

The cheetah opened his eyes, dully aware of a throbbing pain in the back of his neck. He felt... *cold*, too, which was odd, considering how he remembered today to be a bright, sunny one, enough so that he had ended up drinking half of the water he'd been sent to retrieve for his caravan. In fact - he sat up, but instantly regretted it after feeling that pain in his neck shoot down through his back and into his limbs - where was that caravan? He could remember being sent for water, could remember making his way through the woods, stepping over fat roots, almost tripping on half-hidden boulders... could remember seeing the glimmering pond of cool water through the greenery, could remember kneeling down to fill the buckets... and then there was an odd scent on the air, and-

His ears perked straight up as his vision started to come into focus. Actually, where was *he*? What exactly had happened? Smooth, cool stone pressed up beneath him, slightly moist without being slippery... it took a moment, but before long, he could make out the shapes of hanging stalactites, large boulders against the natural-curved walls, a high, dark ceiling. He certainly didn't *remember* stumbling into a cave; in fact, past when he started to gather the water, he couldn't really remember anything.

Careful not to aggravate his sore limbs too much, the cheetah pulled himself up into a half-lying position. Cool cavern air, tasting like a breeze following a good rainstorm: heavy, wet, mildewy. On top of all of that, though, there was that same odd scent he'd picked up by the pond, something... *spicy*, almost. At first he'd just shrugged it off as a result of travelling with that caravan for the last few weeks: their main good to be peddled was spice, after all, all sorts from the three furthest corners of the empire.

Leave home with the intention of making a considerable fortune - after all, it was *his* family's name that cultivated their wild garlic native into a potent spice unique to the area - and, what happens? Some number of weeks later, and he doesn't even know where he ended up, other than a cave somewhere. From where he currently lay, he couldn't even make out an exit.

So, grumbling quietly to himself (*I swear to the gods, if it's bandits that conked me upside the head and pulled me away...*), the cheetah stretched his arms out, started to roll over... and came face-to-face with a smooth-scaled *thing* not even a full foot away from his body, gently contoured with a noticeable slitted bulge a short distance down, between... between a pair of large, muscled legs... before he'd consciously recognized what this *thing* was in front of him, the cheetah's ears flattened against his head, and his heart jumped into his throat. Sure enough, though, he followed the reptile's body with his eyes, up towards its chest - two forelegs, just as impressive as the rear ones - and to its shoulder, to the base of its neck, towards its angular head and snout... and then finally settled on the single glowing gem that watched him from beneath a lowered eyelid.

A disbelieving bark of a laugh left his lips. *At least it's not bandits.*

The dragon's vertical pupil expanded a little, and it looked the cheetah over. Then, it flicked a long, glistening tongue out of its snout, dragged it up atop its nose, brought it back down... inhaled, exhaled, inhaled again, and then rumbled- "So you've woken up."

Of course, the cheetah couldn't believe it at first. He scrambled backwards a distance, though his retreat was halted by the dragon stretching out one of its hind legs. His words caught in his throat for a moment. "You're..."

"Yes." That single eye, bright yellow like the sun reflecting off still water, blinked slowly. "I've been a dragon all my life. Which, mind you, is a lot... *longer* of a time period than you'd imagine. So you should be thankful that you're still alive and well; many others of my kind wouldn't have put any thought into extinguishing something insignificant like you. Just like how your kind acts towards insects."

"*Dragon?*" The word fell out of his mouth. The cheetah was vaguely aware of the dragon's leg pressing forward against him, pushing him forward again, but he didn't have the energy to resist. "You're - *huge!*"

A low, slow laugh, the massive spars of a large ocean vessel creaking past one another. The beast lifted its head and brought its other eye into view, this one a fiery yellow-orange. "Kitten," it went on, "you haven't seen *huge* yet. But, then again, you're not in much of a position to do anything, are you?"

"Look, look, look - okay..." *Gods, my heart is pounding-* "I just - needed to get some water. For my friends. We're - travelling, see? To the capital! We're - traders, we... we..."

"Traders."

"Yes!" Then, for a reason unknown even to himself, the cheetah's mouth continued: "...*Sir.*"

That seemed to please the dragon. Its nostrils dilated and it let out a warm puff of breath. "Lucky for you, you decided to gather water in *my* part of the woods."

The cheetah's ears flicked again. Even at this distance - all in all, nose to tail, this dragon probably measured ten meters, and likely seven or eight without that tail - he could still feel the changing current of the air with each of the beast's inhalations. His caravan driver *had* mentioned that there were a few feral dragons around these parts, but also noted that they mostly kept to themselves... of course, there *was* that myth that came to mind, about how when a feral dragon claims an area of land, it knows precisely what happens in that part, and thus lets nobody by. "*Your... part?*"

Another slow puff of breath. The dragon seemed to consider standing up - it would have to keep its head lowered: this cave wasn't *that* high - but decided against it. "You don't know much about dragons, do you?"

"Well, I - I mean, I've met a few before... I've been to the capital before, and there's - one of the palace attendants, the councilman of war for the region, he's - a dragon-"

"Mm. Amusing. You're talking about the dragons that are about *your* size, the runts. Can't even fly, few live past a century... no, I mean *real* dragons, cat. Look at me."

He already had, but if he'd learned anything from the stories, it was that there was no disobeying a feral dragon. Slowly, the cheetah let his eyes run down its body again, following the contours of the scales that thinned near its belly into smooth, lined flesh, over the dragon's sheath again, that slitted protrusion of skin and flesh - the cheetah noticed that it was from *there* that that odd scent emanated, distant and musky, making his whiskers twitch - and then down past that to the indent of its tailhole, greyish-pink against the cream tone of its underbelly, supple skin pulled inward.

Before he could return his gaze to the dragon's muzzle, however, the beast rose to its feet and stood directly over him. He cowered beneath it, half-bending over - though there was no real reason to: this thing was larger than any other feral he'd been under, larger than the prized stallion of his home region's baron.

"Like I said before," the beast went on, bending its - *his* - head down so he could watch the cheetah. "Most of my kind don't have the slightest sliver of respect for those of you on two legs. Me, though? Well, I've been around long enough to be able to recognize you for your uses... which is why I say it's lucky for you that you stumbled into *my* territory."

The cheetah swallowed. Now that the dragon had lifted himself up over him, that faint scent from his sheath hovered on the air stronger and stronger, especially since - the cheetah turned his head away from it - it hung down about half an arm's length from his muzzle. If he wanted to, for whatever reason, he could easily lean forward and touch his nose to it. The genital slit at the end looked tall enough to be able to surround the end of his muzzle. "Why... why's that?"

Mismatched eyes, fire-bright, affixed on his face. "Tell me your name first."

That damn scent distracted him, muddled his mind a bit, gave him the same slight dizziness that he felt whenever he put off eating for a day... because of this, the cheetah couldn't even think to give a fake one. "Sam."

"You said you're a trader, Sam?"

The cheetah nodded. That throbbing pain in the back of his neck still remained, but it seemed less noticeable now, less important.

"Well, then, good for you... you're trading me your services, in exchange for your life. You should be happy."

He swallowed. "Services?"

"Yes. Services." The dragon lifted up one of his forelegs, and with a rather long claw, turned Sam back around so that he faced that hanging sheath head-on. "I've been neglecting my cleanliness - you must understand, after so many years of having to do it myself, it gets a little... boring. So, get to work."

The scent almost made him gag, then, as he leaned in closer and tenderly sniffed at the air. It was *powerful*, even from the outside: it came down and hung around the cock that doubtless hid within that sheath, the skin folding and wrinkling along the way. *I have to do it*, Sam told himself again and again; *I have to do it. I have to do it.*

"Or, if you don't want to..." That same claw traced along his neck from behind towards his front, and pricked against his throat. He jerked back a little.

"No! No..."

A satisfied noise rumbled through the dragon's body. "I'm waiting, then."

A small bit of greyish grime clung to the bottom of the dragon's sheath slit, moist and glistening in any change of light. Already he knew what it was - of course he did: any man with a sheath between his legs had encountered it at some point or another - but still he found himself leaning in and sniffing at it. And, just as he'd expected the scent, the odor, more properly, made him recoil and gag. Sam had been beneath feral creatures before, again going back to the baron's stallion, but this was something else. But then again, when faced with either cleaning out the rather unclean sheath of a large dragon, or feeling that blade-sharp claw buried in his throat...

He had to force himself to do it without a second thought, trying not to breathe that scent in again. This, of course, was inevitable: as soon as the cheetah touched his tongue to the underside of the dragon's sheath, as soon as he curled it up and rolled off that bit of gunk - the taste spread across his senses. Dreadfully sharp, pungent, oppressively strong... it didn't make sense to him, how such a small amount of the grim could be so... so *much*.

But, then, 'small' was relative, looking at how this beast's sheath took up more space than Sam's own head. He brought his tongue back into his muzzle, felt the slimy gunk spread out across the surface of his tongue when he pressed it to the roof of his mouth in attempting to swallow it, choked it down... and then had to do so again, his stomach a lot less receptive to it than his mouth.

Even over the sour tang of his own bile, that rich, heavy musk came through, unmistakably clear and strong. Breathing it in almost gave him a headache, it was so thoroughly mixed into the air between the feral dragon's hind legs... as if the odor, the taste itself, had a physical form. And in a way, it *did*: Sam could feel it on his tongue when he slid it forward into that sheath, warm and slimy, the same moist hunk of raw musk as he'd just swallowed.

When this dragon said he'd been neglecting cleaning himself... the cheetah shivered to think of how long it had been. Or maybe it was a shiver in response to the mass of the stuff that clung to the inside of that sheath, some of it gritty and dried that he had to peel off with his tongue, some soft and squishy, easily removed. Every time he brought that tongue back out of the sheath to swallow down the warm slickness, his eyes watered at the strength of the odor that assaulted his nose, almost bringing him physical pain... and after the first time, he kept his eyes closed while doing so. That first time, it looked as if someone had slathered congealed, half-dry honey all over his tongue: wan yellowish-white, grey in places, chunky, that odd halfway between firm and malleable.

Thankfully, though, the more he dug into that sheath - the muscles of his jaw had started to ache, and now he had to entirely close the distance between his muzzle and the dragon's slit to reach in as far as was necessary - the less of a challenge it was to swallow down the taste. He could still feel its slickness on the back of his tongue, could still feel its cloying warmth ooze down his throat, cling to the roof of his mouth, hang off his lips...

No denying there was a lot of it. Might have been Sam's imagination, but it almost looked like the dragon's sheath had lost some of its volume after he'd downed a few mouthfuls. He could certainly *feel* his stomach filling up with the amount of it, though... and, that was to say nothing about what of it had rolled off his tongue or slid down his lips, and now clung to the fur around his mouth.

As much as he hated having that horrid taste burning through his tongue and scalding his eyes - almost worse than having to clean out the baron's stables after a rather persistent virus had ravaged the stomachs and bowels of almost all the horses there - there was just... just something about repeatedly digging deep into this dragon's sheath, feeling the slick inside of the loose folds of skin, as well as the firm, brighter heat of the beast's cock, twitching and throbbing gently throughout his ministrations. It almost protruded from the end of that sheath, now dripping with saliva rather than gunk, and blocked Sam from being able to slide his tongue as deep into that sheath as he wanted-

...Wanted? That wasn't quite right. He felt dizzy again, more noticeably so than before. At least it felt as though he had finished, having churned his tongue around within the end of that sheath - the dragon had an exotic, tapered length, the ridges of which caught and held some of the stuff that Sam had to clean off - through the aching of his jaw and not finding anything else, the cheetah sat back on the balls of his feet and wiped his mouth off. The musk dominated everything, and his stomach grumbled faintly at the amount of grease, slime, skin, and scent that he'd just swallowed down.

"Oh, you're done?" rumbled the dragon from above him. The beast jerked his hips forward a few times, as if to shake off anything that remained on his sheath... Sam almost considered leaning in again and rubbing the side of his muzzle against that sheath, but why, he didn't know. "Good, good, I needed that... and that scent on your muzzle?"

Sam settled back, waiting for this strange dizziness to go away. As he did, the dragon moved away from him and turned around, so he could lean in and sniff at his face... and when he did, disgust spread across his snout, and he turned away.

"You'd better get used to that. I'm going to have you clean me out like that again, every week - and I'm going to wait a week between each cleaning, too, just so I've got enough of a buildup to fill your stomach. You cats and your... sandpaper tongues... I've got half a mind to sit on my haunches and tell you to get me off with that tongue, but - I have something I need to do." The air, absolutely chilling in contrast to the moist heat he had just moved away from, tickled across Sam's face and body as the dragon started towards the opposite end of the cavern.

And, then - the beast turned its yellow-orange eye on him again: "You stay here. Even if you *do* leave... well. Anything that can breathe through its nose will be able to smell you in thirty meters."

The sound of large claws and larger footpaws on the stone floor, the faint rustling of leathery skin, the rumbling of his own stomach... Sam swallowed again, and moved over to lean back against the wall. With the dragon gone, his head started to feel a little clearer, and he also started to feel more and more disgusted with himself for what he'd just done... but, even then...

He dropped his paws to rest in his lap. If he had been hungry before, well... maybe it was his imagination, but he almost thought that his stomach bulged out a little, beneath the loose fabric of his shirt. No matter where he pointed his muzzle, no matter how he scrubbed at his nose and lips with his pawpads, that rich, pungent scent remained very much in focus.

The ache in the back of his neck had drifted forward into his head, and that damn smell contributed to it... already he knew better than to disobey that dragon, so he adjusted his position (besides, he didn't want to think about the slight *firmness* in the front of his pants) and

closed his eyes. Sure, a thousand things ran through his head - *how long will I have to do this? Is he going to make me clean any other part of him? What if he intends to... 'use' me, in other ways? When will I get back to my caravan? When will...* - but one thought dominated the rest of them:

*When will he come back?*

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At some point, Sam had ended up drifting off to sleep. The musky scent lingering on his nose, his lips, his chin, all around his muzzle, kept him distracted (as well as somewhat aroused, despite himself) for quite a while, but eventually he found himself nestled within the uncanny surroundings of a dream.

And, then, before he *knew* he was in a dream, he found himself pulled right back out of it. It was a splash of some liquid against the top of his muzzle - *hot*, rather, almost scalding hot, carrying as heavy a scent as the dragon's sheath gunk, still sitting heavily in Sam's stomach. Startled, he jerked upright and raised a paw up to block the stream... and then realized what it was.

Sure enough, looking through his almost-closed eyes, peering through his fingers... it was that same sheath held a short distance above him, the large dragon crouching down to bring it closer. The cheetah spluttered, and gasped, and coughed - it both felt and tasted like fire on his tongue, and scalded his throat on the way down after accidentally swallowing it. The size of the dragon's bladder matched the size of his body: already Sam's clothing and fur were soaked through with the heavy-scented liquid, further aggravating his already-abused nostrils.

"At first, I thought I'd just mark my territory like usual - to ensure that more of your kind don't try to *steal* from me," churred the dragon from above him, his stream still remaining strong. "But then I thought, why not *really* claim my new... acquisition, inside and out. This scent will remain on you for a *long* time, kitten, even if you try to wash it off twice a day. Now, open that little mouth of yours..."

What choice did he have? Rather rude way to be awakened, especially with the pain in the back of his neck returning, but... after another few seconds, he lowered his paw, swallowed again (and shuddered at the sharp, unpleasant taste that rolled down his throat), and stretched his maw open, to catch that fresh stream on his tongue. At least the dragon didn't tell him he had to *swallow*-

But, then again - no choice was given to him. This time, the dragon clamped one of its forepaws firmly on the back of Sam's head and pulled him forward towards his hind legs, pressing his muzzle directly against the end of that sheath, out of which the dark yellow mark streamed. If he wanted to continue to be able to breathe, he had to - *had* to - swallow it down again and again and again, with a considerable amount even still bursting from the edges of his mouth.

This wasn't something he'd ever do on his own, if he had a choice. The taste itself was almost enough to make him jerk to the side and empty his stomach, to say nothing about the powerful heat coursing down his throat and filling him up, seeming to spread through his body... between the simple thoughts in his mind, the necessities of *swallow, breathe, swallow, breathe*, he found himself wondering again: *what else is this dragon going to have me do?*

It would be a miracle - in some stretch of the word - if he could still breathe through his nose by the time this day finished. Hot, rich piss repeatedly filling his muzzle and belly, and soaking into his fur coursing along his skin at the same time... there was no way he'd be able to make his way back to his caravan, if they hadn't left him yet. If what this dragon had said was true, how his mark would remain on him through multiple washings...

He had no choice.

Sam would rather bear that mark more strongly in his fur than push himself too far: after a while - how could this dragon have a bladder so full, with his piss so rich and dark? - he had to cease swallowing, and instead let it push its way out of the corners of his mouth and roll down his chest. Already he sat in a sizable pool of it, bubbling quietly on the stone cavern floor. Saltier than anything he'd ever tasted before, more strongly spiced than when his grandfather had him bite directly into a clove of their family's garlic... and, *gods*, about as musky as the slick gunk that he could still feel at the back of his throat.

Finally, though, the dragon's stream eventually started to weaken and then pinch off into a series of small drips, splashing into the puddle between Sam's legs. Relieved, the cheetah spat out what else of the piss had caught in his mouth, swallowed - which just brought the taste back to him again - and wiped his mouth. He'd fallen asleep sitting up with his back to the wall, and the dragon stood with his sheath facing towards him at an angle and one leg half-raised. If he moved to the side, he might just be able to get out of this embarrassing position...

But, of course, the dragon wouldn't let him do that, either. Just as the cheetah braced his paws on the floor, plunging his pads into the pool of warm, bubbling piss, the beast lowered his body further - and then *rubbed* the end of his sheath against Sam's face, wiping off the last of his piss into his fur. The force behind that rubbing pushed Sam roughly back against the wall, and then, dragged him to the side, so that he lost his balance and fell over onto his back, right in that same steaming pool.

And he didn't stop, either. Sam repeatedly tried to scramble backwards, only to have that sheath shoved back against his face, his cheek, his lips - now bearing both the rich musk of his uncleanness from before, as well as his sharp mark. Every time he churned his hips forward, that ridged cock of his emerged a little bit further from the slit of that sheath, and rubbed *its* scent against Sam's already-stinking muzzle.

"Oh, come on," rumbled the dragon. One of his forelegs came down again and kept the cheetah from moving back any further; he stared straight forward at the length slowly hardening in front of him, ridged along the top, coming to a tapered end that dripped the last golden drops of his piss. "It's cute that you think you're done already. Go ahead - nothing you haven't licked before..."

It was something the cheetah couldn't explain, not in the slightest, but... feeling the hard tip of that cock press against his cheek, tasting its sharp musk on the air above the unmistakable tang of urine... hell, it almost smelled - *enticing*. He licked his lips, swallowed down the spice of his piss yet again, then turned his head... and willingly dragged his tongue up along the underside of that cock.

Another low rumble reverberated through the dragon's belly, and his cock continued to grow out of his sheath. Sam brought his paws up underneath it to hold it up, angled towards his muzzle,

and licked along the side again and again, making sure to run his tongue along the stiff ridges on the back. Along there still remained some of the slimy gunk that he'd spent so much time earlier in the day digging out and swallowing down, caught behind and underneath the ridges... it invited some more working of his tongue to get at, and Sam found himself actually *hungrily* lapping at it, running his paws up and down along the underside of the dragon's cock as he did so.

There was just something about the scent, something about the *taste* that drew him in, far more than it had repulsed him before. He remembered feeling vaguely dizzy when that smell assaulted his nostrils, remembered the imminence of emptying his stomach onto the floor... but, there was none of that now, as he held the dragon's length towards himself and licked and nuzzled along it, paws pressing and squeezing along the hard flesh to find the *good* spots. Earlier he hadn't wanted to admit it to himself, but the taste and sensation of cleaning the beast's sheath had caused the cheetah's pants to tighten, in a way.

But now, he openly ran his paw down the front of his chest, thoroughly soaked with the warm liquid of his mark, and slid it beneath the waistband of his pants against his own cock, already throbbing hard. That had happened around when he'd realized what the hot liquid was that had washed over his whole body and awoken him from his nap.

He couldn't *hope* to bring this dragon's length into the back of his throat. The size difference between the two wasn't *too* great - the beast stood maybe two, three times the size of the baron's stallion, large enough that Sam had to stretch his maw wide open to take his cock into his mouth, small enough so that he still had to half-duck his head to do what he wanted. And, this time, he really *did* want it. He bobbed as far as he could down along the dragon's length, feeling those ridges, the veins, the tight muscle beneath his lips and on his tongue, and yet again bringing that sharp musk into his throat. If he swirled his tongue around the tapered tip, if he rubbed his paw at the end of that sheath where the dragon's knot had started to form, he could taste a few slick drops of tangy pre as they oozed out.

The cheetah wanted to - to suck out everything that this dragon had to give to him. Piss, cum, whatever - something burning in the back of his mind and pulsing in his loins made him want to swallow it all down, to feel it fill up and warm his belly from the inside, just like the slick gunk of his sheath had when he'd been commanded to clean it all off. Of course, he'd never *done* anything with a dragon before, so he had no idea how to tell when the beast might be getting close to his peak... probably not for a while, though, even *with* the way his entire lower body thrust forward deeper into the cheetah's muzzle, and how he could feel his pulse and throbbing beneath his still-growing knot.

"You *sure* you wanna have your face that close to that?" the beast drawled. As he worked, Sam let his mind wander: he imagined having this dragon sit back on his hind legs with him in front of him, rubbing his muzzle up against the side of his dirty sheath, digging his tongue into the slit and swallowing down the same gunk... being his weekly sheathcleaner, for some reason, didn't seem so bad anymore. "You probably don't have much experience with true dragons, kitten, so I'll let you know: we get pent up if we don't get our twice-daily release... at *least*. It's a survival mechanism."

Breeding twice a day, pounding out his load into whoever had a tail to raise for him... a shiver ran down Sam's spine, and before he knew what he was doing, he'd moved back off of the dragon's cock, dragged his tongue along the underside one more time - with him fully erect now,



he could lap off the last, deepest, heaviest of his sheath gunk, dark yellow-grey and caught beneath the bulge of his sheath - and shifted his entire body backwards, all the while rolling that fresh grime around on his tongue within his maw.

*I'll regret this later*, he realized, but still didn't stop. The cheetah flipped over onto all fours, lifted his long tail up, started moving backwards... and when he looked up, met the eyes of this dragon above him. He looked silly, with his head upside-down as he peered down beneath himself.

"What are you doing?"

And just like before, Sam couldn't explain his reaction or response: "My job."

Not like the dragon would complain about it. As he worked himself backwards, the cheetah also tugged his pants down his legs, past the base of his tail; the fabric remained soaked through with the rich piss, and part of him wanted to keep that scent as close to his body as possible. Another part of him wished that the beast hadn't already emptied his bladder all over him, just so he could feel that warm, intense hose against the rim of his tailhole... for now, though, he had to settle with the firmer heat of the dragon's cock, kissing gently under his tail.

His saliva provided *some* amount of lubrication, at least. The cheetah squeezed his paw into a fist as he pressed himself backwards, feeling the tapered tip start to stretch him open and sink into him. The ridges he wasn't sure about, but still he pushed backwards; not exactly a *familiar* feeling, having a thick cock slide up under his tail, but it certainly wasn't one he hadn't felt before. This time, knowing it was a huge feral beast above him, knowing that he'd already thoroughly put his muzzle to work on the length that steadily, slowly drove into him, filling him with that painful discomfort mixed with pleasure that he'd felt before...

A quiet "*mmfh*-" worked its way out between his lips, and he lowered his muzzle down to the ground while keeping his rump raised into the air. As he pressed back with more force and more determination, the dragon also started to push his hips forward, digging deeper into the cheetah's rump - and almost making him regret taking it on so easily. Almost; his stomach churning and grumbling, the powerfully rich taste of piss, spice, and musk on his tongue, all combined with the irresistible pressure sinking up beneath his tail... two days ago, he wouldn't have at all expected this to happen to him. And to think all he'd done was run off to gather some water.

"Ah-" It was a bright, jabbing discomfort rippling out beneath his tail, the sensation of being stretched beyond his limit, but Sam still didn't care. Beneath that pain there was a considerable amount of pleasure, more than enough to make him clench around that thick cock and ooze out pre of his own against the interior of his already-soaked pants, halfway down his thighs.

"Gods..."

The dragon flicked his tongue out over his snout, and dragged it around. Sam's eyes, half-closed beneath the effort of taking him under his tail, just barely caught a peek at that tongue - and his first thought was about feeling that slide across his own tongue and down his throat, filling his muzzle up so that he could feel every little flick, as well as swallow down the slickness of his saliva... and then his *second* thought was about having that tongue sink up under his tail just as his cock now did, slipping into him and filling his rump. Maybe later on, he could ask to see just how long that tongue really was.

Another forward thrust from the dragon on top of him brought his mind back to the present, though, and pushed another tense grunt out of him. The claws of his other paw scraped across the cavern floor, his piss-wet pawpads leaving dark streaks on the stone.

"You're so - *small*," the dragon breathed, continuously churning his hips forward and back, forward and back. The ridges atop his length caught at the tight rim of Sam's tailhole and made him gasp with each tug, but - the more it happened, the less it hurt, the more he wanted him to plunge deeper into his rump. "But not too small for me to work with, I think... you'll just have to take a bit of stretching out, and - two times a day, given I don't find something else to empty my seed into? You'll be fine..."

The cheetah was only half-listening. Now he kept both of his paws braced against the ground, to give him a bit of balance as he lifted his rump up and down, up and down, steadily working himself back and forth along the dragon's length. Only half - if even that - of that cock could fit under his tail as of right now, but he was willing to milk all he could get. As if he himself weren't already close enough, inexplicably so: they hadn't even gotten into the actual *breeding* part of it yet.

Sam imagined this large feral beast thrusting his hips forward and back against him, plunging deep into him and stretching him wide, and then tugging back out - so he could feel those ridges pulling on him, could feel every little throb and twitch...

And it wasn't long before he actually *did* feel that, slowly at first, but definitely something. Every lurch forward from the dragon pressed Sam down closer to the ground, and in response, he lifted his rump more forcefully into the air and back against him. His mouth hung open, his eyes remained squeezed shut, both of his paws dug into the stone, but - he deeply, *thoroughly* enjoyed it. He enjoyed raising his rear up as something for this beast to thrust into, each one coming a little faster, a little harder than the one before it; he enjoyed the all-over shiver that rippled through him when that cock sank into him; he enjoyed the feeling of his girth pulling out of him, only to push its way back in right after.

This wasn't anything he could have gotten from travelling with the caravan. Such sweet, deep pleasure, reverberating throughout his whole body with each thrust, rather quickly picking up in speed and force... he'd never seen two dragons going at it before, but feeling how this one started to pound into him, it was something he decided he wanted to see. Maybe sometime, this one would bring another partner back to the cave, and he'd have Sam sit beneath the two of them as they did it, and tell him to clean up the resulting mess and offer his tongue throughout it.

For now, though, he was certainly content with keeping his tail raised. Above him, the dragon's breath came in went in low, steady drawls, like gusts of wind around the corners of the cave, and a low rumble started to grow in his chest. Sam *wished* he could take that cock further into his rump, wished that he could feel the bulge of that knot pressing against the rim of his tailhole, but... being able to feel the beast's steadily growing lust and need was more than good enough for him. He could *feel* the heat and slickness of the dragon's pre as it oozed out into him and lubed his thick cock through the thrusts, and this combined with the feeling of the whole thing...

Already he was close to his own orgasm, and that was *without* a paw on his cock. If he angled his muzzle down, he could still very strongly pick up the dragon's mark on himself - and knew

that he'd be able to for quite a period of time. He could already imagine himself stripping off his shirt, bunching it up into a dripping ball, and shoving his nose up against it to breathe deep of the musk, while pawing himself off... of course, provided he still had the energy following all of this. Every thrust from the dragon tired him a little bit further, as well as pushed him closer to his peak.

And the dragon was coming close, too, listening to the rumbling in his throat, the shuddering of his breathing, the pace of his thrusts. This wasn't the *best* of positions - every shove forward still tugged on Sam's insides a little uncomfortably - but the both of them still thoroughly enjoyed it, with Sam gritting his teeth and biting back moans, and the dragon above him drooling onto the floor as he pounded into him, again and again and again. Each thrust carried the unmistakable need of lust, the lurching, hungry force that drove his pace...

...and then, the beast stretched his head back, pushed his hips as far forward as he could without tearing Sam apart, and let out a loud, shuddering growl of a moan. The cheetah could feel every powerful throb, each spurt of thick, hot cum out into his rump, quickly filling him up from the other end and causing his belly to feel even fuller. Spurt - spurt - spurt, enough so he could feel it drip down the back of his sack and catch on the fabric of his pants, enough so that the pressure of it filling him up and pushing on his insides pushed *him* over the edge as well, and made him grind backwards against the thick cock emptying that heavy load into him, while he shot his own seed out across the stone underneath him.

Even when Sam had finished with his, the dragon still pumped into him; he had already been filled to the brim with the beast's load, and now, every spurt just oozed out of his rump around the ridged cock and splattered across the backs of his legs, warming him yet again. The cheetah leaned forward and rested his forehead against the cool stone of the floor, breath coming and going in deep gasps; the dragon remained buried beneath his tail, waiting for the last of his cum to fill the cat's rump.

Then, as smoothly as he'd first slid into him, the beast pulled himself back out... and Sam let out a sigh of relief when the voluminous load gushed out of him and spread out between his legs, filling another puddle amid the yellow pool of piss. Without waiting for the dragon to move, he rolled onto his back and lay down, thankful for a moment to rest... even if it was in a half-inch deep puddle of piss and cum, both heavily scented and soaking into his fur even deeper than they already had.

The dragon wasn't done with him, though, and he knew that he wouldn't be for a while. Before Sam could rest for too long, the beast took a few steps forward so that the end of his cock hovered above his nose, dripping out the last of his seed...

"Clean me off."

So the cheetah sat up, and opened his muzzle.