



3...2...closing my eyes...1... ..still have my eyes closed... ..one?

Did I miss something?

OUCH! A pang of pain just shot through my head. I hear...water rushing in. Everyone's screaming and standing around the exits. Water is up to my ankles. I've gotta get out of here. Come on people, move! Open the damn exit already! Great, we're all gonna die because nobody's moving. "Hey people, get a move on already!"

Hey, who's that over there? What the hell is he waving at me for? "What?!"

"Get over here! We're gonna get out!"

"How?!"

"Stand back."

Hm, ok, I'm standing back, dude. What are you gonna do? Dude, you're just a dragon just like me. You aren't getting out of here. Hm, I didn't know this exit was back here.

"Keep standing back, I'm lowering the rear loading ramp."

Of course, planes like this have those. What is this, a DC-8? Er...MD-88? I dunno, I can never keep 'em straight. Eh...That wasn't all that smart, actually, dude. Now water's REALLY rushing in.

"Go! Swim!"

I nod at him. We manage to swim down into the water, straight out, clearing the tail, and then reach the surface just behind the plane. Oil is spilled all over the water, and it's burning, and a bunch of black smoke is floatin' off. We turn around to see the plane slowly sinking below the water. It goes nose-first into the water; the tail goes about ten feet in the air before it goes under as well, making this odd gurgling sound.

We're both catching our breath, making a real show of it, coughing up water and oil and stuff. We do that for a bit, treading water, 'til a flaming pool of oil starts drifting towards us. As if our situation weren't perfect enough. I yell at him over the noise of the burning oil. "Let's swim, quick!"

So we're swimming. The island's, what, a mile away? God I hate swimming. I'm a DRAGON for Christ's sake. Whatever. Swim, swim, swim. Swim, swim, swim. I look over at him to my side and he's doing this real graceful stroke. Hey, this guy's a pretty good swimmer. "What's your name?"

"Jonesy"

"Mine's Avery."

"Oh."

Heh, real sociable.

“So, Avery, how's it going?”

What the...I mean, dude, I just went through a plane crash.

“Fine, you?”

“Couldn't be better.”

This guy's got a specTACULAR sense of humor. So, we're swimming. Still swimming. I catch the top of a wave in my maw, all salty and stuff. Naturally I cough it up, but I start struggling. Start slapping at the water, not doing much good...and I start to go under, still coughing up a storm. What's his name...Jonesy swims over my direction, but he ain't goin' fast enough. Water comes over my head and I gasp in a bunch of it. Now obviously I'm dying of panic right now.

I feel a hand reach through the water and grab one of my horns. He pulls me up to the surface, and there I am, coughing up a storm. That's all I've been doing for five minutes now anyways, coughing up a storm. Well, at least the island's closer now. Josh...Jonesy manages to tow me towards the beach, cause I've lost my wits and can't swim. I wanna swim, but I'm too damn shaky to do it. Just hangin here, panicking, kicking my legs in a fright but not doing much in the way of actually keepin myself up, breathing in a nice mix of air and seawater. I try to move my arms, but I just can't move 'em. I cough again and moan a nice frightened sound.

So, he manages to get me closer to shore. My footpaws just hit the bottom! Yes! The sand under my feet...phew. I try to stand up, but wind up collapsing and making a show of it by falling back-first into the water again. He grabs me and pulls me above the water over to the beach, and we just sit down catching our breath. “Thank you,” I venture, still coughing a bit of water up and catching my breath. Sand's all over my legs and tail. Heh, it's all in my pants too. Just a tad bit itchy...

“You're welcome,” he says, “do you think anyone else survived?”

“No.” There's no way they survived with the plane sinking as fast as it did.

“Damn.”

I look over at him; his expression tells all. 'Matches mine perfectly. We both realize how lucky we were to get outa there, and we frown at the fate of the others. I think of that 'coon snoring on my shoulder...huh. Poor guy.

“Did you know anyone on that flight, Jonesy?”

“No, I'm meeting my friends in Cuba for a vacation. Well, I was anyway.”

“Visiting my grandma, here.”

He takes a breath, his chest still rising and falling deeply, still catching his breath. Hm...I wonder if...I can't say it.

“With your parents?” he asks me.

“Nah, they're at home. I didn't lose anyone.”

“Good.”

I pause a second, not knowing what to say. “Yeah.”

We both sit there for a few more minutes on the beach; sand's still on my legs and in my pants. I sigh, looking towards my left where the sun's getting low in the sky. He looks at it too for a minute, then peers back at the waves breaking in front of us. I look at him again, but he starts turning towards me so I bat my glance straight ahead again.

“So, Jonesy, why did you rescue me?”

“I saw you at the airport when the plane was loading.”

“Oh.”

I hope he didn't see what I had in my hands, this nice little number that I've hidden from my parents for a while. It's this magazine with a male dragon on it, rubbing his...um...yeah, with him looking at you and his tongue lolling out. I don't think anyone noticed, 'cause I was hiding it under another magazine I got at the newsstand. Well, I hope. I'll try to find out, I just hope he didn't see it.

I try to ask cautiously: “I think I saw you sitting in the chair in the third row, next to the trash can. Was that you?”

“Yeah.”

Hmmm...that one was looking at me a little funny. I'd have hoped that was another dragon sitting there.

“Heh, you didn't see what I had in my hands, did you?”

“Nope.”

Okay, good. Wait...he knew what I was talking about. Damn. “Uhhhh...” I stutter, not really knowing what to say.

“Um...,” he starts. Yeah, he knows it. “It's ok, I understand. Have you came out to anyone?”

“No...” Heh, the last thing I need is a conversation about this after everything. He's getting up and coming over to me. I gulp. He sits down right next to me. Uhhh...this guy is really starting to...um...turn me, no, freak me out, yeah. I gulp again, crossing my arms over my knees and resting my head on them. I stare out across the ocean; black smoke still pours up from the oil spilt by the plane. The sun is setting. Seagulls flap their wings above our heads as wind rustles through the palm trees behind us.

I actually feel...relaxed now. The golden sky to my left, the darkening, reddening sky above, the darkening shapes of palm trees behind us. I open my mouth for a yawn and blink my eyes heavily as I sit there watching the waves roll in. He's doing much the same as I am, staring out into the ocean, listening to the rustling palms and the waves. Every so often I see him take a look at me out of the corner of his eye. And every so often I glance at him in the same way.

What the...?! Oh, he just placed his paw on my shoulder. Thought that was, like, a bird landing on my shoulder or something. I sigh, lightly resting my right paw over his after a moment.

Hm, he's scooting himself closer to me. I wonder if that means...he likes me? Mmmm, I must say I do like him. I look at him with wanting eyes with him right next to me, and moving his arm over my shoulder, he leans on me. Yes! Leaning my head against his in return, I rest my tail over his. We don't really need to say anything; we understand.

I look over towards the west again to see the last chunk of sun disappear below the horizon. A light breeze blows across us. Wait...are we gonna be rescued? Jonesy's looking at me again, he's looking a little concerned-like.

“Don't worry, they'll find us.”

Amazing. The guy's psychic. Still...I can't help but wonder, so I'm just frowning at the thought. “You sure?” He nods at me reassuringly. I nod back, but another thought enters my mind.

“Hey, Jonesy? We need somewhere to stay tonight.”

“Do you see anywhere to stay on this rock?”

“Heh, well, not really.” The island looks to be about fifty yards deep and a couple hundred yards long, by the way. I look behind myself, still sitting, pointing in that direction, “But we could sleep under one of those trees.”

“Okay,” he says, eyes brightening up. I can't help but smile at him as we get up. I hang my arm around his shoulder as we walk under the trees as the sky darkens quickly above us. Hehe...he just brushed his tail up against mine. Oh! He did it again, and he's grinning at me. He's getting me...aroused, dang it. Hope he doesn't notice. I'll just hang my other paw down and cover the thing up. 'Least it's not too hard and I've got my pants on still. Eh...it's a little awkward walking like this, just hanging my paw right there. Yep, he knows, but...he's looking at me so lovingly, looking down to the bump in my sandy pants, looking back up at me...wow. His grin is so fantastic, ohhhhh, I just wanna hug him! He sees it too. I sigh deeply...he's thinking, I can tell.

Stopping under a tree above, I bring my paw up from covering my crotch, hanging it around him in a hug. Resting my head on his shoulder, I stand there, looking into his soft eyes, waiting for him to do something. He wraps his arms around me, looking back into my eyes. He...he...he's perfect! I draw my maw close to his, nostrils lightly flaring with each exhale. He does the same. Still hanging there...come on! He closes in, touching his maw against mine. I gasp, opening my maw, licking him lightly on the lips. He opens his, letting his tongue out and sliding it against mine. Delicious. I run my tongue over his, feeling all the slippery roughness slide past. His mouth...tastes...incredible! Come here, now. I squeeze my arms around him real tight. Yeah... Ooo, he's doing it too, yes!

I push my tongue farther into his maw, his pushing farther into mine. Shutting his eyes, he moves his tail around to curl it around mine. I moan, also shutting my eyes, savoring in the kiss. A bulge in his pants rubs against a bulge in mine; neither of us flinch. But I do gasp, looking down out of the corner of my eye. That thing is huge! He's smiling at me through the kiss...does that mean that I...? He's still smiling; just can't help but smile back. I let one of my arms down from our embrace, holding my paw a

few inches from his massiveness. Smiling at me, he puts his paw over mine, guiding me to his cock. I close my paw around it through his pants, and he takes hold of my cock in his paw, all the while looking me in the eye and holding our kiss.

Mmmm...wow. What's this? No, don't pull away from me...no. Dang. He's pulling away from me.

...?

He's just standing there, looking with his big cute eyes into me. Ahhh...hehe. He smiles, I smile back at him. Hehe my erection's getting harder. Without a word he lets his paw off my dragonhood and unzips my pants, using the other paw to undo my belt. I can't help but do the same for him. He grabs my cock again with his paw. Eh...I...just realized I went commando today. Whoops... Whoahoho... that feels good. Mmmm...yeah, rub it like that...yeah...mmmm! Sandy. Mmmhmmhm my knees are wobbling. With a struggle I manage to throw my shirt off. He's taking the cue to take his off too. Dang we're sandy. Sand ALL over the place. No matter. Mmmmp! Jonesy knows how to rub me. He's rubbing me real good.

Ah, he looks sexy like that. Real sexy. His cock...with my gaze fixed on it, I grab it again, holding it firmly in my paw. I move my paw back and forth over it steadily, delighting in the sandy feel of it. His paw running over my sandy cock...even better. Closing my eyes, I begin panting slightly, letting my tongue hang out of my mouth. I grab the head of his member, also grabbing the head of mine in the same paw, joining ours together. I sigh with a smile, looking into his eyes. He takes hold of my paw, both of our paws traveling up and down both our cocks. My knees are shaking all over the place.

He senses my excitement, I can tell. That, or he sees my knees shaking or the precum leaking out of my dragonhood. He looks down to the action going on between us, then back into my eyes softly. That simply captures my attention as he says something to me. "You don't have to stand," he says. I couldn't agree more! I excitedly kneel down, turning on my knees away from him, and then rest my paws and elbows on the ground as well. "And you don't just have to stand there!" I retort back giddily, shaking my behind and raising my tail. The sand still hasn't come off of me, dang it. Ah well, that'll make for some nice...UNnnh! GNNnnnnnn! I hold my breath in, squinting my eyes, surprised at the sudden entrance of him into my tail hole. I look behind myself to find him hunched over me, his arms gripping my sides just below and behind my wings, and my tail moved up and to the side out of his way, giving him a clear shot at my tail hole. This hurts just a tad...okay, a lot. Still... As he begins pulling himself out, I can breath again, blinking my eyes, amazed...

He smiles at me, pinching my butt with one of his paws before replacing it around my body, and I smile back at him. Dude...don't pull it out all the waUH!!! He pounds into me again, taking me by surprise. Godddddd...mmmmmm... I close my eyes again, moaning, letting my head hang down as his cock remains in my tail hole. The draining precum allows his cock to slide partially out again without horrible effort. Moaning, holding my eyes shut, breathing hard, I clench my tail hole around him. He tenses up and gasps, pleasantly surprised evidently. He pushes in again, my tight hole being filled with his massiveness. MMMMMmmmm!

Partially withdrawing his cock, sliding it across my prostrate on the way out, he pauses with only the head of his dragonhood still in me. Hm...he's still hanging there. As I revel in the feelings emanating from my rear, I feel something suddenly take hold of my cock. "Eeep!" I gasp. Suprised, I look down to my own length to find Jonesy's paw grasping it. Sighing, I let my eyes close again, starting to half-consciously rock back and forth onto his shaft, getting a moan out of him. Easing his rod into me

again, striking along my prostrate, he's beginning to stroke my hardness a little bit more, though he's going about it easy-like.

Moving his paw up to the head of my member, he plays around with the tip of it. He manipulates the tip up and down, side to side, squeezing it, twisting it, driving me nuts. So much so that my knees begin shaking again lightly. Mmmmm I can't STAND this! Mmmmm... He's moving his paw back to the base of my cock, gripping it tightly on the way. He plays with me there too, rubbing and twisting around my base. Moving back up the shaft, he grips me there loosely and plays with it like a joystick, making my length go right, left, up and down, making my body twist in response each time.

The dragon above me eases his cock out most of the way, my anal walls not wanting to let go. I clench my tailhole as he shoves himself in, sending shivers through both of our bodies. Such a tight fit...it feels so good. His member is stretching my walls, touching every bit in there, stimulating me beyond what I thought possible. I can imagine he's enjoying my tightness too right now... Looking back out of the corner of my eye, I see him squinting his eyes closed as he pulls out most of the way again. Not to mention his panting and moaning, or mine for that matter.

He shoves himself back into me quickly, grunting. Leaving a trail of pre inside my tailhole, he quickly moves out halfway, pausing for less than a second before shoving in again. Both of us grunt this time as he hilt me hard. He's picking up speed, beginning to hump me for all his cock's worth. Pounding me hard, very hard. So much so that he's making it hard for me to not fall over. A chilling warmth forms in my rear, working its way forward to my front side.

Gripping my cock tighter again, he moves his paw up and down over the length of my shaft while pushing into my tailhole again with his own endowment. Hilt me, he hangs there for a few moments, breathing heavily on top of me. Growling a bit, he quickly pulls out to the tip and shoves himself in again, growling louder. He grips my cock even tighter, jerking up and down on it rapidly. Gritting my teeth, I growl, arching my back. I can't help but close my eyes as tightly as possible, feeling him push himself into me again. My breathing's getting shallow. He's moaning above me...no, that's me moaning. Both of us, actually.

I'm practically squealing under the intensity of it all as an intense pressure builds in me. Oh God, oh God, oh my God! I begin pushing myself into Jonesy's paw erratically, shoving myself back up onto Jonesy's cock when pulling back from his paw. Ayeeeeee it's so TINGLY! Can't...stand it! Feels like a little star's at the tip of my cock. Throwing my head back, I throw myself into his paw; he squeezes my cock and rubs towards the base; I notice my tail convulsing randomly. Crazy thing...OH GOD I'm gonna... Growling, I flutter my wings a bit as my cock tenses up.

Time stopped. I'm feeling every bit of it, every bit. Every single cell, every single place where his paw grips me so tightly. Every inch of him inside me. No sound of the ocean or the wind. I see him thrust himself into me, out of the corner of my eye, hilt me yet again, striking me on the prostrate, going all the way through to the top of the rectum. I feel...filled, and at peace. Well, the intense, really good feeling sort of peace. You know.

Holding my breath, I feel that tingly star turning into a supernova. The thing's on fire. About to explode...mmmmMMM!!!!!! Practically roaring, rolling my eyes up to the sky, my body convulses. I feel a spurt of cum explode out of my member onto the ground below. My body shakes again as another jet shoots out. Feeling the wetness of the sandy cum on his paw, I moan in pleasure again as my cock gives another pump. Heat floods through my body as my tailhole tightens in time to my

rhythm.

Next thing I know, I hear a tense growl behind me as my cock continues to pump. I feel a tremor shake through his body. Still moaning, I feel his entire length throb; a hot, thick stream shoots inside me. Another stream is jetted into me, and then another. The hot cum...filling my tail hole...so amazing. Goodness gracious this guy's a fire hydrant. He jets a fourth stream, then a fifth into me.

Moaning, he pushes into me again as his orgasm subsides. A little bit still flows into me, his length having stopped tensing. The warmth though, the warmth! So wonderful. Collapsing on top of me, he sighs, hugging me from behind.

I can hear the ocean and wind once again as we lay below the starry night sky. I look over to where the plane crashed; a tiny fire still burns on the oil slick, so far away. A light occasional wisp of smoke climbs into the sky, obscuring a few stars on its way up into the sparkling heavens.

“When do you think we'll be rescued?” I ask.

“Probably in a few days.”

I exhale, looking into the sky for a second.

“Cool” I say.

Smiling, I let myself lie down off of being on all fours for so long; Jonesy rests atop me. I turn my head around, meeting him in a light kiss. Lying back down, I sigh, content. I just wonder what we'll be doing for the next few days...hmmmm...hehe. Well, whatever, I'm tired. G'Night.

“Good night Avery.”

Damn this guy's psychic, I swear.

“Good night, Jonesy. I love you.”

“I love you too,” he says after a second, in the sweetest voice I've ever heard.

-----

©2006 Zennith Mehathvin. You may distribute this PDF file freely. This statement over-rides my Legal Notices page on my website if it contradicts. Please visit my website at <http://zennithmehathvin.googlepages.com/> !