

Telitaya & Xyandier

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The two dragons, a male and a female, were perched on a cliff overlooking the ocean. The sun was setting, and the sky was ablaze with color. Telitaya, a large, green dragon with pale golden scales lining her underbelly, nuzzled her mate Xyandier, a smaller, blue dragon with light peach fur lining his underbelly. The female dragon purred and leaned into the male dragon. They closed their eyes and kissed, their lips meeting in a gentle, loving embrace. The kiss was full of passion and desire, but also of love and commitment. The two dragons were deeply in love, and their kiss was a reflection of that love.

When they pulled away, Telitaya was smiling a secret smile. Xyandier canted his head to the side, trying to parse the meaning behind her smirk. "What is it, my love?"

"Oh, it's nothing," Telitaya said, as she took her husband's left hand in her right, and began walking back to the large stone building nestled between sharply peaked outcroppings of rocks. Their nest. "You were talking in your sleep last night, love. I think you were dreaming."

"Mm, yes, a dream about some vagabonds, attempting to steal my horde." He said. He closed his eyes and inhaled the pleasant night air, then stepped forward to open the door for his lovely mate to step through. He chuckled. "I hope I didn't wake you, my love."

Telitaya grinned. "Oh, you did. And now I'm going to punish you for it. I'm going to steal your doubloons." The inside of the building was fairly simple, and while there were stairs that led upstairs to other, smaller rooms, the entire downstairs was a single room dominated by a large, round bed in the middle of the room. Telitaya gently nudged her mate, Xyandier, to lay on his back on the large, soft bed that they shared. In fairness, he had not woken her up at all. She had come up with the idea that morning, while she was juicing oranges in her kitchen. The idea had stuck with her, and she had thought, and fantasized about it all day.

"I'm going to use this," She said as she reclined on the bed next to him. The green dragoness unsheathed her special knife from the belt strapped to her thigh. The honed edge gleamed dangerously in the setting rays of the sun.. She showed it to her mate. The blade was so sharp, so dangerous looking, that it made his heart beating faster as his shaft began to thicken and tighten at his groin. The handsome shaft, smooth and gently tapering towards the tip, gleamed with the dragon's soft musk. "I sharpened it just for you, my love. You trust me, of course?"

"Yes, my love. I trust you completely. You're the only one I would allow with such a dangerous blade near my precious organs, " Xyandier said, smiling up at Telitaya. Telitaya just chuckled, gripping her mate's large, dangling scrotum in her other hand. She pulled down, firmly, letting her pointer finger act as a bar to force the balls to stretch down low in their sack.

"You mean I'm the only one who you'd let cut your precious organs off, right? The only one you'd let steal your 'horde'?" She teased. Xyandier just grinned, craning his neck to look past her his erection, at her hand around his handsomely heavy testes. "I'm going to have such fun, with you, and it's going to be so, so painful. Are you ready, my love?"

"I'm ready," he said, his breath baited as he watched that knife shimmer in her hands. She brought it down to his shaft, and playfully scraped the backside of the blade along the underside of his cock. He closed his eyes, imagining it was the sharp edge, sinking into his hard flesh. He felt himself throb, felt fluid drooling down the other side of his cock. He opened his eyes and leaned up, pressing his snout just barely against hers. "Do it, my love. Cut me open."

She did, the blade sliding slowly down. He squirmed as Telitaya drew out the tension, shifting it so that the very tip of the blade pressed into the root of his scrotum, above where she held it. He blushed, as she grinned down at him, seeming to be 'thinking' about something.

"Sweetie, that's not where you're supposed to slice," he reminded her, huffing softly as she teased the blade against the neck of his scrotum.

"True, but I was just thinking... I could use a nice new pendant necklace. Every dragoness has diamonds... how many have their husbands maleness as a bit of jewelry?"

He blushed, deeply, and she giggled as he squirmed beneath her. "Oh, my, you like that, don't you?" He blushed more, and she laughed. "What was that, my love? Oh, I think I found out what we are doing *next* weekend."

Xyandier mumbled something, but whatever he was trying to assert was lost in a hiss as her blade shifted downwards, slicing into the bottom of his stretched, taut nut-sack. She drew the tip of it carefully, from right to left, unzipping his purse and spilling his *coins* out into the open. His balls immediately slid out, through the long, narrow slit she had made. The bulging, dense pink orbs looked positively, scrumptiously vulnerable, hanging from their cords just under the 'hem' of his opened scrotum.

Telitaya put the blade aside, and then clutched up Xyandier's eggs in her scaled paws. "Ooooh, they're so warm!" She gave them a squeeze, the one might squeeze an avocado to test to see if it's ripe. Xyandier winced adorably. "Oh, and so vulnerable? Are you getting squirmish and tender in your old age, my love?" She gave another playful squeeze around both of her new favorite play things. "I swear, I *barely* squeezed!"

"Love," He gasped, settling himself back down, as she playfully tugged down on one handful. "Love-" and then she tugged on the other one, and he grimaced. "Oh, my love, please! They are my balls, not playthings! You must be caring and gentle, especially if you want to brood!" He was always such a spoil sport, that way.

"Oh, please." she said, with a dramatic roll of her eyes. "You tell me to act gentle, but look at your royal scepter. I can tell when you're about to squirt, and you're ready to pop.. You love it. It does make me wonder, though. Would you squirt, if I were to tug these plump tomatoes of yours right off of the vine?" She asked.

He didn't respond, but his cock did, wagging excitedly at the playful threat.

"Well, I think that answers that. Find. I will let you go, and let you cum, at the count of zero. We'll count down, together, from, well, let's count down from five," Telitaya said. She waited until Xyandier nodded, taking a breath and fidgeting his fingers together at his chest, then crooned a five into the air. She paused expectantly, and Xyandier stuttered out the next number.

"F-four," He said, and as he did, she squeezed down. First, she cupped her hands around the bulk of his balls, fingers spreading just enough to ensure they didn't squirm away. As he started to protest, before he really knew what was happening, she drove the meat of her thumbs straight down into the bulk of his prized testicles. He squeaked delightfully, and she ignored his flailing, her firm thumbs boring deeply into the middle of those rubbery, tender organs.

"Three!" She said, and stroked her thumbs in slow circles, feeling the tender innards of the plump nuggets squirm and slide softly under the grinding pressure of her digits. She giggled as her mate screeched in surprise and shock and pain, his cock jutting up as thick and hard as an iron bar.

"TWO!" She continued, and stroked her thumbs up and down along the shallow groove she had squeezed down into his nuts. She felt a deep sense of satisfaction and love as she watched her love squirming underneath her. She loved that he trusted her to abuse him so intimately.

"Onnnnnne!" She squealed excitedly, as Xyandier arched his back, the gasps and hisses turning into a low, slow moan. Telitaya leaned forward, giving his cock a single, quick lip, with just the tip of her tongue, so fast that he didn't even have time to open his eyes. She loved how he tasted. A moment later, he was cumming.

"ZERO!" She shouted, pulling down firmly on his cords, pulling firmer than she probably should have, but that was the fun. Oh, he was definitely cumming, and she wanted him to cum as hard as he possibly could. His dick spurted pure love up into the air, the blue dragon's forepaws pulled up cutely against his chest, head twisted to the side with a rapturous expression of pain and excitement fluttering back and forth across his features.

The heavy squirts were to be expected, he ALWAYS came like that when he let her have her fun with him. Telitaya enjoyed the spectacle of it all, though. It was always over far too quickly.

She made sure to release the pressure, and the tension, before his orgasm was over. He would be sore the rest of the night, surely, and so sensitive now. Telitaya watched his battered balls retract somewhat, nudging up into the empty scrotum, seeking its safety and protection.

"Now kiss," she said, letting her body rest down along his own, pressing and pinning him against the mattress. He seemed unresponsive, and she licked soft and short little licks along his lips, nudging and nosing. "Kiss me. Come on. I know you're not dead."

He opened one eye, unfocused and exhausted looking, then slowly smiled. He leaned up, and they shared a kiss with each other, again. Slower, languid, like soft silk being pulled across a bed, the two dragons tasted and enjoyed each other's presence. They'd had countless kisses before, and they would have countless more in the future, but for now, together, this was their moment, and they savored it together.

Finally, they pulled away, both of them breathless. They looked into each other's eyes and smiled. They knew that they were meant to be together, and that their love would last forever.