

Here Be Dragons

'Here Be Dragons' was the name of the dragon convention being held in Avalon.

It was the largest of its kind, drawing in dragons from all over. Many of them flying in, quite literally! It was also a source of wild memes, as dragons were known to get weird with it!

Terra Pinkwiind (it was spelled that way) arrived with a bounce in her step. There was a glimmer in her pink eyes as she was excited to rub elbows in the who's-who of dragonkind!

The dark-scaled dragon's tail swished as she made her way in. Long pink hair fell over the side of her face, as curved horns poked up. Thicker-scaled plate protected her footpaws, forearms, and tail. She held her wings in a relaxed spread, their inner hue pink, just like her underbelly!

A one-piece latex outfit hugged from her shoulders to her hips, fitting tightly. It would've been sexy with how it held up her breasts with ample cleavage, but right now it looked silly. She hadn't packed much else, and she had an inconvenient problem... Her belly was full of eggs.

This clutch was a quick one, so by the time it came into its own, she was already on her trip. And she couldn't afford to cancel it, either! Not without missing her chance! So Terra had to suffer through carrying around an obvious swell, which would've made her belly hang from the heft. Right now the orb was tighter thanks to the garment, but she couldn't help but feel the eggs occasionally clink around inside of herself. Like porcelain, cascading within her until they settled again.

Just how many were there!?

The whole thing did damper her entrance, as she did want to turn heads, but not like this! A couple smug dragons smirked as she passed by, and she could imagine their mutterings about her clutch size and term.

'At this point, I may as well dump them here,' Terra mused to herself, 'It's not like I can carry them any longer--not all the way back home! And they're just about... Done, anyway.'

Terra's eyes slid around the scene. The whole time her belly strained, the need to unload was brutal. So, so damn heavy.

Wobble. Wobble. By now, her term was so late, that the eggs moved of their own accord. Even when she was perfectly seated, she could feel the orbs stir--one movement was enough to rile up the other eggs, who were JUST as eager to get out as Terra was to release them. And they were so large that, whenever she exhaled and her underbelly tightened, their shapes could be seen vividly through her scale. Even the latex.

"Oh gosh, settle down whelps," Terra muttered to herself, "You're embarrassing me."

The lady held her purse tightly as she came around a corner, eager to slip out of the open. She had underestimated HOW bloated she would be, and there was an inexorable urge.

Yes, she wanted to meet her dragon buddies as well as get to see all those famous dragons, like the one from The Hobbit (based on a true story)!

At the same time, she wanted to run through that women's restroom door and unload her clutch! Would've even settled for doing it in the grass outside--but not quite DESPERATE enough to do it in front of everyone, right here.

"Nnnfff, I-I can't, I should--I should probably think about who's going to take care of my whelps--" Terra sorely rubbed her claws over her overburdened belly, "There's no way I can bring them ALL back with me, once they're out. The plane tickets would cost a fortune! No, they're going to need a momm--nnfnffff--"

Terra had to wince from a contraction. Which inadvertently brought her gaze to the side, where there stood a perfectly suitable--no, TOO suitable father, "--A daddy, rather."

A nearly ten foot tall bronze dragon. Tan scales, with thicker green plates across the limbs. There was a gentler curve to his horns which implied femininity, but she knew better! That white fluff, and the big rump! That BUTT, so big and roomy. It had to be Yove, who was actually on Terra's list of dergs-she-had-to-meet!

Why, everyone's heard of his little metal sculptures of dragons. He published them under the pseudonym FlagCatcher. No, he wasn't known for anything else, not at all!

Certainly not for being a roomy SLUT!

Let's just say there was a reason he was called FlagCATCHER, not Pitcher.

'He's even cuter in person,' Terra thought. In another state of mind, she would've paused for a moment to gush! She did really enjoy his, errr, sculptures--especially the suggestive ones! They were quite moving...

Terra was moving, too. Quite quickly closing in on him, trying to feign a smile to hide her desperation. She folded her hands behind her back as she shimmied up into the small crowd that gathered around the towering dragon. Any semblance of a neat, orderly queue was gone--many were getting impatient.

"Can you sign my scales!?" Asked one fan-dragon.

"Uhm! Yove! Can you uhhh, can you fix this!?" Another dragon fan held up a mangled-looking wire-dragon.

There was no fixing that.

A third was about to shout too, but Terra shoved her away. There were murmurs of concern as many eyes looked towards the pink lady, who seemed to be breathing heavily as she strained to keep herself under control.

Yove turned to her, noting the other glances. "Ohhh! Hey, erm, hihi--Terra! Yes, I'm really glad you could make it--"

"I NEED YOU TO--"

Terra blurted out rather abruptly, which caused the crowd to disperse further. It was just silly metal sculptures, what was she getting so worked-up about!?

"to--to take my CLUTCH!"

Yove looked a little mortified, big teal eyes wide, "Uhm, are you ok--"

There were gasps around the crowd. What the heck? Clutch? This was next-level fangirl, clearly! That was the kinda desperation reserved for a world-famous dragon-pop singer, not a silly little sculptor! Surely their ears had to be failing.

However, there was no denying the huge swell in Terra's tummy, which DEMANDED attention. It NEEDED to be unleashed, and this point, there was scarcely any time to run out of there and do the deed. As Terra stood there, huffing, trying desperately to think of an excuse to explain herself or at least get the two of them somewhere more private, she thrust her purse into the air.

"S-SEE!?" The woman throttled it, "M-my clutch, uh-hh, guh-hh, my p-purse!"

Which, yes, her purse happened to be a clamshell handbag, i.e. a clutch.

And Yove stared at it, perplexed as to why she needed to give her purse to him that badly, "Uhm? I appreciate it, but I don't need any donations--"

He didn't think Terra would be so weird in-person!

But no one else was buying her excuse. There were now even louder mutters of concern in the back. Terra wondered what everyone's fuss was, her eyes darted around until she finally glanced down.

Both of her fat cocks were hard.

The two were nine inches long, plenty thick. They were blue at the base and transitioned towards a fleshy pink. Arrow-like heads with thick ridges down the bellies. Two of them. Throbbing in the open like that, glistening as they had just emerged from her slit some time after her approach to the crowd. She--she couldn't believe she hadn't noticed. How the HELL didn't she notice her own cocks were raging-hard?

That -Yove- hadn't noticed! Although, he was all the way up there, and her dicks were down there, obscured by the crowd. But everyone else thought it was obvious.

The narrow strap of the latex garment, which hugged over her crotch, meant that the material rode up between her cocks. Spreading her lengths apart and making it all the more obvious she had two. Others looked on, noted how stiff and needy her shafts were, and remarked.

"Gosh, why does she need two?"

"Can you believe she has two? What a horny--"

Yet Terra couldn't take anymore. She was already at her lowest point, horny and eggy in front of everyone! Reduced to pleading, "I just need you, need--uhhh, you to--"

Yove blinked at her. He was so damn clueless, all the time!

The dragoness huffed, her eyes narrowed onto the taller male, and she ran at him!

"Wait--" Yove objected, thrown off-balance by her mad tackle. He had no idea Terra was like this, and half-considered calling security!

The two tumbled onto the ground after a heavy thud. He turned as she wrestled with him, in the process stripping off what he wore! Yove really only wore some tight shorts for this outing, so this bared his rump while Terra got into position above him. Her arms wrapped around his middle while her wings tried to grasp onto him, desperately clinging to the male as he moved.

"H-hold still--" Terra begged, as her belly tumbled around with each buck from the dragon.

Yove managed to pick himself up despite her weight on him, her LONG tail wrapped around his thighs and ensnaring him further. He was in quite the predicament--he could not move without tripping, and this dragon woman would NOT release him. He looked terribly embarrassed as everyone watched this woman mount him.

'Holy clutch,' he thought, 'I didn't know she had the hots for me like that! Of all dragons!? It's kind of hot!'

But Terra couldn't care anymore. The dragoness burned with the need to GIVE this guy her clutch. She gritted her teeth as she pumped her hips, finally managing to cram -both- of her cocks inside of him. Despite her impressive sizes, Yove was a big boy.

She managed to fit inside.

"Ahffff... OHHH~!" The moan after the grunt of exertion betrayed it all. Yove's tailhole felt amazing for her!

A rather large, triangular slit that could easily fit a larger length. Yet it managed to contract nice and snug around both of Terra's throbbing poles. There was also plenty of wetness... Said hole produced a nice blue goo which lubricated her lengths and made her ensuing strokes smooth, sloppy... And noisy.

The smaller dragon humped against him with a fervent pace, her feet scrambling to try and push off of his calves with her thrusts. But her core did most of the work to fuck him... Thankfully, Terra was athletic. Because she was pretty much having to rock-climb to ream this much larger male.

As for Yove? Flustered!

His knees were shaky and threatening to buckle. He tried his best to stand upright but the potent thrusts were quaking his frame. A big dragon like that ought to be able to take her shakes but the fact she crammed into his sloppy TAILHOLE tested his stamina. Looking fretful as he glanced over the crowd, which stared. His breaths hiked as he felt up his belly and tried to grab her hands, their claws having gotten a good grip into the slight gaps in his breastplate. He tried to pry those hands off, but she was too stubborn, too needy!

'Oh fuck, she's gonna make me cum in front of everyone,' he thought, utterly humiliated. The male's cock slipped free from the slit and showed its slippery goodness while his fans continued to gawk. Then came his balls... FLUMPING out, glistening and dripping as they spilled free from his male slit.

He figured it felt fucking amazing and he was going to bust if her dicks got any closer to bashing his prostate. At the same time, he didn't want to make a mess on EVERYONE who watched.

The whole time, Terra's face burned hotly from the pleasure and embarrassment. It felt too damn good to stop. She was getting so close to pushing out her clutch, and her impending orgasm was a bonus. The situation had her dizzied, the world seemed to spin along with her mount. Everything seemed to distant to her except fucking this tailhole and giving him her whelps!

"I--I gotta go--" Yove finally gathered his nerve and stormed off. He managed to overpower the tight grip of her tail, which let his legs move.

Although said tail tried to whip around and trip him, in both her excitement and her reckless desire to restrain him. She couldn't let that tight, delectable tailhole escape her!

"Hnnngggg, huffff, hanfff..." Terra panted behind him, "Stahp--stahhh... I'm sssso close..."

Yove was blushing blue by the time he threw himself past the door. It was an otherwise unoccupied guest room, and 'twas a surprise it was unlocked. Right about now, he had to clutch his belly as he felt and saw the shapes of TWO fat cocks jabbing in and out, bulging out his tummy, only restrained by his stronger breastplate.

"How are--how are you guhhnnna... fuck me in front of--everyone!" Yove rasped, breathless from both the sprint and the pleasure.

"I-I don't care--" Terra finally admitted aloud, "I need you to TAKE my clutch!"

The lady howled, and strained. Her belly roiled. One could hear the eggs clink and tumble around inside. This time, dumping out of her. No hesitation... Her inner walls contracted to channel the countless orbs out of her belly, letting them push through her cocks!

Bulge after bulge crammed through each shaft. Her eggs, being rather large, at times struggled to squeeze through the tubes. Fortunately there were two, as more than once did a baseball-sized, firm orb get trapped inside of a dick's belly. Thrumming with pleasure inside of him, as the cocks drenched his inner walls with both her cum and orbs. Unloading every whelp deep into his guts and letting them roll into the winding, convoluted depths of his hole.

"Fffff, fuhhh..." Terra whined, wrapping her tail several times around herself and the bigger dragon, tightly looped around their middles.

Her head spun with gratification. This was it, she did the deed... It was totally worth any trouble later, she thought to herself. Anything beat the burden of those eggs battering around inside of herself. She was so dazed that her mind could not process the idea of anything aside from pushing eggs into him and clinging forever to his back.

Although her grip was loosening, as she couldn't spare the strength! Lightness overtook her, not only lightheadedness but literally, her body was lighter. She could feel Yove shift and breathe beneath herself. "Ah, I feel so empty..." In a good way, she would've continued the thought if she had the breath.

Yove might have enjoyed the pleasure (a lot). But he wasn't quite as keen on what she did to him! He looked down to see his belly absolutely strain with an influx of eggs, pumping into him at a prodigious rate. What nerve!

"You--you little...!"

He grunted, and braced his claws against the back of a couch. Arching his back as heavy orbs piled into him. Weighing him down even further as if their mom wasn't heavy enough. Absolutely stretching his hole and straining his capacity to take them.

In the meantime, his own long tail slipped around. It curled around their bodies, applying a stronger squeeze than her own. Crushing her against himself, letting her plump tummy squeeze up against the male's firm back. The pressure of course helping force out every egg, squeezing her senseless to take every one of her whelps!

"Huffff, hanfnffff..." Yove wheezed.

Poor Terra was weakened by the bliss of her orgasm, the exertion of fucking him so hard, and the crush of his reciprocated squeeze. Such strength, pinning her flat against his back, forcing her to smoosh up against the curve of his spine with how it wrapped at a few other points. Letting her tits flatten against his upper back as Terra found herself utterly trapped.

"Mmmffff," she whined, "That's sssso tight... Soooo tight... Y-you aren't mad, right? Sorry I just dumped every one of my wh-whelps in you... I'm sure you'll make a great dad, though..."

What a dumb, blissful, horny grin on her face.

Yove, who had edged on climax himself, felt a little fuzzy from the pleasure. His cock ground hotly against the back of the couch and seeped his juices everywhere. He did note that no one else was watching now. And now he had this... tasty little dragoness to himself.

One who owed her something for all the trouble.

"Ohhhh, I'm not mad... Nnnfff, I--I just get even..."

He twisted his neck around to glance back at her, "I bet you were thinking you can cut and run, head back home, hmmm?~ No, I'm gonna make sure you make a good mom. You're gonna meet your clutch in my boypussy prison!"

Yove quickly made good on that threat. His tail yanked at her, and twisted the woman around...

Surprisingly powerful tail. The length yanked her down, prying her off of his body despite how insistently she clung. Terra dangled for a moment, flustered, before the mighty muscle jerked her around and shoved her back in, head-first. Her snout PLUNGED into the slimiest, sloppiest hole she'd ever felt. The blue goo greeted her snout with a loud squelch as hotness wrapped around her face.

So hot and gooey. The walls rippled around her, -pulling- her in with remarkable strength. Thankfully goo was copious, lubricating her horns (and also matting her hair, turning it blue).

The dragoness had to close her eyes as she was jettisoned into the sloppy entrance, neck and shoulders squelching past with relative ease.

"Hnnnggg..." She whined, unable to struggle. Not only drained, but enjoying herself too much.

Even as she was being force-fed into his tailhole. She DID enjoy a super-tight fit and what could be tighter than a huge stud-dragon's guts?

The tightness seized her at once. Terra was gripped at the middle, her breasts flattened by the snug hole. The leftover swell of her belly was compressed by his tightness, while her hips felt the snug sliminess embrace them! Her arms had to be tucked against her sides, no choice but to wriggle in, pulled inward by the inner muscles as well as how his tail tucked her in by the legs.

He was standing now, rather casual about it as he drummed his fingers on his belly. Said belly was expanding from the addition of their MOTHER to the clutch. "Ah, how quickly reunited. Oh yesss, you feel TOO good here. It's like there was a little Terra-shaped hole in me all this time. Nnnnfff, you're not ever getting out.~ You're going to do nothing but help me make eggs--help me fertilize all of them!"

Terra exhaled, slowly surrendering herself to the sensation and grip. Her feet were the second-to-last to go... Stashed away, and the long length of her tail was swallowed up like a noodle. Schhhhlurp and nothing of her poked out past the male's huge, oozing slit of a tailhole.

Deep inside, she was tucked away into his belly. Curled up into a comfy but extremely -tight-position in his insides. Feeling her eggs tumble and stir around again, this time -surrounding-instead of within her, quite the twist of fate. She tried to shift in place but could barely move. There was barely an inch of space she could move in this terribly tight hole... Sheeted in the male's thick blue goo.

So much for getting rid of those eggs. Or heading back home any time soon. She imagined herself swelling with even more of HIS eggs, this time. And likewise, how would he really stop her from fertilizing him, if she was already inside him at all times?

At least she'd have that satisfaction.

Yove caressed the dragon-shaped swell. "Yes, that's a good girl--at least, you'll soon be! Give it some time and you'll learn to behave.~ Until now, just enjoy being tailhole-trapped!~"

"...And who knows?~ Maybe you can earn your way into becoming my tailhole itself.~"

Terra flushed at the idea.

🚩 - 3k words, Critiqued / Lightly Polished