

When Bathing...

Salrith, 2010

Tazi sighed happily as water dripped off of his glistening scales in rivulets, landing with soft splashes on the soft earth beneath his black claws. He shook his body from side to side, his wings quivering about him as he dried himself in a manner his brother had referred to as 'too canine for dragons'. Tazi rolled his eyes at the memory, feeling too good about the warm, sunny day to be put down by such a trifling recount. He sat down on his hind legs just out of the shallows and on dry land, reeds and bottlebrush plants folding and snapping softly beneath him as he gazed out over the small lake, his thick, serpentine tail happily swaying behind him.

The day was a truly grand one. The golden sun beat down warmly onto the clear blue lake with nary a cloud overhead as soft winds caressed the trees and silently breathed through the woods, brushing over his shoulder like an old friend's claw. He lightly closed his eyes and let it wash over him, helping dry his unfortunately plain, black scales. There were times he wished the wind would give him *gezx*, the soft, stripe-like markings that were given to dragons who had done great things, or bested opponents with many more than they had – or who had simply hatched into powerful families. He shrugged, and pushed such thoughts aside, and simply stretched out on the lakeshore. It was a great day for a bath...

He padded over to the water's edge, and drank deeply. There wasn't anything nicer than fresh spring water! ...Well, not of that sort, anyway. As he drank, his reflection rippled and shifted strangely in the water, breaking and shimmering with every lap of his long, red tongue. His green eyes blinked back at him behind a single, white eggtooth, perched on the end of a long, thin, draconic snout. The two ivory horns behind his earless head seemed to be towers beneath the water's surface, in his reflection. Overall, Tazi wasn't a very large dragon. He was only young, anyway, being a mere twenty-one years old. A year younger and he would classify as a hatchling still! Despite being an adult now, for which he was endlessly thankful, he still had much growing to do. He was but five feet high, from feet to back, and merely thirteen from tail-tip to nose. He stood proud for one so small, though he did know his place, and held his tail well and truly off the ground. Partly from pride, but also partly from draconic upbringing... Dragons were notorious among other species for their willingness to raise their tails, and Tazi was no exception – so his was always slightly lifted from sheer habit. What most other species didn't quite understand though, was that they had a system, one which worked. Just because physical pleasure came into it a lot didn't make it bad – it made it good, in fact! Tazi still remembered the day his brother first showed him what it was like. The thought alone was enough to make his slit bulge slightly between his legs.

Beneath his lightly raised tail was a warm and rather loose tailhole, compared to most creatures' anyway. Two plump, heavy testes were tightly bound to his body, semi-internal, and hung just below a simple genital slit which housed a dark red, ridged, knotted draconic member. He grinned toothily as his thoughts drifted to it, and he contemplated having a bit of fun. A shadow overhead swept such thoughts aside though, as it raced by. Tazi's glance snapped upwards towards the source, and he beheld a rather large red dragon circling him.

"And I was just beginning to enjoy the day," he grumbled, sighing. The red dragon began swooping down toward him. He knew exactly what it was landing for – he could tell by the larger

reptile's blue *gezx*, which it was covered in. If it were night, they would glow softly, giving the creature a gentle blue nimbus as it spiralled down towards him. Of course it would want Tazi to do something for it... the right of any dragon of higher standing: servitude for any length of time up to a day. He sat down by the water's edge, and waited. It took only a few moments for the larger dragon to land, the heavy beat of its wings sending gusts of cool air rippling over Tazi. It looked at him sharply, and Tazi dropped his gaze submissively, as was custom. It strode over to him, an air of confident authority about it, and Tazi couldn't help but glance upwards ever so slightly. It was easily three times his size, casting a large shadow around it. A few lines of scales that didn't sit quite right on its body spoke of battles fought in the past, giving the smaller dragon a rough idea of where it earned its rank. It was missing the tip of one claw, leaving the dangerous weapon ending in a blunt knob rather than the usual lethal point. A silver, intricate bracelet-like band was clasped around one foreleg, just above its claw. It was unusual; Tazi rarely saw dragons with any adornment at all. Its long tail swayed gently behind it, twitching in what appeared to be thought, and right at the base of it sat two ruby red orbs. Tazi flushed slightly, unable to avoid being somewhat jealous of how swollen they were. He wished *he* had that kind of vitality...

The red dragon stopped in front of him, and looked down at him. Tazi didn't look up, however, but simply spoke the words which he knew by rote.

"How may I serve you, noble sir?" he asked formally. Of course, he knew the pair to it, the response. All dragons learned them, since they were so often used. Tazi, having no *gezx* yet however, was still to use the one which came next. He knew it so well though that he was able to recite it in his mind, even as the red dragon responded in kind.

"I am in need of your service, young one," he answered. His voice was deeper than Tazi's, yet almost surprisingly, not much louder. Tazi, now freed of the customary limit that kept him from looking into his better's eyes, looked up to see the red dragon smirking softly. He blushed, having an idea of what that smirk signified.

"May I ask your name?" he asked softly. The red dragon's smirk broadened, and he lowered his head until it was right in front of Tazi's, and spoke to him in a low tone.

"Muran. But you, young one, can call me master," he instructed. Tazi gave an internal sigh. Even though he had to follow Muran's orders until noon tomorrow, he still could mutter about it to himself. *One of those kinds*, he thought. Almost invariably stuck up and proud of themselves. Still, he nodded.

"Of course, Master. What are you in need of service for?" he pressed, wanting to get it over and done with. The day was still young... Muran grinned though, and inched forwards, rumbling at him.

"On your back, rear up," he ordered. Tazi was somewhat put off balance by that... generally, if a dragon was going to order you to do something of that nature, they took their time. He flicked his tailtip in thought, before nodding. His instincts still told him that Muran was a dragon of little patience.

"Yes, Master... Immediately." He rolled his eyes as he lay down and rolled over, careful to ensure that Muran didn't see it, and propped up his rear with his hind legs and tail, presenting to the

larger dragon. He couldn't help but blush slightly as the cool air brushed over his sack and warm slit, which was parted gently by his rather compromising position. Muran lowered his head, touching his nose to Tazi's slit. His slight blush rose in intensity as Muran's hot breath tickled at his crotch while he sniffed him.

"Hmm... This won't be any fun if you aren't aroused," he mused, smirking at Tazi again. His smirk was both unsettlingly charming, and oddly alarming at the same time. His great maw moved down below Tazi's sack, and he nosed at his tailhole. "Hold still..." he rumbled, before parting his lips, and pressing his hot, slimy tongue to Tazi's rump. He grunted as he felt Muran's tonguetip slide into him, sending shivers up and down his spine and making him tense up around his groin. He alternated between panting and holding his breath as he felt the large, long tongue snake its way into his pucker, the wet muscle forcing its way up his depths. He clenched his tailhole around the spongy muscle, grunting as he felt it worming its way in to tickle and tantalize him from deep in his gut. He blushed again as he felt his red, ridged cockhead poke ever so slightly out of his slit and into the cool air. Suddenly, Muran's dextrous tongue reached his prostate, and he gasped, nearly collapsing onto the ground in bliss. "Don't fall," Muran ordered in a hard tone, the words slightly garbled by his tongue being wedged in Tazi's hole. Grinning then at Tazi's gasp, he started playing with Tazi's prostate with the tip of his tongue, running it back and forth along it, making him squeal and hiss in pleasure and clutch at the grass beneath his claws desperately. He looked up the larger dragon pleadingly as he began sliding his tongue in and out of him roughly, beads of his saliva slowly dribbling down from his hole as he tongue-fucked him.

Muran chuckled then, and slowly, ever so slowly began to pull his tongue from Tazi's rear, eyeing his now rigid red cock standing proudly in the cool air. Tazi hissed in pleasure again as the thick muscle snaked its way out, making his rump spasm frequently, sending the occasional droplet of slightly cloudy, stringy pre splashing onto his belly. He shut his eyes, taking a deep breath as the dragon slowly vacated his tailhole. Finally he felt Muran's tonguetip playing gently with his ring, and he swallowed, his lower half trembling slightly. Then the big dragon patted his rump surprisingly gently, and cooed at him.

"Don't worry so much," he chuckled. Tazi still felt shaky though, but didn't voice his opinion – nor did he get time to, as Muran quickly wrapped his muzzle around Tazi's gently throbbing rod, engulfing his entire nine inch length. He gasped as he felt the larger dragon's scaled lips tug lightly on his semi-inflated knot, and blushed slightly as he squirted several drops of precum into his maw. Muran rumbled approvingly, running his tongue around the black dragon's cock and kissing his slit around his shaft. It felt like heaven as Muran's silky, tender maw warmly wrapped around his shaft and slowly undulated along it, sending tingles and shivers up and down Tazi's spine. He arched his back slightly further, pressing his member into that suckling jaw.

As quickly as Muran had begun suckling on him though, he stopped, and swiftly drew his snout off of Tazi's now aching meat. Tazi realised his knot was mostly inflated, sitting firmly under the ridges on his member, and whined gently. The larger dragon quickly grumbled and stared harshly at him, so he stopped. He lay there, the grass beneath him tickling his splayed wings gently as he idly swished his tail. He looked up at Muran, who then grinned somewhat slyly at him. He wasn't sure he liked that smile... He let his eyes drift further down, and there he saw Muran's own draconic member. It was like his, knotted and ridged, but his knot was still barely visible, and his shaft was

almost triple the size of Tazi's. He swallowed nervously. Wordlessly, the large dragon responded by stepping forwards, and bringing his face in very close to Tazi's. His yellow eyes bored into Tazi's green ones, and he grinned again suddenly.

"Like I said, don't worry so much," he repeated. At the same instant, Tazi felt an intimidatingly large rod gently bump his rear entrance, probing. He inhaled sharply, his eyes going wide. Muran merely continued grinning. "If you're good enough, maybe I'll finish off your tasty *cock*," he rumbled thoughtfully, pushing emphasis into the last word, and his throbbing member into Tazi. Tazi squealed, gasping and clawing at the ground, before gaping soundlessly as tears streamed down his muzzle. He felt Muran's massive shaft spread his rump painfully wide. It pierced into him as the big lizard shoved powerfully, his eyes squeezed shut in obvious bliss, ignoring Tazi's muffled cries of pain. His belly bulged slightly from the mass of maleness that slid into him. As it bumped his prostate, made sensitive by its earlier use, he gasped, before coughing on some saliva. His member twitched, and he arched his back reflexively, a small spurt of pre shooting up onto Muran's belly. The larger dragon snickered, before thrusting forwards in one powerful motion, slamming his throbbing member the rest of the way into Tazi. He shuddered, feeling the fat rod pulsate deep inside of him, grateful that there was truth to the notion that dragons were deep. Muran shifted then, and Tazi saw two great claws thud into the moist earth on either side of his head, the silvery bracelet on one glinting in the sunlight. He braced himself, his hindlegs trembling as he held his rump up and pressed to the larger dragon's weighty sack, before he felt Muran begin again. Slowly that giant, hot shaft slid around inside of him, drawing out. He gasped, his own member twitching as he felt a very familiar sort of itch begin to build up at the base of his cock. He wasn't even near ready to cum, but he was beginning to enjoy it, even if Muran's member hurt.

Almost painfully slowly the large red dragon slid out his silky yet rock solid meat until just the very tip of his ridged, tapered shaft remained inside of Tazi. He looked down at him expectantly. Tazi lay there, breathing heavily and blinking slowly, staring back at those large, yellow eyes. Why had he stopped? With a small internal chuckle, he realised that he was somewhat disappointed. He waited for something to happen, for Muran to continue, but he just stood there. Tazi suddenly squirmed lightly as he felt a large gob of warm pre fill his rump. It seeped in through his rear, spreading throughout his gut. He rumbled softly, and reached down between his legs with one claw slowly. Quick as lightning, Muran knocked it away with his nose.

"No, you can't do that," he said simply.

"What? Why?" Tazi questioned. When Muran stared harshly at him, he quickly added, "Master," and tried hard not to roll his eyes. The red dragon grinned suddenly then, and Tazi felt him flex his solid cock in his tailhole.

"Beg for me," he instructed. Tazi blinked, taken aback by the command. He stared at Muran for a moment longer, before the large red dragon narrowed his eyes menacingly. Tazi looked down at his numerous stripes, and swallowed. Then he softened his face and attempted to look pitiable, before tilting his head to Muran.

"Please Master, give me your cock," he whimpered. Muran stared at him.

"You can do better than that."

Tazi lowered his eyes, before nodding.

"Yes, Master... please, please could you let this lowly dragon feel your juicy, throbbing shaft inside of him? I need it... Nothing would make me happier than being a carrier of your sweet, delectable cum for which I am barely worthy of..."

He gently shut his eyes as he finished, not wanting to look at Muran and give him the victory of knowing that, when all was said and done, he'd meant half of that. He felt Muran stir above him, before he felt the big dragon's hot breath against his face.

"Not so lowly... Just still a lot to learn," he suddenly, softly said. Tazi opened one eye and looked at him. His whole expression seemed to have changed to a softer one, albeit still highly dominant. There was no question about how Tazi was to behave around him, but there was now a question of how he really viewed the smaller dragon... "Well then, I suppose, if you *really* want it," he hesitated, teasing Tazi and flexing his large draconic rod. Picking up a queue, he responded quickly.

"Yes, please Master, use my tailhole," he cooed, somewhat surprised that it was almost a genuine plea. Muran grinned then, evidently proud of his victory, but otherwise seemed to make no move. Just as Tazi was about to say something, he felt Muran thrust heavily, shoving his hot, throbbing pylon deep into his gut. He gasped, sliding backwards on the grassy earth, blushing as several birds suddenly fled a nearby tree, squawking in alarm. Panting heavily, he felt that great member slide deep into him rapidly, and yet agonizingly slowly. He wanted more... Tazi's own cock oozed precum, which dripped down his aching red rod gently. Muran began to thrust in and out of his tight ring roughly, every push sending tantalizing shivers up and down his spine, and every pull leaving his rear feeling unimaginably empty. He murred happily and braced himself with tufts of reedy plants, letting his mouth hang open lazily and his tongue dangle out in bliss as Muran rode him. The big red dragon humped in and out of him, repeatedly skewering his rear, and Tazi loved every moment of it. The hot, pulsating cock felt wonderful as his rump kept it safe from the cold air his own member bathed in. Muran grunted and breathed heavily.

"Good... boy..." he muttered, his balls slapping against Tazi's tail. Tazi cooed happily, his heart thrumming loudly in his chest as the pressure built up in his rear. He felt a bulge in Muran's fat shaft slide down and into him, and blushed deeply as a small flood of pre invaded his depths, spreading through his gut. He was amazed at how much the big dragon squirted in one go... He clenched his painfully stretched ring, suddenly eager to feel himself full of Muran's thick cum. The thought slowly filled his mind, until he could hardly think of anything else but having that great load fill his scaly ass. He whined softly, and Muran smirked, thrusting harder. Slowly the larger dragon began oozing and dribbling pre into Tazi, and he gradually felt himself feeling full. Every thrust drove him wild as it stabbed at his prostate and sent his own smaller member into a frenzy of spasms. He was slowly covering himself in his own tangy pre. He'd just had a bath... yet, he didn't care somehow. This was by far a nicer fluid to bathe in, inside and out. While it wasn't as wonderful as having his own tender flesh gently milked of his creamy seed, it nearly was. He hadn't been taken by a dragon with such a delectable endowment before, and now he wasn't even sure he wanted it to stop. All his cynical thoughts or reservations had vanished.

Muran began to pant heavily then, screwing his eyes shut, and Tazi felt yet more preseed pump into his rear. His heart began to flutter with excitement, knowing what was nearing as Muran rammed in and out of him, his stomach stretching slightly and showing that big shaft through his scales with every push. Suddenly though, Muran's knot bumped into his tailhole, and Tazi's eyes snapped wide open. His own knot grew to be a good five inches at full size... Muran's could grow to be over a foot thick! He gasped and squealed lightly, but suddenly the great dragon's claws were pressing on his shoulders, holding him in place. The silvery bracelet felt cold against him. He tried to get away, but it was useless – the big red dragon had him firmly stuck. His knot bumped into his tailhole again, and then again... it bounced against it quickly now, still small enough that Tazi felt he could take it – painfully – but he knew it would grow. Dragons were known for being 'stretchy', but he wasn't sure he'd want to gamble on his own quality of that.

The lusty reptile didn't care though, and simply held him tight, growling lowly, lost in his aroused haze. Tazi panted, resigning himself and trying to enjoy it in the meantime. Maybe it wouldn't be too bad, he thought. His reverie was cut off though as suddenly Muran's growling reached a crescendo, and he violently slammed his hot groin to Tazi. Tazi yelped, then cried out as the pain of that gigantic knot fully hit him, his abused ring gaping wide to let it into his ass. And then it was over, and he felt that huge bulge sitting firmly in his rear. He gasped as he felt it slowly, inexorably begin to expand inside of him. It was growing so big...! He squirmed one last time, trying to pull off and escape his fate, but his tugging on Muran's knot just seemed to make him enjoy it more.

Muran's thrusts grew shorter, jerkier and faster, digging into Tazi's hole as that huge knot swelled and filled his entire rump. The pressure inside him was intense, and he squirmed helplessly, his own knot filling out as his cockhead gently slapped against the big dragon's lower stomach. He stared hazily up at those crimson scales, gentle blue stripes meandering around them, and let his head sink back to the ground. Unable to stop it any longer, he let out a long, surrendering moan, squirting a long strand of slimy pre. Muran grinned, and humped into him harder. Tazi shivered, his legs trembling. Resigning himself, he let them relax, his lower body beginning to collapse to the ground. As his stretched, messy ring bumped against the big red dragon's knot he caught, his weight resting on that long, fat member. The pulling seemed to drive Muran wild, and he let out a snarl of pleasure, his thrusts slowing down dramatically as he pressed in as far as he could, raking over Tazi's deepest and most intimate places. That great knot swelled and grew, making the little dragon gasp and screech in a mixture of discomfort and bliss. Muran slammed his cock into him one last time as it began to spasm and throb powerfully, lifting Tazi by his tailhole and making him bounce up and down with every flex. He felt his gut rapidly start filling in a different way, to having that huge dragonhood inside of him. He gasped and shivered in a perverse delight as Muran whined and growled in ecstasy, rubbing his member inside of Tazi now and then as wave after wave of thick, hot cum erupted from his tip, worming its way deeper into the little dragon and coating his insides. Tazi cried out, suddenly feeling desperate for release, but unable to reach his almost painfully aching member because of Muran's powerful claws. He panted almost as heavily as Muran, who crouched above him as he emptied his entire sizeable sack into Tazi.

He happily took most of the slimy goo as the great dragon's pulsing shaft pinned him into the cold, tickling grass. He gaped wordlessly at the few clouds high above him as that hot fluid sprayed into him. He couldn't believe how much Muran had to give, it was amazing. He almost

couldn't wait for the day he was that big. Still, slowly he began to feel full in a way he'd never felt before, as though every part of his rump were pushing outwards, yet the thick cock skewering his tailhole showed no signs of tapering off. Muran's knot acted like a giant plug, keeping every hot jet of spunk inside of him. He began to panic as he felt a big pressure build up inside of him, and began clawing at the ground, afraid. He couldn't take this much cum! He struggled with the mix of fear, confusion, and unbridled lust as his mind shrieked to get off but his aching cock begged to stay put. The pressure reached unbearable levels as his pelvis bulged from the sheer volume of seed inside of him. Then, suddenly, it began to alleviate as Tazi heard something squelch and grumble inside of him. He shivered at what it might have been, but quickly realised just what had happened as he felt his belly begin to fill. Blushing hotly, he shifted around on Muran's throbbing, ridged rod as a torrent of cum poured into his stomach, all the while his own juices slickening his scales.

Muran had seemingly regained some control, though shaky, and bent his head down, grinning foolishly at Tazi. The little dragon opened his maw to say something, but all that escaped his throat was a quiet burp. He blinked and blushed, his black scales reddening slightly as Muran's flowing spunk pushed all of the gas out from his stomach. Inexorably it rose with every squirt into his sore rear, until he felt it slide into his throat. He felt sick... It rose up his throat, and he tried unsuccessfully to swallow. He stared wide eyed at Muran as it began to fill his mouth, unable to stop himself from murring and squeezing on that squirting, rock-solid cock wedged up his pucker. The taste of bitter, creamy cum danced on his tongue mixed with the faint, unpleasant taste of acid from his stomach. He spluttered then, spitting it out to clear his airway as it trickled down the side of his mouth. Muran's eyes seemed to twinkle with glee. With a twitch though, the thick log of a member lodged in his rump began to slow and taper off. Finally all he felt was the very occasional gentle jet of cum slide into him, letting him cough up the last of the red dragon's musky, sweet juices and clear his throat. He took a deep breath, trembling as Muran's heady breath washed over his snout. With a strange realisation, he frowned. Throughout all the thoughts of disbelief, fear, irritation, pleasure and twisted admiration, the one that stuck firmly in Tazi's mind was how much he couldn't wait to try this again. He blushed. Slowly though he gave in, and tried again to reach for his throbbing cock, shifting his unfurled wings idly as they had fallen asleep. Muran again batted his claws away.

What more did he want..?

"Oh no. You're keeping every drop inside you now that I'm done. I didn't make you my cum bag for nothing, young one. Maybe *later* I'll let you empty your own sack." Muran spoke softly, smirking and chuckling lowly. Tazi whined. *Why?*

"Why..." he voiced, thrusting uselessly at the air. Muran grinned.

"Why, *Master*," the large dragon corrected. "And, I said so. Besides, I want to make you an offer."

Tazi blinked and tilted his head, his stomach sloshing strangely. "What does that have to do with me cumming?" he demanded. "Master," he added hastily. Muran grinned again.

"Because horny dragons are more likely to say yes."

Tazi swallowed, tasting cum, and wriggled on the grass. He blushed lightly again as he realised he was laying in a small pool of saliva and his own pre. "You don't have any *gezx*," Muran noted. Tazi nodded warily. "How would you like to earn one?"

Earn one? "What do you mean?" Tazi asked carefully. He realised he'd forgotten to add 'Master', but Muran seemed to ignore that particular slip.

"I could give you one of mine, in exchange for something..." he said lightly, bounding around the subject.

"Something? Master?"

Muran nodded slyly, and flexed his member, making Tazi squirm and shiver, his own cock being sent into a new fit of spasms. He churred, inhaling headily, his eyes lidding. Remembering himself, he shook his head, opening his eyes again.

"If you would be mine for, say, a year, then I'd happily have one of my *gezx* given to you."

"Be yours' ...?" he asked suspiciously. "A slave, you mean."

Muran shook his head, feigning a hurt expression. "More a pet..." he rumbled. "Slaves aren't cared for."

Tazi looked at Muran carefully. After his day was up, he could leave Muran and not worry about any of this again. He'd have to find somewhere to empty himself though, but then, the lake was right next to him. Perhaps others did the same... Maybe that was why it was a salt-lake... Still, his heart thrummed at the thought of being taken so; being filled whenever Muran wanted; having so great and warm a member to tend to each day; so large a knot to take... Shaking his head vigorously he blinked, trying to clear the gentle fog in his mind. Was he really considering that? A *year*? If he agreed, there were laws which meant he would have to fulfil that obligation, whether he made it with a clear head or not... His cock screamed yes at him, blotting out the rest of his thoughts. He struggled with it, trying to work out if he could really be entertaining the idea. Muran grinned devilishly down at him, flexing his member rhythmically in Tazi, making it harder as the little reptile kicked lightly, panting and spraying small jets of pre onto himself. No... he had to be rational about it. He'd get protection, and daily fun – if not more often – and a place to stay, someone to talk to... there were a number of good aspects to the offer. The drawbacks, though...

Then he felt a gentle touch on his pulsing dick, a soft squeeze of his knot, and all the cons went out of his mind. What were there, really, anyway? Not being able to go where he wanted? He never went far, anyway... not being free to see his family or friends at will? He'd left his family already, and was more of a lone dragon than one who made dozens of connections. Being owned? He couldn't help but shiver in delight at that thought. And after it all, he'd have a *gezx* of his own! Panting heavily, he nodded, suddenly eager.

"Take me, please, Master. I'm yours," he cooed, rumbling in delight. Muran's eyes lit up, and he ran his tongue up Tazi's neck, squeezing his aching cock again. He cried out in bliss, needing to be touched, and humped upwards into Muran's claw, oozing pre. The big reptile indulged him, playing with his shaft and softly rubbing his cumslit. He gasped, so close to finally getting his release. He

whined at Muran, begging desperately with his eyes, his knot sorely swollen and his sack full of seed. He didn't finish Tazi though, running a claw up the underside of his shaft teasingly before simply moving off of him again, releasing his tingling member and leaving the spongy, bright red rod bouncing in the cool air. He gave him instead a swift hump, making him moan, flexing his own member inside Tazi and injecting him with another wad of cum. He nodded, smiling gently and victoriously. He knew he had Tazi by the cock now, but the little dragon was fine with that for some reason. Wordlessly, Muran lifted a claw and did something to the silver bracelet on his other foreleg, the band slipping off. He picked it up in his damaged claw, and slipped it around Tazi's neck, closing it again with a soft but strangely strong 'click'. Tazi thrilled at its cool feel, and breathed in slowly, filled not only with his new master's seed and musky maleness, but also a soft, deep feeling of anticipation and excitement. He blushed, feeling oddly proud, and grinned foolishly at the big red dragon. Muran nodded approvingly.

"Good boy."