

The dragon tapped his toes against the tile floor while he waited, the austere hallway and gently flickering fluorescent lights above doing nothing for his nerves. *This has gotta be the place*, he told himself, double-checking the address from online with his position on his phone's map. *This has to be it. I wish they'd had a sign or something, or at least some kind of... I don't know. Receptionist? Clerk?*

When he had first arrived about ten minutes ago he had knocked on the door over there, the only thing in the hallway other than these three chairs and a water fountain further down. There had been nothing at first, then a soft rustle and a quick flash of what looked like another dragon peering through the blinds, and then nothing again.

So he sat down to wait, and still he did just that. His phone barely got a signal in this building, so he couldn't even pass the time like he wanted to. He sighed again, rolled his head back on his shoulders, grimaced as his horns thwacked against the flat wall, straightened up again; he spread his legs, let his hands hang down between his knees, dropped over, tapped his toeclaws along the tile floor again; he swung his tail around the feet of the chair, accidentally slapped it against the wall behind him, shifted his position; he checked his phone again, put it down, picked it up, checked it again...

The noise of the door opening startled him. The dragon jumped, straightened up, shoved his phone back into his pocket, and tried to look as though he had been waiting attentively the whole time – and then felt his façade melt a bit when he saw that it was indeed another of his species behind that door, a lovely wine-colored dragoness with flashes of warmer, rich pink sections along her horns, the interior of her wings, and the sections of softer flesh revealed along her neck and into the cut of his shirt. She balanced a clipboard in one arm with the pen in her other hand, held lightly between her fingers.

She looked from the clipboard to him and back. A nearly imperceptible change passed over her expression. "You're our 10 AM?"

"Um—" His voice caught in his throat. He coughed and made to stand up, then saw the further change to her expression and stopped, hands on the arms of the chair. "Yes. I – I think so, yes."

"For the video shoot?"

He was hoping she wouldn't mention the task out loud - luckily, though, his shadow-black color tended to now show when he blushed save for a slight burnishing of his scales around his cheeks. His monthly bills combined with a few unexpected expenses, from what had happened to his car last month to his insurance not paying out properly the last time he visited the dentist, to a not-so-great friend *for some reason* demanding something for her birthday next week, meant that he had found himself in a rather tight spot financially.

A little bit of searching, some asking around between his friends – Rachen had suggested some crazy technology thing, which he had promptly dismissed, then Oakley had said something about a service for one of the local college professors, which was "under the table" in more than one way – and then a little hint that Kopa had given him along with some hastily scribbled contact information had led him to this group's website online.

If 'website' could be the right word for it; he had had to look the company up on their AfterBark profile, of all things, and then request a private message for contact...

"Yeah," he verified. The dragoness nodded, scratched something down onto her clipboard, then turned to head back to the door. The male remained where he sat, but then at an impatient nod from her scrambled upright to follow. One last check at his phone showed him that he completely lost service on his way through the door, with the little icon in the top bar spinning idly into infinity.

This 'video shoot' the dragoness had mentioned... he swallowed and looked around while she guided him in, the room inside much more welcoming and pleasant than the cold hallway outside, feeling like the interior sections of a college campus during testing season. *"It's mainly a crossdressing thing,"* he had been told; the attached pictures made him blush then, even without imagining himself in them. *"There's a little more than just that, but you'll see it in the contract. I can send it over now for you to sign and we can get you in tomorrow. Sound good?"*

"So, um..." he began, looking around the space. A wide, round desk sat in the center, which must be where this lovely lady sat; it bore a computer, some papers, a small stack of books, and then a nameplate that read, simply, "Rose". It matched her coloration. Along each side of this larger room ran a line of doors, one, two, three, four, up to the back; those must be the individual studios, as each one displayed a sign over the top showing whether it was occupied or not. "About the contract, I couldn't..."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. It's all under control and filed." Rose's cool eyes, periwinkle-lavender in contrast to the rest of her red and pink, flashed briefly over to him. She paused near the desk to pour a cup of water from a tinted cooler, then handed that to her new client. "Here. You'll need this."

"Oh. Um. Thanks. I..." He peered down into it: it seemed a little more bubbly than regular water, but other than that didn't seem too strange. Though he wasn't that thirsty, the dragoness's glare told him that she wasn't going to move on *until* he drank it, though, so after another few seconds he swallowed, licked his lips, then knocked it back in one go. "Um. Refreshing?"

He expected her gaze to sharpen further. Instead, though, it did the opposite, and a slight smile touched her lovely face. "Good. It should be. Anyway, I've got you in room five, over here on the right – you're in luck: I'll be your director today."

"Cool. Um, when will payment-"

"The agreed-upon amount has already been transferred to your given payment method," she said, flipping over to the next page in her clipboard, "and royalties will be disbursed on a monthly schedule based on views and other revenue. Again, in the contract."

"Yeah." The dragon swallowed, then had to do so again; he could still feel the sensation of the water in the back of his throat, and then a little more when it started to settle in his belly. After seeing her expression before, he elected to keep quiet about how he couldn't actually *read* the contract on his phone, and had just signed and sent it off. "So, just in here? Will you be, like..."

Rose looked over her clipboard one more time, then reached down to open the door and let him in. His suspicion about these rooms being the studios was indeed correct: there was the backing, the lights, the camera set up in the center of the room, the recording laptop nearby. The dressing room stood off to the side, a little corner of the room partitioned simply behind a thin standing screen.

He actually jumped when Rose tossed the clipboard down onto the desk near the laptop. She strode forward, still all confidence, and sat down in the nearby chair, hooking one leg over the other.

"I'll be here," she explained, and leaned over to start things up. "You'll find your outfits behind the screen. I need you to strip *completely* down – yes, underwear too," said with a quick glance over him. "If you're wearing that. Some of the outfits may have something for that. And then come out when you're ready, and we'll get started. I have you in for the... oh, yes, the maid outfit first. A classic." Periwinkle eyes flashed up to him. "Well? Come on. We only have you for the hour today."

*Today.* So they already expected a follow-up. The male swallowed, sighed, nodded, and then headed over towards the dressing room.

"Where should I put my-"

"There's a table. Just leave them there. We won't take long, ideally."

Nothing to do other than go for it. He peeked around the partition, looked around, and then stepped in. For a moment the dragon stood there to just take in his surroundings, then sighed again and moved to take his shirt off over his head. All of that waiting and the water, though, had had an effect on him, combined with how he had forgone going to the bathroom before coming here in hopes of making it on time; as he shifted to slide his coat off his shoulders he could feel that so-familiar pressure in his abdomen. He glanced behind himself at what of the room he could see behind him, making sure that Rose hadn't come over to steal a peek – but then, why would she? She seemed almost entirely uninterested in anything other than getting the shoot finished – then swiftly finished up, trying not to grimace too much at the sensation.

*First.* First of only two, at least, but that was still more than he had hoped for. The maid outfit hung partially from the hanger through the shoulders, and then partially with a complex assemblage of pins and clips keeping the separate pieces in place. Naturally he had had no experience in putting something like this on before, and after struggling with all of it at once for a while he gave up and focused on each piece one at a time.

The legs first, with their frilly cuffs and delicate lace. The underwear – or, what was *supposed* to be the underwear, a thin black satin pouch which settled up underneath the hanging lacy dress of the outfit, itself coming down about halfway to his legs. This part was translucent, of course, still clearly showing the black outline of the panties. This would be one of those days where he was luckily to be equipped with a smooth, flat slit between his legs, though the idea of wearing something like this, on camera, *online*, admittedly brought a little stir out of him. After that, luckily the corset was only mostly for show, and instead of actual complex laces it settled into place via a few well-hidden velcro straps and then a pair of ties, which he tugged and pulled as tight as they would go.

Hopefully Rose would appreciate that; he wanted to get as much leeway with her as he could. He sighed once more, breath slightly restricted by the outfit, and moved on to the shoulders and gloves next, similarly smooth black with frilly white lace adorning the edges. That done he looked once more to make sure he had gotten everything, glanced in the mirror to see that it looked alright – but he didn't want to look for *too* long, or else he'd lose his nerve. Then, suppressing a slight shiver at the knees from his continually growing need, he reached down, smoothed the front of his skirt, and headed back out around the screen, faux feather-duster tickling at his side where he carried it in his other hand.

*This will have to do*, he figured. When he made it back out into the main room he saw that Rose had finished setting up the laptop and was now bent over the camera, showing him a likely unintentional view of her backside, thick tail-base protruding from a well-placed cut in the seat of her fit pants. He froze in place, swallowed again, then gave a polite cough.

The dragoness perked and glanced over at him. “Oh, good,” she said, “you’re ready. Come over here and get in place. Just in front of the screen. I’ll be with you in a moment.”

Still he held out hope that this would be just a simple little thing. He headed over there, careful not to move too much or too far with this tight outfit, and stood with his hands behind his back.

“So, um, I don’t understand...”

She glanced up at him again. “Understand what?”

“Why does this need to be, like, a *video* shoot, and not just a photoshoot? I’m not a – an *actual* maid. I’ve never done anything like this before; it won’t be convincing.”

“Oh, you’re right. You don’t understand.” Rose made her way back around the chair to the laptop, where she tapped a few keys, shifted the mouse, and then hit one more. “That’s not the important part of the video – any experience one of our actors might have there is just a bonus. Move to your left a little? There. Good boy. Now, I’ll just...”

He had expected her to slide down into the seat and operate the camera while telling him to do... well, something. Stick his butt out? Drop to all fours and lift the back of this skirt with his tail? Get down on his knees and look up at the camera, as if... another twinge in his abdomen made him tighten up, though, and he reached out to the wall for support.

“Hey, um, Miss Rose...” he began, eyeing as she approached. Her bare toe claws tapped against the floor; that was something he hadn’t noticed, either – the outside portion of the studio as well as the rest of the building had thick, dense carpet instead of smooth white tile. “How long is this one gonna take?”

The dragoness looked him up and down. “Not long, I think.”

“Is it okay if I run to the bathroom between this one and the next? I really need to, um...”

She smirked at that. “First – it’s outside of the studio, down the hall, and up two floors. Second, I don’t think that will be necessary.”

“Not n-? Why would...” Instinctively he took a half-step back once she came close to him. She wasn’t *also* in the video, was she? The way she looked at him, the way she glanced over at the camera to make sure she was in frame... by now he had *really* started to wish he could have read the contract before signing it.

“Because,” Rose went on. One hand came out to rest over his shoulder, black scales beneath half-bared in the outfit, while the other traced first against his chest and then down his front, towards his naked

belly, down a little further. The tickling of her claws further energized and stirred the unsteady need there. "This pretty little maid outfit of yours? I'll need you to ruin it for the video."

"Ruin it?"

"Yes." Rose tapped her fingers against his abdomen, right at the spot where that pressure stirred the strongest. "I need you to piss yourself, dear. Make sure the camera can see it running down your legs. If you can, tug your skirt tight as if you're trying to hold it back..."

As if on cue, then, a slight pain joined in with the pressure, and there was nothing more the male could do. He gasped, half-buckled at the legs, reached down to press his hands in to try to keep himself from overflowing – Rose seemed to *love* that – and then sighed again as soon as he felt the wet heat start to seep through the fabric and drip down.

"No..." he breathed, trying his best to keep himself from continuing. His muscles wouldn't respond, though: it felt as though his signals, *squeeze, stop, please*, made it halfway there and then fizzled out, his stream continuing to grow and strengthen inside these already-tight little panties, now clinging to his moistened scales and tinting the delicate lace a light yellow. "No, I can't, this is – ahh, *God...*"

"Why are you so surprised? That's what the drink was for. It was in the contract, too; we're legally obligated to let our participants know about the forced diuretic we put into the water, to help with our shoots." Rose had lifted her hand away as soon as his stream had begun. She tilted her head, smirked, and sidled back over to the camera and computer, adjusting a few things there and zooming in a bit.

The male dragon, all the while, could do nothing but struggle with his own bodily needs. The feather duster clattered to the floor as he tried to cover himself and stop himself all at the same time, legs crossed, hands down at the front of his skirt. He didn't *want* to touch the soaked material but felt as though he had no choice, squeezing and bunching it up between his legs, trying to apply exterior pressure to keep everything in. His genital slit helped with that a little bit, but still he felt it pour between his fingers and down his legs, trickling into and darkening the black fabric there, gathering in the growing pool beneath him.

So focused on himself, at first he didn't notice when Rose stepped away from the computer again and came back over to him, unashamed to step directly into the pool where it grew and slithered across the floor.

"You're doing great," she cooed, a well-placed hand straightening him up. His flow strengthened and redoubled with that movement, shifting the pressure on his bladder – how was he still so full? His mark streamed freely out of him, barely broken by the thoroughly-soaked panties. "Don't try to stop it, by the way – or, actually, do. That'll just make it even worse."

He had figured that out. All of this pressure and urgency, and it hadn't seemed to weaken at all. Panting and shivering from the relief as well as the strain, the male looked up at her, winced, swallowed again, tried to widen his stance, and nearly dropped to his knees before her. Had she always had the top two buttons of her shirt open...?

"Here," Rose murmured. Her hand came down to his shoulder while the other reached down to his lower back, and then she was kneeling before him, the pool of his own mark spreading around her and

soaking into her pants; he tried to offer ample apologies for that, but could hardly speak beneath the sensations. "On your back. Come on. Let's... there we go..."

If he had thought she was doing this to help him, he was wrong. The pressure actually increased in that position, Rose positioning the poor dragon with his legs around her waist and lower body hefted up. This way instead of pouring down his soaked leggings and dripping scales, his piss dripped forward through the fabric of his panties, spread out over and through the lace of the skirt, and then trickled up and over his belly and chest, catching in the material of the corset and seeping beneath, keeping him hot and humid – and forcing him to tilt his head up and back so that it wouldn't dribble into his mouth.

The male squirmed and sighed where he was, caught between sheer embarrassment, sharp relief, and then simple mortification that *any* of this was going on, and that *she* was here to watch and apparently guide it. Her hand lifted up along his underside to tilt his body further: now his mark spread and poured directly down the scales of his chest and the thin fabric of the maid outfit above, wide rivers waterfaling down, parting around his neck, continuing to pool in the growing puddle underneath him, soaking into his shoulders and upper back.

And it kept on going, too, long after he would have stopped for a normal session, long after it felt like he had nothing more to give. Something about that water, the drug they had put in it... he opened his eyes, blinked against the spray, and looked up past his skirt folded down over his belly, at the black fabric of his panties right where it all sourced from. Still it stirred and poured out, like from a hose accidentally left on.

"How long... will I..." It *exhausted* him as well, his lower abdomen tingling, his chest heaving with unsteady breaths. It just felt so *good*.

The dragoness put a finger to her lips and then surreptitiously nodded over at the camera. Then, in a low voice that even he could barely hear over the trickle and splashing of his own piss around him: "Give it a few more seconds. You'll have enough of a reprieve to clean up and get into your next outfit."

*Reprieve? But I don't...*

As if on cue again, the dragon more saw than felt his stream start to dwindle to a finish. The soaked from of his panties, glistening with wetness, stopped pulsing and bulging with the force of his constantly-draining bladder, and instead just stuck to his moistened skin; the last of those rivers poured down his shoulders and chest, and after a few moments longer the dragoness chuckled softly, gave him a little shake, and then slid out from underneath him, so that she could rise to her full height and then reach down to help him up. He accepted the assistance, and quickly found out just how much he needed it; she had to walk him over to the changing room and hold onto him there until his legs stopped shaking and he could start at undressing.

She had already seen him empty his bladder all across himself and the floor – the dragon glanced back around the corner and saw the faint yellow pool there, unbelievably wide, as it continued to spread and trickle around the tile floor. The noise of a towel getting tossed over the screen partition startled him, but before he could respond, Rose's head poked around the corner again. He had gotten the top half of the outfit off and was just bending down to slide the skirt and panties off his legs.

Those periwinkle eyes looked over him again. Was that a faint smile that touched her expression? "Don't worry too much about it," she said, nodding over to the puddle. "It's just a quick little thing that makes your bladder hyperactive."

"Yeah," he grunted. Embarrassment still flooded his body and warmed his cheeks, but still he half-turned away to take these last few things off. Then he reached for the towel and started patting himself dry. "I noticed."

"Can only do so much before you're completely empty," she went on, "so you've got probably... well, the average is six minutes, before it starts again. Do you need me to help you with getting dressed, too?"

"No, no, I'm... I got it. This one?"

"Yes."

"This is..."

Even without facing her he could *hear* her smirk. "Bunny suit. It's what the viewers like to see. Also, lighter tones like white in that fabric show wetness more easily. Go ahead and come out when you're ready; I'll get everything set up."

The male jumped, then, as Rose reached out and gave his bare rump a pinch near the base of his tail.

"You're doing great," she went on, voice receding into the room. "I feel like you and I are gonna get ourselves a lot of views, here."

He sighed once more, embarrassment burbling and stirring into something else, and moved to start getting the new outfit on. Rose had been right about the time limit: as he tugged the fabric up his still slightly-damp legs he could certainly feel the steadily growing pressure in his bladder all over again, as though he had downed a gallon and a half of water that was just now making its way through his system.

This one was tighter than the other, and the fabric softer, and it didn't help that it clung and stuck to his slightly wet scales. The dragon grumbled, hopped on one leg while trying to get the other on, leaned against the wall, spun around, wiggled his hips, finally got it, then did the same for his arms – all the while he thought he could almost see the bulge of his overfull bladder growing in his lower abdomen.

The pressure, the heat, the *sensation*... not wanting to delay it a moment longer he straightened up, rolled his head on his shoulders, swallowed one more time, half-took a step – and then stopped as Rose intercepted.

She looked down over him again, gaze resting right there between his legs. "Oh, good," she said, "I was just about to come get you. This part will be a little different."

The male winced. Standing still made it worse. "Different? Look, if you want to catch me – *you know*, I gotta get out there now, 'cause I'm about to..."

The screen partition behind him jiggled as the dragoness leaned forward and braced her arm against it. Her other hand came down the smooth white fur of his bunny suit, fingers turning and splaying and then coming up between his legs, parted evenly around his genital slit. Immediately the blush returned to his face – had she really noticed *that* quickly?

The feeling of needing to piss so bad, the sensation of wetting himself on camera and with her watching, and then having her touching and guiding him the whole time... he swallowed yet again and looked away, trying to will his partial erection back down. The dragoness's exploring, teasing touch just brought it out further, though, adding another layer of sensation to the tingling of his full bladder. He shivered and grunted, half-consciously pushing forward into her palm. The interior of the bunny suit slid and pressed against his length as she coaxed it out of his slit, and then – just as quickly as it was there did she remove that pressure, instead guiding him back over in front of the camera.

"I'll be with you in a moment," Rose said, and gave him another squeeze. Her other hand came up and settled against his upper chest, and with a firm push she guided him back to lean against the wall. "Stay like that. Let it come up and over you when it hits, and again, trying to hold it back often just makes it stronger. Which, for *our* purposes..." She spread her arms. "Do whatever."

At least he knew what was coming this time. The dragon shifted and adjusted to get into a more comfortable position there against the wall, eyes forward – was he supposed to look at her, or the camera, or neither? Before he could figure it out, before he could open his mouth to ask, though, an odd tickle started at his upper thigh and made its way down to his ankle, and when he glanced down again he saw that it had already started.

Just like before it was a gradual start, from a few drips to a slow trickle, then from there to a flowing stream that just strained and pulsed when he tried to squeeze back against it. The dragon had to try to grip at the wall behind him to keep himself up, legs already shaking under the intense pleasure and relief of the release.

Just as it poured down his legs, immediately staining and darkening the soft fabric of the bunny suit, did it also spray up and *through* the material near his lower abdomen tented around his half-hard length, teased to that point from Rose over there on the other side of the camera. He glanced up at her, breath shaky in his throat: now she had definitely undone a few more buttons from her shirt, and when she leaned to the side to take a look at him in person he saw there, under the desk, that her other hand had drifted down beneath the waist of her pants, her button and zipper undone and panties lifted over that hand.

Seeing that, making eye contact with her, feeling her gaze wander his body down to his bulging groin and up along the spraying stain, coming up towards his belly and chest... it all just worked him up further. Normally he absolutely could not manage to piss while hard, but *this* time his body would stop at nothing to get it done. The dragon grunted and widened his stance a bit, at once lessening the pressure a bit as well as allowing himself to change his angle and arc up through the fabric and over his chest, his growing arousal tightening and strengthening his stream.

His mouth fell open, and from it, a breathy moan trickled out as well. His hips gave a few little bucks forward and up, breaking the stream and turning it to a brief spray over himself. By now his mark dripped from his ankles, his thighs, the base of his tail, his sides, even his shoulders a little bit; so caught



up in the sensation of draining and dousing himself, he didn't notice Rose rise from the chair until she was right there next to the camera, and swiftly striding up towards him.

"Good job," she rumbled, leaning in over him. Just like before she placed one arm above his head and brought the other between his legs, freely squeezing and rubbing at his soaked groin, pushing the damp and clinging fabric in against his cock. The male grunted and grinded forward, nearly unable to take all of these feelings at once. "You're doing great. Looks like you're enjoying yourself, too..."

Rose turned him to the side just a bit, just enough for the camera to see what was going on. The dragon opened his eyes and looked over at it; she must have zoomed in right here, wanting to focus and see the action as she squeezed and rubbed, massaged the wet fabric in against his twitching cock while he still sprayed up and out. She kept herself positioned just far enough away that only her hand and wrist took the brunt of the spray, dripping and rolling down to splash into the wide puddle at both of their feet.

The male thumped his head back against the wall, jerked, bucked, swallowed, and let out another breathy moan. Just as his stream started to dwindle back down, just as it gave way to a finally, fully-emptied bladder, that other, brighter pressure and pleasure began boiling in his lower body as well – and almost before the last few sprays dribbled out of his cock, he felt himself jerk and buck again, and then shoot through the soaked material, this time milky white instead of faint off-yellow.

"There we go..." Rose purred, her breath warm on his neck. Everything around him felt that way, hot and wet and humid; his legs buckled again, body unable to take the combined assault of relief and pleasure and ecstasy, that tingling shooting out through his groin and lower body and emptying first from his twitching, throbbing shaft in a few more pulses of his load, and then out his parted lips in an unsteady exhalation. "See? That wasn't so bad, was it? You've done so well."

Dazed and exhausted, the male could hardly hear Rose speaking so close to him. He distantly felt her hands coming up his front, smearing the combined cum and piss back into his outfit and along his scales, and then in over his jaw – and when her mouth pressed to his, the first thing he noticed about it was that it suddenly became a lot harder to breathe. Gradually he became aware of what was going on and squirmed against her, only for her to squeeze him more tightly into her grasp.

"Is this-" Another well-placed hand around his body to squeeze his rump, and then one at the center of his back to pull him in against her suddenly-bared breasts, put a stop to his resistance. "In the... contract... too?..."

"This part..." Without looking, Rose reached down, fiddled with the hidden zipper coming up over the groin of his suit, and fished out his still-twitching erection. Still sensitive from his finish, the male twitched and jerked again, and then sighed with her careful fingers tracing back and forth over it. "...is optional."

"Will you need my-" Feeling her move her hand away, he glanced down. Rose shifted her own pants and panties down her legs, just far enough to swing one leg out of them. He eyed the spot where those pink scales of her chest and belly came together and arced back underneath her body, pinched in place there in a plump, sweet mound glistening with arousal. "My... express, written permission?"

That brought a sweet little laugh out of her. The dragoness half-hooked one leg around his soaked body, tilted his head up in both hands, and pressed her mouth to his again. That done she dropped one back down, squeezed his shaft at the base, and angled him up.

"It's not *absolutely* necessary," she rumbled. The male gasped and shuddered at the sensation of slick, wet warmth squeezing down onto him. "But I won't turn it down. Obviously I like to keep a record of this kind of thing."

His hands settled on her waist as she pressed further down onto him – but Rose's motions overtook his own, one hand on his shoulder and the other around his back, tugging the dragon forward away from the wall and into her. He gritted his teeth and nodded at the camera. "Will I – get a copy?"

"*That* part was in the contract. Did you even read it?"

He smirked. "Didn't you ask me this? I-"

An adjustment, a buck, a clench, knocked the words out of his mouth and breath out of his body, and then Rose was working herself against him, lower body grinding and pressing in a smooth, easy rhythm, pulling little gasps and moans out of him while he tried his best just to hold on. The drug hadn't worked its way all the way through him yet, and every time her body pressed up against his he could feel that pressure, so familiar after today, as it continued to grow and stir inside of him, though at a slower pace than before. He felt ridiculous standing here in this soaked, stained bunny suit, but the feeling, the sensation, the knowledge of what was going on... he shivered and reciprocated her thrusts and movements as best as his body would allow, though the red dragoness against him still maintained the rhythm and pace.

After everything that had already happened to him this morning – *was* it still morning? – it was all he could do not to buckle at the legs and fall over again, especially as Rose pushed her mouth more forcefully against his, lips nipping at his tongue, tongue swirling and digging, kiss sucking and pulling the breath out of him. He held onto her rump mostly so he wouldn't fall forward, though she seemed totally capable of keeping the two of them up with the ferocity and hunger of the way she rode him against the wall, his wet outfit and scales slapping and sticking to her body, his first load already streaked across his chest, his second quickly on its way.

All of this, combined with her scent and the feeling of *her* all around him, a kind of wet warmth different from what had squeezed and rubbed against him all day, made him shiver and shake and moan into her mouth, even as she sucked at his tongue and tilted her head to the side. Her movements against him became steadily more urgent and intense, as did the stirring pressure in his bladder which only accentuated the pleasure of her body against and around his.

He gripped her rump and thighs, pulled out of the kiss and thumped the back of his head against the wall again, only for her to come forward and pin him in place there, hardly giving him space to breathe. The sound of wet fabric against smooth scales, all over urgent panting, eager moaning, breathless movement and shivering. He tried not to bite her tongue out of her mouth, but his teeth gritted with his approaching peak so soon after his first; he felt himself lower down again, worked himself underneath her a bit so that she could ride and push down against him, gasped, shuddered-

And Rose squeezed tightly around him coaxing and pulling that finish out of him and deep inside her. She was the one to pull out of the kiss, breath leaving her mouth in a sharp moan alongside a rope of mixed saliva still linking her lips to his. The male bucked and jerked, dumping out deep inside of her, spurt after spurt just as he had done through the fabric of this silly outfit and across himself; "God," she breathed, "yes, I can... *feel* you..."

He, meanwhile, couldn't even speak. Still he thrust and shuddered inside of her, that same wet warmth pulling this peaking pleasure out of him, rope after rope as he filled her up. Teeth gritted, eyes wrenched shut, lips back, breath coming and going in sharp little gasps to ride out the experience. Finally, drained and satisfied, he fell back against the wall – and Rose pulled up off of him a moment later, though not after giving another grind, clench, and squeeze. When she came free a small portion of his load slopped out along the underside of his still-hard shaft, though most of it remained inside of her, and as she stepped back she slid two fingers between her thighs, gathered up those hanging ropes, and dug them back into herself.

"There, there," she rumbled, and leaned in for another kiss. "You did it. That's fantastic – this'll be one of our best for sure."

The male just nodded and wiped his hand across his forehead. At least this time it felt like he could hold back his other urge, though the tingling in his bladder had begun again. "God, I'm... exhausted."

"I bet you are. There's a couch over in the next room; do you need to lie down for a bit?"

"Yeah. Can I – get out of this...?"

Rose took him by the wrists and led him away from the wall, though she made no effort to dress either of them back up. "We'll handle that later. I gotta spend some time to get the video fixed up and compressed, anyway. We'll discuss the closing of the contract and any possible continuations after; don't worry about it. Here..."

It took some time to get him to the couch, but once there he felt a brand new pressure start to settle over him, the heavy arms of sleep wrapping tight around his awareness. He shifted and rolled onto his side; at least this way, if the diuretic worked on him once more he wouldn't get himself *quite* so soaked. As he licked his lips and closed his eyes, distantly watching Rose's half-clothed body stride back over to the computer, he thought he heard her say-

*"...goodness, that'll certainly do it... I'll have to tell her about this, I can pretty much... feel the way I'll be..."*

~ ~ ~

The dragon jerked awake, startled by a sudden sting in his lower body. He sat up, grunted, looked around, blinked, and then after a moment realized he was back at home, on his own couch, and if not in that damned bunny suit, then – fully naked.

And lying in a fresh pool of his own mark, the last trickling stream of it still dripping from his slit like a leak from a dam. He rolled his head back, sighed, and shifted to sit up, trying not to smear himself over

the soaked fabric and cushions. *That* would need a hell of a cleaning; where would he possibly get the money to do that?

Then he saw it, right there on the coffee table in front of him: a squat stack of wrapped cash, still thicker than any he had personally handled before, with a folded note on top. Legs spread and body angled, trying to get the rest of his still-dribbling piss at least *not* on the couch, he leaned forward, cursed as his arm entered the stream for a moment, and flipped the note open.

*Here's the second half of the initial payment. We have your account number on file and will be transferring the rest periodically as agreed. Also, here's my own phone number, in case you have any questions or concerns, or are interested in booking a follow-up. Can't wait to see you again. <3 Rose*