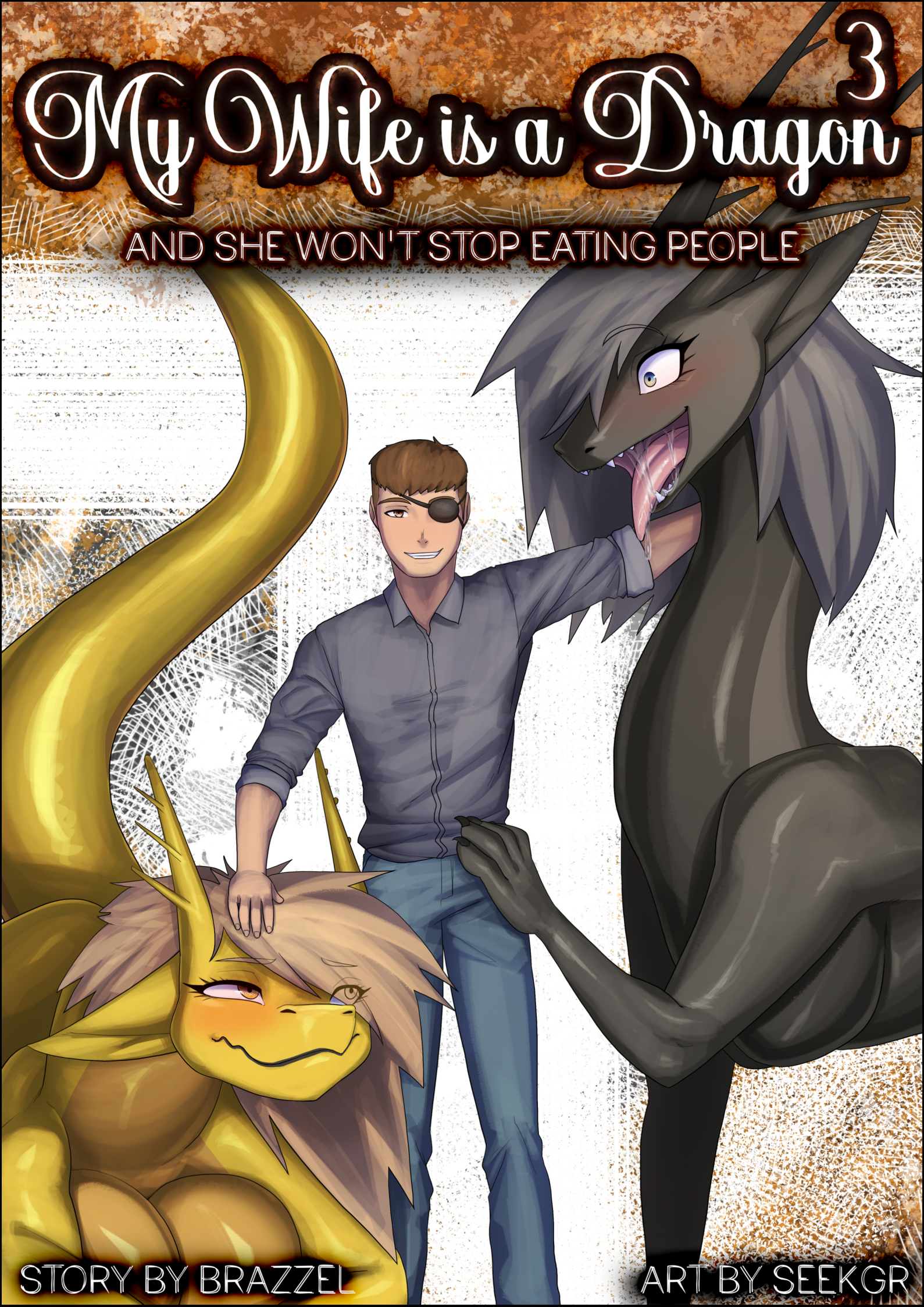
My Wife is a Dragon 3

AND SHE WON'T STOP EATING PEOPLE



STORY BY BRAZZEL

ART BY SEEKGR



My Wife is a Dragon

and She Won't Stop Eating People

a Vore Series

by

Brazzel

art by

SeekGr

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Book Three

Evaluation



The sign on the glass door was the first hint that this wasn't a normal doctor's office.

DRAGON REPOPULATION PROJECT

In smaller letters beneath:

Please check in with reception. Please do not feed the dragons.

And, under that, in a different font and a more desperate shade of red:

NO EATING STAFF.

Zach stood on the sidewalk a moment longer than he needed to, one hand hooked in his hoodie pocket, the other resting on the strap of

his duffel bag. His reflection in the glass looked like someone else: six-foot-two, still broad-shouldered and athletic by habit, hair too long for someone used to keeping it buzzed. The scar across his eye—white and jagged, cutting from his forehead through the empty socket—looked almost theatrical when the light hit it.

Could have been worse, his therapist always reminded him. *You lived.*

He pushed the door open.

The smell hit first. Not antiseptic. The opposite of antiseptic. Warm fur, dragon musk, coffee boiled down to tar.

The waiting room was dead.

A human couple on one side was filling out a clipboard. A teenager in a dragon-safety PSA shirt scrolled on their phone with jittery fingers. A bored-looking receptionist sat behind the desk, lanyard reading **KIM - SHE/HER - INTERN**, while a tiny green dragon the size of a Labrador lay draped over her shoulders like a living scarf, tail flicking in its sleep.

Somebody had clearly tried to make it welcoming once. There were potted plants. Soothing art. A fish tank. The fish were gone, but the tank remained, glass cracked and folded inward.

From somewhere down the hall came the sound of a baffled whump and a distant, echoing belch.

The receptionist glanced up. Her eyes flicked to Zach's scar and then away.

"Appointment?" she asked.

"Evaluation." Zach cleared his throat. "With… Dr. Ward?"

"Right, partner eval at one." She clicked her mouse a few times. "Zachary Calder?"

"Zach is fine."

"Have a seat. He's just finishing up with—"

A door down the hallway flew open.

A man in a lab coat stumbled backward, laughing breathlessly, arms braced against something unseen. “Nope, nope, that’s enough progress for today, buddy, we’re done. Let me have my hand back—”

Something enormous and coppery-orange pushed its head through the doorframe, jaws parted in a slow, contented pant. The dragon’s eyes were half-lidded with food-coma bliss. This saliva roped between teeth and tongue. The man’s arm was inside its mouth up to the elbow.

“Spit,” the man said. “Spit, Ember!”

The dragon huffed. The cheeks hollowed. With a wet *shlup*, the man’s arm came free, trailing slime. A small, sodden object plopped onto the floor; Zach realized it was a stethoscope.

“Good girl,” the man murmured, rubbing the dragon’s jaw. “Back to the lab, yeah? No snacks along the way. And that nurse? Ira? You’re not keeping her. Yeah, huff all you want, but at the end of the shift today, she’s coming out.”

The dragon nuzzled at his chest with terrifying affection, then turned, showing off the heavy roundness of her gut as she waddled back into the exam room. Something shifted inside of that belly. The door swung shut behind her.

Zach blinked.

The man in the lab coat wiped his hand on a towel, turned, and beamed. “You must be Calder! Sorry to keep you waiting. I’m Felix.”

He didn’t offer his hand immediately—the glance at Zach’s scar, then down at his own slime-covered fingers, told Zach why. Instead he nodded toward the hallway. “Come on back. Let’s get the formalities over with before somebody eats my clipboard again.”

Zach followed. As he walked, he noticed details: the small dragon curled under a chair like a cat, the scorch marks on the ceiling, the “EMPLOYEES ONLY (AND VERY WELL-BEHAVED DRAGONS)” sign, the framed promotional poster for the DRP with three different dragon couples posing in vaguely romantic ways.

In one of the photos, Zach recognized Felix—looking more rested, arm draped around a plump, smug dragoness whose horns and belly dominated the shot. **CARMEN AND FELIX — PILOT COUPLE** read the caption.

Felix led him into a small office that smelled faintly of coffee. There was a desk piled with files, a sagging couch, and a set of laminated flip charts on the wall:

"UNDERSTANDING YOUR DRAGON'S DIGESTIVE CYCLE," "CONSENT & YOU (INSIDE A DRAGON)," and one with a cartoon dragon giving a thumbs-up over the slogan **"NO MEANS NO, EVEN IF THEY'RE DELICIOUS."**

Felix gestured to the chair opposite the desk. "Have a seat. You want coffee? Tea? Antacid?"

"I'm good," Zach said, sitting.

Felix dropped into his own chair, snagged a pen from a mug that said **WORLD'S OKAYEST VET**, and flipped open a thick manila folder with Zach's name on it.

"So," Felix said, scanning. "Zach Calder. Twenty-four. Former pitcher. Semi-pro?"

"College," Zach said. "Draft interest. Then…" He tapped the scar, just once.

"Right." Felix's expression softened. He didn't offer pity, exactly. Zach appreciated that. "Sorry. I did read the incident report; I just like to let the human tell it if they want. Car accident?"

"Yeah." The word was blunt on his tongue. "Guy ran a red. I didn't see him coming."

The automatic humor in that line had worn thin months ago. It still came out anyway.

Felix didn't laugh. He just nodded, like he was logging something important. "And now you're here, volunteering to be matched with a dragon or dragons as part of a government-sponsored repopulation and socialization effort, with all the joys, headaches, and teeth that entails."

“That’s the pitch,” Zach said. He tried to smirk. It probably came out closer to a grimace.

“Okay.” Felix clicked the pen. “We’ll get the boring medical and psych bits out of the way first. Then we’ll talk about…” He lifted another, separate stack of files and let them sag dramatically in his grip. “...our remaining candidates.”

The way he said “remaining” made Zach sit up a little straighter.

Felix noticed, faintly amused. “Don’t worry. They haven’t eaten all their previous partners.”

“That’s… comforting,” Zach said.

“Statistically, you’re more likely to be ignored by your dragon than fully digested,” Felix reassured. “Now. Any allergies? Medications?”

They went through the checklist. Childhood illnesses. Family history. Any previous exposure to dragons, beyond the televised kind? Zach had grown up in a neighborhood where dragons were rumors and news clips, not neighbors. His first up-close interaction had been earlier that year, when his therapist suggested “purposeful intimacy work” and slid the DRP brochure across the desk.

“Insomnia?” Felix asked, glancing at him over the paper.

“Sometimes.”

“Nightmares?”

“Sometimes,” he repeated, jaw tightening.

Felix marked something down. “Occupational limits. Any major physical restrictions beyond the eye?”

Zach shook his head. “They put me through rehab. Physically I’m fine.”

“Okay. Now the fun stuff.” Felix flipped to a new page titled **HUMAN-PARTNER COMPATIBILITY EVALUATION** and rested his chin in his hand, eyes bright. “I’m required to phrase some of these clinically, so I apologize in advance.”

“Sure,” Zach said warily.

“On a scale of one to ten, how comfortable are you with being swallowed.”

He said it the way another doctor might say *on a scale of one to ten, how’s your pain?*

Zach’s face heated despite himself.

“That’s… straight to it, huh?”

“I could make you sit through the consent presentation first,” Felix said, deadpan. “But trust me, the animation budget went into the mouths, not the dialogue.”

Zach huffed out a laugh. “Uh. I don’t know. I’ve never… I mean, it looks…” he groped for words that weren’t *weirdly appealing.*

“Frightening? Intriguing?” Felix supplied. “Disgusting? Cozy?”

“... Yes.” Zach said.

“Good answer,” Felix checked a box labeled *EXPLORATORY.* “Follow-up: are you open to non-digestive internalization? That is, staying in the stomach or esophagus for comfort, intimacy, or safety, with an explicit expectation of being brought back up intact?”

Zach swallowed. His mind supplied an image he hadn’t asked for: warmth and pressure all around, nothing to see but flesh and darkness, a heartbeat thundering overhead that wasn’t his.

“I’m… open,” he said roughly.

Felix’s smile was quick and satisfied. “Any hard limits? Pain. Casual predation. Voyeurism—being present when your partner eats someone else?”

The last one snagged his attention.

“You mean… watching?”

“Some dragons enjoy an audience,” Felix said, leaning back in his chair. “Some humans like watching the process. Some don’t. Some think they won’t and then change their minds. We try to avoid surprises.”

Zach thought of the dragon in the hallway, of the way her gut had bulged and gurgled around something that used to be a shape. He couldn’t decide if the twist in his own stomach then had been horror

or hunger for something he didn't have words for. "I'd want to know beforehand," he said. "And I'd want them to know I might… not react well the first time."

"Fair," Felix said, marking another box. "Consent is ongoing. Dragons get it drilled into them now, but the habits of a few thousand years die hard."

They ran through more.

Communication preferences. Clinginess tolerance. Zach admitted he didn't mind someone being physically close—as long as he had some say in how. Felix nodded approvingly.

"Dragons can be very affectionate," he said. "They cuddle like snakes and cats had a much larger, much hungrier baby. How do you feel about being picked up? Curled around? Sat on?"

"I can handle weight," Zach said.

Felix laughed. "You're going to make somebody very happy."

The eye came up near the end, almost casually.

"And to be explicit," Felix said, gesturing to the scar, "you have no prosthetic. No plans to get one?"

"No." Zach resisted the urge to touch the empty socket. It was healed, medically neat, but the scar tissue tugged in cold weather. "The doctors offered, but… I don't know. I got used to the patch. And it seemed like a lot of trouble for something that wouldn't change what I can do."

"Understood." Felix studied him for a moment. "Some dragons have, ah… instincts about injury. They might view you as more vulnerable, more in need of protection. It can come out as tenderness. It can also come out as possessiveness."

"Possessive how?" Zach asked.

"Standing between you and other dragons," Felix said. "Hovering. Keeping you close to their side. Curling around you. Objects disappearing into hoards if they made you happy once." He hesitated. "Wanting you inside them more than average."

Zach's pulse kicked. "…Is that a problem?" he asked.

“It’s only a problem if you don’t want it,” Felix said. “Which is why you’re here.”

He let the silence stretch after that, letting Zach feel the edges of the choice he was making. The office hummed softly with the cheap fluorescent light; somewhere in the building, someone let out a delighted trill, followed by a distinctly human yelp.

Finally, Felix closed Zach’s file with a decisive whump. “Okay,” he said. “So. Now that I have a feel for you, let’s talk about who we’ve got left.”

He pulled a second stack of folders toward him. These were color-coded by dragon type: red tabs, blue, green, metallic, and a few in black.

“Most of our early matches went to the eager and the easy,” Felix said, flipping open the first file. “Dragons with good socialization, low incident reports, mild appetites. You’re not too late to the program, but…” He gave a rueful little smile. “You’re not a first round draft pick either, Zach. You’re here for my problem children.”

“I’m used to carrying teams,” Zach said before he could stop himself.

Felix’s smile widened. “See? Attitude like that, I shouldn’t waste you on anyone boring.”

He tapped the first file. A photo clipped to the inside showed a sleek red dragon with jewelry threaded through her horns, grinning wickedly at the camera.

“Emberlain,” Felix said. “Western fire dragon. Strong bond candidate, high energy, excellent lineage, mild arson problem. Swallowed a fire marshal last week and then got offended when he didn’t want to move in afterward.”

Zach imagined that fiery bulk filling an apartment doorway. His adrenaline stirred and then cooled. “Next,” he said.

“Violetta.” Flip. New photo, this one a royal purple dragoness draped over a pile of pillows, eyes hooded. “She has what we in the

profession call ‘control issues.’ She comes with a list of ‘rules’ a mile long and if you break any of them, into her stomach you go.”

Zach’s throat worked. “How many—”

“Two,” Felix said. “They’re fine. They just… don’t get much alone time.”

Zach grimaced. “I’m not sure I’d be the best fit.”

“I agree,” Felix said, making a tiny X in the corner.

They moved through a few more.

A green dragon with environmental activism tendencies and a habit of swallowing polluters. A blue who refused to eat anyone on principle and therefore tended to underfeed herself and collapse on people. A silver who hoarded plastic miniatures and kept swallowing game store employees when frustrated.

They were all interesting. None of them tugged.

Felix’s glib commentary gradually faded as he worked his way down the pile. Finally, he reached the bottom, where two thick, dog-eared folders were clipped together with a binder clip that had given up and bent outwards in despair.

He rested his hand on them for a beat.

“These,” he said, “are… special.”

Zach’s curiosity sharpened. “Special how?”

Felix unhooked the clip and opened the first folder. There was no single photograph, but several, layered: a long golden coil of dragon body spilling over a couch; a blurry shot of a dragon face half-hidden behind a blanket fort; a security camera image of a front door with only a huge, plump tail visible as it retreated inside.

“Their formal designation is Case Aurora,” Felix said. “Unofficially, everyone around here calls them the twins. Sunshine and Shadow.”

He slid one photo closer. The golden dragon, curled around herself in a tangled nest of sheets and snack wrappers, eyes shut tight, a Netflix show forgotten on the TV in the background. Her belly was



LATION PROGRAM

CASE DESIGNATION: AURORA
SUBJECTS: Sunshine (Aurora-1)
Shadow (Aurora-2)

Sunshine presents as physically imposing, but emotionally withdrawn. Subject exhibits frequent self-coiling, nesting behavior, and defensive positioning around food and hoard items.

Shadow is highly expressive, mobile, and socially motivated. Subject demonstrates strong



INTER-SUBJECT DYNAMIC (Twin Bond)

-Subjects exhibit strong emotional mirroring
-Mood shifts in one often trigger parallel reactions in the other
-Shadow attempts to "buffer" Sunshine from stress
-Sunshine acts as Shadow's emotional anchor after rejection events

CONCERN:

Twin codependence risks reinforcing avoidance (Sunshine) and overextension (Shadow).

RECOMMENDATION:

Single human partner strongly advised to mediate dynamics and provide grounding influence. Partner should be calm under pressure, comfortable with physical closeness, and emotionally mature.



generous. Soft around the edges in a way that spoke of many meals and very little movement.

"Sunshine," Felix said. "Eastern type. Quad legs, no wings, long-bodied. Strong lineage. High magical potential. Also, and I say this with professional affection, a complete shut-in."

"Like, agoraphobic?" Zach asked.

"Like she's turned avoiding the outside world into a full-time job," Felix said. "She does everything from bed. Gaming, streaming, ordering food, ordering… other things. Stress-eats. Anxiety-eats. Eats-so-she-doesn't-have-to-think. Delivery industries have a note on her address now."

Zach stared at the photo. He could almost see the curve of her hauling herself into the blankets, hiding behind her own bulk.

"And she wants a partner?" he asked quietly.

"She clicked 'maybe' on 'considering a human cohabitation arrangement,'" Felix said. "Which, for her, is like composing a sonnet." He sighed. "The DRP would really like her to have someone who can coax her into sunlight without triggering a meltdown. Someone patient. Someone who doesn't scare easy when she stress-swallows."

Zach's stomach gave a little lurch at that phrase. "Stress-swallows."

"She's eaten… a few helpers." Felix admitted. "They signed waivers. It's technically legal. It's just… not ideal."

He opened the second folder.

Shadow's photos were different. A black dragon with bright, sparkling eyes, caught mid-laugh. A long opal flash of scales as she zipped down a city street at night. A blurry selfie with a human whose face had been pixelated out, Shadow's head tilted affectionately over them.

"This is Shadow," Felix said. "Same body type. Same hatched clutch as Sunshine. Night-black, extroverted, fundamentally sweet, turns into a mess when people flinch away from her. She wants to go

out. She wants to meet people. She also has teeth the size of your hand and a lot of stomach capacity."

"Willing prey?" Zach guessed.

Felix's mouth quirked. "She tries, bless her. She uses vetted sites. Meets willing participants. Checks their tags. Sometimes it still goes sideways. We've had a few… enthusiastic accidents."

He tapped one incident report lightly. "She feels everything very deeply. If someone looks at her like she's a monster, it ruins her week. If someone smiles at her? She'll follow them home like a puppy. Combined with Sunshine's isolation, they sort of spiral each other."

The thought of them, twined around each other in some dragon-sized apartment, one hiding and one peeking out, made something ache in Zach's chest. Not the sharp pain he associated with the crash. Something quieter.

"And you think I'd be good for them?" he asked.

Felix sat back, studying him.

"You're steady," he said. "You didn't flinch in the hallway when Ember nearly turned me into a chew toy. You're already living with a changed future." His gaze flicked briefly to the scar, then back. "Sunshine and Shadow need someone who can sit with that. And maybe throw a ball in a hallway for one while coaxing the other out of a blanket pile."

Zach snorted, a helpless huff of amusement. "You got all that from a questionnaire?"

"I've been doing this a while," Felix said. "Also Carmen threatened to eat my phone if I didn't stop sending her every single interesting candidate, so I have to get my match-making kicks somewhere." He folded his hands. "I won't sugarcoat it. They're work. You'll get scared. You'll get annoyed. You'll probably get swallowed by accident at least once in the first week." He paused. "But if you want purpose? If you want to be needed? I don't think you're going to find dragons who need you more than these two."

The room went quiet.

Zach looked down at the photos spread across the desk—the golden coil trying to vanish into soft flesh and blankets, the black dragon caught mid-laugh, the blur of motion and appetite and hope. His fingers brushed the edge of Sunshine's picture. She looked so… tired.

He remembered the moment after the crash, the white ceiling, the ringing in his ears, the realization that the shape of his life had just changed. The way people had looked at him afterward—pity, awkwardness, discomfort, treating him like something fragile and broken.

He wondered how often humans looked at those two dragons the same way. Or worse.

He realized Felix was watching him carefully.

Zach took a breath.

"Can I meet them?" he asked.

Felix's smile, when it came, was quieter than his earlier jokes. Warmer. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah, I think we can arrange that. We can go right now if you're ready."

He gathered the folders, tapped them into a neat stack, and stood. "They're in a secured residential unit a few blocks from here. We keep the higher-risk cases a little separate until we're confident in their partners. Officially, this will just be an initial compatibility check. Unofficially…"

"First date?" Zach supplied.

Felix laughed. "Let's call it a first impression. Don't worry; I'll be nearby if anyone tries to eat you prematurely."

"That's weirdly reassuring," Zach said, rising.

As they left the office, the sounds of the clinic washed over him again—dragons rumbling, humans chattering, the low omnipresent gurgle of massive stomachs doing what they were built to do. The sign on the wall about consent and digestion smiled down at him with its cartoon dragon.

He touched the doorframe with his fingertips as he passed, like tapping the edge of a dugout on his way to the mound. Old habit. New field.

Outside, Felix unlocked a side door marked **DRP RESIDENTIAL ACCESS – AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY** and held it open.

“Ready?” he asked.

“No,” Zach said honestly. His heart was thudding like it used to before games

He stepped through anyway.

“Good,” Felix said behind him, locking the door. “The best matches always start that way.”

The Twins

The residential wing didn't look like a government facility.

It looked like a very expensive apartment complex that someone had retrofitted for creatures the size of parade floats. The ceilings arched high, lights dimmer than usual—the kind of soft lighting dragons preferred, according to the little informational plaques on the walls. A distant rumble vibrated through the floor under Zach's feet, like someone had placed a freight train behind the drywall.

Felix walked beside him with the casual gait.

"They know we're coming," he said. "I pinged them ten minutes ago."

"Are they expecting me specifically?" Zach asked.

"Sunshine is pretending she's not." Felix smiled wryly. "Shadow has already cleaned the living room three times and swallowed two stress-snacks."

Zach blinked. "Stress-snacks."

"Not humans." Felix paused, then added, "Shaped like humans. Basically human-sized bags of meat. Dragons love 'em."

Zach wasn't sure what to say to that.

They stopped at a thick reinforced door, painted a cheerful teal that didn't quite mask the claw grooves scored into the frame. A large metal plaque read:

AURORA SUITE — SUNSHINE & SHADOW

Authorized Entry Only

Please Announce Yourself Loudly

Felix raised his voice. "Shadow? Sunshine? I brought the human."

There was a beat of silence.

Then:

From behind the door came a sound like two very different dragons reacting at the same time.

One was a bright chirping trill—fast, excited, bubbly.

The other was a panicked squeak followed by the thump-thump-thump of something enormous scrambling deeper into the apartment, knocking over what sounded like a metal bowl.

Felix sighed. “Yep. Perfectly normal.”

He swiped his badge and pushed the door open.

***

Warm air rolled out, thick with the scents of dragon musk, heat, and something like toasted sugar. Zach stepped inside.

The first thing he saw was black scales. The second thing he saw was rainbow eyes, bright and wide and very, very interested in him.

Shadow was draped across the living room. Her serpentine body curled around a couch, tail tip wagging. She beamed at him.

“Hi!” she chirped.

Her voice vibrated pleasantly in his ribs.

She slid off the couch with liquid elegance, coils flowing over the carpet. She was huge—twenty feet long, maybe more—but she moved with this joyful, bouncy energy that made her seem smaller. Less threatening. Almost.

“Are you Zach? You’re Zach, right? Felix said you’re Zach!” She stopped three feet in front of him, tail curling like a question mark. “I’m Shadow! I’m so happy to meet you! You smell nice.”

Then, in a rush:

“I mean—not in a food way. Well. A little in a food way. But like, also in a friend way! And maybe a future-partner way? If you want. Or not. Oh gods, I’m talking too much—Felix, am I talking too much?”

“You’re doing great,” Felix said.

Shadow turned back to Zach, lowering her head so her snout was level with his chest. Her pupils widened.

“You have a scar,” she whispered reverently. “It looks cool.”

Zach swallowed. “Uh… thanks.”

Shadow's mouth parted slightly in draconic delight.

From somewhere down a hallway came a loud, distressed:

"SHADOW, DON'T SCARE HIM!"

There was a crash. Something ceramic shattered.

Shadow winced. "That's Sunshine."

Felix elbowed Zach gently. "This one's the brave twin. Just wait."

Shadow brightened again and called down the hall, "I'm NOT scaring him! I'm being friendly!"

"You have your face on his face!"

"That's how you say hello up close!"

"You're being WEIRD!"

"Says the dragon hiding in the laundry basket!"

There was a strangled noise, followed by a muffled: "SHUT UP!"

Felix sighed a very parental sigh.

"Would you like to meet Sunshine, Zach?"

"I… think so?"

Shadow perked up instantly. "I'll get her!"

"Shadow—" Felix started, too late.

The black dragon zipped down the hall, knocking into walls as she went. It was no wonder the DPR had built its own residential zone. Standard housing was far too fragile.

Zach heard the argument before he saw the dragons.

"No—no—Shadow, NO—don't you dare drag me—Shadow, I swear—STOP—STOP TRYING TO CARRY ME IN YOUR MOUTH—"

A moment later, Shadow returned, proudly carrying Sunshine by the scruff of her neck like a giant, very angry cat. Sunshine dangled limply from her grip, golden body chubby and long, coils dragging on the floor, cheeks red from mortification.

Her eyes—huge, amber, and full of panic—locked on Zach.

Shadow dropped her in front of him like a gift.



“Ta-da!”

Sunshine scrambled backward, tail coiling protectively around her middle. “Shadow I hate you—Felix why would you bring a human HERE—I look awful—why didn’t you warn me—”

Felix rubbed his temples. “Sunshine. Breathe.”

Sunshine peeked at Zach through her coils.

Zach, trying to look non-threatening, raised a hand.

“Hi.”

Sunshine froze.

Then, in a very small voice that nearly cracked:

“I’m so sorry if I eat you by accident.”

Shadow facepalmed so hard she hit herself with her tail. “Sunny, no!”

Sunshine curled up tighter, scales shimmering with embarrassment. “I panic-swallow! It’s a thing! I can’t help it!”

Zach couldn’t help it—he laughed softly.

Something in Sunshine’s posture changed. Her tail loosened an inch. Her eyes flicked to his patch, then back to his face.

“You’re… not scared?” she whispered.

Zach met her gaze. “Should I be?”

Sunshine’s throat bobbed. Her belly gave a shy, traitorous gurgle.

“That’s her liking you, by the way,” Shadow whispered loudly.

“Do NOT translate my stomach noises!” Sunshine hissed.

Felix looked between the three of them, expression softening into something like pride and exhaustion and relief all at once. Whatever he’d been worried about happening hadn’t happened. Zach wondered how poorly the dragons usually reacted to strangers.

“Well,” he said. “This is already going better than the last three candidates.”

“Last three?” Zach asked.

Shadow perked. “One ran away! One fainted! One let Sunshine swallow him and then complained!” She paused. “He was a jerk.”

Sunshine almost curled up again. Almost.

But Zach stepped closer, slowly, carefully. Close enough that Sunshine had to tilt her head to keep her eyes on him.

"I'd like to try again," he said, keeping his voice low and calm. "Proper introductions."

Her pupils widened to dinner plates.

"Can I touch you?" Zach asked.

Shadow squeaked with excitement. He heard her whisper something to Felix about romcoms. Felix hushed her. He was watching Sunshine intently, not Zach, as the dragon curled and uncurled her claws.

"I—uh—I—maybe—if you want—you don't have to—just—just avoid the belly—I'm very—um—sensitive—"

Zach smiled gently.

"I'll be careful."

He extended a hand toward her snout.

Sunshine leaned forward.

Their fingers and scales brushed—

Her mouth fell open a fraction in surprise. Her throat fluttered. Her stomach growled like thunder.

Shadow whispered, starry-eyed, "…Oh yeah. She's keeping him."

Felix exhaled. "Well. I'll start drafting the cohabitation paperwork."

Zach touched Sunshine's warm scales again.

Sunshine didn't pull away.

She whispered, barely audible, breath washing over his hand:

"… Please don't leave."

And that was the moment Zach realized:

He wasn't scared.

Not even a little.

Cohabitation

Moving into a dragon's den was messier than expected.

There was 'technically' a room available—a tiny closet with a cot tucked away at the back of the long hallway—but it had been commandeered by Shadow after their last partner's unfortunate, er… what had Felix called it?

Total fucking meltdown in Sunshine's stomach.

Now the closet contained a stack of teapots of which Shadow was absurdly proud despite the fact that half of them had been shattered beyond recognition.

"The colors are just so pretty," Shadow sighed, stirring a shard of cobalt blue porcelain with her claw. Zach was going to have to get used to standing next to her. His head only came up to her midsection. "And the concept is so appealing! Put leaves in water and tada! Tea! Ooh, we should probably buy some tea! Zach, can you text Felix to buy us tea? Our budget is a little strained for, er, reasons, but he'll listen to you!"

She was standing right behind him, nose poking over his left shoulder. With his good eye, Zach could just barely see the tip of her muzzle, but he could feel her warmth, her subtle vibrations. Felix had apparently given the twins a talk about boundaries while Zach got his affairs in order for the move. Shadow was being careful not to touch him. Sunshine peaked through the slit in her door, making sure that she complied.

"You're making him nervous," Sunshine complained. "You're too close!"

"I'm allowed to be close!" Shadow said, though she retreated a step. "And besides, we're supposed to ease into our marital duties. Being close is a part of that."

"Ew! Ew! Ew!"

The door slammed. Shadow gave a triumphant ‘hmmph’, then a semi-mortified gulp. Zach pretended not to notice as she looked for his reaction.

The twins hadn’t consummated their partnership with any of their last three volunteers. None had even gotten close. Shadow was eager, but inexperienced, and Sunshine had the desire (more than her sister if Felix was correct), but got so embarrassed that any attempt would result in her locking herself in her room.

“Okay, so the closet won’t work,” Zach said. “How about the couch in the living room?”

“That might be a problem.”

“Why?”

Shadow glanced at Sunshine’s closed door, then leaned in to whisper:

“Sunshine sleepeats.”

Zach raised an eyebrow.

“I’m a heavy sleeper,” he said. “A trek to the kitchen won’t wake me up.”

“Oh, uh… no.”

“No?”

The door to Sunshine’s room had cracked a little. Zach could see her amber eyes narrowing on her sister as if trying to read her lips. Shadow nudged her head toward the hall and Zach followed her. Sunshine’s door cracked even wider as they retreated.

When they got to the living room, Zach understood what Shadow meant.

“That’s unique,” he said.

He hadn’t paid much attention to the couch when he’d arrived at the compound. Now that he looked at it properly, he could see that each and every cushion was absolutely saturated in what he could only assume was spit or stomach juices. Did… Sunshine eat couch cushions? Shadow’s nervous tail flicks made him think that she did.

“She sleephoards also sometimes,” Shadow said. “Like, collects all of the cushions and piles them up. I used to do that when I was little, but I grew out of it.”

She stretched her neck proudly. Zach patted it and she let out a small coo

“What are you talking about?” Sunshine called suspiciously. She was halfway out of her room.

Shadow stuck her tongue out. “Come in here and you’ll know, ‘fraidy paws!”

Sunshine took another two steps into the hallway, then stopped. Zach, seeing that she was on the verge of another retreat, intervened.

“Sleeping arrangements,” he said. “Shadow says the couch is off-limits.”

“The couch IS off-limits,” Sunshine said hastily. “I mean, I sleep there sometimes.”

“Right. So we were discussing alternatives.”

“My stomach,” Shadow teased.

There was a beat. Her dark cheeks actually lightened as she blushed. Her paws went to her face and she made a strangled bleating sound as Sunshine sputtered something between a squawk and a hiccup, charging forward until she was nose to nose with her twin.

“You can’t—you can’t say—you—another one!”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” Shadow yelled.

She seemed on the verge of real tears. Zach, who thought the day had been going well, was baffled by the speed of the breakdown. He raised both hands in supplication.

“It’s okay! It’s okay!”

He had to shout to be heard. The twins were twisting around each other, both babbling incoherently.

“Sunshine! Shadow! It’s fine! I don’t mind at all!”

His words bounced off of their armored hides, disappearing into their wailing cries. Completely befuddled, Zach reached for them,

then pulled back. What was he supposed to do when this happened? They were in the midst of a full-fledged meltdown!

"Hey!" he shouted, channeling his older sibling voice. "Knock that off right now!"

Sunshine and Shadow stopped.

Stared.

Sniffled.

Wailed.

"He yelled at us!" Sunshine howled, squirming even faster. "He hates us! This is all your fault! You've ruined it, you ruiner!"

"I didn't mean to! I didn't, I didn't, I didn't! I'm soooooorry!"

There was now a black and gold knot in the middle of the living room—a wriggling ball of limbs and fangs and feathered tails. Out of his depth and aware that things were spiraling fast, Zach did the only thing he could do.

He reached out and yanked their tails.

Both yelped.

Then moaned.

Then yelped again, disentangling themselves, both still babbling, but at least he could understand them now.

"I didn't think—this fast!—not ready—maybe if—my tail, my tail!"

"Felix said I wasn't allowed to ask you to do that for at least a week, but if you wanted to I wouldn't be… I mean, this is all happening so fast! We should probably wait, but if you're ready, it's kind of the whole point and goodness, my heart is beating so hard! Can you feel it!"

Zach could, actually. Or rather, he could hear them pounding in front of his face as both dragons leaned over him, enhancing his appreciation for their size as they stared with wild eyes. He cleared his throat. The dragons trembled.

"Could someone *please* explain what is going on?" he asked.

“You, um, tugged our tails,” Shadow said. “That’s how you… you know. You, uh, know, right?”

Zach shook his head.

Shadow lowered her voice. “It’s how you ask for sex.”

Sunshine was already running down the hall on impulse, but halfway through, she turned on her heel, apparently unwilling to let her sister complete the conversation outside of her earshot. She bounced from foot to foot, blinking twice a second.

Zach thoroughly wished he’d taken Felix’s advice and waited for him before he started the move-in. If he had, maybe he would have been briefed on dragon sexual etiquette.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I didn’t know that was an intimate area. I’m still learning. But Shadow, I wanted you to know that your joke didn’t make me uncomfortable. Not at all. I get that, uh, *swallowing* is a big part of intimacy for dragons. It doesn’t scare me. And Sunshine? The same goes for you. Both of you can ask me for whatever you need because… because that’s what I’m here for!”

Zach’s cheeks darkened as he finished his speech. The twins were looking at him like he was an alien, their blank, intelligent stares making his skin prickle. He swallowed, on the verge of apologizing, when Shadow sprang forward, all but knocking him off of his feet as she put her massive paws on his shoulders.

She weighed a ton.

“For real?” Shadow asked.

She was salivating. Zach caught a glimpse of her soft, pink tongue as she licked her lips, positively buzzing with excitement. Sunshine just gawked, open-mouthed, battering her tail against the floor like a dog.

“For real? For real? You’re not afraid? I mean, you shouldn’t be! I’d be so so so so gentle! Like, no teeth at all. See?”

Blargh!

Shadow stuck out her tongue and huffed, pointing at her throat. Zach, caught off guard, actually gasped as he watched the lithe



muscles relax into a sweltering, quivering, tantalizing tunnel. Her breath smelled… good. Like, surprisingly good. Fruity and organic with a hint of catmint. Her tongue stretched all the way down past his belt as she leaned forward, framing him with her teeth. Zach closed his eyes. He was about to be—

"Shadow!"

A hollow *thwack* sounded through the living room as Sunshine hit Shadow with her tail. Shadow's jaws snapped shut, her black lips scraping the edge of Zach's nose. When she pulled back, a string of saliva connected them. Zach wiped it away, feeling heat spreading through his chest.

And his groin.

"We promised, we promised, we promised we'd take it slow!"

"But Zach said it was okay," Shadow whined, kneading her tail. "Like, explicitly! This isn't another accident, Sunshine. In fact, you should smell him. Go ahead!"

"Oh, uh, what?" Zach asked as Sunshine, blinking skeptically, stretched her neck forward and buried her nose in his shirt. Shadow was just staring at him with a smug look on her face. Zach trembled as Sunshine's nose went lower and lower until it stopped at his crotch. Her golden cheeks burned bright red as she snapped her head back, stuttering.

"Pervert! Pervert!"

Her stomach growled, only adding to the mayhem as she stomped in a circle. Shadow followed her, nuzzled her, and prevented her from running off.

"You could smell it, right? He's just as excited for this as we are! And don't call him a pervert! He's not like the others. The whole point of the project is to reproduce."

"Re-re-reproduce?! No, no, not in a million years! N-nobody would want to do that—I'm not ready—the form said—he touched my tail, Shadow!"

“And again, I apologize,” Zach said. “Seriously, Sunshine, I will go at whatever pace you set for me. I just wanted to let you know that it was okay. I’m, uh, durable. I’m not going to leave.”

Sunshine stopped. She had dragged Shadow toward the hall, claws digging deep in the scarred wood flooring. Now she stood completely still.

“You don’t mean that,” she whispered. “They always say that and then, once they get to know us, they leave. We’re too… clingy.”

“I like clingy.”

Sunshine jumped a little. Zach had sauntered up beside her. Without any hesitation, he put his hand on her flank. She shuddered, but didn’t retreat.

“You don’t mean that,” Sunshine said, arcing her neck toward him. Her long, fluid body resonated beneath Zach’s palm. “Maybe you mean that now, but not in a week, or a month, or a year. I don’t want to get excited again.”

There was a resignation in her voice that Zach knew well. After the car accident, there had been surgeries. Dozens of surgeries. Maybe his eye could be saved, some doctors said. Full vision, partial vision. He didn’t have to give up on his career because maybe… maybe just one more surgery would do it.

Zach remembered the flare of anticipation right before the anesthesia hit. “This time,” he’d think. “This time, it’ll take.” Then, after every surgery, the despair.

Eventually, the despair began to outweigh the anticipation. After one last failed surgery, Zach called it. He had to call it. Because, if he let himself believe that there was even a chance, he would have let the life he could have had slip right on by.

Sunshine buried her head in her shoulder as Zach approached her. Gently, he pried her loose, holding her face as her lower lip trembled.

“You’re right,” he said. “We don’t know. Maybe it doesn’t work out. Maybe you’re not right for me or I’m not right for you. We don’t

know each other yet. *Yet*. It's day one, Sunshine, and I can't promise a week or a month or a year, but when you wake up tomorrow, I'll be here, and it will be another day. And, if it makes you feel better, I already like you and your sister. A lot, actually."

Sunshine sniffled. Watching her bottom lip quiver stirred something inside of Zach. He wanted to kiss her right along the smooth, black crease, but to do so would definitely send her right back into—

"Oops," Shadow said, bumping him with her hip.

Zach's lips brushed Sunshine's for less than a second, but it was enough.

Instinct, it seemed, was even stronger than fear.

ULP!

She didn't swallow him all the way. Not at first. Zach went from standing to laying, shoulders brushing the sides of her fangs as her throat clenched against his nose. Sunshine, panicking, reached for his legs, but before she could grab him, Shadow intervened.

"He said," Zach heard through the muffled confusion of Sunshine's maw. His legs were lifted, then thrust forward with Shadow's nose. "That it was okay!"

GLICK!

Volcanic heat glazed Zach as he blinked in the dragon's gullet. Sunshine had swallowed him up to his hips, her elongated neck bending under his weight. Wet muscle constricted around his head and arms as she adjusted. Her lips closed around his thighs. She sighed and the relief… the relief was palpable.

"Go on, go on," Shadow said. "Once you're done, it's my turn!"

Zach felt himself tilting forward. Cushioned flesh parted around him, slowing the descent. Part of him wished it would happen faster. A single gulp. The anticipation of sliding through the dark, slobbery tunnel had his heart racing. Every breath came a little warmer—the smell of the stomach *stronger.* Over the damp squelching that muffled his ears, he thought he could hear a low, booming gurgle.



Sunshine moaned sensuously.

"Come on!" Shadow shouted, loud enough for Zach to hear. "Oh, you always do this! Just swallow already!"

Two paws pressed against Zach through the scales, one on either side of him. The muscles beneath him cinched as Sunshine resisted her sister, but with a smooth, gliding motion, Shadow guided Zach into her sister's stomach.

SLORCH!

Yielding flesh sagged beneath him, bouncing slightly as he slid into Sunshine's midsection. It wrapped around him in an instant, invisible muscles squeezing and warping, hugging him tight to the dragon's abdomen. That's when it hit Zach that he had been eaten—that he was a piece of meat in another creature's stomach. His breath shortened as he dragged his knuckles along the walls.

They were soft. The padding around Sunshine's middle conspired to create a nest of jiggling weight. Soft folds sucked at his skin, foam coating the creases which he explored with his hands, familiarizing himself with the space. Everything was warm, he found, oozing with heat and reflecting his own back at him until he couldn't tell what was sweat and what was slime. He'd expected to be disgusted, but…

The smell. It was unmistakably Sunshine's. The dragon's musk permeated her stomach and Zach breathed deep, a tingle spreading across his chest. The stomach swayed as Sunshine turned in a slow circle.

He was inside of her.

He was *inside of a dragon.*

"H- how is it?" she asked. "I- I haven't had too much to eat today, have I? Do you hate it? I- I'm not sure if I could let you up right now, but if you hate it—"

"I love it," Zach said, leaning against her.

Sunshine's muscles tensed as she prepared to flee from the compliment, but apparently she realized that she couldn't escape from

something inside of her, because instead she paced in a wide circle, jiggling him the whole time. He could hear her tail scraping against the floor. Shadow was jabbering, but his whole world was Sunshine.

"N- not too tight?" she asked. "Um, I've kind of… gained some weight lately. If it's too heavy…?"

"I *love* it," Zach reiterated.

Whatever the opposite of claustrophobia was, Zach had that. He had always been prone to tight places. As a kid he'd hide in closets or under beds, content to burrow into the small, secret spaces. Here, in Sunshine's stomach which hung like a hammock, Zach was in heaven. He wanted to explore every crevice, *kiss* every inch of flesh.

Kiss?

Zach cleared his throat. It was the lack of air that was causing him to think irrationally. The purpose of this exercise was to get Sunshine comfortable with him, not to gratify himself at her expense. To that end, he decided to speak to her.

"Is this okay?" he asked. "Am I, uh, a good guest?"

Sunshine responded by wrapping her arms around him. There was a moment of anti-gravity as she flipped onto her back, then a plush ***whump*** as the weight of her stomach sagged in on him. She clutched him with her arms and legs, hugging him tight.

"Y- you're perfect," she whimpered. "P- please don't leave."

"He has to leave eventually," Zach heard Shadow complain. "*I* need a turn with him, remember?"

Sunshine flipped onto her side, presumably to hide him away from her sister. Shadow harrumphed and stomped off toward the kitchen. This left Zach alone to listen to Sunshine's heartbeat. Was it always this fast, or was the dragon just nervous?

"I… barely know you," Sunshine said. "The program… They've sent a lot of people to t- talk to us. It's my fault. People like Shadow. They leave when they see me."

Her claws caressed the outer edge of her belly. Intentionally or not, she was kneading Zach's crotch.

Not the time, he thought as his body responded to the provocation.

"Would it help if you got to know me?" Zach said. "How about you ask some questions and I'll ask some questions?"

"O- okay!"

The kneading redoubled. Zach tried not to squirm as she bunched her stomach around his cock and *squeezed.*



"W- what's your favorite videogame?" Sunshine asked.

"I didn't have much time for videogames growing up," Zach said, "but I was always particular to the Fire Emblem franchise. Particularly Radiant Dawn."

"I l- love Radiant Dawn! The dragon characters are so powerful compared to the later games. And three evolution paths? It was my favorite Fire Emblem before Three Houses."

"I haven't played that one yet."

"W- what? Oh, oh, we gotta…"

Sunshine squawked mid-sentence, rolling back and forth in embarrassment. Zach sloshed from side to side, buffeted by the wobbling walls.

"It's okay, it's okay," he yelled. "I'd absolutely love to play that game with you. Please, Sunshine, it's alright. We're just talking."

"I know, I know," Sunshine breathed. Her stomach gurgled loudly. Zach wondered if he should be afraid of digestion. "It's just that, um, I've been feeling, like, really tingly with you inside of me and, um, it makes it kind of hard to… think?"

"This is pretty intimate," Zach said, then immediately added, "which is totally fine! We're getting to know each other."

"Is it my turn yet?" Shadow called from afar.

Sunshine's stomach clenched possessively.

"Anyhow, I get to ask a question now," Zach said.

"S- shoot!"

"Do you have a favorite food?"

Sunshine's claws were back on her belly, kneading harder than ever. Zach had to bite his lip hard to avoid groaning as she worked her slobbering stomach into him, digging him deeper into her folds.

"Sushi," she said. "We both love sushi. The p- problem is that we need so much of it and the program is kind of… um, they only really give out so much money if we're not… p-p-pregnant. We haven't had sushi in a while."

"I think I could swing some sushi," Zach laughed.

The walls cinched. Sunshine's stomach rumbled louder than he'd ever heard it rumble.

"Really? You would do that? I h- have to say that food it my n- number one love language. Is that a love language? They had us read a book about it. We could order sushi and play Three Houses and we could have a s- sleepover and and and—"

"Breathe," Zach said.

Sunshine's breath had caught in her chest. She exhaled slowly, winding and unwinding around herself.

“I feel lightheaded,” she said. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

Zach wasn’t going to last much longer. The constant pressure being applied to his crotch was sending shivers up his spine and try as he might, he couldn’t, *er*, disengage. He could only imagine Sunshine’s embarrassment if she knew she’d made him cum. She’d probably vanish into her room for a month.

Or digest him to spare herself the shame.

“I like that plan,” Zach said. “Sushi and Three Houses? It sounds like a great night.”

A long, needy whimper escaped Sunshine’s throat. She rolled and Zach rolled with her, nose thrust into the plush bottom of her stomach as she dragged herself on top of him. He could feel her hips pressed against his tucked legs. His crotch ached. If he flipped over, it would almost be like—

“My turn!” Shadow yelled.

Both Zach and Sunshine jumped. An enormous weight had dropped onto Sunshine’s chest, pressing down on Zach from above. He was squashed into the base of Sunshine’s belly, nestled against her groaning intestines as the dragons writhed and wriggled.

“Get off! Get off!”

“You’ve had him for ages and ages and you said you would share! C’mon, spit him up. It’s been *forever* since I’ve gotten to feel that lovely, fluttery tummy hug!”

Sunshine resisted, unconsciously squeezing Zach inside of her. Colorful dots exploded along the edges of his vision as the dragon’s powerful muscles crushed him against her abdomen. He opened his mouth to gasp and found that he couldn’t. He pawed weakly at the walls.

“Shadow, stop! I’m going to tell Felix! He said that if I f- found someone that I liked, I could k- keep them for as long as I wanted.”

“And he told *meee* that if I found someone *I* liked, that I could keep *them* for as long as I wanted! And I like Zach! He’s nice! He doesn’t flinch when I sniff him! He smells good! And he didn’t freak

out in your tummy which means he won't freak out in my tummy and will probably love it and never ever ever ever want to leave!"

I'm going to black out, Zach thought. He kicked at the stomach. *We need a better communication system if we're going to do this often.*

WHOOSH!

The stomach receded and Zach gasped, coughing, raising an arm to create a pocket of air as he rubbed his chest. Sunshine had rolled over. Or, to be more accurate, she had been flipped over by Shadow who was now coiling around her.

"Leggo! Leggo!"

"Spit him up!"

Now the base of the stomach by Zach's legs was constricting. He drew his knees to his chest, but there was only so much air in the chamber and the pressure was building, building, until his ears started



to pop. Sunshine was clawing at the floor. Her esophagus opened. Zach felt it suck against the back of his head before—

BBBwwwoOOuuuuuuuRRP!

Instant limp noodle.

"You made me buuuuuurp," Sunshine wailed, pounding her feet and tail. "He's going to haaaaaate me!"

"I was trying to make you spit him up," Shadow declared, but there was a nervous edge to her voice. "Hey, sis, I'm sorry. I'm sure he doesn't hate you."

The concussive blast of belch had stunned Zach. He had to shake his head and tap his ears a few times before the ringing went away.

"I don't hate you," he shouted. "That's totally normal."

A meltdown was coming. Zach wasn't sure that he could survive another meltdown. Sunshine was coiling, kicking, writhing. The walls were starting to constrict. Everything was happening so fast that Zach's brain just wanted to shut down and ride it out, but despite how much he liked the dragons, he was in real danger. He had to use ***the trick***.

"*Sorry, Sunshine,*" he whispered as she yelled.

"It's not normal! It's not ladylike! Now you won't want to get sushi and play Fire Emblem and you'll probably leave and then we'll have to marry someone who's really mean or breed with one of those big dragons and they're all so awful and it's going to hurt and—

SLRRRRRP!

"EEEEEEEEEEEP!"

***

The Previous Evening

***

"Are you, uh, sure about this?" Zach asked.

Felix raised a finger and reached behind him. From a drawer, he pulled out a photograph of a purple and pink, bipedal dragon. She had

long, black hair, piercings, and a huge, pudgy stomach that spilled out over her heavy thighs. Zach recognized her from other photos placed throughout the room. It was Felix's wife, Carmen.

"What I'm about to teach you is something that should be used extremely sparingly," Felix said. His expression was serious, but his cheeks were red. "It's something I learned through arduous trial and error."

"Okay?" Zach said.

It was the night before the move-in. Felix had called him into his office. Zach had been afraid that there had been some hiccup in his paperwork, but when he got to the office, Felix had poured him a glass of whisky.

"Dragons," Felix said, pointing at the photograph. There were two, subtle lumps pressed against the inside of Carmen's stomach. "Are absolutely covered in erogenous zones. Most are external—the base of the tail, the lips, their necks—but a few… a few are internal."

"Oh," Zach said, understanding. "So that's… ?"

"That's me, yes."

Zach squinted at the bumps. Sure enough, there were other small bulges against the base of Carmen's flabby stomach. Knees. Feet. A head nestled right beneath the dragon's large bosoms. Zach blushed. Wasn't this photo, given the context, pretty much pornography? Why was Felix showing him this?

"My wife can be temperamental," Felix said, adjusting his glasses. "All dragons are possessive, but Carmen's downright stubborn. As such, sometimes she likes to play the tyrant and keep me for hours on end."

"Uh."

"I promise that this is just as uncomfortable for me as it is for you. Hang with me for a second. There's a point."

Zach and Felix both reached for their whisky at the same time. Felix gave him a bashful smile as he downed his drink in one go. After thinking for a second, Zach did the same. Felix topped them off.



“So,” Felix continued. “The point. Yes, the point is that us little people, us humans, need an exit strategy. I know that Sunshine and

Shadow don't look like much, but they're a hundred times stronger than you and if, for whatever reason, you get stuck inside one of them, this is what you need to do."

He pointed at the photograph again, tapping his finger on Carmen's navel. Why a dragon had a bellybutton, Zach didn't know, but he wasn't about to ask.

"There's a line," Felix said, tracing. "It runs practically right down the center of the dragon's body. It's the space between the abdominal walls—the separation of the six-pack on a human. On the outside of the dragon, it's a sensitive area. Their whole belly is, really. But on the inside? It's an escape key. If you can find that line, that separation, and run your hand along the length of it, the dragon will, *ahem*, relax. This should allow you a few seconds to push your way into their esophagus, at which time their natural gag reflex should activate, ejecting you."

"And this works every time?" Zach asked, looking at the photo again.

Carmen's lips were peeled back in a malevolent grin. Her clawed hands were wrapped around her belly, holding Felix down inside of her.

"It works once, maybe twice," Felix said. "After that they, um, might start demanding it. Carmen wants it five or six time a… you know what? Forget that last bit. The point is that, if you get in trouble with the twins, find that line and you should be fine. I wouldn't tell you if I didn't anticipate at least one panic attack from both of them once they get to swallow you. And Zach?"

"Hmm?"

"Can you, uh, keep what you saw here a secret? We're only supposed to use the official learning materials."

***

"EEEEEEEEEEEP!"

Goosebumps sprang up along Zach's arms. He'd found the indent, the line, pressing his knuckle into the soggy flesh as Sunshine thrashed back and forth. Taking a deep breath, he had traced his knuckle down to her navel. One quick motion, like unzipping a jacket. He'd half expected the panicking dragon to ignore it, but her reaction was downright erotic.

Sunshine halted. Every muscle in her body seemed to stiffen, from the tip of her muzzle to the crest of her tail. Then, all at once, she let out the loudest moan that Zach had ever heard. It reverberated through her body, unknitting all of the tension. The stomach collapsed inwards with a squelch and Zach, forewarned, thrust his fist up and into Sunshine's esophagus.

GLLuuUUURRRP!



"ACK!"

He slid up her throat in a deluge of stomach acid and shame, aware of his erection dragging over every ring of her gullet until it was deposited, twitching, on Sunshine's tongue.

She held her neck with both hands, gagging. Shadow took Zach by the armpits and tugged him out onto the carpet. Sunshine tried to speak. Instead, she moaned.

"OooOOOOOH!"

"What did you do to her?" Shadow asked, wide-eyed. Her muzzle was uncomfortably close to Zach's cheek. He hoped she wouldn't look down at the bulge in his pants. "And can you do it to me?"

The indent left by his body in Sunshine's stomach was slow to recede. For a moment, he was treated to the ghost of himself, nestled in the golden curves of the dragon's ample belly. He hissed as his cock strained against his belt. Sunshine didn't notice, but Shadow… Shadow finally looked down.

She gasped.

"That isn't," she said, throwing her arms over his shoulders.

"It's not," Zach said, then cleared his throat. It wouldn't do to lie to his partners on the very first day. "I mean, it is, but it isn't for the reasons you think. I didn't choose the DRP because I wanted to… I didn't know my reaction would be… Shadow, please stop sniffing it."

Shadow had buried her nose in his crotch and was busy huffing his scent. Sunshine, arching her back, let out one last, shuddering groan, then collapsed on a pile of pillows. Zach could practically see the spirals in her eyes.

"That was gooooooood."

"Zach!" Shadow whined. She pushed him onto his back, standing over him so that his face was level with her slit. Dragons didn't usually wear clothes and the twins were no exception, but their genitals were usually covered by their tails—less prominent when they weren't aroused.

Shadow? Shadow was more than aroused.

Zach had to roll to the side to avoid a drip of clear liquid. Shadow was panting, drooling on his legs.

"Oh, Deirdre told us about this part," she said. "She said that it would be pleasant, but I feel like I have a fever. Everything tingles. Can you see that, Zach? I'm literally shaking! Oh, oh, should we move to the bedroom, or should we do it here? Here is fine! Um, I don't want to crush you or anything, so I guess we should—"

"Hold on, hold on," Zach said, raising a hand. Sunshine was dragging herself across the floor, still muttering. A glistening trail followed behind her. "It's our very first day together! I know that this is the point of the project, but don't you want to get to know each other first?"

Shadow's teeth snagged on his belt. She was literally whining.

"Did I screw up?" she asked. "I thought… oh, Shadow, you did it again! Oh no! Oh, bad, bad, bad Shadow!"

The living room shook as she sat down hard, putting her head in her paws. Her shoulders heaved. Zach, still dazed from his experience inside of Sunshine, had forgotten how sensitive the other twin was about rejection.

"And Sunshine likes you so much," Shadow sobbed as Zach patted her knee. "I just had to ruin it! Too fast. Always too fast. I just thought… I mean from what I know about humans… it seemed like… "

She'd developed hiccups. It was rather cute. Every time she hiccuped, the tip of her tail twitched like a dowsing rod. Left. Right. Left. Right. Zach stopped patting her knee and climbed up into her lap. Shadow cuddled him like a stuffed animal, squeezing him to her chest.

"I'm sorry, *hic*," she sniffled. "I'm so, so sorry, *hic."*

"Want to know a fun trick to stop hiccups?" Zach asked.

Shadow nodded.

"Just think to yourself, 'I don't have hiccups. Hiccups don't exist.' It works 100% of the time."

“I don’t have hiccups. Hiccups don’t exist.” Shadow said. She blinked away tears. “How is that supposed to work?”

“Are you hiccuping?”

It was like a raincloud had blown away from her face. Shadow brightened so fast that Zach experienced a mental whiplash.

“I’m not!” she squealed, standing and hugging him. She spun him around the room, faster and faster. “Wow, wow, wow! Wait until I tell Sunshine! She gets hiccups aaaaall the time! This is the best. I—”

Her ears drooped.

“Oh, I screwed up again, didn’t I?”

Dizzy, Zach pressed his head into her chin. “No,” he said. “You didn’t let me finish, Shadow. Put me down and let’s talk it out, okay?”

She set him down on the coffee table. Zach wiped some of the slime from his pants and checked over his shoulder. Sunshine was safely in her room.

“Ground rules,” he said. “You need to remember that I’m fragile. You’re much bigger than me, so I should probably start out on top. I’ve gotten some tips from the DRP, but you have the ultimate say in what works and doesn’t work.”

Shadow gasped.

“Does this mean… ?”

“Yes,” Zach said, nodding. “We can have sex.”

“EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!”

Aaaaaaand they were back to spinning.

When Shadow finally put Zach down, he was seeing stars. He stumbled backwards onto the couch, grunting as Shadow pressed her paws into his chest. It was like being sat on by an elephant. Shadow was panting.

“Okay, okay, okay, okay,” she said, tail thrashing. “Sorry. Rules! I can do rules. Just tell me the rules.”

“First rule,” Zach wheezed. “Be mindful of your strength.”

“Oops!”

She eased off of him. Zach rubbed his chest. That was going to bruise.

"Second rule," he said. "We are going to *listen* to each other. This is our first time, so there are going to be some hiccups."

"There are no hiccups. Hiccups don't exist!"

"Right you are, but there might be some… complications. I don't want you to get discouraged. If we don't get it right the first time, then we just try again. Communication is key. That being said, what do you want to do right now, Shadow?"

"I want to tear your clothes off with my teeth."

Zach was quickly losing his ability to be surprised. What was he wearing? A button-down and some cheap pants? He'd be okay with losing those.

"Oh. Um, okay."

SHRIP!

Like scissors through wrapping paper, Shadow's teeth sheared through Zach's shirt. He held the severed edges as her hot breath spread across his chest. Her nostrils flared. Drool coated her plump lower lip.

Once more, Zach was reminded that he was in the presence of a predator. Shadow was goofy and naive, but she was also a dragon, and if she had half a mind to sink her teeth into him, he would be as good as dead.

"Are you cold?" Shadow whispered. Her long tongue slithered across Zach's abdomen. He clenched. "You're shivering."

"A little," Zach lied.

"I'll warm you up."

His belt hit the floor, cleanly separated. Shadow hooked her teeth into his waistband and tugged. It split in a wide 'V', exposing his groin. Shadow took a deep sniff and shuddered. Zach, after a nervous glance at Sunshine's closed door, gave in.

"Alright, alright," he said, putting a hand on Shadow's nose. "What now?"

“Mmmmm…”

A sharpened claw slid through the rest of the fabric. Zach was now totally nude except for his eyepatch, trembling in front of the dragon. Shadow was still smiling—in fact, she was grinning ear to ear—but her eyes had narrowed and her nostrils continued to flare as she prowled around him, drooling.

“I want to eat you,” she said. “But I’m so… itchy.”

“Itchy?”

She rubbed herself against him as she passed. Her moistened slit left a trail across Zach’s exposed hip.

“Itchy.”

Zach instinctively reached for his collar only for Shadow to pull his shirt off with her tongue, swallowing it with a shallow gulp. Her eyes rolled as it sank into her gullet. Her tail swished like a cat’s.

“This is too exciting,” Shadow said. “I’ve imagined this over and over and over again! I thought you’d be smaller. Cuter. More nervous. Not that you’re not cute! You’re just very… rigid? You have good posture! But your eye… oooh, it just makes me want to curl around you and never ever ever ever let you go! I want to swallow you. You’ll like my stomach. I try very hard to make it comfortable. Sunshine, she can get so nervous and tight, but I’ll be loose and flowy and you’ll be able to roll over and stretch and I’ll feel you inside of me every morning as soon as I wake up and I’ll say ‘Good morning, Zach. Did you sleep well?’ and you’ll say ‘I did because you’re such a good wife’ and then you’ll kiss my tummy from the inside and I’ll… I’ll…”

She was practically on top of Zach now, paws on his shoulders, pushing him into the couch. Her tail worked itself across her slit. He wondered if he should stop her spiral, but she seemed happy and besides, it wasn’t a half bad fantasy.

Shadow let go of his shoulders and flung herself onto the couch. She rolled from side to side, burying her face in a pillow.

“Are you okay?” Zach asked.

He was blushing. Shadow peaked out from behind the pillow and smiled.

"I'm just so happy," she said. "I don't know what to do with myself. I want a million things! You choose, you choose."

Her tail hung over the side of the couch, one leg splayed over the backrest and the other spread across the cushions. If Zach wanted to, all he had to do was climb atop her and he'd be in the perfect position. Instead, he put a gentle hand on Shadow's paw. The pillow came away.

Zach leaned forward.

The kiss was sloppy and awkward and perfect. Her lips were so big that he could only really kiss the bottom one and when she rose to meet him, his face was completely enveloped. A desperate rumble shook the couch. Shadow giggled, breaking away.

"My stomach liked that," she said.

Zach nodded, head spinning. Before he could retreat, Shadow kissed him again. And again. And again.

A warm feeling filled Zach's chest. Whether it was love or lust or just a general affection, it didn't much matter. The tension was gone from his shoulders—all of the burdens of the past melting away like fresh snow against the heat of Shadow's tongue and Sunshine's belly. It might have just been a moment of euphoria, but Zach found himself smiling, laughing as Shadow lifted him and rained smooches upon his head.

When she was finished, they were both panting. Her stomach rumbled uproariously.

"Are you sure you want us?" Shadow asked.

Zach looked into her bright eyes and kissed her on the nose.

"More than anything," he said.

Shadow giggled. She was holding him like a doll, both paws wrapped around his waist. Her legs kicked giddily over the side of the couch.

"So, so that means we can… we can… !"



“We can.”

The sex was funny and awkward and honestly, quite terrible. Zach kept trying to readjust, riding Shadow’s body as she undulated beneath him, but eventually he had to get off of her and try standing at the side of the couch. Then Shadow’s tail got in the way and he kept slipping out, so they tried it from behind, standing, with Shadow’s tail over his shoulder. Then it was back on the couch, Zach straddling the tail, Shadow holding up a leg as he fucked her from the side.

“This one’s nice,” Shadow murmured. She had her eyes shut, purring happily as Zach focused on the rhythm. “I wouldn’t mind doing this again.”

“I’m sure—Felix has—a manual,” Zach panted. He wiped a bead of sweat from his brow. “I’m sorry this is—”

The tip of Shadow’s tail covered his mouth.

“It’s wonderful.”

Zach smiled and kissed the tip of her tail. Shadow shuddered, so he did it again, using his hands to work along the base. An approving groan roused him further. He dug his fingers into the pliable scales, kneading until Shadow turned her head and bit the side of the couch. She came with a whimper.

“D-did we do it?” she asked. “Am I pregnant?”

Zach couldn’t help it. He laughed.

“No, I’m afraid not,” he said, pulling out. His body, unable to remain upright after the constant strain, slumped forward. He put his hands on Shadow’s stomach. It vibrated beneath his palms. “For that, I’d have to cum, but we can work towards that some other day. We’ll have plenty of time.”

Now that the sex was over, it was clear that Shadow wanted to devour him. Her stomach continued to gurgle insistently, but the dragon, bashful now that they had finished their duties, was swaying from side to side, peaking out from between her fingers. Zach kissed her chin.



“How do you want to do this?” he asked, mirroring his earlier question. “I’ll let you decide.”

“Really? Really, really? Oh, there are so many methods I want to explore! How about… no, no, feet-first is too obvious. Maybe a…a cannonball? No, if you land on my teeth, that could be bad.”

“How about a slow cannonball?” Zach said. “A slow, feet-first cannonball?”

Shadow brightened.

“That could work!” she said, jumping off of the couch. Zach fell onto the empty cushions. There was an enormous indent where Shadow had been lying.

He was tempted to nestle into the warm cushions and take a nap. His body ached, his eyes were heavy. He hadn’t even unpacked and yet here he was, already fulfilling his duties. Felix would be proud of him.

But no, there was an overeager dragon currently kneeling at the side of the couch, preparing her gullet like a spongy waterslide. When she beckoned with a claw, he sat up and came to stand on the edge of the cushion. Shadow wagged her tail.

“Okay, so I’m just going to open wide and you’ll step in,” she said. “And I promise I’ll be super duper gentle! Like, I’ll barely even swallow. Maybe just a little to help you out, but not enough to really squeeze you! Oh my goodness, I can’t believe I’m doing this! And we had sex! Actual sex! I mean, I didn’t *get* you, but—”

The idea was so clear across her brow that Zach had to put a hand up.

“You don’t have to worry about finishing me,” he said. He was looking at her needle-like teeth. As inexperienced as Shadow was, she was liable to nip him if she tried to get him off with her mouth. “I’ll, uh, finish in your stomach.”

Shadow eeped.

“You… like that idea, don’t you.”

“I doooooooooo,” Shadow groaned, laying her chin on the side of the couch. “Could you do that, please? Will I be able to tell?”

“I’m sure you will.”

With a vigorous nod, Shadow opened her mouth. Zach stared down into the quivering pink recesses of her throat. He almost rethought his decision. It was one thing to be pushed into a waiting maw and another to willingly step into one. His toes tickled the edge of Shadow’s tongue. It flattened under his foot as he sank up to his ankle.

“Ooo ‘aste oo goo,” Shadow hummed.

Zach let his leg sink up to his ankle in Shadow’s gullet. It was squishy, like Sunshine’s, and pliable, but it was also tight. He gave his foot an experimental tug and found that he couldn’t move it. When he tried, Shadow moaned.

“Tickles.”

Tickles. That was all the dragon thought of his earnest attempt to escape her gullet. Zach tugged at his collar only to realize that he wasn’t wearing a shirt. Instead, he wiped the sweat from his brow and placed his other foot on Shadow’s tongue.

“Whoa!”

He almost fell. Shadow’s claw rose to provide a handhold as he steadied himself. He waited for the dragon to apologize (not that she had anything to apologize for) and was surprised when she let out an impatient grunt. His other foot slid closer to her gullet which spread to accommodate it. It sank with a *SHLLLK*.

“Okay,” Zach said, standing in the middle of her maw. Her teeth brushed against his thighs. Her lips were up to his waist. “Okay, um, what—”

SHLLUuuRK!

Her throat opened. Zach yelped as he slid up to his knees, wheeling his arms to avoid overbalancing. When it became clear that he was going to fall, Shadow opened her throat wider, letting him drop up to his stomach.



Hot breath simmered around his torso. Her teeth had just barely nicked him during the sudden drop, but the thin, pink lines were a reminder of just how dangerous this really was.

"Oomfy?"

When she talked, her tongue dragged across his hips and legs. He gasped as his cock was pressed hard into the roof of her mouth, only to meet the soft, pliant flesh of her throat. Another gulp coated him in glistening drool.

"I am comfy," he said, breathless. "You know that thing that you wanted?"

"Mmm?"

"It might happen in a second if you're not careful."

Shadow's eyes opened wide. She tilted her head back, sheathing him up to his belly button.

"Nnr yeer!"

Not yet was probably the message, but Zach wasn't thinking rationally anymore. Sunshine had swallowed him so fast that he'd barely come to terms with it before he reached her stomach, but Shadow? Shadow was *savoring* him.

Her tongue lapped across his neck and shoulders. He braced himself against her, groaning, thrusting up into the cusp of her throat. Shadow, ever the people pleaser, hummed with satisfaction, which only added to the medley of sensations currently stroking his shaft. Zach sank another inch. Another foot. His chin was level with the back of her throat. He was being swallowed. Eaten. A dragon was consuming him whole and alive and wriggling and he was loving every second of it.

ULP!

Her throat closed around his nose and mouth.

ULP!

It covered his eyes.

ULP!

Only one hand remained on her tongue—a last, desperate thrust toward the light. Shadow's tongue curled around it, caressing it lovingly before shoving it down into her gullet with a definitive ***SHLRP!***

"Zach! I did it! I really ate you!"

Her words were muffled, but her enthusiasm was not. Zach thumped from wall to wall as Shadow improvised a victory dance, spinning and bucking until he thought he would be sick.

Shadow's stomach was tighter than her sister's. There was more muscle definition—more clenching when she rolled from side to side. What she lacked in padding, however, she made up for in texture.

Being in Shadow's stomach was like being wrapped in warm silk. There was little friction to arrest Zach's movements and he could move quite freely. Of course, that did mean dragging himself through Shadow's guts, and every movement seemed to only excite her further.

"I can't believe we did that! And on our first day! We had sex, Zachary! I can call you that, right? It was on your file. Zachary! I don't even know what I'm saying right now. Yippee! Woohoo!"

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

"Please, no jumping," Zach said as Shadow executed a magnificent leap, twisting in midair with him inside of her. "You're going to make me sick."

"I can't hear you! You love it, right? Give me two knocks if you love it!"

Sighing, Zach rapped his knuckles against her chest. Two knocks.

"Yahoo! I knew it! We should… we should go out! Like, to the movies or something! Actually, that's a stupid idea. You wouldn't be able to watch. But I could describe it to you! We could share a popcorn and a soda and I could whisper what was happening on the screen and you could hold me tight if there were scary bits. Er, that

might annoy people, actually, but we could do that at the house! Movie night, tonight! I'll tell Sunshine!"

"Wait!"

The dragon wasn't listening. She was already skidding toward her sister's door.

"Sunshine! Movie night!"

"What?!"

A crash. Something in the apartment shattered. A door was flung open.

"B-b-but Zach promised we'd do sushi tonight! And Fire Emblem! Wait a minute, is he in your stomach?! And what's that I smell?"

"It's cum!"

"WHAT?!"

More crashing. Shadow threw herself backwards fast, twisting around Zach. His cock, buried in the wall, twitched erratically.



“Careful,” he said. “Careful!”

“I can feel his p- penis right now,” Shadow taunted. By the sound of the heavy footfalls, Sunshine was chasing her through the apartment. “It’s twitching! It really liiiiikes it in there!”

“It’s not cum,” Zach shouted. “Shadow, stop teasing your sister!”

“L-L-let him out!”

“Nuh uh! We had sex! That makes us mates!”

The noise that Sunshine was something between a gasp and a roar. The thumping footsteps grew even more frantic as Shadow dodged nimbly backwards. Zach shut his eyes tight. His cock was being slathered all over the silky stomach. He was about to blow.

“B-b-but we said we’d wait! He said it was okay if we waited. If you two had sex then… then we have to have sex!”

“Nope, nope, he’s mine for the evening. Oops!”

Shadow’s back claw slipped off of whatever surface she had been climbing. At least she had the decency to curl around her stomach as she hit the ground. Zach was only winded, not concussed… at least not until Sunshine took advantage of her downed opponent, landing with a ***whumph*** right on top of Zach.

“Now you’re in for it!” Sunshine shouted. “Zach, I’ll free you!”

“Wha—ow! Ow! Not the tail! That’s cheating! Zach, tell her to stop! She’s chewing on my tail! Ow!”

“What the hell is happening in here?”

Three things happened in quick succession:

Sunshine, upon hearing Felix’s voice, squealed and leapt off of her sister, using the base of her stomach as a launching pad.

Shadow, already gasping, retched, sending Zach back up her throat and hips-first onto her tongue.

Zach, who had been on the edge for the last three minutes, lost control at the worst possible moment, spurting all over Sunshine’s mortified face.

“Hello, Felix,” he said, waving from the inside of Shadow’s mouth. “Everything is totally under control.”

Epilogue

Under normal circumstances, jizzing on one's partner in front of one's supervisor is grounds for firing. And a lawsuit.

Under the Dragon Repopulation Project, apparently it got you commended.

"You can stop laughing now," Zach grumbled as he sat across from Felix at his desk. A week had passed since 'The Incident' and still every time Felix looked at him, he cracked up.

"Man, I wish I had taken a picture," Felix hooted. He slapped his knee, knocking a pad of paper to the ground. "It was *all* of your faces. Especially Sunshine. I've never seen her scurry so fast. And you and Shadow? Oh my god, it was *priceless*. Even Carmen wants to shake your hand. Cracking 'The Twins' on day one? I might get a promotion! Deirdre's going to flip!"

"I didn't 'crack' the twins," Zach said.

"You've lasted a week. That's longer than any of their other partners, *and* you've managed to mate with both of them. Successfully. Several times."

Zach blushed. The sushi and Fire Emblem night had turned into one of the most awkward propositions of his life. Sunshine barely said a word to him, but she'd kept nudging him with her butt until she was practically sitting on his lap. Only when she started rubbing herself on his crotch did Zach catch on leading to a silent, faceless fucking as they passed the controller back and forth. She'd nearly crushed him when she'd orgasmed before turning around and starting to blubber.

They'd fucked properly after that.

"Sunshine and Shadow have nothing but good things to say about you," Felix said. He'd retrieved his notepad from the floor, waving it at Zach. "In fact, it's hard to get *either* of them to shut up. Sunshine's coming out of her room. Shadow's stopped seeking validation from strangers. You two actually managed to go on a movie date without incident. *That's* impressive!"

Zach blushed again.

He'd been inside of Shadow during that movie date. She had, indeed, whispered to him the entire time.

"Right," he said, clearing his throat. "So, um… do I pass?"

"What do you mean?"

"Isn't that what this meeting is about? My compatibility with the dragons?"

"Sure," Felix said, suddenly serious, "though we've neglected one vital component of this interview."

"Oh?"

"You, you dummy! How is this working for you?"

Zach heaved a sigh of relief. Felix chuckled and wrote something on his pad of paper.

"Sunshine and Shadow eat you thrice a day *each*," he said. "They fight constantly. They're incredibly needy. You haven't been able to so much as take a shower by yourself since you got into that house. How are you doing, Zach? You can let me know if it's too much—"

"It's not."

Felix smiled knowingly. He leaned forward in his chair. Zach forced himself to meet the smaller man's eyes—he wanted to emphasize the point, but what he came away with was the impression of camaraderie. His fellow dragon husband knew *exactly* how he felt.

"Oh?" Felix said. "You want to continue? The Twins are a lot of work, you know, and at the rate you're going, there will soon be a clutch, and then you'll *really* see their needy sides. Carmen wouldn't let me out of her sight. She'd barely let me out of her stomach. Are you sure you can handle that?"

"I can," Zach said.

"Very well," Felix sighed, tossing his notepad on the desk. "We'll check in next week, but until then, keep up the good work. And Zach?"

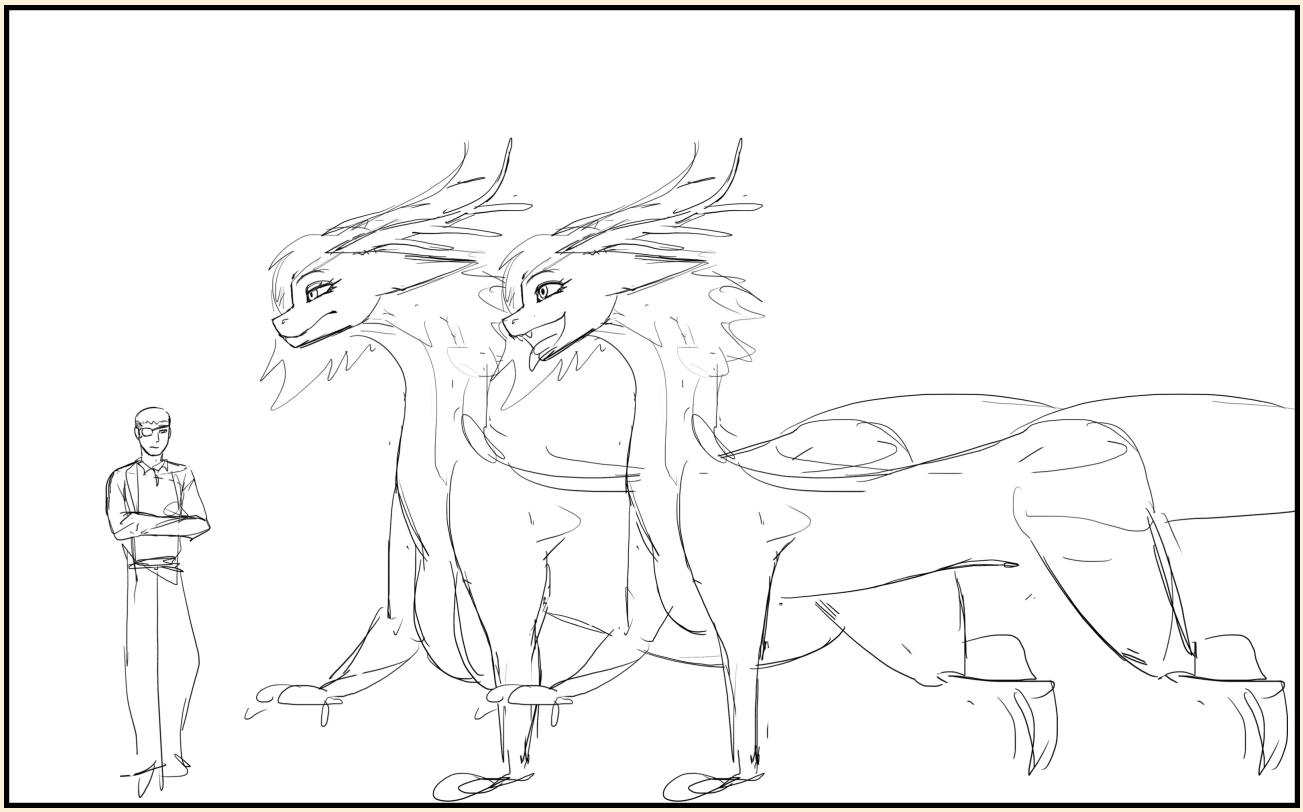
"Hmm?"

“They adore you.”

Zach grinned. He opened the door of the office and the two listening dragons, one light, one dark, spilled into the room. Both began to blubber something about ‘staying in the waiting room’, but he silenced them with a kiss a piece.

“I know,” Zach said as the door closed behind him. “I adore them, too.”

The End



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Thank you for buying this book. We poured a lot of work into it, and we genuinely hope you've enjoyed it.

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Love,
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