

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 YIFFS

A collaborative effort by NeoDragonZero and Sandwalker
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Chapter Two

Zanthador floated on the thermals rising up from the land below, his twenty-foot wingspan keeping him aloft easily. The midnight blue of his wings were silvery beneath, catching occasional glimpses of the warm sunlight as he drifted through the crisp mountain air. He admired the vista opening up below him, mountains covered in pristine white snow, giving way to tall conifers clustered closely on the flanks, then a small lake nestled in amongst the trees. *That looks like a good place to get a drink*, he thought to himself, beginning a leisurely descent.

He landed lightly on the snowy shore of the lake, his weight sinking him into the snow, and looked around, swinging his head around slowly to take in his surroundings. It looked as if the lake hadn't been disturbed for some time. Around the edges thin ice had formed, extending about two feet into the deep blue water. "Very nice," he murmured quietly, not wanting to break the serenity of the place.

A carefully controlled talon broke the ice nearest him, and he lowered his head to drink. *Wow! That's freezing!* he exclaimed as the first mouthful went down his throat. He shuddered involuntarily as the water hit his stomach, then took another drink.

As he was drinking, he didn't notice a figure moving among the shadows behind him. It looked with curious lavender eyes at the dragon, watching him drink his fill of the icy waters. At length it stepped out of the cover of the forest and approached in silence. "Greetings, stranger," it said, the voice sounding mature and feminine. "What brings you to my lake?"

Zanth swung his head around in a quick motion, startled by the unexpected voice. "Eh? Your lake?" he blurted, his manners momentarily deserting him. "Who are you to own a lake?"

"I am the Lady of the Lake," responded the voice. "Don't be fooled by my form; I chose this one because I happen to like the cervine shape."

The dragon stared unbelievably at the doe standing a few metres behind him, then turned his body to face her properly. She looked much like every other deer he'd ever seen, and consumed. The only difference was that she talked, and she had light purple eyes. Glancing down at the ground beneath her, he was puzzled to see that the snow remained unbroken. "I...beg your pardon," he apologised, bowing his head. "I must admit that I am not used to my prey speaking to me."

A laugh rippled from the deer's throat. "My dear, my current form may be that of your dinner, but my true form is unable to be harmed by mortal means." She stepped closer, tilting her head back to gaze up at Zanth. "I must say that it is not often that I see one of your ancient race about these parts. What brings you here?"

"Well, my thirst, mainly," Zanth replied, his golden eyes gazing back. "Aside from that, I'm on...a mission, I suppose. A mission of hedonism, in which I seek out pleasures of the flesh."

"I see. An unusual goal to strive for, but a worthwhile one all the same," the deer answered, nodding, with the hint of a smile. "It has been a long time since I have felt such pleasures," she admitted. "I refuse to let the stags around here touch me; all they care about is fighting over who's going to rut the females and seeding the next generation. No romance at all," she said disdainfully.

Zanth thought for a few moments, then made a careful suggestion. "How would you feel about letting one such as myself mate with you? I can be as romantic as the next dragon, and I guarantee I can make you feel pleasure as you've never experienced."

The deer looked askance at Zanth, considering the proposition. "Highly unorthodox," she finally replied, looking him up and down. "For a start, you're far bigger than I am."

He reached down and started rubbing his sheath, saying as he did so, "Oh, I don't think so. Most of my partners think I'm just the right size." His sheath grew thicker, and presently the dark pink tip of his maleness slipped out into view. "Perhaps you'd like to find out for yourself?"

"Well..." the deer began, flicking her ears to and fro, "I suppose I could. I mean, I haven't really got much else to do, now that all my cervine kin have left for greener pastures, as it were." She stepped forward until she was right in front of Zanth, staring at his slowly lengthening penis. Zanth's clawed hand stroked up and down the thick cock, until all of its one-foot length was out in the cool, crisp air. A large drop of his precum was oozing from the tip; the dragon held his member closer to the deer's muzzle, offering it to her.

After a moment's hesitation the deer's tongue flicked out and swiped the drop off. She mulled over the unusual taste – bitter, but with an interesting tang to it – and swallowed. Wanting more, she opened her mouth and slipped a few inches of the dragon's member into it, suckling like a fawn at its mother's teat.

Zanth moaned softly, caressing the deer's head with his gentle claws as the head of his cock was engulfed by the wetness of her mouth. "Ohh, that's wonderful," he murmured, feeling more precum dripping out.

She suckled eagerly now, running her tongue around the thick meat, taking more of it into her muzzle until half of it had disappeared. The moans coming from above her spurred her on, and she increased her efforts.

"Ohh, that's some good sucking," Zanth groaned, thrusting a little into the deer's muzzle. "I think that you'd better stop before I come, though. I want to try out your pussy...I've never fucked a deer before."

"Now's your chance," replied the deer, batting her eyelids suggestively. She turned herself around, still making no hoofprints on the snow, and presented herself to the dragon, her bobbed tail raising high. Her pussy was glistening slightly in the light reflected off the snow, and Zanth's cock seemed to harden even more at the sight.

The dragon stepped forward and laid his hands on the deer's hips, pulling her closer. The head of his cock pressed against the entrance to her womb, and with a slow lunge he buried himself within her, moaning at the tightness surrounding him. "Gods, you're tight!" he commented, completely sheathing his member in the velvety snugness.

Having never felt anything like this before, the deer was overwhelmed by the sensation of being filled by a cock. She was speechless for a few seconds, then she moaned loudly as she became aware of the pleasure suffusing her. "Ohhhh, yessss," she drawled, pushing herself back against Zanth. His cock felt so thick and filling inside her, and she wanted more of it.

Zanth revelled in the clasp of the deer's pussy, reluctant to pull out to start fucking his partner. His thick member slid agonisingly out of her until only the head was hidden, then was rammed back in, hitting against her cervix, making her gasp.

Zanth began to pump his hips back and forth, fucking the deer with long strokes of his thick member. She moved with him, the juices secreted from her pussy making his thrusts smooth and sensuous. "Mmm, yes, fuck me..." she moaned, turning her head and looking with lustful eyes back at the dragon. "Tell me your name, that I might cry it to the heavens!"

"Zanth!" he growled, gripping her hips harder as he increased the tempo of his thrusts. He varied the angles, rubbing against different parts of her pussy, making her beg for release. "Come for me," he urged, pounding hard into her rump, "show me how much you enjoy this!"

Seconds later she obliged, throwing back her head and screaming, "Ohh, Zanth!" to the sky above as she climaxed hard around his pounding cock, her juices spurting around the tight seal of their union. The dragon followed presently, roaring his ecstasy as he flooded the deer's femininity with his gooeey semen. The head of his member pressed hard against her cervix, and he knew that he was spraying her womb with his seed.

The joyous moment lasted for what seemed a very long time, and when both came down from their climactic highs they lay together on the snow, the deer spooned up against Zanth's larger body, his member still embedded within her body. Neither spoke until they had fully recovered

their breath. “So that’s what sex is like,” murmured the deer, flexing her pussy around the half-hard cock still occupying it.

“Indeed,” replied Zanth, stroking the deer’s flanks with his gentle claws. “I told you that you’d like to find out, didn’t I?” he said with a verbal smirk.

“Well, yes,” the deer admitted. “I definitely enjoyed that.” She sighed wistfully. Must be an interesting life, flying around and mating with everything that catches your fancy. I’m stuck here around this lake. I can’t leave it for any reason.”

Zanth cuddled the deer and nodded. “That’s a pity. I’m not making any promises, but I could always come back and pay a visit now and again. You’re definitely one of the more interesting partners I’ve had.”

“That would be nice.” The deer tilted her head around to look into Zanth’s eyes. “I suppose you should get going. The light fades quickly at this altitude.”

“I should, but I think I’ll stay the night with you, if that’s okay? I’d like to show you more ways of pleasuring the body.”

“I’d love that.” The deer lowered her head and snuggled back against Zanth’s warm body. “But let’s just lie here together and watch the colours of the sky as the sun sets.”

And so they did. Over the night, Zanth used his tongue and claws to bring the deer to multiple climaxes, even getting in another couple of fucks before the sun rose. When it did, Zanth was sorry to leave, but he left with a definite promise to return. He looked down as he flapped his way into the still mountain air, and saw the deer looking back with a smile. He waved a hand in final farewell, and turned his head westwards, wondering who might be his next conquest.