

Draculas & Dragons

Chapter One: Mist Travelers

By Neo Mint City

Draculas & Dragons

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Chapter One: Mist Travelers

It was late in the day, dusk was turning to night. The tall barbarian stumbled out of the alehouse. He reached down and adjusted his large member, pushing the dark purple head back into his loincloth. A man now, he was enjoying drinking at the different alehouses that his party encountered traveling this fantastical world. Last month marked his eighteen year. His ninth on this world, his sister and friends having been transported with him, all meant to become heroes. When he thought of home he missed many luxuries; Saturday morning cartoons and cereal ranked at the top of his list. No one in the alehouse ever believed his stories of home or Count Chocula and Yummy Mummy. They mistook them for monsters he had vanquished.

A moment ago the twin barmaids had both brushed up next to him as he left. One asked him to come back soon and the other asked where he was staying in town. Their large breasts pressed onto his arms. As they did his meat weapon twitched, attempting to escape its fur loincloth prison. Only the head had managed it as he slipped from between the buxom maids to the doorway. He told them he would be back tomorrow.

Walking in the direction of the inn he passed four hollow trees. Their shadows blended with the dark of early night. A chill spread over his muscular body. A light fog reached up from the ground. The fog's Mist tentacles swirled and playfully danced around, pulling Bobby's hands. He swung his wooded club through the Mist and smiled as it danced. The world darkened for a spell as the Mist lunged at him.

"Dad!" Mavis Dracula shouted, "Where are you?!" Turning her head, she said, "Hey, Zom! Have you seen my dad? It feels like I haven't seen him in a human's age."

"Iiis thinz he saysss he was goingz to the amazzzon to get suppliessss for the hotelzz." a zombie moaned. 'Brainzzz'

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“Thanks.” she began walking to the front desk. *Dad, you idiot. It's a website, not a river,* she thought.

Typing in the POS computer she closed a game, Pool of Radiance. Her eyes darted around looking for the ghoul who had been playing games on the new work computer. They all appeared to be missing at the moment, ‘Guess, I’ll bring it up at the staff meeting, again.’ Mavis whispered. She pulled her favorite perfume from a drawer and a light spritz chased away the annoyance.

Clicking on the weather app. She frowned. It listed Mist and fog. No times, no dates. No other forecast. *It's been over a week,* she thought, *feels like months. Oh satan, more like years.*

She tapped refresh with her index claw. Her black mesh gloves pulled at her hand. Nothing happened; she clicked it twice. Nothing changed. Frowning, Mavis moved to check that the zombies had been keeping the sitting lounge clean. She stopped halfway there to adjust her sagging left stocking. Lifting her dress to do so. The black and red horizontal stripes ran from her short black dress down into her blood-red All-Stars. Mavis checked the right as well, it appeared to be held securely around her thicc white thigh, with just a little spillage at the top. She enjoyed the look of the stocking pinching her white skin inward, ever so lightly, lovingly. Pulling the dress down a little she felt it pull on her breasts. Her nipples hardened as the sheer fabric tugged on them and her new piercings.

The glass doors at the front of the lobby began to spin.

The Mist cleared, rushing into the dark shadows. Bobby's next step brought him in front of a stone wall. A castle.

‘What?’ he whispered. *There aren't any castles or keeps nearby... wait? Is that a revolving door?* He thought.

Twelve feet from him was a golden and glass revolving door. It spun silently as he walked through it. The coolness of night was replaced with warmth and electric lights. It reminded him of the time he went on vacation with his family when he was eight, they stayed at a Caribbean resort. A gust of cool wind washed over him and his nostrils filled with an exotic scent.

In a second Mavis stood before him, “Welcome to Hotel Transylvania!” her eagerness showed. She couldn’t recall the last new guest that had walked through the doors.

“Is.. Is this a hotel?” The boy seemed confused. More of a young man. With rippling muscles. Not bulky; slender, chiseled. He was a head taller than Mavis’ 5’ 10” frame. He had a metal helmet topped with a center spike and two large white horns on either side. His strapping chest was held in by a harness, ‘x’ shaped, attached to his belt. A brown fur loincloth did little to cover his lower body. His strong calves and feet

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had matching fur boots wrapped in gold twine. Two metal bracers wrapped around his wrists. A wood stick in his right hand. His sandy dirty blond hair was mid-length, it was loose and carefree. Lion like. The young man's golden tan skin contrasted elegantly with Mavis' perfect porcelain complexion.

"Yes," Mavis tilted her head to the left, slightly. Her shoulder-length black hair bounced, her bangs shifting. "We're a hotel." She smiled. Her Black Midnight lipstick by Countess Corp glistened as her tongue darted out to add a shine across her smile. Her matching painted claws clasped behind her back tightened around each other in excitement. Fangs and claws extended a little at the sight of this potential new guest.

He didn't notice her fangs as she smiled, his eyes roamed the room. "Like on Earth?"

She laughed, "Yes, Earth. Where else would we be?" Mavis discreetly pulled her dress down hoping it had not ridden up too high along her wide hips, when she used her vampiric speed to cross the lobby. She felt the turtleneck tug at her throat, the black dress moved a couple of inches as she pulled on it. She attempted to not blush. Ever since her last birthday, her breast had grown several cup sizes. Last week when she checked they were 34G. She was still waiting on new bras to arrive.

"Oh, thank the Dungeon Master. I'm home." His strong, tan arms reached out as he stepped to her. His hot breath washed over her, smelling of sweet honey mead.

Pressing her chest to his Bobby held Mavis in a long bare hug. 'It's been nine years.' He whispered to himself.

What is that? She thought. Shifting her right hip slightly, she felt a throbbing. A longing stirred at her waist. It was a long object that didn't seem to be present on her left side. His right side. The longer the hug lasted the harder the object felt. *Maybe that stick he had?*

Bobby released her, he said, "Sorry it's just been so long, I didn't think..."

"No Problem." Her eyes caught on the club in his right hand. *Not that*, both her blue eyes jumped to his waist. *Satan, it's longer than my arm*, she thought.

The left side of his fur loincloth bulged; pulsed, throbbed, rippled. The fur barely concealed his manhood.

Mavis bit the left side of her lower lip. One fang showing, as she released the bite, the fang slid across her lip marring her Black Midnight lipstick.

Bobby shifted to his left a little attempting to hide his throbbing cock.

"So, do you want a room?"

"Ah, ya. I guess." he reached into a pouch. "Do you take these?" five shiny gold coins rested in his palm.

Her hand glided across his and her eyes flashed to his cock. It jumped as they touched. She blushed as his purple tip pushed out of the top of the loincloth. It became lodged under the harness. Still visible. *Is that? I... would need both hands to hold that?* She thought. Her eyes betrayed her next thoughts.

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“Another two for the night,” She stared into his eyes, concentrating she activated her hypnotic glaze, “For another five, we’ll do full bath service and massage.”

Bobby quickly fished out another seven coins, his eyes held on hers. “That sounds great.” he passed them to Mavis. Her white skin felt cool to his touch, the mesh of her fingerless black gloves holding nothing back, allowing their flesh to brush against each other. He had to restrain himself from clasping her hand as he released the coins.

“Follow me,” she turned for the stairs, “What’s your name? I need it later for the ledger.” Her perfume lingered in the air as she walked away.

“Bobby, Bobby the Barbarian.”

His cock throbbed and jumped as her heart-shaped ass bounced ever so slightly with each step. The tight black dress riding high on her cheeks, promised a wondrous view if the fabric slipped upward. Flashes of a black thong appear with each step. White thighs; slender, yet thicc slipped past each other with every step she took on the stairs.

Bobby reached the first step, adjusting his cock he realized the massive head was poking out again. Pushing it back into the loincloth he blushed.

Every time a girl walks by, he thought. His eyes never left her bouncing ass. Or her tight black and red striped stocking, pinching her up thighs, the white skin just spilling over them, *Perfect*. The beast twitched at his thought.

The last two steps. Mavis decided to be naughty. She took two instead of one. The back of her tight black dress jumped up. A cool breeze, high on her ass cheeks titillated them. She flashed a quick grin and felt the front pull up to her belly.

Watching her heart-shaped ass Bobby felt his cock throb as Mavis skipped a step. Her dress slid up over her perfect cheeks. Each a half heart, each meant to break a man or woman. His cockhead burst out of the loincloth, a few inches following it. He bit his lip and began pushing the swelling tip back into the fur as Mavis turned around. The scent of her perfume filled his nostrils, arousing him more. She was so close. His head throbbed in his hand.

“Oh sorry, missed a step.” She slowly pulled the dress back down. *Even his hand looks small next to it*, she thought. Her eyes glazed as he pushed the head back into cover. *No, I’m in control, not him*, she thought.

Bobby’s cock twitched. The front of her panties looked like a cute little black bat. With blood red eyes and tiny fangs as it smiled. He adjusted himself again, she watched with a smile.

I have the power here, not him, she bit her lip.

They began walking the halls. Ancient paintings lined the walls, some large, some small. Some watched them. The candle lights flickered on as they neared each scone, as if by magic. Mavis stopped in front of a door. The dark wooded panels were strapped by two black iron ribs.

“Ah miss, I’m.. I didn’t get your name?”

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“Silly me. It’s Mavis. Call me Mavis.” She blushed at repeating herself and quickly turned to the door, too quickly for a human, “This is one of our finest rooms, in fact, it’s right next to mine.” Mavis said as she opened the door. Pressing on the black iron latch.

Walking through the door she turned to him, reaching for his helmet. Pull it off his head. She tossed it.

“Wow, this is really nice.” Large and spacious, near the back wall a huge four-post bed. Fabric-covered chairs stood in front of a fireplace that lined one-half of a wall to his left. Flames crackled to life as they lit up, by themselves. Above the fireplace was an ancient oil painting. A beautiful woman in a lacy white flowing dress and a large black hat looked out over the room. The brim, hiding one of her glowing eyes. Her chest made Mavis’ look flat. Bobby didn’t notice her eyes following them.

“You can get the best view from the bed.” She took his hand. They both started moving deeper into the room.

Bobby resisted the urge to look for traps. His helmet landed in a far chair. At the bed, he turns. The comforter; a patchwork of spooky, haunted faces. All in drab colors. Mavis stood before him, blocking his view of the hotel’s finest room. She was so close he felt her cool breath weaving its way past his harness onto his chest. The sweet perfume mixed with the scent of her body. His cock twitched; the fur along its massive length rippled, the head threatening to escape again.

Mavis dropped to her knees. She jerked down the brown fur loincloth to his ankles.

Fwoosh. Plop. Crack!!

In an instant, his grapefruit-sized ball sack dropped free. His concealed weapon swung out. The shaft slammed into her porcelain cheek, just below her eye. A large vein throbbed and brushed the edges of her eyelashes. The blood calling to her. Mavis’s eyelids could have kissed it, it was so near. She saw the vein engorge and contract as his heart beat. A line of sweet juice slipped from her panties and ran down her leg soaking into her right stocking.

“Oh sorry. Are you ok?” His cheeks blush bright pink.

Had she been human it might have hurt. It would have knocked her back. Possibly putting her at disadvantage.

Looking up Mavis smiled at the pinkness filling his face. She licked her lips. Her eyes lowered, rolling across the weapon that had violated her cheek. “I’m fine more. Then in fine in fact.”

Neither noticed her mistake.

She ran the back of her mesh-covered hand across one of his veins as it pulled away. The purple beast twitched, almost reaching for her.

“Is this part of the massage or the bathing?” he asked, “I think I can do it myself if it’s the bathing...”

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Mavis reached out with her left hand, seeing her long claws, she retracted them slightly as she pressed her hand onto Booby's rippling stomach. Some of her fingers slipped past his harness to his skin. Flicking her wrist Bobby fell back onto the bed behind him. His cock's fourteen-inch length slid across Mavis' cool cheek. She managed the lightest kiss, just below the massive head. As her lips touched the purple beast it batted her away, teasing. Her eyes followed the rugged tip and strong ridge surrounding its outer edge. Flaring it invited her to return. She bit her lower lip with an... tici...paation, both fang rubbing on her lipstick.

Leaning forward Mavis spread his muscular legs. Her black hair brushed his inner thighs. His sack's weight crushing the edge of the bed, a cool wispy sensation rushed over the underside of his balls, the comforter its source. His two orbs threatened to roll off the bed as Mavis drew near. She saw his whole body tense up. Her tongue peeked out between her lips and fangs. Leaving a short sticky saliva trail across Bobby's purple cockhead she lightly kissed the monster just below the entrance to his urethra. She flicked her tongue across the opening. The cock lurched toward her. Hardly at all she raised her head and spoke.

"You look like you have a lot of extra blood in you. Take off your chest piece and relax." She said as she slid her tongue down along his cock.

Bobby leaned up and pulled off his harness. As he freed his tanned chest he threw it out of sight into a dark corner.

Her tongue ran down sliding over and around large throbbing veins. His light golden tuff tickled her chin. Her fangs nuzzled the base as she reached it. She began slowly sliding them along the shaft as her tongue darted around, teasing. Planting long kisses here and there. The marred lipstick leaves dark imperfect shadow imprints across his fourteen-inch cock. As she reached the head she pressed both fangs into the purple beast. Not piercing. Just enough to leave indentations. Dimples.

"Oh, Frae dragons, yes!" His hand reached for her head, she batted it away.

Mavis greedily sucked and nibbled Bobby's cockhead. Lipstick and saliva mashed across it. His precum began leaking, mixing in. The salty flavor coated her tongue. Lifting her head she locked eyes with Bobby. He lost focus as the blue in her eyes shifted to a hazy light red. She said one word, desire filled her voice, "More."

A small river of precum pulsed from the engorged cockhead. The white shine on the purple tip almost mesmerized her. She strengthened her resolve, his desires would not overwhelm her, she dove in. Her pink tongue attentively catches each pulse of white pleasure. She rolled the salty liquid in her mouth, savoring it as it oozed throughout. Clinging to her inner cheeks and washing over her teeth. It began to slide toward her throat, spilling downward.

"It's... I never..." he tried to say. A moan escaped his light pink, 'Aahh.. ohh...'

Both her hands gripping his shaft. Her left; working the hot throbbing base. His wispy golden hair tickled her white skin beneath her mesh gloves, poking and pulling at

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them. Her right; playing with the meaty shaft just under Bobby's engorged purple head. Neither hand was capable of fully wrapping around his throbbing meat shaft. Her claws extended on their own, dancing and tickling his flesh. At times two of her claws traced the outline of his veins. With care she prevented nicks, only wanting to savor the moment. Playing with his monument, his monster. To feel the hot blood pulse past her fingertips. Her nipples hardened with each pulse.

Lightning in the form of pleasure flashed through his body. Muscles became rock-hard at her touch. Fireworks washed over his sight as she kissed, sucked, and licked.

“OH! FUCK! Sheila! Yes!”

Who?

A chain of saliva and precum drizzled down her porcelain chin, lifting her head just above his cock. Their juices slipped free of her face; landed and rolled down to the ridgeline of the head. A strong pulse oozed out of the purple beast before her. It did so with just enough power that it escaped the surface and landed on her right tit. The white droplet began rolling down her black dress, intent on a goal.

Mavis quickly, too quickly for a human, pressed her lips to his urethra. The next pulse of salty white pleasure greeted her as her lips sucked the entrance. Her tongue scooped out his juices, playfully dancing over the hole and over it again. Repeating with each new donation that delivered the wonderful flavor.

“OH! Mav! I’ve never....” he moaned.

Almost as good as blood, she thought. Her eyes wandered to a large vessel undulating with his blood. Her right hand moved to caress the vein. Black-painted claws dotted and danced across his pulsing veins. Her left slid down to his sack, and she began playing with his oversized cumsack.

That's what humans call it right? She thought, a cumsack? She smiled and planted another long kiss on his head.

She massaged one-half of the large swelling cumsack in her dainty hand. Every few seconds she lightly squeezes. Like balls of metal, she kneaded one and rolled the other orb into her palm. Giving it a delicate squeeze. Back and forth she went, delicately squeezing each turn.

Blood moon, she thought, *they're both full of this salty delight. I wonder if they will be as delicious as that boy's taste from the ball, last solstice.*

Bobby moaned. It reminded Mavis of the first time she had touched herself, 73 years ago. Her pussy had long soaked her black thongs. She felt a wet warmth spreading. Her thighs and stocking smelled of her womanhood. She resisted the desire to touch herself, to caress her soaking, sticky lips. The lips pulling and mashing at the black fabric.

In a flash, she moved her other hand to join her in kneading the swelling cumsack. She rubbed both hidden eggs, one in each hand. Even as they swelled the

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precum streamed out of his engorged head. At either edge of her mouth, some of the delights escaped her eager thirst. It began dripping along Bobby's shaft. The slime made of her saliva and his precum began to dip and coat her hands. Mavis slid both hands up to his shaft after one long squeeze of his steaming cumsack. Her claws, fingers, and palms tickled each shuddering vein.

With a speed inherited from her mother, she works Bobby's meat shaft. Their juices lubricate the shaft and hands. She let more of the precum and saliva slip down his cock. Her fangs nuzzled his pulsing, heated, purple head. Tongue and lips playing all across his rough ridgeline and textured head. Fangs poking and prodding the flesh. It twitched and batted at her with every touch. She felt his pressure boiling. Her legs became soaked in small rivers of her flowing juices.

"Shit! Fuck, yes! Yes! I'm about to...." he moans, his body writhing. His cock jerked in her iron grip.

Good boy, she thought.

"Arhh!"

Mavis' white cheeks ballooned as she attempted to swallow his jet of cum. It was thick, saltier than his precum. Four salty gushes stuck at her throat. Each attempted to loosen her iron grip as they pulsed through his throbbing meat shaft. She couldn't contain it, she found her mouth hadn't closed as she was pushed slightly back from the force. Her black lips coated in a white sheen, they formed an 'O' shape. Three dollops dripped down her chin before she could close her mouth. Each landed on a different place on her large tits. Stark white cum ran down the black fabric covering both breasts, coating her pierced nipples. The rims of the hoops held a bit of the cum. It soaked in, defining them more.

The second jet of cum caught her completely by surprise. Even as she felt it moving through him, it knocked her back. Her grip on the meat shaft prevented her from falling over. Three long strands of cum ran down her face. Her tongue extended out greedily to catch his salty surprise, it had almost been a critical failure on her part.

Her grip anchored by all of his now steel-hard muscles allowed Mavis to pull herself upright. His meat shaft in her hands still oozing cum now pointed at her breasts, she leaned toward Bobby intent on licking him clean.

"Ahh! Dragon's balls!" he moaned.

Mavis braced herself. Four large jets of cum blasted her chest. She felt each pulse travel the length of his cock as she held on. The goey white juice was the thickest yet. Each jet felt like a light punch. Her black dress was soaked. His warmth spread across her breasts. A pool soaking through, dripping onto her cleavage. The warm cum running between her breasts, attempts to go deeper.

Ruin my favorite dress, she thought. In a flash, she was above. Cum dripping from her chest to his. His cum dripped from her face to his.

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She kissed his lips. His indirect kiss with his own cock was flooded with savoy white cum. Bobby's eyes went wide with panic. Mavis' blue eyes looked deep into his. As her power activated he failed any chance of saving himself. He tried to throw himself, but she held him down with an unnatural strength. Before he knew it he loved the taste Mavis's mouth poured into his. Their tongues danced and darted. Fighting each other for the salty taste of his cum.

As the taste dissipated, she said, "Watch this."

With her mother's speed, she stood over him first pulling off one shoe, the other followed a second later. Tossing them they landed near the chairs in front of the fireplace. She saw a string of his cum running down her left mesh glove. Starting at her inner wrist it tailed to her elbow. Mavis licked a large white glob off her wrist. Her tongue tugged on the mesh as it passed. She felt her heart beat, only once. Raising her arms over her head she stretched. Impossible far backwards. Feet anchored to the bed.

On his back Bobby watched Mavis lick his cum off her wrist. He licked his lips and a twinge of confused jealousy passed over his mind, almost like it wasn't his thought. As she stretched her breasts bounced invitingly. His cock reached for her swaying after her body. Both globes tightened and pulled at the fibers of her dress as they disappeared into her elongated, long stretch. Her tight black dress lifted well over her belly. The back bat panties had appeared matted in color on the stairs. Now they shined, rivulets of juice seeped down her inner thighs. He felt his cock twitch and swell.

Coming out of the stretch Mavis grasped the base of her dress and pulled it over her head. Both large white breasts bounced as they fell out. The left beat the right to freedom a breath apart. Each gold hoop flopped from above her nipples to below having been pulled up by the fabric. They swung back and forth finally resting just under her dainty pink nipples. The metal pierced through the small pink circles' center. Both, hard enough to cut stained glass. The dress snagged on her chin for a second leaving her looking like a headless ghost, above Bobby, half naked. Jerking it, it freed itself. She tossed the dress to her shoes after the turtleneck slid over her face and hair.

The golden tan barbarian looked up as a dark porcelain angel looked down. Her black hair danced around her shoulders. The slight v-cut of bangs flowed above her blue eyes. A pair of black mesh fingerless gloves fully covered her arms, pinching her skin inward just below her shoulders. Each ending in rings on her index fingers and thumbs. The black bat panties, more thong than bikini styles, clung to her porcelain waist and loins. A black and red stocking cupped her upper right thigh and a matching sagging stocking nearly at her knee. She squeezed her arms into her large breasts; they bounced. Her golden hoop piercing danced and jerked at her light pink nipples mesmerized by her his intellect failed him.

Bobby didn't notice her long black claws or the fangs in her smile.

A puff of smoke replaced her above him. Her panties float down gently to land on his abs. He then felt her familiar lips. His cock hardened at the sensation. Mavis' black

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lips pulled and tugged on his fiery meat shaft. Imprints of more kisses covered those that came before.

This will work, she thought. Placing one hand at his base she slowly walked her hands up his body's hard muscles, as she slowly crept and crawled over him. Kissing the tip of his head as she passed, she received a salty reward. Sliding the rough, hot head along her neck she moaned. It sped up passing her jugular vein, a drop had escaped the tip allowing for the quick movement. A sticky line was left across her throat.

Caressing her chest, Bobby's shaft caught between her cleavage. She tugged, neither her breasts nor his shaft wanted to let go of the other. Mavis steeled her muscles and tugged again. He began sliding, both white globes clinging to him. She felt his warmth pass next to her heart. It beat, his shaft throbbed her heart beat again. Escaping her underboobs he left a sticky trail between both balls of heaven. She rested one hand on each of his strong shoulders. Her claws lightly press into his skin. She took care not to pierce him.

His cock reached her belly as she moved up, greedily it darted into her button. Depositing a glob of white cream. The beast rubbed and pulsed on her pubic bone as it reached, pressing into her skin, warming her flesh. She moaned and pressed it into her skin harder before continuing. She looked him in the eyes as his cock slipped over her canal's entrance. Her slickness allowed it to slip past her intended destination. Bobby was lost in pleasure. In an instant, his head pressed itself onto her anus. Mavis felt them kiss each other, cock to anus. Releasing the embrace it slid up between both her cheeks. The two pulled at his purple monster, intent on keeping her anus safe.

Several happy bats appeared in her mind, the vampire equivalent of Eureka! Mavis thrust her tongue into his mouth. One fang caught his lower lip. As they kissed she tasted his sweet red honey. Her hips moved up and down. His precum soaks her crevasse. Like her breast before her cheeks clung to his shaft with each pull. At the top of each thrust the ridges of his head tickled her anus. Sending waves of red blissful ecstasy through her body.

His right hand played with the underside of her breast. Every once in a while his thumb flicked against her piercing, sending jolts of ecstasy through her. His left, on her hip. He pulled her down with her every thrust, finding it difficult to keep up with her movements.

Their tongues danced around each other; hers searching for more red honey, his finding the taste of blood and Mavis intoxicating. Her perfume filled each of his breaths. She continued thrusting up and down. Pausing only as he tickled her anus.

Minutes passed; time seemed to stop. Mavis moved at a speed he didn't understand. Her cheeks were slick with his goopy juices. She moaned, he moaned.

"Fuck! Satan! Yes!"

"Oh! Oh, Fuck! I gon-" he interrupted himself, "Ahhh! Fuck! Fuck yes! Mavviiss!! Ahhg!"

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A fountain of her cum sprays the base of his cock and lower abs. His golden hair greedily sucked it in. She came a second time. Her claws pressed into his strong shoulders. The black nail polish turned red.

His first jet burst from the purple tip at the apex of her thrusts. The white, hot cum splattered her anus. The pressure knocked her up several inches. Landing on him, his cock dived deep into her crevasse. Mavis' cheek greedily pulled him in. His cock twitched and a second jet of cum shot into the air this time. The rushing sensation ran up her cheeks as they held him. His throbbing cock made her cum the third time.

A splatter of hot fluid landed across her back. Landing from crack to shoulder blades. Mavis smiled.

"Ahhhhh, fuck!" Another load of white cream sprayed into the air.

'Fuck, you are a good boy.' She whispered into his ear as she felt the heated cream land along her back a second time. 'I might just keep you. I could lock you in the dungeon during the day and play with you all night. Would you like to be my good boy?' She blew on his ear, her cool breath leaving tiny ice crystals across it. Lifting her head slightly above his, everything under her nose was covered in a smear of red and black, his face matched hers. She licks at the red.

"Ahhh! Fuck yes." he moans.

She felt his hand grip her cheeks and pull her down. His cock throbbed between them. It pulsed and a fourth load shot into the air. This time most of the cum landed at the top of her crack. It began oozing down her crevice, along her cheeks and his cock. The meat shaft pulsed slightly every other second. When the warm cum reached her anus she wiggled and leaned up. Her claws sliding across his bare chest. The sharp tips pinched his nipples several times. She resisted the urge to pierce them as they became harder.

"You are a very good boy." She said, locking her eyes on his. Her arms squeezed her porcelain breasts together as she pinched his nipples again. The black mesh glove ended just below her shoulder, they framed her white breast and pink nipples superbly. Her golden rings cutting through her pink nipples jiggled as she released her breasts. The cum covering her back began oozing and sliding downward. Larger globs tickled as they moved faster.

It's like that time I played with the slimegirl, she thought. Her mind raced to a time when the girl undulated all over her body, slipping into her deepest places. She snapped back to Bobby and his still-hard cock, warming her cool cheeks.

"You will go again." Her blue eyes shifted to light red as she said the words. She pulled back, raising her ass, lifting herself. Her cheeks clapped as his meat shaft was freed of the cool embrace.

"Yes, of course." She didn't know if the confusion in his voice was from her powers or his orgasm. It didn't matter.

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One hand resting lightly on each of his hard pecs, his erect nipples pressed into her palms. His heartbeat strong; his blood calling for her. Licking her lips she tasted him. She adjusted her footing and lowered herself. Her keen ears picked up the impacts of juices dripping from her soaked lips and ass. Some fell a short distance to his large member's tip. Others take a fraction of a second longer to land around the base. The golden mane around his cock's base shone as the droplets saturated his hairs. Mavis bit her full lower lip in anticipation.

Bobby's eyes jumped between her large swaying breasts, pink pierced nipples, and the wet drips falling from her to his bulky cock. Concern in his voice, "Are you sure? Will it fit?" he asked.

Her eyes locked on his, "Don't worry. I've taken bigger."

He smiled.

She decided her power was not needed to convince him, *Oh Satan, even Frank isn't this big, she thought, the whole length is the size of Mr. Wolf's knot. No! Bigger than his knot.*

His cockhead kissed her love canal. The heat of it alone sent a wave of pleasure through her. His head earnestly spread her pink lips. The rough head pushed back her hood. Mavis' engorged clit resting in his urethra. Eagerly it sucked on her. Red ecstasy filled her eyes and her mind.

No, he's my guest, I'm in control, she didn't know how long they had sat with his cockhead kissing her clit. My pleasure comes after his. Her carnal urges fighting her duties as a hotelier. She pulled her clit off his head, adjusting her aim to the center of her dripping love canal.

Her first thrust failed. The thick head slipped up along the wet folds of her canal's entrance. The ridges and veins pulled at her hood and clit. Mavis' eyes rolled back in her head. Pleasure spread from her core, throughout her body. His cock poked at her belly button, attempting entry before she stopped her downward motion. The heat coming off of his cock warmed her skin as she rose back above it. A trail of juices marking her. The tip pushed itself against her pubic bone with desire.

'Ahh..h...' the light moan broke through her lips.

Moving to her knees her left stocking slipped to her ankle. Releasing his right pec and nipple she reached to find his cockhead before she tried again. She found it nuzzling her anus. She brushed it over the starfish twice before remembering her goal. A wave of pure pleasure coursed through her body each time his head connected with her anus.

Mavis licked her lips as she steadied herself. The purple beast touched her entrance. She pulled it up, spreading her lips. Her juice flowed out of her to his head and shaft. The head wasn't a quarter of the way in when she thrust down.

"Sata-" she half screamed. A shock wave flashed to every nerve within her body. She almost passed out. Saving herself she threw both her hands to her breasts and

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tweaked her nipples, claws intertwining with the hoops. Attempting to draw attention away from the shaft of meat spreading her apart.

“Fuck.” Bobby moaned. He placed both his large hands on her hips. Kneading them with his fingers as moved around her lower body.

His cock twitched. Same as it had been doing since they met.

White and red fireworks filled her vision. Mavis threw back her head, her back arching. She orgasmed hard. Harder than she had in her life. Tears ran down her face, drool spilled from one corner of her mouth.

He lifted her. Shaft and head tugging repeatedly at her vaginal walls, her body rose. Her soft, cool, flesh tugged back, not wanting him to leave her with every inch she gave up. She whimpered. His shaft was entirely out of her; her lips contracted around his head. Holding like a vise.

‘Ok, just like Diana taught me.’ He whispered.

Mavis didn’t hear him, focused on the emptiness in the depths of her vagina. She carved its return, nearly, possibly more than another taste of his blood. She felt her lips and muscles around her love canal’s entrance tighten, like steel they held onto his cockhead

‘Control, I must gain control.’ escaped her lips.

He pulled her down hard. The thick shaft flashes into her canal. Precum mixed with her sticky juices. His hands felt the slime of his cum run around each finger as it oozed off her back, glazing Mavis’ lower body.

It was easier than the first time. She still came again with a powerful tremble as he spread her open; her inner walls welcoming his shaft, stretching. The beast diving deep into her core. She felt her stomach bulge, almost deform. This time he was only halfway in when she screamed. The orgasm’s shocking wave chasing her every nerve, all the way to her fingertips and toes. Her claws extended again, slightly. She tweaked and pulled her nipples in blissful euphoria.

“Ahh, ah! Oh fuck, oh yes! Again!” her scream cut through the room. The thought of control slipped from her mind. Her muscles; all pulling, all tightening, on and around his shaft. Her lips squeezed with the force of a large vice. His monster cockhead, deep within her. It pulses before he could lift her slippery hips. The walls of her intimate depth tugged at his cockhead.

Her breasts had bounced after the beast struck them, from inside her. Looking down between her white orbs and pink pierced nipples her eyes widened, there was a long white worm under her skin. The glands of his cockhead were clearly outlined, it stretched from her breasts down to her spread pussy. She sensed it undulating next to her heart, causing it to beat, pumping her own blood. His veins pulled at her intimate walls. She sensed an unfamiliar sensation as unused muscles tightened inches below his head and familiar ones at her entrance.

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Bobby felt another vise contracting around the center of his shaft. His meat resisted her crushing, kneading inner muscles.

Her right hand grasped her stomach. Four fingers wrapped along the cylindrical bulge of her white flesh; her thumb resting, pressing along its length, the point of her claw nozzle at his ridge. She was lifted upwards. The beast twitched almost like she had a heartbeat, she felt his cockhead slide past each of her fingers. The ridgeline pulled at her glove as it disappeared. Her hand rested on her now flat stomach.

As it happened she moaned, 'Sa-a.. yes!' Her entrance gripped eagerly at his head. She willed herself to focus even as the ridges tickled her lips. *I have you now monster*, she thought.

He shifted her, fighting the slippery grip. The lower edge of his purple head smashed into her hood, pushing it back. Pressing her button.

'Aoo-hha.' escaped her lips and fangs.

He adjusted her a second time; her grip tightened. Mavis bit her lip, both fangs stabbing trying to pierce her chin. Her tongue had cleaned the red, leaving only smears of Black Midnight lipstick covering her lower face.

The pressure released from her clit and she took control. Slamming down to his base. Her hands grasped at his chest rubbing across his pecs and nipples.

'Fuuucck, ahh, goood monster.' She moaned.

Her ass slick and fast, had slipped from kneading hands. Bobby slid them down the sides of her body, where they had landed on her wide hips. They rolled over the sides of her hips. Hands moving backward each cupped a cool cheek. He followed up by giving them a little squeeze.

Darting back up, her perfect heart-shaped ass hovered above him. His hands grasped at air. A moan passed her lips. Both vises tugged, dragging along his length, failing to hold him in place. His moan matched hers in intensity.

'Eaaa, yess!'

'Ahha, sata!'

Her white pink lips and muscles tighten on his head as his fingertips teased and caressed her cheeks. An awareness of their shared nectar filled her mind; dripping out of her, over him.

Mine, she thought. The look in her eyes matched her primal appetite.

Thrusting down. Her stomach rippled, bulged, and an intense orgasm racked her body. She had enough control to hold back her moan this time. He didn't.

"FFFuuu.... Ah.. yess!"

Even with all his strength holding her up, she slammed back to his base. The only resistance was her womb's intimate entrance as it expanded around him. His muscles were powerless against her unworldly strength. Bobby let out a primal groan, all but a roar, as she tightened around him. Juices spilled out of her, freshly coating both their eager and sticky skin.

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“Ah-hooooar!”

My little tiger, Mavis thought.

She hadn't realized it the first few thrust, but every one of them had breached her womb. His precum soaked into her deepest womanhood. She finally understood the unfamiliar sensation she had sensed earlier. Gliding one hand over his heart she felt its rapid thumping. A passionate beat. She pinched and twisted his left nipple with her other hand, her claws rolling around his pink diamond.

He hissed, lightly with joy.

Granting his nipple freedom she pulled down on her right piercing, daring her erect pink teat to leak her own red honey. Rubbing her way to her stomach and grasping the center she lunged, descending with intent to feel his head as it passed each of her fingers.

Mavis' mind evoked her hips to move up and down in short, quick strokes. Learning his length. Both her body's vises; working, gripping, pulling on his meat shaft, neither wanting to be free of the sensations it gave. His warmth spread throughout her core with each movement. The third time her womb's entrance caught the ridges of his head without letting it slip out she increased her speed. Moans escaped both their mouths. His with every thrust, hers every third thrust as she gained back control.

As her speed continued to increase he relented trying to hold her goo-covered cheeks. Resting the backs of his hand on his inner thighs, Bobby settled for tickling her porcelain cheeks as they rapidly bounced off his fingertips. He pushed small trails through the slime with each contact. His pinky and ring fingers brushed his cumsack each time she lowered herself, tentacles of electricity rushed through him. Moans continuously came from his lips.

‘Ahh, yes.’ he moaned. Ar.. ah... esss’

Seconds turned into minutes and with each lunge Mavis enjoyed the throbbing pulse running along her inner walls. Her fingers bounced as he slid past, tapping on her bulging stomach. Every time he stuck deep she felt her heart beat. Almost like she was alive. Their sweet scents filled her nostrils and she moaned at their shared ecstasy. Faster she lunged. And faster.

Instinctually she began leaning toward his neck. At the apex of her lunge, he stiffened and roared.

“Hraahhh! Fuck yess!”

She felt the jet of cum rush from her lips, along her walls, splattering and pushing past her womb's lips. The depths of her uterus flooded with white hot cream. Striking the upper crest of her womb.

Plop. Wet and loud.

She slipped from his grasp. Pushed into the air by his monster's power. One set of claws raked across his chest as she began to float.

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Mavis felt a warm splatter across her belly as he moaned again. Her left striped stocking slipped off her delicate ankle, floating slowly to the bed below.

“Ahhgh! Oh, Mavie, I think... I think...” his head thrown back, “AHH-ah!”

She felt four hot fresh strikes to her belly, the second coating her tiny button. Each floated her higher. Looking between her hanging breast, golden rings cutting through her nipples pointed back at Bobby, four feet below her. The metal yearning to be with him, Pulling on her pink nipples, teasing them. She kneaded one sticky breast then she twisted the metal, sharp pleasures washed over her. At the same time her other hand moved to rub her stretched pussy. All four fingers slid in without effort, her claws dancing, causing her to shudder. Her walls aching with emptiness, missing him. Goblets of cum rained off of her. As the first one struck his chest he moaned.

The purple monster launched another attack at her. White cream droplets passed his rising jets of cum. The first missed, just a hand span from her gooey belly. The next three streams fell shorter each time they approached. The last only spanning half the distance separating them.

His abs, chest, neck, and lips were coated with his own salty white cum. Mavis smiled again as a drop rolled into his mouth, surprise flashed across his face, he licked his lips. As he did his beast twitched. Mavis floated down to kiss him.

Viewing her triumph her blue eyes lingered on the monster and his cumsack. The sack, a bit smaller than before. There was a black ring around the base of his still erect cock. His golden hair trying to hide half of it. The still-hard shaft and the black ring glistened with his and her juices. Cum still leaking from the tip, like a Hawaiian volcano, lava slowly flowing. Each thrust she had assaulted his shaft with had pushed the Black Midnight lipstick kisses down. Until they reached the core of his manhood and collected into the glistening ring.

Resting her breast on his chest, her nipples dug into his pecs, her rings pulling on his nipples. She kissed him. His warm hands caressed her ass cheeks. Pulling her down his cockhead kissed her pussy lips, still stretched, they welcomed his touch. Nibbling at his hot, slimy flesh. As he slid in she orgasmed; quivering atop him. He tightened his grip on her sticky ass and thrust the meat shaft all the way in. Forcing her heart to beat. She quivered again, moaning.

‘Sa..sat..sata...yes..’ rolled over her lips, ‘Ahh..ahh..ahhha..’ Both vises tightened and lovingly held him.

Biting her lip, her mind cleared, she lifted her head, then lowered it to his neck. Defiant, she held back her urges and retraced her fangs. Mavis’s tongue scooped a pile of his steaming cum; she rolled it in her mouth. She jerked up to his, a line of drool and cum lowered to his mouth as she neared. The movement shifted her lower body. Trembling she came, tentacles of the orgasm spread to every limb as she poured saliva and cum into his mouth. They kissed, sharing his salt until it was gone.

His heart raced, breathing still heavy.

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Mavis arched her back the hoops tugging on both his and her nipples, pleasure rippling. She tore herself upward, the sticky juices clinging, coating both bodies. The little smiling bats appeared awash in the ecstasy ocean within her mind, she realized she was covered front to back, head to toe in sticky white cum. Floating just above him with only one connection.

His meat slipped out of her with a satisfying *plop*, followed by a shower of the shared cum droplets. Each hot ball sent a tingling across Bobby's skin, the excitement made his cock jump with each strike. Cum running down both her legs; her left naked, skin shining from their juices, the stocking on her right soaked the full length, soaking her toes, the fabric pulled at her tightly, warmly.

Two yearnings crept throughout Mavis' body. One in her stretched loins, her vampiric power already working to retighten her love canal. The second yearning in her fangs. A hunger. For an instant, she considers fulfilling both her needs at once. Her duty to the hotel and her guest came into her mind.

I'll drain him a little, then bathe him, after that will see how the evening goes, she thought while biting her right lower lip.

She lowered herself to him and the spooky comforter he lay on. Mavis rolled onto her back. Nestling herself between his chest and right arm, his muscles holding her close. One hand resting across his chest, their juices sticking to both. She felt his heart beating rapidly. Arching her back and stretching her legs. One delicate foot ran down his inner thigh. Sliding her head over his right pec, his heart pounded in her ear. Rapid, strong. Looking into his eyes, she opened her mouth.

Speaking, his words beat hers. "Dragon's breath! It's never been this big before. It almost hurts." he blushed.

"I can help with that." Mavis smiled as she said it. The beast was decidedly larger. She rolled on top of him. His cock bounced off the entrance to her wet canal. Teasing her, trying to regain entry to her soft throbbing vise. If she let it have control she would be riding it for hours.

Slipping down his body, her golden nipple rings tugged and bounced as they caught his rigid nipples and rippling abs. Tiny shock waves rushed through her. Her fangs and claws extend a little further on their own

What a lovely shade of Byzantium, she thought. The dark purple head throbbed as she neared. Again she fought off its hypnotic power. Smiling with both fangs she lunged. Her lips wrapped around the largest vein. Mid cock. Swallowing her surplus salvia her tongue teased the vein, fangs sliding through flesh. She drank.

The Black Midnight lips stick was coated with a fresh red, she heard him call out. "Ohha! Yes!" he moaned, "Do that more, the pressure is going away." His large left hand cupped her ear and the back of her head. He tried pulling her closer.

Mavis didn't let him move her. Her eyes locked on another pulsing vein, it flared with each beat of his heart. She felt her heartbeat, almost as fast as his. Each beat of

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his heart flooded her eager taste buds with more of the red honey. Its flow was almost as quick as his cum had been. This juice didn't stop. Rolling down her throat she felt her body warming to red honey's heat. Red and black lip mashing, gnawing at the meat shaft feeding her.

His now sticky cumsack resting on her breasts, hotly pressing into her cleavage, she felt the twin orbs refilling, getting heavier. She worked harder to drain him before she had to deal with the consequences of his pleasure.

Time slowed for Bobby as she drank. He lost all sense of it as seconds and minutes slipped from him. A new sensation built in his loins. Pleasurable, but not an orgasm. His cock twitched and pulsed hard three times, then began softening. A soft moan passed his lips.

'Nevveerr... haa.. haa' the soft words came. 'Oh.. fuucc...'

The flow of rich red honey slowed a little. Looking over his tense muscles, she saws his shallow, heaving breathing. She ran her fingertips and claws along his stout thighs. Retracting her fangs she pulled back, then kissed the delicious cock before her, lips were now coated in a fresh pulse of deep red honey. Licking her lips she smiled. A light smacking sound cut through the room.

Definitely my new favorite, Mavis thought. Over the next few minutes, she would move her head down to clean her dinner plate as two new droplets grew. Her licks made the monster twitch each time.

The two new red dimples, spanning her fangs' distance apart, marked Bobby's softening shaft. A little over halfway down from his now pink shrinking cockhead. Every second it softened more, the tamed beast slowly landing on his stomach and lower chest before rolling to his waist. Two twin tails of red juice ran over the lower half of his cock as they dried. One from each of the holes the fangs had kissed.

Pulling herself from the withering beast. Mavis wiped her chin with one hand and then the other. Smearing the twin trails of blood running down from either side of her lips. The red juices added to the droplets coating both gloved hands. She reached for both her breasts. A long tug followed by a sharp pinch. Both her porcelain orbs were coated in red-smear handprints. Her delicate pink nipples; now a bright red. The two erect, stretching out as if trying to suck in the blood. The gold hoop piercing glistened with a slight blood-red tint. Standing she tugged off one black fingerless glove. Turning, it floated to the floor. She began tugging on the other.

"I'll draw your bath." Mavis said. She walked through the room to an archway near the back. One stocking hugged her leg, its top pinching in her thigh's white sticky flesh below her right hip; the black and red striped stocking missing from her other leg. Like the rest of her body, both were legs soaked in cum. Her heart-shaped ass swayed back and forth with each step. The shine of their leaking juices ran down her bare white leg. She licked at a smear of red on her left hand. Her right grasp the stone archway.

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Rising one sticky hand to his lips he licked at the cum almost a gel now. The twin red trails increased slightly as Bobby's monster throbbed. The salty taste washed throughout his mouth. He pushed himself onto his elbows considering chasing after Mavis' swaying heart.

Chapter Two: The Bath

"Bobby, our bath is ready." She called out, her dark angelic voice echoing from the archway.

She had done so before he could muster the strength to fully pull himself off the bed. Licks and swirls of cool sensations tickled his backside as he lay on the comforter. He reached for one of the posts.

Chapter 2 & 3 Cumming Soon.

By **Neo Mint City**

2023

Draculas & Dragons

About the Author

What is Neo Mint City? Neo Mint City is a fictional city on a fictional Earth. NMC enjoys writing fun and provocative stories and sharing them with you.

The city is part of a world of interconnected stories. They happen in... you guessed it, Neo Mint City. You can enjoy each NMC storyline as a stand-alone or as a whole. Plus thrilling tales of supporting characters from the mainlines.

NMC also writes non-canon tales. Molly and Jonny's adventures are non-canon to NMC. We have considered adding them to the canon world and may do so in the future if the right story comes along. For now you can enjoy them in their stand alone series. Jonny's Turn is next up.

Thank you for reading my story. I appreciate you taking the time to read my spicy words. Truly you are awesome!

Sticky regards,
Neo Mint City

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