

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Part One

The sun was shining with the intensity of mid-summer, while it was only late spring in the English countryside. The land was full of life, for it had been five years since the end of the Black Plague. All across Europe, farmers who had originally been peasants under their barons were now free to claim land for their own and live without being controlled. But while there was the peace of low population and lush farmlands bringing about new life and new generations, there was a great terror that refused to go silently in the night.

Flying along the clouds was a mighty dragon, glistening as brightly as a polished ruby as he glided effortlessly across the sky. While still relatively young, the beast had reached full maturity in both experience and strength. The dragon's torso alone was the size of six horses, with the addition of his long neck and tail more than tripling his overall length. His limbs were long and powerful enough to knock aside houses with a single sweep and each wing could be used as a king's pavilion. Each red scale was the size of a human hand, his golden eyes were as large as melons with black slits for pupils, and his jaws could snap up even the largest bull and then split it in half with mere bite-force.

The dragon's form could be considered a combination of several different animals' characteristics. As expected, its skeleton was much like other lizards (iguanas and Komodo dragons) though it also had a large limb-to-body length ratio, much like a canine. Its most striking skeletal feature was the human-like characteristics, allowing for very prominent flexibility and the ability to take very specific poses if it desired.

Down below, a winery basked in the early-afternoon warmth. Walking among the aisles of grapevines was the farmer's daughter, humming in relaxed joy with a full basket hanging from her arm. Her name was Marian and she was the pride of her family, a young woman with long blonde hair and a beauty that was equaled only by the greatest cathedrals. She was eighteen years old and she knew that it wouldn't be long until she was married. In her mind was the face of the blacksmith's son she had met the previous year when her family went to the nearby village to sell their wine. She hoped that he would be the one to take her as his bride and that the grapes in her basket would become the wine that they would drink on their wedding day.

As she approached her family's farmhouse, her fantasies were cut short as she was eclipsed by a cross-shaped shadow. She looked up and all the color was drained from her face and the breath from her lungs. The dragon had spotted her with eyes keener than a falcon's and what he saw was very appealing; her hair would make perfect lining for the creature's nest. Marian was able to release a single terrified scream as the dragon wrapped his arm-sized fingers around her waist, tearing her clothes with his colossal talons but not causing her any harm. For the second time, the air was forcefully ripped from her lungs as the dragon pulled back up into the air, making her body feel like its weight had been multiplied.

"Father! Mother!" she tearfully cried as her parents ran out of the farmhouse, just in time to see their daughter carried away in the dragon's clutches.

Regardless of the dragon's rocketing altitude, Marian pushed and pulled on the dragon's muscular fingers, trying to free herself. Annoyed at his prey's attempts to get away, the snarling dragon reached down with its long neck and threateningly snapped his jaws just a few feet from her head. Marian's body went rigid in unparalleled terror as she stared at the dragon's dagger-sized teeth and smelled the aroma of blood on its breath. With tears streaming down her face, she clutched the crucifix hanging from her neck and began to pray, begging God for some scrap of protection against

the beast that now held her.

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Marian hit the ground with painful force, jarring her from her comatose slumber after having fainted from terror. Hoping she had just woken up from a terrible dream, Marian scrambled to her feet and looked around wildly. She was lying in a wide cave, large enough for the dragon to move around in. Due to the size and the lack of any soil in the ground or walls, Marian figured that the cave resided in the side of a mountain. The creature itself was blocking the exit, staring at her.

In front of Marian was a cabin-sized nest, filled with five eggs that were the size of her family's wine barrels. Unlike bird or lizard eggs, the eggs of the dragon were made of flesh and riddled with pulsing veins, as if the eggs had their own hearts. The womb-like eggs of the dragons served a unique purpose, allowing them to be laid by the female at a much smaller and more manageable size, then growing with the younglings within until they were large and strong enough to break free and live outside.

The floor was laden with skeletons of everything from rodents to livestock, with the hair of animals like horses and sheep having been cut away to line the nest. Residing behind the nest was a sight that terrified Marian as much as the creature that had taken her. It was the skeleton of another dragon of equal size, obviously the other parent of the eggs, though she could not tell if it had been a male or female.

Marian turned around, whimpering in fear as the dragon blocking the exit moved closer to her. Reaching out with one of his hand-like paws, the dragon knocked her off her feet and pinned her down, as easily as if she had been a blade of grass. Crying in fear, she begged for mercy, both from God and the dragon as the powerful creature reached towards her head with his other paw and one of its long claws extended. She doubled her efforts as the sword-like talon hung just a few inches above her face, but released a sigh of relief as it moved above her head. She became as still as a statue as she felt the dragon's claw cut off her hair and tear through the stone ground as if it were just dried mud being ripped apart by a horse-drawn plow.

The dragon then picked up the long locks of blonde hair that Marian had vainly spent hours brushing back home and used it to line his nest. With the beast having released her and moved over to the nest, she knew that she had one chance to get away. Scrambling to her feet, she desperately sprinted to the cave entrance. With a snarl of annoyance but little overall effort, the dragon reached out with his tail and knocked her back to the ground. Marian cried in frustration as the dragon crawled back over to her and pinned her down after flipping her onto her back. The creature hadn't just taken her for her hair; he was hungry as well.

Marian once again began praying for mercy as the dragon reached down and sniffed her dress while wetting his sharp fangs with his long forked tongue. Every deep inhale through his nostrils felt strong enough to lift her off the ground. Without a doubt, there was nothing she could do to resist the creature; it was far too powerful for her to even harm it. Marian screamed in fear as the dragon clamped his lips around a flap of her dress and ripped it away. Without hesitation, he repeated the action, tearing off her undergarments. She shivered and cried, lying naked on the cold ground underneath this powerful beast. She couldn't even describe how helpless and violated she felt when the dragon's scaly lips and nose pushed against her private areas while it ripped away her clothes. She was completely exposed with the feeling of cold stone against her back and rear and the dragon's hot wet breath against her chest, stomach, and thighs. The only thing still on her body was her crucifix necklace, but she didn't even have the courage to grasp it.

Marian shivered and gave a tearful whimper as the dragon ran the two long tendrils of its forked tongue up her flat stomach and between her round breasts. The tongue against her skin felt like a mix of a giant slug and a waterlogged strip of undercooked beef crawling up her body. The helpless young woman again began to pray. Now that the dragon had tasted her, he would most likely commence to eat her. Any second now, she would scream in pain as the dragon's razor-sharp teeth or claws would tear through her like a knife through one of her farm's grapes. But instead, she just felt the dragon's tongue again lick her stomach and breasts.

In her skin and her fear-induced sweat, the dragon could taste something delicious. After years of living on a vineyard and basically being raised on wine, the taste of fermented grape juice was basically wafting from her pores, and the dragon found it absolutely delectable. Marian just lied there and continued to silently cry, unable to stop the dragon from licking her body. She had never been touched in any way like this, the closest she had ever come to this was getting her hands licked by livestock in the village near her home. But this, her navel and breasts were being lathered by the dragon's tongue and there was nothing she could do to stop the molestation.

She shook her head from side to side in fear and disgust as the dragon wrapped the tendrils of his forked tongue around her soft neck, but it was too late, the beast had already caught the smell and taste of wine on her breath. Before she could react, the dragon forced one of his tongue tendrils into her mouth. Marian tried to scream, but the dragon's tongue had completely filled her mouth with its saliva running down her throat. The tendril of his forked tongue was the size of a child's arm and the dragon was forcing it deeper and deeper into her mouth as it savored the taste and smell of wine on her breath.

Marian's eyes rolled back into her head and her whole body convulsed as the end of the dragon's tongue was forced past her gag reflex and began ramming the back of her throat. As she was forced to deep-throat the saliva-soaked tendril, the other tendril continued to lick her body, slathering her full breasts and rubbing her stomach. Finally, the dragon pulled its tongue free. Marian lay limp with her eyes still rolled up into her head and her mouth hanging open, with the dragon's saliva and her own dripping off his tongue and pelting her lips. The dragon had stopped because it had smelled and tasted something new. It wasn't something so delicious as much as it was... arousing.

The aroma that the dragon had caught was the hormones of Marian's adolescent body. As terrified and disgusted as she was of the molestation, her body was reacting to the touching and was energizing her hormones. The dragon was sensing these hormones and his own were reacting as well. He wasn't just licking her for the taste of wine in her body, but for the insatiable sexual desire building up in within him. The dragon reached down, bringing his tongue to the place that he had not yet tasted. He gently prodded the lips of her completely untouched cunt with his sopping wet tongue, causing Marian to instantly reawaken and scream in surprise and fear. She had never been touched this way and the fact that it was an unholy animal doing it made her sick to her stomach.

The tongue tendril pressed harder against her slit, trying to enter her. Desperate to avoid the horrible fate charging towards her, she reached down and grabbed the dragon's tongue, desperately trying to push it back. The dragon growled at her attempted rejection and pressed on her body with his paw, completely pinning her down and leaving her unable to move.

Crying in fear and humiliation, she once again began praying to God for protection and begging the dragon for mercy. The dragon pressed harder against her slit and the tip of his tongue managed to spread the lips. Marian screamed as she felt the tendril enter her and doubled her prayers. Her screaming continued to increase in volume as he forced his tongue farther and farther into her virgin body. The young victim couldn't believe the filling sensation coursing through her, she felt like the tongue would split her in half like a axe chopping a piece of firewood.

The tongue stopped and Marian fell silent as she felt it reach some sort of barrier. She knew what had stopped it and she was more terrified than ever before in this horrible ordeal. Gasping for air and crying, Marian looked up at the dragon. "Please stop, please don't rape me. In the name of God, please have mercy." she begged, hoping to retain one shred of her dignity.

Her words meant nothing to the dragon, and without any compassion, he rammed his tongue tendril all the way into her pussy, rupturing her hymen without any effort and driving so far into her that Marian cried out in agony. Upon tasting her blood, the dragon became more excited. Flexing his tongue within her tight body, the dragon moved back and forth to savor the taste of her hormones and blood. Sobbing in pain and humiliation, Marian could do nothing to stop the dragon as he raped her with little more than a single tendril of his forked tongue.

With her body jerking with each brutal push of the dragon's tongue, she looked down, having spotted something in the corner of her eye. She became completely petrified when she realized it was the dragon's phallus, fully extended and erect. Until now, it had been mostly held within the dragon's body like a dog or horse, but he was now so aroused that it was reaching out and visible. Only now did Marian realize that the dragon truly was a male, and now her terror had reached new heights.

Afraid of the dragon's log-sized phallus and still in pain from the beast's tongue brutally ramming her, Marian couldn't stop herself from screaming, greatly annoying the dragon. Wanting to silence her shrill cries of desperation and sample more of the wine on her breath, the dragon forced his other tongue tendril into her mouth. With the dragon's tongue being forced into her pussy and throat at the same time, Marian could do nothing but silently pray as tears of pain and humiliation ran down her face.

After a few minutes, the dragon pulled out of her, but was not done; he just wanted a change of tastes. Before Marian could even catch her breath, the dragon forced his tongue tendrils back into her body, but switched. With Marian's saliva being mixed with the dragon's in her pussy as he rammed her and the taste of her juices being forced in her mouth, the young woman was filled with disgust and loathing, even towards herself.

With each second passing at a rate resembling an hour, Marian wasn't sure how long it was before the dragon's tongue was finally pulled out of her body. Even with the skin around her eyes burning from the salt of so many tears, she cried with relief, believing her torment to be over. Her jaw was aching from the dragon's tongue filling her mouth, her throat felt bruised from the brutal slamming, and her slit was stretched wide from continuous violation, not to mention bloody and swollen from the brutal deflowering.

Her eyes widened in confusion as the dragon flipped her over onto her knees and elbows. After sampling the girl's hormones, the dragon was so aroused that he could barely control himself. He hadn't been this energized since mating season, when he met the mother of his unborn younglings. The dragon wanted to continue sampling the body before him, regardless of the species or method. Marian shivered in fear and disgust as she felt the dragon's hot wet breath fan her rear end inner thighs.

"Please stop, please don't!" she begged as she felt one of the dragon's tongue tendrils press against her battered pussy and the other against her anus.

With more strength in his tongue than in Marian's whole body, the dragon rammed the two tendrils into his victim. She released a blood-curdling scream of pain from her asshole and pussy getting filled by the two bulging tendrils, violating her in ways that her worst nightmares couldn't have

replicated. Never in her life had she felt so much pain, so much humiliation, and so much helplessness in her life.

As the dragon began moving both halves of his tongue in and out of her body, Marian's painful scream continued on, increasing in volume as the dragon's thrusts increased in speed and brutality. The tendrils in her body were so large and powerful, Marion felt like her body was going to be completely ripped in half, as if the dragon would give one powerful thrust and her anus or vagina would be torn open and she would bleed out. The feeling of her vagina being stretched to its maximum made her want to spread her legs in an attempt to lessen the pain and the feeling of her asshole being pummeled and violated made her feel sick with agonizing revulsion.

Up until now, she had been praying to God and the dragon to be set free and escape, now she actually wished for death. After being violated and used in every way possible by an animal, she couldn't imagine ever being able to overcome the pain and humiliation. If she were to somehow escape, she didn't know how she could possibly face her family, face a possible husband, and face herself in a mirror... especially since she was beginning to enjoy it. Looking past the pain, looking past the gut-wrenching, spirit-crushing violation of her body and soul... she could also feel waves of pleasure being forced through her aching frame. While her entire pelvic region was almost crying out for relief and mercy, Marian could not stop herself from pushing back against the creature's tongue.

Her crucifix swung wildly as she rocked back and forth against the dragon's tongue tendrils, crying in shame from the enjoyment she was experiencing, even at the cost of her self-respect and the pain threatening to rip her in half like a split fruit. She continued pushing against the dragon's tongue, beginning to enjoy the powerful shoves against every sensitive spot in her pussy and the expanding/filling sensation driving back and forth in her anus. Her pleasure was only increased as the dragon began working the two tendrils in turn, thrusting one into her pussy and pulling out while driving the other into her asshole, and her sobs of pain and anguish were replaced by tearful moans of shameful euphoria. The hot wet tongue inside her was driving her so wild that she even began to touch herself.

Suddenly, Marian's whole world was turned upside down as earthshaking waves of heat and pleasure coursed through every fiber of her being. She released a shrill moan, screaming louder than ever before in her life as the dragon's tongue seemed to fill her pussy and asshole with more pressure than she thought possible. Finally, the dragon fully retracted his tongue, pulling out of her like a sword being pulled out of a slain warrior and leaving her slit and anus hotter and wetter than the creature's salivating tongue. Marian collapsed to the ground, breathing heavily and nearly delirious in the realization that this kidnapping monster had just given her the first orgasm of her life, something she had only heard the women of the village near her home gossip about.

Once again, the dragon flipped her over, rolling her onto her back. Still panting like a dog in the noonday heat, Marian looked up and her eyes widened in fear. The dragon had moved up and was dangling his erect phallus right over her, like the giant main crossbeam of a house. There was absolutely no way on God's green earth that the dragon would be able to put that thing in her, not without finally ripping her open like a gutted fish and killing her. The dragon knew of this impossibility as well and he wasn't about to sacrifice the life of his new toy, but he also wanted to use her in a new way. Desperate to continue appeasing his sexual desires, the dragon lowered his cock down onto her body, merely laying it on top of her.

Marian cursed in shame and disgust as the giant phallus pressed down on her like a fallen tree, pinning her to the ground. Never before had she even got a good look at an animal's (or human's) sexual organ, let alone touched one. Now she was basically being crushed underneath one that was

as large as her whole body. She could feel the dragon's heartbeats through the long veins pulsing against her naked body, the musky smell that seemed to permeate the appendage was making her dizzy, the weight was so intense that she felt like her bones were going to be crushed, and the dragon's flesh was so hot that she felt like she was going to be burned.

The dragon's sexual organ was grinding against her helpless naked body, rubbing against every exposed inch of skin on her formerly virgin frame. Her only resistance came in the form of her keeping her eyes and mouth screwed shut as the head of the dragon's cock prodded her face, literally the size of her own head. As he prodded her face again and again, Marian tried to ignore the salty, musky smell and the stickiness and incredible heat of the flesh against her skin.

With a growl of annoyance, the dragon pressed his hands against her sides, forcing her to wrap her arms around his phallus. He wanted more contact. Afraid of what the dragon would do to her if she resisted, Marian held on tightly, but the dragon was not content. He gave another threatening growl and Marian fearfully wrapped her legs around the massive shaft as well, holding onto it as if she were in a torrential flood, clinging to a tree for dear life.

The dragon began thrusting forward, rubbing his cock against Marian's frail body with deep powerful shoves. Her whole body was shaking with each tremor that passed through the powerful muscles in the creature's organ. While she cried in shame and disgust of the head of the dragon's cock rubbing against her smooth cheeks, she could not ignore her feelings of arousal and the heat building between her legs as the creature's shaft rubbed up against the swollen lips of her pussy.

Hoping that she had appeased the beast, Marian shuddered in fear as the dragon growled and snapped his jaws from impatience. She looked up and the dragon began reaching out with his tongue, licking the air repeatedly. Marian whimpered when she realized that the dragon was showing her what he wanted her to do: he wanted the softness of her mouth.

With yet another layer of tears coating her face, Marian sobbingly obeyed and held out her tongue. The dragon pressed the very tip of the head of his cock against her tongue, and the young sex slave had to fight the urge to vomit from revulsion of the act and the nauseating saltiness and stickiness of the hot flesh. The musty taste was making her sick with disgust and she prayed to God to take her life so that she wouldn't have to continue such a degrading sexual act with this animal.

The dragon resumed his thrusts, grinding his throbbing cock against her tiny body while Marian tearfully licked the giant head with her small tongue, orally pleasuring him as the dragon's new human concubine. As she worked her tongue in the slit of the head and slathered the surrounding skin, the dragon trembled and grunted from the soft wetness against his most sensitive area. Her mouth and tongue felt so good, the dragon actually wished for a smaller phallus so that he could at least put the whole head in her mouth.

Finally, the dragon looked up and groaned with his whole body shaking. Just as Marian lowered her head and looked at the dragon in confusion, a torrent of semen erupted from the head of his cock. The wave of white slime covered her face and short hair, filled up her mouth, and poured down her throat. With Marian gagging on the semen, the dragon raised his body, spraying her entire body.

Rolling on her side in a puddle of dragon sperm, Marian coughed up almost a pint of semen, vomiting in revulsion. More traumatized and disgusted than every before in her life, she curled up in a fetal position with her head in her hands and released her loudest scream of the day, with her tears mixing with the semen that coated her face. Not only was it disgusting, but far hotter than she could have imagined. While it was not intense enough to actually burn her skin, it felt like flaming animal fat had been poured all over her body.



The dragon stepped back and stretched, glad to have experienced such a wonderful orgasm. But now he had lost his interest in this young girl. True, he had discovered something to enjoy later in his life, but this quivering victim before him was now much less appealing. However, he wasn't just going to let her go or eat her, she could prove useful to the younglings when they hatched. It would sure help them find partners if they had some mating practice.

The dragon carefully grasped her ankle with his jaws, picking her up and holding her upside down. Marian instantly screamed in terror and begged for mercy, though her pleas were a hysterical mix of either praying for the dragon to release her or end her life quickly, as she didn't want to live anymore, but neither did she want to suffer the agony of being ripped to shreds and devoured.

With Marian desperately trying to free herself of the dragons jaws, the creature had to tighten his hold, inadvertently crushing her ankle with his lips. Screaming in pain from her injury, Marian was carried over to the dragon's nest and dropped in, landing on the side opposite of the giant flesh eggs. Marian looked down at her broken ankle, tearfully cursing her injury. Now, even if the dragon wouldn't rape her again or even eat her, she wouldn't be able to escape.

Desperately hoping the injury was just a simple sprain, Marian gently squeezed her ankle to gauge the pain. The waves of agony that instantly surged through her body mixed with the aching pain of bruises and tears in her vagina and anus and her overall exhaustion, forcing her into another bout of unconsciousness.

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## **Part Two**

Marian tried to cry, but she couldn't work up any tears, for her eyes were as dry as they were swollen. She was curled up in a fetal position in the corner of the nest, slowly peeling off the thick layer of dried semen that coated her naked body. Her side was covered in red welts from sleeping on the branches of the nest, though she had tried to gather as much animal hair in the nest as possible to try and make some sort of mattress. Between the nest and the cave entrance was the dragon, sleeping soundly after his huge orgasm and feeding on livestock afterwards.

As Marian pulled a long strip of dried semen off her right breast, a tearing sound cut through the air, terrifying the traumatized girl and waking the dragon. Marian slowly rolled over and watched in terror as the eggs began to rock and tremble violently, with one of them already having a large rip in the very top. Another tearing sound could be heard as the snapping jaws of one of the hatchlings poked through another egg. Slowly, the noses and jaws began to pierce the surfaces of the eggs as the hatchlings inside clawed their way out. At last, the five hatchlings burst out of the eggs and all released a shriek of confusion and excitement.

Marian shuddered in horror at the newborn monsters clawing their way out of their giant eggs. They were each the size of ferocious wolves, but had different body builds than the parent. Like the elder dragon, the hatchlings all had long limbs with humanoid skeletons and great flexibility. However, since they had never eaten before, they had very little body fat or muscle, making them very scrawny. In a way, their torsos and limbs were actually more humanoid than draconic, though as they got older, they would most likely bulk up and lose some of their flexibility, like the bones of a growing child fusing together with age.

Unlike their father, their scales were pink and feathery, though they would definitely be replaced with harder and more deeply colored shards in the future. Being so young, their dragon talons were little more than stubby claws and their baby teeth were the size of fingernails. But while they were



newborns, they were definitely deadly and likely hungry.

To her relief, the dragons paid no attention to Marian and instead turned their attention to the eggs that they had just crawled out of. As the apparent dragon equivalence to the nursing-mother ability of mammals, the hatchlings began tearing into their former embryonic homes, ripping them to shreds with their small teeth and gorging on the flesh with gusto. As they ate and proved their carnivorous instincts, the parent dragon that had raped Marian stood over them with a proud gleam in his eye.

Completely petrified, Marian watched as the dragons fed on the fleshy pockets like starving dogs, glad that they weren't turning this hunger on her. While their jaws were working as fast as a carpenter's saw blade, Marian did not see her hopes for a quick and merciful death, as it was apparent that these beasts savored their meals and chewed their food, something that would mean a lot of agonizing pain if they turned on her.

For several minutes, the dragons gorged themselves on their eggs, eating until their stomachs were stretched, but leaving the eggs mostly intact. Marian's body then went completely rigid as the hatchlings all turned their attention towards her and growled. To them, her smell was very unique; they were threatened by the fact that she obviously wasn't one of them, but... she was also radiating hormones, both dragon hormones and adolescent human girl hormones, and that was driving them wild. The only thing that scared her more than their growls was the obvious fact that they were all male, a fact that was quickly... growing.

The five dragons were all well endowed with a good eight inches in length and impressive thickness, and all were fully erect. Understanding what his younglings were thinking, the parent dragon reached out with one of his hand-like paws, grabbed Marian, and flipped her over. Bent over the edge of the nest with the parent dragon holding her down, she discovered the tears that she thought she couldn't produce.

"No, please don't!" she sobbed desperately as one of the hatchlings got behind her, still awkwardly trying to understand his body.

With greater instincts than any other animal at such a young age, the hatchling mounted her like a dog, slowly trying to guide his cock into his practice sex toy. Only minutes old, but he possessed the knowledge of how to mate.

"Please don't rape me!" she begged as she felt the dragon find her cunt with the head of his cock.

She attempted to give another plea but was cut off as the hatchling forced his cock all the way into her in a single brutal force, making her scream in excruciating pain and humiliation. She had been molested vaginally and anally by the parent dragon's tongue, grinded with his organ, and ejaculated all over, but this was completely different. Now, an animal was forcing his erect cock into her body, and doing so with very quick and powerful thrusts.

The dragon began pummeling her snatch, literally hammering her with speed that she never thought possible. With this speed and strength, he was able to fill every corner of her pussy with his throbbing cock and drive so far into Marian that she felt like she was going to throw up. The continuous barrage of penetrating thrusts turned her scream of pain into a repeating beat of gagging moans.

The dragon was humping her with a ferocity that was a combination of faceless, brutal, and inhumanly cruel, but without any acknowledgment of right or wrong or that the object he was raping was even a living thing. All the while, the rest of the hatchlings were crouched behind them,

growling and shoving each other over who would get the next turn to try out their new bodies.

After ten minutes, the young hatchling released a loud snarl as he experienced his first orgasm, launching thick streams of semen into his slave. It took humans more than a decade for their genitalia to mature to this level of development, but these creatures were born with fully-functioning testicles. Marian squealed from how hot the sperm was in her body and oozing down her legs, but instantly burst into tears at the revulsion she felt from this beast's seed flooding her womanhood and dripping down her thighs. This creature had just ejaculated in her body as if she were a common prostitute.

Semi-deflated, the panting dragon pulled out of her and crawled back, instantly being replaced by one of its brothers. The second hatchling wasted no time crawling on top of Marian and penetrating her bruised cunt. This time, Marian did not scream in pain or try to pull away; she just lied there and tearfully whimpered as her body was rocked back and forth by the creature's thrusts. With the family sex toy now docile, the elder dragon released his paw while his son violated the adolescent girl.

This time was different than the first rape, as disgusted as Marian was, the sensations she was feeling could not be denied as being... pleasurable. As much as she hated the beast, the violation, the pain, the humiliation, and herself, she couldn't help but take some slight enjoyment in the dragon's thrusts. The bruised lips and interior walls of her slit were quivering which each penetration of the dragon's cock and her body was gaining a very pleasant warmth. No matter how disgusting she reminded herself that this was or how much she hated getting raped... she was enjoying this.

Like the first, the second hatchling snarled as it had a huge orgasm, spraying load after load of hot jizz into her body until she was completely overflowing. The dragon slid his slime-coated phallus out of her and crawled back, while the third dragon pounced. After watching his two brothers have so much fun, the third dragon was overexcited as he mounted her like a dog. Without being able to use his hands or even look, it wasn't much of a surprise when he forced his dick into Marian's asshole. The young woman yelped in pain, but the yelp was mixed with more surprise than shame or disgust. The dragon grunted from the tightness of her asshole, but after a few practice thrusts, he was hammering away at her sphincter, with Marian giving a shrill moan with each push.

Like before, there was undeniable pleasure in the violation, but it was much less focused due to sensitivity and more of a confusing and indescribable sensation. Regardless, the physical pleasure moving from her lower body was very powerful and even painful. Without even realizing it, she moved her arm from the outside of the nest to underneath her body and began rubbing her cum-soaked slit. As the dragon picked up speed, so did the strokes of her fingers, and in turn, the volume of her moans.

Marian's body began to tremble uncontrollably and she felt the warmth in her lower body turn into very familiar heat. Finally, she and the dragon had simultaneous orgasms, something that would normally belong in a good love story. As the dragon poured jet after jet of his seed into her anus, a mixture of her own juices and the seed of the dragon's kin poured from her cunt. The giant winged lizard gave a loud snarl and the distraught rape victim gave a shrill moan.

The dragon dismounted her like a rider climbing off of a horse and Marian fell back into the nest, panting and limp from exhaustion. With their victim just lying there sprawled out, the last two dragons were too impatient to consider letting either one get the next turn. In desperation, they both pounced on her at the same time.

The fourth dragon managed to penetrate her cunt, basically marking that area of her body as his territory against her fifth brother. This movement barely detoured his brother, as the fifth dragon had already found another orifice to use to gratify his sexual desires: her mouth. With Marian still panting from the strain of getting raped and sodomized, fear of suffocation entered her mind when the fifth dragon forced his cock into her mouth. With instincts that could easily be mistaken for sexual experience, the dragon humped her face, forcing its erect dick in her mouth and hammering the back of her throat.

With the dragon's manhood in her mouth, one of Marian's last few shreds of dignity was crushed by shame and disgust. But while a few new tears of misery fell from her eyes, she found some amusement in the fact that the size, shape, warmth, and musky smell of the creature's dick reminded her of eating roasted sausages, something she was treated to when her family visited the owners of nearby pig farm.

The last two dragons had much less self-control and both ejaculated at the same time, stuffing Marian's slender body with semen at both ends. Even though she had experienced it before and was expecting it, Marian gagged and choked in disgust on the semen filling her mouth and being pumped down her throat, then desperately jerked her head to the side so that she could puke.

Having recovered from his turn, the first dragon decided he wanted another round. While his tail, wings, and back spikes made it awkward, he laid down and pulled Marian on top of him, who was as limp as a ragdoll and still spitting out the semen of the dragon's brother. Acting far more like a human than a dragon, the creature pushed his red erection back up into his sex slave. Marian gave a small whimper from the cruel penetration, but did not cry and did not even try to resist.

Afraid that the creature would dig his claws into her flesh, Marian obeyed the pushing and pulling of his arms and his paws on her hips, bouncing up and down on his rock-hard dick. A new wave of shame filled Marian as she felt the burn of exertion in her thighs with each rise and fall. Until now, she had just been pinned down while the dragons used her in any way that they wanted without even acknowledging her, now she was being forced to put in effort to please them, working her own body and muscles as the creature raped her, though she had to bounce on the monster's cock with just the power in her thighs, as her wounded ankle would not let her properly crouch.

The second dragon that had raped her mounted her from behind without hesitation, pushing his organ into her bruised asshole and making her yelp in pain from being double-penetrated by the two beasts. As the second dragon began jabbing into her anus in a steady but brutal rhythm, Marian was unable to continue bouncing on the first dragon's cock. She gave a sigh of relief from the dragon showing no annoyance towards her lack of motion and the chance to rest her burning thighs, but this relief was short-lived.

Standing awkwardly on his hind legs, the third dragon pounced on her shoulders, hefting his bounding cock in front of her face. Realizing that she could sink no lower, Marian opened her lips and took the dragon's phallus in her mouth. Her head began bobbing back and forth as she used her tongue and cheeks to orally pleasure her inhuman captor. After only a minute of the beasts molesting her three orifices in tandem, Marion released a loud cry of pain. Her right and left arms each had parallel bleeding scratches, given to her by the fourth and fifth dragons. They were definitely the rowdiest of the litter and they had just harmed her to voice their impatience of being left out while the other three all got to violate her at once.

Marian didn't have any other holes in her body to let them release their energy into, but she knew that if she didn't give them anything, they would attack again. Trying to fight the jarring thrusts of the dragon ramming her asshole, Marion leaned her forehead against the lower-stomach of the third

dragon and used only jerks of her neck to pleasure it, and clutched the sides of the first dragon's torso with her knees, allowing her to have some semblance of balance.

With her arms freed, Marion reached out and wrapped her fingers around the throbbing erections of the fourth and fifth dragons. Hoping this would satisfy them, she began stroking them with all the focus and strength she could muster in her traumatized mind and aching body. The dragons calmed down as she worked her hands up and down the shafts of their cocks, squeezing and working the exterior skin as she appeased their sexual desires with the vigorous jacking. So that her arms wouldn't have to be so outstretched, the fourth and fifth dragons mimicked the third, standing up awkwardly on their hind legs, while resting their front legs on her shoulders to maintain their balance.

While she originally thought she had no more shame to feel, Marian's face stung from the saltiness of fresh tears as she looked back at her life and this ordeal. A day ago, she was the happy daughter of a proud farmer, a member of a family blessed with a grape farm for delicious wine, a young woman with beauty obviously given to her personally by God, and at the age to get married and start a family of her own. That had just been a day ago, now here she was, crippled and getting gang-raped by five unholy monsters at the same time, after being molested and deflowered by their father. She was nothing more than a sex slave belonging to mere beasts, caked in their semen and at their mercy.

She couldn't even be seen right now, she was completely cocooned in a prison of leathery wings and scaly backs from the dragons all closed in on her, molesting her in every way possible. She had one dragon penis resting still in her aching pussy, one being forced up into her asshole with the same rhythm of falling rain, she was bobbing her head back and forth as she orally pleased the third like a godless whore, and she was using her hands to stroke the fourth and fifth with their erect cocks just inches from her face. This was what she had been reduced to...

But as it had been before, probably the worst part was the fact that there was undeniable pleasure. Before, it had been a shameful itch that was in the shadow of her pain and humiliation. But now, for the first time, she was enjoying the rape more than she was hating it. She could no longer lie to herself and say that she did not enjoy the penetrating feeling, the masculine arousal she felt in the dragons as they worked their phalluses in her body, the heat radiating from these tools of molestation that were probing her orifices, the taste and smell of the third dragon that she was sucking off, and just the feel of the muscled organs she was massaging in her hands.

As she thought more and more about her unwilling enjoyment, her body was beginning to overheat in sexual euphoria. With the third dragon's cock filling her mouth, Marian gave a muffled scream as she experienced her third climax, brought on by the five creatures raping her at the same time. As the heat of the orgasm slowly slipped away from her trembling body over the course of a few minutes, she was once again filled with waves of disgust and self-loathing of the pleasure she was experiencing.

She was suddenly shaken from her bout of self-pity by agonizing pain shooting up her ankle, caused by the first and second dragons pulling out of her to switch places. While they took their new positions and each pushed their cocks into her now-bleeding cunt and asshole, the fifth dragon growled in aggravation. As great as Marian was at pleasuring him with her right hand, it wanted more. Desperate to keep the creature happy and non-violent, Marian took the third dragon's penis out of her mouth and began stroking it with her right hand. She turned to the fifth dragon and opened her mouth, signaling to the beast that it was his turn. Following the signal, the creature put the head of his cock between her lips and she quickly began sucking on it, trying to keep him satisfied.

After a minute of blowing the fifth dragon, the fourth to her left growled, telling her that it now wanted a turn. Taking the fifth dragon's cock out of her mouth, she once again began stroking it with her right hand while she stroked the third with her left. With the third and fifth dragons occupied, she turned her head and began sucking on the fourth, now accustomed and experienced in blowing her captors. After two minutes, another dragon growled. This time it was the third and he was telling her that he missed the softness of her mouth. Marian switched her left hand to the phallus of the fourth dragon and once again began deep-throating the third.

From this point, time seemed to go on in an eternal loop. Marian wasn't sure how long she was being molested, but the dragons only stopped to change positions so that she could pleasure each of them in every way possible. With each second that passed, her body was getting more and more exhausted and her level of soreness was skyrocketing. Her jaw was aching from her mouth being wrapped around dragon shafts, her arms were on fire from the continuous exertion, and she could feel blood streaming down her inner thighs from her violated vagina and anus.

Just as she felt like she was about to collapse from exhaustion, she became the receiver of both a blessing and a curse. As if they all shared one mind and body, the dragons each unleashed his largest and final orgasm, emptying their entire semen reserves. The amount being launched from each fleshy fountain allowed Marion to see the "family resemblance" to their father.

There was so much jizz being pumped into her vagina and asshole that the pressure and expansion hurt as much as the physical violation. The intensity and amount of the spray in her mouth and throat was agitating her throat, making her gag and throw up to the point where semen was dripping from her nose. The streams from the dragons she was manually jacking were on par with flooding gutters, coating her face and breasts in a thick, sticky layer of animal cum.

The dragons all pulled away from Marian, leaving her collapsed in a puddle of their collected semen. Her thighs were coated in blood from her torn vagina and anus, her muscles felt like hot lead weights, and her dignity had been completely crushed... and raped.

"Is this my fate? Is this what my existence will be?" Marian tearfully whispered before once again passing out.

\*

Marian was woken up by the feeling of penetration and sighed when she realized she was being sodomized. One of the dragons was crouched over her body, thrusting into her sore anus with medium-speed. Marian didn't squirm, whimper, or shed a tear; she just lied there and tried to focus on the pleasure of the violation and ignore the pain. It was all she could do to cope. On the other side of the giant nest, the other four dragons were feasting on their eggs, but they were also competing with the flies that had been drawn to the smell of the giant embryonic pods, and the beast that was molesting her had most likely just finished his meal. By the cave exit, the elder dragon was sound asleep.

Before, being raped in her blistered anus would have caused Marian to scream in pain and cry in shame, but now, she just lied there like a dead body at the hands of a necrophile. She barely felt the stinging pain in her rear end and was numb to the sexual trauma. She had accepted her situation and welcomed the peace of mind that came with it. This was how she would live, and quite likely, she would die very soon in the same way. But with this peace of mind and this developed endurance to the mind-numbing violation, she now had a chance to think and organize her thoughts.

The first thing that she had rolled over in her mind was the acceptance that dignity and self-respect

could not exist in this situation. These creatures had taken everything from her and she had hit rock bottom, so there was no reason to cry in humiliation and revulsion. She had hit rock bottom, so she had nowhere to go but up, and that thought had returned her will to live. If she were to have any chance of surviving or escaping, she had to ignore pain and shame and just take it.

\*

Once the dragons all finished their serving of the eggs, they turned to Marian and began another rape session, all pouncing on their crippled concubine and fighting over who would get which orifice to ram. Like when she was awoken by sodomy, Marian just laid there when movement was not required and focused on the accepted sexual pleasure she was experiencing. Once the dragons blew their load and covered her in a thick white pelt of jizz, they all curled up in their wings and fell asleep. With that reprieve, she went to work. After gathering up the best sticks in the nest she could find and braiding the animal hair into rope, she managed to make a splint for her ankle. If she were to have any hopes of escaping, she would need her ankle to be as healed as possible.

Next, she decided to see how well she could move around, and practice moving with only one usable ankle. If she had to make a quick escape, she would need to be able to climb out of that nest without a single stumble. As she climbed up onto one of the walls of the nest, several sticks were broken underneath her weight. The snapping sounds alerted the sleeping hatchlings, which all gave a loud screech when they saw that their favorite toy was trying to escape. Marian gave a curse of anger and a scream of agony as one of them grabbed her by the leg, dragging her back into the nest and banging her injured ankle.

While they had been asleep and had spent their loads just a half hour before, the dragons showed no tiredness or hesitation in ganging up and raping her with exceptional brutality. It was as if they were the humans and she were the animal, and they were disciplining her for trying to leave in the same way humans would discipline a misbehaving pet. Against her newfound resolve and courage, Marian cried and screamed in pain as the beasts violated her with an angry harshness that they had not shown before. By the time they were done, she was curled in a fetal position, shaking from the pain that racked her body.

While her stomach was growling with the intensity and volume as the beasts that made a hobby of molesting her, she decided it was a good idea to not push her luck and just try to recover from her torture. Cursing her helplessness, Marian curled up into a tighter ball and slowly drifted to sleep.

\*

The first thing Marian felt upon waking up was an excruciating emptiness in her stomach and fiery dryness in her throat. She barely had any sense of time, but she was certain she had been in that cave for at least three days. The only reason she had not died of thirst was because of the water her stomach had derived from all of sperm she had been forced to swallow.

She looked around desperately, trying to find something edible. Unfortunately, the nest was completely barren of any form of food, and even if she could get out of the nest, there was nothing on the cave floor but grimy animal bones and the hatchlings' feces, and even if she were desperate enough to eat the latter, she couldn't get out of the nest. She momentarily considered trying to kill and eat one of the dragons, but not only did she not have a single chance at even being an even match, but the vengeance of the other dragons would be unimaginable.

Marion looked across the nest at the eggs sitting around the sleeping dragons. The embryonic pods had been almost completely devoured and would probably be finished off in the next serving. They

were her only source of food and she had to at least try. Chewing on her lip and trying to keep her broken ankle elevated, Marian slowly crawled over to the dragons. Once she reached the group, she reached out and grabbed one of the decaying slabs of fatty skin. She gave a small tug, and before the slab could even move an inch, the dragon that the meat belonged to woke up and pounced, snarling with anger. He knocked Marian back and pinned her down, growling and snapping his jaws right above her face.

Petrified with fear, Marian could do nothing but tremble as the dragon made his point before climbing off her and skulking back. Out of spite, the dragon snapped up the oozing slab and devoured it in one gulp, then settled back down and went to sleep.

"Damn it," Marian cursed.

\*

After their nap, the dragons finished devouring the remains of their embryonic pods, taking away the last edible substance in the cave. As usual, they then turned their attention to Marian and proceeded to stretch and work their young muscles, in the form of deep violent thrusts into her body. Marian had two orgasms brought on by the animal gang-rape, so she tried to focus on them and the sexual euphoria she experienced.

Once again lying in a pool of fresh semen, Marian struggled to ignore her hunger and thirst and fall asleep, much like the sexually-spent dragons. Unless she managed to find some form of food or water, she would waste away while the dragons would continue to molest her. The fact that they had finished eating their eggs but showed no signs of being ready to fly or leave the nest worried her; now that they had run out of a food, there was a good chance that they would turn on her.

\*

Marian gave a sigh of relief from the sight before her as she woke up. The elder dragon was standing over the nest with a slain cow hanging from his dagger-sized teeth. The hatchlings all squealed in hunger and began jumping up and down, trying to get at the fresh meat. Marian saw a chance in the carcass as well. She was so hungry and thirsty, she would eat the heifer's raw entrails and drink its blood. If she could just get a turn at the body, she could survive.

The dead cow was dropped into the nest and the dragons instantly piled on the bleeding body, shoving each other out of the way and rippling off shreds of meat with gusto. Marian crawled over on her hands and knees, but was shoved out of the way before she could even touch the cow. These dragons were the very definition of selfish and territorial. Forced back to the other side of the nest, Marian could do nothing but curse her thirst and hunger. Her throat was so dry that she wanted to cry just so she could drink her tears and her stomach was growling with such intensity that she almost wanted to cannibalize one of her limbs.

To her surprise, the dragons' appetites seemed to be several times greater than before. In just under a half hour, the dragons were able to strip the cow's skeleton clean of every ounce of flesh. They even snapped the bones and drained them off the marrow, something that Marian had been hoping she would be able to do once the dragons fell asleep.

Following their predictable schedule, the dragons decided to work off the meal through exercise, their workout being sexual assault. With half of her mind focused on pleasuring her owners, Marian focused the other half of her mind on trying to find a way to get water and sustenance. Her thoughts were interrupted after a long period of time by the surprise that the dragons still weren't done with her. It had been an hour and a half and the beasts were still raping her with the same speed and



power as when they began.

Minutes passed by slowly with each leaving her more exhausted than the last. Marian tried to keep her movements to only the necessary minimum, hoping she could outlast her tormenters, as they were the ones truly exerting themselves, but this turned out to be a meaningless attempt, as she was exhausted long before they were. Too tired to move, Marian lay on her stomach as limp as a ragdoll, with her body being jerked by the undeterred thrusts of the dragons, now being forced to take turns instead of all ganging up on her.

After two hours, the dragons finally gave in and all ejaculated in an on her. To her relief, the jizz they poured down her throat managed to quench her thirst. With their reserves now spent, the dragons commenced with the next step of their eat-rape-sleep cycle.

Marian lay still, gasping for air and trying to recover. The dragons had not been that brutal since she tried to escape, and the torment had gone on for so long that she thought they were actually going to rape her to death. She couldn't even move her legs because her vagina and anus were so bruised and torn, the smallest shift would send bolts of crippling pain crawling through her body, but the pain in her body was still less than her thirst and her hunger.

She could only assume that it was the fourth day, and save for several gulps of dragon seed, she had been deprived of all liquids. Someone exposed to less would be dead from dehydration, and she knew her dried-out body was now at death's door. If she could just find some food or water, she could continue on, instead of just relying of semen to quench her thirst.

Wait... that thought had just given her an idea.

Using her hand, she scraped all of the wet and dried semen off of her naked body, forming a pile of white crust and thick slime on her palm. She stared at the disgusting mass, trying to strengthen her resolve. The dragon sperm had no nutrients, but there was water in it and she could use it to fill her stomach. Reminding herself that she couldn't afford to feel shame or disgust, Marian closed her eyes and scooped the mixed semen of the five dragons into her mouth. While the beasts had ejaculated into her throat almost two-dozen times, she gagged and almost vomited from the taste and consistency of the slimy pile. Knowing that she would not survive without it, she suppressed her gag reflex and swallowed it all.

Like her sexual pleasure, the great feeling of all the wet and dry sperm landing in her stomach was incredible. The mass now residing her stomach strengthened her appetite and she was hungry for more. With new strength, she began peeling the dried semen off of her naked body and stuffing it into her mouth, chewing on it as fast as she could and using all of her willpower to ignore the rancid salty taste.

Still not full, she began scooping up the puddle of semen she had been forced to wallow in for the past several days. With each crusty handful she shoveled into her mouth, her hunger was more and more extinguished and she became more and more excited. Once she had eaten every chip and glob she could find, she laid back with her hand on her mostly-full stomach. She hadn't felt this good in this cave since her first orgasm, but while her hunger was mostly gone, she wasn't full and she was still very thirsty. As much as she hated herself for it, she was desperate for more semen to gorge on.

Unfortunately, the hatchlings might be violent if she woke them up so early, even to suck them off, and they hadn't been resting enough to restore their reserves. But there was still one more possible source...

Trying to make as little noise as possible and not alert the sleeping hatchlings, Marian climbed up

onto the edge of the nest. The elder dragon had just returned from defecating outside and was now stretching. Reminding herself that she couldn't afford to be prideful or dignified, Marian tried to figure out how to entice the dragon.

"Psst!" she hissed, catching the colossal beast's attention.

The creature that stole her virginity as well as her body looked up, now curious. Once again swallowing her pride, Marian stuck out her tongue and began licking the air, resembling an overheating dog trying to cool itself. The dragon stared at her tongue, remembering how soft her mouth was and how nice it felt. As he remembered violating her, the dragon's cock revealed itself and became fully erect, becoming as large and hard as a tree log. Marian continued to jiggle her tongue, signaling to the elder dragon that she wanted it.

The giant dragon crawled over to her, hefting his erect dick and resting it on the edge of the nest, right in front of Marian. As she remembered, the head of the dragon's cock was as large as her own skull and the musky smell was far more potent than the genital aroma of the younglings. This was the only way she could get something to quench her thirst, and she would have to whore herself to do it. Taking the initiative, she wrapped her arms around the dragon's head and began running her tongue in the slit on the very tip, which was as large as a sword slash. The flesh was so hot that she felt like her lips were becoming chapped and her tongue burned, and she could barely breath the odor that seemed to waft from the beast's phallus.

Regardless of the unpleasantness, she worked tirelessly to satisfy the creature. Hugging the head of the dragon's cock and holding her breath, Marian completely buried her face in the slit, kissing it as if it were the face of her lover and slobbering the interior with her tongue, pleasuring her dragon owner to her best ability. When the dragon began to shake and grunt, she knew she had done a good job. She doubled her efforts, working hard to milk the dragon for every drop of cum. Knowing that it was about to ejaculate, Marian closed her eyes and opened her mouth as wide as possible, lusting for a quenching drink.

The dragon's orgasm was much larger and more powerful than expected, nearly pushing her back from the force and amount. She was wrapped in a white cloak of semen and managed to swallow more than a pint. While her thirst was satisfied, she was feeling rather glutinous, even... lustful. She continued to lick the slit while she rubbed the head with her arms, eventually coaxing another orgasm. She felt a twisted form of pleasure and satisfaction in the feeling of being sprayed with more semen. The dragon pulled away with his dick quickly deflating and crawled out of the cave to go hunting.

Lying in the nest, Marian scraped the dragon's cum off of her naked body and slurped it off her fingers with relish. Her stomach was full and she was no longer thirsty, but she could not stop herself. At first she thought some part of her mind was just telling her to clean herself off, but this thought was crushed when she realized she was touching herself with her other hand and rubbing the dragon's semen into her pussy.

She couldn't believe it, how had it changed this much? Before, she would cry and scream as the dragons raped her or ejaculated into or on her body, then she resigned herself to her fate with a hopeless silence as she let them use her body however they wanted, then she gained enough confidence to hope that she could achieve her freedom if she waited them out and used their bodily fluids to stay alive. Now here she was, savoring the dragon's cum like it was a treat and stroking the bruised lips of her cunt in sexual euphoria. She had gone from being a suicidal victim to being their nymphomaniac pet.

There were so many things that she hated about this situation: she wished she could be given time to heal, she wished she could have some real food and water, she wished she could tell her family she wasn't dead (even if she didn't think she would ever be able to face them if she lived), and wished she could at least sleep in something more comfortable than a bed of semen-coated sticks.

But while there were all of those problems, she had to accept the fact that she was... starting to enjoying this. She was enjoying the warmth and taste of the dragons' cum, she was enjoying getting ganged up on by the five dragons and pleasuring all at the same time like a whore, she was enjoying the feeling of the dragons cocks being driven deep into her body so hard and fast that she could do nothing but moan, and she was absolutely loving every orgasm that the endless sessions of gang-rape brought on. At first she had hated it so much that she prayed for death, now she couldn't get enough violation.

Like the return of her will to live, this acceptance gave her incredible peace of mind. At the cost of her dignity and many comforts, this was actually making her happy. And if being violated was enjoyable, then she was going to enjoy this to the full potential...

As she gained her first smile since being captured, all of the hatchlings began to stir from their nap. On cue, the elder dragon returned with a dead elk hanging from his jaws and dropped it into the nest, giving his sons a filling meal. As the dragons tore the flesh apart, Marian lied back and continued to touch herself, working her fingers between the legs as she waited for the dragons to finish eating so that she could pleasure them, and they in turn could pleasure her.

Once they finished stripping the meat from the elk skeleton, she got on her knees with her face against the floor of the nest. Looking forward to being violated again, Marian cracked a smile and used her hands to spread her ass cheeks and reveal her anus, which was still sore and healing from being ravaged for so long and so many times.

"Come on children, I'm ready."

\*

The session proved to be the most pleasurable, with Marian having finally accepted that she was enjoying being molested. Even though her vagina and anus had been almost completely shredded from brutal penetrations and she knew the dragons couldn't understand her, she found herself whispering for them to work harder and faster, and begging them to "spray her".

As if sensing her change in mood and view, the dragons seemed to change their tactics. They weren't as brutal and forceful in claiming stake over parts of her body or making her pleasure them, they instead waited for her invitation. She was not their master, their family member, or even their equal, but they did seem to be aware that she was a living thing and not an inanimate sex toy.

The session ended with Marian using her hands to stroke the dragons to climax with her mouth open, hungrily catching the jets of sperm. She did this to all of them, hungrily draining them of every drop of cum and licking up every drop that missed her lips and waiting tongue. With the dragons spent and her own physical needs fulfilled, the nest-mates all fell asleep, with Marian finally resting peacefully.

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### **Part Three**

Marian waited eagerly as the dragons fed on a pair of sheep, though her patience was wearing thin.

She was horny and hungry, and she couldn't satisfy either urge without fucking one of the beasts. One of the dragons was close to finishing his meal, but Marian was tired of waiting. Crawling over on her hands and knees, Marian bravely interrupted the creature's bloody feast and climbed onto his lap. The dragon was just about to snarl and roar at her insolence, but became silent when Marian grasped his cock, stroked it to a full erection, and grinded her pussy against the shaft before pushing it in. The dragon instantly became very docile as Marian bounced up and down on his lap, moaning in bliss as she drove the animal's sexual organ into her wet cunt.

Behind her, another dragon had finished his meal faster than expected and was eager to get a turn. Marian dismounted the first dragon and got onto her hands and knees, letting the second dragon penetrate her from behind while she began orally pleasuring the first, who was finishing his meal. For the second time, the dragon's meal was interrupted, this time by a gushing orgasm. As he launched his first jet of semen, Marian quickly sucked it up and swallowed every drop. Her eyes then rolled up into her head and she purred in arousal as she felt the dragon behind her cum, shooting multiple jets of semen into her body. She reached back and began rubbing her pussy while the dragon tried to regain his erection. By the time he was ready for Round Two, the rest of the dragons had finished eating and were ready to ravage her.

After the dragons took their positions and started fucking her, Marian noticed another big difference when compared to earlier sessions: This time, they were more careful with their movements and how they treated her. They became aware of her wounded ankle and did their best to keep from touching it, shaking it, or agitating it, and when they held her, they were careful to keep their claws from touching her. Their thrusts, which were normally fast and powerful, were now slow and gentle, and Marian realized that the dragons were trying to avoid agitating the blisters, bruises, and tears in her anus and vagina.

They didn't want to hurt her, they didn't want her to feel pain, and this was something that warmed her heart and she was very grateful for.

\*

Marian was resting on her stomach on the edge of the nest, watching the dragons with a smile on her face. Their muscles were finally strong enough for them to do more than just hump, and they were using this opportunity to finally step out of the nest and play. The dragons were running on all fours around the cave, tackling each other and wrestling. They looked like a litter of puppies chasing each other in a field, though this wasn't a surprise, as she had noticed a gradual change in their skeletons. She could tell their many soft bones were joining together and hardening, solidifying into a canine-like posture. They would still be very flexible like their father, but she could see they were having more and more difficulty getting up on their hind-legs and always had to lean on something to do it.

Right now, Marian was laughing with a warm smile on her face as she watched the hatchlings play. She was shaken from her dream-like daze by the wing beats of the father dragon, coming back from hunting. It was carrying two cows, one for itself and the other for the younglings. The baby dragons quickly jumped back into the nest and began whining as their father approached, begging for the slain steer. Marian rolled onto her back, only giving the slightest wince from the pain in her ankle. She had tested the injury and concluded that what she had believed to be a broken ankle had really just been a bad sprain. She might even be able to put weight on it if she were desperate enough...

As the dragons feasted on the cow, Marian worked on cleaning the grime out from under her nails. She would sell her soul for a chance to bathe. About to start working on her right fingers, Marian's attention was taken by the approach of one of the dragons. He couldn't be done eating already,

could he? Marian then turned her attention to the strip of thigh muscle hanging from his jaws. The dragon lowered his head and dropped the meat on her lap. The creature had just shared his food, giving her more than a pound of meat. While the dragon turned away to return to the main carcass, Marian stared at the bloody strip of muscle. Slowly, a tear rolled down her face and dripped from her smiling lips.

She had never eaten something so raw and bloody before, but after resigning herself to a diet consisting entirely of semen, this was a blessing. She picked up the strip and quickly tore into it like a feral creature, digging into the tough muscle fibers while the blood rolled down her chin. As she ate, tears of relief poured from her eyes, caused both by the joy of being able to eat something solid with so much flavor (instead of the cum that the dragons would shoot down her throat) and the fact that these creatures had given her such a gift.

\*

Once again, Marian sensed a massive change in the dragons' behavior. With the first change, they were less cruel and forceful. With the second change, they were very careful with their movements and worked hard to avoid causing her pain. With the third change, they were actually quite affectionate, even... loving. Instead of all ganging up on her, they took turns, each working their cocks inside her with slow but deep strokes. Their movements and thrusts could even be considered tender. Instead of keeping their paws on her side to keep her still while they fucked her, they were actually wrapping their arms tightly around her and holding her while they were intimate, something that she also found herself doing with them.

Marian couldn't believe how much they had changed since they first raped her. Before, they were heartless beasts that violated her with a certain cruelty, but now they were being gentle and kind. She actually felt like the dragons were being emotional, and each dragon that she was intimate with gave her a moaning orgasm. After they each had a turn, they all ganged up on her and commenced in fucking her at the same time, finally fulfilling her new sexual desires. Even now, she saw a significant change in their behavior. The dragon sodomizing her from behind had his arms wrapped around her waist, the dragon that she was riding had his hands on her chest and was holding her up so that she didn't have to exert herself, and the three dragons that she was pleasuring orally and manually were all leaning on each other to stand on their hind legs instead of putting their weight on her. She could feel their care with each thrust and ejaculation.

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Two hours and more than half a dozen orgasms later, Marian fell back onto the floor of the nest, hungrily licking off the layer of semen that the dragons had covered her in. She was gasping for air and her limbs felt like lead weights from cumming over and over again. She closed her eyes, waiting for sleep to come, but she was shaken by the feeling of the dragons all grouping up around her. No, there was no way they could want another turn, she was sure she had drained them of every drop of semen. She opened her eyes and looked around, unable to believe what she was seeing. All of the dragons had lied down and were snuggling up against her. They wanted to sleep with her and be with her, not just take turns having sex with her. As all the hatchlings drifted to sleep, Marian laid her head back and just stared at the cavern ceiling, trying to process the event.

\*

Marian was awoken from her restless sleep by a deafening crack of thunder outside. It was the middle of the night and flashes of light illuminated the cave as bolts of lightning arched across the sky. Nearly as loud as the thunder was the torrential rainstorm hammering the landscape and the

mountainside. Small rivers were slithering into the cave as the rain poured over the entrance like a waterfall. Another crack of thunder split the roar of the pouring rain, and while Marian wanted to cover her ears from the painful volume, none of the dragons even stirred from their slumber.

The rain was so loud, yet the dragons didn't seem to hear a single drop or bolt of lightning, even with each fat raindrop sounding like... a snapping twig. Before she could even gasp, an escape plan had already formed in Marian's brain. If she were to move quietly and softly enough, she could climb out of the nest and the rain outside would cover the sound of any broken sticks. However, if she were caught, the dragons would likely be angry. All the trust she had built up with them would be gone and their wrath could be lethal. But on the other hand, this was probably her only chance to escape and she could not imagine a better one happening.

At last, she worked up the courage to try it. Working carefully not to awaken the hatchlings, she slowly wormed her way free of their grip. With every breath she took as shaky as a leaf in the breeze and seemingly as loud as a hurricane, Marian suspended herself over the dragons, working as hard as possible not to shake the nest. She did not bother praying, as she had lost her faith in God. Each second felt like an hour as she slowly inched her way up the side of the nest. She picked each point of contact with only the most upmost focus, putting her weight only on the thickest sticks and where the ends of the twigs met, trying to break as few possible.

As expected, there were far more loud snaps than she wanted, and every second, Marian fully expected one of the dragons to wake up and snarl. She gave a sigh of relief when she got her full body up onto the very edge of the nest. Holding her breath, she began the slow climb down the outside. This was far more difficult, as she had to operate the nest like a ladder and her full body weight was pulling down on the branches. With her whole body shaking and her ankle throbbing, Marian chewed on her lip as she slowly climbed down. Three feet from the cave floor, her heart stopped as she felt the branch in her hand break free of the nest. Giving a silent scream and waving her arms, Marian fell down onto the cavern floor in a painful landing while the branch gave a loud snap.

Lying on the ground and waiting for the dragons to bolt out of the nest and pounce on her, Marian whimpered in pain from the jarring crack to the skull and all the scratches that peppered her back, thighs, and ass. But to her astonishment, she heard nothing from the nest and the elder dragon hadn't even stirred, they were all still sound asleep. With a hysterical smile, Marian slowly got to her feet and began limping towards the cave entrance. She slowed her pace and held her breath as she passed by the elder dragon, but finally, she reached the cave entrance. With tears of joy streaming down her face, Marian stepped out into the rain and let the water wash away days of grime, blood, and dried semen.

She sobbed uncontrollably as she scrubbed her skin with her hands, trying to wash away the shame she been forced to endure. The ground around her was covered in grimy oil from all the filth being scraped off her body. Once she was sure she was clean, she looked up and opened her mouth, letting the largest waterfall running down the cave entrance pour into her mouth. For several minutes, she chugged the water pouring off the stone, so grateful to have clean water to drink instead of the dragons' salty cum. She drank until she threw up and then continued drinking, trying to wash as much salt out of her body as possible.

Finally, she was forced to stop drinking, and retreat down the mountain, as nature was calling. After finally being able to "purge" her body of all the salt that had built up in her system, Marian collapsed to the ground a hundred feet from the cave entrance, weeping in happiness. She was finally free, she could finally leave. Her tears then stopped, as the question appeared in her mind of whether she really should leave. She had mulled over this question back in the nest, but that was when she was

weighing the risks of just attempting to escape, and she had never thought beyond if she should leave once she got this far. She didn't even know where this question had come from, but she could not stop thinking it over. This question would not leave her mind and her body refused to move until she came up with a real decision.

She could get away and never have to be raped again; she wouldn't have to be these animals' sex slave. But while she had been raped more times than she could count and had experienced more terror, pain, and shame at the hands of these beasts than ever in her life, she had come to enjoy the feelings of being penetrated and she loved all of the incredible orgasms she had experienced. She could get out of there and see her family again, but would she even be able to face them? Would her family even accept her after all of the degrading things she had been forced (and more than willing) to do? And would she ever have a chance of getting married? Would any man touch her after her orifices had been turned into giant craters by unholy monsters?

If she were to get away, would she even be able to get home safely? These lands were filled with the lawless, and what chance did a naked adolescent girl who could only limp have? For all she knew, she could get captured and taken to a place that made this dragon cave look like a monastery. She wanted to leave so badly, but just as much as she wanted to get away, she had found incredible pleasure and enjoyment in living with these mere beasts. And after what she had felt in those dragons' hearts... she did not know if she could walk away from the feelings they felt for her... or the feelings she felt for them.

Finally, Marian took a deep and shuddering breath and got to her feet. Looking at the cave, she took another shaky intake of air and began walking back up the mountainside. Regaining her composure, she entered the cave and walked past the elder dragon. Climbing into the nest, Marian settled down, lying amongst the dragons and wrapping her arms around the two younglings next to her. There was a small but warm smile on her face.

"You're my family now," she whispered before drifting to sleep.

\*

Marian woke up in the nest alone, but the dragons had not left. They were out in the back of the cave, playing like before. As Marian watched them run around and pounce on each other, she began to wonder if her realization last night had just been a dream. She looked at her arms and chest, noting that her body had been cleaned of all the grime and dried semen that accumulated over the days. The only way she could get clean is if she had washed herself with water. Marian smiled as she realized that her acceptance had been real; she had escaped the dragons' nest and decided to come back of her own free will. The creatures that she originally feared and hated had now become her loved ones. Rape and sexual assault had now become intimacy and pleasure, something that originally made her cry in pain but now made her purr in arousal and have gushing orgasms.

Deciding that she no longer had anything to fear from her new family, Marian got up and stretched. With a smile on her face, she climbed up onto the edge of the nest and began to scale down the side. As she climbed down the exterior of the nest, the dragons stopped wrestling and stared at her. Was she going to run away? While her ankle was still sore, she stepped down onto the cave floor and approached her nest-mates. With each step she took, the dragons became less and less tense, sitting with their tails wagging like excited dogs. She reached the closest dragon and crouched down in front of him, running her hand along the side of his face and looking into his golden eyes.

Surprising all of the hatchlings, Marian leaned forward and pressed her lips against the front of the dragon's muzzle, kissing it tenderly. At first the dragon was unsure of what to do, due to vast



differences in the size and shapes of their mouths, but he quickly began to understand how to act. Marian flicked her tongue between the dragon's lips (while careful not to get cut on his razor teeth) and the dragon replied by sending his long forked tongue into her mouth, which she deep-throated ecstatically. While she kissed the dragon, Marian also stroked the creature to a full throbbing erection.

Watching Marian kiss and stroke their brother, the other dragons became fully aroused and even shivered from how excited they were. After only ten seconds, one of them got impatient and crawled over, sitting down on the ground and awkwardly scooting closer and closer.

With a scowl on her face, Marian turned and flicked the interloper on the nose, startling it. "No, it is not your turn yet," she said dominantly.

The dragon growled at being rejected but hung his head in embarrassment. All of the dragons were awestruck in how the tables had turned. When they first came into the world, Marian's body was just an object that they used to release their sexual urges and practice with their muscles, something they would rape and violate for their exercise and entertainment. Now, they were sharing their food with her, snuggling up with her when they slept, and she was even scolding and disciplining them.

After a minute, Marian stopped kissing the first dragon and turned to the second. By tickling him under the chin, she got him to raise his head and look at her. "Aw, my sweet baby. Don't worry, I'll take care of all of you," she said sweetly before she started kissing him.

\*

After that, days turned into weeks and weeks turned into months, with Marian raising the dragons as if they were her own children... and then getting gang-banged by them like a cum-hungry nymphomaniac. She even gave the dragons names so that she could better distinguish them, and the more time she spent with them, the more she was able to see the subtle physical differences between each creature and tell them apart.

Every day, she would wake up with the hatchlings snuggled up against her, stroke them awake, and then plug every orifice in her body with their cocks until she had a screaming orgasm and they coated her in semen. By the time they were done, the elder dragon would return with a slain animal that Marian would feed on with the same intensity as her dragon family, and after they had eaten, they would all fuck her at once with her begging them to work her harder and faster, and then fall asleep.

On days when they were more energetic than horny, the dragons would instead run around the cave and play, pouncing and wrestling with each other while Marian watched and giggled. Once her ankle had healed, she would often climb out of the nest and join them, while being careful not to get her naked body scratched and bruised on the rough cave floor and their hardening scales.

During times when the dragons were asleep but Marian was horny, she would climb out of the nest and pleasure the elder dragon. She would bury her face in the slit of the giant beast's cock, using her tongue to drive the dragon wild while she touched herself. After the elder dragon would ejaculate all over her, she would swallow as much as she could and then roll in the puddle of semen, fingering herself until she had another orgasm.

The longer she stayed with the dragons, the more she noticed their growth rate. When they had first hatched, the dragons were the size of wolves with greatly disproportionately sexual organs. Now, mid summer, they were the size of adult men, with their phalluses having only grown four inches. Marian loved this new size and loved being fucked so hard by their foot-long cocks that she thought

they were going to split her in half. They were so large that she could barely deep-throat them.

With their new size and bulk, the elder dragon began playing a bigger role in raising them. So far, he had just stayed by the cave entrance to guard the nest and only left to relieve himself and go hunting. Now, he was taking them outside of the cave and into the forest on the mountainside, teaching them to hunt for themselves and making sure they got plenty of exercise. Marian always came with them, walking naked through the forest in the search of water. Even though the dragons were sharing their food with her, thus letting her replace semen with animal blood as her source of hydration, she wanted something to quench her thirst that wasn't thick and salty. While the dragons would explore the forest, she would be crouched over the small stream nearby and drinking until she couldn't drink anymore.

\*

It was a warm summer afternoon and Marian was walking through the forest, looking for her nest-mates. The sound of thick splashing and chewing caught her attention, drawing her to a trampled bush. She pushed the bush aside and found one of the dragons with his muzzle buried in the ripped-open chest of a slain elk. The dragon looked up and began wagging his tail when he saw the smile on her face.

"Syris! Your first kill! I'm so proud of you!" she beamed, calling the dragon by his name.

The dragon wagged his tail even harder and continued tearing into the organs of his prey. As Marian watched the dragon feast on his first kill, a thought entered her mind that made her look up at the sky. Right now it was nice and warm, but only because it was summer. Soon, winter would rear its ugly head and there was no way Marian would be able to survive the way she was: naked and without a way to make fire. She had to get something to keep her warm or else she would freeze to death. Surprising Syris, she walked over and crouched down by the slain elk, then began pulling off the hide, starting from the massive hole the dragon had opened up in the chest. Once she pulled up a large flap, she patted it with her hand and turned to Syris.

"I need this pelt. I need this," she said slowly while patting the flap of elk hide again.

There was no way that the dragon would understand her words, but she was hoping he would at least get the message. To her luck, Syris nodded and allowed Marian to continue peeling off the hide while he ate. Without any experience or tools, it was incredibly difficult and her only direction was common sense and the stories her older brother used to tell whenever he went hunting. While it was awkwardly shaped and had multiple tears, she finally managed to pull off the bloody hide, mostly intact. With a smile of pride, she leaned down and thanked Syris with an affectionate kiss on the lips.

After taking a strip of thigh meat off of the elk and with the pelt over her shoulder, Marian left Syris to his meal while she went to find the other dragons and see if she could get the pelts off their kills. As she walked through the forest, she thought back to how much she had changed. Just a few months ago, she was the member of a farming family, working with her parents to raise and pick grapes for making wine. Then she was captured and turned into a rape victim for cruel beasts. Next she became a hardened survivor, willing to spread her legs for her captors and live solely on semen to stay alive. Now, she was walking naked through the woods with an animal pelt over her shoulder and chewing on a raw strip of meat with the blood dripping off her chin and running down her full breasts. She was living in a nest with dragons, hungry for their cum and desperate to be penetrated by their erect cocks. She had gone from being a farmer to being a bestiality sex-addict that was living more like an animal than a human.

And this lifestyle made her truly happy.

\*

Marian was able to find the rest of the dragons by calling out their names: Isaac, Arthur, Pinot, Ashford, and the elder dragon, Bourne. Pinot, Isaac, and Bourne were able to catch some more elk and Marian found them in time to salvage the pelts. She would need many more if she was to survive winter, but at least she had enough for more comfortable bedding.

\*

After two weeks, Marian was able to get more than thirty animal pelts from horses, cows, elk, and even bears. Using bones and braided hair, she managed to turn five of them into a set of clothes to keep her more than warm when outside once winter came, and turned the rest into a furry burrow that she could lie in and stay perfectly comfortable, no matter how cold the cave became, not to mention she had all of the dragons snuggled up against her to keep her warm.

\*

Marian woke up on the first day of autumn and found that the cave was empty. She looked around, wondering if Bourne and her nest-mates had gone out into the woods to hunt. She was disappointed by her loneliness, because either she would wake up the dragons by stroking them or sucking them to full erection, or she would be woken up by one of them mounting her.

Her bitter thoughts were interrupted as the cave suddenly went dark. Something was blocking the sun, was it Bourne? The question was answered by six loud crashes outside and the arrival of the dragons, folding their wings as they entered the cave.

With a smile and tears of pride on her face, she climbed out of the nest and ran over to them. "You just flew! You all flew!" she squealed, running her hands over their scaly bodies once she reached them.

Over the six months since they hatched, the dragons had grown to be the size of stallions and now looked so much like their father. The plates, which had originally been soft and pink, now looked like ruby chips and were as hard, their stubby claws and fangs were as hard and sharp as daggers, and they were even more well endowed (something that she absolutely loved).

"My sweet boys, I love you and am so proud of you," she said tenderly.

The young dragons all lowered their heads and she gave each of them a long and passionate kiss on the lips, flitting her tongue between the tips of their dog-like jaws. She turned to Pinot, who knew that she was going to reward them and was already "excited". Marian smiled and got down on her knees, stroking the dragon's forearm-sized phallus. Licking her lips, she took the head in her mouth (that was all that would fit) and began flitting her tongue in the slit, making the dragon shudder in pleasure. The rest of the dragons waited anxiously for Marian to give them permission to penetrate her.

After several seconds of orally pleasuring Pinot, Marian stood up and faced the rest of the giant winged lizards. "Come on back to the nest and I'll show you just how proud of you I am."

She then walked back to the nest, climbed up onto the edge, and bent over with her animal hide britches around her ankles to show her pussy and asshole. "Come on boys, I'm waiting."

She lowered herself into the nest with the dragons jumping in after her.

\*

Winter hit the countryside hard, and even with her collection of animal pelts, Marian had a hard time staying warm. Sensing her vulnerability to the cold, the dragons became extra protective of her, even Bourne. When they left to go hunting or get exercise, one of them always stayed with her, keeping her warm with her curled up against them. During the night, the giant elder dragon would lie down by the nest and use one of his giant wings to keep Marian and his sons warm and protected from the frigid night air.

\*

A year slowly passed by in the cave, during which the dragons gangbanged Marian all at once over two thousand times, each of which made her moan at the top of her lungs in sexual euphoria.

\*

Marian awoke in the nest by herself on beautiful morning in late spring, the day after the one-year anniversary of her kidnapping. She looked around, trying to find a trace of one of her nest-mates. Since it had warmed up, the dragons now left her alone when they left to hunt, so waking up by herself was nothing new, especially since the dragons needed more and more food. Wondering when they would come back, Marian decided to go out for a walk in the woods. Wearing her animal hide outfit, she walked out of the cave and slowly made her way down the mountainside.

"Arthur! Bourne! Pinot! Isaac! Ashford! Syris!" she shouted, hoping they were in the area. When no reply came, she called out again, but her only answer was her own echo.

Again, this was no surprise. The dragons had purged the land of all large animals and were always traveling farther and farther in search of food. Shrugging it off, she decided to go about her routine. After going for a stroll around the woods and drinking all the water she could, she went back to the nest to wait for her winged lovers.

Dozing for the rest of the day and had a restless sleep during the night, but woke up the next morning to find herself still alone. She tried to tell herself that they were probably just having a hard time finding food, but her mind was filled with worry. After spending the day drinking water and collecting wild plants and nuts to eat, she returned to the nest and fell asleep. When she again woke up by herself again, she felt a deep chill of worry in her heart, but she worked with every fiber in her being to suppress it.

After another day of scavenging for food, Marian spent most of the night lying on her back in the empty nest, staring at the cavern ceiling. As the moon reached its highest point in the sky, an idea entered her mind. Chewing on her lip, she picked up her crucifix necklace and stared at it. She had held onto it as a memento of her former life, even though she had lost her faith in God. She couldn't remember the last time she had ever thought of it or even prayed, but now seemed like a good time.

"God, you did not answer my pleas when I was first captured, but please, help me. Bring them back, Lord, please. I don't want to lose them," she said, crying for the first time in a long time.

\*

"They aren't coming back..." Marian tearfully whispered, once again waking up alone.

It had been a year since the dragons had hatched and it was now clear that they had left the nest for lives of their own. They were no longer hatchlings; they were now grown adults and it was time for them to have hatchlings of their own. Marian had known that this day would come, but she had hoped that she would have more time or that maybe that they would take her with them, though there was as little chance of one of them taking her with them as two of them staying together after leaving.

The dragons leaving to start new lives on their own had been inevitable, but Marian just wished she could have said goodbye to her children.

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### **One year later:**

Marian stood behind an inn in Yarmouth, washing sheets in a water barrel, as instructed by her employer. After realizing and accepting that the dragons were not going to return, Marian left the cave that she had called home and returned to human society. It had taken her time to get reacquainted with human life and socialization, but now she was once again a member of society and even had a job working as a chambermaid, though she was not the same farmer girl that she had originally been.

She had cast aside her crucifix, having lost her faith in God once and for all after being taken from her first family and left behind by her second, and she no longer wanted to be reminded of her former life.

It was hard for her to stay focused on her tasks, as not a single minute passed by where she didn't think about the dragons she had come to know and love. Ever since coming back to human society, she had tried desperately to get the same sexual rush she had experienced time and time again in the dragon nest. She had tried having one-night flings with the men of the town, having sex with multiple men at once, and even snuck into barns and stables on multiple occasions to pleasure the horses and bulls, but nothing gave her that same feeling.

Every day, she listened to all the rumors of dragons that passed through the town, wondering if there was any news of her former family. All she heard was the boring expected: cows and horses being killed and women being told to keep their hair short so as not to draw attention and be taken away. It was for this reason that Marian allowed her hair to grow as long as possible.

\*

As she walked through the backyard of the inn to hang the damp sheets, she heard a noise that made her drop her basket and gasp. It was a roar, one that she would never mistake even if she were deaf. Several screams could be heard in the background, but the snarls of a dragon drowned them all out. Marian ran out into the muddy road that crossed the town of Yarmouth, looking around wildly for the source of the commotion. People screaming in terror sprinted past her and in the distance she could see the tips of red wings.

'Could it be?' she thought to herself, running towards the creature as fast as possible.

Turning a corner, Marian got a good look at the creature and gasped. Even after a year of growth and change, she recognized the scale pattern and bone structure of the dragon as one of the hatchlings. Now the size of his father, the creature was in the street, wrecking unintentional havoc. With his hand-like paws, he was reaching out and grabbing women from the crowds of people that had come to see the commotion or had not yet fled. Snorting in annoyance over the shortness of

their hair, he would drop them and they would run away screaming. With his tail and wings, he kept at bay soldiers and farmers, slowly inching towards him with weapons and tools.

"Pinot!" she called with a wide smile on her face.

The dragon stared straight at her and his tail and wings hung limp. With tears of joy in her eyes, Marian sprinted down the street, shoved her way through the crowd of people, and came out in the open space to face the dragon. The scarlet giant lowered his head, letting Marian hug his nose while the spectators stared in utter disbelief.

"I prayed and prayed that one of you would find me someday. It is so good to see you Pinot, I can't believe how much you've grown," she said, drying her tears.

The dragon then extended his forked tongue and Marian took one of the tendrils in her mouth, sucking on it the same way she used to suck his cock. People stared in horror at the sight until the dragon finally retracted his tongue.

"Ugh, I can't tell you how much I missed this," she groaned in arousal with a thread of saliva hanging from her lip.

She then looked down and gained a coy smile. The onlookers gasped in disbelief as the Marian moved underneath the colossal dragon and began touching him in a way that caused his dick to reveal itself. Like Bourne, Pinot's erect cock was now the size of a tree log, and Marian had to use both hands to stroke the shaft.

"My, you sure have grown."

She then leaned forward and began lapping the head with her tongue, causing many onlookers to curse, scream, and faint. For almost a minute, Pinot shivered in pleasure as Marian massaged the head of his cock with her tongue. At last, the dragon had a gushing orgasm, spraying Marian's face and dress with more than two gallons of semen, which she hungrily licked up. Any onlookers that hadn't already fainted did so now.

Stepping back, Marian looked up into the dragon and began brushing her hair with her fingers. "I'm sure you have children of your own now, you must have found a partner to lay plenty of eggs. Here, take my hair to line your nest, and take me as well. Please take me with you; I don't want to live here anymore. I want to live with you and know the children of my children."

Without so much as a nod, the dragon took her in her arms, then with a flap of his wings that was so powerful that the surrounding buildings were crushed, he took to the air, flying back to his home with Marian.

*The End*