

Summer at the Lakehouse

By Zennith, 2021

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For some shared fun with Ian, Kistaro, Serathin, and Svaros. You all rock <3

This story has adult content. Don't read it if you're under age or if you don't want to read adult content.

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Surrounded by tall pines and flanked by a few dense bushes, a car, silvery gray, turns left from a 2-lane state highway into the long, graveled driveway. Behind the wheel, a tall silhouette of a dragon-like creature is energetically gesturing with a silhouette on the passenger's side of the car. A skunk, presumably, based on the equally large silhouette of a puffy tail wagging behind the creature.

After almost a minute of driving on gravel, the car pulls up to a house at the end of the driveway, its gearbox is clicked into 'park', and its engine is shut off. Out of the driver's side door steps a tall, black and purple creature with draconic wings and horns, a long tail, a canine snout and ears, and covered from snout to tailtip with fur. The draconic saberwolf turns to the exiting passenger, the skunk, both creatures in the middle of laughing at whatever their exchange was. "Ian, I still can't believe you did all that engineering for a sex toy using a freaking gemstone. It's great!"

The skunk finishes by saying "Yeah Serathin, that is indeed the story of how I made a sapphire dildo with my CNC machine. Would you like one?!"

"Hahaha, well...I'll consider it, I'll consider it", Serathin responds. "Anyway, can you help me grab some of these things and take them inside please?"

"Of course!"

Both male anthros walk to the rear of the car, and Serathin presses a button to pop open the trunk. With the trunk lid raised, the saberwolf grabs a box that just barely fit under one arm, plus a small bag in the other paw, while the skunk grabs a couple larger, well-stuffed bags in each paw. A swift tail motion clacks the trunk closed, and both creatures walk up to the house without bothering to lock the car.

The skunk grabs the front door handle awkwardly without setting any of his groceries down - it's a matter of principle! - and leads the both of them into the house. The saberwolf's longer, dexterous tail curls around the door to swing it closed.

Visible from the front entryway, through the large windows and open sliding-glass doors of the house, stretches a beautiful, wide open lake. Further off in the distance, well beyond the trees on the far side of the lake, rises a low, hazy, blue-green range of rounded mountains. Further behind those, peeking through gaps of those nearest mountains, are dozens of more faded, blue-tinted mountains.

Calm water laps quietly at a small dock pier behind the house, with the closest portion of the pier landing on a small, but nice, sandy beach flanked by more pine trees and bushes. The beach and pier are separated from the house only by a pool and hot tub, with a few lounge chairs arranged on one side. A warm breeze moves through the house, only strong enough to disturb some leaves on a potted plant.

It's a pretty sunny day, though not so sunny that you would have to squint without sunglasses. A few clouds here and there help make for some of the best weather you could ask for.

What a wonderful time to get back together. The crew had just arrived at the lake house this morning, and they're going to be here a week. A whole week! Some strings had to be pulled, and some favors called in, but the group of friends had earned it for sure, and they were looking forwards to the time together.

"We're back!" announces the skunk, though chances are, their other friends had already heard the car noise and the front door open and close. "It took a while to find that adult and smoke shop, but we picked out some things from there, and grabbed a few other supplies while we were out!"

The skunk and saberwolf listen, and hear a shower shut off through one of the bedrooms to their left. There's some giggling, then a *pop!* of a towel being whipped, and a female voice barks back: "Ow! Watch it buster or I'll tie you *both* back up!"

The saberwolf more loudly says "HEY you goons, we're BACK! Get out here! Help us get things set up before we go jump in the pool."

"Coming!" says the female voice.

"That's what she said!" say two other voices from the same room.

The saberwolf and skunk look at each other, and cover their faces with their paws. "I can't believe that's still a thing...", mutters the skunk. The saberwolf grumbles back "...don't...encourage...them. Ughhhh!"

A pair of subdued yelps and "Yes ma'am"s come from the bedroom, and things seem to get back to normal. About a minute later, a female shark steps out of the bedroom, wearing a two-piece bikini. The bikini's vibrant pink material reflects light coming in through the open windows, and plays nicely with the shark's smooth, scaly skin. The bikini is neat and mostly unadorned, no frills, and barely covering enough skin to be considered a swimsuit at all. It's a nice look for her, admittedly.

Following behind her is a light blue dragon with a yellow belly, with a long tail and no wings. The male, light-blue dragon is wearing an orange speedo that nicely accentuates his *features*, and gathers his male bits in such a way they probably look more prominent than if he was wearing nothing at all. He's grinning stupidly and obviously *not sorry at all* about whatever had just happened.

Just after the blue dragon, another colorful dragon, this one with wings, steps out. Bright colors of red, yellow, and purple come and go, covering everything from the dragon's snout downwards, ending finally at the creature's tail tip. The only portion of the dragon's hide which isn't visible is hidden behind an equally tight and revealing speedo, colored bright green, though the crotch is much more smooth than the blue dragon's. Some hints of the coloration make it onto the anthro dragon's wings, but not as much. Still, the degree of coloration on this one's hide is telling, suggesting excitement (as if the grin plastered across on the dragon's muzzle isn't enough of a hint). The colorful dragon turns to the blue one and the pair shares a high-five (or high-four, if you're actually counting digits).

The shark completely ignores them, while the saberwolf and skunk share a smirk with each other. The saberwolf starts speaking again first. "Alright you love-birds. Anyway, like the skunk was saying, we

found the smokeshop that Naomi mentioned”, gesturing with a brief wave at the shark, “and we found some things that should be really nice and smooth, ‘perfectly smooth’ according to the shopkeeper, and apparently really fun too. I couldn’t get any real specifics out of her, she kept dodging questions and even gave me a wink when I asked if they were legal, but she said we’d have fun. At that point I couldn’t turn this down!” The saberwolf chuckles and shrugs. “I also picked up a nice hookah while we were there. I know someone already brought one, but this one’s apparently really good. Less expensive than you’d think, too! It’s in that large box we brought in.”

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The shark-girl replies “Awesome, thanks Serathin! You and the skunk did well, I can’t wait to try out what you found. Zennith and Kistaro, could you two be dears and put the hookah together for us? Let’s let the skunk and saberwolf get settled in.”

“Thanks Naomi! We’ll just be a minute”, says the skunk. Both he and Serathin quietly slip off to the right, entering the other bedroom to freshen up and change.

The light blue dragon, Zennith, retrieves the large box from the countertop, and walks a few steps over to the middle of the living room. The living room has soft, cream-colored carpet. Just a few feet away from wide-open sliding glass windows, Zennith sets the box down with a gentle ‘clank’ of objects inside, and starts to unwrap it and take out the contents. Meanwhile, Kistaro, the colorful dragon, scavenges many of the plentiful throw-pillows from the couch and loveseat, arranging the pillows in a fairly tight, cozy circle.

After the hookah’s parts are taken out of the box, both Zennith and Kistaro start to assemble the device, connecting various chambers and hoses. While the two dragons are working, Naomi takes the box away and breaks it down, setting it aside in the kitchen. Within a couple minutes, the job’s complete, and a nice, cozy circle of pillows surrounds the group’s shiny new hookah.

Zennith looks up from his and Kistaro’s handiwork to see the saberwolf and skunk re-emerge from the bedroom. Serathin walks through the doorway first, wearing a light blue speedo, and is closely followed by the skunk wearing a more sporty, bright red one that could more believably be used by a pro swimmer. That said, both speedos hardly obscure the obvious male details underneath.

Zennith acknowledges the pair: “Ah! Good timing...and good choices in swimwear too, those look *nice* on you!”, and stands up from his shared work with Kistaro. The blue dragon lends a paw to the colorful one, helping them stand up as well.

Kistaro observes the skunk and saberwolf, and back at the shark and other dragon, and smirks. “Am I the only one around here that doesn’t put everything on display all at once? Don’t get me wrong, I’m enjoying the view, but goodness!”

“Hah...okay, humble one, not all of us are so well equipped while having everything hidden away while not in use!”, the blue dragon says, jabbing Kistaro’s side with an elbow. Kistaro looks back at Zennith, narrowing his eyes for a sec, then shrugs. “Touché!”

Naomi rolls her eyes. Walking over to the kitchen’s countertop, she picks up the small bag from the smoke shop. Inside, she finds a few packages of mu’assel, and lays them across the countertop to look.

An attachment falls out of the bag, looking like a hose adapter, and she tosses it over to the hookah just in case it's important. Serathin joins her at the counter, tail swaying behind, to look in more detail.

"Well, there's some interesting things here... we've got Smooth 'n Sensual Shisha...Vinylla Experience... Dream N' Drift... Huff Puff... Tingly Temptress. All of these sound amazing!" exclaims Naomi. "My friend was definitely right to recommend this place. They had tried one of their mu'assels before and said it was really good. Serathin and Ian, you both have really spoiled us here! What should we try first?"

"Yeah, no kidding Naomi! The shop was really interesting to walk through, the skunk and I had a really fun time picking through their offerings. These were especially recommended by the shopkeeper though, and said that any of them should be a lot of fun," explains Serathin.

The skunk chimes in: "I'm kinda wanting to try the Tingly Temptress personally. The shop keeper said that one made for a *fun* time. She artfully dodged every single question I asked about it, but she eh...well, whispered in my ear that it was best enjoyed with at least one partner, and to make sure I was wearing something comfortable and non-constrictive, preferably as little as possible."

Zennith sneaks up beside the skunk, and hooks his arm around the skunk's other side to rub a paw across the front of the skunk's red speedo. "At least one partner, hm? That does sound fun." The skunk murr's quietly at the touch, and wraps his arm around the blue dragon's torso to rub at his rump. Purring softly back at the skunk, the dragon continues: "What is the Vinylla Experience? I do like vanilla, but what's with the pun? Is this supposed to remind you of 70s music, or are we talking about organic chemistry here?"

Serathin explains: "This was a bit hard to tease out as well, but it sounds like it's mostly about the combined experiences of the flavor and texture. It's sweet, and does indeed have hints of vanilla, but has a bit of...slightly, very faint rubbery scent too? It's supposedly really well balanced and not acrid...that was something the shopkeeper answered quite clearly, it doesn't have an offensive chemical scent, it just works and you have to try it. Mix that with a smooth texture and it's apparently really pleasant."

Serathin continues: "I personally want to try the Sensual Shisha. It supposedly makes you a bit less inhibited..." the saberwolf looks around with a smirk "not that we need any help in that department, but it sounded fun."

Kistaro wedges zirsself between Naomi and Serathin to get a peek. "What about the last two, Dream N' Drift, and Huff Puff?" The skunk responds, "Dream N' Drift seems to be a bit more of a relaxation aid. Like, all of these shishas should be relaxing, but that one especially, the shopkeeper said that you won't have a care in the world after using it, to the point where you are so relaxed you'd almost have to be dreaming. Though you're still awake of course. It's just you're *that* relaxed. It sounded like the perfect way to start a vacation!"

The skunk continues describing: "And... Huff Puff. That sounded intriguing. It's got some other additives in it that also... well, help you focus on relaxing, but it does it in a different way. It makes you feel a little lightheaded, but not in a nauseous way. That was another thing the shopkeeper was emphatic about: it's a fun type of sensation; you'll feel like you hardly weigh anything at all. It apparently makes you more energetic and eager. And, eh, it suppresses a bit of critical thinking ability too. Honestly, sign me up, that part of me seriously needs a break!"

A couple of knowing nods around the countertop follow that statement.

Naomi speaks up again after everyone had heard the descriptions. "Well...do we maybe want to try one of these first before getting in the pool? I don't think there's a rush!"

The two dragons, saberwolf, skunk, and shark herself look around at each other, with a couple of the anthros in the crew blushing with excitement, and smiles spread all around.

Naomi continues. "It's decided then. And... screw it, let's just try a little bit of all of the mu'assels at once. We can pick a favorite later."

The skunk remembers something the shopkeeper said, about being careful about dosages, and not using the hookah for too long... nothing about mixing the mu'assels though. "Yeah, that sounds good! The shopkeeper only said to not go overboard."

"Woo!" "Yiss!" exclaim the dragons.

The saberwolf picks up from there with a chuckle: "Alright, I'll load the hookah and we'll get started. The rest of you can get comfortable."

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Naomi, Zennith, Kistaro, and Ian each sit on pillows separated from each other by only a foot or two, centered clockwise around the hookah. A few moments later, Serathin walks over with the hookah's bowl containing the mixed shisha and some coals, checks that the water base is filled with the right amount of liquid, and makes sure everything else is in order. Satisfied, the saberwolf sits down with his friends, and offers the hookah's hose and mouthpiece to a first volunteer.

After a few moments of everyone being too courteous to go first, Naomi reaches out to grab the hose. She brings the tip up to her lips and breathes in for a few seconds. She holds the laden breath in her chest for a moment, and slooowly breathes out, letting her eyes close. She lowers the hose from her lips, and opens her eyes again. "...Wow..."

"It's good?" asks Zennith.

"...Yeah. Uh, here."

Zennith takes the hose from Naomi, and lines up the mouthpiece to his muzzle. The dragon breathes in, letting his chest fill. He immediately tastes the vanilla and...vinyl, that was it, flavoring. The breath is smooooth and pleasant beyond belief. As he finishes inhaling, he savors the vinylla mix, letting it coat his tongue and fill his nostrils. He blinks heavily, realizing he's still holding his breath, and starts to gently exhale through his nostrils, finally emptying his lungs a few seconds later and getting a breath of normal air again. "...fuck, that *is* nice."

The hose is passed to Kistaro next, followed by the skunk, and finally Serathin again, each of the friends savoring the first breath.

Serathin ceremoniously passes the hose back to Naomi, and she takes it, smiling. She looks around at her friends and feels her heart flutter, sharing this special moment with them, and desiring even more closeness. She closes her lips around the mouthpiece and inhales deeply, a little more confidently than the first one. The vanilla and vinyl aroma dance through her mind, and linger in her consciousness. Opening her eyes again (they were closed?), she exhales a bit regretfully.

“Hehe, easy there Naomi,” Kistaro advises.

Zennith takes the hose next and breathes in as well. His chest expands as far as it can, as the dragon’s eyes close. He stays like that several seconds until Naomi rests her paw on Zennith’s leg, rubbing some. The dragon opens his eyes and breathes out as slowly as he can. The dragon, feeling relaxed already, quietly mouths an embarrassed “sorry” for hogging the hose.

Kistaro responds “it’s okay...” in a similarly relaxed tone. The dragon takes the hose out of Zennith’s paw, and lines it up with zir own lips. Zie breathes in deeply, tasting the wonderful mix across zir palette. Zie stays there for a moment, and feels...ever so slightly warmer. Not from a blush, and not from the sun, but the slightest hint of warmth rises in zir chest. Zie exhales slowly, and passes the hose to the skunk next.

Ian takes another inhale, and focuses on the flavors and aromas, and pleasantness of the smoke. The room and sun outside disappear for a moment, with the skunk’s chest containing the wondrous substance. Opening his eyes, he exhales, and smiles at the rest of the group before passing it to Serathin.

The saberwolf, still getting the first hints of effects from the first inhale, deeply draws in his second hit. Thinking to himself ‘*Oh...man...*’ he keeps breathing in until his chest won’t hold any more, stays still for a few moments, and lets the breath out as slowly as it was drawn in. He passes the hose to his left, back to Naomi again. “Remember, go easy, girl...”

The shark takes the hose once again and breathes in deep. Her eyes closed, chest full, she rubs her free, left paw, still on Zennith’s leg, a bit higher up. Zennith purrs quietly and leans against her, wrapping an arm around. Zennith’s paw reaches around her side to her chest, closing around her right breast gently. Naomi exhales only after Zennith whispers in her ear “breathe, girl...”, the shark moaning quietly from the touch. Not taking the mouthpiece away from her lips, though, she breathes the smoke in another time, just as deeply, and gradually breathes out after the blue dragon tugs the hose away from her. “Easy...” the dragon cautions again, and the shark nods...without really thinking about that word’s meaning. “Ea...sy...yeah...” The shark sighs contentedly, and purrs from the continued cupping of her breast.

Zennith feels hints of warmth across his whole body, the feeling of a flutter in his chest, forgetting about everything outside this room. Lining up the hose’s mouthpiece for his third breath, he first exhales slightly to make a little more room, then inhales even deeper than before. The smokey haze fills his palette and throat with smooth, vinyl and vanilla aromas, with warmth building in his chest and spreading outwards a little more noticeably. He then feels the slightest wave of something else wash over him. What...was that?

Losing his train of thought, he looks down to watch Naomi's paw rubbing on his right leg, and Kistaro rubbing his left. The dragon, in a haze, purrs, and notices a well-developed erection straining at his orange speedo, a wet spot hinting at the first leaks of precum. "Ffffuck..."

The dragon finally remembers to exhale, passing the nozzle to Kistaro, then turning to the right to meet Naomi's muzzle in a deep kiss. Puffs of smoke still trail out of the dragon's nostrils.

The colorful dragon, observing the pair with a purr, and mindlessly rubbing Zennith's leg with zir right paw while rubbing her own groin with zir left, realizes it's zir turn. Kistaro's paws occupied, the skunk notices and reaches in to help. He grabs the hose and lines it up with Kistaro's lips, and zie gratefully closes zir lips around the offering and takes a drag. A gentle feeling of drifting and floating sets them at ease. A calming warmth spreads outwards, then zie notices the gentle breeze from outside wafting over zir scales, making the dragon shudder during the exhale. The dragon's paws continue their rubbing, almost of their own volition. The male portions of zir anatomy, escaping zir slit, encounter some resistance from the speedo. But after a few rubs, the thickening male shaft is tucked up and within the elastic swimsuit comfortably, and wrinkles in the fabric are worked out.

The skunk smiles as Kistaro releases the hookah's mouthpiece, and brings it to his own mouth for his turn. Before he draws in, he feels a paw lightly press against his groin, and gently squeeze. The skunk's field of vision shifts downwards to observe the paw, and sees purple and black from a certain saberwolf. He meets Serathin's eyes and smiles, then breathes in, and closes his eyes to indulge. Squeeze...rub...squeeze...gentle tracing around and cradling of his package...squeeze. A shiver and waves of warmth shoot downwards, lingering around his groin, and keep going all the way up his oversized tail. He breathes out, opening his eyes to see Serathin's paw still at work.

The hose finds its way to the saberwolf. Using his one free paw to line up the mouthpiece, he takes a long drag. His tailtip twitches, and he feels...warmth, warmth was already prominent from the previous breaths, but this was *warmer* and *deeper*. He wants to moan, but needs to finish this breath first. Lungs filling with the pleasant substance, he shudders, still savoring the vinyl-vanilla mix. A wave of warmth concentrates at his groin and spreads outwards. A twinge of pleasure is felt deep in his groin, at the very root of his male equipment, and the thickening shaft pulses, straining at the light blue speedo containing it. Moments pass. The saberwolf relaxes his chest, only realizing afterwards he had exhaled sooner than he meant to, and moans as another warm wave passes through his body, twirling, focusing, collecting, and caressing in sensitive areas.

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Naomi notices the hookah's hose return to her. She gently pushes against Zennith away from her with a paw, so she can get another dose of the smoke. She lays her head in Serathin's lap, sprawling out, with her right paw rubbing all over from her belly, to her breasts, down and between her legs, purring low. Her left paw guiding the hose to her mouth, she breathes in. Warmth, then tingles, follow wherever her rubbing paw goes. She exhales after a few moments. She notices the two dragons had their muzzles locked, rubbing each other...she grins, heh, those darn dragons... and she glances as well at the skunk and saberwolf, the skunk having leaned closer, saberwolf nibbling at his ear.

Holding the hose with her teeth, the shark rubs down her belly with both paws now, pressing more firmly at a spot between her legs, moaning. One paw travels back upwards, to caress one breast, then the other, then the first again. She breathes in through the hose again, heat now quite noticeable, a

flush of sensation spreading from her chest, across her erogenous areas, and settling in the very tips of her fingers and toes. She remembers the hose is right there, no need to try holding the smoke in...she exhales, and takes yet another fresh hit. Her rubbing intensifies, with the paw rubbing her lower regions noticing a wet spot, unsurprisingly. She arches her back, tail writhing, signaling her pleasure. She feels the hose get taken out of her mouth, but that is replaced by a muzzle, passionately kissing her. She opens her eyes to meet Serathin's, and reciprocates the passion with the dexterous artwork of her tongue.

The blue dragon, Zennith, smiles at Naomi starting to get lost in pleasure, not that he felt far behind. He takes the hose in his mouth, but before breathing in, he crouches over the shark's lower regions, and leans in to nuzzle firmly. His nostrils are hit immediately with arousal, though...not the same scents he's used to. The vanilla and especially the vinyl crowd out all other smells. Electric, hot eagerness take over the dragon's body, and he feels his groin respond with a pulse, making him shiver. He nuzzles again at the shark girl's pussy, rewarded with a few fresh droplets of her essence, the scents and lust hitting him even harder.

The blue dragon exhales...had he even inhaled? Smoke exits his nostrils, the vinyl scent vibrant and pleasant and filling his mind.

Suddenly, the blue dragon is toppled over, looking upwards to see the skunk straddling him, groin pressed against his own. The skunk meets Zennith in a kiss, pressing maleness firmly against his own, firmly, and barely moving. The dragon rests his paws on both of the skunk's hips, rubbing gently. Zennith's aggressor pulls his hips away, then pushes them back in, grinding upwards, and down again, spandex material sliding easily against spandex.

The colorful dragon Kistaro, meanwhile, pulls Serathin forward to meet in a kiss after Serathin finishes with Naomi. Then, Kistaro tugs Serathin down to join zir on the soft floor. Kistaro lines up zir snout with the saberwolf's groin, and presses and nuzzles firmly, savoring the intermingling scents. Zie purrs with pleasure, the saberwolf reciprocating, pressing his own snout just as deeply into Kistaro's groin. Some nuzzling, and warm breath exhaled gently by the saberwolf, electrifies the colorful dragon's masculine shaft, making it pulse with excitement. The assertive snout travels downwards, and pushes even more firmly at zir slit itself. Kistaro gasps, the normally sensitive area practically on fire. Another firm nuzzle, and Kistaro clings zir arms around Serathin's waist, and presses zir groin to rub back against the intrusive muzzle.

Vinyl scents continue to dance around Serathin's palette, as he nuzzles all around Kistaro's groin. He feels Kistaro reciprocate, and hisses with pleasure as the snout presses at the base of his shaft, right between his orbs. The snout traces upwards, sniffing, huffing, and pressing in again as it goes, reaching the tip of his shaft. The snout traces back down again, and nudges around the base and each orb in turn. His male parts, trapped by the spandex, have nowhere to go, making an easy target for the increasingly assertive snout.

The blue dragon and skunk hear a loud, girly moan - Naomi! They see her pushing a pair of digits firmly at her pussy, with occasional deviations to trail over her clit. Her other paw is clasped around her right breast, thumb and foredigit tweaking a nipple through the bikini. Leaky signs of pleasure are obvious at each nipple, and continue to grow around her folds.

The girl is obviously besides herself, so the two males formulate a plan. Ian, the skunk, gets up (at least onto his knees) and knee-walks to straddle Naomi's hips. Now freed, the dragon scoots a bit further over, straddling right over the shark-girl's face. The two males sit down at the same time, and not particularly gently either. Firmly trapping her under two pairs of balls and full packages, the males feel squirming and grinding, hear moaning, and feel errant paws grasping and rubbing upwards. Zennith feels Naomi sniffing full, deep breaths around his shaft and balls, and moans feeling the shark's tongue licking despite the spandex covering. The skunk simultaneously feels Naomi grasp his package and give it a squeeze, and he firmly grinds against the paw in return. The paw moves away, clearing the path to grind against the girl's nethers, and the skunk presses in firmly, encouraged by one of her paws tugging forwards at his hips. The skunk opens his eyes, having just realized they were closed, and meets Zennith's half-lidded expression with a pleasure-struck expression of his own. The two guys lean towards each other and lock muzzles, moaning and shifting frequently from the slightest sensation below them.

Zennith feels a paw press against his chest, the kiss being broken for a second, and finds a hose put in his mouth. The shark nuzzles up at his groin, making him moan and shudder, before he can focus on inhaling again. Finishing the inhale, he feels like he is floating in mid-air, and everything around him is warm...even hot! An electric tingle seems to build all over his skin, especially beneath the surface.

He grinds down even more firmly against Naomi's snout beneath him. The hose seems to get taken away, and slow trails of smoke enter the dragon's peripheral vision, gradually leaving his nostrils, but he focuses on a building, primal pleasure deep beneath his shaft and balls. The pleasure feels like the first hints of climax, though... a little higher up in his body. Deeper, and at his very core, maybe deep under where his naval is. Hints of climax...already? We've only been grinding for a few minutes, haven't we? Tingles spread throughout his male bits, and play under his tail, a moan escaping his lips. Despite grinding downwards forcefully, he only hears moans and the sounds of pleasure and enraptured sniffing below. He almost, *almost* wants to take off the speedo and shove his cock deep into her throat out of instinct, but this is already *so amazing, so pleasurable on all levels*, he couldn't possibly interrupt it.

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As if on cue, though, ...ack! Both Ian and Zennith are each tackled off of Naomi and onto the floor!

Zennith almost whines at the interruption, but instead finds himself purring as Serathin has him trapped. The saberwolf had strategically tackled the dragon in such a way that his legs were forced apart, and tail immobilized on the floor. Vulnerable, his ankles are grabbed swiftly, and his legs are hooked over the saberwolf's shoulders. Serathin leans forward, trapping his prize, and starting to grind *fiiirmly* under the dragon's tail. Serathin brings a paw down to grasp the dragon's package, giving it a firm squeeze, a swell of tingly pleasure evenly spreading throughout the dragon's erogenous zones. The saberwolf builds a rhythm, grinding on, back, on, and back again, the motion smoother and smoother each time, even as the sensation of pleasurable contact seems to spread outwards, no longer limited to just that one sensitive spot just between the dragon's legs, or limited to the underside of the saberwolf's shaft pressed firmly at that spot. The electric twinges of heat climb in intensity, even as they spread out. Serathin grunts, feeling a buildup of deep, pressurized pleasure that seems familiar, but different. He continues to dominate the dragon's rear, driven by the feelings.

At the same time, the skunk finds himself face-to-face with the colorful dragon, his hips being straddled by the dragon on top. He feels his tail get wrapped by one...two whole coils of the dragon's tail, and the

whole thing from root to tip is firmly squeezed by the dragon. The skunk moans and arches his back, fully falling into the dragon's trap!

Kistaro squeezes the skunk's tail again, and forcefully lowers zirsself's hindquarters down and onto the skunk's most sensitive parts. Spandex is still in the way of any real progress or penetration though; the skunk could only be content with the tease of the pleasurable passage being on the other side of the fabric...well, not that this was bad. The skunk grinds back against the dragon, contentedly, firmly...and dispenses with the thought of anything else. Even without the fabric in the way, this lovely sensitive grinding, this closeness - perfection! The dragon and skunk grind and moan together, the skunk sitting up and leaning on one elbow to meet the dragon in a kiss. Only breaking the kiss to catch their breaths, they grind tirelessly, moans higher in pitch, the pair desperate with the escalating pleasure.

Naomi observes the other four playing with each other. She smiles, and purrs as her paws travel once again up and down her body, occasionally rubbing over the middle of her belly and purring, with a digit circling around a sensitive zone there as well. She would normally be all over the other four, but she's so comfortable here... The hookah's hose had somehow found itself in her mouth again - oh, right, she did grab it again. Such a blur! She drags another breath, the warmth filling her all over. And it makes her feel *full!*

A pleasurable tingle shoots through her as she reaches the fullest part of her inhale. The tingle reverberates deep in her core, combining with warmth and a sort of orgasmic pressure building deep inside. Deeper than her cervix, and higher up. Her paw passes over her belly button again and she gasps, the pressure seeming to pulse and climb by the minute. She presses at the area once more, moaning, while still managing to move her other paw back and forth between rubbing the thin, stretchy fabric over her breasts and her sex. She then circles a claw around her belly button before pressing again, gasping and moaning loudly enough to attract a glance.

"Feeling good, Naomi?" asks Ian, between the distracting grinds from Kistaro atop him.

"Ah...heh...yessssss~" she barely manages, her cheeks revealing a deep blush.

The skunk smiles, his huge tail slightly wagging behind him despite the dragon's tail-trap. "Eee, that's good! I... huff!" - a slowwww grind of the dragon's rear rubs deeply across his whole pelvic area, blanking his mind for a sec. Squirming, the skunk just barely continues. "Rrrfff...I ah...I'm feeling good too! It's so nice..."

Nodding, Kistaro rests zir paws on the skunk's chest, leaning down to give him a nuzzle, a lick, and a playful kiss. The pair nuzzles for another few moments, the dragon flushing with enjoyment from the simple contact. "Mmmmm...me too! So fun to play with friends!" Zie sits back up on top of the skunk, slightly stabilizing zirsself with a paw on the skunk's belly for just a second - quickly punctuated by a rising moan and a "haaahHHFFF, GODS!"

Zie looks down to see the skunk absolutely beside himself, panting and blushing at least as hotly as Naomi was. Kistaro smirks and growls. Zie had to admit, zie was feeling pretty nice too...all over, really. "Hmmmm~?" the dragon asks. Without waiting for a reply, zie takes a paw to rub smoothly across Ian's belly, this time quite intentionally.

Ian's eyes go wide, watching the dragon's paws about to come in contact with the area again, then upon contact, a shudder goes through his body, feeling like lightning buzzing over every surface on his skin. He whines loudly, then quiets to a whimper. "Ffff...gods..." he says, collecting himself. The dragon, still atop him, wiggles his rump, teasing the skunk once again.

Separately, the saberwolf is still grinding away at the blue dragon's rump. Zennith leans up to meet Serathin's snout, exchanging hot breaths, teasing licks, and gentle nuzzles. The fronts of saberwolf's light blue speedo and the dragon's orange one have both long been stained with the signs of eager virility, each grind letting one masculine package press into or around the other, smoothly gliding past. The pair hears moans and words being said around them - the ambient sounds of pleasure and fun - but focuses on each other, each effortless thrust better than the last.

Zennith lets his eyes close, emitting a mix of gentle growls and purrs, while the saberwolf above him huffs and rumbles more assertively. A cozy, tingly warmth feels like it's squeezing every square inch of his skin, and everything from his groin to between his legs pulses hotly. Pangs of heat, reverberating, spreading. There's that lovely feeling of building pressure, eventual climax off in the distance, starting to fill a dam that may eventually struggle to hold it back. Another grind...another wave of heat, another pang of pleasure building up.

Then, the blue dragon hears an inquisitive "Hmm?", as the saberwolf finishes another grind inwards, and holds that position, as if something more interesting was happening. Before the dragon can see why Serathin stopped...

Senses overloaded, blinded with a shock of mind-wiping pleasure, he howls!  
"GRHHhhhhhhOOOOAAAA!" Fuck, can't...WORDS! Stretching, squeezing, pounding shockwaves of pleasure, his most sensitive spot getting struck as if he were just a toy for someone!

But...that...it wasn't deep inside his tailhole?

His front. It was from...his front?

The dragon opens his eyes and looks down to see the saberwolf's thumb and foredigit claws closed around something that looked like clear plastic, just over his belly button.

Zennith blushes a little, realizing his howl was loud enough to make everyone else pause, looking at him. He's...confused...but gods that felt good. What...why...

Serathin smirks, not really bothering with the "what" or the "why" of the situation...he has something he can play with! He pinches and tugs on the clear plastic.

"ffffFUGgggging...hahhh...", he gulps. "Don't...stop!"

"Hehehe, oh, I won't!" the saberwolf responds. He pinches the thing again, the clear stuff squeezing and deforming like a soft plastic. The dragon squirms haplessly, another pang of heat making him shudder, waves of tingly pleasure turning into a standing wave, his body thrumming.

"It...ah...it's on you too!" the dragon manages to eek out with interest. Without waiting for a response, he reaches with his shaky paw to press against the saberwolf's matching plastic feature. The feature

seems to have a cap on it, with a loop connecting the cap to a larger cone shape. The cone itself is perfectly circular, and is centered exactly where Serathin's naval would be. The base of the cone seems to recede under the saberwolf's skin.

Zennith closes his thumb and foredigit around the valve and gives it a squeeze. The saberwolf shudders and reflexively thrusts forward an inch, and collapses on Zennith for support. The dragon tugs on the valve slowly, rewarded with the sounds of moaning and whimpering.

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From where Naomi had been watching, she couldn't see what was on Zennith's belly, or what Serathin had the same of.

But she has a good idea, based on the thing in the middle of her own belly. She shudders as she rubs and strokes at a *valve...a really big valve*, over two inches across! She blushes, stroking it with shaky paws, rubbing around it in circles. Huffing, each movement, each press, stroke, rub, and squeeze racking her mind with simple thoughts. She does miss having the other furs on her, she realizes. That was so fun, and felt so good!

She takes another inhale of the hookah's lovely stuff, having stopped counting puffs a while back. She hasn't gone overboard anyway, she tells herself, and each moment is better than the last! She lets the smoke gradually exit in trails exiting from her nostrils, the heat pooling around, wafting here and there inside her, and a pleasant...tightness, a stretching, gently squeezing at her from all sides, inside and out.

She continues rubbing and tugging at her own valve, while sliding her other paw all over her belly. Each rub is smoother, easier than the last. Questions float in the back of her mind. She wonders - how did the valve get on me? But other, better questions replace it! What comes next after the valve? Does the valve...work? When can I be played with? Am I a good toy?

Am I a good toy?!

What was that thought? She ponders her situation briefly, but another stroke of her valve makes her smile and her heart flutter. She purrs, idly using one paw to continue circling and teasing around her valve, the other rubbing around her smooth belly, occasionally reaching down between her legs, or up towards her chest. She turns to her friends yearningly.

"I want...to be a good toy. Am...am I a good toy?", Naomi asks, her voice shy and higher in pitch.

She blushes, deeply wishing for a positive answer. Rather than being the dominant one - holding leashes or tying her subjects up to play with them - she finds herself wanting to be the plaything instead. But...not just for a few minutes or even a couple hours. She shudders, realizing how *much* she wants this, just to *be* a good toy.

Kistaro turns to face her. "Of course, you're a great toy, Naomi!", she says. The dragon eagerly gets up and pads over to her, freeing the skunk from the pleasurable trap of grinding.

Kistaro takes in the sight. Naomi seems...several inches taller than just a few minutes ago? Her whole midsection is rounded and softer, too. Her paws, in the midst of exploring all around herself, look

pudgier and less dexterous. And of course, there's Naomi's huge valve right at the center of her belly! Kistaro's face beaming, zie kneels between Naomi's legs and starts grinding gently. Such a good toy!

She reaches up, offering a paw to the dragon, palm open. Kistaro's paw meets hers, and they hold paws for a few seconds. Her paw is...wow...at least twice as large as the dragon's. Zie squeezes it gently, noticing it has quite a lot of give. Zie looks to meet her eyes, and the pair smiles happily. This seems new...whatever is going on, it's amazing! Kistaro chuckles, and Naomi smiles gleefully and can't help but giggle!

She then guides zir paw down to meet her bikini, now appearing to be a bit tight and constraining. It had fit her so well before. This is definitely new... no matter!

Kistaro gets the hint, helping untie the lower part of her bikini. It takes a few seconds to free it from around her legs, and a few more seconds for the dragon to remove the top part around her chest as well. "There you go, toy! Is that better?", the dragon asks, zir own voice sounding a few pitches higher as well, and a little more...light, or airy.

"Yeah, thank you!", she responds. "Oh, don't forget yourself!"

The dragon realizes zie still has zir speedo on. It's been on throughout all this grinding, how silly to forget! Zie quickly slides it down zir legs and tosses the swimwear across the room, out of the way. Zie doesn't even look downwards, too eager to get back to playing with Naomi. Fun, closeness, pleasure, feeling good, being toys together, that's all zie wants!

The dragon repositions zirsself between Naomi's legs. There's half of a thought in the back of zir mind, trying to analyze what "being toys together" means...

Oh! Yeah, it just means having fun and playing together!

Zie presses zir groin gently against the area between Naomi's legs. The contact, of skin against skin, makes both of them gasp quietly, and press a little more firmly against each other. Ticklish, but wonderful feelings from just that contact. Then, Kistaro pushes zir hips inwards and upwards, grinding slowly against the area of contact. Immediately, the waves of tingly heat return, reverberating all over both of them! Something new becomes audible, barely noticeable above the pleasure, their ears picking up a "squeaaaarr-r-r-rk" sound as Kistaro reaches the apex of a grind.

The dragon, purring, backs up and starts a new grind, even more firmly this time. The pressure from contact spreads all over zir groin area, a heavenly, encompassing, lovely stimulation. The dragon notices another "squeaaaarr-r-r-rk", and looks down to see where it's coming from.

Seeing their nether regions pushed together like so, zie blushes hotly, and looks for the source of the sound. Eh, probably nothing.

Zie repositions for another grind. Their groins meet, and zie presssssses in deep and gyrates upwards.

"Squeaaaarr-r-r-rk!"

Oh gosh, that sound came from...them!

Looking closer, zie notices just how smooth their groins are. There's...just absolutely nothing in the way of each grind. Everything is rounded, soft, and squishy...dimpling in from the slightest touch. Kistaro also wonders - is Naomi's skin getting darker? Her belly had previously been a light gray, but it's now a more grayish blue. And the rest of her used to be a medium gray, right? This is a *lot* darker and way more purple-blue than before. No matter, she's a wonderful toy! Kistaro reaches around her hips for better leverage, and pushes in even deeper, letting another moan escape zir muzzle.

Sensations crawl all over, dancing from zir front, upwards to zir belly valve. The sensations reflect and spread back downwards between zir legs, ending with a faint, tantalizing tickle under zir tail. Zie presses much of this surface against Naomi's large, diffuse nether regions. Somehow, there is enough give in their anatomies, allowing the erogenous surfaces to *squish* and *deform* against one another *almost completely*. It's almost like there is only air underneath their skin...

"SqueaarrRR-RR-RRRK!"

Kistaro and Naomi moan again, edged on, and the dragon eases into a steady pace of grinding. Squeaky sounds accompany each thrust, sometimes fading into the background, and sometimes squeaking more loudly as if to accentuate particularly firm movements!

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Ian, no longer trapped by Kistaro, takes a moment to catch his breath. The skunk had been enjoying the colorful dragon's playfulness - the dragon's rump gliding and grinding all over the skunk's groin - though they still had their diminutive spandex swimsuits on at the time.

Seeing Kistaro remove zir speedo, and Naomi getting out of her swimwear as well, Ian remembers he still needs to do the same!

The skunk refocuses his eyes on his own body to slip out of his speedo. Hooking one claw from each paw under the liner of the red swimwear, he pauses and gasps at what he sees.

The front of his belly - previously adorned with thick, white fur - is now almost completely smooth! He could even see faint reflections off his skin, as if it's...some sort of rubber, or vinyl. The surface is only interrupted by a clear plastic valve right in the middle of his belly.

Eyes traveling downwards, he notices the area around his hips and upper legs. He furrows his brow, confused for a second. It looks different... his legs had previously blended smoothly into his hips, right? And his hips hadn't been particularly prominent either. He had a good shape, but subtle curves.

Now, he can clearly see the exact lines - *seams*, even! - where his legs meet his body. His legs are now...rounded, and incredibly smooth and simplified, all the way from his hips, to his knees, to his ankles, to his digitigrade footpaws. Every segment blends smoothly into the next, and at the very tip of each footpaw is a set of three simplified "claws".

His eyes now focus on his tail. Oh gosh, *his tail!* It's huge, at least two feet longer than before, and larger around as well. It is perfectly smooth as well, and the shape is simplified to a toony "S" shape. The skunk feels a blush coming on, his tail wagging of its own accord, and making occasional squeaks at the movement.

He then notices his forepaws and arms. They, like his legs, had become incredibly cute and toony. At the tips of his paws are only three “claws” each, poking out harmlessly from the featureless mitt-shaped paws. The paws blend smoothly into his forearms, and the smooth shape is interrupted only by a gentle curve before rising into his rounded, tube-shaped upper arms.

He brings one paw upwards to look at it closer, and looks at the underside. The ‘palm’ of his paw is now only a painted, oval-shaped spot roughly suggesting a paw-pad, but nothing more than that! His vision then refocuses on his snout itself. His snout had also rounded out! He rubs at it with his paw, and both his snout and paw squeak and deform when pressed against each other. He presses more firmly, and is met with louder squeaks and more dimpling of both parts! He finds himself giggling and blushing.

OH! Right, he had been meaning to take off his swimsuit!

Ian maneuvers one “claw” on each paw under the red speedo, and pushes downwards to take it off. It takes more effort than he expected, and his claws are deforming and not being all that helpful, but he eventually gets it down past his knees. Then, he takes one footpaw, then the other, out of the swimsuit, and tosses the swimsuit across the room out of the way.

All of these discoveries are making him blush happily. He wants to explore and share some intimacy, and is feeling playful too. Feelings of warmth and desire are all around him, and he has to admit, the feelings are especially strong around his groin, and he wants to share those feelings with his friends!

The skunk subconsciously expects there to be some sort of *visible hint* of that to be showing at his groin. Like, something that sticks out when you’re excited, and feels good if it’s stroked or given attention? He’s surprised and relieved to see there’s nothing there though. Phew! This seems new, but his mind quickly dispenses with the thought.

Ian sighs contentedly, and reaches down with an air-filled clawtip to test the region. The light contact feels ticklish but pleasant. He then pushes down with his whole paw. “*Squeaaaaak!*” the hide-on-hide contact announces. Tingly waves radiate from his groin, bounce all around his body, and the faintest hints ebb out after reaching his clawtips and the tip of his snout. He gasps quietly.

He wants to rub his spot more, but he would rather have fun with his friends! He rolls off his back onto his forepaws and knees, then crawls the short distance over to Zennith and Serathin without needing to stand up.

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The skunk pauses to watch the dragon and saberwolf grinding against each other, with the saberwolf clearly in control, and the dragon’s back pressed firmly against the floor with each thrust. He blushes seeing them occasionally tugging and lightly squeezing on each other’s valves as well. Oh gosh, those are sensitive...that looks fun!

After they finish an especially firm grind, Ian can’t wait any more. He energetically asks “May I join in? Let’s play!”

“Eee, please!” “Yeah!” they both answer without hesitation!

“Thanks!”, Ian replies with a squeaky wag. “Oh! You silly toys, you still have your swimsuits on! Let me help,” Ian offers.

After a couple moments with the skunk’s assistance, Zennith and Serathin have caught up with the rest of their friends, everyone else having already escaped their swimwear. Speedos tossed aside, the dragon and saberwolf feel much more free!

“Thanks for the help!” Zennith says, wagging. “Yeah, thank you!” Serathin adds.

“Of course.”, Ian replies with a nod. “Now let’s see...” the skunk idly says, wandering behind Serathin, figuring out how to join in the fun. “Oh, huh. Those look convenient! Serathin, I didn’t notice these before, have you always had handles?” The skunk reaches with both paws towards the handles mounted on the saberwolf’s hips. They’re a bit more convenient for what he has in mind, rather than the other pair of handles just above the saberwolf’s small, toony wings.

Serathin, confused, tries to reply, “Handles? Huh, what haaaannnnnn...uffff”, but is interrupted by feelings from his...hips?! The sensations are unusual and hard to describe. It’s not like a sudden pang of pleasure...no, it’s more like...a warm, gently reverberating *need*, and deeply relaxing. Pleasant tingles whisper here and there all over his body, and the area between his legs yearns for more rubbing and contact. Yes, that’s right, he always loves being grabbed by his handles! Being gripped for better leverage by whoever is playing with him, being used as a toy.

Ian, grabbing Serathin’s hip handles, pulls the saberwolf closer to himself, scooting him effortlessly across the floor. With the saberwolf still in the same kneeling pose, backside facing towards the skunk, Ian nuzzles at the back of his neck. Giving him a squeeze as well, Ian gently says “You’re such a nice toy, this is so fun!”, making the saberwolf blush, and his chest flutter. “Now, you know what to do!” he says, and presses one paw at the saberwolf’s back, making him lean forward, onto his paws and knees.

Serathin blushes more heavily, with his hips and underside of his tail at the mercy of the skunk, and with his snout having just stopped one inch away from the center of the blue dragon’s groin. He looks upwards, meeting Zennith’s eyes, and smiles. The dragon nods and rests a paw on top of his head, rubbing gently, and guiding the saberwolf’s snout to press against his groin’s surface.

Serathin feels a weird impulse for a second. Something like...his nostrils wanting to pull in air to sample it. But that’s silly, why would he do that? He has a valve for getting more air when needed, anyway. He blinks, dispensing with the amusing thought, and take in the sight of the smooth, inviting groin just in front of him. The scents curl around his muzzle and caress his mind. Gentle, clean scents of vinyl, rubber, vanilla, and the slightest hints of musk and arousal reach his snout, tempting his tongue.

He nuzzles at the surface, snout dimpling in slightly, as the surface itself dimples in as well. He nuzzles upwards, then downwards, the surfaces squeaking slightly with each movement. He tentatively samples the groin with the tip of his tongue. The scents from before are even more inviting... he licks again, and again, pushing forwards with all of his tongue, servicing the dragon and loving every second of it! His tongue motions turn into almost making out with the groin in front of him, mixing with kissing and nuzzling and all ways of making the dragon feel nice. Serathin can’t help but purr and moan, with his vision focused through half-lidded eyes at the groin. The dragon pets at the top of his head appreciatively, and he feels right at home. Warmth radiates all over his body. He could do this all day!

The saberwolf's world suddenly gets more complicated, however! He feels paws gripping his hip handles, the sensation adding and layering on top of everything else. His feelings of warmth build into hotter desire, as he feels his tail getting lifted out of the way. Ian, still right behind Serathin, presses his smooth groin against the saberwolf's sensitive area between his legs and under his tail. Serathin blushes heavily, and murr's helplessly. The dragon "helps" by grabbing each of the saberwolf's horns, and more forcefully pressing his snout into the dragon's groin. Trapped by the skunk's grip from behind, and the dragon's grip in front, he knows he isn't going anywhere unless they let him. Not that he would want to!

Ian grinds gently, the smooth, incredibly sensitive region gliding against Serathin's matching area. Just a subtle, teasing contact at first. Almost, but not quite ticklish. Tempting the pair to press against each other more firmly, for more pressure, deeper contact. Serathin is indeed tempted, trying to press backwards, though his movement is at the mercy of Ian and Zennith! He can only lean into the grinding motion about a half inch, but it's enough to make the skunk smile at his enthusiasm.

"Hehe, don't worry hon, there's more where that came from", the skunk reassures.

Ian presses forwards again, now *squishing* their rounded areas together. The "male" on the receiving end moans desperately, pressure throughout his body seeming to rise, reverberating all over. The *firm* contact is deeply satisfying, sensations of the touch *penetrating* to his very core. The skunk pulls back only slightly, slowly, with that deep sensation slightly abating. Then, still slowly, he presses forwards, their groins slipping against each other slightly. The deep sensation returns, as the slightest movements cause squeaks and tingly shudders to galvanize growing, building pleasures all over. The saberwolf purrs with primal enjoyment, the deepest pleasures bouncing around inside of him, even refracting off and around the underside of his sensitive handles and valve.

Seconds turn into minutes, the saberwolf feeling warmth, pleasure, and deep satisfaction. He alternately licks, nuzzles, and kisses the dragon's groin, while being used as the skunk's plaything as well. Serathin can't bring himself to move, and doesn't even consider rubbing at his own sensitive valve...the pleasure and pride he feels for being used like a good toy are already absolute perfection!

The feelings and pleasures build gradually. Minutes slip by, as Serathin, Zennith, and Ian are enraptured with playing with each other! Serathin closes his eyes, opening them to only occasionally glance at the sight of his muzzle servicing the dragon's groin, but otherwise unnecessary. The scents...the tastes, and feelings, and sounds... Purring, subtle squeaks, quiet whispers of encouragement among the three.

The three toys are focused on each other, on enjoying the closeness and affection, and not even thinking of stopping or even changing positions. The specifics don't matter - whether one is on the giving end or receiving end, is having their handles gripped or is gripping another's handles, is trapped or is trapping another toy, each and every type of play brings its own pleasures and feelings of contentment! They are the closest and deepest of playmates, it's as simple as that!

The skunk's thrusting motions don't accelerate too much, the saberwolf keeps up the pace and thoroughness of its ministrations, and the dragon continues gently guiding the saberwolf onwards with a calm grip on that toy's horns. They aren't rushing to any sort of peak... the toys feeling content, and each wanting to be a good playmate for each other.

Some time later, a particularly loud squeak and *FWOOMP!* from elsewhere in the room gets the attention of Zennith and Ian (Serathin, being especially distracted, doesn't hear it).

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Zennith looks up, and Ian turns around to see where the sound came from. Looking in the direction of Kistaro and Naomi, they see Kistaro flying (or floating slowly, rather) a few feet upwards, uttering “Ack, whoa!”, as Naomi’s whole body, after having been suspended in mid-air, floats down to land on its belly. Naomi’s massive, thick tail curls upwards, and sways naturally as it settles even without Naomi consciously wagging it.

Kistaro starts chuckling before landing, amused at what just happened. The colorful dragon-toy finally lands after floating downwards, its face beaming, and notices Zennith and Ian looking in its direction. “Hehehe, don’t worry, we’re okay here! I was straddling Naomi, and pressure must have been building in its tail without me realizing. It wound up launching me upwards, and even flipped Naomi over to land on its belly! The toy’s *huge* now, isn’t it?!”

Naomi overhears Kistaro’s description and blushes, feeling a mix of pride and embarrassment. “Sorry about that...” it says, bringing a bulky wing-arm in front of its face. Movement is a bit harder, now that it has filled well over two thirds of the room. Its other wing-arm is draped over the couch on the opposite side of the room out of necessity! Its tail naturally curves *way, way* upwards, coming within a few feet of the ceiling. Its tailbase is just *barely* the size that a pair of arms could stretch around. And its rounded, pear-shaped torso, is large enough to comfortably act as a bed of sorts.

The dark-purple-blue color stretches across most of Naomi’s body and wing-arms, while a lighter purple-blue covers its belly, and pairs of plate-shaped fins stretching down the toy’s back. Unlike the other toys, Naomi has multiple pairs of handles going down its back, and doesn’t have any handles on its hips. Its hips, after all, are so wide that nobody could grab both hips at the same time anyway!

“Don’t worry about it, my friend!” Kistaro says to the former shark-girl, now, much more of a shadow lugia toy. “You’re absolutely perfect.”

Naomi smiles and lowers its wing-arm, looking at its friends. The gentle inflection in its eyelids and eyebrows accentuate its vibrant red eyes, showing simple happiness and eagerness to play - abrupt catapulting of lightweight dragons quickly forgiven and forgotten.

Naomi lowers the paired, plate-like fins on its back, and winks at its friends to invite them to climb up. A massive toy like it has one purpose, one instinct, more than any other - to be a soft, fun, and comfortable mount for its riders. It knows it can fit at least two riders comfortably, even while moving around. Smiling, the shadow lugia is pretty sure everyone can fit with some intimacy.

Kistaro quickly wags and moves in that direction. “No reason to wait, let’s try it out.” The dragon almost moonwalks the few steps over to Naomi - somewhat due to its near weightlessness, but also just because anything less felt weird for a bubbly, energetic toy such as itself. Kistaro, reaching the right spot for a jump, hops upwards with little effort, glides forwards several feet, and gently lands on Naomi’s back. The dragon grabs hold of two of the shadow lugia’s handles to keep from rolling off its far side, until it’s settled in.

Kistaro waves the other toys forwards. “Hop on, everyone!”

Zennith and Ian, who still have Serathin trapped between them, start to get up. Zennith releases the saberwolf's horns, and gently lifts up the saberwolf's chin with a clawtip. "Time for something new!" The saberwolf toy takes a moment to open its eyes and come to its senses, wagging pleasantly while looking up at the dragon who it had just been servicing. The blue dragon and the skunk nod at each other, and stand up. Both offer their paws to the saberwolf and help it onto its feet.

The blue dragon quickly pads over and climbs up onto the shadow lugia's back - sitting several feet forwards of where Kistaro is sitting. Zennith is almost able to drape its legs over the front of the shadow lugia's shoulders!

"Oy...don't be such a stranger, Zenny," Kistaro says, before the blue dragon lays backwards, sprawling out right in front of Kistaro's lap and grinning. "...I see! Is that how you normally ride?"

The blue dragon only shrugs, reaches up with its paws, wraps them around the colorful dragon's torso, and pulls forward. The colorful dragon topples onto the blue one, only able to "eek!" before its snout squeakily collides with the blue dragon's groin. Kistaro blushes quickly, and shudders feeling the ticklish, gentle exploration of a snout at its own groin as well.

Ian climbs up next, also near the shadow lugia's shoulders, but facing backwards. The skunk scoots further down the shadow lugia's back, right up to straddling the blue dragon's hindquarters. Pressing its snout gently under Zennith's tail, the skunk squirms slightly, getting comfy. The closeness of Kistaro's snout is a nice bonus, Ian realizes - the occasional accidental (or purposeful) nudge or nuzzle adding to the sensation of grinding into the blue dragon. Ian grabs ahold of both the blue dragon's convenient hip handles, slightly lifts the toy's hindquarters for a better angle, and pulls on them for much more firm pressure between their intimate zones. The blue dragon, gasping, subtly wiggles and pushes its hindquarters helpfully, the movement and contact earning a moan from the skunk.

Finally, as the skunk is settling in, the saberwolf sees an opening to climb atop as well. Starting from a quick bounce, it scrambles up to a kneeling position at the most posterior part of the shadow lugia's back, just behind Kistaro. Serathin grasps onto the colorful dragon's hip handles at first for stability, but leans forward, deciding to grab onto its back handles instead, resting atop Kistaro, who in turn is on top of Zennith. Murring quietly, the saberwolf-toy lines up its sensitive, smooth nether-region with the backside of the pinned and sandwiched dragon, and presses inwards. Holding Kistaro's back-handles for support, Serathin pushes forwards slowly but firmly, with a slow but noticeable *squeaaaaakeakeakeakeak* emanating from the surfaces sliding and pressing against each other.

With all its toy-friends finally on top of its back, the shadow lugia smiles and chuckles. "I don't think any of you silly things are riding me the right way at all. Not that I'm complaining!"

That's true, to be fair. The two dragons, Zennith and Kistaro, are laying flat, one on top of the other, and in opposite directions, snouts at each other's null spots; the skunk, Ian, is sitting *backwards* on the shadow lugia; and Serathin is *kneeling* rather than sitting. Any instruction manual accompanying the shadow lugia, if such a thing existed, would *not* tell riders to sit in such a way!

Serathin is at least able to make eye contact with Naomi, and shrugs in response. "Hey, it works!"

The shadow lugia nods with a smirk before breaking eye contact. It wiggles slightly to get more comfortable, being careful not to move too much to throw the other toys off. The enormous toy purrs

encouragingly, enjoying the company and delighting in the simple pleasures of the slight weight and movement on its back, the matching pressure of its belly rubbing against the soft, carpeted floor, and the subtle shifts and reverberations teasing all across its sensitive, shiny hide.

Zennith feels slight motion from the shadow lugia beneath, but is fixated on the sight and subtle but alluring scent of the other dragon's nether regions, and nudges its snout and licks across the smooth, intimate zone. Movements and pressure dimple in the surface, even as the blue dragon's own snout deforms slightly. The blue dragon more tightly wraps its arms around the colorful dragon, sharing the close contact.

Kistaro, being pulled tighter against Zennith, blushes from the attention it's getting from all sides. Purring quietly, raveling in the passionate exploration by the blue dragon's tongue, the colorful dragon likewise starts to nuzzle, then lick, at the blue dragon's nethers. Each toy servicing the other's sensitive null spots, petting and rubbing each other, purring and moaning quietly, pressing their bellies against each other, the slightest movement making subtle squeaks. For a moment, the two dragon-toys forget about anything else, simply enjoying the other's attention, and *especially* enjoying *giving* each other that same attention. Warmth fills their bodies, and tingly sparkles of pleasure take root, edging the other on, each dragon firmly and passionately licking, lapping, and making love to the other's groins more and more.

Ian observes the dragon-toys before it with a smile, and can't wait any more to join in. The skunk grabs Zennith's hip-handles, using them to firmly press and grind its null spot at the sensitive underside of Zennith's tail. Eliciting a moan from the blue dragon, the skunk pulls even more firmly, making the dragon moan and utter more unintelligible sounds. The skunk-toy 'bites' its lips, and closes its eyes, the dragon's rear increasingly inviting with each slow thrust. Ian clamps its legs tightly around the shadow lugia beneath them for better leverage, and presses its null spot *deeeeeeep* against the dragon. The surfaces deform, bulge, flatten, and squeak against each other louder than before, the force of each thrust growing with the toys' shared passion.

Serathin, kneeling on the shadow lugia's back, positions itself dominantly behind Kistaro. The saberwolf grabs onto the colorful dragon's back handles, and touches its null spot just barely under the Kistaro's tail. Feeling the dragon twitch in response, the saberwolf grins, and even growls! (The saber-toy's higher-pitched, airy voice making the growl *adorable*, and undermines even the sternest attempt to sound aggressive.) Serathin pushes inwards, 'hilting' the colorful dragon, their null regions deeply bulging against each other. Eliciting a wanting whine from below, the saberwolf backs up, then slowly, but firmly thrusts in again. Serathin revels in the smooth sensations of the dragon's rubbery hide contacting and massaging its own, in their most sensitive regions, the pressure and the gliding of surface against surface edging them both on. With each grind and thrust, an electric pulse of pleasure radiates outwards, warmth rising and spreading. Serathin growls again, grasping the colorful dragon's back-handles tighter, thrusting into the toy shamelessly, the force of each thrust now pushing against and through all the other toys, making even the shadow lugia toy itself subtly start to bounce!

Naomi closes its eyes and purrs as well, enjoying every minute. Its chest, its very soul flutters with contentment, even as the movement, the shifting and bouncing, shift air currents all around the inside of its sensitive skin, and forcing slight movements of its belly against the carpet. Unlike the other toys, Naomi's sensitive regions had truly spread *all over*; gone is any particularly strong sensation from the usual erogenous regions. And, unlike the other toys, even its handles and belly valve aren't particularly sensitive either. They feel *nice*, but not distractingly so. The huge toy doesn't miss this, however - the

sensations from all over are *more* than enough to make up for that technicality. The potent, pleasurable sensitivity wafts and reverberates all over. Anything from its snout and head when being pet, to its wing-arms when being caressed, to its back when being ridden, to its belly, to its legs and footpaws, to its very tailtip, feels special and wonderful and rewarding to the toy.

The shadow lugia wags slightly, and stabilizes itself against the motion to make sure nobody gets bounced off. Loving the contact and being played with, it doesn't want this to end!

Zennith, trapped underneath Kistaro's nethers, and further boxed in by Serathin's positioning at Kistaro's rear, can't think of anywhere else it would rather be. The dragon-toy early pushes its snout into the colorful dragon's spot, licking more heavily, nuzzling, licking, nudging, slurping, anything to pleasure the other dragon-toy. Instinct and need urge the blue dragon's oral play further and deeper, dimpling over an inch deep into the squishy, squeaky surface, pushing firmly, eliciting moans and twitches from the colorful dragon. At the same time, Zennith itself moans and gasps from instinct, the dragon's own hindquarters being more and more intensely dominated by the skunk's forceful grinding... thrusting... *rutting!* Building in speed, waves of pleasure literally bouncing through the dragon toy's body.

The skunk, likewise, growls as aggressively as a toy can! Rutting...dominating...*fucking* the dragon-toy! Ian grabs both of the blue dragon's hip-handles and uses them for pulling the dragon back against its pleasure-spot with each thrust, like a pendulum. Each thrust fully compresses the skunk's null-spot flat against the entire underside of the dragon's smooth rear, 'hilting' in a way, their thighs colliding and squeaking against each other. The skunk makes eye contact with Serathin, and the pair grins and winks at each other, starting to naturally thrust into the two dragons between them at the same time.

Serathin, gripping Kistaro's handles for support, leans forward, snout inches away from Ian's muzzle. The skunk closes the gap, and licks at the saberwolf's snout. Opening its maw, the saberwolf gently licks at the skunk's tongue with its own, before the two get even closer and lock muzzles, more eagerly sharing and exploring each other sensually. Serathin moves one paw from Kistaro's back-handle to rest on Ian's shoulder, then supporting Ian's cheek, guiding the kiss. The saberwolf rumbles with satisfaction, thrusting deeply into Kistaro's backside. Each thrust tempts the saberwolf forward more and more, potent tingles seeming to vibrate and spark all across its nether-regions.

Kistaro, sandwiched between Zennith and Serathin and even Ian, is overwhelmed with all-encompassing pleasure. Deep, whole body pangs of sensitivity, rooted under its tail, shoot outwards and continuously build, shockwaves colliding, building up deep within, with everything from under the toy's tail, to between its legs, to its front, to its belly-valve, feeling ever more pent up and electrified, pleasure and primal urges surging. The pounding from Serathin, and each lick and nuzzle of its groin from Zennith, clear the colorful toy's mind of all but the most primitive thoughts. The toy can only keep a couple of things in its mind, at most: keep nuzzling and licking at the other dragon's groin; and enjoy and embrace this building pleasure!

Seconds tick by, the buildup growing, pent-up needs cresting, warmth heating into scorching, fiery passion. The shadow lugia smiles, loving the reward in its own right of being ridden on by its four toy-friends, their bounces now leading to audible squeaks and nice, pleasurable sensations ricocheting around the shadow lugia's whole body.



The skunk-toy, getting its balance after dismounting Naomi, happens to look out the window, seeing the sky colored with deep oranges and reds, and raises an eyebrow. "Uh...heh. Well, were you guys still wanting to go out for a swim? I think that took longer than we expected..."

"Yeah!" Zennith says, poking Ian's belly. "We're pooltoys after all, silly, we almost *have* to!"

A few chuckles are shared, and the group agrees to *finally* head outside and get into the pool. It takes some effort to help Naomi through the sliding glass door that leads out the back and into the pool area, but it's not so bad that they have to consider squeezing or deflating the shadow lugia to fit it through the (thankfully large) door. Once outside, the shadow lugia is free to stand on its hind legs, and towers above the other toys, probably over twice their height!

With a brief run-up, the shadow lugia floats through the air and lightly splashes in the middle of the pool, just barely large enough for the toy to fully spread out. With everyone outside, they close the sliding glass door, and make sure the patio lights are on as the sky continues getting darker. The other four toys hop into the pool after the shadow lugia, and take turns lounging around floating on the pool's surface, or using the shadow lugia's tail as an improvised water slide.

Some time later, Ian's cell phone inside the house rings. It's from the smoke shop. With nobody to pick up, the caller leaves a voice mail:

"Hey there, I'm calling about the hookah ingredients you and your friend bought earlier today. I just happened to be talking with another shopkeeper friend, who said they've seen exactly one other situation where someone bought the exact hookah supplies you did. Bad news - they shouldn't be used together. Individually they're fine, but they have a weird and powerful interaction if used together. Like, really weird. The Vinylla Experience for example, it's normally subtle, but when combined with the other things it can literally...do things. Same with all the other ones. It's apparently, well, permanent too."

"Again, if you space them out it's fine, I just don't recommend mixing and matching them at the same time. Oh, speaking of - *really* don't overdo it with these smokes either. The larger the dose, the uh...*larger* the effect. Please feel free to call me back if you have any questions, or come by if you want to exchange them for something else. Have a great evening, and sorry about that!"

*Click.*

A robotic voice follows, speaking to no one:

"The voice message box is full, and your message could not be saved. Please try again later. Good bye!"

The toys, oblivious, continue happily playing and lounging around and splashing each other outside, well into the evening, content and eager to play as always!