

Rex scrubbed at the side of the support timber, long since numbed to the feeling of the dry grass along the floor digging to the skin of his knees. The fur there had worn down a bit, his back had started to hunch over a bit, his tail remained raised even without him consciously doing so... all just little adaptations to his current, and apparently permanent, line of work. These stables weren't his main interest in cleaning, but for everything else... well, he couldn't really complain.

Okay. He *could*. This husky reached over the bucket beside him to get the sponge soapy and wet, and got right back to trying to scrape off a spot of hardened lichen near the base of the support pillar. If he took a step back and looked at this from a wider perspective, this had to be an absolutely wild punishment for someone who got caught in the feral dragons' stables on just *one* night. So *what*, he was shoving his tongue deep into dragon sheath. If he curled his upper lip up against his nose, he could still smell the rich, grating odor of the last cleaning they'd had him do, thoroughly ground into the fur of his muzzle.

As part of his 'punishment', he was to clean out the sheaths (and sometimes rumps, depending) of any mounts of visitors to the neighboring inn, as a free service in thanks for them deciding to stay here. And of course for the *deepest*, grittiest sheath cleanings, he could use only his lips, tongue, and mouth, or else face worse punishment. This was a rule that he had yet to break, naturally; the scent had a tendency to cling to his muzzle even more resiliently than the gunk itself, thick and slimy and sticky, drying in his fur so that its odor refreshed every time he flicked his tongue out to wet his lips.

Sometimes it gave him a headache; sometimes it made his stomach growl; sometimes it made him gag; but really, most of the time it just made his pants tight. Still scrubbing at that one damn spot on the pillar, the husky's ears flicked back towards the wide open doors of the stables. For a moment he stopped working, lifted his head, listened a little closer... from outside towards the road definitely came the sound of rattling iron fastenings, of oiled leather shuffling across sleek scaly hide, of the unmistakable growl-chuffs of someone else riding their dragons in. After some... what, three months now? - of his cleaning duty, Rex had come to be able to identify this inn's dragons by sound, scent, and taste alone, and now could tell when someone else had one of the same breed.

Still, though, he couldn't be caught slacking, and as such bent right back over to finish with that damn spot. Sometimes he had to use his claws to get the stables really clean, but after so many days of doing so, those claws had become blunted and kind of useless; thankfully, though, it worked here, and after another few minutes of scrubbing the husky straightened up, braced his paws on his hips while he knelt, and looked around the stables.

Wasn't exactly *sparkling* clean. But he'd been working at it since he'd been awoken with a bucket of fresh feral dragon piss tossed across his face (hot like boiled soup broth, about four times saltier, and still fizzing!) near sunrise, and had then been told to clean up the mess. His sweat from working had gotten *some* of that reek out of his fur, enough to make even *his* nose curl and fog up his mind, but - at this point, he just sort of figured that he'd *always* smell like dragon. In fact, the beasts no longer lowered their heads for him when he entered the stables like they did for the tavernkeep: now, they shoved their noses against his neck, his ear, his armpit, his groin, whatever, just like they did for other dragons that arrived.

Really, that's what they'd made him, here. Rex was a beast with a very specific purpose.

His ears flicked back towards the doors again with the sound of approaching footsteps and voices, and he instinctively bent back over to make it look like he still had work to do. Generally wasn't a good idea to slack off in the presence of his owners, as much as he usually enjoyed the punishment he received... even with ears back he could still just barely hear the tavernkeep's familiar voice over the crunching of heavy paws on gravel and hay:

"You said you have - how many with your caravan?"

Then a lower, deeper voice he didn't recognize: "Four dozen. We've been on the road for the past four moons, so - we plan to stay for a while, at least long enough to make sure we have everything we need. From here we'll head right up to the capital to sell our wares."

*Four dozen.* That would mean Rex had his work for the next two weeks, at least, cut out for him. A large part of him squirmed and sighed at the thought of that, just another tick-mark that made him want to cut through his bonds some night and flee... but then an equal and possibly greater part squirmed in a *different* way, and he found himself licking his dry lips. It had taken his stomach a few days to grow accustomed to his new diet of fresh piss and sheath gunk, but now he found he could hardly handle anything else... and his last meal had been around noon yesterday.

"Well," the tavern keep went on. Beneath their footsteps, Rex could also hear the rhythmic pounding of a *lot* of feral footpaws. "Why don't you just take them straight to the city? We don't exactly have the space for four dozen... hell, we hardly have the space for four more. You sure you're okay with leaving your mounts outside?"

"It's what we've been doing for all these four moons until now. And, here, let me show you something..."

Rex hadn't been told to look, so he didn't. Again and again he worked at that same spot, now trying to remove the shadow of the lichen that remained once he'd gotten the thing itself off. From behind him came some kind of wet, sticky sound, like - like gauze being peeled from a healing wound, or...

"Oh. Oh, gods." The tavernkeep coughed a few times, as if he'd smelled something *particularly* rank. Rex felt a familiar stirring in his sheath... "Yeah. Okay. You've heard about our, uh-?"

"Cleaning dog? Yes. That's part of why we decided to come here. Especially since it's - it's free, and all..."

"Yes, of course. I'll have to charge you for every beast you wish to stable, however."

"Naturally. Is there anything you need me to, ah-?"

"No, no, our stablehand can handle it from here... Rex?"

That was his cue. The husky rose to his feet, wobbled briefly with the sensation of blood rushing back down into his legs, and turned around to start making his way over. Over time the clothes he'd worn on the night of his capture had become soaked through with gods only know how many different body fluids, as well as torn and moldy - so now he worked only in a loose

loincloth-type... *object* tied around his hips. For all he could tell, it seemed to be a towel from the kitchens.

He bowed his head as he approached, which he'd learned to just be protocol in his position. Also, the tavernkeep himself wasn't too keen on the reek of sheath gunk, which also had a tendency to cling rather resolutely to Rex's lips and breath. "Yes, sir?"

"You've got work while this gentleman stays here." The tall, shadow-black wolf nodded his head in Rex's direction, bright yellow eyes looking over his diminutive form. He thought he caught a glimmer of amusement in that look. "He's run a caravan all the way from Karrah to the capital, and needs his beasts cleaned before he heads into the city. You can do that, can't you?"

'No' had never been an acceptable response. Rex's heart simultaneously dipped as well as picked up in pace when he looked between the two of them to the first dragon in the group, a large golden-black beast with a leather pouch tied firmly around its sheath... and a wet grease spot visible *through* that leather. Unconsciously, he rolled his tongue out over his lips.

"Yes," he said, and took a step forward. "Yes, sir. Shall I begin immediately?"

"Yes, you shall. There's four dozen, and he's here for... how long did you say?"

The wolf dipped his head. "We can afford one week. Then we will have to go."

"Of course." Then back to Rex, who had closed the distance to the dragon and now ran his paws over the beast's smooth hide, feeling the little ridges of the scales and the rumbling heat of the flesh beneath. His modesty had crumbled to less than nothing in his time here: even with his owner and this stranger standing right beside him, he dropped to his knees and lifted his nose up against the first dragon's bare belly, tasting the rich scent of the beast's natural sweat. Heavy, earthy, gritty, like oil left to bubble and crust along a muddy stone. "One week, Rex. Can you handle four dozen in one week?"

That was less time than he'd expected, but... well, it just meant he'd have to *really* put his nose to it. In more than one way. The husky didn't even look back up at the tavernkeep to relay his affirmation, instead just continuing down beneath the dragon's body: a heavy, hefty sack hung right beneath that leather covering, very full after (assumedly) four months without release. He reached forward and caressed that in his paws, filling out both and even more: he could feel the weight of those balls and the intense, stirring heat in them when he rubbed and squeezed, when he slid his fingerpads over the sweat-slick surface... with this, he didn't even realize when the two others had gone away. Next time he looked over his shoulder again, he found that he was alone with his work (and his meal) set right out in front of him.

Rex rolled back onto his ankles, taking a moment to rub his finger and thumb together. That sweat... like a thin film, greasy and slick, a little bit discolored with time and skin oils and who knows whatever else. Some three weeks ago he would have shuddered to think of enjoying this, but now... now, he gladly brought that finger and thumb to his lips and rubbed the slickness off there, for his tongue to then lap out against - and then he came forward again and pressed those lips right up against that sack, chin settled into the space between those balls beneath the leathery skin.

A little, languid shiver echoed through Rex's body, and he pushed his nose up against the similarly-greasy leather while he mouthed at that sack. *That* was where the dragon's scent had been concentrated the most, right and coppery with the characteristic smooth sweetness of aged leather... already he panted openly, hot breath washing out over those already-sweaty balls and just worsening the problem. Broad tongue flicked out against the surface of that sack, tasted the intense bitter saltiness, caused his face to scrunch all up... but, *gods*, did he love it. Again and again he pursed his lips and lapped up across those large balls, loving the resistance of the skin dragging along his tongue, the feeling of that slick sweat rubbing off and catching in his throat, of his own saliva dripping down his chin; he kept those balls hefted in both paws, rubbing and squeezing, pressing them more firmly against his muzzle while he worked.

Every breath he drew in, laden with the rich scent of that leather and the grime that no doubt oozed against the other side. Rex wanted to do an excellent job of his work, so he made sure to spend a little extra time on this sack despite how much he wanted to dig into that pouch and sheath behind it.

Hefty hanging sack swayed and pulsed beneath his paws, the dragon above him standing dutifully in place but occasionally pawing at the hay along the ground. Rex ignored that and continued working, grinding the side of his cheek up along that sack while he licked and suckled along the flesh, the saltiness and scent of this part of the dragon already ingrained in his nostrils and the back of his throat; gradually he worked his way around to the back of that sack, smoother and flatter, and dragged his tongue up along there - while almost touching his nose against the supple puckered skin of the beast's tailhole right above, eyes fixed on that darker area. He so, so wanted to dig his muzzle into there, but that would just keep him from doing his *real* job. Instead of pressing his tongue in, he just licked the pad of his thumb and rubbed it against that spot, against the resistance and tensing back against the intrusion.

Then he had to spend *another* few minutes licking up his own mess, unsure if the sticky slickness rolling down off of those balls was more sweat or just his own saliva, slimy already with his focus. Rex swallowed the taste down once more, loving the way it clung to the back of his throat and made him shiver and squirm... and then, that done, he moved up to unhook the little clasps keeping that leather pouch against the end of the dragon's external sheath. Then, he leaned back to let it fall away...

...but instead watched as it just kind of hung down a little bit, and then remained in place. Rex frowned, cocked his head, reached up to give it a tug... and then felt another shiver ripple down his back once he pulled that leather free, the dip along the interior coated with a good amount of the yellow-grey grime that he routinely cleaned out of this inn's dragons. Greasy, slimy, slick... his nose curled with the odor wafting up from that, but still he reached forward and squished it against his finger, noticing how he could feel the wetness of it.

He'd never worked on a beast that had gone for *four months* without a cleaning. Over that time the gunk had taken on an even stronger smell, coppery and metallic on top of the deeper heady stink that it usually carried. Rex licked that little chunk off of his finger, shivered yet again with that sharp salty bitterness spreading out into his muzzle, and swallowed it down... and just from that could already tell that his breath picked up the scent, taste refreshed every time he swallowed.

No point wasting time. The husky unstuck the edges of the leather pouch from the dragon's sheath, then sat back on his rump, looked at the caked grime there... and leaned in to press his

lips against it and start lapping it off, eyes squeezed shut through the texture and intense odor burning at his nose. Thicker, richer than anything else he'd had on his tongue, and it still definitely made him gag to the point where he had to choke it down along his tongue, but... couldn't deny the throbbing between his legs, his already-hard cock pressing up against this cloth wrapped around his waist. Muzzle pressed firmly against that greasy leather while he cleaned it off, the husky reached down and unbound that cloth to lighten at least some of the pressure.

Hot breaths panting out across the leather, wafting back against his nose so he knew for *certain* that he already reeked of the sheath gunk... Rex could feel it clinging to his lips and the back of his throat, warm and squishy and moist, slimy like a thick concentration of the sweat he'd licked off of the feral dragon's sack. This gunk he could feel on his tongue, and his lips, and in the fur of his muzzle - as well as how it rolled down his throat every time he swallowed, sometimes necessitating a second or third attempt.

When he next opened his eyes, tears had gathered at the edges from the scent and taste, heavy and rancid but goddamn intoxicating. He found himself drooling once he'd cleaned off that pouch, dragging his tongue once more over the length to be sure he'd gotten it all; still that grease stain remained, as it probably would, but there was nothing he could do about that. Maybe he could try again later. For now, his next focus remained right in front of him, hanging down from the dragon's lower belly...

This particular breed of feral dragon had external genitalia (of course), with a sheath similar to those Rex had seen on feral stallions. Scent and taste were similar, too, but indescribably sharper, heavier, more forward. His nose and whiskers twitched even while there still remained half a foot of space between him and the wrinkled skin along the end, those wrinkles caked with dryer, crusty grime.

Rex shuffled forward on his knees, reached out to turn that sheath his way a little bit - then partially lost his balance, and so conveniently fell with his forehead against the side of the dragon's underbelly and his nose against the edge of that sheath. Another powerful scent, still both similar and different: same heavy, sour muskiness of the built-up gunk, same tang of sweat, different base scent, this one belonging to this sheath and the interior of it.

Just like before, instead of wasting time on investigating what he had before him and pressed against his lips, Rex instead got right to work. Here he had to really dig his tongue up between those wrinkles to coax out all of the built-up mess, the dry crusts on the outer wrinkles flaking off on the flat of his tongue while the tip slid in and scooped out the thicker, wetter slime buried inside that sheath. Of course the more he worked, the more he pressed his tongue and lips against that sheath, the more the dragon slid out of it - which honestly made things easier for him.

With that, he could lift that thick, slimy cock in his paws, the flesh still mostly soft, and drag his tongue all along the surface and the revealed skin. Other than the tailhole, the shaft was usually the smoothest, most supple part of the dragon that Rex had ever gotten his fingers and tongue on, and with *this* one... the little patches, the coatings of that yellow-grey slime that peeled right off under his ministrations - all of that kept it nice and moist beneath, shimmering with the same kind of slimy sheen that the beast's balls had. He gradually worked his way up to the end of that cock, now able to feel a build-up of the sheath gunk against the edges of his lips and matting his fur together. When he moved back to catch his breath - his head had started to throb a little bit -

and move back down to get back into the deeper ridges of that sheath, he made sure to lick that sticky mess off of his lips and swallow it down as well.

That heavy, stick warmth gradually filling his belly, still sticking to the back of his throat... the husky slid a pair of fingers up into the lip of the beast's sheath while he worked to stretch it open a little bit, earning a surprised *huff* from the dragon above him, and then dug his tongue into that space. There he added his saliva to the natural liquid musk that already lingered there, keeping the base of the dragon's cock moist - as well as providing a basis for this grime he continued to clean out, no doubt.

Suddenly the dragon lurched forward, giving Rex a shock - was he about to get trampled, or eviscerated, or any number of other things? He fell over onto his back, hard cock still throbbing against his lower belly, and instinctively brought his (still greasy and heavily-scented) paws to his muzzle - but then when nothing happened, opened his eyes and peered through his fingers. This dragon above him lurched unsteadily forward and back, heavy sack and sheath swinging with the movement, and cock continuing to stiffen out of its sheath... and *then* Rex noticed the second pair of legs behind this one, and the forelegs hanging down along this feral's sides.

Four months of being bound up in leather pouches, without given a chance to clean or breed - of *course* these beasts were pent-up and eager to go at it. At first Rex couldn't really believe it, two feral males locked in the midst of it right on top of him... but here it certainly was happening, the aroma of the sex already wafting down to him and making him drip against his own belly. The caravaneer must have never re-attached the other dragon's sheath pouch, allowing him to remain out and in the open.

After a few moments of watching and guiltily running his paw over his length, the husk rose back to his knees, then made his way carefully back around the front dragon - to get a good view on the action. The second beast, wine-red with scales that shimmered in the light of the lanterns in the stables, thrust with drunken pleasure deep into the stretched tailhole of the first one, a thick mixture of liquid arousal and greyish sheath gunk collected on the rim of that tailhole and rolling down the back of the bottom's sack. Rex made sure he was out of the immediate range of their hind legs, and moved forward - and eagerly curled his tongue up along at greasy streak, nose lifted up against the edge of that tailhole and the hard shaft pounding into it.

Even if he *wanted* to get out of that, he couldn't: each time he tried, the second dragon's equally-heavy (and now, much sweatier and dirtier) sack swung against the back of Rex's head and kept him in place, the husky able to feel the moisture of the sweat and scent seeping into his fur. He reached both of his paws up and ran his thumbs along the slick rim of that tailhole, spreading the dragon to allow room for his tongue right up in that ridged pucker as well - and swallowed down the gunk and taste of both of them, braced and tensing in the breeding.

He couldn't keep his paws there for long, though: sweat and sheath slime and precum and a number of some other greasy fluids kept the bottom's rear slimy, and he soon found that his paws slipped all over that scaled rump... so, instead, he reached down and used that slickness to paw himself off, at the same time coating his already-wet cock in the slime and smell, in the moistened heavy grime from the second dragon. He hadn't even gotten to that one yet, and would no doubt have to give it a more thorough cleaning after this.

Finally, though, he found the space to get out, and fell back onto his elbows with that same paw still down between his legs. Of course in his time working here, he hadn't been given the

opportunity to bathe himself - so when he glanced down he noticed his own build-up added to that grime sticking to his fingerpads and fur, yellow-white as it ringed the lip of his sheath down near his growing knot. He reached his other paw down, dragged a finger along that rim, felt the same sort of warm slickness... then squished that between his finger and thumb for a moment, before taking a deep whiff of it - his own musk strengthened to pungent heights combined with the undeniable *tang* of sheath slime, so much congealed piss and cum and pre and sweat and skin and anything else... and, then, he lapped it right off, enjoying the slightly-lighter taste as opposed to that of these dragons, still strong in his nose. Whenever he lifted his paw to his muzzle, no matter where he sniffed, he could still smell it almost as strongly as if he'd had his nose pushed right up into the supple, slick wrinkles of the dragon's sheath.

Rex rested his head back against the hay-covered floor of the stables, well aware of the moist spot beneath his back that had started to drip down at the start of this romp. He panted through parted lips as he pawed himself off, gladly watching - as well as listening to and smelling - these two ferals atop him, heavy sack slapping forward against heavy sack, dirty shaft pounding into that tailhole... he'd also have to give a second cleaning to that rump once they finished. Already another yellow-grey ring of grime had started to build up on the pucker, from the top's sheath being repeatedly pushed back as its thrusts deepened and increased in urgency.

Being ferals, though, they didn't last very long - and right after Rex tilted his head back, eyes closed to enjoy the feeling of pawing himself off, he heard a short series of gruff exhalations above him, and then a few seconds later felt a thick, hot liquid seeping down onto the bare fur of his lower belly. His eyes flicked back open and he looked up to see the last few spurts, visible in the underside of the top's cock as well as pulsing in its heavy sack, balls pulling up towards its body with each one... and then it started to dismount, steadily pouring more of that thick seed out of that tailhole - and came free, with another oozing wave of it. Rex scrambled forward as fast as he could to catch that on his tongue, the thick liquid quickly filling his maw and rolling down his chin and chest, this taste downright dull and sweet compared to the acrid bitterness of the sheaths.

He gladly swallowed it down, one paw reaching up to stroke the last of it out of the dismounting dragon, and then looked forward - and right into the stretched, gaping tailhole of the bottom, rump steadily leaking that same gooey liquid. Rex dove right on in, fitting a good portion of his muzzle into that hot, moist flesh, feeling it clench around his nose and chin - and he sucked in on it and drank down the oozing cum, his own paw still working fast and hard between his own legs. All he could taste, all he could smell... his muzzle came free with a wet *pop*, and then he ran his tongue up around that slick, sticky flesh to clean off the extra sheath gunk that had gathered on the rim, then felt that tailhole clench back around his tongue... and that was all he needed. He gripped the beast's lower haunch, gritted his teeth, shoved his nose as much as he could back into that clenching tailhole... and bucked forward, emptying his own load out across the floor in a few rather unimpressive spurts, in comparison to what had just been unloaded inside this dragon and over his chest. A large, milky pool of the glue-like seed had dripped down to the floor between his legs.

Took him a moment to catch his breath, especially since each inhalation brought back both the rich smell of unwashed sheath as well as freshly-used tailhole now, and every time he swallowed, all he could taste was feral dragon seed. Rex wiped the back of his paw across his forehead, feeling a similar greasy slickness in his fur there. All over he reeked of dragon, could feel it in his fur, in his throat, on his breath, stirring in his stomach... and he loved it.

Already tired, he managed to pull himself back up - these two dragons remained where they stood as if nothing had happened, the one in front leaking thick pre from its now fully-hard cock - and then looked back outside. Thirty-eight other beasts like these, standing around in the fields, nosing at each other and tugging on their reins...

One week. That was the time he had. If he could get two dragons at a time, he might just be able to get it done. Even if not, well - it wouldn't stop him from trying. Rex flicked his tongue out over his lips, refreshed taste of that sticky grime and cum already making his mouth water again.