

# DRAGON SLAYING

(in PDF form)

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## A FEW THINGS BEFORE WE GET STARTED

A warning to the easily queased: this story is almost entirely about a male dragon getting his balls kicked, punched, stomped, squeezed, pounded, pummeled, crushed, and otherwise flattened. There's a fair bit of sex thrown in for good measure, but even then, chances are P'oiu will get his nuts cracked before, after, or during. Guy just can't catch a break. Anyway, no hard feelings if you'd rather read something less painful.

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Comments, questions, and hate mail can be sent to [poiupoiupoiupoiu@gmail.com](mailto:poiupoiupoiupoiu@gmail.com).

And needless to say, don't try any of this at home.

## CHAPTER 1: THE FIRST BUST

Let me be blunt: I am a dragon. Of the raar grr fire-breathing variety. People come to my cave to look for treasure, or to 'save the princess' (whom I've never actually kidnapped), or whatever: power, glory, righteousness, all that bullshit. I'm not exactly unfamiliar with people walking through my front door and trying to slay me, knights and wizards and the like.

Two issues with that, though. First, dragons are pretty much impervious to magic. You'd think the wizarding community would've caught onto this by now, but for whatever reason, they're exceedingly slow in that respect. I've fought off at least a dozen magic users without any lasting harm, and yet every couple of months, I'll get some plucky young thing come try to kick my tail. Kinda sad to watch, to be honest.

Second of all, we dragons are physically *tough*. All you really need to know is this: dragon scales can't be cut and dragon bones don't break. Ever. All those swords and arrows and what have you, they don't do squat. Granted, I've gotten some pretty nasty bruises before – a knight tried to take my head off once, and I could hardly rotate my neck for a week – but you're never going to kill me that way. Old age is pretty much the only way to go.

There's one caveat, though. I've said that it's basically impossible to kill a dragon like me in combat, which it is. Usually somebody comes storming into the cave with a staff or a sword, goes straight for the jugular, and realizes within a few seconds that's nothing happening. Not a great revelation to have, particularly if you've just woken me up and now I'm staring you down from twice your height. So what do people do? Well, they panic. The guys generally hack and slash for a few more seconds and then piss their pants in fear before I finish them off. The females, though...the females are a different story. They're trying to kill me in self-defense now, so they look for the most obvious weak spot they can find and they go for it. Can you guess where?

No? Lemme give you a reminder then: I'm twice as tall as your average knight, and usually I'm just standing there in front of my attacker. And I'm male.

What's at eye level?

Yeah, that's right. They go for the balls. And you wonder why us dragons are going extinct.

You'd be surprised how many people, in a moment of blind panic, just lash out for my gonads. They're at the perfect height, I guess, just hanging there, and people tend to go to town on them. I've heard it's the same for all male dragons. You start learning after the first few times you get nailed, obviously – you start positioning yourself more defensively, and your reflexes get a lot better – but desperation does a lot for a person. I once had a particularly crazy knight try to make a shish-kabob of my testicles – she just straight-up stabbed 'em with her sword. Obviously, she couldn't cut through my ballsac, but the bitch had such lucky aim that she pinned one of nuts up against my pelvis. And then she just started *pushing*...oh god. Like the rest of our bodies, dragon testicles don't ever pop or rupture, but I don't want to *imagine* what shape my nut was in right then. All I remember is spending the night curled in the fetal position, trying not to throw up.

And magic users? Fuck. Most of them are stupid and terrified enough that I can chase 'em out before they do anything too rough, but once in a while you'll get someone clever. I once had a sorceress who cast a bind spell around my sac and just starting *crushing* my nuts. God, I can't describe to you what that's like. It wasn't a short thing, either – it lasted for a full day, me just writhing on the floor in agony. My balls ached for a week afterwards. Any time I jerked off, cumming felt like a steel-toed boot to the crotch.

So that's the great secret of the 'dragon-slayers'. All the great heroes who've ever claimed to slay dragons have really just ballbusted them until they were incapacitated. It's a hell of a tough way to live – you'll spend months building up your resources, settling down, keeping to yourself, and WHAM! all of a sudden there's sadistic bitch at the door who wants nothing more than to see you suffer. Seriously, I haven't even talked about repeat offenders. There's this one elephant chick who comes and just...nnngh. You do not want to know what it's like to have an elephant stomping on your gonads like they're grapes.

What? Seriously? You want to hear some stories? Well...

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The first chick who ever went after my balls was this female orca – a big, built thing. She was so rugged-looking I assumed she was male at first, beneath all the armor, but I realized I was wrong when she started to speak.

"I've come to destroy you," she said, spitting the words out as she leaned on a nasty-looking mace.

I snorted, straightening in front of her. "What a surprise. I want you to know, that's a really original concept. Let me guess: you're either going to cut off my head or stab me in the heart."

She smirked wickedly, giving a quick glance at my uncovered groin. (It didn't strike me as anything important at the time – stupid.) "Not exactly," she replied, preparing to strike.

Even as she pulled her mace back, I left my guard down – she seemed way too cocky, way too sure of herself, just like every other challenger who'd ever walked in. The mace looked too heavy for her, so I figured I'd give her a few swings to tire herself out and then make short work of her. Of course, by the time I realized where she was aiming it was too late, and–

"Oh *god*," I squeaked, crumpling to the floor with my nuts in my hands. "Oh my...oh my *god*, my *BALLS*!"

"Hurts, doesn't it?" she said, smiling. "I'm guessing no one's ever done that before."

Actually, looking back, I'm not sure I ever *had* been hit in the nuts before. (Such a strange thought now...oh god, so many bad memories.) Certainly I'd never been clobbered like this. It was just...nnnrgh. I'd never had so much *agony* ripping through my gut before. I was trying to form some sort of coherent response, whether that meant defending my territory or just tearing the bitch's head off, but all I could hear was my brain screaming "WHAT DID YOU DO TO YOUR BALLS?" and my balls screaming back "*OH GOD WHAT'S GOING ON*".

I tried reconstructing what had happened. I remembered standing. I remembered the orca swinging her mace up between my legs. I remembered my feet leaving the ground, which meant she wasn't just dirty, she was fucking *strong*. The impact of the mace had

physically lifted me up off the floor, which meant my entire weight was resting on my unprotected gonads. Fuck. And now I was curled up on the stone floor, writhing in inescapable pain, looking up at the female orca who'd put me through this torture. Though she suddenly seemed to be wearing a lot less clothes.

"I hope you don't mind if I get comfortable?" She gazed down at me condescendingly as she tossed off her gauntlets, leaving her standing completely nude in the middle of the cavern. "Armor's heavy – I find it a lot easier to do my work without it." She blinked. "Plus it's just a lot more fun."

All I could give in reply was a slow, agonized moan, which made her chuckle. "Oh that's right," she said. "You're a little...occupied at the moment, aren't you."

"Fuck you," I choked, rolling onto my back, my dragonhood still carefully cradled in my claws.

"Hey." Her tone was suddenly much more serious. "I'd watch your language if you know what's good for you, drake."

Unfortunately, I was not in the mood. "What...*nnggh*, god...what the fuck do you want, bitch?"

Stars exploded in my eyes as my balls exploded in a fresh wave of pain, sending me back into the fetal position with a primal roar. The orca had brought her mace down on my crotch again, smashing my balls through my claws and crushing the poor orbs into my pelvis. I felt my body twitch as I let out a high, piercing squeal, my body unable to process the pain overload it was going through. Above me the female laughed, her arms folded beneath her breasts.

"Oh, little dragon," she snickered. "You don't know the half of it. You're going to do whatever I say, whenever I say it. And unless you want your balls smashed into paste before I'm through with you, I'd advise you to shut up and start listening."

I could hardly hear what she was saying through the ringing in my ears, but I could tell this was going to be a loooooong ordeal...

## CHAPTER 2: TO THE POINT OF POPPING

"Oh god...oh *god*..."

"Oh come *on* already." The orca sounded quite exasperated, and I guess she had a point. I don't know how long I'd been curled on the ground groaning, but it had to be almost an hour now. At first, she'd quite enjoyed herself – I could hear her moans of pleasure in between my moans of pain, and at one point I'd cracked an eye open to see her leaning back against the cave wall, legs spread, very clearly masturbating. Apparently she got off on cracking my poor nuts. Right now, though, she seemed to want to move things along, which couldn't be good news for my balls. I shuddered at the thought.

Nonetheless, I summoned what energy I could and rolled onto my back, claws still wrapped protectively around my gonads. I gave myself a quick fondle to check things out, wincing at the touch. One, two...they felt considerably larger than I remembered, but at least they were still there.

"Nnrgh...fine," I wheezed at the orca, fighting back a fresh wave of nausea. "What do you...*enngh*...what do you want?"

"Let me look at your balls," the orca said, walking closer.

"No!" I grunted back immediately, squeezing my legs shut. I didn't want the bitch anywhere near my crotch, but the angry glare she gave me made me wonder if I'd been a bit too forceful in my reply.

"Really? Well, let me put it this way," she growled, slinging her heavy weapon up over her shoulder. "You can let me take a look at your balls, or I can use the mace again."

With a reluctant whine, I slowly dropped my hands to my sides, all the while fighting the instinct to cover up. I let out another low groan as the female gently pushed my legs apart, giving her access to my groin. The twin spheres between my legs were still crying out in pain, and it felt like she'd bruised 'em pretty badly. (Can testicles even *be* bruised? Mine sure feel like they are an awful lot...)

"Well," the orca continued, taking a few steps closer, "let's take a look, shall we?"

I tensed up considerably as she knelt down between my outstretched legs, taking a closer look at my equipment. Now, I like to think of myself as pretty well-endowed, even for my species, so I was significantly more than a handful down below. She poked and prodded at my scrotum for a moment before lifting my left testicle up in her hands, rolling it in her palms and inspecting it briefly. I felt a bit queasy, to say the least, and things didn't improve from there – she unceremoniously let my gonad drop back down to the ground, the impact sending another quick jolt of nutpain through my gut. She repeated the process with my other ball, and even knowing what to expect this time didn't help. I let out a soft "uggh" as it slipped out of her fingers and back onto the stone below, which made her giggle in response.

"A little tender, are we?" she asked mockingly.

I started to reply, but inhaled sharply as she moved farther northward, rubbing up against a part of my anatomy that been neglected thus far.

"Mmm," she rumbled, running her fingers up the length of my limp member. "Well, this is...this is quite impressive."

I could feel my toes curling in response to her administrations – the little touch of pleasure, in the midst of all my pain, had a surprisingly strong effect.

"I can just imagine," she purred, "what this cock is like with your females. Or with any female, for that matter. In fact..." – here she looked away from my crotch, and straight into my eyes – "I bet you'd like to fuck me right now, wouldn't you?"

To be honest, the thought *had* crossed my mind when I'd realized she was a she. It'd been quite a while since my balls had seen any kind of release. Of course, more recently I'd been a bit preoccupied with making sure my balls were still *there*, y'know, priorities and all. Still, it was a welcome distraction from the throbbing in my groin. In fact, she was quite a hot little number without the armor. With the naked orca kneeling in front of me, her breasts exposed, her fins encircling my shaft, I could feel a bit of blood pumping into my cock, the scaly length beginning to stiffen...

Apparently she could, too. I jerked in surprise as she delivered a heavy slap to my balls, sending yet another shock of pain running through my system. "Thought so," she



murmured, climbing back to her feet as my claws went back to my crotch. "No surprises there. Males, so predictable."

I let out a long, low groan as I rolled onto my side and that all-too-familiar ache began to spread through my torso. I'd never felt so much nutpain in such a short period of time before, and my body had no idea how to process it. It was mind-boggling. How could the organs that gave me so much pleasure, that created life, that made me *male*, cause me so much agony? I had to get out of this before it went any further. "Why are you doing this?" I moaned.

She stopped where she was standing. I saw a questioning look cross her face, as if she didn't quite understand. "Why?" she echoed back.

"Why do you keep hurting my balls?" I cried out piteously, clutching the wounded orbs. "Please, *please*, just let me go. I don't know what I ever did to you, but I'm sorry, and oh god, my balls, you don't know how much it *hurts*—"

"Oh I know it hurts." The orca gazed right back at me, unfazed. "Why else would I do it?"

Not the answer I was hoping for. "What did I do to you?" I demanded, desperate.

"Me?" She paused. "Nothing. Nothing personal, anyway. I don't have anything specifically against you. But you've fought and killed a considerable number of us smaller creatures, from what I understand, and I think that needs to be punished."

Punished. Oh god no. "What...what are you going to do to me?"

She frowned for a moment as she thought, then a smile spread across her face. "You know what? You caught me in a good mood. I might be willing to let you go – if you do something for me first."

Oh thank god. "Anything," I wheezed, "anything you want."

"Alright, then, here's the deal. Like I said, you haven't done anything to me personally, but I still feel like you should have to pay for what you've done to others. So. How many challengers have you faced since you got here?"

Uh oh. "F-four," I lied, hoping she'd let me off easy.

I jerked in pain as the orca female snapped a kick into my ballsac, crushing my poor gonads between my pelvis and her foot. I let out a short squeak as I tumbled back onto my side, body contorted in agony, trying vainly to protect the precious seedsacks between my legs.

"Wrong," she spat angrily, the fire back in her eyes again. "I know for a fact that there've been more than that – my village alone has lost more. Now, I'm going to give you one chance to reconsider your answer. How many challengers have you faced since you got here?"

I was not about to lie again. "Nine," I cried out, "oh god, nine!"

"Better. Here's the deal then." She paused for a moment to let the suspense build – and to wait for me to pay attention to her, rather than my throbbing nuts. "I'm going to kick you in the balls for every fighter you've beaten up. Nine kicks. And that last one didn't count. Sound fun?"

Oh god, the ache. "And...and what then?" I croaked.

"Well, here's the catch." She grinned. "You'll start on your knees, and stay on your knees when you get hit, but if you ever fall all the way to the ground, you're done and your balls are mine. If your hands touch the ground – at all – I'm going to bust your sorry gonads until you wish you'd been hatched female, dragon-boy. *Squish*." She ground her bare foot against the ground, as if to pop some poor orca male's balls beneath her heel. Hell, for all I knew, she'd probably already popped a few pairs of orca nuts.

"But. On the other hand, if you can manage to take it all without falling...I'll let you go." She paused. "For now, anyway."

I didn't like the sound of that last addition, but I figured I didn't have much of a choice in the matter. It seemed like my only chance. "I...nngh...I'll do it," I groaned, trying not think about the possible consequences if I should fail.

The orca raised an eyeridge, as if surprised that I'd accepted the challenge. "Really," she commented, smirking. "Alright, then, get up."

Slowly I struggled to my knees, fighting the urge to vomit, but soon I was steady, claws planted on my thighs for balance.

"Spread your knees," the female commanded. I obeyed. "Wider," she demanded, and I spread my thighs wider with a groan, trying to ignore the ache still spreading through my guts from the last kick. I could feel the weight of my testicles between my legs, the two spheres dangling defenselessly in open space.

The orca began walking in circles around me, her bare tits gently bobbing on her chest. "God...you're such an idiot," she laughed, planting a hand on her hip. "You have no idea what you're getting into. You realize your balls are as good as popped, right? I'll give you a chance to say goodbye to your poor little gonads now – I won't be leaving you anything to remember them by."

I wasn't about to tell her that my nuts wouldn't pop – god knows that was my only chance to escape this mess alive. Still, the warning was scary nonetheless. Just one of her kicks had hurt like hell; I couldn't imagine what nine in a row would be like. Gently I examined my balls in my claws, wincing at the touch. They were swollen as hell, and hardly seemed like *my* nuts anymore, they'd been bashed about so much.

Finally, with a sigh, I gently lowered them back down between my legs. "Alright, orca," I said, "I'm rea–"

I didn't have time to finish as an explosion of pain went off between my legs. The orca had taken her time to prepare a vicious kick, and vicious it was, her bare black foot delivering a crushing blow to my nuts from behind. With every fiber of my being I willed myself not to simply curl up into the fetal position and hit the ground – instead my claws wrapped protectively around my balls and I threw my head back with an ear-splitting squeal, lost in agony. The female's kick had been right on target, hitting both balls, and the wave of nausea that followed swept over my entire body. I thrashed in place as I sought some sort of escape from the pain, but to no avail – my balls were still there, and there were still eight kicks to go.

"How's it feel, drake?" the orca asked, grinning. "Not too good, I imagine. Well

then....maybe this will help."

I knew it was coming this time, but that didn't help; it just meant I felt it more acutely as the female sunk her toes into my ballsac, the fragile eggs once again flattened by her foot. "MY BALLS!" I squawked as the pain ripped through my body, "OH MY GOD, MY BALLS!"

"Ah, the plural noun," the orca said, grinning. "You won't be using that for long."

I caught myself just before I toppled to the ground; instead, my claws flew to my crotch again and my head burrowed into my thigh. I couldn't believe so much pain was coming from two little orbs in a little scaly sack. How was it possible? How could it possibly—

"Hey, look up."

I forced my gaze upward just in time to see the orca send her third kick straight into my balls, this time from directly in front. I still had my claws wrapped around my nuts, but she somehow managed to kick underneath with just her toes, pinning the twin orbs against my pelvis with her toes. I screeched as she flexed her toes, squishing my balls even as I tried to protect them. I could see her bare tits bouncing from the momentum of the kick, a sharp contrast with the mind-shattering agony racing through my abdomen.

"STOP STOP STOP, MY BALLS, MY BALLS!" I squealed. I could feel every nerve in my scaly nuts; feel her slippery toes, crushing each one individually, stressing them to the breaking point—

"Move your hands," the orca ordered, folding her arms beneath her breasts.

Oh god, oh god no, she couldn't make me do this, it wasn't in the rules. I shook my head deliriously, no, no, no.

"Move your hands," she growled, "or this is over. NOW!"

With an unfathomable effort I forced my hands to my sides, exposing my poor dragonhood to the orca once again. This was just pitiful. A dragon, the symbol of

maleness and strength and virility – of sex in its prime! – getting its balls beaten by a female, crying out in pain and fear as she assails his only weak spot.

"You know," the female said, smiling down at my crumpled form, playing idly with her breasts, "initially I was planning to come here and pop just one of your balls. As a warning, of sorts. As soon as I saw your nuts, though...god. Such a big, heavy, wonderful pair. I imagine you were quite proud of them before today."

I groaned mightily and opened my eyes to see the orca leaning back against the wall again, one hand squeezing her tits and the other sliding in and out of her dripping cunt. "Oh fuck yeah, that's right," she moaned, catching my gaze. "I *love* doing this. I can't wait to see your face when you realize you're not a male anymore – when your balls pop. Ha! God, it's wonderful to be female."

"Why do you do this?" I choked, still praying for some kind of exit.

The orca blinked. "Because it's fun, why else?" With that, she drove her foot up into my balls again – but this kick seemed somewhat off target. Her toes just caught my balls, sending the eggs bouncing frantically up and down in their sack. It was a sickening ache, a nausea in the bottom of my stomach, but still, nothing like the soul-crushing pain of the last three kicks. I'd gotten off easy on this one, apparently.

The orca seemed to know it, too – and she wasn't happy about it. "I can make up for that," she growled, and this time slammed her knee up into my jewels.

Oddly enough, the first thought that went through my head this time was not about the usual mind-blowing testicular torture, but about how this felt different. Hell, I'd been hit in the balls so many times in the past hour I was becoming a bit of a connoisseur. The orca's knee slammed into my crotch with much more force – I was physically lifted off the ground, like when she had first hit me with her mace. And my balls had nowhere to go – I could feel them both, smashed flat against her warm skin. The agony of having my jewels crushed so thin made me scream, soundlessly, my teeth bared in unimaginable anguish.

Even in the middle of all this pain and analysis, though, something caught my attention – a new ache. The previous kicks had hurt unlike anything I'd ever experienced before, but this new ache was qualitatively different. Something was

wrong. Something in my sac had changed – I could feel it – but what could it be? My right nut felt strange, like it had somehow slipped out of place – but what could that mean? My ball couldn't be about to pop...could it?

"OH GOD," I screamed, "WAIT!" I was begging, desperately trying not to collapse onto the ground. *"MY BALLS, SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MY BALLS!"*

"Really." The orca grinned wickedly, flexing her toes idly against the ground. "Well, isn't that a pity. I could feel your nuts pancaking pretty nicely against my thigh there – nothing like crushed nuts against your bare skin. They've gotten pretty big, huh? They can't keep swelling forever, though – sounds like the little drake's nuts are about ready to pop. Guess you should've been a little nicer to your visitors, huh?"

I started to say something back but was interrupted by another vicious knee in the balls. Now that I'd analyzed the differences between a knee and a kick, all that was really left was to feel the pain – the bone-crushing agony that raced up my spine. This time, my right nut felt like it had exploded – the previous kicks had been nothing compared to this. I could acutely feel every bit of the impact: the bone of her knee, making contact with my sac, moving upwards; striking my balls, which jumped and slid in their pouch in attempt to avoid injury; the rest of the thigh, following, trapping the testicles and crushing them flat against the pelvis. My head swam. I heard some kind of shrill, ungodly mewling, and only after several seconds did I realize it was me, trying to process the pain. I was sure my right testicle had popped, but when my claws flew to my crotch it was still there, lumpy and distorted but distinctly intact. Again, I fought the urge to collapse, clinging to a shred of hope that I could somehow escape with my testicles intact. Through the blinding pain I caught a glimpse of the orca, in a mixture of a laugh and a moan, arching lustfully around the fingers thrust into her cunt.

"Ohhhh god that was a good hit," she breathed, crouching to catch her breath. "Christ, I can orgasm just from crushing your nuts, dragon. So big and scaly...but so flat now..." She walked around behind me, and suddenly I felt her breasts brush against my back. "Are you ready, drake?" She was whispering into my ear now, hot, heavy. I could smell her sweat. "I'm about to pop them. Your scaly balls are about to become mush. Any second now..."

I could hardly comprehend what she was saying – the words were muddy in my mind

– but I most certainly could comprehend yet another kick in the nuts, one that sent me staggering forwards off-balance. Somehow, I managed to stumble to my feet and not fall over – no small feat, given the unending world of pain centered on my poor spuds – and staggered toward the cave wall, collapsing in front of it. I grabbed hold desperately of a protrusion on the wall, gripping it with all my strength. I knew I had to stay standing or I was done for – once I hit the ground, I wasn't getting up any time soon. I clung to the cave wall, trying to hold my weight up with my upper body while my legs turned to jelly beneath me. And my balls...oh god, my *balls*, MY BALLS!–

"Eight!" the orca yelled, another kick coming from behind. I felt my body shake with the impact; looking down, I could see her black toes poking out from my groin, my balls caught between the two, bulging outwards like some kind of obscene egg sandwich. Dimly I thought, *how on earth did my balls get that big?* before an incomprehensible wave of nausea swept over my body. I squealed like a pig as my body slid down the wall, but I managed to stay on my knees, clinging with my last energy to my handhold.

The orca seemed absolutely amazed that my testicles hadn't exploded yet *and* I hadn't hit the ground – and to be honest, so was I. Still, I was fading fast. In the back of my mind, I realized how I was positioned: kneeling, legs spread, my hands up above my head. I could feel my two dragon eggs dangling, defenseless, between my legs, and I could feel the orca's gaze on the two swollen balls. She had a perfect shot.

"One kick left, drake," she taunted. "Take one last look at those scaly balls of yours – while you still can."

The orca pulled her leg back, and with all of her strength, and her entire body behind the blow, slammed her foot up between my legs.

I let out the highest, shrillest scream of my life as her bare foot sunk into my groin. The blow was uneven – had she made a mistake? – but no, the entire strength of the kick was focused my right nut, the weak one, the one that felt wrong. I felt it bounce in my sac with the initial impact, trying to escape; I felt her foot trap it in place and crush it flat like a pancake against my pelvis. I could feel my nutflesh squishing out between her toes, trying to find an escape from the ungodly pressure. I could see it in my mind: the scaly orbs with nowhere to go, flatter, flatter, until *\*pop!\** I was no longer a male dragon. It was impossible. I couldn't be.

But then, in the middle of my whirlwind of nutpain, I felt the orca flex her toes, still embedded in my crotch – and I felt my balls jostle against them, aching and bruised, but intact. They were grossly swollen and hardly recognizable, but they were definitely there, and definitely not popped.

I was stunned – well, more stunned by the mind-numbing amount of nutpain than by the fact that my nuts had miraculously survived – and in my stunned state, I somehow caught the orca's eye.

We both knew what had happened. She'd kicked me nine times. I was still kneeling. I had won.

The female roared in anger and slammed another kick up between my legs; I immediately hit the ground, shaking uncontrollably, completely unable to process the pain in my balls. It was a miracle of draconic evolution that my gonads hadn't been obliterated already. The orca seemed to feel the same way, for she was shaking as well, with rage that I was somehow still intact. Even as I felt myself slipping into shock, I thanked whatever twist of fate had given us dragons such resilient mating organs.

"Well," the orca spat angrily, fighting for control of her own voice but obviously losing. "Well. Then, I...I guess you did it. Nine kicks without falling down. I..." She swallowed. "I guess I'll go then."

I only vaguely heard what she was saying; I was completely lost in my own world of pain, flat on my back, claws latched in a death-grip around my balls. I didn't hear her breathing growing heavier, or see her eyes flare up one more time in anger.

"But first, for good measure," she snarled, ripping my claws from my crotch.

My body jerked once more as she stomped down hard on my naked gonads, flattening them against the stone floor. I was beyond feeling at this point: I could only watch as the enraged female came down on my scaly balls again and again, squashing them repeatedly underfoot. I could see the two orbs – if you could call them that anymore – bouncing in my sack between stomps, trying to evade the killer whale's feet, but as she crushed them over and over, each time sending a fresh wave of pain through my overloaded body, I suddenly found myself much less sure that my nuts couldn't be



popped. Here she was, I thought, mashing my balls into paste, just like she promised. Soon my sack would be nothing but mush. As I slipped away into unconsciousness, I found myself praying that a dragon's balls really *were* as indestructible as I had heard...

## CHAPTER 3: ENTER OPAL

Again, I'm not sure exactly how long I spent knocked out, but I know it spanned at least several hours. When I came to, it was dark, and I found myself curled in the fetal position, clutching the swollen, misshapen bulge that was my groin. I looked around briefly to see if the orca was still here, but it seemed she had left for now, though not without doing a number on my jewels. I wondered absently how much time the orca had spent trying to pop my balls: they seemed significantly larger even than after her kicks, and my right ball seemed to have a very definite footprint in the center, as if she had tried standing on it. The thought made me even more queasy than I already was, but her failure to complete her task seemed like a small victory, at least.

I expected the ache in my balls to slowly fade over time, as a dragon's rapid healing ability kicked in, but instead I felt something terrifying: a pain that continued to grow, spreading even further through my gut and my body. It was unimaginable. I moaned and groaned in anguish, trying to ease the torture in my gonads, but it was useless. For hours, all I knew was the throbbing agony between my legs, the twin spheres that made me male, crying out in pain and suffering. Until...

"P'oiu, what are you doing?" said a familiar voice.

I opened my tear-soaked eyes to see a young, graceful-looking frog peering down at me, her eyes full of concern. I knew her already – she was a local, a healer by the name of Opal, who had come to my cave before. Quite a few times, in fact. You see, Opal was renowned for her potions, which often included rare and hard-to-find ingredients. Luckily for me, she often needed one ingredient I was particularly good at producing: dragon cum. She'd stumbled up the mountain and into my cave only a few days after my initial arrival there. At the time, I was so eager to fight off my first challenger that I'd almost killed her before she could explain what she wanted, but once I understood what she was after, I was much more willing to cooperate.

It was a mutually beneficial relationship, if a somewhat odd one. I gave her an endless supply of her ingredient – well, as long as she wasn't asking for too much at any given time. A dragon's got limits, after all. In return, I had a friend, a messenger, and a female who consistently wanted to see my cock – a big deal for a dragon, solitary creatures that we are. We dragons usually only go looking for mates a few times in our lives; now I had an audience every other week, begging me to pull it out. Sometimes I

found it hard not to blow my load just thinking about it. (Sometimes, I actually *did* blow my load thinking about it.)

Still, as sex-centered as our activities were, I never got a chance to see much of *her*. She saw me naked on a regular basis – and not just naked, but leaning against the cave wall, stroking my cock until I spurted my hot cream into the air. I, on the other hand, had never seen her in less than what she was wearing right now: a long, flowing sari, hiding most things but giving me a glimpse of a firm, smooth stomach. She was hot, all right – she could have been a goddess in porn, if she'd chosen to – but she hid it, silently, taunting.

She'd touched me just once, on a particularly difficult day, when I was having some trouble – rubbed my balls, to help me get over that last hump, and I'd come gallons, easily twice as much as I ever had before. After that, she'd started teasing me more actively, licking her lips, talking dirty, although she'd never actually touched me again, and the sari stayed tightly wrapped around her body. Still, she could work me into a frenzy with her words, and my balls started working overtime to produce for her.

Today, however, I met her in quite a different predicament. "O-Opal," I choked, almost delirious with agony, "oh god, Opal, my *balls*..."

Her gaze drifted down my body and settled on my groin, her eyes widening in shock. "Oh *god*," she muttered under her breath, moving closer. She took a step forward to get a closer look at the swelling between my legs, and somehow I summoned the willpower to pull my claws away and let her see. My left nut was relatively normal, actually: since yesterday's beating, it had started to shrink down to its usual size, and that side of my sack had begun returning to its usual scaly green. My right nut, on the other hand, had continued to swell even larger than it was when the orca left, until it seemed ready to burst from my scrotum. The entire right half of my ballsac had become a dark, foreboding purple, echoing the ungodly ache of the gonad inside.

"What happened to you?" the frog asked worriedly, looking away from my mating organs.

"A...a knight," I croaked slowly. "O-orca. Female. First she...with a mace...and then she...she kicked...stomped...oh god, she just kept *stomping*–"

Opal winced at my description, biting her lip, but shook it off when she saw me looking. "Shhhh," the female whispered consolingly, "alright, alright, let me take a look, relax." She got down on her hands and knees, looking carefully at the swollen orb but not touching it.

"Nnrgh," I cried, a tear slipping down my cheek. "Oh god, Opal, my balls, my *balls*..."

The frog was biting her lip again, gazing intently at my gonads. From the way she focused, I could tell I was in good hands – after all, she was a healer. She had studied the body backwards and forwards, and besides, damned if anyone knew my balls better than she did.

After a pause she rose, setting her hands on her hips. "Okay, here's the deal," she said, exhaling slowly. "I think I know what's wrong – it looks like you've got a twisted testicle, which means that while that orca was busting you, she accidentally spun one of your nuts around and cut off its blood flow. It's a very painful freak accident that can happen when a male's testicles take a beating like that."

I moaned piteously – the image alone made me want to puke.

"Now, there's good news and bad news," she continued, eying my sac as she spoke. "Fortunately, I've seen this kind of thing before in smaller species, and assuming that dragons work the same way, I should be able to fix it and heal your nut. Unfortunately, it's probably going to hurt a lot, given what shape your balls are in, and with all the pain you're in, I'm worried that you're going to flail around and injure me by accident. So...I'm going to run back to my village to get some sleeping potions, put you under, and then I'll fix your nut, alright?"

"Oh no please, *please*," I groaned, tears slipping from my eyes, "you can't leave me like this any longer. It feels like I'm going to die. There's...nngh...there's *got* to be something else you can do."

"I...I don't know, P'oiu. I know it hurts, but if you accidentally hurt me than we'd *both* be helpless." The frog glanced around for a moment, surveying the cave, her eyes coming to rest on a length of heavy chain. Suddenly her eyes lit up. "Wait a minute," she said. "I have an idea."

"Anything," I moaned. The ache in my gonad was still gnawing away at my gut, chewing away at my sanity.

"Your cave is full of these chains," she continued, hefting up a link in her arms. "If you let me chain you down, I can immobilize you, and that way I can fix your testicle without you hurting me."

Oh god, anything to make the ache go away. "Okay," I agreed, claws between my legs, "okay, okay, do it, do it now, *please!*"

Despite the gravity of the situation, the frog couldn't help snickering at me. I imagine it was a little pathetic to watch: a dragon of my size, crumpled on the floor, clutching his gonads. "Alright," she said, grabbing her first length of chain, "then spread your legs as far as you can for me and I'll start tying you down."

Slowly, I drew my legs apart, whimpering loudly as my aching ballsac slid down my thighs to the cold stone floor. I could hear Opal holding back another snicker as she looped the chain around my left leg, drawing it tight around my ankle. Gently I tested the chain, and found my leg completely unable to budge.

Suddenly, a terrifying thought shot through my brain: what if she and the orca were somehow working together? What if, once she tied me down, she simply started torturing my nuts again? Why on earth was I letting her tie me up?

"Wait! Wait!" I shouted in a panic, startling the poor frog. "How...how do I know you're not tying me up just so you can hurt my balls more?"

The frog glanced up at me, disbelief painted across her face. "Seriously? Listen: I come here so I can harvest your sperm, right? Then why on earth would I want to damage your balls?"

Ah. Hadn't thought of that. She had a point. "True," I coughed, letting my head come back down to rest against the floor. I felt her at my opposite ankle, now, attaching another restraint. Sure enough, my legs were immobile. The frog walked up to my head.

"Do you trust me?" she asked.

"I...I trust you," I replied.

"Good," she said, smiling. "Then stretch your arms up above your head – I need to chain them down too."

Slowly I raised my arms, fighting every instinctual impulse to defend my dragonhood. Opal gently grabbed me by the left wrist, wrapping it in chains and binding it down, then repeated the process with the right, leaving me completely tied down and at her mercy. Quickly she climbed back to her feet, and knelt down between my thighs to inspect my package.

I have to say, if it hadn't been for the persistent ache in my balls, the scenario would've been pretty fucking hot: myself, tied down, with Opal crawling up between my legs. Even in the throes of agony, I could feel my cock twitch faintly at the image, and again as the frog's head appeared at my groin. Unfortunately, my horniness was cut short by the frog's next statement:

"I'm going to start checking out your ball – this might hurt a lot, but just do your best to bear it and things should be okay in the end."

Oh god. Oh god oh god oh god. "Su-...*ngh*...sure, Opal."

"Alright then, here goes nothing," I heard her mutter to herself – before she suddenly lunged at my gonad.

I screamed louder than I have ever screamed before or since as Opal *grabbed* my testicle and starting twisting it, throwing her whole body behind the action. I'd never felt such agony before, even with the orca – it was like she was wrestling with the scaly egg, trying to pin it down or make it surrender. In hindsight, I suppose she needed a decent grip in order to manipulate my nut, but in the moment, it just felt like she was squeezing the life out of me, crushing my already tenderized gonad between her fingers.

She'd been right to tie me down, as well – I was shaking, spasming uncontrollably in my bonds. My body was desperate to cover my balls and curl into the fetal position, but no such luck – my hands were chained over my head, and all I could do was watch

the frog have at my dragonhood. By this point, my scream had passed out of the audible spectrum, and I was left silently shaking in agony as the female frog mauled my defenseless nut. I thought for sure something was about to explode, either my gonad or my brain, I just wasn't sure which. The pain seemed to be getting worse, not better – if was growing, expanding from my gut to my whole body, my whole being, swallowing me alive–

"Oh...fuck," Opal muttered, pausing in her work. "I've been twisting your nut the wrong way, P'oiu. Sorry about that."

All I could do was squeak as she adjusted her grip on my nut and started spinning it the other way. The agony, again, was horrible – but this time, rather than getting worse, it seemed to slowly get better. I still squealed, thrashing about in my chains, but I could feel some of the pain slipping away, even as I felt the awful pain of Opal squeezing my poor testicle.

"Done," she said finally, letting go of my gonad. I let out a huge groan of relief, still writhing in the chains as the residual nutache spread through my body.

"Now," the frog continued, stepping back from her handiwork, "we just need to give the blood a few minutes to work its way back into your testicle."

I wasn't sure exactly what I was waiting for, but within a few seconds it became fairly obvious. If you've never had a nut untwisted before (which I hope you haven't), well, let me tell you, it feels mighty strange. You know when an arm or a leg falls asleep, and it feels like pins and needles as the blood starts flowing again? Have you ever tried that with your balls? For that matter, have you ever tried that after a psychotic orca kicked, kneed, and stomped your nuts to the edge of bursting? My nuts had been substantially abused in the recent past, but this was a whole different brand of pain: like something was kicking me from *inside* my balls. One of the strangest things I've ever felt. Made me want to puke my guts out.

Anyway, this involved some more groaning and moaning over the course of several minutes, trying to ignore the horrible ache in my nut as the blood started flowing again. Sadly, I was so busy fighting down nausea that I wasn't able to appreciate Opal massaging my ball, helping the blood get going. Within a couple of minutes, the strange sensation had more or less stopped. Already, the right side of my sack was

looking considerably healthier, starting to shift from its dark purple back to green.

"Feeling any better?" the frog asked gently.

"Oh god, yes. Thank you," I choked, completely exhausted from the ordeal. "I don't know how I can ever repay you."

"Well." Opal giggled. "Actually, I can think of one thing."

"W-what?"

"I mean, there's a reason I'm so interested in keeping your balls intact," she said, grinning. "I just got an important order for a certain potion, and I could really use a couple loads of cum right now. I think that'd be a fair repayment."

Seriously? Fuck. I mean sure, I wanted to, but I was in no shape to pound *one* out right now, never mind several in a row. "Oh...oh fuck, Opal, I'd love to, but I really don't think my nuts could handle that right now. Maybe in a couple of days?"

The frog frowned. "I really need it right now, P'oiu."

"I'm sorry, I can't. My balls are *really* sore."

She raised an eyeridge suggestively. "Y'know...I could rub your balls some more, if you'd like, help things along."

I wanted to. Oh god, I wanted to. Tied down, naked, Opal's hands all over my balls, weeks' worth of splooge built up, hell, I felt ready to paint the *ceiling* in my spunk – but I knew my balls couldn't take it. My poor gonads had seen enough action for one day. "I...I can't," I croaked, looking longingly at the frog. "I can't."

"But I *need* this. I need it *now*," she said, her tone growing more forceful.

"I'm sorry."

"What?!" The frog was incredulous. "But I...I just saved your *testicle*! If it weren't for me, god knows how long you would've been curled up on the floor wishing you were



dead. And have you even *thought* about what might've happened if another knight found you before I did? I save you from all that, and you can't even masturbate for me? Come on, you've *got* to be kidding."

"I'm sorry," I grunted, still preoccupied with the pain in my balls, "I'm...I'm in a lot of pain still. My balls couldn't take it."

Now she was furious, steaming from the gills. "Bullshit. You're just pissed at me because that hurt, even though I fucking *warned* you it was going to. Or let me guess, you've been jacking off too much lately, haven't you?" She glared. "Not enough left in your nuts for me, huh?"

"Opal–"

"Come *on!*"

I was tired of this. My balls had been screaming all night, I hadn't slept, my balls *still* hurt, and...well, I just wasn't thinking. "Just fuck off, bitch," I snarled, glaring at the female.

As soon as the words had left my mouth, the frog had turned to leave, angrily pulling her sari tight around her shoulders. I thought that was the end of it, but first she stopped and looked over her shoulder, and then...well, let's just say she decided she had to give me a parting blow before she left.

Have you ever been kicked in the balls by a frog? Well let me tell you, those webbed feet don't miss *anything*. The orca's kicks had been strong, sure, but at least then my nuts had a chance to slip out of the way, toward the opposite side of my sack or between her toes. Opal, though – the shape of her foot left nowhere to hide. And her *kick*, well...all that hopping about makes a frog's leg muscles fucking strong. As her toes sunk into my ballsac, I felt my nuts flatten, the twin eggs squashed grotesquely into my groin by the frog's webbed foot. And the ache: the agony, the *agony*–

"My...my BALLS!" I squealed, thrashing desperately in my chains. "Oh god, my BALLS!" (Seriously, how many kicks can one dragon take?)

Opal looked supremely satisfied for a moment, drumming her deadly toes against the

stone floor as she watched me writhe in pain. There was a satisfied grin on her face...but I saw her expression suddenly fall as she realized what she had done. "Oh...oh god, P'oiu, I'm sorry," she said hurriedly. "Oh god I'm *so* sorry."

"*Annnngh*, my *baaaalls*," I moaned, fireworks still exploding in my head. My instincts told me to cover up and crumple, to protect the delicate orbs between my legs, but the restraints kept me from doing anything. I groaned as another wave of nutpain washed over me – Opal's apology didn't do anything to soothe the nausea that was eating away at my insides.

"Here, let me help," she continued, moving closer once again. To be honest, that was the last thing I wanted after the blow she'd just given me, but I was still tied down, in no position to argue. I could feel myself starting to panic as she knelt back down between my legs, reaching out towards my groin – what was she going to do? Punch them? Squeeze them? But no: I felt her hands once again, rubbing gently, trying to soothe my aching babymakers. *Why can't she do that when I'm not in excruciating pain?*, I thought dimly to myself. I appreciated the thought, at least.

"P'oiu?"

I moaned out something unintelligible to show that she had my attention.

"Listen, I'm sorry for doing that, and I know it probably hurt a lot, but...I still need you to cum for me."

Oh god. What was she going to do now? "Please, *please*," I retched, "don't hurt my balls anymore–"

"I'm not going to, P'oiu. I can help."

"No you can't," I moaned, "no you *can't*–"

"P'oiu."

I let out another agonized groan, tossing my head to the side, and suddenly I felt Opal stop rubbing my balls. Without the frog's blissful touch I felt the urge to curl into the fetal position redouble, but I was still bound in place. *Nnnngh*. I wanted her to let me

go, to leave me to myself while I recovered. After all, she was female – there was no way she could understand the sort of agony I'd been through. My poor balls needed some time to heal.

From between my legs, I heard the soft rustle of Opal's sari. Was she finally leaving? Hell, she wanted me for my nuts – if I couldn't produce, maybe she'd go looking elsewhere. Find a dragon with some working testicles.

"P'oiu. *Look* at me."

Exasperated, I opened my eyes to look at the frog and my jaw dropped. There, standing before me, was Opal, completely naked, her sari at her feet, staring straight back at me. The specimen I'd been lusting after for months, in the flesh. She was every bit as hot as I'd imagined, at least what I could see of her...which at this point was basically from the waist up. Oh man. Her tits alone were enough masturbation material to last me for the rest of my life.

Only the profound agony my gonads had been put through over the past 24 hours kept me from creaming my scales right then and there – as it was, I could feel my cock spasm, lying limply on my chest. Hell, this almost seemed worth the kick in the balls she'd given me. ('Almost,' of course, being the operative word.)

"P'oiu?" she repeated softly, one more time.

"Mmm?" I mumbled, suddenly much more interested.

She smiled. "Listen...why don't you let *me* handle this," she said, reaching up towards my cock...

## CHAPTER 4: RELIEF?

The whole situation was like something out of a wet dream: me, chained to the floor, with the sexiest female I'd ever laid eyes upon standing in front of me. I was almost too busy staring at the newly-nude Opal to notice her approaching my crotch – but that quickly changed.

"Oh *fuuuuuuuuuuck*," I groaned, in pleasure for once, as the frog took my limp member into her hands. I inhaled sharply as she gave it a long, slow stroke, the length throbbing eagerly in response, stiffening quickly in her grip. Oh god I needed this. I needed this *bad*. Between the much-needed stimulation and the much-appreciated naked female doing the stimulating, I was rock-hard within seconds, several feet of dragoncock jutting up vertically from my crotch.

Opal, from what I could see of her, looked rather pleased. I watched as she squeezed experimentally around the middle of my shaft, both hands not coming close to encircling the thick length. My view was now somewhat...impaired by the pillar of flesh standing between the two of us, but still, I could see more of Opal at the moment than I'd ever expected to actually see. Her body was somehow even better than I'd imagined – I'd jerked off to her dozens of times, if not hundreds, but fantasy-Opal paled in comparison to the real thing. As she stroked me once again, she seemed to be glowing with lust, her whole body glistening with just a hint of sweat. I could see her tits bounce ever-so-slightly as she moved, finally released from their cloth prison and enjoying every second of it. God, I'd never felt so horny. Sadly, the legs and ass I'd spent so much time admiring were hidden from sight for the time being – I could only pray for a better look at what lay below the waist. Right now, though, her upper body was more than enough.

As I looked down my torso at the frog attending to my neglected cock, though, I was struck with a rather unfortunate realization. This might've been the first time I'd ever regretted being as well-endowed as I was. Size differential was gonna be a problem here – I was easily twice as large as her, on top of which I was rather 'gifted' downstairs anyway, even for a dragon. No matter how much I wished it, there was no way in hell *that* was ever going to fit in *there*, at least not without me splitting poor Opal in half.

Still, if the slow, pumping strokes the female was giving me now were any indication, it wasn't like I'd have any trouble enjoying myself. I let out a rumbling groan as the frog

ran her fingers up the length of my shaft again, the pleasure threatening to overwhelm me. My member *throbbed* with her touch – despite her earlier accusation, I really *had* been saving it for her, and now my body was desperate to give her the present it had been building up. Despite all they'd been through, my balls were quickly transitioning back into spunk-and-fuck mode, unable to pass up such a valuable opportunity.

"Well," Opal finally said, breaking her silence. The frog licked her lips, gazing directly at my cock. "That seems to have changed your mind."

She grabbed the base of my member and squeezed, earning a moan and a shot of precum that fired into the air before splashing back down across her chest. The female rumbled contentedly as a hand strayed back to her breasts, rubbing the spunk into her skin.

The sight of the frog covered in my seed just spurred me on even further – my dragonhood throbbed again in her grip, firing another spurt onto the naked female. Already, I felt ready to explode: I could feel my heart racing, my balls churning, my claws scratching at the ground in ecstasy. It was actually kind of embarrassing...it had been what, a minute, maybe two, and I was about to blow my load? I was hoping I might be able to hold out a little longer for a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity like this, but well, it's hard for a male to see something he's been fantasizing about for months and not get a little over-eager. Besides, my poor nuts still had *no* idea what was going on.

I let out a throaty moan, my hips doing what little they could to thrust against Opal's strokes. Another shot of precum fired into the air, my member throbbing in tortured excitement. Finally I could feel it coming, after all this time, *release...*

"Opal," I panted, my body shaking, "I...I'm about to...!"

*Thump.*

The orgasm I'd been waiting for was cut off suddenly as something *thudded* into my nut, sending a new wave of nausea through my torso. My cry of pleasure suddenly became a choked cry of pain as my body spasmed in place, still bound by the chains at my hands and feet. Oh god, that *pain...*I'd already forgotten how bad it could be. What the hell had happened? Despite the agony, I managed a confused glance down at my

crotch to see what was wrong – only to see Opal, her fist buried in my left gonad.

"Ooaaaannngh," I moaned piteously, squirming in pain. "Opal, why would you...oh god, my *baaalls*!"

The frog looked somewhat apologetic. "Sorry," she explained, "but I can't have you coming that quickly. We both know I'm only getting one load out of you, so I need to keep you going until I'm sure that load's big enough to make the potions I need."

*Ennnnnngh*. "O-Opal, I...nnnnrgh...please, why are you doing this?"

She chuckled. "I just told you why, P'oiu."

"Oh god, my *balls*–"

"I know, I know," she replied, rolling her eyes. "Try to control yourself and I'll try to go easy on you, alright?"

I just groaned in response. My eyes were squinted shut, trying to escape the dull ache radiating through my body. Bitch! I was lucky I still *had* nuts, after all I'd been through – she should be happy with whatever she could get.

"Besides," she added, "this should distract you from the pain."

My eyes shot back open with a gasp as something wet and slippery slid across my cockhead, my hips jerking upwards at the unexpected sensation. I quickly looked down to see Opal, eyes closed, her long tongue dancing around my shaft.

Oh god, that *tongue* – long and flexible, now wrapped around the top of my member, milking me for all I was worth. She slurped noisily at my straining member, her tongue curling to lick me from every side. I was being stroked from about eight angles at once, and my brain didn't know what to do with all the sensation. Hell, my mind was being blown just as much as my cock.

Before I had a chance to pass out from pleasure, though, Opal pulled back for a quick breath, her hands taking over and absently stroking the pillar of flesh. The frog paused to size up the thick length, pondering for a moment before taking the tip into her

mouth, sucking eagerly on what she could swallow and wrapping her tongue around the rest.

My body quivered in pleasure, and my hips bucked in place. "Oh *god*," I groaned, the image playing happily in my head as I closed my eyes and let the female do her work.

"Hmmm?" Opal rumbled amusedly as she suckled at my member. The added sensation made me groan again – my nuts still ached from the female's punch, but damned if this blowjob wasn't the best thing I'd ever felt.

Unfortunately, it was then that I noticed a rather unfortunate drawback of the frog's position. In order to make herself more comfortable, she had taken to kneeling, her knees planted on either side of my ballsac, so she could focus on the shaft in front of her. This had two disadvantages. First, I was *still* aching for a glimpse of that lower body – hell, I'd wanted a piece of that frog's ass since I'd first laid eyes on her, and that wasn't about to change. I sure as hell couldn't tap it, but the least the female could do was let me see it.

More importantly, though, was the way she was kneeling, with my balls barely fitting between her thighs. I would've given *anything* to cram my cock up between those toned, sexy legs, but my balls...my balls were a different matter. Every time she moved, my nuts were uncomfortably squashed, sending quick jabs of pain into my gut. Opal didn't seem to notice – whenever she moved I'd grunt, but I guess she couldn't distinguish the painful groans from the pleasurable ones. It wasn't that bad, though, all things considered. Any nutpain was more than drowned out by the expert job being done on my cock.

Opal seemed to be enjoying herself, as well. She was still pretty damn focused on the task at hand, but one hand had drifted back to her breasts again, playing with those gorgeous tits as she sucked me off. It was a hell of a sight, when I could summon the energy to lift my head up. Opal had managed to get pretty far down my shaft, at this point, and was sucking away eagerly, using her other hand and her tongue to stroke at what wouldn't fit in her mouth. She seemed surprisingly eager to make me blow my load, given the warning she'd just given me a minute ago. I guess she'd just gotten into the whole thing.

I had no idea just *how* into her work she was, though, until the frog let out a long, low

moan, her body tightening as she climaxed.

Her orgasm caught me by surprise – I had no choice but to moan in response as her legs tightened around my ballsac, squeezing the traumatized orbs within. At the same time, I felt the part of her tongue wrapped around my member squeeze tightly, begging me for my seed. The twin sensations were overwhelming – my nuts crushed agonizingly between Opal's thighs, sending waves of nausea through my abdomen, as my cock *throbbed* in arousal, firing a long spurt of pre down her throat.

Luckily, it was over almost as quickly as it had started. I let out a deep groan of relief as she relaxed and the grip around my gonads loosened, leaving me only with a dull throb in the pit of my stomach. My shaft, on the other hand, ached at the loss of sensation. It was like my body could tell the frog had orgasmed, and my cock was upset that it hadn't been invited to the party. Still, as Opal came back to her senses and began sucking again, I was quick to drop any complaints. *That tongue!* Sure, my nuts had seen better days, but right now I cared about one thing and one thing only: getting my goddamn rocks off.

Opal, for her part, was panting heavily in the wake of her first orgasm – I could see the juices from her now-soaked sex dripping onto my scaly sac as she continued to suck at my shaft. If anything, she was even more eager than before, shoving her body up against my cock. I felt a thrill run through me as the frog's tits brushed against my length, my dragonhood pulsing at the unexpected stimulation.

The female pulled away for a moment to catch her breath, my cock slipping from her lips with a wet slurp. "*Fuuuuck* this is good," she moaned, giving my shaft a slow pump with a free hand. She took a moment to regard the thick length, then glanced past it to my head, catching my eye with a grin. "Hope you're enjoying yourself up there, big boy. Hold out a couple more minutes and I think I'll be ready to let you blow."

Words were well beyond me at this point – I merely groaned in response, the comment earning another spurt of pre from my all-too-willing member. Opal was pretty soaked in the stuff, by this point, which she seemed to be enjoying quite a bit. (I'm pretty sure she can't use pre in her potions...I guess she just likes the stuff.)

The frog seemed anxious to return to work, and I wasn't about to protest. She leaned in to lick at the base of my shaft, wrapping her tongue around the length and giving a nice



strong squeeze. Slowly she began working her way upwards, licking and sucking all the while. My claws scrabbled for a hold on the smooth stone floor, seeking some way to anchor myself against the sea of pleasure that was washing over me. My cock felt like it was made of iron – I'd never been this hard before. Opal just kept slurping away at my member, bringing me to levels of pleasure that I'd never known existed. I had to glance down at my crotch every few seconds to make sure this was really happening – and each time I did, the image of the frog slaving away at my cock made me even hornier.

Still, I was worried. The frog was moaning lustily around my member, her eyes closed, and from the way she was suckling at my dragonhood, she sure seemed awfully excited. "Opal-" I began worriedly, but again, I hadn't realized how worked up the female was. I was cut off by the frog's own cry, her body spasming as she went into a second orgasm.

This time my moan was considerably higher-pitched as my gonads were squished once again between the female's legs. I let out a gurgling groan as my testicles flattened between her strong thighs, the twin spheres distorting under the heavy pressure. This orgasm was stronger than the last one, and my poor balls were definitely the worse for it. On the other hand, Opal had thrown herself against my cock as she came, wrapping her arms around my shaft for support, and was now moaning pleasurable into my member. Unfortunately, I was a bit too distracted to enjoy the feeling of the frog's tits squished up against my dragonhood. "My balls!" I squeaked softly, but Opal was far too lost in pleasure to hear me.

Finally, I felt the death-grip around my nuts loosen, and the frog gave a dazed, happy groan as she fell back into her normal position. I let out a *long* groan of my own, more relieved than anything as the female took me into her mouth again, but that did little to help the lingering ache in my battered balls.

"Opal," I moaned, squirming in my bonds, "oh god Opal, my *baaaalls*..."

The frog shot me a confused look, her lips wrapped around my cockhead. "Hrmm?"

"Your...your legs..."

"Mrphlrgs?" she repeated around her mouthful, allowing the tip to slip from her mouth and back into her hands as realization dawned upon her. "Oh. *Oh*. Shit, sorry. Damn. I forget how easy it is to crush those things when you're not paying attention."

Great. "Nnnnnrrrrrgh," I groaned, letting my head drop back to the floor.

"Just stick with me, P'oiu, alright?" she continued, pumping at the length in her hands. "You can cum in just a minute – I know you want to."

She was right. The pain in my poor nuts was getting worse by the minute, but my cock was still throbbing with every lick, eager to unload on the willing female. And we had been at it for a while, now – she had to let me cum soon.

"Besides," she said, "I know how to keep you interested." Her hands dropped to her breasts, lifting the heavy orbs before placing them on either side of my member. I rumbled pleasurably as she squeezed my shaft between the two, my cock surrendering yet another shot of pre at the welcome stimulation.

"See?" Opal grinned, licking slowly across the bottom of my dragonhood. "Now, everything alright up there?"

My attempt at an intelligible response was interrupted as she resumed suckling at the tip of my cock, rubbing her tits up and down against the base. Her tongue snaked down to fill in the gap, sliding sensuously around my aching member, which seemed to be throbbing even harder now than it had been before. "Ooooooppaaallll," I moaned, lost in the sudden sensation. "Oh god, yesssssss..."

The frog murmured her approval around the end of my cock, fighting to swallow down my torrent of precum. My member twitched frantically in her grip, arching eagerly at the female's touch and sending shocks of pleasure down my spine. The pain in my balls was washed away once more as Opal slaved away at my dragonhood, stroking, sucking, teasing, building me up higher and higher until I was so horny I thought my cock was going to burst.

Oh god...I'd never felt something like this before. There was nothing I wanted more than to feed this female my seed, to shower her in my spunk, to finally just let go and bust a nut all over the two of us. Any moment now – I could feel my pulse quickening, the room seemed to be spinning, hell, I'm pretty sure I couldn't *see* anymore. I glanced down one more time at the frog sucking my cock, my whole body shivering with pleasure as she slurped away. I was close...so close...so...goddamn...close...

Unfortunately, once again I had been neglecting to pay attention. Opal was even closer. She threw her head back with another lusty cry, eyes rolling back into her head as she slipped into her third climax.

This was definitely the frog's strongest orgasm yet – I let out a strangled yelp, my arousal forgotten as my gonads were scissored brutally between her thighs. "My *balls!*" I squealed, spasming in pain as Opal tried instinctively to bring her legs together. "*OH GOD, OPAL, MY BALLS!*"

But Opal was elsewhere again, moaning into my cock as she rode out her climax. She failed to notice the pair of dragon testicles unceremoniously crushed between her thighs, or me squealing in agony as she flattened my gonads. In fact, Opal merely squeezed tighter, my balls distorting grossly as she spasmed in pleasure. I spasmed even more than she did, shaking against my restraints as she mauled my defenseless nuts.

My body had no idea what was going on. I had been on the brink of orgasm, ready to blow the biggest load of my life, only to have my balls squashed between the sexiest pair of legs on the planet, legs I'd masturbated to at *least* several dozen times. What's a dragon supposed to make of that? All I could do was squeal in pain – or mewl, once the pain became too much and my nervous system started shutting down.

By the time the female finally came back down from her high, I was in absolute agony, my entire being focused on the mind-blowing pain coming from my crotch. My body shook randomly, still processing the massive dose of nutpain. My cock had gone almost completely limp, and was now slumped exhaustedly against the dazed-but-happy Opal. So much for release.

Slowly Opal came to her senses, first licking lustfully at end of my member and then backing away when she realized I was no longer hard. "Wait," she asked confusedly, "did you cum? But there's no..."

I squeaked something unintelligible, my legs quivering.

Again, that slow look of recognition. "Oh fuck, did I do it again?" she muttered, looking down at my ballsac. "God, it's so easy to hurt these things. Let me take a look

and make sure everything's alright."

Y'know, after your balls get clobbered, the impulse to double over and *protect your damn gonads* is pretty strong. At the moment, I would've liked nothing better than to curl up into the fetal position, clutching my balls in my claws. Of course, my hands and feet were chained to the floor, and so you could say I felt a *little* bit vulnerable as Opal bent down to take a look at my nuts. I had to take a moment to remind myself she was a healer, even if she had just been crushing my poor balls.

She turned the orbs in her hands for a moment, inspecting each of my nuts. "Everything's cool," she reported finally, climbing to her feet. "Testicles are good with squeezing and stuff; they're fine."

What I wanted to say was something about how my gonads were most definitely *not* good with squeezing: how having my balls crushed between her damn legs felt like my insides were going cannibalistic and eating themselves. Unfortunately, what I managed to get out was more like a chicken squawk, so I think most of the impact was lost.

Opal looked at the twin spheres for a moment longer before gently placing them back down on the ground. "Well then," she continued, "if everything's in working order, I think I've teased you more than enough, so I guess I should just bring you up and let you blow now."

"Uuunnggghh."

"No sense leaving the job unfinished, P'oiu." She chuckled to herself. "Besides, if I gave you blue balls after all you've been through they might just explode for all I know."

I didn't find that as funny as she did. "Opal, I – nnnnnnrrrh – I'm not sure this is a good idea," I groaned, continuing to squirm in place.

"Sure it is!" the frog countered. "You were just about to cum, weren't you? All we have to do is get you hard again and I can take it from there."

"And how...aannnnngggrrrh...how am I supposed to get hard after that?"

The female grinned. "All you need is some motivation."

I groaned again, letting my head fall to the floor. I wasn't sure how I was supposed to continue through so much nutpain – my entire lower body was still throbbing with that awful ache in the gut that only males can experience. In the past day or two I'd had my balls bashed more times than I could count. Couldn't she just leave me alone at this point?

Suddenly, I felt a light weight climb onto my lower chest – it only took a moment for me to realize it was Opal, standing on my stomach. I felt her take a few steps and then stop.

"Open your eyes, P'oiu," the frog said.

Nnnnnrrrrgh. "Please just leave me alone," I moaned. The throbbing in my nuts–

"C'monnnn," she teased in a sing-song voice. "I promise you'll like it."

With an aggravated groan I lifted my head and opened my eyes to see...well, something I did in fact like. Opal was standing on my chest, as I said, but with her back to me...and bent over.

My jaw dropped. Her legs – well, her legs I was tempted to ignore, after what they'd just done to my nuts, but god if I hadn't spent more than a few pleasurable evenings fantasizing about them, imagining myself cumming all over those sculpted calves. Of course, my eyes were quickly drawn upwards to the luscious, juicy rump that was swaying in front of me, firm and perfect...which once again made me curse having a cock about three times too big. I could just imagine gripping that toned ass, shoving my dragonhood up into that tight slit, fucking the frog until my balls had given up every last load they could produce. Oh *god*, if only. For now I'd have to settle with the image in front of me, the frog's sex dripping with arousal, my own shaft throbbing in response...wait, throbbing?

I quickly glanced around the frog to see my cock jutting out proudly from my groin, looking as ready for action as it'd ever been. Well what do you know. My nuts still ached from their recent ordeal, but apparently I wasn't done yet. (I gotta give my sex drive some credit; it takes a lot to bounce back from something like that.)

"Hmm?" asked Opal, drawing my attention back to her naked form. Her head was down between her legs, staring straight back at me as I took in her curves. "Like what you see?"

"Yes," I mumbled dumbly, still stunned at the view.

The frog cracked a smile. "Good," she replied, reaching with one hand to stroke at her swollen slit. "After all, I don't show this off to just anyone. Now...what do you say I get you off?"

Opal didn't wait for an answer; instead she simply straightened up and walked the short distance to my cock. I inhaled sharply as she placed a hand on the head, giving it a gentle squeeze. Mmmmm. From this perspective, the size comparison was even more striking than before: my length stretched all the way up past her waist, the tip rubbing eagerly across her belly button.

"Now I just gotta figure out the best way to approach this monster," she grumbled to herself. She pondered for a moment before dropping down to her knees, absently pumping the length as she thought. "Hmm...maybe if I..."

I rumbled contentedly as she pressed her upper body against my shaft, once again enjoying those generous tits rubbing up against my dragonhood. The joy was short-lived, however: Opal quickly backed off again, shaking her head.

"No, that won't work. Hmm." She glanced up at the ceiling for a moment, thinking, until her eyes suddenly lit up. "Ooh...what if I..."

I watched with interest as the frog climbed back to her feet, using my cock to steady herself. I let out a happy murmur as she crouched and wrapped her arms around the top, once again squeezing her breasts up against me.

"P'oiu?" Opal glanced back at me. "I'm gonna try something...I'm pretty sure I'm light enough for this to work, but let me know if it's comfortable, alright?"

Uh oh. "Please, not my balls," I pleaded.

She rolled her eyes. "I know, P'oiu, this has nothing to do with your balls. Just wait and

see, alright?" With that, she turned back to her work. She gripped tightly around the thick length before sliding sideways, turning 180 degrees until her whole body was pressed up against the underside of my length. The frog gave me a quick grin as she clung to my dragonhood, giving it a teasing lick. Finally she crossed her legs, squeezing the base of my shaft between her thighs as she let her weight rest on my cock.

"Well?" she asked. "I'm not too heavy hanging off you like this, am I?"

I had winced in expectation as she moved, expecting something awful, but...nothing bad happened. Sure, the female was pulling down on my dragonhood a bit, but I was so hard and she was so lightweight that I hardly even felt it. The only thing I really noticed was Opal staring right at me, her naked body wrapped oh-so-snugly around my throbbing length.

"Yeah," I answered, "it's fiiiiiiiine."

The frog grinned as she licked at my cockhead, squeezing the rest of her body around my length. I shuddered at the sudden tightness gripping my member, in combination with her tongue dancing across the sensitive flesh. "Oh *fuuuuuuck*," I moaned as the female slid down around my shaft, my hips thrusting feebly as I fired yet another shot of pre into the air. Oh *god* this was good – how was she doing this? It felt like my entire shaft was enveloped by the frog, my member sliding slickly against her tits, her legs, even her warm slit, pressed eagerly against the base of my length. My cock had been begging for a proper grip ever since we'd started – this was more like it.

"Good," Opal continued, straightening back up and earning another moan from me in the process. "It feels pretty – *mmmm* – pretty damn good for me too." The female's eyes were halfway closed as she rubbed her sex up against me, a light shudder running through her body. "Hell, can't fuck ya, but – *nnrph!* – this works pretty well."

"Glad...glad to hear it," I groaned, shivering in response to the frog's ministrations. I watched with growing arousal as she gyrated up and down against my length, taking the opportunity to admire her nude form once more. I traced her body from the feet up, at least what I could see: her strong legs, her slim waist, her wonderful rack squished up against my dragonhood. She was soaked in my precum at this point, which only helped to lubricate her now as she ground against my throbbing shaft. My head rolled back with a pleased rumble as she slurped on my cockhead, the rest of

her body working in unison to pump at my engorged length. I was getting there, and fast. At this rate, she'd have me blowing my wad in under a minute – god knows I'd been waiting to cream for long enough now. I was content to lay back and enjoy the ride...at least, until something brought me rather sharply back to the present.

As I said, the position Opal was in was a little unorthodox. She had her arms and legs wrapped around my shaft and was moving quite a bit, her hips sliding up and down as she rubbed herself against the base of my shaft. *Fuck* if it didn't feel good, and she seemed just as into it as I was. Now, however, she was getting a little too into it – she was sinking so low that her ass was bumping against my balls as she came down. At first it was almost nothing – enough to get my attention, but nothing more. Unfortunately, I could feel it get stronger over time, the frog dipping deeper with ever stroke, until my gonads started to ache from the repeated blows. "Opal, my – *nng!* – Opal, my nuts," I gasped, trying to catch the female's attention.

She didn't seem to hear me, though. Instead she just continued to squirm against my cock, rising back up...before slamming back down onto my balls once again. "My *nuts!*" I squawked, arching my back at the sudden stab of pain in my gut.

That seemed to get her attention, at least. The frog pulled her mouth off my cock with a wet *smack*, panting. "I know they're hurt," she groaned back, "just...hang in there, alright?" She slurped hungrily at the underside of my shaft for a moment, her tongue – *that tongue!* – playing across what wouldn't fit in her mouth. "Mmmrph...goddamn it, I'm going to get you off if it's the last goddamn thing I do!"

I could certainly believe that: the female was working overtime, grinding every part of her body against my member as she oscillated up and down, and fuck if it didn't feel amazing. I couldn't help but moan as Opal slid against me again – and then came down on my nuts, *much* harder than before. I glanced pleadingly at the frog to try to catch her attention, but she was engrossed in her work, her eyes closed as she sucked away. She didn't seem to realize what she was doing to my balls, and still chained down to the floor, I was helpless to stop her. I tried to call out again, but succeeded only in letting out a few grunts and groans as she kept pummeling my gonads. My brain was already busy trying to process all the signals coming from my groin, unable to handle the combination of pleasure and pain.

This was bad. I could tell she was getting hornier, and as she did her strokes kept



getting stronger – heaven for my cock, but hell for my poor testicles. What was I supposed to do? On the one hand, she was physically *bouncing* on my balls with every stroke: that firm, gorgeous ass coming down and crushing my nuts with her weight. Oh fuck. I might have been able to take it, if I hadn't already been through so much, but with my balls already traumatized, I felt like I was about to die.

On the other hand, the sensation coming from my cock was *the* most pleasurable thing I had ever experienced. Opal was wrapped in a vise grip around my dragonhood, her entire body begging me for my seed. She was sucking desperately at the tip, her breasts and the rest of her upper body pressed tightly against the middle, and her wet, hot sex rubbing frantically against the base. Combined with the female's shuddering moans and groans, it was amazing that I hadn't come already – as it was, my cock was spurting pre like a fire hose, even with Opal flattening my gonads with every stroke.

"AaaaaaaAAHHHhh," I squealed as the frog came down again, my cry of pleasure transitioning into a cry of pain as she squashed my testicles into the stone floor. The frog remained blissfully unaware of the damage she was doing to my poor defenseless nuts – with each downstroke, that shapely ass smashed into my junk, the twin orbs pancaking out beneath her body weight. With each upstroke, though, my arousal soared to new heights. I had to be the horniest dragon the world had ever seen – after all, the female of my dreams was riding on my member like her life depended on it, desperate for me to soak her in my spooge.

By this point, I was caught somewhere between moaning and gurgling, my body arching in pleasure each time the frog went up and arching in pain each time she came back down. Oh god. The feeling of the female sliding up and down on my dragonhood made my claws curl. With each stroke I felt ready to explode – until Opal came down on my balls, anyway, which brought me back down *just* far enough to stop me from exploding. I was teetering on the point of no return, torn between the pleasure coming from my cock and the agony coming from my nuts, and the result was driving me fucking insane. I didn't want to know what my gonads would look like in the morning – right now I didn't care. I just wanted to *cum*, dammit, to bust a nut, to fucking *blow*–

"OpaaaaAAALLL!" I managed to cry, the name catching in my throat as she flattened my nuts once again. I hardly knew what was going on anymore – my body jerked frantically in some combination of agony and ecstasy, unable to handle the sensory overload. Opal just kept hammering up and down, bringing me to undiscovered levels

of pleasure and frustration with her unintentional teasing. *So...goddamn...close!* Each time her ass crashed down it felt like a sledgehammer coming down on my nuts, the twin orbs threatening to burst, but through it all I could feel my cock twitching, throbbing, pulsing, *begging*–

Just then, Opal went into yet another of her climaxes. I gasped for breath as she spasmed, squeezing my dragonhood for all she was worth, rising up once more.

"Cum already!" she screamed, slamming down on my balls.

I *roared* – in pleasure or pain, I'm not sure which – as my cock exploded, sending a thick rope of dragon seed straight up to the ceiling. My entire body shook as I finally unloaded, my hips jerking chaotically, my nuts churning, pumping out every drop of semen I could possibly produce. *Oh godddddd!* I struggled to stay conscious as my claws scratched scores into the ground, searching for something to hold on to as the pleasure threatened to overwhelm me, gallon after gallon of spunk spurting from my member. In the back of my mind, I was dimly aware of Opal still bouncing, forcing every last drop out of my swollen balls as I came all over her and everything else in a ten-foot radius.

Finally, after what seemed like a lifetime, the contractions began to grow weaker. I shivered as my cock throbbed, giving up its last few spurts of dragonseed, my hips slowly sinking back to the floor. Ohhhhhh thank god. That had easily been the best orgasm I'd ever had – I doubted I'd ever be able to blow that hard again. In fact, it had taken a lot out of me. My head fell slowly back to the stone floor, my eyes sliding contentedly shut as I began drifting into the greatest afterglow of my life...

...followed immediately by an *excruciating* ache in my gut. I let out a tortured squeak as my body started shaking again, trying to process the pain as my nuts began screaming at me full-force. Oh my god – how had I not noticed *that*? My torso rippled in agony as I tried desperately to curl into the fetal position, wanting nothing more than to clutch my balls and squeal like a hatchling. It felt like someone had run my testicles under a steamroller – they had to be crushed flat.

Somehow I summoned the ungodly energy and the focus to look down at my groin and survey the damage, praying that I was somehow still male. And what do you know – thank god I'm a dragon. Despite everything they'd been through, my nuts were

definitely still there, two distinct-if-rather-grotesque-looking lumps in my scaly sac. That was the good news.

The bad news was that Opal, in her post-orgasmic haze, was sitting on them.

"O-*Opal*," I croaked, twitching weakly.

The cum-covered frog grinned up at me dazedly, still panting heavily. "See? Told...told you I'd get you off." She licked a glob of my seed from the back of her hand, moaning happily to herself as her other hand rubbed lazily at her slit.

"AAAAaaaannngh...*my N-NUTS*."

Opal giggled. "Heh...you must be sore, huh? But I knew there was a decent load in these." She accentuated her statement with a friendly slap, my balls jostling with the impact.

And that was all that my poor brain could handle. I gazed weakly at the spunk-soaked female for another moment before finally – mercifully – passing out.

## CHAPTER 5: THE MORNING AFTER

When I came to a few hours later, I found myself in a pose that was becoming unfortunately familiar: the fetal position. My claws were latched protectively around my battered family jewels, trying to prevent any further damage; my legs were drawn in tightly, trying to ward off attack. My poor dragonhood continued to scream at its mistreatment, and by this point, it was getting hard to believe that the two misshapen lumps I was clutching had ever felt anything *but* pain. A quick glance revealed that my ballsac had turned a deep, bruised shade of purple, the skin stretched taut in order to hold its swollen contents. Still, despite my every thought to the contrary, my balls had *not* been smashed flat; in fact, from the feel of things, they were more or less how I remembered them. The fact that I had my nuts at all was certainly a relief – as was the fact that I no longer seemed to be chained to the floor. Opal must have set me loose after I had passed out.

Opal! I'd almost forgotten what had happened with the frog, but it all came suddenly rushing back, and damn if it wasn't wonderful. My cock twitched at the memory. I wondered if I'd be able to convince her to play around again some time in the future – I'd kill for an opportunity with that rack and that ass where I *wasn't* chained down. Of course, other parts of the memory didn't exactly help with the queasiness I was already feeling. I wasn't sure I'd ever be able to look at the frog's legs again without imagining my nuts being crushed between her thighs, or her foot rocketing up into my crotch. Still, the thought of the naked female was already starting to make me hard, even with my aching dragonmakers telling me I never wanted to see a female again. Despite my better judgment, I reached down to grasp my stiffening member, giving it an experimental pump – only to immediately let go as my balls squealed in protest. I curled back into the fetal position with renewed purpose, my arousal forgotten. Apparently that would have to wait. *I just hope I don't get blue balls on top of everything else*, I thought ruefully. *Damn frog*.

Absently, I realized that I had no idea whether the female was still here – or for that matter, how long I'd been out for. "Opal?" I croaked weakly. I waited for a few moments, hoping for a response, but none came. It looked like she'd cleaned up and left – at least, that would explain why there weren't any pools of dragon spunk left on the floor from our activities. I guessed that she'd probably taken the cum she'd needed and headed off to get her potion-making done.

Well. If she wasn't here, I'd need to figure out how to take care of myself. As I lay there, trying to get a grip on the nausea swimming up through my abdomen, I still wasn't sure I had the energy to do anything *but* clutch my gonads, but I figured I'd have to try sooner or later. With a loud groan I rolled onto my back, trying to get my bearings. Slowly I forced my claws away from my groin and spread my legs, swallowing the wave of nausea that came as my nuts slid down my thighs and thumped dully against the cold stone floor. Even that trivial movement sent a shock of pain through my body – I let out a quiet moan, fighting down the urge to curl up again.

As I lay there for a moment, trying to settle myself down, something beside me caught the corner of my eye. I turned my head sideways to see a make-shift scroll lying next to my head, the words "READ THIS" scrawled lazily across the outside. It seemed like as good a distraction from the pain as anything else. With some effort I reached over and picked the message up, then opened it and began to read:

*P'oiu,*

*Morning, sleepy-head! Sorry I had to run, but I've got to start making those potions I mentioned. (Thanks for the load, by the way – you came almost twice as much as I needed, you stud-dragon you. Enough ingredient for the potions and even some extra for me...)*

*I took another look at your nuts while you were out, and it looks like everything's still intact – plenty of swelling, but nothing permanent. They'll probably look a little funny for a while, but they should heal up fine, assuming no one else starts beating the sperm out of 'em. I'll be back in a few days to make sure you're doing alright...and to play some more, if you're feeling up to it.*

*Missing you (and your cock – mmmm),*  
*~Opal*

Well, I was glad she'd had a good time, at least, and glad to hear she had enough of her ingredient – with the way my balls felt right now, I wasn't sure I'd be producing more any time soon.

Anyway, that confirmed my hypothesis: apparently I was alone. It was kind of a relief, actually – after all, being alone meant I didn't have to worry about anyone else clobbering my poor gonads. All I'd have to do is lie low for a little while, give myself some time to rest up, and wait for Opal to come back and "test the equipment". I mean, there are worse things in life than just lounging around for a few days, waiting for a sex goddess to come service you.

Of course, there was always the chance that someone else would come before Opal. so lying out in the main chamber of the cavern clutching myself wasn't exactly the best plan in the world. I wasn't eager for another angry female to come stomping in and see me like this, so I was probably better off moving somewhere a little more out of sight, like maybe the bedroom, or the kitchen...

...the kitchen. My stomach growled approvingly at the thought, and it suddenly dawned upon me that I hadn't eaten anything for quite some time – since before the orca came and started this whole mess. I guess the nutpain had been distracting me from the hunger, but now that my nuts were no longer in any imminent danger, I was starving. To the kitchen it was, then – assuming I could walk.

Carefully I rolled onto my hands and knees, cupping my balls in one hand to minimize any jostling before gently letting the two orbs drop and dangle between my thighs. I glanced back between my legs at my own testicles. They hung a lot lower than I remembered – which I guess would make sense, given how much larger they'd swelled. I watched the two heavy orbs sway for a moment, still unable to believe how much agony they'd put me through.

I tentatively climbed to my feet, one hand going back to my balls for support as I slowly straightened up. My legs felt weak beneath me – there was still the strong temptation to fall back down to the floor – but this seemed doable. A took a few experimental steps, wincing. I'd definitely be walking funny for at least a few days, but the pain was manageable, at least for the time being.

My stomach growled again, louder this time, and I began stumbling slowly towards the kitchen. It definitely helped to be holding my family jewels in my claws, making sure they didn't bounce back and forth between my legs as I walked, but even so, short jolts of nausea shot through my stomach with every step. I bit my tongue to keep from groaning any more – I was gonna have to get used to it, at least for now. It was with

some relief that I finally reached my destination, reached for the cupboard, and tore it open to reveal:

Nothing. Hmm. That was unfortunate.

I then checked the pantry next to it...to similar results. Completely empty.

Gah! I began frantically (or as frantically as one can, while cradling his nuts) opening cabinet drawers, searching for something to satiate my hunger. Sure, I hadn't gone hunting in a while, but I had to have *something* lying around, right? Right?

"Come on!" I roared, banging my head against the wall in frustration. My stomach simply growled again in response.

I took a moment to try to calm down and get myself under control. I mean, I'd just survived two different females bashing my balls halfway to oblivion – I could handle something small like this, right?

God dammit this sucked.

Unfortunately, things were about to get even worse. I opened my eyes and looked at the spot I'd just banged my head against – and suddenly noticed that something had been scratched roughly onto the wall. Apparently I'd failed to see it when I'd first walked in. Curious, I took a step back and began to read:

*Drake–*

*You are a scourge on this land and you cannot be allowed to procreate. I know I can't kill you outright, but I will make damn sure you can never use that limp worm of yours on a female if it's the last thing I do. I swear on all that is holy: I am going to pop your fucking balls. Squish.*

*Enjoy them while they last,  
a fishy friend*

My hunger was abruptly forgotten. Oh god...the orca. Both hands went right to my scaly sac, trying to soothe the sudden ache in my gut. She was coming back? Oh fuck, she was coming back. I tried to swallow back the slow panic that was rising from my stomach. What was I going to do? Just the thought of what she'd done to me was enough to make me nauseous. Granted, my nuts seemed pretty indestructible by this point, but god knows what'd she'd do trying to pop them.

There was something next to the message, as well – I peered more closely to make out what else the female had left behind. Scratched onto the wall was a crudely-drawn depiction of...well, it looked kind of like a before-and-after illustration. On the left side was a rather well-endowed male dragon. On the right side...well, let's just say there was a certain orca stomping on that dragon's crotch, and he appeared to have somewhat less than a full set of testes. I shuddered involuntarily at the image, giving my gonads a gentle fondle to reassure myself they were still there.

This was bad. I was alone, in no condition to defend myself, and she could be coming back any time. Hell, for all I knew she'd be coming back with reinforcements – I could hardly imagine what her and a friend could do to me in this state, and I didn't want to find out. The only possible protection I had was Opal, and I decided she must not have seen the note, or she wouldn't have left. Hell, I was the only supply of dragon spunk in a fifty-mile radius; what would she do if some angry bitch came and burst my balls? There was no potion that could fix that, as far as I knew.

*God dammit, why does the ballbusting bitch of an orca have to target me?* I glanced down at my crotch, grimacing as I hefted the swollen orbs in my claws. They still throbbed from what they'd been through, and I could hardly bear the thought of another foot or knee slamming into my groin – god only knew what would happen if she started stomping on 'em again.

I considered my options.

First of all, I could stay put, and hope that I'd recovered by the time the orca came back. That didn't seem smart for several reasons. First off, she knew that she'd left me crumpled in pain; she'd probably be back any day now, to finish me off while I was still wounded. Secondly, even if I was healed up, all she'd have to do is get in one good hit to my balls and it'd be the same story all over again. Not to mention if she was coming back with company – I quivered to think about multiple females taking turns with my



nuts.

Next I thought about seeking out Opal, but that didn't seem too feasible, either – I had no idea how long ago she had left, or where she'd gone, and stumbling around looking for her was just asking to attract unwanted attention. Besides, would Opal really be able to protect me? She made fantastic potions, sure, but I was unclear exactly how useful that would be to a male in my situation.

*Hmm.* I couldn't exactly stay put, at least not if I valued my testicles. I'd have to strike out for somewhere. Where?

Just then my stomach interrupted yet again, with another angry growl – orca or no, I was still damn hungry. Maybe I'd be best off starting out with a hunt, then figuring out where I wanted to go from there. At least then I'd be thinking on a full stomach. (I tried to not to worry about how I would hunt with both hands wrapped around my nutsac – I'd figure something out.)

It seemed like as good an idea as any, and with that decided, there was no point in wasting time – after all, the orca could show up any minute. With a few grunts I waddled my way to the mouth of the cave, balls in my claws, headed for god-knows-where.

## CHAPTER 6: A WALK IN THE WOODS

So it turns out that stumbling along through the woods with a pair of swollen nuts is about as fun as it sounds, which is to say: it sucks. I'd been wandering around for about an hour now – not all that long, normally, but in this situation it seemed like an eternity.

First of all, I was just tired. It'd been a while since I'd gotten any sort of restful sleep – being knocked unconscious didn't really count – and my whole body was definitely the worse for wear. At times I barely felt strong enough to stand up. I guess it made some sense...after all, for the last several days my leg muscles had either been chained down and unable to move, or else seizing in pain.

Secondly, I wasn't getting any less hungry, as my stomach kept reminding me. I'd happened upon a single berry bush earlier on, which provided about half a mouthful of food...enough to keep me going, but certainly not enough to satisfy. Besides, dragons want meat! I mean, I would've settled for a nice garden salad at this point, but I was still dying to sink my teeth into something a little juicier.

Of course, those were both just minor problems when compared to the two hanging between my legs. My balls continued to throb with every step I took – and that was when I was cupping them in my claws. When I *wasn't* cupping them in my claws, I couldn't take more than a few paces with them bouncing back and forth between my thighs before I had to stop, lean against something, and moan for a minute as I waited for the pain to dissipate.

Obviously, the going was slow.

Lemme tell you, staggering around with a pair of aching nuts really makes you think about the design for a minute. Honestly...why on earth would you ever put something that sensitive in a place *that* vulnerable? I mean, they're hanging outside the body, with absolutely no protection, nothing to stop a kick or a slap or a squeeze. The legs are basically a built-in targeting system – even if the girl kicking you has horrible aim, your thighs'll guide her right to the target, and once her foot's up in your spuds it's all over. I suppose they're orbs, at least – that makes it a little more difficult to trap one in place and really crush it – but that's hardly a relief when a single blow can already drop you to your knees. It doesn't make any sense. I mean, you'd think that the males built

like that would gets their balls bashed in – a couple kicks or knees from an angry girlfriend – and then pop, no more offspring, no passing the bad genes on to the next generation. It had to be some kind of evolutionary freak accident that things had ever gotten this way.

Anyway, as you can probably tell, I had a lot of time to dwell on this as I made my way slowly through the forest, hoping to come across something I could actually hunt. Not that I was sure how I'd actually be able to hunt with both hands around my ballsac, but I sort of figured I'd make do. Somehow.

Finally I stumbled across my opportunity: a traveler, alone in the woods. He was a tiger, sprawled out next to a tree, his pack set down on the ground a few feet away. My mouth watered at the sight – he wasn't huge or anything, but he was definitely a decent meal. I wondered for a moment if he was asleep, but as I watched he picked up a twig and twirled it briefly between his fingers before setting it down again, glancing up at the clouds. *Just stopping for a rest, I suppose*, I thought to myself. *Well then, I'd better interrupt before he starts moving again...* I was already behind him, in a prime position to strike, and as far as I could tell he hadn't seen me yet. Perfect. I crept a pace or two closer – slowly now, making sure not to alert the tiger of my presence. Once I had a clean shot I moved into a crouch, preparing for the strike. I flexed my claws, grinning, and sprang–

Of course, the prospect of a warm meal had already made me forget about the baggage between my legs. As I jumped, I was brought sharply back to earth by the sensation of my scaly pouch flopping against my thighs, its tender contents crying out at the sudden abuse. In my surprise, I couldn't help but let out a short grunt – a grunt that made the tiger turn his head, sighting me as I leapt from the brush.

I'm not sure whether to blame myself for my own distractedness or to commend the tiger for his lightning-fast reflexes, but one way or another he managed to dodge my initial attack, my claws just brushing the fur on the back of his neck as I passed by. *Dammit*, I thought to myself, landing on the grass a few yards past him. The element of surprise was gone – on top of which I was feeling a bit queasy – but I was not about to lose my chance at lunch. I grit my teeth and tried to ignore whatever madness might be going on downstairs. The way my balls were bouncing inside my sack was less than pleasant, but I managed to shake the feeling off and focus on the task at hand.

I turned and caught sight of my target again. The tiger had fallen over when he dodged my leap, and was now scurrying backwards in a frantic sort of crab-walk, a panicked look in his eyes as he tried to put more distance between us. I couldn't help but grin – he was obviously mine. I was faster, stronger, built for the hunt; I was the predator and he was the prey. It felt good to be back in a position of power, after everything I'd been through. I'd been victimized quite enough, thank you – now it was time to win the fight for a change. With a sharp-toothed grin I looked down at the male, then dove forwards, claws outstretched.

Unfortunately, I hadn't quite caught on to what it was the tiger was doing. Just as I jumped I realized that he'd been scrambling away for a reason: he was trying frantically to fetch something from his traveling pack. I was in mid-air, a split-second from the kill, when he finally managed to find what it was he was looking for: a quarterstaff. At the last possible moment he wrenched it free and, without looking, stabbed blindly upwards...

...directly into the center of my left nut.

What followed, unfortunately, left as deep an indent on my brain as it did on my poor gonad. I was helpless to do anything as I felt the entire momentum of my jump focused into that one point in my groin, my left testicle crushed into my pelvis, completely skewered by his staff and my own massive weight.

The next thing I knew I was on my hands and knees, dry-heaving and clinging to the edge of consciousness. The ground swirled in front of my eyes. I couldn't feel anything from the waist down – all feeling seemed to stop at my groin, where the sickening nausea that currently dominated my entire body was strongest of all.

I was faintly aware of the tiger coming to crouch beside me, placing a hand on my back. "Whoa." Even he himself seemed a little in awe of what had just happened. "You, uh...you alright?"

My mouth had been opening and closing silently for a few seconds now, but I finally managed to settle on some sort of high-pitched whine...which I'm pretty sure would have been a full-throated shriek, if the wind hadn't been knocked out of me. Slowly I toppled onto my side, my claws moving shakily to cover my tortured plums, or at least

whatever was left of them. Through the blinding pain I couldn't even make out if there were two orbs, or one orb, or any at all, for that matter.

"My nuts," I squeaked softly. "My...my *nuts*!"

Understanding slowly dawned on the tiger. "Oh fuck, is that where I hit you?" He frowned. "I was wondering how I managed to take out a big guy like you."

"My *nuts*!" I repeated for a third time, in barely more than a whisper. It was almost as if my body had been frozen in place – I couldn't find the strength to scream, or to clutch myself, or to start thrashing in agony. I was just stuck motionless as the pain continued to crawl its way through my abdomen.

"You look like you're going into shock," said the tiger concernedly, looking at my covered groin. "Here, let me take a look and make sure you're alright."

Honestly, I'm not sure I was really hearing anything he was saying. My brain was already more than occupied trying to process the flood of pain signals coming from my mangled dragonhood. I hardly noticed him nudging my legs apart with his staff – not that I had the strength to resist him even if I'd wanted to. Instead, all I heard was a sharp intake of air.

"Oh...god. That's..." The tiger seemed momentarily at a loss for words, simply gazing at the swollen mass between my legs. "What, um...what size are your balls *usually*?"

I finally managed to summon the breath for a proper moan. "*Uuuuuuuuugh*!" My claws scratched feebly at the earth, trying to find some outlet for the agony in my groin. "Oh, my fucking *nuts*..."

"Yeah, uh..." The tiger bit his lip. "Well, I mean, the good news is that they both still seem to be there. They're just...they're very swollen."

At this point I still wasn't paying much attention to the smaller male...at least, not until he used his quarterstaff to give my gonads a quick poke. I shot upright, bending double around my brutalized berries. "What the *fuck*?" I squeaked, rocking back and forth as I fought back the urge to vomit. "What was *that* for?"

"Sorry!" he said immediately, taking a step back and putting his paws up. "Didn't mean to hurt ya, I was just making sure you were intact."

I didn't have the energy to argue. Instead I just sat there and moaned, my entire world focused on the fragile beans between my legs. "Ohhhh *fuck!*" My family jewels had been kicked, punched, stomped, squeezed, slapped, crushed, and now stabbed, and all I could do was stand there and take it. (Well, not "stand", exactly. Crumple to the ground squealing, more like.) What the hell was next?

The tiger looked on with a concerned frown for a moment, watching me tremble in agony, when suddenly his eyes lit up. "Oh wait, I know!" He rummaged through his bag for a moment, pulling out a bottle filled with some kind of white paste. As I watched he walked over to a nearby tree and ripped off an oversized leaf, then coated one side with the liquid, leaving it glistening and wet. "Here we go."

"What...oh *god*...what are you doing?" I coughed, still mostly out of it. *Oh fuck, my fucking nuts-*

"Helping you, hopefully." He looked up. "This is an anesthetic – if you hold this leaf against your crotch, it should numb the area after a minute or two. It might help with the pain." He held out the leaf. "Try it."

In any other circumstance, I would have been more suspicious, but honestly, at this point I was willing to try anything. I took the leaf and eagerly pressed it to my bloated ballsac – of course, a little too eagerly, making me bend double as I bumped my badly-busted junk. In my state, even light taps were now starting to feel like full-force kicks. I shuddered to think what a full-force kick would *actually* do to my distorted gonads.

To my pleasant surprise, however, I felt the pain slowly start to ease away. It wasn't that it was disappearing entirely – there was still that low ache in my gut that underlies every blow to the balls – but it certainly took the edge off. It no longer felt like I was about to die...or rather, it no longer felt like my spuds were about to burst at any second (if they hadn't burst already). It was a welcome feeling after everything I'd been through, even if the numbness was a little disconcerting. I gave my sack a cautious poke and hardly felt anything. *Well, I thought, this stuff might have been useful to have earlier...*

Of course, with my body no longer feeling like my very dragonhood was threatened, my attention swung back to another pressing topic. As I opened my mouth to thank the tiger, I was interrupted by a loud growl...from my own stomach.

"Geez." The tiger's eyes were wide. "I, uh...I'm guessing you're hungry?"

"Uh." I frowned. "Yeah."

"Hmm. Well, I ain't got a lot of food, but sounds like you could use it more than I could. Here." He pulled another bag from within his knapsack, loosening the knot to reveal a modest spread of fruit.

Again, I didn't need a second invitation. I gobbled it down in several mouthfuls, savoring the taste for just a moment before letting it all slide down my throat. It wasn't a lot, but in my state, it was enough. "*Mmmph*. Thanks."

Now that I was no longer starving or keeled over in nutpain, though, the situation seemed a little stranger. What exactly was this guy up to? I mean, dragons weren't exactly friendly with other species. In fact, at the moment I wasn't really friends with anyone besides Opal...and that was a friendship *worth* having, if you know what I mean. Why would someone else want to be nice? I watched him bend over his knapsack once more, repacking the objects he'd taken out.

"Um..." I cleared my throat. "Why are you being so nice?"

"Sorry?" he asked, turning.

"Why are you helping me?" I repeated, suspicious. "I mean...you know I was trying to eat you a minute ago, right?"

"Does a guy need a reason to be helpful?" He leant on his staff. "Listen, I know what it's like to be nailed in the nuts – I couldn't just leave you here clutching yourself. Wouldn't be right. Besides," he added, "I figure maybe if I'm nice to you now, someone else is nice to me later down the road. Karma and all that."

I growled. "Well...thanks, I guess."

"Don't sweat it," he replied. "It's basic decency, right? I mean, I'm not here to kick somebody while they're already down."

I tried to ignore the various painful images that the word 'kick' conjured in my head.

The tiger gave another look at my scaly scrotum and shivered. "God...from the way you hit my staff, I'd say you're lucky to have anything left down there."

I could think of plenty of words to describe my situation right now, but "lucky" was not one of them. I let out another groan, glancing down at my groin. God *dammit*. I recalled once having a pair of oval organs hanging between my legs – two big, heavy dragonmakers in my scaly green sack – but what was there now looked more like one ugly lump. The only real indication there were two separate spheres at all was that my left nut had now swollen even larger than my right one.

He was right, though. They were both there, if a little...bent out of shape. That was something, I guess, after all I'd been through.

"...Yeah," I muttered. "They've been through a lot recently, so I guess I should be thankful."

The tiger looked up. "Hmm?"

I gritted my teeth. "It's, uh...it's sort of a long story. You probably don't want to hear it."

"I'm listening," he replied. "I'm in need of a rest, and I doubt you'll be moving anytime soon, so why not?"

I thought for a moment. *Eh, what the hell*. "A-alright, then. See, it started with this orca chick..."

I proceeded to spend the next quarter-hour explaining what had happened to me over the past few days – *everything* that had happened, from the orca, to Opal, to the note I'd discovered this morning. I figured if I was gonna get my dragonhood smacked around, I oughta at least get a good story out of it. Retelling the story, it sounded almost ludicrous how much abuse my balls had taken. I almost wouldn't have believed it myself, if I hadn't been holding the proof (very gently) in my claws.



"...and that's why I'm wandering around out here," I finished, biting my lip. "Because I'm hungry and because there's a psycho who wants to see me with crushed nuts."

"Shit," murmured the tiger. His paws had involuntarily moved to cover his own crotch over the course of the conversation. "That's *rough*. How do you...I mean, I'm surprised you're not...Why didn't they–"

"Why didn't they pop?" I finished for him, shuddering at the thought. "I'm not totally sure. Us dragons are built to last, and I guess that includes my testicles, but I'm as confused as you are. It certainly *feels* like they should be broken." I weighed the twin eggs in my claws for a moment, relieved for once to not feel any pain. *Thank god*. "At the very least, I think I'll probably be shooting blanks from now on."

"Oh, don't be so sure," the tiger reassured, glancing down at his own groin self-consciously. "They're pretty resilient little guys, as long as you don't lose 'em entirely."

I raised an eyeridge. "And you would know about this how?"

"Personal experience." He gave me a sheepish look. "There was, uh...there was this pantheress girl growing up who had a thing for blasting me in the nuts...I think it was her way of flirting or something. She'd sneak up and nail me any time she had the chance – kicks, squeezes, whatever she could get away with. She used to tie me to a chair with my nutsack hanging over the edge and use it like a punching bag." I could see him grimace at the memory. "There were a couple of times when she hit me so hard I had to stay in bed for a few days to let the swelling go down. I thought for sure she was going to ruin me some day, just pop them by accident."

I frowned – despite the numbness, my nuts had begun throbbing anew in sympathy. "Ouch. Sorry. I, uh...I hope everything's still operational down there."

"Well that's what I'm saying – I've got a son now, so apparently she didn't bust 'em up too bad. I can still remember the feeling of that black paw slamming up into my crotch, though..." The tiger shuddered. "Sometimes they just start aching – I think it's because of her."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. Sorry for bringing it up."

He shook his head. "It's not a problem. I'm not complaining – I mean, I haven't had 'em stomped flat like you have."

I cringed. "Yeah, and I hope you never do." I gave myself a cautious fondle, still not feeling any pain from the numbed area. "Thanks for the medicine stuff, by the way. This is the best I've felt since before this whole thing started." I grunted, rolling my left nut between finger and thumb – I figured that as long as I could handle my gonads without doubling over in agony, I might as well make sure I really *was* in one piece.

"Heh – I had a hunch that stuff might work." He grinned. "Seemed appropriate, anyway."

Something in his tone made me curious. "Why?" I asked, as I switched to inspecting my right nut, satisfied that the left one was still in some kind of orb-shape.

"Oh, I bought it off a potion-maker a couple miles back – it's made outta dragon spunk, apparently." He laughed. "Probably the best thing for your balls, right?"

No...it couldn't be.

"You, uh." I cleared my throat. "You...didn't happen to buy that off of a female frog, did you?"

He blinked. "Yeah, actually...damn attractive, that one. Why, you know her?"

"She's the frog I was talking about!" I exclaimed. "The healer! The one who was fuckin' bouncing on my balls!"

"Wait...you mean you were boning *that*?" The tiger's jaw dropped. "God, you lucky thing! Hell, that practically makes the nut-crushing worth it, don't you think?"

I wasn't sure I agreed with that statement...though I wasn't sure I entirely disagreed, either.

"Actually," the tiger continued, voice dropping low, "if you want the truth, the reason I stopped here was because I couldn't get her out of my head. I was planning to...well,

y'know." He gestured vaguely at his crotch. "Relieve some stress."

An image of a naked Opal wrapped around my cock flashed through my head, my shaft twitching weakly at the thought. *Can't blame him.*

"So wait," he continued, furrowing his brow. "This is...yours, then?" He held up the medicine bottle, filled with some kind of milky-white solution.

Ooh. "Um...apparently." I blushed. "Sorry if that's awkward."

The tiger thought for a moment, then shrugged. "Eh, what you gonna do. At least I know it's fresh."

I shook my head. "Where did you see her? If you could point me in her direction, that'd be wonderful."

The male thought for a moment. "Well, I met up with her about two hours ago. I dunno exactly where she was going, but she was headed north, so that's probably your best bet to find her."

I was already climbing to my feet. "Excellent. Listen, I hate to cut things short, but I probably oughta head after her as soon as I can."

"Don't worry about it." He grinned. "Good luck, eh? Be careful with those nuts of yours – I'm sure that frog chick would want 'em still working when you find her."

I winced, but chuckled. "Yeah. Thanks so much, for everything. Safe travels!"

And with that I was off – northbound.

## CHAPTER 7: HEAT WAVE

I managed to make good time for most of the afternoon, thanks to whatever it was the tiger had given me. It was nice to not have to spend all my time worrying about my package. By sundown, though, the effects of the medicine had started to wear off, and the pain started catching up to me. Walking gradually went from uncomfortable to painful to downright gut-wrenching. I struggled onwards for a few more minutes before deciding to call it a day.

I picked out a spot to sleep just off the edge of the path, behind a few bushes, and made sure it was hidden enough that a passing traveler wouldn't be able to see me in the evening light. I was still rather wary of what might happen if a certain orca found me asleep in the woods, plums ripe for the popping...I wanted to wake up still a male, after all. In the end I wound up sitting with my back against a tree, looking up at the stars as I finally settled down for some rest. This was the first time I'd voluntarily gone to sleep in the last few days, so my body was more than happy to oblige, and within a few minutes I had nodded off.

Now, my subconscious had quite a bit to work through, of course. I was expecting to have some kind of twisted nightmare involving dolphins, amphibians, and a scaly creature with a big pair of...well, y'know. Things did start that way, actually, but before anything too rough could happen, my thoughts spun off in an entirely different direction, much to the joy of my libido. Lemme tell you, I'd had sex dreams before, but this was...damn. I didn't know my imagination could be so inventive – or so stimulating, for that matter. I could have sworn I was back on the cave floor, with Opal wrapped around my cock. (Minus the ball-crushing, of course.) Needless to say, I was a rather happy dragon, and somewhat disappointed when I finally woke up.

Upon opening my eyes, I immediately realized several things. First, that my dream was just a dream, and that there was still an orca out there who wanted to pop my balls. Second, that that orca had not snuck up on me in the middle of the night and left me a eunuch. Third (and lastly), I realized that I had several feet of dragon meat throbbing in my lap, oozing pre in a puddle onto the ground.

Morning wood? Really? I mean, not that it was all that unusual for a single dragon like me, especially after a dream like I'd had, but given the state that my junk was in, it wasn't exactly what I was expecting...particularly not like this. I couldn't remember

waking up this horny since I was a teenager. Despite myself I couldn't help but thrust lightly against the air, hoping for any kind of friction against my needy length. Even a breeze would do, at this point.

I knew from previous experience back at the cave that trying to masturbate was rather painful with my half-broken balls, and my jerking off probably didn't anything to help them heal, either. At this point, though, I was so needy I didn't even care. I had to try, at least. Carefully I wrapped a hand around the pulsing length, giving it an experimental stroke–

*Holy shit!*

Apparently I was even more turned on than I realized, as that one stroke was just about the greatest thing I had ever felt – so great, in fact, that my cock tensed, twitched, and exploded, sending me into an orgasm before I even knew what was happening. I gasped, moaning loudly as my member pumped out its seed, thick white ropes of cum splattering across the ground in front of me. My eyes rolled back into my head as I came, my body spasming in pleasure. *God!* Nothing had ever felt this good – or was it just that it felt good in comparison to everything else I'd been through lately? Either way, I just groaned and enjoyed the ride, just trying to stay conscious.

I can't have been more than a few seconds, I'm sure, but what felt like hours later I finally came back to my senses, hand still wrapped loosely around my member. I sat there for a moment before realizing, with some joy, that I wasn't curling up into the fetal position and clutching my balls. They ached a little more, sure, but nothing as bad as the last time I'd cum. (Granted, at that time Opal had been *sitting* on them, but still...) It seemed like that medicine had done some good – maybe they were finally starting to heal up. I gave my left nut a gentle squeeze to check–

Oh no. Nope, not healed yet.

After spending a few more minutes doubled over holding myself, I was finally able to straighten myself out and climb to my feet. I glanced down at the path, which was now haphazardly covered in my spunk – and when I say covered I mean *covered*. Carefully I tried to step around the long strings of dragonseed, wondering how exactly I'd managed to spurt all the way onto the other side of the path. *Well*, I thought, *comforting to know that my balls still work, at least.*

With that I was off, headed north once more, leaving the strange events of the morning behind me – or so I thought. After a kilometer or two, though, I came to the realization that my hard-on wasn't going away. In fact, despite having just blown my load, I was still stiff as a board, raring for another round. So of course, I did what any male would do: I stopped and blew another wad into the bushes, just as hard as the first time. Even after that, though, I felt ready for more – eager, even. I couldn't very well keep stopping, though, not if I ever wanted to find Opal, so I decided to ignore it and just keep going. It was a bit awkward, to be walking around with my cock just jutting out for anyone to see, but the way I saw it I didn't have much of a choice, so I just kept moving, erection and all. That is, until–

"Why *hello* there..."

I started at the sound of a distinctly feminine voice. I turned to find a hippo lying down on a rock a short distance away, looking back at me with a grin. She was stretched out comfortably, belly-down, dressed in only a bikini – sunbathing, clearly. She had propped herself up on her elbows to talk to me, her ample breasts sandwiched beneath her as she soaked up the sun's rays.

"Ah! Hi," I replied quickly, claws instinctively moving to cover my crotch. The last thing I needed was another female taking interest in my balls...

The female giggled. "Don't be so bashful, boy – there's no need to hide."

"Hmm?"

"Your cock. It's not like I haven't seen one before."

"O-Oh." That's right – I was still hard, wasn't I. Very hard, In fact. Even with my hands crisscrossed in front of my groin, there was a good foot of dragoncock left in plain sight, bobbing slightly with my heartbeat. "Sorry about that."

"Don't worry about it," she replied amiably. "Nothin' wrong with a dragon being naked. I can't imagine they make clothes in your size anyway."

"Yeah." I bit my lip sheepishly, continuing to hide my crotch. "Still, I'm not usually

so..."

"Excited?" she finished. "Hey, it's spring – I'm not gonna fault a male for being a little eager. Besides, I could use a little eye candy from time to time." The hippo grinned again, lying back down on her stomach. "Now go on, then, your girl's in need of a good screwing."

*Oh, if only.* "Heh. I, uh...I don't have a girl, actually."

The female raised an eyeridge. "Really? What about the dragoness who passed by here a few minutes ago?"

I blinked. "I'm sorry, what?"

"The dragoness who passed by a few minutes ago – a little shorter than you, ruby red. She's your mate, isn't she? Dragons are so rare in these parts, I just assumed you two were together." The hippo exhaled. "Poor thing – I don't know if I've ever seen a female in that strong a heat."

And with that, everything clicked into place. Suddenly it all made sense...there was a dragoness in heat, somewhere nearby, right now! No wonder I'd been horny all morning – I'd been breathing in pheromones ever since I'd woken up. In fact, now that I thought about it, there *was* sort of a strange scent in the air...a rather pleasant one, actually, no doubt some cocktail of chemicals designed to make my body go crazy. Any worries about Opal or the orca were driven away by that maddeningly sweet smell. I could picture her body, her curves, her soft moans giving way to louder squeals as she was impaled on my cock. Oh god, what I wouldn't give to get a piece of that tail–

"You, um...you couldn't show me which way she went, could you?" I asked, a new tone of urgency added to my voice.

She frowned. "I thought she wasn't your girl."

"Not yet, no, but damned if I'm gonna miss an opportunity like this."

The hippo looked at me for a moment, then broke out into a laugh. "Ha! I like the way you think. Come on, then, let me show you where she went."

I watched eagerly as the female hopped down from her rock, walking over to join me. Now that I got a proper look at the rhino standing up, I could see that she didn't look half-bad herself – strong thighs, wide hips, and a rack to rival Opal's tied back behind that bikini top. If I hadn't known there was a dragoness in the area, I would've been more than happy to sit down right here and relieve some tension.

The hippo was doing some appraising of her own, as well, wolf-whistling as she drew close to me. "You've got something to be rather proud of downstairs, don't you? Come on, give me a proper look."

"Uh..." I had yet to fully lower my hands, but at her insistence I let them drop to my sides, blushing as I exposed myself.

Her eyes widened. "Well, my stars." She gave my shaft a gentle poke, earning a healthy twitch in response. "I'd say you'll be making a certain dragoness *very* happy, if you know what I mean."

"Thanks," I said, thoroughly embarrassed. Still, it's not everyday you get those kinds of compliments, so I let her look for a few moment longer.

"And my god, I've never seen balls that size – you've got so much spunk stored up in those nuts of yours they look like they're ready to burst! What are you waiting for, go out and get 'er!" The hippo grinned widely, accentuating her remark with a heavy slap to my swollen balls.

Of course, my balls were swollen for an altogether different reason. I paled as I felt the ache start in my groin, my legs quivering in an attempt to keep me upright. It was useless, though. I slid to my knees with an agonized groan, my claws latched around my poor balls once again.

"Nnnrggh...why would you...nnnrgh!" I moaned, squinting my eyes shut against the wave of nausea spreading through my abdomen.

The female looked surprised. "Well gosh. Never realized males get so sensitive when they're all pent up." She frowned concernedly. "You oughta jerk it once in a while, let some tension outta those swollen nuts."



"That's not why they're swollen," I groaned in reply, trying not to completely lose my composure. I cradled my busted junk, trying to soothe the pain. So many conflicting signals...now my balls were telling me to get in the fetal position and start rocking back and forth, but my nose was still telling me there was a horny, fuckable female somewhere in the area. My member continued to throb, drooling precum. Add it all together and my groin didn't know *what* was going on.

The hippo looked confused for a moment as she watched me struggle to stay upright, but a look of understanding slowly spread across her face. "Ohhhhh," she replied, with a quiet giggle. "I see. I'm not the first to smack me some dragon junk today, huh?"

I just groaned in reply. *Great. Laugh it up. Nngh, my fucking nuts...*

Gently I forced my claws away, leaning forward onto my hands and knees. I sucked in a deep breath, forcing myself to calm down and focus. It was just a slap, nothing like the other stuff I'd been through. I could handle this.

"If you don't mind me asking..."

I looked up to see that a look of confusion had returned to the hippo's face – she seemed fairly deep in thought, gazing pretty clearly at my crotch. "What?" I grunted, still rather distracted.

"Oh, it's just...you're a pretty big fella. I can't imagine many people could get the best of ya so easily." She laughed again. "I imagine it takes a lot of time and effort to squash a big ol' pair of dragonmakers like that."

"And that's funny?"

"Well...yeah."

Suddenly I was starting to like this new 'friend' a lot less. "So what, if I stomped on your ovaries that would be funny too?"

"There's no need to be bitter." The hippo rolled her eyes. "Besides, in case you haven't noticed, mine are on the inside. I was just curious what girl's been busting you – I

might have to ask her for some tips."

For a moment I had a mental image of Opal, demonstrating the proper way to crush a dragon's eggs without breaking them outright. "Oh fuck you," I growled, turning away from the female. "Why does every girl I meet have to be such a psycho? Haven't I been through enough?"

"Relax," she replied, "I'm just asking a question."

"Well then allow me to ask you a question: why are you such a bitch?"

The hippo harrumphed, folding her arms angrily across her chest. "Fine then, asshole, don't tell me. You can take of your little problem by yourself."

"Fine." I just focused on the ground beneath me as she stomped off, disappearing from my line of vision...which is why I was unprepared for what happened next. I didn't see the female stop behind me, nor did I see her foot coming up between my legs, but I most certainly felt the impact. I pitched forward with a frantic squeak as the hippo slammed a kick up into my nutsack, crushing my spuds into my pelvis. Oh *fuck*. I opened my mouth to scream, but before I could even get any sound out she followed up with a knee, squarely pinning the two nuggets against hard bone before drawing back and kneeling me once more for good measure. She held her leg there, grinding her bare thigh into my trapped testes for a moment before finally letting the scaly orbs squirm away to freedom. Only then did I finally manage to get my claws around my freshly-flattened balls, tumbling onto my side with a wail like a banshee.

It's amazing how no matter how many times you've been bashed in the ballsac, each time feels like the worst pain you've ever experienced. I know that a kick and a couple of knees wasn't much compared to the original beating the orca had given me, or compared to how Opal had practically popped them when she was riding my cock, and something like this shouldn't have even *registered* on the pain-scale after the virtual nut-piercing my tiger friend had given me. That didn't matter so much to my body, though – all my body knew was that someone was trying to turn my nuts into peanut butter, yet again. I lay there shrieking like a female, clutching my wounded dragonhood and trying to soothe the endless agony radiating out from my mangled jewels. It felt like my groin had exploded – the only reason I didn't think my nuts had burst was that they were now too enormous to miss, swelling ever larger from the

abuse. I rolled onto my back with a tortured moan, spreading my legs to give my aching pair some room to breathe. "Oh, my balls, my fucking *balls!*–"

"Oh, I'm sorry, did I do that?" The hippo gazed down at me for a moment, grinning as she watched me jerk and twitch. "Couldn't help myself. Y'know, being female and all that."

"*Fuck you!*" I squeaked, voice several octaves higher than normal.

She frowned. "Well that's not very nice. Good luck getting any dragoness tail with *that* kind of attitude. Not that it really matters." I spasmed again as she bent over and gave my gonads a hard slap, the twin orbs jiggling with the momentum. "I doubt these guys still work anyway."

I looked up and opened my mouth to respond just in time to see her foot fly into my sack once more, sending me back into the fetal position with a squeal. I writhed in place, my body seeking an escape from the agony as the nausea in my abdomen continued to spread. I wrapped my claws tightly around my gonads, trying to protect them as the hippo launched a few final kicks and stomps at my groin, succeeding in crushing my right nut several times in a row before finally backing off. "My *balls!*" I squeaked, tumbling back onto my side. "Oh my...*annnnngh...*!"

The female watched me for a moment before spitting on the ground beside me. "Good luck getting it up. Asshole." And with that, she walked away.

I lay there crumpled up for a good fifteen minutes before I managed to open my eyes and confirm that the hippo had left. It took at least another thirty before I could sit up and breathe again, and even then it continued to feel like my testicles were being put through a meat grinder. They were both still there, though – as always, for better or for worse. I was starting to wonder if it was a curse or a blessing that they wouldn't just pop already. At least then I wouldn't have any balls to bust.

Of course, even while I was rocking back and forth and trying not to vomit, the dragoness continued to dominate my thoughts. I'd gone soft for a minute or two while my eggs were being scrambled, but once the hippo had left, it hadn't taken more than a few moments before my prick was standing at attention once again. Right now it was as hard as it had ever been, more than ready to perform its duty. As I looked down at

the pillar of flesh sticking up between my legs, I could almost picture the dragoness sinking down on my cock inch by inch, her sex clamping down hungrily around the thick intruder–

No, no, no. Every instinct told me to go to the girl and screw her brains out, but my brain knew better. There was no way I could have sex like this – I could barely stand, never mind fuck. I just needed to drag myself somewhere secluded for the night, forget about the dragoness, and start looking for Opal again tomorrow. And maybe jerk off a lot in the interim, if my nuts could handle it, or else I was going to wake up tomorrow with the worst case of blue-balls the world had ever seen.

With some effort I hoisted myself to my knees and then slowly to my feet, trying to cushion my testes as much as possible. I glanced around and spotted a small, somewhat overgrown path branching off of the main path – perfect for my purposes. Carefully I waddled forwards, focusing on my feet and resisting the urge to just fall back to the ground and hold myself. Luckily the path was fairly short, and I managed to struggle onwards to the end, where it opened up into a small clearing. I staggered a few more paces before finally depositing myself at the foot of a large tree.

I let out a loud sigh, looking down at the heavy orbs cupped in my claws and wondering what I'd ever done to deserve this. My balls had been kicked, kneed, squeezed, stomped on, and now they were stopping me from having sex with a horny dragoness. Great. I shook my head and looked up–

–only to lock eyes with possibly the most attractive creature I had ever seen, her scales a deep red, one hand groping her breasts while another thrust a makeshift stone dildo in and out of her dripping slit.

"Why hello there," the dragoness purred.

## CHAPTER 8: FOR HER PLEASURE

It took a moment or two before the scene in front of me really sunk in. "Uh...hello," I said simply, as my brain attempted to process what was going on.

Sitting about ten feet away from me was the dragoness I had been looking for, the female in heat whose scent had been driving me crazy since this morning – and from where I was, I could see every ruby-red scale on her naked body. She was leaning back against a tree with her legs spread, one hand squeezing and groping a pair of firm, luscious breasts while the other drove an improvised stone dildo in and out of her sex. Already she was covered in a thin sheen of sweat, glistening slightly in the afternoon sun, body played out wantonly as she took care of her needs. She continued to pleasure herself even as she looked back at me, grinning as she caught my eye.

My god. My member twitched at the sight – I'd seen pin-up models that didn't look this good. Granted, it probably didn't hurt that she was the first female dragon I'd seen in months, that she was openly masturbating in front of me, or that she was giving off enough pheromones to keep me horny for the next week, but even ignoring that she was something to see. Exotic, too – I'd heard of red dragons, but this was the first one I'd seen in the flesh. I must have travelled farther from home than I'd realized.

"Come to join the festivities?" she purred, interrupting my train of thought. Her gaze slipped down to the pole of dragoncock jutting happily from my crotch, and the dragoness licked her lips, sliding the stone dildo from her dripping slit and setting it down beside her. "You certainly kept me waiting long enough..."

My length gave a forceful twitch, beyond stiff at the female's suggestive approach. "I, uh—" I stuttered, searching for a response. "That is—"

"Don't be shy," she replied, smiling. Already she had moved onto her hands and knees, starting to crawl towards me. "All I'm looking for is a fuck."

Oh god – the smell of her heat got even stronger as she drew closer, until my head swam with the scent. My member *ached* for some kind of touch...but just beneath it my swollen nuts were giving off an even stronger ache, still recovering from the trauma they'd just been put through. If I busted a nut in this condition, I'd probably spend the next week curled in the fetal position. I couldn't do this. Despite every instinct to the

contrary, I cleared my throat and tried to decline. "N-no, you don't understand. I, uh..."

But the dragoness wasn't listening – in fact, she was looking hungrily down at my cock, bending forward and quickly closing what little gap was left between us. She grinned once more, her gaze falling to my groin. "Well *you* look like you could use a hand. Or maybe a tongue..."

Before I even had time to respond, her head was in my lap, her lips wrapped around the first few inches of my pride. I let out a shuddering exhale, the air rushing from my lungs as she rapidly worked her way down my shaft. Her tongue snaked along the throbbing length, my member disappearing down her throat before I could protest. Not that I really *could* protest, given that I was in the middle of a long, lustful moan...I couldn't remember the last time anything had felt this good. The only recent sexual experience I had besides my own hand was my experience with Opal, the frog, but not even having her magnificent rack squished up against my cock could compare to this. I wondered if *all* females in heat were this good at giving head.

I leaned back, melting into the tree trunk behind me as the dragoness I'd met just a few minutes prior slaved away at my dragonhood. She grabbed the base of my shaft in her hand, and my toeclaws curled as she began squeezing and stroking the length that wasn't already in her mouth. God, I could feel the *heat* radiating off of her – she had to be in the thick of her cycle. No wonder she was so eager to jump my bones. I couldn't help but reach down and place a hand on her head, feeling her rise and fall as she bobbed up and down on my thick length. To think – had I really tried to turn this down? Sure, the ache in my balls was still there – in fact, it was there pretty strongly – but it was more than drowned out by the heavenly tongue dancing around my shaft.

Or at least it *was* drowned out, until my new female companion decided to switch tactics. I didn't initially notice when she hefted my ballsac in her claws, but I *definitely* noticed when she decided to give me a friendly squeeze. "Ah!" I gasped, bending forward, "ah, not so–not so rough, please!"

My comment actually made her stop, and for a moment I feared that I'd offended her – especially when she pulled up on my shaft, allowing the length to slip from her muzzle and back into her hand. She gave me an inscrutable look, then began to reposition herself. She had been kneeling in front of me so far, but now she lay down on her stomach, propping herself on her elbows to ensure her tongue remained in range of

her target.

One fortunate side effect of this was that I got my first glance at her backside, including her rear: deep red scales covering taut flesh that looked infinitely squeezable. Granted, the view was partially blocked by her tail, but I could see more than enough to get the idea. Of course, an even *more* fortunate side effect of her new position was that her magnificent rack – which I'd been a little too distracted to admire so far – was now pretty much presented for my viewing pleasure. Hell, the girl had tits to rival Opal, and that was saying something. I could feel my length give another strong throb as my eyes traced over her cleavage, imagining the twin mounds wrapped around my rod...

But the position she was in now didn't exactly lend itself to titfucking, and the female had other plans in mind. She craned her neck forward, opening her mouth once more, but instead of resuming her blowjob she went lower, sucking one of my swollen balls between her lips.

For a moment I was absolutely terrified – fuck fuck fuck, oh god, not those *teeth!* – but that fear was quickly laid to rest as she continued sucking, rather than chomping down and making me squeal like a hatchling. I watched with bated breath as she rolled the scaly orb on her tongue, trying to force myself to relax. I still wasn't convinced she wasn't about to do something awful, but when she was only a bite away from making me half a male, I wasn't about to argue. Besides, after having my balls bashed up by half a dozen women, it was nice to be reminded that they could be used for pleasure, too. It certainly helped relieve some of the pain from the stomping that hippo had given me just a little earlier. I shivered as she suckled on the oversized egg for a few more moments before letting it slip back into the open air. She then gave my other nut the same treatment, wrapping her long tongue around the bruised spud and gently playing with it. By the time she had finished I was panting, slumped back blissfully against the tree.

"Better?" she asked.

"Yes," I groaned back. Maybe having balls wasn't such a bad deal after all.

"You'd better be," she replied. "You're not getting off that easy."

I didn't have time to consider what she meant before the dragoness suddenly resumed

her ministrations on my cock, gulping down the throbbing pole even faster than she had before. I let out a loud, throaty moan, eyes rolling back into my head as her tongue danced skillfully around my shaft. I watched her straighten out her neck to take more of my length as her lips moved down, down, down, until finally her nose bumped up gently against my groin. It was a hell of a sight, watching this goddess of a female go down, working feverishly to swallow down every last inch of my dragonhood, and despite all I'd been through I could feel my balls starting to rise.

I could easily have busted a nut right there, given another minute or two, but instead the female chose to pull back once more. I watched entranced as she slowly came up on my shaft, several feet of dragoncock reemerging into the open air, now glistening with her saliva. I couldn't help but shudder weakly as she gave one more lick along the underside of my length, earning a short spurt of pre in response that splashed across her face. *God* this girl was good. It was all I could do not to just melt into a puddle of hormones where I sat.

Of course, my partner had much more planned. Without another word she turned away, climbing to her knees. For a moment I thought she was leaving – seriously, after all I'd been through I had to meet a cocktease? – but no, no, she was just crawling a few feet away, that gorgeous ass swinging back and forth as she moved. I watched her rear sway seductively for a few more seconds before she came to a stop, bending forward to let her upper body rest against the ground, presenting me with a clear view of...oh. Duh.

"Well then." She looked back over her shoulder, tail raised invitingly. "Why don't we get started?"

I knew even at the time that this was a bad idea, with my balls basically broken and all, but I'd challenge any male with a pulse to turn down what I was seeing – particularly any other male as pent up as me. You have to understand: there are very few species out there in the natural world that are the size of us dragons, and even fewer that are equipped to handle the kind of rod that us male dragons keep between our legs. That wasn't a problem back a few hundred years ago, back before we were an endangered species, but now that our numbers have dwindled, it can be hard for a guy to find a dragoness in need of a fuck. Combine that with an extremely active sex drive and you get an entire race of sexually frustrated dragons, forced to "take matters into their own hands", as it were. I couldn't tell you how many loads I've blown imagining a scene like



the one I was in right now.

Anyway, my point is that there are very few females out there who are even *capable* of having sex with me, at least in the traditional sense. I'd gotten my rocks off with smaller fems before – most recently with Opal, of course – but never actually, y'know...

So yeah, I was a virgin.

Now you tell me: if you'd never had sex before, and a naked, horny, needy dragoness was begging you for a fuck, you'd do it, right? Busted balls or no, it's not like you see this kind of opportunity every day. Carefully I rose to my knees, trying not to disturb the swollen seedsacks hanging between my legs as I crawled forward. I was a little worried, sure, but what was the worst that could happen? After all I'd been through, getting screwed silly by a female in heat wasn't exactly torture. My balls could take a little bumping...as long as I was careful, anyway.

I placed a hand on her scaly rump, giving the flesh a firm squeeze, my heart pounding as I settled into position. To think, soon my hips would be slamming up against that ass...I shook my head, forcing myself to focus. I shifted forward a bit further on my knees, one hand reaching down to guide my member, until the tip brushed up against something warm and wet...

I might have savored the experience for a moment longer if I'd had the choice, but the female was eager to get started. As soon as she felt me press against her entrance she pressed back, the first few inches of my length disappearing into that tight slit, and...my *god*. Was this what sex actually felt like? Every instinct in my body told me to just thrust the rest of the way inwards, but I forced myself to calm down, trying to keep a level head. After all, my balls were still throbbing in pain from their earlier abuse – I didn't want to get too eager and accidentally bust myself. I wasn't about to blow this kind of opportunity. Carefully I continued to push inwards, trembling with pleasure at the smooth walls that gripped my member, until finally my hips met hers, the full length of my dragonhood surrounded by her warm sex.

Beneath me the dragoness let out a pleasurable hiss, her back arching as I sunk slowly into her sex. Her tail curled around one of my legs, trying to pull me in deeper.

"Mmm...faster," she moaned, in a voice that made my cock throb.

Oh god, I wanted to, to let myself go and start rutting – I just wasn't sure if my gonads could handle it after all they'd been through. I had to try, though. I forced myself to pull back out, toeclaws curling from her tight grip around my pole. I paused for a moment to steel myself, then thrust in again, sighing in pleasure – then cringing as my ballsac slapped up against her and a strong jolt of nausea shot up my spine. I let out a grunt, trying to swallow back the pain. C'mon, seriously? *Fuck* today was not my day. Still, the warm wet tunnel surrounding my cock remained rather compelling, so I pulled back, gritting my teeth as I prepared for another thrust...

Apparently that wasn't enough for the female. "*Faster*," she repeated, a little more forcefully this time, pressing her rump back to meet my thrust.

This didn't help my balls, which managed to swing up between the two of us and get squashed uncomfortably between my groin and her ass before they could squirm away to safety. "Oogh," I gasped, my grip on her sides tightening instinctively as I bent over, reacting to the sudden sickness in my stomach. "Nngh, could you...not do that?"

"Could you fuck me?" she hissed back, shooting a deadly look over her shoulder.

She did not look happy. I bit my lip and swallowed nervously as I pulled out once again, still somewhat hunched over the female. I knew what she wanted, and fuck if I didn't want to give it to her, but I also knew there was no way I could pound her without also putting myself in a world of pain. My nuts were giving off a considerable ache even while I stood still. Still, she was waiting...

I was going to be walking funny after this, but I couldn't see any better option – she wasn't about to take 'no' for an answer. Throwing caution to the wind, I thrust in once more, my toes curling in pleasure at the sensations coming from my cock, then curling in pain as my ballsac slapped up against her. I forced myself to keep going, pulling out and thrusting in and trying to block out the pain, but each thrust was like another slap to my already tenderized testicles. I felt my knees trembling beneath me, fighting to support my weight as the agony grew in my gut. God damn that hippo. I could feel my pace slowing, and sure enough, it was only a few moments before she interrupted yet again.

"I said *faster*!" she shouted, clearly frustrated. "God, do I have to do *everything*?"

I yelped as I felt a clawed hand shoot up between my legs, wrapping around my battered balls. The blood drained from my face as I realized what she was doing. *Oh no...she couldn't possibly-*

Any further thought process of mine was interrupted by the sudden *yank* on my bloated plums. My body lurched forwards to prevent the female from ripping my jewels clean off – sure, they were low-hangers, but they didn't stretch *that* far. That, in turn, caused me to slam my cock into her tight slit right up to the hilt...which was of course exactly what she wanted in the first place.

I bent over the dragoness with an agonized groan just as she arched upwards with a happy moan, her sex spasming around my length. "*That's it,*" she hissed, claws scratching at the earth. "Come on, don't you know how to fuck a girl? Let's try again."

I couldn't do much more than grunt in reply, but I breathed a sigh of relief as she relinquished her grip, letting my mangled marbles slip through her fingers. Apparently she was giving me another chance...or so I initially thought. To my horror, I felt something else curl around the neck of my scrotum, encircling my aching pair and squeezing them down tightly into their pouch. *What on earth?* She'd just let go of me – I could see her hand now, briefly moving to fondle her tits before she set it back on the ground. How the hell was she grabbing me now? As far as I could tell, her whole body was busy. I could see all four of her limbs, her arms supporting her upper body, her legs on either side of mine, and that didn't leave anything but...ah.

Her tail.

I let out another squeak as I was jerked backwards by my gonads, the scaly spunk-factories squirming but failing to escape from the coils of the female's tail. Instead the two nuggets were squashed together into one enormous mass, trying in vain to escape the ungodly pressure. I squealed as my fragile eggs were assaulted once more, compressed into an ever-shrinking space; the dragoness merely let out another pleasurable rumble as I slid back out of her, my cock prepared for the next thrust.

Of course, now I could see where this was going, but I was nowhere near fast enough (or at this point, strong enough) to stop it. This time the female didn't even both letting go with her tail: she just grabbed my balls themselves, the full-to-bursting lump at the bottom of my sack, and pulled, my nutmeat squishing between her fingers as she

propelled me forward. I roared in agony as my dragonmakers were crushed, even as my member disappeared once more, my hips slamming up against her gorgeous ass. Oh god, what I would've given to plow that ass any other time, any time but *now* – and then I was jerked back again, my roar of pain transitioning to more of a squawk as her tail squashed my poor berries.

Beneath me, the dragoness was having the time of her life. She began to build up a rhythm, using me like some sort of organic dildo, making all sorts of pleasurable noises as she shoved my thick length in and out of her slit. I, on the other hand, was fighting to escape from a world of agony. My poor nuts, already flattened from hippo-stomping, were sending waves of nausea through my body, the slippery orbs unable to escape from her vicious grip. I could just picture them popping in her claws, the scaly spuds unable to take the pressure, and the thought of losing my boys after all we'd been through made me want to curl up and die even more than I already did.

I tried to think of what I'd done to deserve this – if maybe this was karmic repayment for something I'd done before – but I couldn't remember a time I'd ever put anyone through this much pain. No, this was just plain sadism. I wondered briefly what merciful god could possibly allow this to happen. Then I pictured Mother Nature, sitting back and laughing her ass off at me. Hell, it was her who designed us guys with our nuts on the outside. Maybe this was her idea of a practical joke.

Anyway, one way or another my family jewels were being crushed, and within a few seconds I had all but collapsed on top of the dragoness. I was draped across her back and writhing in pain, her strength holding up the two of us as she continued to use me as a fucktoy. "My *BALLS*," I croaked, "what are you doing tooooaaAANNRRGGHH!"

"That's it, moan for me," she grinned, her fist clenching tightly around her badly-busted handful. "Oh *god* that makes me hot."

I could only screech in reply as my guts continued to turn themselves inside-out. My nuts were putty in her grip, her fingers digging deeply into the center of each orb, the scaly organs quivering on the edge of rupture. If she kept this up much longer, my dragonhood was either going to be reduced to goo or skewered on her claws. Either way I was going to spend the rest of my life in the fetal position, weeping.

I had to make it stop before it was too late. With the small part of my rational mind I

still had left, I tried to reason with her. "*Please*," I squealed desperately, "you're going to pop my balls – don't you want to have kids?"

"No, actually," she shot back, "I just wanna get *fucked*. And if you can't do that, maybe I'll find someone with the stones to do the job." She pulled back again with her tail, murmuring pleasantly to herself. I could feel the walls of her passage ripple around my rod, gripping my shaft tightly as it slid out...not that that made up for the stranglehold on my nutsac. And then she was reversing direction, squashing my plums between her fingers as she pulled me back in–

Oh *god*, the nausea. A dragon's testicles were never meant to be treated like this. I think the only thing that kept me from throwing up is that I was too weak to go through that much effort. I just lay sprawled across her back, twitching weakly as my cock slid in and out of her sex. Traitor...it was still rock-hard, too, even as the rest of my body went limp. I guess the scent of a dragoness in heat was just too much to resist. Pity I couldn't enjoy my first proper fucking.

I was pretty much ready to give up at this point, to let her do what she wanted and just hope I was still in one piece when she finished, but unfortunately it wasn't going to be that simple. All the twitching I'd been doing while draped across the female's back had caused me to slump to one side, leaning towards the right. Thus, when she suddenly squeezed with her hardest squeeze yet – I guess I'd hit a good spot, because she moaned at the same time – my limbs spasmed once again, and it was just enough to push me off the dragoness and let me tumble towards the ground.

Before hitting the dirt, though, I came to an abrupt and unfortunate stop. See, just because I'd fallen off the girl's back didn't mean she'd let go of my nuts – in fact, her tail was still wrapped quite tightly around my ballsac, and as a result I found myself in a rather uncomfortable position. I let out a choked gasp as for a split second my lower body was suspended by my balls, the dragoness refusing to let go, still crushing the rubbery lumps in the coils of her tail...until she released me, allowing me to crash the remaining few inches to the ground.

For the time being I just lay there, too battered even to curl into the fetal position. I couldn't even think with the waves of pain washing over me. It felt like my groin was on fire – except that fire probably would've hurt a lot less. In my state, having my eggs boiled seemed a lot more pleasant than having them crushed.

The dragoness, on the other hand, reacted immediately...and she was not happy. Her lustful panting turned into a frustrated groan and then into an angry growl as my thick length slid out of her, leaving her empty. She glared back at me over her shoulder, then climbed to her feet, brushing the dirt off her knees. The female folded her hands beneath her breasts as she stood over me, her red scales shining with a light sheen of sweat.

"What do you think you're doing? I'm not done with you yet!"

I let out a low, agonized keen, rocking slowly on the ground. "Oh my *god*," I moaned, claws moving shakily to cradle my nutsack. "You...oh, my *balls*."

"Oh come on." The dragoness frowned down at me, watching as I tried feebly to protect myself. "They're just bashed around a bit, you're still intact." She placed a foot on one of my calves, sliding it up along my leg until it rested on my upper thigh. She nudged my arm with her toes. "Now come on, move your hands."

I whimpered in pain, refusing to budge. "Oh...oh god," I moaned, claws wrapped tightly around my tortured package. "Oh god, please, no, not...*nmgh*...not my balls, not my *balls*!"

The female scowled at me, placing her foot on top of my hands. "I would advise you to move your hands," she growled softly, "unless you want me to stomp your balls into jelly right now."

I cried out as the dragoness pressed down on my hands, pushing my already tenderized testes into my pelvis. "Alright, *alright*!" I squealed, forcing my hands to my sides, "oh my...*ANNgh*!"

"Very good." The dragoness poked a bare toe at my scaly scrotum, smiling as my hips twitched in painful response. "I wouldn't want to have to ruin a perfectly good set of dragon testicles." She slid her foot up farther, rubbing it against my limp member. "Especially when they're attached to a cock like this."

Despite the immense pain, I felt some stirring of pleasure in my groin as the female rubbed her sole against my dragonhood, her toes splaying around the head. *God* that

felt good – and despite the pain, I still felt practically ready to blow. If I hadn't been so worried about having her foot that close to my nuts, I probably would've been spurting precum like a blue-balled teenager.

"Now," she continued, speaking very carefully. "Are you going to fuck me, or what?"

I shuddered, trying to focus despite the rubbing at my cock and the nutpain still throbbing in my gut. No...there was no way I could do this, no way I could screw her in this condition. It had been a bad idea from the beginning. I had to get out now, find some medical attention and hope my balls were still functional. Opal was supposed to be nearby – maybe she'd have a potion that could help.

"N-no," I replied, "I...I wish I could help you, but I can't, I–"

That was not the answer she wanted to hear. I let out a squeak as the heel of her foot came crashing down into my family jewels, my pleasant footjob abruptly terminated.

"Are you kidding me?!" she exclaimed, grinding her foot down into my balls to emphasize her statement. "All I'm asking for is a fuck – can't you at least give a lady *that?!'*"

I couldn't even string together a reply at this point – I just lay on my back, gazing weakly at the towering female as I tried not to vomit. Between my legs, my testicles felt like bowling balls, swollen to impossible proportions.

Her expression darkened even further. "I swear, you are the most useless male I've ever met," she seethed. With an aggravated huff she pulled her leg back, then let her foot fly at full speed into my swollen plums. I didn't even have time to react before she did it again, her toeclaws slamming into my bare balls with all the strength of a full-grown dragoness and all the fury of a female scorned.

"MY BALLS!" I squealed, curling double to protect myself – but she was faster. First she fell to a kneeling position – her knee landing directly on top of my balls, of course, squashing them into the dirt under her weight. Then, while I was still twitching from that blow, she reached down and scooped my nuts up in her hand, wrapping her fingers around the neck of my ballsac. She fired a punch into my trapped orbs to get my attention, making me cry out as my body quaked in pain.

"Look at me!"

I cracked open one of my eyes to face the demoness between my legs, her face warped with an almost possessed fury and her claws wrapped oh-so-tightly around my naked gonads.

"Now are you going to fuck me," she growled, "or should I just pop these now?" Immediately she clamped down, my balls losing any sort of spherical shape as my nutflesh squished out sideways between her fingers.

I could feel my reproductive future on the edge of bursting in her grip. "*STOP STOP STOP!*" I screamed, limbs flailing, "PLEASE, I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT, *JUST STOP!*"

"That's more like it." She eased off on her grip, my testicles springing back into some semblance of their usual shape. "See, that wasn't so hard, was it? Just give the girl what she wants and we'll be done in no time."

I couldn't do anything but wheeze for breath as she let my sac slip from her fingers, instead wrapping her hands around my cock and giving the rod a tight squeeze. Apparently she was unwilling to let me rest for even a second, stroking me quickly to bring me back up to my full hardness. What on earth had I gotten myself into? All I wanted to do at this point was curl up and nurse my aching spuds, but despite myself, I couldn't help but throb at her touches, my length pulsing eagerly for the female. I think my gonads had been through too much to know what was going on anymore, and the pheromones still swirling around me were messing with my head – despite myself, I was feeling hornier by the second. I craned my neck to look down at the naked dragoness and coughed. I wondered if she'd let me keep my balls if I just came on her tits and called it a day.

The dragoness, however, had something else in mind. I watched as she crawled forward a few steps and straddled my waist, my pole pressed up against her stomach as she grinned down at me. She gave the length a few more quick strokes to make sure I was ready, then without any further delay she raised her hips, positioning herself over me. "Ready?" she asked – but the question was rhetorical. Immediately she pressed down, her hand holding my cock steady as she slid it into her tight slit once again.



Dazedly I watched her as she hissed quietly in pleasure, her knees sliding out from either side of my body as she began working her way down my dragonhood. Despite everything, I'd be lying if I said the sight was anything less than sexy.

Of course, once she'd sunk down on the first few inches of my shaft, her hand moved away from the base of my shaft to a much less sexy place. I wanted to weep as I felt her claws encircle my dragonmakers once more, poised to crush away—and sure enough, I felt her fingers begin to tighten, her grip instinctively closing as she let out a moan and her sex rippled around my member.

"Uh, please," I squeaked quietly, "could you just let go of my—"

But apparently she was busy focusing on other things, as just then she decided to spear herself on my length, hips slamming down the remaining foot between her body and mine. The female let out a shuddering gasp as suddenly she was filled with dragoncock, my member buried to the hilt inside of her. I let out a gasp too, as her ass came crashing down in my lap and her fingers tightened even further, both serious blows to my already traumatized testes. The nausea shot through my gut, like something feasting on my insides, and automatically my chest shot upwards, my body trying once more to protect its precious cargo.

The dragoness was having none of it, though – she just placed a hand on my chest and shoved me back down against the ground. Then with a dreamy sigh she brought her hips up again, her body gripping desperately at every inch of my pride as it slid from her passage. She paused about 2/3 of the way up for just a moment before slamming back down once again, this time letting out an audible cry as she plunged my length back inside of her.

I let out another squeak as my scaly spuds were squashed even further, beginning to lose their oval shape, but there was little I could do as she rose up yet again, even more quickly than before. To my dismay the dragoness began to build up a rhythm, riding my throbbing pole, each bounce in my lap bringing her closer to the orgasm she desperately needed – and bringing me one step closer to castration. The female wasted no time in ramping things up, and within just a few more seconds she had begun thumping up and down on me with abandon, moaning with lust as she rolled her hips against mine.

Similarly, it was only a few more thrusts until I was squealing as loudly as I had been before, bolts of pain racing up my spine as my eggs were scrambled for the umpteenth time. The dragoness had a death grip around my balls, the poor orbs all but obliterated between her claws as she squeezed away, and my body reacted accordingly. I jerked and twitched madly beneath the female, wave after wave of agony radiating outwards from my groin. I kept trying to curl up or to roll over – to somehow protect my tortured plums – but the dragoness just kept forcing me back down, using my body however she wished. Despite my pleas she continued to piston up and down my shaft, her tunnel milking my length like there was no tomorrow – which there might very well not be, at least not for me. Within a minute or so my gonads were no longer anything but a misshapen lump in the dragoness's fist, crushed beyond recognition. Somewhere in the back of my mind came the realization that I was about to blow my final load: one last shot of spunk before my nuts just caved in completely. At least there was some chance I'd be passing on my genes. I prayed for a daughter – for her sake.

I bucked desperately as her grip somehow continued to tighten, my poor nuts on the edge of bursting as she continued to frantically ride my cock. I squealed like a hatchling as she threatened to destroy my dragonhood – squealing an even higher pitch than she was as she sunk down on me once more. She seemed completely lost at this point: her head rolled back in pleasure, groping herself with her free hand, her cunt squeezing around my shaft like she wanted to pull it right off. Even through the soul-crushing pain, there was a tiny part of me that couldn't help but appreciate her looks – the way her body glistened with sweat, the way her breasts bounced on her chest as she continued to ride every inch of my length. It was amazing to think that I somehow stayed hard through all of this, though I guess on further consideration it wasn't that strange. After all, if you took out the whole 'testicles-being-squashed-like-grapes' thing, this was basically a sex fantasy come true. I tried to focus on the tiny kernel of pleasure that lay beneath everything, even as I was about to black out from the pain.

And that was when I realized it: the one thing that still might let me keep my balls and save me from a life of therapy and testosterone shots. As I had come to realize by this point, this dragoness was fucking insane. Nothing in the world was going to stop her until she got what she wanted – and right now, all she wanted was more pleasure, no matter what she did to me in the process. Even now she was milking me for all I was worth, her sex spasming around the pillar of flesh between my legs. I would've blown my load in a second, if not for the pain.

So maybe...maybe if I could focus on the good stuff and block out the pain, if I could get her off the way she wanted, then maybe she'd let me go. I mean, she was in heat, and that was driving her body up the wall – I'm sure she wasn't such a bitch under normal circumstances. I had to assume so, at least, or else me and my balls were *fucked*.

With what was left of my functioning brain, I concentrated on thrusting, trying to reciprocate however I could. I managed to get my hips twitching in the right direction, at least, jerking upwards to meet her as her perfect behind continued to bounce up and down in my lap, but the dragoness continued to squeeze away, crushing my nuts as if she wanted to grind them into peanut butter. She was so lost in her own world that I don't think she had even noticed my feeble attempt.

Obviously I needed to do more – to do something that would get her attention. Maybe some groping would do it. Her hips were within arms reach, as were her tits – and hell, I'd wanted to squeeze those ever since I'd first seen her. I decided to take the opportunity, one hand moving jerkily to the curve of her hip, the other reaching shakily upwards to cup one of her breasts.

My fingers closed around the scaly mound, and immediately I felt my cock throb in response – how many lonely nights had I spent imagining this, groping some busty female as she rode me into release? Trembling – with pain or arousal, I'm not sure which – I gave the warm flesh as firm a squeeze as I could, fingers sinking into the supple flesh–

Just as I'd expected, that got her attention. On top of me the dragoness's eyes shot open, her body stopping mid-thrust. "Oh!" she exclaimed breathlessly, "*ah!*"

And then – then she slammed herself back down in my lap, crying out lustfully as her body milked my rod for all it was worth. My eyes rolled back into my head as her sex rippled around my dragonhood, like a million little tongues slurping at my shaft, a dozen dragonesses on their knees with hands wrapped around my throbbing length. This was it – there was no way I could resist that tight tunnel. I could feel the biggest load of my life rising from my balls, preparing to fire–

Unfortunately for me, her sex wasn't the only thing that tightened. Just as I felt sure that I had passed the point of no return, she let out another loud cry, throwing her

head back as she finally reached orgasm. I felt an immense relief as her body squeezed down on mine, her pussy going into overdrive, my gonads ready to surrender their juice – but then her fist tightened as well, and suddenly I wasn't nearly as joyful. To my horror, her grip grew even tighter around my dragonmakers, the vice closing even further, until her fingers began digging back into her palm, her claws halfway embedded in my balls. I squealed louder than I ever had before, hips bucking with renewed panic, but nothing I did could stop her. She just kept going, the pressure increasing, the tips of her claws digging into my tortured plums.

This was bad – very bad. My scaly spuds squirmed in her fingers, trying to escape the impossible pressure, but they were trapped on all sides, the walls slowly caving inwards as her grip tightened. The dragoness just continued to bounce up and down in my lap, riding my length without a care in the world, as if she hadn't even noticed my mangled marbles about to burst in her clenched fist. "Oh *god* yes," she gushed, her sex squeezing tightly around my rod, "oh, *fuck* me!" Her hips rose once again before slamming back down into my lap, my pole swallowed to the hilt by her eager sex.

Beneath her I cried out, desperate to get the female's attention *now*, before it was too late. In any normal situation I'd think that my frantic squealing would be enough to catch her notice, but she was almost completely gone, her eyes rolling back into her head as she continued to thump up and down on my engorged length. My hand was still resting on her chest – I tried giving her tits a more forceful grope in order to get her attention, but she just let out another blissful cry, squeezing my balls even harder. I immediately let go, letting out a strangled sort of squawk as both hands instinctively went to my groin, my entire body shaking at the level of pain. Oh, my *nuts*–!

But I had to keep trying to get her attention – not that that was easy, with my arms and legs twitching uncontrollably and with my nervous system on the verge of shutting down. It took all the concentration I had to even move, trying to hit her or push her off of me – but in my condition, I basically just flailed at her body, landing a few ineffective blows on her side as she continued to gasp in pleasure. Her face didn't register anything but pure joy as she rode my staff, her inner walls clamping down hungrily around the thick intruder. Despite everything, I could feel a moan bubbling up in the back of my throat, my tortured body still eager to deliver its gift to the female...if only she would give me a chance!

Another flailing blow slid uselessly down her side, and I could feel the world starting to

close in on me. I knew it wasn't working, but I had to try once more. With a final surge of adrenaline I struck at her one more time, throwing all my strength behind my flailing arm and praying that it would catch her attention.

Of course, in hindsight it might have been a good idea to *aim* where I was hitting a little more carefully. As it was, I ended up delivering a firm spank to her rear, my open palm landing on the one of the globes of her ass with a fleshy *smack*.

Three things happened as a result.

First of all, the dragoness on top of me arched her back, cried out, and came, the extra bit of rough play just too much to handle. She writhed atop my prick, her entire body contorting in ecstasy as her heat-stricken body finally got the relief it needed. Her inner walls squeezed desperately around my length, milking the thick intruder like her life depended on it, trying desperately to make me blow my top.

And so of course, I followed right after her, blasting my load up into her inner depths with a roar. I couldn't stop my hips from jerking, my cock twitching frantically as I fired thick shots of dragonseed, rope after rope of semen. It was relief of a sort, but none of the usual bliss that came with busting a nut – after all, her fingers were still clamped around my dragonmakers, the rubbery orbs squished nearly flat between her fingers. She was squeezing the juice straight out of my scaly spuds, like a pair of overripe oranges, crushing my dragonhood until there was nothing left but pulp. Still, she had already hit her peak, and I'd given her what she wanted – it couldn't get any worse from here. Right?

Oh, if only. Apparently I had forgotten the first thing about a dragoness in heat: that her body will go *crazy* for a dragon's seed. In fact, as soon as I let go with the first jet of my spunk she let out a scream of pleasure, her muscles tightening even further as her body demanded every last drop of my cream. Around my cock, it felt *amazing*, but elsewhere, I could feel her claws tighten one final notch, and I knew that something terrible was about to happen. I opened my mouth to squeal, to scream, to do anything I could to make her stop...but before I could speak, there came a very audible *crunch* from my groin.

Pain. It felt like a million knives jabbed into my gut, like some essential part of me had been forcibly ripped from my belly. All I could do was lie there, eyes frozen open in

shock as the female continued to bounce up and down on my shaft, completely oblivious to what was going on around her. It couldn't be. There was no way, with just her bare hands...it had to be—

Suddenly I felt incredibly woozy. The darkness that I'd been fighting off for the past few minutes crashed over me, my vision clouding as my body gave up on twitching and instead just went slack. The last thing I heard before slipping into unconsciousness was the dragoness crying out unintelligibly, her body tensing once more as she passed into another shuddering climax.

## CHAPTER 9: CULTURE SHOCK

Pain. Lots of pain.

Normally I think of unconsciousness as an escape from reality – a way for the body to cope with whatever horrible things might be happening to it, by pushing those bad feelings aside and retreating into darkness. That would have been a welcome relief, after the thrashing my gonads had just received...but unfortunately, the agony in my groin was just too much to be ignored. Instead of dreaming of a pleasant blackness, I dreamt about my balls, squished between the toes of orcas and frogs and hippos and dragons and every other species my subconscious could think of. I could picture scores of women, all lined up to take a turn pummeling my poor plums. At one point there was an elephant, using my nuts like a Stairmaster, each step bringing me further into a world of pain, until finally I heard a distinct 'pop'–

–And my eyes flew open, my heart pounding in my chest. Immediately I glanced around, preparing to defend myself from the next female in line, but after a few tense seconds I realized that I was alone. Quite alone, in fact. Currently I was reclining in the middle of a large stone room, big enough to hold a small gathering of dragons, but there wasn't another being in sight. For a brief moment I thought I was back home and the whole ordeal had been a bad dream, but a second look around confirmed that it wasn't my cave, and a quick glance down confirmed...

...well, it confirmed that I still had balls, at least, which was a huge relief. My scaly sac was now tinged a shade of purple, and my bruised plums were now even more swollen than they had been before, but at least I was intact – and with both balls, too. That was the important thing. Cautiously I reached down, gently lifting my package in my claws and trying to ignore the sickness in my stomach. I gave each orb a quick one-over to check for ruptures or anything of the sort, but it seemed like I was okay, at least as far as I could tell. Of course, that didn't change the fact that it hurt like *hell*, and I was unable to stop myself from letting out a series of long groans as I examined my family jewels, turning the broken baby-makers in my fingers. So much pain from such little organs...although on second thought, I suppose with all the swelling they weren't so "little" anymore.

I tried to keep the moans to a minimum – more for pride than anything else, really – but apparently I was still loud enough to attract attention. I became aware of the clack

of approaching claws on stone, but I couldn't summon the energy to look up and see who it was, at least not until–

"Oh hey, you're awake," said a female voice.

The blood drained from my face. I knew that voice far too well, and a pair of toned, red-scaled legs only confirmed it. Immediately I tried to scoot backwards, away from my captor – only to come to an abrupt stop as my oversensitive nuts thunked back to the floor, sending another shock of pain through my gut. I doubled over once again with a squeak, hands going back to my groin.

"Whoa, whoa, slow down!" the dragoness urged, crouching down in front of me. "I'm not gonna hurt you."

"Y-Yeah right," I gasped, claws still clasped tightly between my legs. God dammit, just what I needed. How long did I have now until my testicles were mush? A minute? Thirty seconds?

"Seriously, you can relax. I'm helping you." She placed a hand on my shoulder. "Who do you think's been icing your nuts for the past day?"

Yeah right, like I was gonna believe – oh. Wait. Actually, now that I looked, there were several discarded ice packs sitting on my left, and another held in the female's hand. And come to think of it, my balls were drawn in pretty close to my body, though that may have had less to do with feeling a little chilly and more to do with a fear of an imminent nut-cracking.

Despite my lingering terror, I forced myself to face her. "But you–" I coughed, fingers still cupping my aching junk. "You were trying to crush them. Why would you help now?"

"Yeah, uh, about that..." She scratched her head sheepishly. "I can get kinda crazy when I'm in heat...I got a little carried away with your balls, I guess. Almost popped 'em. By the time I wore myself out and realized what I'd been doing to your tackle, you were pretty fucked up."

I let out a low groan – 'fucked up' didn't begin to describe it. By now my testicles had



returned to a mostly spherical shape, but I could still remember how they looked crushed between her claws, the walls caving inwards. "I...I thought you'd burst them both. I remember hearing a crunch."

"Huh? Oh, right – I broke a nail from squeezing too hard. That's probably what you heard – it was right around the time you passed out." She glanced down at her hand, spreading out her fingers to examine them. "Like I said, I got a bit carried away."

'A *bit* carried away'? I thought she seemed oddly casual about the whole "almost reducing my dragonhood to paste" thing, but then again, after the revolving door of women who had brutalized my berries over the past few days, I guess that seemed almost normal. She seemed sincere, at least. Otherwise, I assumed I'd already be squealing for mercy.

Seeing me calm down a bit, the nude female continued. "Anyway, I think we got things started on the wrong foot. Er." The dragoness looked down at her toes self-consciously. "Bad choice of words, maybe."

I winced. "Yeah."

"What I mean is...I think I gave you a pretty bad first impression, so let's start over." She held out a hand. "I'm Lia."

"Uh...P'oiu," I replied cautiously, reaching out to shake her hand. I forced my gaze upwards to meet hers...though it took a moment to stop staring at her generous rack and actually look all the way up at her eyes. "Nice...nice to meet you, I guess."

If she caught me looking, she didn't call me out on it. "Nice to meet you too," she answered, smiling. "I promise, I'm really not as evil as you think. Heck, I dragged you back to my cave to take care of you, didn't I?"

I was hardly about to compliment her for helping me after the hell she'd put me through, but I had to admit, she did have a point. Maybe she could be trusted. "Yeah, I s'pose so. How, uh...how long have I been out for?"

"Overnight. I brought you back here yesterday evening and set you up with some ice to help the swelling." She knelt down in front of me. "Speaking of which, let me see those

nuts of yours, would ya?"

My first impulse was to scramble backwards again, but I managed to stop myself once I realized what she intended to do and what she was holding in her hand. "Oh, right, the ice pack. Uh...sure."

"Thank you," she replied. Gently the dragoness reached out and took a hold of my ballsac, hefting the twin spheres in her claws. With her other hand, she pressed her ice pack up against the scaly orbs, trying not to jostle them any more than was necessary.

Still, I couldn't hold back a grunt – at this point, even a careful touch felt more like a slap. The ache wormed its way through my gut for a moment, followed shortly by a colder sensation that began radiating through my groin. I shivered. As long as it would help the swelling...

"So how do they feel on your end?" Lia asked, glancing up.

"My balls?" I groaned. "Well, it feels like they've been run under a steamroller, if that's what you mean."

She shook her head. "No no – I mean, do you think there's damage? I tried to take a look at 'em while you were passed out, but they were too swollen to really make out much."

"Oh. Uh...maybe. They feel pretty bad." I let out another pained groan. "God, I don't know if they even *work* anymore."

"Hmm. Well in that case, I should probably check 'em out." The female set down her ice pack for a moment. "Relax, this shouldn't take too long."

I watched as Lia took my nutsac in both hands, examining the swollen spheres. She started with my left nut, rolling the bloated orb between thumb and forefinger for a moment before giving it a quick squeeze. Instantly the pain shot through my abdomen, my body curling forward in an attempt to protect itself. "Oh-...ah, my nuts–"

"Relax," the female purred, placing a clawed hand on my chest and forcing me gently back down to the ground. "I know what I'm doing, now let me do my work." After

another moment she moved on to my other nut, beginning the same examination.

My stomach churned to see my balls once more between her fingers, with memories of her vice grip still fresh in my mind. Still, despite the overall unsexy-ness of the situation – a sharp-clawed dragoness checking to see if she'd burst my balls – I couldn't help but appreciate the scene a little. After all, she *was* a naked chick fondling my junk...and from the current angle, she was giving me a *fantastic* view of her breasts, two ruby-red spheres that bounced pleasantly on her chest with each movement. Part of me wanted to reach out and give her a squeeze, but another part of me worried about what she might squeeze in response. Instead I contented myself with just looking, and trying to selectively remember all the *good* moments from last night...

"You seem alright," Lia murmured. "No ruptures, no leaks, nothing serious..."

I heard her, but only dimly – I was still busy imagining the female in more compromising positions. Sure, the first time we'd fucked hadn't worked out so well, but now that she had calmed down a bit I could picture her bouncing in my lap again, my thick pride buried to the hilt in her tight passage. Actually, screw that – I wanted to be the one in control this time. I imagined her flat on her back, her legs up over my shoulders, moaning out my name as I slammed into her sex...

It was only when I heard a quiet giggle that I realized quite how off-track my mind my mind had wandered. I blinked, only to realize that Lia had stopped examining my nuts and was now looking with some amusement at the pole of dragoncock jutting proudly from my crotch. "Uh...sorry," I grumbled, hoping she wasn't offended.

"Oh no, don't worry," the dragoness replied, smiling. "It's a compliment. Besides, it's probably my fault – I'm still in heat, after all. You helped take the edge off, definitely, but I'm still giving off a ton of pheromones." She looked up and grinned. "Hell, I'm surprised you didn't bust a nut while you were unconscious – you looked about ready to explode all night."

I couldn't help but turn a bit red at that comment, imagining how I must have looked while I was passed out: a throbbing cock and balls to match. Not the most dignified thing in the world. Still, I tried to push that thought aside as she resumed her fondling of my junk. There were more important things to be worried about than embarrassing myself in front of a female, even if she was the first dragoness I'd seen in years...and

even if she was a fine piece of tail...and even if she'd stopped examining my balls now and had a clawed hand wrapped around my length.

"...Lia?" I asked cautiously. "What are you—*ooh*."

"You like that?" she said teasingly. Gently the female rubbed her thumb across my cockhead, giving the rest of the meat in her hand a firm squeeze.

I inhaled sharply. "Uh, y-yeah. But...why are you—?"

"Shh," she interrupted, gently coaxing me to be silent – though I couldn't help but groan as she gave me a few long strokes, her fingers dancing around my dragonhood. She waited for me to quiet down before she continued. "I want to propose something to you."

I shuddered, resisting the urge to thrust up between her fingers. "I-I'm listening."

The female blushed, biting her lip. "Well you see, like I said, I'm still in heat. Which means I still have a...very strong urge to mate." Her gaze fell to my cock, the scaly length pulsing needfully in the open air. "Until now I've been able to satisfy myself for the most part, but now that you're here, it's getting a lot...harder. I can tell my scent is having a strong effect on you, too."

"*Mmph*," I grunted, trying to focus despite the continuing distraction. "Yeah, it's...it's definitely getting harder. Very hard."

"Mmm. Well then," she continued, "if you're willing, I'd love to...relieve those urges again, if you know what I mean."

"Ohhh *yeah*," I blurted out loudly, just as a spurt of precum leapt from the tip of my cock to splash across the female's fingers. Oh, I would gladly do it – I would fuck this girl so long and hard she didn't know which way was up. I could imagine slamming into her from behind, my cock swallowed up by her tight tunnel–

The female smiled, giving my length another friendly squeeze. "I thought you might be receptive. There's just one thing I've got to ask you, then."

Despite the rapidly growing need to get my rocks off, even I could hear the change of tone in her voice. That combined with the lingering mental image of my balls trapped inside her fist was more than enough reason to make me pause. "Uh...what is it?"

"Well, see..." She blushed, letting go of my member and looking up at me. "I've never met a green dragon before – you're from the southern ranges, yes?"

I nodded. "Yeah, that's right."

"Okay. Then I should tell you that here up north, mating is sort of a serious deal – you're not allowed to have sex with just anybody. When red dragons mate, they mate for life."

"Oh. Uh...okay." I frowned. "But wait, we...we already had sex. Are you saying that means we're already mated?"

"Oh no no," she backpedalled quickly, "no, there are some exceptions to the rules. A female can mate to satisfy her heat, for instance." The dragoness chuckled, reaching down to roll one of my balls gently between her fingers. "Otherwise, I'd already have a couple mates by now."

"Ah." I blinked, trying not to squirm as the female fondled my sac. "So then what's the problem? Why don't we just 'satisfy your heat' some more?"

Lia smiled, but shook her head. "We've already done that. Trust me, if I was still in my full heat, I wouldn't bother asking permission. No – if we were to do it again, we'd have to do it as mates."

It took me a few seconds to put it all together. "Wait. Are...are you asking me to be your mate, then?"

She nodded. "Bingo."

"Uh..." I stuttered for a moment, trying to figure out an appropriate response. "I...I'm flattered, obviously, but...we only just met. I mean, I barely even know you."

"True," she admitted. "But think about it for a minute. When's the last time you saw

another dragoness?"

"Um. About...two or three years ago, I guess."

"See? Two or three years. There aren't very many of us dragons around any more. I'm not saying we're a perfect match, but I think we gotta grab each other while we have the chance, y'know? I could certainly use the company."

She did have a point. It could get pretty lonesome, just living in the cave by myself for weeks at a time...and I was getting pretty tired of jerking myself off every night. It certainly wouldn't hurt to have a female around.

Lia grinned, watching as my member gave a short twitch. "I can see you're thinking about the other perks, as well." She curled her fingers around my length again, giving it a few short pumps. "You know...I'd love to just wrap my tongue around this monster and suck you off until your balls were dry." She looked back up at me. "But I can't do that unless we're mates."

Just the way she was talking had me ready to cream my scales again, but I tried to keep my voice steady as best I could. "Well then, uh...I-let's do it, I guess."

Her eyes lit up. "Really? You want to be mates?"

It was crazy decision, sure, but when was an opportunity like this going to show up again? "Uh...yeah. I would be happy to be your mate." And happy to fuck her silly for the next month...

"Oh that's great!" The dragoness beamed, leaning in to plant a quick kiss on my cheek – then another kiss on the head of my cock. "Thank god – I was starting to wonder if I'd have to wait until my next heat to be properly fucked again."

I let out a quiet moan as she nuzzled briefly at my rod. "Y-yeah. Listen, I don't know about you, but I'm horny as fuck already – you wanna be on top, or on the bottom?"

"Uh." She paused for a moment, letting go of my shaft. "Well, technically we're not mated until the mating ceremony is done..."

I groaned – I wanted to get off, the sooner the better. "What do we have to do?"

"Well, traditionally the female is supposed to put her male through quite a bit before accepting him as a mate..." – Lia glanced down at my swollen ballsac – "...but I think I've done enough to you already. I'd rather just get this over with."

"Me too," I replied.

"Good then, we're agreed. In that case, I think I've probably done enough damage downstairs, eh?" She smiled, rising to her feet. "Here, spread your legs for me."

I wasn't sure exactly what she wanted to do, but if the handjob she'd been giving me was any indication, it was gonna be good. I put my hands behind my head and lay back, closing my eyes and waiting for whatever was next...

Stupid dragon.

The next thing I felt was something slamming down onto my right testicle with so much force that my nut had to be absolutely liquified – or at least it would've been, if it hadn't managed to slip out of the way at the last second. My eyes shot open in shock to find a scaly red thigh in front of my face, which I quickly followed upwards to find Lia. She was frowning down at my ballsac, a look of concentration on her face.

"Dammit, sorry," she mumbled, raising her foot again.

Before I could do anything, the female stomped down even harder than she just had, and this time my gonad wasn't so lucky. Instead I felt the full force of her heel come slamming down onto my right nut, crushing it against the stone floor with a gut-wrenching *squick*.

My eyes immediately rolled back into my head with the force of blow. It was impossibly painful, like a bolt of lightning ripping through my gut, like every unpleasant experience I'd ever had combined. Nothing had ever felt like this – oh god, how could one person inflict so much *pain*? I kept waiting for the initial jolt of agony to subside, to turn into the duller ballache that I'd grown so familiar with, but instead it continued to surge through my body, filling every inch of my being with horrible, unfathomable nutpain. I fought just to stay conscious as Lia ground her foot against

the ground, crushing my spud like a discarded cigarette against the stone floor. Every nerve ending in my groin screamed at me to do something, at least if I wanted to stay male for more than a few more seconds. Instinctively my hands shot to her leg, trying to pull her off, but the dragoness continued to bear down, my scaly egg nearing the breaking point–

"*What the fuck are you doing?!*" I shrieked.

The dragoness cocked an eyebrow. "I'm popping your nut, what does it look like?"

"*WHY?!*"

"It's the last part of the mating ceremony. Everyone knows that." The female had yet to take her weight off of my poor gonad – the tortured orb continued to squirm beneath her foot, seeking an escape from the ungodly pressure. "Why, what's the matter?"

If I wanted her off my nut, I had to keep stringing together complete sentences; if I didn't get her off my nut soon, it was going to be nothing but jelly– "*What the hell are you talking about?!*"

She sighed, giving me a look that was half pity, half scorn. "It's a customary part of the courtship ceremony for [the female to pop one of the male's testicles](#). I mean, my dad's only got one, and my brother got one of his squashed when he was mated..."

"*That's insane!*" I squealed, still fighting feebly to pry her leg from my groin – but time was up. I couldn't take any more. *Say goodbye to Righty*, I thought, preparing myself for the inevitable.

"Wait, really?" The dragoness seemed surprised, leaning back onto her rear foot. "Do they not do this where you come from?"

That shift in weight was enough to save the doomed jewel, at least for now. I could feel it reinflate slightly, sending another wave of nausea through my stomach as its crushed contents began shifting back into place. Of course, I still had most of the weight of a dragoness focused on the most sensitive part of my male anatomy – the second she decided to lean forward again, I was sure that nut was mush.



"NO," I shouted, "NO ONE EVER DOES THIS! NOW PLEASE, JUST *GET OFF MY BALLS!!*"

With a small frown she lifted her foot, allowing my trapped testicle to finally squirt out to freedom. Immediately I curled into the fetal position, claws flying to my ballsac to ensure that my nut was still there. Which it definitely was, judging from the unimaginable pain gnawing its way through my gut. It wasn't as round as before, maybe, but it was still intact, and that was the important part.

Above me the female stood with a confused look on her face, her arms folded beneath her breasts. She watched me rock back and forth on the ground for a moment, tapping her foot against the floor as she waited for me to stop gasping for breath. "So wait," she began slowly, "they really don't do this where you come from?"

"No!" I exclaimed loudly, still fighting the urge to vomit. Oh, my poor *nut*—

Lia frowned. "Weird. I assumed everybody did it, but maybe it's just a northern dragon thing." She raised an eyeridge. "What do *you* do for the mating ceremony, then?"

I groaned, both hands still clasped tightly between my legs. "I-I dunno...you make some vows, that's about it. It's not...*nnrgh*...it's not very complicated."

"But no nut-popping?"

"No!"

"Really? That's so *weird*." She snorted. "So what, all the males where you come from have both their nuts?"

"YES!" I shouted, incredulous at what I was hearing. "We're born that way; why wouldn't we have two nuts?"

"Because one is supposed to be popped by your mate," she replied, the tone of her voice suggesting that this was the most obvious thing in the world. "That's why you have two: one for your mate, and one for your children."

"That's completely insane!" I repeated, still crumpled in the fetal position. "What the

hell is wrong with you people?"

"Calm down," she replied patiently. "It might seem a bit strange to you as a dragon from another culture, but it's tradition – we've been doing it this way for centuries."

I was still in disbelief. "And what, the men just *let you* do this to them?"

"Oh yes – quite willingly." She met my skeptical look and chuckled. "What, you don't believe me? Like I said, it's tradition. It's considered an honor to be popped by a female – a real moment of bonding between mates, a symbol of the male's devotion to his chosen life partner–"

"So you're telling me," I interrupted, feeling sicker by the moment, "that every mated male dragon in the Northern Territories has had one of his balls crushed."

"As far as I know, yes."

I groaned. "Oh my god, no wonder we're going extinct as a species."

Lia frowned. "Actually, you only need one to–"

"I know how it works!" I snapped, still curled up on my side. Gently I prodded at my swollen testicles, the aching pair cupped gingerly in my claws. I could still picture my nut trapped beneath the female's foot – I shuddered to think what might happen if she pressed it any flatter than she already had. How could any male willingly put himself through that kind of torture?

Then again, maybe it was a relief. One less nut to be punted and pummeled, stomped and squeezed, flattened until you were hoarse from squealing...I shook my head. What the hell was I thinking?

"Why do guys need two of 'em, anyway?" Lia asked, interrupting my train of thought. "It's redundant, isn't it?"

I coughed. "Then...then why do females have two breasts, huh? Answer me that."

The dragoness rolled her eyes. "For symmetry, obviously. If you took away one of a

girl's breasts, it would just look weird. When you take away one of a guy's nuts, on the other hand, it looks so much more natural – he's left with one big ol' nut in the middle of his sac."

"You're insane, you know that?"

Lia ignored my comment. "Besides, in the end it's the same deal. One for your children..." – the dragoness reached up to her chest, hefting one of her perfect tits in her claws – "...and one for your mate. Like I said, it's all tradition."

I grunted, forcing myself back into a seated position. "Well I'm sure that all sounds fine and great to you, but we are *skipping* that part of the ceremony, thank you very much."

"What? No!" The female was indignant. "The nut-popping in one of the most important parts of the ceremony!"

"Oh *come on!* It's barbaric!"

"It's part of the ceremony!" she repeated, folding her arms across her chest. "It's a very important moment in a dragon's life, male or female. You'll always remember losing a nut to me, and I'll always remember taking it."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "You...this is sick, you know that? You can't just...I mean, you practically popped them already! Doesn't that count?"

"No, because I didn't *actually* pop one." She frowned. "Listen, if you want to be mates you can't keep both your balls. You do want to be mates, right?"

I looked up at the female. She was standing with one hand on her hip, looking down at me with an eyebrow raised. Despite myself, my gaze began drifting slowly downwards: from her face to her neck, then down to the two luscious breasts that stood out proudly on her chest, tits that just begged to be groped and squeezed. I looked at her torso, covered in smooth red scales, sloping outwards into a pair of shapely hips that I knew supported a sinuous tail and a gorgeous ass. I continued my journey downwards, lingering on the hint of a slit nested between her strong thighs before moving on to her sculpted calves. And then finally, there were her feet...capped with deadly-looking claws, of course.

I swallowed nervously. God – even now, when she was threatening to half-castrate me, she was making me hard. Did I really want to be mates?

*Listen: just say no. All you have to do is say no, and she'll leave you alone.*

*Aww come on, man, how could you say no to that? Look at that body! Imagine coming home to that every night!*

*Yeah, or imagine that stomping your nuts into paste. Come on, you don't want to be mates with her. Just say no, that's all you have to do.*

*Or you could say yes, and spend every evening for the rest of your life screwing her silly. Seriously, look at her! Imagine sliding your cock between her tits, or shooting your spunk all over that rump...*

I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and said:

"Y-Yes. I want to be mates."

*OH COME ON!*

She smiled. "I thought so. I'm glad. Now again, spread your legs for me."

"What? No!"

Her gaze hardened. "If you want to be mates, then you're going to have to trust me. Now spread your legs."

"No!" I yelped. I scurried backwards to the best of my ability, which was difficult with one hand still clutching my groin and legs too weak to support my weight. "Stay away!"

"Relax," she replied, taking a step towards me. "Let's just get this over with, yeah?"

"No no no," I said quickly, "I-I changed my mind! You don't have to–"

But the dragoness already had her mind made up. "Calm down, this shouldn't take

long." She nudged my legs apart, then leaned in to grab my arms. Almost gleefully she pulled my hands aside, took one look down at my swollen sac, and brought her foot down.

Lemme tell you: no matter how many times it happens, the sensation of having your testicles forcibly flattened beneath a female's foot is *not* something a guy gets used to. It's one thing to have 'em pummeled like a punching bag, or knocked up into your throat with a vicious kick, but it's another thing entirely to watch them slowly flatten like pancakes, your nutflesh squishing out between your attacker's toes.

So it was that I watched my scaly green dragonmakers – the spuds I used to be so proud of – losing their shape beneath Lia's foot, spreading outwards as she bore down on the rubbery twins. Immediately I was wrapped around the female's leg, gasping and moaning as she tried to scramble my eggs underfoot. My stomach churned from the nausea, spots dancing in front of my eyes as wave after wave of agony washed over me. Even through the haze of pain, I could tell she was focusing most of her weight on my right nut, the same one she'd been trying to crush earlier. Not that she was sparing my left nut, though – I could see the swollen orb trying to squirm out of the way, but it was currently speared on one of her toeclaws, the nail digging viciously into the center and pinning it in place.

Lia seemed to be enjoying herself, though. I let out some kind of a squawk as she raised her foot a few inches and stomped down once again, flattening my testicles into the stone floor. I'm pretty sure I heard her giggle in response, though it's possible I was confusing my own high-pitched squeaking for her voice.

The crazy thing is that even as all this was going on, my member remained hard as a rock, blissfully unaware of the torture going on just below. Her heat was still getting to me – hell, with my face pressed up against her thigh, I was pretty much inhaling her pheromones, staring right at her sex. I could imagine how much better her feet would feel if they were caressing my cock, rather than bashing my balls – could imagine her toes wrapped around my length, and me, shooting my cream in long ropes onto her calves. Of course, I could also imagine myself trembling and blowing a huge load all over her legs just as my poor testicle finally burst. That mental image was...more arousing than it should have been, actually.

Lia seemed to have a similar idea. The dragoness lifted her weight from my balls once

again, this time moving her foot so that it pressed my cock flat against my stomach. She paused there for a moment, the sole of her foot rubbing up against the underside of my member, and briefly I thought that she had taken pity on me: that she had seen how much pain I was in and changed her mind about her torturous mating ceremony. That hope was squashed, though – literally – as she set her heel down squarely on top of my right plum, immediately transferring her weight to the fragile egg. I let out another squeal as she resumed her assault of my groin, two of her toes splaying around my shaft as my testicle began to splay out beneath her heel.

Despite all the noise I was making, though, the dragoness was less than satisfied. "This doesn't seem to be working," she said after a few seconds, frowning down at her foot. She gave a few quick heel-stomps in rapid succession, each earning a loud cry of pain from my writhing body. "I expected your ball to be jelly by now."

I could only moan in response, struggling feebly at her leg in an attempt to cover up. "Please stop," I croaked, praying for some kind of mercy.

"I guess you've just got a tough little pair." The dragoness rolled my nuts beneath her toes for a moment, assessing the swollen orbs. "Hmm...or maybe I'm just not heavy enough. What if I tried something a little more forceful...?"

My muzzle contorted in agony and I let out a gurgle as the female literally hopped onto my ballsac, my scaly orbs flattening beneath her bare feet. I could feel my brain slowing down, unable to handle the flood of pain signals coming from my mangled marbles. I was now carrying the entire weight of a full-grown dragoness on my testicles – I couldn't believe they didn't just give up and burst. They probably would have, if she'd managed to balance all her weight on just one at a time, but by now she'd stopped focusing on my right nut and was just pounding the spunk out of my entire package. I guess at this point she no longer cared which nut she popped, as long as she popped one.

"My..." I gasped, unable to finish the thought. "My..."

"*Damn.*" Lia looked down at her feet and the distorted dragonmakers she was standing on. "You've just got balls of steel, don't you? Although I guess they're kinda squishy to be steel." She adjusted her stance, my nuts rearranging themselves around her toes. "Rubber, maybe?"

By now I'd managed to weakly grab the dragoness's legs, my arms shaking with the effort required as my nervous system tried to shut itself down. "*Please...get off...*" I whispered, gripping Lia's ankles as tightly as I could and trying not to imagine what my gonads looked like just below.

She looked down at me with a sympathetic smile. "I know it hurts, P'oiu, but just wait 'til I pop one, okay? The right one feels like it might go soon. Though I'm surprised you're not a eunuch by this point." She reiterated her point with a quick stomp. "Most guys can't take nearly this much – I'm beginning to wonder if they'll ever pop."

Her words echoed in my mind for a moment, as I lay there mewling in pain – and it was only then that the terror of the situation fully struck me. All this time I'd been worried that my nuts were about to crack, about to explode beneath Lia's onslaught...but what if that wasn't the problem? What if they *didn't* pop?

You see, as I've mentioned before, in the past we green dragons were renowned in the south for our strength and our imperviousness to attack. Our teeth, our scales, our claws: they were all indestructible. As far as I knew, that indestructibility extended to my internal organs as well – and as far I knew, that included the dragonmakers hanging between my legs. Sure, they could be squashed or flattened, but I'd had my balls bashed up half-a-dozen times in the past few days, and they still seemed to be working. Hell, they'd been overproducing ever since I'd met Lia – even now, I felt ready to paint the ceiling with my spunk.

But the red dragons from the north were different. They were supposed to be faster, sleeker, more athletic – sexier, quite frankly. I'd always assumed that they'd been just as "indestructible" as us green dragons, but then again, I'd never actually *met* a red dragon before Lia – and she'd broken a nail just squeezing my balls. Maybe...maybe the reason this barbaric nut-crushing thing existed in her culture and not mine was because it wasn't *possible* in my culture. It just couldn't be done.

In a way, that thought was a huge relief – my gonads weren't goners! – but in another way, it was a terrifying idea. It was bad enough to lose a ball to some crazy dragon, but it was even worse to think that the ballbusting might never stop. If my nut never ruptured, Lia would probably just ballbust me until my whole body shut down. And who knew what she would do *trying* to make it burst?

As predicted, Lia still wasn't making any progress. "God, I didn't think it'd be this hard to pop one," she grumbled, turning away from me and lining up her heel with my right testicle as she prepared to jump aboard once more. "Maybe if I add a little twist as I land."

My leg was twitching, my body shaking as my nut was compressed to about a quarter of its usual size. "L-LIA!" I shouted in as normal a voice as possible, resisting the urge to squeal her name several octaves higher.

"Relax, P'oiu," she repeated, gaze directed at her feet. "Try to ignore the pain and enjoy the view, okay? Just think about all the fun we're going to have later." The female lifted her tail, leaning forward slightly in order to show off more of her scaly rump.

It was a nice ass, I have to admit, but it was overshadowed a bit by the whole 'soul-crushing agony' thing. "LIA!" I shouted again, this time reaching up to grab hold of her tail. I gave the length a short yank. "LISTEN TO ME!"

"Ow!" The dragoness quickly pulled her tail from my weak grip, spinning on her heel to face me again. For the first time in what seemed like hours, Lia looked away from my swollen balls and looked up at me. "Hey, what was that for? Jerk."

"Just listen for a second," I croaked. "Please."

Lia looked at me suspiciously for a moment before giving a short nod. "Okay, I'm listening." The female folded her arms across her breasts again, waiting for me to start speaking – though she still had most of her weight perched atop my groin.

I tried to swallow the ache radiating up from my gut, my toeclaws still clenching and unclenching outside of my control. "Lia..." I coughed. "Lia, what if...what if my balls don't pop?"

"What do you mean, 'if they don't pop'?" The dragoness chuckled. "Of course they pop – crush 'em flat enough and they can't take it anymore, they explode. I mean, us girls have been doing that to you for centuries."

"No..." I groaned, "not...*oh god, nnnrgh...*not green dragons. We're d-different." It was



taking every ounce of my concentration to form coherent sentences, rather than just pass out. "Our internal organs don't...*ah...d-don't* rupture."

Lia frowned down at me for a moment before a look of comprehension spread across her face. "Oh! Oh that's right, isn't it? You're a green, so you're 'indestructible' and all that, right?"

"Right," I gasped. "And that means my balls...don't...pop."

The dragoness had to think about that for a second, and even once she was finished she shook her head. "But...no, that can't be right. They're so squishy! I mean, they feel just like any other pair I've stomped on."

I paled even further, if that was possible. "H-How many other balls have you stomped on?"

"Enough to be knowledgeable about these things." She grinned, taking her weight off my balls to roll them beneath her toes for a moment. "C'mon – I guarantee you one of these spuds is about to give."

"No it's not!" I yelled. My muzzle contorted in pain as the female leaned forward once more, squashing my plums into the stone floor. "What can I do to – oh *god!* – what can I do to *convince you my nuts don't pop?!'*"

"Hmm." The dragoness paused in thought, my gonads still crushed beneath her foot. "You know, there is one thing."

"Do it," I coughed. "Anything."

"Alright then." The female took a step back, allowing my flattened testicles a brief moment to reinflate. "Spread your legs."

Despite the overwhelming urge to curl into the fetal position, I forced my hands to my sides, spreading my legs as wide as my weak body would allow and looking up at the dragoness. I let out an internal groan. I was not looking forward to seeing those toeclaws smash into my balls yet again, but if it convinced her that this was over–

But to my surprise, the female did not pull her leg back for a kick, but instead knelt down – no, actually *lay* down flat on her stomach, propping herself on her elbows. She looked at my package, eyes tracing over my still-throbbing length before settling on the two busted balls just below. Lia tilted her head sideways and licked her lips before taking ahold of my right nut, giving it a quick but brutal squeeze between two of her claws.

I let out a ragged gasp, but it was hardly the worst pain I'd felt today. "Is that it?" I asked. "A squeeze?"

"Oh no," she replied, giggling. "Squeezing's fun, but I've got something else in mind. Something I've wanted to try for a long time..."

I watched with a mix of curiosity and fear as she leaned in closer – so close now that her warm breath blew across my crotch, making my member twitch with anxiety. Hell, she looked ready to give me a blowjob – had she changed her mind about this whole ballbusting thing? Lia opened her mouth, and for a moment I expected to feel her tongue wrapping around the base of my shaft...but then I saw the flash of fang, and suddenly understood. By then it was far too late.

I let out a shrill squeal, my hips shooting off the ground as the dragoness bit down into the center of my nut. I may have actually squashed my other nut between my groin and her muzzle, but I was far too distracted to notice anything but the screaming, throbbing ache in my gut as she attempted to skewer my right ball on her fang. All conscious thought left my mind as the female bit – no, not just bit, but chewed on my poor testicle, the abused orb squashed, squished, and distorted as it was crushed again and again between her vicious teeth.

I could feel Lia trying to suck my spud deeper into her mouth, her tongue coating the orb with saliva even as her incisors attempted to reduce it to jelly, but I tried my best to resist, bucking frantically in an effort to shake loose. After a few more seconds my hands found their way to her muzzle, trying to pry her jaws open, but I had lost any and all strength long ago – I was completely at her mercy at this point. I let out another high, keen cry, babbling in some unknown language as the female did her best to scramble my scaly egg, the slippery orb squirming desperately to escape.

I don't know exactly how long this all lasted – it's hard to judge time when you're

barely clinging to consciousness – but I do remember how it ended. Once I had stopped resisting, the dragoness decided to suck both my balls into her mouth, positioning one beneath each set of molars before chomping down with all her might. Strangely enough, I hardly even remember the pain – what I remember is the dribble of dragonseed that began running down my length, my spunk forced straight from my balls as Lia ground them between her teeth. Lia just grinned at me.

Somehow, though, I survived intact – though I certainly didn't *feel* like much of a male at this point. Even though my cock was still bobbing at full-mast, I couldn't summon the energy to curl into the fetal position, never mind to sit up or to speak. I must have laid there for a good couple of minutes after she finally gave up her biting, because she eventually got tired of waiting for me to respond. So of course, she used the best attention-grabbing method she knew:

*Thump.*

I let out a quiet squeak and immediately bent double around the female's foot, claws moving shakily to cover my groin.

"Alright, I believe you. I can't pop your nut." She frowned, nudging my hands away from my groin in order to look at my lumpy ballsac. "Hell, maybe you green guys evolved indestructible balls because us girls kept stomping on 'em so much."

If that was true, I silently thanked the generations of males who had gone through this before me.

"You could have told me that before, though," she continued, climbing to her feet again. "It would've saved me a lot of trouble."

There was nothing I could do but croak wordlessly in response.

The dragoness exhaled loudly, planting her hands on her hips. "Anyway. This failed pretty miserably, huh? All that and we're still not mates."

My heart skipped a beat. She couldn't be serious. All that torture and she *still* wasn't going to let me tap that ass? What the *fuck?! I* gave a plaintive whine in her direction, hoping she wasn't really that cruel.

The dragoness turned to face me again, unable to repress a smile at the sight of me crumpled on the floor. "I'm sorry, P'oiu, but the nut-popping is important – I don't think I could really be mated with you if I can't pop one of your balls. I'll just have to take care of my own needs, I guess."

"Oh come *on*," I coughed, fighting the urge to vomit. "We both want it. Just one good fuck."

"Not unless we're mates," she repeated. "You wanna try the nut-popping one more time?"

Immediately I shook my head.

"You sure? I mean, I haven't got a ton of nut-crushing experience, but I still think one might be about to give."

I felt myself get even queasier, if that was possible. "No, I...oh *god*...I'm done."

The dragoness looked disappointed. "Aww. Alright, then, I'll give you a little while to pull yourself together and then we'll figure out what to do from here, alright?"

This whole discussion was infuriating, but at this point, I thought it best to just cut my losses. With some effort I forced myself to my hands and knees, trying to ignore the gutache as my balls hung between my thighs. "F-Fine," I replied. "We'll talk about this *laaaagh!*"

My world exploded once more as something came flying up between my legs, smashing my defenseless nuts up into my pelvis for the umpteenth time today. I had just enough time to process the image of a red-scaled foot buried in my groin before I was writhing on the ground again, both hands between my legs.

"WHAT THE HELL?!" I squealed, crumpling once more. The *pain*. It was like a dozen knives stabbing me in the gut, on top of the several hundred knives already there – more insult than injury, to be honest, though at this point the lightest of taps probably would've sent me to my knees. "Oh fuck, my *balls!*"

"Oh come on, it was worth one more shot," Lia said with a chuckle, watching me curl up on the floor. "You never know, that could've been the kick that popped 'em. Or it could be the next one. You wanna find out?"

"NO!" I answered. I was tempted to follow up that exclamation with some more colorful language, but given how well that had gone in the past – I thought back to the hippo – I decided to bite my tongue and stay quiet. "Just – oh *god* – just please, leave me *alone*!"

Lia was silent for a moment, then took a few steps towards my crumpled form. I could sense the dragoness bending over me, and I tensed, fearing the worst–

"Sorry about that," she murmured, placing a hand on my shoulder. "Listen, I'll be back soon – you rest up for a while, okay?"

I relaxed slightly. "Yeah," I croaked, opening my eyes and catching a glimpse of her naked form. I sighed inwardly as the female turned to walk away, admiring the perfect roundness of her ass and the seductive swing of her hips. *Damn it*. I had been *this* close to shacking up with a Playdragon model, a gorgeous specimen of the fairer sex. She almost seemed nice, even, if it wasn't for the damn obsession with crushing my nuts.

Lia paused at the door, shooting a glance back my way. "Hey – if you change your mind, I'd be happy to stomp your spuds some more. Just gimme a shout, alright?"

I groaned, squinting my eyes shut again.

## CHAPTER 10: PENT UP

I was down on the floor for a good long while before I could summon the energy to get up again, but eventually the agony radiating from my groin subsided enough for me to uncurl from the fetal position. With a groan I managed to roll over and get my legs under me, struggling to my feet, one hand still held carefully between my legs. My poor nuts felt like they'd been run over by a steamroller – even the lightest jostling was enough to make me wince.

"Lia?" I called out, keeping my claws carefully wrapped around my ballsac. The last thing I needed now was another surprise kick in the spuds... "You around?"

I waited a moment, but there was no response – she must have gone elsewhere. I was pretty sure she hadn't left, or she probably would have told me first, but then again it was possible I'd missed something while I was crumpled up on the floor. Either way, it couldn't hurt to explore the cave a bit more. Tenderly I cupped my heavy orbs in my claws and started limping my way towards the next room.

I had to admit, Lia had quite a nice place. I took myself on a brief tour: out towards the cave entrance, then back and into the kitchen (where I paused for a snack), then down the hall, eventually winding up down towards the bedrooms. There I discovered Lia: curled up on a rather soft-looking bed, her chest slowly rising and falling, her tail curled up between her legs. She had lay down for a nap, apparently – no doubt tired after her little nutbusting "workout". I probably could have stood there all day letting my eyes trace up and down her body, particularly given the faint scent of her heat still wafting from the room, but after a moment I managed to tear myself from the doorway. I'd spent a lot of time chasing that tail recently, and so far it had only brought me trouble.

Luckily, I managed to distract myself from the nude dragoness lying in the other room with another discovery: the washroom. Lia had picked her home well – one of her rooms contained a natural hot spring, which she had corralled into a custom-built hot tub. With nothing else to do, I was all too eager to sink into the warm water, my legs spread just about as far apart as possible in order to give the pair of bowling balls between my legs some room.

Difficult as it was, I willed myself to relax, my muscles slowly loosening, my body

sinking deep into the tub. God knows I'd spent enough time over the past couple days contorted in various positions of agony, so it was nice to stretch out my limbs for once – better than the fetal position, anyway. With each passing second, I could feel the ache in my muscles melting away. And my junk – well, I think this was the first time my package had been treated gently since that orca had stumbled into my life. After a couple minutes' soak in the warm water, my sac was so loose that even my massive marbles had room to breathe.

As I got more comfortable and I had a moment to myself, my mind began to drift...and with the female pheromones still swirling in the air, there was only one place it could go. My member quickly rose to attention, still eager to bust a nut after all the cock-teasing I had endured from Lia. I would have stroked one out myself, if I wasn't so worried about jostling my broken balls – it wasn't worth the risk of spending another hour curled up in pain. Still, I couldn't stop my libido from running wild, imagining the female's tongue wrapped around my pride, or her sex stretching to take my thick length...I swear I could almost feel her fingers running up and down my cock.

I must have sat there for a good ten minutes, resisting the urge to start pounding my meat like there was no tomorrow, before I finally forced myself to calm down. I sat up straighter, trying to distract myself – but as soon as I did, I came to realize why I was so horny. There were underwater jets! Glorious, tantalizing, toe-curling underwater jets. Immediately I sank back into my seat with a shuddering groan, my eyes sliding shut as the currents swirled around my groin. A little scoot to the left, a little raise of the hips, and– oh *god!*

My head rolled back with throaty moan as the water wormed its way around my cock, a dozen different jets tickling the underside of my shaft. It was so warm and wet, and yet such an impossibly light touch – it felt like I was getting a blowjob from a ghost. I started to rock my hips against the stream in short thrusts, and although my body insisted that I thrust even faster, it did nothing to increase the stimulation. Still, I could picture Lia kneeling between my legs, her head bobbing up and down, sucking down inch after inch of dragonmeat...

Before long I had both arms gripping the edge of the tub, my claws gouging scratches in the stone as I teetered on the edge of climax. My hips jerked up and down, sending little jolts of pain up my spine as my balls bounced against my seat, but even that wasn't enough to stop me. I felt ready to paint the ceiling in my spunk, if only I could

get...a little...*closer*...!

But of course, just then a voice came echoing from down the hall.

"P'oiu? You in there?"

I opened my eyes and turned just in time to see the red dragoness come through the doorway, newly refreshed from her midday nap. If anything, the sight of the naked female just spurred my libido to even greater heights, but I managed to stop my frenzied thrusting...even if I couldn't completely get rid of the pre-orgasmic shudders racing through my body. "Oh, h-...hi, Lia."

"There you are." The female came to a stop, folding her arms beneath her breasts. "Well you look like you're doing better. You managed to crawl your way over here, at least."

I grunted my agreement. Apparently she hadn't noticed what was going on. "Uh...y-yeah, a bit. Still pretty sore, though."

"I'll bet." Lia chuckled. "I'm assuming you don't want to try again, then?"

I winced. I wasn't eager to think about my earlier experience, but the mental image of my nutsac crushed beneath her heel *did* help bring me down from the edge a bit. "No no," I said quickly, "no, I'm done trying. At this point, I just wanna get home."

"Aww." She frowned. "That's too bad. I haven't had that much fun with a guy in a long time."

I groaned. "Glad *you* enjoyed it, at least."

"Nothing like a male's marbles beneath your feet. Squishy little things." Lia grinned.

"Anyway, considering the bruising I gave you, I think the very least I could do is accompany you back home. Y'know – make sure no other girls decide you're in need of a good ballbusting."

"Uh..." I really wasn't sure if I wanted to spend so much time with someone so hell-bent on destroying my dragonhood. Then again, I had no idea where I was in the forest, and given my luck, I was bound to stumble across another half-dozen angry females on the



trek home.

"...Alright," I said begrudgingly. "As long as you promise to leave my junk alone."

That just made her grin wider. "I'll do my best. Why don't you rest up for today – we'll leave tomorrow."

I nodded – and shivered, as a jet of water brushed the head of my still-twitching cock. "Sounds gooooh...s-sounds good."

"Alright then." Lia hovered at the doorway for another moment, her gaze flicking from my face down to the water. "You know, you've got a pretty nice cock on you."

I blushed. "Uh...thanks."

"Just don't spend too long with that water jet – it's an awful tease. Trust me, I know." She stuck her tongue out. "Besides, with the state your balls are in right now, I'm guessing that an orgasm would feel more like a steel-toed boot to the groin. Probably best to leave it."

My blush deepened by about five shades, and I swallowed nervously. "R-right."

Lia smiled once more. "I'll be in bedroom if you need me."

"Okay," I mumbled, my eyes falling to her backside as she turned to walk away. What an ass. I looked down sadly at the pole of dragonflesh throbbing between my legs – and the twin seedsacks throbbing just beneath it. She was right, of course...I could feel the ache intensifying in my nuts as they got ready for release, and actually blowing my load would probably be ten times worse. Even if the image of Lia's gorgeous rack was permanently burned into the back of my eyeballs. Oh what I wouldn't give for a titfuck...

I let myself sink into the water once again, lowering my hips and bringing my shaft away from the underwater currents. It took a supreme force of will not to just grab myself and start jerking off, but I managed to keep my hands at my sides, even as my member continued twitching in my lap. I assured myself the frustration was worth it. Better to rest up for the journey ahead than to spend another hour clutching my

gonads.

Little did I know just how much trouble I was getting myself into...

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"Well that's weird."

"What?" I croaked. As if I didn't already know.

Lia rolled my nuts carefully between her claws, examining them closely. "It's just...it's been almost a week now, and you're still not showing much improvement. I haven't done anything since we left, so the bruising really should've cleared up by now." She frowned. "They're still pretty purple, though."

"Mmm," I grunted in assent, trying my best to ignore her continued fondling. Oh when was this doctor's appointment going to be *over*...

"Maybe we should try more of that salve...hang on, let me check my bag." The dragoness turned away from me for a moment, bending down to rifle through her belongings, and...yep. There was the problem.

You see, it had been several days now since we'd started the journey home...and Lia, as it turned out, was just about the biggest unintentional cocktease the world had ever seen. Every day I would walk behind her for hours, following the seductive sway of her hips and tail; every evening, she'd sit down and examine my balls, feeling up my junk and leaving me as hard as a rock; and every night, she would sleep next to me, the perfect swell of her breasts rising and falling with each breath and making it impossible for me to do anything but fantasize. Even worse were the nights where the last of her heat would strike and she'd creep away to masturbate, leaving me alone to hear her blissful moans and catch occasional glimpses of her body through the trees. Afterwards she'd come back and lie down as if nothing had happened, while her pheromones swirled around my head and drove me half-way insane.

The situation *might* have been manageable if I'd had a lot of alone time and a box of tissues, but on the contrary, I had no such chance. Lia had specifically forbidden me from jerking off, on the grounds that it might further damage my already battered balls. After a few days of her accidental torture, I was more than willing to ignore her

and take that risk, but any time I tried to sneak away Lia would inevitably find me just as I was about to start stroking one out. It was agonizing. I'd never been blue-balled this badly...so badly that my sac had actually taken on a blue-ish hue, and my balls had started swelling again with unspent seed. Hell, at this point just the sight of Lia was like a kick in the groin.

Which brings me back to where I was, with Lia looking through her pack for meds. The moment she bent down, I was treated to a glorious view of her ass: round and firm, swaying ever so slightly as she shifted her weight back and forth. She was just a few feet in front of me – I could have reached out and squeezed that ruby-red behind, if I didn't think she would've castrated me afterwards. As it was my cock immediately began to stiffen, and I had to stifle a groan as the ache in my balls intensified.

"You alright?" Lia asked, not bothering to turn around.

"Fine," I moaned, trying to ignore the hint of a slit peeking out from between her legs. "Just...I'm fine."

"Ah, here we go." Lia held up a small bottle filled with a blue substance, shaking it briefly and examining its contents. "This oughta help." She unscrewed the top, splashing some of the liquid onto her palms, then crouched down in front of me.

"What is this stuff?" I asked – now trying to distract myself from the pair of ample breasts sitting in front of my face. Nnrgh.

"An old family recipe," she answered. "Now spread your legs again, would you?" She nudged my thighs wider, lifting my halfway-hard member out of the way with one hand as she applied the salve with the other hand.

My eyes widened in surprise as I instantly I felt the effects...though perhaps not in the area she had intended. "Uh, what does it do?" I asked, as my dragonhood quickly started to grow to its full length.

Lia didn't seem to notice. "It enhances blood flow."

"Y-Yeah," I stuttered, watching my rod continue to stiffen in her grip. My breath

caught in my throat as she began absent-mindedly rubbing a finger up and down against the underside of my shaft, a drop of pre appearing at the tip. "Ohhhh yeah it does."

It took Lia a moment to note the tone of my voice, and another moment to realize what was going on. With a gasp she pulled her hands away, glaring up at me accusingly. "Oh come on, P'oiu, you're getting off on this?!"

I winced as she suddenly dropped my junk, grunting as my heavy nuts thumped unceremoniously back to earth. "Excuse me? You're rubbing my cock and I haven't cum for days! Of *course* I'm getting off on this!"

"I thought we agreed about this!" She planted her hands on her hips. "First of all, we're not mates, and even if we were, your nuts are still really swollen from before. Black and blue, even!"

"That's not why they're swollen," I grumbled. "Or blue."

"Oh really?" she said, raising an eyeridge. "Well then, care to explain? Somebody else kick you in the balls while I wasn't looking?"

"No, it's just...you..." I winced, looking aside. "You know what, forget it."

Lia glared at me grumpily, crossing her arms across her chest. "Well then, fine. If you're not going to talk to me, I think this examination is over." She screwed the cap back onto her bottle of salve, turning to place it back in her bag, bending down and...oh dammit, that ass again. God, it was just so *juicy* – just looking I felt ready to bust a nut all over her backside. She was still in heat, right? Maybe she wouldn't mind a round of quick sex...or several rounds...or non-stop fucking until we were both to exhausted to move...

I guess I must have gotten lost in my fantasizing, because the next thing I heard was Lia snapping me out of my reverie:

"P'oiu?"

I blinked, and there was Lia – still bent over, still shoving that scaly rear in my face, but

also peering backwards between her legs, looking at me curiously. I forced my gaze downwards to meet hers. "Uh...yeah?"

"Are you alright?" She blinked. "Normally I'd be mad at you for staring at my ass, but you've been looking for, like...a full minute."

"O-Oh," I stammered, trying to gather my thoughts. "Well I'm, uh...well..."

"...Yes?"

"...I'm *really* fucking horny," I finally finished, almost stumbling over the words in my rush to say them. My eyes darted back and forth between her face and her behind as I spoke. "You...you're walking around naked all the time, and you're really fucking hot, and you're in heat, and all I want to do is fuck you, but I *can't* fuck you, and I can't even jerk off because of my balls, but I'm still hard all the time, and now you're bending over and all I can see is dragoness booty, and I just wanna cum all over you, and I haven't gone this long without blowing a load since I hit *puberty*—"

"Whoa whoa whoa, slow down, slow down." She chuckled. "Geez...you're really pent-up, aren't you? You sound like you're about to explode or something."

"I have the worst case of blue balls," I groaned, "that a dragon has ever had."

I watched the look of understanding slowly spread across her face. "Oh, you mean...*ohhh*. So *that's* why they're swollen."

"Yes!" I replied, thrilled that she finally understood.

"And that's why they're still that funky shade of blue." She frowned, straightening back up to a standing position. "Damn. I was taking that as a compliment to my ballbusting – I thought I'd gotten better at my nut-stomping."

I winced at the memory. "No, you're just a horrible cocktease."

"Eh, that's not too bad either. I guess I have been blue-balling you pretty bad, huh?" She looked back and gave her rump a squeeze, and my cock leapt in response. "Hmm."

"Well then maybe could you, um....?" I cleared my throat. "You know."

Lia blinked. "I'm sorry?"

"Y'know..." I struggled to present my case politely, and not just flip her onto her back and start rutting. "I'm...*extremely* horny, and you've been teasing me all week, so could you...maybe..."

"Get you off?" she finished, turning to face me.

"Yes," I answered, relieved that she understood where I was going. "Yes, please."

She shook her head. "I told you before – I gave you the choice to be mates and it didn't work out. I'm not looking for just a friend with benefits, so unless you're willing to try things again..."

I had the mental image of my testicles skewered on her claws. "I'll pass."

"...then no, I'm not getting you off." She frowned. "Sorry, you'll just have to deal with it."

"Oh c'mon, just a blowjob? A titfuck?"

"No!"

I sighed – it had been worth a shot. "Well in that case, if you'll excuse me..." Without further delay I reached down and wrapped a hand around my straining shaft, leaning back and looking up at the nude female. God, those tits were to die for...

"What are you doing?" she asked.

I cocked an eyeridge, shuddering lightly as I gave myself a first experimental pump. "What does it look like? I'm jerking off."

"Um, not while looking at me you're not." Indignantly she folded her arms across her chest, turning away...which of course just exposed her backside. I grinned and focused

on her rear, imagining my length grinding up against those firm cheeks.

"God dammit, stop it!" she shouted, spinning back around with an angry glare. "Stop it right now or I am kicking you in the balls."

The words sent a chill down my spine, though I felt pretty sure it was an empty threat. "You wouldn't," I replied, continuing to stroke as I zoned in on her long legs.

"Oh?" And suddenly her leg was pulled back, then flying forward in a vicious arc—

"OKAY FINE STOP!" I yelled, claws shooting to protect my crotch. Luckily her foot stopped just a few inches shy of my groin, sparing me another hour curled up in pain. I groaned and looked up at Lia. "My god, haven't you done enough damage already?"

"I'm serious! I'm not some porn star and I'm not your mate, so I don't want you looking at me while you jack off."

I rolled my eyes. "Well even if I jerk off elsewhere, I'm still going to be fantasizing about you, so I might as well be looking at the real thing. What do you care?"

That was not the right thing to say, apparently. Instantly her face darkened, and she gave me a stony glare. "P'oiu, you try jerking off over me and I promise I will kick you in the balls, no matter what state they're in." She harrumphed, folding her arms across her chest.

Geez. "Fine," I replied, climbing to my knees. "I'll go fantasize about someone else. Maybe someone less bitchy."

"Oh no you won't."

I stopped. "What?"

"Oh come on, we both know that's a lie." Lia exhaled in frustration. "The second you get out of my sight, you're going to start thinking about me again, and I'm not letting that happen."

"Well then what am I supposed to do, Lia? I'm either jerking off in front of you or I'm jerking off somewhere else – which do you prefer?"

"Neither," she replied. "I don't think you need to jerk off at all."

I growled, aggravated with the female. "In case you haven't noticed, I'm a fucking dragon. We're probably the most virile things on the planet. You realize dragons are supposed to jerk it, like, at least once a day, right? You realize my balls are *turning purple* because I need to cum?"

"So do it when we get back to your damn cave."

"No!" I sat back down, then reached down and grabbed hold of myself again, giving my cock a quick pump. Even that was enough to make my claws curl. "Just give me five minutes and I'll catch up with you–"

All I saw from Lia was a narrowing of her eyes before suddenly she was on her knees and her claws were wrapped around my balls. I gave a yelp of surprise and tried to scoot backwards, but she gave me a warning squeeze that stopped me in my tracks.

"If you want me to try popping one again, I'll do it." Her voice was surprisingly calm. "And if I actually burst one, I will gladly fuck you silly. But otherwise, I don't want you jerking off around me. Alright?"

I nodded silently.

"Do you want me to try it?"

I whined, trying to ignore the tight clawgrip around my testicles. Already my stomach was crawling. "No, but I really need to cum–"

"I told you," she interrupted. "You can do it when we get to your damn cave." She let my nutsack slip from her fingers, climbing back to her feet and taking a few steps to retrieve her bag. "This conversation is over. Now come on, let's go."

"Oh come on, you're being such a bitch!" I stayed seated, refusing to move – and stealing another look at her rump while she bent over to pick up our gear. "You know



what? Maybe I'll just give you a facial while you're asleep – see how you like that."

Lia stopped, then turned to me with a stony glare. "P'oiu," she growled, "you do that and I'm going to make you *wish* I'd popped your balls back at the cave. Now unless you'd like me to invite some friends over to take turns stomping the sperm out of your nuts, I advise you to shut up already. Understood?"

I hadn't seen her this angry since I'd first met her – and the thought of what she'd done to my gonads then sent a chill down my spine. "Y-yes ma'am," I stuttered, my arousal temporarily forgotten. Quickly I climbed to my feet, hoping I hadn't pissed her off too much.

That seemed to take the edge off of her anger – though there was still a fiery glint in her eye as she replied. "Good. Then let's get moving – we've still got a lot of ground to cover."

Without another word she turned and started down the path again, leaving me no choice but to follow. I dragged myself reluctantly along, all the while grumbling about the unresolved ache in my loins. I was still hard...and spending more time walking behind Lia wasn't going to help. Despite my best efforts, I found my gaze drawn to her rear yet again. Beneath a strong tail that flicked lazily back and forth there sat two luscious red cheeks, bouncing slightly with each step. I could imagine my length pressed up against those smooth scales – and with my erection still bobbing between my legs, I was really only a few feet away from making that a reality. I wondered to myself if she'd ever tried anal...

Suddenly her tail flicked once again, this time more forcefully – the tip striking me squarely in the groin. I let out a surprised grunt, bending double slightly at the unexpected attack.

"Eyes on the road," Lia warned, not even bothering to turn around.

I groaned as I continued to stumble along behind her, watching her tail much more warily as I cupped my balls in my claws. "R-right."

## CHAPTER 11: THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY

After our little argument, my journey with Lia became a bit more tense. Normally the dragoness was a pretty chatty partner – humming to herself, making small talk, occasionally pointing out random facts about the plant life – but after our confrontation she clammed up a bit. I guess I'd given us both something to think about.

Of course, pretty much all of my thoughts were focused one thing: the dragoness walking in front of me. Just because the issue was out in the open now didn't make it any easier to distract myself from the sight of that bodacious body. Despite my best efforts, my eyes were drawn like magnets to Lia's backside, her hips rolling with each step, her tail flicking lazily back and forth above her luscious ass. It was enough to drive any male crazy, even one who hadn't been teased for days on end. After Lia's latest round of threats, I'd been quite understandably turned off, but with all those unsatisfied hormones pumping through my blood, it was only a matter of minutes before my now-permanent erection came back, more eager than ever.

That was pretty much how things had been all day, trudging along behind the red dragoness while my libido did its best to drive me mad. I glanced down at my dragonhood with a quiet whine, my aching member bobbing needfully between my legs. After several days of constant tease and denial, my cock felt like it was made of steel, and my balls felt like they were about to explode. What I wouldn't give for a good hard fuck, or a long, slow blowjob...hell, I'd gladly settle for my own hand, if I thought I could get away with it. Lia had made her position rather clear, though: if I so much as touched myself, she was more than happy to pound my plums into pudding.

Speaking of my plums...I looked past my hard-on for a moment, to the two swollen orbs dangling below. It had been a couple of days now since Lia's last beat-down, which had given my gonads a chance to heal up from the various ordeals they'd been through, but despite that my balls still throbbed with each step. The twin spheres were so swollen with spunk that they were tender to the touch, even without some female trying to crush them into oblivion. Every step felt like another slap as I stumbled along, every bump and jostle sending a little jolt of pain up my spine. My scaly scrotum, normally a healthy green, had taken on a darker hue that corresponded to the horrible blue-balling I'd received.

And it was only getting worse. It was bad enough having to spend all day around a dragoness straight out of my wet dreams, but it was even *worse* to be stuck with her while she was still giving off pheromones from the last of her heat. Every so often the wind would swing in my direction, carrying with it that tantalizing scent – and when it did, I swear, it was all I could do not to trip over my own feet. My nuts ached so fiercely that it felt like I'd been on the wrong end of one of her stomps, and my cock was so stiff it hurt – hell, I'm surprised I didn't pass out from all the blood redirected to my groin. I needed relief *now*, but Lia estimated that we were still at least two days' hike away from my cave – which meant that I'd have to wait another 48 hours before getting any kind of release. Assuming I didn't spontaneously combust at some point before then. It was nothing short of torture, but there was nothing I could do but stagger along behind the dragoness, feeling sorry for myself. Why me? Why did I have to be the one stuck traveling with the world's biggest cocktease?

So distracted was I by my internal monologue of self-pity that I failed to notice Lia come to a stop ahead of me in the middle of the path. Something had apparently caught the female's interest, as she bent down to examine the forest floor, letting her bag slip from her shoulder for a moment to rest on the ground. If I'd bothered to look up, I would have been treated to a perfect view of her firm behind, the ruby-toned ass I'd been worshipping all week – I probably could have gotten a good look at her sex, too.

Of course, me being me, I failed to notice until I walked straight into the female. Not that that was such a bad deal either – suddenly my cock was pressed up against two gorgeous rumpcheeks, the warm flesh rubbing against my length. Before I even thought about it, I pressed myself closer, my instincts telling me to start grinding away–

–but then I heard a gasp of surprise, and with a feeling of dread suddenly I remembered who that ass belonged to. I hardly had time to blink before Lia snapped a back kick up between my legs, her bare heel catching my bruised dragonmakers and slamming them both up into my throat.

My body bent double instantly, the air driven from my lungs as my two most fragile organs were once again crushed into my pelvis. Time seemed to slow down as my spunk-filled orbs were squashed to their limits, already swollen and aching from their denial, now flattened like pancakes across Lia's heel. Despite the utter agony, my member gave a weak, involuntary twitch, firing a short spurt of pre that was no doubt

propelled straight out of my poor plums.

With a high-pitched moan both hands shot to my groin, trying to clutch my busted balls but instead finding the female's ankle, her foot still lodged in my groin. For a moment I was frozen in place, my legs trembling beneath me as I stood hunched over the nut-cracking dragoness, but finally after a moment she withdrew her leg and let me crumple mercifully to the ground.

It was several seconds before I could find the presence of mind to put any words together – and even once I did, it was hardly intelligible. My voice was somewhere between a rooster's squawk and a hummingbird on helium, my muzzle pressed into the dirt as I lay there on the ground, fighting the urge to vomit. I let out a long, low moan, my eyes squinted shut against the nausea churning in my gut. "My–...oh, my *balls!* Oh god, *why* did you–...*nnrrgh!*"

"P'oiu! Oh dammit, I really hit you good, didn't I?" The female crouched down beside me, placing a hand on my shoulder. "Shoot, I'm sorry – I didn't mean to kick you, it was just reflex. You shouldn't have snuck up on me like that."

I was only dimly aware of Lia's presence – most of my attention was still focused on the ungodly ache coming from my groin. With another agonized moan I rolled onto my side, my tail curled between my legs as I clutched my bruised berries in my claws. The pain seemed even worse than usual...a fact which no doubt had to do with the horrible teasing I'd endured lately. An image flashed through my mind of all those unborn baby dragons, millions of sperm sent flying by the force of that awful foot. "Oh fuck, Lia, my *nuts*...you just *had* to kick me in the junk. *Nngh*–"

"I told you, I'm sorry." Her tone was a little less apologetic this time. "You bumped into me and I was startled, that's all. It certainly didn't help when you started grinding against me like–" A pause. "Oh god dammit, P'oiu, that's gross."

I gasped for breath, nose still pressed into the dirt. "W-What?"

"You...*spurted* on my tail." The dragoness reached back to wipe the pre from her body, grimacing as she flicked the thin liquid from her hand onto the ground. "What the hell were you trying to do, exactly?"

Uh-oh. Through the haze of agony, I managed to crack one eye open. "N-Nothing, Lia, I swear. It...*unngh*...it was an accident."

"I hope so, or you deserved a lot harder of a kick than you just got. I could leave a footprint in those eggs of yours." She frowned, climbing back to her feet. "I know you're horny, but please, contain yourself."

"Easier said than done," I groaned. Even with my dragonmakers throbbing painfully, my member was still hard as a rock, giving off the occasional twitch as I lay crumpled on the ground. I cast my gaze up to Lia and felt it twitch again, stronger this time as I tried not to stare up between the female's legs. My cock ached at the sight of that tight, inviting slit...

"Yeah, well." Lia scratched at the back of her neck, looking further down the path. "We're just a day or two from the southern hills now – once we get to your place you can jerk it 'til it falls off, for all I care. If we get going now and keep a good pace for the rest of the day, we might be able to make it by tomorrow night."

I coughed and rolled on to my back, claws still latched around my badly-busted pair. "Lia, I...*ohhh*...I don't think I can walk at *all* right now."

"Oh come on, you wuss, I didn't hit you that hard." The dragoness folded her arms across her chest, looking down at me. "Besides, I know for a fact that you got off easy – I felt both your boys squirm out of the way before they could really get flattened. There's no fooling a girl when she's barefoot."

My eyes fell to the dragoness's feet, and I moaned aloud at the mental image still fresh in my mind. "That certainly *felt* like a full-force kick."

"Believe me, if I'd hit you full-force you'd still be curled up and mewling. That, and missing a testicle." She chuckled. "Not that that's an issue for you, Mr. Balls-of-Steel. I could pound on your plums all night and still have something to play with in the morning."

"Please don't," I croaked, my claws tightening protectively around my gonads.

"Aww, it'd be fun! Those little nuggets trapped between my toes..." The dragoness

sighed. "Males are so sensitive about their testicles."

"For good reason," I grumbled, mostly to myself.

"Anyway," she continued, "if you really can't walk, I suppose we should try and make the best of it." Lia sat down on a nearby rock, dragging her bag over until it was between her legs. She bent down to rifle through its contents. "You feeling well enough to eat, at least?"

"Uh." I glanced down at myself, my legs spread wide to give my balls some room to breathe. "Yeah, I could do that."

"Alright then, time for an early dinner."

Without looking up, the female tossed a few things my way – a hunk of bread, an apple, a canteen of water. Carefully I detached one hand from my groin, planting it against the ground and forcing myself up into a sitting position, then reached out and grabbed the apple. I wasn't really hungry, but if it would distract me from the ache in my groin, I was more than happy to chow down.

I sat there for a few minutes with my head down, taking bites from my apple and trying to make sure I didn't somehow hurt myself any more than I'd already been hurt. Thankfully, eating was a pretty safe activity – as long as I didn't drop anything in my lap, I was fine. Eventually the ache in my sac eased off enough that I could just let my swollen spuds rest on the ground, the heavy orbs dangling in their scaly sac. With both hands free, I turned to grab the canteen beside me, my eyes flicking briefly upwards to glance at Lia–

Oh, *wow*.

The ruby-colored dragoness had packed herself a similarly simple lunch, with one key difference. Rather than an apple, she had grabbed herself a banana – and rather than taking bites out of it, she had elected to just swallow the whole thing at once. That's the sight I was treated to: a gorgeous specimen of female beauty, her eyes sliding shut as one end of the banana disappeared between her lips, her tongue coiling seductively around the rest of the fruit as she sucked it deep into her throat. It almost seemed like she was trying to coax an extra bit flavor from her snack, slurping hungrily on the long

yellow length, her jaws completely stuffed with banana.

I'd never been jealous of a fruit before, but I'm pretty sure my heart skipped a few beats as I watched the dragoness go down on her meal, giving it the kind of oral treatment that I'd only seen in wet dreams. My god – where the hell was her gag reflex? If the length between my legs had been eager before, now it felt like a firework about to go off. Just the thought of the female on her knees, grinning up at me, then leaning in to swallow down my stiff cock, cupping my nuts in her claws, her tongue sliding along the underside of my thick shaft–

I had to suppress a moan as my member twitched of its own accord, a thin spurt of pre splashing across my stomach. Already my breath was fast and shallow – if I continued on this train of thought, I might just cream my scales without even touching myself. And if I came right now, right in front of Lia, while watching her deep-throat her dinner...well, I could only imagine what sort of damage she might do to me. If I valued my dragonmakers, I needed to find myself someplace private, and fast.

"L-Lia?" I stuttered.

"Mmrph?" It took a moment for the female to extract the banana from her throat, the length slipping wetly back into the open air. "Yeah, what's up?"

I tried not to stare at the yellow fruit, still glistening with her saliva. "I-I, uh...I need to go to the bathroom. It'll just take a minute."

The dragoness raised an eyeridge. "I thought you couldn't walk."

"Oh. Right. I'm, uh...I'm starting to feel better."

"Mmm." The female looked back down at her banana, silent for a moment. "Alright, sure. Just be back quickly – I want to get moving again."

That was all I needed to hear. I dragged myself to my knees and then my feet, biting back a groan as my balls bumped back and forth between my thighs. My cock stuck up like a flagpole, bobbing comically between my legs, almost painfully hard. I thought I saw Lia glance at it, but when I turned my head she was back to sucking down her fruit, a good six inches already down her throat. I felt my knees tremble beneath me –

from the seductive show or from the ache in my gut, I'm not sure.

I managed to stumble maybe 50 yards into the forest before I couldn't take it any more. I leaned back against the nearest tree, digging my toeclaws into the soil as I wrapped a hand around my straining shaft. Immediately I felt the pleasure wash over me, my head rolling back with a lustful moan as I gave myself a few firm pumps. So many days of denial, reversed in a single glorious moment! I almost wanted to cry, it was so good. How had I managed to stay away for so long? I was *never* going a week without masturbation again.

Normally I might have paced myself, tried to enjoy things a bit more, but I couldn't have held myself back even if I'd wanted to. From the very start my fist was a blur, my dragonhood thick and throbbing, my tongue hanging out of my mouth as my libido went into overdrive. My bruised gonads squealed in protest as they were bounced about by the violent pumping, but I was so lost in ecstasy that I didn't even care. All I could feel was the vice grip around my cock, the veins throbbing in my shaft, the bolts of pleasure shooting up my spine.

And of course, there was the image in my mind. Back at the cave there were a whole range of fantasies I used to jerk off to: trysts with gryphons, wild draconic threesomes, Opal's amazing rack. But at this point, after days of tease and denial, days spent smelling her scent, days begging for release, days stuck behind the same endlessly undulating ass, there was only one thing I could possibly think of: Lia. In my mind she was transformed into a complete nymphomaniac, her every move and touch designed to bring me to new heights of ecstasy. Her tongue coiled around my shaft like a snake; her breasts enveloped my cock like a pair of warm pillows; her sex clamped down so hard around my dragonhood that I swore she was going to pull it off. Every dirty sex move that I had ever seen or dreamed up, she did, fucking me long and hard until my balls were totally drained, gallons of dragonseed splattered across the two of us.

It was heaven – absolute heaven. As my strokes sped up even further and my aching nuts began to rise, I could feel the orgasm I'd been waiting for starting to approach. "Oh god, Lia," I gasped, my nervous system threatening to shut down from the pleasure overload. "Fuck – oh, fuck yes, *Lia!*"

"You son of a *bitch*."



And just like that, it all came crashing down. My eyes shot open to find my absolute worst nightmare: the dragoness herself, glaring at me from just a few feet away. And boy did she look upset.

"What the *hell*," she spat, "do you think you're doing?"

I'm not sure exactly what it was that made me feel so confident – maybe the spike in arousal from seeing the female in the flesh, or maybe the fact that I was already about to explode – but for whatever reason, I wasn't scared. I stared straight back at her, continuing to stroke myself as my gaze travelled up and down her body, taking in her curves. "I'm jerking off, okay? Because I'm sick and tired of having these damn blue balls, and I'm sick and tired of listening to what you have to say. If you're going to deep-throat a banana then the very least I deserve is a little release."

"Let me tell you something–"

"No, let *me* tell *you* something," I shot back angrily. "I am a fucking *dragon*, and you are a fucking *dragoness* who was just in *heat*. My balls are practically boiling with little unborn dragon babies, because every biological impulse in my body wants me to fuck you, and fuck you hard, until my balls are totally empty and neither of us can see straight. *Not only* have you not let me fuck you, and *not only* have you not let me blow *at all*, but instead you've tried to *pop one of my nuts* like a fucking *balloon* and teased me until I'm just about insane from horniness. So I think the very *least* you could do is let my blow off some steam in peace."

Lia just stared back at me with a cold rage, her eyes boring holes in my skull. "I warned you," she growled, "about what would happen if you tried to sneak away and go jerk off about me. And now I find you standing here, *moaning out my name* while you pound one out. I don't make empty threats, P'oiu."

"You know what? Fine then. Do what you have to." I spread my legs, one hand still pistoning up and down my cock. "Kick me in the balls. See if I care."

Of course, I didn't expect her to actually do it – or at least, if she *was* actually going to do it, I expected her to take a second. But no. Before I could blink, my testicles were painfully reintroduced to her feet, as Lia slammed a kick up at full force between my legs. I froze as the initial shock of pain shot through my groin, my tortured baby-

makers flattened across her foot, my mouth opening in some silent exclamation of agony. Any pleasure I'd been feeling was immediately gone, replaced with a white-hot pain that raced up my spine. Why? *Why* had I just invited her to do that?

But she was far from finished – before I could answer my own question her leg was drawn back, her muscles tensing as she prepared for another ball-bursting blow. My slow reaction time meant that I got to watch that foot come up again, crashing up into my scaly sac with enough speed and momentum to lift my feet off the ground. This time it was more like slow motion, every agonizing moment drawn out into an eternity. I could see the top of her foot making contact with my dangling testicles, the two orbs rolling to either side in an attempt to minimize the damage – only to be crushed with ungodly force into the hard bone of my pelvis, my once-proud dragonmakers launched into my throat. My spuds were more like mashed potatoes, losing any and all shape as they deformed around her toeclaws, their contents thoroughly scrambled by the angry female.

And oh *God*, the pain. If I didn't know better, I would have sworn she'd just shattered both my gonads – hell, I wouldn't have been surprised if she'd broken my pelvis with that last kick. But no, my nuts were definitely still in one piece, judging from the waves of nausea that came crashing over me, my mating organs screaming out at their mistreatment. She'd been telling the truth earlier – that back kick she'd given me on the path was just a friendly poke compared to this kind of abuse. This felt more like a sledgehammer, made of acid, on fire.

There was no way I could stay standing after a hit like that. The ground came up to meet me rather quickly, but even after I'd hit the floor my body was still too busy processing pain signals to curl up and start mewling. My mouth opened and closed a few times before I could form any words, but eventually a single question came:

"What the *fuck*?!" I squeaked, looking up at the dragoness towering above me.

"I told you!" exclaimed Lia, slamming her toeclaws up into my ballsac once again. I could see her rack bounce from the force of the impact, those two luscious orbs bouncing on her chest. "If you break my rules, then you get my punishment."

It wasn't until the fourth kick that I finally managed to regain my basic motor functions, curling double around the female's leg as she tried her damndest to grind

my jewels into jelly. I let out a high, tortured squeal as she bore down on my twins, the rubbery spheres utterly flattened beneath her bare foot, but miraculously still in one piece. Still, that was little consolation when I could see the bubbles of nutflesh squishing out from between her toes, my spunk-filled stones all but obliterated beneath the dragoness's weight.

"Dammit," Lia grumbled finally, lifting her foot up and letting me crumple mercifully into the fetal position. "You're lucky as hell you're a southern dragon – if you were a red, I've had made you a eunuch by now. Hell, losing a nut might be good for you – it'd definitely help your libido problem."

I just remained curled up in a ball, wishing I could will myself to die. The ache in my mangled marbles was all I could think about, all I could feel, all I could imagine. Was there anything in the universe besides this horrible ballpain? Hell, I would *let* her pop them if it would just stop my suffering.

Lia frowned at my lack of a response, crossing her arms across her breasts. "P'oiu, are you even listening?"

I really wasn't...at least not until she reached in between my legs and seized one of my tenderized eggs between her claws. I was too weak to fight back – I just gave a moaning cry as she gave it a light squeeze, sending a fresh kick of nausea through my gut.

"Good. Now that I've got your attention..." She rolled my injured nut between her fingers, playing with it for a moment. "You will not cum until we've reached your cave. End of story. Understood?"

I coughed weakly, nodding my head.

"Good. Because next time," she continued, pinching my fat plum between two of her claws, "I might not be so nice."

I whined weakly, trying to show my obedience...only to let out a shrill squeal as she clamped down, digging her fingers into the center of my trapped testicle. My poor ball was like putty in her claws, squishing whichever way she squeezed it, the lumpy orb stressed to its very limits. My eyes rolled back into my head as she tightened her grip, my abused nut trembling between her fingers, right on the edge of rupture. There was

pain, and there was Lia, and then there was nothing but blackness.

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It was quite a while before I came to, but eventually I did, my nervous system slowly groaning back to life. Gradually I became aware of the apocalyptic ache that was radiating through my entire lower body, centered on those two bloated spheres between my legs. Despite my general wooziness I lifted my head, trying to peer down at my crotch, opening my eyes and fearing the worst–

–but I couldn't see anything. For a split second I thought I might have gone blind, but quickly I spotted the moon resting in the tree branches above and realized that it was just nighttime. Apparently I'd been out for a while, then. My eyes took a little while to adjust to the darkness, but bit by bit my sight returned, the tangle of black dividing itself into trees and bushes, sticks and stones. It looked like I hadn't moved at all since I'd collapsed – the path was nowhere in sight, and there was no reason to believe Lia had dragged me anywhere else.

Speaking of Lia...I turned my head to the left and came face-to-face with the red dragoness, reclining on her side immediately next to me. I would have jumped in surprise, if I'd had the energy, but as it was I just sort of squeaked, my hands moving instinctively but weakly to cover my groin. I needn't have been concerned, though – she was sleeping peacefully, head resting on her bag. It looked like she'd been watching over me while I was out, which might have been almost sweet, if she hadn't been the one to knock me out in the first place. Just a glance at her legs sent a shiver down my spine. Well, at least she hadn't just abandoned me in the middle of nowhere with a pair of busted baby-makers.

And busted they were – oh, my poor testicles. Weakly I craned my head to look down at my groin and assess the damage...and what I saw almost made me do a double-take. Were those my nuts? Those things were *huge!* Gently I reached down to cradle the massive jewels in my claws, letting out a not-so-quiet moan at the nausea that rose in my gut. It felt like they had doubled in size after their latest thrashing – and they had *already* been swollen with seed. It felt like someone had replaced my gonads with a pair of bowling balls. Still, at least they were intact, and at least they were vaguely spherical, and at least the agony in my crotch had died down to a dull roar.

Of course, my balls weren't the only part of my groin demanding immediate attention.

My dragonhood was still as hard as a rock, sticking straight up into the air as I lay there on my back...even now I could feel it twitch with my heartbeat, begging for some kind of touch. Lia's punishment had done nothing to help calm my libido – if anything, my interrupted climax had just made me even hornier. I let my eyes slide shut and instantly my mind conjured a thousand lewd fantasies, each more sinful than the last...and every one centered around the same ruby-red dragoness. Try as I might, I couldn't shake the image of the female's sex squeezing down on my shaft, every last inch of my pride disappearing up her tight slit, every last drop of my spunk blasted up into her womb...

With a ragged groan I looked over at Lia, the female laid out beside me, her tail curled up between her legs. Sex-crazed as I was, I couldn't help but take the opportunity to ogle her body, my eyes tracing her firm breasts, her curving hips, those long strong legs that had caused me so much harm and yet still drove me insane with lust every time I saw them. She wasn't just hot, she was on *fire*; she wasn't just beautiful, she was *gorgeous*. I doubted I'd ever see another female so perfectly and completely fuckable.

And here I was, with the biggest hard-on of my life, while she was sprawled out next to me, totally asleep and *totally* unaware. For once, I had the chance to bust a nut! For once, I had some good luck!

But before I could start pounding one out, I paused to think. Sure, this was an incredible opportunity...but what if it backfired? What if Lia woke up while I was in the act? What if I woke her up with my moaning? What if she found me covered in my own spunk the next morning? She had been angry enough before – if she caught me now, jerking off while she slept just a few feet away, I was sure she'd go absolutely berserk. Only a miracle would save my dragonmakers from being completely liquified.

Still, it was so damn hard to resist, especially with the object of my lust right next to me. She was asleep! It would be so easy to just reach down and finish what I'd already started. Just a few minutes and it would be over, all that tension released. It'd probably help the massive swelling in my plums, too. After everything I'd been through, didn't I deserve a little relief?

I looked over at Lia one more time, whining softly to myself, then forced my hands to my sides, leaving my member bobbing stiffly in the open air. It wasn't worth the risk. I could hold myself back for another 48 hours...probably.

Not that I could stop myself from fantasizing about all the things I wanted to do to her. "God dammit, Lia," I grumbled plaintively, my eyes tracing along her body once more, lingering at the junction between her thighs. "You're the biggest fucking cocktease I've ever met."

"Mmrph?...P'oiu?"

My heart stopped for a moment. Was she awake? Had she heard me? Was in for another round of punishment? But a few tense seconds passed, and I realized the dragoness was just murmuring in her sleep. Crisis averted. Sort of. Because that was the moment Lia decided to roll over on top of me.

I let out an 'oomph' of surprise as the female suddenly pressed herself against the left side of my body, wriggling for a moment to find a more comfortable sleeping position. She certainly was feeling friendly at the moment – she rested her head on my chest, draping her arm across my body and letting one of legs slip between mine. It wasn't painful or anything, just a bit unexpected. Last time I'd talked to Lia she had tried to pound my plums into pulp, but now she was snuggling up against the left side of my body with a strange sort of affection, almost like I was her...her...

Oh no. Hesitantly I sniffed at the air...only to let out a shuddering moan as my arousal spiked even further. Her scent was *strong* – either she was still giving off pheromones from her heat, or she was having one hell of a sex dream. Combine that with the soft, feminine body that was pressed up against me and the pair of scaly tits now smooshed across my chest, and suddenly it seemed a lot more difficult to keep my hands off the foot of dragoncock throbbing in my lap. And as if that wasn't enough, as the female adjusted her position against me, I felt something that I hadn't noticed before: a very definite wetness on my thigh. She wasn't just wet; she was *hot*, too. I let out a shaky exhale at the thought – my cock even gave off a shot of pre, splashing across my chest and the dragoness's lower back.

This was either some cruel joke or the greatest thing that had ever happened, but either way I knew I couldn't hold back any more. As carefully as I could, I reached out with my right hand, grabbing hold of my aching length and giving it a strong squeeze. My whole body quivered at the sensation, and my heart pounded so loudly in my chest that I was worried it would wake Lia up, but she seemed perfectly content where she

was, still wrapped up in whatever dream she was having. So I let my hand start to pump up and down, my member spasming wildly in my grip as it finally received some well-deserved attention. My thick shaft drooled an almost continuous stream of pre, my much-abused balls eager to unleash their messy contents.

Looking down at Lia's body I felt a hot shiver run down my spine. Right now I had a girl that could have been a porn star pressed up against me, hot and needy, her body demanding that *my cock* be inside of her. I wasn't brave enough to actually try that – as much as I wanted to feel her sex clamping down around my length, I knew that would only end badly – but on the other hand, if she was going to offer herself up to me, I could at least enjoy it a little bit. She had sort of pinned my left arm beneath her body, but with a little readjustment I was able to reach down, sliding my fingers around the swell of her hip until they rested on the supple curve of her rear. I let out a moan of appreciation as I gave her behind a gentle squeeze, her tail twitching in response. I didn't even mind that her tailtip bumped up against my aching jewels – that little shock of pain was far outweighed by the surge of pleasure that ran through me from head to toe. I'd spent days walking behind Lia, watching her rear swing from side to side, my balls growing heavier and heavier with unspent seed. Now I finally had her ass in the palm of my hand, and it was every bit as tight and wonderful as I had imagined.

I could feel Lia's body shudder in response my groping, the dragoness grinding her hips against my thigh, a quiet moan escaping her lips. Oh, she wanted it – she wanted it bad. I could just picture her straddling my lap, both hands planted on my chest as she thumped up and down on my dragonhood. Her sex would be tight and wet, rippling around my thick shaft like; her breasts would be round and firm in my claws, bouncing on her chest as she rode me into orgasm...

Real life wasn't quite that good, but it was plenty good enough. I let my eyes slip shut as my hand continued pistoning up and down my cock, my other hand groping the scaly goddess lying on top of me. I was out-of-control now, pumping vigorously – so vigorously that I often hit my sac on the downstroke, sending further waves of pain and pleasure through my body. I didn't care, though. I'd been waiting for this for too long, and if Lia wasn't going to give me the orgasm I so desperately needed, then I would just have to take it from her.

"Oh *Lia*," I moaned, my entire body trembling with ecstasy. I let the hand on her rear drift around the side of her hip, creeping back to her stomach and then down between

her legs, fingers searching until they made contact with something different, something warm and inviting. I inserted a fingertip and felt her passage squeeze down around me, the wet walls coaxing me further inwards. The dragoness began to gasp and squirm against me, and suddenly I knew that it was coming for both of us, finally, after days and weeks endless frustration, some fucking *release*–

"P-...P'oiu?!"

*Oh shit*, I thought, and for a split second I froze, thinking of the kicks and the stomps and the squeezing that had come before, dreading another denied orgasm and another night spent curled in the fetal position. But no, this time she was too late! Even as I paused my member tensed, and I could feel my spunk rushing up my shaft, my toeclaws curling in ecstasy as–

*Thump.*

–as suddenly there was an explosion of pain, and my eyes flew open to find Lia kneeling over me, her knee planted firmly in my crotch. The agony immediately ripped through my abdomen, but still, the sight of the naked female crouching over me was enough to make my dragonhood twitch, and I–

*Thump.*

–and I let out a squeak as her knee slammed up into my balls once again, crushing the twin orbs against my pelvis. I could feel my orgasm slipping away, and desperately I grabbed hold of my cock, jerking like crazy in an attempt to make myself cum. I no longer cared what Lia would do to me afterwards. I still had a hand resting on her behind and I took full advantage of that, squeezing her scaly rump for all I was worth. Oh, what I wouldn't give to be plowing that ass – but right now I just needed to cum, needed to blow, needed to bust a *nut*–

*Thump.*

"Stop it. Stop it right now–" *...thump...* –and listen to me." Lia yanked my hand away from my rod – I was so hard, so fucking *close!* – then reached back to peel my other hand off of her rear. "You can't do this, P'oiu."



"Noooo," I croaked, desperate to continue. Instinctively I reached out and grabbed hold of one of her breasts, squeezing the scaly tit in my claws and getting rewarded with another *thump* for my troubles.

Lia grumbled, grabbing my arm and pinning it to my side. "Listen...I've been trying to get this into your head for the past week. So maybe if I can't drive it through your thick skull—"...*thump*..."—then at least I can drive it—"...*thump*..."—through your scaly balls, you ass."

Oh god. One knee from Lia was enough, but this many was just unbearable. Already it felt like my gut was cannibalizing itself, my eyes watering as the dragoness pulled her leg back yet again.

"You have been ogling me constantly—"...*thump*..."—ever since we left my cave, and it's not going to do either of us any good. You need to understand something: I am not—"...*thump*..."—going to fuck you, no matter what you do. All you're doing is making it so your balls—"...*thump*..."—are even more swollen than they ought to be."

...and another *thump*, my testicles flattened across her knee. I could barely imagine my poor dragon eggs, scrambled beyond all recognition. I tried to cry out some kind of plea for mercy, but all I could manage was more of the high-pitched mewling I'd been making ever since she started.

"And you complain that you're 'so frustrated', that you 'need to cum'. Well fuck—"...*thump*..."—that—"...*thump*..."—shit. I don't care how pent up you are. I was just in heat, but do you see me complaining?"...*thump*..."I don't care if you have to walk behind me and—"...*thump*..."—watch my ass all day. I don't care if you have to lay there at night and—"...*thump*..."—watch me masturbate. Do you understand? You could eat me out for the next week—"...*thump*..."—and I'd *still* sooner kick you in the nuts than let you blow a load. Your balls can explode from the pressure, for all I care. It just saves me—"...*thump*..."—the trouble."

I could no longer feel my legs, but I could still see them twitch each time she slammed her knee up into my crotch. Not for the first time, I wondered if I was going to be sterile by the time Lia was through with me. For all I knew, just because she couldn't pop my testicles didn't mean she couldn't turn the *insides* to slush.

"And now I find you—"...thump..."—feeling me up while I sleep? Not—"...thump..."—cool. I can understand that you're horny as fuck. I can understand—"...thump..."—that you wanna 'tap that'. But it's not—"...thump..."—happening, alright? You had your chance and you said no, so for now, the only one who touches this dragoness—"...thump..."—is me. Got it?"

She looked down at me, waiting for an answer. I looked back up at her, my lips moving silently as I tried to put together some kind of audible response.

"Well? What do you have to say for yourself?"

"...my balls..." I croaked finally, fingers twitching at my sides. "You're...crushing my balls..."

"Yeah, that's sort of the point, P'oiu. You need to learn to control yourself, alright?" She glanced down at my bloated ballsac, its contents still pinned beneath her weight. "Besides," she muttered, "maybe if I bust up your nuts enough they'll stop producing all those hormones that make you go crazy."

I coughed as she brought her knee up one more time, mangling my marbles even further. To be honest, I could hardly feel the pain anymore – at least, not the individual blows. It had all sort of blurred together into a background of nausea. Hazily I looked up at the naked dragoness towering over me, my cock twitching at the sight despite whatever else might be going on. God, even now she was hot. Her position with her knee in my groin meant her thigh was pressed up against my member, the length throbbing desperately against her leg with every tiny movement. I still felt ready to blow. My eyes drifted down to her tits as I imagined Lia taking pity on me, lying down, propping herself on her elbows as she sucked me off–

Lia looked at me and followed my gaze back to her own body. "...Aaaand even now, he's staring at my rack. Come on, P'oiu." She stopped for a moment, glancing down at her chest and lifting one of her breasts in her claws. "What is it you want exactly? They're just tits. Nice tits, but just tits." She gave the flesh a gentle squeeze, murmuring pleasantly to herself. "See?"

The endless frustration, the dragoness openly groping herself in front of me, her thigh rubbing up against my steel-hard member – I'd been through too much cock-teasing to

take it anymore. With a loud grunt I came and came hard, strings of my seed splattering across my chest as I let loose with a week's worth of dragon spunk. The whole world seemed to close in around me as my body unleashed its load, shot after shot arcing through the air, what seemed like bucket-loads of baby batter released from my swollen, permanently blue balls.

Lia looked genuinely surprised, her eyes widening as I suddenly splurged across my own stomach and across hers. She let out a short gasp as one strong shot caught her on the chin, followed by several more ropes of seed that splashed across her chest. The nude female seemed at a loss for words as my length delivered spurt after spurt of stored-up semen, enough sperm to impregnate every female dragon on the continent, my balls screaming in release after a full week of tease and denial.

Eventually, though, my body ran out of fluids, my member giving off a few last shots of seed before slumping exhaustedly to lie against my chest. I groaned happily. Sure, there was still a dull ache throbbing in my groin – after all, my gonads had just wrung themselves dry – but gone was the persistent *need* that had been torturing me night and day, the constant agony of being right next to a sex goddess and being unable to do anything about it. Man, orgasms were *awesome*.

Not that I could really lie there and enjoy the afterglow – after all, that sex goddess was still kneeling over me with one knee planted in my junk. I swallowed nervously as I gave a quick glance down her body, my eyes confirming what I already knew: she was absolutely *covered* in my spunk. There were trails of it running down her stomach, sticky strings splattered across her thigh, great globs dripping from her generous rack...if I didn't know better, I would have guessed there were multiple men involved. But no – it was just me, one unlucky dragon about to have his gonads ground into goo.

Lia frowned down at me for a long moment, and I tensed expectantly, waiting for that all-too-familiar nutpain as she scrambled my eggs into omelettes. But to my surprise, she broke into...well, not a smile, exactly, but more of an amused look. She reached up with a claw, wiping some of the spunk off of her chin.

"You really were pent up, huh?" she asked, watching the thick dragonseed drip from her finger.

I watched with baited breath, my heart pounding. "Y-yeah," I stuttered.

Lia seemed to consider that response for a moment, looking down at her own semen-soaked chest. "Heh." The dragoness glanced up at me, shaking her head. "You perv."

My body bent double instinctively as the female smashed her knee down into my crotch once more, my nuts flattened agonizingly into the dirt...but then it was over. Lia lifted her knee and my hands immediately shot to my groin, trying to protect my broken balls before the dragoness could change her mind. With an anguished groan I rolled over onto my side, claws latched around my flattened testicles as the pain of her earlier nut-cracking all came rushing back. "*Ohhh...*" I moaned, clutching the swollen orbs in my fingers, my eyes clenched shut against the pain. "Oh god, my *balls...*"

I heard a giggle from beside me. "Good night, P'oiu," said Lia, giving my side a friendly pat before crawling a few feet and lying down to get some rest.

I turned my head, cracking one eye open to glance at the female as she curled up to go back to sleep. It was hard to tell in the dark, but I could've sworn I saw a smile on her face...and a hand between her legs.

## CHAPTER 12: HOME IS WHERE THE HURT IS

"Rise and shine, sleepyhead."

I groaned to myself, squinting my eyes against the morning sun. My head throbbed. Where was I? And why did my whole body feel like it had been run under a steamroller?

"Seriously, P'oiu, wake up. I'm not kidding." The feminine voice sounded a bit impatient. "Don't make me do something you're gonna regret."

"Mmrgh?" I mumbled, tempted to ignore whoever it was and just go back to sleep – until I felt a light weight come to rest between my legs. Suddenly the previous day's events came rushing back: the whirlwind of pleasure and pain, the lingering ache in my groin, and the dragoness that was responsible for it all. My eyes shot open only to find my torturess standing above me, her hands planted on her hips.

Lia smiled down at me warmly, her foot placed carefully atop my aching plums. "That's more like it. You awake now?"

"Y-yes," I stuttered. Despite the danger of the situation, I found my gaze torn between her generous rack and her sculpted, deadly legs. Stupid libido. Was it even possible to look at her without being turned on?

If she noticed my ogling, though, she didn't show it. "You remember what we talked about last night, yes?"

"Y-yes."

"And you're going to listen to me this time."

A shiver of fear went up my spine as she drummed her toes on my ballsac, poised to crush my scaly spunk-makers at a moment's notice. "O-of course. I'll listen."

"Good." Lia lifted her foot away, grinning down at me. "Because I'd love to make some good progress today, and that'd be hard to do if I had to spend all morning stomping on your spuds. As much fun as that might be."

I winced, a hand moving to protect my groin just in case the female changed her mind. "Y-yeah, I just want to get home. The sooner the better."

"Sounds good to me." The dragoness stepped over to her pack, bending down to rifle through it. "I'll get a meal ready – there's a stream about a hundred yards to the south, if you want to go wash up. Which you probably should, since you're still covered in your own spunk."

It took a moment to process her words – I was a bit preoccupied staring at the round, ruby-colored ass that Lia was currently presenting to me. "Uh...right." I glanced down at my chest, where the remnants of last night's activities were still covering my stomach, and where my cock was already starting to twitch back to life. "I'll...go do that."

Lia watched me as I climbed cautiously to my feet, taking a quick moment to fondle my battered equipment before turning and tromping off into the forest. "Remember," she called after me, "no jerking off! Unless you want scrambled dragon's eggs to go along with your breakfast."

I shuddered, cupping the swollen spheres in my claws in an attempt to soothe the phantom ache in my groin. "No thank you," I mumbled, trying not to imagine how the dragoness would go about turning my eggs into omelettes if she caught me again.

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From there, the journey home was pretty uneventful. It was more of the same for both of us: Lia leading the way, making the occasional observation or flirtatious comment, and myself following behind, trying not to spend all my time dwelling on the female's perfect posterior. I have to admit, it was a good bit easier now that I'd released some of the tension that had been building up in my system. Then again, Lia was certainly doing her best to drive my arousal back up – the swing of her hips seemed even more pronounced than before, and I still found myself unable to tear my eyes away from all of her smoothly sloping curves. The ache in my groin wasn't quite as agonizing as it had been before, but it was safe to say I still had a pretty powerful case of blue balls.

Luckily for me (and for my battered baby-makers), I was able to contain myself without too much difficulty. Sure, I had a pretty much constant hard-on, and I

regularly found my thoughts drifting to sex-starved fantasies – most of them involving a very horny Lia – but I knew better than to give in to my urges, especially since we would soon be arriving at my cave. I contented myself with the knowledge that once I got home, I could spend all day just lying around and jerking off, releasing all the pent-up dragonspunk that had been accumulating in my gonads over the past week. I grinned at the thought. Finally, a chance to unwind and blow a load without worrying about my favorite dragoness trying to grind my nuts into peanut butter.

Then again, home had its dangers, too. My ordeal with Lia over the past week had been exhausting, sure, but that didn't mean I'd forgotten the threat I'd left behind: the orca who had attacked me and started this whole ball-busting mess. The warning she'd left scrawled on my wall was what had forced me to leave my cave in the first place, worried that she would come back and try to finish the job before my mangled marbles had the time to recover. I had no idea where she was now, but unless she'd had a change of heart, there was still an orca chick out there who was hell-bent on popping my plums, whether they were indestructible or not.

And then there was Opal – the friendly frog who had been visiting me regularly for about a year. She was a potion-maker and quite an attractive little nymph, who would stop by any time she needed a male dragon's special "ingredient" to complete one of her various elixirs. Generally it was more than a pleasure to see her, for obvious reasons, but on her most recent visit she'd been so "enthusiastic" in her collection that she'd accidentally pounded my dragonmakers just about flat. Of course, she'd also made me cum like a geyser, so I suppose she was still pretty okay in my book. She usually stopped by the cave once every week or two to gather more dragonseed for her potion-making, so it was possible that she might be waiting at the cave as well.

Of course, ideally there would be no one there at all. All I really wanted was to be left alone for a while, to spend some time on my own while my swollen sac returned to its normal size, but I doubted it was going to be that simple.

I managed to survive the day without Lia bruising up my basket any more than she already had, and by the time we stopped for the evening, I could actually recognize the area we were in. It was a huge relief to know that I was so close to home – especially since it meant that my long ordeal with Lia was almost over. I was tempted to tell her that she could leave right now, since I could make it the rest of the way by myself, but something told me she wouldn't respond well to that kind of request, and I really didn't

want to risk another evening curled up in the fetal position, or another night getting my nuts kneed into my throat. Besides, I'd be lying if I said I didn't enjoy staring at her body all day. Those luscious tits, an ass you could bounce a quarter off of...she could stay as long as she liked, I decided, as long as she kept her word and let me blow my load as soon as we got back to my cave.

The next morning, Lia and I woke up bright and early (this time without Lia threatening my manhood), and the two of us set off on the last leg of our journey. We were only a couple hours away from my cave, so this time I allowed myself to gawk at my partner's backside a bit more openly than usual. Sure, there was always a chance that she'd flick her tail up between my legs and give me a warning smack, but I could deal with that now that my destination was just a few miles ahead. Besides, we dragons were so rare – when was the next time I was going to see a dragoness at all, let alone one so drop-dead gorgeous? I wanted the image of her rumpcheeks burned into the back of my brain.

Eventually we got close enough that I had to take the lead, guiding the two of us along the last few trails that led to my cave. I tried to make some smalltalk as we approached my home, but my mouth was pretty much on autopilot – my brain was already occupied with other, dirtier thoughts. With relief so close, my cock was almost painfully hard, and my balls were already churning in anticipation. I just needed to get back into my bedroom, lie back, and let myself cover the ceiling in dragonspunk.

And then – *finally!* My heart leapt (as did a much stiffer part of my body) as the entrance to my cave came into view. Oh, home sweet home. I couldn't imagine any place I'd rather be. I was about ready to burst into song as we stepped into the mouth of the cave and on into the entrance room, all my worries forgotten as I thought about spending the next few hours alone with a box of tissues...

But I wasn't alone just yet. "So this is the place, huh?" Lia asked, stopping and folding her arms across her chest as we entered the main chamber. "Not bad. Though I pictured it a little...bigger, I guess."

I glanced around the room, relieved at the sight of the familiar furnishings after the week I'd spent away. "Well, I like to keep things simple, y'know? Besides, it's more than enough space for a guy living alone."



The dragoness nodded. "Yeah, I know what you mean. My place always feels really empty without another dragon around. Kinda lonely. I really don't get much company..."

There was a hint of...something in the female's voice, but in my current state, with my length begging for attention, I was a little too distracted to dwell on it. "Listen, uh, Lia..." I turned to look at the female, and, uh...buh...

The female frowned. "What is it, P'oiu?"

My cock gave off a throb as I gawked at her chest for the umpteenth time, but eventually I managed to tear my gaze from that gorgeous pair of dragon tits and look her in the eye. "Um...oh, right." I shook my head, gathering my thoughts once more. "Listen, feel free to make yourself comfortable and to stay as long as you'd like, but you'll have to excuse me for a little while. I've got some, uh...some rather urgent business to—"

"P'oiu?" interrupted a new voice. "Is that you?"

I started a bit at the unexpected interruption, a quick thrill of fear going down my spine at the thought of yet another unwanted female visitor...but I recognized that voice, and it wasn't one to be afraid of. I turned toward the source of the sound, my eyes scanning the room for a moment before settling on the short green amphibian standing in the doorway to the kitchen, her body wrapped in a familiar red sari.

"Opal!" I exclaimed.

The female smiled widely, stepping forward into the room. "There you are, you silly dragon! Where on earth have you been? I've been trying to find you for a couple days now – I was beginning to wonder if you had disappeared entirely or if...uh..." The frog stopped mid-sentence, her eyes widening.

For a moment I wondered what was wrong – and then I realized I hadn't introduced the dragoness standing right next to me. "Oh, I'm sorry," I apologized, shaking my head. "I should introduce you two. Opal, this is Lia. She's a, uh...she's a friend."

"Pleasure to meet you," said Lia with a grin.

Opal still seemed dazed. "N-Nice to meet you too, but that's not what I'm---I mean---" The little female blushed, shaking her head. "Excuse me for asking, but my god, P'oiu, what happened to your balls? They're *huge*!"

"Huh? Oh." I glanced down at my scaly sac and its two rather large occupants. Between the many rounds of ballbusting I'd suffered and the many days of blue balls I'd endured, I guess I'd gotten used to my testicles being about twice their original size. "Oh, yeah. It's been, uh...it's been an interesting week."

Opal hardly seemed to be listening, though. Instead she stepped up between my legs, choosing to examine the battered orbs herself. She seemed to be in disbelief as she lifted one of my nuts in her hands – which was understandable, given that my gonad was now a good bit larger than the little frog's head. "I...I've honestly never seen a pair so swollen. Who did this to you? It can't have been that orca..."

I shook my head, shivering at that painful memory. "No, I haven't run into her again. This is mostly *her* fault," I said, pointing a thumb back towards Lia.

"Yeah, about that..." The dragoness scratched her neck, looking a bit sheepish. "I may have kneed him a few...dozen times. Trust me, though, it wasn't anything he didn't deserve."

"Good god, P'oiu." Opal frowned, still running her hands over the surface of my massively swollen package. "I know you're good at making enemies, but I thought you were smart enough to stay away from the big girls, at least. It's a wonder she didn't rupture anything – I'm surprised you've got anything left at all."

Lia laughed at that. "Don't be too surprised," she said, some obvious enjoyment in her voice. "They're rugged little nuggets – they can take a whole lot of abuse before they break. And believe me, I've tried."

I groaned quietly to myself, trying to shut out the mental image of the dragoness stomping my balls into the dirt. It wasn't as if I had *asked* anyone to try grinding my gonads into paste, but females just kept inviting themselves to have a go...

"They're fucking *heavy*, too," Opal commented, still examining my aching plums. "Not

just swollen, but *full*. If I didn't know better, P'oiu, I'd say you hadn't cum for weeks."

"Yeah, about that." I let out a tense breath. "See, I'd really love to catch up, Opal, but right now I've got the worst case of blue balls a dragon has ever had, so first I need a good hour alone in my bedroom to blow off some steam. Alright?"

I expected a quick confirmation from the spunk-loving frog, but instead the female's face fell. "Uh – I really don't think that's a good idea right now," she replied, biting her lip. "There's something I need to talk to you about–"

"Yes, later," I interrupted. "But right now I *need* to jerk off. I'll be back soon – why don't you two get to know each other?" And with that I turned on my heel, starting a brisk walk towards the hallway, towards my bedroom, towards some damn *release*...

"But P'oiu–!"

"Not now, Opal! You're welcome to come help if you want, but I need to cum *right now*, and nobody's stopping me."

"Wait!" she shouted after me. "I need to talk to you before you go in there!"

But I was already there: my room just steps away, my length already throbbing in anticipation. Gleefully I turned the corner, stepping through the doorway, ready to plop down on the side of my bed and start stroking–

–but there was already something in my bed. Something smooth and shapely, a slick black body punctuated by patches of white. Not just *something*, I realized, but *someone*. With a growing sense of dread I watched the shape yawn and stretch, uncurling from its sleeping position to reveal an aquatic female form – one I remembered all too well.

The female blinked once or twice before breaking into a wide grin. "Well hey," said the orca. "If it isn't just who I wanted to see."

I tried to say something – to call for help, or maybe beg for mercy – but I was too terrified to form the words. Instead my mouth just opened and closed silently for a moment, like a fish gasping for air. All I could think of was the last time I'd seen the

female, standing above me, raining down stomp after stomp on my poor plums, determined to reduce them to paste. Suddenly blue balls seemed like the least of my worries.

I tried to back away, but stumbled and fell flat on my ass. Still I tried to scuttle further away, pushing myself backwards on shaking arms and legs, but almost immediately I bumped into something that stopped my progress.

"P'oiu?" asked Lia, looking down at me as I tried to squirm between her legs and back into the hall.

"P'oiu?" rang out Opal's voice from further down the hallway.

I was trapped – and I could feel the room starting to go dark around me. Without any other options, I curled up on the floor, wrapping my claws tightly around my dragonmakers in order to protect them from any more abuse. As consciousness slipped away from me, I just prayed that my testicles would still be there when I woke up...

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"So let me make sure I've got this all straight. You want to pop both of them, because he needs to be punished for what he's done to your village."

"Correct."

"And you don't want to pop either of them, because you need his spunk for your potions."

"Right."

"And meanwhile, I want to pop just one, so that we can be mates." A sigh. "Man. Normally I'd suggest some sort of compromise, but it sounds like that's not really gonna work here."

"Yeah...and that's assuming we can pop them at all. If a dragoness like you can't crush one of his balls, I'm not sure how someone like me could do much better..."

I groaned quietly as the room began to come back into focus. The last thing I remembered was walking into my room and finding...finding something surprising. Now I was lying down, apparently. The voices around me sounded familiar...

"Well, to be fair, I didn't try much besides stomping, and if there's one thing balls are good at, it's slipping out of the way of a female's foot. I'll bet if you really trapped one, you could get it to burst. I'd love to get one right between my claws and just squeeze..."

Yeah, I definitely knew those voices – and even if I was woozy, I definitely knew what they were talking about. Weakly I raised my head, looking towards the source of the sound.

Standing at my feet – or more accurately, between my legs – were Lia, Opal, and that damn orca, the three females who had probably done the most to tease me, torture me, and break my balls over the past week or two. Opal, always the modest one, was wearing her usual attire, but apparently Lia and the orca had both opted for the nude. It would have been quite the sight, if my dragonhood wasn't in danger...but from the sound of things, I suspected they weren't done abusing me just yet.

That suspicion was confirmed when I looked down at my own body. Apparently I was lying flat on my back – not in my bedroom anymore, but in the main chamber, the same place where Opal had had her way with me several weeks ago. And just like that time several weeks ago, my wrists and ankles had been chained and pulled away from my body, and my tail bound to one side such that my heavy sac now rested on the hard stone floor.

I trembled at the thought: myself, tied-up and spread-eagle, and three ballbusting females, all willing and able to pulverize my plums. I had to convince them to untie me, or I knew my marbles were as good as mush. Cautiously I cleared my throat, the trio turning to look at me as I began to speak. "Um...could someone please take these chains off of me? I don't–"

"Be quiet while the ladies are talking," Lia interrupted, a bit of an edge to her voice. I opened my mouth to reply, but before I could say anything, the dragoness repositioned her foot between my legs, catching my left nut squarely beneath her heel. I exhaled with a groan as my gonad flattened slightly beneath the female's weight, my scaly spud throbbing in protest as it began to lose its oval shape.

This was definitely not what I wanted. "Fine, *fine*," I coughed. "I'll be quiet, just don't step on–"

"We said we're *talking*," Opal repeated more forcefully, shooting me a warning glance.

And just like that, the frog planted her foot on top of my right nut. Even if Opal was a lot smaller, it was still less than pleasant to have half her weight pressing down on one of my jewels. I let out another agonized groan as the nausea clawed its way through my stomach, my head rolling backwards to lie flat against the ground. God, why couldn't they just leave my fucking balls *alone*–

"–Anyway," the orca continued, "I hear what you're both saying, but I still think the best option is to burst 'em both. Opal, I know you need his spunk for your potions, but if Lia's telling the truth than I'd be surprised if he's not shooting blanks already. And Lia, if you want to crush one of his nuts for your mating ceremony, you can still do that – I'll just pop the other one afterwards."

"No, no, that won't work at all!" said Lia, frowning. "He's hardly any use to me if you pop *both* of them. What am I supposed to do with a dragon who has no balls?"

"Yes, please," said Opal, nodding her agreement. "We've got to leave him at least one – I know he's been bashed up a bit, but the dragonseed I gathered from him last time was still Grade A stuff, and that was *after* you tried to stomp his nuts into peanut butter. Otherwise I'll have to start importing dragon spunk from the Northern Reaches, and that stuff costs a fortune. *And* it's lower quality. No offense," she finished, glancing up at Lia.

"Oh, none taken," the dragoness replied. "I'm surprised our guys have any functioning sperm left at all, given how much we abuse 'em." She sighed. "It's just so hard to resist squashing those big scaly eggs. I remember this one male who had the nicest pair – I used to squeeze his nuts so hard that–"

The orca cleared her throat, mercifully interrupting Lia before she could get any more graphic in her reminiscing. "Well, look at things from my perspective. I've got a whole village full of people who are demanding some sort of justice – in fact, most of the town would rather kill him, but I convinced the council that if I castrated him that

would be punishment enough. If I can't do what I came here to do, then they're probably just going to come up with something even more painful."

"Couldn't I just promise not to bother you anymore?" I asked cautiously – earning another warning stomp from Lia and Opal.

"We told you, we're talking," said Lia, not even bothering to look down at me.

I let out another moan, my freshly-flattened jewels sending a sharp wave of nausea through my gut. "B-...but that's not fair!" I protested. "Don't I get any say?"

Lia huffed. "Really, P'oiu, I don't think that's–"

"No, no, let him speak," interrupted the orca. "This affects him as much as it affects any of us."

*No, really?* I wanted to say, but I bit my tongue rather than risking more abuse to my already aching sac. "Ugh...thank you, uh...orca-lady."

"Kayla." The orca cracked a smile. "The name's Kayla."

"Kayla, right." I exhaled, trying to gather my thoughts...but finding it hard to focus with the weight still squashing my nutsac. "Well...first let me say, I'd really appreciate it if you'd step off of my balls for a moment. Please?"

Opal did as I asked, lifting her foot and setting it back down on the stone floor. Lia frowned, but quickly followed suit, taking her foot away and letting my squashed jewel reinflate to its usual round shape.

I let out a sigh of relief as the agony in my abdomen faded to a dull throb. "Thank you. Now if you don't mind me asking – how long have I been out for?"

"Only half-an-hour or so," answered Opal. "We were going to let you wake up before we did anything permanent, so we were just talking."

"Ah." I winced. "And you were discussing...what to do with me, right?"

Kayla nodded.

"Okay. Well, um...here's the thing. I understand that you all want to...do things to me, but what I'd really like right now is just to be left alone. I've been beaten up pretty much non-stop ever since I met you, Kayla, and all three of you have had a turn making me miserable, so now I really just want some time on my own to recover. Alright?"

"...but we all know that's not going to happen," said Opal. "I mean, we've got you chained up on the floor – I guarantee you at least one of us is going to get our way before we let you loose."

I groaned. "I'm aware of that, but please, can't you respect a dragon in his own house? I mean, do you even hear yourselves talking? You're talking about...popping my testicles as if I were some kind of toy or something. You can't just go about flattening a guy's gonads without asking permission first."

"Oh can't we?" asked Lia mischievously, drumming her toes against the stone floor.

I swallowed nervously, the female's foot still just a few inches from my scaly nuts. I was well-aware that she could probably just stomp my spuds into pancakes even if I tried to stop her, but I had to stand my ground. "No, you can't," I answered, doing my best to hide the uncertainty in my voice. "They're *my* balls, god dammit, and you've all had a turn thrashing them flat. This time, I think *I* should get to decide what you can and can't do, alright?"

"Fine then." The orca looked down at me. "You decide."

Oh thank god. I hadn't expected the orca to be the most rational female of the three, but apparently she was my savior for today. "Well, great then! You can start by untying me–"

Kayla shook her head. "No, no, silly dragon – I don't mean you can decide on your own. I mean you can decide between *us*."

I blinked. "Uh...what?"



"You know what each of us wants to do to you, right?" The orca took a few steps forward, prodding at my ballsac with her bare foot. "Well, you decide who gets their way. I think that seems fair. You'd be fine with that, right girls?"

"Uh...I suppose that works," said Lia. "Sure."

Opal nodded. "I don't see why not."

I was still less than comfortable with that idea. "So...I have to choose between you three?"

"Yep," said Kayla, still toying with my nutsac. She pinned my left nut underfoot for a moment, squashing it briefly and sending a quick jolt of pain up my spine. "Just pick any one of us, and that girl gets to do whatever she wants. Me, Opal, or Lia."

"Uh...can I choose 'none of the above'?" I asked hesitantly.

All three of the females turned to scowl down at me.

"Sure," said Lia sarcastically, "if you don't mind being tied down with your legs spread while we all use your ballbag as a hackysack, then be my guest."

I winced, my stomach turning at just the thought. "No, that's okay, I'll pass. In that case...um...uh..."

"Need some time to think?" asked Opal.

What I really needed was a chance to escape...but that didn't seem likely at this point. "Yeah," I answered, hesitant. "It's just, uh...kind of a big decision."

"Well, take your time," said Lia, grinning down at me. "It's not like we're going anywhere."

And neither was I, not while my body was chained to the floor. As much as I hated to admit it, it looked like I really didn't have a way out of this one. I gave a worried glance down at the two swollen orbs between my legs, wondering how I could get out of this mess with my tackle intact. Maybe it was best just to make a choice and pray for the

best.

Of course, there was one choice that probably would get me out of here in one piece: Opal. After all, all she really wanted to do was drain my balls, and that was something I was planning to do anyway – hell, I'd gladly welcome a bit of help. She might be too small to actually fuck, but she certainly was a nice piece of eye candy, and she could still find some clever ways to put her body to use. Knowing Opal, she'd get a little overenthusiastic and thump up my nuts a bit in the process, but I doubted the little frog could pop one even if she tried.

On the downside, though, if I picked Opal I'd end up with two other pissed-off females in the room, both of whom were eager to burst my berries. For all I knew, they'd just push the frog aside and do whatever they wanted. I shuddered to think what the two could accomplish by working together...

But what if I picked Lia? Yes, she'd put me through absolute hell over the past week: pounding my balls flat on several occasions, then teasing me until they were just about ready to burst. Yes, she had put me through some of the worst agony in my life, and still wanted to pop one of my plums. Yes, she was definitely a bit of a bitch. On the other hand, she was also just about the sexiest thing I had ever laid eyes on – and the only dragoness I'd come across in quite some time. There was nothing in the world I would rather do than fuck her brains out...and if we were mates, I could tap that ass over and over, until my balls were sore for an entirely different reason. Just the thought made my member twitch.

First, though, I'd have to let her carry out her barbaric little nut-popping ceremony. Of course, she'd tried that before, and we'd both come to the conclusion that it was impossible: my testicles were as indestructible as the rest of my body. So either she would find some new way to crush my dragonmakers – which would be agonizing – or she would just spend hours trying – which would be agonizing. If she failed, she probably wouldn't even let me fuck her...I'd just be left in the fetal position, clutching my poor plums while she taunted me with that sexy body.

And then there was Kayla. My instinct was to stay as far away from the orca as possible...but maybe that was an overreaction. Sure, she scared the bejeezus out of me, and I remembered all-too-clearly the terrible things she'd done to my jewels when we'd first met, but right now, she seemed like the most rational female in the room. Maybe

if I picked her, I could get her to listen to reason and let me go. We could find some other punishment for the things I'd done, something that didn't involve pummeling my jewels into jelly. And hell, even if I couldn't change her mind, how exactly was she going to pop my nuts? She was half the size of Lia – if Lia couldn't scramble my eggs, then how could she? Maybe she could use that thick tail of hers...or that round ass...or those nice firm tits...

I shook my head, forcing my gaze away from the orca's bare breasts. It was far too easy to be distracted with so many shapely female bodies in the room. Even Opal, with her sari wrapped around her, was enough to make my heart race. I could still remember how she looked with that sari tossed aside, a playful smile on her lips, bending over to show off her every curve...

"Done thinking yet?" asked Lia, interrupting my daydream.

I let out a quiet groan, my member throbbing with need even as I considered the destruction of my spunk-makers. "Are...are you sure you wouldn't rather have an orgy instead?"

Kayla chuckled. "I think I'd rather have an answer."

I glanced between the trio of females one more time. "Ugh...alright, then." It was such a difficult decision, when all I really wanted was to be left alone...but I knew my answer. I took a deep breath, trying to steel my nerves for whatever came next. Regardless of who I chose, something told me this was going to get messy.

"I pick..."

## CHAPTER 13: DECISIONS, DECISIONS PT. I

So this was what it had come to: a trio of females who literally had me by the balls. My eyes flicked back and forth between the three women, my mind still searching desperately for some last-minute escape plan, but realistically I knew that I was trapped: trussed up, bound to the floor, helpless to defend myself. Even if I could have escaped my chains, it would have been a lopsided fight, given the two inviting targets that hung between my legs. There was no use trying to run – I had to play their little game. I had to choose a girl.

And if I had to choose just one...well, that was a trickier question than it might have seemed. Sure, Opal was the logical choice – the little frog just wanted to make me blow a few loads and then leave me be. But that just meant that Kayla would be back sometime later, probably with more of her orca friends in tow, hell-bent on popping both of my plums. I was damn sure that I didn't want that.

So if picking Kayla was out of the question, and picking Opal was risky for the same reasons, then that left one logical choice. Well, maybe "logical" wasn't quite the word for it – after all, it still involved losing a nut – but better losing just one than losing the full pair, right? I'd rather be half a man than not a man at all.

Or maybe I was simply justifying the choice I had already made. As difficult as the decision was on the surface, my subconscious certainly knew what it wanted, if the ever-persistent throbbing of my cock was any indication. All three girls were worthy of my wet dreams, but there was only one female who drove my libido through the roof, who made my balls ache with need every time I looked at her. It maybe wasn't the most logical decision, or the healthiest, but after all the hell I'd been through it was worth a shot. My luck had to change sometime, right?

Otherwise, she was going to be the death of me...or the death of my potential children, at least.

Resignedly I raised my head and looked down between my legs, glancing briefly at my dragonhood before turning my gaze upwards to face my three captors. There was no sense prolonging the inevitable, so I opened my mouth and spoke, crossing my fingers and hoping this wasn't the worst decision I had ever made:

"Lia. I pick Lia."

The dragoness let out a short squeal of joy, raising her arms in triumph.

"OhmygodYES! I just *knew* you'd pick me! Oh, this is so wonderful – I promise you won't regret it."

I wasn't so sure of that, but I decided to keep it to myself. "Mmph. And, uh, you two..." I looked up nervously at the other two girls. "You two are okay with this, right?"

Kayla grumbled her disapproval, but nodded. "I'm a woman of my word. We're still not finished, drake, but I can respect your decision for now."

Opal was frowning, too, but the little frog didn't seem totally crushed. "Yeah, it's fine. I mean, as long as she leaves you at least one, it shouldn't be that big a problem – you'll still produce plenty of what I need."

"Good," the dragoness replied, relief in her voice. "I'm glad you girls are okay with this. Because seriously, I cannot tell you how excited I am. This is going to be *so* much fun!"

"Uh, Lia–"

The female turned her attention back towards me, a huge smile plastered across her face. "Oh, I was going to ask you, P'oiu – is there a particular way you want me to pop your ball? I've been trying to decide myself, but I'm not sure whether you prefer kicking or squeezing or–"

"Actually," I interrupted, wincing at the female's enthusiasm, "before we do anything like that, I was hoping I could ask for one more thing."

"You know, you're not really in a position to bargain," pointed out Kayla, prodding one of my heavy balls with a bare toe.

I swallowed nervously, remembering the damage that the orca's legs had done in the past. "I'm...quite aware of that. But please, at least hear me out."

"Oh." Lia paused. "Well...sure, I don't see why not."

I had half-expected Lia to start pounding away as soon as I picked her – hell, the way she was eying my sac still made me feel less than comfortable – but it appeared that she was willing to listen for now. "Well, you see," I began, trying not to sound too pathetic, "it's just...I'm still not sure how I feel about this whole nut-popping ceremony of yours. I know it's important to you, but I...I'm not sure it's really necessary, especially for a green dragon like me."

"Oh come on, you big baby, it's only one nut." Lia folded her arms across her breasts. "Besides, think about what comes afterwards – once I pop one, you and I finally get to fuck each others' brains out. That'll be worth it, right?"

My member gave a faint twitch at the female's words, my eyes automatically drawn down towards her slit, but I forced myself to maintain focus. "See, that's the kind of thing I mean. Suppose you don't, uh... 'succeed' at the ceremony. What happens then?"

"You mean if I can't burst one?" Lia thought for a moment. "Well, technically we still wouldn't be mates, so I guess we'd just have to keep trying or give up. But don't you worry, I'm pretty sure I can pop one. I've been thinking about it, and worst case, if I really bit down on one–"

"–but if you don't succeed," I interjected, cutting the dragoness off before she could get any more graphic, "then we're not mates, correct?"

"Correct," she nodded.

"So I just end up alone with bruised balls? Without a mate?"

Lia bit her lip. "Well...I could maybe take you to the council of elders back north and see if they'd let us be mates anyway, but yeah, that's basically right."

"That's what I thought." I let out a long sigh. "Do you see my problem? We've tried this before, and it didn't work, so why is this time any different? You're just going to spend an hour stomping on my junk, and as a reward I get...what? Nothing? That just doesn't seem fair to me."

"So...what do you propose, then?" asked the dragoness, sitting down on the patch of floor beside me. "Because I'll tell you right now: I'm not going to skip the nut-popping

ceremony. It's too important."

"I figured you wouldn't..." I tossed my head back with a groan. "If that's what you have to do, then I guess I don't have a choice, but I just...I wish I could get some fucking *relief*, at least, before you start crushing my balls again. You've been teasing me and busting me nonstop ever since we met, and that whole time I've only been able to cum once. And even then, you were kneeling me in the crotch while I came."

There was a hint of a smile on Lia's face. "Yes, I remember."

"Do you understand, then? For god's sake, I'm a dragon – I have needs. I just want a few minutes alone with a box of tissues. Is that so wrong?"

"Tell you what," the dragoness cooed, scooting closer to me. She let her hand rest on my thigh, her fingers lazily tracing their way upwards towards my groin. "You've been aching for me to get you off for quite a while now, right?"

"Uh..." Understatement of the century – even now, the thought made my cock twitch. "Yeah."

"And I know those blue balls of yours are about ready to burst," she continued, her claws coming up to cradle the swollen orbs, "unless you get some relief, fast."

Again, understatement of the century. "Y-yeah," I said, fighting back a moan as she rolled the heavy spheres between her fingers. It felt like there were gallons of spunk stored up in there...

"Well, in that case I'm willing to make you an offer." Lia looked up at me, her hand drifting further northward to curl around my now-throbbing length. "If you let me do this, I'll give you a nice, slow handjob right now, whether I end up bursting your ball or not. What do you think?"

Oh god. I'd thought maybe I could resist the female and her ball-breaking charms, but the sensation of the dragoness's fingers wrapped around my straining shaft was quickly destroying the little resolve I had left. My nuts had given me nothing but trouble for weeks now – how much did I really need them both, anyway? "N-no funny business?" I asked, my hips already starting to buck of their own accord.

The female grinned. "I promise, no nut-bashing until you've blown your load."

My head rolled back with a groan as she gave my length a firm squeeze, my dragonhood beginning to drool a thin stream of pre in response to her teasing strokes. Already I could feel the ache in my gonads beginning to fade, all those pent-up sperm sensing that they might finally see some release. Still, I wasn't going to give up quite that easily. I forced my gaze back down, locking eyes with the dragoness. "A-...Anal," I stuttered. "Make it anal and it's a deal."

Lia's expression darkened a bit, and her hand slid lower to encircle my scaly sac. "Don't get greedy," she grumbled, a warning in her voice as her grip tightened around the sensitive pair. "I'll make it a blowjob, but that's it."

I inhaled sharply as she bore down on my trapped testes, all too familiar with the damage those claws could do to my aching jewels. I didn't want to get her angry...but on the other hand, she would soon be trying to pop one of my plums whether she was angry or not. And since this might be my only chance... "A titfuck," I gasped, trying to ignore the pangs of agony shooting through my gut.

The female raised an eyeridge, but let go of my dragonmakers. "Fine," she agreed, her hand sliding upwards again to give my cock a friendly squeeze. "I'll give you a titfuck, and then you'll let the three of us girls try to flatten one of your spuds. Deal?"

The way she said it so matter-of-factly sent a shiver down my spine. Was it really that easy? I got to blow a load, and they got to reduce me to half a dragon? Still, I had to admit it was better than being blue-balled for another week, or waiting for some other crazy bitch to come and try to grind both my jewels into jelly. Maybe getting out with one intact wasn't such a bad deal after all – especially if it meant I could finally tap that dragoness ass I'd been chasing forever.

I gave one last look down at my sac and then let out a long sigh. "...Alright," I said resignedly. "I'll do it."

"What was that?"

"I said I'll do it," I repeated, louder this time.



Lia shook her head. "No no, I want to hear you say the whole thing. Just so we're all clear."

I blinked. "Seriously?"

"Seriously."

I gave the dragoness the best pleading look that I could, but she just stared back at me expectantly, waiting for me to finish. Bitch. I took a deep breath, then let it out slowly. A part of me still couldn't believe that I was doing this, but oh well – there was no use turning back now. "Lia, if you give me a titfuck, I'll let you and the others...I'll let you all...uh..."

All three of the girls were leaning in towards me, waiting for me to finish. "Yes?" said Lia sweetly, smiling the widest smile I'd ever seen.

I swallowed, my throat dry. I couldn't look Lia in the eye as I said it – instead my eyes fell from her face to her chest, the two bouncy orbs that I was receiving in exchange for one of my own. I just prayed it was all worth it. "I'll let you...pop one of my testicles," I finished, wincing as I guaranteed my own emasculation.

Lia gave a happy little squeal in response and bent down to give me a peck on the cheek. "Now that's more like it." She grinned. "Y'know, I've heard plenty of guys claim that they'd give their left nut to fuck me, but you're the first one who's actually lived up to it. I'm looking forward to this."

"I'm glad one of us is," I groaned.

The dragoness pouted. "Aww, come on, don't be like that. Besides, don't tell me you don't like *these*."

I went cross-eyed at the fine pair of tits that was suddenly shoved up against my muzzle, but they were only there for a moment before Lia began scooting down my torso, positioning herself for the task at hand. I couldn't help but moan as my cock rubbed up against her stomach for a moment, the throbbing length pressed between my body and hers, so close to that tight, wet slit – but the moment quickly passed,

leaving me dry-humping the air.

Not for long, though. A hot shiver ran up my spine as the red dragoness positioned herself between my legs, propping herself on her elbows. As I watched, the female took a moment to make herself comfortable, sandwiching my member between her supple breasts and grinning down at her prize with an almost predatory look.

She only had that look for a second, but in that second I had a powerful moment of déjà vu – remembering the first time I'd seen the dragoness crouched between my legs, with the same hungry look in her eyes, ready to swallow my length. The first time we'd met. It seemed forever ago, after all the madness I'd been through and all the hours I'd spent curled in the fetal position...but in reality, it had hardly been a week. Hell, it had only been two weeks since Kayla had walked into my cave and given me my first real nutbusting. Such a short time...and yet, I honestly couldn't remember any more what it was like to have balls that weren't bruised and blue. Maybe once Lia and I were mates, things would finally return to normal, and I'd never have to deal with such gut-wrenching agony again. Maybe...

But any other conscious thought of mine was cut short as Lia dove upon my cock, wrapping her lips around the thick length and gulping it down. My eyes rolled back into my head with a moan as she rapidly swallowed inch after inch, sliding her tongue along the sensitive shaft as it disappeared down her throat. Instinctively I bucked my hips, but my restraints limited my movement, and Lia pushed down firmly on my waist, making sure that she could move at her own pace. There really wasn't much I could do except to groan incoherently and stare down at the gorgeous female sucking me off.

And god, was she fun to watch. The dragoness obviously took pride in her work, and she certainly seemed to be enjoying herself, judging from the intensity with which she attended to my aching member. I watched transfixed as my dragonhood slid between her lips, in and out, the female swallowing me to the hilt for a moment, then pulling back to suckle at just the head, the rest of my rod glistening with her spit and surrounded by the warm flesh of her breasts. I could feel myself melting into the ground as Lia slaved over my pride, licking up one side and swirling her tongue around the tip before teasing her way back down the underside of my shaft. At one point, she even dared to go lower, nuzzling at my scaly sac, then gently sucking on each of my cum-swollen balls, rolling each orb in her mouth for a moment before letting it

slip free once again.

In hindsight, I realize Lia probably had some rather interesting thoughts on her mind – like how for one of my balls, this was the last time she'd ever suck on the swollen orb before pounding it into paste – but at the time, the thought of my imminent ballbusting was the very last thing on my mind. Lia was my entire world as she lay there, bobbing her head up and down on my member, flooding my body with impossible waves of pleasure and slowly working me towards an earth-shaking climax. When she came up for air for a moment, she was grinning, a thin line of saliva running from her lips to the twitching, throbbing cock between her breasts. She shot a seductive smile my way, then looked to the side. "Hey girls," she called out, "enjoying the show?"

In my lust-induced stupor, I had sort of forgotten that there was anyone else in the room (or for that matter, anyone else in the universe). I glanced to my right to find the other two females, one still as composed as ever, the other...a little less so.

"*Haah*." Kayla was leaned up against the wall, one hand kneading at her chest, the other pistoning furiously between her legs. "Fuck, Lia, I'm not even a *guy* and I'm turned on. *Mmmh!*" The orca's eyes slid shut as she leaned back further, her mouth half-open in a panting grin.

Opal's reaction wasn't nearly so pornographic, but she still was blushing hotly, and her sari definitely looked a bit...disheveled. "Y-Yes," the frog stuttered, fidgeting nervously, "you're, uh...you're obviously quite good at what you do."

"Thanks." The dragoness smiled. "I'm certainly enjoying myself – aren't you, P'oiu?"

I tried to put together an intelligent response, but when I opened my mouth all that came out was a throaty moan. My toeclaws scratched lines into the floor as the female ran her tongue up the underside of my member, earning a short spurt of pre for her efforts.

Lia chuckled, watching my body writhe pleasurably in response. "Yeah, I thought so. Well then, I suppose we can drag this out for another minute or two."

And just like that, the dragoness picked up where she had left off, sucking and slurping

at the pole between my legs. Once again, I felt all conscious thought melt away, my entire world reduced to the sexy female whose tongue was currently dancing around my shaft. I couldn't imagine anything better, and so I happily just lay there, moaning my lust as I was serviced by the girl of my dreams.

But of course, all good things must come to an end. I gladly would have spent forever with Lia slaving over my cock, and I wish I could have held out at least a little longer, but after all the cockteasing I'd endured, there was no holding myself back. I watched as the dragoness worked her way down my length one more time, working feverishly to swallow every last inch. I knew that the moment she reached the base, I was going to blow my load – and sure enough, as soon as she did, I came like a geyser.

To her credit, Lia swallowed down the first shot, which erupted with so much force I'm surprised she didn't have a coughing fit. As it was, her eyes went wide and she immediately came up on my shaft, the thick length slipping from her lips with a wet *pop* just as another rope of seed fired over her shoulder. The female squeezed her breasts tightly around the twitching length as it spewed a seemingly endless torrent of spunk, coating pretty much everything in the area with a layer of dragonseed, my balls unleashing their genetic gift in copious amounts. After a moment Lia grabbed my twitching rod in one hand and gave it a few rapid strokes, my shaft as stiff as an iron bar in the dragoness's grip. And me? I just babbled like a maniac, my entire body twitching as I exploded for only the second time all week, my balls emptying themselves until finally my cock slumped exhaustedly between the female's tits.

Lia watched my member twitch and throb for a few more moments, spitting out a few last strings of seed that dribbled down onto her rack. "Well that didn't take long," she said with a smirk, reaching up to wipe a strand of spunk from her face. "Guess I've still got it, huh?"

"Oh *god*, yes." I happily murmured my agreement, my eyes half-lidded as I basked in a well-deserved afterglow. I could tell the whole area around me was now a cum-splattered mess, and I knew I was just minutes away from more horrible ballpain, but damned if I cared. *Man*, that orgasm had been a long time coming – and holy *fuck* did Lia know how to please a guy.

"Wow." Apparently I had even caught Opal in the spray, as the frog was currently standing in a small puddle of the stuff, her sari soaked with my seed. The female didn't

seem upset, though...in fact, quite the opposite. "Uh...P'oiu, I don't think I've ever seen you cum so much," she said, chuckling. "There's enough here for a hundred potions, easy. "

"Glad to hear it," I replied, panting. "That...that oughta make up for the week I was gone, right?" Man, I was a fucking *stud*. Not even Lia's constant ball-bashing could stop my spuds from churning it out.

"Yeah, and then some." Carefully she peeled the wet cloth of her wrap away from her shoulder. "I mean, I think my clothes are completely ruined, but I don't even care. That was incredible."

"Y'know, I'm curious – what exactly do you use his spunk for, anyway?" Lia looked over as the smaller female began to disrobe, unwinding the cum-soaked strip from her body. "I mean, besides bathing in the stuff."

Opal blushed, brushing a thick glob of my seed from her bare thigh. She watched the gooey spunk drip from her fingers for a moment before she continued her undressing. "Well, it's got really strong medicinal properties – healing, strengthening, regeneration. Most of it I use for my own potions, but I also resell some of it to other potion makers. Dragons like him are pretty rare nowadays, so people are willing to pay quite a bit for a jar or two."

I had to admit, I was curious too – I'd never asked Opal much about her work. Of course, I was also quite interested to see her nude again, and if I kept her talking, she'd probably feel more comfortable stripping down...

"Is it really that great?" I asked, my length giving a post-orgasmic twitch as I caught a glimpse of the frog's round rear. "People will pay that much for dragon sperm?"

"Green dragon sperm, yeah." Opal turned to glance back in my direction...giving me a wonderful view of her topless chest in the process. Good god, that girl was stacked. "Like I said, it's really powerful stuff...I mean, your spunk is the whole reason your body's so indestructible."

I blinked, forcing my eyes up from her generous rack. "Uh...what do you mean?"

"You know: your toughness, your regeneration, all that stuff." The female saw my look of incomprehension and stopped. "You...you do know that stuff, right?"

"Um...no. Should I?"

"Seriously?" Opal let out a heavy sigh, shaking her head. "For god's sake, P'oiu – why did you *think* I was coming by every week to harvest your seed?"

I'd never really considered that question, to be honest – I was just happy to have a sexy female who wanted to watch me jerk it every week or two. I'd never thought about what was in it for her. "Uh...I guess I just assumed you enjoyed the experience?"

Opal rolled her eyes, but smiled a bit. "Well...I do enjoy it, P'oiu, but that's not what keeps my business going. Didn't anybody ever teach you about dragon biology? I mean, I know it's not a common subject in general, but I just assumed that since you *were* one–"

"Cut to the chase, short stuff." Kayla had apparently recovered from her solo session and walked over to join the other girls, her arms folded across her bare breasts. "Give us the abridged version – what's so special about him?"

"Mmm," echoed Lia, a genuine look of curiosity on her face. A shiver passed through my body as the dragoness shifted to a seated position, my cock slipping from between her breasts to lie against my stomach.

"Well, it's not terribly complicated," answered Opal. The little frog – now just as nude as the rest of us – hopped up and took a seat on Lia's lap, looking down at my scaly sac. "Like I said, his spunk has really strong healing properties, and that has an effect on his whole body. It makes him a lot more resistant to injury, and even if he did get injured somehow, it'd heal really fast. In order to provide that kind of protection, though, his body has to constantly make more of the stuff. That's one of the reasons southern dragons like him are so damn horny all the time – their balls are constantly producing spunk in order to protect their bodies. In fact, when a male is attacked, his testicles actually start churning out even more sperm than usual...which, uh, probably has something to do with why you just came so hard, P'oiu."

Kayla laughed. "Wait – are you trying to tell me that dragon-boy here has magical

gonads or something?"

Opal blushed hotly. "It sounds kind of ridiculous when you put it that way, but...yeah, basically. It doesn't make him invulnerable to pain, obviously, but it does make him very resistant to any serious damage." The female glanced down at my junk again. "Honestly, P'oiu, that's probably the only reason your balls are still intact right now, after having them squashed flat so many times. Pretty much any other guy would just have a sac full of mush at this point."

I cringed at that thought – and at the larger implications of what she was saying. "So...basically the reason I'm so indestructible is because of my balls, yes?"

The frog nodded. "Yes."

"Because my balls are full of some sort of magical spunk."

"Yep."

I let out an aggravated sigh. "Then why the hell is it so goddamn *painful* whenever some chick kicks me in the nuts?"

Opal managed to keep a straight face, but I could see both Lia and Kayla grinning at my question. "Well," the frog answered, "that's just how it is, I guess. Your healing powers won't do anything to stop the pain, but at least they'll make sure that you stay in one piece. That's something, right?"

Well wasn't that just terribly convenient – no wonder I made such a convenient punching bag for every female I met. I got to experience all the terrible agony of getting my balls blasted with none of the actual danger. And of course, that also explained why a certain female had failed thus far in turning my gonads into goo...

Lia seemed to be thinking the same thing. "So...does that mean that they can't pop, then?" the dragoness asked, an obvious hint of disappointment in her voice. "I assumed I just wasn't trying hard enough before, but if they're really that indestructible..."

"I don't know, to be honest." The frog frowned. "I mean, they're not totally unbreakable, just...hard to crack. You have to realize, though, it'd be incredibly difficult

– they're probably the most well-protected part of his body."

"Well-protected?" I echoed, thinking of all the times I'd been floored by a kick to the groin. "Really?"

Opal smiled. "Well, maybe not the most well-protected, but certainly the most durable. I mean, that's where your spunk is made, and if you've only come twice in the past week, then your balls are probably full of the stuff."

"Even after *that*?" asked Lia. The ruby-colored dragoness glanced down at herself, her tits still splattered with my seed – not to mention the pool of spunk that was now forming on the stone floor. "I assumed that was all of it."

The smaller female chuckled. "You're good, Lia, but you're not that good. Trust me, if I know P'oiu, there's more where that came from – and there's no way you'll be able to pop a testicle while he's still pent up."

"What if he wasn't pent up, then?" chimed in Kayla. "What if you emptied his balls first, and then tried to pop one?"

"Huh...that's a good question." Opal thought for a moment. "It would definitely make things easier...like I said, his spunk is the only reason his nuts are still intact right now. If you could make him cum a few more times, it'd certainly improve your chances."

It felt more than a little odd to be listening to the three females as they discussed the logistics of bursting my ball...particularly Opal, who had been arguing to save both my spuds until just a few minutes ago. Lia's oral talents had done a lot to distract me from what lay ahead, but now I found that familiar sinking feeling returning to my gut. I tried to distract myself by focusing on the array of fine female bodies around me: firm tits and asses, bared hips and thighs...

"Really?!" Lia suddenly sounded a lot more hopeful, the female perking up at Opal's latest comment. "You think there's a chance, then?"

The little female nodded. "Yeah, I think. As long as you can get him to blow his load again."



The dragoness frowned a bit at that suggestion. "Well I mean, I could, but...even what we did just now was a pretty big stretch of the rules. I don't know how things work down here in the south, but in the north a dragoness isn't supposed to make her man cum until they're mated."

"Well then, maybe Opal can do it." Kayla grinned over at the frog. "You're a spunky girl, right? Maybe you can make him blow one more time while he's still all there?"

Opal blushed, but didn't reject the idea. "T-that's true, I could. I mean, it's not like I haven't done it before..."

"Great! Then Lia and I can bash up his nut, and P'oiu here will end up with one less testicle." The orca smirked, planting a hand on her hip. "What are we waiting for? Let's get this show on the road!"

However, Opal still had something on her mind. "Actually, wait..." The frog glanced up at Lia. "You're only popping one, right?"

"Just one," the dragoness confirmed.

"*Definitely* just one," I repeated, wincing.

"Huh." Opal frowned. "Well...I'm not sure how it'll work if you leave him one gonad. I mean, his good nut will keep trying to heal his other nut, no matter how hard you try to pop it. You might just not be able to do enough damage. I know this mating ceremony is important to you, but you should probably keep that in mind."

"Mmm." Lia looked down at me, her brow furrowed in thought. "Well, it still sounds like the best option we've got. It's worth a try, right?"

"Agreed." Kayla took a few steps closer, looking at my hefty sac and then glancing down at her own bare legs. The orca drummed her toes against the ground. "I wanna see one of these suckers pop!"

Opal nodded her agreement. "As long as you both understand that this whole thing is just an educated guess. I could be completely wrong. It's not like there's a lot of research on ruptured dragon testicles – this is kind of a first." The female blushed. "I'm

pretty curious to find out what happens, honestly. This should be kinda fun."

"So wait, you *want* to pop one now?" Kayla grinned. "Had a change of heart or something? I thought you didn't want us to damage your big ol' spunk machine."

"Well, I mean...if you're going to do it anyway, I have always wanted to see one of P'oiu's nuts pop." The frog was blushing fiercely now. "Y'know, for...for research, not because it turns me on. I mean, not that it *does* turn me on—"

Again, I tried to ignore the terrible sinking feeling in my stomach. *Tits and asses, hips and thighs...*

Kayla chuckled. "Whatever you say, babe. Lia, are we gonna do this?"

The dragoness paused for a long moment, first looking down at my sac, then raising her gaze to meet my eyes, then looking back down at my ballbag once more. Her look grew firm. "Let's do it," Lia confirmed, nodding her head.

## CHAPTER 14: DECISIONS, DECISIONS PT. II

In any other situation, I imagine I would have been thrilled to have three gorgeous, naked women all so focused on my groin. Hell, I'd fantasized about scenes like this since I was teenager...and the particular selection of ladies in front of me had the kind of curves that made my balls ache with need.

Unfortunately, given the circumstances, I knew my balls would soon be aching for a much less pleasant reason.

"So." Opal looked a bit nervous. "Uh...what's the plan, exactly?"

"What's there to plan?" Kayla asked, sauntering up between my legs. The orca glanced down at my scaly orbs for a moment before giving a half-hearted kick -- practically a gentle nudge, by her standards, but still enough to make me grunt in pain. "We drain 'em, we pound 'em, and we pop 'em. It's not complicated."

"We pop *one*," Lia corrected, stepping forward herself. She flicked my sac with a toeclaw, earning another involuntary grunt as the ache shot straight to my abdomen. "You only pop one ball for the mating ceremony...and even popping just one of his balls is going to be a hell of a lot of work. The stubborn little things might as well be made of rubber."

Another toe-flick from the ruby-scaled dragoness sent a third jolt of nutache through my body. This time the pain throbbed in my gut for a moment before fading away, and I exhaled tensely, fighting back a quiet groan as my stomach tightened and relaxed. I shot Lia an exasperated look, hoping for some sympathy from my potential mate-to-be, but the mischievous grin that I got in return told me that the female intended to toy with me as much as possible.

Stupid sexy Lia.

"Well then, how exactly are we gonna do this?" Kayla planted a hand on her bare hip, looking up at the dragoness. "I get that Opal's on cock-sucking duty, but what about us -- you wanna take turns stomping one into jelly? Use his sac as a punching bag? Squeeze the spunk out of one, maybe?" The female looked down at my groin. "I mean, I doubt I'm big enough to get a grip on his stones, but with those claws of yours you

could have him squealing soprano in no time..."

If Opal's face was red from the cock-sucking comment, mine was twice as green from the list of nut tortures that followed. As Kayla rattled off a list of potential plans for popping my plum, I felt myself grow increasingly nauseous, each treatment worse than the last. The look on Lia's face didn't help, either. I could see a hint of a smile gathering at the corners of her mouth, and after a moment she shifted her stance, now drumming her toes atop my soon-to-be-doomed dragonmakers. It was hardly the first time Lia had been poised to flatten my nuts, and yet I had never been so acutely aware of the practiced ease with which she pinned my orbs to the floor. I tried not to imagine how many other males she'd teased into a frenzy and then stomped into oblivion...how many scaly spuds had been ground into goo between her claws...how many dragon testicles had already burst between her toes. Dear god, why I had I ever agreed to this?

"Ooh, or maybe some tail-busting! Slam that thing up between his legs, see if anything breaks. I used to love doing that to my boyfriend. Er, ex-boyfriend." The orca glanced back at her tail flukes, smiling nostalgically. "Ex-boy, actually. Anyway, with an ass like yours, I'm sure you can crack that thing like a whip -- I'll bet you could shatter his nut like it was made of glass."

That mental image was enough -- my stomach crawled at the thought. "Are you seriously going to discuss all this right in front of me?!" I blurted, staring wide-eyed at the trio of females. "You realize I'm *right here listening*, right?"

"Well, yeah. Why wouldn't we discuss this around you?" Lia rolled one of my dragonmakers beneath her foot, putting a little weight on the fat sphere and making me groan involuntarily. "I mean, we're going to be doing all these things to you in a minute anyway -- you might as well know what's coming."

"Urrgh." I let out a tense breath, fighting the urge to groan again as the dragoness continued toying with my nutsac. "I really just want to get this over with."

"Hey -- I'm not the one with balls full of magical spunk. If it was up to me, we'd be done already." The red female shifted her weight again, earning a wheezing gasp from me before she lifted her foot away entirely. "But if it makes you feel better, we'll discuss it in private." She grinned. "That way it'll be a surprise."

"Great," I answered sarcastically. It was a small victory, but a victory nonetheless.

"Before that, though, I've got to ask you one more question." The dragoness knelt between my spread legs, planting one hand on my thigh to ease herself to the ground, and her eyes flicked upwards to meet my own. In any other situation, the predatory look on my mate-to-be's face would have been an incredible turn-on. As it was...well, it was actually still pretty sexy, but that was negated by the shiver that ran down my spine as she took hold of my scaly pair.

"Alright, stud, moment of truth." The dragoness hefted my swollen spunk-makers in her claws, rolling my marbles between her fingers for a moment and feeling their weight. "Which should I pop, lefty or righty?"

"Uh..." I had no idea. Was there a difference? "L-Lefty, I guess."

The female grinned. "Righty it is," she replied, delivering a friendly flick to the now-doomed gonad before letting my sac slip from her fingers.

I groaned weakly at the burst of pain that spread through my gut, my head jerking upwards for a moment before falling back to the ground once again. Dear god -- if this worked out, it was going to be one *hell* of a marriage. At least I'd be saving some other poor dragon from getting his stones pounded to a pulp.

Lia gave my thigh a reassuring squeeze, then climbed to her feet, turning to face the other girls. I tried to enjoy the view, my eyes tracing the sexy curve of her rear, but when I reached her tail I could only imagine it snapping upwards between my legs, crushing my balls into my pelvis. I felt nauseous for a moment, remembering some of the warning tailflicks she'd given me on the long journey home, and imagining how much worse a full-force slam would have been. Sure, my terrible case of blue balls might have saved a rupture, but just the thought...ugh.

I was so busy visualizing getting my walnuts cracked that I almost didn't notice as Lia and Kayla began making their way to a far corner of the room. My eyes were unconsciously following the hypnotic sway of the dragoness's hips when Opal climbed up on to my stomach, grabbing my attention.

“Opal?” I asked, blinking. “Uh...why aren’t you with the other girls?”

The little frog looked up at me, planting a hand on her hip. “Because it’s my job to make you *blow*, not to make you pop. Remember?” The female turned to face my groin, stepping towards my half-hard cock. “Seems like a shame to ruin such a nice matching set...but if you’re gonna lose a spud, at least we get to have one more round of fun first.”

I could feel myself starting to stir as Opal placed a hand on my dragonhood, giving the thick length a friendly stroke. “Isn’t there something you can say to them?” I let my eyes fall to the frog’s wonderful ass, appreciating its luscious curves. “You’re smart -- they’ll listen to you.”

“Are you kidding?” As my length stiffened the female pressed her body up against it, earning an involuntary twitch from the pole of flesh. “Maybe you didn’t notice, but I’m a bit out of my league here. That girlfriend of yours is like five times my size. Besides, they’ve *both* got legitimate reasons to want to scramble your eggs.”

Legitimate? Really? “But I don’t *want* to lose a nut,” I whined.

“Well then you should have picked me,” the frog replied, a touch of testiness in her voice as she grabbed my shaft and gave it a squeeze. Her hands didn’t even come close to encircling the thick length, but it was enough to earn another healthy throb. “Look -- I realize this is tough, but you knew exactly what you were getting into when you picked Lia. If you really want to be her mate, you have to let her pop one. Now be a man about it. Half a man. Whatever.”

That was not the kind of sympathy I had been hoping for. Still, it seemed odd that Opal was so willing to just stand by and let this happen -- for business reasons, if nothing else. “They’re taking away half of your spunk supply,” I pointed out, shivering as I reached full hardness.

“Oh, I don’t know about that.” Opal pressed her breasts up against my cock and slid her body down my length, grinning at the spurt of precum that splashed across her bare chest. “From what I’ve seen, Lia seems to be a master at blue-balling. I’d say she makes you cum twice as hard as usual...so I should still have plenty of material for my potions.”

I felt pretty sure that it didn't work that way, but before I could open my mouth to protest the frog had wrapped both arms around my dragonhood. I let out a low moan as the little female moved up and down in slow, pumping strokes...and a second, louder moan as she gave a lick up the underside of my shaft.

Opal planted a wet kiss on my cockhead before wrapping her lips around as much of it as she could, her long tongue playing across the part that wouldn't fit in her mouth. She suckled at the tip for a moment before letting it slip free from her mouth with a quiet pop. "You like?" she asked playfully, rubbing her cheek up against the thick pole of flesh.

I growled, thrusting my hips up in response. Not for the first time, I cursed the size difference between us. I could only imagine what it would feel like if she could swallow down my entire length, or if I could sink myself into the hot, wet slit between her legs...

"*Mmmph.*" I moaned as the healer planted another kiss on my dragonhood. "God, what I wouldn't give to just be a frog."

Opal chuckled at that, pressing her bare body closer. "I think I prefer you just the way you are, big boy."

I shivered at the sensation of her warm skin rubbing up against my most sensitive organ (well, my most *pleasurably* sensitive organ, anyway). In the past, I had emptied my balls dozens of times to thoughts of Opal: firm tits and wide hips, gorgeous curves that drove my libido through the roof. The frog probably could have been a porn star, if she'd wanted. Instead she'd dedicated her life to healing...and to making me blow my load. Lucky me.

This time was no different. Despite the titfuck from Lia just a short while ago, it was only a matter of minutes before I found myself approaching the point of no return. I let out a throaty moan as the frog gave up on standing and instead wrapped her legs around my shaft, her whole body squeezed wantonly around my dragonhood. My cock gave a mighty twitch as she slid down on my length, her rack squished up against the pillar of flesh, her thighs tight around the shaft, her own wet sex rubbing against the base of my member.

“*Nngh!*” The little female let out a moan of her own as she ground against my rod, her whole-body strokes lubricated by each new spurt of precum from my twitching length. “Oh P’oiu...*ah!* Show me what you’re storing in those big balls of yours!”

“Oh *Opal*,” I groaned, my head rolling back with pleasure. My heart was pounding, my hips thrusting of their own accord, the nude and nubile Opal sliding up and down my length. Each pump brought me closer to the edge of ecstasy, my eyes rolling back into my head, my toeclaws curling as I felt that wonderful feeling rising in my groin. I’d shot my wad for Opal dozens of times -- but usually I just stroked myself off while Opal stood by and grinned, then collected the spunk afterwards for her potions. If I was lucky, she’d flash me her tits, or maybe rub my balls. But the way she rode me now, pressing her slick skin against mine, shuddering with arousal, clutching desperately to my dragonhood--

With a grunt of exertion the little frog increased her pace, sliding up and down, up and down, each stroke pushing me closer. There was no stopping it now. “*O-Opal!*” I panted raggedly, thrusting up against the female as her whole body worked to get me off. “I--!”

*Whump.*

I knew what had happened before the pain even hit. Of *course*.

“Eep!” Opal tensed, clinging tightly to my cock. “Watch your foot!”

“Don’t worry, I wasn’t gonna crush *you*,” said Lia reassuringly. “Just his nut.”

This was not the first time I’d had my right nut pinned beneath Lia’s heel...but it was possibly the worst. Half a stroke from orgasm, and I had the entire weight of a full-grown dragoness dropped on my gonad. My cock gave a mournful twitch, and I let out a long, low, defeated groan, slumping in my chains as a fresh ache spread through my abdomen...

...but that did nothing to stop Opal. After a moment to settle her nerves, the little healer resumed her gyrating, grinding feverishly against my prick, doing her best to finish the job and make me blow. And somehow, despite the crushing weight on my testicle, she succeeded.



*Thud.* A second blow -- this one from Kayla's mace -- came crashing down on poor righty just as a thick rope of spunk erupted from the tip of my member, arcing high into the air before splashing down on my bare chest. I squeaked something unintelligible as a sharp spike of nutpain laced through my gut and a second blast of dragonseed shot from my cock, spraying forcefully across my stomach. (In my pain-addled state, it almost seemed like my sperm were trying to flee from my flattened ball. Smart sperm.)

For a split second, Lia seemed surprised -- I guess she hadn't realized just how close I was -- but almost immediately, that was replaced with an expression of glee. "He's coming! Oh my--...Kayla, get out of the way! I'm gonna try to pop it!"

"Aww, but I only got one hit!" complained the orca...but she must have moved aside, or else been crushed by the scaly foot that came thundering down several times in rapid succession. I let out a series of squawks and squeals as Lia delivered stomp after stomp to my swollen testicle, pounding it into the stone floor as my cock spat out a few more strings of dragon batter. Every instinct in my body told me to double up and clutch myself, to do whatever was necessary to protect my unborn children from this barrage of brutal blows...but all I could do was spasm in my restraints, and watch as Lia's leg moved up and down, up and down.

"Mmrgh...come *on!* I swear," Lia grumbled, frowning as my rubbery nut slipped out from beneath her heel, "I am going to pop one of these plums if it's the *last* damn thing I do. Such stubborn little things..."

If I had been able to string together a coherent sentence at this point, I probably would have been begging her for mercy -- but what do you say to a girl who's determined to grind one of your gonads into goo? My whole body shook as the dragoness bore down on the center of my scaly ball, the tortured sphere warping under the terrible pressure, but refusing to simply burst and be done with it. Instead my poor nut squished between the female's toeclaws like some kind of water balloon, reshaping itself around Lia's foot with each agonizing stomp.

For a while, there were only two sounds: the repeated impact of foot on balls, and my own broken mewling. It was Kayla who finally spoke. "I, uh...I don't think it's gonna pop, hun," she said, watching my swollen spud bounce around in my sac with each

blow. "He finished blowing his wad a while ago, and his nut's still in one piece."

If anything, Kayla's words made Lia even more determined. "But it *has* to pop!" she exclaimed, gritting her teeth as she ground my gonad into the floor. "We made him cum twice! His balls must be almost empty!"

"Almost empty, but not *totally* empty." Opal was still clinging to my half-hard cock for balance, wincing each time the larger female's foot came slamming down beside her. "I think we might need to make him come a third time. And, uh....I may not be a guy, but I imagine it's pretty hard to blow a load while your balls are being stomped flat."

"Heh -- you'd be surprised." The dragoness smirked, but her grin quickly faded as my ball squirted out from underneath her foot, still frustratingly intact. "Damn it!" she growled. "I just can't...*grr!*"

In a futile expression of fury, Lia cocked her leg back and rocketed her foot up between my legs, not bothering to discriminate between my left and right orb as she drove them both up into my pelvis. Only the chains around my ankles kept me from skidding several inches with the force of the kick. In most circumstances, that kind of blow would drop me to my knees like a bag of bricks...but it didn't seem quite so bad when compared to a ball-stomp mid-orgasm. If anything, I was almost *glad* to have my left nut absorbing half of the impact.

Lia stood there for another moment, sweat glistening on her heaving chest, before sighing heavily and finally stepping away. That gave my half-crushed dragonmakers a few moments' respite, and a chance to reinflate to their usual round shape. Er...well, sort of. Even without looking, I knew my right plum had to be twice the size of my left one, and somehow I suspected that it was less a 'ball' at this point than it was a 'grotesquely swollen lump'. It was still in one piece, yes, but I wouldn't have been at all surprised if the poor thing only shot blanks from now on.

The three girls seemed to be talking, but I was having trouble focusing on the words, given the terrible nausea churning in my gut. I could tell that Lia was aggravated from the tone of her voice (and from the flurry of ball-blows I'd just received), but Kayla and Opal seemed to be calming her down a bit, doing their best to take the edge off of the female's frustration. Opal murmured something sympathetic, and Kayla said something about gonads that earned a laugh. I even heard the words "try again later,"

though the dragoness didn't seem very pleased with that idea.

"But we're so close! All we need to do is make him come again--"

"You're trying to get a third consecutive orgasm out of a guy after stomping on his balls?" Kayla chuckled. "Yeah, good luck with that."

Opal scratched her head, frowning. "I'm with Kayla -- I've *never* seen P'oiu blow three times, and that's practically my job. I'd be surprised if you can even get him hard."

Lia opened her mouth to argue -- then looked down at me instead. A look of determination crossed her face. Suddenly the dragoness was down on her knees, leaning over me to look me in the eye.

"Hey." She gave me a little smile. "I know you've been through a lot, but...think you can get it up again?"

"No," I croaked.

"Told you so," said Kayla.

Lia shot the orca an annoyed look. "Okay. Well," she asked, running a hand across my chest, "...is it okay if I try?"

I opened my mouth. Closed it. Opened it again. Yes? No? My brain had shut down at this point. All I could manage was an exhausted groan. *Do what you want.*

Without another word, the dragoness slid down my torso and wrapped her lips around my cock.

Part of me was just tired. Part of me just wanted to pass out now, even if it meant I might have to suffer through *another* attempted nut-popping when I came to. Hell, I could hardly feel anything below the waist besides a haze of nausea and pain.

But despite everything, my limp dragonhood began to respond, slowly stiffening between the female's lips. Her tongue curled around my thickening length, one hand stroking at the base, the other playing with my sac (gently, for once). Weakly I lifted

my head to watch and caught Lia grinning up at me, her head bobbing steadily up and down, coating my shaft in a glistening layer of saliva. I was totally spent, my balls practically empty, and yet I felt my pride give a faint twitch of arousal, struggling back to life. I don't know where I got the energy -- but then again, I'd suffered through a week of blue balls following Lia around, desperate for the chance to give her my seed. I'd spent countless hours with my dragonhood like a bar of iron, silently imagining what it would be like to fuck her brains out. If she was going to suck me off, then god damn it, I was going to give her a mouthful.

That didn't seem to be Lia's plan, though. As my cock approached full hardness, the dragoness pulled herself away with a wet slurp, leaving my stiff rod bobbing needfully in the air.

"Damn." Kayla wolf-whistled. "Girl's got skills."

"Why did you stop?" asked Opal, confused.

The dragoness looked up at me again, her eyes aflame, and suddenly I realized just how aroused she was. And surprisingly, how aroused *I* was. "Because," she panted, moving to straddle my body. She turned to face away from me, her tail thumping down on my chest. "I want him *here*."

I gasped weakly as the female wrapped a clawed hand around my shaft -- then moaned loudly as she impaled herself on my rod. My hips bucked in surprise, unable to resist the sudden burst of pleasure. Her body gripped at every inch of my pride as I entered her, inch after inch sinking into her warm depths. The sensation made my head spin. Her sex was tight, snug around my shaft, and wet, so *wet*--

I wasn't the only one having a moment. "My *god* you're thick," Lia groaned, eyes sliding shut as she worked her way down the last few inches of my dragonhood. "Oh *fuck*. *Mmmrph*."

Oh, how I wanted this. For a moment I was so overwhelmed that it was all I could do to just admire the view. I let my eyes trace the curves of the dragoness's back, following the angle of her shoulder blades, out to the swell of her hips, then back to the luscious curve of her rear. My shaft twitched inside her and I felt her body squeeze back in response, milking me for my genetic gift. God, this was heavenly. Lia was fucking me.

*Lia was fucking me!* And any second now, she would start bouncing away, riding me to the best orgasm of my life...

"Kayla?" The dragoness fought to suppress a moan, grinding down against my lap. "L-like we discussed."

The orca cocked her head to the side. "But I thought you were planning to take it in the ass for this."

Lia shook her head. "Changed my mind. I want him inside me when it...*ohhh!* *Ohh*, that's nice."

"Um... 'like we discussed'?" asked Opal, confused. "What did I miss?"

Kayla smirked, hefting her mace onto her shoulder. "Just follow my lead. I'm sure you can find something to do."

A stab of panic went through me as I felt claws wrap around my sac, isolating my right nut once again. Oh no. Please no. We could do this later. Couldn't I just blow my load in peace?

Lia craned her head around to face me, giving me a smoldering look. "Now -- you are going to *blow* your fucking load, and I am going to *pop* your fucking ball," she purred, sliding her sex up my shaft until only the tip remained inside her. "Understood?"

My cry of protest immediately became a squeal of pain as the dragoness clamped down on the center of my nut, the poor orb losing any semblance of its usual spherical shape as it squished out between her fingers. At the same time Lia slammed her hips back down, her rear striking my stomach with an audible *smack* as she took my dragonhood to the hilt. She only stayed there for a moment, my shaft stretching her wide, before she rose once again with a happy groan, rolling her hips to start a steady rhythm.

My body bucked desperately in response, torn between two competing instincts. On the one hand, I had the irresistible urge to meet the female's thrusts, to fuck her hard and fill her with my spunk. On the other hand, I was also trying to fold double and protect myself before the dragoness could grind my gonad into mush between her claws. For a few seconds, I found myself unable to respond to either demand, frozen in

place as the dragoness ravaged my junk.

And of course, I was completely ignoring Kayla and Opal, too. Even when Lia took a moment to carefully adjust her grip, pinching my nut straight down the middle so that it bulged out on either side, I didn't understand what was going on -- at least not until Kayla's mace came pounding down on one of those bubbles of nutflesh.

"My *nut!*" I squeaked, finally finding my voice again. "Oh god, my *nut!*"

"Ha!" Kayla's laugh rang clear as a bell. "I guess he felt that. You got the other side?"

"Uh, sure," replied Opal, sounding not-at-all sure. "How should I...?"

"I dunno. Just pound on it!"

"Your legs," gasped Lia, looking down at the two smaller females as she continued to ride me. "U-use your legs!"

I felt the jolt of pain as the frog gave me a firm kick, but it wasn't nearly as bad as the blow from Kayla. Apparently Kayla agreed. "No no no," she scolded, "not like that. Your thighs are so strong -- you gotta use all that *power!* Use your feet like a battering ram!"

"Hmm." Opal thought for a moment...then took a seat on the floor, hugged her legs to her chest, and rolled back in order to lift both feet off the ground. "You mean something like this?"

What followed was an mini-explosion of pain as the frog launched both her feet up into my testicle, all that raw power uncorked into the center of my big, scaly nut. "Oh *fuck!*" I squealed, my hips bucking off the floor even despite the weight of Lia sitting on top of me. "Holy *fuck*, my *nut!*"

Kayla laughed again, louder than before. "See? Nice strong legs like yours -- you're practically built for kicking balls."

"Ha, thanks," replied Opal, no doubt blushing. "That was actually...kind of fun."

“Shows off your ass, too,” the orca added.

Opal had no further response except to slam her feet into my ball once again -- or rather, into the big bubble of ballmeat squishing out from the left side of Lia's death grip. I let out a plaintive wail as Kayla's mace crashed down on the opposite site, further scrambling my trapped egg.

The sad thing is, under any other circumstances I'm sure I would have been left slack-jawed by the sight of the dragoness thumping up and down on top of me, my length swallowed by her tight sex, her head thrown back in ecstasy. My cock was still as hard as iron, still twitching eagerly with each thrust...but with my spud under assault from three different sides, that pleasure was all but forgotten. I tried to focus on the two round globes of the female's behind, in the hope that it might spur my arousal and help drown out the agony...but the ripples that ran through her ass cheeks with each bounce just reminded me of a slap to my own orbs.

Lia was having no such trouble enjoying herself. “Oh *fuck*,” she groaned, her pussy clenching tightly around my throbbing length, her juices dripping down my shaft. The dragoness let go of my gonad with one hand in order to rub frantically at her clit. The adjustment in her grip sent a sharp jolt of pain into my gut, just as she arched her back with a throaty moan of pleasure. “Oh my *god, nnggh--*”

I squealed back something much less intelligible, my body twitching beneath hers as my defenseless nut was stressed to the breaking point. I could hear all three of the girls making noise: Lia's ragged moans and the wet slap of her hips against mine; Kayla's grunts as she used my poor ball for mace practice; the dull thud of Opal's feet slamming into the opposite side of my aching spud. My body jerked with each blow, helpless to shield my swollen spunk-maker.

Earlier, when I'd first come to and found myself chained to the cave floor, I'd come to the realization that my nuts might have only hours to live -- but even then, it hadn't quite felt real. After all, I'd had my balls busted a dozen times and always survived intact (albeit with plenty of swelling). In fact, each of the girls in the room had already taken a serious crack at my nuts: Kayla had tried to kick them into paste, Opal had practically pounded them flat beneath her rear, and Lia...well, Lia had attempted to pop one in a variety of ways. But only now, with Kayla and Opal assisting Lia in trying to smash my spud, did I fully understand just how fucked I was. How, in a few

minutes, I might permanently be a nut lighter.

Like it or not, I'd imagined this scene quite a few times by now -- often in nightmares, sometimes in daydreams (daymares?), and of course, pretty much any time a female slammed her foot up between my legs. In my mind I'd lost my balls a dozen different ways: pounded to paste across some girl's knee, or squashed to oblivion between her fingers, or even chewed to mush between her teeth. In my imagination it had always been a split-second thing: my twin orbs trembling on the edge of rupture, compressed to their very limits, fighting valiantly to stay alive until they suddenly burst like a pair of water balloons. In one moment, mind-blowing testicular agony; in the next, a sac full of goo and merciful unconsciousness.

But now that it was actually happening (oh dear god, this was *actually happening?!),* I realized that reality was not nearly so kind. As Lia dug her claws into my right gonad, I could feel the orb starting to cave. Drained of almost all its spunk, the swollen spud kept trying to slip out from the dragoness's unyielding grip, but she held on, her grip leaving deep dents in the rubbery sphere. I had the distinct sense that my ball was about to split along the seam, like some overstuffed beanbag.

If Lia could tell that she was getting close, she didn't show it. The dragoness was bouncing up and down like a jackhammer, panting and moaning and gasping with pleasure, her rear pounding into my lap with each thrust. In my near-delirium I tried to crane my head, to catch one final glimpse of my sac before I became half a dragon, but my view was obscured by her tail and by the otherwise-heavenly sight of my shaft buried in her sex. Occasionally, as Lia rose to the very tip of my cock, I would catch a glimpse of something through her legs, scaly flesh squishing out from between vicious claws -- but even with the apocalyptic pain in my gut, it seemed impossible that my poor right nut could be *that* swollen or *that* distorted.

At some point I became aware of a shrill, high-pitched squealing, so sharp that it almost hurt to hear. (Maybe it would have, if every pain receptor in my brain hadn't already been engaged elsewhere.) Even with my mind in a jumble, it sounded strangely familiar...but it wasn't until I felt Kayla's mace slam into the side of my nut again and heard the squeal jump another half-step higher that I realized I was hearing myself. With my testicle on the verge of extinction, I hardly sounded like a dragon at all -- and closer to a female than a male.



Still, even if I sounded like a hatchling on helium, I fought for some control of my voice. “*Lia*,” I managed to squeak out, my words warbling as Opal delivered another devastating kick, “o-oh *god*, Lia, *m-my--!*”

“*Oh!*” There was a pleading edge in the female’s voice -- a wild, desperate tone that sent a shiver up my spine. “Oh P’oiu, *please! Cum*, you stud, *cum!*”

I had just started formulating the words to tell Lia that cumming was the absolute *last* thing on my mind -- but then suddenly the dragoness’s hips were a blur, her body clenched like a vice around my throbbing length, and I was no longer so sure. My mind went blank as the female redoubled her efforts, every motion and muscle coordinating to coax one more load from my overworked orbs. Somehow, despite everything, I felt myself start thrusting back, fighting back my involuntary spasms to match Lia’s frantic rhythm. My shaft twitched inside her, rapidly approaching the edge of yet another orgasm even as my gonads screamed in protest. The urge to procreate overrode everything else: this dragoness *needed* my seed. Nothing in the world was as important as giving her whatever was left in my balls.

Oddly enough, it was a fresh twinge of ache in my *left* nut -- the one that the girls were purposefully leaving alone -- that brought me back to the present. For a moment, I thought that something had been clamped around my spunk-maker...but by now, I was quite familiar with what it felt like to get one of my testicles slowly flattened, and this was somehow different. A duller pain, and deeper. In a strange way, it reminded me of all the times that Lia had left me terribly blue-balled, my nuts filled to bursting with unspent spunk, except somehow...opposite. Like my ball was being wrung *dry* instead.

It took a few seconds for that thought to fully sink in...and for me to realize just how close I was to blowing my load. A load that might cost me my right nut. Even then, I couldn’t stop myself from thrusting, even with all three girls pounding on my defenseless dragon-maker, doing their best to reduce it to goo. Half of my mind was lost in pleasure; the other half was insane with agony. I swear I could feel my nut starting to crack as it prepared to unleash its last few drops of spunk, the only thing that had kept it intact through weeks of testicular torture.

Lia could feel it cracking too, apparently. “It’s--it’s gonna pop!” she gasped. Her pussy rippled around my dragonhood, squeezing, *squeezing*. “It’s gonna *pop!* Oh, P’oiu!”

Several things happened at once.

Kayla's mace came thudding into the gap between Lia's fingers.

Opal's long, lithe legs slammed forcefully into the opposite side of my ball.

And on top of me, Lia tossed her head back, her mouth opening in a lustful cry, her whole body quivering, her claws tightening one final notch...

I exploded.

Lia's hips slammed into mine just as my cock erupted with a torrent of spunk: shot after shot of dragonseed blasting into the female's sex, my balls wringing themselves dry in one last attempt to pass on my genes to a new generation. I came like a geyser. If it weren't for the dragoness in my lap, I think I could have sprayed the ceiling with spunk -- but that wouldn't have been one-tenth as satisfying as burying myself inside of Lia, feeling her tightness around me as I blew my load. For a split second, I forgot everything I'd been through in the past few weeks: every trial and every trauma; every ache and every pain; every kick, knee, slap, squeeze, and stomp that had left me doubled over in the fetal position. There was nothing in the world but my cock, and Lia, and pleasure.

And then I felt Lia clench around me, her back arching in orgasm, and it was over. The world came rushing back just as my poor, poor testicle finally gave in, the tortured orb trembling for an agonizing moment before suddenly disintegrating between the female's fingers. I felt my gut do a backflip as the dragoness's claws finally closed around my ruptured nut, the once-proud orb splitting open, its contents squishing outwards from the busted seam of my busted spud. For an instant I had half a gonad, a chunk of testicle still mostly intact -- then Lia's grip shifted, and that too was nothing but mush.

I heard a gasp from Opal; a sharp laugh from Kayla; a shuddering moan from Lia. I felt the familiar wave of nausea rise in my stomach, multiplied by a thousand times. My body gave a forceful twitch. And yet even as the incredible ache spread through my abdomen, and as my vision began to fade, and as Lia sunk down once more on my shaft with the most satisfied groan I'd ever heard, somehow it almost didn't seem real.

I guess I'd always expected to hear a "pop".

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You know, despite my thorough familiarity with getting my balls flattened, I had never really thought about what would happen *after* I lost a nut. Hell, I think part of me expected I'd just give up and die after having one of my dragon-makers ground into goo.

But when I regained consciousness, much later, I felt oddly...calm. (Not what you'd expect, after losing a spud.) I remembered what had happened in full detail, of course - it was hard to forget, given the nausea still pulsing in my stomach and the images burned on my brain -- but now that it was over and done with, I felt strangely relaxed. After all, the damage was already done. One of my balls had burst, and it had been incredibly painful, but that was it. I hadn't died; I hadn't gone crazy; the girls hadn't rebelled and decided to pop my other nut, too. Here I was: still P'oiu, still (mostly) male, still in my own cave, still surrounded by same company -- still chained to the ground, even. It was exactly as I'd agreed upon, and even if I wouldn't normally volunteer to have one of my gonads reduced to a fine pulp, it was at least nice to wake up and find that my captors had stuck to their promises.

The three girls seemed to have cooled down from their earlier ball-bursting frenzy. Opal was back in her usual outfit, seated cross-legged between my spread legs, her feminine curves concealed behind a modest red sari as she scribbled something down in a notebook. From time to time she would move to get a better look at my battered ballbag, or give my heavy left nut a quick feel, but for the most part she just sat and wrote. I'm not really sure how my poor, broken dragon-makers could be the impetus for so much text, but judging from the endless scratching of the little frog's pen, I guess there was plenty of interesting information to record.

Kayla was lying off to the side, napping peacefully, her mace set down a few feet away. Apparently the orca had decided to put some of her clothes back on, but whatever she was wearing, it was still rather minimal -- just enough to cover the essentials, though most of her body was still bared to the world. As I watched she stretched in her sleep, arching her back until her breasts seemed about to slip free of her top, then folded back in on herself, curled up with her hands between her legs. "Mmm...P'oiu," she murmured, a grin on her face as her thighs squeezed tightly together. I'm uncertain exactly what she was dreaming of, but I can't imagine it was anything good, at least not

for me.

And as for Lia -- well, Lia was as nude as ever, of course. At this particular moment she was straddling my chest, facing away towards my groin, idly stroking my shaft with one hand. She seemed to be watching Opal's examination, peering down at my swollen left nut and whatever remained of the right. Her tail lay across my chest and curled around beneath my head, providing a nice make-shift pillow and propping my head at just the right angle to admire the curves of her backside. Groggily I took in the view, eyes tracing downwards from her bare shoulders, lingering on her curvy hips, finally arriving at her round, ruby-colored rear. I could still picture my shaft buried to the hilt in her tight slit, her body clenching down around me, the dragoness crying out my name as her claws tightened that final notch and she claimed me as her mate--

Her mate. I was her mate now. That was a crazy thought -- we'd only known each other for what, a week and a half? -- but it actually made me feel quite happy. Sure, Lia was a little crazy at times, and yes, she was a terrible cocktease, and admittedly, she seemed to have a straight-up fetish for flattening my balls -- but just one glance at her body had me ready to blow like an over-sexed teenager. And she knew how to use that body, too...she was like a goddess out of some fevered wet dream. Who could say no to that? Besides, now that her heat had ended and her horrible little mating ritual was over, she seemed a whole lot less threatening. Caring, even, if you judged from the way she was sitting over me, watching Opal tend to my tortured testicles. Only time would tell if I'd made the right choice, but for now, the thought of fucking Lia senseless helped to ease some of the ache in my abdomen.

And even if I was still too weak to move, the lewd fantasies running through my head definitely roused a certain part of me to life. My thick length had already been fairly stiff from Lia's slow strokes, but when it began twitching more forcefully the dragoness took notice. She craned her neck around, looking down at me and smiling when she saw that my gaze was locked on her ass. "Hey, stud," she teased, "my eyes are up here."

I glanced up and opened my mouth to respond, but only managed a pained groan as Opal nudged around the contents of my ballsac. "Oh *fuck*--"

Her expression softened, a tone of concern entering her voice. "How are you feeling?"

I coughed weakly. "Like I was hit in the groin by a sledgehammer. You...you popped it,

right? "

"He's awake?" Opal climbed to her feet, leaning to the side to peer around Lia's torso.

"Oh thank god. I was starting to think we'd put you in a coma, P'oiu."

"It's definitely popped," Lia confirmed, a grin playing at the corners of her mouth. "You were great -- it was even better than I imagined."

"Mmrgh." I tried not to picture the red dragoness fantasizing, jilling off to the thought of crushing my scaly nut... "How, uh...how long have I been out for?"

Lia turned to face me, taking a seat beside me on the stone floor. "Almost a full day. We thought about moving you to another room, but Opal was worried we'd accidentally do more damage, so we decided to leave you here. And she wanted to keep a close eye on your sac while you were out, so she said we should keep you spread out - - otherwise you'd just curl up in the fetal position and she wouldn't be able to help."

"I've been keeping a close eye on things," chimed in Opal. The little frog had climbed up on to my abdomen, and I finally had a good luck at her now that Lia had moved aside. "It's really quite fascinating -- we still know almost nothing about reproductive anatomy in green dragons, so this was an incredible opportunity, even if the process was a little unorthodox. I got a chance to examine some of the pieces of your nut before Lia finished stomping it down -- it was a lot more dense than I thought it'd be. I guess that explains why you've always had such a heavy pair." She tilted her head in thought. "Might explain why they're so sensitive, too, though we'd need to do more trauma studies to confirm that..."

I was somewhat distracted by my view of Lia's rack, now that the dragoness had moved to sit beside me, but after a moment I managed to process the frog's words. "Uh...what do you mean, 'before Lia finished stomping it down'? What happened after I passed out?"

"Well," said Lia, "first of all we checked to make sure that you were okay...I mean, besides the popped nut, of course. Then Opal wanted a few minutes to examine the chunks, so while she did that Kayla and I went off and, uh...worked out some of our excess energy." The dragoness blushed. "Anyway, once she was done I came back and finished the ceremony -- nothing unusual."

"How do you finish the ceremony?" I asked, not certain I wanted to hear the answer.

"Nothing complex. I say a few vows accepting you as my mate while I make sure that your testicle is totally smashed -- no chance that it might still work. It's more dramatic if the male is still conscious for that part, but I understand you've been through a lot." She frowned. "And I guess it doesn't matter that much anyway, since your nut is already starting to recover."

That, too, took a moment to sink in, while I imagined the dragoness stomping the pieces of my nut into even smaller pieces -- but then the full meaning of her statement struck me. "Wait...y-you mean my ball is healing? It's alright?"

Opal chuckled. "Calling it 'alright' is a stretch, but yeah, it's starting to heal. You can check it out for yourself. Just be careful, okay? I shouldn't have to tell you this, but your balls are *very* fragile right now."

I watched the frog as she hopped down from my chest, walking to the end of one of my outstretched arms. She fiddled with the restraint around my wrist for a moment before the cuff unlocked with a quiet *click*, allowing me to move my arm for the first time in quite a while. I was surprised that my muscles didn't cramp as soon as I moved it...but then again, I'd been slumped on the ground unconscious for almost a full day, and my muscles had probably been relaxed for most of that time.

So carefully I reached down my body towards the swollen scaly sac that I could just make out between my legs, behind the stiff pole of dragoncock that Lia was still stroking. Slowly and carefully I hefted my ballbag in my claws, wincing at the brief wave of sickness that washed over me. My left nut was impossible to miss -- swollen almost three times its usual size, so big that my scrotum was stretched taut around the oversized egg. It had obviously seen its fair share of abuse, and I could feel its ache still radiating outwards from my groin. Still, at least it was in the proper oval shape, and overall it seemed just fine -- or at least, no worse off than the last dozen times I'd had my gonads stomped flat.

As for my right nut...I'm not sure what I expected to find, exactly, but the reality surprised me. It took a moment of searching before I found the small, lumpy orb, and even then I wasn't sure I had the right thing -- until I gave it a tentative squeeze, and a

kick of nausea instantly hit my gut. I couldn't help but let out a pained moan, my body tensing at the agony that churned in my stomach.

"Found it?" Opal asked, grinning as she watched my face contort in pain.

"Yep," I coughed, wincing. Very, very carefully I began to examine my formerly-liquified nut, turning the sphere in between two claws. It was only a fraction of its normal size, completely dwarfed by its larger twin, and instead of feeling smooth like a marble, it felt bumpy and irregular. Perhaps more importantly, rather than being plump and firm like my swollen left ball, it felt soft and squishy...a bit spongy, even. "This does *not* feel right," I croaked, trying not to groan as another wave of nutpain washed over me.

"Give it time," replied Opal. "Right now your nut is still mostly mush -- it's going to take a while for your body to put all the pieces back together again. Especially after Lia spent all that effort stomping it into paste."

"It's gonna be pretty delicate for a while, huh?" asked the dragoness.

The frog nodded. "It's healing rather quickly, but it's still very fragile. At the moment it's not much stronger than an eggshell -- a friendly slap would probably pop it again."

I tried not to imagine what that would feel like...or rather, I tried not to remember what it had felt like just a short time ago. "What about my left nut? It's okay?"

"Your other gonad is fine -- swollen, obviously, but fine. It was pretty fragile after you'd emptied your balls, but Lia made sure not to accidentally crush it or anything while she was finishing the mating ceremony." Opal glanced up at the female, following the motion of her hand as it glided smoothly up and down my dragonhood. "Since then, we've been keeping you aroused to make sure that your good nut is producing spunk as fast as it can. Lia's been at it pretty much non-stop since you passed out.."

"Ah." I looked over at dragoness. "Th-thanks."

"It's the least I can do for my mate," she replied, blushing lightly. "I wanted to help. Besides, I'm good at teasing guys."

I shivered as her fingers danced up and down my shaft, the thick length throbbing in her grip. "That you definitely are. *Mmph*. Opal, how long does she have to do this for?"

"Oh, there's no specific amount of time, but the more the better. Your body needs plenty of seed to heal itself, and since only one of your spunk-makers is working...well, you do the math." The frog shrugged, taking a seat on my thigh. "She should probably tease you pretty regularly until your crushed nut finishes repairing itself."

"And how long will that take?"

Opal frowned, glancing down my body towards my scaly sac. "Well, I'm not sure exactly. There's been very little study of testicular injury in southern dragons, much less actual rupture...but given your rate of recovery so far, I'd guess it won't take more than a couple weeks."

If I'd had the energy, I might have reacted with a bit more surprise and agitation, but as it was I just groaned and closed my eyes. "Weeks?" I repeated, a touch of despair in my voice. "I'm going to be lying here with half a pair for *weeks*?"

The frog rolled her eyes, but replied patiently. "You should be well enough to walk around in another day or two, but your ball won't be fully healed for a while. I mean, you have to remember, 24 hours ago your nut was nothing but pulp -- it's gonna take some time before it starts spitting out any viable spunk again, and even longer before it's back at 100%. In the meanwhile, even a moderate impact would probably pop it like a balloon, so be careful not to piss off any more females, alright?"

I wanted to object to her last statement -- the way Opal phrased it, it sounded like I'd *deserved* to get my balls bashed in all those times -- but then again, it probably wasn't the smartest idea to antagonize a woman with unimpeded access to my fragile family jewels. Especially since I had first-hand experience of the damage those frog legs could do.

"Anyway," the female continued, "if you can avoid any more testicular trauma, your nut should gradually repair itself. Just be careful." The frog glanced over at Lia. "And none of your usual antics, alright? I shouldn't need to tell you what a knee to the groin would do to his dragonmakers."



"Heh -- sounds kinda fun to me," purred Lia, glancing down at my swollen sac with a grin. "You didn't want kids, right?"

Opal frowned. "Lia, I'm serious."

"Oh relax, I'm only joking -- I can restrain myself, don't worry." The dragoness gave me a sly look. "Besides, I'm sure we can find other ways to keep busy..."

I had to stifle a moan as my new mate gave my cock an extra-friendly squeeze, a spurt of pre leaping from the tip to splash across her hand. My little exclamation didn't escape Opal's notice, though, and the little frog frowned. "Also, it'd probably be best if he refrained from any serious sexual activity...but you're newlyweds, so I know that's not likely to happen. Just take it easy, alright? His left nut should be fairly healthy now, but the right one is just waiting for an accident. And if he's constantly blowing his load, he won't have any spunk to help him heal, either."

Lia nodded. "Understood. I won't do anything rough, just...some things to keep his mind off the pain." She grinned. "I am his mate, after all."

My mate. God, that was a pleasant thought. Immediately the image of Lia post-titfuck came to mind -- her face and chest splattered with thick ropes of baby batter, her mouth grinning as she leaned in to deliver an extra-slow lick up my shaft -- but even that paled in comparison to the real thing. There she sat, cross-legged on the cave floor, a smile on her face, her every curve offered up to my eager eyes. What wasn't there to love? Sure, she'd put me through hell -- several rounds of getting my nuts flattened, the achiest case of blue balls I could imagine, and now an actual ruptured spud -- but from here on out, things would be better. Right now, life looked pretty good.

"I think I can live with this," I said, shivering pleasurably as the female completed another lazy stroke up and down my dragonhood...

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Things were pretty uneventful after that -- a welcome surprise, given all the nut-busting ordeals I'd been through recently. I half-expected one of the girls to attack me in my sleep, or maybe some other chick to just stumble upon my cave in the middle of the night, but instead I spent the next few days peacefully sprawled out in bed,

recuperating. Even Kayla seemed to have made her peace with the situation, despite her earlier oaths to leave me sterile. I guess popping one of my plums had satisfied her lust for neutering dragons, at least for the time being.

Lia stayed by my side constantly through the whole thing -- almost too constantly, in fact. I knew it was for my own good, but the female's slow, steady handjob was enough to drive me insane, even with only half the usual hormones flowing through my body. My experience following Lia through the forest had taught me quite a bit about denial and self-restraint, but even so, by the end of day one I was begging for release. Lia was more than happy to oblige...and more than happy to laugh at me when I spent the duration of my afterglow curled double, moaning and clutching my sac. The orgasm was still well worth it -- even it did feel a bit like my damaged nut was trying to turn itself inside out.

Eventually Opal determined that I was well enough to walk around, which gave me a bit of a break from watching that ruby-scaled hand dance up and down my shaft. By that time, Lia and I had made some pretty serious plans: I was going to move into her place, since it was a lot larger and nicer than mine, and that meant I was leaving the old cave behind. Kayla seemed pleased to hear the news, though she did make a few wisecracks about losing the biggest pair of balls in a 20-mile radius. Opal was more disappointed when I broke the news to her, but she seemed happy for me as a friend, and she brightened up a little bit after Lia talked to her in private. (Of course, I didn't learn until later that Lia had agreed to get me "extra pent-up" any time Opal was coming for a visit...)

By the end of the week I was well enough for the trip north, even if the orb-and-a-half between my legs still sent the occasional jolt of nausea through my system. Lia and I each grabbed a few things, said goodbye to our companions, and started the long trek back to her place. We travelled in much the same way we had before: the red dragoness leading the way, myself following, with my eyes glued to her backside and my cock bobbing stiffly in front of me. I have to say, the journey was a lot more pleasant now that Lia encouraged the ogling...though it was that much harder to keep my hormones in check when she was openly flaunting her sexuality. At least she was kind enough to take the edge off every night...and occasionally during the day, if she was in a particularly generous mood.

So it was that we made the journey to our new home -- without incident, thankfully --

and I started a new life with the most beautiful dragoness I'd ever laid eyes on. A whole new adventure. And despite the bizarre circumstances of our meeting, the short time we'd known each other, the crazy ordeal we'd been through...well, somehow we wound up happy.

We still are happy, in fact.

And I imagine we will be for a long time to come.

...

You're still here?

Well, alright, I suppose there's a little more to tell.

Married life certainly has its surprises...especially with a girl like Lia. It probably won't shock you to find out that Lia's love of nut-cracking didn't end with our mating ceremony, even if I had secretly hoped it might. To her credit, though, she really did restrain herself while my injured nut was healing. For a full month after we were mated, she hardly even mentioned ballbusting, besides the occasional joke about when we first met or a playful comment about my busted ball. I almost thought that she had lost interest. After all, she still paid plenty of attention to my gonads -- hefting them in her claws, sometimes sucking on the healthier of the two -- but she never caused me even the slightest discomfort. It was downright odd, after all the time she'd spent stomping the poor orbs underfoot or kicking them into my throat. Maybe she had just needed to pop a testicle and get it out of her system.

Over time, though, I began to see that she was holding herself back. Lia was a wonderful caretaker while I was healing, but as my sac started returning to normal, it slowly became more difficult. She wouldn't say anything, but obviously the dragoness wanted it badly. Believe me, you can sense it when a girl is itching to bust your balls --

in the way she stretches her legs, or the way she drums her toes against the floor. And it's a little nerve-wracking when your mate is rolling your dragonmakers in her claws, and you can tell she just wants to squeeze...

Eventually I gave in. What else could I do? She'd spent more than a month tending to my needs, and my junk was fully-healed by now -- it seemed only fair to show her a bit of thanks. Besides, if I gave her what she wanted, she was bound to repay the favor later...and I could stop worrying that she was about to crack my eggs every time I got a blowjob. So I brought it up with her one night, much to her surprise. It took a little persuading to convince her that I was okay with it, but once she knew I was onboard, she was beyond thrilled -- and I have to say, seeing her that excited and giggly made me feel pretty good, too. Of course, I was a bit less enthusiastic after she'd slammed her foot up between my legs a few (dozen) times, but at least my dragonmakers survived the ordeal intact, even if Lia had to keep checking to make sure she hadn't popped one again. And she made it up to me afterwards with some mind-blowing sex -- though to be honest, all I really remember from that night is the nausea in my gut each time her rear came pounding down on my groin.

We settled into a rhythm after that: plenty of sex, interrupted by occasional bouts of ballbusting. Most of the time, Lia and I are happy just to screw each other silly -- the girl loves to tease me all day, then watch me explode -- but a few times a month, she really socks it to me. It's not always fun for me, but hey, every relationship takes some compromise. Besides, Lia's always in a much better mood after smashing my spuds, even if I'm usually too busy groaning and clutching myself to notice.

And even with my nuts crushed between her claws, she's still the sexiest thing I've ever laid eyes on -- firm tits, curvy hips, perfect legs, a toned ass. There are times when I swear she can make me cum on command. More than once, I've blown my load with her knee slammed up between my legs, or with my gonads pinned beneath her heel. It's not always as pleasant as doing it the old-fashioned way, but it's certainly intense. Honestly, my libido doesn't know *what* to think anymore.

That's more or less how life has been since we became mates -- in the bedroom, anyway. I've gotten used to spending a few days a week with aching nuts, either from Lia's ball-bashing, or in preparation for a visit from Opal. It's a little crazy sometimes, but I wouldn't have it any other way -- and now that we've got a little one on the way, I imagine things will get even more interesting. (Especially if Lia follows through on that

"blunt-force vasectomy" she keeps joking about. Ouch.)

Anyway, I think that's just about everything I have to say. That's more information about one dragon's balls than you ever needed to know. Hope you learned something.

Now if you'll excuse me, there's a hot piece of tail in need of my assistance...