

DAMSELS AND DRAGONS

by
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"So," I said, first looking down at the strange sheets of paper on the table in front of me, then back up at my draconic boyfriend sitting across the table from me, "where do I start?"

I still didn't know how I'd managed to let Aidan get me involved with this "Worlds of Twilight" thing. Computer games were one thing; I'd been playing those since I was 5 and Mom got me "A Magician's Tail" and "World Conquerer 3" for the PC we'd just bought that year on Dad's Christmas bonus. Throw me in front of any modern RPG and I'd have no problem putting together a character build and smashing through monsters within the first half hour. But this... there were no talent points, no gear drops to plan for, just lots of blanks for numbers, and I wasn't even sure of the point of half of them.

I'd at least heard of a few of these "pen and paper" games before, but I hadn't known anyone that played them, at least not until a certain dragon of the red-scaled variety had found his way into this snow leopardess's life... and heart.. and well, into other parts of me too, I couldn't help mentally adding with a small smile. Though we share plenty of time together, we still have our own separate hobbies, and his weekly "gaming" group was one I'd only had passing contact with... usually in the form of one of the other players calling to arrange to be picked up.

Last week however, his friend whose house they normally play at had come down with a nasty case of pneumonia, so I suggested maybe they could come play at our place. I'll admit, it was partly because I curious about what playing entailed, but when I'd discussed watching the game back on Wednesday night with my dragon, he suggested that maybe I could roll up a character and join in. I didn't want to take away from his game time with silly questions though, since they only get a few hours each week and we have each other the rest of it... well, apart from work anyways. Which was why this Friday evening instead of being curled up on the couch, or to be more realistic, trying to knock the couch over by having him taking me against it with that nice, thick-

Mrf, down girl. Though my dragon was no Chuck Armstrong, with the way his muscles moved under those smooth scarlet scales of his, or feeling that muscular tail wrap around me, or his sharp teeth ever-so gently nibbling on my ear... or the way his hands would cup my breasts as he nibbled my neck, feeling that large draconic shaft press against my- and there I go again. Gods, he turns me on so much. Forcing myself to leave those pleasant thoughts for later, I made myself try to concentrate on the game in front of me instead of how much I wanted my dragon to fuck me.

Stifling a small sigh at the puzzled expression on my snowmew's face, I propped the Player's Guide open at the character generation chapter. This had seemed like such a great idea back on Wednesday, when we were trying to figure what to do about Ralph coming down with that nasty bug. Our living room was big enough for the group, if only just, and then Jas had asked me if she

could watch us play. She hadn't seemed interested before, and I know how boring watching could get sometimes, so of course I had to have the bright idea of having her join in.

Not that I wasn't glad she was interested in it of course. When I had first met this vision of loveliness sitting across the kitchen table from me, I'd had no idea she'd become as important to me as she had in the months since. She had a sharp mind, a quick wit, a great personality... and the best damn packaging for that I had ever seen, I couldn't help adding to myself. Even in the plain white T-shirt and panties she happened to be wearing right now, this white-furred snow leopardess with eyes of crystal blue still outclassed every other girl I had ever met. Not to mention, most of them probably couldn't fill out that shirt quite as much as she does. I'd only been mildly surprised to find out she was actually a DD cup when I bought her some lingerie for Valentine's Day a month back, though with how little she wears bras around the house since we moved in together, it's not like it actually matters.

In fact, I'm surprised she even wears a top when I'm around. She loves to tease me with those large tits of hers, since she knows how much they can turn me on. It's just a good thing we have a townhouse and not an apartment with how loud we get sometimes. It's not like all we do is screw each others brains out, but she can get really wild when she's in the right mood, and I'm more than happy to oblige. It just feels so good to fill that wonderfully tight cunny she's got hidden away between those muscular, spotted legs of hers-

And there I go again. Reaching down, I surreptitiously adjusted the crotch of my pants, which were starting to bulge with the growing hardon I'd been getting thinking about my sexy snowmew sitting across from me... though was it my imagination or were her nipples tenting her shirt? Focus, Aidan, Focus.

"Well first you need to roll four six-sided dice 6 times, and add together the highest three each time. Then you can write each of those six numbers into one of the spots marked 'Primary Stats'." She still looked uncertain as she took the dice in hand and started to roll the numbers, so I decided to take the time to explain a little more and calm myself down. "A lot of the way stats are used is similar to WoA, though they have other uses now too since you're not just limited by the computer. Like for example, you could use Strength to hold someone down if you needed to take them alive, or use Intelligence to see if your character can figure out that the altar in front of her is an altar to a long forgotten dead god."

She nodded slightly as the dice clattered across the tabletop. She was actually rolling pretty good, with a couple 16s and a 15, plus one lucky 18. "Most of these I think I can guess, but what's Charisma for?"

"Oh, that's used mostly for social encounters. The publishers have never been clear on what exactly it directly represents, usually leaving it up to us, but it's how well your character gets on with others. Either through force of personality, or simply good looks, though most treat it like the first nowadays, since no one wants an ugly character."

Glancing up from the rulebook as I heard the dice-rolling stop, I found her leaning forward, muzzle resting on interlaced hands, her large breasts being lifted up by the table in the position she was in and hiding part of her character sheet, I noted distractedly. With the angle they were at, I also couldn't help noticing she'd picked one of her more sheer T-shirts today, as I could see the pink circles of her areola through it... and she was definitely tenting the fabric with her nipples. "So," she said with a coy look, "say my character wanted to seduce a guard so that the rest of the group could slip by undetected. That would use Charisma, right?"

Swallowing a little as I tried to keep my composure and my mind on the game, I nodded. "Yeah, you'd roll a Charisma test against their Willpower, with bonuses or penalties depending on how you went about it."

Sitting back again, I watched her reach down, her hands coming back up a moment later with the bottom of her shirt. "So for example, if my character started by walking up to the guard, slowly removing her top..." She paused there a second as she lifted it over her head, baring those luscious tits of hers to me for a split second, before curling her long fluffy tail around to teasingly cover them. "Then that would get her a bonus."

Resisting the urge to lick my lips, I nodded, lowering my head to make it look like I was looking at the book, though I still kept my eyes on the lovely snowmew. "Yeah, at least a plus two, I'd say."

"And then," she murmured as she scooted her chair back to stand up, still keeping that softly furred tail covering her while she walked around the table to me. "My character could press up nice and close against him, while her hand slid down..." Discretion forgotten, I found myself watching her doing exactly as her supposed character would. A soft murr escaped my snout as she slid her tail out of the way, pressing those soft, ripe tits against my shoulder, her stiff nipples poking into my scales as her hand stroked down along my silver-scaled tummy. "And give him a nice grope," she finished with a teasing purr as her hand found the growing bulge in my pants and gave it a firm squeeze.

Stifling a warm murr of pleasure at the squeeze, I leaned my head up to give her a warm kiss on the lips as all thoughts of character generation fled my mind. "Mmmm... that'd grant an even larger bonus. She'd definitely have his attention then."

Smirking, she returned the kiss to my scaled snout, one hand starting to stroke sloftly along my wingbase as she worked on slipping her other one into my waistband. "Then she'd suggest they go someplace a bit more private, while she gives him a few nice rubs of encouragement," she purred as her hand found my half-extended dragoncock, running her fingertips teasingly along the underside, making me shiver slightly at the gentle touch as it firmed up and grew under her fingers.

Sliding my chair back a bit, I reached around to give her rump a warm squeeze. "He'd probably return the favor if you rolled well, and lead her off to a chamber with a table and a few chairs, usually used for interrogations, but it'd be empty that day." As I rose from the seat, the hand on my

back stroked down along my spine to unfasten the catch over my tail, my pants dropping to the ground with only a little help from my sexy snowmeow.

"She'd help him undress," she said as she planted another warm kiss on my cheek, "then once she had that nice thick cock of his free from its confines she'd give it a few strokes to get it nice and hard, to make sure she was the only thing on his mind."

As her hand encircled my heating dragonhood, giving the firm flesh a slow stroke, I gave her softly-furred asscheek a squeeze in return, letting my fingers tease just under her tailbase to draw a heated gasp from her cute little muzzle. "That'd be an.. mmmm... easy roll to make," I murred, "and at that point he'd probably just grab whatever she was still wearing and yank it off to make sure she was naked for him." it was just a quick adjustment to go from teasing the underside of her tailbase to unfastening the catch above it on her panties and pull them down just far enough to let gravity do the rest.

"He'd notice she was already growing wet for him as he did so," she purred as she pressed herself against the side of my leg, letting me feel the slick heat of her needy kittycunt against my cool red scales, leaving a nice spot of glistening wetness from her honey as she continued to stroke that massive piece of heated dragonmeat in her grasp. If I hadn't already been at full size, throbbing softly against her gentle fingers, that would certainly have sent me straight to full extension. "And she'd let him feel just how wet she was."

"At that point he'd take her and throw her against the table in the room," I murred as I placed my hands on her hips and turned her towards our kitchen table, her tail already hiking up as she caught the hint and bent over partway, leaning against it and showing me her dripping snatch, a gentle plop of her juice splattering against the tiles on the kitchen floor telling us both how horny she was. "Then he'd walk up behind her and grope those large tits of hers and let her feel that cock that's he's gonna fill her so full with." As I spoke, I slid my hands around to cup those luscious mounds hanging off her chest, giving them firm squeezes as the length of my shaft pressed against her warmly-furred buttcrack, spreading it slightly with its firmness as she let out a sweet purrmoan from the squeezes.

"She'd... ahhh... press back against that guard's hard cock, begging for him to... prrr... take her as hard and fast as possible, and... mmmm... fill her full of his cum..." she panted out as she pressed her firm rump back against my hips, her fluffy spotted tail brushing back and forth against my silver-scaled chest and curling over my shoulder.

Stepping back, I took my large pink dragoncock in hand and lowered it, letting out a soft gasp as I felt the pointed head brush lightly over her pouting netherlips, causing a matching one in her. "He'd take his cock and slam it into her," I managed to respond as I pushed forward, the wide shaft stretching her slickened cuntlips around it as it slid into that tight heat and wetness it's filled so many times before, while her long fluffy tail curled around my waist. Slowly, I pushed deeper and deeper, letting her feel every inch as I hilted myself in my snow leopard's hot, needy body.

Gods, he feels so good, I couldn't help thinking as I moaned my pleasure at being filled so full of so much thick dragoncock. I'd just meant to tease him, but I hadn't realized how horny I'd been. When I'd felt that hot throbbing piece of dragonflesh pressing against my furry ass, I knew I wouldn't be able to think of anything else until he'd filled me full of that deliciously rich cum of his.

Giving that heated spire a welcoming squeeze within me, I couldn't help but grin at the warm murr it drew from my sexy dragon. Grinding back against him as I felt his hips mesh against mine, I racked my brain for what to say next through the haze of pleasure surrounding it all. "Mmm.. I'd-er she'd then... ooh... beg for him to fuck her... ahhh.. nice and hard," I purred out as I felt that huge monster of a cock start to slide back out, leaving me feeling half empty until he slammed it back in with a firm thrust, making me gasp in pleasure as it stretched me so nicely and rubbed at all the right places.

I knew I wouldn't be able to keep up the pretense of the "role-play" much longer when his hands found my hips, and he began a series of long firm thrusts with that deliciously thick dragoncock of his that made my body rock against the table. "He'd... nnggg... start to pound that.. mmmm... nice tight cunny of yours.. ooh... forcing you against the table as he... nngg... gave her a good hard fucking..."

My claws dug into the table as I pushed back against those wonderfully deep thrusts of his, glad we'd opted for plastic instead of wood. "Ahhh... fuck me... ohhh... fuck yeah... mmrrr... nice and hard" I moaned out as I felt that large shaft digging so deep inside my heated body with each firm slam of his hips, any thoughts other than getting filled so full by my wonderful dragon vanishing like a soap bubble as I coated that pumping shaft with my slick honey.

Suddenly, I let out a surprised gasp as he pulled out completely, stretched walls trying to grasp at what was no longer there. "Then," my draconic lover panted, "he'd take that large cock of his and put it right against your little pucker..." I shivered as I felt that sickened tip of that massive shaft push between my cheeks and press right against my virgin ass. I'd broached the subject of anal a few times, since I'd heard from girlfriends that it feels just as good with the right guy, but he'd never shown any interest back then and I'd let it drop. Now it seems, I was going to find out.

My muzzle hung open as I felt the familiar shape of his large draconic cock start to spread my tight ass, panting heavily as I forced myself to relax and take the thick meat into my smooth, tight passage. Gods, if I'd thought he was big before, it felt five times the size as he slowly pushed deep into my rump, the unfamiliar sensations making me moan heatedly. It felt different, but good, as the slick juices I'd coated that wonderful cock with eased its entry.

He paused as his hips mashed up against my furred asscheeks, both of us breathing heavily as he let me adjust to his size, that meaty cock feeling as large as a baseball bat as it stretched my tight rump to the limit of what felt possible.

".. and give your ass a nice hard pounding..." he murred to me, and I almost lost it as I felt that giant throbbing shaft start to slide out, my empty kittycunny clenching at nothing as I moaned loudly in pleasure. I'd never felt so empty and so full at the same time. Bracing myself with my left arm, my right quickly sought out my dripping cunny, another drop of my sweet liquid splattering onto the floor as he started to thrust firmly, but slowly, into my tight ass. Shoving two fingers into my dripping snatch I moaned happily, pumping them erratically within my heated lovebox while he mashed his hips firmly against my furry rump with every deep thrust of that gigantic dragoncock.

A warm murroan escaped his snout as the first spurt of his hot pre splashed against those smooth walls his thick shaft was stretching so wonderfully, and I came right then and there. Feeling the pleasure rush through me, I leaned my head back in a loud yowl, my cunny convulsing around my matted fingers as my clear juices squirted onto the floor with a wet splattering sound.

My ass squeezed down unconsciously around that thick intruder as well, drawing a loud moan of pleasure from my dragon's mouth, his pace beginning to quicken. As the first rush of pleasure began to fade, I could already feel myself edging towards a second with each sharp, firm thrust of that huge draconic cock plowing my spread asscheeks so wonderfully, his flowing pre easing his passage even further within those smooth walls.

"Oh fuck.... haaaa... oh gods..." The words escaped my lips without conscious thought as I rocked back against the thrusts, my head tilted back as I gloried in being filled so full by so much hot throbbing dragonmeat. "fuck meeeee...."

My eyes opened wide as I felt his knot beginning to grow within my already stretched pucker. Panting heavily, all I could do was moan in pleasure as I rocked back against him, my honey-soaked hand dropping forgotten from my convulsing cunny as his pointed cockhead dug deep within my tight ass, his still-small knot barely fitting inside me as he pounded me against the table.

A few moments later I felt that huge cock slide out completely from my tight rump, leaving me gasping as my ass tried to squeeze down on what was no longer there, while my dripping cunny twitched as well around nothing. Barely able to think, I turned my head to look over my shoulder just as he took that huge shaft and thrust it deep into my hungry kittycunt in one smooth motion. As I let out a loud yowl of surprised pleasure, his knot spread my already stretched cuntlips and slipped inside, trapping that massive throbbing dragoncock deep within. My inner walls convulsed around him in a second climax as strong as the first, my juices flooding my slickened passage and squirting between the glistening cuntlips wrapped tightly around that thick knob of flesh to splash against his inner thighs and onto the floor, joining the mess below us as he murroaned his pleasure at my hungry pussy working that heated shaft so well.

Panting hotly, I pushed back against his hips as he made short, quick thrusts, my ass clenching as my well-pleasured leopardcunny milked at that massive draconic cock, unable to form any words in the haze clouding everything. Suddenly, I felt his shaft twitch deep inside as he pressed up tight against me, slipping his arms around my middle, his wings spreading while his head tilted back in a roar of triumph, followed a split second later by thick spurts of cum as he came so deep inside me.

As the heated stream of his pearly cream splashed so deep within, it set me off again in my third climax of the night. His wonderful warmth seemed to soak into every fiber of my being as he pumped me so full of so much rich, thick dragoncum, my cries of pleasure joining his as my hungry kittycunt squeezed and milked that pulsing shaft for every drop. For what seemed like an eternity, it was as if there'd be no end to the heated goo spraying so heavily from that fleshy spire, flooding my womb with his draconic seed as he held me so tight against him, but it still felt almost too soon when the thick spurts trailed off to nothing.

I felt like my knees would give way as my climax faded, but before I could collapse, I found myself supported between my wonderful draconic lover and the table he'd been taking me so nicely against. Loud contented purrs rumbled from my chest as he nuzzled the top of my head. "Mmm... did you enjoy that as much as I did, love?" he whispered into a spotted ear, giving it a light kiss.

I reached down to gently stroke the hands clasped around my tummy, curling my tail around him to give a gentle squeeze. "Mmmmm.... definitely, hon..." Then a thought crossed my mind and I had to stifle a giggle. "Though I doubt that's how we're supposed to play Worlds of Twilight."

It took a second for the notion to hit him, but then I couldn't help grinning as he started to laugh. "No, I doubt they'd want to wait while we slip off to screw each other." Giving me a gentle squeeze with his arms, he softly kissed the back of my neck. Well, while we're waiting for my knot to go down, want to go ahead and finish that character? I think I remember most of the important bits...."

Smirking, I gave his buried shaft a gentle squeeze, drawing a soft gasp from his scaled muzzle. "Oh, I'm sure you remember all the important.. 'bits'" I said in a playful tone, looking over my shoulder as he just shook his head, the grin on his face making me want to crack up laughing.

Scooting the paper and pencils across the table, I looked the sheet over again, a distracted purr of contentment escaping my muzzle as he tenderly cupped my bare breasts and nuzzled my cheek. "That I do," he murmured as I started sorting through the numbers to try and actually make a character, "that I do."