

“Urf, Kaji, slow down for a minute there, you gotta let the other ones settle in first.” Zev’s eyes rolled into the back of his head as his balls gurgled and glorped, the walls of his sac jostling about as the contents within shifted. “I’m all for overeating, but you gotta take it slow to begin. You’ll miss all the fun parts.”

“I thought the eating was the fun part for you,” the draolf chided, his dark grey paw resting on the shoulder of a rather miffed looking red dragon. Said dragon looked very much like he had something he wanted to say about the matter, but it wasn’t going to happen. His mouth was sealed off with a gag, and his arms were tied up at the wrist. “What’s this now, number six? I’m pretty sure it’s number six.”

“Five is usually when I stop being able to touch the ground with my feet.” The vulpine’s toes hovered above the carpet, his claws just barely capable of scraping against the floor when he strained to reach. “Ya, this one is number six for sure. We should ask him after this one how he’s enjoying it.” Zev leaned forward, his impressively bulky body resting atop the length of his shaft, a spire of cockflesh that was taller than he was. The sac below shifted, but whatever was inside of it grew still suddenly. “Okay, number five is done. Ready for number six.”

Kaji willed the captive red dragon to rise into the air, the god laying across a couch, letting his powers do the heavy lifting. Off of the ground, the ruby lizard twitched and squirmed, well aware of the fate that was about to befall him. Kaji looked like he was conducting a mock symphony, his paws dramatically swishing through the air, a far over the top action for something that took only thought for the deity. The hovering dragon tilted on an incline, his feet positioned right at the slit of the fox’s cock. “Bombs away,” Kaji said with a laugh.

On the sixth attempt, it was much easier to fit the dragon into the hole. It didn’t require nearly as much stretching as it had done for the first, an extraordinary feeling that Zev was trying to recreate, but wasn’t having any success with thanks to the increased mass of his genitalia. Still, having a thick body slipping into his urethra, filling up his shaft and making the meat expand and reshape around a fresh body always caused the fox to writhe with pleasure

The dragon struggled fiercely, barely able to move his fingers into a fist. He had little hope of undoing the magical tendrils that kept him bound, the machinations of a god something which mortals were never meant to be victorious over. Inch by inch the dragon descended, the phallus gobbling up its prey with the help of a steady stream of lubrication. The excess pre dribbled down to the floor to join a puddle that had spread around the fox’s balls.

Once past the knees, the dragon was good and stuck. Kaji sat back and watched as the cock did the work without further assistance, gulping its meal down with audible eagerness. Wet slurps resounded in the air as the dragon sank down to his hips, his own prominent bulge forced up. Covered by a black thong, the red dragon’s package was small only when compared to the wonder that was eating him.

The dragon's tail resisted getting gobbled, the lengthy appendage thrashing wildly, smacking into the pink walls that trapped his legs in place. Zev moaned louder from the whipping, unable to feel the sting and crack beneath the overwhelming stimulation his shaft was sending to his brain. Once the dragon was in up to his chest, his arms pinned to his side by the cockhead, the tail was finished doing anything constructive. Just the barest tip remained outside, enough for Kaji to see it flick about with the dragon's anger before getting sucked down.

Zev's sac squirmed and moved, the inner walls being pushed out by the kicking feet of his meal. As the distortion in the white fuzzy spheres became more pronounced, the dragon's freedom decreased. Only his ivory horns and white hair remained outside of the cock. Kaji made a disapproving noise. "This one is taking too long, we need to get a move on." A magical force shoved the dragon in all the way, causing Zev to howl as his slit closed up around the snack.

It didn't take long for the gurgling to rise up again, and for the roiling of Zev's balls to become louder. Fox and draolf watched as Zev's balls began to swell, lifting him higher, close enough to the ceiling that Zev could touch it with a hand without having to reach. His cock lengthened, a lance of sexual perfection extending towards the wall farthest away. The dick seemed to stay perfectly in proportion to the oversized nature of the balls that fueled the rod. A dribble of pre landed on the couch beside Kaji.

Before the rumbling of his orbs could die down, Zev was busily stroking along his shaft, nuzzling and rubbing it with hands and feet. Though it provided a great amount of joy for him, it did nothing to help bring him closer to the edge. He doubted such a thing would be possible with his meager touch at this point, considering the tremendous scope of the device he was caressing. The balls settled once more, with Zev's feet well off the ground, the floor out of reach no matter how hard he tried to touch it. "Number seven?" the fox asked with a groan.

"Well of course! Our willing guest is more than eager to help us in this endeavour, aren't you?" Kaji turned to his right, smiling to the dragon. Over a dozen identical looking red dragons stood by Kaji's side, though all but one had vacant, blank expressions. The only one with any life in him was scowling, his hands bound, a ball gag hovering in front of his muzzle.

"I hate you two so much. I'll get you back for this." The red dragon cursed. Kaji flashed a smile.

"I'm sure you will, but for now, you're cock food. And cock food doesn't need to talk." The ball gag shoved it's way into the dragon's mouth, but not before he gave Kaji the dirtiest look. Kaji's smile just broadened. "Number seven is on its way."