

“Mmph?” The red dragon gave a questioning mumble as Violet tossed the wooden paddle aside, sending it bouncing slightly across the carpet to clatter against the wall. She wriggled her bum and flexed the muscles experimentally, relishing the bursts of sharp pain as moving her tail and hips pulled bruised skin taut over her soft buttocks. Unlike the pain of a regular injury, or a stubbed toe, it was entirely welcome, and from the glistening moisture around her slit and the fluids trickling down her thighs it was clear the dragon *enjoyed* this particular kind of pain. Her deep red scales were covered in a light sheen of sweat, and her buttocks and thighs had turned a deep purple with bruises from the paddle while, barely visible against her scales, trickles of blood oozed out of numerous lacerations all over her body, although again centred around her crotch...and breasts.

“Mmmm...” she sighed happily as Violet walked closer and lay her upper body onto the dragoness’s back, sending sparks of euphoric pain through her body as the wolf’s purple, tickly fur itched her bruises and cuts. The purple wolf still wore the tight leather pants she had arrived in, the matching top had vanished much earlier, and would probably be found down the sofa...or in the dragon’s stomach perhaps. The tight pants hugged her ass firmly, and her belly and ample hips bulged out over the top, obscuring the waistband beneath delicious – to the dragon – wolf fat. The injured dragon brushed almost three metres in length, so the average height Violet had to move around to her side to nuzzle into the dragon’s neck; a sweet gesture that lasted for all of five seconds before the dragoness gave a sharp gasp of pain as powerful fangs bit into the softer scales around her throat, drawing blood but stopping just short of causing serious harm. Violet followed up the bite with playful licks, lapping at the handful of punctures with her tongue and letting a soft growl of amusement rumble through her belly as the iron-y taste of blood filled her mouth. Keeping her snout firmly pressed into the slightly sweaty neck of the dragon Violet moved down to the nape of her neck, planting kisses as she went before working her way over to the red-dragon’s shoulder, the wide flat area between neck and arm, and bit down *hard*. She laughed into the mouthful of flesh at the muffled scream of pleasure tinted agony beside her head and continued to bite down until she felt the collarbone groaning in protest under the pressure; just as quickly her teeth left the flesh and she fastened her lips around the multitude of tiny, deep wounds, puffing her cheeks out with air created enough pressure to prevent much blood from oozing out, and the wolf’s wet tongue lapped up the light trickle of ruby fluid, filling the wounds with mildly antiseptic saliva at the same time much as a mother wolf would tend to an injured cub. But even as she tended to the vicious wound in the dragon’s shoulder Violet’s hands were reaching around her body, claws digging into her breast and side and coaxing more sharp gasps from the dragoness as they scratched over the scales, nicking the flesh between the armour and drawing more tiny droplets of blood.

“I’ve got a surprise for you...” she finally released the dragon’s shoulder and pulled back, flicking her orange, red-highlighted hair out of her eyes and drawing her claws down the reptile’s back as she moved away, drawing deep scratches either side of her spine and grinning as the dragon arched her back and screamed with lust

“hmmffphh?” she finally turned her head, wincing at bolts of pain from her shoulder and throat, to look back at Violet, revealing the large ball-gag stuffed into her mouth; her entire body tingled with pain and she wasn’t surprised as she looked around the room, finally realising just how far the wolf

had gone, paddles and whips, the odd dildo and various other instruments of arousing pleasure littered the room, and the wolf lingered just outside the dragon's sight, worrying her. Any time Violet had a 'surprise' was sure to involve copious amounts of pain; not that the dragoness cared one bit, the wolf knew exactly how far to push her victim, taking her to the very brink of her limits and then pushing her over the edge, only to catch her at the last minute and drag her back. In all their sessions together Violet had never had to stop, never had the dragoness yelled out the safe-word – a word that was very distinguishable even through the gag, Violet had insisted – and each time at the peak of her pain the red-scaled lizard felt a tiny flicker of fear, and even hope, that Violet would ignore the safe-word if she called out – of course the dragoness knew Violet had far too much integrity to do that, if she heard anything that sounded even remotely like the safe-word she'd stop in a heartbeat and fetch the Witch-hazel. She strained at her bindings, the tight ropes tying her ankles to each leg of the wide desk and splaying her arms out wide to the other corners, in an attempt to see what Violet was doing.

"Ah-ah, naughty girl!" Violet teased, bending down and pulling the ropes even tighter to punish the dragoness for struggling against them; with everything she did the bindings *almost* cut off her circulation, but not quite. On the way back up the wolf pressed her snout up into the drooling cleft between the dragon's spread legs, nuzzling into her nethers and nudging the swollen labia aside to work deeper, her tongue flicking out and tickling the deeper, sore and sensitive inner flesh, licking up the fluids that trickled from the ribbed walls. After a teasingly brief period between the dragon's legs she stood up again and moved to the side, into her field of vision as she looked over her shoulder again, expecting Violet to produce a spiked dildo or new whip; a tiny, whimpering part of her hoped maybe the wolf would provide some ointment for her wounds, not that she needed it, dragons were infamous healers and none of the wounds or bruises were terribly severe, within two days she would have healed naturally. Instead she dug under her ample, soft belly and fumbled with the sweat, slicked button on her pants and undid them; she had to wriggle them down over her chubby ass and thighs but halfway down her legs grew slender enough to allow the material to drop to the ground, revealing a large black strap-on; with a small whitish lump protruding from the top of the shaft.

"Unnhh, t-thank you" Ethan gasped, finally able to take a breath of fresh air; that morning he had awoken smothered beneath Violet's belly, somehow shrunk from his normal five foot height to the five *inch* stature Violet so often preferred to abuse him in. Before he could ask how she had slipped him the drug this time, or offer to please her in return for the antidote, she had scooped him up and pinned him to a black dildo larger than he was. Working quickly she had tied him, back down, to the dildo with tooth-floss, taking care to leave his arms free to move, and quickly slipped the strap-on's harness on and wriggled into her tight, leather pants. Since then the white and grey husky had spent the entire day trapped in the hot, sweaty confines of her pants, smothered between her thick thighs whenever she stood with her legs together – she had bent the dildo around and between her legs to hide the bulge, pinning him less than three inches away from her slit – and more recently soaked him in sweat and juices as she got worked up with the dragoness. His blue nose glistened with juices and the blue highlights in his fur particularly reflected the sheen of Violet's sweat and fluids that covered his entire body, but despite near asphyxiation in the sealed confines of her pants the husky was sporting a huge erection as he gazed up at the underside of her breasts, hoping she didn't go too easily on him.

"I-I was wonder if y-you'd forgotten me..." the masochistic dog panted, drawing grateful breaths of wonderfully cold air into his over-heated body, the smell of her sex, even just the smell of *her* still pervaded his senses even as the dildo bobbed out firmly, holding his head a good six inches from her body. Struggling playfully – he knew how much she preferred an unwilling victim – he looked up and froze, seeing the enormous draconic rump, iridescent with bruises and dripping with blood, cum and lube; his eyes focuses particularly on the engorged, parted nether-lips and the thick pearls of translucent gloop steadily tricking from her depths, before his eyes flicked across a few inches to the distant – to him at least – face of the dragoness, firmly gagged and looking at him, her eyes caught in that strange land between terrified pleading for help and begging for more that Ethan had learned to associate with a night with Violet; he knew if she wasn't bound and gagged so absolutely the dragoness would be struggling, screaming and begging for mercy, while at the same time desperately hoping the sadistic wolf ignored her

"O-oh, H-hi there...we haven't met, I'm E-Ethan...erm, I'm n-not usually this..small" he blushed and squirmed, picking at the floss in a pathetic attempt to free himself, extremely conscious of his raging erection, barely a centimetre long at his current size "So...Violet? You gonna let me off now gluurck!" his weak attempt to sound nonchalant as his caught sight of an ominous bottle in the wolf's paw turned into a garbled gurgle as she tipped the bottle and squeezed, squirting a thick stream of clear, gloopy, strawberry scented gloop onto him. Reaching down with her other hand she grabbed the dildo and, with very little regard for the tiny body tied on top it seemed, pumped her fist up and down the firm, latex length, covering the entire thing, and Ethan, in the slippery, gloopy lube that already soaked the dragoness's loins. Flashing him a wicked grin she slowly walked forwards, towards the dragoness's exposed slit. Reaching out and resting a paw on each hip she made sure to slip one arm under the dragon's tail and ensure it was lifted well out of the way before flexing her fingers and digging her claws deep into the soft, scaled flesh; closing her eyes happily at the muffled yelp. At the same time she thrust forwards ever so slightly and nudged the edge of one swollen labia, delighting in the faint squelch it made as the puffy flesh gave beneath the firmer dildo.

"W-what are you doing?" Ethan began to squirm with more realism, starting to worry as the dragon's blood and cum began to ooze onto his face and chest, mingling with the lube and filling his nose with the barest hint of iron and the smell of arousal that overpowered even the lube's strawberry flavour "V-Violet? Violet stop!" His voice grew more panicked, a sound that simply made the wolf look down cruelly, her red eyes gazing calmly at the tiny wolf; for the dragoness the fear in his voice just aroused her even further, and she rocked her hips to and fro slightly, trying to rub against the firm head of the dildo "please!" he was almost screaming now, recognising the sadist glint in Violet's eyes "Don-mmph!" The dragon's wriggling had slipped the dildo off her puffy labia and into her vulva, swallowing up the centimetre of rubber just above Ethan's head and nudging his furred ears into the sticky crevice between her lips; before the husky had been able to finish speaking Violet had simply thrust forwards a tiny bit, burying the first inch of her dildo into the dragoness and stuffing Ethan's head out of sight into the her burning sex, muffling his voice between the folds of dripping wet, quivering flesh. Ethan continued to yell, and brought up his hands to scrabble at the smooth skin of the dragon's labia, but nothing he did stopped Violet from pushed steadily forwards and coaxing a lustful groan from the dragoness as she pushed the dildo, and Ethan, deeper and deeper into the rippling orifice.

By the time his waist followed him into the dragon's loins everything had gone totally dark, at first enough light had slipped in around his head and shoulders to let him look deep into her body at the ribbed flesh and glistening walls, dripping with juices, but now all he could do was yell into the smothering pink walls, scrabble uselessly at them and try to ignore his raging erection. Violet quickly grew tired of the friendly playing it seemed, or perhaps the dragon had more room to move than he thought, because in a matter of moments his whole world convulsed and the chill around his legs disappeared as he and the dildo vanished entirely into draconic pussy. Even through all the flesh and above the sounds of her heartbeat and the squish of cum against flesh as her snatch twitched and quivered around him Ethan could hear the dragoness roar in pleasure, followed by a gasp of pain as Violet did something to her. While the dragoness moaned in pain and pleasure Ethan didn't move, and he took the opportunity to try and relax, conserve what little air he had and try to pry off the bindings; even though he secretly enjoyed himself and would do anything Violet asked – or instructed...in her case – he was still terrified and intent on escaping. He idly reached up with one hand and froze, desperately hoping he hadn't undone the floss; less than an inch above his head he felt the smooth muscle of the dragon's cervix, but what scared him was towards the centre, the feeling of her cervix stretched and wrapped around the dildo, taking the tip *into* her womb. As brutal as Violet was with him she never went too far, but he didn't fancy his chances if he ended up on the wrong side of that cervix...

Before he could yell at the top of his voice and try to get Violet's attention she shifted her hips back, and his voice was lost into a gooey squelch as she dragged the dildo roughly out of her plaything, revealing the soaked lower half of Ethan before a firm thrust slammed him straight back up to her cervix. In blind panic the husky began to struggle, writhing and punching at the heavy, smothering flesh of the dragon's snatch as Violet picked up speed, thrusting in and out with abandon, reducing her micro-husky to nothing more than a small sex toy to heighten the dragon's pleasure; and it was working, she gasped and panted in pleasure, clenching hard with each thrust to try and hold the dildo within herself only to have it dragged back out along with a sticky splattering of juices. Inside the dragoness's body Ethan had all but given up screaming, each time he opened his mouth to shout liquid pleasure poured in, forcing him to gulp down a heady mixture of the dragon's undeniably sweet cum and Violet's strawberry lube. Despite the fear of vanishing into the bigger woman's womb and the total humiliation at being reduced to nothing more than an animate sex-aid Ethan had to admit it was pleasurable; the smell of sex was all around him and the crushing pressure of the reptile's pussy pushed him to the brink of crying out in pain, while at the same time kneading his entire body like a masseuse and seeming to *try* and suck him off the dildo. After what felt like an eternity the squishy walls began to twitch sporadically around him, and an accidental scratch from Ethan was enough to push her over the edge; reaching up to push a particularly heavy roll of vagina out of his face his claws ended up raking down the entire inside of her pussy as the Violet dragged the dildo out again, and as his claws scratched over the dragon's impressively large G-spot the walls suddenly contracted much harder, cutting off every inch of spare space and smothering Ethan totally in her crushing grip. Immediately the wolf thrust inwards again, burying her dildo fully into the dragon while digging her own claws into the soft bottom of the dragon's scaled buttocks; relishing the wet splat of her sticky middle against the dragoness's larger loins and dripping thighs Violet held the position and let the red reptile's orgasm wash over her; Deep inside her cunt Ethan screamed out in absolute terror as the floss, lubricated by cum, slipped upwards, instantly the dragon's snatch took up the slack and sucked the husky deeper in a cascading wave of contractions – the floss pulled

taunt again just as Ethan's ears slipped into the curve at the centre of her cervix. For the five minutes it took the dragon's orgasm to subside the husky frantically braced his arms against the slippery muscle, terrified he might slip and push himself into her womb, until Violet finally pulled back, dragging the soaked and matted form of Ethan back into the cool air.

"Have fun did we?"

"S-she" Ethan spluttered, coughing up a mouthful of cum and turning his head to gasp for air "She almost sucked me into her *womb*! I could have been trapped! How would I have gotten out?!" He looked up, making eye-contact with the dragoness who flashed him a wicked wink and lifted her brow suggestively, clearly knowing all too well what had nearly happened; Suddenly afraid of the dragoness almost as much as he was of Violet the husky looked up, hoping the sadistic wolf had noticed, instead Violet just rolled her eyes

"I don't care, I didn't ask that, I said 'Did. You. Have. Fun?'" she was resting a hand on the dragon's rump and tapping a finger, deliberately driving the pointed claw into an open wound repeatedly, making the dragon's eyes water and keeping the juices flowing from her sex.

"Yes" Ethan hung his head and spoke in a dejected tone humiliated that he took such obvious pleasure in the tortures Violet forced on him, and the submission he was being forced into by the two giantesses.

"Time for round two then!" Before dog or dragon could do more than open their mouths – or make a muffled 'hmmh?' in the dragon's case – Violet stepped forwards and straightened her legs properly, while fucking the tied up dragon she's had to crouch ever so slightly, and now Ethan knew why as he looked up, unable to do anything but reach up and brace and scream as he and the dildo rushed forwards to meet the dragon's ass. Aided by the lubrication, cum and blood nothing Ethan did had any impact on slowing him down and with a sticky squelch he and the dildo vanished straight up into the dragoness's rectum; she gave a muffled grunt of, pleased, surprise and pushed back, working the last inch of rubber into her ass. She needed no more lube, but she didn't need to keep the bottle either, so Violet up-ended the lube bottle as she pulled her dildo back out almost to the tip, and emptied the entire lot straight onto Ethan's protesting body. Before any could pour off the sides of the dildo she thrust back in, watching the clear gloop pool around the dragon's sphincter, a little more dragged in with each thrust, slowly transferred up into her rectum and filling the space around Ethan totally, as well as oozing deeper into her bowels and lubricating the passage so that the dragon's ass could swallow more than the dildo with increasing ease; each time the wolf pulled back the dragon clenched, her pucker squeezing around the base of the dildo and holding it in for a second before the stronger wolf and the lube pulled the whole thing, wolf and all back out. Inside her ass Ethan was even more terrified than earlier, he could *feel* the space above him, the way her bowels naturally gaped slightly; at least in her snatch there was a bottom, an end – even if it was a potentially permanent cell in the prison of her womb – her bowels would just keep on going. He screamed frantically into the fleshy walls, punching and clawing the tough flesh and screaming for mercy, begging Violet to release him, to do anything except stuff him up the dragon's ass. Of course, she ignored him.

Forced to virtually swim in the hot mixture of lube and cum he involuntarily gulped down yet more of the heady gloop, this time tainted with the slightly acrid taste of inside the dragon's ass,

fortunately for him most of the fluids ended up going where the dragoness's ass wanted him, deeper into her bowels, sluicing up into her colon to trickle out later, or lube the way for some very *deep* anal play later on; there was more air up her ass than in her snatch, but it was much staler, much older and quite unpleasant to breathe, and frequently stolen away from him as her rectum flexed and clenched around him repeatedly, a sign of another impending orgasm. Violet had stopped giving him brief glimpses of freedom and was simply pumping the last inch of rubber in and out of the dragon's pliant tail-hole; yet despite all the torture and torment he was being forced to endure, Ethan was probably enjoying himself more than the dragoness herself, and as her rectum seemed to shrink around him with such powerful clenches as she finally came, signalling freedom in his close future, he gave in to his masochistic desires and reached down to grab his cock, pumping furiously into the hot, cum-soaked walls. Almost as if to punish him, a few seconds after touching himself he heard an ominous snap.

Violet felt her dragon's orgasm hit and thrust in fully in time with her clenches. As the dragoness's muscular spasms reached their peak a violet Velcro tearing sound filled Violet's ears as the strap-on was torn from her body; looking down in surprise and amusement she watched the powerful ass swallow up the entire dildo and much of the harness, the lesser clenches that followed steadily pulling in the rest of the harness's straps

"Well now...someone's a greedy girl!" Violet laughed when her orgasm had subsided. Digging her claws into the dragon's thighs to maintain her balance the wolf crouched down and examined the tightly clenched pucker before gripping the soaked three inches of strap that remained and slowly pulling, watching lustfully as the harness slowly squelched and oozed back out of the dragon's rectum, eventually her pucker bulged outwards and stretched wide, releasing the tip of the dildo which effortlessly slopped out amidst a small rush of cum, tossing the dildo aside Violet undid the bindings around her ankles and wrists, and stood back as the dragon straightened up to her full three metre height – almost double the wolf – and removed the ballgag

"Mmm, you forgot something...or should I say, *someone*?" The dragoness finally said, cocking her hip and looking down at Violet, despite the height difference she was still afraid of the wolf, and made sure to keep her body relaxed if Violet decided to retrieve the wriggling bulge up her ass. The wolf glanced over at the dildo and noticed a distinct lack of wolf and floss

"So I did...oh well, he'll come back out eventually...probably 'helped' along in a few hours" Violet grinned wickedly and stepped forwards, tracing a sharp claw down the dragoness's belly and watching her shiver in fear and anticipation, before pressing her ear to the reptile's abdomen and listening to Ethan's terrified screams as he writhed around somewhere within the dragoness "Hey Ethan! We haven't forgotten about you" she called out, and the dragon's face fell when the husky stopped struggling "But that doesn't mean I'm rescuing him" she added with a cruel chuckle as she stepped back, Ethan must have heard and begun struggling again because the dragon bucked her hips happily and shuddered.

Inside her ass Ethan squirmed frantically, in truth he wasn't in any real danger, without Violet's stimulation the dragon's muscles had stopped tugging him deeper...mostly, and there was just barely enough air for him to breathe, as always. But the knowledge of where he was and how he'd probably be freed, coupled with the painfully hard clenching of the dragon's ass as she walked and the unpleasant smell filling his nose, just barely palpable beneath cum and strawberry, threw him

into a total panic, particularly as he remembered the look on the dragoness's face, and he prayed Violet would stay to see him released back into her 'tender' care...otherwise he wasn't sure when he'd ever be released.

"So...shall we go get something to eat?" Violet asked, with their session over she was happy to only inflict mild wounds on her dragoness as they walked, and let a smile spread on her lips, deciding not to mention to the dragoness that Ethan's shrink potion would wear off in half a dozen hours....