

Sam grunted as he worked, upper arms already stinging with the effort and fur around his fingers and paws warm and sticky. In small amounts, it wasn't *too* hard to peel the skin from a fresh-hunted feral deer, but - when he had only rudimentary tools like a chunk of obsidian found near the mouth of the cave, and a noticeable lack of skill in doing anything like this... he'd been a trader, not a hunter or a craftsman. Sometimes he still looked out over the forest beneath and the little dip in the thick trees carved by the road, and thought about what it would be like if he hadn't gone off to get water, only to wake up some amount of time later in here.

He definitely *could* try to escape, that is. It was just that, after however many weeks it had been, he'd learned very well not to go against the wishes of the beast that captured him: a towering feral dragon, larger than any he'd ever seen, with fangs about as long as the distance between his elbow and his wrist. Even now the cheetah sat back on his rear, letting the carving stone clatter to the dusty ground beneath him; he'd stopped worrying about cleaning off his arms after doing dirty work like this. That dragon always made sure to give him a deep, thorough washing whenever he felt the need.

And that would be another reason that if he *did* attempt, he wouldn't get far. The clothes in which he'd been captured had been rendered pretty much unusable by the end of the first day, and now he'd gotten so used to the dragon's scent on him that he only really noticed when it became particularly pungent; still, though, he could remember how *powerful* it had been when the beast had first pushed his muzzle down into his greasy, grimy sheath, and how that rich odor had clung to his nose and muzzle and the back of his throat for days after. That would be what everyone else smelled on him, what all the other creatures in the forest would notice first... and it also meant that he'd be a beacon of scent-marked property to this dragon, probably detectable from however many hundreds of feet in the air the thing did his routine territory patrols.

At least his stomach had stopped growling at him much like that dragon did whenever he slacked off in his duties. The beast had learned that a regular cheetah like Sam here needed more sustenance than fresh rancid piss and sheath slime to survive, and as such brought back the metaphoric fruits of his hunting expeditions for him to pick from as he liked. Sam had decided to start collecting the pelts in attempts to make a somewhat-more-comfortable sleeping spot for himself, though wasn't sure if he was going about it the right way. Really, though, anything would be better than the stone floor of the cave.

Sometimes he wondered what it would be like to just climb on into that dragon's sheath and sleep there. Then, he could never help but giggle at the absurdity of that, and how the two of them were actually sized so that wasn't that far-fetched of a possibility.

All laughter stopped, then, as he heard the unmistakable churning of large membranous wings on cool mid-afternoon air. A moment later, a shadow blocked the mouth of the cave - and Sam looked up from his work to see the streamlined underside of the dragon, smooth leathery skin folding easily with his landing movements, that same thick sheath wobbling slightly between his hind legs. Quite a difference in that from the first day the cheetah had been here, with no visible... *accumulation* of whitish-yellow gunk dripping from the underside of the slit.

But he knew from experience that there'd be plenty of that on the inside, squeezed in against the beast's slimy shaft. Sam had been made to dig his arm and muzzle in to clean that out multiple times, and it still surprised him how much *stuff* a dragon like this could build up in just a

few days' time. But, then again, he was moving all the time, and had a strong natural scent anyway.

Golden eyes, as bright yellow as the cheetah's fur, looked his naked body up and down. For a moment Sam wondered (and, admittedly, part of him hoped) that the dragon would just make his way over to him, hike a leg, and drain himself over him again, just like the shower he'd given him earlier in the morning. Instead, however, the beast drew his long tongue over his snout, let out a little puff of breath from his nostrils, and nodded back towards the forest beyond the cave.

"We've got somewhere to be," he said, in that same low rumble of a voice that Sam had awoken to on that first day. "A journey to make. We'll be meeting a... *friend* along the way."

Imagine that. A massive, terrifying feral winged beast of legend like this, with friends of his own.

Sam sat back again and rested his paws in his lap, not even caring that he was dripping the deer's blood down along his inner thighs. The only attention that part of him ever got was from his own paws; his various services to this dragon were entirely one-sided. "I hope you don't expect me to fly with you."

Those eyes slitted a little more sharply, and the dragon lowered his head closer until Sam could feel the intense hot breath, washing out over his whole body. The cheetah licked his lips, swallowed, shrugged.

"I don't have wings."

That didn't seem to provide much of a problem, though. Not five minutes later, he found himself clamped a bit roughly between those same sharp yellowed fangs, the dragon's thick wet tongue resting limp over his body... and that forest he'd been looking out over for the last few weeks, instead rushing by far below him while he rose and fell, rose and fell with the beating of the dragon's wings.

This wasn't really what he'd had in mind, needless to say. Arms wrapped tight around one of those fangs against his chest, legs pushed to either side as much as he could so he could keep what little traction he had in that maw, clenched between on either side of him - if he ever made it out of this and back to his caravan, he could tell them that he'd been inside both a dragon's mouth *and* its sheath.

Maybe not that second thing. Or, maybe neither.

Cold up here, with icy wind biting at his face and whiskers and stinging his eyes, paired against the intense wet heat of that tongue on his back and at the base of his tail... he could swear that the dragon occasionally churned that tongue, just to make Sam gasp and squirm. His fur was still damp and matted from his dousing this morning, but the dragon didn't seem to care one bit that he was bringing that into his own mouth.

As it turned out, there wasn't much to do to keep himself busy when held between a dragon's jaws far above the surface of the earth. For some time, Sam kept himself wriggled over on his belly so he could drape his arms down across the beast's lower lip and look down at the world below, watching the streams and trees and mountains and roads pass on by... but that eventually got dull, so he rolled back over onto his back-

-and jumped (as much as he could, at least) at the sight of a second dragon gliding easily beside this one. *That* was new. This other beast had scales the same color as the forest that had passed by about an hour ago, rich green rippling to a deeper blue-black in certain angles of light. This one had smooth ocean-blue eyes, and a gaze that pierced right into Sam as soon as he looked over at him.

For a moment, that gaze flicked up across the cheetah's muzzle, then down towards what of his chest stuck out of the first dragon's mouth... and then, perhaps intentionally, the other one tilted its body to catch a warmer current of air, and in the same motion put its underbelly on display. Same sort of contoured leathery skin moving down, down across ribs and belly towards its hind legs, then the prominent hanging sheath that swayed and jiggled with his changes in movement.

But then behind that, unlike the dragon whose jaws Sam had been forced to hitch for a ride, hung a rather large and noticeable sack, heavy balls beneath that same leathery skin... and seeing how it glistened in the light, it probably carried a scent at least as strong as what Sam received across his muzzle, chest, and tongue every morning.

Suddenly - a hot wave of humid breath rolling over him from deeper within this dragon's mouth, a low noise rumbling further back in his throat. Maybe that was his way of recognizing Sam had finally noticed the "friend".

Not long after and the group started their way back down to the ground, the tips of the trees rising up at alarming speed. Sam covered his face and gritted his teeth, expecting to get a few branches across his muzzle, but instead just felt the slight *thump* of the dragon landing smoothly on the ground and then the more obtrusive flailing and *oof* of him being released from between those teeth, and falling roughly to his side over cool grass and dirt. And then before he could get a chance to stand up and find his balance, the wind from the other dragon bringing his wings in to land knocked him back over onto his rump.

"Why'd we stop?" he asked, looking between the two large beasts. Not even one month ago, and the thought of being blocked on both sides by feral dragons would have terrified him into a heart attack. Now, instead, he found himself... well, it was hard to keep his eyes up from between the new one's legs, with that heavy sack resting against the earth and visibly-unclean sheath plump in waiting. "Did we arrive?"

Instead of a verbal answer, there was just heavy footsteps behind him, the brushing of a wing against his back - and he stumbled forward and turned around to see the first dragon giving him a sideways glance, before leaning down to lap at the river coursing through the trees. The other dragon soon joined him, leaving Sam on his own to wander around the clearing and find a place to sit - because gods knew he wasn't about to try to escape. Not with fat globs of sticky dragon saliva rolling down his bare fur. Besides, he couldn't deny, he *did* want to see what this new beast had in store for him - and what he had inside that sheath...

Large tails flicking back and forth, back and forth as they continued to get their fill from the river. One huge dragon with just smooth contoured skin in front of his pucker just visible beneath the base of that tail, curving down into the shape of his sheath; and then the other with that sizable sack, looking like Sam would have to use both paws just to cup one of those balls.

Sam crossed his legs in front of him and rested his arms in his lap, doing his best to hide the stirring at the base of his sheath. Already he imagined that he could feel the warm slickness of the skin around that area, greasy with probably a few weeks' - or months' - buildup of sweat and grime without a good cleaning - that was the thing about these feral dragons: they *could* put in the effort to keep themselves clean and their sheaths empty, but most often, they didn't. At least, that's what he'd gotten used to with this first dragon.

And - such a *thirst* to both of them, too, That was something else he'd long since come to learn well. Voluminous belly, voluminous bladder, and a strong, rich taste and musk to that piss that lingered in the back of his throat and on his fur, and stirred in his belly long after. In fact, when he first noticed this green dragon raising his head to swallow back the last of his drink, Sam felt his heart speed up a little bit: those few hours clamped in those jaws meant that he himself hadn't had a chance to sate his thirst, but he'd held back in hopes of, maybe...

...well, maybe he'd been right. Those blue eyes glittered back at him for a moment, and then he straightened up against the tree as the dragon continued to come close, heavy sheath and balls swaying beneath his body as he did so. Sam swallowed, licked his lips - turned his head to the side against that approaching snout, sniffing at him, learning his scent buried beneath the first dragon's reek of sheath and saliva and urine... and then this other one let out a low growl.

"You reek," he said, his voice a similar low rumble. The beast started to turn to the side, bringing his abdomen closer to where Sam sat against the tree. "I shall fix that."

Raised leg, hanging sheath, heavy balls churning faintly with his heartbeat and his body... and Sam kept his eyes open for a moment longer, getting another good look at what he had put on display right in front of him, from the glistening sweat-coated skin of the sheath to the collection of dry, flaked dirty grime around the slit, yellowish-grey in the way that these bigger reptiles tended to gather. The scent hit him first even at this distance, making his nose curl and his throat tighten just like the first time he'd had his muzzle shoved into a dirty dragon sheath. Not at all pleasant, not at all enjoyable - but still it made his own cock twitch, and caused him to lick his lips again in anticipation.

Then - the first splash of that piss, hot and fast, right against his growing shaft between his legs, and then coming up across his belly and chest as the stream strengthened. That, too, was strong and pungent, sharp and metallic and dry all the same time, deep fresh yellow; of course this wouldn't be what the dragon had *just* finished drinking from the river. This would be whatever had been stewing in his belly and bladder throughout the duration of the day, hot enough that it steamed in the cool air beneath this forest, as much as Sam could see of it before the stream arced up to his muzzle and forced him to close his eyes.

Of course he still had to breath, though, and as such kept his lips parted... and tongue out, to get a better taste of that rich brew. It stung his eyes and his tongue and the back of his throat, made him gag with its force and the power behind its taste, richer than anything he'd gotten from this other dragon, hot like a geyser spraying against his face with the same lingering stink on top of it - but this piss left a distinctive sliminess in his fur and on his skin, that kind of greasy stickiness that was so similar to the sweat clinging to the balls between the beast's hind legs. Sam had had to clean *that* off of his dragon before, too, and it had its own brand of heavy muskiness.

That voice again, piercing into his thoughts: "*Drink*." Who was he to disobey?

The cheetah swallowed down what little had splashed into his mouth, licked his lips once more beneath that stream, and - and tilted his head back and stretched his jaw open, now willfully taking that heavy mark at full force into his maw. Wasn't hard at all to gulp down mouthful after mouthful, the intense bitter saltiness of it easily squeezing tears out of his eyes and making his nose and muzzle scrunch up in distaste, but even as he felt his belly filling up with the volume of it, he found he couldn't make himself stop. Every swallow ended in him jerking forward a little bit against the taste, with his mouth almost shutting against it, but still he went for it... which then led to him leaning forward as that stream weakened and lowered, bringing him closer and closer to that unkempt sheath.

Sam opened his eyes beneath the piss dripping from his soaked fur, quickly focusing on that tip and the skin parted around the bright yellow stream. His nose, burning with the mark, could pick up the deeper, bitter quality of the sheath gunk and the sweat gathered around here, both visible at this distance; he swallowed down the last few drops of that piss, let his stinging tongue hang out of his mouth to catch his breath, leaned in a little closer towards that...

...and then felt a rush of air pushing him back as the dragon took once more to the sky, leaving him with a very full belly that rumbled and growled in discontent and a very hard cock between his legs. Another few minutes and he, too, was back in the air between sharp teeth, large tongue curled around his body regardless of the different taste soaked into his fur.

Not only that, but he had the tepid discomfort of that lingering erection against the reek drifting off of himself, now with the wet warmth of the dragon's tongue squeezing right around that part of his body and giving him something very convenient and very nice to grind and thrust against. It took a firmer clench of those jaws around him pushing the breath out of his lungs to convince him to stop.

That thought still remained in his head; after all, he carried the result of that dousing so strongly in his fur, enough that it stung at his nose every time he inhaled. The jostling from the dragon's flying, the occasional squeezing of that tongue around him, the general vertigo of being so far above the surface of the earth... none of that was good for the lukewarm sloshing in his stomach, all salt and water and waste and who knows what else. Hell, the taste still clung to the back of his tongue, similarly salty and bitter. If he hadn't already had a few weeks to grow accustomed to it, that would doubtless make him sick.

Earlier this morning, he hadn't had anything to drink. Now, he *had*, and within the hour he could feel the growing, pulsing pressure of the result of that, that kind of heated discomfort... once again, his services to this dragon were one-sided. Were Sam to... *return* the favor and drain his bladder into the beast's maw, well - he felt he'd these these fangs squeeze more than a little bit tighter around him.

So he had to deal with that pressure until the next time the dragons angled themselves downwards, this time an hour or so after the sun had disappeared beneath the horizon and the sky darkened. Just like back "home", as the cheetah figured he should start calling it, this time they settled down along the rocky precipice of a mountain, a flat area near a cave.

And the first thing Sam did after he got dropped to that dusty ground was, of course, scramble back to his feet and run off to relieve himself against the wall, not even bothering to move his feet out of the growing puddle. After all, he'd *just* had worse on him: his fur had gotten all stuck

together and pointed from the mix of piss and saliva, and every movement still brought that rich smell back to his nose. Even though that had been the only thing he'd been able to breathe for the past few hours, it still caused enough of a stirring between his legs to make things a little difficult.

Also didn't help that he could swear these dragons were talking about him again. As he finished up and shook off the end of his sheath to get the last few drops out, his little ears flicked to the right towards more little growls and sounds of snuffling. And when he actually *looked* over there - he actually had to blink, and make sure he was seeing the right thing. The new, green dragon had his hind leg hiked up into the air, just as he had when he'd gotten Sam against the tree, though the first dragon had his snout right up between those hind legs, dangerously close to that sheath with his nose twitching in sniffing...

...and then he recoiled, and fixed his eyes on Sam for a moment. When he next spoke, he did so in a language that the cheetah *could* understand:

"He certainly can. I don't think you understand just how much he's willing to do, to stay alive..."

The green dragon squinted his eyes, and he settled back onto his haunches knowing full well that he was putting on another show for the poor cat. Those balls thumped heavily against the ground, and slowly spread out with the beast's body heat... "When I can smell it myself every time I wake up in the morning, every time I raise my leg on the river for relief? There is a reason I stopped cleaning myself. It is too much for me. He is..." Blue eyes looked him up and down. "He cannot. So much that not even the strongest of tongues could clean it off."

"It is *dried on*. Look, you can see it chipping off when you move... you *can* feel it, can't you?"

The green dragon bent his head down and looked between his hind legs, right towards the crusted end of his sheath. Sure enough as he tilted his body, a small amount of that gunk squeezed out of his slit. "I got used to it. There's definitely pressure there, though... a lot of build-up, a lot to clean... are you *sure*?..."

Then, a cool shiver shot right up Sam's back and left his body in small, sweet tingles, when the first dragon once more focused his eyes on him. He didn't even have to tell him to do anything: the cheetah just half-tilted his head back, swallowed, and started to come forward, soon dropping to his knees before the green dragon.

And those blue eyes just looked down at him with quiet, reluctant amusement, the beast lifting himself up and spreading his legs apart a little further. Even before Sam came close could he definitely smell what they were talking about, that bright, pungent stink of so many weeks (months?) of congealed grime and gunk, skin and piss and cum... each inhalation stung at his nose and his throat, and for a moment, he actually wasn't sure if he'd be able to carry out what they wanted him to do. Or, at least, what he figured that wanted him to do.

The closer he got, the stronger an effect that rancid scent had on him - and soon he found himself tilting his head to the side and towards the dragon's inner thigh instead, trying to deflect some of that smell. However, the odor that clung to the leathery skin here, slick and greasy with sweat... it was smoother, saltier, less intense, just a *little* more appetizing. Above him, the dragon stirred and grunted softly, audibly showing his impatience: so Sam decided not to waste

any more time, and parted his lips to - to drag his tongue up along that inner thigh, and bring that scent into his mouth.

Of course it was *damn* salty. Almost as much as the bladderful of piss he'd choked down just a few hours ago, the lingering aftertaste of which he could still feel on his breath. Again and again he lapped up along that smooth skin, replacing the shimmering slickness of sweat with the warm stickiness of saliva instead, slowly moving his way in towards the *real* focus that he'd have to get to. Lick, lick, swallow, again and again, keeping his eyes squeezed shut against the natural want to recoil and gag... at one point he jumped, something very hot and firm pressing against his cheek and shoulder - but when he looked, he instead came right level with the slit of that sheath, dry flaky grime caked around the edges with fresh, thicker chunks oozing out of the bottom with the dragon's little movements and the extra stirring of his length brought on by the cheetah's muzzle and ministrations.

Still too much for that right now. His eyes watered just being this close to it. Instead of digging his muzzle into there, then, Sam settled down a little further and pursed his lips right up between those two balls in their sack, feeling the way they churned and stirred in response to the little bit of extra heat. And just as he'd thought, it *did* take both paws to cup one of them, and to heft it up so he could continue with his thorough tongue-bathing along the side and beneath. Damn nice being able to feel its heat and its weight, and the power and lazy desire stirring inside...

Then, the slight tickle of a sharp claw tracing its way down his bare, still-soaked back. Sam intentionally raised up, and - accidentally drew his nose right along the underside of that hanging sheath, resulting in a little bit of that slime rubbing off onto his fur between his eyes. Wouldn't be able to escape the scent now.

"See?" the green dragon rumbled, and adjusted his posture a little bit more. Sam had to raise himself back up onto his knees and lean forward a bit, both paws settled on that large sack while he worked his way back up between those balls, eyes fixed on his next target. "He's doing fine... you were right when you mentioned he tries to do a good job..."

Just like his first few times with the other dragon, his first reaction to seeing this dirty sheath right in front of his muzzle, so close that he could feel the sickly warmth emanating from it... well, it wasn't a *pleasant* reaction. Sam swallowed, licked his lips, gritted his teeth, closed his eyes, all of that... and when he started to lean in, he certainly wasn't expecting for that claw between his shoulderblades to prick in a little more firmly, and force him to react by jerking forward.

Soft, hot squishiness of that dirty load against his lips and nose, quickly overwhelming his senses, burning his eyes and nose. He did the only thing he knew how and dutifully started digging away at that buildup, pushing through the repeated choking and gagging, still very aware of his own throbbing erection at the thought and act. No matter how many times he swallowed, he could never fully get it down out of his mouth: each movement of his tongue and tightening of his lips led to another sick squishing somewhere in his maw, another wave of that intense, rancid taste to go with the scent, another gag, another forced swallowed.

He kept one paw beneath those balls and the other squeezing the lip of the dragon's sheath, pressing the slit open just slightly so he could really get his muzzle in and drag his tongue up, up along the musk-slickened flesh on the inside and the hidden but growing tip of the dragon's length. The beast twitched and churned his hips just slightly in response, a low rumble of

pleasure vibrating deep in his chest; more than once Sam had to move back and catch his breath, or let the slight dizziness go away, and he could feel that dragon grinding against his paw in the meantime.

Of course the beast's growing erection made his job a little bit easier: the more firm flesh was revealed, the easier he could get along that shaft, and dig at the really solidified portions of the sheath gunk along the length, greyish-brown flakes coming off and settling against his tongue. Deeper in it turned to softer, wetter strands, almost, more whitish, heavier in scent... but, really, Sam felt he was starting to get accustomed to it. That, or most of his ability to smell had been killed for the time being. Really, either was likely. And he did all of this knowing that the other dragon was watching him, and judging him: if he did a good job on this green dragon, well, he'd just have to come back and do an equally good job to his *real* owner, right?

...What an odd thought that was. Sam had long since smelling of himself, and after today, he'd have the very strong marks of two different male dragons ground into his fur and skin... and, really, he couldn't complain. Now he had both of his paws along the green dragon's length, fingerpads sliding easily over the musk- and saliva-slickened flesh, the cheetah's lips focused periodically between the end and the underside in continuing his cleaning.

It had taken a while, but he *thought* he'd gotten most of the mess. His stomach certainly felt that way at least, rumbling and stirring just like it had with the piss, but now heavier and more often. There was never any getting around the distant nausea that clung to the back of his throat after performing his cleaning duties, but putting his focus into something else at least distracted him from it.

He could feel the beast start to tense up around him, too, starting with both of his forelegs settling back against the ground on either side of the cheetah, and his lower abdomen lifting up a little bit. Sam settled back onto his feet and then onto his rump as that cock started to thrust down against his muzzle, heavy sack swinging forward and back, forward and back; some little bits of the sheath gunk he'd missed rolled down along his arm or chin, and he tried his best to catch them on his tongue, or lean over and lap up along his fur - which in turn added the rich spice of that piss to the heavier, cloying bitterness of what he'd just dug out.

Maybe having so much buildup pressing and squeezing around him at all times of day and beneath every motion meant that he'd been teasing himself for quite a while. Given the frequency and ferocity with which the first dragon pushed for Sam to clean his sheath and drain his balls, he got the idea that they didn't exactly have the opportunity to relieve their sexual needs often.

So, they used this small cheetah to do that for them instead. Sam continually swallowed down the slick musk and sticky pre on top of his own saliva, mouth always watering with all the rich smells and tastes swirling around his senses. His own heartbeat in his ear and breath rasping between his lips and through his nostrils, the dragon's growing growls and rumbles of pleasure...

Hell, it was like receiving another marking with the volume of the seed that sprayed out over him, in a few thick bursts of ropy liquid. Hot and heavy, clinging to his fur and the back of his throat and rolling down his tongue and chin, gooey and sticky... he had to close one eye against the last few spurts, emptying right out across his muzzle. After waiting for the beast to finish his



thrusting and jerking, Sam then leaned forward and closed his lips around that still-leaking tip, to lap off the last of that load.

That done, he straightened up - and couldn't help but notice the green dragon recoil away from him, snout scrunched up in distaste. Guess he really *had* just gotten used to the smell; Sam could still feel the heat of it on every breath, and knew that that wouldn't go away for quite a while.

"I guess you were right..." that dragon rumbled, and started to step off from over him. "I see why you keep him around. You wouldn't mind me... *using* him again later, would you?..."

At least he wouldn't have to worry about finding something to sate his hunger for tonight. What with the considerable weight of the gunk he'd dug out and swallowed down as well as the few ropes of dragon cum he'd caught on his tongue, he could feel everything inside him sloshing around as he settled back onto his elbows with this beast still standing over him, body still lowered down close enough that he could smell his musk over the other cloying odors.

One eye still stuck shut, Sam watched the green dragon head back towards the nearby cavern, the other dragon apparently already inside. This thick liquid rolling down his muzzle and lips still remained hot, enough that he could feel the cold bite of the wind on his lips after he licked it off - and then shuddered a little bit with the rich, almost sour-sweet taste. Something told him he'd be getting a lot of that while the three were out on this little journey of theirs.

The deepening night brought with it a heavier chill, though, so Sam wiped his fur off as best he could (and made sure to lick his fingers afterwards, naturally) and started towards the cave as well. He'd have to make do once more with cold stone floor, but... knowing his luck and both of these dragons now, it seemed rather likely he'd wake up to *considerable* warmth all over him in the morning.

He'd just have to wait and see, though.