

"Dad! Dad! Catch me, Dad!" the whelp squealed.

Volt dove, feigning a tackle but coming up just short of the giggling baby dragon.

"Aww! You're too fast!" he laughed.

"My turn, Daddy!" another cried.

"No, no, you've had your turn already," the blue-and-gold dragon replied. "You whelps are wearing me out!" he chuckled, swooping low and landing. "Your mothers are gonna be calling you in soon anyway," he called up.

Smiling to himself, he sighed happily. This was the life. Having vanquished the village's former inattentive breeder and at last sated the last of the island's females, he had been enjoying some much-deserved down time playing with last year's hatchlings. As he walked up to the nearest female, Isabella, the mayor, he wondered how he'd managed to get so lucky.

And yet, before he made it the hundred feet to her, he abruptly felt the call of duty.

Volt shuddered. As a breeder, his primary role in life was to go from village to village, impregnating as many females as he could before moving on to the next one. It wasn't a bad life—not by a long shot—but he enjoyed the opportunity to do other things, such as adventuring or spending time with his many progeny. The last few months had been wonderful, but being a breeder came with some certain physiological baggage—namely, an exceedingly high libido—that periodically demanded his attention. Now was one of those times. He had only bred the occasional female in the last few months, and that was far from enough to keep him satisfied for long.

Of course, being a hyper didn't help, either. Turn the average breeder's hormones—already elevated over the average dragon—up to 11, and one might start approximating a 1 for a hyper. Throw in the periodic heat cycles that turn the hyper male's hormones up to 11, and it made for a... *distracting* existence, to put it mildly.

Volt had just felt the twinge as his heat cycle started.

The dragon froze, gritted his teeth, and willed his hormones to give him thirty minutes to say goodbye. His request was promptly denied, and he bolted for the mayor.

"Oh, hi, Volt! I was just coming to—"

"Isabelle," the dragon interrupted hurriedly. "I—I'm sorry, but... um..." He lowered his voice. "Duty calls."

Isabelle's eyes flashed with recognition. She started to say something, then thought better of it and nodded.

"Take care of yourself, Volt. I'll let the others know. You will come back and see us soon, won't you?"

"As soon as I can!" Volt called over his shoulder as he leapt into the sky.

The dragon shuddered again, a whole-body shudder this time, as the tingling feeling in his groin started to get really intense. Grinding his legs together against his crotch, he flapped hard, hoping to make it to another village before the lust became debilitating.

"I shoulda known better," he chided himself. "Father even warned me before shi left..."

He had been flying hard for about an hour when he suddenly picked up a faint whiff of female dragon on the wind. Gasping, he banked sharply to follow the scent.

But a few seconds later, it vanished.

"Ugh," Volt groaned. "I *smelled* it! There's got to be a female here somewhere, and if there's one, hopefully there's a whole village of them!"

He headed down and began looking for land the second he broke through the clouds. There were a few tiny rocks, but nothing big enough to support a dragon—much less a village of them. He banked and began making a large circle around the last place he'd picked up the female's scent, yet though his sharp eyes swept the area like a hawk, he was certain there were no villages nearby.

"Hi!" a voice said from above him.

Volt jerked, startled, and looked up. A light fury—a little bigger than he was—had materialized out of thin air, and from the look on its face, Volt guessed it had been tracking him for some time, concealed by its camouflage.

"Oh, uh, hey," he replied, banking slightly and lifting up beside her.

"Who are you?" the white dragon asked, its cheerfulness disarming.

"I'm Volt," Volt said. "And you—"

He gasped, catching the smell of female again, *much* stronger this time. He whipped his head to look directly at her.

"I'm Luna!" the light fury replied, arcing upward and doing a loop. "What brings you here, Volt?"

"I could ask you the same," Volt replied. "There aren't any villages around here; what's a lone dragoness like you doing out here by yourself?"

"Hey! I asked you first!" Luna pouted.

Volt chuckled. "That's true; you did. Well, as it happens, I am actually *looking* for females right now."

Luna gasped. "You are?! Well, it looks like you *found* one! *I'm* a female!"

Volt sniffed. "I—I can tell," he said, his voice quavering. "And a—a mighty *sleek* female at that!"

"You think so?" Luna asked, rolling over onto her back to look up at him as she flew. "You know," she said conspiratorially, "There are *other* parts of me that are even sleeker."

She flew out ahead of him a bit, positioning her cloaca right in his line of sight, then dove down, made another loop, and came back up beside him, grinning wickedly.

Volt huffed several times and squeezed his legs together again.

"I—I'm sorry," he murmured. "M—my heat is really beginning to affect me."

"Oh? Well, *that's* a coincidence!" Luna replied.

Volt started. "How so?"

"Well, um, your heat is really beginning to affect *me*, too. Are you a breeder?"

Volt nodded.

"A breeder! And *I* found him first this time!" Luna squealed. "Come on! You have to come to my village. Our breeder is late, and it's starting to make everybody antsy."

Volt brightened. *Oh, thank goodness!* "I—I commiserate," he said. "Lead the way!"

"Come on!" Luna called, banking hard to the right and climbing back above the clouds.

Volt banked and followed her for several minutes.

"You were quite a ways from home, weren't you?" he said. "Why so far out?"

"You could say that you and I were looking for the same thing," Luna replied. "Just about *everybody* is out looking for breeders right now."

"Wow, your breeder must be *really* late," Volt said.

"Oh, you know, just like a *year* or two," Luna said, rolling her eyes.

Volt started. "A year or *two*?"

In the back of his mind, he wondered what could have kept their breeder for so long and wondered whether perhaps he'd been injured or killed somewhere. But, as Luna suddenly dropped into the cloud bank, his mind quickly returned to the present and his own uncomfortable predicament. As the clouds cleared, an island appeared below him.

The smell of females wafting up from it hit him like a cloud.

"Ungh," he groaned.

"Volt, are you—whoa! Are you a *hyper*?!"

Volt gasped, looked down, then gritted his teeth and forced his penis to return to normal size.

"Y—yes," he murmured. "It's um, making it *very* difficult to concentrate right—"

"Hey, Luna, who's the newbie?"

Volt jerked in surprise, then glanced up and jerked again. *Stupid rut is making me too distracted to pay attention to what's around me!* he muttered.

Above him, a red belly easily twice as long as he was sat between two red wings, each of which would easily have blotted out the sun had they been right over him. As the dragon banked and flew down to his other side, its black topside became visible. Volt looked quizzically at the holes in the dragon's wings and wondered whether it was having trouble keeping aloft, but when it turned its long, bony face to look at him, that question quickly got pushed to the back of his mind.

"It's a *male*!" the newcomer said.

"Yes, he's a *breeder*, and *I* found him!" Luna boasted.

"You, uh, you *know*, bigger girls have more fun, right?" the dragon said to Volt, giving Luna a dirty look.

"Cynder! Do *not* steal my breeder!" Luna scolded her. "*I* found him, so *I* get to breed with him first!"

Cynder pursed her lips and looked forward, huffing petulantly.

"But *maybe* you can go round everybody up so that once I'm done with him, they'll all know that we have a *hyper breeder* on the island?"

Cynder did a double-take and nearly careened into them. "You're a hyper?!" she gasped.

Her eyes rolled back in her head as she imagined the possibilities.

"Hi! Um, I'm Volt," Volt said awkwardly.

"Oh, uh, I'm Cynder. Sorry, bad manners," she added sheepishly.

Volt chuckled. "I, um, have that effect on people. Especially females," he added.

Cynder inhaled deeply. "I noticed," she said huskily.

"Go 'way!" Luna said, making a shooing motion at her. "Go find the others and stop trying to steal my breeder."

"Fine, fine," Cynder muttered, peeling off muttering to herself.

Suddenly, Volt heard—quite clearly—"Hey! We got a breeder! Ya hear that? We found a breeder!"

"'We' nothing!" Luna yelled. "*I* found a breeder! Cynder didn't do anything!"

"Yup, found a breeder! Both of us together!"

Volt chuckled in spite of himself. "You two have some kind of rivalry or something?"

"Nah, I just always end up breeding last, and for *once* I want to get to go first," Luna replied. "Do you *know* how boring the sex is after the breeder's gone through the whole island before getting to you?"

Volt frowned. "No? Why would that matter?"

Luna rolled her eyes. "He's always *exhausted* by the time he gets to me. Two-pump chump, you know what I mean?"

Volt opened his mouth, then closed it, deciding that what he'd had in mind to say was tacky. What he said instead was, "Hm."

"But with *you*, I get to go first!" Luna squealed. "You are gonna do so many things to me!"

Volt laughed. "I am, am I?"

"Yes!"

"Well, perhaps we ought to go find ourselves a nice place to get started, then?"

"Ooh! We have breeding grounds!" Luna said excitedly. "Come on!"

"'Grounds' plural?" Volt asked. The island he'd just let had none—smaller islands seldom did—but he had never heard of a place with *multiple* breeding grounds before. "H—how many of you *are* there?" he asked.

"Oh! About five hundred! You should see the hatchery! It goes on for *miles*!"

*Five hundred females?* Volt thought, reeling. A broad grin spread over his face. *That is gonna be perfect for taking the edge off this heat.*

"Since I get to go first, I'm *totally* calling the good one for myself," Luna said, taking Volt around to the northern tip of the island.

"The *good* one?" Volt asked.

"Yeah, the others don't have the nice, smoky smell that the northern one does. The wind blows from the south, picks up the smell of the hatchery, and then wafts over the breeding ground. It's a nice, cozy smell to have after you've just been bred, reminds me of being in an egg."

They closed in on the spot, and Volt could see what she meant. The smell of warmed eggs and the various flames used to keep them that way drifted up to his nose, and for a split-second, he himself remembered being a just-hatched hatchling, feeling the wonderful warmth all around him as his countless sisters hatched out.

"That *is* nice," he murmured.

But, his adult duties quickly brought him back to the present as they circled down towards the ground. The breeding area was not particularly different from the others Volt had seen on other islands, the smell of incubating eggs notwithstanding. There were some pools, some of which were heated via hot springs and others cool, and around the perimeter of the oval-shaped area, a wide path of flowers were growing, lending their sweet aroma to the air. One thing Volt noticed that *was* different was the absence of sexual fluids, especially for an island with as many inhabitants as Luna claimed. There were breeding grounds Volt had visited and even used that had semen and vaginal secretions thicker than guano on a bat cave, yet this one seemed refreshingly clean.

"Oh, well, our last breeder didn't cum much and, uh... How do I say this politely? He, um, didn't get very many of *us* off," Luna replied when Volt inquired about it.

"But surely he at least gave you all clutches?"

Luna hesitated. "W—well..."

Volt shook his head. "You poor ladies," he murmured. "Welp, I promise you: by the time I'm done, you will all not only have *plenty* of clutches, we will also paint those breeding grounds whiter than you!"

"Ooh," Luna said, shivering. "That sounds—"

"Whoa," Volt said, looking up as a truly immense dragon swooped down and joined them.

"Go away, Elizabeth! He's mine!" Luna cried.

"*He?*!" Elizabeth asked, her green eyes wide and her mouth grinning as she turned her voluptuous, pink body to face him. "Oh, yes, *definitely* 'he'," she added, smirking and giving him a significant look.

Volt swallowed hard, gritted his teeth, and forced his penis back down again, his eye twitching from the effort.

*Oh, the things I will do to that ass,* he thought dreamily. *That big, glorious, mountainous ass!*

"Elizabeth! You gotta wait your turn!"

Volt started from his reverie as Cynder swooped down and landed hard next to him.

"Says who?" Elizabeth replied. "He's *obviously* drawn to me! Just *look* at him!"

"Hey, wait—" Luna interjected.

"I saw him before you did, so I get to breed with him before you; it's as simple as that," Cynder asserted, ignoring Luna.

"Young whelp, I am *twice* the dragon you are, and if you want to spar—"

**BOOM!**

Volt gasped and leapt backwards into the air, along with everybody else.

Except for Luna, who emerged haughtily from her plasma ball explosion.

"Ladies? I found him; I get-to-go first!" she singsonged percussively. "The *rest* of you can figure out the order *after* me. Now, if you'll *excuse* me, you're in my breeding ground."

"Your breeding ground?" Cynder demanded.

"Ladies, ladies," Volt interjected hurriedly, "I assure you, there's *plenty* of me to go around. I—I've heard that it's been a long time since you've had a breeder around, but I promise you: I'm no 'two-pump chump'. I promise you that I will get to everybody and leave each of you completely satisfied. But"—he grimaced and ground his legs together—"My heat is starting to *really* get to me, and if I don't breed something *real* soon, I'm gonna be a mighty cranky breeder."

For a moment, the females all looked at him, and then Cynder and Elizabeth began arguing among themselves again.

"*Outside!* Out you go!" Luna said, escorting the two. "Go on, all the way. There you go. Hey, why don't you go claim the *other* breeding grounds before someone else gets there first?"

The other two gasped, and then both took to the air.

"I'll visit Cynder next, and then Elizabeth," Volt called after them.

"Now," Luna said, whirling and advancing on him, "Where were we?"

Volt shuddered. "I—I think you were telling me about how sleek parts of you are," he ventured, grinning.

"Oh! Yes," Luna said. Turning her back, she spread her legs wide and lifted her tail high. "Can you see it? Can you see how sleek it is?"

A whimper escaped Volt's lips. "U—uh, huh," he said.

Shaking his head and exhaling sharply, he stepped up to her and pressed his nose into her folds.

It was hard to tell which of them shuddered harder.

"Ohh, Volt," Luna murmured, "It's—it's been too long. Why aren't you inside of me, yet? What are you waiting for, an invitation?"

"Uh, kinda?" Volt chuckled.

Luna waved her hips. "Is *this* inviting enough?"

Mesmerized by the white dragoness's slender rump, Volt licked his lips and nodded.

"Well, come on, then..."

Volt was on her in an instant. Despite the distractingly strong hormones raging through his veins, he aimed his already swollen member and slipped straight in. His eyes rolled back in his head.

"O—oh!" Luna gasped, her back arching sharply. "Y—you're *much* bigger than the last guy!"

"Too much?" Volt asked.

"Oh," Luna purred. "No..." Lowering her chest and thrusting her ass into the air, she wiggled her hips tauntingly. "There's definitely room for more."

Volt grinned, exhaled hoarsely, and pulled back a bit.

Luna collapsed on the ground.

"Oh, those *nubs*," she drawled lewdly, stretching her front legs out like a cat stretching. "I didn't know you had *nubs*!"

"A—are you ok—?"

"Oh, I've got to have those nubs!" Luna interrupted. "Fuck me, Volt! Fuck me *hard*!"

Volt opened his mouth, closed it, then said, "Yes, ma'am."

He thrust forward hard. Luna grunted. He pulled back a little slower. Luna moaned. He grew himself by a few feet, and the dragoness began murmuring incoherently.

*Poor Luna really hasn't had good sex in a while*, he thought. *Well, let's fix that.*

After a few hard thrusts to take the edge off the most insistent of her prurient itches, he slowed his pace, found her g-spot, and began rubbing his tapered glans against it, then dragging backward to let the rough, backward-pointing nubs at the back of the head grind and graze over her sensitive nerves. And with each thrust, he increased his girth bit by bit. The blunt yellow barbs on the upper sides of his penis caught lightly on her pussy with each thrust, tickling and stimulating her as he went. When he pulled back, the longer, sharper hooks on the lower sides of his penis scraped along the bottom of her passage, sending thrills up and down her spine.

But although his attention was focused intently on her, his own needs refused to be ignored for much longer. Each grasp of her luscious pussy, each stroke against her slick passage, each squeeze of her muscles against him made him tremble with desire.

"Don't, um—take this the wrong way," he said, his breath quavering, "But—I need to blow off a little steam."

"Blow off a little—*oh*!"

Luna's eyes bulged as her pussy suddenly swelled with jism. Cream-colored cum erupted out behind her, splattering Volt's underside and the ground for about fifty feet.

Swallowing hard and catching her breath, she let out a sharp chuckle.

"*Well*! When you blow off steam, you really—*augh*!"

That had, in fact, just been a precursor, a "warning shot", as it were, that preceded Volt's first hard spurt. Groaning, he pressed his face against her back and held on for dear life as his balls heaved.

A deafening squelch bounced off the walls of the breeding grounds. A split-second later, several gallons of cum followed, showering the wall some two hundred feet behind Luna.

"Oh, my gosh!" Luna cried, and yet Volt had only let out one full-sized spurt.

Swelling his penis to get his penile barbs to engage a little better, he shuddered and spurted again. Semen cascaded out of Luna's vagina like a miniature waterfall, splattering noisily to the ground.

"It's—it's so much!" she panted as another heavy spurt filled her womb.

The two both shook as they rode out the rest of Volt's orgasm.

"You, uh, okay, Luna?" Volt asked, chuckling.

"Ohh," was all Luna could say.

Volt pulled out, bringing another gallon or so of cum with him, then went up beside her.

"You know," he said, gesturing to the nearest pool, "We could go rest for a bit, and then I can breed you properly."

Luna looked at him incredulously. "*Properly?*" she asked. "*Properly?! If that* wasn't a proper breeding, what do *you* consider proper?"

Volt smirked and raised an eyebrow. "Let's let your strength recover, and then I'll show you," he replied.

Nudging her in the side, he helped her get to her feet. Every step she took splashed cum onto the ground between her legs.

"Ohh," she groaned. "So full!"

"Heh, sorry," Volt said sheepishly. "And, uh, thanks, you know, for, um, letting me blow off a little steam. It's been a while since my last time."

They settled into the pool, both of them sighing in surprise at how good the water felt.

"I hope you're not ruined for the rest of the gals," Luna said.

Volt did a double-take. "Ruined?"

"With a load like *that* after being so pent-up, I can't imagine there's much left!"

Volt laughed heartily. "Oh, ye of little faith. I'm ready to go right now, if you—"

"Already?!"

"Breeder..."

"Mm. *Hyper* breeder."

"I can, uh, give you *more*... if you want. No obligation, but... the offer's there."

Luna laid her head back, her eyes rolling dreamily in her head as the water enveloped her neck. "Lemme wrap my head around *that* being you just blowing off steam first," she chuckled.

"It hasn't all got to be *that* intense," Volt replied.

Eyeing her, he grinned to himself, then slid deeper into the pool and came up between her legs.

She gasped and opened her eyes.

Volt smiled, pressed himself up against her belly, and slipped his penis inside of her.

She closed her eyes again, then sighed involuntarily as his ridges and barbs settled into place.

For a few moments, they lay there, just getting accustomed to the feeling. But then, bit by bit, Volt began to grow himself again. Luna moaned softly, spreading her legs as his girth stretched her taut. His length pushed in and bottomed out.

"My gosh... You feel so good," she breathed.

"So do you."

Resting his head on her chest, Volt began to slowly thrust in and out of her. Both of them quivered with each thrust.

But unlike before, this wasn't the desperate urge to devour each other like a pan of brownies. No, this was more akin to the slow, deliberate pleasure of sucking on a piece of chocolate or of savoring a cup of coffee on a cold day. The urge to climax was there, of course, lurking not very far beneath the surface, but having taken the edge off, now they were free to build to it slowly, edging themselves closer and teasing each other with little flexes here and squeezes there.

But every cup of coffee is eventually empty, and the two had been edging for almost thirty minutes when Luna opened her eyes and, with a quavering voice, said, "I—I'm ready."

Volt swallowed hard and nodded. Taking a deep breath, he pulled almost all the way out, his stroke so long that his head momentarily ducked under the water. Then, with a thrash of his tail that launched him forward as gracefully as a dolphin, he bottomed out inside her. His nubs stretched and scratched her labia; his barbs raked along her passage, and his girth pressed hard against her g-spot.

"A-ahh," Luna gasped.

Squeezing her eyes closed tightly and gritting her teeth, she clutched Volt to her as her hips contracted, driving him all the way against her cervix. Hot, sperm-filled semen flooded into her womb, bathing and fertilizing her eggs.

Volt shuddered in her arms, filling her to the brim but stopping short of tainting the pool by letting himself go unchecked. Swelling his girth a little more, he lodged himself inside her passage, giving his little swimmers all the time they'd need to produce a large, healthy clutch.

"Oh, Volt," Luna sighed at last, opening her eyes and smiling, "Thank you. That was so nice. But, surely *now* I've taken too much out of you. Are you—up for breeding everybody else?"

"It might take a while, but I've got plenty energy to keep going," Volt replied, "You guys have been without a breeder for a long time, and it's my duty to make sure that you are each given the clutch you deserve."

Luna's eye glinted. "Well, um, if you're got plenty of energy still..." she hinted.

"What did you have in mind?"

She leaned forward and whispered something in his ear, and his face lit up.

"I've never tried that!" he said. "Yeah, let's see what happens!"

The two hopped out of the water and shook off, and then Volt moved around behind her.

"Um... so... how do we—?"

With a motion similar to swallowing, Luna suddenly opened her mouth to reveal a plasma ball. Volt's eyes widened; he'd been with a lot of dragons over the years, but light shades weren't very common, and seeing a plasma ball—let alone being this close to one—made his electrically charged skin tingle.

Luna sucked in a breath through her nostrils, then exhaled slowly through her mouth. The edges of the plasma ball began to flutter like a candle in a breeze. The glowing heat slid into the slipstream of her breath and then spread outward like a trumpet, then curled backwards and spread rapidly along the contours of her lips. Within seconds, her whole body was shimmering with the iridescent glow of the plasma ball.

"Come on!" she said. "It's safe!"

Volt swallowed and for a moment, wondered if he were nuts for deliberately touching a plasma ball. But, duty and curiosity called, and he got into position behind her, feigned a leap up to gather momentum, and then thrust himself up against her.

Warm tingling immediately spread from her all over his body.

"Oh, wow," Volt gasped. "Oh, that's—that's nice!"

"Isn't it?" Luna asked.

"Hang on, I've got an idea," Volt said.

Concentrating hard, he charged his skin. Soon, his crackling electricity and her plasma were shimmering over both of them. Warm, titillating sparks stimulated them all over, and in no time, Volt was deep inside of Luna again. But, as he thrust, his penis took some of the mixed energies with him. Both dragons' eyes bulged, their toes curling from the intense tingling on their sensitive organs, which also simultaneously swelled Volt's penis and squeezed Luna's vagina, trapping and concentrating the intense charges.

The two dragons let out a chorus of overwhelmed ecstasy. Both their legs shook. A second later, Volt's orgasm blasted him out of Luna and into the air, painting a circle around her fifty feet in diameter. Trembling and twitching, he shook his head to clear it and landed.

"Luna?" he called. "Where'd you go?"

A pair of pale blue eyes appeared in the white circle.

"Oh, heh, there you are," he chuckled as she shook the cum off of her onto the walls and flowers around the breeding grounds.



"Well, um," he said sheepishly, "That was, um..."

"A lot."

"Yes! 'Intense', I was gonna say."

They both stood there nodding, and then Volt stole a glance at her.

"You, um—"

"Totally spent. Wait, aren't you?!"

Volt shrugged helplessly. "I'm... a breeder. This is what I do."

"Well, breeder—Volt—this has been..." She rolled her eyes back and gasped. "I..."

"It's okay," Volt laughed, nuzzling her. "Hopefully it'll tide you over until I'm done with everybody else."

Luna mouthed the words, then shook her head in disbelief. Walking stiffly, she waddled out of the breeding area, leaving a splattering, white trail behind her.

Volt watched her go for a moment, chuckling to himself.

"Well, I guess I can mark *that* off on my bucket list," he said to himself. "Plasma ball: 10 out of 10. Would definitely do it again."

He took a step forward and winced.

"But not today," he added, shivering at how sensitive the mixed energies had left his penis.

Lifting his head, he looked around and spied another breeding ground in the distance.

"Time for number two!" he said, leaping into the air.

He flapped a few times, then made a pass around the breeding ground. It looked, as best he could tell, the same as the one he'd just left, though he supposed he didn't smell the scent of incubating eggs this time. But the sight of Cynder and her wide hips quickly took his mind off of incubating eggs and quickly redirected it to fertilizing them instead. Swooping low, he landed next to her.

"So," he said, trying to sound casual. "You ready to—"

He yelped as the dragoness—about half again his size—tackled him to the ground, pinning him under her.

"H—hey! What's the idea?" he protested, but her intentions soon became clear. "Ooh," he grinned as she pressed her groin against his and began grinding against it. "S—say, this is new," he said, growing himself a little bit and grinding his ventral barbs against her clitoris. "You—you want me to breed you on my back?"

"Better on yours than on mine," Cynder snorted, raising an eyebrow.

Not quite certain how to take that but not about to turn down a good time, Volt shrank his member, rocked his hips back, then thrust forward and stretched his penis out to find its mark.

Cynder gasped in shock, her head jerking down to look in disbelief at their coupling.

"Did you think that was gonna be hard?" Volt chuckled. "Because you know, um, / am."

Cynder's eyes widened, her mouth opening soundlessly as his penis grew all the way to her cervix in a single, fluid movement. Not only had it suddenly grown twenty times its original length, it was also—true to Volt's word—*extremely* hard, and in all the right ways.

The initial shock made Cynder rock backwards slightly, and as she did, Volt's barbs ground hard against her g-spot. That startled her and made her jerk forward, which ground his nubs against her back vaginal wall. She shuddered and sagged down onto his groin, which pushed his tip against her cervix.

"Ohh, you *dirty* little—"

"What's that?" Volt asked, grinning and flexing his cock.

Cynder shuddered. "You're not gonna get me to cum *that* easily," she said through gritted teeth. Plopping her full weight on his hips, she looked down at him triumphantly. "Ha! let's see you thrust *now*!"

But, to her shock, dismay (and also, if she was being honest, delight), the upstart was lengthening and shortening his penis, slowly at first, but then faster and faster, until he might as well have been full-stroke thrusting into her.

"O—ohh, a—a—*ahh*?!"

Volt's crotch was suddenly drenched with Cynder's orgasm. Shuddering, the dragoness gave him a dirty look.

"That's *cheating*," she said. "No fair with you being a hyper. Besides, *you* didn't get off, which means *I'm* not pregnant, yet."

"Oh!" Volt said, laughing. "Was I supposed to get off? I thought I was just trying to get *you* off!"

"Well, you can check *that* box," Cynder conceded. She shook her head and thrust her chin out. "But, all of this was just foreplay. None of it counts."

"Is that so?"

"Yes! And, if you want *me* to lay *your* eggs, you're gonna have to breed me in the air, the way dragons *used* to do it!"

Volt rolled his eyes. The notion that dragons historically bred in the air was an old myth. But, hey, he was always up for an adventure...

"Shall I give you a head-start?" he taunted.

"As *if*," Cynder retorted, leaping into the air. "Catch me if you can, you little whelp!"

Volt went ahead and gave her a five-second head start anyway to be sporting, and then jumped into the air himself and began flapping hard and fast. Evidently she was used to much slower pursuers, or she wasn't as fast as she thought she was, because Volt was within earshot fifteen seconds later.

"So, uh, is this like tag, where I tag you and you land, or is this where I slip inside of you without you expecting it?" he asked, flying next to her.

"You?! How'd you get here so fast?"

Volt shrugged and grinned. "Just lucky, I guess."

Cynder narrowed her eyes. "Well, if you want to breed, you're gonna have to *catch* me!"

She banked sharply and veered off to the right. Volt followed suit, right on her tail—and then soon, right under it. Unknown to her, it was at this kind of acrobatic flying that Volt really excelled.

"Are you some kind of acrobatic gymnast or something?!" Cynder protested after about fifteen minutes. "What are you waiting for? No matter how I bob, weave, barrel-roll, or loop, you're stuck on me like glue, so you might as well go ahead and do the deed."

"Oh, shucks, I'd hate for it to be a *disappointment*," Volt retorted. "You, um, you ready?"

"*Been* ready. But, I'm afraid the only disappointment is gonna be when you start getting your rocks off and I—"

She jerked as he slipped into her. Instinctively, she banked hard, but it was already too late. Volt's penis was already halfway down her passage and was rubbing her in *all* the right places.

"Oh!" she gasped, losing altitude.

"You, uh, gonna be *okay* to do it up here?" Volt teased, staying with her.

"The real question is, can you *impregnate* me up here?" Cynder retorted. "It's no good with you just being along for the ride; you have to—ooh."

While she was talking, Volt squirted a load into her. It wasn't a lot of volume—he wanted to be considerate of those below them who might not appreciate dragon-cum-snowfall—but it was forceful and hot enough that Cynder felt it all the way in her womb.

"You ready to land so I can give you what you're *really* after?" Volt asked knowingly.

Cynder shuddered, ecstatically feeling the cum bathing her eggs. "Yeah," she said huskily.

Volt pulled out of her, and they landed.

"You are a *feisty* one, aren't you?" Volt chuckled.

"Oh, just *breed* me already," Cynder groaned.

Volt had bred enough females to recognize the signs of severe breeding deprivation, and Cynder had it in spades. The aggression towards other females was pretty typical, but when they started challenging the males, too, there was nothing to do but play along and stimulate them the right way until they reverted to a milder case, as Cynder had just done.

Time was of the essence, lest she relapse into her more competitive state, but Volt had to make sure she had really come down.

"Are you *sure*?" he taunted. "Your mouth is saying 'breed me', but those hips are saying, 'leave me alone'."

Cynder started, then looked over her shoulder at her hips.

"N—no, they're saying it, too? See?" she asked, wiggling them invitingly. "Come on, Volt," she mouthed, spreading her legs and lifting her tail, "*Please* come breed me."

That was enough. Besides, watching her buttocks dance like that had gotten him hard again, and he was eager to put his erection to good use. He jumped into the air and flapped a couple of times—she was considerably larger than he was, after all—and then wrapped himself around her butt. Grinding his hips against hers, he found that nice, warm opening, closed his eyes, and thrust inside.

"*Ohh*," they chorused, practically melting into each other.

"How much you want?" he asked, beginning to grow himself.

"Mm. I'll say when," Cynder murmured, spreading her legs wider and pushing her hips back towards the smaller dragon.

*Heh, heh, heh....* Volt cackled to himself.

He began thrusting with a slow, comfortable rhythm. The dragoness was already pregnant, after all, so need to hurry. Besides, her walls felt *really* good against him as he spread his girth to fill her, and then—with her not saying otherwise—to stretch her.

"*Ooh*," Cynder grunted. "Y—you're getting *big*."

"Hyper," Volt reminded her, chuckling.

"Mm."

The dragoness began to breathe heavily, evidently enjoying the fullness yet struggling to accommodate the increasing girth and length stuffing her pussy. Already twenty-five feet long and almost two feet in diameter (his barbs pushing even further), the "whelp" was at that moment filling her far fuller than any dragon had done before. And yet, though the dragon's size had already surpassed "pleasant", a certain sense of pride (and lack of experience with hyper breeders) spurred her to keep quiet, to let him keep growing. *Surely* there must be a limit to how big he could get—right?

But Volt recognized the mentality even before she did. In his younger days, when he was out to prove something, he might have let her see how wrong she was, let her see that no matter how much she thought she could take, he could get bigger. He had, after all, bred *far* bigger dragons than she was. But, mature and confident in his abilities, he knew he had nothing to prove.

"O—oh, well, that's, uh—that's about all I can do," he said, doing his best to keep a straight face behind her.

Oh, *finally*, Cynder thought, her whole body sagging with relief.

"In fact, I—I think this might be a *little* too big to maintain. Here, let me just—"

Cynder's legs threatened to buckle under her as Volt's penis somehow adjusted to hit every pleasure-center at once.

"There. Is that good for you?"

Cynder nodded wordlessly, her eyes rolling back in her head.

But her silence would be short-lived. As Volt pulled back, flapping hard to heave his girth out of her, his barbs raked tantalizingly across her g-spot, and his shaft slid against her clit.

"O—a-*ahh!*" she moaned, her front legs giving out and dropping her chest to the ground.

*I'll take that as a 'yes'...*

The dragon resumed his slow, easy thrusting pace, though with so much more penis to move in and out, it was decidedly less easy than it had been before. Still, he wasn't in a hurry, and though he had nothing to prove, that small, competitive part of him *did* still want to make it clear that although he'd "conceded" on size, he could bring any female to ground-clawing orgasm, no matter *how* big or small he was.

And bring Cynder to ground-clawing orgasm, he did. It started out in the usual way: he stroked in and out, and her body temperature grew progressively warmer around his penis; her passage grew wetter, and she squeezed so much more lusciously than she had at first. That was, of course, accompanied by increasingly vocal moaning and the progressive thrusting of her hips towards him until she was standing on tiptoes.

And then came the clawing.

Volt quickened his pace just a little bit, and those rippling waves of pleasure that had been hitting her with plenty of space between them suddenly started crashing on top of each other. At first, it was only once in a while—her temperature spiked, and Volt shuddered in ecstasy as his penis stroked into and out of the oven that was her pussy—but then, it started happening with increasing frequency. She began to twitch and jerk all over, yelps of overstimulation escaping her lips as her claws dug into the ground, clinging for dear life lest she be jettisoned off the planet in an explosive climax.

Volt increased his size just a little bit. Had he been holding still inside of her, she probably wouldn't have noticed, but with his strokes stretching and relaxing her pussy with each passing of his slightly bulbous base, she picked up on it immediately. Goosebumps shot up her spine, and she let out a high-pitched shriek.

"Oh, Volt! *Volt!*" she screamed.

Her climax erupted up the sides of Volt's penis. Deciding that now was good a time as any—he'd been holding back for the last few minutes, concentrating his sperm and building the pressure of his climax—he let loose.

Hot, thick, sperm-rich semen erupted from his penis, spurting into her womb so fast that her belly expanded. Her eyes rolled back in her head, but that was only his first spurt. His next one stretched her womb, eliciting an inadvertent moan from her lips as her distended belly touched the ground. Another spurt pressed her belly against the ground and began to lift her chest like a hydraulic jack.

But after the fourth spurt, her body could take no more, and the excess splattered out behind them, showering both the back wall of the breeding area and the backs of her legs with a thick layer of cum that just kept coming.

At last, Volt threw his head up, his mouth open and his eyes closed, and took a deep breath.

"Tell me," he said after letting his breath out slowly, "Was *that* foreplay?"

Cynder laughed in spite of herself, splattering the wall with another load of cum.

"Did that one count?" the dragon pressed.

"You jerk," Cynder chuckled. "Yes. That counted."

"Good," Volt grinned. "Can't be leaving you feeling unsatisfied."

"Check *that* box," Cynder murmured. "Ohh..."

Volt pulled out, trailing fluids as he shrank himself. Turning around, he did a double-take at seeing the breeding area—even the pools—covered in an inch-thick layer of jism.

"Foreplay, my foot!" he laughed to himself.

Glancing down at Cynder, who had collapsed into a post-coital puddle of ecstasy, he flew off in search of the third dragoness of the village—and one he was very much looking forward to meeting more properly. Already he could picture the pink dragoness's massive backside and the things he would do to it—if she'd let him, that is.

She wasn't hard to spot. At four times his size and bright pink, to say that she stood out would be an understatement. Seeing her sitting in the middle of third breeding area, Volt made a beeline for it and landed beside her.

"Ah, it's you!" she said, her demeanor pleased to see him but more composed than Cynder had been.

"Hey," Volt replied, doing his best to play it cool despite his obvious eagerness to get started. "I, um, don't think we've met properly. I'm Volt."

"I'm Elizabeth."

"Pleased to meet you," they chorused, then chuckled.

"I'm sorry it took so long," Volt said.

"Not to worry," Elizabeth replied, smiling. "I have all the time in the world, especially now that you're here." She pursed her lips thoughtfully. "I trust Luna and Cynder are... satisfied?"

Volt grinned. "And then some."

"Good. I look forward to being equally satisfied."

Volt inhaled sharply.

"I, um, I'm looking forward to that, too," he said. "And, uh, I gotta say: I *love* your butt," he added candidly. "It's so *big*!"

"Oh? That's good!" Elizabeth raised her eyebrows, then rose onto all fours and swayed her hips. "Because I like my 'big butt' played with," she added, equally candidly.

A horny gurgle escaped Volt's throat.

"W—we, um, should probably breed first," he stammered.

"Business before pleasure," Elizabeth sighed knowingly. "I agree."

"That way—"

"And then—"

"—we can take our time and [to] enjoy ourselves," they chorused again.

"My, it is nice to find someone like-minded among the younger generation," Elizabeth remarked. "You seem to be quite mature for your age, young man."

Volt did a double-take. "I—I'm not exactly a whelp," he replied uncertainly.

"Our last breeder was twice your age and had half your maturity," Elizabeth said.

"The more I hear about this guy, the less I like him. It's bad form for one breeder to speak ill of another, but—"

"Then, by all means, don't succumb to poor form," Elizabeth said, bringing an enormous claw to his lips. She glanced over her shoulder and inclined her head. "Come. There are more *pressing* matters to attend, don't you think?"

Volt shuddered, then grinned and nodded, then went around behind her, about a hundred feet from her head.

"I, um, I guess you might have some specific ideas about how you like to be bred?" he called.

"Given I'm hoping you'll be making love to my tonsils here in a bit, how about nice and gentle for this round?" Elizabeth called back.

*Making love to her tonsils?* Volt mouthed the words, then shuddered and reddened. Oh, she was going to be even *more* fun than he'd imagined!

Something warm and wet struck his head between his horns. Volt looked up, then did a double-take on seeing Elizabeth's vulva dripping some five stories over his head.

*But first, duty calls*, he reminded himself.

Jumping into the air, he raised himself until he was level with those dribbling folds, some fifty or so feet. Unable to help himself, he brought himself up close to them and then took a few long, slow laps of the delicious nectar and savored its intense, pheromone-laced flavor.

Elizabeth's buttocks quivered under his tongue, and even from the outside, he could feel her temperature rising.

"It—it's not nice to tease," she chided him plaintively. "It's been so very long. Our last breeder—well, I—I never got a turn."

Volt started. "Wow," he said, taken aback, "And you're still *this* composed? Cynder was already showing signs of—"

"That which doesn't kill us makes us stronger," Elizabeth interrupted. She huffed, and her tone hinted at impatience, "But, please..."

Volt nodded hurriedly, then flapped a few times and aligned his penis with her. He didn't even have to look; the steady flow of slick fluids guided him inside, and once there, he quickly swelled from fifteen to sixty feet in length and almost five feet in diameter.

A half-sigh, half moan escaped Elizabeth's lips. Closing her eyes, she leaned forward and rested her weight on her forelegs, and as Volt carefully began a slow stroke, tears escaped under her eyelids at finally receiving the desperately needed scratch to an itch years in the making.

For his part, Volt continued to increase the speed and depth of his thrusts, varying the angle up and down and left and right to find the one that would give her that truly deep, satisfying relief. While he *was* eager to play with her butt, the discovery that she had not bred in several years trumped any fantasies of butt-play several times over. Getting her thoroughly bred, rehydrating her womb, and giving her a long-overdue clutch was his top priority.

But he had to be careful, he knew. As long as it had been since she was last bred, it would not do to gush semen into her all at once. Like reconditioning a discharged battery, he needed to be slow and gentle with her, warm her up, give her little bits of semen here and there to moisten the long-deprived desert of her womb, and then, once she was finally ready to accept it, deliver the full charge.

And so he stroked into her, then slowly pulled back, raking his barbs over her g-spot. The first graze elicited a heavy sigh as the sensory-deprived nerves began to reawaken, but the second graze brought a much sharper reaction. Volt dodged just in time as her tail swatted downward, a reflexive response to overstimulation. Elizabeth's sighing increased, and the flow of tears intensified. Another graze turned her sighs to sobs, and her whole body shuddered at its first mini-orgasm in years.

But Volt could tell he was making progress. Her already-warm passage had gotten hotter, and her cervix, which had had an almost sandy texture before, now felt a little more supple on the tip of his penis.

*Let's give her a little bit*, he thought.

Taking a deep, quavering breath, he stroked a few more times and then squirted a precise load against the moistening orifice.

"Ohh!" Elizabeth moaned, taken aback as feeling was suddenly restored deep inside her. "I—I'm sorry, I—" "Shh, it's okay," Volt said gently. "How you've kept *this* composed all this time is beyond me. You're doing great!"

Elizabeth hissed sharply through her nose but gave a wan smile.

Volt pressed his tip against her cervix and nodded to himself. It was indeed in *much* better shape than it had been a few minutes ago, yet it still had a ways to go. He adjusted the angle of his thrusts again, now grinding his shaft against her clitoris as he stroked. The dragoness responded just as expected, squeezing and massaging his shaft as he entered, then clinging and stroking as he pulled out. Undulating contractions began to set up in her pussy, like the fingers of a milkmaid expressing and drawing the milk from a teat. And yet, Volt knew that the muscles deeper inside weren't quite ready for their part, yet. He stroked in a little bit, let them grasp the tip of his penis, and then withdrew for a cycle or two. Then, he stroked in a little deeper, felt more contractions around himself, and pulled back again.

Slowly, he trained her pussy from the outside in, until at last, he was balls-deep inside of her, luxuriating in the full peristaltic squeeze of her pussy walls around his girth.

This was, unfortunately, the hard part, for the dragoness's muscles were indeed eager to get back into the swing of things, and as much as he had increased the size of his malehood, he was exquisitely sensitive to each ripple and quiver inside her passage, let alone the overt, deliberate attempt to milk him like a cow. Each undulation from her demonstrated her triumphant rehabilitation, yet it also proved increasingly difficult to hold back his own desire.

Panting and gritting his teeth, Volt did his best to limit himself to quarter-strength. His balls quivered and ached, but he managed to keep himself in check as he sprayed his seed into her womb.

The feeling of fertile seed on Elizabeth's parched uterus filled her with warmth and tingled so much that she collapsed, yanking Volt down with her. Panting and beginning to twitch, she could feel her contractions intensifying around his penis that felt oh-so-good inside of her.

"O—oh, please," she whispered, "Give me more? Don't moisten my garden only to starve it again!"

"All in good time," Volt replied soothingly. "Slow, steady watering."

Elizabeth squeezed her buttocks together tightly, grunting in needy discomfort, but nodded understanding.

Volt meanwhile took a deep breath and tried to clear his head. He was desperate to blow off steam now, but he knew that if he let it all go at once, it would undo much of his progress and leave Elizabeth very miserable indeed. Settling on a compromise that would work to both their advantage, he pressed his tip against her cervix and stopped thrusting entirely, letting her pussy's milking provide the only stimulation for both of them. Yet, even that proved to be more than he wanted. Gritting his teeth, he only let himself spurt a little bit every few undulations.

And yet, his self-control was working. Before his eyes, he could see the dragoness's already bright colors come to life, vibrant, multidimensional, and almost luminescent beneath him. Her cervix, once rough and dry, was now moist and pliable, and the aridity he'd felt from beyond it had quickly humidified.

Elizabeth had felt it, too. Desperate discomfort had finally given way to eager anticipation, and as she got back up on all fours, her enthusiasm was palpable.

"Are you ready?" Volt asked, though he knew the answer even before she began nodding vigorously. "All right. It's gonna be a big one," he warned.

As he stroked backward for the first time in several minutes, they both gasped and nearly collapsed from the added stimulation. Swelling his penis by about five percent more, he made sure his girth was adequate to contain the vast flood that was about to come. He took a deep, quavering breath, gave a mini-thrust, and then pushed in as deep as he could go.

The stimulation overwhelmed both of them. Elizabeth collapsed again, her pussy clamping down hard around Volt's cock, driving his barbs against her sensitive areas and sealing her passage tightly around him. His balls heaved, and he let out an exhausted grunt as they dumped their full contents into her. Her

bulging belly visibly swelled, but the intense stretching only aroused her more. Her pussy squeezed harder still, milking the breeder's cock for everything it had to give.

It gave a lot.

Volt's body twitched so hard and often that he gave up flying and let himself dangle by his penis while he came. Each spurt, which should have been a quick contraction, took several seconds as the initial wave of pressure from his balls hit against the resistance and back-pressure of so full a pussy. He could feel his balls' three-phase *heave-drain-reset* deep in his core. It was a novel feeling, one that gave him the high of climax mixed with the endorphin rush and deep satisfaction of strenuous exercise.

It was deeply exhausting, but it felt *great*.

The initial torrent lasted a little over a minute, but it would take them both several minutes to recover. When Volt finally came to and remembered to start flapping again, the resulting jostle of his penis made them both shudder ecstatically. At last, he carefully shrank himself just enough to pull out and did so slowly. Nevertheless, once the mixed semen and female climax found a path past his shaft, they rapidly ejected him while also painting a bright, white cone on the ground and the underside of Elizabeth's tail.

Shaking his head and reorienting himself—the propulsive eruption had thrown him back several feet—Volt flew up next to the dragoness's head and landed next to her.

"So, um, while no female should *ever* have to wait that long between breedings—"

"I'd wait that long over and over if that's what it took to experience that again," Elizabeth interrupted. "You really are a—a *master* at this, aren't you? A sex artist?"

Volt reddened. "Th—thanks," he stammered, embarrassed. "I—I just do my best, is all."

Elizabeth's face lit up. "Are you *bashful*?" she laughed.

"M—maybe a little," Volt chuckled sheepishly. "I, uh, never know what to do with a compliment."

"Well," the dragoness replied, wrapping her tail around him in a distinctly motherly gesture, "All you have to do is say, 'thank you' and feel good about it. No embarrassment required," she added, lightly brushing the tip of his nose with her claw.

Volt chuckled. "I'll, uh, keep practicing."

"In the meantime," Elizabeth hinted, giving him a significant look.

His eyes darted to her backside and back to her face. He inclined his head and gave her a questioning look. She nodded. His face lit up, and she uncoiled her tail from around him.

"Are you sure you're up for this? You *did* just bring me back from the dead and fertilize me all in one sitting, and I wouldn't want you to exhaust yourself," Elizabeth said with genuine concern.

"I *was* a little light-headed back there for a few minutes," Volt admitted, "But I'm over it now. Besides, how often does an opportunity come up to play with such a big, *glorious* ass—and with a willing participant?"

"And here I thought all that mattered was breeding to you," Elizabeth teased.

"You said it yourself: work before pleasure. Not that I minded the work," Volt added.

He flew up behind her again, but a little higher than before. The sight of her ass—which evidently hadn't been touched in even longer than her pussy—made him quiver with anticipation.

"How, um, how experienced would you say you are in butt-play?" he called, as casually as he could muster.

"Young whelp, I have been playing with my butt since before you were born," Elizabeth replied with mock indignation. "But, um, it's been a few years," she added hastily.

"And, um, how *deep* would you like me to go?" Volt asked, a little more pointedly than he meant to.

"How about this," Elizabeth replied over her shoulder. "You get me as worked up as you did just now, and you can go as *deep* as you want, and I mean absolutely *as deep* as you like."



"Making love to your tonsils?" Volt chuckled.

"Or my teeth," Elizabeth hinted.

Volt shuddered.

"You *are* mature for your age, Volt, but you are about as transparent as air at times," the dragoness teased knowingly. "Points for trying, though. Now, shall we?"

She wiggled her butt invitingly.

"Yes, ma'am!"

He flew closer and pressed his belly against her underside, taking the opportunity to stroke over her orifice a few times with his claw. It quivered at his touch, which made his penis grow in response. He let it continue to grow until the tip was aligned with the puckered opening. Sighing contentedly, he let a nice, big blob of pre ooze out and then used his tip to work the lubricant into her.

There was strong resistance at first, but abruptly, the dragoness's hole yielded, and his tip slipped inside.

*So tight...*

Once inside, he wasted no time loosening her up a little bit, grinding his hips in a large circle against her buttocks to rotate his penis in a big, wide arc that tugged this way then that on her sphincter, quickly relaxing her and giving him free passage without fear of his barbs hurting her. His ministrations were accompanied by approving grunts from Elizabeth.

Once satisfied that she could take it safely, Volt wasted no time in swelling his girth from thirteen inches to twenty. The resulting increase in length quickly had him straightening out her intestines, a sensation that elicited thrilled grunts and moans from her.

He began thrusting, and she rocked backward to meet each thrust, each one pushing deeper into her as he slowly grew himself. Twenty feet long became thirty, forty, sixty, and his diameter was soon stretching the dragoness's ring to new limits. Each thrust produced a visible outline of his oversized member on her belly and showed his progress as the traveling bulge moved past her belly button, up her chest, towards her neck.

About that time, he realized that Elizabeth was trembling under him.

"Elizabeth? Are you okay?" he asked.

The dragoness nodded faintly but rapidly.

"Should I stop?"

Rapid head-shaking.

Volt pursed his lips thoughtfully.

"M—make it all the way through," Elizabeth panted.

"But, you're trembling."

"It's"—Elizabeth squeezed her eyes closed and panted a few times—"it's intense. But good. Keep going. Please don't ask again; let me bask in the feelings without having to talk."

Volt opened his mouth to protest, then cocked his head thoughtfully and shrugged. He *could* see how it might be nice to get completely lost in a pleasant feeling, and how being asked to talk might ruin the experience.

"Okay," he said. "If something goes wrong, let me know."

Elizabeth nodded, and he went back to slowly thrusting.

Sixty feet became seventy, then eighty. The bulge of his penis was visible halfway up her neck.

Ninety feet. He could feel the tight squeeze at the top of her throat rhythmically grasping at his cock-head as it made it into the back of her mouth.

He felt something with a texture like a sea-sponge. Grinning, he rubbed his penis against it with the tenderness of nuzzling one of his whelps. Elizabeth shuddered all over.

"Well, there you have it," Volt chuckled, "Making love to your tonsils."

Elizabeth gave him a dirty look and tried to retort, but by then, his penis was pressing down on her tongue.

"What's that?" Volt teased.

But as he stroked again, he suddenly gasped and shuddered.

Elizabeth grinned, using her tongue to caress between his barbs and tease each of his nubs one-by-one.

Volt's legs began to tremble. "I—if you don't stop that, I'm gonna go off before I make it to your teeth," he chuckled.

Elizabeth's eyes flashed. Her grin got bigger. Her tongue accelerated.

"Th—that's *cheating*," Volt grunted, squeezing his eyes closed. "W—well, if—if you're sure..."

The tongue on his penis reached a fever-pitch.

"W—well, okay..."

The dragon's balls, which had been twitching ever since Elizabeth's tongue first found his shaft, suddenly throbbed hard. Volt's breath caught, and with a grunt, he fired.

Though Elizabeth had her mouth closed, the sudden eruption exploded out of her lips. Caught off-guard, her jaw dropped, and Volt's penis saw its chance. Mid-spurt, it stretched the remaining five feet and escaped her maw, firing directly into the air and, for a moment, giving her the appearance of a semen-breathing dragoness. As she turned her head, his seed sprayed from her lips like a fire hose, dousing everything she looked at in thick, white, frothy cum.

But at last, his orgasm subsided, and his penis retreated back into her mouth. Shuddering and a tad light-headed, he pulled his penis back enough that she could speak.

"Well! That was fun," Elizabeth laughed. "Ooh!"

Volt smirked as he flexed his penis inside her.

"You say that, but you haven't gotten off, yet," he replied mischievously. "Don't forget, what goes in has to come back out."

Elizabeth's eyes widened. "Oh, Volt, you don't have to do that; you already gave me a clutch, and—"

"Oh, *no*," Volt teased, "I *insist*!"

Not that she would have protested anyway—her motives could *also* be transparent at times.

Volt pulled back, swelled his girth a little more, and then began stroking in and out of her twenty, thirty, fifty feet at a time. The sheer amount of penis passing through her passage made Elizabeth's toes curl, but on top of that, Volt was changing the angle of his barbs and nubs to keep her constantly on her toes.

A pang of pre-orgasm made her shudder. A few seconds later, another, stronger one made her abdomen contract hard, squeezing the dragon's penis against her sensitive walls. Soon, the contractions were coming repeatedly, synchronized to Volt's thrusts. Unable to control them, Elizabeth began to pant as pleasure welled up inside of her, intensifying with each contraction and making her woozy.

The contractions continued. Volt was now stroking eighty feet at a time, and the thrills of pleasure were sending goosebumps up her spine so close together that she didn't know where one ended and the next began. The feelings were making her head swim.

A particularly hard contraction made her collapse. Her eyes alternately squeezed tightly then bulged open, and though Volt's penis wasn't in her mouth, she couldn't make any coherent sounds. Her body shook all over, and all the while, her climax built and built.

Suddenly, it triggered.

"*Gah!*" she cried, her pussy squirting out a mixture of her own orgasm and leftovers from her breeding.

Her body shuddered hard, and the movement of her abdominal muscles against Volt's shaft didn't take long to send him over the edge, too. The dragoness's eyes bulged as she felt him cum hard inside of her. Her intestines and belly filled almost instantly with semen, and within seconds, she could feel it rising up her throat. Soon, it was cascading from her mouth, a solid sheet of white plummeting a hundred feet to splatter to the ground below her.

But, despite being caught in the throes of orgasm himself, Volt was determined to make sure Elizabeth had something to remember him by. Fighting the urge to pass out, he flapped hard and dragged his hundred-foot penis out of her, filling the gap left by vacating cock with semen as he went. By the time his barbs caught on her tailhole, he had filled her from mouth to anus. Shuddering in satisfaction, he gave a last jerk and popped himself out of her, quickly shrinking himself and landing to catch his breath.

Above him, Elizabeth was contending with the feeling of being filled end-to-end with cum. Every movement she made either forced her to drool out more of the stuff or to have it erupt in a jet out her backside.

Feeling his energy returning, and with it, his mental faculties, Volt walked over to her head and looked up at her.

"Are your teeth, uh, feeling loved enough?" he asked, grinning broadly.

Elizabeth nodded, then gasped and covered her mouth—futilely, of course—as she tried to keep from drooling all over him.

*Even the most with-it ones just don't get the concept of me being a hyper,* Volt thought to himself, chuckling as he glanced towards the village. *No matter how big they are, I can always—*

He gasped, his eyes bulging as he stared at the entrance to the breeding grounds.

Word had evidently gotten around that a breeder was in town, and the dragon looked out to see well over a hundred dragonesses staring hungrily at him. How long they'd been there or how many of his antics they'd seen, he couldn't say, but their expressions said they'd seen enough.

But what really caught his eye amid the sea of eyes staring back at him was a truly immense dragoness. Even from a distance, she was clearly twice as tall as Elizabeth was. Her hips were easily as wide as a ship's hull, and two immense, orange-nippled teats perched on her chest, each as big as Volt's whole body.

Seeing that she had his attention, she spoke.

"*Well!* You look like fun, and I think *I* will have you next!"

Volt felt a twinge as his rut kicked into high gear. This was *definitely* going to be his most memorable rut yet.