

## Vezelia's Vacation

Work was difficult, for Vezelia. A stressful affair of trying to avoid eating idiots she needed – and an awful affair of dealing with far too much paperwork. It called for a vacation – which was quite unfortunate for her subjects.

Vezelia – a beautiful, majestic 20ft large Dragotaur, with majestic black scales, accented finely by purple underbelly scales, had decided to take a break from terrorizing the mainland, and instead – decided to take a trip to the beach.

It wasn't every day draconic royalty visited a large, unnamed beachside resort. This resort had just recently opened up, and had received a massive influx of new business from all over thanks to its renown for good, courteous staff, and the warm, pleasant waters. Vezelia though, despaired slightly.

"Is there a single spot on this beach that I can use..?" She growled. The forty odd slaves / henchmen that trailed behind her desperately looked for a spot, as terrified human beachgoers noticed her approach. Her big, scaly feet left imprints in the sand, as she searched for a spot to sit. Every square foot of this beach was taken up by vacationing humans. She eventually settled on a pristine vista – the sun perfectly shining there, but was taken up by a lone human.

Ignoring him – she walked over, and sat down right on him. Her big, chubby stomach muffling him, as he squirmed beneath her, and she let out a warm sigh. Her belly growled hungrily, the poor human beneath her was terrified.

“Hmh... Is this beach rocky, or something?” She grunted, shifting upward – granting the poor human man beneath her a second of fresh air. Only for her to push her quadset, colossal black scaly balls in his chest – and her fat, monstrous 4' girthy dragoncock – easily about the size of a person.

He got a good feel of those scaly, person sized balls – hard and firm, jostling around with what felt like gallons of rich, creamy dragonseed.

The poor human couldn't help but feel terrified, as her churning, hungry balls ached, dripping precum all over his face, as she wasn't even bothered by it. It was just how she naturally was – constantly overproducing warm, delicious dragonseed, that flowed into the sands she laid on, slowly covering the poor human with warm splooge, that seeped through his clothing – as if marking him. The sheer musk of it was so strong – that his nose was filled with her scent.

*W-what would happen if I just... Groped it a little bit..?*

Dozens of servants surrounded her, loyally worshipping the dragotaur with palm branches, as she sat regally, keeping her black, scaly throat high and proud, enjoying the summer sun...

Then she groaned softly, her tongue lolling out of her mouth, orgasming beneath her – completing coating the poor human in her seed, and turning the beach towel a permanent shade of white beneath her. Just from the human simply daring to grope her overproductive balls...

“Aaah...” She grunted, the pressure slightly relieved from her nethers. The poor human beneath her – despite that being her first orgasm, was covered in a thick layer of cum, having born the brunt of it. Every bit of him squleched with dragon seed, as he tried to squirm beneath her – uncomfortably wet, but his small wiggling was just enough to cause her to climax again...

And again.

By the time the human had learned better – she had orgasmed a total of five times. Hundreds of gallons of cum flooded the sands around her – forming something of a small pool around her towel, settling in the non-level parts of the beach. Musk dominated the beach – tourists and strangers oddly attracted to her, gathering around the giant dragotaur.

Her balls – for the moment, were empty. Perhaps a small relief for her, as she had gotten used to them being so taut and heavy all the times – but now, they growled with hunger, her stomach hungrily demanding calories to keep up with the burdensome cum production that she had so gratefully provided this beach.

“If anyone of you would be so kind as to lend a hand...” She opened her maw casually, regally. As if her very regal and polite demeanor would mean a few humans would toss themselves down her throat...

After no one volunteered, she sighed. She was used to being pampered in her palace – and now, she had to do the hard work. A hand of hers went off to the side, grabbing three poor tourists, and scarfing them rudely down her throat, and with a great big *GULP*, taking their heads down – another *GULP* which took

their feeble torsos down – and a final, great big **GULKPH** that turned the three humans into a squirming bulge on the way down her throat.

They traveled down her scaly throat into her underbelly. The poor human cramped beneath her could feel their impact, and her thickening, hard cock leak seed all over his face, aroused by the prospect of eating. He only needed to gaze up, and see her purple-scaled belly squirming with the thin imprint of victims – a handprint there, a face there, a few still cries – and their imprints melted away, within only a few odd seconds – replaced by another loud, GLLP, and more imprints joined them, determined to melt into dragoness sludge.

"Hmh... Rufus, grab my toy from my luggage, and get some of the staff to bring refreshments." She stated, as a loyal servant quickly went to her wagon - grabbing a massive dildo perfectly shaped for her ass, enchanted with vibration. Rufus loyally came behind her rear - her big, black tail hefting upward, revealing her massive, black donuthole that deserved worship.

Hefting and pushing it in - she squirmed comfortably. The giant dildo was something she was quite used to, as she ground against the sands. Her colossal balls began filling up, thanks to the calories she was eating, as thick ropes of dragonseed – just precum, really, sprayed all over him, as he squirmed, the musk building up, as her stomach hungrily growled.

A dozen more tourists fell into her stomach, doomed to add to her tonnage and oppressive weight – going to all the right places, as they barely got to cry out, before being turned into rich nutrients.

"Hmh? They're already digested? I suppose a few more wouldn't hurt." She grunted, getting up. Her belly had made short work of her snacks – digesting the dozen human beachgoers in only the grand total of eleven, long seconds. Enough time for her to get aroused by their squirming as they begged for mercy.

The poor human she had trapped beneath her, was drenched in dragonseed, and felt the weight of her get off. He silently thanked whatever was in the heavens that he wouldn't be crushed – or turned into a snack, but the wily Vezelia glanced back, with a smile. A new hunger had replaced the one she felt in her stomach.

"Rufus – take my toy out." She stated. Rufus loyally pulled out the dildo – his hand briefly touching her hungry anus, as he slid inside, shouting. Vezelia didn't care though – he was good help, but she could always find another, as a long *SCHLLLP* confirmed Rufus's descent into dragotaur cheeks.

"Oh. What a shame. He was a good servant. Now – as for you, pervert~" She grunted, smiling. She was going to enjoy this.

Smugly, she pushed her massive, wiggling ass onto the poor human, crushing him beneath her ass, as her donuthole made him into a sticky snack for her inside – her dragonspire peaking outward more, somehow extending all the way to 5' – the flood of cum and production increasing as she grew more and more aroused.

"That's it. Worship your queen. You should be honored, crushed beneath a pair of asscheeks like this..." She said, grinding her butt into the sand as she got off to it. Disturbed beach-goers looked over at her – and her growing erection, with worry, as her little buttsnack vanished into her gut, melting away wordlessly, as if he enjoyed it.

“That’s the stuff... I’m gonna break you down, because you’re such a pervert...” She grunted, enjoying every second that snack of hers broke down. The beachgoers watched as the taur’s underbelly stomach rumbled audibly, sloshing for a few seconds, before the bulge broke down effortlessly into bliss.

She licked her lips for a second, seeing so many eyes on her, her arousal growing. This entire beach deserved to be hers. No pesky human – and their stupid towels, and their stupid beachfront property should disturb HER beach.

She waddled forward, her big, taur hips swaying, her quadset testicles beneath her bouncing along with them in unison - as she came across a small human couple – both of them looking up at her with terrified eyes, and down at her fully erect, dripping shaft, that leaked cum all over their towels, picnic basket, and lunch. Only for her to stomp on the basket with her paws, ruthlessly.

“You’re blocking my view. Apologize.” She demanded. The male human rushed over, worshiping her shaft – hoping for mercy, only to find themselves slurped up, descending into her taut, quadruple-set balls to digest, breaking down into more seed, as she purred. The girl, watched horrified.

“M-more...” She groaned, stuffing the girl, the picnic basket – and the umbrella down her shaft. Even though the umbrella was fully open – her hungry cock slurped it down, folding the fabric back, as she grunted... Frankly, it gave her more trouble than the poor woman.

Everything that entered her balls turned into cum after only a handful of seconds, her colossal, quad-set balls expanding outward. It demanded more nutrients – it demanded to grow larger.

"Hmh... Lovely... Now, for the rest of you... I'm afraid there's been a zoning issue. This isn't your beach." She said, turning to face the growing crowd. Her cloudy musk had swayed their minds – obfuscating them from the fact they were about to be snacks for her.

The dragoness leaped forward. *SCHLURP!* - Her hand grabbed two unfortunated humans, slam-dunking them into her shaft. The hungry dragonspire gulped them down, as they slid-down the lubricated shaft, Vezelia groaning.

"I-I should have done this earlier... Y-you humans make for perfect cockbatter..." She grunted, chomping down on a tent – all five humans inside descending down her scaly throat. Chaos filled the beach, as a ruckus of *CHOMP*, *GULP*ing, and *SCHLURPS* filled the air. Every single orifice she had – she used. A minotaur found themselves churned away, into a creamy surprise, and filing out her cock all the way to 5'5, – a red lesser dragon that was in disguise, pretending to be a human on the beach tried to escape, metamorphosing into his 30' dragon form. It didn't help at all – as he panicked, trying to flutter away, his tail was caught by her hungry shaft, and he reeled into her balls.

His outline, and squirming contours, lasted all of a minute, before he broke down into more nutrient rich seed.

The last notable snack she had, was a poor elven mage used as a flimsy butt dildo. Frankly – it wasn't impressive, but it felt awfully nice, the magic stimulating her butthole for a few brief seconds, as they desperately tried to cast fireball. It didn't work – her magical aura simply absorbed it.

"Hmh. I thought there were more of you~" She looked around – the beach population rapidly thinned out. Easily, in only a few short minutes, she'd eaten at least a hundred poor folks. The rest were fleeing.

“Ahh... Don't you know, not to run from a dragon..? Or wait, was it...” She stopped, sighing. She was losing herself in the moment – forgetting all of her quips, and quotes she read about in books. Nevertheless – she'd come up with a suitably arrogant remark after she ate the survivors.

Anyone trying to flee from the beach found themselves equally unfortunate. She was fast, thanks to her taur-like body, her powerful paws kicking up sand as she rushed down victims. By the time the afternoon hit – she had eaten easily two hundred people. Her fat, jiggling underbelly squirming with humans breaking down into bones – her nutsack squirming as they expanded from the freshly caught snacks ballooning them out. The freshly churned gallons of seed making an awfully loud ruckus.

She laid down on her back, outside of the hotel, looking around. There was no one else – but she did see a counter, and a small bell. A small grin came about her – as a clawed finger delicately tapped the bell.

Instantly, eleven hotel staff emerged from Gods-knows-where. They were all humans, a dead-look in their eyes, as she sighed.

This would be less fun than she hoped. How could she torture people who were tortured daily anyways?

“Give your patron a massage. It's been a long day...” She announced, surrounding her, as they dutifully rubbed her colossal balls, or her digesting stomach, as she squirmed happily, rolling over, squirming under their delicate touch. It was possibly the strangest thing they've done in their whole career – but they did it, regardless.

“T-that's it. Hmhm~” She groaned – orgasming and burping at the same time – a cloudy mist of purple



smog shooting out, entrancing the poor workers. Soon – their begrudging, not-so-happy tummy rubbing, turned into something else. Something far more devoted, and far more... Kinky. That thick, growing shaft beneath her caught her eye – it was a colossal, 8' long. Easily capable of stuffing two poor humans into it, or maybe even a whole horse.

Perhaps...

Maybe just a taste?

She lowered her head towards it – stretching to reach that absurdly long, thick shaft, as she managed to barely push her snout around it, enjoying it. Hotel workers softly rubbed her gurgling belly, feeling it expand outward as she nursed her own cock.

The fine, delicious, sticky seed got on her snout and nose, as she began gulping it down, like a retail employee drinking their fifth energy drink of the day – it was impossible to stop.

*"S-so good~"* She groaned. Her belly began to fill up once again – that yummy, thick dragonmilk being put to use.

Unfortunately – after a few minutes of non-stop self-suck masturbation, her cock ran dry again. Gallons were being digested in her belly – she assumed, somewhere between 15 to 25... Her cock was throbbing in pain from how hard it had been orgasmed. She needed MORE.

“You – all, grab as many things as you can – a-and just shove them down~” She groaned. Need and lust were apparent in her voice – the humans she ate weren’t enough. Frankly, those humans she digested should have been put to use as cockbatter – she should have known..!

Her servants rushed around, grabbing anything they could. A serving tray, food, anything. It was hastily shoved down her cock, with a wet SCHLURP. To their amazement – the more that was shoved down there, the faster it all digested away into lovely dragoness seed. To their horror – that often included them. Though they were largely stripped of that horror, thanks to the mind control toxins that polluted the air, thanks to her burp.

Object after object – servant after servant entered her precariously enlarging balls, as she groaned lovingly. Her huge, lovely black scaly orbs grew out – more and more...

Eventually, the conveyor-belt of servants, objects, and knickknacks ceased. Her balls were utterly bloated, seed trickling onto the tile of the hotel lobby.

“Hmmmh... I could have some more. Where’s the service around here..?” She looked around – noticing only the slight imprint of the last servant in her balls melting away.

Only for her to realize that she had run out of servants.

She groaned in frustration – trying to get up, only to realize her colossal balls weighed her down. Her sloshingly full nuts were bloated out – two hundred people had been digested down there alone – turned into a thick, juicy soup of dragonseed.

"I-I suppose I should get to work..." She said, lowering herself again, giving herself another delicious blowjob – lasting for a long, long time...

A long, long time. Perhaps an hour – or two, as she thought that at ANY minute, she'd run out. But to her horror – her cum production didn't let up. It was a never-ending, steady stream of her own yummy dragon cum, with all sorts of flavors. A nice, beef flavor from the digested minotaur. A spicy, pepper-like flavor from the cum churned up from the lesser dragon...

Her beach vacation was going splendidly well. Frankly, she hadn't felt this relaxed in ages.

By the time the day ended – her cock was numb. Her balls completely deflated – and her stomach gurgling, she called for a servant to bring her luggage to leave, then sighed.

"Oh. Right." She sighed, her hand groping her chubby, humanoid stomach. Next time – she'd have to leave one of them alive. Regardless – she left two gold coins in the tip jar for the staff, as she headed back home.