

CHAPTER 1

CAPTURED

When Dar'gon woke up, the first thing he felt was heat. It wasn't weak or faint, like the one he'd grown accustomed to. It was strong and close by; it was the kind of heat that washed away the cold from his scales and rekindling his inner flame.

However, his body felt numbed, weakened. He felt as if he had barely any control over his muscles, as if he had been paralyzed. The heat had no healing effect whatsoever on them and he didn't know why.

He also felt drained of energy, as if he had flown without rest for days. He couldn't even muster the strength to move, or to do anything that wasn't lying down and absorbing the heat.

His brain felt slow, addled, as if the entire concept of thinking or even remembering had been stripped from it. He could only form simple thoughts or simple logical reasoning.

His eyelids felt heavier than stone, and only after several attempts, he managed to open them just a tiny bit. The light stung and everything around him was a blur. He couldn't make out anything, except from the color brown with the occasional patch of orange-red all around him and a white-yellowish hole in front of him that hurt the most when he looked at it.

He almost drifted back to sleep at one point. The heat on his scales felt so soothing, so healing... He had missed it so much... He couldn't remember the last time he had lay near an actual, strong heat source...

After reveling in the heat for a little while, and feeling a little bit of energy coursing back in his body, he finally found the strength to stand, only to find out that he couldn't.

His front paws wouldn't move at all in the way he wanted, as if they were prevented from making the necessary movements to stand up. Something was holding them up, blocking them, or BINDING them. He tried to move his hind paws, but the result was the same.

He tried putting more effort into moving his paws, but he only managed weak jerks before he got tired. He also heard strange, "metallic" sounds when every time he did that.

Suddenly he felt the urge to yawn. So he opened his mouth to do just that but he couldn't do that either. He tried shaking off whatever was binding his muzzle but he could only manage a couple weak shakes before his head started hurting too much from the effort.

Worry rising a little inside him, he reflexively moved his tail in a quick and rash motion. The moment he did that, he realized two things: first, his tail had been bound too; second, the movement almost choked him.

He had also tried to move his wings in reflex only to figure out they had been bound too and that he couldn't open them, or do anything with them.

Finally, he felt something strong and sturdy right on his slit, and it definitely didn't feel like clothing...

He blinked his eyes furiously to clear his vision. Everything was still blurry, but there was no mistaking the black mittens enveloping his front legs and paws. They were made of some kind of heat-resistant material and they prevented him from sheathing his claws.

There was also no mistaking the huge shackles clasped around his wrists. They were heavy, strong and they had been created with some kind of metal alloy that was making them impervious to fire.

He took one look behind him and saw that his hind paws had been bound in just the same way, encased in bigger versions of the same mittens and his ankles bound with bigger, thicker, heavier shackles than those chaining his front paws.

His poor wings had been completely encased in binders made from the same material as the mittens, preventing him from opening them, or moving them about. The binders were kept in place with heat-resistant metal rings fastened over them.

His tail had been lifted up (exposing his crotch to the elements!) and then bound to a thick heat-resistant collar clasped around his neck. A huge and thick chain had also been clipped to it and fixed to a huge and sturdy ring in the wall.

Finally, a metal chastity belt had been clasped around his groin. It enveloped the entirety of his crotch, including his anus, leaving only a slit for peeing and a hole big enough to let his waste pass through.

He tried to struggle against his bonds, but his previous, pitiful attempts at a struggle had left him so tired already that he could barely move a muscle. The heat was replenishing his strength at an extremely slow pace and did nothing against the numbness in his body.

He tried one last effort. He flew fire against his bonds. He only managed a couple of weak streams of flame before his head hurt so much that he almost blacked out. His fire hadn't even left burn marks on the shackles.

He sprawled on the floor, staring at nothing, barely managing to stay awake, hoping that heat would replenish his strength fast enough. At least his vision had cleared up a bit more, he could see his surroundings with a bit more clarity.

He was being held inside a huge cave. Half a dozen dragons could have sat comfortably here and walked about without bumping into each other. It was wide and tall enough to spread wings and fly away with plenty of room to spare.

There were two pools placed at both walls, each of them full to the brim with molten, bubbling lava. One of them collected the lava from a small rivulet gurgling the wall, the other from underground. They were wide and deep enough for a couple of dragons to take baths at the same time.

Several outlets in the walls let out highly-pressurized gases, keeping the temperature high and pleasant for a fire dragon like him, their hisses and whistles further soothing him.

One of the deepest corners of the cave, the one directly opposite him, was packed full with gear: paw-cuffs, shackles, manacles, chains, binders, muzzles, whips, even many sex toys. There was enough to securely bind several dragons! There were even several rings fixed in the wall, probably to chain more dragons.

Right in front of him, near one of the lava pools, were several stocks. Some of them had a single hole where a dragon's neck would go. Others had three holes in them, one big for the neck, two smaller for the front paws.

His corner of the cave was full of what looked like camping tools and equipment. There was also some military gear lying nearby, mostly bits of armor, a huge lance, and many traps as well: body-gripping, snares, glue traps and even some cages.

There was a curious insignia on one of the bits of armor: a particularly big chest plate, far too bigger for any normal dragon to wear.

It was a dragoness's upper and lower jaws, painted black, on a white background. It was the insignia of the Black Jaw, the gang of poachers that had been terrorizing the Rift these past months, capturing free dragons and selling them as slaves to the Twin Empires who occupied the Western and Eastern halves of the Twin Continents.

That insignia jolted some memories from his addled mind, fuzzy as they were. Dar'gon remembered leaving his makeshift shelter near the Geyser Canyon to look

for coal. He remembered hearing a call for help, from some dragon. He then remembered something stabbing in the neck and then passing out.

Then the truth finally hit him. He had been captured by one of the dragonesses of the Black Jaw, and he was now held inside one of the Black Jaw coves.

Yes, dragoness, for it was a dragoness who had ambushed him and captured him, and not just any dragoness. It was one of those S'handagaran Dragonesses, unstoppable forces of nature capable of laying waste to Wretches and free dragons alike. All the members of the Black Jaw were S'handagaran Dragonesses.

This is how they were able to carve the whole north-western portion of the Rift for themselves. They've also been making a killing with selling wild dragons to the Empire of the Great Sun in the West, because they were really good at what they did. And soon, they would make a killing by selling him too.

All of this should have stirred some sort of panic inside Dar'gon, his will to escape, to get out of here, to fight, anything! He would be sold as a slave! He would be tortured, killed, worked to the death, or worse!

And yet, it was as if his brain was too addled, too tired, to quickly work his way towards panic. He felt panic rising inside him, but at a very slow pace. It would be tomorrow morning before it would reach it. Whatever that dragoness had injected him with must have been extremely powerful.

He spend more time trying to stay awake than struggling against his bonds or breathe fire against his restraints. Then, out of nowhere, he heard the loud whooshing sounds of wings, dragon wings, coming from outside the cave. They weren't ordinary dragon wings. They sounded much bigger and much more powerful.

Then, a loud "THUMP" as the wings' owner landed nearby and soon after, he heard heavy paw-steps moving towards his location, much heavier than those of any dragon.

Dar'gon just watched the entrance of the cave, curiosity mingling with worry, fear and drowsiness. A draft entered the cave, carrying with it, the faint scent of the wings' owner.

It was the scent of a female dragon, but much stronger and powerful than the scent of a male dragon all at the same time. It was a scent that elicited desire and fear, all at the same. It was the scent of a S'handagaran Dragoness.

"I'm baaaaack..." sing-sang the dragoness from outside. It sounded as feminine as the sweetest of females and as powerful and might as the strongest of warriors, and as evil as a thousand evil spirits combined.

His captor arrived. She was back.

(...)

She was the most beautiful female Dar'gon had ever seen. She had a thin and slender physique, serpentine tail, triangular head, perfectly-shaped muzzle, slightly-curved horns, beautiful paws and she carried herself with elegance and pose.

Her scales were polished to a sheen, their color vibrant and intense. Her claws were perfectly sharpened, not too long and not too short. Her teeth were also immaculate, not a single broken, missing or blackened tooth.

Not a single scar could be found anywhere on her body, even her horns were immaculate. Her wings were also in excellent condition. Not a tear, a hole, or missing bits of membrane anywhere. Each one of the veins that crisscrossed the membranes was visible, but not too much or too little.

Her body was simply the spitting image of perfection, as if the Gods themselves had created it. It was everything a female dragon should be, if it wasn't for the fact that she was completely black, save for patches of ruby scales over her shoulders, legs, head, spine and tail. She also sported an unusual tail appendage shaped like a stinger.

She was more than twice as tall as Dar'gon, four times as long and carried the strength of five adult male dragons in one single strike. Each one of her limbs was well-muscled; although not bulging, she was far more muscled than the average female dragon.

Her eyes were a deep purple, with a huge, black, reptilian-like irises. They were big, slanted, oval-shaped, and promised a world of malice and evil to whoever would be unfortunate enough to displease her.

She was a S'handagaran Dragoness, full and through, not one of those "hybrid dragoness" who had just embraced the "S'handagaran Philosophy" and were only just recently experiencing the changes brought forth by that witchcraft.

As soon as she saw him, she broke a toothy grin, showing off all of her pristine teeth, as sharp and as long as claws.

"Hello, little dragon! You're finally awake!" she sing-sang again.

As she entered the cave, Dar'gon's nose was assaulted by the smell of female dragon in heat carried in by the drafts. His body immediately responded. He felt his cock hardening in his sheath already.

The dragoness though wasn't in heat at all. He could see it from her behavior. Those were pheromones she secreted naturally and they were so powerful that any dragon

that got a whiff of it would feel the urge to submit to her, to being dominated by her, despite how strong-willed he was.

It was how these monsters were able to bend dragons to their will, their secret weapon. Combined with incredible strength, powerful spells and brutal punishments it made for a cocktail that was impossible to resist or fight against.

“Did you sleep well?”

Dar’gon whined a little. His body was now responding to her voice and to her tone too. She sounded so strong, so confident, so powerful, so... dominant.

“I sure hope so! You’ve been asleep for two whole days!” she then laughed at her own joke.

Dar’gon though wasn’t paying any attention to what she said. He had eyes only for the way her rump undulated in a seductive way every time she moved. Her paws moved as if she were as light as a feather, barely making any noise; her claws weren’t even touching the floor.

As she got closer to the lava pools, Dar’gon saw that she was wearing some kind of leather bags placed on the side of her shoulders, thighs, and on her tail. The bags were full of things that sometimes stuck out. They looked an awful like traps, or trap parts. She wasn’t wearing any armor or weapons on her.

Then, suddenly, the straps securing the bags to her body came undone, but instead of falling to the floor, they hovered in air, following the dragoness right behind as she came further and further towards him.

It was dark magic at work. It was how these dragonesses were able to use complex instruments with such precision and deftness, while ordinary dragons could not.

“I was starting to think I had injected too much poison into your body when I captured you...” she still had that toothy grin plastered on her face and it never left her face as she got closer and closer to Dar’gon.

She moved like a predator about to deliver the killing blow to her game. With the light from the lava pool reflecting on her dark scales, she looked like death incarnate, any dragon in the right state of mind would have behaved like a cornered prey.

"If that had been the case, you might have slept for an entire week and that wouldn't have been fun at all..."

Only when she was within a meter from him, Dar’gon seemed to finally understand that this was a scary, evil dragoness that might do countless horrible things to him

and felt the urge to shirk away from her. However, in his bound and addled state, he could only manage half-hearted attempts at slithering away and weak whimpers.

The dragoness found his attempts amusing though, and she started purring ever so softly as she lowered the bags she was caring among the pile of equipment with unnatural delicacy.

“After all... What good a catch is if you can’t savor it?”

She was now on top of him, staring down at him as if he were a lowly servant, and before Dar’gon had registered what she was telling him, she opened her jaws wide and clamped down on his neck, right below his jawline!

Only a faint gurgling sound escaped Dar’gon’s bound jaws. That poison had stripped him of his voice too, preventing him from screaming! He could only whimper and pant, as the dragoness held his life in her maws.

Panic did finally stir inside, for not even the bravest of dragons, or the most drugged one, couldn’t panic once locked in the Bite of Death. One single twitch of the dragoness’s head, and his neck would snap, ending his life. This was it! He was about to die!

However, the dragoness didn’t end his life. She didn’t even try to tear his scales and flesh away. Dar’gon heard and felt her tongue licking away the blood that was pouring out from his wounds.

She was sucking up his blood! And every time she did, Dar’gon felt panic deflate inside him. Even the pain was disappearing. He also felt something else: a primal urge to submit to the dragoness, to beg for mercy, like every prey that was about to be killed. It mixed in with the arousal that such a scent, so close to him, elicited.

The feeling was further compounded by the stronger scent she emitted now that she held him in the Bite of Death and the low growl that escaped her maws every time she licked off his blood.

He whined, but instead, what came out of his mouth was a strangled, choking sound. The dragoness didn’t mind it at all though. In fact, her scent got a little stronger.

Eventually she let go of his neck. She was drooling and her teeth were dripping with blood.

“Hmmm... delicious. Very, very delicious...”

Then she bit him in the neck again, near the previous bite points. She bit harder this time, sinking her teeth even more into his skin, scales crushing and crumbling away as if they had never been there.

She drew up more blood and injected more poison into him, further dulling Dar'gon's mind and senses and arousing feelings of submission and arousal even more.

She would then release him and bit him again, with even more force, but never hitting any of the vital points or accidentally killing him. She was just toying with him. She was savoring him, as if she were eating a tasty prey.

It wasn't long before Dar'gon no longer whined or choked, but moaned from pleasure, craving her biting, encouraging it, his panting caused by the primal instincts to survive twisted in order to feed his arousal and turning into pants of pleasure.

His cock had gotten so hard now that it was starting to push against his chastity cage in an effort to break free from its prison.

Eventually, the biting did stop, and the dragoness stepped back to admire her handwork. Everywhere on his neck that wasn't covered by bone-plates, there were huge bite marks. The oldest ones had already congealed, while the fresh ones were still drawing blood.

She was panting a little too, and it wasn't from exertion. She had loved it, she had loved every moment of it and she was really turned on. Her scent clearly reflected this.

"Ahhh... you really taste fucking delicious, you know that?" she said, smacking her lips and cleaning her teeth with her forked tongue "Young, strong, healthy, submissive..."

Dar'gon could only stare at her and blink, for his vision was going fuzzy again. He was so tired. His shackles and bondage gear felt so heavy too, much heavier than they had felt when he woke up...

Even lying like this was almost too much for him. He would have definitely gone back to sleep if he hadn't been so turned on.

"Well, well... looks like I wasn't the only one who enjoyed this..." she commented with a loud chuckle. She must have seen the slit of his chastity belt. It was glistening a little from the pre-cum that had leaked through it.

"Such a fun little toy you are..." she purred. She then looked at him as if she was pondering what kind of other "fun things" she could do with him, but then took a

gander at the cave's mouth and she shook her head "Nah... Later. I'll play with you some more later. My beauty bath awaits..."

She then headed towards the lava pool to the right and then entered it with the elegance of a proud royal, not letting a single drop pour out. She closed her eyes let out a contented hiss and a loud purr while the lava hissed and bubbled.

"Aaaahhhhh... nothing like a good lava bath after a lot of hard work... Soothes your soul, washes away the sweat and dirt... Masks your scent for a bit so that your victims cannot detect you..."

The dragoness flashed Dar'gon her toothy grin again. No way he'd be able to recount those secrets to anybody, even if he was able to escape. He was too drugged up to remember anything or even understand what she was telling him

"These lava baths are really amazing. Who knew that they would help us so much in capturing slaves..."

She then dipped under the lava completely, only to emerge a couple of moments later. The lava rolled off her scales without so much as blackening them. In fact they looked even more pristine than before. She looked even more beautiful.

Dar'gon whined a little as another pang of arousal hit him.

"Don't worry, slut. I'll be back to you in a moment! Then we're gonna have some real fun..."

And then she let out another contented sigh, ignoring Dar'gon's whining.

(...)

How long had she been in the lava? Minutes? Hours? Dar'gon had no idea. All he knew was that it took him a long while before he could see things a little bit better, some energy coursed back into him and his shackles no longer felt as heavy as stones.

His arousal was the only thing that hadn't changed. In fact it had gotten even worse through the time the dragoness had spent enjoying her bath. She had done everything to prolong it, and when it seemed as though she was about to leave, she would dive down into the lava again!

All the time, she had paid no mind to his whimpering. Or if she did, she was enjoying hearing them. She just gave a quick glance at him to make sure he was still watching, and then she would resume her bath.

She would occasionally ask him if he was still awake and then purr loudly when he got a whine in response.

Eventually, though, she did finish her bath. Her scales were glowing red now, hot as they were. They contrasted beautifully with her black body. She looked even more beautiful than before, even more deadly. She almost looked like a Goddess of Death.

“Are you done whining like a slut now?” she teased and got another whining in response. She stood tall and imposing him, just like she had when she had bitten him before.

“Now... what to do with you?” She then sat on her haunches, and started thinking. Dar’gon took a peak at her slit and it was wet! She was leaking too! Her scent had been masked a little by the lava.

But now that she was right in front of him, and he got a whiff of her scent, he was assaulted by the overwhelming, consuming, unstoppable desire to taste it, to lick it.

He moved his head and neck its direction until the chain shackling him to the wall snapped tut. He sniffed loudly, inhaling even more of her scent, then let out his most begging whine yet.

“Ahhh, I know!” the dragoness exclaimed with a chuckle “How about I turn you into my cloaca-slut?”

Dar’gon nodded vigorously. Yes! He wanted to eat her out. He wanted to eat her out so badly!

“Yup, still plenty of time left” the dragoness said after taking a small peek at the cave’s opening “We’re gonna have some real fun, you and I” she half-purred, half-whispered in his ear, her head getting so close to him that her muzzle almost touched his and he could feel her breath on his scales.

Dar’gon responded with a purr of his own. He was so happy! He hadn’t felt this happy in a long while, especially at eating out a dragoness! He was downright elated, as if the best thing he could have dreamed of had come true!

The dragoness conjured more dark forces that undid the chain shackling Dar’gon’s to the cave’s wall. The chain remained fixed on his collar though. The dragoness held it a loft as if it were a leash.

“Get up” she dragoness ordered him. Her eyes glowed purple. Her voice rang in his hears, sounding even more powerful and dominant than before. The words were spoken with the power and authority of an actual Goddess.

As Dar’gon stared, unblinking at those glowing eyes, he found himself obeying her commands almost instantly, his tiredness long forgotten as if it had never been there in the first place. His body suddenly bursting with energy, moving as if he had never been drugged at all.

He felt a clarity of mind that he hadn't had for a long time, a purpose that he never had before. He had an order to obey and he would carry it out, whatever it took.

However, moving with all the bondage gear he was wearing, and without his tail for balance, was very difficult. Chains clanging loudly, somehow he managed to stand up without tripping or falling, after a very, very long while.

"Good dragon..." the dragoness cooed, still in that commanding voice.

Dar'gon felt elated at that praise and purred more loudly. He had never felt so good at accomplishing something in his life. His elation quickly translated into pleasure really quickly, pre-cum dripping copiously through the chastity belt.

"Move" the dragoness ordered again, emphasizing it by tugging the chain, as if it were a leash and him, her pet.

Once again, Dar'gon obeyed her orders without so much as a whine, or at least tried to, because no matter how much he wanted to carry out her order, no matter how hard he tried, moving in these shackles was extremely difficult.

The shackles binding his front paws snapped taut, he overbalanced and fell clumsily, like a freshly-hatched hatchling. His front paws ended up pinned underneath his body while his hindquarters were exposed as if he were "presenting" them.

"tut-tut-tut... That wasn't very good, little dragon..." she said as she shook her head. She didn't sound displeased at all though, in fact she kept purring.

WHACK!

Dar'gon yelped in pain. Something had just struck his exposed rump! Something hard, something painful... It stung. It stung really bad! He took a peak behind and saw a big paddle, with holes and tiny spikes in it held aloft by dark forces summoned by the dragoness.

He hadn't even had time register it, before it struck his rump again. He was being spanked! The dragoness was spanking him!

The paddle struck him a third time, then a fourth one. Each spanking was stronger than the previous one, yet Dar'gon felt less and less pain, and more and more pleasure. His pain was being twisted and used to feed his own arousal even more.

At the sixth, or seventh spanking, he started moaning instead of yelping. When the ninth one came, he only felt a tiny fraction of pain, and a lot of pleasure.

After the tenth spanking, the dragoness finally stopped hitting his rump and barked "Get up, ya slut"

Dar'gon rolled over to one side, almost squishing one of his bound wings. It took him a while, from that position, to stand back up again, on shaky paws, and to resume his slow crawl, chains still dangling loudly.

*plink

A drop of pre-cum had fallen on the floor from his chastity belt.

He only managed to make another couple of steps before he fell again and received ten more spankings because of it. They didn't hurt much, but they caused him to moan every time.

*plink *plink

More pre-cum fell from his chastity belt as he got up again.

"You know, I though you were just clumsy. Now I'm starting to think you're doing this on purpose..." the dragoness said with a grin "Not that I mind that is..."

He really wasn't. Dar'gon had never walked wearing shackles before, without his tail for support, and all this arousal, the poison and the scent of the dragoness were addling his walking ability.

When Dar'gon fell down again and received another ten spankings, leaving his rump a sore mess, full of imprints left behind by the paddle and the skin as red as his own scales, she said:

"Yeah. You really are doing this on purpose, ya fucking slut! You really enjoy getting spanked don't you?"

*plink *plink *plink

Maybe she wasn't entirely wrong. If he hated this he would have done everything he could not to trip. He wasn't doing this on purpose but he was doing a very good job at getting spanked.

*plink *plink *plink

Yes. He really, really loved this. She was right. He really was doing this on purpose. He wanted to be spanked some more...

*PLINK

Another drop on the floor, but this time it reverberated as loudly as if a big pebble had just fallen.

It hadn't come from him.

*PLINK *PLINK

It was coming from the dragoness. There was a small puddle in the same place where the drop had fallen too. She was leaking! She was really turned on too, perhaps even more than Dar'gon.

*PLINK *PLINK *PLINK

After another fall and ten more spankings, he arrived at his destination: the stock with a single hole in it. It was just big enough for his head and neck to fit in. It was also in pristine conditions; there wasn't a single dent or scratch on it. It also looked thick and really sturdy, as if it was made to hold bigger, stronger dragons.

The Black Jaw insignia had been painted on both the halves of the stock, at opposite angles. A small sign had been nailed below the bottom stock. It read "Property of the Black Jaw" in S'handagaran runes.

The dragoness conjured dark forces which opened the top half of the stock without a squeak. Then, the dragoness yanked the chain, forcing Dar'gon's head and neck forward, making him yelp and almost trip again.

With one final yank, she forced Dar'gon to lay his neck on top of the lower half, then the top one came down on him, clamping around it, just behind his collar with a loud CLANG.

After the dragoness locked the stock with a sturdy padlock, Dar'gon gave it a tentative pull. It held fast. Not a single squeak or groan could be heard and they didn't even move.

He was stuck, completely at the mercy of the dragoness.

The dragoness wasn't finished though. She secured his front shackles to the beams of the stock with a small, but sturdy chain and his rear shackles to his front ones with another equally sturdy but longer chain. Then she clasped a spreader bar just below his rear shackles so that Dar'gon would be forced to spread apart his legs as if he were inviting someone to rut him.

"Just one little finishing touch and we'll be ready"

Dar'gon suddenly felt dark forces grabbing a hold of his neck, head and horns as they undid his muzzle. They felt as if actual paws were holding him. They felt hot, tender, delicate, deft, they smelled strongly of the dragoness... He quickly gave in to those forces, as if they were caressing him, purring and moaning even louder.

The muzzle eventually came loose and fell down to the floor with a loud CLANK. Dar'gon instinctively opened his jaws but didn't close them again. He was panting so

much and so hard from sheer pleasure that he couldn't, and clouds of smoke kept escaping his maws and nostrils. His tongue also refused to go back in his mouth, it just loll about, dripping saliva on the floor, like a rabid beast.

"There! All set!" the dragoness half-purred, half-growled, half-announced. She was now standing in front of him, looking at him with the hungriest expression Dar'gon had ever seen.

"Let's begin..."

She turned around and lifted her tail in order to expose her dripping wet pussy to him, resting it on top of his head. Her scent was overwhelming. He felt his brain turning into mush. He had to submit, to worship, to lick it!

His body reacted accordingly too, for he felt himself almost going thirsty, thirsty for her juices, arousal reaching critical points and completely going out of control. He felt as if he was going into heat, if that was even possible!

"Lick it!" she ordered.

*slurp

His tongue exploded in pleasure, and not just that. He felt his own body, mind, senses react in just the same way. It was the most amazing thing Dar'gon had ever tasted, even better than coal!

He wanted more.

*slurp

He gave another lick, then another followed, then another, then another... Each lick that followed was hungrier than the previous one.

A shiver ran down the dragoness's spine and she let out a hiss of pure bliss, breathing smoke from her nostrils. She was loving it. She was loving it very much.

*slurp *slurp

"That's it... Good dragon..."

After a couple more of licks, Dar'gon couldn't stop himself anymore. After every lick, he wanted more and more, as if he had become addicted to the dragoness's juices and the mere act of licking.

He started breathing in her pheromones, taking long sniffs of her scent and then went going back to licking with ever more vigor, sucking on her clitoris every once in a while just for good measure.

*slurp *slurp *slurp

*sniff *sniff

*slurp *slurp *slurp

“Grrr... Wow! Yourrr tongue is pretty fucking good”

The dragoness was purring so loudly now, it sounded like she was growling even when she talked. Those growls strengthened Dar’gon’s will to keep going, for they were growls of pure, raw lust meant to compound submission and arousal.

“Grrr... Fuck! You’rrre one hungrrrry cloaca-slave you know that?” she growled after one very well-done suckling “Grrr... This isn’t your firrrst time doing this? Isn’t it?”

It was. Dar’gon had never eaten a female out in his life. It was considered “unmanly”, “impure” and “traitorous” among his fellow wild dragons. Maybe it was his own arousal, maybe it was because he had always, secretly, wanted to do this, fact was he was slurping like a pro and he was too lost in his pleasure to even notice it.

“Deeperrrr!” the dragoness half-growled, half-hissed. She was starting to slur her “r”s really badly now and her purring and growling were becoming indistinguishable.

Obeying like the good cloaca-slave that he was, Dar’gon sent his tongue deeper, exploring the deeper parts of her beautiful pussy.

Her juices were now flowing from her pussy like a river. Yet, Dar’gon never missed a bit, trying really hard not to spill a single drop, as if he was dying of thirst and her juices were like fresh, delicious water. Some of the juices stuck to his muzzle, to his scales, to his nostrils, but that only further augmented his arousal.

The dragoness then started grinding her pussy against his muzzle, driving herself further and further towards climax. Her growls became even deeper, sounding like ten dragons growling at the same time. It reverberated into Dar’gon’s bones.

The movement of her rump was so magnetic, seductive, hypnotizing... His purrs too had turned into growls of pure, sheer lust. Although they couldn’t compare in power to those the dragoness.

Dar’gon licked, sucked and kissed in tune with the dragoness’s movements, letting very little juices spill over. He was getting closer and closer to orgasm too.

Unfortunately, that was when his pleasure plateaued. Now matter how hard he tried to drive himself further towards orgasm, the chastity belt prevented him from reaching it.

Sometimes, some more pleasure would squeeze through to him, but it wouldn't last for long and it was never enough to drive him over the edge.

It was incredibly frustrating, and incredibly hot, and even though he couldn't cum, he was so turned on that a pretty big pool of pre-cum had collected on the floor under his groin.

The dragoness's grinding became faster and harsher, while her panting was getting quicker and stronger as well. She was getting close. Really, close now... Then, without a warning, she shoved Dar'gon's muzzle inside her pussy.

Dar'gon could only breathe in her scent, smell her scent, inhale her pheromones. There was no air to breathe anymore, but he didn't recoil away or try to remove his muzzle. He kept it there, licking and suckling all the while.

*PLUP!

Once again, without warning, the dragoness shoved her rump towards him so hard that she pinned his head against the stocks, shoving the entirety of his head within her pussy up almost until the eye-line. Then, her rump moved away, almost entirely releasing his muzzle from its grip, only to come back down on his face with a harsh and sudden motion.

She was claiming his muzzle. She was muzzle-fucking him.

*CLANK! PLUP! CLANK! PLUP! CLANK! PLUP!

Her motions were so strong and powerful that her rump clanged loudly against the stock. Fortunately, it held fast and didn't even groan or crack.

*CLANK! PLUP! CLANK! PLUP! CLANK! PLUP!

It was difficult to lick and worship like before, with the dragoness raping his muzzle, but still he tried. He didn't get as much success, but the dragoness didn't mind. She was too lost in pleasure to care.

The motions were harsh on his poor muzzle, but Dar'gon didn't complain either. He loved it. He loved it so much how his muzzle was assaulted, used and abused like this, as if it were a cock. He moaned right inside her pussy. It came out muffled and closer to whining.

*WHACK!

He had been spanked again, with much more ferocity than before. However, he felt little pain, in fact, he felt an enormous amount of pleasure coursing through his body. He felt himself inching a little bit closer to orgasm.

*CLANK! PLUP! CLANK! PLUP! CLANK! PLUP!

*WHACK!

He had no idea why he was being spanked so violently and he didn't care. He loved it. He loved it so much.

*CLANK! PLUP! CLANK! PLUP! CLANK! PLUP!

*WHACK!

He didn't care that he had to continue licking and sucking while he was being muzzle-fucked and his rump was getting tortured like this.

*CLANK! PLUP! CLANK! PLUP! CLANK! PLUP!

*WHACK!

It was beautiful, perfect. It was where he was meant to be.

Suddenly the dragoness shoved his muzzle inside her pussy one final time, so hard the stocks did creak a little and then she roared with the power and ferocity of twenty-five dragons as she came hard on his face.

Dar'gon's muzzle bore the full brunt of her orgasm. It felt as if it had been hit by a waterfall of cum. Still, he gulped it down, despite the fact that it was like gulping down an entire over-flowing river. It tasted amazing, even better than her juices, and it was far more addictive and intoxicating.

He paid no mind to the fact that his belly was now swelling a little from all the cum he was forced to gulp down. He didn't even care that he was running a bit low on air either. He wanted it. He wanted it all!

The dragoness kept roaring as she rode wave after wave of her climax, breathing smoke through his nostrils and even letting loose purple flame-jets. Her cum seemed endless. It seemed as though there would never be an end to her climax.

Eventually though, the flow did start to lose force and then slowed down to a trickle until it came to a complete stop. At that point, the dragoness, panting heavily from sheer pleasure, pushed herself off of Dar'gon, holding herself steady on slightly-shaking paws and panting heavily

Dar'gon was finally able to breathe some fresh air through his mouth, because his nostrils were clogged with her cum. He panted heavily too, he felt as if he had just run a marathon, and it wasn't from having his muzzle abused and not being able to breathe for so long.

“Fuck...” the dragoness half-said, half-growled “that was fucking good! You’re the first wild dragon I caught who knows how to fucking eat pussy!”

It was still a bit difficult for her to talk so soon after climaxing, but Dar’gon was paying her compliments no mind. He had never felt so pent up frustrated in his life! His body ached with desperation, with wanting to cum. His mind was going crazy with the need to reach the orgasm!

That cum he had been forced to drink was messing with him really badly. He started struggling against the stocks, whining pathetically, in an effort to convey to the dragoness how desperate he was.

“You’re almost as good as my fucking slaves...” she said, ignoring his struggles.

“Wild dragons” she continued, still panting a little “usually need plenty of coaching and punishing before they do an acceptable job. But you... You’re fucking good!”

As she talked, he retrieved the muzzle and clipped it back on Dar’gon’s muzzle. It stuck to his scales, because of the cum and it even trapped some of the cum that clung to his jaws. The cum in his nostrils didn’t help with breathing either.

Still, Dar’gon didn’t care. He had to cum so badly! That’ all that he wanted! He would do anything to cum! Please! He whined as pathetically as he could. However, the dragoness paid it no mind.

“Ohhh, you’ll make such a fine slave...” she purred in his ears, before circling around the stocks and stabbing him in the neck with her stinger.

Suddenly, Dar’gon felt sleep overwhelm him, his arousal and frustration evaporating like water under the scorching sun. He tried to fight back, but the feeling was so powerful and he had hardly any energy any more.

“Sleep well, little dragon... Mahr’daga will be back soon...” the dragoness, named Mahr’daga, whispered in his ear before heading towards one of the lava pools for another bath.

Dar’gon had barely time to see her beautiful rump leaving his darkening field of vision, before he finally passed out.

TO BE CONTINUED...