

Islands of Wet Dreams

Chapter 9: Falling In

By Draconicon

Trying to take on a dragon was something only a knight had ever done, to the best of Toby's knowledge, and he would almost guarantee that they had never done it in the way that he was.

The coyote looked down at the dick that he'd soaked with spit over the last forty minutes, having been bent over under the dragon as who knew how many others had been complaining on the beast's other side. The smell of musk filled the air, likewise as it had for the last forty minutes, and he barely had the willpower to pull himself away from it, the professor panting softly as he stroked the side of it.

It's definitely bigger than most of the legends described, he thought. Not quite out of proportion, but...mmm, so close...

Toby had kicked off his own clothes...well, he wasn't sure how long ago. There hadn't been much point to keeping them on when the great feral dragon had started dripping, and his fur was matted down against his skin from all the pre-cum that Rumiir had started spurting, both over him and along the mountainside.

Idly, he noticed that his plan had...mostly worked. The other figures that had been running up the side of the mountain had been stopped by the blue and silver dragon's great bulk, and they were still hammering on his back to try and get him to move. Despite a fireball earlier, they continued to grumble and tapped their feet impatiently, the beat driving him to work that great, arm-length cock a little bit slower.

Gotta keep them busy for as long as I can, Toby thought, looking over his shoulder. The naga had gotten past him, and he kicked himself for not thinking about how the serpent could have gotten by the steps, but he relied on the other three to handle that. He was pretty sure that they could keep Carl safe. What he had to do...

Nnngh...Maunga, you are strong...

He could 'feel' the tugging of the daydream around him in a way that shouldn't have been possible. Even with Rumiir being more 'real' than the kobolds and other beasts of fantasy that they'd encountered, he felt a pressure around him, like a warm blanket in the air that was waiting to smother him into the ground. The coyote knew it was the power of the sleeping god, trying to drag him down, trying to knock him out for the count.

The fact that he had a fantasy coming to life didn't help, either. Real or not, Rumiir gave him something that he had never seen. Not ero-mythology, but mythology come to life. He slowly grasped the base of the dragon's cock, squeezing under the knot that had formed about ten minutes ago, and shook his head. His fingers didn't even meet down there.

It's...huge... he thought, his mind already drifting off towards what might happen to him if he were to turn around. How would Rumiir take it, he wondered. Rather, how would Rumiir take *him* if the dragon thought that he was fully on offer?

Don't. He rapidly shook his head, feeling that warm 'pressure' dissipating as he pushed the daydream out of his head. *They want that.*

Still...

Toby looked up at the dragon, kissing the thick tip before speaking.

"You said you...you're real. What do you mean?"

"Heh, you think that everything you've seen was already here? Minotaurs, kobolds, tentacle monsters, krakens?"

"I was...considering the fact they might be false..."

He shook his head. The warmth was fogging up his brain. Almost as bad as the pills. Just...had to hold on. Focus. Just for once in his life, focus!

"After all...they're real...but they couldn't be here...without being noticed."

"Why don't you give me a little suck while I tell you, coyote?"

"I'll...I've been...sucking..."

Though it was a temptation. A very big temptation, in more ways than one, as that shaft throbbed up and down in front of him. The coyote leaned in, dragging his tongue from the base to the tip, but he resisted the urge to suckle from it. That was as much as he had to him at that point, more than he thought he could do, honestly.

The dragon shrugged.

"That'll do, I guess." Rumiir leaned back a little, almost squashing some of the smaller muscle-men on the other side. "Heh, don't know how it works, honestly, but *Maunga* offered all of us a deal. Find others, keep fucking them, and he'd give us power in exchange for all the work that we do."

"Power? Like..."

"Like the power to live outside these islands, for the minotaurs and kobolds, and things like that. For me, and Big Orange behind me -"

"I have a name, you know!"

Toby had almost forgotten they were there. He shook his head. Focus. Focus. *I've had my medication...just...focus...*

“You are getting power from him...Why? What would a dragon want...”

“Why not? It’s not like it hurts anyone, being here.”

“*Maunga* doesn’t want to...to hurt, then?”

“Not as far as I’m aware. Gonna keep sucking?”

He should. Yes. He really should, or that would go down, or the dragon would get bored, or a hundred other things. He needed to do that. Needed to keep it hard. He leaned in, his nose dragging along the slick, long, dripping shaft, licking a line of the pre off of it before circling the head a few times. The scent of a hard, musky dragon filled his nose and left him groaning before he pulled back again.

Toby rubbed his head, trying to clear it. Not that it was going to get clear at this point, he supposed, but...but he had to keep it on track. *Maunga* had been the enemy so far, but a sleeping one. If he was rewarding his followers with power, that meant that...

Ugh...Think...think!

If he was rewarding his followers with power...that meant...that meant that *Maunga* was deliberately delaying his own return. Deliberately handing out power...but why? Loyal lieutenants?

Or...

Was he a good guy, in some way?

No, no...that...legends. What...legends...

Toby tried to pull on the legends again, the things that he had studied and taught in college time and time again, all the things that he had drilled into the unfortunate students that were given his classes to fill out their electorates. He tried to pull on those older memories, but they wouldn’t come.

Instead...

Instead something else came. Something hazy, like it was hardly remembered, something that had been so long ago that he’d almost forgotten. He remembered a world...something different, something older. Where he hadn’t had a cell phone, or taught at a college, or anything else of the sort.

It must have been decades ago, if not much longer, but he didn’t remember himself being younger. He...he was the same age? Impossible...

As he slurped along Rumiir’s cock, idly sucking it down, he felt something beyond the pressure of the daydream around him, or the presence of the dragon above him, or the taste of cock on his tongue. He felt...he felt something else.

A power.

A power that he could remember feeling all those years ago. A power that had been sealed, a power that had been mingled. It had bled out from thousands of others, forced down on the earth, and built up something...

A...a mountain? How am I...remembering a myth?

Toby almost pulled off of the blue dragon's cock, the tip about to leave his lips when Rumiir shoved him back down. The coyote was forced out on all fours, his jaws spread wide around the feral's shaft. He gagged on it, almost snapped out of his memory, but it kept on pushing into him. What...how...

The mountain rises, sealing away flame, desire, earth, power. It rises higher and higher, his eyes seeing it from the waves, watching as the fires of Maunga spread from the tip, causing other islands to form around it. The power continues to flow, sealing the last of the great god away, until there is nothing but black mountain.

It is sealed, broken down, but over time, it is damaged. Maunga slips free. He - not Toby, but he that sees - walks the islands, seeing it, being amused by the bits of power here and there, amused by how it changes things, how it alters them, how it brings things to life. It could be within his power to change it back, to fix it, but instead, he simply watches.

“Mmmph!”

The coyote tried to pull himself free, both of the ‘memory’ awoken by the power he felt in Rumiir, and from the cock down his throat, but both were equally inescapable. He shook his head as much as he could, dragon cock bouncing against the insides of his cheeks, but the memory pulled him back in.

He walks away from the islands, walking on water until he reaches the coastline. He vaguely recognizes it as California, or what California would eventually be. It is not yet settled, the coasts empty, the world far more sparse than it would eventually be. He walks the desert, smiling to himself, making his own little mischief, and teaching those that he can.

He takes his time. After all, he has all the time in the world...

He finally managed to pull himself free from Rumiir's cock, his mouth open wide, gasping for breath as spit and slime linked him to the dragon's dripping shaft, and he could barely pull in enough air to fill his lungs. The dragon groaned, grunting as he thrust his hips back and forth, trying to get some more attention, but the coyote was too busy trying to figure out what the hell he'd just seen.

That...that was almost impossible. Almost. He'd heard of visions when exposed to certain substances, but he doubted that the dragon had any of them slathered on his dick.

Then again, dragon semen has never been tested. Could be some sort of allergic reaction. Wouldn't that be a dent in everyone's dragon fantasies...

He coughed and spluttered, wiping his jaws a few times to clear the rest of the pre off of him as the memory faded. If it was a memory at all. It could have been a hallucination, or something else entirely...

Yet, at the same time, he couldn't quite think that it was. It didn't *feel* like one, and the memory had come with its own intense emotions. He had felt the hesitation of the person that

had locked *Maunga* away. He'd felt the intense glee at the sight of power oozing out of the mountain. He'd felt the near-pleasure at the idea of such mischief coming free, and then slipping out to the rest of the world.

In fact, he'd felt it so strongly, he could still feel it in lesser amounts now.

The pleasure, glee, and sheer interest that that *other* person had felt in regards to *Maunga* had been so tangible, and it still was. He swore he could have gotten hard from it...and for that matter, he probably was. He just didn't want to check.

One question remained, however, and it was a very simple one to ask, but not so simple to answer.

“Was that...me?”

“Sucking my dick? Yes. Are you going to finish it?”

He slowly looked over his shoulder, panting softly as he looked up at the dragon, and then down at the dick that was waiting for him. It was even slicker, shinier, and if anything, muskier than he remembered...and this time, he felt the power that the dragon had inside of him even more keenly.

The emotions faded a bit, his curiosity aroused as he moved closer. Rather than squatting down and sucking on the dragon's cock again, he reached down and lifted up the blue dragon's balls, lifting them up in his fists before letting them fall back down again.

Yes, the power's definitely down there. Getting stored in the sexual organs, hmm? That's certainly not typical. Well, outside of fertility, at least...

Perhaps the fire god had something more to him...

The more he reached out, the more the memories of the island came back to him. The bits and pieces of power that he'd felt while running with Lupe, and while sitting on the dock indulging himself. They'd all been summoned and controlled by the sleeping *Maunga*, but they all had this feeling of power behind it. Godly power.

So...why did godly power wake him up?

The immediate answer his mind leaped to was so stupid that he almost immediately discarded it. And had he been using his medication any more regularly, he would have.

Am I a god?

He thought about it, and then shrugged as he kept on lifting and lowering the dragon's balls.

Probably not. Too tiny for that, and probably wouldn't be in this much trouble. Besides, how many times have I tried to call lightning on the staff back at the university now? You'd think at least one of those would have worked if I was.

So, if he wasn't a god, what was going on?

More than he wanted to think about, really. And more than he could answer, if he wasn't down with the guy that was making him remember it all. His delay had done something, at least; it was almost time to end it.

“Rumiir?”

“Hmm?”

“How much loyalty do you actually have to *Maunga*?”

“That’s a strange question. Why don’t you keep -”

“No, thanks. I think I’m just about sucked out. Besides, I had a weird memory while sucking on it. Do you coat it in drugs or something?”

“Some of those were bitches would probably say it is a drug.”

“Yes, but -”

“Uh...no.”

“Pity, that would have made a little more sense.” Toby shrugged. “In any case, loyalty?”

“You know...nobody ever asked before. Not much, I guess? I’ve been -”

The blue dragon grunted, and Toby was almost knocked over as Rumiir was shoved forward, the blue and silver dragon almost pinning him to the ground with his dick. The coyote looked at the narrow gap between the feral dragon and him, shaking his head at the sky.

You know, this would be one of those occasions when being a god would be really great.

He wiggled himself free, though only when Rumiir was able to get himself back up. He walked up the path a few paces, and saw that the musclemen and feral dragon were...well, in a bit of a tussle.

A blue tail thwacked a few of them off of the mountain, sending them flying down with Wilhelm-like screams, while others were leaping up and over the swaying limb. One in particular, a red and orange one, was glaring at the blue dragon, and eventually grabbed him by the tail.

Surprisingly, the anthro dragon wasn't lifted off his feet immediately, and instead pulled Rumiir down by a couple of feet.

“You know, we’ve been patient. We’ve been real patient here. But you’ve kept us waiting long enough. Now, why don’t you take your little fuck-buddy, head off to another island, and let us take care of those other guys threatening *Maunga*, huh?”

Rumiir arched an eyebrow.

“Do you really think you can tell me what to do, Carlone?”

“Probably better than most of the people here. Most of ‘em wouldn’t be able to hold you still.”

“True...very true. But most of them wouldn't be stupid enough to hold on, either.”

Toby watched as the red-orange dragon tightened his grip, and watched the scales on the blue dragon's tail actually press in a bit, almost denting from the pressure. He blinked twice at the sight. He hadn't thought anything was capable of that.

He looked over his shoulder. If he hurried, he might be able to leave them both behind...

But that wouldn't last long, would it? And Maunga might just have something waiting for me...

He looked back, the feral dragon and anthro one squaring off, facing each other. One was big and as powerful-looking as his feral ancestors would have been, while the other was as muscular as any comic-book character might have hoped to be. Either one could have a chance of winning, and he doubted that either one would let him get through unmolested.

Yet...if he had a chance of convincing Rumiir about this, perhaps he could do something with this Carlone.

He leaped forward, just as they charged at each other, and ended up right in the middle. He felt magic from both of them, surging from Rumiir's mouth, pulsing from Carlone's fists, and he was caught right between the two.

An explosion rocked the mountainside, and he was at the epicenter.

...You know, I thought fight magic would hurt, but this feels...kinda nice.

The explosion faded, with dragons scattered on either side of the path, and Toby looked down at himself. His eyes immediately went wide, and he groaned.

“Well...that explains a lot.”

The coyote had been, in a word, grown. In one sense, he was much bigger than he had been before, almost a foot taller, and quite a bit more muscular. His arms bunched up when he moved, and he swore that his chest was hard enough to serve as armor at this point. He didn't even want to think about what had happened to his legs and his ass.

In another sense, he was definitely... 'bigger' than he had been. He groaned as he felt his cock throb, the coyote's shaft standing out much more than before, and as he looked down at it, he felt more than a little curiosity as to how that had happened.

“Fascinating...really, truly fascinating,” he said, his voice a little huskier than usual as he reached down, fondling the air around his shaft rather than touching it directly. “Bigger, perhaps 150% of the previous size, maybe 160%. Heavier shaft, larger balls, and a bigger body. No sign of growth added onto what I already had. Perhaps a regression and boost? Feels possible, but no...”

He shook his head. He was starting to slip into curiosity again. Looking around, he saw that Carlone and Rumiir had already pulled themselves up, and were grumbling to themselves. Toby could see that most of the others were down for the count, which meant that he had an opening.

“So...who’s up for a change in management?”

“...”

“...What?” Carlone blinked. “Uh...did I mess with your head as well as your body there?”

“No, that might have been me,” Rumiir admitted. “I was going for a lust spell, and it might have mixed with whatever the hell you were doing.”

“No, no, I’m not really horny. At least...not as much as I look. Just, um, a proposal.”

That was the word that the college administrative staff used whenever they wanted to talk about one of his crazy ideas, and wanted to talk him down from it, right? It felt like the right word, anyway.

Toby tried to sit down, but his new muscles made his preferred cross-legged stance a little less doable. Instead, he sat down with his longer legs running down two steps below him, and looked back and forth between the feral and anthro dragons.

“*Maunga* is giving both of you power, yes? More power for every person that you drag into a daydream, right?”

The dragons shrugged slightly, but nodded.

“You’re both probably a lot more powerful than you’ve ever been. Any reason that you’re going along with what he wants, now? Just checking. Ideological differences are interesting, after all. Or are you just boring mercenaries?”

“...I wouldn’t call it boring.” Rumiir scratched the back of his head with a talon.

“And I’m not really a merc.” Carlone snorted. “But it’s a fun job. I mean, getting to make all the muscle bois I want? Seriously, who wouldn’t want to make a bunch of hung beach studs?”

“Hot fantasy, yes, I agree.” Toby nodded. “But are you really supporting him, or just wanting to keep up what you’re doing?”

“...Can’t say that I really know what he’s gonna do, I admit. But hey, not like it’s really hurting anyone.”

“So, let me get this straight.”

He pointed at the feral.

“*You* are doing this because it makes you stronger.”

He turned, pointing at Carlone.

“And *you* are doing this because you get easy access to sexy guys. Not that I blame you - geez, I’d take that job in a heartbeat if it was unisex - but that’s it, right?”

“Well...yeah, do we need anything else?”

“Pretty much.” Rumiir nodded. “Why?”

“Because I’d like to make a deal with you. Just an idea, just an offer, and feel free to turn it down, of course.”

Not like I can enforce it anyway.

“But, uh, why not head down in the mountain with me, and we’ll wake *Maunga* up now, and get this all over with? I mean, he has almost all of the island now, you’re both super-powered and supercharged. Do you think it’ll get any better? And besides, you might actually get a bit of a better deal if you wake him up now rather than when he wants to be woken up.”

The dragons looked at each other. He could see a flicker of understanding in Rumiir’s eyes, a grasp of the obvious. After all, the idea of *Maunga* waking up fully on his own timetable was something that he doubted would empower anyone any more than they’d already been, and Rumiir had to know that.

Carlone, on the other hand, looked a little more wary. The red dragon pressed a hand to his chin, thinking.

“You might have a point. I mean, yeah, he’s gonna be done giving us power, probably. But what do we get out of it? That wolf that saved you last time tried to blow us all up with grenades, before.”

“I think I can handle him. Particularly like...this.”

He looked at his arms, giving them a squeeze. His biceps bunched up, and almost ‘popped’ along his arms. They were even bigger than he had expected, and left him surprised. He doubted he could take on Lupe with them, but at least he could hold him back for a few seconds until they could talk.

After all, nothing had been that harmful here. Just a lot of sex, a lot of debauchery, all without changing people that much...

Carlone arched an eyebrow.

“You saying that you’re going to let me keep my men, then?”

“I’m saying we can work something out. After all, can’t blame you for wanting a harem. I’d get one for myself with my students, if the other teachers allowed it.”

“Heh, remind me to introduce you to a teacher I know, later.” Carlone laughed. “But...you’re serious?”

“Completely.”

“...I’m in.”

He looked over at Rumiir, and the blue dragon gave him a nod. Toby chuckled, standing up and clapping his hands together, and trying rather hard not to think of the memories that were still pushing at the back of his head.

Instead, he walked over to Rumiir and leaped onto his back.

“Charge, faithful steed!”

“...”

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The entrance ended up being as explosive as he hoped, though not quite in the way that he meant. Toby rode on Carlone’s back, rather than Rumiir’s, but the big blue still did the fire breathing, roaring entrance that he wanted. The naga at the base of the ramp went scampering away, and Studley and Carl were both let free of their ‘prison’ of fantasies. Lupe...

Well, he’d come back to Lupe. He looked like he was having a little too much fun with that vixen.

Toby walked over to the edge of the pool that *Maunga* was suspended over, and felt another little twinge of memory. Studley was about to walk past him, about to touch the water, when he shook his head.

“No, I think...”

He groaned, feeling the pressure, the organizing feeling in his head coming back. It felt like certain pieces were being moved around, his thoughts coming together in a way that clicked them and locked them in place, but this time, there was something different. Almost like...almost like there was a hole in his head, where the thoughts had been blocking something.

“Ugh...”

“Are you okay? Should I -”

“No, no, stay close, old friend.”

Toby’s eyes went wide. That wasn’t his voice. That wasn’t his voice at all. Yet, his mouth kept moving.

“I knew you’d be a good key for the lock, what with your chaotic nature. Would have come myself, but old deals and all, you know how it is.”

Studley blinked, and Toby couldn’t blame him. If it wasn’t for the fact that his mouth was almost literally running away with him, he would have been freaking out himself. And it just kept *doing* it!

“Now, if you don’t mind, pick me up and throw me in.”

“...Coyote?”

“Oh, just a part. After all, an old pact to seal *Maunga* away was hardly something I’d willingly enforce. But I had given my word. But now that we’re here, I can let him out *my* way.”

“Heh...I should have guessed. No wonder things have been weird for Toby around me.”

“Yes, a chaos lock isn’t the most pleasant for mortals. But it makes sure that I don’t mess up his life too much by living inside of him. Anyway, if you would be so kind?”

Toby had no idea what was going on. All he knew was that one moment he was on the ground, the next he was in the air, and the third he was flying towards the suspended, dreaming god. His eyes went wide, and a scream tried to come out of his mouth. Tried.

It was stopped rather firmly by the fact that he ended up kissing the sleeping god.

FLASH!

He floats in the air, suspended beneath a darker coyote than himself and the fiery silhouette of Maunga. He looks up at them, seeing them talking, with the latter looking slightly annoyed, while the former looks rather smug.

“Why did you have to do that, Coyote? I was handling things well enough on my own.”

“Ah, but why let the Gods of Order have their way?” The dark-furred canine smirks. “After all, getting out according to their prophecy gives it some validity. And you would have become a villain.”

“I would have handled it.”

“Well, you might have, but too late. I just fixed it for you.”

“Fixed it? You just...just...”

He stares at the coyote, and Toby does the same as Coyote chuckles.

“Just let you out with most of your power, all these new subordinates, and not bound to any of the old god rules, because all that ordered prophecy no longer applies? Yes, yes, I think I did.”

“...You’re insufferably smug, you know that?”

“If you think I’m bad, just wait until you see what’s waiting for you on the other side.”

“There’s nothing worse than you.”

“Ooooooh, yes there is.”

“...No. No, no, you’re not serious, no.”

Coyote merely smiles, and the fiery god groans.

“Great. Free me, then saddle me with a babysitter.”

“Think of it less like a babysitter, and more like getting a partner. I hear he’s in the market for island getaways.”

“Um...excuse me...”

The pair of gods look down at him, and Toby shakes his head a few times.

“Um...just...what just happened?”

“Long story short?” Coyote chuckles. “You were a host of a god, I just hopped out, and we freed an unjustly imprisoned god from his shackles. And we’re giving him to someone that’s just as strong to make sure it doesn’t happen again, and we get to keep a good resort running.”

“But...what about...”

“You? Oh, that was a while ago. Kind of a generational thing, to be honest.” Coyote shakes his head a few times. “Do you know how hard it is to find a coyote that actually is doing anything with his life? I had to keep filtering all sorts of luck your family’s way to make sure ONE of you would be in place for this.”

“...I’d like to think I did some of that.”

“Yes, yes, you did,” Coyote says in a way that said he most certainly didn’t.

“Fine...but what about -”

“Everyone will be fine,” Maunga says, shaking his head. “Perhaps slightly less powerful, but with everything that they had. Though it may take up to a week for erections to cease and dripping to finish.”

“Only a week? You’re losing your touch, Maunga...”

FLASH!

And then, he was back on the ground, flailing around in a pool of water like a beached fish. Toby coughed, pulling himself out of the water, and stumbled free. He groaned as Studley helped him out, and looked around.

No sign of the fiery god. No sign of Coyote.

“Well...that was fun. A god in my head, a god on the island, and who knows how many others that are going to be pissed off because of this?”

“Well, almost right.” Studley chuckled. “Two gods on the island.”

“...”

With more energy than he knew he had left, Toby grabbed the wolf’s arm and dragged him out of the pool with him. Carl blinked, starting to raise a hand, but the coyote shouted as he dragged the wolf away.

“Questions first.”

“But what about -”

“Questioning a god here! Everything else can wait!”

After all, how often did one have the chance to question a god of...well, anything, let alone something like Studley. And with *Maunga* obviously being afraid of him, he was pretty sure that they had time before leaving the mountain.

The End