

# Dirty Dragon

## *The Companion Story To The Comic*

### *By Torin Darkflight*

Spyro is alone...or at least he hopes so. The young dragon glances around to make absolutely sure, because he doesn't want anyone else to see what he is about to do. Satisfied that he is indeed alone, he bends down and begins sniffing at the ground, an instinctive habit that typically preludes his impending actions. As he sniffs around at various spots on the ground, a brief yet recognizable sound emits from beneath the dragon's tail, followed shortly by an unmistakable odor wafting through the air. A fart...Spyro just farted. It is now undeniably obvious what he is about to do. Nature is calling...the dragon is preparing to defecate.

After sniffing out a spot he feels is suitable for his purposes, Spyro steps forward and lowers his rear into a half-crouch, shifting his weight back and forth as he spreads his hindpaws further apart for clearance. Once all four paws are firmly planted, he squats down the rest of the way. After settling into his squat, the dragon lifts his tail and begins to gently push. Another fart bubbles from beneath his tail, even more wet-sounding than the last, and then is cut short. The large scales surrounding his tailhole begin to bulge outward, then part, revealing the fleshy inner ring of his anus. It too slowly bulges outward, gradually spreading open the scales enclosing it. Closing his eyes, Spyro pushes a little harder. After only a second, the ring of flesh under his tail spreads open, and the rounded nub of a turd begins to emerge. The dragon is defecating.

As he relieves himself, he remains mostly silent. Other than the ambiance of his surroundings, the only sounds present are all barely audible...the moist excretory crackling of his dung being expelled, punctuated by his soft breathing and the occasional gentle grunt or moan of effort. But, even in his silence, his actions speak volumes. As the remnants of his previous meal slowly slides out from beneath his tail, a crooked grin and expression of pleasurable relief forms on the young dragon's face, even to the point where his tongue lolls from his muzzle. Oooohhh...it feels so good. He had been holding it for most of the day, waiting for the right moment and searching for the right place. And now, to finally be able to empty himself out...pure bliss. Spyro could never admit it to his friends, they wouldn't understand and he'd simply be too embarrassed to discuss it. But, at this very moment in this very spot, it is quite clear what is going through the young dragon's head...he REALLY loves pooping. It just feels so damn good to take a satisfying dump. The way he feels about it, the pleasure he derives from defecation is actually quite similar to having an orgasm, just on a much smaller scale. The increase of pressure within his gut when he first starts to push is analogous to those few brief seconds of buildup immediately before climax, when the point of no return has been crossed and he knows it's about to happen. His pleasure is at its maximum while the poop is actually emerging, just like how ejaculation is the most intense part of climax. Then finally, after he is finished comes the blissful afterglow...or in this case, the blissful feeling of relief he will receive from his freshly-emptied bowels. He enjoys the full experience of defecation, savoring all the nuances of pleasure it provides him.

Alas, all good things must come to an end. After producing two large turds and a third fair-sized one, a fourth and final turd emerges, much smaller than the others, and dangles from beneath his tail. His bowels now empty, the dragon pinches off the final piece to add it to the pile, and raises up out of his squat. Keeping his tail lifted as he reflexively squeezes his tailhole a few more times, Spyro looks back at the pile he created, a small grin of amusement crossing his face. He seems to admire what he just did, almost as if he is proud of it. His superior smirk serves well to express his thoughts..."Yeah, I made that."

However, he has further desires. The dragon hasn't just come here to relieve himself. No...this is only the start of his fun. Lowering his tail, Spyro turns around to take a closer look at his mess. Sitting on his haunches next to the pile, he stares down at it, examining it. From what he sees, the droppings seem fairly typical for the young dragon. Well formed with good color and visual consistency. It's slightly more in amount than what he usually produces, likely because he had been holding it for a while, but still within normal limits for him. Usually when a creature finishes defecating, they simply leave it behind without a care. But not Spyro...he enjoys looking at the finished pile, visually inspecting its features. For being such a dirty substance, feces is quite good at generating pleasure while being expelled. The young dragon is fully

aware of this fact, and loves looking over what came out of him, examining its appearance, counting the number of visible clumps, admiring the color and texture. It's as if he is expressing his gratitude to each individual turd within the pile, visually acknowledging his droppings as something that provided him a moment of genuine pleasure, rather than simply being something to be unemotionally disposed of.

After further admiring his excrement for a short while, Spyro leans down and begins sniffing at the pile. However, this is different than when he earlier sniffed at the ground. This time he sniffs long, and deep, and repeatedly. In fact, he isn't just sniffing the scent of his waste...he's inhaling it, and quite obviously enjoying it. His nostrils flare to take in the powerful scent of his fresh dung as he lightly brushes the tip of his snout against the pile. He can feel the warmth radiating from the droppings against his nose, which encourages him to continue scenting the pile. He occasionally emits soft moans of approval and enjoyment as he thoroughly immerses himself in the intense odor, which sends tingles of joy through his body. This is another thing he feels he could never share with his friends out of fear of ridicule or lack of understanding...he actually enjoys the smell of his own poop. What most other people would consider to be a noxious and highly unpleasant odor, the young dragon finds absolutely wonderful. It's literally intoxicating to him, and it drives him wild with pleasure. In fact, in certain instances, it can even drive him to...

...without hesitation, the young dragon lowers his muzzle closer to the pile, his maw parting as his tongue reaches out and scoops up one of the larger turds, which breaks in half as it is bent up and away from the pile. Still not hesitating whatsoever, he pulls the clump of dragon manure into his mouth, rolling it around with his tongue and chewing on it. His senses are further overwhelmed not just by the intense scent of his shit, but now also the flavor. The taste is foul, absolutely foul...and he loves it. As he chews on the turd, his lips become smeared with the waste, covering the purple scales of his muzzle with a thick brown coating. Soft, sickly wet smushing sounds, combined with the occasional moan of contentment, emit from the dragon's muzzle as he chews on the nasty substance, further enhancing his enjoyment of the moment. This is his most private and intimate secret that he could never share with anyone else. Not only does he enjoy looking at or sniffing his own poop...he also enjoys eating it. The scent, the taste, the texture, the warmth of the fecal matter within his maw...it makes his head swim from the sheer sensory overload. An indescribable high has taken hold of the dragon. It's like a drug to him...a nasty, foul, wonderful drug. Oh fuck yes...how much he loves doing this. After savoring the taste of his crap for a good solid minute, Spyro tilts his head back and swallows once, then again, and then a third time, the final gulp producing a visible lump sliding down his throat as the thick sticky mass slowly squeezes down his gullet. His smirk returning, Spyro looks back down to the pile as he briefly licks his filthy lips with an equally filthy tongue. Desiring to eat it all, he soon leans back down to eagerly take another bite from the pile.

As he continues his dirty feast, it is further revealed just how much Spyro is enjoying his filthy behavior. Jutting out between his hindlegs is an unmistakable spire of flesh...his penis. The young dragon has become very aroused. As his member begins aching for attention, the horny dragon starts to randomly thrust into the dead air beneath him. He badly needs to pleasure himself, now. After several more open-air thrusts of lustful desperation, the dragon lowers to his haunches, spreading his hips as he awkwardly begins humping against the ground. The thought of thrusting into his shitpile crosses his mind, but no, maybe next time. For now, he wants to eat it all, which he continues doing with no pause while simultaneously trying to grind his member into the dirt. Needless to say, it doesn't take long for him to realize that humping the ground isn't working well enough. Standing back up, Spyro shifts his weight to prop himself on three paws, using the fourth to begin eagerly masturbating, further eliciting pleasurable moans from him as he continues to eat his meal of past meals. Oh yeah, that's much better.

It only takes him a few moments to finish eating the entire pile, leaving behind nothing more than a smeared stain and a few small nuggets on the ground. Although he is done eating, the dragon doesn't move. He remains hunched down on three legs over the former dung pile, masturbating quicker, intent on getting the release he needs. His moans become louder and more frequent as he pleasures himself, the vocalizations periodically changing in timbre whenever he opens his mouth to lick his muzzle or burp. As his dedication to his urges grows stronger, the dragon begins to thrust while simultaneously pawing himself. His mind is a cacophony of randomly-changing mental images, most of them involving poop, and all of them helping speed him towards his goal of climax. The lingering aftereffects of the foul meal he had just consumed, combined with memories of past times he had eaten his own excrement. Memories of the few times he had indulged in wallowing and smearing of dung. Memories of watching various animals crapping during his travels.

Memories of him scenting and occasionally eating animal droppings. Fantasies of himself having sex with random creatures. Fantasies of himself having sex with some of his friends, especially Hunter...ooooohhh...Hunter. Vivid memories of the one night that he secretly ate Hunter's shit while they were camping...rrrrrrf...yeah, that's it. That'll be the mental image that sends him over the edge. His jerking becomes more intense as he replays the entire scene in his head...

*The dragon happened to be awake when he heard Hunter stirring during the night. At first he ignored his friend's movements, thinking he was just trying to get comfortable. But then, another different sound suddenly caught his full attention...the sound of the cheetah farting. Normally, Hunter farting wouldn't warrant the dragon's attention beyond a brief moment of amusement. But, this wasn't an ordinary fart. It sounded shallow and moist, and it stopped abruptly...not as if the fart had ended, but rather as if it were suddenly interrupted by something blocking the way. This was a type of fart that Spyro had produced from beneath his own tail many times, so he knew quite well what was likely to follow. His friend was apparently needing to relieve himself.*

*Spyro looked over towards Hunter just in time to see him get up and quietly head towards the edge of the campsite. He watched the cheetah in silence, the feline unaware of the dragon's voyeurism as he slowly walked away. Through the darkness, Spyro was able to vaguely make out his friend's form as he stepped into some knee-high grass, paused momentarily, then crouched down with his tail lifted. Afraid Hunter might look back towards the campsite and see him watching, the dragon laid his head back down to pretend he was asleep. Spyro had never actually watched Hunter defecate before, mostly out of embarrassment from fear of ridicule, and he felt bummed for having to abandon another possibility to see him shit. But, on the plus side, this was the first time he had ever LISTENED to his friend relieving himself. He could barely hear them, but the sounds he heard through the nighttime silence were unmistakable. The cheetah grunting ever so softly. An almost-unheard moist crackling. The grass gently rustling as something dropped between the blades. The dull thud of a soft object impacting the ground. Hunter was taking a dump. He could feel his growing erection prodding the ground beneath him as he laid there, admiring the soft sounds of his feline friend pooping.*

*Then, a thought suddenly occurred to Spyro. Although he couldn't watch Hunter crapping, he could play with it afterwards, something else he had never done before. The dragon's heart pounded faster from excitement at the realization. It took an incredible amount of willpower to hold back from trying to pleasure himself right then and there as he thought of what he would do with it. He knew for sure that whatever he did would have to be quick, lest Hunter potentially catch him in the act. Basic instinct would certainly drive him to smell it first, that was a certainty. Maybe he could step in it and feel it squish between his claws. Or, perhaps he could roll in it, or smear it all over himself. Hrmn, no...the cleanup afterwards would take too long. Maybe he could literally mount the pile and thrust into it. Oooooohhh yes, that's something he hadn't done in a long time, even with his own dung. His thoughts lingered on the idea of having sex with the shitpile for quite a while, prompting the dragon to involuntarily hump against the ground a few times as his arousal briefly overwhelmed him. Alas, despite his obvious enthusiasm for it, he had to reject the idea of fucking Hunter's turds for the same cleanup reasons as rolling or smearing. The dragon suddenly grinned to himself as the perfect idea hit him, one that could be done relatively quickly with very little required cleanup...he could eat it. Spyro was fully aware that eating his friend's shit would likely make him barf later, but it didn't matter. The dragon would merely need to make sure he vomited someplace where Hunter couldn't actually see it, then come up with an excuse for why he puked. That's it...he had a plan. In the meantime, all he had to do was wait and enjoy the soft sounds of his cheetah friend emptying his bowels...and his bladder as well, as an unexpected bonus of trickling liquid quickly joined the feline's biological chorus, further exciting the dragon.*

*He waited, anxiously and impatiently, for Hunter to return and fall asleep as he pretended to be asleep himself. Fortunately for Spyro, it did not take long. The cheetah was in the grass for only a couple moments, and was asleep again within five minutes of returning. After making absolutely certain Hunter was asleep, the dragon got up and turned to head towards the grass. The thought of what he was about to do pushed the dragon's arousal to almost intolerable levels. He barely made it a few steps from where he was laying before suddenly stopping and settling on his haunches to*

*masturbate...just for a brief moment. Fuck, he was so horny...but he knew he couldn't finish there, out in the open. Regaining control of his urges, the dragon stood back up and silently slipped into the grass.*

*The darkness and the thick grass made it difficult for Spyro to locate exactly where Hunter had relieved himself. Wherever it was, he could definitely smell it. The air within the grass patch was thick with the odor of fresh urine and feces. The tantalizing scent lured him further into the grass to locate the source, enticing him with a preview of what he would find. The smell was horrid, yet wonderful, and it made him tremble from anticipation and pleasure. Unable to ignore his arousal, the dragon decided to stop and jerk off some more. Only for a short while he planned, then he would look for Hunter's mess. Oh damn, it felt so good. He was aching for release. He needed to finish. No, he wanted to play with Hunter's shit first, so he needed to stop. But fuck hell did it feel good to paw. No, stop pawing. Finish pawing. He masturbated swiftly while trying to decide what he most wanted. Stop pawing. Finish pawing. Stop...finish...stop.....nnnnnnrrrrrrnnng!!!*

*He didn't need to decide, his lustful urges decided for him. The dragon finished, spontaneously and unexpectedly.*

*Before he knew it, Spyro found himself hunched over splatters of fresh cum, panting heavily. Damn...he climaxed. He couldn't even remember it happening. Apparently, he was so horny that it...just suddenly happened. One thing was for certain though...unexpected or not, it felt fucking good. He needed that, he really did. Despite his unplanned premature ejaculation, Spyro still wanted to play with Hunter's shit. He wasn't gonna turn back now...he just needed a moment or two to recover from blowing his load, and to lick his paw clean.*

*After resting for a short while, Spyro stood back up and resumed his search. Soon, he found Hunter's outdoor toilet. In front of the dragon rested a neatly-deposited pile of fresh cheetah crap. Directly next to the pile was an area of dampness where the feline had peed, accented with a few golden drops still clinging to some blades of grass. This was the first time he had ever seen Hunter's wastes up close, and it elated him. He had been wanting to experience his friend's mess for a long time, but there hadn't been any good chances to fulfill his desires...until that moment. He knew exactly what he wanted to do to make the most of the opportunity. But, he also knew he had to act quick. Hunter could wake up again at any time and catch him in the act. Luckily, the snoring told him the cheetah was still asleep, surprising his friend didn't wake up during his impromptu orgasm. The dragon was good to go.*

*Seizing the chance before him, the dragon eagerly bent down and deeply inhaled the scent of his friend's droppings, shuddering slightly as he took in the smell of the new turds. Although the pile had cooled in the several moments since it was produced, Spyro could still detect a hint of warmth as he scented and periodically nosed at the excrement. The scent was both familiar and unfamiliar. It had the heavy, musky, earthy overtones typical of feces...yet it was obviously feces of a type he had never scented before. Whatever the differences, Spyro still found the scent enjoyably intoxicating. It sent tingles through his body, which served to help arouse him again. Although he was focused primarily on the crap, the dragon did eventually pull his snout away from the pile to sniff at the urine-soaked spot. The piss scent was heavily masked by the scent of the soil, and was rapidly deteriorating even further as it soaked deeper into the dirt and evaporated. But, he could still detect some of the odorous nuances of his friend's liquid gold. His tongue briefly darted out to collect some of the remaining drops clinging to the grass. Unfortunately, it was far too small of an amount to properly appreciate the taste. Yes, he could taste it, but only barely, not enough to properly compare it to the taste of his own piss or contribute to his fun. Hopefully, someday, the dragon would get to better experience Hunter's pee. In the meantime, the dragon decided to return his attention to Hunter's poop.*

*After sniffing at the feces a few more times, Spyro's desires finally pushed him past the point of no return. With no further hesitation, the dragon leaned down and began to eat the pile. As badly as he wanted to, he knew it was best not to chew...it would take longer to eat, it would make more noise, and it would make his breath far worse than it was already destined to become. Instead, he just pulled the individual turds one by one into his mouth and greedily gulped them down whole. Even without chewing, the taste was still intense. It flooded his maw with its foul rancidness...just the way he liked it. As with the scent, the taste was also similar, but different. The differences really didn't matter though. It was the simple, filthy, naughty fact that he was eating shit which most excited the young dragon. Despite having already climaxed once a few minutes prior, the naughty dragon was fully aroused once more.*

*Spyro was swift with his late-night snack, managing to eat Hunter's entire pile in under a minute, less time than it took for the cheetah to produce it. After eating the crap, the dragon dropped to his haunches and began urgently jerking off again. Even this he did with rapid speed, still nervous about Hunter waking up. Savoring the aftertaste of his friend's excrement in his mouth, the dragon masturbated as quickly and quietly as he could. Soon, he felt his second climax beginning to build...*

The dragon mentally snaps back to the present as he suddenly feels his impending release approaching. He visibly tenses, his moaning rapidly escalating in volume as his pawing and thrusting accelerates to an almost desperate pace. He's gonna cum...oh fuck, he's gonna cum...

...almost there...

...here it comes...

CLIMAX!

It hits him hard. He immediately stops jerking and firmly grips the base of his cock in his paw to simulate hiltling himself, his back arching reflexively and his wings flapping madly as he spurts thick ropes of cum onto the ground beneath him, the seed splattering next to the remains of his shitpile. Already far past overwhelmed by the intensity of his filth, he is forced to endure even more as rapid-fire waves of pleasure jolt through his entire body, each squirt of jizz increasing his bliss to indescribable heights. He doesn't even moan anymore, he just grunts rhythmically with each spurt, his eyes squeezed shut with joy as his hips buck softly and his tail twitches in time with his ejaculations. The young dragon is totally lost in the experience, never wanting this moment to stop.

Alas though, just like with defecation, climax too must eventually come to an end. It soon begins to wind down, his spurts gradually reducing in frequency, force and amount. Drained of his strength, Spyro quickly becomes too exhausted to continue propping himself up. Pulling his paw away from his member, he settles onto his haunches to allow his dwindling orgasm to finish in a more comfortable position. He pants heavily, his wings trembling weakly and his body tensing in time with the final few weak squirts and dribbles of cum, which soon transition to an occasional dry throb, marking the completion of his release. Lightheaded and still panting, the young dragon proceeds to enjoy the end results of his activities...the foul aftertaste and remnant stench of his shit, the occasional rancid belch, his stomach churning with protest as it struggles to digest his recycled meal, and the afterglow of climax that was the culmination of his pleasurable fun. Fuck...that was amazing...

Such a dirty dragon. What he has done would likely make just about anyone else vomit in disgust, but not Spyro. Although fully aware that he almost certainly will throw up when his stomach ultimately rejects his indigestible dinner, he does not feel disgusted by what he has done. He loves doing this, and he also loves doing many other messy things that his friends will never know about, some of which his inevitable regurgitation will provide him the opportunity to do. Indeed, as the spatters of cum beneath the spent dragon and the filthy, lustful grin on his face proves, he is extremely satisfied with himself.

As the dragon's post-coital high begins to wane, he bends down to lick the cum off his receding cock, pausing briefly to belch again while doing so. After cleaning the spooage off his member, he leans forward to sniff a few final times at the remains of his eaten dung pile. Such fun he had...but it's not done yet. Now, he needs to find a suitable location for the next phase of his planned fun. The dragon is going to puke soon, and he wants to make sure it's as messy as possible when it happens. Spotting a nearby large tree, Spyro stands back up and woozily begins heading towards it...

# DIRTY DRAGON

Comic (C)2011 Torin Darkflight  
Spyro (C)Activision

