

Dragon Milk

By Terinas Tiger, For BluKodi

“Of all the ingredients to be missing!” Ray grumbled to himself, storming out of the laboratory and tossing an empty jar into a nearby recycling bin. Staring at the label of the jar for a moment, a scowl creased his muzzle and the aspiring scientist sighed. “Dragon Milk. I’m always running out of Dragon Milk!” Walking over towards a full body mirror, Ray worked to strip off his protective lab gear and reached for some casual clothes. He took a moment to stare at himself in the mirror. Bright blue eyes gleamed back at him, his reflection’s gray fuzzy underbelly glinting in the light of his dressing room. A red line separated white fur along his arms and legs from the gray of his chest and muzzle. “Damn, I’m looking good today!” The wolfdog just chuckled, reaching for a pair of blue pants and some underwear to tug them on. “Ok, enough vanity. The experiment’s hit a dead stop without that milk. I’ll have to go get some more.”

Turning to navigate out of the halls of his laboratory, the wolfdog reached up to rub at the gray fluff along his chin. “But it’ll be arduous. An onerous, perilous journey. Dragons are some of the rarest mythical anthropomorphic species out there, with a tendency towards isolation and a fondness for solitude. Hm.” Walking down a flight of stairs, the scientist exited a stairwell into the entry hall of his facility. “Even locating a dragon to hunt will be intense.” Ray pumped a fist, growling with determination. “I may even need to challenge the very Fates themselves! After all...” He moved to exit the building, pushing the double-doors open and stepping out onto a bustling street. “...It’s not like I’m just going to find one walking the streets of New Neo Murrtopia!”

“Oh hey, my ‘bolds! I’m just walking the streets of New Neo Murrtopia today!” A bright, red scaled dragon sauntered past Ray, holding an onyx uPhone up in front of him as he flashed a pearly white, fangy smile to the front-facing camera. “Welcome back to ‘Shift your Perspective’! Today we’re going to try a challenge ServileKobold29 peeped to me on Peep, which is to go shopping at the biggest mall in New Neo Murrtopa without spending more than twenty quid!” The dragon was a head taller than Ray, tall enough that a pair of taupe horns growing straight backwards along his skull gleamed in the light of the noonday sun. Clad in a bright pair of blue jeans and a green hoodie cut to allow his wings to fold up against the back of his body, the dragon wagged a crimson scaly tail, smiling for whatever viewing audience was watching him on his phone. “Remember to like, comment, and subscribe if you like my content!”

Watching a creature of legend saunter past, Ray closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and rubbed his temples. “...you know what, Fates? I’ll take this without question.”

Turning to follow the mythological creature, the gray and white wolfdog waved a paw over his head. “Hey! Heeeeey!” Fighting the crowds of other anthropomorphic creatures walking the streets, he tried to catch up to the majestic rose creature that had just strolled by as if he were a mere bunny going to the market to buy some fresh herbs.

It only took a few moments. The dragon froze, gazing up at his camera. “One moment, loyal viewers!” Lowering his phone, the wyrm turned around, his gaze tilted in Ray’s direction. “Can I help you, mister?”

“Dragon! You- you’re a dragon!” Ray huffed for a moment, stopping in front of a creature almost a head taller than he was.

Who flashed him a smug grin and a finger-gun. “And you’ve got some amazing deductive skills!”

Ray waved his front paws in front of him, shaking his head. “No, I mean- why is a dragon here? I thought your species tended to avoid population centers because of how valuable different parts of bodies were to would-be sorcerers, homeopathic practitioners, quacks, and legitimate scientific researchers who just want to be taken seriously and don’t want to be associated with those nutters to the point they differentiate themselves in categorical lists. I’ve always thought that dragons were a species that craved solitude, isolating themselves to achieve inner peace despite powerful tempers that could lay waste to small cities if provoked.”

The vermilion drake gave a shrug. “We were, until we discovered the internet.” Reaching back to scratch his back, the creature snorted. When he did, a bit of smoke escaped his nostrils. “At least that’s how it was for me! I’m still totally new to city life, but I already find it way better! You have any idea how hard it is to get bandwidth to a remote mountain cave filled with traps and treasure? And how easy it is to get internet famous by streaming content if you’re a mythical creature?” The creature held his uPhone back up, brushing a hand along the scales on the back of his head and snapping a selfie. “I call my fans ‘kobolds’!”

Ray tried to avoid grinning. A streamer. *Good*. They were always doing stupid things ‘for the clicks’, or so he had heard. “Oh damn, that’s amazing! What’s your name? So I can look you up on Witch stream, obviously.”

The question caused the dragon to pump an arm. “Whoo! Welcome to the Warren, new kobold!” With a wag of his tail, the mythical creature smiled. “The name’s Shift, and I’m just about to try doing this Spend-No-More-Than-Twenty Challenge thing I heard about

at the local mall if you wanna tune in. I can email you a link to my stream!”

At Shift’s introduction, Ray gave a nod. “Oh! Cool, cool. Say... have you heard of the Thirty-Minute-Escape-Room-Game Challenge?”

Shift tilted his head to the right and arched a scaly eyebrow. “Hm? Can’t say that I’ve heard of that one. What’s an ‘escape room’?”

Ray’s tail was wagging so fast he figured it might generate electricity if he hooked it up to a generator. “Oh, they’re all the rage these days! You’re locked in a room full of traps and mysteries and you have to figure out how to escape before time runs out!” A wide, fangy smile grew along his muzzle. “Instantly interesting content!”

The creature before him grinned. “Oh damn, cool! I love puzzles.”

With a nod, Ray continued. “Well, don’t get me wrong, it’s your stream, but... there’s an Escape Room game down the street. Do you really think your followers would enjoy watching you compare shirts and slacks all day when they could be watching you match wits with puzzles and mysteries?”

At this, Shift the dragon squinted back down at the wolfdog, his golden eyes narrowing as he stroked his chin and snorted. “Hmm... I don’t know...”

Ray shot him a deadpan glare. “First try’s free if you beat it in under thirty minutes.”

The mask of skepticism the dragon wore melted away into a dumb, wide grin. “And I’m in!” Turning up to his uPhone, the dragon hissed excitedly. “Change of plans, my ‘bolds’! I’m gonna be puzzling out the mysteries of this ‘Escape Room’ thing for today’s stream!”

The whole trip back, Ray’s dragon companion kept talking to his phone, eagerly commenting on the street, the shops and buildings he saw alongside it, and even some people’s outfits. Ray tried to tune it out, while leading his new acquisition to the double-doors of his lab. Opening one to wave the dragon inside, he followed, flipping a switch to dim the lights and draw curtains in front of the windows.

“H-hey, it got kinda dark in here all of a sudden!” Shift looked around, lowering his phone for a moment. “Is this how most Room Escape games start?”

Behind him, Ray reached for one of the emergency ranged tasers located at the lab’s security check point. “Oh, all of them. It’s to help build shock value.” He pointed the

taser at some of the dragon's exposed scales and fired.

Bzzzzzzzt!

Shift crumpled to the floor, his phone scattering along the ground nearby him.

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Shift's return to consciousness came slowly, and at the cost of feeling his muscles aching. "Uggh..." There was some dried drool caked on his lower lip. He pushed it off with his upper lip, but the effort was exhausting. He wanted to fall back unconscious and stop thinking about whatever had happened. Every muscle the dragon had felt stiff, and he couldn't feel his wings at all.

Oh wait.

There they were. Sensation to his wings returned in a flash of pain, which caused him to wince and instinctively try to fold them back up. When he found he couldn't move them from an outstretched position, he finally mustered the energy to open his eyes.

"Hey! Are your neurons still firing?"

The face that greeted Shift was familiar, but only vaguely. A grey furred wolfdog wearing gray tinted goggles over his bright beryl eyes, white fluffy fuzzy hair poking out between two pointed ears. A long bang of bright white hair jutted out in front of his muzzle as he loomed over the dragon, a wide grin on his face. "I can see your eyes focusing again to stare at me. Oh good!" That creature was grinning, and reached down to finish buttoning up a lab coat. As the wolfdog did, Shift started to recall what had happened. "I mean, we can't really begin until you've recovered enough to be conscious, but I didn't want to try and forcefully hasten the process because it might be bad, even though I had like a million really fun ideas for how to wake someone suffering from electrocution up way faster!" The wolfdog bounced a bit, leaning up to lock eyes with Shift.

"You- you tazed me." Shift managed to say, his voice cracking a bit. His throat felt so dry.

The statement provoked a nod from the wolfdog. "I did! Oh good, you are still thinking clearly! I'd be worried if you weren't." After a moment, he coughed. "My name is Ray, by the way."

“W-why? Why did you?” Shift blinked. “I can’t move my wings.” He tried to sit up and found he couldn’t. “I can’t move my whole body!”

Ray’s grin widened. “Oh yeah, I’d be really worried if you could, honestly. It’d raise a WHOLE ton of questions about how competent I was.”

The red dragon craned his neck to try and see what was going on. After a few moments of struggle, he figured it out: He had been stripped naked. His toned, muscular body was strapped down on a gray padded lab table, bound in metal manacles with chains pulled tight down towards the ground. There were restraints holding his arms down at the wrists, and his legs down at the ankles, pulling him tight against the table. His wings were stretched out as far as they could be stretched to either side of him by similar restraints. He could move his head and his torso, but only a little bit. “What the fuck?!? You said we were going to a room escape game!”

Reaching up above Shift, his captor pulled down what looked like a VR Headset suspended up above the lab table by a metal arm and a bunch of cables. “Oh, I wasn’t really lying about that! I said you’d be locked in a room of traps and mysteries and had to escape before time ran out! And you are and you have to!” A big fluffy tail wagged behind him as Ray moved the headset into view. “See, the hypnosis files last a good thirty minutes each, so if you’re stuck here for that long it’ll melt your mind to mush. In that case you lose! But if you can escape before the first hypnosis file finishes, you win and you’re free to go!”

Needing no further provocation, Shift growled and took a deep breath. Baring his fangs, he breathed outward, intent on incinerating his captor and the offending googles before the situation got worse.

No flame erupted from his lips.

With a gasp, Shift squirmed. “W-why can’t I breathe fire?!?”

And Ray dismissed it with a wave of his paw and a roll of his eyes. “Oh, I fixed that WAY before you woke up, don’t worry. Wouldn’t want my little milkstud to cover his body in melting plastic trying to escape!”

“M-milkstud?!?” Shift sputtered. “What the fuck are you talking about? What are you even doing this for?”

Ray had been pulling on bright yellow latex gloves while Shift was trying to breath fire.

Before responding, he moved a gloved paw down to start coating the fingers and palm with a pale translucent gel. "It's quite simple. Dragons don't lactate, but Dragon 'Milk' is an invaluable ingredient for a large number of scientific experiments I'm conducting." He curled his gooped-up fingers, before moving down to rub and stroke at Shift's crotch. "I'm always running out, and buying more is just SO expensive, you know?" Despite the situation, Shift couldn't deny it felt good having someone stroking at his shaft. He groaned, feeling his cock stiffening at the wolfdog's touch. "So now I have an in-house solution to always make more!"

Firm, slick, oily fingers stroked up and down on Shift's cock, pumping back and forth. "Ugggh..." He groaned, momentarily lost in the heady situation, before recovering. "You- you want to MILK me?!? Like some kind of cow?"

"Mmm... more like harvesting horse semen to impregnate mares with a strong genetic doner, but yes you've grasped the concept." A chuckle escaped Ray's mouth as those magic fingers worked the dragons' shaft, pumping up and down slowly. "Look at it this way! If you escape in thirty minutes you're free to go! But if you don't, you get a lifetime of sexual pleasure!"

"Aaaaaah! Aaaaaah!" Shift groaned, his full seven inches of cock exposed now, as the wolfdog jerked him off. "F-fuuck you..." He grumbled, head rolling back and forth as he thrashed as much as he could in the grip of his captor. It felt good, but wrong. His cock tingled, even without the wolfdog's touch.

"Oh, that'd be fun, but I have a rule not to have sex with my test subjects." Ray sighed. "And anyways, your cock is erect enough now, and coated in the stimulating agent. So now it's time for the milker!"

Shift watched as a large translucent tube hooked up to a hose was lifted up. He could hear suction coming from it. The hose ran to a large steel tank off to one side of him that was almost as tall as he was. A clear glass gauge on the side showed it was empty. "When you fill this whoooole tank up, we'll give you a break, kay?" Ray spoke so casually as he pushed the tube down onto Shift's cock, the suction causing it to clamp down on the shaft from all sides.

The dragon might've expected it to feel painful, but it was quite the opposite. The gel's tingling made his whole cock feel good, and the suction was like someone was sucking him off without any chance of a break or a recovery. He even felt like he could feel some kind of 'tongue' within the tube, licking and teasing specific bits of his head. With a

groan, his tongue flopping out and his face hot, Shift groaned. “I... am... not... your MILKSTUD!”

The wolfdog reached down to wiggle the tube sucking on his cock. “Well, that’s up for debate! Remember, if you can escape within a half an hour, you’re free to go. Call the police on me, do whatever.” His lube-slick paw moved to push the headset over Shift’s face. “But if you’re still here in a half an hour... well, I guess you ARE my milkstud, silly dragon! Be sure to moo for me!” The last thing Shift saw before the headset was pushed over his eyes was that wolfdog’s wide grin.

And then everything was a bright pink spiral, swirling before his eyes into infinity.

*I want you to relax nice and deep for me...*

Gentle, soft spoken words whispered into his ear holds as the headset was strapped down. Shift tried to keep his eyes closed. But every few moments the suction of the tube around his cock would change in intensity or the “tongue” sensation would move, and another flash of pleasure would bombard him. It was enough to make him lose focus on resisting and to make his eyes pop open.

*“It feels so easy to just relax and let go. To think of nothing and let my voice guide you down into a nice deep trance.”*

And each time his eyes popped open, he’d see that pretty pink swirl, spinning and flashing into his mind. He could almost see words appearing in the swirling pink mists. Were they some kind of subliminal messages? The dragon strained against his restraints, trying to break through the metal chains and manacles.

*No need to focus on anything, just let your body feel good and let your thoughts clear, as you sink down into a nice, deep, **obedient** trance.*

His balls churned, as the dragon groaned and felt himself hump instinctively into the sucking sensation. It was hard to think about anything over the ecstasy of having his dick sucked. He grit his teeth, feeling precum spattering out of his shaft only to be sucked away by the tube. His bindings weren’t giving way. And as strong as he was, it took focus to try and exert himself enough to break them.

*A big dumb milkstud doesn’t need to think about anything. They just need to relax and listen, listen and obey. All a big dumb milkstud needs to do is let go and enjoy the feeling.*

But focus was hard to maintain. Each time his eyes opened, he found himself staring at the swirling pink spiral and his eyes began to glaze over. When he shut his eyes to try and resist, the soothing words were in his earholes, filling his thoughts with that voice. And through it all, he felt the tongue and that tube sucking on his cock. His balls ached as he tried to struggle, tried to resist, but...

*You can feel your need to cum building, can't you? There's no reason to fight it. Just stop thinking and let yourself go... lose yourself to the pleasure, as you relax and listen, listen and obey like a good milkstud.*

Shift couldn't think with everything that was going on. It was impossible. His eyes flipped open, as he gazed into the spiral. "I- I just have to cum. Let myself go just once. To clear my head, so I can escape." How much time had passed already? He didn't have any way of telling. And that vacuum felt so damn good on his cock. He was leaking precum like a faucet now, that artificial tongue swirling around his head to tease sensitive bits of him. With a breathy coo, he thrust again. It didn't change the sensations he was feeling, but it felt good to hump into the tube.

*No thoughts. No need to think. Just listen... relax... obey... and enjoy.*

"N-no thoughts..." Shift moaned.

*It feels so good to just turn your mind off and let your cock be milked.*

"T-turn mind off... f-feels good..." The red dragon flexed his abs, humping at the air again. The insides of the tube were getting stained white with his load.

*Good milkstuds don't think about anything. They just want to fuck and cum.*

"F-fuck and cum." Shift felt some drool running down his lower lip. It didn't matter. He was a good milk stud, and all he wanted to do was fuck and cum.

*No more thoughts. No more need for thoughts. Just good feelings. Just happy mooos...*

"M-moooooooooooo!" Shift mumbled, gazing into the abyss that was that pink swirl and letting his tongue flop out of his mouth.

*Moo like a dumb, happy milk stud. Feel so good, make more milk. That's all you want.*



The milkstud grunted, humping faster and faster as the pressure around his udder built. Humping the air didn't make the milk come quicker, but it felt good. He shuddered, eyes glazing over as he panted and spurt more cream into the milker.

*Brain turned off. Cock turned on. Moo for me, milkstud. Give me your load...*

That did it. Milkstud felt a shudder wrack his whole body, as he arched his back. "MOO!" He cried out, feeling his balls emptying, jets of white hot spunk spurting out, wave after wave of his milk filling the milker tube before being sucked away. Everything felt good. Too good to think. The milkstud didn't want to think. It just wanted to feel good and make more milk. Another spurt of milk escaped his udder, as Milkstud stared into the spiral, brain so numb he couldn't think of anything at all.

Except to moo loudly, as he humped the air, wanting to build up to his next load of milk.

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"Huh. Didn't even last thirty minutes." Ray watched as the dragon's body, flexed and tense against the table, drooled on himself. The creature's balls twitched for a moment before another jet of white hot milk spurted out to be sucked away. The tank nearby wasn't even a 20th of the way full. "But that's actually pretty impressive production for just a half an hour, damn." Ray smirked, before moving to rub a paw along his new pet's bare pecs.

He held the dragons' uPhone up to show the whole dragon's body in the screen, before tilting it back down to his own muzzle. "Well, I guess Shift failed the Room Escape challenge, kobolds! But we'll see if he can pass the 'Fill the tank with milk' challenge tomorrow, ok?" The wolfdog chuckled, his tail wagging. "But that's all for now!"

"Remember to like, comment, and subscribe for more sexy content..."

**THE END!**