

CHAPTER 2

NEW CATCH

“I’m baaaaack!”

Those three words, uttered in a sing-song, were enough to jolt Dar’gon awake from his deep, dreamless slumber. They rung loudly in his mind as if the voice had just screamed in his ears. Everything was a blur...

He took a breath of fresh air and immediately, his nose was assaulted by the overwhelming, overpowering, intoxicating, amazing, tantalizing scent of S’handagaran dragoness cum and juices. They coated the inside of the muzzle fastened around his jaws, sticking to his scales and his nostrils.

Suddenly, as if a switch inside his mind had been flipped, the memories came flooding back to him, albeit blurry and a bit confused. He remembered waking up in this nice, heated cave all bound, chained and helpless.

Then that S’handagaran dragoness, Mahr’daga was her name, put him in the stocks, then forced him to worship her pussy. He remembered drinking so much of her cum his belly swelled until he looked like he looked like he was pregnant. He then remembered passing out.

Taking a whiff of her juices and cum was also enough to kick-start his arousal, despite having just woken up. Already he could feel his cock hardening behind the chastity belt he was forced to wear.

He struggled against the stocks imprisoning him but they held fast. The weak movements already made him feel depleted of energy. The chains binding his front shackles to the stock frame dangled loudly, along with that chaining his collar to the nearby wall. His hind legs were rendered useless by the spreader bar and the chain binding his hind shackles to his front ones.

He couldn’t even paw at the floor, or sheathe his claws, because of the mittens he was forced to wear on each of his four legs. He couldn’t even move his tail, bound as it was to his collar...

“Little dragooooonnnn” that voice called again, in that magical and evil sing-song “are you awaaaaaake?”

A shiver run down Dar’gon spine, and it wasn’t just from fear...

He would recognize that voice anywhere, despite having met only very recently. She was at the entrance, even though Dar'gon couldn't see her. He knew it, he just knew...

Mahr'daga had returned.

"Good evening, little dragon" Mahr'daga greeted him in her cheerful-yet-extremely evil tone of hers. Dar'gon let out a muffled, weak moan. Only a S'handagaran dragoness like her could have a voice that sounded so feminine, and yet so powerful, commanding, and dominating all at the same time.

Wait... did she say evening? Was it evening already? How long had he slept?

Before he could ponder it, she appeared out of the corner of his vision, wearing a very devilish grin on her face and showing all of her impressive teeth. She still looked as beautiful and as deadly as ever.

"Did you sleep well?"

Dar'gon response consisted of another pitiful, muzzled, whine. He felt like a prey being sized up by a predator. He panted a little too, inhaling even more of the scent wafting off the cum and juices stuck to his muzzle. They were still strong, despite having been there since Gods-knew when.

Still, it wasn't enough to mask Mahr'daga's actual scent, which was still as strong and as intoxicating as ever. No, it was more intoxicating and even stronger than usual. She must be in a really good mood...

And yet, despite all of this, Dar'gon realized that there was another scent, almost completely masked by Mahr'daga's. It smelled of coal, fire and wilderness. It was the scent of a fire dragon, a WILD fire dragon.

"Good... Because I need to celebrate tonight"

Despite his addled state, it didn't take long to Dar'gon to put the pieces together. Another fire dragon had fallen into Mahr'daga's clutches... Poor thing... Dar'gon let out a sad whine...

"Oh, don't worry! He's fine! I've gotta say though, unlike you, he actually put up a fight. You, on the other hand, seemed as though you wanted to be captured!" she added with a cackle.

Dar'gon let out a moan, not because of her barb, but because he wanted to get the fire dragon's attention. Unfortunately, he heard no response. He must be out cold. His scent seemed familiar, but his brain was too addled to remember. He tried to take a look, but the stocks blocked his view.

“Such a shame you weren’t there. You should have seen how much he struggled, especially after I pinned him down. He fought for his life! I almost wanted to fuck him right there and there...”

At the mention of “fucking”, Dar’gon immediately let out a moan of pleasure, as if a switch had been flipped inside his mind.

“Relax, slut!” she laughed “I can’t wait to play with my favorite cloaca-slave either, but first I need to secure my catch!”

Dar’gon once again responded to “cloaca-slave” by letting out another moan of pleasure as he stared at her with begging eyes.

“Don’t worry... I won’t be long...” Mahr’daga purred in his ears, her scent getting much, much stronger already. She then retreated and moved to the back of her cave where all her gear was stashed.

THUMP!

The sound of her tossing the fire dragon’s body unceremoniously on the cave’s floor reverberated throughout the cavern. Fortunately, Dar’gon didn’t hear the sound of bones breaking.

Then, Mahr’daga started humming a little tune as she rummaged through her pile of gear, looking for the stuff she needed. It was the most guttural tune Dar’gon had ever heard, nothing at all like that of normal dragons, who was made of chirping-like sounds.

It didn’t take her long to find all the stuff she needed and soon Dar’gon started hearing the familiar sounds of chains and gear snapping into place as Mahr’daga worked on binding his captive.

“Mittens...” she mumbled as worked, as if she was checking things off a list
“Shackles... wing binders...”

This didn’t take a little while at all. In fact, she was taking her sweet time, enjoying every CLICK and CLACK sound, like she was savoring them.

Dar’gon couldn’t help but feel a pang of jealousy. He wished he was the one being chained. Every new piece of gear that the dragoness fit on his captive, he imagined he went on him instead. He moaned softly every time he felt the CLICK and CLACK of the gear locking in place.

“Muzzle... Collar... Tail...” her mumbling could barely be heard now under all that purring “Chastity belt...”

She then capped off all her work by shackling the captive dragon's collar to the wall via a sturdy fire-resistant chain.

"Done!"

She then headed towards Dar'gon, but not before she'd done a lot of checking, humming, tugging, purring, and admiring her handiwork. More than once, she had tested every single bond.

"You're probably wondering who that lucky dragon is, right?" she said from behind him "Well, I have no idea!" answered with a loud cackle that lasted for a long while. Her laughter never failed to sent shivers down Dar'gon's spine.

"You don't exactly go to preys and ask their names when you're hunting them, right? Although, I did see the emblem of the... What were they called? Lava Wyrms, on his chest-plates..."

Lava Wyrms? His former tribe! There was one dragon Dar'gon knew that fit that description, but his name and his appearance were still lost behind the fog that addled Dar'gon's brain and his increasing arousal.

"Oh well, it doesn't matter anyway. Whatever name he has, he won't keep it when he's sold" She then got so close to him Dar'gon could feel her breath on his scales "Just like you won't keep yours little dragon, whatever it is" she whispered, her tone barely audible over her loud purring.

Dar'gon whimpered. The thought of not keeping his name was frightening. For all he knew he might not get a new one. He would be called just "Slave", or "Slut" or other such things... And yet... he also found it so hot, further nurturing the rising flames of his submission inside him.

"I can already think of the name I would give you if you were my slave..." she hissed in his ear, making Dar'gon quiver with fear and arousal "But alas..."

Was that a tinge of sadness and longing in her voice, or had Dar'gon imagined it?

"Oh well, never mind. I've talked enough!"

She summoned dark forces which undid Dar'gon's muzzle. It fell down to the floor with a loud PLOP. The cum and juices coating the inside of the muzzle had all dried up and stuck to it like glue. His muzzle was in an even worse state, completely caked in cum and juices...

Some of the cum had even stuck to his teeth and the taste had stuck with his tongue too. There was no way he'd get the taste out of his mouth any soon. Not that he would have tried it anyway...

“Such a pretty muzzle...” Mahr’daga purred “the muzzle of a good cloaca-slave”. That was all the warning Dar’gon got before the dragoness turned around, resting her massive tail on his head, and he found himself face-to-face, with Mahr’daga’s dripping wet pussy on her sweaty rump.

Immediately, Dar’gon started panting like a rabid beast. The pheromones she secreted taking control of his mind and body, driving his pleasure through the roof, overriding any thoughts and emotions that he felt, until he felt an unquenchable thirst for her juices, and an overwhelming desire to worship.

Already, his cock had gotten rock hard and was pushing desperately against the chastity belt imprisoning it, trying to break free.

“Lick it” she ordered. Her tone changed to that of an all-powerful Goddess, her words carrying so much power and dominance that they could force someone to obey and submit to her, allowing nothing less than complete and total submission.

Dar’gon obeyed like the good cloaca-slave he was, giving it the first lick. His taste buds exploded in pleasure. It was the best thing Dar’gon had ever tasted, second only to her cum. Another lick followed suit, then another, then another, each one hungrier than the previous one.

Her musk only made his arousal even stronger, and his thirst for her juices and cum even worse.

*slurp *slurp *slurp *sniff

Three good licks and one good whiff of her scent to start things off. And repeat.

*slurp *slurp *slurp *sniff

The licks were extremely passionate, and the sniffing was much more close to huffing. Her scent was even more irresistible than last time. And yet, every lick never felt long or strong enough and every whiff not enough to take in her scent.

*slurp *slurp *slurp *sniff

*slurp *slurp *slurp *sniff

“Wow... I can’t believe I’m saying this” the dragoness purred, so loudly that she sounded like she was almost growling “But my bastard sister was right about one thing, for once. Adding sweat does make your scent stronger and your slave hungrier...”

*Slurp *Slurp *Slurp *Sniff

“Mmhhhh... Fuck! Maybe I should do this more often...”

*Slurp *Slurp *Slurp *Sniff *Slurp *Slurp *Slurp *Sniff *Slurp *Sniff

“Not that... grrr... I’ll ever tell that fucking bitch that! Grrr...”

She was starting to growl. She was getting really turned on now and that she wasn’t that far from climaxing.

As if an internal clock inside him had told him it was time, Dar’gon started sucking on her labias, and then her clitoris, alternating sucking between licking and sniffing, making the dragoness growl louder and louder with his worshipping.

*SLURP *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SNIFF *SUCK

“Yes! Grrr... Keep it up Grrr... little drrragon”. She was starting to slur her “r”s now. She was getting closer...

*SLURP *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SNIFF *SUCK

After a little while, Dar’gon started kissing her pussy and then her clitoris. She let out a deep, guttural growl. There was only pleasure behind it, though.

*SLURP *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SNIFF *SUCK *SUCK
*KISS

*SLURP *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SNIFF *SUCK *SUCK
*KISS *KISS

It didn’t take long after that for Mahr’daga to start grinding her pussy against Dar’gon’s muzzle. It also didn’t take her long for her movements to become quicker and harsher.

*SLURP *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SNIFF *SUCK *SUCK
*KISS *KISS

Every time he licked, sniffed, sucked or kissed, Mahr’daga let out a deep guttural growl. Every single one of them slightly louder than the previous one. She could barely hold herself together. She wouldn’t last for much longer.

*SLURP *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SNIFF *SUCK *SUCK
*KISS *KISS

It was at that moment that Dar’gon felt his pleasure hit the plateau and never moving beyond that. The familiar feeling of frustration crept in, as he felt every ounce of pleasure get him closer to orgasm for a little bit, before his pleasure reverted back to where it started.

His helpless cock could only leak copious amounts of pre-cum on the floor, through the slit, never being able to release his load. And, yet, despite all of this, he never missed a beat, even when she started pushing his muzzle deeper into her pussy.

*SLURP *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SNIFF *SUCK *SUCK
*KISS *KISS

Her pleasure was far more important...

*SLURP *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SNIFF *SUCK *SUCK
*KISS *KISS

*SLURP *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SLURP *SNIFF *SLURP *SNIFF *SUCK *SUCK
*KISS *KISS

Suddenly, Mahr'daga shoved Dar'gon's muzzle so deep inside her pussy that the labias were an inch from his eyes. That was the moment she started muzzle-fucking him.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

Dar'gon whined loudly, his muzzle trapped between Mahr'daga's pussy, and forced to breathe only her scent and nothing else.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

This was a harsh muzzle-fucking. He felt his scales crunching under the relentless assault. It didn't take Mahr'daga long to start slamming his head against the stocks.

PLAP! CLANK! PLAP! CLANK! PLAP! CLANK!

It was a miracle that they held so well and that they hadn't still made the tiniest of squeaks or groans. It was clearly built to imprison dragons much stronger than Dar'gon...

PLAP! CLANK! PLAP! CLANK! PLAP! CLANK!

She was growling as loudly as ten dragons snarling and growling at their enemies at the same time. Dar'gon could feel them in his bones.

WHACK!

Dar'gon yelped in pain. Something had struck his rump! It stung. It hurt. She had just spanked him with that nasty spiked paddle of hers.

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

Each blow was struck with such force that Dar'gon felt his scales crack, splintering and being ripped off his body as blood flowed from hundreds and hundreds of tiny cuts.

His poor rump exploded in pain. It hurt so much, and yet it was so lovely...

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

He yelped after each sting of the paddle, while Mahr'daga growled louder and louder and could barely hold back a roar of pleasure. Soon, even Dar'gon's yelps started turning into moans of pure pleasure.

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

He no longer felt pain anymore, only pleasure. He felt himself getting a little bit closer to orgasm, somehow.

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

Yes. He could feel. He could almost feel that climax...

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

If she kept spanking him, and hurt him even more, maybe he could cum!

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

WHACK!

PLAP! CLANK!

Unfortunately, all too soon, Mahr'daga, pushed her rump against his muzzle so hard, the stock did squeak a tiny little bit this time. Then, she let out her loudest roar yet as she came on his face.

The fountain of cum that erupted from her pussy was even extremely fierce. It felt as if his face had been hit with a tsunami of cum. All too soon, Dar'gon's belly swelled as he was forced to drink it all up.

It tasted even more amazing, stronger, muskier, more feminine, more dominant than last time he had drunk it. Some of it stuck to his muzzle, his nostrils, adding itself to the caked cum and juices from the previous time.

Despite drinking a huge amount of it, somehow, he never felt sated. He always felt as if he was dying of thirst and only the dragoness's cum could quench it. However, every drop he drunk made him even thirstier and more desperate for more of her cum.

His belly had swollen so much that he really looked like he was pregnant. He wouldn't be able to run and fly quickly for a while. Yet, all he cared about was not letting a single drop of the cum the dragoness was giving to him go to waste.

Eventually the flow of cum slowed down, first to a river, then to a trickle, then it ended. After squeezing the last drop of pleasure, Mahr'daga finally released Dar'gon's muzzle, only to immediately seal it back shut with the muzzle. So much cum had stuck to his scales that it oozed from the muzzle onto the floor.

"Fuck..." the dragoness cursed "That... was...fucking amazing! Grrr... Last time rrrreally wasn't a fucking fluke. You rrrreally arrrrr a fucking great cloaca-slave!" she was still growling and slurring her "r"s. She was struggling a little bit to walk too. Her orgasm must have been really powerful.

"You could rrrrrreally give my slaves a rrrrrun for theirrr money, you know that? Grrr..."

Dar'gon felt elated at the praise. It was as if he had just been given one of the best compliment he could have possibly gotten. He couldn't remember the last time he had been so happy, so proud of himself.

The feeling didn't last for long though, because it was immediately replaced by the most intense feeling of pent-up frustration he had ever felt. Every fiber of his body craved more, more sex, more cum, more submission. This combined with his inability to cum only increased the feeling even further.

He struggled against the stocks and his bindings but to no avail. His body was being consumed, overwhelmed by lust. He felt as if he was going in heat, even though, it wasn't possible. Or was it?

"Whoever buys you will be one lucky dragoness indeed..." Mahr'daga purred, ignoring his struggles completely and with her voice back to normal.

Dar'gon though paid her compliments no mind. He was too consumed with lust and frustration to pay any attention to what she was saying. Words didn't even make sense anymore.

He had to cum! He wanted cum! He wanted-

That train of thought was brutally interrupted by teeth sinking in his flesh, piercing and shredding his scales as if they weren't there: Mahr'daga's teeth.

Immediately, Dar'gon felt her powerful poison coursing in his veins, dulling his senses, numbing his body, and, fortunately, lessening his frustration.

She didn't let go for a long time, nor did she let up the pressure. She tore bits of flesh here and there, but never enough to cause serious damage.

When Mahr'daga did let go, she bit him again soon after, crushing more scales, drawing more blood and injecting more poison in his system, dulling his senses even further. She let go and then bit him, again and again...

When she was done, Dar'gon had been left completely numb, his frustration a distant thing relegated to the back of his fogged mind. He only felt a faint arousal, enough to keep his cock hardened and pushing against the chastity belt.

"Hmmm... you taste even better than last time..." she purred "You're starting to taste like a slave..."

Dar'gon didn't understand. He didn't understand anything of what she was saying. He was feeling so tired... If it wasn't for the stocks and the chains he would have slumped to the floor and pass out. He felt the overwhelming need to sleep, but his arousal kept him awake.

That was until Mahr'daga stabbed him in the neck with her stinger. He barely felt it, but he did feel his eyelids feeling impossibly heavy and his grip on reality slipping away. Even his arousal couldn't keep him awake any longer...

"Good night, little dragon..." Was all Mahr'daga said before she went to the lava pools for another bath, leaving Dar'gon to pass out for the night.

(...)

"Mmmhhppphhh!"

It was a muffled scream that roused Dar'gon from his deep and dreamless slumber this time. The voice sounded male, but who could he be? Why was he screaming? What was going on?

"Mmmhhppphhh!!!"

He remembered Mahr'daga bringing in a new dragon that she had captured. He must have woken up. His voice sounded familiar... But he couldn't remember...

“Hhhlp hh muhh!!!”

Dar’gon could hear chains clanging loudly. The voice’s owner was clearly struggling against his bonds and his muzzle, and fiercely too, desperate to break free or trying to get Dar’gon to help him.

“HHHHLLLLPPPP MUHHHHHHH!!!”

He continued struggling, despite the fact that it was useless. Those bonds were made to hold dragons far bigger and stronger than he was.

“HHHHHHLLLLLLLLLLLLPPPPPPPHHHHHHHH MMMMUUUUHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

He was screaming really loudly now and beating his bound limbs against the ground. Dar’gon even heard him trying to breathe flames. He was a real fighter, just like- just like-

*SWOOSH

*THUMP

Suddenly Dar’gon heard the familiar sound of wings and the heavy sound of someone landing outside.

It was Mahr’daga. She was back.

She did not sing her usual greeting this time. In fact, if it wasn’t for the heavy sound of her wings that of her landing, Dar’gon wouldn’t have figured out it was her.

Her paw-steps sounded quicker and heavier than usual. She may be a S’handagaran Dragoness, and Dar’gon may still be under the influence of her poison, but there was no mistaking the fact that she moved in a way that didn’t convey happiness.

The other dragon had stopped screaming, but struggled like his life depended on it. His breathing came in quick and raspy pants. He was panicking. Dar’gon too felt fear rising inside him a little. Unhappy Mahr’daga promised nothing good.

Unfortunately, all too soon, Mahr’daga appeared at the mouth of the cave.

“Oh good. You’re awake.” she said to her new catch. The words were the same she had told Dar’gon when he woke up, but this time there was a clear edge to her voice. It was a tone that promised a lot of pain.

Yet, those words didn’t stop the dragon from trying to break free. In fact, they made him struggle even harder.

“Just in time” she said, before moving quickly towards the captured dragon, whispering a brief “Good morning, slut” to Dar’gon, without even stopping by.

She didn't stalk or prowl like she had with Dar'gon, savoring the moment and enjoying watching her catch look at her like a prey would watch a scary predator. She sounded like she was going straight for the kill.

"I need to unwind a little"

"NUHH! NUUUHH!! NUUUUHHHH!!! GHUT UHHFFFFFFF!" the dragon screamed at the top of his lungs. Dar'gon heard scuffling. Was the dragon fighting back?

Unfortunately, even though he couldn't see what was happening from his position, Dar'gon could clearly hear the dragoness effortlessly pinning the poor dragon down as he screamed for mercy.

"PHLLLLLHHHHHHSSSSHHHHH!!!!!!!!!"

"Oh, shut up already! I won't kill you!"

That was all the warning the poor dragon got before the dragoness bit him in the neck.

No screams, just a few ragged, raspy breaths came out of the dragon as he struggled to breathe. That was how Dar'gon knew that Mahr'daga had just trapped her victim in the Bite of Death: she had bitten him in the neck just below the jaw line.

For a little while, the dragon still struggled, albeit very weakly. But soon those died out as all air was cut out from his brain. She didn't let go for a long while, unlike when she had given Dar'gon the Bite of Death.

Dar'gon could smell the fear and tears of the dragon from his position as he feared his life was about to end.

Only just before he was about to lose consciousness, Mahr'daga did let go of him. He coughed and sputtered, struggling to breathe. He even sobbed. His respite didn't last for long, before the dragoness gave him the Bite of Death again.

Once again, she waited until her victim was about to pass before she let him go and bit him again. He coughed, sputtered and sobbed again, before getting bitten again. After the third bite, the sobbing was followed by some weak whines of submission, but it still wasn't enough to sate the dragoness.

Dar'gon felt a pang of jealousy. He found himself wishing he was the one being bitten, even if it was the Bite of Death.

Only after the seventh or so bite, did Mahr'daga relent. By that, the dragon had been rendered completely silent. Not even a whine, a sob, or a scream. Dar'gon could only hear his laboured breathing.

“Ahhhh... Wow! Did I need that!” she exclaimed, her tone back to her usual cheerful-evil self. She then smacked her lips loudly. “Hmmm... wild, strong, hardened...” she commented as if she was tasting a dish at a buffet “you taste like a wild dragon warrior...”

There was no response from the poor dragon, just more laboured breathing. Dar’gon could still smell his fear.

“You taste like a wild, strong, dragon warrior...” she continued, cleaning her teeth with her tongue, savoring every drop of blood “Yes. A strong warrior that has been through a lot of battles, won many fights, and seen too much...” she continued.

“Not bad. But you still don’t own a candle to THIS little dragon...” she said, before smacking Dar’gon’s rump with a her tail, making him yelp.

“Look at how perfect he is. Just a couple of days with me, and he’s already so adorable, so cute, so submissive, so delicious... The perfect little slave...”

That was all the warning Dar’gon got before she bit him in the neck too.

Even though none of her bites were as dangerous as the Bite of Death, she bit with such ferocity, destroying scales, ripping away flesh, drawing copious amounts of blood. She was letting her wild predatory instincts go almost entirely wild.

Yet, she always knew how to bite without killing or maiming him. As the poison coursed in his veins, Dar’gon increasingly felt like a prey about to be devoured by a predator.

Dar’gon found himself almost craving a killing bite, like a prey that wanted his suffering to end. He didn’t want her to let go. He wanted her to go all the way. As she kept biting and biting, pain was becoming almost negligible, and pleasure mounted. Dar’gon was so turned on that he was leaking through his belt again.

After biting him five more times, Mahr’daga eventually relented, leaving gaping wounds, destroyed scales, torn skin and trails of blood. None of that hurt anymore, in fact it felt amazing.

“HMMMMMMMM...” Mahr’daga purred in his ear “you’re even more delicious than last time...”

Dar’gon moaned at the compliment. He would have gladly stuck his neck out so she could bite more of it if it wasn’t for the stocks. He wanted her to bite him some more, but unfortunately, Mahr’daga was done with him.

“Sorry, slut. I’d love to bite you neck some more, but Mahr’daga has had a tough day and she needs to relax...”

“But...” she continued “Since you’re such a good slave, you’re keeping me company tonight”

She conjured dark forces which unbound Dar’gon’s chain from the wall and then opened the stocks, releasing him from its grip. She then quickly removed the spreader bar from his hind-legs.

“Come” the dragoness commanded in her Goddess-like voice, as she led him towards the back of the cave, holding the chain in air like it was a leash, and him, her pet.

Dar’gon for a moment found it difficult to walk. He had spent so much time in the stocks, and he was so addled, that it seemed as though he had forgotten how his body worked.

“Move it slut, we don’t have all day!” she barked.

Dar’gon’s movements were slow, stiff and clumsy, and this earned him some spanks from the dragoness. Somehow, he managed not to trip over himself and follow the dragoness to the back of the cave, although his rump was sore and bruised again when he got there.

Dar’gon gasped. For the first time, he was able to take a look at the poor dragon that Mahr’daga had captured and what he saw was enough to shake him out of stupor and numbness.

Lying chained to wall, in the same corner he had been days prior, staring at him with a vacant and defeated stare, was his long time friend Mar’gon.

(...)

He couldn’t believe it. There was just no way. And yet... there he was, lying right in front of him.

His well-muscled body was now much weaker than it used to be. His scales were a duller red. His right horn was chipped. His wings were pale and there were some holes in them too. His tail had a huge gash that run long its length.

What lay in front of him, was what used to be a strong, proud warrior, now reduced to a pale shadow of his former self. Still, there was no doubt about it. That dragon was Mar’gon.

“MHRGHUN?”

No answer, not even a whine. The dragon just gazed at him with that vacant stare.

“MHRGHUN! EHTZ MUH!”

Still no answer. Dar'gon felt sadness well up inside him.

When the Flame Warriors, the community he was born in, had been destroyed by the Wretches, and he had joined the Lava Wyrms, Mar'gon had been the only one to welcome him with open arms, the only one who had stood by him no matter what.

It had been a year since he had last seen him, ever since they had made him an Outcast. How much had he longed to meet him again!

"MHRGHUN! EHHTZ MUH! DHRRGHUN!"

Still more of that vacant stare. Had he... forgotten about him? Did he hate him? Did he believe the rumors about him?

Dar'gon didn't know what made him do it, but he quickly made his way towards him, as quickly as his shackles allowed. He didn't even notice that Mahr'daga wasn't trying to stop him.

He nuzzled his friends' head and purred softly. Somehow, that seemed to have jolted something inside Mar'gon's mind, because he looked at him differently.

"DUHRGON...?"

Dar'gon felt happiness swell up inside him. His friend did remember him! And what was better he nuzzled him right back. He didn't hate him! After all this time, he still liked him!

"Well, well... This is interesting..." Mahr'daga muttered to herself as she watched the two dragons nuzzling each other as if they were lovers.

Dar'gon paid her words no mind. He was so happy. He felt tears of joy welling up inside and nuzzled him even harder. At long last, after one year of horrible hardships, he was finally reunited with his best friend, his "brother", the only family he had ever had.

"All right, lovebirds, split up!" Dar'gon immediately stopped nuzzling his friend. He had almost forgotten about Mahr'daga. She had an evil grin plastered on her face.

"Sit" ordered the dragoness in her Goddess-like voice and Dar'gon did as he was instructed. He sat on on his haunches, front paws between them, without tripping on his chains. He looked like a good, obedient pet.

"Good dragon" she purred, before chaining Dar'gon to the same ring Mar'gon was chained to. Dar'gon didn't move a muscle. He kept looking at her with a look of pure obedience.

“Alright slaves...” Mahr’daga said when she was finished “Change of plans! Here’s what we’re gonna do tonight...” she announced after a while. Both dragons listened closely, but Dar’gon pended on her every word. He listened to her as if his life depended on it.

“Tonight, I’m going to teach both of you a very important skill. A skill that every good little slave needs to have” she announced.

“All slaves in S’handagaran lands” she continued “have to greet their Mistress in a very specific way. It’s a staple of the societies in these lands. It’s extremely important that they perform it correctly, otherwise they will face severe punishment”

“Since this is what your future is going to hold, out of the goodness of my heart, I’m going to teach you the proper way to do it. Aren’t I a generous?”

Dar’gon nodded vigorously. He was almost quivering with anticipation, as if it was the most important and life-changing thing he would ever learn.

“My, my...” Mahr’daga purred loudly, conveniently ignoring Mar’gon who wasn’t as enthusiastic “Such an eager little dragon you are... All right, all right! We’ll skip the details and get straight to it...”

Conjuring dark forces, she removed the muzzles of both dragons. Mar’gon’s was relatively clean, while Dar’gon’s was almost entirely caked with cum. His muzzle was even worse. It would take a long time to completely clean off. He would probably never get Mahr’daga’s taste out of his mouth, hopefully...

“Lay down on the floor” she ordered. Dar’gon immediately obeyed, once again without tripping over the chains, and lay just right beside his friend. He even lowered his head on the floor, never taking his eyes off the dragoness. This elicited a small growl of approval from her.

“You. Head to the floor” she then ordered at Mar’gon. He obeyed, but he was slower and more sluggish. The muzzles of both dragons almost touched and Mar’gon’s nose was immediately assaulted by the scent of the cum stuck to his friend’s scales, making him whine and moan.

Mahr’daga then started prowling towards the pair of them, ordering them never to lift their heads off the floor. When she stopped, both dragons were both staring at her front paws.

They emitted a strong scent, not as strong and as intoxicating as that of her pussy, but still irresistible at that distance, and so musky. Dar’gon moaned loudly. He knew what he had to do. But before he could do anything, Mahr’daga turned around, presenting them with her hind-paws.

The scent emitted from her hind paws was even stronger and muskier than that of her front ones, almost as strong as her pussy as such a close range. Dar'gon was already panting a little, while Mar'gon simply moaned as the pheromones started having an effect on him too.

Mahr'daga didn't waste any time and shoved her hind paws an inch from both of their muzzles. A drop of pre-cum leaked from her pussy.

"Worship them" she ordered. Her tone was barely more than a whisper, barely audible over her loud purrs, but they rung with even more power than anything she had ever said.

As if on command, Dar'gon got to it immediately, taking the right paw, while Mar'gon, who still moved sluggishly, took the left one.

From the moment he gave the first lick, Dar'gon felt something awakening inside him. It was more than sexual submission and lust. It felt like actual worshiping. He felt as if he was kissing the paws of a superior being, a superior dragon.

He felt as if he was kissing not the paws of Mahr'daga, the S'handagaran dragoness that had captured him, but the paws of an actual dragon Goddess. He felt like a lowly servant begging for mercy, or a priest trying to appease her wrath by whatever means necessary.

Another one followed suit, each of them long and passionate. He even gave a little kiss every now and then, trying not to miss any of the tiny scales covering the front of her paw with his tongue.

"Good dragon..." growled Mahr'daga, clearly pleased with his efforts.

When she turned to Mar'gon though, it was a different story. He licked mechanically and at random. It was obvious he had never kissed paws before, nor had he harbored any such fantasies...

She was not happy. She stepped on his face, making him yelp.

"You call this worshiping?!" she barked "Your licks need to be longer than that!" she instructed "You need to lick the entire paw! And put more pressure! They're scales, not delicate petals!"

Mar'gon obeyed immediately, giving longer and stronger licks, just as he was instructed. Still, it wasn't good enough for Mahr'daga. She stepped on his muzzle again!

“Terrible, slave! If you were in the S’hur’dayan Empire you would have been executed right on the spot with that kind of worshipping!” she barked, no longer purring.

“Look at your friend! See how he’s worshipping my paw? He’s doing everything he can to make sure I’m enjoying this. Every lick, every kiss is full of passion, love, submission and adoration!”

Dar’gon had never felt so conflicted in his life. He was so happy that Mahr’daga was praising him, but on the other hand, he was sad that Mar’gon was getting yelled at.

“Look! He’s isn’t even missing a single itch! He’s loving it! He loves worshipping my paw! He’s behaving like a true slave should!”

She emphasized the point by putting more pressure on Mar’gon’s head, making him cry in pain.

“Pay attention to what he’s doing! Do everything he does! And make sure you put some love into it!”

Mar’gon did as he was instructed. He was copying everything Dar’gon did, but Mahr’daga still wasn’t satisfied. He couldn’t muster enough “love” to put into it. She stamped on his head again.

“Are you deaf?! I said PUT SOME LOVE INTO IT, SLAVE! Don’t just copy what your friend is doing!”

He was trying, he was trying really hard, but it still wasn’t good enough. He had never done this before. He had never fantasized about it. It was much harder than it seemed.

Eventually Mahr’daga lost her patience and stamped on his head so hard that she pierced and shredded several scales from his face and pierced the tender skin with her claws.

“Maybe I made a mistake...” she said, her tone as cold as ice “maybe you’re a worthless catch. And if there’s one thing I hate, is having wasted my time capturing worthless dragons...”

Mar’gon whined pitifully, begging for mercy. Mahr’daga though wasn’t moved. Her tone didn’t warm one bit.

“This is your final warning, slave. Worship these paws, the right way, or I’ll crush your skull and feed your dead body to the Wretches. Do you understand?”

Mar’gon let out more whining in response.

“DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!” Mahr’daga roared, so loud that Dar’gon could feel it in every fiber of his body.

Mar’gon let out the most pathetic whine Dar’gon had ever heard. Dar’gon had never known a dragon could utter such a pitiful sound, let alone someone like Mar’gon.

“Go on...” she ordered, with the coldness of a cruel Goddess about to deliver the final blow.

Mar’gon did just that. Worshiping her left paw like his entire life depended on it, doing everything Dar’gon did and putting as much passion into it as he could muster. He only wanted the dragoness to stop being so angry.

“That’s better...” Mahr’daga said. Her voice warmed just a tiny bit.

Mar’gon, elated that he was finally going in the right way, redoubled his efforts. He was finally worshiping the right way!

“Adequate” Mahr’daga said after a while “But it still doesn’t compare to the worshiping of this little dragon...” she said, turning her head towards him, her voice warming considerably now. He hadn’t stopped worshiping or slacked off throughout all the scene.

“Such a good little dragon...” she whispered to him, eliciting loud purrs from him and even more passionate worshiping.

Another drop of pre-cum dripped from her pussy.

“This...” she explained “Is the standard way in which a slave is expected to greet their Mistress. By worshiping the dragoness’s paws, you show her that you’re submissive, obedient, and that you recognize her superiority towards you. You also show unconditional loyalty to her and that you will obey her orders without question”

“And... most importantly... you show her that you love her, you’re devoted to her and that you would do anything for her”

Dar’gon was somehow able to get the gist of everything she was saying, despite the fact that he only had eyes for the paw in front of him. The part about “showing your love” though he understood very well!

“You’re also expected to do the same when you greet other S’handagaran dragonesses” Mahr’daga continued “Each dragoness, and each culture, has their own little spin on this greeting. Whatever you’re expected to do, you have to give it your very best. Your actions will reflect on your Mistress’s reputation.”

"If you do poorly, like this dragon here..." she looked at Mar'gon "you will be punished by the your Mistress and your guest too. If the dragoness is a sadistic bastard, you're in for a world of pain..."

"However..." she said in a far cheerier tone "If you do a very good, like this little dragon here..." she said, gazing at Dar'gon "you shall be rewarded, very handsomely..."

Upon hearing the word "reward", Dar'gon started wrapping his tongue around her paw, kissing with much more frequency, and giving longer, and more passionate kissing. He even started nuzzling it.

It was such good worshiping that Mahr'daga couldn't contain herself. "That's it... Keep it up..." escaped from her maws, barely audible over her purrs.

Soon Dar'gon was no longer thinking about anything except about the paw that he was worshiping. It was the most beautiful paw that Dar'gon had ever seen.

He had never been too much into paws, but now, he perfectly understood those who were. Who wouldn't be tempted to worship such a beautiful paw?

He found himself almost trying to lick the underside of the paw, but unfortunately the floor prevented him from reaching it! No matter how hard he tried, the floor wouldn't allow him any passage.

Fortunately, his efforts had not gone unnoticed by Mahr'daga.

"My, my... such a paw-hungry slut..." she growled. She lifted her paw, and twisted her ankle so that her paw-pads and paw-beans were right in Dar'gon's face.

Dar'gon's nose was immediately assaulted by the scent of Mahr'daga's arousal, making him moan and leak from the chastity belt. He worshiped the pads and the beans as if he was worshiping her pussy. Licking, sniffing, sucking, and kissing, with the occasional nuzzle added to it too.

"Good drrrragon..." she growled and slurred. She was rewarded with a more passionate worshiping from the dragon.

*Lick *Lick *Sniff *Lick *Kiss *Lick *Nuzzle

"Grrr.... If only I had known you werrrrrrre such a fucking paw-slut, before..."

*Lick *Lick *Sniff *Lick *Kiss *Lick *Nuzzle

As she reveled in Dar'gon's worshiping, Mahr'daga then chanced a glance at Mar'gon. He was finally worshiping like a real slave should. It was nothing spectacular, but something every potential Mistress would be happy with.

“Such beautiful little slaves...” she growled. She reveled in their worshiping for a long while. She was itching to masturbate so badly, but somehow she managed to contain herself. Yet.

“Grrr... All rrrright slaves!” she announced in her Goddess-like tone which was made even more commanding and intimidating thanks to her growls “Lesson’s overrrrr! Grrr.... Time to play a little game...”

Immediately, as if a light had shone on him, Dar’gon felt enough clarity to pay attention to what Mahr’daga was saying, despite the fact that he had to continue worshiping.

“It’s called “paw-gasm”... Grrr... You have to make yourrrrr Mistrrrrress cum by just worrrrrrrshipping herrrrrrr paws...”

Making her cum just by worshiping her paws? Dar’gon had never known that to be possible. But if it was what Mahr’daga wanted, he would do everything he can to make her cum.

“The slave that perrrrrforms best, will be rrrrewarded. Grrr... Maybe, I may just let him out of his chastity belts...”

If Dar’gon had been determined before, after hearing those words, he had no other though other than making Mahr’daga cum by worshiping her paw. Even if he would take forever, even if he would die trying, he wouldn’t stop until she would cum. Even Mar’gon looked determined.

“All rrrright... Get set... GO!” she roared.

Both dragons truly gave it their all. However, Dar’gon immediately took the lead, judging by Mahr’daga’s growls of pleasure whenever she looked at him.

*LICK *LICK *SNIFF *LICK *KISS *LICK *NUZZLE

He had to make her cum.

*LICK *LICK *SNIFF *LICK *KISS *LICK *NUZZLE

He had to cum! It had been too long since the last orgasm! His entire life depended on him winning.

*LICK *LICK *SNIFF *LICK *KISS *LICK *NUZZLE

He had to win, by whatever means necessary...

(...)

Mahr'daga let out her loudest growl yet. She couldn't speak anymore. She couldn't hold out much longer. Both dragons had managed to pleasure her within an inch of orgasm. Not once, had the dragoness touched her pussy, even with her dark forces.

Dar'gon was winning though, by far. Mar'gon didn't stand a chance.

He would win and then-

Suddenly Mahr'daga removed her paw from his muzzle. She then shoved Mar'gon aside by kicking him with her left hind paw.

She then turned around and pinned his head down by the horns with her front paws. She then twisted his head to one side. Finally she unceremoniously sat in front of his muzzle and shoved it inside her pussy.

The game was over. Dar'gon had won.

Mahr'daga then started muzzle-fucking for a little bit, her motions quick, harsh and powerful, still pinning his head down by the horns.

She quickly drove herself to climax and it wasn't long before she came hard on his face.

The flow of cum that erupted from her pussy was not as strong as last time, so Dar'gon had much trouble gulping it all down. His belly didn't swell as much. However, the pent-up frustration that he felt soon after, was still as bad as last time.

"We have a winnerrrrrrrrr!" Mahr'daga growled after she had ridden the last wave of pleasure "Well done, little drrrrrrrrragon..."

Dar'gon purred loudly, despite his frustration. He had won! He was so happy! He had never been so happy in his life, even meeting his old friend couldn't compare to this!

"As prrrrrromised, you shall be rrrrrrewarrrrrrded..."

Dar'gon couldn't have been happier. Even his frustration no longer felt as bad as before. He would finally cum! He would finally be out of that chastity belt!

"You have won the privilege of worshiping my paws until I fall asleep!" Mahr'daga declared, her voice back to normal.

Dar'gon felt his own heart break apart inside his chest, his happiness evaporating like snow under the scorching sun. More paw-worshiping? That was it? He wanted to cum!

He was about to protest, when Mahr'daga presented him with both of her paws, the underside of them fully exposed.

“Go on...” she cooed “Take your reward”

The scent of her pads and beans somehow calmed his mounting frustration. He started licking, sniffing, kissing and nuzzling, like he had done before. It felt good. The frustration didn't feel as bad anymore...

“That's right little dragon” she purred “The pheromones from my paws have the ability to calm your frustration. If you want to sleep tonight, you won't take your muzzle off my paws...”

Dar'gon believed it. He believed every word of it. He felt the effect in his body. His frustration felt, slightly more tolerable with every lick he gave.

“You!” Mahr'daga barked to Mar'gon who was huddled in a corner, watching them both.

“You did well...” she whispered, making him perk up “I knew you were a good little dragon...”

Mar'gon let out a tiny purr. He didn't notice the muzzle hovering above his face, held up by Mahr'daga's dark forces. It clamped down on him and fastened itself around his head, before he could even process what was happening.

“You've earned yourself a nice little nap...” Mahr'daga said, before stabbing him in the neck with her tail-stinger, making him go out cold.

She then sprawled on the floor, putting both of her front paws around the sleeping dragon's neck in the way of a possessing hug. She then let out a contented sigh, reveling in Dar'gon's worshiping.

“Good night, little paw-slut...” she then said, before yawning loudly.

It didn't take her long to go to sleep. Dar'gon, meanwhile, couldn't sleep. He had to keep worshiping, or his frustration would be back to torment him.

This was going to be a long night...

TO BE CONTINUED