

A Dragon's Magic

"What are you even doing?" I question the big goofy dragon, who has been acting awfully strange recently. He's up to something, I can see it in his eyes. "It's been like a week since we've seen you." I, of course, am the one taking initiative to mend any broken pride he has.

"You understand fully the ramifications of your previous actions, no? I'm aware there will never be an end to you and her taking advantage of my nightly habits. Putting you though this is merely an inconvenience, I know. Vengeance, however, is rather sweet; for I strip the feelings of guilt." I don't like where he's going, but whatever he does, he does. So long as it gets this weird little punishment phase he goes through out of the way, and gets my dragon to stop complaining that he's acting up.

"You know it was her idea!" I say while he pulls out some weird paper from a trunk he made. A few gold coins and gems jostle from his hoard built up from ravaging the pirates off the coast.

"Oh, I'm aware. Yet you carried out the action, and it's easier to punish you than her." He shows off this glowing gold lettering on the unraveled scroll. "You know. Growing up I always hated learning arcana. It just never felt very useful to a creature such as myself. You've had experience with magic aside from my gift, have you not?" I clutch the amulet he gave me, rather mundane compared to some artifacts I avoided.

"Something like that, yeah. I think that's pretty obvious given my capabilities. It's a little more complicated, details are a bit fuzzy. What's your point?" He's droning on for a reason, and I can see it in his grin that he's been plotting something.

"I've had a change of heart on the arcane arts. Its purpose was pulled out by yours and her invasive antics. I suppose it's easier to show than tell, no?" He runs the paper sideways, and snaps his claws to his scaly palm. This golden energy glows from the scroll, weaving arcane light like smoke. His draconic eyes glow for but a moment, and the scroll smolders, yet remains unharmed. A sharp flash of blinding light makes me blink, and when I open my eyes all the arcane runes fluttering in the air disperse. He was always massive compared to me, but once the smoke clears to the peppermint blowing of his morning breath, I see a much larger him. Looking around, I realize I'm actually the one who changed! *He **shrunk me!***

"It worked!" A glimmer of happiness courses through the goofy dragon, as if surprised. A slimy squelch sounds from his loins, drawing my attention to the sudden arousal at his achievement. "I mean—of course, it worked. Just as planned." He clears his throat loudly. "Now you're probably wondering 'aren't I puny enough already?' Well, you are, but you're much easier

to keep contained like this." *What is he on about now?! Contained? Just eat me or something, like I can get out of that already!*

He gets closer, and the heat radiating from him feels exacerbated by the sheer size. Another blazing breath blows over me while more of his pink member squeezes from his slit. His cock was always massive, but now at this size it's towering. He chuckles as I gawk at his girth, growing by the second. It slithers from his slit like a burrowing snake, slathered in slime that fills that internal cave. Pink, covered in bumps and ridges with a few noticeable throbbing veins along the side. "You've been quite acquainted with him before, but I'd love for you two to have a little *alone* time." Ashen's voice booms as he sits in front of me.

"Did you really just call your cock *him*?" He gets really weird when he tries to be devious.

He doesn't respond, and I doubt my tiny voice carries that far anyways. I already have to yell for them to hear me normally. Instead, he snatches me from the humid cave floor, a little ant to his scales. The overpowering stench of his primal musk punches me in the nose. He hovers me towards his massive pink cock, bouncing slightly with each throbbing pulse from his heart. Sure he was nobility; a civilized being, but that can't shroud the raw, bestial pheromones his draconic sex exudes. Pungent, hot musk fills the cave, stuffing my nostrils like fog. He dangles me above his thick dick, and I can practically feel each pound pulsing through it like a shockwave. I imagine he's going to stuff me in his pinched nozzle, given that he shrank me—but he simply lets me go over the base of his cock.

Splat! My free fall ends with the sudden collision with his member. Enveloped by hot, gooey slime, I'm swallowed up in the thick stuff. His flesh is slick, spongy, and rather soft. The sweltering goop clogs my nose, reeking of animalistic stink! So potent that it carries the residual stench of my dragon's juices still tainting his flesh. I push against the slippery flesh, getting the ooze to run through my fingers, further gluing me to his cock. Arousal throbs like earthquakes, and every pulse shifts me against his dick. I'm near the midsection of his stalk, but it quickly becomes the bottom with a slow squeeze of his legs. *Schlurp!* His cock retracts within his slit, pulling me in with it!

My amulet cascades light in the overwhelmingly slimy cavern; a gift from him becomes a curse inside his slit. His pink fleshy interior crams me tight to his aroused member, pinning me to the throbbing thing! I scootch my stomach from a girthy lump along his dick, sliding into a crevice that alleviates a little bit of the pressure. A bubbling bit of slit slime squelches loudly in my ears, soaking my body with the thick fluids. Despite the permanent stain of my dragon's juices leaving her primal pheromones, he's a hygienic dragon. I've been acquainted with unwashed dragon cocks before; his has a more manageable scent to choke down. It smells like a long day of sweat, though sweet at its base, tangy enough to slap my nose.

His cock tries to shoot back out when I move, and I know he's locking me inside with it. He's using me as a tease! I want to get out without having to pleasure him, trying to grip the pulsing flesh of his cock. He's trying to make me uncomfortable, anything to make me stop

messing with him. If he blows, it's not because I'm trying. I crease my fingers into a thick ridge, barely able to latch onto the slimy flesh. His dick is slick, pressing into the spongy-hard cushion when I slowly slide forward. This little huff-muffled moan quakes when my hand slips, slapping along a few smaller bumps that probably don't get as much attention. His fleshy walls clamp over his cock, squishing me tight as he clenches to keep his member contained.

Schglurch! The muscular contraction squirts me forward with sloppy slime—quickly clamping down to halt my escape. Oozing goo flows over my body, washing onto my back. With my stomach pressed so tight to his cock, the fluids can't squirt through. The pounding throb is loud, causing the slime to be in a constant rhythmic squelch with every bounce. He buckles down, rolling to his back—gravity becomes my enemy! I slide from the "top" to the more plushy underside of his dick, feeling my weight begin to drag me down. I haven't been in this position before, not wanting to learn what's at the back of his cock cave. My foot catches a cushy ridge, and I grab a fleshy nook to halt my slimy descent. I jam the ball of my foot into the increasingly puffy bloat of his tube, feeling it expand as gooey cum flows up his shaft.

I've climbed rainy, snowy mountains, but nothing is harder than scaling this lubricated tower. His purrs don't make it easy, finally bleeding through all the muscle in his body. The rumbling jostles his dick, and makes the other liquids in his body well known. His bladder is nearby, lazily sloshing foul fluids while he rocks back and forth to make my job harder. Those bloating balls churn over thick cream I'll most likely have to deal with, and I already feel a gooey glob of pre being squeezed inside the tube I'm climbing. There's no way I get him off, not with how spoiled my dragon has made him. I'm a tickle to his cock, simply a stimulant as I squeeze my way up.

The rippling walls of his slit work against me, trying to press me tight against his member. They don't have to try hard, such sheer power is used to contain the massive cock, encasing his engorged dick. Pinned to his shaft, I finally reach the ridges close to the nozzle, somehow becoming more odious the closer I am to getting out of him. A hard squish squashes me into the spongy underside of his cock, and a raucous grumble pumps some fluid through the pipe. The sweet and sour stench of his cum fills my senses before the dribbling ooze squelches down to greet me. Holding strong, slit sealed, it has nowhere to go but straight to me. The gooey fluid lubricates his cock even more, squishing between my fingers, thick enough that I'm practically grabbing onto the cum itself. At my size it's glue; slime thicker than his slit can produce. Completely covered with only a glob, I can tell he stuffed himself with pineapple last night, giving the potent spew an almost detectable essence of the fruit.

Gunked up to his junk, I continue, feeling his soft flesh squish between my toes along his spongy ridges. My fingers are all clogged with his spunk, taking time to try and wipe the oozing cum from between them. Some clear bits of leftover, residual urethral stuff is mixed with his pre, giving a more punching tart stench to the cream. Being so small the gob is a wave, having to clutch tight, hold on while his slit squeezes the flowing fluids. Pushing into his fleshy dick only makes it worse, causing spastic contractions that pleasure Ashen. I can hear and feel the fluid

in his cock squashing and squirting while he staves of his arousal. By the sounds of it, I'm close to the exit, hearing the diluted cum dribble out while he waddles on his back purring.

Right hand-right foot. Left hand-left foot. I use his rigid cock like a ladder, having to pause between reps to predict his inevitable twitches to my touch. Even more to the challenge, slippery spunk and slime coat the thing, and the endless throbs throw off my timing. Held back by sticky strands attaching me to the walls during any point the flesh expands from his dick. Cresting the peak marks the most uncomfortable mountain I've ever climbed, seeing the volcano spitting out more pre. It gushes into the closed slit above, squelching as it tries to bubble through, but his locked legs prevent the exit. Instead, the flowing glob of lava disperses, crashing over my head, down my back, and dribbling into the fleshy, tightly-packed abyss below. By the time I reorient myself, I realize his cum is now marinating his cock, seeing the slippery ooze slathering the walls of his slit beneath.

I crawl my way onto his nozzle, feeling that pulsing pound get even harder with his recognition. That slit of his in sight; his cock wants out as bad as I do. Surely he's kept me long enough, there's no need to prolong this after all. A hard clench, his dick rams the vertical slit—*Schlurp!* His cum filled nozzle sucks in my upper half with the sudden pressure! I can't tell if it was purposefully done or not, but a hard clench pulls me further inside. For a brief moment, I feel the humid outside air on my feet before becoming fully engulfed by his cock. Arousal throbs harder, and his urethra kneads my body, pinning my arms to my sides. Head first compared to my first endeavor, and much smaller, easier to squeeze down his shaft.

The inner stink of his dick is overwhelming this time, reeking of a recently taken piss. Walls condense and collapse, swallowing me down into his cock. The greedy tube wastes no time shoving me into the gooey fluids within, spreading the pressed-together flesh for it all to greet me. A flood of white, some tinted clear, and this awful smelling yellow. It smears over my skin, slathering in the dank mixture. He flexes his member, squishing my body deeper and deeper, engulfed by his cock completely. Before, he let me out prior to getting this deep—well, fucked me out is the more accurate term. Now I'm able to slide further in, my lubricated skin holds no friction against his slick urethral flesh. Perhaps his plan all along, giving another constricting squeeze. While I funnel in, the jizz goes out, taking the foul mixture with it.

I take a sudden turn, a slight bend at the base of his shaft, and smooch up against a very pungent sphincter. Forever tainted by the liquids that pass through it; a scent I'm far more familiar with than I'd ever like. Dragon piss. That potent urine the massive beings create. The valve opens abruptly, squirting a little of the residual urine into my face. Instead of being shot out, I squish in, getting pulled into a stench-ridden tube. Lubricated in all sorts of slime, he just keeps clenching, and each one slides me deeper. The smell gets more and more potent, and I'm definitely not headed to his balls.

Splurch! Splashed through a reluctant valve at the end of the tunnel, I spill out into a condensed sac with piss. I can only be in one place, somewhere I've never been: a dragon's bladder... The rubbery flesh is all scrunched up, and I can only believe my assumption from

earlier is correct. Given the smells before, and how little liquid there seems to be, he peed right before I got to him. His bladder contorts with his chuckles, followed by a gloating purr. Pungent, potent, recently squeezed piss swirls in the airless chamber. The stinky urine is hot against my skin, filling my nose and getting in my ears. He flips back to his feet, tossing me into his wrinkled up flesh. "Well that was unexpected... I was just going to leave you up against my cock, but it seems you had other wishes. Some punishments create themselves! Besides, it's easier to lock you in there—at least until nature decides otherwise." His cocky voice vibrates the putrid liquid encompassing my body as he talks.

I kick into a wrinkle to send an annoyed message, but all it does is get my leg caught inside of it. His pink flesh gums over my skin, pulling me into the folded up pocket. The bored bladder has nothing else to do while it waits for more piss to trickle in, sucking on my body while swirling the pool already inside. It's pretty fascinating how different the feelings are in the grand scheme of things. While it's not very enjoyable having rancid liquid waste constantly soaking my skin, it's rare to experience something so different. I'm so used to the slimy other interior of his body, yet in here it's very fluidic. I mean, that should be obvious, and yet it's bewildering! Sloshed around with all his movements, feeling the wrinkled walls condense as muscles around bump into his bladder. The elastic flesh is made to expand, all constricted to not bloat this section of his body.

My amulet cascades light through the yellow liquid; what dribbling remains of his post-morning piss swish while I try to swim. The cum stuck to my body floats in the chamber, slowly integrating with the fluids with little contained bubbles. Pink flesh collapses on occasion, swallowing me up into all the rubbery muscles. It's unfamiliar with solid objects, pushing me through his piss with strong contractions. Pink stained by yellow, looking through the broth-like fluid. The light glows oddly in the liquid refracting beams that I see in the potent color, but it lets me get a good view of his slick flesh. I can feel him flex his dick, which tugs all the tubes, and in turn clenches his bladder. He found a way to toy with me, experimenting with this new way of messing with me. Purring all the time, I glide against the invasive flesh, grasping for my arms and legs. I push into the rubbery flesh, trying to get some form of room. If I was normal sized, I bet I could make the muscles give in, but all I do is get the soft elastic to squish between my fingers. Much more slippery than other sections of his body, this sac is filled with liquids. It's hard to get any footing, I've learned to deal with slime, but urine is another beast!

He's walking, heavy steps swish the place into a frenzy, so his muscles constrict to contain the flowing fluid. Hugged tight, his flesh hardens, tightening up around my body. My legs are stuffed into one fold, while my upper body is in another, bent awkwardly in both. Smushed so firmly into his bladder, I hear his other bodily functions carrying out. The muscles of his rear flex as he walks, stomach growling for breakfast, casual gurgles and burbling from the rest of his system. There's a distinct liquidity fluid trickling through his intestines, pumped out of his stomach while I listen. I run my hands along his flesh, at least, I wiggle them in place between a sloshy pocket. His purrs rattle, massaging my body with his vibrating urine. Its hardened state is like taut rubber, slick with fluids and still soft at the exterior. There's a little cushion before those hard muscles beneath make themselves known, like pressing into a rock.

Squished inside his bladder, my light shines enough through the liquid sea for me to make out a valve close by. I wiggle my way to it, thinking it's my exit. He purrs with my movements, apparently he likes this... It's an exit alright, just not the one I want. It squishes open, spewing in a very fetid load of 'fresh' piss. Darker in color, it flows in with a quick spurt, reeking like that morning tea he drinks, tainted completely by his bodily systems. Bitter, he brews his tea strong, yet there's still a very minty stench to it. This lingering sweetness of peppermint and honey tingles my nose, but is ultimately snuffed by the fishy smell of his innate urine combating the pee tea.

The tangy, almost-orange color melds with the yellow, mixing with the different stinging fetor they give off. It gushes over my skin, spitting right into my face with another squirting release. I consider it the first time he's peed on me, not one to acquaint me with the foul fluids like my dragon does. *So that's what's gurgling around in there...* I hate that I can notice these details trickling around his body—but what else is there to do when I'm bored, sitting in their bodies for years on end? *At least it's different I guess...* The wrinkly flesh expands only a little, just enough to fit the new liquid inside. It's enough to dislodge me from the tight fold that took me in, swirling me around for a moment before his gut muscles constrict.

A sudden shift, heavy with all his weight. Long winded flaps, each one causing his entire body to condense and relax. Flight. He's going out to hunt since I didn't bring him any food—that or he's going to go pester my dragon. I can't decide which is worse. His chaotic flight path consists of many turns, ascensions, and sudden freefalls so he's just trying to be rambunctious to annoy me. It obviously works, homogenizing the festering liquids while throwing me all over. A hard jarring left crams me into the right side of his sloshing sac, kneading over me until a sudden right spits me to the other side. The fluids in his intestines gargle and whine with the movement, and more of his tainted tea becomes his pee. Battered inside, even more when fluids pump in, giving more urine to create a bigger pool. It's not like other areas, this stuff isn't thick, so there's only a little resistance before I slam into his rubbery flesh.

Splosh! A splash outside causes his whole bladder to scrunch up the best it can, squishing me tight. With how long he's flown it has to be the ocean, getting some fish to satisfy his hunger. He's underwater, and it's chaos. Air inside his body blubs and glubs with growing shifts of pressure while he swims deeper. His bladder hates it, becoming a wrinkled mess as his urine revolts, wanting to join the salt water outside. A wet swallow shakes his body, and it seems Ashen would rather acquaint the two inside his body. That hungry growl quakes to the distant sound of his filling stomach, no less gorging on a slapping school of fish. Like how we first met—but I'm a passenger somewhere much different, and he knows I'm here. He's either being sentimental, or he knows how putrid fish will make his pee, I'll have to find out later since he is a big sap. For now, I'm trapped in his bladder, hearing all that disgusting seawater sloshing in his stomach that'll be joining me. That familiar sound of his belly expanding, gurgling loudly with the presence of food, quaking his body.

A series of gastric noises coincides with the abundance of sloshing, both inside and outside his body. Still underwater, his kidneys squeeze in another dose of freshly filtered urine, spilling the vile liquid into my body. Pungent with hints of processed caffeine, stinging with mint, organically gushing without a care. It serves to loosen up the tightened flesh, giving more room to batter me around the swirling sac. He swims through the ocean while I attempt to in his. His spastic movements are hard to predict, and I'm punished greatly for each one I guess wrong. Trying to center myself in his urine, floating, using my arms and legs to push from his flesh. It's nearly impossible to predict, he's chasing fish after all, and not seeing the movement of his prey is the challenge. Slight shifts of muscles are there to give signs, but he reacts so fast I can't keep up—slamming into the nearest wall, getting caught into the slippery wrinkles.

He surfaces for a breath, inflating those large lungs while his stomach gurgles loudly with all the water and fish. Ashen isn't a sea dragon, but living on an island has conditioned him to all the swimming. The same goes for me, but I didn't expect the skill would translate to a dragon's bladder. Never held firm by the walls, his flesh spits me out. My skin isn't a good source of friction to keep me contained. Lubricated in liquid, soaked in urine, another gush flows even more in, expanding the sac a little. He takes a moment to float, which bobbles his body with passing waves. The rolling water sloshes me around, and he purrs with every wiggling constriction his flesh makes when I crash into his walls.

Another dive, and I hear a gurgly suction from his belly. *Schlurp!* Seawater seeps into his intestines, keen on hydrating the dragon. My hopes of his tea being enough were misguided, listening to the trickles of fluids working its way through his tubes. The slapping fish get louder the more he packs into his belly, sloshing around with all the water. Most of it stays, helping to mix acids into the fish, something I've had to deal with in the past. Ambiently listening to it happen through urine soaked ears is pretty surreal. His digestive process was always noisy: vibrating gurgles, gooey gluts, rumbling groans and constant air-filled glorps. The gastric churning of his guts over all those fish kneads into his bladder with all the movement.

Swish—Slosh! Finished with his meal, he takes off again. Hard flapping wings squeeze me in his sac, swirling me around the constantly growing pool. The overwhelming stench of his tea pollutes his pee, leaving the pungent degraded peppermint miasma to wallow. It ages poorly the longer it sits, more chemicals mix with his urine, creating that expected wasteful stink. It already smells like fish to an extent, the enzymes his body uses to filter the piss are practically stained from all he eats. He probably had the same for dinner, only taking offerings from villagers on special occasions, or when he's with my dragon. My train of thought is interrupted by another gushing influx of urine, spilling against my right hand that tries to block the nasty torrent. It effortlessly flows through my fingers, forcing my hand away, and sends me on another swirling tour of his sac.

Jumbling, tumbling, it's gotten more roomy in his bladder. I liked it better squished and empty, now in a constant state of movement with every wiggling constriction. The elastic flesh expands, starting to reek of fish oil and seawater filtering out of his kidneys. Juicy squirts spit from the two valves above, spilling in another disgusting load of piss. Different from the pungent

liquids before, this stuff is mostly clear, though the pond of yellow quickly taints it to fit in with the rest. I watch the urine diffuse, hardly making an impact on the opacity of the rest. What it does impact is the smell. Peppermint is never supposed to be around fish, and it combines into a very confusing—yet very atrocious stench. Sweet, sour, reeking like a bitter harbor. Tart, rank, stinging like a spoiled lemon. It gets more potent with another gush of it making itself at home.

He finally lands, laying down, which squishes his bladder against his gurgling intestines. I hear his fishy food gurgling up a storm in his stomach, already digesting with ease. Soupy mixtures of it bubble around the other side of his flesh, grumbles and raucous burbles quake my surroundings. He gives a loud belch that vibrates his body, patting his belly to calm it down. At least I know he'll have to release me before any of that is ready to go. More evidence flows in, erasing another few wrinkles. I hear him chuckle while he shifts back and forth, sloshing me around into piss soaked flesh. My skin has pruned slightly from constant contact, though it's more annoying than concerning. Urine splashes, shifts, swirls when he presses into his scales, sending me bouncing through the disturbed pond. So chaotic, slapping into the pink flesh that randomly seems to grind down, constrict, rebel against being pushed around.

Ashen always gets tired after a meal, growing bored of sloshing me around. Sickly glorps bubble his body, steadily making quick work of his meal on the other side of me. Slimy squelches and other gastric noises lull him into his post meal nap. Unlucky for me, his bladder could never wake him, slowly growing more full by the minute. Sloppy gushes spit in, now potent with chemicals inside those digesting fish. Swallowed up, filtered out, and yet that repugnant reek of oils stain the consumed seawater. With it that salty sting sits as well, mixing horribly with the remnants of peppermint that hasn't already been drowned out. Being around so many of their meals, I've smelt them digest time and time again. I can even tell the specific species he ate simply from the different fishy odors polluting his piss. Tuna for sure, as well the abundance of mackerel off the coast. The slimy stink associated with herring I could never forget since the first time we met. I can even tell he got some mahi, the less fishy smelling of the festering types of filtered oil. The stretching sac becomes appalling, swimming in a fleshy pool of liquid waste.

Over his nap, the clearish fishy urine has at least diluted the color a little bit. Salt water doesn't do much in hydrating him, actually causing more chemicals to enter the fray, making it stink even worse. A solid yellow, but at least it's transparent enough to get my bearings. Sloshed about, watching more of the stuff spill in, seeing the new pee diffuse into the growing sea. Swimming with some room, though the ambient idle swishing of his body constantly swirls it all around. It has to be nearly full, I can see the veins starting to form on the stretched flesh. A hard clench tries to void the sac, his body informing him he has to go. He's an expert at not pissing himself in his sleep, holding it in by instinct until he wakes.

Stuck swimming in the stinky vat, slightly thicker feeling than water against my skin. Almost sticky in a weird sense, like it's gluing to my skin even though it's all fluid. Those bloating gushes keep coming, spilling in more chemically treated urine—enough now that it has to be bothering him. He shifts during the constrictions trying to void his piss, slapping me right to left

when he gives an annoyed groan. Yet he purrs with my collisions, which I hardly believe he can actually feel with my current size, but each wave of them comes accurately.

A surprisingly rebellious squeeze catches him off guard, enough to squirt some down the tube, but a painful throb halts the urine from making its escape. The force slams me into his rubbery flesh, sending me spinning in the disgusting broth. I can tell it woke him, giving a long grumble as the piss squirts back in with a painful sounding contraction. "Fine. Fine. You get to come out now. Though I doubt you learned your lesson." *I don't see how any of this was my fault to begin with, but okay bud. Just tell her how you feel dammit!*

He walks for a bit, and a hard autonomously acting clench makes him waddle faster. My cauldron sloshes to his steps, getting much hastier as his bladder acts up. Another pump bloats it further, swirling me around amid all the madness. He stops, hastily doing something before letting me out. *Schglush!* Finally relief echoes the chamber, spilling through the elusive valve at the bottom. It becomes a whirlpool inside, his walls constrict to squeeze his urine out. I hear the lucky first exit, blasting through his urethra, spilling out into the open air with a sigh of relief from Ashen. A strong push shoves me though the hole, violently squeezing me down the tube. It curves like I remembered, though this time with haste, sliding me along the lubricated walls of his inner dick. Flooding out, I shoot into a makeshift pond of frothy piss, splattering with torrential backsplash that soaks the surrounding grass.

It keeps coming, pushed beneath the surface as his piss mixes with the dirt. He dug a hole, more like a crater to dispose of me. His makeshift pond fills quickly, plunging me around the appalling pool. Loud splashing, his urine bubbles and froths up from his distant shooting. It mixes with the earthy smell of the land, heating up and cooling down simultaneously with the cool outside air, and warmth of new additions. Finally a few last pulses squirts me to the top, able to see his steaming nozzle dribble into the grass beneath him. It's like a jungle at my size, I'm bigger than the grass, but the bubbles in his piss make everything hard to see. Rank in scent, masking all the nice smells the island has aside from the salt emanating from his pungent urine. Through the sheen of a bubbly dome, he pissed me out next to an actual pond, nice enough not to pollute the water source. No animal will ever mistake this for that, though I feel the level slowly beginning to seep into the ruined mud inside the hole he dug.

He plucks me from the pond of piss, a puddle to him, chuckling to himself from the devious deed. Rolling my eyes at him, he tosses me into the adjacent pond to clean me off. Met with a shock of cold, something that I don't really feel all too often, going from the warmth of his piss to this. It taints my surroundings, but the scent quickly dissipates to an extent with the natural smelling water. He dunks me under, scaring off a few curious fish, snatching me back up into his grasp. Sitting on his haunches, that cock I've been too close to as of recent sits in his other claw, holding it up. The grin on his face brings a protest to mine. *He surely isn't going to-* "Now to get back at her! What better way than using you. That's what you do right? Help with antics while another is unaware?" *He is...*

Still smaller than I've ever been, he hovers me back to his throbbing nozzle. The outer musk emanating from his cock is overwhelming, now unwashed for the day. It was marinating in the pre spewed in his slit, soaking in the musky stuff for a while. The reek of fresh piss still hangs heavy, and my dragon's stench stays. Steam rises from the toxic pond he peed out, still bubbling and frothing ambiently as he lowers me to his own steaming member. A few droplets of water drip from my body, and they impact the tip of his dick. Evaporating on contact, the cold water makes his cock flex, and that hole opens up to greet me.

Freefall. *Squelch!* My feet enter first, squeezing back into his pipe with ease. Residual piss is like oil, sliding me inside with the help of gravity. The clenching hole gobbles by chest, dragging me back to his depths. A bassy throb sucks me all the way in, smothering my face with a droplet of clammy urine. I try to push against the walls, prevent my descent, but all I manage to do is make him flex his cock with pleasure. The hard clenching serves to swallow me down quicker, and I feel him grip his dick outside. Stroking up and down, he massages his member lewdly in the island forest. What should shoot stuff out only manages to gape the tube, allowing me to travel further with ease. Potent smells fill the slimy tube, hot, gooey cum he's been sitting on all day. It manages to overpower the reek of his urine, drowning the spent fishy waste.

I take another turn, a musky one, squishing into a different tube than before. His cum was always strong to smell, but now I'm headed straight to its source. The most potent it's ever been, goo from the shifting outside glues the gloppy tube. Swallowed through flowing pre, enveloped in the thick white spew. It's oddly sugary smelling, this weird tinge of pineapple I noticed earlier. Squeezed hard into a gooey valve, it cuts my olfactory need to diagnose the scent. My left leg squishes through, and a large gob of his cum oozes between my toes, rolling over my leg, over my ass and back, swallowing my neck and head. It tries to take me with it, but the sphincter grabs my thigh, and a hard clench squirts the sticky fluid the way I came. One leg in, surrounded by the gooey splodge brewing in his ball. I remember I split to the right, making my existence about to distend into his right nut.

He squeezes his loins, so the valve glops open. *Schglurch!* It tugs me into his cum container, dunking beneath the thick spunk. *Bladder, balls, I think that checks off my dragon exploration bucket list...* Testicular walls rumble with his purrs, taking more pleasure in this than I'd like. Sure half the time I'm covered in his cum, but here the viscous fluid is thicker. Trapped in his kneading ball, churning up the slimy spew as he stands back up. More milk oozes in from his prostate, swelling his ball with his arousal. He starts to walk, bouncing me inside the slimy chamber, by my estimation it's about the size of his stomach at my current size. The sheer difference between two pathways: now surrounded by a substance so thick that I can hardly move.

Flight, it's less noticeable in here, but the jarring flaps still bounce me into his strangely soft flesh. This slimy noise sounds through, and I recognize the pitch to match his cock sliding back into his slit. His ball shifts, getting squished as his dick retreats in flight. It knocks me further right, condensing the testicle only slightly, making him murr while he flies. I try to mess with him, make his cock puke me out before he can reach my dragon. It's not something I want

to do, but I'd rather not deal with her at this size. I run my fingers over his soft testicular flesh, massaging the slimy cum-covered walls. He practically goes into a freefall before regaining his aerial balance, giving a growl of anger that's laced with pent up lust. It probably isn't the best thing to do while he flies anyway. I don't want him getting hurt by something so silly.

The pungent scent grows more potent as his nuts stew the sticky spew. Draconic musk, thick, soupy, overwhelming goeey. I'm used to it being diluted by my dragon's stomach, or mixed with her own mess. Here, its natural habitat, it's practically glue. White, potent, globbing onto every inch of my skin. It spreads between my fingers, wedging between my toes, sinking deep in my pits, clogging my ears and nose. I dare not open my mouth, lest the seed slip in. Sweet in smell but surely tart in taste, pent up, he's been waiting to pump it out. His ball is engorged with sexual fluids, squishing me through the thick draconic cream. He's left my dragon for a week, more than she likes to go without his... companionship. She's going to be angry, the worst time for me to be around her.

He lands, cock already sliding out. His voice speaks in that draconic language, and I hear the grumble of my dragon already understanding. Just her voice alone causes his ball to condense, spurting out some seed that gobs out of his dick onto the cave floor. The love they share between words drives him silly. I didn't go with it, swallowed up against his aroused inner flesh. Trying a final time to force him to spit me out, I press my hands and feet into his walls, stretching out as best I can. His goopy flesh contours between my fingers and toes, oozing the goeey cum between them. He buckles to his back, clenching his cock to block my attempts. My dragon takes advantage, pouncing on Ashen, opposite to what I wanted. The distinct sound of flesh swallowing flesh, one I hate that I can diagnose so easily even with my ears stuffed with goeey seed. I can even tell it's her sex, not her ass, so at least it could've been worse.

Going a *whole* week without his dick, she goes to town, ravenously milking his member with her pussy. Slapping plaps of her slit lips smacking his scales, swallowing up his whole cock into her cave. It's practically a second slit to him at this point. His ball is a nightmare of action, thrashing me into his walls, battering me through the vibrating cum. Deep draconic purrs rumble them both, vibrating down his dick from her, acoustically booming through his body. More spew oozes in from another valve, gushing his cum into my face, as if I'm not already blanketed in his slime. Sloshing with every thrust, he takes it on the bottom while she works with her hips. Pounding into his flesh, I feel him flinch every time, as if holding back the extra pleasure I cause.

He flips her over, taking charge, both not wishing to be the bottom. His thrusts are different from hers, ramming himself deep, and in turn violently churning me inside. With cum so thick, I'm practically held in place, his walls come to me in the viscous tide. Slapped around, I feel a goeey glob bloat the valve, and it funnels out with me. *Finally*. Not even his launching load, I squeeze through the tube, entering back into his sticky urethra. Gumming up with the pounding throbs, I hear the slimy interior of my dragon assaulting his cock. A tight clench of recognition squeezes hard, spewing me out with speed. The thick fluid gobs together, forming a goeey bulge as I travel. Almost free, well, *free* from him at least.

Splurt! He shoots me out at the back of her pussy, sopping wet with her potent nectar. The pheromones of her sex invade my cum stuffed senses, feeling her rippling walls fold over my body while they wait for his cocks eventual return. Silky flesh expands to his engorged dick stretching her walls. His nozzle pokes me from the softer muscles, quivering as I leave. He glues me to the tip, pulling out, then slamming in again. Cum keeps me pinned, stuck partially inside the hole again. Her velvety walls collapse over his cock, smothering me into his tip, vigorously grinding to his thrusts. Ripples of pleasure pulse through her flesh, twitching with primal lust, quivering to every touch. Noisy, a constant beratement of slimy squelches, gooey expansion of elastic flesh. Draconic rumbles of lust grumble the tightening tube, flexing eagerly to consume his cock, rubbing over my exposed skin, covered in their musky slime.

Their combined sexual fluids are nostalgic, two sweet smells meld into one primal musk, like they belong together. Grumbles of lovey dovey dragon-speak rumbles their bodies between passing purrs, groans and sexual moans. Her translucent slime mixes with the gooey white, painting their pink flesh. Every raunchy thrust changes the canvas, spewing different webs of infused sexual juices splattering all around. I'm pushed though ropey strands of the slime that forms sheets when her walls spread to his cock. Arousal throbs them both, quaking her pussy the deeper he plunges. I'm along for the ride, feeling both their sexual organs having their way with me. Glued to the tip, his nozzle gums my legs, sucking them in and squeezing my toes. Her walls collapse, condense, kiss the end of his dick while he pulls out. It swallows me up, threatening to yank me from his hole, only to help shove me back in as he trusts again.

Ramming harder, faster, I know he's close. The way her walls react shows that she, however, isn't. He slams far back, stuffing himself inside, pressing up against the pinched entrance to her egg chamber. Squished against her back hole, that way to her womb sparks an eye widening thought. *I was always too big to squeeze through there!!* His plan, if he knows it or not to get back at her. I feel his cock clench with his orgasm, throbbing once, and I feel the bottom of his pipe fill with cum. Twice sends the gush all the way up, spurting the surge of splurge over my feet, shooting me straight into her cervix. With mounting pressure, naturally it opens, gushing me into her womb! Surrounded by her most intimate, inner flesh, another large spurt oozes in, yet the chamber seals and blocks the weaker fourth.

She pushes him out before he fully finishes. **"Really?!** That's it?" She usually speaks my language when she gets frustrated. A habit she picked up from being around me so much, or more like me being inside her so long. "A week and you can't even last!?" She huffs from sexual frustration.

While they argue, I survey my new surroundings when she switches back to draconic. A place I've never been, I think the only place left that I haven't. *Her womb...* Covered in cum, the walls are softer than anything I've felt. Slimy, yet pillowy, almost like fine silk. It cushions down when she stands, forming a padded room, but I feel the muscles clenching through her walls as she flexes. Her inner flesh around me constricts, and she vacates his cum from inside. *Fwomp!* A golden flash of light—I revert back to my normal size, filling out the chamber before I'm ejected! She cripples over, making a weird noise I've never heard from her. This high-pitched

hiss of confusion, and oddly... pleasure. "Little Snack...? Are you...? In my...?" I've been inside her so long the recognition is instant, but where I am seems to send a shock through her body. "**ASHEN!?** What have you done!?"

"What? Do you not like the little one being where they shouldn't be? That must be **terrible...**" He chuckles after, and I can visualize the cocky grin those words bring to his scaled lips.

"Very funny." She tries to eject me, but I don't fit the way I came in with a couple clenching grunts. The plushy walls push me into the exit, only able to yank an arm or leg free at any given time. Slimy squelches suck around my left arm, pulling me to my shoulder before a hard squeeze shoves me back in, flipping me around and oozing out my right leg to my upper thigh. "But I can't get them out!!" She grunts, trying a few more discombobulating times, constricting me in soft, slimy flesh. "Ashen...?"

"I can undo it—but of course, you wouldn't learn your lesson otherwise. I'll be back if I change my mind, or you come to me with a change of yours." She gives a little annoyed hiss when his voice gets closer. A firm pressure pushes me from the outside. "That's what you get for acting like a child." *You oaf. I'm older than you!*

"Ashen don't you-" ... For a moment I'm left with the ambient sound of her racing heart pulsing the soft flesh, growing slower, much slower—yet pounding harder. "He, he left..." Her heart skips a beat with those words, she can't mask that pain from me in here. "How did you piss him off that much?" She tries to deflect. *Me??* I kick into her pillowy walls, making her jolt with discomfort. "Fine... maybe it was both of us." *Better. Talk to me!*

"There's nothing I can do to get you out right now. Hopefully he comes to his senses... I'll have to get him back for-" I kick her walls again, harder, enough to cripple her down with an odd mixture of discomfort and pleasure. *How do you not see the point he's trying to make?! Are you blind?! How long can you bottle yourself up!?* "Fine—fine. I get it... His sleep eating is just so funny!" I stretch out, pushing her elastic flesh, and she falls over, half laughing half grunting. "Alright—already." I stop and let her speak. "He's just such a-" Another kick, one that should shut her up. She grumbles to herself, still frustrated about the whole ordeal. "Two can play this game you little-" I try to stretch out again, but her whole womb condenses, squeezing me tight while she shoves me from outside. Unable to move, smothered by her flesh, I tap out, and she releases her grasp. *This better not be a while...*

She lays down, shifting as I try to maintain some control of my world. Her flesh tries to do it for me, and it catches me off guard. My leg accidentally shoots out, ramming the ball of my foot into hardening flesh that folds up around my ankle, sucking in with a sharp clench. "**Oof!** What was that one for?! Stop it! I just want to sleep!" I try to make it up to her by massaging the walls, being gentle—trying to soothe the discomfort I caused. Her purrs show forgiveness, we've communicated like this for years after all. It's just a different part of her body neither of us are used to. "I'll dream of ways to be better to him. Different upbringings, separate experiences.

He's used to a certain lifestyle. You know how he makes me feel... I never thought I could..." I can feel the tension course through her, but she relaxes a moment—giving a dreamy sigh. "Goodnight... Little Snack." I run my hands along her deep pink flesh. She purrs to my touch, slowly falling asleep while rubbing me through her scales to pass the time.

I shift around, her flesh is elastic enough to contain me. Her eggs would be bigger than myself, so I easily make room. I can tell it's meant to stretch, I can do it even with my size. Pushing into the flesh, it has a lot of cushioning to it, swallowing up my hands till I hit a hard muscular shell encapsulating the chamber. Silky smooth, more so than even her sex, smelling much sweeter too; less abrasive, not nearly as blunt as her typical pheromones. It's soothing almost, but that doesn't mean I want to stay. Her gentle purrs vibrate her womb; heart slowly beats to her sleep. I feel her breaths, the squeeze of those large organs squishing inside her body. All the gastric noises bubbling around, sounds I've heard for so many years. Contained inside a sac that doesn't berate me, try to digest me, play around with me; try to do anything other than hold onto me. It collapses around my body, contouring to my physique. Wrapped around in a hot cushion of pillowy flesh.

Her muscles massage my body, flexing with her breaths. The slick flesh of her womb rubs over my skin, puffing up to my touch. Both put in this strange predicament, I try not to wake her, slowly sliding myself deep inside. I'm able to lay back enough to get comfortable, cupping into her flesh. The muscles let me, softening as I move, slathering a viscous slime to cushion me more. It covers my skin, feeling different than the other fluids she has. It's very syrupy, though not particularly sticky, roping from the deep pink walls around the chamber. Ashen's cum has all been squeezed out or absorbed, leaving me alone with her. The chamber rocks, though the enveloping flesh holds me firm, yet soft to dampen the vibrations of her autonomously pulsing body. I gently push my hand into her walls with my fist, slowly unraveling my fingers, feeling her flesh envelop between them one at a time. The same with my feet, feeling the folding walls swallow my toes, and it makes her purr. Her womb slowly pushes my hand back, pressing it to my chest, so much more delicate than the rest of her body would react.

I can barely feel her shift in her sleep. This place is designed to keep eggs safe within her. I can imagine it's a more sensitive place, given that life is supposed to be brewed here. The occasional jostle pushes me around during random rolls in her slumber, but the walls shift, soften in the areas I collide. It's almost nice; the most physically comfortable I've ever been inside her. The walls keep closing in, hugging me tight—but not *too* tight. Enough to push the plushy flesh over every bit of my body, holding me snug, reverberating out the various beats from her other inner workings. Her pulse is calm, connected to this chamber by the feel of it. Slime sits in her womb, squelching with the lessening space as her walls squish to my skin. It smothers my face, sweet, yet not assaulting, smelling like a spring wind, carrying her deep draconic essence. Almost hypnotizing, feeling her flesh quiver while it hugs my body, laying in a thick silky bed.

That dull thud of her heart pulsing reminds me of all the times I've heard it, keeping her alive; the thought is soothing. I'm surprised that she and Ashen haven't spoken of starting a

family—or whatever dragons call it. Though it isn't really that surprising given the amount of "partners" she's had over the years, never once accepting their seed. I know she's afraid of the thought, and I don't blame her for what she went through with the little she told me. Perhaps Ashen will bring out that side of her even more; I'm still breaking into that barrier she holds, but I'm not like him. Something must be going through her mind tonight, tossing around, the feelings are so slight, but still noticeable. I know better to ask, my dragon hates my analysis of her behaviors, *especially* if I'm right. For now... I feel myself drifting off; nostalgia of old times, reliving memories, smiling at how many times I've been inside my big friend. Whether it's because she hated me at the beginning, cares about me today, or shows herself in the future; *I'll stick with her till the end.*