

“So, Cecil... What now?” The dragon asked slowly, jabbing at the ground with a crooked claw. I leaned against his arm, which acted as much more comfortable furniture than the floor currently. To be honest, I knew I wanted something though I had no idea just what.

“Well how about we work on that then? It is your birthday soon, Isn’t it?” He asked, though before I could correct him, he closed his fangs just behind my neck, lifting me by a tuft of fur and laying me in front of his head and between the two trunks of scale and muscle I was previously leaning on.

“Don’t think I forgot your reward for behaving so well last time... Allow me to give you a bath. Just like old times, right?” As the remark was posed, he did exactly that, laying his tongue over me slowly. Although heavy and much too wet for my liking, there was great comfort. In his tongue alone, there was enough muscle to double that of my own body. With this in mind, he made sure to keep this ‘bath’ as relaxing as could be, slowly stroking over me with assistance from his claws to keep me in place. I had to grab hold of the thick claws ahead of me, hoping that the digits were enough to keep me stable as his tongue pushed me further away, met with the counteraction of his paw to pull me back towards his maw.

“Hmm... Say, how long has it been since you’ve visited my belly, Cecil? Don’t worry, I won’t digest you in there. You’ll be safe as always.” He cooed, hardly allowing his own words to hinder my grooming. I smiled at the thought, still feeling the thick layer of saliva lift me slightly with every slow heave. Slowly, his paw maneuvered to turn me over, forcing my face and chest to now catch the brunt of his cleaning. As much as before, his tongue was relentless, pressing into me forcefully before lifting off of me. Needless to say that it felt very effective, although slimy. Every now and then, between the slurping muscle across my face, I could glance at the maw of the dragon, a feeling of relief as he exhaled over my body. I remembered it fondly, but admittedly I’d been neglecting his hunger for a while. I tried to speak up, catching a glob of saliva in my mouth before my paws were enough communication to let him lift his tongue off of me. I spat out the thick dragon saliva and still felt the viscous lining across my mouth.

“I hope you didn’t stop your bath assuming that I was done with you, Cecil.” He growled. I spat the last of it out and caught my breath. It was a simple request, wanting to go back to the familiar roleplay as before, his character as my dad and me as his child. He smiled at the thought.

“Well what kind of father would I be if I let my own kin run amok looking so unloved.~” He smiled again, his paw now pulling me even closer than before, his towering head now blocking out most light from the sky as he lowered his maw over me once more.

“Try to remain calm, son. I plan on cleaning you *very* thoroughly.” He growled again, though this time with a more menacing tone than before. As far as I could assume, this would be a form of ‘punishment’ for spitting out his saliva when he would have preferred that I swallow it. As I was thinking, his tongue crept between my legs, his tongue coating my thighs and waistline in the same viscous coating as the rest of my body. I felt foolish for thinking I could keep my legs together forever, being how diligent he can get when he’s passionate. My cock especially reacted to the warm muscle that coated me, pulsing against his muscle with a readiness to cum before anything had even happened, though moments before I could even do so, he lifted himself once again.

“After all these years, I still have the same effect on my favorite little hyena... I’m not going to tell you to keep it all in again... I remember how spiteful you were last time... But I’ll instead leave you with a warning. If you ruin your fur after my ever-so-delicate grooming, then I’ll punish you. Understand, son?” He growled the words slowly, his breath reheating the saliva across my body. I couldn’t help but smile at the thought. Admittedly I remember being stuck for a while thanks to him, sitting at the edge of an orgasm for a few more hours before he decided to let me out again. I looked over my fur and saw the disheveled mess he made in my fur with various globs of saliva still keeping shape after being soaked up by my tufts of brown fur. My penis ached with a familiar hunger, but I bit the urge, urgently reassuring him that I’ll keep my orgasm under wraps until he allows it again. He smiled at me, proud that his son could hold back on orgasms even with his best efforts.

“Now when I finish up your bath time with Daddy, I expect you to behave yourself, ok?” He lowered his head again, his fangs dancing between my legs as he spoke, his breath rushing past my already tensed cock to waft over my face with his heat. He continued his work, a tongue almost twice my size wrapped around my lower waist, lifting me into his maw delicately as his paw followed close behind, ensuring that I didn't fall or slip.

Soon his jaws closed around me gently and my cock twitched wildly between the coiled flaps of his tongue before his lips sealed shut around me, setting me down in a warm pool of saliva as his tongue came unraveled. I tried to reach out to brace

myself for the rest of his cleaning, but the weight of his tongue pressed down on me sternly. I could hardly move anymore, now being sandwiched affectionately between his tongue and the growing saliva pond beneath me. It was sensual and slow, utilizing my lack of mobility to better lather me. I caught several streams of saliva in my mouth, unable to swat away the invasive fluids as he swallowed slightly, draining his maw ever so slightly as he continued. It went on for a while, constantly pressing into me with a growing room of his drool before scarcely sparing me from drowning in his damp maw. I had quickly grown used to the feeling, hugging the sliding tongue as it glided past me. The much softer underside of his tongue stroked my cock with delicacy, much more desirable than the much rougher and more draconic upper side of his tongue. With siphoned breaths I was hardly able to keep my cum from spreading across his maw. It was a burning desire, having to force my paws above the tongue simply to resist the compulsion to touch myself in this hot dragon maw. Attentive to this, he even seemed to delight in the slower movements, focusing his tongue movements to my lower half as if to coax me into forfeiting my behavior and eliciting a punishment for me.

Soon enough to keep my climax under wraps, his tongue maneuvered beneath my legs and lifted me higher, elevating me as his maw tilted back, allowing me to slip over his tongue until I reached the back of his jaw. My paws pressed into the back of his throat, feeling the thick convulsions with my toes before it slowly opened, my body sliding downward as his tongue forced me into the slimy valve, my slim body now feeling the muscles convulse over me as I slipped into the throat of my dragon. The walls were tight and slippery, hardly feeling the dragon swallowing me anymore and I simply felt gravity take me. I vaguely felt the imprints of claw as I slid down the throat slowly. The claw almost blocking my descent, fitting for the possessive dragon father of mine. He eventually let me go, allowing my plummet to meet its end in his stomach.

I pressed into the stomach walls and heard my dad's hearty cooing from inside, enjoying me as he meal as it seemed. I acted as an ideal son, of course. Taking my time to ignore my desires and instead massaging my dad from the inside, humored by the deep coos and hums, beside his heartbeat and breath. The belly gurgled loudly, bombing past me as the walls scrunched ever so slightly. I didn't have any concern over his last minute decision to digest me, but I also didn't know dragon anatomy as I'd thought. With the atmosphere around me, the muffled words of my father fell on deaf ears, though the most ideal words of his was

acknowledgement that I did well as his son. The thought alone got me excited, reminded of my throbbing and aching cock. I crawled along the billowing flesh and pressed my waistline into the fleshy walls, earning a reposition from my father that I couldn't see. I stroked my cock against the stomach walls with a slow moan. The fleshy made for a decent enough sensation with the assistance of my paw. I could already feel the climax coming, not able to stop myself from instantly ejaculating against the stomach walls. I couldn't make a repeat of last time and wait at the edge for hours at a time. With a powerful ejaculation splatters against the walls in the dark and damp room, some even splattering my chest fur. The reminder of hsi warning flashed across my mind and I shrugged off the feeling. Surely whatever he said before was an exemption to my challenge and thus doesn't deserve a punishment? Either way, I'm sure he'll forgive me. With the dampened cavern of his belly and leaned against the stomach walls and listened to the coos of my father as I heard the lullaby his body sang for me.