

Dragon Deez Nuts (Futanari, Cock Vore, Dragon Maid)

Futanari climbed the stairs with a comical erection, creeping along on all fours, her bulge slapping against the steps.

Reaching the top of the staircase, she came to a stop and sniffed the air and shivered at the scent she caught floating on it: there, not a few apartments down the hallway: a meaty smell, sweet and milky, perfect to sate what passed for hunger for her. Her cock throbbed just thinking about it.

Licking her lips, she sped down the corridor. Reaching the door of the target, she dropped back to the floor and melted, oozing under the door like a feline oil slick. Reforming on the other side, she raised a hand to her ear: two voices came from the living area, high-pitched and shrill and caught in the most vicious kind of argument:

“Are you blind? Of course I’m bigger!”

“Only because you eat so much, you horned pig! If you stopped stuffing your mouth so much, you’d be flatter than Fafnir!”

Futa’s cock throbbed so hard she couldn’t bear it. Ripping open her leotard, she gave it a quick stroke and, biting her lip in anticipation, stepped around the corner.

It took the women by the couch a second to notice her, they were so focused on their argument—only when the splatter of her precum against the floor became impossible to ignore did they finally turn and take her in. For a moment or two, the dragon girls simply stared at her, eyes sliding slowly from her cat’s ears to her tail and finally, to the giant penis attached to her groin. It was the latter they lingered on the longer.

“E-eeeeh?!” With a squeal, Elma jerked back, her arms raised defensively. “A p-pervert!”

Tohru, on the other hand, surged forward, her fists clenched. “How dare you get your disgusting liquids all over Miss Kobayashi’s freshly cleaned carpet?! I’m going to pound you into—”

Futanari, who wasn’t listening, sighed in delight. “Nyaaaah~, nyou’re just what I’m looking for, nya.” And without another word, she thrust her crotch forward, and her penis started to suck.

Like a dragon itself, her cock drew in a mighty breath, ready to unleash a gout of flame. Only, the fire never came: instead, it just kept sucking and sucking and—

And as its wind ripped through the apartment, rattling the windows and shaking the doors in their frames, Tohru and Elma found themselves slowly sliding towards it.

“H-hey!” With a squeak, Elma grabbed her tail to stop it flapping. “W-what are you doing?”

Grimacing, Tohru spread her wings and flapped them, trying to force herself back and away, but it was futile—she was as caught in the penis’s suction as a drowning man in a maelstrom. With every second, its roar was a little louder, deafeningly louder. Yet strangely it didn’t seem to be drawing in anything but the dragons.

Elma tried to take a step back and, slipping, ended up on her butt, bouncing across the floor towards Futa. Fortunately for her, she managed to grab Tohru’s leg before she could go any farther.

“H-hey!” cried Tohru, trying to shake her off. “Let me gooooo! You’re going to get us both sucked in, you fat pig!”

“H-hurry up and cast a spell or something! Get us out of here!”

Uh oh, thought Futa. That was her cue to speed things up. Licking her lips, she gave another pelvic thrust, and with a fresh roar of wind, Tohru and Elma flew from their feet and bounced squealing across the floor, straight towards—

Schlup!

—Futa’s cock.

The two struck it together, feetfirst, cutting the suction off with one last little *schup* as their hips blocked her glans.

“Nnn~! L-let us!” Stuck facing her worst rival, chest pressing into Elma’s breasts, lips centimeters away from kissing her, Tohru squirmed, shouting furiously. “Let us out!”

“T-Tohru! St-stop wiggling! You’re going to make us—!”

With a *schlup*, the two dropped in up to their breasts, making Futa’s bulge even larger in the process. As one, they screamed, writhing in horror as Futa’s precum splashed their faces. Futa herself whined, shivering in pleasure.

Struggling over to the couch, she dropped her butt onto the cushion, grabbed her swollen shaft and lifted it so she could have kissed her victims herself, had she wanted to. “Nyou two are going to make the *best* load,” she said, placing her free hand on their heads.

The two stared at her, eyes wide in terror. “What the hell are you even—?!”

With a laugh, Futa pushed down, and with a pop, the pair disappeared down her urethra. Her balls bulged, stretched to enormous size, as the two landed in them.

Spreading her legs, Futa planted her hands on her nuts and started to massage them, enjoying the screams of terror and squirming from inside. Tohru and Elma were fighting for their lives, but all they accomplished was making her balls shake. That and pressing their faces against the sides, but all *that* did was make her harder.

At last, her nuts started to rumble, and as they did, the pair's cries of terror cut off, replaced by moans of intense pleasure as she churned them into semen. To Tohru and Elma, it felt like she was fucking every cell in their body, like they were literally being smashed into a million, million pieces.

As the process picked up speed, the bumping and the noises from inside slowly died down, replaced by a slow, consistent rumble as her balls swelled, pumped even fuller.

Taking her cock in her hands, Futa started to stroke, biting her lip and flushing as her hands slid up and down it. She was already fully erect, and as she pumped, her shaft tingled and throbbed like it wanted to explode, pleasure surging through her nerves, intense as lightning and stronger with every stroke, until at last...

"Tohru! I'm home!"

Turning, Futa took aim at the doorway, and with a grunt and a gasp, emptied her swollen nutsacks with a sound like a fire hose. Semen roared from her shaft in an endless, sticky torrent, painting the walls, the doors, and the unfortunate office lady standing in front of it a slick white.

"Nyaaah~, I knew that would feel good, nya."

"T-Tohru...?"