's leg. The husky wriggled. "So, I trust in you, Rex. You won't let me down?"

The husky shook his head. Again he felt the warmth of dragon cock sliding a short distance back into his muzzle, and swallowed around the heavy flesh.

“Good. This might be a struggle for you, but if you perform admirably... well, I’ll see about rewarding you, alright?”

*Might be a struggle for you.* That could have been the understatement of the year, after Ruka sent out his crimson dragon to do whatever it was he had to. Rex squeezed his eyes shut against the trotting and bouncing, against the swaying and rolling. It seemed that this took place in an arena of sorts, with a floor of short grass and light dust, periodically kicked up against his bellyfur and muzzle; not that he could smell it, of course, what with thick feral dragon musk thoroughly ground into his nostrils.

This crimson dragon had drunk down quite a lot of riverwater, and after a good half hour or so, Rex kept his eyes squeezed shut and tongue pressed down against the bottom of his mouth in preparation for what he knew would soon be coming. And, the beast didn’t disappoint him: it started out with a brief dropping of the dragon’s cock out of his sheath, heavy, slimy flesh lengthening and thickening up a little, working its way down the husky’s muzzle; then it began, slow at first, dripping down against the back of the husky’s tongue, but quickly picked up in force.

Gods, the *taste* - strong, bitter, powerful. It made his muzzle wrinkle, made him pull his lips back in a scowl, made him strain against his bonds and cough and splutter in trying to avoid swallowing it down. But, he had no choice: the piss blasted out against the back of his throat, the sharp spiciness of it causing tears to gather at the corners of his eyes and roll down his cheeks.

Intensely salty, heavy with musk and spice, a metallic undertone mixed with a dry oatiness - *definitely* feral dragon piss, in full strength even despite the amount of river water he had swallowed down earlier. And, just as this dragon had done to that water, Rex was forced to do to the piss that he steadily emptied into his muzzle and throat, bulging his cheeks out. He swallowed it down again and again, the powerful heat of the stuff almost scalding his throat on the way down and making him gag on it. There was simply nothing else he could do. No telling what Ruka would do to him if he failed in his assignment, if the punishment for being caught with his tongue in one of the dragon’s sheaths was to be tied up and used as a toilet for all the patrons of the inn for the rest of the night.

There was nothing he could do if some of it dripped out of his lips, around the dragon’s twitching cock, and down his chin. He just bit back his disgust at the sharp taste - gods, it felt like it was burning his taste buds - and drank it down, all of it, until the waterfall spray dwindled into a steady stream, and then from that, into a few sparse drips. Rex could still both feel and taste it, even after swallowing a few extra times to be sure he’d downed all of it; and, yet, against himself, he could feel the glass cylinder affixed around his sheath to grow a little tight.

The taste he wasn’t quite a fan of. But, the act - knowing that he was tied up here with nowhere to go, no way to unhook himself; knowing that he was *forced* to keep his mouth open and lips parted around a thick, musky dragon cock, and that the only option presented to him was to receive *all* of the dank, heavy piss that that dragon had to give, and drink it down.

After that first bladderful, he could already feel the weight of the hot liquid sloshing around in his belly and, in turn, fill *his* bladder up as well. It took some time, certainly not hindered by all the movement that this dragon did above him - if he stretched his head down and peered around the edge of the cover, it looked like the dragon was being led around the arena a few times - but within some ten minutes, he could feel the familiar warm pressure in his lower belly, making him clench up and shift. He could hold off. No telling how long this showing would be, but - he could off.

And, in case he *couldn't* hold it? Ruka had firmly shoved that glass bulb up underneath Rex's tail, the other end somewhat thick and blunted like a stallion's shaft, or like the end of this dragon's cock that pressed down and drooled out little drips of urine onto his tongue. If he *couldn't*, and ended up filling this cylinder and attached tube... well, it would all course up and fill up his rump with the same warm, musky liquid that he'd swallowed down.

Some small part of him wondered, amid everything else: would it still smell like dragon's piss, if that was his only hydration? Or would his body have changed it somehow to weaken the intense odor and taste?

Apparently the crimson dragon hadn't finished, though. *That* felt odd, especially considering how it was just a feral beast - not like it could *intentionally* tease the husky and mess with him, right? But, sure enough, about twenty minutes later Rex felt the same dropping motion of the dragon's cock, followed by a few preliminary drops of piss, which then turned into another fast, strong unloading of fresh, dark urine into his muzzle, firmly buried a short distance in the dragon's slimy sheath.

And, just like before, he could do nothing but repeatedly swallow it down, pushing through the uncomfortable nausea it brought on - not only from the powerful taste, spicy and heavy and dank, but also from the sheer volume of almost-scalding liquid pouring down into his stomach. With this there was also the ever-present knowledge that this cover might slip off at any time, and he'd be on full display for everyone in attendance to see: this nude husky strapped up underneath a feral dragon, muzzle wrapped around the beast's cock and a wide glass tube shoved about half a foot under his tail, like some sort of depraved... well, *something*, certainly.

He'd been embarrassed enough when Ruka walked in on him with his tongue buried in the other dragon's sheath, digging out the clumps of thick musk, sweat, and skin that currently pressed against his nose and kept the cylinder around his sheath tight. To have all these other people see him drinking down fresh, dark piss, and - *enjoying* it, a little bit...

Try as he might not to, struggle as he did, the husky *did* find that the taste of the piss did not bother him as much as it went on for longer. He started drinking it down more readily and easily; he closed his eyes, breathed in the sharp scent of the dragon's musk between gulps, and felt the urine warm the back of his throat and belly as he swallowed it again and again, mouthful after mouthful. It had started to get physically difficult to swallow more - he felt as if the slightest movement would cause some of it to come back up, his belly felt so full and bloated - but, he couldn't stop.

And, he didn't want to, either.

However, that full stomach only increased the feeling of pressure in his bladder, to an unbearable amount. The crimson dragon to which he was strapped stopped moving, briefly

bucked its hips forward to shake off the last of its piss onto Rex's tongue - and the husky squeezed his eyes shut, swallowed down the spice, and...

...started releasing his own into the cylinder enclosing his sheath. First there was a steady, growing warmth, soaking into his fur and filling up; and then, a few seconds later, he could feel the pressure of it as the liquid coursed through the tube, down around him, between his legs, up towards the base of his tail... and, as he let out more and more with force and speed slowly increasing, that pressure then transferred *inside* of him. It was a little like the feeling of sinking back onto a thick cock, of having it press up inside of him and making him squirm and moan - but, without the slight pain: it was just a feeling of warm fullness that grew, and grew, and grew, delicious heat spreading out inside of him and only making his lower belly bulge out further, accompanied by a faint tingling at the base of his tail.

As it went on, though, that deep, strange pleasure turned more to discomfort. There was no stopping now that he'd started, and the pressure in his bladder hadn't gone down at all - and there was no telling how much more still sloshed around in the dragon's belly above his head, to be emptied out into the back of his throat. Rex squirmed and swallowed, body shivering with the mixed feeling of relieving himself - directly into the depths of his own tailhole, piss flowing into him, pushing out his belly, pressing on every part of him that it could reach underneath his tail.

Finally, though, his own stream dwindled to a stop, and through pressure, the last of his piss that made it into the tube slid up underneath his tail. Now, every movement of the dragon above him caused both the beast's piss in his belly as well as his own in his rump to slosh around and make him groan. He had lost his sense of smell for everything *other* than the thick, heavy musk of the dragon's sheath quite a while ago, and now, the surface of his tongue tingled all over with the lingering taste of it, and his throat burned as if he'd downed a hot drink before letting it cool sufficiently.

Which, in a way, he had. It just wasn't the sort of drink a frothy mug of which that the normal patron at an inn would order.

This was going to be a *long* day.

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As it turned out, the crimson dragon only had to relieve itself another four times before its turn in the show was up - and, just like with the others, Rex dutifully swallowed down mouthful after mouthful, ignoring the peaking pressure and discomfort in his burning belly. He started to anticipate the urine, started wanting it more and more, until he found himself pressing his muzzle forward to feel the power of the fresh stream directly against the back of his throat, as well as on his tongue through the underside of the dragon's cock; and, between times, he churned his jaw and tongue along the dragon's length, intentionally getting it to stiffen up and hump forward into his muzzle underneath the cover.

He was a little less forward about emptying his own bladder, but knew it had to be done. By the time Ruka had unhooked him from underneath the dragon (which waited until the wolf had brought him all the way back to the inn), the pain of his stretched belly had dwindled, and now only remained an off uncomfortable nausea at each and every movement; Ruka had him kneel down on all fours, and tugged the glass tube out of his stretched tailhole from behind.

Rex both felt and heard the torrent of stored piss flow out of him and over the stable floor, running down the backs of his legs, quickly forming a puddle all around him.

"You've been a good tool," the wolf said to him, looking down at him. Rex had to catch his breath; his throat felt sore, his belly felt sore, his rump felt sore... everything burned and tingled with the strangest combination of pleasure and pain. "So I think I'll keep you around for a day or two more. I won't be sending in any patrons tonight - you need a break. But, if you *do* get thirsty..."

He pointed down to the puddle in which Rex sat, dark yellow and steaming in the lowering cool of evening.

"You've got plenty to drink."