

GLOSSARY:

Pheromonise: Oil secreted between the scales of dragons that emits highly fragrant sexual pheromones and allows for better friction between bodies. It also makes the scales shine, which is very attractive to members of this species.

Great Day: Among Noragis dragons, the young hatch asexual. The transition to adulthood occurs only once they reach adult size, around the age of 20, and is expressed by a brutal and intense desire to mate with their peers, who develop and hatch in half a day. This phenomenon can be observed when the adult-to-be wakes up, and it is this precise moment in a dragon's life that is called the Great Day.

Clan Leader: As the name suggests, this is the leader of the clan. Recognized for his analytical skills and sharp mind, he is chosen by the former Clan Chief before him, or possibly by high-ranking and respected dragons.

Dragon-warrior: Leading the dragons-protectors, he is the one who ensures the protection and safety of the clan. Trained for the worst situations, he is one of the strongest and most respected dragons.

Dragon-protector: Chosen by the Dragon-warrior or possibly the Clan Leader, there are usually several of them and they are known for their combat, analytical, and

adaptability skills, making them suitable for rescue missions. They follow the orders of the Dragon-warrior and may replace him when he is absent. Except in critical situations, at least one Dragon-protector must remain within the clan.

Sexual Trainer: There are usually two sexual trainers: a male trainer and a female trainer, sometimes one or both of whom are replaced by a hermaphrodite. Their objective is to take care of the dragons on their Great Day, until their sexes hatch, to teach them the different methods of mating and rump games, and to help them control their urges and frustration related to the confinement of their genitals, which is still effective at the beginning of the day.

CHARACTERS:

Nivalem: A red and yellow hermaphrodite dragon with blue eyes. He stands out for his innate talent for combat, which has made him famous among the clans as the first and only dragon to achieve Dragon-warrior status before reaching adulthood.

Frey: Nivalem's twin brother. A yellow-eyed brown dragon of remarkable intelligence, he was unfortunately abducted by bipeds before reaching adulthood. No one knows what became of him, or even if he's still alive.

Seros: Known as the most muscular dragon in Reygan's clan, he is also a Dragon-protector whom Nivalem can rely on. He is Elesan's brood brother and a very dominant male. His scales are black and gray, edged with electric blue, and his eyes are yellow.

Elesan: Seros's brood sister, she is a black and white female with green eyes, also very dominant. The idea of controlling the sexuality of other dragons who are submissive to her always gives her thrills. She is also a Dragon-protector with very sharp claws.

Cobaln: Female sexual trainer with dark blue and white scales and sky blue eyes.

Erlon: Male sexual trainer with black and gold scales and

dark eyes.

Reygan: Clan Leader. Former Dragon-protector, he is a muscular male with silver scales and green eyes.

The Guilt-Relief Device

(Part 1)

Enjoying the calm heights of the Alborn mountains and a pleasant breeze blowing in continuous jerks, two dragons jousted above the valley where their clan had made their home. Seros' impressive muscularity would have given the first observer the illusion that the outcome of this duel was a foregone conclusion, compared to Nivalem's more humble, warrior-like bulk. Yet it was Nivalem who towered over the powerful male, a satisfied smile on his face.

"Another victory for me!" decreed the hermaphrodite. "One day, perhaps you'll manage to show more agility."

Despite their slight difference in physical strength, the red dragon's extraordinary instincts and experience meant that Seros was no match for him, although the eternal winner was still very grateful to have a friend so motivated and determined to dominate him, enabling him to keep in shape and try out new techniques.

The loser, not content with his defeat, though accustomed to it, without warning, stretched his neck towards his opponent's muzzle and gave him a firm, insistent lick, purring.

Although surprised, Nivalem's body immediately

interpreted this gesture and weakened, putting itself in a condition of submission. Seros took advantage of this and tackled his companion to the ground.

“Well, I know one activity in particular where you'll NEVER get the upper paw on me, little rump,” he declared proudly, his voice covered with soft purrs of anticipation.

As if to emphasize his remark, he lowered his hips and let the moist flesh of his erect sex be felt against the red dragon's vulva, and rubbed the entrance to the orifice insistently. Nivalem pinched hir lip, unable to resist the temptation. An uncontrollable shiver ran through hir.

“Huff! How can you already have a full erection?” questioned the hermaphrodite, hir vagina already itching.

“Heh, it looks like you need a little lesson in physiology, my little rump. Your scales have been glistening ever since our duel began. You must have known we wouldn't be satisfied with a little jousting.”

Seros was right. Scales glistening so easily implied a dragon who had skipped a few ideal moments during which an adult is driven by its body to give in to the pleasures of the flesh. And the hermaphrodite hadn't rubbed herself against one of hir own kind all day. Hir whole being burned with desire.

The male had noticed this and was taking great pleasure in building up the pressure, much to the dismay of the little rump he was dominating.

“M-MmGRRRR! S... Stop playing and dig in!” urged Nivalem, panting.

Seros smiled teasingly.

“Look at that eager little rump!”

He slid a paw along his partner's muscular chest and applied light pressure with his claws against the scales, exerting his dominance. Finally, he gently rubbed his rod between the hermaphrodite's lubricated walls and began his penetration. The red dragon's penis slowly erected. Although Seros' virile pheromone emanations didn't stimulate him directly, the state of general arousal Nivalem was in was enough to make him hard.

Ecstasy was at its peak. The nerve links of the red dragon's craving vagina connected with those of the penis of the rump above him. His whole body tensed and shuddered.

This reaction triggered a broad smile on the male's muzzle as he continued his merciless pace, savoring the intense expressions he could read on his partner's face. It was a sight he particularly appreciated, and one that drove him to always remain in the dominant position.

Nivalem's now fully developed penis swayed back and forth with each thrust. He raised a hind leg to the sky and pressed it against the male's hip, offering himself without resistance.

The hermaphrodite panted loudly, at a frantic pace. For him, these rump games were still new. His sexes had developed less than ten days ago, blossoming like a flower emerging from its bud. Above all, he'd started mating out of desire, out of the excitement of novelty. Since then, he had become accustomed to this daily gesture, feeling it more like a need, a powerful drug that made him feel alive.

But the pleasure was as intense as ever. Once his Great Day

was over, he'd sought out more and more rumps to tie himself up with. Cobaln and Erlon had been magnificent sexual trainers, sensing his every need and helping him discover what his body was crying out for.

Recently, Seros had become increasingly interested in tying the knot with Nivalem. A few females had already suggested to the red dragon that the male was a spirited companion, perfect for those who like to submit to a playmate. The hermaphrodite quickly felt tempted, as he liked to let the rumps riding him take the initiative. In the end, all it took was another friendly joust for the opportunity to offer himself to him.

Noticing that Nivalem was beginning to drown in his thoughts, the male quickened his pace and amplified his movement. The little rump beneath him went into pure ecstasy for a second time, his vagina so lubricated and stimulated that he couldn't hold back his moans any longer. Seros was going to do it. He was ready to knot his rump to hers. His partner could feel it.

Finally, the dominant lost no more time and surprised him by sinking deep into the moist orifice. His knot engulfed fully and swelled immediately after passing the lips, applying a firm hold between their two rumps. As if to make sure nothing separated them, Nivalem's vagina contracted firmly over the base of the penis as the black dragon released his precious seed inside him. They were finally anchored and would not part until the male's second ejaculation, the one that usually concluded the act, had taken place.

However, the pressure was so great that the hermaphrodite's two prostates wanted to relieve hir by offering an anticipated partial orgasm. But mischievously, Seros abruptly and firmly wrapped the tip of his prehensile tail around his partner's rod, stopping this impromptu ejaculation.

"H... HEY!" protested Nivalem, breathless, surprised by this sudden sensation of orgasm denial.

"Na-ha! I don't want to smell any sperm other than mine while we're knotted together. I'm the male in this exchange, little rump."

The red dragon moaned deeply, struggling to catch hir breath. There was so much pressure inside hir. Hir heart was beating wildly. Hir partner's knot was so big, his tail so strong. This sensation was totally new to hir.

"S... Seros... Nnnh... I..." stammered the hermaphrodite.

"Shhh! Let yourself go. I know how much you like to be dominated."

He immediately began to move backwards, pulling Nivalem by the rump, then suddenly moved forward again, beginning a back and forth motion limited by their firmly anchored sexes.

The red dragon shook with all hir limbs, unable to move properly under hir partner's repeated assaults, and moaned louder, struggling to speak.

"H... HAAA! A... AAAAAH!" he let out.

Seros was right. It wasn't just being on the verge of orgasm that was causing this intense peak of pleasure. Hir body always put itself in a submissive condition and relished

every moment when he lost control of his sexuality. His experience with Cobalt and Erlon had proved that. For a dragon-warrior as renowned and powerful as himself, this was a real paradox. A situation he didn't understand.

The male continued, without stopping, ignoring his playmate's pleas. The hermaphrodite was biting the black dragon's shoulder, trying to resist the mixture of extreme sensations invading his mind. Seros prolonged the act as long as possible, delaying as best he could the moment when he would release his semen, until he finally gave in.

Nivalem felt the warm liquid fill the inside of his vagina. Instantly, the male let go of his partner's penis, allowing him to release his own semen as a deep howl of satisfaction and well-being escaped from their jaws.

The two of them remained like this for several minutes, panting against each other, trying to catch their breaths.

"Heh, you look like you needed a male to fill you up," Seros finally observed, enjoying the red dragon's expression of pleasure.

The hermaphrodite's belly had swollen slightly from the excessive amount of sperm the dragons were ejecting from their penises. A feeling of bliss had seized him. He could hardly feel his legs, let alone his tail. He was panting heavily, even more than his playmate, his head against the ground.

Satisfied to see him like this, the male crossed his paws over his shoulder and, looking down at him, remarked:

"Since we're both tied up for a while, I wanted to ask you, I get the impression you've been avoiding other dragons

quite a lot lately. Don't tell me you don't enjoy knotting your rump to others, I refuse to believe it. What's going on?"

Nivalem stared at him, surprised by the question. It was a correct observation. Refusing to forget his brother, abducted by bipeds several seasons ago, he had hoped to resume his expeditions in search of him, but he had underestimated the importance of his new adult needs. His newly hatched attributes didn't just allow him to experience pleasure, they required it, screaming in his mind that he had to find a partner to knot himself every time he stayed just a few hours away from any rump. It was, of course, a cry from the heart to which he happily submitted, but it forced him to stay close to the clan.

He would gladly ask Seros to accompany him on his expeditions, so they could knot with each other when necessary. But Reygan would never let his dragon-warrior go off alone, for several days, in the company of a dragon-protector. There wouldn't be many of them left to defend his clan if it came to that.

For a moment, Nivalem refused to answer. But finally, he explained: "I... I can't help thinking... This Great Day, I should have spent it by Frey's side."

The male observed his partner for a brief moment before letting out a sigh.

"Four years have gone by, and you're still there? Haven't you mourned?"

"He's alive! I know he is. There's a... a connection between us. I can't explain it. It just hurts to knot my rump, knowing that he... probably can't."

There was a short silence.

"And so what? You don't want to feel yourself come anymore just because you assume your brother can't come either?"

"I... Maybe. I don't know. Maybe. It's not that I don't want to come, it's just that... I feel a little guilty every time it happens."

Seros seemed to think for a moment. Finally, he leaned into Nivalem's ear and whispered: "If that's the case, maybe you should see my sister and ask her to test her device."

This proposal surprised the hermaphrodite.

"Elesan? A device? But... what are you talking about?"

The male smiled. Sensing that they were slowly beginning to loosen up, he straightened up and began to back away. The red dragon's relentless vagina tried to keep the anchor between them, dragging him a short distance.

"H-HEY!" he protested.

Suddenly, their sexes popped apart with a moist noise, allowing Seros to pull away. The hermaphrodite let out a short moan of pleasure as he felt his partner's penis eject. His vagina was free to evacuate the few unassimilated residues of hot semen inside it.

"Yes, Elesan," confirmed the male. "She's quite ingenious and has come up with a little idea for a rump game, based on a device. From what you've told me, I think it might suit you, but I won't say any more, I don't want to risk ruining the surprise."

Nivalem raised an eyebrow.

"Ruin the surprise? Do you really think I'm going to test

such a mysterious device just because you recommend it, when I know nothing about it?”

The black dragon shrugged.

“I'm only suggesting.”

Then he lowered himself, obviously ready to take flight.

“In any case, if you're ever interested, go and see Elesan directly.”

With that, he leapt in the air and began to fly away.

“What? No! Wait!” the hermaphrodite tried to hold him back.

Despite the trembling of hir limbs linked to their mating, Nivalem straightened up, ready to catch him, but clumsily slipped on the small puddles of semen left on the ground. Hir hind legs had lost all strength, completely weakened by the male's virile and intense assaults. The red dragon then let hir rump partner fly away, grumbling.

The Guilt-Relief Device

(Part 2)

The black-and-white female was basking in the sun, on her back, all four legs tucked up against her body, eyes closed, as she purred loudly, soothed by the grass beneath her. The reflection of her scales on her crotch was a most pleasing sight, making Nivalem blush with excitement and almost get an erection. The hermaphrodite approached the sublime female from the air, gliding quietly in a spiral.

"She's a real teaser," he mused.

He landed, stirring up the grasses and putting an end to the dragoness's nap, who felt him take his place beside her.

"Oh! Nivalem!" she exclaimed, looking delighted to see him. "It's been a while since I've felt the pleasure of your company. Have you come to share a little peace and quiet with me? Or to share something a little more... intimate?"

The hermaphrodite blushed, hesitating. Embarrassed, he scratched his chin with a claw, looking away, before finally replying: "Well... I had a chat with Seros a little while ago, and... Well, he told me to come and see you to... try..."

Elesan looked surprised. She hadn't expected the clan's dragon-warrior to strike up a conversation with her in this way. Seeing him so shy, she smiled and slowly straightened

on her side, assuming a seductive pose to put hir at ease.

“To try?”

The red dragon swallowed.

“To try... To try your... ‘device’ as he called it.”

The female opened round eyes in surprise.

“Oh! That? Really?”

She licked her lips, then stood up and approached, looking more serious. Circling the mighty dragon, she continued: “From a hermaphrodite as strong as you... What a surprise... But on the other hand, it might make sense.”

Continuing her seductive parade, she slid the tip of her tail under Nivalem's chin, still circling hir: “Those with the most strength and power may also be looking for a way to let go.”

Then, sticking her muzzle against hir, she asked this time: “Tell me, what did you and Seros talk about to get him to guide you to me?”

“Well, we... Let's just say that I... mentioned the fact that I couldn't help feeling guilty every time I knot my rump... In those moments, I think back to Frey and... the fact that he should be here. That he should have lived his Great Day here, within the clan... with me.”

Elesan shifted sideways to face hir again, a grave, worried expression on her face.

“You're... still feeling guilty about it? But... you had nothing to do with it!”

“I know, but... Frey and I, we're connected. Knotting my rump, knowing he probably can't... it's kind of... tormenting.”

The female took a moment to digest this information.

Finally, she brought her muzzle close and rubbed it against Nivalem's in a comforting gesture.

"I understand. In that case, fine. Let's try this device on you. Now that I've got an explanation, I think it might work for you. Probably, yes."

The red dragon took a step back, however, hesitating: "Wait... I'd like to know first... what is this device? How does it work?"

"Tu-tu-tut! It's not something to explain! We have to try it to find out if it works for us! Here's what I suggest. We'll try it for ten days! For ten days, you'll have to wear the device no matter what. At the end of that period, you'll decide whether to continue or stop. You can think of it as a game. You can end it after a while, if you don't like it."

"Um... It's really particular... I have trouble understanding why explaining how it works would be a problem."

"It's really quite simple. The only way to know if you can appreciate this device is to try it out. If I explain it to you, you risk withdrawing without ever having a chance to find out whether you like it or not. The real question is, how far are you prepared to go to try and resolve this inner conflict?"

Nivalem hesitated for a moment, then replied: "Well, all right... Let's give it a try..."

Elesan nodded and gently turned around, ready to take flight.

"Perfect! Follow me, then. I know just the place..."

She flew away in the direction of a forest. The red dragon followed.

The hermaphrodite was now immobilized on hir back. Hir four legs were spread and each tied to a tree, by strong lianas. Hir neck was firmly restrained by these natural fetters too. Elesan stood over hir, humming.

“Was it really necessary to tie me up?” asked Nivalem, slightly tense.

“Of course!” decreed the female. “But it's not enough.”

The red dragon swallowed.

“Not enough?”

Elesan reached behind the tree to which the hermaphrodite's neck was attached and pulled out a small object, resembling the black fabric hoods that bipedal poachers used to deprive dragons of their sight and suffocate them.

“What's this? Where did you get it?” asked Nivalem.

“Oh, I stole it from some hunters you have neutralized. And I'm going to use it the way it's meant to be used.”

“What? What do you mean?”

He suddenly found himself facing the accessory that the female was bringing close to hir snout with the firm intention of making hir wear it. He immediately panicked.

“Elesan! No! Stop! Stop! What are you doing? Elesan!”

Everything went black and hir screams were muffled by the hood that now held hir jaw shut. However, the hermaphrodite could still breathe. He just couldn't see anything anymore.

The female tapped the red dragon's muzzle.

“I've added holes for breathing, you big dummy! But I'm glad to see I scared you. At least your erection won't get in

my way. Now let's get to work!"

Elesan now placed her front paws, one on the hermaphrodite's hip, the other blocking any exit of the penis from its slit. Nivalem tensed, but relented. After all, it was too late to turn back. He could no longer move or communicate, and the little rump above him was already at work, crafting the mysterious device.

The latter remained in this position for a good while, then placed one paw on the other hip and the other paw descended towards the hermaphrodite's vagina, sending a shiver down his spine. She remained like this for several minutes.

Once her task was completed, the dragoness stood up, satisfied: "Phew! What a masterpiece! I'm thrilled!"

Nivalem let out a sigh of relief. At last she was going to set him free. Elesan then removed the hood from the young adult's head. Suddenly, the red dragon's sight was obstructed by a tender, moist pink vagina, giving off a powerful, intoxicating, aphrodisiac scent.

"I think I deserve a little reward for my hard work," she decreed, licking her lips in anticipation. "Let's test your tongue. Come on! Get to work! You owe me one, now, after all."

"But... Elesan... Don't you..."

But the female immediately interrupted him, pressing her vagina against the red dragon's snout.

"Tu-tu-tut! Stop playing the proud dragon and let yourself go. Don't forget! For ten days, I'll be your sex guide. Your dominatrix, if you prefer. Also, from now on, you'll need to

practice your tongue. And I'm convinced you'll soon become very good at it."

"I... If you say so..." replied Nivalem shakily, beginning to taste the dragoness's delicious vagina.

The latter began to purr, satisfied. However, the hermaphrodite could still feel Elesan's paw on his penile slit, preventing any erection on his part. He decided to ignore it and concentrate on his licks. The sooner he got her to orgasm, the sooner she'd release him, allowing him to see and possibly test that mystery device she and Seros had been touting so much.

While Nivalem concentrated on the cunnilingus, instinctively forcing himself on the sturdy vines the dragoness had attached to each of his limbs, he was anticipating the moment when she would rid him of his bindings. The hold of the female's paw only increased the pressure inside his penile slit, along with desire and frustration. He felt as he did on his Great Day, when he waited with the greatest impatience for his sexes to hatch and allow him to taste the pleasure of the flesh and the ecstasy that followed.

"OOOOOOH!" suddenly exclaimed Elesan.

Caught up in his thoughts, the young adult had not been able to feel his dominatrix reach orgasm and found his muzzle soiled by a large jet of feminine ejaculation, charged with that pheromone which can drive mad any male, or hermaphrodite, who has not yet been able to enjoy this carnal exchange.

Nivalem's penis throbbed strongly, pressing insistently

against the paw still resting against its slit.

Elesan turned to her rump partner, panting. Her strong, bewitching perfume stuck to the tethered dragon's nostrils. Satisfied, she set about freeing the hermaphrodite from his vegetal fetters.

"Oh yes! It was delicious!" she said in a soft, enticing voice, licking her lips once more.

Bringing her muzzle close, she grasped the last knot between her fangs and released her partner.

"Finally!" exclaimed the latter.

He almost jostled her when he tried to stand up, placing a paw on his crotch... before realizing that something smooth and unexpected was blocking access.

"Huh?"

Nivalem straightened up, trying to understand what he had just palpated. Between his thighs, a metal-looking grid was pressed firmly against his penile slit. This part extended to another grid depriving all access to his vagina and any possibility of clitoral stimulation. These grids were connected by a band that dodged the anus, leaving it free to access, and went around the thighs to meet up with what looked like a block locked forward by a system similar to the locks humans used for their cages and padlocks.

The dragoness was at his side, a broad smile on her muzzle, giving him time to inspect and deduce the purpose of the device.

"What the... Elesan! What the hell is that?" asked the hermaphrodite, worried and dumbfounded.

"My little creation that you agreed to test for ten days, of

course,” she replied simply, humming slightly, sticking out her tongue in what appeared to be a teasingly satisfied expression. “You could have guessed it.”

“And... how does it work? How do I get an erection?”

Elesan held back a giggle. She gently brought her nostrils close to where her submissive's penis should have been standing proudly erect, sniffing the air filled with pheromones. A few drops of pre-ejaculation oozed out as a result of the hermaphrodite's unbearable burning desire.

“You can't,” she explained. “Only I can allow it.”

“What?” exclaimed her partner. “But... so that's your solution? To prevent me from having any kind of sexual intercourse?”

“Think again. You've still got sodomy, fellatio and cunnilingus. You've just done one for me. Do you still feel guilty?”

Seeking to tease him a little more, she stuck out her tongue and tasted the little drops of pre-sperm coming out through the grate. Her gesture had the desired effect, causing Nivalem to flinch, feeling completely lost.

“Wha... No,” he replied, “but... I mean. I didn't think that...”

“Some dragons suffer from what we call ‘the Great Day nostalgia,’” Elesan explained. “They're usually unaware of it. My device allows you to immerse yourself in this situation, and thus determine whether it was indeed this ailment that the person who came to me was suffering from. Some won't like it, others love wearing it for short periods... sometimes, a dragon may even wish to remain permanently locked in this device.”

At this simple notion, Nivalem's penis launched a brutal assault against the grid, causing the hermaphrodite to flinch. Was it excitement at the idea, or rejection?

The young adult hesitated. The feeling of having hir penis pulsing again and begging to come out and hir vagina inaccessible, as during hir Great Day, before hir sexes had hatched, was certainly excessively frustrating, but yet not unpleasant. Hir body was screaming at hir to force the dragoness to release hir, yet hir mind was curious and made hir wonder how he would feel after a long period compelled to feel this ardent need.

That said, he had secretly hoped that this device might enable hir to last a few days without having to knot hir rump, so that he could resume hir brother's research. Now, of course, he imagined he would no longer be able to feel guilty, since he felt in a sense a form of restriction implying that, probably like Frey, he could no longer enjoy carnal pleasures. But with the frustration he now felt he has to expect, it might be even harder to find the motivation to stay away from the clan for several days, seized by the unbearable and now permanent desire to rub hir scales with hir fellows.

"I... I think..." he tried to say, timidly, ready to ask Elesan to remove the device, though still hesitant.

But the female cut hir off immediately.

"If the pressure or frustration gets to be too much, find a male to sodomize you. You'll see, it'll change your vision of sexuality AND you'll learn to enjoy our little games of the rump without feeling guilty."

“What do...”

Hir dominatrix abruptly approached hir, sticking her muzzle to hir.

“And don't forget! You agreed to put up with the device for ten whole days. A commitment is a commitment. And it's necessary to confirm that this device suits you.”

Elesan then placed her tongue on her partner's nostrils, licking hir the entire length of the muzzle, before stretching her wings and taking flight. Nivalem recoiled against the trunk of a tree, surprised by her take-off.

“Come back and see me in a week... or when your tongue misses my vagina,” she blurted out, before flying away.

The Guilt-Relief Device

(Part 3)

The hermaphrodite watched her disappear in the sky for a moment, then leaned back against the tree, staring at the dragoness's device. The accessory looked almost like a belt, perfectly adapted to hir morphology. It was thick and inflexible where it curved, ensuring that its wearer couldn't twist it to free himself by sliding it down hir thighs. In places, it even seemed almost to have fused with hir scales. The dominant dragoness knew what she was doing when she made this object. The device was both secure and comfortable. Wearing it for days or even seasons would surely not be a problem, apart from the immense frustration it would inevitably cause.

“Rah! Damn Elesan!” he snarled.

He placed hir front paws against the band in front of hir thighs and tried to pull on it. Dragons didn't have fully opposable thumbs. Grabbing objects, or surfaces, properly was no easy matter. So hir first attempt was not successful.

The scent of hir dominatrix's vagina was stuck to hir nostrils and he could still taste it on hir tongue. Which didn't help hir penis's repeated vain attempts to expand.

Nivalem gnashed hir teeth and placed a paw on the grid

covering his slit. With his strength and a bit of luck, he'd find a flaw, a way to get rid of it. He pulled with all his might. The device seemed to lift slightly, but the band jammed against his hips, not allowing him to spread the device wide enough to free his sex. At best, the hermaphrodite was able to touch the entrance of the slit or a lip of his vagina with the tip of a claw, but that was as far as it went. And it was obviously too little for him to feel the slightest stimulation.

He grunted and tried to help himself with the tip of his tail, sliding it under the band around his thighs. With a little forcing and lifting, he'd manage to use his long prehensile limb to rub at least one of his sexes and... suddenly, the device slipped from his paw and pinched him. The hermaphrodite bit his lip, trying to stifle a howl of pain as he quickly withdrew his aching tail, a tear in his eye.

"It's no use..." he sighed, realizing the obvious.

Suddenly, a dragon's head appeared loudly from a bush behind Nivalem who let out a yelp of surprise.

"Well, you've finally followed my advice, I see," said the newcomer with the black and grey scales.

It was Seros. The male had come to surprise him, giving him a fright he would have liked to avoid. The dragon had even made sure to arrive upwind so as not to be detected. Such cunning was very much like him.

"S... Seros!" exclaimed the young adult. "Were you spying on us?"

True to himself, the male stared at the little rump in front of him like a delicious prey, then set his gaze on Elesan's

device, purring deeply.

“Heh, I couldn't just send you to my sister and miss the opportunity to test the new Nivalem,” he said simply.

Immediately afterwards, he stood up on his hind legs and pressed himself against the trunk against that the hermaphrodite was leaning against, his fragrant penis already erect and pointing towards the young adult's nostrils.

“What do you say? Ready for a second round?” asked the proud male, a broad smile lighting up his face.

Nivalem was trembling. That musky smell, his ever-present and growing frustration. In this state, no dragon could refuse, and Seros knew it. Yet the hermaphrodite was almost annoyed that Seros hadn't warned him that Elesan's device was so restrictive. Especially as he possessed both sexes, which meant double frustration. And right now, it was his vagina which, hitherto quite calm, had just awakened to the powerful scent of the penis and was howling to death to be able to feel this delicious limb rubbing its already fully lubricated walls.

“It's the least you can do to thank me for my good advice,” Seros insisted, encouraging him with a wink.

“You... You call that good advice?” asked Nivalem, his voice trembling.

The invitation was too tempting, his desire too ardent. He spoke as if he were about to refuse, but his tongue was already out, ready to lick every surface of the limb in front of him.

“You seem to enjoy this device, so yes, I'm sure it is,” the

male replied calmly, purring in anticipation.

“D... Damn you,” the hermaphrodite uttered, without really meaning it.

Hir muzzle was already rubbing Seros's glans as hir tongue wrapped around it. The divine taste of his sex was already mesmerizing hir mind. He could only think of one thing now, to impregnate hir taste buds with the delicious genital pheromones that coated and lubricated the penis.

Further down, Nivalem's vagina was itching like crazy. Normally, at this stage of fellatio, the hermaphrodite would stop and ask hir partner to sink into hir. But this time, it wouldn't be possible. The temptation to stop and let the frustration subside was strong, but so was the desire to continue in the vain hope that the next stage could happen. The male's sex smelled so good and was so delicious.

“MRRRRR! Yes! You see! That was... GRAAR! ... good advice. I can already feel that you're better with your tongue,” Seros affirmed.

“Sh... Shut up!” muttered the young adult, purring at the compliment anyway.

Suddenly, the male grabbed Nivalem by the horns. The latter, surprised, didn't immediately understand his intention. It was a new gesture on his part.

Suddenly, the dominating dragon pulled his partner's head towards him, forcing hir to insert his entire penis into the mouth.

The hermaphrodite had little experience of deep oral sex. Fortunately for hir, hir species possessed the skill of getting rid of all gag reflexes when high concentrations of

pheromones were present in the air. So there was nothing dangerous about this kind of attitude, but the gesture surprised hir. Initially disturbed by it, he eventually adapted when the male set the pace. There was nothing toxic in this behavior, it was simply the gesture of a dominant who knew hir partner, and Nivalem quickly understood and accepted it, almost enjoying seeing himself unable to choose or hesitate. The male in front of hir wanted one thing, it was he who decided.

After long seconds of deep, repeated thrusting, Seros finally let go and allowed Nivalem to catch hir breath. Long strings of drool still connected the dominant dragon's penis to the snout of the young adult beneath him.

"Alright!" pants the male. "Now let's move on to the next step..."

"N... Next step?" repeated the hermaphrodite, also out of breath.

Hir partner abruptly wrapped the tail around the base of hir own and pulled back, forcing Nivalem to lie on hir back.

"Haaaa!" yelled Nivalem, surprised.

He found himself in the position Seros wanted. The device wearer's pelvis was held aloft by the tail grip, allowing the black dragon to place the tip of his sex against the only orifice still available between the thighs.

"S... SEROS! W... WAIT!" exclaimed the hermaphrodite, slightly panicked. "I... I'm not used to anal intercourse."

But this didn't seem to discourage the interested party, who was still grinning.

"Oh? Really?" he asked. "Well, you'll have to get used to it."

You're not going to spend the whole time you're wearing the device using nothing but your tongue."

Nivalem didn't answer. Not only did he suspect that he wouldn't be able to prevent him from trying out this practice with hir, but he didn't want to pass up this new experience, which seemed all the more inevitable, as the male had just pointed out.

Seeing that his partner wasn't protesting, Seros slowly rubbed his slippery glans against the anus of his playmate's rump. Respectfully, he began to penetrate very gently.

For the hermaphrodite, the sensation was very strange. Disconcerting.

"A-AH! S... Seros!"

The male didn't stop and managed to dive in without resistance. Nivalem tensed. He felt it like vaginal penetration. A soft, pleasant and thrilling rubbing... but at the same time, terribly frustrating. Hir mind seemed satisfied for the moment, but hir body knew that this wasn't the desired orifice and that it would not be enough to satisfy hir.

"Ah! Oh! OH! Stop! Seros! Mmmmh..." Nivalem let out, overwhelmed by a flood of conflicted sensations.

But the latter knew this plea meant he had to go on, and so had no intention of listening, digging himself in deeper.

"Listening to you, I'd swear you're enjoying this," the black dragon argued.

The hermaphrodite moaned, not understanding these strange sensations. The pressure between hir legs was so strong, so intense, so deliciously frustrating. He could no

longer think clearly.

Finally, the male thrust as deep as he could. In response, his partner's face took on an expression of intense pleasure as he clutched at the black dragon, even digging his claws into the shoulder of the latter.

"Mmmh... You like anal as much as vaginal. I'm convinced of that now," Seros analyzed.

Nivalem didn't have time to retort as the dragon above him withdrew his penis slightly and began to move in and out of him as if he wanted to breed a female. This sudden movement finally took the hermaphrodite's breath away, and he had to concentrate on the gesture and try to endure the sensations that followed.

"Rrrrrr... You're really tight!" complained the male.

In response, the young adult only managed to moan more and more to the rhythm of his partner's hips.

Minutes passed. Minutes that seemed very long to Nivalem, who saw this exchange as an oppressive satisfaction.

Suddenly, the red dragon felt his partner sink deeper. His instinct was to let him knot his rump, but for some unknown reason - perhaps lack of experience, or the new sensation of pressure exerted by his sealed sexes - his sphincter refused to relax to let the knot pass, and Seros ended up releasing his seed without anchoring himself.

The hot liquid filled the hermaphrodite's insides. His rump shook with every pulse of the satisfied penis of his partner, who was relentlessly flooding him with sperm, as if to indicate to Nivalem that it was time to cum.

But the orgasm refused to manifest itself. The young adult was stuck in a feeling of incomplete satisfaction, in which an indescribable pleasure kept him on the verge of ecstasy, without allowing him to reach it, and a desire as ardent as ever.

Dragons tended to have synchronized orgasms, but obviously their bodies weren't adapted for this kind of mechanism to work on anything other than vaginal intercourse.

Satisfied, the male collapsed on top of his playmate. The excessively frustrated hermaphrodite, however, wished to resume immediately until his sealed sexes could finally offer him the much-desired orgasm. Exhausted, he was unable to move. Or at least, the presence of a powerful male dominating him with all his weight kept him in a position where he couldn't find the strength to free himself, or even to insist on their rump play until he too reached orgasm, although the latter point finally seemed unrealistic to him now.

"Ah, that was delightful... Your purrs were adorable, little rump," Seros complimented him, panting slightly, his muzzle against Nivalem's.

The red dragon suddenly became aware of the regular and harmonious guttural vibrations he was emitting without realizing it. Was his body really enjoying this situation? Was it?

Seized by contradictory emotions, the young adult frowned slightly, refusing to admit this.

"RAH! Get this thing off me! I don't want it anymore! I

want to be able to cum again!" he exclaimed, pressing his claws against his partner's shoulder blades.

As if to emphasize this request, his penis made a futile but insistent thrust against the device while his moist vagina itched furiously. Seros couldn't see it, but seemed to feel it, responding to this demand with a teasing smile.

"At least you don't have that guilty feeling anymore, right?" he remarked, accenting his sentence with a lick on his partner's muzzle.

"MGRRRR! You deserve a tail swipe in the face."

"Nivalem! Nivalem!" suddenly called out a voice.

It was Elesan. The cunning female was descending on them. The tone of her voice indicated that she was worried.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, once she had settled down and noticed Seros's presence.

She hid her amusement behind a wing, and exclaimed:

"I see you two didn't waste any time."

However, regaining her serious expression, she added: "Anyway, I'm glad you've finished. We have an emergency. Nerlen and her kids have been captured. The hunters have been found and don't seem to want to move. We need your help!"

"What?" exclaimed the hermaphrodite, straightening up abruptly, to the surprise of Seros, who hadn't expected his rump partner to wriggle free so fast and easily.

His attention now fully focused on his role as dragon-warrior, Nivalem gritted his teeth and growled. Hunters. It had been a while since he'd had to spill the blood of those damned bipeds.

"Fine, I'll go," he said confidently.

The female nodded and turned, seemingly ready to guide hir.

"However, Elesan..." interrupted the hermaphrodite.

She froze for a moment and turned towards hir. The young adult hesitated, but arched hir back slightly, pointing with one paw at the female's little invention.

"You're going to have to release me from this device," he says. "I don't think it's a good idea after all. Especially if I'm going to fight. This..."

"Tu-tu-tut!" she protested immediately. "It's all been calculated. You can imagine that I wouldn't have allowed myself to impose an unsuitable creation on you when I know so well your role within the clan. I've made sure that none of your movements can be disturbed."

Nivalem looked away and blushed, embarrassed. She was right. Apart from hir genitals, no part of hir body felt the little accessory between hir thighs. It was like a second skin, firmly attached to hir scales. No sooner had he asked the question than he'd suspected the answer. He had just hoped that this excuse would allow hir to reconsider hir commitment to hir new appointed dominatrix.

"What's more," continued the dragoness, "I'll be there to support you in your rescue. The humans seem to be up to no good. It seems that capturing Nerlen and her kids isn't enough for them, so you'd better watch your back."

"Nice try, Nivalem," Seros says, amused.

"All right, show me the way," grumbled the hermaphrodite. But keep a low profile. I'll take care of the bipeds."

“As discreet as an ant,” agreed Elesan.

Both took to the air, the female in front. The dragon-warrior found himself with his dominatrix's moist vagina in full sight. Her intoxicating perfume invaded the sensitive nostrils of the restrained young adult. Clearly, the scene she had just witnessed on landing had not left her indifferent. And now, the little rump behind her was also particularly stimulated by what he could only stare at with a pinch on the lips.

Faced with the silent cries of distress from his sealed sexes, he could only repeat in his mind: “*Don't think about it, don't think about it, don't think about it...*”