

Nisa's Self Indulgence

By: Dragonien

Nisa loved how she could actually feel the heat radiating off of the flesh before her. how she could feel it actually washing over her face like she was leaning just a bit too close to a space heater set on its lowest setting. The feel of the smooth flesh under her fingertip was like gliding her hand over thick satin, supple and flawless to the touch but with just enough malleable give from the excess flesh that she could bunch a bit of it up into a couple of wrinkles before its elasticity would pull it taunt once more. And then there was the smell, oh gods the smell. It wasn't harsh or pungent or anything like that. Dragonien enjoyed the smell of soaps and body washes too much to let anything beyond a surface layer of his natural musk build up. But even with him still smelling freshly showered here, under the covers and in the middle of the night where his body temperature and scent had been trapped underneath the blankets the scent was thick and powerful. Add that to whatever dreams he was having clearly leaving him in a state of intense arousal meant that his morning wood's raging hormones were only amplifying his glans natural production.

Buried under the blankets between his legs, Nisa was almost drunk off of the scent. Even here where it had been trapped and compounded on itself it wasn't overwhelming on an olfactory scale, but rather what it meant to Nisa. It radiated an overbearing sort of dominance too it that she could never put into words if she tried. Some inherent, primal sense of power portrayed through the raw analog communication of one body to another. It was the scent of a king of beasts, of an apex predator, of an alpha male. Even without the intimidating visage of both his overall size and the size of his massive genitalia in front of her that scent alone drove a feeling of inferiority and insignificance into her. But it wasn't a degrading sense of inferiority, one that pushed her down and made her feel like she wasn't good enough. Rather it was one that uplifted him at least to whatever part of her body was translating that scent. It made him more in her eyes, rather than make her less in both of theirs. And It drove her absolutely wild.

Some people might make jokes or stereotypical insinuations about kobolds worshiping dragons but she didn't care. There was no coercion or obligation for her to do what she did. He didn't force her and she had never been told nor taught to act the way she did. She just wanted too. She wanted to look up at him every day and marvel at his immense size and powerful physique. She wanted to cook for him and even sometimes feed him despite his protests. She wanted to bask in his body heat, revel in the feel of his footsteps vibrating the floor, and drown in his masculine scent. She wanted to make him feel like a modern day King, a living god who deserved at the very least the best that she personally could offer to him. And, more immediately, she wanted to wrap her lips around and worship every inch of the monstrous dick quite literally tenting the blankets she currently was beneath.

She couldn't even wrap one of her hands around its girth, having to use both of them and even then not having much room to spare around its circumference. The ebony colored spire was easily as thick around as a can of soda, and stuck up nearly a foot and a half from the base of his groin. There was no way she would ever have been able to deep throat the entire monstrosity that was Dragonien's dick. Even if she could get her jaw spread wide enough to fit the apple sized head of his cock into her mouth, the shaft itself was more than 1/4 as long as her entire body was tall! That thought only made her more enthralled by the penile beast before her.

With her hands wrapped around the base, slowly stroking up and down the taunt flesh along the first few inches of it, she leaned forward to press the tip of her muzzle against the under-channel of his dick. She rubbed the very tip of her snout affectionately along the sensitive little tendon of flesh at the bottom of the head of his circumcised cock where she knew there was a particularly thick cluster of nerves. She could hear the huge dragon huff out breathlessly in his sleep, his hips rolling slightly into her touch and momentarily shoving more of his dick against her face. Spurred on by the encouraging reaction, she started to lower her muzzle down the length of his cock. Her head angled slightly down so that her lips could press against the heated black flesh and leave a trail of tender kisses every half inch or so as she made her way down its length towards where her hands still gripped the base.

She couldn't help but think to herself how huge his dick was. It was bigger than her entire forearm and probably weighed at least as much if not more. It was truly a dick worthy of worship, at least in her opinion. One she wished to slather in kisses, to nuzzle and cuddle against like it were her lover, itself. She almost wanted to wake him up just so she could tell him all of these things. She didn't just want to see him like this, to perceive him as this living icon of everything that made her weak in the knees. She wanted him to know it, to hear it. She didn't want to just feed his ego, she wanted to mutate it into a Godzilla sized behemoth until he perceived himself as highly as she did. That last thought gave her an idea, one that had her suddenly squirming in place between Dragonien's legs at the thought of.

Reluctantly Nisa pulled herself away from the object of her worship and started to crawl her way over one of Dragonien's muscular thighs. It probably said something that she did things like this a bit too often that she had an almost intuitive understanding of just how heavy a sleeper Dragonien was and what she could and could not to avoid waking him. thankfully the mattresses that he slept on, two king size mattresses turned sideways and pressed together to make one comfortably large enough for someone of his stature, were rather firm so there wasn't much give when she crawled across it towards the bed stand. After a brief glance up at Dragonien's face to assure herself that he was still fast asleep, and a discreet glance further down that made her bite her lower lip at the sight of his still throbbing erection obscenely tenting the sheet, she turned back to the bedside table and reached for the drawer.

The sound and movement caused a faint, high pitched grumble of protest to emit from inside the drawer. A slightly dazed grunt of confusion followed it as the occupant tried to kick their brain into overdrive after being so suddenly roused from their sleep by the abrupt sound and motion. He wasn't able

to get things running fully before a huge pair of green fingers had reached inside the desk to scoop him out. His yelp of surprised was silenced by Nisa's thumb pushing firmly on the back of his head, forcing it forward and pinning his chin against his own chest in the process. The bark of protest became a muffled grunt with him unable to open his jaw in such a position, and though he was not amused by the sudden manhandling he knew better by now not to resist or fight against the hold of someone so much larger than him. What was surprising him, though was who it was that was manhandling him. The little pink wolf was used to being teased and played with by Dragonien, but this was the first time he could remember this particular hand wrapped around him. When he had been extricated fully from the drawer he slept in and it had been closed behind him he was lifted up to find himself face to face with the diminutive but still, to him, massive kobold.

"Nisa?" he started to ask, only to have a hushed, sharp shushing sound hissed at him. The sound was emphasized by a rather firm squeeze of her fingers around him as if emphasizing the order to stay quiet with a subtle threat. It wasn't so much that he thought she might seriously hurt him for real, but more of just a reminder that she was so much bigger than him and could do a lot of things that he might not like if she wanted that had nothing to do with physically harming him. Like a good wolf, he clamped his mouth shut.

With her new prize in hand, Nisa carefully started crawling her way back the way she came. She had to be a bit more careful, especially going over Dragonien's thigh now that one of her hands was occupied with the little wolf. If she didn't pay attention, she might try to put that hand down to balance herself and then he would have the majority of her comparatively titanic weight crushing down on top of him. Thankfully for both of them she made it back under the blanket and to her original position without either waking Dragonien or causing any harm to her captive. Before she moved on she just sat there for a second, breathing in deeply to let that powerful masculine scent permeate her once more and fully entrench her back into that mindset she had been in a couple of minutes ago. She visibly shuddered for a moment and let out a slightly ragged, panting exhalation of air as her mind returned to that state of utter adoration and deification of the sleeping dragon.

Then, she turned to the little wolf in her hand.

Vero was minuscule even to the diminutive kobold girl. He was barely more than two inches tall, and even her petite hands utterly engulfed his entire body in a closed fist with ease. His pink and white fur, what she could see of it on his upper body that stuck up from her closed fist, was matted and skewed about from the combination of his restless sleep in his drawer and her abrupt manhandling of him. When she spread her hand open to let him lay out across her palm she saw the little guy was dressed in nothing but a pair of black boxer briefs, that hugged rather generously around his thick hips and plump backside. She had to admit he was pretty good looking himself, with just the right bits of muscle here and there to firmly skew him towards twinkish rather than scrawny, and even an impressive bit of plumpness in between his

thighs where it counted the most. Of course, in her mind that made what she had planned next only that much more enthralling.

As she stretched herself out to lay on her belly between Dragonien's legs she cradled the little wolf in an upturned hand where it rested just a few inches below where Dragonien's immense nut sack rested atop the fitted sheet. The scent was so intense so close to its source that she could actually see the effect it was having on the wolf. The poor little lupine's ears were flattened so hard against his head in a reflexive gesture of submission they looked like they were trying to drill into his skull and his tail was tucked so far between his legs it flopped out the other side where he was nervously gripping it around his waistline. He knew, whether instinctual or consciously, just like she did that he was in the presence of an apex predator, of an alpha male. When her snout leaned in close enough that he could have reached out and touched it her nostrils flared as she sniffed at the little wolf. Dragonien's scent all but drowned out any other but she could catch just the tiniest little whiff of a different kind of musk mixed with strawberries. The fact that she had to try so hard even with her nose so close to him to even pick up his scent just made it that much better for her. The little wolf would have been quite a specimen had he been full sized, but as he was now, shrunken and in the presence of such a superior male any masculine power he held was simply washed away under the relentless tide of power Dragonien naturally protruded.

"Hey there, cutie..." she whispered quietly. She barely had to speak at all with the sheer size difference making even her quietest whisper a booming rumble to the tiny wolf. "I know you're normally Dragonien's little plaything but I don't think he'd mind sharing, do you...?"