

“Your majesty? Sir?”

Winter finally heard his friend’s voice as he woken up from his stirring dream. He clutched his head in anger as he saw those last few moments in his mind.

“Sir, are you alright? Shall I grab you something of your need?”

“No Duke, its fine, it was just a dream that I can live without.”

Winter sat up from the velvet bed that slept on (with the covers somewhat thrown around) and held his face with a sigh, a lonely king was something that he did not wish to be for all his life, with no queen and with a solemn friend that sometimes became a pain against his judgement, his life would be rather dull.

“Are you sure you don’t-”

“YES!” Winter shouted back abruptly, he looked at Duke once more as he was worried about his outbreak. Duke, his personal body guard has always stayed in front of his room with eyes to penetrate the deepest of souls, protecting the man that truly deserved the role of a ruler; but sometimes it felt very jarring to have someone constantly watching over you like a parent, even though he has one anyway.

“I mean...” he simply sighed under his breath feeling disappointed with himself, trying to watch his temper, “I would appreciate some breakfast Duke, if you would be so kind.”

Duke simply bowed to his boss and walked down the corridor to prepare the king’s meal. Winter sighed feeling ashamed of himself, it must feel bad for Duke to have to suffer through his outbursts most of the time. Winter simply rose up off the bed to stretch and look outside the window, he was always mesmerized by the sights the he woke to every morning, being so high in the air made him feel like he was in heaven. He looked back over to his big mess of a bed with the covers being so out of place, then looked down at himself, finally remembering his “mess”, only to uncover the bed to see a huge wet stain of his...

“I need to stop being so stressed all the time...”

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“Ughhhhh...” Glade woke up from a groggy feeling in his head, his mind feeling all a blur from last night. He looked over to his side desk beside his bunker: A cheap alarm clock (that doesn’t ring) and several dollar bills from last night’s ruckus. Even then what happened last night was a complete blur, faint images popped into his head with his fellow workers for the king: Lots of alcohol and several dares.

He turned in the covers as he reared in pain a little coming from his back side, his whole bottom stinging from some sort of “stretching” from last night as well, but he chose to ignore it since most pains go away after some good time. His friends couldn’t possible do anything bad to someone else. He uncovered himself, feeling the cold air against his naked skin; wearing clothes seemed bad for him since most of his clothes never seemed to fit at all anyway, his huge behind and hips made sure of that simple fact. But to avoid indecency he decided on just using his basic tee and sweatpants to cover himself, he couldn’t be so revealing when it came to the King.

Glade looked back over to his desk to see the picture of his family; ever since the King has allowed him a job to work for, he has been keeping his family from poverty. He did not care whatever command he was given; he was determined to fulfill his duties as a loyal servant to someone that gave his family a second chance. It was the most that he could possibly do for him.

A door soon opened quickly and the lights flickering on, several moans and hisses were heard when the High guard barged his way inside, intending for everyone to rise for the day.

“LISTEN UP COCK SUCKERS! IT’S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND IM NOT GONNA HAVE SOME HANGOVERS RUIN YOUR WORK.” The High Guard was surprisingly mild today, usually he threw booze from last night at the drunks that tended to noticeably slack off. Most of the Knights still slumping as they got ready for the day to do more tedious chores and eventually dreaming for their next wild night, mostly to regret why they have taken this job to begin with.

Glade however beamed up at the High guard, he felt so happy about hearing his voice to carry on the duties to the King himself, despite his vulgar language and humor. Usually he was assigned to cooking duties directly from the High guard himself; he took one good look at Glade (a very long one) and realized his talent to prepare the meals, he was glad for Glade to take up this job and keep everyone’s strength up steadily.

“Oh man, you seem to be bright as a bulb, sexy.” Glade heard a deep voice behind him and then suddenly a slap on his rear, besides the sharp sting the pudgy Greninja blushed red as the older guard stared at him with seductive and menacing eyes. The Knight before Glade was simply named Shalzer, a red overall dragon with streaks of white along his headline and chest; a primal look to go with his huge muscles and biceps to make him all the more intimidating.

“O-oh, hey there, I-I didn’t see you there.” Glade’s voice became parched as the atmosphere around the two became quite intense to be under. “Oh don’t worry about it, there’s no need to apologize. After all those dollars weren’t enough to cover out good time last night.” He flicked his forked tongue at Glade, squeezing the greninja’s bottom cheeks playfully.

Glade had to hold in the urge to gasp and whine as it would be all the more embarrassing to deal with. He just then remembered the “good time last night” as that was why his bottom started to hurt. “Harmless” fun for Shalzer, but deep pain for Glade. He only let out a sniffle before he rushed over to the kitchen, not before three other Knights decided to block his escape. Glade couldn’t get out of the predator circle, wishing that he could melt.

It was the only downside to his job that he had, every night he would be tricked into drinking alcohol that would soon make him feel topside and be succumbed to the kinky fantasies of the beefier Knights. All of them would switch places to get a hold of Glade for their sexual stress, the pain and the guilt was something the Greninja wish he could forget over and over.

“Hey Fatass, where do you think you’re going?” the Knight on the right side of him exclaimed, the other 2 that boxed him in chuckled. Glade tried to advert his gaze away from them, only to shiver once more as he saw their “Morning wood” as people would say.

“I-I’m just going to do my j-” before he could finish his sentence, Shalzer went ahead and grabbed both of Glade’s ass cheeks and brought his head closer to Glade’s.

“Why do that when your job is to help us cum in your ass?” the red dragon Knight slithers between his teeth, licking Glade’s cheek as he made the helpless Greninja shiver again and blush deeply.

“Is there a fucking problem?”

All 4 of Glade’s predators looked back over to the High Guard, at which his eyes were burning with hatred and rage. Shalzer turned around and let go of Glade and dusted himself off. “Well, you see sir I wa-” the next that all 5 of them couldn’t prepare for was the slap across his face, the red dragon staggered a little (Almost knocking over Glade) as he did not expect the certain kind of blow.

“B-but sir-”

“GET TO YOUR FUCKING STATIONS BEFORE I SLIT YOUR THROATS MYSELF!”

The 4 knights up and scattered to their set positions to fulfill their duties work. Glade simply held his hands up to cover his face, still trying to hold back the tears. But the Guard sighed deeply, putting a hand on Glade’s shoulder.

“Are you alright? They didn’t hurt you did they?” The Guard softly said. Glade was surprised, this was the first time he had ever heard him speak so calmly, it was almost soothing to hear.

“O-oh I uh...I was just going to my station sir, you don’t need-.”

“Listen,” He put his other hand on Glade’s other shoulder, “No need to be so modest, the names Duke alright?” Glade simply nodded slowly, feeling his urge to cry go away. “I have told you numerous times that you can call for me if people like them are going to mess with you. Other Knights have reported that you have been involved with several shenanigans with those that wanted to...” He deeply sucked in some breath, not wanting to say the words that he should against his bitter judgement.

“N-no sir, I’m fine, what I should have been doing was to cook for the Kin-OH NO!” Glade flustered as he ran for the kitchen. “HE HASN’T GOTTEN HIS BREAKFAST YET!”

“But when you are finished with that, bring it up to the king!” Duke shouted, hoping that Glade would hear his instructions.

“YES SIR!!!”

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Glade somewhat fumbled with the dish in hand, he always had trouble caring the huge amounts of pancakes, hashbrowns and bacon (frowning at the thought of not serving a not-so-special breakfast for a King) but nonetheless he had no problems to carry out his deed.

He paused at the door, his hand inches away from the handle. He usually contemplated at the thoughts that the King might not like him, the king usually never talked to any of his Knights unless it was a direct order, but then again they were a bunch of jerks.

He sucked up whatever courage that he had left in his lungs and opened the door.

“Your Majest-”

“YO! DON’T YOU KNOW HOW TO KNOCK?!” Glade felt a shoe punt against his face suddenly as he forced the door closed to respect the king’s privacy. Immediately glade started to break down and cry softly, but quickly rubbed his eyes to wipe away the tears. “U-um, s-sir, I have your breakfast here...”

Glade heard some loud noises, along with a few words of swearing, sounding like he was tripping on something, eventually he heard the door open and there he was.

The King in the flesh.

“Oh, uh...” the King rubbed his neck feeling embarrassed at himself, “I really didn’t mean to throw my shoe at you like that, I was just naked and I didn’t want you to see that.”

“No, it’s my fault that I intruded your quarters without earlier notice, I will accept any punishment that you have for me.” Glade replied, he expected the King to force his hand for any of his subjects to do any misdeeds.

“Hey hey hey, don’t beat yourself over it, consider the shoe to be your punishment, or whatever. Anyway,” The King opened up his door for Glade, “Come on in if you wish, I did want to speak to you about something.”

Glade could barely contain his excitement, speaking to the King was honestly one of his greatest dreams that he could ever wish for, he had simply heard of the many generous deeds that he had done in his life: Meals for the poor, jobs for money, toys for children, you name it. Simply said, he was Glade’s role model.

He simply put down the King’s breakfast on the side table and sat down in the chair, antsy with joy to finally speak to the King in person. The King simply let out a long yawn and rubbed his chest; he had on a simple t-shirt and sweatpants to cover himself, he scratched his fur on his head that somewhat looked like a beard as well as flicking his green-mint colored tail.

“So Duke has put something to my attention and It’s my fault that I didn’t address this earlier but,” he sat down on his leather chair, drumming his claws on the armrest, “You know you can report abuse right? Him and I were furious that you haven’t said a single word about these sexual assaults on you.”

“S-sir, I would think that it’s just best to just leave me be and do my work, it’s what you would have wanted.” Glade protested, dwindling his legs in embarrassment.

“But your work doesn’t matter compared to what you are going through; I want to help you get through your job without those faggot perverts getting on your ass. It concerns me Glade.” He reassured, his tone becoming more serious.

“But I would think it’s too much trouble to have you deal with them, they really haven’t d-don’t anything wrong.” He was shivering, he didn’t want people to be punished if they couldn’t help themselves. Glade looked down at the ground slightly sad, “I d-don’t want people to be worried about me all the time-”

“Hey, it’s alright, you didn’t do anything wrong, but I want to make sure you are willing to report anything that can harm you. Honestly I feel like I should do something more for you.” The King put a hand to his chin, deep in thought as he tried to think of something for Glade.

“B-but sir-”

“Hey, don’t worry, you don’t need to keep calling me sir or King, just call me Winter.”

Glade slowly smiled a little as he beamed up to Winter, the both of them feeling comfort in each other’s presence. Winter slowly stood up and walked toward the window.

“You know; I haven’t really done much around here lately. Go ahead and keep making meals for the other Knights, but don’t give any to the bullies, they can find their own food.”

Glade was conflicted, he didn’t want them to starve, as much as Winter explained their wrongs for what they did, they didn’t deserve to starve. “W-why? They should still eat anyway.”

“They don’t deserve your respect if they in turn treat you like...a slut...I’m sorry that I had to say that. Now please go ahead and make breakfast and lunch for everyone else, surely you can do it in no time Glade.”

“Y-yes sir.” Glade simply bowed to the King even though he wasn’t looking and left the room. Instantly as he left, the Greninja had to stop to take in the words, he felt so honored to be working for him, it made him feel very happy inside. As he had his hopes and dreams on his mind, he rushed to the kitchen as quick as he could.

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After about 4 hours of cooking for the rest of the crew, (The 4 bullies whimpering at their growling stomachs) Glade sat down by his bed and took a breather, it took so much energy to even make breakfast, but that AND lunch had been quite a challenge, but nonetheless he fulfilled his King’s duty to serve.

During his rest, a few of the knights went ahead and thanked him personally, and went ahead to apologize about the incidents that had happened in those “naughty” nights that happened constantly. But all of a sudden everyone quieted down as the King came down and stared at the 4 bullies that have refused to say anything about their faults.

“Your Majesty, w-what are you doing here?” Glade propped up and stood beside Winter feeling curious.

“I have a feeling these 4 have not said what needs to be said” Winter scolded at the lonely bunch, tapping his foot as ice fire came out of his snout in impatience. “What do you 4 have to say for yourself?”

Shalzer stood up gracefully and did not feel fazed by the King’s threats and scoffed confidently: “Sir, as you may have known it was all a matter of good fun, Glade was willing to participate in our gestures of good wil-”

Before anyone could even blink, Winter had grabbed Shalzer’s throat in his strong grip, the red dragon letting out a quick gasp in surprise, and thrown him to the ground.

“WHAT THE HELL IS A GOOD GESTURE TO DRUG AND RAPE A FELLOW KNIGHT?! ANSWER ME!” Winter roared in rage as he shouted at the defeated red dragon (several pieces of drool on his face). Shalzer whimpered as the mighty King stared him down with his set of set of pink eyes, wiggling in his trap as he was slowly losing air.

“ANSWER ME FOOL!”

“OK OK OK, I-I’m sorry, I wish I never messed with him, he didn’t deserve what he got!”

Slowly Winter lifted his claws off of the choking dragon, dusting himself off as he somewhat regretted his outburst. Glade was somewhat worried as the gazes of the rest of the knights were shifting from him, to Shalzer (Still coughing from loss of breath) and back to the King, all of them remembering who the real boss was in the establishment.

“Glade, meet me outside the main door when you have a moment.” Winter called out before walking away and outside of the castle, Glade flinched as the Knights once again laid eyes on him; but without hesitation, he got up from his bed to walk outside.

After closing the door behind him, it was just Winter and Glade outside of the castle. The breath-taking view of the town of Tundric was always a sight to behold, so peaceful and full of life; you could still hear the people all the way from above the streets.

“I know I can’t erase the damage that those individuals have done and for me to lose control over my temper,” slowly he wrapped his hand around Glade’s waist and smiled, “I would like to do something special for you since you have been a well working Knight of mine.”

Glade tried in his well-being to hold back a blush and a gasp, such a request was never expected from the King himself to “spend his time” with someone of low class. Winter simply hugged the pudgy Greninja as softly as he could, Glade felt flustered and confused to be embraced so deeply by someone he admired for so long.

“I feel like you deserve a night away from your duties, I was planning something small with Duke as well so you are very welcome to come with us by the lakeshore for a small party.” Winter held onto the Greninja’s shoulders firmly to get a good look at him, seeing that face made me know that he was doing his own servant justice for the night.

“Be ready by 6 sharp, don’t keep us both waiting.”

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Glade couldn't stop the hard blushing as he had his private swimwear under his casual attire: A large pair of jeans to go along with a bright blue shirt unable to keep back his moobs and belly back as the shirt was already stretched out too much, but couldn't help but wear it since it was indeed his favorite color. He took some time to pick out what he decided to wear for the time in the lake, and hoping it wasn't too indecent for the King and the Guard since it was the cheapest thing that he could find.

After deciding on his clothes finally, (and avoiding weird gazes from others since he was slightly embarrassed from what he wore) he was outside of the Palace and waiting by the gate to go into the town, the lake wasn't a far stretch from the Lakeside, so Winter and Glade agreed to save the trouble of the escorts and just take a stroll by the Town.

Glade was looking over the town, loving the sight that he was witnessing fully before he heard some footsteps. He turned around to see the white/mint green and dark green pair of dragons walking towards him; they two both had their sets of casual wear: Winter wearing his simple orange shirt with sweatpants, and Duke holding onto his dark hat along with a black shirt and shorts.

"Are you ready Glade? Didn't forget anything did you?" Winter teased slightly at Glade, which all the more embarrassing for the Greninja, but all three of them laughed at the harmless gesture. Opening the gate revealed a somewhat long path to walk downwards in a huge street to fit two cars side by side like a normal road.

As soon as the trio stepped into the Town, cheers and praises were yelled and prospered loud as they came to give respects to their wise and generous ruler. Duke was a little worried that the subjects got too close for comfort in hopes that they might kill their King but Winter had not a single care in the world as he enjoyed the attention for the right reasons. But when it was said and done, Winter waved away his crowds, wishing for some down time with his two friends for evening.

"S-sir," Glade flustered once more as he approached his king, "I-if you don't mind me asking--"

"Please, tonight is not a night for formalities, Winter and Duke will suffice." The King quickly assured the worried Greninja.

"W-well, I just wanted to ask a question, if that would be fine."

Winter turned around to see his face, "Is something bothering you?"

Glade looked away feeling upset with himself for a short time. "I didn't understand when I was little at first, I thought Kings were usually tyrants and...pardon my language but...nothing but assholes. How did you hold back such stereotypical actions for greed and popularity?"

A small chuckle was heard: "Kings are usually taught to strike fear into their subjects, to make them BOW to you alone. But honestly it didn't seem very nice, I was raised more realistically and told what was right from wrong.

“But it does piss me off when their methods of tyranny do work and the subjects are just...brainwashed...it's...”

Winter stopped for a second and held his head, feeling overwhelmed by the sheer thought.

“Winter, are you alright?” Duke finally pipped up after a long restraint to hold off his security ways.

“It's fine, I'll feel better once we go for a swim.”

Glade once again blushes at the thought of his swimwear, but waved away the thought and continued his stroll with his new friends.

A few minutes later the bench and the water were in sight, Glade had to sit down to catch a breather (his body not cooperating like he wished) and to look at the lake; clear and crisp water along with a cool breeze to go along with the swim, already it felt very soothing to just relax by the shore.

Winter and Duke already removed their clothes and exposed themselves down to their swim trunks and bare chests, smirking at Glade.

“Aren't ya gonna take it off or stay here lonely?” Winter exclaimed playfully; Glade simply felt his cheeks turn instantly red, embarrassment flooding his face.

“O-oh, it's gonna take a little bit, j-just hold on for me.” He quivered a little, his words a little hazy as he unbuttoned his jeans.

Winter and Duke almost covered their eyes at what came next: After Glade took off his outstretched shirt and Jeans, his white Water Polo suit was barely enough to cover his cheeks as they flopped out of the jeans and hanged out for the royalty duo to see.

“I-I hope you don't mind, the store only had these in store so I had to find something quick.” Glade quivered as he was nervous of his naked behavior.

Duke was simply stuck on Glade the hold time while Winter shook his gaze away and reassured the naked Greninja: “No no, it's fine, Duke has some of those and we certainly don't mind seeing those. Right Duke?” He gave a semi-hard nudge as he saw Duke still staring deeply.

“Oh, well as long as you guys are fine with it, I'm gonna go ahead and feel the water if that's fine with you guys, just want to make sure there isn't any poison!” He giggled as he started walking toward the water, Winter (regrettably) started to stare back at Glade's body once more.

“S-sir, I don't think I can hold it.” Duke had to cover his crotch, wincing at his dark fantasies in his head. “W-we are alone after all.”

“HEY!” Winter rose his voice, but not enough to alarm Glade's attention, “Why are you actively so horny about him? Can't it wait?”

“B-but think about it, we don't need to be rough about him, I'm pretty sure you are thinking the same thing as me, man.” Duke was looking over to Winter once more, who had a disappointed mood with himself, “I would be gentle with him, as well as you, he deserves it.”

Winter was all the more ashamed with himself that he shared such dirty thoughts with Duke, he couldn't help but feel like he has truly paid his respects with Glade, he wanted to best for him considering about what the poor man was going through in his time.

“I'd rather do something for him first.” Winter simply said, “But I would wish for you to talk to him about how he feels about us, I am somewhat worried that we make him too nervous.”

“Of course sir.” Duke replied sincerely, walking down to the water. He soon saw Glade still feeling the water for himself. Duke felt his urges grow stronger but tried to maintain his hormones in check.

“Oh hey Duke, the water's fine, I'm not dead thankfully.” Glade said with a chuckle. Duke had to adjust his shorts a little as he sat next to the Greninja.

“I've been meaning to ask you about a few things concerning Winter.” Duke stated, somewhat worried to talk to him directly since he felt very hot and nervous at first.

“What is there to talk about? He's someone that I have loved as a role model and as a King.” Glade chirped happily like a lovebird, “But, there was something about him that has made me feel different about him recently.”

Duke perched up his ears as he became more worried about what he was gonna say. “So, how do you feel about him now?”

“I don't know, he seems very nice, and uh...” Glade trailed off his words a little, looking over to the water, holding his chubby legs in the middle of thought, “He's made me feel something else for him, but I don't know what to say about it.” He looks over to Duke, “But then again, you are very nice yourself sir, I like you too.”

Duke chuckled at his comment, trying to hide his own blush. But Glade suddenly gasped as Winter rubbed his shoulders slowly, then whispered in his ear, “So, is that how you really feel about us, huh?”

“W-w-w-wait, I-I-I can explain s-sir...”

“Shhhh, don't worry about it.” Winter seductively reassured before pushing Glade into the chilling water. Glade was flailing his arms as he was alarmed by the sudden temperature change and shivered somewhat violently. The two dragons busted with laughter as the Greninja flopped all over the water until the cold water set in.

Soon after, Glade finally sank beneath the surface and disappeared from sight, the royal duo took that as their cue to dive in after him, a little unofficial game to find the sneaky frog. After several times of trying to find him and coming up for air too much, they finally decided to give up and swam back to shore to dry off. A few minutes later Glade arose from the bottom, giggling as the two ran out of breath.

“Can’t handle a little water you two?” The Greninja flustered as he flicked his tongue to get the water off of him, shaking himself dry as he retreated back to land. He sat back down at the edge looking up at the sky, admiring the bright moon that was once covered by the clouds. Full and livid for all to see.

“Well we can’t breathe like you can so shut your face.” Winter panted heavily with exhaustion, but slowly made his way over to the water himself right next to Glade, Duke as well sitting by the Greninja’s hip.

“Isn’t it nice? It feels so nice outside with the moon and the water, I’ve never had this sort of feeling with my family, only just by myself. I’m extremely grateful for you two to be here with me, it means a lot...” Glade laid down onto the plush grass, breathing deeply as he took in the peaceful breeze.

“Well, there is a thing...that I wanted to ask you Glade, if you don’t mind now.” Winter muttered, “It’s about your position as a Knight.”

Glade tried to sit upright but Duke softly stopped him and laid back once more, “W-what is this about?” Glade questioned with worry.

“We have been thinking for a little bit, considering you have helped with the general army and us indirectly, I feel like we should promote you to Co-High Guard, we feel like you deserve it, and it’s to pay you back for all the abuse you took from those bastards that tortured you senselessly.”

The pudgy Greninja was quivering a little, he never expected to be in such a high position so early into his job, did he really mean a lot to the both of them? Would the public be certain and willing to accept a thick-behind Greninja to uphold such a high job?

“So, do you think we can do a little...initiation, my dear King?” Duke flirted softly to Winter. “Surely, we need to know for sure before he can join us.”

“I was kinda thinking the same thing, are you up for it Glade?” Winter leaned down a little to look in the Greninja’s eyes in a stern way. The Greninja fidgeted a little from his stare, feeling a little intimidated. “U-u-uh, s-s-sure W-winter, anything for you s-s-sir.”

All of a sudden he felt his little flimsy thong come off of his body, Duke slid off the suit quickly before Glade could react. The two dragons decided to fondle with the Greninja’s body a little; Duke pinning down the arms and Winter grasping the crotch softly. Glade looked in a mix of horror, pleasure and embarrassment as the King was fondling with his package, whimpering a little as he slowly felt his “lower region” grow harder by the second. Winter kept moving his hand up and down the Greninja’s shaft as he smirked devilishly down at his captive. Glade was looking up at Duke and then back at his crotch, panting hard as he felt a weird feeling in his crotch, something was about to come out as clear fluids started coming out of his cock.

“How are you feeling?” Duke said slowly, licking the Greninja’s neck slowly.

"I-it feels very strange; no one has ever done this to me before" Glade shivered a little as he felt such new feelings from his little pleasure session with the King. He squirmed and twisted slightly as part of him felt this sensation to be wrong in his eyes.

But something else felt different.

Glade's eyes started to dilate as he embraced his pleasure fully, even so much as to thrust his hips up into the air and into Winter's hand. The King kept smirking as he kept the pace masturbating for his pudgy subject, going a little faster as the clear fluids started to gush out at a slightly faster rate. He heard several moans that the Greninja attempted to hold back but escaped his lustful lips, humping a little more wildly as the insane amount of pleasure, just before the Greninja finally spewed his load; several drops of semen dropped onto his thighs and the grass, panting hard from the thrusts and his body jiggling in the air.

"How do you feel *now*?" Winter once again teased to his succumbed friend, rubbing off the semen from his legs and chest, the drops were everywhere on the chubby Greninja.

"W.....What was that? It felt so good..." Glade simply nuzzled into the grass, completely out of breath from his first experience of release. He soon noticed one of the drops landing near his mouth, he brought over his tongue and licked it off his lip; the taste was very delectable to his taste-buds, a few more thoughts clouding his mind as soon as he tasted it: He wanted more.

"Say...is this the end of my initiation?" Glade pondered curiously, finally sitting up right as Duke lifted his hands off of him.

"Well of course, I would think this would be enough but really I was just--"

Winter stopped abruptly as Glade licked his chest, "Uh, Glade, what are you doing?"

"I don't think that was the end of my test, you need more results, surely you need to challenge me more." Glade's voice suddenly became more serious, but suave and mysterious. Drool was dripping off of his tongue as he kept licking up to Winter's neck.

"Did you want something else to go along with it?"

"I'm asking if you think I can take a little more, I feel like it's only fair to you two," he quickly turned to Duke (who was having the same horny look on his face), "should have the same kind of fun that I had."

Winter was completely lost, but quickly yelped as Glade's long tongue moved itself into the ice dragon's swim trunks. Winter quickly untied his trunks and slid them off, squirming a little as the long elastic tongue started to slowly wrap around his own cock.

"Duke, I think that you don't need any explanation as for what I want." Glade crawled forward to Winter a little and placed his hands and knees on the ground, shaking his round behind slowly and teasingly.

"Oh no, Glade, we shouldn't. After all of the times that those jerks abused you-" Winter held back his stutters as he was completely taken back from the tongue.

“It’s fine your majesty, I think you two need to let off some stress.” He unraveled his tongue and finally plopped his mouth onto Winter’s cock, licking all around the outside of the meat as he sucked deeply.

Winter fidgeted as he was getting sucked off of his own subject, not having this sort of idea planned out like he wanted, but slowly felt his negative feelings subside, relaxing as his cock grew harder by the second.

“Hey hey, don’t let Winter have all the fun, hun.” Duke undone his own trunks and lets it drop to the floor. He grabs the Greninja’s thick hips tightly, then rubs his already solid cock against the ass-checks. Glade let out a soft moan as he longed for receiving such pleasure, it felt better to be humped into rather than releasing by himself.

Duke slowly pressed his cock between the two huge cheeks and slid his member into the Greninja’s hole, the pudgy frog rolling his eyes to the back of his head, clenching his behind down quickly and sucking even harder on Winter.

“Oh god...DAMN! Your ass is so TIGHT!” Duke gripped the flesh of his helpless bum of the Greninja and slowly and forcefully pumped himself into the hole, drool coming down from his mouth as he savored the delicious meat that he was humping into. Glade felt his whole body tremble with each pump into his body, already panting hard to keep up in pleasing both of his dear friends.

Winter was slowly moving his hand towards Glade head, but jerked his hand away in hesitation. Why is he allowing this? Should he be stopping what’s happening? But before he could answer any of his internal questions, Glade slowly looked up at his dear king with a smile, happily reluctant to keep sucking away. Winter couldn’t say no to that face, this must be a long time dream for him to be together with friends at last. He held his hand against Glade’s head as he kept bobbing up and down to keep sucking; his fluids already rushing down his throat as he was nearing the climax.

“Oh fuck...I think I’m gonna cum soon, what about you Winter?” Duke was drooling still, slapping Glade’s hips lightly as he kept humping into the cheeks. Winter himself was feeling a little hot as the climax was drawing near, he slowly gripped each side of the Greninja’s head and started humping into his mouth as well. “Crap, I hope I’m not suffocating him, but I know he’s enjoying this, just a little more Glade.”

Glade was wild-eyed, his euphoria skyrocketing as he kept feeling the fluids rushing down his mouth and into his throat, the feeling was indescribable. His head kept up with the pace to keep sucking down on Winter’s meat.

Both of the dragons started to wince a little, their climax just soon to arrive and into Glade’s bum and mouth. “Oof, this feels so nice Glade, keep going for me.” Winter rubbed the back of the Greninja’s head, humping ever so softly into the mouth. Duke however was ramming hard and quickly into the hole, he felt his knots spread the hole slightly more so, flicking his tongue wildly as he licked the top of the crack.

Suddenly the royal duo roared into the night sky, both of them releasing their stringy thick semen into their loyal subject, they grasped their respective side of the Greninja as they stood to unload their fill. Glade was constantly swallowing so much cum from Winter's cock that he almost gagged a few times, but let it slide down his throat like milk. He heard his own stomach growl as the weight inside of his stomach started to increase ever so slightly, feeling a slight bulge in his lower gut; a belly fit for his own type of fat.

Duke got up from his knees and went ahead to set down the Greninja in his lap slowly; Winter removed his floppy, glossy member from Glade's mouth, panting so hard as he had such a huge weight off his shoulders. Glade sat silently at first, he too was panting from the hard work that he got to remove the stress off of his friends. He was somewhat alarmed to look down at his extended gut, all of the semen that the dragons gave off took a huge toll on his form as he looked almost ready for child delivery.

"W-wow..." Glade felt mesmerized as he felt his new bloated belly, "You guys have been holding back for a long time." He wiped off some fluids from the corner of his mouth, breathing hard as he felt joy from pleasing his friends. "H-how did I do?"

The two looked at him with a weird glare, unsure of what he meant. "What do you mean Glade?" Winter questioned quickly, still out of breath.

"My test, did I pass the initiation?" Glade rubbed up and down his distended belly, giggling as it felt against the cold wind. Winter and Duke chuckled as they rubbed the Greninja's head softly, the mint dragon kneeled down beside the two still locked within each other, and kissing Glade on the cheek.

"I highly doubt you failed, what say you Duke?"

"Well, there was something I wanted to say," Duke slowly brought his hand across Glade's belly, "but you already said it for me." He smiled back at Glade, in turn blushed from the lovely stares.

"Then it's settled, but uh...I don't think the armor is gonna fit until we drain you."

All three of them barked off laughter and playfulness, feeling their bonds as more than friends...

...But more as equals, like real friends.