

“Shit!”

With this mighty proclamation Koror announced his defiance of fate as he parachuted down from the wreckage of his ship, drifting gently into the ocean after a terrifying escape. Shrapnel rained down around him, and fate retaliated as it interrupted his plans of splashing down into the calm blue water.

From the universe’s spite was born a screaming hole in reality, spinning itself out of nothing and coalescing in an eye-twisting vortex below Koror. Within its center, a blue-scaled reptilian waited to grab Koror, clawed arms outstretched. He fell into its arms, and it drew him closer while it opened its fanged mouth. Koror’s terrified mind, on the verge of panic, discovered something to focus on.

She had huge tits.

“Hi!” said the lizard-thing as it hugged Koror close to herself. Was it a pomi?

“What.” Questions raced through him, and after noticing a lack of empathy, Koror resorted to blurting them out. “Were those missiles yours? What did you just do? Who are you? Why are you shoving me into your--”

“I’m Ceridwen, and I’m kidnapping you!” That at least explained why she was still squeezing him tighter.

“Please”

“Oh! Sorry, am I hurting you?” Her grip relaxed, Ceridwen continued with what she imagined was her villainous monologue. “Anyway! I’m going to become a pirate queen so I’m plundering this temple but I need a neumono for one of the puzzles! So I used my awesome portal magic to-- um why do you have a boner”

“That still doesn’t make sense-- oh geez why me?” At her interruption and his increased freedom, Koror tried to wriggle away far enough that his head wasn’t between a stranger’s breasts. Unfortunately, since he wasn’t ready to risk dropping into an abomination of the space-time continuum, that meant his lower torso was pushed in the opposite direction.

“I, I... uh, you’re very enthusiastic for someone being kidn, are you flirt, why?” said Ceridwen as his erection ground into her crotch.

“It was an accident, I was trying to get my head out of your boobs, oh geez please just drop me into hell already,” Koror finally stopped moving and gave up his struggle, collapsing onto the dragon’s chest again.

“Well, uh... let me finish explaining. I found these ruins, and after studying the pictures on the walls I figured out that I need someone with some kind of... psychic link? to navigate any further.” She paused. “Also, sex. That part was pretty clear, honestly, unless it was someone’s porn collection next to the actual instructions, it was kind of hard to know, but if it was then I didn’t have any real way to progress. So... I was going to kidnap a neumono like a real pirate queen but you’re all so cute and fluffy, it kind of turned out a rescue... um, right! Anyway! Point is, I don’t mind the boner, I was just... surprised. So... what about you, what’s up?”

“I wish I knew. But, uh, I’m sure you’d be very, very pretty to another pomi, but look, I’m not an xenophile, I’m not even an exophile. So I can’t help you. Sorry.”

“...pffhaha.”

“Hey, why are you laughing? I’m serious!”

“And so is your boner. You seem to like me plenty for someone who’s totally not an xenophile~”

“Well, I mean, hips are universal and you have a very nice chest-- look you have some attractive traits okay but I’m not into the scaly thing-- please stop jiggling like that it’s very distracting”

“And why is that?”

“...Okay I’ll go with you, but only because you’re rescuing me. Can you put me back with my hive afterward?”

“Sure, I’ll see what I can do!” And with that, Koror got pulled through the yawning abyss into a new, unknown world of... more saltwater. Alas, with such barren scenery, Koror’s wandering gaze was naturally drawn to the most colorful thing around. His continued erection and the downward direction of his gaze were purely coincidental.

“I really appreciate how fast you changed your mind, but I need you to turn around and look so I can explain properly before we have sex.”

Koror decided that arguing wouldn’t really be effective and tore himself from Ceridwen, staring at the welcoming vista of layers of rotting seaweed and bird shit. Underneath it all was an ancient stone structure, crumbling from disuse and neglect.

“It... er, is that ‘your place’?”

“No, I live somewhere nice. But it’s much cleaner inside, follow me.” ‘Inside’ was a network of overlarge carvings and cavernous pathways, before they arrived at two monolithic

bronze doors and a massive, partially-crumbled limestone statue of a creature that reminded Koror of a quadrupedal Ceridwen.

“This is some sort of... well, ancient dragon fertility temple. See, I’m having problems with my sex life.” Koror found that implausible. “So I figured this was the best place to figure it out, since dragon sexuality isn’t exactly a well-recorded topic, but pretty much all information about this place was censored. It just got called Bad Dragon or something in everything I can find, and the only really helpful information has been those carvings near the door.”

“I can’t figure out what they are, but you already told me about the ruin pictures.”

“Right, okay well basically a bunch of things that were supposed to help me manage my problems are inside, but, uuhhh... apparently there’s a prophecy and we need to have sex to start the ordeals and win the treasure of the temple. So, um... you know, I didn’t really realize what a bad idea this probably was until I actually had to ask you if you wanted to help me. I should’ve thought this through, sorry--”

“Hey, it’s not what I was expecting but, uh, I prefer it to drowning. Let me try something.”

Furtive research into the general topic of aliens and whispered rumors amongst the hive had informed Koror of certain mating rituals that involved rhythmic movement and the removal of clothing. Since his hat was his favorite article of clothing, logically it followed that he began making a show of sliding it down over his face and off his head as he hummed a tuneless melody. Meanwhile, Koror walked backward, stepping in a rhythmic zigzag as an elbow swiveled uncertainly and his erection tented his pants.

“..pff--no, no, sorry, wh-what are you doing?” Koror wasn’t sure, but he didn’t think that Ceri covering her mouth and biting her cheeks was a draconic sign of overwhelming arousal.

“Well... it’s the sexiest dance I know? I wanted to break the ice.”

“I mean that did work so well done, but let me handle sexy.” Koror remembered more than noticed Ceridwen stalking closer, covering his mouth with her own to muffle his surprise as she pushed him down, straddling his hips and grinning down at her captive.

“You have a really nice set of... teeth-- actually, let’s both not talk.”

Ceridwen removed Koror’s clothing to reveal her wordless agreement and begin the romantic courtship that would survive into legends. After she put them safely away at his request, especially the hat. Koror felt his breath roughen as she adjusted her hips before hiltling him in her in one quick stroke, accompanied by two moans as their muscles tensed up. She

raised herself up again, and drew out another groan from him while she started on a slower pace. At first Ceridwen just tried to tantalize him as she was building up to a more frenetic pace and the resultant climax, but after a while she found that she had forced herself into a rolling orgasm instead. What wit she managed to gather together after the annihilating bliss realized that she would have to work harder to replicate a neumono's vagina, and so distracted, she and Koror noticed the sudden intruder too late.

Ceridwen had tried to polymorph her pussy to get enough suction to make Koror cum, but she hadn't had the presence of mind to notice its repeated failure along with the attempted d-burst in the throes of her climax. It was only after an amorphous goo had begun to envelop Koror and she had thrown herself off to try and do something that she noticed antimagic on the cryptic hieroglyphs surrounding the room. Meanwhile, the substance around the neumono had taken shape, leaving him in something like bioarmor.

"---AAAAAaaaaaaaaa... wait, is it over already? I think I'm fine. You could've warned me about this if this was supposed to happen."

"I... well, would you be flattered if I said I was too busy thinking about you to notice?"

"Yes, actually, but I'd still like answers."

"Right, I'm on it.... Um. Okay, so, uh... this wasn't exactly supposed to happen, but I thiiiiink that, layman's terms, my dragon magic sort of combined with your empathy and sent a signal to the temple to turn the magic into...uh, this is supposed to be some armor for a hero of prophecy."

"That sounds pretty good, actually. Especially if it can fix the blue-balling thing. What does it do?"

"Well, it's meant to give you the power to overcome the obstacles of the temple in its own right, but I think it sort of... well, you're the wrong race, so it kind of glitched. Things will probably be lewder than usual and we'll need to have sex to power it up."

"Oh nooooooooooooo," said Koror in a monotone. "But can it solve the thing where I don't actually get to cum?"

"Yes. It should keep you topped up, too."

"Lead the way," he replied almost immediately. "Actually, is the door unlocked yet?"

"Let me check... great, it is. Okay, we need to be careful from now on. The temple is supposed to be set up so that you need an orb to unlock the next door, and there's no telling

what kind of fearsome guardians there will be when we're dealing with magic this ancient. Plus, if Bad Dragon is still active, it'll probably be trying to learn from us, what kind of modern weaknesses it can exploit."

"...well. That's a lot to deal with. Totally unrelated, but how flexible is your tongue?"

"As flexible as you want it to be, with a shapeshifter. Why do you ask, mmm? Surely you're not thinking about what my expression would be like while I sucked your magnificent dick~"

"Gh. Well, I am now. Let's go before... something witty happens about my blood flow."

"Heh. Okay, I'll have mercy for a bit. Let's see what the first challenge is..."

As they ventured into the inky blackness, the clammy rot of the exterior forgotten amidst their need for each other, the duo found themselves in a cyclopean ruin of what was once unparalleled grandeur. Immense channels and flowing pillars had been carved from Karlík marble to give the impression of a spiderweb colossal enough to ensnare the griotte dragon-statues relaxing luxuriously amongst its strands. What cushions there might have been had rotted away into near-irrelevance, and many of the lithe figures had fallen off their perches to smash on the floor, the stone leached of its strength from untold ages of seawater seeping in and out with the rhythm of the currents and tides.

Lost amidst the opulence, it took their wandering minds a while to escape their imaginings of what the temple's golden age must have been and return to reality.

"Is it just me, or does it look like those dragons were doing something to each other before they fell, Ceri?"

"No, I'd say that was definitely with each other. And look at those grooves... do the tracks seem like those pillars moved along them to you?"

"...yeah, I can see some traces, and it kind of looks like the bases slot in them well enough to slide around. What is this, a sliding puzzle?"

"Yes, I think you're right," said she as she stepped back to get a good view of the pillars as a whole. "I can see an orb at the top of the room, and I swear that I could rearrange these into Bad Dragon's symbol to climb up. But how do we move them?"

"Sex. Lots of it. We'll probably need to do a lot of experimenting to find which positions work to move them, let's start now."

“...pfft. Single-minded, aren't you? I suppose I never did let you cum after all. Alright, I'm sure you can move some with the armor if you thrust hard enough and it's thematically suitable anyway...” Ceri moved to a pillar and spread herself against its surface, swaying her hips. “Come here and show me how hard you can fuck me against a wall, my beast~”

Koror rushed over eagerly, to the surprise of exactly neither of them, and grabbed her hips like a panicking student grabs onto a credible excuse for why an essay is late. He went to work pounding the dragon as hard as magically-augmented-neumononly possible, which really should just be humanly possible next time regardless of species for sanity's sake, and her tail curled around his back to trail the tip across his neck and shoulder before flicking back to draw lazy circles on his chest. Her scales shifted as he adjusted his grip, while Ceri's attempts to moan his name were drowned in a fresh bout of gasping and clutching at the worn marble of the pillar. Koror found the strength to pick up the pace from the onset of his long-awaited orgasm, sending Ceri far over the edge, into screaming his name.

“...well. That was niiiiice, did the earth move for you too?”

“Ah, hah, yeah, didn't you notice? We got, hah, the pillar into place. I really need to tease you more often.”

“Good news, then, I've still got plenty of gel and we've got more pillars to go.”

“...good. By the way, uh, I just remembered... the prophecy says that if I can still walk straight when we find the orb we'll fail. Catastrophically.”

“You can just ask me to fuck you harder, you know.”

“That's not as thrilling! Come on, play along~”

“Okay, okay... wait, hold on a minute, can't you just fly up and get the orb?”

“Oh, you want to stop?”

“No, forget I said that, I never questioned the excuse.”

“That's right.”

A while later, they had managed to get the pillars in configuration despite a few of them getting in each other's way, and more importantly, Koror had finally satisfied Ceridwen for the few minutes they would need to climb up the age-worn pillars and grab the orb floating in a complicated-looking cradle. To their dismay, they discovered that they had nudged every pillar slightly in the wrong direction in the midst of each orgasm, cumulatively fouling up the solution. Luckily, after some trial and error, they managed to retrace their steps and reverse the

procedure enough to get the right arrangement of pillars, shaped like a dragon's head with 'BD' on its jaw, after a mere hour of having to edge an orgasm to ensure the thrusting stayed on target. When they finally reached it, the enchanted crystal had weathered the ravages of time better than the surrounding marble, although the blue sphere did send the lovebirds into a giggle fit with its resemblance to one of Koror's spermatophores, in both size and color.

"Please don't tell me I need to swallow this."

"No, just touch it and it should give you what you need to open the door."

It was rather unremarkable for what was supposedly the embodiment of great magical power, losing coherence to meld seamlessly into Koror's suit. Splashes of dark blue shot through the lighter hue to form stripes, raising themselves from the surface and reshaping themselves into countless finely-tipped tentacles all over Koror's back and arms, between four and ten inches long each.

"I like the looks of this, but I'm not sure what you're supposed to do with these," said Ceridwen as she pressed a hand into the mesh of tendrils covering an arm.

"...well, I am."

They began to extend, grabbing Ceri's limbs to pull her down onto all fours and forcing her chin upwards to stare into Koror's eyes.

"H-hey, did something get into you? I'm the dom here, right?"

"Maybe it's malfunctioning or Bad Dragon is making me do it. Either way, it'd be a waste to get these and not use them."

"You're joking about that first pa--ghlurp glork" turned out to be the only answer she could muster as the tentacles thickened before their invasion of the captive dragon.

"Of course I am, but you're the one who wanted things to be thrilling."

Other tentacles extended to swing Koror along the pillars towards the door, which turned out to be hollow and filled with ridiculously convoluted tumblers and gears, all needing to be correctly repositioned through a fine keyhole to open the door. With a pang of regret, he pulled some of his new appendages away from Ceri to absentmindedly feel out the door's innards. Since he had remained in his right mind, most of his attention was still, of course, on the little gasps and twitches she made whenever a tentacle coiled around a breast, pinched a nipple, spanked her, rubbed her clitoris... with a start, he pulled himself away from exploring the alien anatomy and back to his main task. Koror shifted Ceri's position and watched her tongue trace

loops around the girth of his cock as a braid of interwoven gel pumped itself rhythmically into her pussy, legs tugging frantically at the tentacles around her ankles as her hips bucked wildly.

“...right. The lock. Oh well.”

He'd gotten enough of a feel for it that it turned out to be fairly simple after one managed to find some way of manipulating its insides through a dragon's idea of a pinhole. It was a minute's work to get the door open, revealing a grand staircase into a sunken labyrinth.

“Hm. Yeah, nevermind that for now. Ceri...” Koror drew back to free her mouth and paused the other tentacles. “Enjoying things so far? I think we should try this out a bit longer before we take the plunge.”

“You have no idea how great that sounds to me, keep going. I have an aquatic form so I'll be fine, but, uh, how good are you at holding your breath?”

“I can manage forty minutes if I really need to, surfacing every twenty-five or thirty minutes is more comfortable.”

“Oh. Huh, yeah, that should be fine. Worst case I can portal us back into air. I know I told you to keep going, though?”

“My pleasure. Hope the suit makes a mouth work, too, otherwise you're going to have to deal with blue balls again.”

Before Ceridwen could retort something about that not being any kind of threat, she was pulled back onto his dick and given enough slack to control the pace of the blowjob. With a little shapeshifting, she fulfilled her promise to show off what she could do with her tongue and nearly drove Koror crazy before the magical suit proved its capabilities and finally provided release.

“Man, I'm getting flashbacks,” said Ceridwen, “did you ever play some game where a blue fairy leads you around and you have to deal with this ridiculously unfair puzzle?”

“Uhhh... I had SkiFree growing up. Plus a bunch of flight simulators. They're great, did I ever tell you how this one programmer figured out a trick to make the Hellfire's controls feel just like the real thing-”

Before she could point out that they had known each other for a few hours and spent perhaps twenty minutes of that talking at the outside, the temple's weakened marble finally gave out under their combined weight. They fell into the submerged maze, too abruptly to cry out in surprise. They had barely enough time to take a deep breath or transform into an aquatic form with remarkable presence of mind before the icy chill of the water hit their too-mammalian bodies. The two snuggled up to each other as they searched for the orb, draconic arm linked

with a mass of tentacles. After half an hour of exploration and heavy petting, the labyrinth led to a massive central chamber where, again, the glint of a tiny blue orb could be seen floating in its center. Light pervaded the room from a well directly above the orb, strangely absent of a door. Neither of them had too much time to consider the oddity in the rush of desire they felt as they glided through the water, sinuous forms entwined with each other. Their excitement for the orb couldn't have helped matters, either, but regardless of the root cause neither noticed the discoloration was because of a gargantuan slime guarding the orb until it was too late.

With a rush of water shunted aside, it surged forward to engulf them deep in a layer of gelatin, rapidly increasing as it brought them closer and closer to the center before abandoning them to their fate. Near helpless in the increased density, they struggled vainly for a brief while, all too conscious of how little air Koror had left and unable to speak. For torturously long moments they hung near-immobile in the goo, flailing like a cat who first discovers what a bathtub is for. Finally, Ceridwen got her mouth close enough to Koror's to clamp down in a deep kiss, pushing fresh air into his lungs. They shared a look of intimate relief as she felt Koror's entire body relax from his mad terror, lips still locked.

Feeling much calmer, Ceri looked around for anything that could get them out of the slime without forcing her to resort to a portal, and noticed that the magical orb was awfully close to what seemed like the border of the slime's body. Working on a sudden hope, she tried to swim closer to the orb and found herself swimming against the current of the ooze's own body. It proved difficult but not insurmountable when properly prepared, and with fluid, powerful strokes she managed to bring them around to the orb, only to find the resistance increasing. A few feet out of reach, it finally became impossible to proceed, and Ceridwen almost considered retreating before she felt Koror squirming. He turned to point his own crotch at the orb, still stiff from his lover's closeness and aimed directly at the orb, and ground his cock between her fingers.

Finally, Ceridwen realized what he meant to do, and with a prayer that the suit's magic was strong enough, she started jerking Koror off, pressing his body against her own, fur against smooth scale, feeling the rise and fall of Ceridwen's breathing along the tenderness of her mouth against his neck and earlobes. His breath grew short, too literally for comfort, but in her skilled hands, they managed to edge up to another mind-flooding orgasm, Koror's body going limp before he remembered himself and jerked to watch his progress. By a miracle or sheer overwhelming skill, the gelball shot out quickly enough to move the orb out of its path, knocking it to the very edge of their gelatinous prison. The skin bulged, improvised projectile fighting surface tension, until finally it parted just enough to squeeze the orb out.

Instantly they could feel the slime dissipating into mere saltwater once more, returning them to their freedom in time for Ceri to kick upwards, through the well and into fresh air. For a change, she wasn't the reason Koror was gasping and panting like his life depended on it.

"...are you okay, Koror?"

“Yeah. Yeah, I am, and I’ll be better soon with you around. Thanks, Ceri, you saved my life.”

“O-oh, it’s nothing, I ju--”

“Shush. Let me have this moment.” And Koror stole her trick of using a kiss to keep her quiet.

For a while, they just relaxed and enjoyed being together out of danger, quiet and motionless as they sank into each other’s embrace. The silence was quickly broken by malefic laughter emanating from further in the room, where their startled selves saw a monolith of a statue, hewn from basalt. All rough lines and primal strength without a hint of elegance or ornamentation, it had been shaped into the outline of a dragon standing rampant, slabs of muscle and scale and fang assembled into an engine of sheer power. Were it not for the multiple sets of ridiculously-proportioned genitalia hanging pendulous between its legs, it would be the most majestic thing either remembered, and even then it was close. It coruscated with a deep red light that suddenly streaked across the air to envelop Ceridwen in a crimson flash, hurling Koror against a wall.

“Finally! FINALLY! Ten thousand long years of confinement, and you’ve freed me! You FOOLS! I am the guardian of this temple, the first servant of the Bad Dragon Irresponsible Paul Ma, the incarnation of lust, the mighty titan Roze-Kattee! AND NOW I HAVE A BODY! Time to remedy how pitifully unsuitable it is... ah, good, this host already had a little meager polymorphing magic of her own.”

The thing possessing Ceridwen cackled maniacally as she outstripped her original size by magnitudes, coming dangerously close to the ceiling of the titanic basilica.

“Er... what do you actually want?” asked Koror when he had recovered from his daze.

“Yeah, if it’s just sex, we’ve already been doing plenty of that.” Ceri piped up, retaking control of her body before she let Roze-Kattee speak.

“...Well, I had planned that speech and everything, but... yes, let’s see. That sounds just fine, honestly, do you know what a ten-millennia-long dry streak is like?” She shuddered in unpleasant reminiscence before continuing. “Now then. Even as small as you are, I’m sure I can find some use for you...”

“This should do nicely.” Roze-Kattee reclined against a wall, sprawling out comfortably as she picked Koror up with a single foot. Two toes held him in place while the other foot roamed across his body, the smooth, pebbled skin of her sole gliding across his body and

rubbing against his cock before a toe descended to stroke it more tenderly. After an exploratory few seconds to ensure its safety, Roze trapped his throbbing dick between two of her smaller toes, slowly moving them along his manhood in tantalizing luxury. Her scales, even at these proportions, were still tiny and smooth enough to feel like heaven, and after their swim together she had a clean, salt-water smell to her.

“She wished to be a dominatrix, no? This should be quite appropriate. If you want anything more you’ll have to worship me properly~” demanded Roze-Kattee.

“Ahem. I’m not demanding worship from Koror, and as nice as this foreplay is I’m not going to wait forever for the main event.” interrupted Ceri.

“Very well, then...” Just after Koror had finally came hard enough to provide a geyser to go with the room’s ambience, the foot holding him moved from mid-air to Ceridwen’s waiting pussy, slick with her anticipation. He latched onto the clitoris and tried desperately to remember what the alien porn had said you were meant to do with one. Lick? Suck? He settled for licking the tip and using his arms to stroke the rest of it. The resulting moaning and twitching seemed to still be a reliable metric for her enjoyment, so he kept going, a flash of inspiration guiding him to try and work a leg far enough to stimulate her G-spot. The fact that it happened to rub his cock against her pussy was mere coincidence. Either way, it worked well enough for both of them that he could feel another orgasm approaching.

“Ah! Sorry, Koror, but I can’t take the teasing anymore!”

He felt the foot shift behind him and push him, feet-first, into her pussy until he was completely surrounded. The world went dark, and as his heartbeat sped up he only felt Ceridwen’s toes reestablish a grip on him before she started using him as a living dildo, fucking herself with the entirety of his body. Now more than ever, he wasn’t sure how he felt, but his continued erection seemed to prove that he was getting comfortable. His pulse was still rapid, and as he wriggled to adjust his position in the wet darkness, he felt a gasp run through her body. Her pussy was comfortably warm, and he could feel her juices soaking him after he had just finished drying off from their dive. More than anything else, he could still feel the way she moved and squeezed during her masturbation, the friction of his body sliding through her, and the building pressure of an undeniable orgasm. Soon, Ceridwen came, another series of orgasms rolling through her like lightning, and her ecstasy pushed Koror into his own orgasm, more intense than anything he had before imagined.

They relaxed, and he trickled out, vaguely wondering whether this was anything like a waterslide after he had come to a rest. Things were a bit of a blur after that, his memory apparently deciding that not much else was worth remembering after the final orgasm and the resultant afterglow. The real treasure, as always, turned out to be FRIENDSHIP, especially when the friends concerned were a nymphomaniac dragon mage and an ancient lust spirit of vast power. The suit faded, to his disappointment, but his old clothing ended up back on him- he

made a particular note of the hat- and they returned to his world. His memories kicked back in around the time he had been kissing Ceridwen a fond farewell, both sides too exhausted even to grope each other.

“We’ll meet again, Ceri.”

“I’ll make sure of it. For now... I’m nearly spent, so I can’t stay much longer, but you wanted to go back to your island, right?”

“Right, it’s--- oh.” The sudden lurch of transdimensional magic had interrupted his clarification, and he saw Ceridwen waving him goodbye through a portal that winked out to reveal... a strange green bird in the far distance?