

Open Content Stream 11/23/2025

Hello, everyone. Going to be trying to get a few more of these off the ground over the next few weeks. Unlike some of the others, raffles and announcements will take place prior to the stream over the discord - which you can access here: <https://discord.gg/BJsHntRj5g> - and I'll be doing the stories over the course of the day.

Today, the stories are Open Content six-pagers, which means that the following stories could have been about anything, no theme binding them, so long as they fit within six pages. So, be warned going through the list, heh.

Anyway, here's the stories that are going to be done today.

1: FriskeCrisps: ~~Crisp is jerking off and ends up having to use one of Drac's socks to finish up. The next night as Crisp is sleeping, he's woken up to Drac's socks on him. Worn on his hands, paws, and dick. They spend the night embarrassing and milking until he's fully exhausted. He wakes up the next morning completely drained and notices Drac's socks slightly teasing him that they might want him again.~~

2: Ankhwuff: ~~A continuation of the Questioning the Red story, from the point of view of Broek Price, the Doberman supervisory agent of the branch. Including humiliation, embarrassment, and reminders of how easily he was handled.~~

3: blzkn: ~~Ember and Drac are hanging out casually and the topic of Ember's constant reinforcing of dragon propaganda to her subjects comes up. Ember admits to Drac that it's somewhat of an act and she doesn't really drink her own kool aid. Drac takes this as an opportunity to pounce and push those ideals she preaches into her own head, giving her a taste of her own medicine and showing her just how potent and irresistible dragon feet are, and giving her the opportunity to dominate more in the future. Plenty of foot worship ensues, leading into Ember getting to fuck Drac's feet. She's pretty much lucid by the end, but definitely more wired to push her influencee further now that she believes what she's enforcing, and understands just how much dragon feet are superior.~~

[b][u][center]Sentient Socks Sucking Sleeper
For FriskeCrisps
By Draconicon[/center][u][b]

Crisp seldom had the night to himself. His roommate - a black dragon that had more magic than anyone should in this day and age - was often around in the evenings, either cooking and wandering around or taking up the living room - and often the rest of the apartment - with his magical experiments. That wasn't so bad, considering that Draconicon was pretty good at making sure that the whole thing stayed safe and well-warded, but it did mean that there was no privacy for him most nights.

So, with the dragon out of the apartment at some meeting or other, he took advantage of it the only way that he knew how: jerking off.

"Mmmph...ah...ah..."

Crisp huffed quietly, his toes curling in striped socks as he humped against his hand. The bed squeaked under him, reminding him how loud he was being. His cheeks burned as he tried not to think too hard about it, but -

Mmm, it had been too long since he'd gotten off. His balls felt so full, and he kept having to pull his hand back from his cock to keep from popping too early. Crisp yelped as he felt his orgasm coming too close, yanking his hand away and almost hitting himself in the face with the strings of pre-cum that ran between his fingers.

"Mmmph...gah..."

He shook his head, panting as his cock bobbed up and down, the wet head almost tapping his stomach. It was so stiff that it almost hurt, his balls pulling up and coming within a hairs' breadth of going over the edge.

"N-not yet...not yet..."

Slowly, the throbbing diminished. The black and white wusky groaned, rolling his head back against the pillow as he grabbed his dick again and got back to pumping. Throb, thrust, throb, thrust: the bed squeaked along with him, giving a little background sound to his needy bit of hedonism.

If Drac had been there, there would have been some interference, some little nudge. It wasn't that his roommate was a prude or anything, but he had his...kinks...and Crisp didn't share them. Not really. Not the way that Drac would want. And the dragon would use his eyes to drag Crisp down a kinky path to make it happen and -

"Mmmph..."

Another edge, another throbbing near-miss. He yanked his hand back again, letting his cock throb over his stomach. So close, so fast. He puffed through clenched teeth, forcing himself to keep his hands at his side to not cum yet. He wanted...he wanted to last as long as he could so that the orgasm would be worth it rather than just a wasted shot across his stomach. Who knew when he'd get the chance for a longer session again?

The room was starting to smell like cum, though. He'd need a shower, need to open the window or something, but -

Later. Later, when he'd blown his load.

Crisp moaned as he arched his back, thrusting against his fingers with each stroke. His moans echoed back at him, so loud that his neighbors could probably hear him through the walls, but it felt too good to stop. Closer, closer, closer, each time riding that edge, soaking his fingers with pre-cum, feeling the slime sinking into his fur, his pads, everything.

He rolled onto his side, then onto his stomach. Pushing himself to all fours, he humped his hand like it was some kind of fleshlight. God, that felt good, almost as good as the few times that Drac had bottomed for him and offered that fat ass.

[i]Mmmph...[/i]

Not his usual fantasy, but he was so pent-up that he needed this. He needed anything, anything at all, and -

Oh god, he was right on the edge. Pre-cum was swaying in strings from his cock, oozing down to the sheets below. He was going to have to change them, throw them in the laundry like some pup that had lost control and -

Oh, fuck, too close now, couldn't stop, he was gonna cum, and it was gonna be a big one. His balls were already pulling up as he looked around for something, anything to catch the mess and -

Pair of socks. That'd work. He grabbed the pair at the head of the bed and jammed one down his cock like a makeshift condom, the fluffy inside stroking his dick for a few humps before -

“Mmmmmmmmmph!”

Crisp gritted his teeth as he came, shooting rope after rope of cum into the cotton sock around his cock. He pulled the whole thing down to the base, squishing the head of his cock against the toes of the sock. It felt...mmmph...mmm...The slime built up around the tip, spreading around the pressure he put on it, and he could feel it oozing through. The wusky pressed the other sock to the head, making sure that it caught the rest of the dripping that was seeping through.

“Ha...ha...”

As he panted, his balls still pulled tight and his cock still oozing, he was able to recover enough to look down between his legs. As soon as he looked at the sock wrapped around his dick, he knew that something wasn't right.

It looked...bigger than his socks. Not just that, but it was darker, too, and monopatterned. He didn't have any socks without stripes or other designs on them. Where -

[i]Oh...oh, fuck...[/i]

Crisp's eyes went wide, a twist of shame spiraling through the pleasurable afterglow that was trying and failing to descend. He realized where those socks had come from. They belonged to Drac.

[i]Ah, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...[/i]

The wusky fell onto his side, clumsily attempting to peel the sock off his cock. The other one had already fallen to the side, stained through with how much he'd oozed through the end, but the one that he'd used as a cotton condom -

“Oh, god...”

Even without pulling it off his cock, he could tell that he'd completely stained it. The sheer amount of cum he'd released had [i]completely[/i] soaked through the gray toe-end, and more, he was pretty sure that he'd stretched it out beyond any recovery. He whimpered as he pulled the sock all the way off his shaft, watching as strings of cum remained on his cock, and he could already smell that he'd probably stained it that way, too.

[i]Fuck, Drac's going to know...[/i]

A rational part of his mind knew that the dragon wouldn't really care that Crisp had fucked his socks. The dragon was enough of a pervert himself that he might even like it, but the fact was that Crisp couldn't even imagine admitting what he'd done. Just...just saying he'd grabbed Drac's socks and humped one until he'd cum? That was - god, no. No way. No way in hell.

He tossed the stained socks toward his closet. At the very least, he could hide them for the night and get them washed tomorrow. Draconicon had another meeting sometime in the afternoon, if he remembered right, and that'd be the perfect time to get them in the laundry machines. If he was lucky, he could get them double-washed, and maybe the stretch would fade overnight.

Maybe.

Maybe.

Crisp flopped back into his bed, staring at the ceiling. Now that his orgasm was over with and the afterglow had been denied, he felt...well, ashamed and embarrassed, to say the least. He couldn't believe he'd done that. Hell, he couldn't believe how long he'd been edging, and how much he stank of it. He pinched his nose, shaking his head as he tried and failed to ignore the sticky scent of cum and sweat and horny dog.

Giving up the ghost, he leaned back and opened the window over his bed. At the very least, he could air the place out. Maybe that'd keep his secret whenever Drac got back. Maybe...maybe...

Sleepiness hit him like a truck. Crisp tried to focus his thoughts again, but he'd waited too long. He'd have to shower in the morning. For now, sleep had come and it had come with a brick in hand. The wusky collapsed against the pillow and closed his eyes.

#

It was the rustling that woke him. There were other things that came after - the tightness around his fingers and toes, the pressure of something rubbing along his thighs - but it was the rustling that caught his attention before everything else. Crisp groaned in his sleep, shaking his head, his ears pulling flat against his scalp to try and tune it out so he could fall asleep again.

It didn't work. The sound - something like a sweater or some other garment rubbing against itself, dry and fluffy and like someone was rubbing a cotton swab right on his inner ear - was impossible to ignore. The wusky groaned, pulling his ears flatter against his head, but the sound just seemed to move that much closer. He reached one hand to his head, thinking he'd cover his ears properly -

Only to touch a sock to his face.

The wusky blinked, opening his eyes. It was hard to see in the dark of the deep night, but instead of his fingers, he saw something almost like a mitten on his hand. He blinked, trying to peer through the dimness and the faint film over his eyes.

No, not a mitten. A sock. A damp sock.

"What -"

He yelped as his hand was yanked back to the bed, almost throwing him sideways. It would have if it wasn't for his other hand staying anchored to the other side of the bed, his arms left wide as if he were t-posing on the bed. Only then was he aware of the other socks on his feet, pulling his legs apart, forcing him spread-eagle.

"What the heck?"

He lifted his head. It was the only thing he could do with his limbs disobeying him and leaving him pinned to the bed, but at least now he could see what was going on. His blankets had been thrown to the floor, leaving him completely exposed. Somehow, more socks had crept down his feet during his sleep - no, they were still creeping down along his feet, the little 'mouth' still running down his feet toward his ankles. He tried and failed to kick them off, squirming from side to side, trying to lift his shoulders from the bed -

"Come on, stop trying to get away, pervert."

The voice came from inside the room. Crisp blinked, looking toward the door, the closet, even either side of the bed. Nothing.

"Heh, look at him."

"Cums in one of us and thinks that he can get away with it."

"Perv's gonna be milked dry by the time we're done with him."

[i]One of - oh, no way...[/i]

"Hehehe, I think he's figuring it out."

"Finally."

One of the socks stretched, almost gulping his ankle into a cotton prison. His toes squelched as they were shoved into the wet tip of the sock, making him bite his lips at the weird, almost sensual feeling mixed with the nasty-cold sensation that followed. As the other sock did the same, one of his hands lifted off the bed. The sock around it - the same kind of sock that he'd thrown in the closet, another one of his roommate's - started moving...like a sock puppet as it 'mouthed' words at him.

"Look at you. You fucked one of us, and now we're going to fuck you."

"How - what - how is this happening?" Crisp hissed.

"Heh, you think that a magic dragon has normal clothes? Yeah, no, he's got magic clothes, and now, we're gonna 'magic' the cum right outta your balls."

"Yeah," the sock on his other hand said, lifting up and 'mouthing' at him in the same way. "Thinking you can just fuck one of us. Pervert. Sock-humper."

"Heh, worse than shoe-humping; least then he's not just throwing his shit away," the other sock said.

"Mmm, yeah. Well, he's gonna be humping himself dry tonight."

"Look at him. All blushy. Sock-humping slut probably never thought this'd come back and bite him in the ass."

Crisp's cheeks burned hotter than ever as he realized that they were in complete control. He couldn't move his arms or legs without their help, and as much as he twisted his torso around, there were limits to what he could do. And now -

Something tickled his thigh and he whipped his head back down. Another sock was creeping up along his leg. Not one of the dry ones, either, but the one that he'd cum in earlier. The tip was still a wet mess, looking like the spot on a pair of briefs where a boner bulge had left its mark. It moved like a snake, creeping up along his thigh, then to his groin, the opening at one end lifting up and 'sniffing' the air around his cock.

"Nnngh...n-no, come on. I - I didn't mean to -"

"Oh, he didn't mean to."

"Yeah, like you didn't mean to jam your dick down our mouths."

"Or hump away and soak us with your cum."

"Sock-humper thinks that he can just get away with molesting socks that belong to someone else."

“Well, guess what? You’re our sock-puppet tonight, perv.”

“And you know what? Looks like he’s hard enough to be an easy little puppet bitch.”

He couldn’t deny that. His cock was hard as could be. All the pent-up need hadn’t really been milked out with that orgasm earlier, and - as much as he hated to admit it - the socks were hitting certain...fantasies. Not ones that he had ever imagined would come true or be real, but still enough to have him hard as a rock.

The wusky shivered, whimpering as the soaked sock pressed its opening to his tip like a snake to its prey. It opened wider, wider, and wider still, slowly sliding his cock inside of its cotton interior.

“Mmmph...nnnngh...”

“Hehehe, he’s curling his toes down here,” the one on his right foot said. “Oh, the sock-humping bitch likes it.”

“Hehehe, bet he’ll cum before it gets down to the bottom. He feels like that kind of perv.”

“Hard as a rock.”

“Boner for socks. How ridiculous can you get?”

He couldn’t get a word out. All the wusky could do was whimper as his cock throbbed harder and harder as the sock slid down the length of his boner. Further down, further down, the wet tip getting closer and closer to the head of his shaft. He curled his hands into fists only for the socks to straighten them out again, and the same thing happened when he tried to curl his toes. The few motions he could manage to try and wiggle his hips, desperately trying to shake the sock away, failed completely.

He watched as the drenched cotton worked its way further and further down his shaft, sucking it nearly to the base. It gripped him tight, pulling the wet toe of the sock closer to the head. It was wet, slimy, both nasty and sexy on the inside, and he couldn’t stop whining and throbbing and -

Squelch.

As soon as the toe of the sock wrapped around his tip, it squeezed. The wet, slimy thing rolled, squeezed, and squished against the most sensitive part of his cock, and Crisp arched his back right off the bed. His hips twitched against his will, humping against something that was barely there. His eyes rolled back in their sockets and his breath came harsh and fast, his mouth hanging open in sharp pants.

“Hehehe, he’s gonna pop.”

“What’s the matter? You holding back, sock-humper? You fucked us just fine a few hours ago.”

“Go on. Cum. Cum like the sock-slut you are.”

“Cum. Cum. Cum!”

Crisp whimpered, trying to shake his head, but the sock was just milking him. It pumped, rippling around his cock, sliming it with his own used seed. It was so nasty but so slick and so - mmmph - so fucking easy to slide against and -

“MMMMPH!”

The tip tightened and rolled right over his head again, and that was all he could take. He arched his back, cumming just as hard as he had hours ago, flooding the end of the sock. He could [i]see[/i] his own seed oozing through the pores of the sock, through the gaps between the threads, and - and it was both as humiliating as could be and hot as fuck.

One of the socks pulled his hand to his face, stroking his cheek.

“Awww, look at that. Another load from the pervert.”

“Don’t worry. It won’t be the last.”

“We’re going to milk you all night long.”

“And when morning comes, everybody will know just what you are.”

“A sock-humping pervert.”

Before Crisp could protest, the sock around his cock pulled tight again. All his fresh seed was squeezed down, rushing out and over his balls, and it started sucking him again. His hands and feet moved him around, putting him on all fours.

“Hump, boy. Hump the sock...”

#

[i]6 hours later...[/i]

Crisp collapsed as the socks finally let him go. His balls felt so drained that they had to be almost non-existent. He whimper-moaned as the drenched sock on his cock finally slid off, pulled away by the sheer weight of the number of loads he’d pumped into it.

“Nnngh...mmmph...”

He rolled onto his side. The wusky’s cock twitched in pained pleasure, still hard despite everything. He wanted to cover it, but at the same time, he didn’t want anything to touch it.

At least it was over. At least -

“Well...that’s a view.”

Crisp looked up. His roommate was standing in his doorway, arms crossed and those white eyes half-lidded with a smirk. He groaned.

“Why did you enchant your socks?” he muttered.

“Mostly to deal with thieves. Why? You try and steal them?”

“Mmmph...”

“Heh, we’ll talk about it later. Get a shower; I’ll put some coffee on.”

“Thanks...”

[b][u][center]The End[/center][u][b]

Summary: Crisp is getting in a rare opportunity for some self-pleasure, but ends up fucking a pair of Draconicon’s socks. The socks decide to take revenge...

Tags: M/solo, Wusky, Husky, Wolf, Hybrid, Canine, Socks, Sock Play, Sentient Clothes, Enchanted Socks, Forced Orgasm, Masturbation, Cock Milking, Body Control, Bondage, Cum, Orgasm, Draconicon,

[b][u][center]The Red's Extended Influence
For Ankhwuff
By Draconicon[/center][u][b]

Brock Price sat in his office with his legs pressed tightly together, glaring at his computer monitor. The screen was taken up with a close-up image of his cock sliding out of a mouse's pussy, and it had been there for days despite every attempt that he made to scrub the machine clear and clean. It was a miracle that nobody had come by and seen it. Despite being the supervisory agent for this branch of the FBI, he doubted that it would go unreported if anyone realized what his screen looked like.

The Doberman brought up a few non-classified files to block the background image, pinching the bridge of his nose as he did. Every time he saw that fucking image, he thought back to the arrest and the impossible things that had followed.

[i]How the fuck did he - she - whatever the fuck they are do that?[/i] he thought.
[i]Getting out of the restraints was one thing, but then making my gun too heavy to hold, and then dropping my pants to the floor, and then...then making me go all hypnotized and...[/i]

And what followed...the day of being that rodent's sex toy...

Even now, his cock twitched in shameful memory of how many times it had been ridden. His cock still felt swollen and sore from it, but even that wasn't enough to keep him from getting hard thinking about how she rode him, how she teased him, how she forced him to keep getting harder and harder and -

[i]What a pitiful knot for someone like you. I've had bigger corgis under me.[/i]

And then the humiliation. He clenched his thighs together again, shivering as he curled his hands into fists over his thighs. He needed to stop thinking about her, about what she did, or he'd never get any work done.

A walk. A walk would help.

Brock pushed himself to his feet, the Doberman adjusting his suit jacket and tie before making his way out of the room. He could still feel his briefs pulling tight around his semi-erection, his sheath feeling tighter still around it, and he had to force himself not to think about that as he walked out of his office.

"Supervisory agent," his clerk said as he walked by, the pigeon nodding at him.
"Anything you need?"

"Just getting some air."

"Yes, sir."

She leaned down over her computer again. For a moment, he was half-sure that she gave him a side-eye glance, her eyes dipping down to his groin -

[i]No, nobody's staring. Nobody's thinking of that. The...the only ones that saw it aren't even in the room...[/i]

The memory flashed through his head as he kept walking. His pants had fallen down in the middle of the interview room, his ass and balls flashing both Agent Valdez and the two foxes that she'd had back there with her. They'd seen what he had to offer -

[i]Not very much, compared to what I've seen.[/i]

Again, the fucking mouse's words flitted through his mind, reminding him of how 'disappointing' she'd found him. Not disappointing enough to stop riding him, but enough to deliberately ride his knot, popping it in and out of her pussy [i]and[/i] her ass, showing off how it wasn't big enough to properly pop and lock inside of her the way that it was supposed to. And all of that with the size difference between them. He was almost six fucking feet tall and she had been barely five feet. How the fuck -

"Supervisory agent?"

Brock suppressed a surprised jerk, forcing himself to look down at the pit bull that had just approached on the right. The smaller dog offered him a file.

"I got what we had on the mouse," the other dog said. "Why you want that, anyway? I thought we arrested him."

"We did."

"Then why -"

"Because he's still at large. She. He. [i]Whatever[/i] that rodent is, they're still out there and not here."

"...Why did you let 'em go, sir?"

"...Get back to work."

"But -"

"I said back to work!"

"Okay, okay, fine." The pit bull shook his head, peeling off as they passed by the bigger room of cubicles and computer dens. "Shrimp-dick energy, much?"

"What was that?!"

"Nothing!"

He gritted his teeth. Fuck, he needed to stop being so jumpy and so...

Ugh. If he could just think. If he could just focus through what had happened to him, he'd be able to think straight. There had to be some trick that the mouse had used to pull all this shit. Some kind of smoke and mirrors bullshit, or someone in the department helping the rodent out. Wouldn't surprise him; nobody had been particularly happy when he came in to take charge, and he was pretty sure all of them would be quite happy to see the back of him if he was kicked out at the end of his probationary month.

[i]But if I get that fucking mouse...[/i]

The idea of her being trapped in the detainment cells, this time with him in charge, almost gave him a smile. Almost.

Then it was like there was a ghostly touch along his sheath, something pulling, teasing around the opening of it, peeling it back -

[i]Mmmm, you can't help but feel obsessed, can you?[/i]

He tried to push that memory away, ducking around a corner and stopping by one of the water fountains. Yet, even as he tried to think of anything else, it came rushing back.

Him on his back, ankles and wrists restrained, his head fuzzy as the mouse lay between his thighs. Her fingers traced circles around his sheath, shaft, and sac, teasing it and keeping him half-hard. She kept pulling at the opening of his sheath, making sure that his cock never got soft enough to slide back in.

[i]Getting so hard for me every time you think about me,[/i] she'd said. [i]Heh, should we make that permanent? That you can't help but get hard every time you think of me?[/i]

He'd begged. He was sure he'd begged her not to do that, not to fuck with him, but he couldn't be sure that he had. All he could remember was that they'd kept going, the mouse's

thick hips slapping down on his cock again, sucking his shaft into her holes and using him as if he was nothing more than a dick on legs and critiquing him the whole time.

But had she...

The thought tickled the back of his mind. His face burned as his cock felt harder and harder in his pants, feeling like it was some massive flag of betraying arousal. He put a hand over his crotch, looking left and right as if the other agents and staff in the building might be staring at him.

But none of them were. It was just...

[i]It's just my imagination. It's just...[/i]

Fuck that mouse. [i]Fuck[/i] that mouse.

Throb.

Throb.

Throb.

Shaking his head, he left the water fountain behind and ducked into the restroom immediately adjacent. A quick scan of the room confirmed that he was alone, so he moved to the furthest stall and locked the door behind him. He put the file down on the little shelf over the toilet paper rolls and started unzipping his pants.

As soon as he had the zipper down, his briefs tented hard. He groaned, having to lean against the wall, supporting himself with one hand as the other shook, hovering over his bulge. The urge to grab it and jerk off despite being at work was almost too much to bear, and he whimpered through clenched teeth as he forced his hand back down to his side.

"Fuck...fuck..."

His phone buzzed. He growled, annoyed yet grateful for the distraction. He pulled it from his pocket -

And stared at a white-furred rump displacing his normal screensaver. Brock stared at the thick, white-furred ass and the pink hole between the cheeks, remembering the view from the times she'd just -

Except it wasn't she. It was he again, fat balls hanging down, fatter than his own by some way, heavy and full and -

And he remembered the fucking mouse squirting her load on his face when she changed back to a male. She teased him - he teased him -

The image flickered, going static-y before returning to the normal screenshot of the beach. He - had he imagined it?

No, no way. There was no way that he'd imagined the change. The fucking mouse was still messing with him and -

"Mmmph..."

He'd barely shifted position to put his phone back in his pocket, but his cock still ground against his briefs. The bulge left a wet stain as it moved around the fabric, grinding it into the white cloth and turning it gray. He bit his lips, trying not to think about how it looked, but - no, there was no hiding that, particularly...

Particularly as it started bubbling around the tip as he stared down at it. He wasn't even touching himself, but every memory, every view of that criminal that he could bring to mind, made his cock throb that much more. His balls were churning like mad, even now, and - dammit, she hadn't even let him cum at the end of her kidnapping. She'd just sent him back with all that cum still bloating his balls, and -

[i]Ugh...I need...need to take care of that...[/i]

Before he made a mess. Before he made himself look like even less of a man in front of all the agents in the building.

[i]Probably laughing up their sleeves if Valdez told anyone about what happened,[/i] he thought, fumbling his pants down to his ankles. [i]Everyone laughing at the new guy that got fucked over, that got stripped down, that...that...[/i]

No. They didn't know that he'd been humiliated, and he'd been facing away from Valdez. The giraffe had no way of knowing what he had between his legs, nor what the mouse had said about it. That was between him and that goddamn rodent, but even so -

He managed to get his briefs down, pulling them under his balls. He shivered as he finally touched himself, wrapping his fingers around his sheath and tugging it down behind his bloating knot.

[i]I'm not that small. I'm not. I'm...I'm perfectly fine...[/i]

Yet, at the same time, he couldn't help but wonder just how the criminal had taken him so easily. He - he was average, at the very least. He had been sure that he'd been doing pretty well, had a pretty good dick, but at the very fucking least, he was average, surely. So what if he could circle his knot with his finger and thumb, so could other dogs. That didn't mean that he had a small dick or a small knot.

Right?

Or...

[i]I - was I bigger?[/i]

Some part of him was sure that his knot had been wider before, that he'd been unable to get his hand around it. It was there in the back of his mind, but - was it true? And if it was true, then why would it be smaller now?

He shied away from the thought, not wanting to entertain the possibility that the mouse had taken even more from him than he'd thought. He was the same size that he'd always been, and that was all there was to it.

As he stroked his cock, though, he kept thinking of how easily the mouse had fucked him, how she'd ridden him and forced his cock in and out, in and out. She'd used her pussy, her ass, and then changed and did it with her...his hole...Brock gritted his teeth as he remembered how good it had felt to be inside of that tight male-hole rather than just using her as a woman - or being used by her as a woman - but fuck, he wasn't - he'd never been -

Throb.

Throb.

Throb.

The more he thought about her, the harder he got, and the harder he got, the more that he dripped. He leaned over the toilet, long streams of pre-cum running from his cock to the bowl. Every time he dragged his fingers down the shaft, more slime spat into the waiting pool, leaving strings behind that slowly broke apart.

But...

[i]Mmmph...I'm not that small...I'm not that small...[/i]

But he was barely moving his hand, wasn't he? The tip of his cock barely pushed past his fingers even with his knot out. How...he hadn't been...

[i]Did she...[/i]

Once more, he shied away from that thought, aggressively pumping his dick and squeezing his knot instead. Up, down, up, down, all but humping his hand as his imagination filled his head with thoughts of the criminal.

That mouse on his hands and knees, ass up.

The bitch on her back, legs spread.

The mouse sitting on his face, balls over his nose -

Brock gritted his teeth, shaking his head, but all it had taken was that one image, and he was right back in the past. Arms spread, legs wide, cock throbbing as the mouse teabagged him, bigger balls grinding back and forth along his muzzle.

[i]What's the matter? You didn't expect your quarry to be a bigger man than you? A pity; you really should pay attention to how meager your own resources are. I told you before, this is a punishment, not a reward; your cock wouldn't be enough for me to get off on, anyway, so I have to find my own pleasures...[/i]

Despite how much he wanted it to stop, he couldn't stop thinking about it, and kept making him harder. He whimpered against his arm, stifling the moans escaping him as he squeezed his knot.

"Come on, cum...cum you fucking thing, just...just fucking cum!"

But no matter how hard he stroked himself, no matter how hard he tugged his dick or squeezed his knot or thumbed the sensitive head, his cock refused to go over the edge. It dripped like nothing else, but it was not going to give him the relief that he wanted. Brock's growls of frustration turned to whimpering need as he thumped his head against his arm, huffing and panting with his tongue hanging out.

"Please...fuck...fuck, just let me...fuck..."

Bzz bzz.

Bzz bzz.

Bzz bzz.

He ignored his phone, letting it go to voicemail as he jerked himself harder. His cock felt almost raw, pained and sore, but he couldn't stop. He had to be close, just had to -

Bzz bzz.

Bzz bzz.

Bzz -

"Fucking what?!" he growled as he yanked it up and held it to his head.

[i]I see you haven't learned any manners yet.[/i]

"...You," Brock hissed, standing up straight and finally letting go of his cock. "What the fuck did you do to me?"

[i]Heh, nothing more than you deserved. A competent man could get around all the little conditions I left on your mind, let go of the obsession. You, on the other hand...you can't. You're more of a dog needing training than a hunting hound.[/i]

"You fucking -"

[i]Mmmm, I fucked you, yes, but I didn't [b]fuck[/b] you yet. If you keep being a bad dog, though, I might just have to.[/i]

"..."

[i]See? You can learn. Now, let's talk about something, Supervisory Agent Price. You see, your predecessor had a deal with me, and that deal was very, very simple. All you have to do is stay out of my way, and we can keep our arrangement of being mutual benefactors alive. You let me do my thing, I let you do your thing. You keep your nose out of my business, I'll occasionally throw you a bone when you need it. But if you decide that you can't help but obsess over the 'right' thing -[/i]

“It’s not an obsession to bring a criminal to fucking justice! What the hell did you do to me?”

“[i]Apparently, not enough. Because I’ll have to do a great deal more to get the message to stick. Loophole, Supervisory Agent Price. Your cock works exactly as it should, except that every orgasm you get thinking of me will shrink it by half an inch. Let’s see how long until you can’t even poke out of your sheath, shall we?[/i]”

“You -”

“[i]Goodbye for now, Mr. Price. Enjoy your pleasures. Or don’t, if you’re smart.[/i]”
Click.

The Doberman stared at his phone, slowly shaking his head. What the fuck just happened?

[b][u][center]The End[/center][u][b]

Summary: The after-effects of what Salla did to the Doberman in Questioning the Red. Seems Price is going to be put through more and more humiliation if he doesn’t get it through his head where he belongs.

Tags: M/solo, M/F, M/M, Memories of Sex, Masturbation, Humiliation, Embarrassment, Obsession, Salla, Doberman, Mouse, FBI, Law Enforcement, Denied Orgasm, Pre-Cum, Knot, Sheath, Reality Manipulation,

[b][u][center]Guiding Soles to One's Proper Place
For blzkn
By Draconicon[/center][u][b]

It was a night off and Ember was thankful for that. The green-scaled dragon leaned back in her computer chair, half-aware of the black dragon on the couch a half-dozen feet behind her as she typed away on her social media page. Responses were flicking by from some of her fans, a few commenting on the DJ work that she'd been doing lately, but more of them based on something more fun: her feet.

Specifically, the pictures of the four-toed feet that she kept posting and suggesting that her followers fall to their knees and worship. She was just posing her foot and holding out her camera over it, seeing if it was a good angle, when -

"You know that I can help with that, right?"

She blinked and turned. Draconicon leaned against the back of the couch, one arm over the back and his eyes glimmering as they usually did. Not quite hypnotically - not yet, she'd know the difference - but with the empty, cloudy shimmer that they just naturally had. He'd tossed his coat over the back of the couch and looked...oddly casual without it, wearing just a white t-shirt and sweat pants. She chuckled, shaking her head and snapping the picture.

"Thanks, I got it."

"Just offering."

"Heh. Just because I post about dragon domination doesn't mean I do much of it."

"Offline, or?"

"Well, more like I don't let other dragons dom me...or get much into the scene in person, I guess," she admitted, tapping a few buttons on her phone and sending the picture to the site.

"Just not my kind of thing."

"Reeeeeeeally?"

"...I know that tone," Ember said, chuckling. "You're not going to get me that easily. I'm not looking back at your eyes."

"Heh, oh, I wasn't thinking of doing it the [i]easy[/i] way. After all, that's no fun. I'm thinking...you should see if you can practice what you preach."

"Please, it's an act." She rolled her eyes. "Just a thing to play with, something to get off to from time to time. And it gives me a reason to take care of my feet."

"Well, what if I told you that you'd have even more of a reason if you actually believed it?"

"I'd say that you're sounding a little nuts, heh."

"Why don't you turn around?"

"Because I know that tone and I know you have hypno-eyes waiting, and I don't want to have to spend all the energy it'd take to beat that."

"How about if I promise not to use my eyes, and offer you a deal, hmm? Just a little...experiment, to see how much you enjoy the 'reality' of your little game?"

Much as she was rolling her eyes, she had to admit that her curiosity was piqued. Which was probably [i]not[/i] the best thing to have happen when there was potential hypnosis in the

offing, but hopefully it wouldn't be that much of an issue. After all, the rules of hypnosis made it very clear she'd have to want it on some level, and curiosity was a very, very shallow level to embed anything with.

"You promise?" she asked.

"Promise. I will not use my eyes to hypnotize you at any point."

Ember shook her head. There were a hundred other ways to hypnotize someone, but she supposed that was going to have to do. At least she wouldn't have to deal with his most potent way of putting someone under his thumb.

She typed up a little tease to go with the latest foot-shot and uploaded it. As it hit the timeline, she put her phone down and stretched, mentally preparing herself for whatever sort of bullshit Drac had in mind.

The pair of them had met a while back, and he'd been part of the reason she'd started doing all the foot-teasing online. She'd always had a tangential interest in letting others stare at her feet, even going so far as to push their buttons and remind them that this was where they belonged, but it wasn't until they started talking that she'd leaned into it the way that she did now. People loved the idea of dragon superiority, and she'd pushed them to keep embracing it in her playful way.

Never taken it further than that, though. Lately, Drac had been hitting her with questions about what that kind of dragon superiority meant, how dragons would deal with it between themselves. She'd put off thinking too hard about it, but she supposed the hope of him letting it die off was a bit futile.

Blacking out the screen, she had a brief glimpse of herself - blue-haired, green-scaled, pierced nostrils and a spiked collar - before she turned around. Ember puffed out her vest as she walked around the couch and sat on the armchair across from it, crossing her legs at the knee and her arms under her chest.

"Alright. What've you got in mind?"

"A very simple idea. If dragons are superior to other people -"

"We're not, it's just a game."

"Yes, yes, but let's just take it as a hypothetical," Draconicon said, waving away her protest. "[i]f we're superior to other species, and they belong at our feet, what would it feel like for them to be down there? How much of a reward is it for them to serve our feet, to kiss and worship and just...enjoy themselves down there?"

"Well, you could find out," she chuckled, extending one leg and curling all four toes. "You wanna?"

"Mmmm, tempting, but you're not [i]quite[/i] good enough to drag my brain down to that level, dear. But I think I could drag yours down. All the way down, all the way to deep, sole-ful submission."

"Yeah, right."

"Oh, I'm very right. And I will prove it."

Ember arched an eyebrow. The black dragon crossed his legs at the ankles, his toe rings glinting as he curled and uncurled his toes.

"I'll make a bet with you. If I hypnotize you, then I get to put you through a bit of play under me. My feet own you for the night. And at the end, I'll leave a few little nudges to encourage you to enjoy your own superiority a bit more."

"Uh-huh. And when you don't get me tranced?"

"Well, what would you like?"

“Pizza.”

“Be serious,” the black dragon said, chuckling. “What would you like?”

“Well...let’s say... You let me put you underfoot for my account, and let me take pictures of it.”

“Agreed.”

She hadn’t expected him to agree that quickly. Ember winced.

“Why do I feel like I’m getting played?”

“Well, that’s down to how confident you are. I mean, I can’t use my eyes, after all,” Draconicon said, gesturing to the shimmering white orbs. “So, I’ll have to get inventive. And I’m sure that you’re able to resist anything that you don’t want to do. That’s the rule of hypnosis, after all.”

“...You’re too confident about this.”

“Mmmm, perhaps. But all you have to do is be willing to try. If it doesn’t work, it doesn’t work.”

Nodding, the dragoness leaned back against her chair. She didn’t quite nestle in, since she didn’t want to be [i]too[/i] comfortable, but she let herself settle properly. After all, she wasn’t going to let Drac claim she was cheating.

“Alright. Ready when you are.”

“Wonderful. Kick me the ottoman, please.”

Ember obliged him. The ottoman slid over, only to stop with a thump as Draconicon put his feet up. She was stuck by how [i]huge[/i] they were - it made sense, considering he was seven feet tall, but still, they were [i]massive[/i] - but before she could think about it too much, he curled his toes and -

A shimmer rolled up his feet as he uncurled his toes again. The light slid along his feet from his heels up to his toes as he moved them, almost like a line passing across a screen or a wave moving across the ocean. As the light reached the tips of his toes, it twinkled into a sparkling point on his toe rings, going from a shimmering black to a glistening gold, like a visual ‘plink’ before he curled his toes and did it again.

And again.

And again.

It was such a slow, rhythmic motion, and she immediately understood what he was trying to do. She was falling into the pattern without even thinking about it, and it was all the harder to look away because...well, he had a powerful pair of feet, broad, long, just damp enough to be shiny and long enough to cover many a face or cock. She shifted slightly in her seat -

“You’re not uncomfortable, I trust?” Draconicon asked.

“Mmph...no, just...”

“Heh, no worries. Take your time. Get comfortable. You should be able to just laze...relax...enjoy the show...”

Again, she knew what he was doing, but it was almost too easy to just go along with it. Ember settled a bit deeper into the chair, the plush back and the supportive arms working against her as her eyes dropped to his feet again.

The toes scrunched, drawing her eyes down, a bit of light playing off the white claws. She dropped her eyes to his heels just in time to catch the light going back up, up, up, along his heel, then over his arch, all the way up to the broad ball of his foot before dancing over his toes and sparkling off his toe rings -

Curl.

Drop.

Back to the heel, and then slowly drawing her eyes back up again with the line of light. It was so easy to follow, drawing her eyes to every scale along his soles -

"Mmmph, I know what you're doing," she muttered, forcing her eyes from his feet to his face. "It's not going to be - not going to be enough just flexing your toes at me."

"Oh, I know. But it's so much more than just flexing my toes, isn't it?" he asked, his face lit with a smirk so wide it showed every fang. "After all, it's not just your own fetish working against you. It's your avarice."

"I'm not a greedy -"

"You're a [i]dragon.[/i] You like the [i]shine.[/i]"

He swung his feet together, heels and toe rings clicking. The soft ting of metal on metal drew her eyes back down, and this time, the shine was...brighter.

[i]Mmmph...damn, he's good...[/i]

She could feel how soft the chair was starting to feel, could sense how relaxed she was getting. It was barely more than a regular pattern, but there was something about the shine of light on scale and metal that was dragging her down faster than she realized. Ember groaned, tried to look away -

And realized that she couldn't. He'd dragged her back to staring, and this time, the shimmer was interrupted by the occasional 'click' of heels and toes together that dragged her eyes back to them whenever her attention wandered and -

And it was...

Harder...

And harder...

To look...

Away...

"Mmmm, the shine appeals to all dragons, doesn't it?" he said, his voice coming from further away. "It's what we all desire. To shine, and to claim the shine."

"Nnngh...Not...wrong..."

"Indeed, not wrong at all. Whenever a dragon sees a shiny, it takes all our willpower to look away. We want it. We [i]need[/i] it."

"Mmmph..."

Ember could shake her head, but her eyes couldn't leave his feet. His shiny scales. His shiny rings.

"And the greater the shine, the greater the power."

"Greater the...power?"

"The greater the shine, the greater the power," he repeated, the line of light running up his soles again. "So easy to fall under a powerful shine. So easy to follow the commands of shiny feet. So easy to slip under them, to give yourself to the bigger shine. It's why dragons are better, after all."

"Greater the shine...greater the dragon..."

"And who can shine brighter than a dragon?"

"Nobody..."

"Mmm, yes. And who shines brighter right now?"

"Mmmph...you..."

"Good."

Thump.

Ember had half a second to realize that she was on her knees - when had that happened - before Draconicon curled his toes over her face. The light glinted off the ring, almost blinding her.

“The greater the shine, the greater the power.”

“Greater shine...greater power...”

“Who is shinier?”

“You...are...”

“And the shiny dragon wins. [b]Drop.[/b]”

#

[i]Her mouth hung open, her eyes dazed as the huge black soles pressed at her from one side, then the other. Her face, teased, stroked, her lips guided to the fleshy sole before being nudged over to the other foot in turn. A kiss here, a kiss there, back and forth, back and forth, the glint of the rings keeping her down.

“Shiny feet are superior. That’s why dragons rule.”

“Why dragons rule...”

Another nudge, another kiss. The shimmer of light off scale, the smoothness against her lips. It felt...good. It felt...right.

His foot pressed against the back of her head, holding her in place. She tried to look up, tried to think through what was going on -

“[b]Drop.[/b]”[i]

#

[i]She moaned as he stepped on her cock, pinning her down. Clothes? Gone; the lesser dragon didn’t need them. She had to show her shine, reveal it all. Expose -

Mmmph. So hard - think - focus -

He ground his foot against her cock, pinning the eight-incher to her stomach and keeping her from doing anything but grinding up against him. He chuckled.

“Yes. Good girl. Give my foot more to shine. A little tribute to my soles.”

“Nnngh... You - I am - I can -”

“No, no. You don’t have to think. The greater the shine -”

“The greater the power -”

“And I have all the power. Don’t think. Just [b]drop.[/b]”[i]

#

[i]“And hump.”

Ember was so far down that she couldn’t stop herself. Her hips bucked, thrusting, fucking between the black dragon’s soles. He leaned back against the couch, his smirk as bright as his toe rings in her tunnel vision. She panted, her hair flopping about her face on either side as she held tight to his ankles and humped away.

Thrust, thrust, thrust between his arches, her cock leaving slimy pre-cum wherever it went. Tribute, pre-cum tribute, hot and slick and sexy and -

Yes, make shiny.

Make shiny.

Make shiny.

It felt good to obey, felt right to do what she was told. Make the other dragon shinier, make him happy, collect the shinies for herself, and -

“Cum.”[i]

#

Some time later, Ember realized she was staring at the ceiling. She also realized that she was naked, though thankfully with a blanket over her. Her memories were coming back quickly, including three orgasms, a few more sessions licking toes, and -

“I think I proved my point,” Draconicon said.

She turned her head, looking at him. He was sitting where she’d been on the ottoman, one leg crossed over the other. She groaned, slowly sitting up.

“Mmmph...”

“How are we feeling?”

“Like I’m going to kick your ass later,” she said with a chuckle. “Not really, but - hooo boy, you did a whammy on me there.”

“I know what I’m doing, heh.”

“Clearly. Wow.” She shook her head. “And - oh. Oh, that’s all still there, huh?”

“Yep.”

“Making me more...focused on that, huh?”

“Mmm-hmm.”

“...Well...still up for taking pictures of my feet for me?”

The black dragon smiled.

“I’d love to.”

[b][u][center]The End[/center][u][b]

Summary: What happens when a dragoness that only pretends at dragon superiority hangs out with a dragon that can make her believe it? Well, read and find out.

Tags: F/M, Trans Female, Draconicon, Ember, Dragon, Dragon Superiority, Foot Fetish, Hypnosis, Teasing, Footjob, Domination, Foot Hypnosis, Shiny Feet, Orgasm, Cum,