

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 YIFFS

A collaborative effort by NeoDragonZero and Sandwalker
All characters and text © 2003, NeoDragonZero and Sandwalker

Chapter Three

Sitting on a high cliff ledge, the magnificent rays of the wonderfully warm sun reflecting off his dark blue hide, Zanth smiled gently to himself while thinking about his “mission”. He gazed upwards at the near-cloudless sky while leaning back to rest on his hands.

I'm not sure how this all really came about, he thought while chuckling, but I'm pretty sure I'll like where it takes me. He smirked deviously to himself, then gathered his thoughts. *I merely need to remember more of my manners, rather than letting my emotions get the best of me like they did with Jenrial...*

Hefting himself up, the dragon did a few stretches before examining the surrounding landscape. He noted a soft green pasture to the west, the gentle breeze swaying the tall grass to and fro but decided against it because it was suited more for the relaxing he had just been enjoying. However, further south from his current rocky cliff, he noticed a small shape bounding about upon the warm sands of the nearby beach. “Hello...” he thought aloud. “Perhaps I’ll steal a glance at the activities below?” Flaring out his large twenty-foot wingspan and doing a few more light stretches, he swiftly jumped into the air and began his descent to the beach below.

Skipping about on the sand below was indeed a happy creature. The creature was not a regular at the beach either, for its more native surroundings were that of a forest, as this female was a mink. However, being of that species did not diminish her in any way.

To start with, she was somewhat taller than most of her kin, standing a petite four foot and seven inches. Her fur was that of a light tan, though from about her collarbone to her femininity was a slightly lighter colour, nearing that of a cream rather than white. She had taken long strides in lightening the hue of her fur because she found the darker brown she had been born with to be highly unattractive, and attributed it to the fact that she hadn’t been with a male, of any species, for nearly eight months now. This also happened to be the reason why she had been going to the beach more often; she hoped either her new look or fairly impressive assets would attract a male who wanted her for who she was, or just one who was out for a quick yiff or two.

She stopped her skipping and lay down on the warm sand, staring up at the occasional cloud passing by until she noticed a small blob come into view. “Huh?” she muttered. “What’s that?” She scratched the top of her head, wondering what it was she was looking at, until she noticed the shape had wings and a fairly long tail. Suddenly it hit her and she wondered why she hadn’t recognised it earlier.

“It’s a dragon!” she exclaimed. “And a big one at that...” she mused, her soft blue eyes already roaming to his genital area. She stood as he landed a few minutes later, and slowly meandered towards him, a large smile on her muzzle.

“And what, might I ask, may you be so happy about?” the dark blue dragon asked, chuckling softly as he examined her form.

“Oh nothing,” she replied, a coy smile replacing the happy one. “Just happy to see such a large male before me.”

“And why might that be, if I may continue to inquire?”

“Questions don’t bother me,” she replied, gazing lustfully up into his eyes. “It has been quite a long time since I’ve had a male...of any species, for that matter.”

“Really? I wouldn’t have guessed that, coming from such a beautiful creature such as yourself,” he answered, genuine truth reflected in his voice.

She blushed a bit, her ears noticeably turning redder. “Yes. But why might such a large, and handsome dragon like you be here, or rather be near me?” she asked, placing a paw near his sheath, fairly sure of his intentions.

Although his breathing quickened a bit from her actions, he still kept his composure. “Actually I’m on a mission, of sorts...I suppose you could call it a ‘Mission of Hedonism.’” he answered, taking delight in her actions.

“A mission of hedonism you say? And does this ‘mission’,” she started, taking hold of his peeping cockhead and stroking it, “have any sort of restrictions? Hmm?”

“Not at all...” he replied, placing a hand upon her furry head as she proceeded to take his growing length into her warm muzzle. She merely continued her ministrations as her response.

She continued her now rhythmic bobbing for nearly fifteen painful/pleasurable minutes, stopping occasionally to prolong the experience. However, she was stopped when the dragon removed her muzzle from his now throbbing dick, a small yip escaping her throat when she was forced to stop. He lifted her chin, half commanding her to look into his eyes as he began to speak.

“For someone who hasn’t had a male in a long time, you do an excellent job of making the experience last and feel fantastic,” he said, a broad smile crossing his muzzle, “but before we continue, I’d like to know the name of the beautiful female I am about to have the pleasure of meeting more...personally, “he finished, his tail finding its way to her pussy lips, slowly caressing the heavy wetness there.

She shivered first, eyes closing in bliss at his questing tail, not having that area felt in such a way for far too long. After slowly opening her eyes, she opened her lips to speak. “My name is Circe, after the enchantress in the Odyssey,” she said, her sea-blue eyes slightly glazed over in anticipation.

“And a pleasure to meet you, Circe,” he replied, taking hold of her hand for a gentle kiss. “My name is Zanthador, Zanth for short. Now that we have made our mutual acquaintances, shall we continue?” he asked, raising an eyeridge for effect.

“Absolutely!” she responded enthusiastically, more than happy to have Zanth take her. With that, Circe took Zanth’s cock into her muzzle once more. As she bobbed her head rhythmically, Zanth rumbling his pleasure in soft moans and slightly ragged breath, Circe had some wandering thoughts float into her furry mind. *Hmmm... she wondered. I wonder if I might be able to join him on this little journey, even if only for a little while....* She made a mental note to ask him afterwards, continuing onwards with her work upon his stiff meat.

“Damn, you’re good...” Zanth moaned, thrusting his hips into her mouth slightly. “Just keep it up like that; I’m getting close.”

Circe merely nodded, unable to speak for obvious reasons. She kept going, increasing her speed and continuing to use her tongue to further increase his pleasure. She had put her left paw on his ballsac after his last comment, massaging it on purpose, trying to feel for the moment when he would achieve orgasm. *Hehehe... she mused inwardly. He isn’t gonna come just yet.... I may not have been fucked a lot, but I know some tricks....*

Zanth felt his urge rising with increasing need, knowing that he would blow his load soon. However, though in considerable pleasure, he noticed a slight smirk on Circe’s muzzle and slowly figured that she had other plans in store for the two of them. *Craft little mink, huh?* he thought, eliciting a moan at the same time. *Let’s just see where this goes....* He felt her increase her pace a little more and soon felt his sac start to tighten a bit, knowing that orgasm was imminent. Feeling his seed rising into his cock, Zanth half-expected her smirk to just be one of happiness. However, the other half of his expectations was the true outcome.

Just before his seed made its climactic way into Circe’s muzzle, she released his cock from her muzzle with a rather loud slurp. She then took full hold of his cock and gripped it tightly, managing to successfully prevent any of his cum from escaping. “Ah-ah-ah!” she said, shaking a finger at Zanth. “I want this to last, which is why I stopped you from fully orgasming.”

“Oh really?” he asked, raising an eyeridge. “Is that what you want to do?”

She grinned and nodded, repositioning herself so she lay on her back, presenting her soaking muff to her draconic lover, her heavy musk now quite prominent in the air. "Dive in whenever you wish," she said, tweaking her nipples softly and sighing in contentment.

He was more than happy to oblige, lowering himself to the ground and edging closer to her beautifully full pussy lips. Snaking out his tongue to sample her sweet-smelling nectar, he was happy to find its taste quite appealing. He then licked up and down her slit, causing her to moan loudly, obviously arousing her to further heights. Smirking slightly to himself, he continued his work, slowly penetrating into her pussy, feeling the soft velvet-like walls. He worked at her for several minutes more, Circe's moans of pleasure growing louder with each passing moment.

"Oh gods, that feels *so* good!" she moaned, her body starting to buck against his assault as she experienced her first massive orgasm. Zanth knew better than to leave his tongue inside her clenching cunny; he removed his tongue and sat up as Circe descended from her orgasmic high.

"Mmm..." she drawled, eyes still half closed.

"May I presume your ready?" Zanth asked.

"More than..." she replied softly, opening her legs wider to give him better access.

Zanth knelt before her, his large body dwarfing her petite size, yet in a comforting way to her. She took her right paw and opened her sopping pussy, giving Zanth a priceless view of her magnificent femininity. He hesitated no further, lining up his cockhead at her entrance and pushing forth slightly. It took him a few good small thrusts to edge his cocktip into her awaiting pussy, size difference being the key issue, but once inside he savoured the moment for as long as he could, relishing the feeling of her tightness against his rampant member. *So tight...* he thought inwardly, while closing his eyes in the moment. However, Circe's insistent moaning broke his trance and reminded him that there was a task to fulfil. Therefore he began to slowly inch his way into her slick pussy, trying to get as much as he could in without causing her pain. Soon he had seven inches buried in her small frame, her drawling tone and heavy moaning/panting only turning him on more.

"Ohhh.... Come on, Zanth, fill me to my limits," she said. "I'm all yours."

Hearing this, Zanth began to pump in and out of her in earnest, getting a good rhythm going as he sank another inch and a half into her groping depths. Waves crashed near them, sending small droplets soaring through the air to mingle with the sweat, the salty sea smell playing against their heavy musks. To Circe, time seemed to stop, her eyes taking in the handsome and fairly muscular dragon, noticing his muscles ripple with life and energy as he continued to pump into her. In and out, in and out, in and out he went, driving hard and fast, sending her pleasure-racked brain over the edge, her entire body in nirvana.

"Oh yeah...aarghh! Give it to me Zanth! Ahhh...uhhh..." she panted, more than enjoying the sensations he was sending through her body. "F-f-f- faaaaaaaaassssstttrrrr...."

Zanth merely grumbled his response, taking great joy in the pleasures he was being given through her amazingly tight pussy. *Gods*, he thought, *she must not have been kidding about the being without a male thing, because she's on fire!* He continued his pumping, managing to turn her over onto her paws and knees without missing a stroke, loving the way she gripped him hard when he slammed into her.

But alas, nothing lasts forever, and the same went for the two furs, for their orgasms were towering above them, and much like the ocean waves, they came crashing down upon both of them at the same time. Circe experienced an orgasm far more powerful than the one from earlier, just barely retaining consciousness, her body bucking and jerking of its own accord while a massive flood of her love juice gushed forth. Zanth too had an immense climax, due to the containment of his earlier attempt, and found himself slumped upon her after blowing jet after jet of his spunk into her pussy, their mixture seeping out of their joining with ease, the pressure near painful, yet not quite.

Not wanting to crush the small mink, Zanth managed to fall to his back upon the sand, Circe lying upon his chest panting heavily along with him. "That," he huffed, "was...fan..." he started, having to swallow hard, dry mucus coating his throat. "Fantastic."

Circe managed to raise herself up on one elbow upon his chest, staring into his beautiful eyes, trying to regain her breath as well. "Ditto..." she said, bringing her other paw up to caress his muzzle softly. She then rolled over onto the sand next to him; both sprawled out and stared up at the cloudless sky. They lay there for a long time, holding each other's paws while relaxing when Circe slowly turned to Zanth and opened her muzzle to speak. "Zanth?" she began.

"Hmm?" he replied, turning his head to look at her.

"I have a question, though you might find it silly...." She shifted herself into a cross-legged fashion, though her head now stared at the sand.

"Nonsense. Don't be so quick to judge how I'll act until you ask the question first," he said, turning onto his side while leaning his head into his paw.

"Well, all right, if you say so." She looked up at him shyly, her ears tinging red a bit. "See...I was kinda wondering if possibly I might be able to join you on your mission thingy." When his head bowed to look at the sand, she continued on somewhat hurriedly. "See, I'm not asking that you take me everywhere you go, maybe just to some place besides this beach and forest. I want to explore the world, Zanth, just as you do, but not exactly for the same reasons...." She trailed off, catching his sly look at her when she had finished.

"You want to explore the world?" he asked.

"Yeah...I know it might sound silly, considering I've lived in the forest nearly all my life, fairly content, but I want to find out what else is out there, experience it first-hand! Zanth...I want to see if maybe I can find a loving mate somewhere out there," she stated, clearly embarrassed.

"Hey," he started, lifting her chin with his foreclaw, "that's not something to be embarrassed about. I think it's a great idea!" he said, a bright smile shining upon his face.

Upon seeing his silly toothy grin, Circe brightened up some, smiling lightly back at him. "Really?" she asked in earnest.

"Really, and I'd love to take you with me, if only for a short while."

"You mean...you'll take me with you?" she asked, her voice getting excited.

"Sure!" he responded enthusiastically.

"Ohhh, thank you Zanth! Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, THANK YOU!" she squealed, quickly jumping over and giving him a big happy hug. Grinning and chuckling lightly, he returned the hug. "You have no idea how happy this makes me!" she cried, small tears running down her furry cheeks.

"Hey, no need for tears...."

"Oh, no, no, I'm only crying because I'm so happy!" she said, grinning a happy fool's grin then closing her eyes and laughing softly.

"Heh heh, all right, all right," he said, chuckling lightly again at her grin. He then breathed deep and let out a long sigh. "But yeah...it looks like we should be heading on then; dusk is setting in and I don't care much for night flights, unless the moon is full."

"It's that late already? Wow, time sure does fly when you're having fun, eh?" she asked him, a devilish smile playing on her muzzle.

"Sure does!" he responded, not being able to help himself as he laughed again. After he caught his breath, he slowly stood and stretched. Circe did the same and waited for him to finish, her gaze directed at the slow moving tide, and the sun's orange hue just barely visible with the deep purples of the coming night on the horizon. When he finished, he stood next to her and placed his clawed paw on her shoulder, also looking into the horizon.

"Let's see where the wind takes us, shall we?" he asked of her.

Not taking her gaze off the beautiful sight, she responded, "Let us indeed."