

## **Flesh Dragon Conquest, The Journey To Summit Mt. Cynrik!**

Bellowing, thunderous gray clouds were on the horizon, sparking with yellow lightning at occasional intervals. I get the feeling of the impending sense of foreboding happiness... something so powerful it cannot be known by an organic mind. If touched, it would drive you insane, as your psyche would not be able to comprehend it...

I tried to keep these illusions to myself. After all, I was on a sport power boat going 60 km/h through the open ocean with my partner in life and in crime, the illustrious fox known as Dee. I spied him at the bow of the ship, with his arms folded over the metal cross ramps, gazing out into the endless abyss of water, the gorgeous white fur on his back flowing and waving as if being caressed by the fingers of the wind.

Suddenly, he turned around to face me, obviously getting impatient with our progress into the nothing and nowhere. "So," he chuckled as he spoke, those enigmatic purple glasses sitting perfectly content on that handsome face of his, "Where the hell are we going? You haven't even told me what's on the schedule today, like it's supposed to be a surprise. And out here in the middle of the open ocean, it's a little creepy if you ask me."

Even though we had known each other for years, I had still never seen his eyes. They were always hiding behind those magenta aviator glasses he wore, as if he was a top level police fox or helicopter fighter pilot. But, I could still tell he was furrowing his face at me, obviously annoyed that I hadn't informed him of the day's itinerary yet.

"Well..." I started with a slow moving walking motion, carefully approaching him, "I wanted to do something special. You know, for our anniversary. What am I supposed to get the man that already has EVERYTHING?" I tried in vain to be funny, throwing my hands up in the air for humorous effect. "This is your power boat after all, you're so wealthy, there isn't an item on this planet that I could procure for you that you couldn't already afford for yourself. The only thing I have to offer..." I trailed off for the dramatics of keeping Dee in suspense just a little longer.

He picked up his shoulders and leaned back into the front part of the guard rail on the end of the ship, and slightly slinked down so he was resting on his back. Then he spoke in a muffled tone "Yeah, and...???"

"...is adventure." I concluded.

He cautiously picked his head up and looked at me with an angle to his visage. Clearly, he wasn't impressed yet. "Huh? What the hell are we gonna do out here? I've driven this boat all over the world and docked at most of the famous big cities, thrown myself into the hottest night clubs, done all the drugs there are to do... How are you gonna top that? Some thrill seeking Easter egg hunt?"

I could tell he was losing his patience; in fact this hotheadedness was one of his biggest turn-ons for me, paradoxically. I decided to step up my game.

"I know I've been busy with work, so I wanted to do something extra special, so that we could spend some real quality time together. It just so happens that I recently completed an assignment for the furry art god known as ReptileCynrik, and things went so well that he..."

I could tell that Dee was suddenly a little bit more enthusiastic about our excursion now that I had name dropped one of the most famous furry artists of all time. "Oh, OK, this is getting better now. What, what, what happened between you guys?" I could feel him staring through those lilac lenses of his glasses, even though I couldn't see his eyes.

"That he gave me permission to climb Mount Cynrik of course, his world renowned Flesh Dragon. A mountain of pleasure made entirely of his own anatomy, perhaps his single finest artistic gesture of all time. I'm allowed to bring a plus one, of course, that would be you."

Dee propelled himself forward immediately, landing on the red oak wood floor of the top part of the ship, and ran towards me with an eager grin on his face. "WHAT the FUCK did you just say? You got fucking permission to climb all over his flesh dragon? I didn't even think that existed, it was just some rumor that was spreading throughout his fandom. Now you are telling me it's the real deal?"

I stepped closer; we were now within a few meters of each other. "Yes, it's located on one of the most remote island in the world, and only accessible to those with the means to travel there. He only reveals the location to those he trusts, us among them, of course. We are allowed a one night stay on the island, and all of the following day to summit the Flesh Dragon, and revel in its infinite beauty."

Dee's jaw was now gaping open, and for the first time in this conversation he hadn't spoken immediately after I had finished. "THIS..... FUCK YEAH!! I always wanted to do something fucking insane like this!!! I would trade all the crystal meth and cocaine in the world for a fucking night on Cynrik's private island!!!"

I rushed to judgment swiftly. "Oh, yeah, it's going to be awesome for sure, but we have to take safety precautions. I brought all of our climbing gear, ropes, pulleys, carabiners, everything has been tested and it's good to go. Pick axes, spiked boots, this mountain is going to be ours for the taking. You know, it's only been mounted by a small handful of other people in the world, so consider yourself lucky to be included."

Dee was already formulating how he was going to brag to the rest of the board members of his corporation when he got back. "HAHAH! I can't wait to tell those fucking assholes where I've been this weekend! They would never believe me! Mount Cynrik... I never thought I would even see it, let alone climb it..."

I beamed with a glowing fortitude. "Yup, yup! Just the two of us, climbing together. The island is in a small archipelago to the southwest, where it's hot and sunny practically all the time. Just a few more hours it should come into view over the horizon."

The storm clouds slowly faded as we approached Master Cynrik's private island. I noticed this to be odd, since weather doesn't usually respect a lone land mass in the middle of the ocean, but didn't continue brooding on it.

But no amount of blue sky could match the gigantic vista in front of us. Low and behold, the mother of all Flesh Dragons was upon us. An immense mountain of erect flesh, it was a living organic mountain in the shape of Master Cynrik's life giver. Wholesome, enormous, well rounded and curvy in all the right places, it soared into the sky at least a full kilometer, parting the heavens with its massive glans and coronal ridge. Begging the non-existent God to look down and admire the timeless elegance of its immortal nature.

"AAAAHHHHH!!!! Just LOOK at that fucking thing!!!" Dee was so excited he was almost salivating, jumping up and down and clapping his hands over and over. This was another aspect of his personality that I found very attractive, his seemingly endless supply of personal energy. Never a dull moment around him, to be sure!

I walked up to the side of the hand rail on the top level of the ship, and gazed out with Dee into the most incredible sight I've ever seen. The most ultra-rare, intimate sculpture an artist could produce a manifestation of a spiritual journey that brings us all together in the throes of ecstasy. The living refinement of sexuality. A flesh dragon mountain, just ready for the taking.

"Remember, we only have permission to be here tonight and all of tomorrow, so we have to make reasonable progress along a strict timeline," I reminded Dee. But I didn't have to tell him, he was already practically throwing himself down into the beach sand of the island, trying desperately to get closer to the base of the Flesh Mountain.

"Whoa, whoa! Wait up!" I tried calling after Dee. I threw the silver anchor of the ship into the bright, clean water, and I climbed down the rope ladder on the side of the stern and landed on the beach myself.

I caught up to Dee as he was standing still, staring upwards into the sky, admiring the bulging glans and perfectly tight foreskin. The coronal ridge of Mount Cynrik was so colossal, that it actually provided shade from the evening sunlight that was slowly fading into the aquatic horizon.

I put my arm around Dee and pulled him tight to the side of my body, he was still staring into the sky the whole time, unable to believe what a spectacular adventure I had scored for him this time. "We should set up camp at the base of the mountain and get some thoroughly good rest, we can tackle this beast in the morning when we are refreshed."

He turned to look at me, those dark galactic glasses of his settled their gaze on mine. I could tell his eyes were wide with amazement even though I still couldn't see them. "This is the best anniversary present EVER!! Fucking THANK you G.T.! You always come through for me! I couldn't have thought up a better trip myself!!! I can't wait for tomorrow!"

I smiled and brought him in for a hug, his tight chest pressing into my collar bone. I hugged him as tight as I could, and responded with laughter. "Only the best for the president of our dear corporation," I chuckled as I exclaimed.

We chatted as we rounded the island, walked through the misty sand of the beach, the sun dipping into the ocean water and night time fast approaching. Thousands of stars, little pin pricks of light, traversing across the open sky, were starting to turn their lanterns on. The moon began to rise in the night sky and reflected off the water. A full moon, no less. I began to wonder if Master ReptileCynrik wanted us here specifically on a full moon, since he was the one who had picked the date of our arrival. It was HIS Island, after all. But I didn't continue with that train of thought.

As we walked to the other side of the island, our biggest surprise of the trip so far had appeared. Tucked behind the bushy pubic growth of twigs and leaves, sprouting long tendrils of bark here

and there, dotting the landscape that we had set our eyes upon.... was a vast, overflowing amount of scrotal skin, with blimp-like, asteroid sized testicles, churning and humming in the night air. Almost as if they could sense our approach, they slightly pivoted inwards, touching their upward corners together, forming a little cavernous opening between them.

"THERE!" I screamed, almost out of breath from watching the spectacle unfold. "We can make camp for the night, nestled in Master Cynrik's prodigious balls! I actually completely forgot about those for a moment, I was so focused on the towering propensity of the shaft of the mountain..." I managed to finish my sentence while breaking into a run halfway through, kicking up golden sand left and right as I trailed behind Dee and his unbridled passion for climbing this fucking thing.

The both of us slowly approached the legendary testicular whales, beached and captured in the long, flowing sac of skin that formed the scrotum for the Flesh Dragon known as Mount Cynrik. The smell of lavender filled the air; vanilla with a small hint of mulberry was present within the scent. We dropped our bags and other gear in the crevice formed by the two enormous sperm sacs. I plopped down and rested my back against one of the pulsing behemoths, and I felt an almost kindred, spiritual connection with it.

Dee was moving his paws over the taught meat covering the other testicle; I could tell he was amazed at the intricate detail and level of refinement put into the crafting of it by Master Cynrik. The soft, velvety texture of the scrotum was immersive as it was mesmerizing.

"This is the COOLEST FUCKING THING I have ever seen!!! Look, I mean, LISTEN! You can hear a humming sound when you press your ear against them!" He mashed one of his furry ears against the scrotal skin near the base of one of the titans, drinking in the audible sense of harmony. Indeed, there had been a subtle life force here; the mountain almost seemed ALIVE for a moment, as bizarre as it may have sounded.

"Yeah," I said as I slapped my hands against the other testicle, feeling the massive weight and resting my neck against its unmovable girdle of mass. "He really went all out for us tonight, these are just incredible. Drink in that pleasant musk, what a treat, it smells like fresh flowers, almost want to say it reminds me of that perfume 'lily of the valley'..."

I had just noticed that Dee had placed both of his arms around as much of the huge testicle as he could, he still wore his sunglasses at night but I could tell he had his eyes closed, in the sheer bliss of the moment. "Hmmm..." he mumbled, nothing more to say in words.

We camped there for the night, with an open fire started with some of the pubic bark and twigs we collected all over the general area. We roasted s'mores and told a few ghost stories, trying to lighten the mood, or perhaps even, darken it. The nearby scrotal skin brought us relief from the colder temperatures of the beach, and it was positively humid in the scrotum niche that we had bunkered down in.

The sound of the crashing waves on the sand lulled us to a weary rest, our sleeping bags set up foot to foot, so that we could play footsies for a while just before bed, as was our nightly ritual. Even though we were about to fall asleep underneath the largest semi-living testicles that had ever existed in our world, it could be said that the more things change, the more they stay the same. We both entered a dreamless rest for the remainder of the night.

Morning came too quickly, though we both felt rejuvenated and were overflowing with energy. If I had to speculate a guess, I think that some of Master Cynrik's mountain energy had flowed into us, the humming sound of the flesh dragon's testicles was, in reality, a method of infusing us with a great vigor, a source of internal propulsion that was more than any amount of sleep or food could give us. In fact, we didn't even feel hungry as we awoke, and decided that we had better tackle the mountain since it was our first and only day to attempt it.

"Where's the best place to start?" Dee wondered, perusing around the base of the pulsating testicles. "I think we could throw our grappling hooks over these mounds of flesh here, and get a head start on the base, pun quite intended!"

I laughed as I got my rope and hook out. "Don't forget to equip your spiked shoes; they are definitely going to help with this unwieldy behemoth of a Flesh Dragon. Be careful you know, I understand we are pressed for time, but don't forget that we should proceed at a safe pace."

I could tell that Dee didn't like being told that something was dangerous. He always wanted to go first, and that was fine with me. Another thing that I admired about him was his tenacity. He never took no for an answer. In practically an instant amount of time, he had already hooked his grappling mechanism behind the top notches of one of the testicles with a mighty throw from his muscular arms. I watched his snowy, sinewy form ascend the taught rope, using his fierce desire to succeed as his primary motivator. He wanted to tell all of his subordinates back home that he had climbed Master Cynrik's very own Flesh Dragon, and that he had done it in record time, likely.

"Whoa, whoa! Let me catch up! I'll take the other testicle, just give me a second." I was a little slower than Dee but only because I was noticing how god damn big these balls actually were. Unlike my partner in crime, I was always respectful of gargantuan family jewels like these, and I tried to be careful with my steps. I noticed how soft and velvety smooth the scrotal skin was,

almost begging to be spiked into by our climbing gear, almost too eager to help us climb and ascend the mountain...

At the top of the scrotum, we looked up towards the shaft. As we had come closer to this part of the Flesh Dragon, we began to take notice of the intricate pattern of veins and vascularity that was snaking around the base of the shaft as it rose perfectly straight into the air.

Dee was slightly out of breath as he was moving faster than me, his crimson jacket was parted at the midsection and I could see his tight abdominal muscles rising and falling with every contortion of his breathing.

"Hah, hey buddy, I'm up HERE!" He said, pointing to his purple sunglasses.

"Oh, oh, why yes of course..." I trailed off, slightly embarrassed that he had caught me peeping at his very toned and lean body.

"We have to grapple around the veins, and hoist upwards, we can get a footing on some of the veins that are of the larger variety, and then look for our next batch of veins to grapple on". Dee explained, taking a quick change to a serious tone. I instantly admired him for his expertise in these matters.

"Of course Captain, you got it! I'll follow YOU!" I responded, trying to be humorous but still as respectful as possible.

A few hours later, using opportunistic vein patterns, we finally had reached an area around the midsection of the shaft. We must have been half a kilometer off the ground, and we found a nice gorgeous vein that was so thick we could rest comfortably while sitting down, gazing back out over the ocean. A vast, seemingly infinite aquatic landscape was before us, with the sun slowly rising and casting it's glare on the surface of the water.

"Incredible. Never thought I would be sitting mid-shaft on Master Cynrik's Flesh Dragon mountain, staring back out over the ocean." Dee exclaimed. "Thank you G.T., this is really the best fucking experience. I never thought meeting you would lead to this kind of adventure, but you totally nailed it this time. Again, this is exactly what I think I needed to get away from all the stress of running the beast known as Dee Corp. back home..." Dee sighed and lifted his arms above his head and leaned back, resting the weight of his upper torso against the Cynrik Flesh Dragon shaft.

I myself was leaning back with my cheek to the shaft of the mountain, staring at the same beautiful water vista that Dee was, but also staring at him at the same time. "Of course, only the best for my partner in crime." I laughed as I spoke, thinking this whole journey was going even better than I had hoped. "I just knew that Reptile Cynrik's Flesh Dragon Mountain would bring us closer together, as the rigors of everyday life slowly tried to pull us apart."

Dee slowly emitted a smile, which flashed his pearlish white fangs and teeth beneath his dark lips. He turned to me, studied my expression, then proclaimed "I just don't know how I'm going to top this for next year, this kind of trip is something of the stuff of myth. I mean, come on man, this is Mount Cynrik we are talking about. There are probably less than 10 people in the whole world who have climbed this thing. This is going to make us LEGENDS!!".

I thought about his words for a while. Yes, summiting Mount Cynrik would likely make us famous around the world, for those who would be willing to believe that we had even been invited to attempt an ascent of Mount Cynrik. But Dee was right, the quality of time we were spending together was just exquisite, the two of challenging gravity and surmounting the most massive Flesh Dragon in the entire world. I couldn't have picked a better paradise get-away than what we're doing at this very moment.

"Let's get back to it then, remember, we can't be here after nightfall." I exclaimed, getting back on my feet, with my spiked boots 'clip clopping' along the bulging vein notch we had been sitting on.

Dee also rose up, gathering his climbing gear and tightening his red jacket. "Yeah, he could only let us on here for a day? Why was that? Did he give you a reason for the time schedule?"

I never considered asking Master ReptileCynrik for more than a day on his private island, it seemed rude to take more than the necessary amount of time to climb his Flesh Dragon. I tried to reply with something professional. "Well, I'm sure he has other guests, and of course he uses it for himself all the time, so one day away from his own flesh dragon is asking quite a lot, really. This is a huge boon that he gave us, we should be thankful. To be honest he only stores it here when he doesn't need it, I think he has a way of taking it back with him into the world when he returns from his... other activities." I said.

Dee didn't seem to be listening; he was having too much fun boosting himself away from the shaft with his legs. As soon as his body returned to the shaft skin of the flesh dragon, he KICKED himself out again, the force of his muscular legs sent him flying in the air for a few moments, and then gravity brought him back again.



"AHHHH!! This is so much FUN! G.T., YOU try!" Dee shouted to me as he was climbing and base kicking again and again.

I started to grow nervous; I wasn't as much of a daredevil as Dee was. Flying free in the wind like that, with only a rope between your hands as your last salvation to reality. I looked down and was painfully reminded at the fact we were about half a kilometer up into the air, the pubic leaves and twigs at the base of the shaft of the flesh mountain were easy to be seen from this altitude. However, the sensation of vertigo was kicking in, and I knew I had to focus on continuing to climb.

"Uhh, yeah.. I uh... right behind you as always!" I started to lose my composure. Luckily for me though, Dee was still engrossed in half-flying around the shaft with his kicking habit, screaming and hollering like a lost little puppy in the coastal wind.

The next few hours were mostly reasonable progress up the shaft of the flesh dragon. Dee was bouncing up and down, side to side, while I tried my damn hardest not to slip from the shaft of the mountain. We were approaching the coronal ridge of the glans of the flesh dragon, and the rigid band was gripping the head of the mountain so tightly that I thought I could see miniature, rhythmic contractions from the glans, as every minute went on. The flesh dragon was indeed alive, though in a dormant state, after all. Still, it was easily considered the greatest work of Master Cynrik across all of his long years.

Finally we had gotten close to the summit. The urethra was barely exposed between the lips of the foreskin; the rippled rigid band was flowing and fluffily taught around the tip of the flesh dragon. I was almost out of breath and could barely feel my hands anymore; the grappling rope had been the only thing I'd held this tightly since, well, forever.

"Alright", Dee flatly stated. "Throw your grappling hook over the rigid band, seems like the best place for a final hooking spot to get to the summit. Fuck, I can't wait to see what it's like up there."

The wind had picked up fiercely, since we were so high into the atmosphere, almost a full kilometer. Looking down was both mesmerizing and horrifying, the elevation hazard was all I could think about.

Both of us finally mounted the front part of the glans, wide as it was, it had plenty of room for us to stand there, but offered no protection against the howling wind. The sky was infinite as it was

pale and grey, the storm we had just escaped last night was apparently returning for some reason.

"How is that possible?" I exclaimed, almost out of breath. "The storm is coming back? But we passed through it last night, that's ridiculous."

"Yeah..." Dee trailed off; looking concerned for once this entire trip. "That doesn't seem natural that a storm would part ways for us, and then also come back so quickly... that's just bizarre..." I could hear it in his voice, that he was growing distressed, and at the worst possible time, at the very summit of the mountain. This was supposed to be a joyous occasion; instead we were bickering about the weather.

"Well, at least we made it to the top! Just like you said we would!" I tried to smile, pointing out with my hands against the incredible scenery from above.

"Huh? What did you sayyyyyYYYY?" Dee was trying to increase the volume of his voice mid-sentence, the wind was getting stronger and stronger the more we stood there, admiring the Flesh Dragon we had just conquered.

But, something wasn't right. The storm was building in something of a hurricane, maybe even a typhoon, or was it a cyclone? Water from the ocean was starting to pick up in a circular pattern, and every passing moment seemed more and more dangerous. The pubic trees on the lower part of the island near the scrotal sack started to sway and break in the force of the gusting winds, making cracking sounds that sounded almost like lightning.

"Fuck, dude, there is no way we can go back down in this wind..." Dee begrudgingly admitted, while he was placing his hands on his heading, moving them across his brow in a mixture of annoyance and fear. "This is un-fucking real, we checked the weather before we came here, nothing was supposed to be this bad."

Suddenly, a powerful force of air pushed both of us off our feet; we fell on our backs hard, with the warm, slushy skin of the glans to break our fall.

"UGH, WE.... WE are not going to make it up here much longer!!!" I shouted, trying to think of a solution, even though it seemed impossible. "Maybe we could try hiding behind the foreskin and rigid band behind the glans and wait the storm out..?" I proposed hastily.

"GOOD IDEA..." Dee hollered back, frantically trying to grip the rigid band around the glans of the flesh mountain with both of his paws. Pulling up, I could see his powerful arms straining under the attempt, but the rigid band of the foreskin would not budge more than a few centimeters. Its tightness was almost like an elastic cement, it would take a herculean effort to move it, and the spastic wind gusts were making it hard to keep our footing.

"GOD DAMNIT, I can't get the rigid band to come off the glans!" Dee screamed to me, looking fearful for once. "I keep pulling and it feels like dried cement, it won't BUDGE! What the fuck are we gonna DO!!!"

"I... I have another possibility we could try!!" I shouted back to him, the wind was so strong it was getting harder and harder to speak, now practically impossible. I took my hand and motioned for him to follow, still admiring the fact that even in this wind storm, his cosmic sunglasses still stayed on for the whole time.

I was crawling on my stomach to avoid the wind, and Dee also went into a prone position to follow me. I slithered towards the urethral opening, and upon reaching it, I turned around and pointed downwards with my index finger, into the slit of the urethra. Dee instantly understood my proposed answer to our deadly situation, either get blown (pun intended) off the flesh mountain and die, or seek refuge in the tender warm embrace of the urethra.

The gale bursting wind causing an overwhelming amount of noise, I couldn't hear Dee unless he placed his mouth directly next to my ear. "HOW ARE YOU going to get it open..???" He fervently cried, looking hopeless and frustrated.

I peered down between my knees, where the Flesh Dragon urethra was laid bare for us to see. The wind was so strong, powerful enough so that we could barely lift our backs up to the gale before being forced down onto the glans and on our bellies. I began to examine the complex edge pattern along the urethra; it almost looked like ancient Sanskrit writing if I didn't know any better. I traced the outline of the middle slit with my finger, and before I knew what happened....

The urethra POOCHED open, relatively slowly at first, but then faster and wider, almost like a Venus fly trap. A yawning chasm of dark red, hot pink flesh was seen below, into a black cavernous abyss in the bottom of an endless obsidian descent. I was shocked at the swift opening of the flesh dragon's mouth, and I moved back quickly to avoid falling in unintendedly. I looked at Dee and he glanced back at me. We knew what we had to do.

"LET'S.... RIDE.... OUT.... THE... STORM... IN.... THE.. URETHRA..!" I could barely speak or even breathe. I pointed downwards with my whole arm, and Dee knew what I had meant to say. He always enjoyed being the first to go, this whole trip in fact he was always 'in front' of me, and this was no exception. He dangled his legs first, over the edge of the Flesh Dragon's urethra, and slowly lowered his body into the opening. It was wide enough to allow the width of his shoulders, wide enough in fact that he could support his weight with his legs and have his back propped up against the other side of the inner shaft wall.

Slowly, yet, surely, he descended, going further and further into the chiasmic unknown. After his head cleared the plane of the opening of the Flesh Dragon's maw, I followed, in the same pattern Dee had. Legs first, then knees, then my entire upper body. Leaning my back against the opposite shaft wall, I went down further and further, until the gushing wind was blocked all around me by the massive shaft of the flesh mountain.

Now that the wind was being guarded against, we could hear each other much better. "We should stay here until the wind dies down, then we can crawl back out and begin our descent of the Flesh Dragon, and never come back here again." I said to Dee, unaware of where exactly he was below me. "I'm sorry this suddenly took a turn for the worse, otherwise it would have been the perfect vacation. I want to try to...."

I couldn't finish my sentence before I became a front row set for a blood curdling scream.

"aaaaAHHHHHHHhhhh!! F, ff,F-FUCK!!! I, I'm slipping! What the fuck am I slipping on!?!?!" Dee had lost all of his monopoly on composure and was absolutely frantic. He was very slowly moving downward, deeper into the base of the shaft, entirely against his will. Slow though it was, almost like a snail's pace, it was unavoidable, the walls were thick with some sort of slimy mucus.

"This, this has to be pre-ejaculate fluid!!!" Dee screamed upwards to me, I could hear the absolute terror in his voice. This vacation was officially now a living nightmare. "This fucking flesh dragon was FULLY TURNED ON AND ACTIVE THE WHOLE TIME?!?"

I felt my chest heave with anxiety, I couldn't move, I couldn't think, I tried desperately to search for some other possibility. "Nnn, N-No, it must just be condensation from the wind and water from the storm, it can't be pre-ejaculate fluid, there's no way Master Cynrik would allow us to ascend his Flesh Dragon if it was active, there's no..." I didn't get a chance to finish.

"I FUCKING KNOW PRE-CUM WHEN I SEE IT!!!" Dee howled with fury. I couldn't get a good look at his face in the darkness of the shaft of the mountain, but I would bet a million dollars he was

frothing at the mouth with anger. "I WROTE THE FUCKING BOOK ON PRE! DON'T LECTURE ME! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE-".

BOOoooooOOOOOM!!! SSSccchhlooorrrchh!!!!!!! Dee never had a chance to finish his statement. The urethral opening in the flesh dragon's glans had suddenly SNAPPED shut, with absolutely no warning. The shaft column we were in was now narrowing, growing slightly tighter with every passing minute. I absolutely panicked, my mind was racing, and this couldn't be happening, this couldn't be happening, I kept telling myself, repeating it over and over again, somehow thinking it would make it true if I said it enough times.

Darkness. Absolute near silence, only our breathing could be heard.

"Wha, what the fuck was that? Why did it close? Can you open it again?" Dee stammered forth, obviously as nerve-wracked as I was.

I tried to offer a coherent response, but I was losing my grip with my legs. "I'm, I'm slipping, are you slipping? I can't stay at the same vertical position." I meekly stated.

"I ALREADY FUCKING TOLD YOU I'M SLIPPING!!!!" This was the angriest I had ever seen Dee. Even worse than when he found out that he had lost millions of dollars' worth of cocaine, at least 40% of his net worth at the time, when the police had caught wind of his cocaine manufacturing facility in the basement of a casino he also owned.

I was so scared I wanted to vomit. Every centimeter we slipped down seemed to accelerate the process; the walls became more and more drenched with obviously slimy pre-ejaculate fluid. Dee had been correct the whole time, the musky scent of the slime told me the entire story. This fucking Flesh Dragon Mountain was fully active and alive, and as such, climbing it was a huge mistake. If we didn't do something quickly, we....

Slight rumblings started to fill the walls of the shaft. Subtle at first, they carefully reached a rapid crescendo, until it felt like we were both in the middle of a jackhammer on pavement. CHUG-CHUG-A-CHUG-CHUGA was all we could hear, talking was now literally impossible, screaming at the top of our lungs, we couldn't hear each other.

The musky scent of the pre-ejaculate fluid started to become overpowering, I couldn't breathe anymore. The rumbling became worse and worse, and then, I dreadfully realized what was happening. The flesh mountain was climaxing by some surreal cause, and we were the catalyst.

This entire mountain was akin to a Venus fly-trap, luring it's victims in with a tantalizing bouquet of visual beauty and a mesmerizing, sweet vanilla scent, only to completely devour those who dared to ascend her.

The rumbling peaked, and became a roar so loud I thought my ear drums would burst. Somehow, even though there was no light present in the shaft, I could see faint glimmers of a reflective substance rushing forth, but in a sideways direction, not up the shaft, but through it. I didn't have enough time to even comprehend how this would be possible, before the worst epiphany of my entire life would be shown before me.

A tidal wave of ejaculate fluid had burst forth through some unknown crevice in the flesh mountain, and it carried with it a reflective property that gave me just barely enough light to see my last vision of Dee, as his legs and crimson red jack had been caught in the riparian flow of the oozy vortex of the ejaculation. Even in all of my terrorizing dread, I had a shred of enough sanity left to know that this was goodbye forever. ReptileCynrik had invited us here to be devoured, never to return. I never thought to ask for the names of the other climbers in the past for references and reviews, that would be of the utmost rudeness, wouldn't it? But even if I had, I never would have met them, for their corpses must be down here too, drowned away into a leathery abyss of goeey death and eternal damnation.

The last thing I saw of Dee, in the murky twilight of the frothy exploded dam of semen, was his head and face being immersed into the venerable ocean of oncoming spooge. After his head was fully submerged, I saw his glasses float back upwards to the surface, and that's when I knew for sure he must have been sucked under even deeper, he would have never let his glasses come off his face. Not for me, not for anyone. The Flesh Dragon had taken his life, and I began to weep and cry, kick and scream.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUuuuuuuouoouUUOOO!! FUCK FUCK FUCK!! WHY!!! I FUCKING, NO, I, I-I....." I mourned the loss of my partner in crime.

For myself, I was only a meter above the raging stream of ejaculate fluid. In less than a minute, I would also be devoured, sucked into the tsunami of jizz and spooge. I made peace with my mind and prepared my body for destruction. All I could think about was Dee, and I prayed to the non-existent god so fucking hard that I would met up with Dee in Hell somewhere, that we could at least continue our life together, somehow.

I decided to let go, there was no use in fighting it. This was the end. I was going to surrender to the ferocity of the Flesh Dragon; Mt. Cynrik was going to be my grave, the tombstone marker to my resting place, I....

To my absolute shock, the flow of seminal fluid abruptly started to die down. So quickly in fact, I heard the cavernous gurgling sounds of it being drained away somewhere, in the midst of it's passing through the apparently large area beneath me. I didn't have time to fully comprehend what happened next.

The shaft walls became searingly hot to the touch, my hands were burning, I smelled the igniting fragrance of my clothes being singed and melted! I lost control of my entire body, the heat wave had permeated into my nervous system, my mind was slowly drifting off, and I felt a floating sensation briefly as I became detached from my fetal position in the shaft wall and somehow laid onto my back, I was falling but didn't know it, until I came to rest on a pulsating bed of flesh in the bottom part of the cavern that had just produced the tidal wave of seminal fluid that had engulfed my best friend.

I could move my head barely, but that was it. No response or feeling from my hands or legs. Fingers couldn't clasp, knees would not rise, it felt like I had been poisoned and paralyzed.

I laid there for an amount of time I could not determine. I was so tired all of a sudden, that I couldn't stay awake. I fought the urge to sleep. I gritted my teeth, although.... something was... creeping up from behind...???

The floor of the flesh cavern I was in, the flesh was MOVING! It was slowly creeping up the sides of my face, carefully inserting itself into my eye sockets, my mouth, my nostrils, I literally couldn't even attempt to breathe, I was eventually overwhelmed with this fleshy carpet of oozing mixture of mucous and translucent skin.

I felt my head go numb. I couldn't. I couldn't. Nothing. What, who..? What, where...???

A voice I could not identify spoke in my head. My ears had been filled with the flesh flooring of the cavern, so it could not have been a sound; this entity was speaking to me directly through the physical connection of the flesh floor. An evil, sinister, cackling laughter filling the dome of my mind.

"Yesssss..... a good harvest this year! I am very pleased, the master is pleased... the mountain has served its purpose once aaaaggaiinn..." The vocal range of this person sounded snake-like, entirely unlike anything I've heard before, ethereal, certainly alien, other-worldly.

I tried to formulate a response, but the creature read my mind before I could even process my own train of thought.

"Ahhh.... throughout the hissssstory of exissssstance I have had many namessssss, though in your world I wassssss known assssss Masssssster ReptileCcccccynrik. I manifessssted assss a furry artissst with the greatesssst sssskill... to draw in a fandom around me, and to sssselect my next crop of who shall be harvessssted...."

I felt my heart stop, and I knew I would die in a few moments, no breath available, no blood, no nothing, I... this... was the end... I was fainting out of consciousness... My last thought was of Dee and how I felt responsible for his death, and I would give anything to be by his side in the next life. I...this... fucking world.... why....

I heard the voice one last time; I wasn't sure if I was dead already or if my psyche was in control of the entity and it was allowing me to hear one final declaration. The raspy, serpentine voice bellowed for the ultimate time:

"I am known assssss an Anccccient One.... flowing through the universsssse... vissiting each ssssociety and devouring those I find unique... sssssharing one glimpsssse of forbidden knowledge to lure you into my fatal equinox.... an immortal life, fermenting in the ssssoul of all creation....."

What was left of my body had splintered into many pieces, my arms, legs, torso, all of it was shattered and sundered away. My head felt like it had splintered into a dozen pieces, and everything crumbled and melted into the engulfing, electric heat.

"You die sssso that I ssshall live on.... to gather the sssecrets of life, of exissssstancceeee... that art issss creation, and that art can be made real...."

The stormy skies over Mr. Cynrik faded as quickly as they had appeared. The beaming sun shone down on the ocean waters, and the waves returned to their regular lapping at the golden colored sand. As the centuries flew past, the Dee Corp. boat became corroded and rusted through, and sank to the shallow bottom of its final resting place. The gentle wind flirted and seduced the pubic bushes and twigs, providing a silent orchestra as a tribute to the lives that had been lost there over the millennium.