

Teasing Becky in Bed

By Dragonien

"You have such beautiful eyes."

The words brought a very unladylike snort from Becky, the vixen reaching out to shove the shoulder of the now-grinning red dragon laying across from her in the bed.

"Oh my god. You start tryin to turn this into some kind of movie romance I'm gonna shove you off of the bed."

Her response only made the dragon grin that much wider. He raised a hand and placed his fingers delicately against the smooth musculature of his bare chest. His head tipped upwards and his eyes slid closed in the most dramatic fashion he could manage while lying on his side.

"But my dear. I speaketh thine truth. Thy eyes gleam like the glistening of gold. It speaks to my draconic soul and makes me hunger for the beauty held within those depths. Thy gaze is like a treasure in of itself, one that my covetous nature beckons me to hoard away for naught by my own pleasure."

By the end of his little tirade it was all Becky could do to keep from busting out laughing. She dared not encourage him as such, despite the clear success of his comedic nonsense at her expense. Instead, she opted for a different way to silence him. She reached an arm out to hook it around his head, cradling the back of his neck in the crook of her arm and abruptly jerking it forwards. She had a good deal more muscle than even the impressively athletic dragon did so, even despite the dragon's superior height, it was little trouble for her to pull him towards her. Pull him headfirst straight into her cleavage.

He squirmed for several seconds out of sheer surprise before he processed his situation and instead fell still to enjoy it. Despite his joking and playful games and for all his posturing he was not one to pass up physical affection. before long she had a pair of lean yet powerfully built arms wrapping their way around her middle as the dragon scooted himself a bit closer to her; closing the distance the two still had between them on the large bed. His muzzle shifted and squirmed slightly, nosing itself just a bit deeper into the cleavage between the vixen's impressive rack. The movement caused her bra to push downwards slightly, nearly exposing her sensitive nipples to the cool evening air. She couldn't help but smile down at the dragon, amused by how easy it was to tame his playful and devious demeanor when one knew how.

Several minutes passed in near total silence between the two. The dragon seemed perfectly content to simply hold himself against her, making no move to escape nor escalate their intimacy any further. All the while Becky was perfectly happy to just lay there and enjoy the attention herself. Slowly her fingers combed through the thick black fur atop Dragonien's head, occasionally brushing around the base of his horns and sending tiny shivers down the dragon's spine. The tiny bit of flesh around where the horns protruded from his skull, Becky had discovered previously, was particularly sensitive to the touch and always a favorite place of his to feel tender touches in moments like this. Finally, what seemed like nearly 20 minutes later of nothing but the two holding against one another, Dragonien finally spoke again.

"The blue really looks pretty on you."

He had obviously been talking about the sky blue bra and matching panties that was currently all Becky was wearing, though he latter were still hidden beneath the blankets pooled around her middle. The unexpected compliment, mixed with the muffling of Dragonien's voice caused by his face full of her chest culminated in a rapid heating of Becky's cheeks as she felt herself blush profusely. No fair of the damn dragon to catch her off guard with sincere, praising compliments like that. Finally her arm relaxed its grip on the back of his head and she gently nudged him away. She didn't reject or push him back but rather simply gave him room to lean himself backwards enough that she could look down to meet his eyes again. His mouth started to open but before he could speak, one of her hands reached up to firmly wrap her fingers around his jaws and push them closed; preventing him from speaking.

"Shh. Don't ruin it with whatever smartass flirty line you were about to use." When he started to speak again the moment she relaxed her hold on his mouth, she grabbed it again and added quickly "And if it was some lewd suggestion then don't say anything."

For a moment, she was silent again. She was quietly thankful for both her thick fur coat and its bright coloration lest he might be able to see just how much she was blushing at the moment. Once she'd taken a second to work up her courage and ensure any of her nervousness or embarrassment was hidden firmly behind a mask of casual confidence, she started to roll herself over; but not before adding to her last statement.

"-Because actions are worth more than words."

Once she was rolled over, facing her back to him, she began squirming and scooting herself backwards. Her elbows shamelessly bumped and shoved his own arms out of the way while the back of her head bumped up under his chin to gently but insistently knock it upwards to make room. As she nestled herself in against him she made it perfectly clear that she would take no argument to her new positioning of herself. She once she was assured of her position she even reached down to grab at his arm beneath her and adjust it so he could curl it inwards and wrap it around her neck and collarbone. The other hand she had to take a split second to calm herself and work up her resolve first. Then, just as confidently as she had acted with the first, she tugged at his other arm to push it in place. Rather than wrapped around his middle as he had most likely expected, though, she had guided his hand down right onto the plump curvature of her muscular thigh.

She spoke no more words, only broadcasting her desires with her body as she nestled nice and tight up against the dragon. Her head pressed up under his chin and against his throat. It bumped lightly against his chin as if silently encouraging it to lower and rest affectionately atop her head. After that was settled, her back shifted around a bit, pressing in nice and snug against the radiant warmth of his pectorals. She had to admit she rather enjoyed feeling those firm, noticeably defined muscles pressing into her own broad back, taking a second to glance down out of the corner of her vision to admire the lean and well-defined muscle along his forearm and bicep. A girl can enjoy herself some eye candy too, don't judge. Her shapely legs intertwined with his own longer ones, squeezing one of his together briefly between hers as if silently broadcasting 'ownership' of it. Only then, once she had her arms and legs braced as comfortably as possible did she squirm back and forth just a bit more, grinding the small of her back and her ass shamelessly into his lap, both to get it situated comfortably just how she wanted it... and to rile the dragon up as she asserted her place as his little spoon.

Only when she seemed good and settled did the dragon finally react beyond following the guidance of both her hands and body. His muzzle brushed its chin tenderly across the top of her head, letting his lips stray to the side just enough that he could plant a soft kiss to one of the sensitive triangles of flesh that were her ears. That, plus the feel of his broad hand gently stroking along the sheet-covered muscle of her thigh where she had left his hand sent a small shiver down her spine. Before she could stop herself, she was letting out a small sign of contentment. They could have gone hog wild with each other at any moment. God only knew both of them

were riled up enough after a day of teasing each other that they could've easily nudged each other into any number of lurid acts that would have kept them up most of the night. Yet they didn't. Not for any particular reason; they just didn't feel like it.

Maybe it was the long day, or maybe it was just the comfort they felt being pressed together like this. Something fundamental, primal about their hold with each other that softened the beast in both of them into a purring kitten only looking for the hand to pet them. For what seemed like an eternity the two simply lay there, bodies pressed flush against one another underneath the blankets of the bed. The sounds of cars driving by on the street outside the only break in the otherwise silent night for them both. All save for the gentle, rhythmic breathing of the two mingled with the occasional huff, rumble, or sigh of contentment at their positioning. They could have drifted off like that at any moment, ready to let sleep claim them and usher in a new day.

That is until Dragonien's hand had wandered. Brushing from around her shoulder it had slid its way down without her even noticing until the broad appendage was fully cupping one of her ample breasts. Even his impressive hand struggled to contain the full tonnage of one of her massive boobs, something she took a reflexive pride in when she looked down to notice the sight. She might have been a bit indignant about the interruption to their otherwise peaceful snuggling, if it wasn't for the fact that almost the same time she had noticed that, Dragonien noticed her own free hand had gently wormed its way between their hips and had wedged itself between her ass and his groin: shamelessly copping a handful of his own, by now, raging erection.

Their expressions matched even if their position didn't let them look each other in the face. His amused chuckle meeting with a quiet "hee..." of her own as both of their offending hands not only refused to remove themselves, but shamelessly began squeezing and kneading their respective prizes.

So much for quietly drifting off to sleep... it was going to be a long night for both of them.