

Spring Break

Coconut Colada is © her designer/creator.

Roland had been plodding along in the sand for hours now. His fur, an orange/black/white arrangement typical of foxes, was now more than a little sun dried and had numerous patches of sand kicked up on it. He brushed some of his blonde hair out of his blue eyes, looking out at the still-endless coastline going off in both directions. His two big vulpine tails flicked, his fox instincts quietly examining his surroundings before he began to walk again. Sick and tired of the drunken party antics of his compatriots, he'd wandered well off the hotel-lined beaches of Panama City, favoring instead the long stretches of dune-lined beach that resided further beyond. He had walked until he was certain he was far enough from his friends to where he wouldn't get roped into any more "Designated Driver" duty. Nothing is worse than being forced to remain sober while everyone else gets shitfaced around you.

The distance he'd traveled, though, meant he'd also managed to get himself somewhat lost. Not to the point where he couldn't find his way back (all he had to do was turn around) but to the point where he didn't know where he was. As the well-developed strip gave way to highway, trees and dunes, he began to get more and more uncomfortable about where he was. With the exception of the occasional car travelling down the backcountry highway to his left there was no sign of habitation. He slung down his backpack and checked his Nalgene bottle, finding it empty. No water meant it was time to turn around. But it was an awfully long way to go, and in this heat it might be more than a little inconvenient to go so far without water.

Just then he noticed something white in the distance. White and brown. About a hundred yards away was a solitary dragoness, lazing in the sun in that way only reptilians can. She was lying on her belly, clearly sunning topless, and the large brown stripe running from head to tail tip became more and more visible as Roland moved closer. Her more-than-ample cleavage also became visible, and when it was mixed with an excellent set of hips, a nice ass and beautiful hair it turned Roland's light trot into an eager jog. As he got closer, he noticed a large, fresh Hibiscus flower perched right next to one of the two horns jutting from her soft brown hair. She also had two small wings on her back, not big enough to carry her through the air but they certainly looked cute.

"Miss! Miss? I was wondering if you could help me out." The foxed asked as he jogged over. He mentally patted himself on the back for wearing jeans and a T-shirt instead of swim trunks. This dragoness was quite attractive, and he knew that his hormone-soaked mind would be filled with filthy thoughts just as his penis would soon start to remind him that it hadn't seen any action other than his right hand for months. Stirred by Roland's words, the dragoness

yawned and began to look up at him, moving her arm and rubbing her eye a little. Roland grinned, his eyes wandering as she began to sit up a little, accidentally giving him a view of her tits he would not soon forget. She caught his gaze and gasped, blushing and hurriedly pulling her top back on and tying it up. Roland began to mumble an apology, but it was pretty clear he wasn't sorry at all.

"Oh! Sorry about that." She said once her top had been placed back over her cleavage. The soft-pink fabric of the bikini was barely enough for the dragoness's cleavage, but Roland certainly didn't mind. And neither did she, apparently. "I must have dozed off in the sun! Its just so comfortable, and I was up so late last night serving drinks." She yawned. "So tell me, what was it you wanted me to do?"

"Well, I've kind of wandered off, and I was wondering if you might be able to tell me where I am, and what's the fastest way to get back to the hotel strip in Panama City. I'm renting a room there for spring break, you see." The dragoness's soft, lithe body shimmered in the sun as she slowly stood up, stretching herself to full wakefulness. Roland had to adjust his feet for several moments before everything was "okay" down below. It was hard to resist using his hands, but he figured calling attention to his now-raging boner was probably not the wisest of ideas.

"Well you're at least five miles off that, you must have been walking for awhile now. The fastest way, of course, is to hop in my jeep and go for a ride. If you don't mind, that is." Roland smiled lightly at this, trying to look friendly and disarming.

"Well its mighty nice of you to make such an offer, but wouldn't I be putting you out of your way?" asked Roland. The dragoness shook her head.

"Not really. I'd have to head back soon anyway. I've got to make myself ready before bar time. What's your name, you little lost fox you?" She grinned at him, revealing her many dozens of sharp, pointy teeth. Roland wasn't sure if she meant to be friendly or to remind him not to try anything, but Roland figured he'd just take both messages and roll with it.

"My name is Roland." He extended his hand, grinning dumbly as he tried to keep his eyes from wandering too obviously. She shook it and smiled.

"They call me Coconut. Coconut Colada. It's a silly name, I know, but its surprisingly good at attracting tips." She turned around and bent over, picking up her towel then shaking out the sand. Roland had more than enough time to notice that there were a number of tattoos on her backside. There was a crescent and a star right above the base of her tail, and a palm tree and martini glass on her left butt cheek. Clearly someone was trying to draw the eyes' attention to her backside. As if it needed help.

"My jeep's just on the other side of the dunes. Stick to the wooden path, no sense trampling all over the grass." Said Coconut as she walked towards her jeep, Roland following. He wondered if she always wiggled her hips like that as she walked, or if she was just

showing off. She no doubt did it when serving drinks, as it certainly made Roland feel like leaving a big fat tip on the table.

The jeep rode smoothly and quickly, but it turned out Roland had wandered off farther than he'd realized. While he'd only wandered a few miles down the beach, the road didn't exactly follow the sand and it was a good thirty minutes before they managed to get back to the heavily developed strip that was Panama City.

"So tell me, Roland, are you thirsty? I know of the greatest place for fruit smoothies." Roland had never been much for fruit smoothies, but he really wasn't quite ready to leave this dragoness yet. He nodded and mumbled in agreement, the most he'd said the whole trip. "You're a quiet one." She said. "Is there something wrong?" Roland shook his head and waved it off.

"Nah...I just find that for all my courage in some situations, I'm hopelessly cowardly in others." He said.

"Oh you mean..."

"Yeah, I'm pretty shy around girls. I blame a lack of self confidence." He said. The jeep pulled into a small Quick-E-Mart, parking up next to the front.

"Why would you lack self confidence? You're not that bad looking, and you're kind of sweet." She jumped out of her jeep and pulled a wrap out of the back, tying it around her waist and over her thong so as to show off only slightly less than she did on the beach. "Plus if that boner of yours is any indication, you've got something to be proud of dangling between yer legs." She giggled.

"Awh jeez!" Said Roland, looking down and putting his hands over his groin.

"I'm kidding I'm kidding! Well, in some respects." She giggled again. "But don't think I didn't see it earlier, handsome." Roland turned a dark shade of red.

"Aren't we here for smoothies or something?" said the fox.

Coconut had insisted on paying for the smoothies, which turned out to be convenient as he was out of cash and the store didn't accept credit cards. As Roland sipped his, he had to admit that it was really quite good. He looked out at the surroundings as Coconut drove him around, noticing that they were moving rapidly away from the strip instead of towards it.

"So...Where are we going?" asked Roland. "It's pretty clear that you're not taking me back to my hotel." Coconut sipped her smoothie then put it back in the dash cup holder, handing the vehicle with the ease of someone who genuinely loves to drive.

"We're going to go catch the sunset." She said.

"And that can't be done from my hotel?" Roland asked. He didn't suspect anything of this dragoness, but he wasn't too keen on getting a long ways away from base camp. Not after he'd had so much good fortune as to get back close to it with a free ride as it was.

"Not if you want to REALLY see it...There's this great spot, a little ways off the road, in a park near here." The jeep cruised

gently down the road, and Roland stared off into the nature that surrounded him, unsure of what to do or say.

"A little ways off the road" ended up being quite an exaggeration. The spot that Coconut chose to watch the sunset was along what appeared to be the entrance to a small bay, one that ran under a train bridge that appeared to have been abandoned a long time ago. The roads to it were nothing more than service paths cleared by the Park Service ages ago, and Coconut's jeep bounced around wildly before finally stopping next to a great whopping pile of sand.

"Normally I don't like to go out on the dunes cus its bad for them. But this one, well, it's just a pile of sand left over from when they built this bridge ages ago. I don't think its still in use, I've never seen a train on it and the tracks are all rusted over." She quickly padded her way up the dune, her large dragon feet finding it easy to ascend. Roland had to scramble up on all fours, but he didn't mind. It was kind of fun, really. By the time he got to the top, Coconut had already laid out two towels facing directly west. The sunlight was blinding to Roland, but Coconut didn't seem to mind it.

They laid there for a long time, staring idly at the sun as it seemed to race behind the horizon. "Its kind of odd, how quickly sunsets are over when you think about how much time the sun spends in the rest of the sky." Said Roland. Coconut adjusted herself and her top, and pretended not to notice when Roland peeked over.

"Yeah, but I think sunsets and sunrises are the most beautiful parts of the day. I do my best not to miss 'em, although what with working in a bar that means I nap for most of the time the sun's up." Roland nodded, idly watching both the sunset and the dragoness. When the sun finally went down and daylight gave way to twilight, she looked over at him with a smirk.

"You've been checking me out for upwards of two hours now. In fact, ever since you first saw me on the beach, you've been checking me out. Are you going to do anything, or are you one of those guys who needs a glass or two of liquid courage before he can put his hands on a girl?" Roland was flabbergasted, but Coconut just grabbed him by the shoulders. Before he knew what was happening, he felt her kissing him, her long draconic tongue slid into his mouth. Roland had been caught unawares but he wasn't stupid, and he was soon kissing her back eagerly and hugging her close to him, his hips instinctively grinding lightly against hers. She was slow to break the kiss, but when she did she rolled him over onto his back. Roland didn't resist, eager to go with the flow.

"I'm gonna show you what this tongue can really do..." said Coconut, crawling down the sand pile a little and opening Roland's pants with a flip. He shuddered as he felt the cool scales of her palm rubbing up against his now-erect dick. She didn't stick with just a handjob though, and soon Roland was moaning loudly as she licked and slurped at his erection. Roland gently rested one of his hands on one of her horns, caressing it gingerly. She must have liked

it, as she seemed to moan and whimper a little bit more as his fingers worked up and down it, caressing lightly and gently as possible.

A few minutes later, Coconut and Roland had completely disposed of their clothes, and were rolling about in the sand, their hands and legs clumsily fondling whatever came within reach. It was quite dark, but they didn't need to see to know what to do now. Their hands and bodies moved elegantly, touching, stroking and caressing.

Roland pinned coconut underneath her. He could feel her cool reptilian breath on his face, and her tongue licked and lapped at him in encouragement. She slowly wrapped her legs around his waist, and he slowly slid himself in, gasping then sighing as he felt himself enveloped. She groaned, eagerly pushing him on with her heels. "Oooh... You ARE a big boy!" she said, her teeth glinting in the moonlight as she smiled at him. He closed his eyes and grinned back, slowly working himself.

Roland moved slowly at first, but as he continued Coconut drove him on with her words and her movements, pushing him to go faster and faster. He groaned, and then panted, his body breaking out in a thick sweat as he pushed himself more and more. He felt like he was so close, but he couldn't go off just yet. No, not yet. Soon, but not yet. Coconut wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him into a tight kiss as she arched her back, pushing her sex tight against him. Roland felt his body overwhelmed with a beautiful, uncontainable orgasm, and from the sound and feel of it he'd timed it just right. He cooed lightly, kissing Coconut and panting into her ears as he thrustled lightly, finishing himself.

Coconut wasn't done with him, however, and she soon had Roland on his back, riding him aggressively. Roland panted, reaching up into the soft moonlight night to caress Coconut's breasts, his fingers eagerly seeking out the soft, scaled orbs. He worked them in his hands, finding them to be very smooth and very eager to be touched. His fingers worked this way and that, caressing and pinching at times, fondling and rubbing at others. Coconut moaned and panted on top of him, her soft white scales seeming to glow in the moonlight.

Roland had no idea how long he'd been at this, only that he was quite thoroughly tired. He and Coconut had been at it all night, taking it slow and fast alternatively. He had, by now, had more orgasms than he could count, and Coconut's soft silky scales were now coated with cum, both his and hers. It was clear she was at least as tired as he was, but she still didn't seem to be satisfied. Slowly crawling up to the crest of the hill, she wiggled her butt at him, curling her tail back in encouragement. Tired as he was, Roland couldn't pass up such an offer, and so he slowly hauled himself up to the summit, sliding his tired and cum-drenched dick eagerly into her sex. She groaned, rolling and pushing herself against him. He gripped

her hips firmly, working him against her, pushing him and encouraging him to go one last time.

Roland looked up, and was suddenly surprised. Off to the east he could see the rosy fingers of dawn creeping up along the horizon. Had he really been at it this long? Amazed at his own accomplishment, he was snapped back into reality by Coconut, who continued to thrust eagerly against him.

"Oooh yes....Yes...Just a little more, just a little..." Coconut punctuated her sentence with a loud, groaning moan, something that sent Roland into what he hoped would be his final orgasm for awhile. Just a little while. Long enough to get some rest. He was cumming dust by now after all. He collapsed into the sand, panting with clear contentment. "I (pant) told you I (pant pant) never miss a sunrise." Said Coconut, laying down herself and leaning over to kiss Roland on the cheek.

"Did we cum with the sun?" asked Roland. Coconut lightly batted his ears.

"Does it fucking matter?" she asked playfully.

"Well it just seems kind of romantic to me." Said Roland, grinning and closing his eyes.

"I guess it does...I don't know about you but I'm tired..." said Coconut. "Roland?"

But Roland was already asleep, dreaming heavily with the biggest grin he'd ever had pasted onto his sleeping face.