

CHAPTER 3

DRASTIC MEASURES

“Good dragon...”

Purred Mahr’daga as Dar’gon licked, kissed and worshiped her pussy, hitting all the right spots and putting just the right amount of pressure. Each of his licks, kisses, sniffs and sucking was ravenous, passionate, and done with the right timing.

The dragoness had her front paws on his horns, pinning his head in place and preventing him from making even the slightest movements. Not that he could have moved anyway with all the bondage gear he was wearing and the chain shackling his collar to the wall.

Dar’gon purred loudly, although nowhere near as loudly as Mahr’daga, alternating purrs between licks, kisses and sniffs. He felt elated, like he always did after winning one of Mahr’daga’s challenges.

His chastity cage was already leaking copiously, but he had gotten much better at handling his pent-up frustration and the prolonged lack of orgasm.

For the past few weeks Mahr’daga had tested Dar’gon and Mar’gon’s worshiping abilities with several challenges: making her cum by worshiping her paws, her anus, how much of a dildo they could take up their asses, how long they could hold out with a vibrator placed on their chastity belts, and other such challenges.

Dar’gon had won every single one of them. There hadn’t been any competition at all. Mar’gon was simply no match for him.

Mahr’daga was really pleased with him. She had told him, soon after winning the last challenge, where they had to groom Mahr’daga’s paw scales to a sheen, that he was already great slave material to begin with, but now he he had become even better in the month he had spend in the her captivity.

“Such a great, beautiful slave...” she growled as her pleasure mounted quickly already, despite the fact that Dar’gon had only just started worshiping her...

Suddenly, there was a loud, pleading whine coming just nearby. Besides Dar’gon, also chained to the wall, and moaning pitifully was Mar’gon. He had lost, yet again. He was now forced to watch as his friend worshiped the dragoness, like usual.

Being forced to watch his friend tasting Mahr'daga's pussy and the fact that he could smell her arousal all too well, for the umpteenth time, was really doing a number on him. He was desperate to taste her pussy. It had been almost a month since he had been captured and he had never gotten to worship it...

The fact that he hadn't been able to cum in so long was also driving him crazy, literally.

Mahr'daga spared him only a quick glance. She pretended to pay him no mind, but in fact, she loved hearing him whine and plead. They added to the sound of Dar'gon worshipping her, like a symphony of pleasure and submission, the look of pure desperation in Mar'gon's eyes, the icing on the cake.

"Tenth victory in a row..." she growled "You must really love my pussy that much don't you slave?"

Dar'gon answered her question by pushing his muzzle against her labias, parting them apart a little, and purring even louder. Besides continuing his worshipping, it was all he could do since he couldn't nod and he was too drugged up with Mahr'daga's pheromones to be able to give coherent answers.

"You really want to be my fucking cloaca slave forever, don't you?"

Again, Dar'gon answered by shoving his muzzle deeper inside her pussy, all the while continuing his great worshipping, and purring louder still.

"Mhhhhrrrr.... I'll take it as a yes..." she growled, before adding "I wished I could claim you..."

She stared at him with eyes that were so hungry, that not all the worshipping and fucking in the world would have sated her desire. It was a look of pure unadulterated dominance, the look of a dragoness who wanted the world, everything in it, and more.

"You'd feel right at home in my harem..."

Those words made Dar'gon so happy that he could burst, literally. He had never before complemented this much in his life. Never, had a female recognized his qualities like this S'handagaran dragoness who had captured and wanted to sell him into slavery.

Like this dragoness who wanted to claim him as her slave...

He would have cried from happiness, if he could. But he still had plenty of worshipping to do and Mahr'daga wouldn't be pleased if he started slacking off or if he so much as paused.

So, he shoved his muzzle deep inside the dragoness's pussy, until he could no longer breathe anything other than her scent and her arousal. Still, he never missed a bit on his worshiping and was rewarded with a louder growl from the dragoness.

"Grrrrrrr.... Good drrrragonn..." she growled, slurring her "r"s like she always did when she was getting really turned on.

Suddenly, a loud cry broke through the cavern. It was quickly followed by the sound of clanking chains.

Mar'gon was pulling against his chains with all his might and desperately trying to reach her, screaming through his gag like a dragon gone mad!

"Silence!" she half-roared, half-growled, half-screamed, resulting in a voice that could have been the stuff of nightmares. The dragon immediately stepped back as if he had just been raked on the muzzle. His whining stopped and he was looking at her like a quivering prey.

Even Dar'gon was looking at her with worried eyes, despite never stopping his worshiping.

"Tenth lost in rrrrow..." she growled. Her voice now had a hard, cold edge to it that made her growls of pleasure sound like threatening growls, the growls of a big, hungry, scary predator and made them much, much more frightening.

Mar'gon was too busy trying to avoid her withering gaze, so he didn't notice her tail wrapping around his neck. Her sharp appendage pointed straight below his jaw line, threatening to slit his throat at any moment.

As panic settled inside him, Mar'gon started actually shaking in fear, breathing coming in quick, raspy breaths, as Mahr'daga held his life in her tail.

"A month... Grrr... and yourrrr worshiping is still terrible... Grrr... No imprrrrovement... Grrr... No passion... Nothing!"

Every single one of her word felt like Mar'gon's was being raked across his muzzle. Every single one of those words felt like the last before she would cut his throat.

"I've waited and waited... Grrr... For you to improve... And this is the reward I get! Grrr.... No more... Drrrastic measures will have to be taken... Tomorrrrow..." she growled, before stabbing the dragon in the neck and knocking him out cold.

She then unceremoniously tossed his body on the floor where he lay motionless, still breathing and alive, but motionless.

Dar'gon barely managed to hold himself from stopping his worshipping, thanks to his training and Mahr'daga's pheromones, but still, he did whine a little, despite himself. It was his friend after all. Poor Mar'gon...

"Awwrrrr... you feel sympathy forrrr him? Grrrr... That's cute..." growled Mahr'daga, the hard edge gone from her voice as she looked at Dar'gon "Listen... Grrr... If you do a good enough job worrrrrrshipping me... Grrr... I may go easy on him..."

Dar'gon immediately perked, the tinge of sadness sadness beginning to well inside him vanishing instantly to be replaced with determination.

He had to give it his best! He had to give Mahr'daga the best orgasm yet! If he did a good enough job, his friend wouldn't suffer so much. Maybe she would even change her mind!

He would do it! He had to do it! For his friend...

He pulled his muzzle out of Mahr'daga's pussy and he immediately changed his pattern of licking. There was more licking, and sucking and less kissing and sniffing. The pressure behind each lick and suck increased but each of them were slower, designed to prolong the pleasure.

Mahr'daga didn't disapprove of him pulling his muzzle out of her pussy and changing his style of licking. In fact, she responded very well, letting out long, deep growl of pleasure.

"Grrrr.... That's it... Grrrr... That's the spot..."

Yes! It was working!

"Grrr... why couldn't he be like you..." she growled, more to herself than Dar'gon "why couldn't he be perfect, like you...?"

Dar'gon meanwhile slightly increased the rate of licks and the amount of time he spent sucking too. He also slightly increased the pressure, slowly continuing to build her pleasure.

He wasn't paying any attention to her compliments. He had a friend to help.

"Grrrr... Yes... Aaarrrrghrrr.... you're the perfect little slave... Look at you! Just a month of training, and you're already better than many pleasure slaves!"

Once again, Dar'gon paid her compliments no mind, although his pride did swell a lot, just like his determination.

He quickly fell into a rythm, prolonging Mahr'daga's pleasure as much as he could, while inching her ever so slowly to orgasm.

"You'rrrrre... Grrr.... starrrrrrting to figurrrrrrre out.... Grrrrrr.... I like to go forrrrrr a long time... Grrrr.... instead of getting it overrrrrrr quickly... Grrrrr..... Good drrrrrrrragon...."

Her slurring was getting worse and worse, her growling deeper and deeper. It wouldn't be long before she wouldn't be able to talk anymore.

"You.... Grrrrrr.... Could be a part.... Grrrrr.... of a generrrrrral's harem!"

As if a little clock inside his mind had told him it was time, Dar'gon shoved his muzzle inside her pussy again, not too deep and not too little, just enough. All the while he continued his worshiping, slightly increasing his rate of licks.

Mahr'daga let out a roar of pure bliss.

"FUUUUUCK... Grrrrr.... You could be worrrrrthy of the Sun Emprrrresssss herrrrrrrrself!" she half-roared, half-growled, barely able to hold herself from grabbing Dar'gon's horns and muzzle-fuck him hard.

She wouldn't be able to hold out much longer though. Especially with Dar'gon never missing a bit, continuing his worship while sticking his muzzle inside Mahr'daga's pussy, being able to breathe nothing more than her pheromones and her arousal.

He also managed not to spill a single drop of pre-cum and juice, which only increased her arousal further still...

For a little while, it went on like this: Dar'gon trying to prolong her pleasure as much as he could and Mahr'daga trying to hold herself back. However, when Dar'gon tried to dig his muzzle even further into her pussy, Mahr'daga couldn't hold back any longer.

She grabbed Dar'gon by the horns and started muzzle-fucking him, brutally and harshly. She was so turned on, so consumed with lust that her muzzle-fucking was the harshest yet.

So harsh, in fact, that every single thrust peeled off scales from Dar'gon's head, shredded the tender skin within and drew plenty of blood.

Her pheromones were so powerful, produced such a powerful heat inside his body that Dar'gon's body started actually hurting. He was so consumed with lust that his brain no longer seemed phisically inside his skull, as if it had all leaked out.

As Mahr'daga pummeled his muzzle, capable of letting out only deep, guttural growls that reverberated through the walls, all thoughts of helping his friend had evaporated. Only pure, unadulterated lust, mixed with complete and utter submission, remained.

He wanted to lose himself in the heat, so bad... But he couldn't. he had a dragoness to please.

He tried never to miss a beat, but it was tough. Mahr'daga's muzzle-fucking was getting quicker and harsher still, causing him even more pain. Her pheromones were getting more powerful too, his body hurt more and more from all this heat...

He was actually whining and struggling a little now.

Time went on and on and Mahr'daga still didn't climax. Her muzzle-fucking had become downright brutal. His muzzle hurt so much, as if it had lost all skin. Dar'gon struggled harder and harder as the excruciating heat became more and more unbearable.

He was also running really low on air. He had to breathe. He had to breathe really badly...

After what seemed like an eternity, Mahr'daga finally shoved Dar'gon's muzzle so far inside her pussy, her labias almost touched his eyelids and she roared so loud that the walls shook as she came on his face.

The flow of cum that erupted from her pussy was much, much stronger than a tsunami. Dar'gon felt as if he had been hit by the full force of all the oceans in the world.

He opened his mouth as much as he could and he started gulping down. The flow never seemed to slow down like before. In fact, it kept getting stronger and stronger.

It wasn't long before fatigue started settling in. Her climax seemed to last forever, and just when he thought the flow would finally start to slow down, it would come back with a vengeance.

At least, the cum seemed to quench his tremendous heat, even if a little bit.

Still, his throat hurt, his muzzle felt like it would tear off his head at any moment, his belly looked like he was pregnant with dozens and dozens of eggs. He had also run out of breath and was about to pass out. Still, he had to drink everything.

It was a long while before Mahr'daga finally rode the last wave of pleasure and the flow of cum finally slowed down to a trickle and stopped. Still, that had taken a long time. By that point Dar'gon was about to pass out. His belly was so swollen he looked like he was pregnant with several dozen eggs. He also felt like he no longer had a muzzle.

But it didn't matter. Somehow, he had managed to gulp it all down, without letting a single drop go to waste. When Mahr'daga finally released him, her rump was the cleanest it had ever been. There was very little cum stuck to it.

Still Dar'gon lapped up everything that he could, without waiting for Mahr'daga to give the order. It wasn't long though, before he started licking and sucking spots that were already cleaned off. The effects of her cum on his heat were starting to wear off.

The dragoness meanwhile was still letting out deep growl after deep growl as she went through the aftereffects of what had no doubt been a very powerful climax. She was salivating and was letting out purple flames from her nostrils.

When she finally looked at him, her eyes were a fiery deep purple, a color he had never seen on her before. It was even hungrier than the look she gave him when she had told him she wanted to claim him for her harem...

"Grrr.... You've... Grrrr... rrrreally outdone yourrrself... Grrr... little drrrrragon... Grrr...."

Dar'gon swelled with pride and happiness, despite the excruciating heat. However, he didn't get to revel in it for long, because Mahr'daga shoved his muzzle inside her pussy again.

"RRRRRRRRReady for rrrrrrrround two?"

(...)

Dar'gon was exhausted. It had taken three rounds of long pussy-worshiping before Mahr'daga's lust had been sated. During the last round, his muzzle was too sore to work and he couldn't gulp down all the cum.

He had made a mess on the floor and Mahr'daga had forced him to clean it up with his tongue. His muzzle had been so caked with cum that Mahr'daga had to drag him to the lava pool for a quick wash.

She hadn't complained at all, not even when she forced him to clean up the floor. She looked too consumed with lust to be disappointed. In fact, it was almost as if THAT had been her desired outcome all along.

After that, she had him worshiping her paws for the rest of the night in order to quench his "heat" and he hadn't managed to get a wink of sleep. He was still doing it, because the heat had only marginally got better.

He envied his friend Mar'gon. He had been lying like that for the entire night and he still hadn't woken up. What he wouldn't give to sleep right about now...

Morning had come and gone. Now it was afternoon and Mahr'daga still hadn't woken up. She should be up and about right now. Maybe cumming three times the previous night had taken a toll on her...

So Dar'gon continued licking. The heat inside was finally starting to go down, but it was still strong. It would be a while before it would go down to a manageable level.

"HMMMMMM...."

Mar'gon stirred... He was waking up!

"Rrrrrrrrgh..."

And so was Mahr'daga... After yawning loudly, showing all of her teeth and her purple tongue, she looked at Dar'gon, still worshiping her paws...

"Good morning, little paw-slut..." she purred "did you sleep well?"

Dar'gon let out a tired whine.

"Good... Glad to hear it..."

Dar'gon let out a frustrated and tired whine.

"Still hungry for my paws are you? Lovely..."

Before Dar'gon could whine a third time, Mahr'daga's stinger stabbed him in the neck. It penetrated for just a tiny bit, but it was enough to make Dar'gon's eyes droop.

His heat immediately died out, and his head dropped to the floor. Despite struggling to keep his eyes open, sleep wouldn't claim him. Mahr'daga had injected him with just enough poison to kill his heat, but not enough to put him to sleep.

"Sorry, paw-slut. I'd love for you to worship my paws some more..." Mahr'daga said as she got up "but I've got some things to take care of..." she said, her voice suddenly cold and steely.

The dragoness went straight to Mar'gon, who was still recovering from the after-effects of Mahr'daga's poison.

"Get up" she ordered in her all-powerful-goddess tone, but it sounded much colder this time. It held all of the power, all of the domination, but none of the "warmth" it usually had.

Mar'gon caught a glimpse of her eyes and he immediately shirked back. He wore a look of pure panic on his muzzle as if he come face to face with an Alpha Wretch. He was that scared.

"A- Ah'mh shurry!" pleaded Mar'gon through his muzzle, his voice quivering with fear.

"Get up" she ordered again, her tone even colder than before, carrying the unspoken threat of a thousand cruel punishments that awaited if he didn't obey.

It took Mar'gon a while to get up, because he moved with the grace of a hatchling, as if he had forgotten how his body worked. He never once looked at Mahr'daga straight in the eyes, as if he feared she was going to murder him with her stare alone.

Mahr'daga didn't say anything all the while. She merely unlinked the chain of Mar'gon's collar from the wall.

"Phlllhss!" he pleaded through the gag.

"Silence..."

That was all the warning Mar'gon got before she yanked the chain forward. The dragon hadn't expected it and fell clumsily to the floor, shackled front paw between his also shackled hind paw.

Mahr'daga didn't say anything, not even a "tut-tut". She didn't even spank him, whip him or insult him, like she had done the last few challenges when he lost. She kept staring at him with that same expression that scared the hell out of Mar'gon every time he looked at her.

"Get up" she ordered. Her tone was now as cold as a snowstorm.

Mar'gon got up, a bit faster than before, but the dragoness yanked the chain forward as soon as he had done it. Mar'gon wasn't prepared for it, and he clumsily fell to the floor, again.

Once again, Mahr'daga's mood and expression didn't change.

"The more you drag this on, the worse it will be for you. Get up"

As Mar'gon struggled to get up again, Mar'gon felt fear rising inside him too, and not because Mar'gon wasn't behaving at all like his usual, past, brave self.

He had expected Mahr'daga to get angry Mar'gon at this point, or lose her temper. Instead, she behaved in a cold, distant matter, as if she didn't care about this in the slightest.

This was even more frightening, because he had no idea what to expect. The fact that she hadn't called him the usual "slut" or "slave" was even more worrying, because it Mahr'daga's way of "showing that she cared" as she had put it.

“Move... and don’t fall if you know what’s good for you...” threatened Mahr’daga, her voice as sharp as blades made of ice.

Mar’gon managed not to fall when his chain was yanked forward. As Mahr’daga led him towards the stock, he tried to keep up with the dragoness but it was very difficult for him to move with the bondage gear he was wearing and with his tail bound behind his neck.

Unlike Dar’gon, he wasn’t used at all to walk all bound like this...

THUMP!

The sound of Mar’gon falling on the floor reverberated through the cavern as if a boulder had just fallen. For a moment everything seemed to stop. Mar’gon started sobbing. Dar’gon kept staring full of worry at his friend and at Mar’daga, fully expecting her to attack Mar’gon or kill him.

However, she did no such thing. She did shake her head, the way a disappointed parent would do with her hatchlings.

“Ah’mh shurry!!!” pleaded Mar’gon through his muzzle, tears flowing down his eyes. Mahr’daga wasn’t moved in the slightest.

“Get up... Now...”

Mar’gon tried to get up, but struggled even harder. It seemed as if his strength had left him. The tears meanwhile just kept coming. Mahr’daga shook her head again, letting a deep displeased sigh.

She then suddenly turned her head towards Dar’gon.

He immediately shirked away as much as his tired body allowed. She looked like an angry goddess, full of cold disdain, cold hatred and cold fury. She looked like she was about to deliver a capital punishment, like it was ordinary business, and all the pleading and praying in the world wouldn’t be able to sway her.

“Watch, slave... This is what happens to those who displease me...”

She then turned back towards Mar’gon who had managed to finally get up but was still crying and sobbing.

“Phlllhss!”

“One more word and I’ll glue that muzzle on you, permanently. Now move...”

Mar’gon fell another two times before he finally reached the stocks. Mahr’daga no longer shook her head anymore. Instead she let out threatening growls which lasted

until Mar'gon got up. When he did, she also yanked his chain much harder than before. At one point, she had almost strangled him.

When they finally reached their destination, the stocks, Mar'gon was a sobbing mess. Dar'gon had never seen his friend in such a miserable state, ever. Poor Mar'gon...

Mahr'daga opened one of the stocks that was bigger than the one Dar'gon had been put into. She yanked Mar'gon's chain so that he was forced to put his head and neck through the opening and quickly locked it, trapping the dragon. She fixed a spreader bar on his hind legs, above his shackles, and then fixed his chain to the wall.

She didn't take her time doing this, like she usually did. She worked with cold efficiency and all too soon, she was already finished.

"What have I told you about worshiping me?"

She said, pinning the bound dragon under a cold, murderous glare. Mar'gon responded by making the most pitiful whining sound he could muster, which was nowhere near enough to move the dragoness.

"Only GOOD slaves get to worship me. Only GOOD slaves who know how to eat out their Mistress, lick her paws, and PLEASE her get to worship me."

Mar'gon made another whine, which fared no better than the previous one.

"Only GOOD slaves like your FRIEND there get to worship me" she added with a quick nod to Dar'gon. He immediately shirked away under her stare, even though he wasn't the target of her cold ire.

"You..." she said, her gaze back to Mar'gon "on the other hand... are NOT a good slave. At all"

Her tone carried such a finality that Dar'gon was sure she was about to execute his friend right then and there.

"You've done nothing but disappoint me"

Mar'gon started crying hysterically. He tried to plead, but every single word was rendered unintelligible by the gag, the sobbing and the crying.

"Stop crying or I'll put you to sleep for good..." she threatened him in her cold tone that carried the force and the power of a thousand snowstorms.

Mar'gon took a long time to get a better hold of himself, through which, Mahr'daga never released him from her stare. She didn't even blink.

Only when he stopped crying hysterically, she continued, so that her words could still be heard, loud and clear over his sobbing.

"I really though i could turn you into a great slave... Just like all the others that i captured before you..." she said, prowling around him, like a cold, calculating predator sizing up her prey.

"You see, I only catch QUALITY slaves" continued Mahr'daga "I'm known among the Black Jaw and even in the S'hur'dayan Empire for bringing the BEST slaves money can buy. Every single dragon i've caught has ended part of the harem of an important dragoness. One of them was even claimed by the S'hur'dayan Empress herself!"

"I caught you for the same reason I caught your friend... Because I saw potential in you. I believed that, beneath the rough edges, was a very good slave... I believed that with a little bit of coaching, I could bring that out..."

"Instead, it's been a whole month, and I still haven't seen any progress with you! Your worshiping skills are still unacceptable! You still don't think and act like a slave should! ..."

As Mahr'daga continued listing his failures, as if they were heinous crimes, Mar'gon hung his head in shame, tears dripping on the floor. Dar'gon felt every single of Mahr'daga's sentences slice through his friend's soul and confidence like dragon claws on tender meat.

"I have been so kind to you. I have given you chance after chance... I chose to believe in you when many other dragonesses would have called it quits! I could have killed you any time you made a pathetic mistake!"

"But I didn't... Do you know why? Because as much as I hate wasting my time on useless slaves... I hate throwing away all of my efforts even more..."

Mar'gon immediately perked up, as if that phrase had injected new life in him. Dar'gon perked up too.

"I'll give you one final chance. If you displease me, again, I'll rip your body, limb by limb, then throw your remains to the Wolfz'arhs... And then I'll take out my anger on your friend..."

Mar'gon bristled and so did Dar'gon, and not just when he heard Mahr'daga saying she would take her anger out on him. The Wolfz'arhs had been his bane when he was an outcast, even more than the Wretches...

They were lizard-wolves who hunted in pack, like wolves, but were much more powerful. The males were dangerous, but the females were downright terrifying:

vicious, huge, and extremely aggressive. They made their male counterpart look like puppies in comparison, and not just because of their sizes and behaviours...

They could easily kill a dragonling, even an adult dragon if he wasn't careful or was weak enough. And they were just one of the many new dark lizard-species that had popped up ever since the S'handagaran had started taking hold on the world...

Some of them were relatively harmless, except they drove the local game away and couldn't be hunted, because they were difficult to kill or made terrible game.

Other were even more dangerous than the Wretches, like the Wolfz'arhs...

"I'm gonna make HIM pay" continued Mahr'daga "for every single one of your failures and mistakes, twice over! Do you understand?"

Mar'gon nodded vigorously and made pathetic whining sounds for good measure.

Mahr'daga appeared satisfied enough with this answer because she turned around and headed towards the pile of bondage gear in the corner of the room opposite to where Dar'gon was chained up.

"Since you appear enjoy my scent so much" Mahr'daga said eventually "So much that you can't control your impulses... I've decided to give you a little whiff..."

What...? That didn't make sense... How was Mar'gon getting to smell Mahr'daga's scent a punishment for his bad performance?

Something was up... What was she planning?

The dragoness conjured dark forces which produced, from her pile of bondage gear, what looked like a mask. It was designed to completely envelop a dragon's head. It was completely black, with only a pair of holes for the horns. At one end, where the muzzle went, was attached a long purple tube, at the other a pair of buckles.

She then produced what looked like a canister. It was completely black, with ruby stripes. It kind of reminded Dar'gon of Mahr'daga scale colors and patterns. It floated right next to him, and immediately his nose was assaulted by the overwhelming scent of the dragoness's arousal, just like when he had worshiped her pussy the night before.

It was even stronger. No, it was much stronger. It was pure, undiluted, concentrated arousal. Mahr'daga's arousal...

He moaned and whined loudly, and not just from pleasure. He figured out immediately what Mahr'daga was about to do, and he didn't like it one bit...

and bits of them had been ripped off and lay under him. His breathing was sounding more and more labored as time went on and his struggling was losing steam...

If Mahr'daga didn't come back soon... Mar'gon probably wouldn't live to see another day...

Dar'gon felt so sorry for his friend. He didn't deserve any of this suffering, despite his mistakes. It hurt him to see him in so much pain.

And yet...

He wanted to be in Mar'gon's place... Being forced to smell nothing more than her concentrated hormones, never being able to do anything to make his heat down, having his brain turned into mush until-

"I'm baaaaaaaack!"

Mahr'daga's voice from out of the cave snapped him back to reality. Mar'gon also stopped struggling immediately, he also stopped sobbing too.

The dragoness had sounded happy... very happy... at least, much happier than usual...

When the dragoness finally arrived at the entrance of the cave, Dar'gon saw why she had sounded so happy. There were two more dragons, lying unconscious on her back, two new captives.

The moment he saw her, Mar'gon started crying and struggling again.

"How's my favorite cloaca-slave?" she called, in her evil-cheerful tone, to Dar'gon, completely ignoring Mar'gon. Dar'gon responded with a whine, which was completely drowned out by Mar'gon's cries.

"Sorry what was that? Didn't hear you..." she called, the hard edge coming back to her voice. Dar'gon moaned more loudly, but Mar'gon's cries still drowned it out.

This time, Mahr'daga didn't ask Dar'gon to repeat himself. She went straight to Mar'gon and then conjured several dark forces that clasped all around his neck, just before the stocks.

Mar'gon stopped crying immediately. However, he started emitting loud choking sounds instead, as he suddenly couldn't breathe anymore. His struggles had gotten much weaker too...

The mask was clearly muffling his noises, but there was no mistake about what Mahr'daga was doing. She was strangling him!

“Silence” she said, her voice barely louder a whisper, her tone as glacial as the worst blizzard the gods could have ever produced “I can’t hear my favorite cloaca-slave...”

Mar’gon only emitted more choking sounds. The dragoness then got so close to him that her snout almost touched him. Her eyes were like cold daggers.

“One more peep out of your muzzle, and I’ll end you, understood?”

Mar’gon nodded, very weakly. He was so weak now that he could barely manage to stand up. His legs were about to give out...

Fortunately, Mahr’daga was satisfied with his response and released him, leaving him to cough and sputter. It didn’t last for long as the dragoness’s concentrated pheromones quickly took hold of his body and brain again.

He started struggling again, but this time, he kept quiet. Or, rather, as quiet as a dragon could be in his situation. Moans did escape his muzzle from time to time, as well as the occasional sob.

Fortunately, they were quiet enough for Mahr’daga, who left him alone to suffer.

“As I was saying...” she said, her voice back to her evil-cheerful self, as if nothing had happened “How’s my favorite cloaca-slave doing?”

Dar’gon whined in response.

“Glad to hear it. I’m doing great too, because I’ve got myself a haul right here” she said, gesturing towards the two dragons lying unconscious on her back.

They were fire dragons, like Dar’gon, but were completely red and didn’t have any of the black stripes Dar’gon had. Their horns also curved differently. They were members of the Children of the Sun, one of the rivals to the Lava Wyrms.

A small growl escaped his muzzled muzzle. He remembered the first time they had raided the Lava Wyrms. He had almost lost his life in the battle...

“Interesting... Do you know them?” asked Mahr’daga. Dar’gon shook his head. They were from a rival tribe but he had never seen them before. They didn’t look like fighters either, so there was no way he could battled with them in the past and didn’t remember.

“No? Me neither” she then laughed out loud at her joke. Her laughter never stopped sending chills down Dar’gon’s spine. It was such an evil, unnatural sound that no dragon should have ever been able to make...

“All I can tell you is that they’re twins, at least I think they are... They do look identical to me...”

Now that she mentioned it, the two dragons did look like strikingly similar to each other, from the shape of the muzzle, the the lenght of their horns, to their body physique. They MUST be twins...

"Well, either way, it doesn't matter. Do you know how difficult it is to nab two dragons in one catch, let alone two twins at the same time? You have no idea... Ohhhh, this is my lucky day! I can't WAIT to play with these two!" Mahr'daga said, barely able to contain her excitement.

"Looks like you're gonna FINALLY have some real competition..." she purred, before she unceremoniously tossed the two dragons on the floor right beside Dar'gon and she started chaining and bounding them up like she had previously done with him.

Also just like she had previously done with him, she took her sweet time doing this, and since there were two dragons, she took twice as long to finish. She took even more of her sweet time to enjoy every click and clack as every piece of equipment was put on both her newest captives.

All the while, both dragons hadn't moved a single muscle, either of them. They were completely out cold... The stabbing wounds where Mahr'daga's stinger had pierced them were clearly visible on both of their necks.

After a long, long while, the dragoness stood up to admire her handywork. However, she immediately shook her head and said "Nope, something's still missing".

She then produced what looked like another pair of manacles, only bigger, much bigger. No... Those weren't manacles. They looked like collars linked together. Dar'gon's suspicions were confirmed once she fitted them both on the twin's necks, just below the other collar that shackled them to the wall.

"There! Much better!"

She then admired her handiwork again. After remaining pensive for a while, she gave a nod of satisfaction.

"Perfect. Now..."

She turned around and headed towards Mar'gon. As she did, Dar'gon got a whiff of her arousal and saw that her pussy had gotten wet already!

"I see you still haven't learned your lesson..." she said to Mar'gon, her tone becoming glacial once again "maybe I should leave you like this for another day or two..."

Mar'gon barely held back himself from crying.

“Actually... nevermind. I’ll leave you like this for a whole week. That should improve your attitude...”

Mar’gon was about to cry loudly again when Mahr’daga interrupted him again “However... since I’m in such a good mood... I’m curious to see if your punishment is having any effect on you...”

She removed Mar’gon’s gas mask and then she undid his muzzle too. Mar’gon breathed like he had been holding his breath for far too long and he had forgotten what fresh oxygen felt like in his lungs.

He didn’t get to enjoy the feeling for long, because he was soon presented with Mahr’daga’s dripping wet pussy.

“Lick it” she commanded, her tone no longer cold, but like that of an all-powerful dragon goddess that could make everyone obey her with a single word.

The words had just left her mouth, when Mar’gon immediately put his tongue to her pussy’s labias. Then another one followed suit, then another, then another, until he couldn’t stop anymore.

Every single one of his licks, helped to quell his overwhelming heat. Not by much, but enough that his body no longer hurt that badly anymore.

He still licked very mechanically, and he had little to no idea about what to do, but now he no longer licked because he had to or because he was frustrated.

He licked like he really meant it, like this is what he had wanted all along, like he wanted nothing more than to worship this beautiful dragoness’s pussy.

He finally licked with passion, real passion.

“Ahhhh... That’s better...” purred Mahr’daga.

Encouraged by her words, Mar’gon put even more effort into his licking. He gave Mahr’daga’s labias long, powerful licks. They were still randomly placed, but Mahr’daga was pleased nonetheless.

“Yeah... Much better ” purred the dragoness, more loudly than before “I should have done this a lot sooner...”

Those words were enough to make Mar’gon purr too. These were much weaker than Mahr’daga’s much more powerful ones, but they were still louder purrs than those he did before. They were also deeper and stronger. They were purrs of pure pleasure.

“Despite your lackluster worshiping skills” she growled “You are finally start to act like a proper slave...”

As if to prove her wrong, Mar'gon gave Mahr'daga's pussy a long suck on her clitoris, finally hitting the right spots, and with the right amount of pressure.

"Grrrr... Wow... Grrrr.... Nice..." she growled "I should have done this from the fucking beginning..."

It was as if a switch had been flipped inside Mar'gon. He was no longer so terrible at worshipping like before. In fact, he wasn't doing bad at all.

He wasn't making Mahr'daga go wild with pleasure, but still, he could be proud of how he was doing, if his mind hadn't been turned into mush by the pheromones.

"Grrrr..... Grrrrrr..... Good... rrrrrreally good...." growled Mahr'daga. She was even starting to slur her "r"s now, something that she had never done before when Mar'gon had been worshipping her.

She spent some while reveling in Mar'gon's newfound worshipping skills. He still didn't hold a candle to Dar'gon's skills, but he was doing much, much better than before.

Meanwhile, Dar'gon was watching from the sideline. He was happy that his friend was doing so well. However, he also felt a pang of jealousy, which got a bit stronger once Mahr'daga starting to grind her pussy on his friend's muzzle.

Although she was getting closer and closer to orgasm, Mahr'daga had no trouble keeping her arousal in check. Even her movements looked far more controlled and less brutal than when Dar'gon was pleasing her.

She was much more in control of her emotions, savoring every ounce of submission and pleasure as she could, continuing to slowly drive herself closer and closer to orgasm.

"Grrr.... That's it... Grrr... That's fucking it! Grrr..."

When Mahr'daga shoved his friend's muzzle inside her pussy, Dar'gon couldn't help himself. He let out a small whine of jealousy. He started leaking too. He was jealous but he was also getting really turned on watching his friend getting dominated by that beautiful dragoness.

Mar'gon let out a small whine of protest too. He wasn't used to having most of his air cut off and forced to breathe Mahr'daga's arousal, but he continued his worshipping nonetheless.

"Wow.... Grrr... You'rrre coming along... Grrrr.... even betterrr.... Grrrr... than I hoped...."

As Mahr'daga reveled in Mar'gon's worshiping some more, frustration started to seep in Dar'gon. If only HE was worshiping Mahr'daga! He knew how to please her! He knew how to properly worship her! If only HE was under Mahr'daga, she would have cum on his face already!

If Dar'gon had been pleasing her, she would be so aroused that she couldn't even talk anymore by now. She would only be able to growl as she fucked his muzzle like a cock, harshly and violently.

He let out a small frustrated growl...

He immediately regretted it. What was he doing? Mar'gon was doing a great job. His friend was finally coming along. He was finally pleasing that beautiful dragoness properly. He was even leaking through his chastity belt!

He should have been really, really proud of his friend... And he was!

However, that frustration just wouldn't go away! He kept leaking and leaking and there was nothing he could do but watch. The fact that Mar'gon was doing well, only increased his frustration even further. He growled again...

"Shut up slut!" growled Mahr'daga. Dar'gon immediately shied away, as if he had just been struck "I'll... Grrr... deal with you... Grrr... laterrrrrrr!"

For a moment, Dar'gon thought she would stab him in the neck, right then and there, and knock him out like she had done with Mar'gon. Fortunately, she went back to enjoying Mar'gon's worshiping.

Mahr'daga didn't say anything else after that. She growled growls of pure pleasure, deep, guttural and powerful. She didn't let out her usual deep-purple flames from her nostrils, or salivate, like she did lately when Dar'gon worshiped her, but she was getting close, really close to orgasm.

She pushed Mar'gon's muzzle deeper and deeper inside her pussy, preparing herself for the muzzle-fucking. Mar'gon protested at having his oxygen completely cut off, but his protest died soon after. He was too consumed by pleasure...

His purrs were also louder than ever, although they could barely be heard over Mahr'daga's and with his muzzle stuck inside her pussy. Her growls weren't the kind that reverberated through Dar'gon's bones, but they were still growls of pure pleasure.

After a little while, Mahr'daga grabbed Mar'gon's horns with the help of her dark forces and started muzzle-fucking him.

It wasn't an all-out, all-breaks-loose assault on his muzzle, like Mahr'daga did with Dar'gon's. The stocks didn't even groan or creak... Even the PLAP sounds were weaker...

Still, it couldn't be denied that Mahr'daga was getting SO close to cumming and not an ounce of displeasure was found on her muzzle. In fact, she smiled, because for the first time since she had captured him, Mar'gon had worshiped her properly.

After a little while, she finally roared out her pleasure as she climaxed. It was not a bone-shattering roar, but it was a roar of pure pleasure nonetheless.

Mar'gon's face was hit by the full force of her climax. Unlike Dar'gon, though, he had no idea what to do. He tried to gulp it down but soon he was already sputtering and coughing.

He was trying his hardest, but now he was struggling really badly. Mahr'daga still had his muzzle trapped inside her rump and was showing no sign of letting him go any time soon. Her climax, while not as powerful, never seemed to end soon enough for the poor dragon.

When Mahr'daga finally rode the last wave of climax and released his muzzle from the grip of her pussy, Mar'gon was about to pass out. His legs almost gave out under him. He coughed, wheezed and sputtered. Every breath he took, brought more fits of cough.

All the cum that he couldn't gulp down had stuck to his nostrils, his tongue, his throat, his lungs. Many times he came close to throwing up.

His entire head was completely covered with cum and so were his horns. The stocks were a mess, part of the ceiling and walls were stained with cum, and on the floor just below his head was several pools of the stuff. Even Mahr'daga's rump was coated in cum.

It was a big mess...

"Grrr... Look at the mess you've made... Grrr... slut" growled Mahr'daga, presenting her messy rump to the cum-soaked dragon "Clean up!"

And so he did. As the effects of drinking Mahr'daga's cum started to take a toll on his body, making him "go in heat", he started lapping at it hungrily.

It got worse and worse as the moments passed. Soon, he was lapping the stuff like a starving beast would.

Only Mahr'daga's cum or pheromones could quench the heat his body. He was so desperate that he started licking, and even sucking, bits that had been licked clean, in an effort to get even the tiniest bits of cum left...

"You..." Mahr'daga said suddenly to Dar'gon. As soon as she said it, dark forces unbound his collar chain from the wall "Come here and clean up your friend's mess..."

As Dar'gon got up and headed to his destination, Mahr'daga tugged at his chain with a lot more force than necessary. Dar'gon though didn't trip or fall. He no longer had any trouble moving in bondage. He soon got to his destination and started lapping the pools of cum on the floor, not even afraid of collecting some dirt on his tongue.

From the first lick, the effects on his body were immediate. As heat coursed through his veins, he lapped hungrily at every single drop of cum his tongue could reach.

And yet, his heat was never quenched. Every single drop of cum he gulped made his heat even worse. He knew, however, if he didn't drink the cum, it would be much, much worse.

So Dar'gon licked and licked like a thirsty dragon would sip water, and before he knew it, he had licked the floor spotless. Soon after, Mar'gon had finished cleaning Mahr'daga's rump as well.

Both dragons, now left without any cum to drink, started whimpering under the unrelenting assault of their cum-induced heat. Mahr'daga turned around and looked at them with a satisfied grin on her muzzle.

"Finally..." growled Mahr'daga as her gaze rested on Mar'gon in a much less deep and growly voice "Finally... You've worshiped me like a slave should..."

Finally, Mar'gon was receiving compliments, after weeks of abuse, but he didn't care. Without cum or pheromones, the heat was becoming pure torture for him. He was starting to struggle against his bonds again, despite his best efforts to remain motionless.

"I knew you had it in you..."

The compliments kept coming but Mar'gon still didn't care. He let out a frustrated moan, as he could no longer fight back the rising heat inside him. He also struggled harshly against his bonds.

"I knew I hadn't wasted my time with you..." continued Mahr'daga, purring louder and ignoring his struggles completely "You'll make a fine slave..."

Mar'gon had started to sob too. He was in pure pain, as if someone was brutally torturing him.

He NEEDED Mahr'daga's cum. He needed it so badly!

"And for doing, finally, a good job worshiping me... You get a nice reward..."

And with that, she put the mask back on Mar'gon's head and activated the canister. Mar'gon immediately stopped struggling and sobbing. Even his breathing got a lot more regular.

He breathed a huge sigh of relief as the concentrated pheromones quenched excruciating heat inside his body a bit. They didn't kill it, but they got it down to a much more manageable level.

"Enjoy, little dragon..." she whispered to him "You've earned it..."

Mar'gon let out a submissive and grateful moan. The dragoness then turned towards Dar'gon, her smile getting even wider and more evil...

"Well..." she announced, an incredibly wicked grin on her face "Since my pheromones worked so well on your friend, I wonder if I shouldn't try it on you as well..."

Dar'gon whined in response, and not just at what Mahr'daga was planning to do to him.

"Yeah, why not? Who knows... Maybe you'll become an even better slave than you already are..."

Dar'gon whined again.

"Only one way to find out..."

TO BE CONTINUED