

Hiccup leaned in against the threshold as he pushed his way into the bedroom, then had to grip onto the wall right there to keep from tumbling forward as the entire world spun around him. A little giggle dribbled from between his lips and he took a shaky half-step forward... and then the world spun again, pitched him first in one direction and then the other, and then next thing he knew he had stumbled across the dimly lit room towards the other wall, one shoulder pressed up to his body and his head rolling limp back and forth.

There he stayed for a moment, breathing somewhat heavily through his parted lips and eyes open, since closing them just made everything spin even more intensely. The human actually started to drift off standing up there, until another lurch tossed him forward – and he had to scramble to catch himself against the edge of the bed, then hold himself there for a bit while everything stirred back to normal.

What a *night* it had been. Ale on mead on that fantastic new fizzing drink, and the tubes... of *course* Toothless had been able to outdrink him – that was just a matter of size – but that hadn't stopped Hiccup from trying.

*A matter of size*; he tossed his head, regretted it, and then moved to pull himself up onto the bed, the task much more difficult than it had been this morning. Size didn't count for much when it came to actually *handling* the alcohol, it turned out, as the huge, charcoal-black Nightfury sprawled out belly-up across the bed, tail and one leg hanging off, rounded head pressed up to the wall, mouth open and showing his namesake. Barrel-like forelegs hung limp across his chest, while his hindlegs lay spread apart along the lower edge of the bed.

There Hiccup's gaze lingered for a bit, a smirk on his face and the world still spinning slowly around him. he knew it wasn't good to go to sleep while still drunk, so naturally, he needed to find a way to spend the time until lying down was bearable... and, seeing the way that one of those legs twitched and kicked in a dream, and how a certain section of flesh bright, rich pink against cool shadow-black *also* twitched, it seemed that his dragon had just the thing for him.

Even Toothless's scent seemed a bit muted beneath the weight and fog of alcohol, but still his rider pushed his nose in along the source and breathed deep of it. A warm, familiar musk, since of *course* it was, with that soft, greasy slickness that rubbed off against his face and cheek. He breathed in, held that scent close, shivered as he let it out, and then brought one hand up to rub and tease a finger into the base of the dragon's genital slit, a simple touch that never failed to draw his length the rest of the way out.

Above him Toothless squirmed in his sleep and made a low, happy rumble, echoing out and through his body. Hiccup smirked and climbed more fully up onto the dragon, though no sooner than his spread fingers ran across sleek, smooth scales did he feel another, deeper tingling, like a static shock issuing between the two of them. That wasn't unusual between a dragon and their rider, especially a pair as closely entwined as these two, but still it surprised and pleased Hiccup every time he felt it.

The human straightened up, wobbled in place, and sprawled forward across Toothless's inert body as he reached to strip his shirt off. Then his pants went next, a few extra minutes spent fiddling with buckles and straps, but once there he straddled the beast's sleek lower body, that same warm pink reaching up and between his legs and against his chest. Again and again he ran his hands and fingers over the surface, pressing up towards the tapered tip or down closer to the base of his genital slit, where the air gathered hot and humid and dense. Back and forth he touched and squeezed and nuzzled, lips settled

against the already-slick, dripping tip of the dragon's nocturnal arousal, body squeezing around the twitching, throbbing energy and digging into that sweet tingling...

But before long, Hiccup found he could not pull himself away. Toothless squirmed and kicked beneath him, little gentle motions, but his rider remained locked in place, both through desire and through, perhaps, magic: where that tingling issued, he found his skin to start to stick and meld in against the dragon's, gradually pulling him forward and around that already-sizable length. Once more the world spun around him, and this time he closed his eyes, tilted his head back, and let out a low shivering breath – and found a thick dribble of salty, tangy arousal to ooze out and down his lower lip as he did so, the heat of Toothless's arousal seeping in and through his own body.

Still, though, he couldn't help but grind and thrust forward even as that tingling issued further out and through his flesh. He leaned in, pressed his chest against the underside of his dragon's cock, pulled back – and felt it pull with him as the two continued to meld together, hot blue-white flecks of sparkling magic fizzling in and out of the air between them. Every time Hiccup moved his body, Toothless's shaft shifted and throbbed against and with him, until the two became indistinguishable from one another: slick, pink skin, dripping and dribbling warmth, twitching, throbbing.

He looked back, movements restricted, and saw that his legs had started to pull in and down as well, pressing deep into the dragon's genital slit just as he had been doing with his fingers a few moments before – but instead of settling deep in there, the dragon changed as well, black skin and scales pouching out, plumping up, to form an external sack, plump and hefty and so *warm*. It took Hiccup a moment to realize that that warmth had, in part, come from *him* – but at that point he could no longer move his body or arms, neck swollen out and head pinching down to take the shape of the dragon's tapered length, Toothless still squirming and shivering beneath him. Another pulse and throb of arousal through that length, then echoing along Hiccup himself as each and every one of his nerves linked and locked into place with his dragon's.

Toothless gave another twitch and squirm, his rows of teeth sliding out and into place and then sinking back into soft gums beneath a wave of pleasure. He lifted his hips into the air, grunted as another burst of thick, sticky pre emptied out across his smooth-scaled belly, and then settled back along the bed, legs spread to accommodate his heavy, hanging sack, and the shaft still twitching against his chest. He rolled over onto his side, rumbled again, humped, and painted his rider's bed with another spurt of thick liquid arousal, dreams stirring and swirling in his head. He could *smell* Hiccup here, somewhere around him, and yet...