

It was common knowledge that dragons had tempers and they had the power to do a lot of damage. Of course they did. Incredible strength, the ability to breathe fire and flight made a dangerous combination and allowed basically any dragon to go on a rampage whenever they wanted. Widespread destruction could be caused on a whim and the police would be almost powerless to stop them, at least before the dragon wreaked havoc to the surrounding area. Humans might be far more numerous but dragons were far more powerful.

This was the argument that the city's mayor used when he was running for re-election. Rather tactfully, the press conference in which he made these points was a scant few days after two dragons destroyed a building fighting in the centre of the city. As part of his re-election promises, the mayor vowed to impose harsher punishments and even restrictions on all dragons that lived in the area, a distinct minority in the human area.

He was a popular and charismatic man and won his office again by a large margin. He kept his promises when he was back in office. "Dragons can't be controlled," he said on the day of his victory. "That's why the Dragon Enforcement and Punishment Act will be passed tomorrow. The DEP Act will prevent any greater losses of both life and property caused by dragons. By creating a no-chances enforcement policy, any and all crimes committed by dragons will lead them to be taken into custody and given over to the service of the city. From then on, they will be placed where they can do no more harm. Thank you."

Mrin remembered when that speech was broadcast in the news. Lying in front of the TV in her apartment, she'd almost lost her own temper when she saw the announcement. She was a dragoness herself and while she might have a bit of a temper, she wasn't a danger. Most dragons might run a little hot-blooded but that was certainly no reason to do anything this serious. Becoming property of the city was usually reserved for people who only just fell short of the death penalty, as a replacement for life in prison. Instead of spending the rest of your years in a cell, there was life doing whatever the government told you to. For a dragon, with a

lifespan several times longer than a humans, this was an especially grave punishment.

All of this raced through Mrin's mind as she waited in the little cell built that was ill suited to her kind. Her long, sinuous body was coiled up uncomfortably to fit inside the tiny room, her silver scales glinting in the light from the overhead lamps. Mrin had been arrested for the most ridiculous crime a dragon could be arrested for: jaywalking. She had injured her right wing a couple of days ago and was crossing the street when a police car had rolled around the corner. It had taken about five seconds for the two humans to jump out of the car and shoot tiny electrified darts at her. Mrin didn't even have a chance to defend or explain herself, not even realising what was happening until it was too late. She was on the ground, twitching and semi-conscious, in seconds. Mrin didn't remember the time after that. It was all a blur, interspersed with repeated and painful shocks. Her next real thought was waking up in this uncomfortably tiny room.

She adjusted her position to try and become more comfortable and her horns scraped along the ceiling, carving deep furrows into the soft plaster. Dust and bits of the roof rained down on the dragoness's head and she growled, blinking the powder out of her eyes. Her tail was curled around her body and both her fore- and hindlegs her tucked uncomfortably under her bulk. This cell was far too small for her. Now she was waiting on the human courts, which would decide what kind of fate she would get, no doubt a bad one. She'd never harmed a human before but that didn't make a difference to them. All they cared about was what she could do.

It took a long time for someone to come and get Mrin. Her muscles were cramping by then and every slight movement was painful. Eventually, one of the courthouse officials came down and unlocked the barred door that kept Mrin in her cell. There was a guard with him as well and he held a vicious looking cattle prod. As the door swung open, he clicked a button and electricity arced between the two prongs at the end. "Don't try anything, dragon," he said, making the prod arc a couple more times.

Mrin huffed irritably but didn't deign to respond to him. The official motioned hurriedly as she

stepped out of the cell but she took her time, stretching out like a cat as she finally got enough room. The official was already at the bottom of the stairs that led to the courthouse proper and when he saw that Mrin still hadn't moved, he called out to the guard. Mrin, still revelling in the simple pleasure of her muscles finally being able to move freely, was prodded quite hard in the flank by the guard. Thankfully, he didn't shock her but it was enough to get the dragoness moving, albeit grudgingly.

The stairs were awkward for Mrin to traverse. With each step, she was sure that the marble was going to break apart under her and her paws didn't even come close to fitting on the tiny spaces. The actual staircase was small as well and at one point her tail destroyed one of the lights lining the walls. She almost slipped a couple of times but managed to make it to the top without incident.

The courthouse was made by humans, for humans, so it wasn't very spacious for the dragoness. Mrin ducked her head but the roof was still only a short distance above her horns. There was only one room that was fit for a dragon, the largest room at the end of the central hall. The room, like the hall outside, would have been open and spacious to a human but it was cramped and stifling for a dragon. Even so, there was still enough room along one side for a half dozen dragons. Mrin shuffled her wings around uncomfortably as she was forced in. The cramped feeling was only accentuated by all of the other dragons that were already in here waiting.

The guard directed Mrin to stand next to a large brown dragoness at the end of the line just as the judge sitting above called forward a bronze dragon from the front of the line. Mrin turned her head to the dragoness beside her and opened her mouth but the guard poked her roughly in the haunch and put his finger to his lips. The message was clear: no talking.

The bronze dragon was taken to the centre of the room where there was a small, circular dais, his guard accompanying him. The judge was directly in front of the dragon but the benches all around him were empty. There was no jury or anything. Mrin didn't know much about the court practises of humans, but didn't a jury have to decide guilt or something? The judge was an

ageing man with a rather magnificent beard and he didn't waste any time. As soon as the dragon stepped up onto the dais, he began immediately. He outlined portions of that new DEP act and then went on to talk about the dragon's crimes. This one had apparently refused to leave wherever he was living because his neighbours weren't happy living next to a dragon and his landlord had called the police on him. The dragon stayed quiet as the judge rambled on about his crimes but when he got to the sentencing part, the dragon opened his mouth to speak. "What gives you..." was as far as he got before the guard behind him shocked him. The dragon snarled in pain and growled at the man but didn't do anything more. Calling for order, the judge pronounced the dragon guilty and sentenced him to a lifetime of service.

The entire trial had taken about five minutes from start to finish, if it could even rightly be called a trial. As soon as the judge's gavel hit his desk, the dais underneath the dragon rippled strangely before surging upwards. The dais enveloped his claws, burying them beneath the stone. Bands formed at regular intervals along his tail and pulled it down before curling it around his body. He was pulled down onto belly and forced into a tight circle. He roared in protest but the sound was quickly muffled by the muzzle that formed around his snout, pinning it shut and muffling any sounds that he tried to make.

When the process was complete, the circular platform sunk into the ground, taking the bound dragon with it. Mrin felt the first feelings of anxiety coiling up in her belly. This wasn't right. They couldn't do this to dragons! She opened her mouth and, moving her jaws as little as possible, whispered to the brown dragoness. "What—" That one word was all that she managed to say as the guard behind her jabbed the prod roughly into her haunch and activated it.

Pain coursed through her leg and body. Mrin yelped loudly and hissed at the guard, the muscles in her leg twitching and spasming as the current ran through them. Her nerves felt like they were on fire, pain running up the length of her spine, tail twitching around on the ground. After a couple of seconds more, the prod was turned off and the guard repeated his warning. "No talking!"

Mrin's tail twitched around for a couple more seconds as the pain died away, although her muscles ached for a good while longer. She longed to swipe her tail into the guard. The limb was strong and close as he was, she could probably knock the man across the room but she doubted that that would accomplish anything. At best, she'd get shocked again. At worst, well... humans could get creative.

The line of dragons moved forwards quite quickly. Every time, the dragon under trial didn't get much a chance to even speak, let alone defend themselves. Invariably, the circular dais enveloped and bound them before taking them out of sight beneath the floor. Eventually, it was Mrin's turn to be taken out onto the floor.

Having seen what it had to done to the others, she didn't want to step onto the dais and tried to go around it, but the guard wouldn't have that. He poked her with the prod a couple of times more and although he didn't activate it, it was enough to get Mrin moving. It felt like stone when she sat down, cold and hard beneath her scales. Curling her tail around so that it would fit, she glared up at the judge, a barely audible growl rumbling in her throat. She was a dragon! She wouldn't be cowed by humans, not even these ones. This wasn't fair nor right, and she certainly wasn't to acquiesce to whatever the judge said just because of his position. That thought took hold and she felt anger begin to bubble up inside her.

The man began to speak, practically repeating what he had said in the past trials. The longer he spoke, the more grating and irritating his voice got. When he said her name, about to sentence her to whatever unjust fate he had decided upon, any barriers holding back her anger broke. She opened her jaws and roared loudly before leaping of the dais. "Release me!" she roared into the judge's face. He gave a high pitched shriek at the sight of her teeth and jaws and fell over backwards, out of sight. Mrin's guard rushed up behind her, prod raised and crackling with electricity. This time she swiped her tail at him, damn the consequences.

Her tail smashed into the man at about navel height, knocking all of the air out of him and flinging him across the room where he stayed, sprawled on the floor and gasping. Meanwhile,

the judge began shouting from his place of relative safety, screaming for someone, anyone, to get Mrin under control. In truth, she wasn't trying to hurt anyone. If she wanted to do that, she'd use her fire, claws and teeth, not her voice. She was glaring and roaring but the most harm she did was to the guard that had been thrown. The dragons at the edge of the room stayed where they were, from their own guards and their cattle prongs or for another reason, Mrin couldn't tell. She roared a couple more times but by then most of the people had run from the room or sought refuge with the prod-wielding men.

The main doors burst open and four humans rushed in. They were all wearing black armour, flameproof and designed for fighting dragons, as much as any type of armour could be. They raised the weapons that shot the electric darts and pointed them squarely at Mrin. They fired in unison, the darts impacting on Mrin's neck and chest, two of the few parts of her body that were not protected by hardened scales. The actual darts were nothing to her, pinpricks that she could barely feel. The electricity though, she could feel that.

The four darts sent several dozen thousand volts each through Mrin's chest and down her legs. It was much worse than the cattle prod. Muscles spasming and refusing to obey her, she fell to the floor. The darts didn't knock her unconscious this time but it was incredibly painful. The muscles in her jaws and throat clenched, strangling the howl that was trying to escape. Mrin's chest tightened and just when she was unable to breathe, the current stopped and she fell limp. Her nervous system was fried from the voltage running through it and her body didn't respond when she tried to get back up. "Hey, you!" The voice came from a human just behind Mrin's head. "Come and take her over there."

Mrin felt a gentle nudge on the back of her neck and a voice whispered, "Sorry," into her ear hole. The human had called over one of the other dragons waiting in line to take her over 'there', probably the dais. With nudges and pushes, Mrin was moved over to the raised circle on the floor. The dragon, male by their scent, was being quite gentle in his movements, trying to ensure that she didn't get hurt. He was told to hurry up a couple of times but finally, her back rested against the edge of the dais. With a final push, she was rolled over. She was beginning to

get some control back but so far, this control only amounted to vague, shaky movements.

This regained movement didn't amount to anything, the material of the dais swarming over her as soon as the other dragon moved away. It bound her differently than it had the dragons before her. The other dragons had had the cuff-like bondage but now the stone covered her completely, from the tips of her claws to the base of her head. It even took a hold of her horns and used them to hold her head even more firmly. She was completely immobilised, unable to move a claw's width in any direction. As a final humiliation, the stone flowed into her mouth and formed a thick band around her muzzle, locking the mass in her mouth. It filled her maw, even between her teeth, then went as hard as the rest of the dais. Now, she was unable to make a single intelligible sound.

Now that she was contained, the judge stood back up and sat back down in his chair, looking warily at Mrin. "Right," he said, flustered and red in the face. "This is a perfect example of why we need this act. Mrin Silverscales, you are sentenced to a human's life term as the property of this city for the crime of jaywalking. For your frightening and violent behaviour, I sentence you to a year in the city gardens, where you will repay your debt to society through community service. Now, next defendant!"

With the judge's last words, the platform sank into the floor, carrying Mrin with it. As she sank beneath the floor, Mrin snarled as loudly as she could through her gag, one last act of defiance. With her head held like it was, her sight was restricted to the space directly in front of her nose. Once she was below floor level, there was only darkness in front of her and the vague sense of a wall flying by. She, and the platform, descended what felt like a couple of floors beneath the ground and even the holdings cells before emerging from the chute, stopping a short distance away. There was a light source here somewhere and it cast a dim radiance over everything, although there was nothing to cover the musty, mouldering smell that filled the air.

After a few tense moments for Mrin, the platform began to move again. It vibrated slightly as it trundled deeper into what was obviously an extensive underground network. The smells of

damp and musty air continued to assault Mrin's nose as she was moved further and further away from the courthouse. The light sources were spaced far apart and there were brief periods of darkness as she passed between them. The tunnel forked a couple of times; Mrin could feel the slight change in motion as the platform took a long route through the underground network.

Eventually the light became more uniform, although still not the natural light of day. The wall that Mrin could see gradually distanced itself from her until she was in the middle of a large circular room where the dais stopped. She spent the next few minutes straining against the hard shell that encased her, but it didn't even flex. It could have been solid steel and she wouldn't be able to tell the difference. After a couple of tries, Mrin gave up and just lay there under the stone, staring at the opposite wall. This actually turned out to be worse than the actual travel. The wall wasn't very interesting and dragons need mental stimulation. Within seconds her thoughts were jumping from one subject to another and the minutes passed even more slowly. Boredom is an efficient torture, she thought after a while.

While she was in the middle of pondering what kind of meal she'd be fed, and when, Mrin heard the grinding screech of hinges that desperately needed oiling. She felt a gentle brush of air flow over her nose, bringing the scent of a male human with it. The man to whom the scent belonged appeared in her field of vision a couple of seconds after that. He didn't say anything but began his work immediately.

His first act was to touch the stone behind Mrin's head. As soon as his finger met the material, it turned liquid again and flowed over the rest of her face. She shut her eyes quickly and the stone covered them before turning solid again. Great, she thought. Blindfolded as well. The stone also covered her ear holes but also sank a little way into them, creating plugs that deadened all sound. Now the only senses that she had left was touch and smell. That made her a little uncomfortable, and her heart beat a little more quickly. For the first time in her life she felt claustrophobia, the darkness pressing in against her. The desire to spread her wings, to fly into an empty sky, was enormous.

Mrin, inside the shell and still panicking a bit, felt the stone ripple again. It did this a couple of times before pushing at Mrin's body forcefully with irresistible strength. It pushed her into a standing up position with the stone still covering her. Apart from her exposed nose, she could have been a statue. She was fine with this position; it was better than just lying there. That comfort went away really quickly.

She felt that same rippling several times again before the stone began moving again. She grunted through the gag as she tried to force herself to stay still but even a dragon's strength wasn't enough to resist the moving stone. Mrin's front paws were dragged underneath her and held there while her chest was forced down to the ground. The shell around her hind legs didn't change and her tail was curled over her back. About half way through this process, she realised what it was doing and tried to fight it but the dragoness's struggling was no more effective now than it had been before.

At the last moment, when the stone was still malleable, Mrin's neck was curved into a gentle S shape, putting her head about level with the base of her tail and pointing forwards. The position was on the verge of putting strain on her neck but it would be comfortable enough for a while. When the stone solidified again, Mrin was stuck with her chest to the ground and her rump and tail raised. If there was a dragon behind her, then they would take this position as an open invitation. She was very thankful that her rump was still covered but she still felt a flush of heat underneath the scales on her face.

Nothing else happened to the stone covering her but the platform beneath Mrin started moving again. The motion was nowhere near as smooth as it had been before so she assumed that this time she was moving under the power of the man. Now that she had lost her eyesight, Mrin had absolutely no sense of time or any idea where they were going. Her anxiety, which had never abated in the first place, took this idea and grew. Soon she was in a blind panic, thrashing as much as she could in the encasement and trying to howl through the gag. Her violent movements were reduced to simple trembling and only a soft whining escaped through her exposed nostrils.

Something must have gotten through to the human pushing the platform because he stopped and after a couple of moments the earplugs and blindfold disappeared. This calmed Mrin down somewhat, being able to see and hear again, but her wild eyes still portrayed the panic she felt. “Hey,” the human said, patting Mrin gently on the head. “Take it easy, it isn’t that bad. You might even end up liking it here.” Patting her once more, he disappeared behind her again but left the blindfold and earplugs off. The words were far from comforting for Mrin but be able to see was making it a bit easier, if only slightly. The platform began to move again.

This time, with her head pointing forwards and the blindfold off, Mrin could see where she was being taken. A pair of frosted glass sliding doors opened as they approached and the man pushed her and the platform through them. It took several more minutes through similar looking corridors and a short ride in a large service elevator for the dragon and human to get to their destination. Long before they were there, the heavy scents of a vast variety of flowers and other plants filled the air, clear even to the dull senses of the human.

A final pair of opaque doors slid open and bright sunlight blinded Mrin. She squinted through the brightness until her eyes adjusted. What she saw in front of her would have been quite beautiful if she didn’t know what it was. Beyond the pair of door was the massive garden that dominated the centre of the city. Large hedges and flowering plants lined paved walkways that weaved throughout the entire area. Mrin had never actually walked around here as the garden was human-only, but she loved to soar over it, high above, and look the riotous mix of colours.

Mrin was taken down one of the larger paths that she knew from memory led towards the main entrance but she wasn’t being led out. Every so often along the path there were alcoves set into the surrounding wall of plants and it was what these spaces contained that served to distress Mrin even further. They contained dragons, on circular platforms very similar to hers. Unlike Mrin though, the restraints on these other dragons seemed to have been based around the concept of minimalism instead of covering them completely. Stone rings covered every joint that Mrin could see, effectively immobilising them as well Mrin was right now.

The positions of the bound dragons varied greatly. Quite a few of the dragonesses that Mrin could see were bound like her, heads facing the path, although they weren't fully covered. There was one that she could see that was bound on her back but she was out of sight before Mrin could get a decent look. There were a couple of males around as well, Mrin passing them on her way to wherever she was going. Now that Mrin was closer to the other dragons, another smell cut through the all-encompassing smell of flowers: arousal. The scent was nearly masked by all the flowers but now that Mrin knew it was there, it was impossible to ignore. Then came the next thought. Why is it here at all?

They reached an empty alcove and Mrin was pushed into it, the platform rotating a moment after until Mrin, like the other dragons, had her head facing the path. From where she was, Mrin could see an emerald green that was bound opposite her. The emerald's eyes were squeezed shut and Mrin could see her muscles tensing powerfully, although she couldn't see the reason why. Once the man was finished positioning Mrin, he tapped the shell of stone covering her again. It melted away, leaving only rings around every joint like the other dragons and the gag in her mouth. It had the same effect as being completely covered. Mrin couldn't really move any more than she had ten seconds before except now, she wasn't covered by the stone. A flush of heat rose under the silver scales on her face as she realised that now she actually was presenting to anyone that walked behind her, the stone no longer there to cover her sex. She tried lowering her tail down but it was still bound to her back in some way that she couldn't see.

"Right," the man said, coming back around to pat her on the nose, prompting her to growl in response. "It'll all be fine."

Mrin thrashed around or rather, tried to, stymied by the stone that still covered her. It isn't easy to move when none of her joints would bend. The only visible sign to a spectator was her muscles trembling around the restraints. The man touched the stone one last time and then walked away down the path. Across from Mrin, the emerald dragoness had opened her eyes and was looking at her silver counterpart. She grunted through her own gag but whatever she

was trying to say was unintelligible. Suddenly, she stopped trying to talk to Mrin with a muffled yelp and a long moan. Mrin, taken aback at this sudden change, felt her panic rising up again. It had barely been under control since she was bound but it now resurfaced. She felt vulnerable stuck in such a pose, unable to move or even lower her tail. She hated the feeling of weakness.

The first touch was to the inside of her flank. There, the harder scales on her legs softened and grew smaller until they were like skin. The dull point of whatever was behind her ran down the skin there, a light touch that made Mrin shiver in her bonds. It was a vaguely tickling feeling but it was dulled by the apprehension that filled her. The thing that was touching her curved around her leg slightly and she realised that it was the same 'stone' as her restraints but shaped into a roughly cylindrical tendril. It moved slowly, exploring and running over the sensitive skin of her rump. Mrin tensed when it got close to her vent but it passed on the first time, repeating its movements on the other side. The sensation wasn't entirely unpleasant but it was most definitely unwelcome. She didn't want to be touched by anything and she definitely didn't want it in such an intimate place.

The tendril repeated this for several minutes before stopping. For a moment, Mrin thought that it was going to leave her alone, but she wasn't that lucky. The tendril returned but this time it paid attention to the area under her tail, exactly where she didn't want it. The first touch was around the lips of her vent and the tendril traced around them gently, outlining their shape against her silver hide. It darted upwards quickly and ringed the base of her tail before dipping back down. With the lightest of touches, it traced the line of her sex before leaving again. Mrin had no idea what the purpose of this was and she growled through the gag. The touches were light and brief but in an area that was very sensitive. As they went on, Mrin could feel her body begin to respond. It was humiliating and stupid but as the tendril moved she could feel the beginnings of arousal sparking in her lower belly, unwanted though it was.

The tendril applied a bit more pressure, slipping in between the lips of her vent. Mrin squirmed around as it nudged and moved around her vent, her tail twitching the tiny amount it could above her back. The tendril stroked down again and this time Mrin couldn't help whining loudly

as it nudged against her clit. The sudden sensation added to the arousal that had been building slowly and a sheen of moisture appeared beneath her tail. The tendril waited a couple of seconds before flicking at her sensitive nub again, making the dragoness shiver in arousal.

It repeated its motions until Mrin was panting, the mass in her mouth allowing her to breathe through it. The tendril was now focusing specifically on her clit before returning to the quick stroking of her entire vent. Every couple of times this happened, it would also press gently against her entrance, not hard enough to enter her but enough that the urge to thrust back against it was growing.

Mrin resigned herself to the pleasure that was slowly growing and the tendril caressed her clit one last time then stopped, leaving the silver dragoness twitching needfully. She didn't want the stone to stop, not now, not after all of that. She whined and wriggled as much as she could but the stone didn't come back. No longer distracted by the constant teasing, Mrin's attention turned back to the emerald dragoness in front of her. She still had her eyes tightly shut and her breath whistled slightly as it left her nostrils.

Mrin was starting to calm down when the stone returned. Unlike its ministrations beforehand, its touch wasn't light or fleeting anymore. The tendril gave a long hard stroke, right on the lips of her sex before going back and rolling her clit hard, making the dragoness's hips buck into the touch. The tendril stayed there but Mrin felt another trailing across the sensitive scales that. Mrin's vent was burning now, her arousal clearly showing and her scent heavy in the air, joining with that of all of the other dragons in the park. The tendril at her clit stopped moving just as the second one nudged at her vent. They both stayed still, refusing to move. Bound as she was, Mrin couldn't get any more feeling from the stone. She longed to push back onto the tendril at her vent, to let it fill her, but she couldn't move any more now than she could earlier.

It was quite a few tense moments before the stone moved again. In one fluid motion, the stone at the entrance to her vent thrust deep into her, the teasing ensuring that her vent was slick with her arousal and its entry painless. The dragoness went rigid as the stone slipped in, any

aversion to what was happening vanishing as the sensations from her vent rippled through her mind. If she hadn't already been in such a position, instinct would have made Mrin crouch low and raise her tail, presenting herself to the dragon that was claiming her. It wasn't a real dragon now but that fact made little difference to her or her sex.

The stone in her vent rippled down into her. It wasn't quite like a thrust but it was more than close enough. Her panting got heavier and deeper and her walls clenched around the stone, trying to get as much pleasure from it as possible. The tendril of stone at Mrin's clit engulfed it and began squeezing down lightly in a pattern. Claws digging into the stone beneath her, Mrin felt pressure already building in her sex. She moaned through her gag, trembling as she felt her orgasm drawing nearer, almost as quickly as when she was in heat.

Mrin tried to thrust back but she was still held immobile. It didn't matter though. The stone continued its motions, driving her closer to her peak. When she was just about to tip over the edge though, the stone stopped all its motions and withdrew from her vent. When the stone left her about to orgasm, Mrin struggled more than she had yet, throwing herself from side to side and howling. The rings of stone held and all she managed to do was rock slightly, her vent clenching around the empty space.

She whined, long and pitifully as her orgasm slowly slipped away. Was this going to happen the entire time she was stuck here? The heat in her vent went gradually from unbearable to nearly unbearable and that was when the stone returned. This time Mrin howled, the rapid rippling and attention to the most sensitive points of her sex returning her to the point she had been at only a few moments before. Her vent clenched around the stone and rippled itself as she was driven closer to her climax again. As the speed of the stone increased, there was a part of her that wondered if it would keep edging her. Mrin started panting again, the pleasure building until her orgasm was about to overcome her. The moment before it did though, the tendrils stopped their work and froze. Her reaction was less violent than before as she was denied for the second time, but instead gave a very undragonlike whimper through her gag. Her vent grasped at the stone in her vent, trying to get the little bit of stimulation that she needed but it

wasn't enough. The silver dragoness couldn't even get it to move within her, bound as she was.

Without warning, the stone started again, rippling and thrusting furiously before going to tiny ripples and squeezes on her clit. The stone was edging her, keeping the silver dragoness on the cusp of the orgasm that she wanted so desperately. This was the pattern from then on. The stone would give Mrin a few seconds of intense feeling, enough to drive her back to the edge, before reverting back to the smallest amount of sensation possible, keeping the dragoness there. Each time it did so, Mrin would whine and howl, straining to thrust back against the stone in her vent or reach back with her tail, her claws, anything.

A couple of times through the day, some of the humans walking through the park came to see Mrin. The few times that she managed to pay attention to the path and the people on it, they seemed quite amused to see her struggling and whining. They laughed and many patted her on the nose or ran their hands over her metallic scales. It would have been quite rare for a human to get this close to a dragon, especially a helpless one. A few of the more adventurous people walked around behind her, looking underneath her raised tail. Most of the time they just shouted lewd comments back to their companions on the path but a couple decided to assist with the stone's work. She was much larger than they were and, the stone moving away whenever they approached, their tiny hands teasing her instead. Trying to make her vocalise and squirm seemed to be a favourite pastime.

Eventually, dusk arrived in the gardens and the visitors trickled out. Distracted as she was, Mrin didn't hear the large gates at the front of the gardens clang shut but when they did, the stone in her vent melted away. It left Mrin once again about to cum, but it didn't come back. The lips of her vent were puffy and ached from the continuous edging and teasing. During the course of the day, her forced arousal had created quite a bit of fluid which had been forced out by the stone in her vent. Throughout the day, it had run down her stomach and onto the ground.

A couple of minutes later, Mrin heard another human approaching, along with the rattling sound of wheels. The scent of the woman came next, blown to her nose along with another

smell that she couldn't readily identify. The cart stopped several times, out of Mrin's view, before continuing on so she didn't know what the woman was doing. Before long, the human came into view and she was indeed pushing a cart that had several tubes on the top. Across from Mrin, the emerald dragoness was also free from her own teasing and was looking towards the human as well. The woman didn't say anything but instead removed one of the tubes from it clip and took it over to the dragoness opposite Mrin. The human's body obscured whatever it was that she was doing but when she moved away again, the tube was coming out of the dragoness's mouth and had sunk into the stone that was filling her maw.

The woman came over to Mrin next, again dragging one of the plastic tubes with her. Kneeling down beside Mrin's lowered head, she brought the end of the tube to the dragoness's lips. The stone filling her mouth expanded, forcing her mouth open. The woman pushed the tube in slowly and the stone let it through easily, letting it slide partway down her throat. Mrin whined quietly at the uncomfortable feeling.

Her work done, she returned to the cart. Mrin heard a few mechanical clicks and then a low whirring came from the cart and something began to flow down the tube towards her. The tube was far enough into her throat that she didn't have a choice in the matter of swallowing whatever it was. The flow of liquid passed in front of her nose and she could see it clearly, a vaguely brown sludge that didn't look at all appetising. The edge of the advancing stuff ran out of Mrin's sight and she began to feel it run down her throat. It was cool and not very thick, running down into her stomach. It must be food and water or what passed for it. It was saddening that she would be denied the simple act of eating, or even tasting, her meals.

The stuff ran quickly and soon Mrin was getting full. Luckily, her stomach could accommodate larger meals although it was that didn't stop it being uncomfortable. It took a couple more minutes before the whirring from the cart stopped and the tube emptied. The human came back and withdrew the tube, yanking it rather roughly. It tickled as it slid out and the stone gagging Mrin resumed its previous state, the ring muzzling her painfully tight again.

After clipping the tube back to the cart, the woman turned and began to walk away. Before she did though, she patted Mrin on her nose absentmindedly. The touch was rough on her sensitive nose and the dragoness snorted and growled roughly, which didn't discourage the woman at all. She laughed and repeated the motion before returning to the cart. The wheels squeaked as they turned and she went out of Mrin's field of view. The squeak of the unoiled wheel continued for the better part of the hour as the human made her rounds.

Soon after she ate her meal, a heaviness settled in Mrin's limbs. This in itself didn't really do anything as she couldn't move but her full belly and exhausting day had taken their toll. That she was able to even consider sleep in her current position and circumstances set little warning lights of in her head concerning the ingredients of her forced meal. A drug to make her sleep seemed a bit excessive considering the situation but then that was how humans were.

Around Mrin, night fell completely now and lamps scattered around the gardens flickered to life. The stone holding her upright in her presenting position finally changed, taking the drowsy dragoness to her stomach and curling her neck and tail around. This was quite similar to the way she slept normally and it didn't take long before she slipped into a heavy sleep.